

THE Canadian Epworth Era

Toronto
December • 1910

Vol. XII

No. 12

= A Christmas Carmen =

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands,
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

With glad jubilations

Bring hope to the nations!

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:

Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations! With chorals of Love
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations

In strong gratulations;

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:

Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of Peace:
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the Angels began,
Sing of Glory to God and of Good-will to man!

Hark! joining in chorus,

The heavens bend o'er us!

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:

Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

—Whittier.



The Editor's Christmas Dream

TIRED by the labors of a rather strenuous week, and wearied from a tedious railway journey home, the Editor sat in his arm-chair by the fire of an open grate, picturing to himself all sorts of fantastic forms in the glowing coals before him. Somehow or other he was not feeling just as cheerful as usual; indeed, he was rather "blue," for several things had occurred that had somewhat dampened his spirits. He was disposed, for a wonder, to look on the dark side of things, and forebodings of failure pressed heavily upon his mind. Warmed by the welcome heat, he became drowsy and fell asleep. Scarcely a moment elapsed before he was all alert and interested, for right before him there glided almost noiselessly the chubby form of a fat and jolly old man, who rubbed his hands in glee and chuckled to himself with immense satisfaction as he sat in the vacant chair on the other side of the cozy fireplace.

"My, but this is real pleasant," he said, as he shook his fat sides with a subdued burst of merry laughter. "You must be very comfortable here, my son, with nothing to worry you and everything about you to make you happy."

"Why, Grandfather Christmas," said the Editor, "is that you? I am glad to see you, but you are mistaken in thinking me happy. I am very miserable, indeed."

"Dear me," said the little old man, "that is too bad; but, pray, what is the matter?"

"I feel badly," the Editor replied, "because it seems to me that the world is growing worse and worse. The young people are selfish and pleasure-loving, the church-members are indifferent or asleep, and very little is being done." But he got no further, for Grandfather Christmas lifted a warning finger and, with what sounded almost like a sigh, said, "Dear me, it's the same old story that I've been hearing for hundreds of years. Will people ever cease from complaining, I wonder?" And as the Editor was about to speak he shook his finger at him and continued, "I tell you, son, the trouble is with you, not with the whole world. Why don't you broaden your outlook, and not judge just by what you see right under your nose? 'The world growing worse and worse, the young people foolish and selfish, the Christians asleep or lazy.' I tell you, son, you are in error. It is not so. Not a bit of it; not a bit of it." And the old man settled down before the fire and stretched out his legs in the ruddy glow.

"Is that really your opinion, Grandfather Christmas?" asked the astonished Editor. "Tell me, for you go all over, and know more people than anybody else in the wide world. Don't you find the hearts of the people turned away from the right and the good more than they used to be?"

"Bless your heart, no!" was the cheery reply. "I remember your grandfather and grandmother used to think and say the very same things when you were only a bit of a baby, and their forebears said the same before them, too; but they were all wrong, and so are you."

The room seemed to be all aglow with light as the little man smiled in a very overflow of gladness, and added, "Why, child, there never were as many people who loved the beautiful and the true, who served God and their fellowmen with real and pure affection, as there are to-day. Just think, I have been all over this great, vast land, and from Labrador to Alaska I find everybody thinking about somebody else and asking what they can do to make them happy. Why, the whole country is fairly throbbing under the mighty heart-beat of Christian love, and here you sit and mope and mourn as if all were going to the bad."

"But, Grandfather, I haven't seen these things," interjected the Editor.

"And whose fault is that, pray?" asked the smiling old man. "If you were to look for the good in people you would find plenty of it, but if you persist in going around with a compound microscope to find out the evil, you will surely magnify it until it fairly frightens you. You may easily get into a very unhealthy habit if you pass judgment on all the world simply by what you see when you have the 'blues,' as you have them now."

"But I do not seem to be doing much in my work, and there appear to be a lot of indifferent young people with whom I have to do," persisted the Editor.

"Just so; and do you remember, please, that you were not always aflame with zeal yourself," said the little old sage, with a merry twinkle in his shining eyes. "Don't I remember when your father and mother were worrying about you and wishing they might see some signs of activity in Christian work? Just you recall your own boyhood, my son, and you will have more sympathy for the lads about you."

It was beginning to get pretty warm for the Editor, and he wriggled a bit in his chair, but the old man cheerily continued, "Now, I am not hard on you, but I want you to be fair; and I tell you for a fact that this is the very best age the world has ever seen; there are more good people than ever in the past, and more real work is being done for God than in any previous generation. Don't be discouraged; your toil is not all going for nothing, and you cannot labor in vain. Many are looking to you for counsel and are ready to follow your advice. If you become a pessimist you can never be a true leader. Look about you and see how the whole air is fairly electric with

the Christmas spirit. Men and women, boys and girls, are fairly tumbling over one another in their efforts to bring gladness and good cheer into one another's lives. Get into line. Keep step with the throng. Move forward."

And the Editor felt better, and was about to thank the good old man, when he said, with a rippling laugh, "There now, no thanks; I've had a bit of a rest, and if my little sermon has done you good, just pass it on to your readers, and someone may be the better for it. Good-bye."

With soft steps the gentle-hearted old man quietly slipped out of the room, the door creaked behind him, and the Editor awoke.

MAKING CHRISTMAS



As a great religious festival, the most significant in the history of the nations, the most pregnant with meaning, and freighted with possible blessing as no other ever was or can be, Christmas is already made. The day is fixed, and as surely as the twenty-fifth of this month becomes present and actual, Christmas Day will be accredited with its due place on the calendar. But the recurrence of the date set for the festival does not constitute Christmas. It takes more than passing days to make Christmas Day real. It must first dwell in the heart before it can be realized in truth or its exact meaning be explained. We first make Christmas, not by the outward observance of the day so much as by the inward consciousness of its spirit. The original Christmas was made for man by sacrifice prompted by divine love so vast, immeasurable and unconfined, that it sent the Eternal Son of God from the ineffable glory of the heavenly mansions to the lowly estate of a Galilean peasant home. From glorious palace to humble stable, from throne of power to manger of poverty, He came on mission of mercy and grace, that He might secure real and abiding happiness to the fallen sons of men. The first Christmas was made by the union of the divine and the human, by the transmission into the hearts and lives of humanity of some of the ruling spirit and motive principle of heaven—the first Christmas was made by making others happy. And it has been so ever since. Unselfishness is its character-

istic principle, sacrifice its prefalling motive power. Christmas is made in the heart, and only as the hands move in loving service to the inward promptings of affection can they make a genuine Christmas.

Much of so-called Christmas joy is superficial and evanescent. It cannot be otherwise until men and women, boys and girls, know the moving impulse that prompts unselfish devotion to the happiness of others. This comes only in proportion as we surrender ourselves to the dominance of the Spirit that lived in the heart of God and was made manifest through the ministry of His Son. There can be no genuine Christmas without Christ, and not His name so much as His mind and motive make the festival. The name stands for the Man Himself, and it takes all that name represents to fill the day with hallowed joys and make it fruitful of blessing. Therefore Christ's spirit and purpose must move us if we are to make the day all it might be.

In a general sense there is more of this Christ-spirit abroad among mankind than ever before. More people will know in 1910 the import of Christmas than in any previous year, and for that we all give thanks. But real, abounding and abiding happiness might be increased many times over were Christians to thoughtfully grasp the full meaning of the day. A thoughtless Christmas is an unreal, unprofitable and Christless holiday. A thoughtful study of the season and a prayerful effort to grasp its purport and manifest its spirit will ensure a truly happy and profitable holy-day.

Let such prevail in the home-circle above all places. For Christmas may be easily marred there. Let the family gather. Bring the absent ones back for the re-union around the old home hearth, and let the well-laden table minister to the physical needs of each. But that is not all, nor is it the most important or valuable factor in celebrating the day. The helpful ministry of loving words must not be forgotten. Greetings to the absent ones should surely be sent with their messages of hope and good cheer. Over ocean and continent, across mountain range and boundless prairie, into crowded city tenement, or to the lone settler's humble shack let the cheering messages go.

But we must not think only of our own kindred. They may be first, but must not monopolize our ministry. We must emulate Him who "went about doing good." How full of glorious meaning these words! Jesus came to do incalculable, indescribable good to human kind, and the continuance of His mission by His followers of to-day is vital to true Christmas happiness.

Making Christmas after such a heavenly pattern is not an easy thing perhaps, but it is the secret of the greatest possible gladness. The transient mirth that is characteristic of so much of the ordinary holiday festivities soon passes away, and not infrequently the resultant effects of the season's merriment are not the most beneficial kind. But the spirit of Jesus would make Christmas joy universal and permanent and ensure not only one happy day a year but would turn every day into a day of gladness and heaven-born beneficence. The aim of all true Christian philanthropy is not simply to relieve human misery and heartache for a day, but to remove permanently the causes of such distress. The social message of Jesus is not to be read in the light of a mere passing mood that prompts to occasional deeds of kindness; but it must be interpreted in the steady luminous glow of a constant spirit of benevolence that secures the daily habit of good deeds. We would not depreciate the disposition to make even one heart for one day a happy one; but we fail to read and understand aright the message and mission of the Christ if these do not mean that His followers are to make it the one controlling purpose of life to freely dispense blessing as the regular practice of every day. So we make Christmas as we first take in and then give out again of His motive spirit of love that prompted the greatest gift of salvation unto life eternal. Think much these coming days of what Christmas means, pray much that you may possess its true essential spirit, work much that you may give to others that which will make them abidingly happy, and so adding to the sum total of the world's goodness and relieving it of some of its distress you will make a Christmas worth while, enjoy the day as never before, and want to repeat the kindness many times over as day succeeds day. Only by such a method can the heart of humanity be illumined with the true light of the Sun of Righteousness, only so can Christmas joy and gladness be spread over all the year and every day be in spirit and plan a Christmas day. Let us learn to make not only a Christmas once a year, but *Christmas all the year.*

A Call to Personal Service

By Rev. W. E. S. James, M.A., B.D.,
Caistorville, Ont.

(The following stirring appeal should be read by every young man in our Societies. We recommend that it be given by some competent reader in every Epworth League, Club, Association and other Young People's Society, at some early meeting.—Ed.)

It is said that the idea of C. M. Sheldon in writing "In His Steps" was to catch the thought of the world and focus it on the one thought, "What would Jesus Do?" until it could make an impression. It is good that Christmas comes once a year to focus our thought on the birth of Jesus till we catch its great significance. Our purpose in this essay is to hold up the idea of service as inspired by Jesus.

If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in Thine,
And surely kneel,
That I was walking in the light divine
Through wear or woe;

If I could hear Thy voice in accents sweet
But plainly say,
To guide my trembling, groping, wandering feet,
"This is the way."

So sang Sarah K. Bolton, in a beautiful little poem on "Faith," and as we read it we are impelled to lift up our hearts to God and ask Him that we may be led so that we may feel His hand guiding us, and know that we are under His special care. We rejoice in His goodness and revel in His love. Life seems very sweet and heaven very near as we drink at this fountain, very sweet until we are called to service. Then our struggle begins. A rude awakening awaits us, as outlined in "The Prayer of Self," by Priscilla Leonard.

One knelt within a world of care
And sin, and lifted up his prayer:
"I ask Thee, Lord, for health, and power
To meet the duties of each hour;
For peace from care, for daily food,
For life prolonged and filled with good;
I praise Thee for Thy gifts received,
For sins forgiven, for pains relieved,
For near and dear ones spared and blessed,
For prospered toil and promised rest.
This prayer I make in His great name
Who for my soul's salvation came."

So we have prayed, following the example of our fathers; so the writer has often prayed; so he has heard others pray. But he was never conscious of the selfishness of prayer until he read the rest of this poem:

But as he prayed, lo! at his side
Stood the thorn-crowned Christ, and sighed:
"O blind disciple—came I then
To bless the selfishness of men?
Thou askest health, amidst the cry
Of human strain and agony;
Thou askest peace, while all around
Trouble bows thousands to the ground;
Thou askest life for thine and thee,
While others die; thou thankest Me
For gifts, for pardon, for success,
For thine own narrow happiness.

"Nay; rather bow thy head and pray
That while thy brother starves to-day
Thou mayst not eat thy bread at ease;
Pray that no heath or wealth or place
May lull thy soul while the world lies
Suffering, and claims thy sacrifice;
Praise not, while others weep, that thou
Hast never groaned with anguished brow;
Praise not, thy sins have pardon found,
While others sink, in darkness drowned;
Canst thou give thanks, while others sigh,
Outcast and lost, curse God and die?"

"Not in My name thy prayer was made,
Not for My sake thy praises paid.
My gift is sacrifice; My blood
Was shed for human brotherhood.
And till thy brother's woe is thine
Thy heart-beat knows no throb of Mine,
Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see
Thy birthright of humanity!
Shun sorrow not; be brave to bear
The world's dark weight of sin and care;
Spend and be spent, yearn, suffer, give,
And in thy brethren learn to live."

This is the most heart-searching bit of English the writer knows. At first it seems far-fetched, overdrawn, and one-

sided, but as it is read and reread its message sinks deep into the heart and appeals to the noblest within the soul for approval:

"My gift is sacrifice; My blood
Was shed for human brotherhood,
And, till thy brother's woe is thine,
Thy heart-beat knows no throb of Mine."

I suppose I might conclude this article by repeating these lines a score of times till they had burned themselves into the memory. It is said that the reading of Paul's poem on "Love" (1 Cor. 13) daily for a month will transform any life into Christlikeness. The reading of this poem daily for a week will, I think, give to any young man or woman a new and exalted vision of service:

"Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see
Thy birthright of humanity."

We are in danger of being poisoned by a colossal selfishness. Our Thanksgiving exercises fairly stagger a with the account of our blessings. If the goodness of God in material blessings could draw us to Him, surely we would be resting in the secret place, yet on every hand we hear the call for a revival, and a confession that our religion is not sufficiently vital and virile. Can it be that we are praying the prayer of self? Can it be that if we could only see we would recognize the thorn-crowned Christ saying:

"Come, leave thy selfish hopes, and see
Thy birthright of humanity?"

Mr. Hudson, the founder of the Adult Bible Class Movement, was standing on the steps of his home one evening when he saw a man of peculiar mien walk up the pavement to his house. The man said, "You are Mr. Hudson? Do you know me?" Mr. Hudson could not recall having met him. He said, "Do you remember the man who was converted at your meeting at M—? I am that man." Mr. Hudson remembered and the man proceeded, "You are the only man who ever put any joy into my life. I had three years of it, but lately I have been so miserable that I have decided to end it all. I thought I would come here to-night and thank you before I ended my life." Mr. Hudson saw the form of a revolver in his pocket, and he said quickly, "Look here, I can tell you what is the matter with you. You have been living entirely for yourself. You deserve to be miserable. The only thing that will save you is to do something for someone else. Go down into the city and look up a boy who has no one to look after him. Get him and make a companion of him. Live for him. Give me that revolver." The man would not give up the revolver but he promised to follow Hudson's advice.

A few days after that he came up to Mr. Hudson's home, with a smile on his face—a changed man. "Did you get the boy?" "Yes, and he is the wildest boy I ever struck. We were out to the ball match this afternoon." With great pleasure the man went on to tell of the new joy which had come into his life.

There is no pleasure like the joy of service; no thrill like the inward sense of unselfishness. But the joy of selfishness is a sickly, costly luxury.

Do you remember the ecstasy of your first religious awakening? How the Spirit of God came to you and with a mighty uplift changed you into a new man? Moody was clerking in the storeroom of a Sunday School teacher came to him and asked him to give his heart to God. He was surprised that his teacher took so much interest in him and readily yielded. He says that when he went out of the store that night the sky was brighter and the birds sang sweeter than ever before. So it was with you. You remember it. How bright life seemed. How your ideals awoke. You remember how in your young enthusiasm you dedicated your life to service to God and humanity in humanity sprang up in your heart and you felt like going out to transform the world. The Bible became a new book, the hymns were all rich and grand, and sermons a continual inspiration. But after a while you failed to listen to the call to service, selfishness crept in and your joy left you.

Would we get back our joy? Would we awaken our slumbering young Christian manhood? Would we transform our young Canada? Then let us stop praying the prayer of self and listen to the call of Christ. He calls to service—to living for others.

Do you see that man just budding into manhood—just beginning to show a fondness for ladies' company, and an indifference to the Church? He has a heart with soul cravings, with growing ideals, and with social and religious instincts, just the same as you. He is a son of God, just as you are. Over and over again Jesus asserted His oneness with human-

"When a man loses hope of his brother he loses faith in his Father."

ty. He said that a service done to a disciple, or even a little child, was done to Jesus. He tried to teach that we cannot serve the Father except by serving our fellow men. Would you serve Jesus? Then be a friend to that young man. Help him. Speak to him of your wonderful friend and Saviour, Jesus. Bring into his life the joy of knowing Christ. Resolve that in the future you will live for Jesus, by living for the sons of Jesus—your brothers.

In an address in Toronto, Rev. W. E. Hassard, Secretary of the Bible Society, pointed out that there were one hundred million people in India speaking sixty different dialects, in which not one portion of the Bible has been printed. After the address a young lady who worked for her living came forward with a cheque for \$250, the amount required to translate a portion of the Bible into one of these dialects. Think of the lives which will be brought and the souls which will be saved through the unselfish act of that young lady. A great company will meet her in glory.

It is said that if a penny had been put out on interest at the time of the death of Jesus at the rate of five or even three per cent, the accumulated value of that penny at the present time would yield interest larger than the entire income of the richest man in the world. It is Jesus who thought that by putting money out on interest for this generation he could have conferred on it the greatest blessing He would have done so. But Jesus did a far greater thing. He gave us not the accumulated interest of money, but the accumulated civilization and the accumulated knowledge of God. The accumulated interest on the life and death of Jesus is greater by far than that of money. The accumulated interest on the life you live for God to-day will be greater than that on the money you save.

If the world is ever going to be won for Jesus it will be by Christians living lives of service in the economic world and urging men one by one to give their lives to God. Mr. H. C. Turnbull resolved in his youth that whenever he had the privilege of choosing the topic of conversation he would speak about religion. Looking over his life he said that though he had edited the *Sunday School Times*, preached many sermons, written books and done much Sunday School work, he saw more results from his private talks with individuals than in all his other work. Both are necessary.

Does the task seem hard? Do we despair of accomplishing anything? When Napoleon wanted to take his army across the Alps he was reminded of the terrible experiences of Hannibal by men who thought it was impossible. Undaunted, Napoleon said, "There shall be no Alps." He led his army over safely. If we determine that no difficulty shall keep us from service there shall be no difficulty.

The papers tell us that Great Britain has just demoralized the German navy and that Napoleon wanted to take his army across the Alps he was reminded of the terrible experiences of Hannibal by men who thought it was impossible. Undaunted, Napoleon said, "There shall be no Alps." He led his army over safely. If we determine that no difficulty shall keep us from service there shall be no difficulty.

Do you doubt your ability to live for Christ and do personal work for Him? Are there imperfections in your nature rendering you incapable of service? Every man is imperfect, but God sent His son in human form in order that we, imperfect men, might associate with the perfect man, and so develop the sides of our natures which are imperfect. Are we hasty? Association with Him in service will teach us patience. Are we selfish? Association with Him will develop our love for others and cleanse our hearts of self. Are we doubting or unsympathetic? A few weeks of daily contact with Him will take these things or any other imperfections out of our lives and develop the virtue we lack.

God never made any individual man or woman without a work to do for humanity or a message to deliver. There is a genius slumbering in every man and woman. Only association with a perfect Saviour can develop it. John Wesley, as a missionary in Georgia without a definite religious experience, was a failure, but John Wesley, with a religious experience of salvation in Jesus, was the mightiest man since the time of Paul.

Here then is the root of the matter—a personal religious experience—a religious life expressing itself in religious suffering, cheering, helping, and bringing Jesus Christ into contact with the lives of man and woman.

Canada needs men. She is laying the foundations of a mighty nation. The Sunday School needs men. The Epworth League and Church need men. A realization of this called the Men and Religion Forward Movement Conference into existence and inspired its five-year programme of evangelism.

Be strong:
Say not that we are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold thy hands and avow—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong:
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not: Fight on: To-morrow comes the song.

Dear Epworth Leaguer, you can be such a man; you can answer the call. Do you still wait? Remember that no failure, but low aim, is crime—that the certainty of victory wins battles before they are fought. *You are the man.*

If I Were Fourth Vice-President

BY THE EDITOR.

SO many letters making enquiry as to the newly organized "Citizenship" or Fourth Department have reached me that I am answering them all at once in this way: If I were Fourth Vice-President, what would I do?

If I held office in the Conference League, I should at once get into communication with the various Fourth Vice-Presidents of the District Leagues, and endeavor to secure through them the thorough organization of the District for the work of the new Department. We shall be almost everywhere, postage is not very high, and I should not cease if my first letters were not answered. Having made such a start, I should follow up the work, step by step, as it grew on my hands. If I were District Fourth Vice-President, I should expect to hear from my Conference chief of the department, and if he did not write to me I should not wait, but would write him, for it does not pay to stand on ceremony, or to be governed by red-tape or etiquette too much in these matters. I should confer with the District Secretary of the Department of Temperance and Moral Reform as my co-partner in the business, and with him endeavor to arrange an itinerary whereby through the season one of us might visit every local society on the District in the interests of the local social interests. If possible, I should also canvass the work with the Fourth Vice of the local league, and confer with him in every way possible in the interests of the Department committed to his care.

If I were in charge of the local league's Citizenship interests as Fourth Vice-President, I should insist on one evening a month for the discussion of matters pertaining to the Department. The programme for that evening, committed to me thus, I should think about, plan for, and work out to the best of my ability. I should make a big effort to secure the young men and bigger boys of the community in the meetings. I would not press them at once to unite with the league, but I would try to make my part of the monthly plan so interesting and so strong that they would not want to remain away, but would seek admission to the society without undue pressure or coaxing.

This would do in various ways. I would try to have interesting addresses given or papers read on the subjects outlined in the regular topic list. I would make a special effort to inaugurate the first such topic of the new year, "Canada and the Empire," on January 22nd or week evening following, with an intensely patriotic service. Every succeeding evening given over to my Department. I would try to make various addresses. I would see if I could not secure an outside lecturer of standing and ability occasionally, or if a debate could not be brought on once in a while; but I would not consent to having any monetary charge at any of my meetings. I should try to aid permanency to the work of the Department by forming some kind of reading or study club, even if I could secure nothing more than the systematic perusal of "Canadian Civics." I would make arrangements, if possible, for the free and easy discussion of the thought-provoking sub-topics attached to each topic in the book in question. I would encourage expression on such concerns, even if the thoughts were immature and the speech hesitating and weak. Young people must begin, and if the league does not encourage and help them in vocal expression of their thoughts, it is not filling its place in that particular. As soon as possible I think I should form the young men into a Good Citizenship Club, study with them the concerns of the municipality, stand for clean government, and press hand-in-hand together for the suppression of the liquor traffic. If a local option contest were on in the community, I should band the whole League together to work in its interests and render every possible assistance in the way of the campaign a success. And I think I would endeavor to bring about in the community such a high state of morals and exalt such a lofty standard of public service that men of shady reputation would not offer themselves for any elective office. Thus I would begin to work. I would not expect to do all I could think of in one month, nor in one season; but I would make a start right away to unite the forces of young men and women in my community, to concentrate their energies on the realization of high ideals in private character and in public service, and to make them a force to be reckoned with in all that pertains to the moral, social and political welfare of the place in which we lived and worked together.

And I would rest assured that in beginning to do all this I was acting in the interests of my Master's Kingdom, the highest wellbeing of my country, the good of my fellowmen, and the glory of my God.

"Some people are like the letter 'p,' first in pity and last in help."

Missionary Message of Christmas

(Note.—The following service is arranged as an Open Christmas Meeting, to which every member of the congregation is to be invited, and in which the Juniors are to have a prominent part. If you have no Junior League, use your Sunday School boys and girls who ought to be in a Junior League. Follow the programme and you may have a splendid service. See to it that the parts are allotted and well prepared beforehand.—Ed.)

PROGRAMME.

Hymn—Methodist Hymn Book, No. 111.

The Lord's Prayer in concert.

Recitation—Methodist Hymn Book, No. 141.

Singing—Hymn 145.

Prayer.

Scripture Lesson—Luke 2: 8-20.

Recitation in unison (by all Juniors), to be memorized before the meeting—

"What shall we bring as a Christmas gift?

What shall we, then, bring to Jesus? We have no gold like the men of old; How shall we then win His favor?

"These will we bring to our Lord and King—

Hearis full of gladness and true; Hail to the King! Praises we sing, These are our offerings to Jesus."

Reading—"Freely Giving."

A very suggestive story is told of a little boy whose uncle gave him a gold coin.

"Now you must keep that," said the gentleman.

"I will halve it first," said the child. "Maybe I will keep my half."

"Why, it is all yours, my boy," said his uncle, greatly astonished.

"No," replied the little fellow, with a determined shake of his head, "it is not all mine; I always go halves with God." "But God owns the world; the gold and silver are all His."

The little boy was silent and puzzled a moment, then he said: "Anyways, God goes halves with us; He lets us share with Him. Don't you think we ought to give Him back a part?"

Hymn 142.

Recitation—A Christmas Carmen (see front cover).

Hymn 143.

Recitation—"The Adoration of the Wise Men."

Saw you never in the twilight
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom like silver eyes?
So of old the Wise Men watching
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they follow'd it from afar.

Heard you never of the story,
How they cross'd the desert wild,
Journey'd on by plain and mountain,
'Till they found the Holy Child?
How they open'd all their treasure,
Kneeling to that Infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and morning star,
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darken'd isles afar?
And we too may seek His cradle,
There our heart's best treasures
Bring.
Love, and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God and King.
—Cecil Frances Alexander.

Topic—"The Missionary Message of Christmas.

The shepherds, when they had found the Holy Child, were eager to tell the glad news to others. How could they help it, when their hearts and memories were so full of the Christmas joy! They could not keep silent, for Christ the Lord was indeed born, His coming heralded a reign of love and blessing. And the birth of the "Little Babe of Beth-lehem" meant so much to them that they hastened to repeat the angels' glad tidings of great joy, and to tell, over and over again, the story of that hurried trip to David's city, and the finding of the Christ-child.

And as the shepherds were rejoicing over the wonderful Advent, across the mountains and the desert plains, guided too by the radiance of the Star, came the Wise Men, counting not the weariness of the journey, as they search for the Infant King—a king truly in their thoughts, for so do their actions and their gifts show:

"The gold was their tribute to a king;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying."

The Christmas gladness leaves no place for malice, envy or hatred in the lives of Christ's people, and to-day, as they enter into the full joy of the Christian service, and especially at this happy season of the year, like the Wise Men of old, they may lay their best gifts before their King. To the poor and lowly, to the lonely and sad, our Epworth Leaguers should go on deeds of mercy, carrying with them the Christmas sunshine as they distribute their gifts and repeat the shepherds' story, and realizing that "he who gives himself with his gifts feeds three—himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me."

And it is in telling to those who have not heard the Story of the first glad Christmas, and of the thankfulness of the shepherds and the Wise Men, which found expression in their acts, because Christ was born, that the missionary message of peace and good-will toward all is being carried from land to land. Think for a minute what the meaning of the coming of Christ is to the Chinese, held so long in the bondage of superstition, who now rejoice in the freedom of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ! One can almost fancy hearing them say, "Oh, how wonderful is this 'Jesus Religion!'"

So the Missionary Message of Christmas comes directly to us all, and it is for us to offer our "best gifts" to the Saviour whose Birth was heralded by the Angels.

Hymn 108.

Recitation—Christmas Eve.

In the snow the lights are gleaming,
From above the stars are beaming
Through the cold;

And the year sighs in the blowing,
And weeps softly in the snowing;
He is old.

Merry music now is speeding,
Now advancing, now receding,
Through the air,
And a sound of Christmas pleasure
Fills each joyful, thoughtful pleasure—
Half a prayer.

And the youth and brown-eyed maiden,
With their gifts of gladness laden,
Soft and slow,
Tell the wondrous, ancient Story,
Of the first great Christmas glory,
Long ago!

Far o'er the mountain, mist and meadows,
Through the centuries' gold-lined shadows,
Shines the Star!
Through the sighing and the sobbing
Comes the music's joyous throbbing
From afar.

And the angels seem a-whispering,
'Mid the stars pale, silvery glistening,
In the frost,
Of the good-will and the glory
Coming down from dead years hoary—
Heavenly host!

Is there wonder that all nations,
From their wide-set signal stations

All along
The great sea of pain and sadness,
Catch a glimpse of breaking gladness,
Raise their song,

On this night when vows are pledged
'Twixt the heavens and earth, united
Near and far!
And the skies, with joy o'erflowing,
Sent their clear-toned heralds glowing,
From above?

As around the earth doth hover,
And its stains lightly o'ercover,
The fair snow,
With its purity and beauty
(The frost-angels' happy duties)
Even so.

Let the good news of the morrow
Cover o'er the old-time sorrow

Let the clouds break into gladness!
Let our lives shine with the brightness
Of the Star!

Let the bells be set a-chiming,
As the sunrise steeply up-climbing,
Breaks the day!
For the Saviour of the sages
Is the Saviour of the ages
And always.

—Alden.

Christmas in Other Lands (By Seven Juniors).—"The Birthday of the Christ-child." (May be given as a dialogue, in tableaux, or in form of direct questions.) Information from "Children of the World."

1st Junior, Germany.—Above everything else, the boys and girls are taught to love the Christ-child. In many parts of Germany it is customary, on the morning of the day preceding Christmas, to let a figure, representing the Christ-child, wave past the window of the room where the little ones sleep. Only half-awake, in the grey of the morning, these

"It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

little child-figures flit dimly past, and the children go to sleep in the blissful consciousness of the fact that the Christ-child will not forgotten them, and that they will have abundance of presents around His tree in the evening. And we can almost imagine the fair-haired little Germans singing Martin Luther's Christmas "Cradle Song"—

"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His
sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked
down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.
"The cattle are lowing, the Baby
awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He
makes,
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down
from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is
nigh."

2nd Junior, *Italy*.—At Christmas, when they hail the coming of the Santissimo Bambino (Holy Christ-child), the Italian children eat *torene* and *pan giallo*. *Torene* is a hard candy made of honey and almonds, and covered with crystallized sugar; *pan giallo* is a mass of plums, citron, almonds, sugar, pin seeds, and pistachio, all made up into a tight, tough mass. The Christmas procession or festival is a great pleasure.

3rd Junior, *Austria and Hungary*.—"For the Christmas feast the finest wheat flour, the sweetest honey, the richest fruit, and the best wine are stored up. The grandmother dips the three wax lights that must stand on the Christmas table. The boys are sent to the woods to find the immense log of wood, which, after having been sprinkled with wine, is put in the stove on Christmas Eve. Two great loaves are baked, which are to signify the Old and New Testament. When the church bell rings on Christmas Eve the whole family assemble in the dwelling room, the first of the tapers is lighted, and a hymn is sung. The table is spread with eatables, and near are the Christmas loaves on which is placed a small cup or vessel filled with wheat, barley, oats, etc. Before the feast begins the father goes to the table, takes the burning taper in his hand, and says, "Christ is born." The children and others say, "Is born, really born." Then the taper is placed in turn in the hand of each child, who has to stand on the bench by the stove, and say three times, "Praise be the Lord, Christ is born." Whereupon the other members of the family answer, "Praise the name of the Lord forever, and may He grant us life and health." On Christmas Day the second taper is lighted, the father says a short prayer, and then, blowing the taper out, pushes it down among the grains in the little vessel already mentioned. Then he examines it. The kind of grain which sticks to the candle—wheat, barley or oats—will, he believes, be the best crop in the coming year.

The last of the three tapers is always burned on New Year's Day, which closes the Christmas festivities.

4th Junior, *Norway and Sweden*.—At four o'clock on Christmas morning there is service in the country churches, which, for the only time in the year, are lighted with candles. It generally happens that there is frozen snow enough for sledging, and whole families crowd their sledges and drive many miles to church. On Christmas Day the poor feast on salt fish, with horse radish sauce, salt pork, rice, milk, and cakes; the rich on various dainties.

There is a pretty custom among the farmers and others. On Christmas morning the farm wife carries bread for

distribution among the poor, while the farmer places a sheaf of corn on a pole for the birds. The pole stands in the snow-covered ground, and is left for the feathered pensioners.

5th Junior, *Holland and Belgium*.—The boys and girls look eagerly forward to the appearance of St. Nicholas, bearing gifts.

6th Junior, *Great Britain*.—Holly, ivy and mistletoe are widely used. Stockings are hung up. Gifts are exchanged, in memory of the first Christmas of all.

7th Junior.—"And while all Christendom celebrates the Birth of Christ, and through it all re-echoes the song of the angels, of 'peace and good-will toward men,' in many lands the true meaning of Christmas is unknown, for millions yet have not heard of the Child that was born in Bethlehem. But at this season, especially, we share the Christmas gladness with those into whose hearts and homes the Christ-child has entered, and pray that the day may speedily come when all may join in rejoicing. And with our missionaries, who are filled with fresh courage because of this crown-

Christmas

Christmas is a time of universal remembrance. We may forget many of our friends throughout the year, but at Christmas-time we remember them. We ourselves may seem to be forgotten by those we knew long ago, but Christmas-time brings us the news that we have not been utterly forgotten, and that neither distance nor absence, nor the cares of life, have quenched the embers of a friendship which in other days was a fire at which our hearts were warmed against the biting winds of hard experiences.

It is a time, too, of family gatherings. For days families have been drawing together. Life scatters us; sons go forth to find their way through the world, and daughters leave the homestead and create new homes of their own, and, one by one, the aging parents see their children leave the hearth, and the lights of home grow dimmer. But Christmas brings us back again. We gather once more round the family fire where of old we played together and told ghost stories, and roasted chestnuts on the bars; we sit at the family table, once more, laughing and merry, and eat what is yet to-day, as it was of yore, a sacred meal. All of which is a reminder of the Eternal Home and the Eternal Father, and the joy that shall one day be complete and full and fadeless.

Even Santa Claus is a symbol rather than a fairy-tale. Does it come hard to you, fathers, to take your child on your knee at Christmas-time and tell him, as his mind is full of thoughts, of a mysterious somebody who goes about the world flying through space on a broomstick, tumbling with his bagful of toys and books and sweets down the chimney, and cramming tiny stockings full to overflowing with things that children delight in? Does it come hard to you to tell him of a loving, generous, mindful Somebody who loves little children very much, and never forgets; who, in mysterious ways, even when it is dark, and we are asleep, gives us good things; a kind, happy, smiling spirit who wants boys to be good, and girls to be sweet, and grown-ups to become as little children, full of innocence, enthusiasm, and a simple faith? And, just as you bring knowledge to our children, and they come to know that Santa Claus was no fairy, but a very real father and a very real mother, even so shall they learn ere long to know God, no longer as a kind fairy-spirit wrapt in mystery and story, but a real Father, a real Friend, a real Saviour.—Selected.



BETTER THAN AN AUTOMOBILE.

ing blessing to their labors, we sing hymns of thankfulness, because the glad Christmas is theirs, is ours, while "Bethlehem's Star still shines on."

Hymn—Canadian Hymnal, No. 70.

Reading — "The Editor's Christmas Dream," page 274.

Recitation—"Let Us Smile."

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, and that costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow-men Will drive away the clouds of gloom, and coax the sun again.

It's full of worth, and goodness, too, with many kindness blent— It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

Closing Hymn—Canadian Hymnal, No. 298.

Benediction.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

And just as you bring knowledge to our children, and they come to know that Santa Claus was no fairy, but a very real father and a very real mother, even so shall they learn ere long to know God, no longer as a kind fairy-spirit wrapt in mystery and story, but a real Father, a real Friend, a real Saviour.—Selected.

What Did They Mean?

At a chapel in Yorkshire the pulpit was occupied one York day morning by a minister from a neighboring town.

A few days later the preacher received a copy of the local weekly paper, and his attention was drawn to the following item: "The Rev. ——— supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday. The church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

"An honest laugh may have more religion in it than the most pious logic."

A Branch of Evergreen

By
Mrs. Carrie W. Bronson.

AUNT ANDREWS had finished the after-dinner work and sat knitting a "mixed" blue stocking at the kitchen window. It was a cosy little window enough, with clear shining panes and a white curtain; and through the panes you could see woods and hills and the spires of the distant town, all alive with dancing snow flakes. It would have been a very pleasant window indeed, only for Aunt Andrews herself sitting in it. And what was the matter with Aunt Andrews? She was neat as a pin, in her brown and black plaid gingham, linen ruffie, and clean apron; and her hair was as smooth and shining as if it, too, had been newly starched and ironed. You would not have known there was anything unpleasant about her until you came to her face. That was so hard and cold, and bitter and kinky, that after one glance at it you would want to look back at the window, quick, to take the taste out. Her mouth was screwed into about as cheerful an expression as a knot in a very hard rope would be apt to wear; her eyes would not have melted snowflakes. If any had chanced to blow into them; and her forehead was so full of little wrinkles and puckers that you could not help wondering if one were added every year, like the rings in an oak, and if, at that rate, Aunt Andrews could possibly have lived long enough to collect them all. On this soft white afternoon, the day before Christmas, everything else seemed to be jolly and happy and loving. The trees, contrary to their usual custom, quite forgot to shake off the tender clinging arms of snow that enfolded their bare branches and caressed them into beauty; the snow-birds fluttered from ground to bush, and back again, all in a twitter of joy; and the very snowflakes were brimful of happy little secrets, and clustered together and whispered as they fell. But Aunt Andrews showed not the slightest disposition to cling or cluster or whisper to any body or anything. A large black-and-white cat rose, with a slow, majestic motion, from a rug near the stove, and rubbed softly against her dress; but she said "Scat!" in such a decided tone that old Dick wadded back to his rug with his feelings hurt, while Aunt Andrews went on rattling her knitting needles as harshly as if Christmas and love and fellow feeling were a thousand miles away. In fact, Aunt Andrews had forgotten all about Christmas, until something made her the slightest disposition to glance out of the side window, and saw a load of evergreens, preceded by a large horse, flanked by a small dog, and finished off at the top with a middle-sized boy, passing through the lane.

"I declare!" she said aloud, "if that Hollister boy ain't been breaking down my hemlock again!" Some Christmas nonsense, I s'pose. I should think Eben might have the sense to forbid such doings! Land knows I've told him times enough. To have 'em come tramping through my lane and had the best right in the world! It's enough to make anybody lose patience; and it's got to be stopped. I won't have my premises invaded and my trees broke down every year for all the Christmases and Holy Years in creation; and I'm going right out to tell 'em so, 'thar in under the canopy do they want to fuss with evergreens for, anyway? I do think it's the foolishest idea!"

By this time Aunt Andrews had got an old shawl over her head, and was going through the door, fully resolved upon parting with a goodly-sized portion of

her mind, for the benefit of the "Hollister boy." But she stopped a minute to "skoo" a flock of snow birds that had alighted too near the step to suit her; and Jack Hollister got the start of her.

"Wish you Merry Christmas, Aunt Andrews!" he shouted, at the top of a very healthy boyish pair of lungs. "Eben said we might have some greens for tomorrow. We're going to have the jolliest time—and I only picked the scraggly ones, you know—and a tree and turkey and everything. We're ever so much obliged."

And Jack danced a little hornpipe on top of his head, and rode off triumphant, leaving Aunt Andrews gazing raptly absent at a large branch of hemlock that had slipped off the others and lay in the snow at her feet.

"Well!" she said at last, in a tone of subdued surprise, "He's got off with 'em this time; but he won't do it so easy another year."

Then she turned to go back to the house, went a few steps, paused, turned again and picked up the evergreen. "I s'pose I might as well take it in to make a fire of, as to let it lie here," she muttered, sniffing the fragrant twigs. "Smells kind o' good and spicy, like the last day of school, or a picnic in the woods. I ain't smelled any hemlock before in I don't know how long. Mas me feel as if it was a silly young thing myself, going to trim up for Christmas. Bah! I've a great mind to throw the thing away. So the Hollisters are going to have a tree and turkey and everything? Probably Rosanna and the boys are coming home; and all his sister's folks, and her brothers from Mayville'll be here. Well, I only hope they enjoy it. For my part, I wouldn't be hired to have such a houseful, and," she added, a little grimly, "nobody wouldn't be hired to come; so we are even."

But when she had got back to the solitary kitchen and saw her empty rocking-chair standing as she had left it, and remembered that it was almost time to get supper for herself, a most unusual sensation fell upon her. For the first time in as much as a dozen years Aunt Andrews felt lonesome. Not that she knew it, though—not she; she thought she was only vexed with Eben and the Hollisters; and as she proceeded to put on the teakettle, with exactly one dipperful and a half of water, made sundry remarks uncomplimentary to people who were either stupid or lawless. This trouble either accomplished, she stooped and patted old Dick on the head, much to that worthy animal's surprise, and then took up the hemlock bough and broke off a piece.

"I've a notion to stick up a little bit somewhere," she thought, "just to see how foolish it will look."

Over the table hung a time-honored picture of "General Washington at Prayer," in which her country's parent, dressed in a startling costume of blue and white, appeared to be wading knee deep in rather greenish water. Aunt Andrews approached this miracle of art and perched her hemlock branch above it, then stepped back to contemplate the effect.

"Looks kind o' fresh and young, if 'tis silly," she remarked, meditatively. Marantha used to think a sight of such things. I remember we had some hung up 'round the spare room when she was married; and bittersweet berries and dried leaves. More fools we!" she concluded briskly, turning she went away to lay the cloth for supper. She brought out brown bread and yel-

low butter, some plum preserves and fat doughnuts, and a jug of cream, Dick, meanwhile, looking on with interest.

"I don't see whatever I was thinking of," she began, a minute later, glancing round the well-filled pantry, "to bake up such a lot of stuff. I believe I'm beginning to lose my senses. There's bread and pies enough to last me two weeks, steady eating, to say nothing of doughnuts and seed cookies. They'll all be dry as chips, long before I can use 'em, goodness knows. I s'pose I might have Chrissy and the children come over to-morrow," she continued, hesitatingly, "just to get things eat up. 'Twouldn't be no great of a job for them; and, come to think of it, Chrissy could help me considerable. There's my brown alpaca waiting something done to it, this winter. I've been thinking about it for quite a spell. I'll just have her look it over, and see what it needs. They say she's a first-rate hand at dressmaking. Here, Dick, do take your supper, and get out of my way. I don't know what all you to-night, rubbing around so."

Dick, with mild regret being in his countenance, left off rubbing and attacked his supper, which was for some reason more generous than usual; and Aunt Andrews herself sat down to her meal, feeling somehow happier than she had for a long time. She thought it was because she had got the brown alpaca off her mind. Just as she had finished eating, Eben came to the door.

"Anything else wanted to-night, Miss Andrews?" he asked, dislodging a small snow storm from his boots, preparatory to stepping in on the clean oil-cloth.

"Well, no; I guess not. You aint going to town to-night; are you, Eben?"

"Why, yes, Miss Andrews. I thought I'd have to go over and get a few little traps for the children, seen't I Christmas eve. They kind o' expect it, you know," he added apologetically.

"Yes, I know. Could you make it in your way to go round by Chrissy's—Chrissy Paine's?"

"Just exactly as well as not, Miss Andrews."

"Well, then, I wish you would stop and tell her I want her and the children to come over to-morrow; and I'll send for 'em in the morning." Seeing the blank amazement in Eben's face, she went on hurriedly. "You see, Chrissy's a sort of dressmaker; and I've got a few little jobs 'n' thinking of having her do. I s'pose you won't mind going over."

"Not the least bit in the world. I'll do them chinks o' hern a heap of good to get out in the air, too; they was white as sastry stalks last time I seen them."

"Here! I guess you'd better kill a couple of them fat Leghorns in the morning, Eben; they've stopped laying and its perfect waste to feed 'em all winter. That's all, I believe; no; wait just a minute."

And Aunt Andrews disappeared in the pantry, coming out shortly with a small basket, which she handed, in rather a shamefaced way, to Eben.

"It's a jam tart," she said; I baked so many last time I don't know how I'm ever going to get rid of 'em. I thought maybe the children could eat one."

So saying, Aunt Andrews shut the door on Eben's bewildered before his thanks could possibly find a way through it, and left him staring vacantly at the door-knob. However, he recovered after a little, and, turned away, through the snow, talking to himself: "I wonder what 'n' under the sun's come over Miss An-

"You cannot listen to God by turning a deaf ear to men."

drews? I've worked for her now, off and on, it'll be seven years next April, and she never does nothing of this kind before, as I remember. The young ones 'll be tickled enough, bless their hearts! And to think I was such a concerned dunce I couldn't even thank her!"

As for Aunt Andrews, she was a good deal more surprised at what she had done than Eben.

"I do think of such queer things to-day," she said, as she wiped her dishes and made things tidy for the night. "First there was Marantha come into my head, and then Chrissy, and now Eben's children. Seems as if I'd been forgetting everybody for about a hundred years, and now, all at once, something had stirred me up and made me remember. Well, well! It'll seem odd enough to get up in the morning and bustle around to get ready for company. Won't it, Dick?"

But Dick was fast asleep before the fire, and did not answer.

In Chrissy Paine's little home that evening were smiles and wonder, besides considerable mending and brushing of small garments, to make them presentable for the morrow.

Poor Chrissy! It was hardly possible, with her scanty earnings, to keep the house warm and feed the two children and herself through the winter, when the wind crept in at every crevice, and made what Elsie called "little shiver-places" all over them; and they were always so hungry. There was seldom anything to spare for clothing, even of the plainest kind. Just now, as she holds up a tiny jacket, and sees how poor and shabby it looks despite her efforts, she gives a little sigh and thinks sadly: "Ah, how different it would all be if their father were here!"

"Mamma," spoke up little Tom, "Jimmy Loring has got a elegant new suit, all blue, with gold buttons, and much as twenty-seven pockets. I wish I could have such a suit. Can't I, Mamma?"

"Some day, dear, when our good time comes."

"Then I wish it would hurry and come, 'fore I all outgrow it. Do you suppose it could get here by to-morrow, Mamma?"

"Course not," said yellow-haired Elsie. "It'll take it weeks and weeks; 'sides, we wouldn't be here to-morrow, if it did come. Who is Aunt Andrews, Mamma? Did I ever see her?"

"Oh, yes, Elsie; but not often. She is my dear dead mother's own sister; and she has lived all alone so long she almost forgets she has any friends. You must be very kind and loving to her to-morrow, pet, because she is a lonely old woman, and hasn't any little girl to love her."

"Has she got any little boy to love her?" put in Master Tom, who felt that he was being left out.

"No, nor any little boy, either."

"Then I'll love her. I'll love her awfully—if she gives me lots of cookies."

"I don't doubt it. Oh! you hungry Tommy! But come now, you must both be off to bed, so as to have bright eyes for Christmas morning. Good night, and happy dreams, my darlings!"

And when it came, as in its own good time it did, what a perfect Christmas morning it was! Yesterday's snow, still speckless and pure, was over everything; there was not a breath of wind to ruffle its soft white calm; and though the sun looked down, as he could not help doing, upon the lovely earth, it was so respectful, and with such delicate reserve that not a snowflake of its beauty was destroyed.

Aunt Andrews was awake and stirring early, as was her custom. She never could see the use of waiting two-thirds of her life in bed, she used to say; and if there were ever, by chance, any luckless

"worms" in her neighborhood, be sure she was on hand to catch them.

By ten o'clock the house is in spotless order; the chickens are simmering on the stove, midway in the series between cake and pie; and Aunt Andrews again sits by the window with her "mixed" stocking. She has on the same gingham dress and white apron she wore yesterday, when we made her acquaintance; her hair and her linen ruffie are unaltered; but it seems as if she had put on a different face somehow this morning. This one is certainly not so knotty and kinky as the other, and looks in much better taste for the season of "peace and good will."

Before she has knit twice around she hears the sound of sleigh-bells, which Eben has resurrected from some long-forgotten grave for the occasion, and of children's voices, talking and laughing. A moment more and Aunt Andrews is at the door and absolutely kissing her niece. "Why, I'd no idea you was getting so peaked," Aunt Andrews said, keeping Chrissy's hand and looking into her face. "You're the perfect picture of Marantha, I declare."



YOUNG METHODISTS ON THE DOWN-GRADE.

Then she bustled them off to remove their wraps, renewed the sitting-room fire, and got the children some cookies to "stay their stomachs" until dinner time, almost in a breath.

"I never know how really kind-hearted Aunt Roxie was," thought Chrissy, remorsefully, as she warmed her chilly feet at the hearth, and felt a little glow come to her pale cheeks. By and by she rose from her chair and said, pleasantly:

"Now, Aunt, I am nice and warm, and all ready to go to work. Eben told me something about some sewing you wanted done."

"Well, I have got a little puttering; but I've concluded to wait till some other time for it. There aint any kind of hurry and I guess 'twont hurt you to fold your hands a half a day. It's precious little folding they've had, I'll be bound," she added to herself.

As for Tom and Elsie, they were highly pleased with everything. The cozy room, old-fashioned pictures and bright wood fire, were all admired and appreciated by them; and so, I am sure, were the cookies. After disposing of his, with great satis-

faction, Tom set about cultivating Dick's acquaintance, while Elsie hovered between her mother and Aunt Andrews, anxious to "help" the latter in her preparations for dinner, and yet very much afraid of being in the way.

Finally, with her bright young eyes, she saw an opportunity to do some little service, which she accomplished so deftly and unobtrusively that Aunt Andrews smiled. Quick as thought, Elsie threw both arms around her neck and kissed her.

"I love you, Auntie," she said, softly. "Aunt Andrews felt a queer sensation in her throat. "I don't know why you should, child," she replied in a broken voice.

"Because you look so nice when you smile like that, and because you haven't any little girl to love you—any other little girl, I mean. Of course, you've got me, to-day."

"Bless the child!" murmured Aunt Andrews, furtively wiping away a tear, as she rolled out her crust. "I didn't s'pose anybody in the wide world 'd ever love me, again."

Either because of that tear, or something else, that chicken-pie was the very best Aunt Andrews ever made. And how they all enjoyed it, and the jam tarts and mince-pie, and, in short, the dinner! And how Tom made them all laugh by remarking at its close: "Now let's play it's next Christmas, and begin all over again!" Altogether, what a happy Christmas they had—those four! And when at last the light began to fade and out-of-doors look gray and chilly, and Chrissy spoke of starting for home, little Tom sang out from a corner where he was teaching Dick to stand on two feet: "No, Mamma, don't let's go home yet! Let's stay till the First o' July!"

And Elsie, with her golden head resting against her mother's arm, said, softly: "I don't feel any little shiver - places in Auntie's house, Mamma."

"Chrissy," spoke Aunt Andrews, suddenly, "I've been thinking about it all day most, and I've come to the conclusion that, if you're willing, you and the children had better come here and live with me. It'll save you rent and coal, and the yard'll be nice for the children. Besides, I'm getting most too old to live alone, anyway. What did you say? Will you come?"

"Will I? O, Aunt Roxie, how good you are!" cried Chrissy, with tearful eyes. "But I'm afraid we shall be such a burden to you; and the children will worry you with their mischief and—"

"I hope they will!" broke in Aunt Andrews vehemently. "I hope I shan't have a minute's peace of my life. It'll serve me right for being such a cross, selfish, miserable old woman. There, if you feel better, now I've said it out. You can just stay here to-night, and to-morrow Eben will move your things over; so it's all settled, and there's nothing more to be said about it."

"Mamma," whispered little Tom that night, as he nestled in the soft feathers by Chrissy's side. "Do you s'pose our good time has come?"

"I think it has, darling!" Chrissy answered through her happy tears.

And we know the evergreen began it.

"A little sunshiny practice is worth a lot of moonshiny poetry."

An Ancient Courtship.—Gen. 24:1-9.

Even in this we see Abraham's confidence in God, "He will send His angel before thee" is his parting salutation to his servant sent forth to seek a bride for Isaac. The whole story is one of simple beauty.

The Finding of Rebekah.—Gen. 24:10-27

Note the beautiful humility of the maiden, the courtesy of the ambassador, and the open hospitality of Laban's home.

Welcomed by Laban.—Gen. 24:28-60.

The open door, the kindly entertainment, the explanation of the mission, the satisfactory issue, all combine to teach us what lessons?

—> Christmas Fare <—

WELL, Father Christmas is at the door again with his treasures and his love, wherewith to soften hearts that are tending to harden; he has twinkling eyes, full of fun, that millions of eyes will catch and reflect.

One would think, too, that he had paid a preliminary visit just to whisper in the ears of the tradesmen, for wherever one goes in our towns or cities the "daunting cemeteries of turkeys and geese" are before our eyes; the toy shops are breaking down with good things; flowers are not forgotten, as they used to be years ago—still, the holly and the mistletoe have first place in church and home alike.

Speaking of church decorations reminds me of the story of a pew-opener who greatly astonished a group of ladies who were constructing evergreen mottoes and wreaths for Christmas by announcing that she had found "a stray hen a-daying in the pulpit." Their excitement was calmed when she produced a large green N which had "strayed" from some text or legend.

But I wanted to speak specially of the Christmas fare. How good it is! Some think it too good. I fancy that there are, however, many self-imposed restrictions at this time, and at other times, too, which might be withdrawn with much real advantage and pleasure to us all.

One reads of how Herbert Spencer watched his dietary. He was always afraid of eating this, that, and the other thing; and there are some people who look forward to even the good things of Christmas with a little dread. That very outlook and feeling spoil the good things and creates indignation that would never otherwise be felt.

Think less about yourself and your ailments, enter more into the spirit of the glad Christmas-time, and remember to get the same glad spirit after Christmas has gone, as an aid to digestion; and many a doctor's bill will be saved, and many a good thing enjoyed that formerly caused many pangs and pains. A cheerful voice and speech can accomplish great things in behalf of digestion, and is better than the finest sauce to any meal. Rightly used, cheerfulness and a little carelessness of the right sort act as a flavor and a condiment, and should be as much employed as the knives and forks. As one has said: "An unexpected bit of merriment has often changed the quality of the mutton."

When you see the steaming dinner come to the table on Christmas Day, and you think of indigestion and all sorts of miserable things, just think of a story that Dean Hole used to tell. At an agri-

Question.—How far may parents properly go in their desire to see their children settled in their own homes? Should Divine direction be sought in choosing a life's partner?

Isaac and Rebekah meet.—Gen. 24:61-67.

Note the evident habit of Isaac—meditation at eventide in the open fields. Or was this a special act? Was he looking for the return of the messenger?

Question.—In what way would the method of choosing a bride for Isaac be wholly resented to-day? What is the N. T. teaching on marriage? Should all men marry? What kind of a man makes a good husband? What qualities do you most admire in a wife?

Death and Burial of Abraham.—Gen. 25: 5-11.

cultural dinner, the Dean began carving a quarter of lamb by cutting off the shoulder, and placing it on a plate beside him. It happened then to be opposite a laborer who sat next to him, who stared at the shoulder for about two minutes. He shook his head at last and said to the Deak: "Well, measter, it's a biggish bit; but I'll wrastle w' it." Make the same resolution, and keep bright, and give to the winds thy fears.

How much poorer the world's literature would be were some of the dinners in fiction left out. For instance, at this time we are, many of us, reading Dickens' books, the great Christmas writer. What delightful dinner scenes he gives us! And I think he enjoyed himself at the Christmas dinner at the Cratchits' and the Pickwickian dinners as much as any of his readers have done. One thinks of his keen knowledge of boy nature, as he puts down the pudding as the great event of the dinner—either currant pudding, tooshie; but dear; or a stout, pale pudding, heavy and flabby, with great fat raisins in it, stuck in whole at wide distances apart—cheap, but satisfying.

What a feast David Copperfield prepared for Steerforth, under the guidance of Mrs. Cripp. "A pair of hot roast fowls—from the pastrycook's; two little corner things, as a raised pie and a dish of kidneys—from the pastrycook's; a tart and a shape of Jelly—from the pastrycook's; Mrs. Cripp making herself responsible for the potatoes."

Some will remember the Micawber bargain—"a pair of soleys, a small leg of mutton, and a pigeon pie," with the added flow of delightful eloquence from Mr. Micawber, and the good humor of the party.

The Christmas dinner is still a good, happy time. Let yourselves go, eat, reserve to the winds, and let this Christmas dinner be the best you have ever known. As Dickens says: "It is a noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as good humor." Don't grumble; at this season grumbling seems to me to be positively criminal. And don't be miserable. Talk happiness, and be happy. Doubtless the profligate's Christmas, the blasphemous Christmas, and the selfish glutton's Christmas will still make many a spot reek with evil sights and sounds; yet, in spite of all, it will be true that there have never been so many who have kept a consecrated, unselfish, happy Christmas as there will be in this year of our Lord, 1910.

"A merry Christmas to us all!" cried

Tiny Tim; "God bless us everyone!" That is the sentiment for the time. If that is in our hearts, then beyond the feeble voice of Dickens' creation we hear the echo of the Angelic Chorus which heralded the first Christmas Day, "Peace on earth, good will among men."—Rev. J. Learmonth.

Ancient Christm's Carols

Christmas carols are of very ancient origin. Durandus says that in the earlier ages of the Church bishops used to sing them among their clergy on Christmas Day. A set of Christmas carols, printed in 1521 "in the Flete Street, at the sygne of the Sonne," by Wynkin de Worde, were, says Warton, "festsit chansons" for enlivening the merriments of the Christmas celebrity, not religious songs, which were substituted by those enemies of innocent and youthful mirth, the Puritans."

The early Scotch writers did not scruple to ast their "guld and godly belates" to secular tunes. Thus, "Ane Sang of the Birth of Christ" in the first known impression of the Dundee Palms, is directed "to be sung with the tune of Balulaw"; and in a Presbyterian collection of "Sundry pleasant new Christmas carols" (1720), we find one "for Christmas Day, to the tune of Over Hills and High Mountains."

The Penalty for Bad Language at Christmas

Very short shrift was given in the Middle Ages to those who were found guilty of profaning Christmas Day by using bad language, and they were made very quickly to repent their words.

The brank, or iron muzzle, was placed over the offender's head, and with the aid of bad language for a time. Then he was led to the church door by two stalwart custodians, and there exposed to the jibes and insults of the people. Drastic though this method was, it proved to be most effective, and did not entirely disappear until the middle of the nineteenth century.

Ancient Mince Pies

The well-known mincepie is an ancient and popular Christmas dish. In Queen Elizabeth's day they were called "minced piers," and they have also been styled "shrid pyes."

They were formerly made of neat's tongue, chicken, sugar, currants, lemon and orange peel, with various spices. The crust was oblong, in the form of a coffin, in imitation of the manger where the infant Christ was laid.

The ingredients were supposed to refer to the offerings of the wise men.

Neither the Puritans nor the Quakers used eat mince pies on account of their association with Romish customs.

Again the sages and the seers

Bend low before a little Child;

And o'er the long and stormful years,

The desert spaces vast and wild.

The strife, the turmoil, and the tears,

He looks and smiles, the Undefiled,

'Tis Christmastide! At Mary's knee

The shepherds and the princes meet!

Love-bound in dear humility,

To clasp the infant Saviour's feet.

The star is bright o'er land and sea;

The Gloria song is full and sweet.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"It takes more than a flow of words to wash the world."

THE SECOND MEETING IN 1911

Some Fundamental Principles of Missionary Work

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

MODERN MISSIONARY LESSONS
FROM PAUL'S FIRST MISSION-
ARY TOUR.

Acts 13, 14.

Topic for week beginning January 8.

SCRIPTURE READING—Acts 13:1-15; 14:19-28.

The Bible a Missionary Book.—The bible is a great missionary book. Its dominant note is missionary. In the Old Testament we have the story of a people raised up by God for the purpose of developing and preserving the elements of true religion, not that they might have a monopoly of its privileges, but that they in due time might be the means of giving to the whole world the elements of that true religion which was first entrusted to them. The Jews looked for the coming of a Messiah-King. All nations should serve Him, and in Him should all nations be blessed. (See Ps. 72.)

At last the long-expected King arrived. His advent among men was heralded by angels. His mission on earth was a mission to the whole world. He is recognized by John as the Light of the World. "The Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He entered upon His career with the announcement, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," and His call to men was a call to repentance, that they might be ready for that kingdom. During His short but intensely active ministry He gathered about Him a small band of disciples who were to be His chosen ambassadors in extending His kingdom unto the ends of the earth. These men He carefully instructed in the principles of His kingdom. The great subject, the central theme of all His preaching and teaching, was the Kingdom of God, which He came to establish among men. At length, when His life's work was done and He was about to ascend to His throne of power, He gave a parting charge to His disciples, saying:—Go and make disciples of all nations, preach the gospel of the kingdom to every creature, and rest assured that in this great work I will be with you and support you with all the power that I possess in heaven and earth.

From the Gospels we pass on to the Acts of the Apostles, and here we see the King ascending to His Father. Now He is seated upon His throne from which He sends upon His waiting disciples the promise, the gift of the Holy Ghost, whereby they are qualified for the great task of preaching the gospel of His Kingdom in all the world. In the Acts we see the preachers of the Gospel at work, we observe the methods of these first missionaries, and mark the gradual progress of the kingdom as it makes its way among men. Commencing at Jerusalem the gospel was carried forward from place to place until its influence was felt throughout all Judea and Samaria. The towns of Gaza and Joppa on the sea coast are reached. The church of Ethiopia and Cornelius the centurion have the gospel preached to them. Finally we see the church under the influence of the Spirit getting a larger vision, and seriously setting apart two

of her best men to carry the gospel into the heart of the Gentile world. We are now privileged to see Paul and his fellow-laborers at work in advancing this great enterprise. We follow them from place to place, we see them in their trials and difficulties, we observe them in their failures and successes, and we rejoice with them in the gradual and certain progress of their work, until we see the Kingdom of God established in Rome, the home of the Caesars, and the centre of the old world.

It will thus be seen," to quote from Robert E. Horton, D.D., "that, taking the New Testament as a whole, and following the main sweep of its ideas, we find its missionary teaching, not in its occasional texts, or exceptional passages, but in its very structure and texture. So unmistakable is this missionary motive, this missionary burden, this missionary work, that practically all writings that were defective in this quality have been unconsciously excluded from the Canon." From first to last the New Testament "is the outcome of that missionary impulse which came from the heart of God in the Person of His Son, to reach and to save the world which He loved."

We are about to study the missionary career of the Apostle Paul with the view of learning certain lessons that may be useful to us in our modern missionary efforts. Paul's methods were models for all time, for they were based upon sound principles. Some of these methods and principles we shall now consider in order that we ourselves may be more efficient servants of our Lord in our present day missionary campaign.

OUTLINE OF PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY TOUR.

Here the Leaguer is asked to do a little work for himself. Read the account of the journey in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Acts. Draw a map indicating the places visited. Make a list of the chief events of the journey. Use a blackboard in the meeting.

Though there are many lessons we might learn from Paul's first tour, our space will not allow us to consider more than two.

The Missionary Impulse grows out of the Spiritual Life of the Church. Following the persecution of the Christians in Jerusalem, a strong church had grown up in the city of Antioch. "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." There was a strong Gentile element in that church, so that it was more or less free from the blighting influence of a narrowing Judaism. When the mother church in Jerusalem heard of the great work in that city, they sent forth Barnabas to supervise and direct its progress. He sought the assistance of Saul of Tarsus, and together they conducted a mighty revival which lasted for a whole year, culminating in a prayer meeting in which they heard the unmistakable voice of the Spirit saying unto them, "Send Barnabas and Paul into foreign missionary work." It was in this church that the first foreign missionary society was formed. We have a report of its first meeting, and it was a prayer-meeting of the most successful kind. Its executive committee have been record-

ed, as well as the names of the first missionaries sent out.

The executive committee of this first F. M. S. was a thoroughly representative body. There was Barnabas who had come from Cyprus and the recognized leader of the work in Antioch; Symeon, a Jew, who seems to have travelled much among the Gentiles under the Latin name of Niger; Lucius of Cyrene, a representative of the great continent of Africa; Manen, a representative of the nobility, being a foster-brother of Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee; and Saul of Tarsus, the ripest scholar of the time, and the strongest personality of the early church. What a strong committee! It was a committee composed of men who were free from the entanglements of Judaistic Christianity, who were in touch with the great outside world, who had caught the true cosmopolitan spirit of the gospel. No mere Jewish form of Christianity was big enough for them; their interest in the cause of Christ was not to be confined to the narrow limits of one city. These men had a vision of a needy world; they had a vision of the Christ as the world's Saviour. There was a burden upon their heart, it was the burden of a lost world; there was a hope in their breast, it was the hope of the gospel as the only sure means of man's salvation; there was a fire in their souls; it was the fire of love for lost men and a burning zeal to save them. They were Spirit-filled men; they sought to know the will of God; it was revealed to them. Their work was not done; they resolved to send the gospel to the regions beyond.

The first organized effort to send the gospel to the outside world grew out of a revival and a prayer-meeting. The modern Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions grew out of a prayer-meeting held among some students of Williams College. The modern Laymen's Missionary Movement had its birth in a prayer meeting. The missionary enterprise is the natural outflow of the spiritual life of the church. The church that is not missionarily awakened, and you know the doom of the lukewarm church. (Rev. 3:15, 16.)

II. The Missionary Cause Demands the Best Men the Church can Provide. This is the second lesson that we learn. The two men set apart by the church of Antioch for foreign missionary work were Barnabas and Saul; the Holy Spirit indicated that these were the right men. Moreover, they were the strongest men in the church—the one being the recognized leader of the Christian forces in Antioch; the other, the ripest scholar and the strongest personality of the early church. Saul, by birth, a Jew, called Paul, had been prepared for this work. He was a free-born Roman citizen, born and brought up in the university city of Tarsus, afterwards schooled in Jewish lore at the feet of the great and good Gamaliel. Roman by birth, a Jew by blood, a Greek by culture, and a Christian by the grace of God; an accomplished scholar, a giant intellect and a missionary enthusiast, he was well qualified to lead the missionary forces of the church into the heart of the Gentile world. Many incidents in his career reveal his great good sense, his indomitable will and his untiring zeal. When the church gave Paul to the missionary cause she gave her best. And the church to-day is giving her best. Travellers who have visited the Orient, such as John R. Mott, the Rev. Geo. Bonney and the Rev. T. E. E. Shore and others, tell us that there is no finer body of men, no more consecrated band of women, than are to be found in our Canadian Methodist Missions in Japan and China. Leaguers, would you make the most of the men you give the missionary call due consideration.

"Some Christians are guide posts, they point the way but do not move on themselves."

The Man Who Could See a Boy

BY HARRY E. PORTER

IT was an April day well along in the ministry of our Lord. The growing crowds were wearing on his physical strength, so that He sought a day of rest. Across the Sea of Galilee was the favored spot; and so, eluding as well as He could the anxious people, He tried to steal away. But the crowd would not be evaded, and "many resorted thither" also.

It is impossible for us to know the personnel of that gathering, but there is one person whom Providence has given to stand out from the rest. It was a boy. There was not much unusual about him; it was simply that he was the only person out of that five thousand who had taken the precaution of carrying a lunch with him. There was one disciple, too, who was interested in individuals. That was Andrew. And as they walked a mile together the bighearted fisherman enters into conversation with that lad. To be sure, we are reading between the lines, but such an inference seems legitimate here.

A COMPANIONABLE DISCIPLE.

"It's a weary walk you are taking to-day, my lad," says Andrew.

"Yes, it is a bit long and dusty," replies the boy; "I've come all the way from Chorazin."

"Indeed! You must be interested to come all that distance," continued Andrew, half as a question.

"My mother says she wants to see if the Teacher won't stop next time He passes our way. She's sick, you know, and she thinks perhaps He might heal her," the lad ran on in childish confidence. "I had to start very early this morning, and I won't get back till to-morrow. See, I have brought my lunch with me. Five loaves ought to be enough, don't you think so?"

"Five loaves? Yes, I should think, but it will be a bit dry eating, I judge."

"Oh, but I have some fishes, too. They're little ones, and only two of them, but I'm not very big either. Don't you think they ought to do me?" he rattled on cheerily as he tilted his basket so that Andrew might see.

"Then you would like to meet the Master, my lad?"

"Oh, very much, sir. If I only could. But I wonder if He'd have the time for a lad like me?" asked the boy eagerly.

"I am sure He would," replied the fisherman earnestly. "Don't you think the Teacher wants to make boys better as well as grown folks? I will see what I can do about it."

"Oh, do you know Him? I'd be so glad if you could help me."

Thus the kindly common man leads on the boy, who opens to him his basket and his heart as well as he was a momentary result of a few minutes' search. I am sure, that reveals the fact that there was a lad there with so many loaves and fishes. That intelligence had somehow come out, and Andrew simply presents a bit of information which he had learned beforehand. He was able to say that "there is a lad here," because he had seen that lad. He could say that he had "five loaves and two small fishes," because he had discovered that fact by a previous conversation. In a word, Andrew was interested in the lad, and these facts were mere incidentals developing while for a few minutes he expressed his interest in some earlier acquaintance. What a delight for Andrew to be the

agent in God's hands for introducing a boy to the Lord!

But this opens a thought. Here is a faculty needed, an ability which Christ wants. Observation, sad experience, points out—the poor, wretched lives of thousands of our country's best proclaim aloud—that we need men who can see a boy. We need men able to introduce our American boyhood to the Master.

COMPANIONSHIP THE BOY'S NEED.

This will require men who appreciate boys, who remember that they themselves were boys once. Boys are not always what you may call lovable or beautiful; they are boys. Almost as sure is the fact that every adult male has passed through the ages of twelve to fourteen is this, that at that time he was ugly and ungainly. The boy cannot help having a time in his life when his hands and feet are too big, when he simply cannot get through the best room without kicking the varnish on the piano, and when his tongue refuses to play the nice, smooth things he wants it to. I have a photo of three boys. The hands happen all to be visible and the wit of also trio was appropriately dubbed it "Paws and claws," adding as a further distinguishing mark: "You'll know us by our ears!" Certain you would, for they were boys!

And that lad will have boy habits. Well do I remember as I stood on the old schoolhouse steps the sixteen-year-old girl who thrust me with the slur "Dirty hands!" In amazement I looked at them; were they? To be sure. And they had a right to be. If any creature in the world has a right occasionally to have dirty hands and face—and shall I add, torn clothes?—it is a boy. If there was a person living who when a boy I heartily deplored, it was the gentle, clean fellow whom the girls cuddled and hugged, and whom the teacher set up for our example. I realize now that he has his sphere, but I didn't like him when I was a boy, and I knew a lot of other fellows who did not like him any better than I did. I was a boy, and I liked a real boy.

But that boy likes to be appreciated, if he is awkward and ungainly. I can well recall the time when I would have given a good part of all I ever expected to possess just for the sake of being appreciated. Oh, the bitter sting it gave to hear all the pleasant things said to the sweet, clean lassies and the pretty, paid for being made awkward by a Creator who had kept all power in His own hands? But that boy appreciated love and sympathy, even if he was too bashful and ugly to show it. There was a neighbor who forgot that boy every fortnight and each time he was so brought home to face that he had to be reintroduced, he expressed his surprise by adjusting his glasses and exclaiming as he minutely examined the young stranger from head to foot: "Why, how you've grown!" He was just a good man, no more, but he didn't appreciate a boy, and the boy knew it, if nobody else did.

And that boy is going to find somebody who will appreciate him; he wants somebody he can lean upon. If he cannot find the man among good people, we should not be surprised if he chooses to lean from the bad. That boy wanted a drink of water one day when in the village,

and he wanted it with all the want that a boy feels. Some ruffian directed him into a bar-room. As the timid little fellow faced the circle of loafers his heart sank within him. He would have run, had he dared; but, oh, he wanted that drink so! Eyeing that rough crowd, he finally chose what seemed to him the most congenial spirit in the room, and timidly placing his hands on his knees asked for the drink. He had found the one of the crowd upon whom to lean. Parents, if you don't want a low-minded loafer to be your boy's ideal, see to it that a better man, one who can appreciate your boy, is at his side.

BEFRIENDING THE MAN TO COME.

Further, rightly to see a boy requires a man who has a prophetic instinct; who looks beyond the awkward, ungainly fellow to the full-grown man who will be and do in the days to come. I have a distinct recollection of two teachers. One was the young man who simply "kept school." Perhaps he wanted to do well, but there were some things that he could not see nor do. That boy was dull, no doubt, but the teacher failed to draw out even the little he had. To that child-mind language was an intricate problem. He could not see nor understand the mythical relations which subsisted between those queer hooks and curves called letters—so that r-a-t spelled rat, and c-a-t spelled cat. Nor could he see it even when the young man had explained it over and over again; and perhaps he was hardly to be blamed when he lost patience and scolded the boy. But that scolding froze that boy's soul, and the parents couldn't understand why the little fellow cried when his lunch was packed for school next day. But under pretext of the cold or of the length of the road to school he was permitted to come to some snow, and incidentally that untactful teacher, should depart.

But that boy had another teacher, not great nor exceedingly wise, but gentle, quiet, hopeful. She drew out the boy's soul, instead of shutting it in. During the long winter recesses and noons she talked with him about his hopes and visions. Incidentally, she suggested that he might one day become a teacher. It was an idea which he never dreamed of before. And she would help him, too, if he desired to work to that end. If he would write the answers to the teachers' examination, she would correct and grade his papers for him. In a word, she held up a vision of worth before him. She was a prophet, in a sense. She may not have had much to see, but she was willing to look for something and lead the boy to expect to find it when the right time came. The two teachers present a contrast which teaches its own lesson.

It was an almost unknown man, a Mr. Donahower, who saw Governor John Johnson as a boy. He may not have seen him in all his power; probably he saw in him only a man worth while in his local sphere. But when John was working away, we are told, in the little store at St. Peter, and wishing to develop his mind, this man offered him a subscription to the public library. If he would read the "Conquest of Peru," the "Conquest of Mexico," and "Invahoe." The boy grasped the opportunity; it was an entering wedge to future success and greatness. But that man Donahower was a prophet in his desire and willingness to bring out the good in the growing boy.

There are plenty of boys following afar the Lord, and bearing their tribute of loaves and fishes, and willing to be introduced to the Master. But we need a goodly number of Andrews.—Interior.

"You will never have what you like until you like what you have."

The Time of Crisis*

By DR. R. F. HORTON, President of the Sunday School Union.

BETWEEN the ages of fourteen and seventeen a great crisis is passed, and in the interim the destiny of the young life is decided. By an almost unaccountable gap in our system of State education, the adolescents are left out of account. There are one and three-quarter million of boys and girls who are in no way except what is derived from their occupation or from the streets. These young minds, taught to read, with the opening curiosity and possible prudence natural to their age, are the victims of the corrupt press; on these unfed youths the producers of foul and trivial literature and illustrations prey. We train our children in the schools up to the age of fourteen, in order to hand them over, ready trussed, to the ghoul and demons of vice.

Doubtless before long the State will recognize its duty, and continuation classes, with technical training and moralizing influences, will become compulsory. But meanwhile the Church and the Sunday School must act. One may say that the thought and prayer of the whole Christian Church now turn towards this one question: "How shall we lead our adolescents, between fourteen and seventeen, onward into the Church, or, at any rate, into clean and wholesome and effective citizenship?"

One principle has become very plain. In order to retain them we must drop the name and the form of school. When they leave school at fourteen they feel emancipated, and the suggestion of a school, even of a Sunday School, seems insulting. They have to pass through much experience before the pathetic desire for the bygone scholastic comes upon them. Meanwhile it is our wisdom to recognize the new instincts and cravings of their adolescence. This need is met by a system of clubs or institutes, into which they can be gathered on leaving school. At the age of fourteen boys become gregarious animals. They act together; they follow one another. The Holy Spirit touches them as an *esprit de corps*. Religion, on its personal and inward side, is unattractive to them. But religion on its outward side, religion interpreted as loyalty to a club or to a leader, religion in practice, as discipline, obedience, serviceableness, is within their comprehension. This is the secret of the Boys' Brigade movement, and, more recently, of those amazing troops of Scouts which now cover the suburbs on Saturday afternoon, with eager and sincere faces, moving in squad, undertaking operations of overwhelming importance and urgency. The Church and the Sunday School do well to avail themselves of these great movements, and to bring the directly Christian motive to the details and the operation of the organization. But the strength of a Sunday School must not be diverted and lost in a single movement of this kind. The boys rapidly pass through the Brigade or the Scout Company, and still two or three of the most critical years of life remain.

A boys' club, or a Saturday institute, therefore, should aim at a complete provision for the needs between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. There should be a good library, up to date; it is quite certain that these young and restless spirits will not rest until that their elders have got tired of it. It is of no

use to send books that are not wanted in the home to choke the shelves of the institute library. But books must be obtained and put into circulation which the boys and girls are eager to read. The difficulty of selection is due to the fact that the choosers of the books have passed into another mental stage, and that the readers is at present unintelligible. We are not to assume that these boys and girls will only read stories of sensational adventures. I have known a boy of this age find his chief delight in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, and become quite an Egyptianologist before the age of sixteen. I have known other boys eager to master Anglo-Saxon, or passionately interested in books of applied mechanics. But the one guiding clue is that at this age the reader does not want to be preached to, but to be informed. The appeal is to be made more to the natural curiosity and eager desire to do than to the moral and spiritual sense, which at this time is dormant. Whatever the difficulties of the library may be, here is a battlefield on which a decisive victory may be led into a fruitful line of study, and can acquire a genuine interest in books, one of the worst dangers of life will be overcome—the danger of aimless drifting.

Connected with the library there should be discussions or debates, and, if possible, classes and lectures. The interchange of opinion, the quickening of the mental life, the mutual help which young minds can offer, are of vital importance; and it is in these ways, and by sideways very largely, that the great principles of goodness and religion can be suggested and instilled. When a boy is led to defend a right position in a discussion he will probably defend it in his life. When his principles reach the point of being articulate they are on the way to become practical. In a club rightly managed, with the right leaders keeping their hands upon it, even the Sunday class will attract the young fellows strongly; they will not want to evade it. At the crucial age of sixteen, when most young lives pass through a crisis and reach some kind of a decision, the discussion of the vital religious questions acquires a sudden interest. We may take it for granted that at that age there is a deep desire to be saved, and a readiness to start out and save others. The central reality and power of Christ to save them and to make them saviours of others become, often suddenly, the most attractive thing in the world.

But the club must also take into account the need for recreation and the necessity of making games a genuinely moral training. It is by remembering and utilising this latter point that we get rid of the irritation which some of us are apt to feel at the enormous place given to games and pleasure in the modern world. It was at this point that the Sunday Schools of a former age lost their influence. With the exception of an annual treat, they did not cater for the recreation of the growing boys and girls. It was made seem to them that there was one rather monotonous and drab footing of the way of religion, but that all the delights and interests of life were to be found in a primrose path of dalliance and at the booths of Vanity Fair. Vice easily invaded and captured the pleasures of life when virtue surrendered them as outside of its control. It is true we were taught to sing:

"Religion never designed
To make our pleasures less."

but that did not alter the fact that religion was made to ban our pleasures, such as they were, without always leading to the discovery of better pleasures.

The club or institute will not talk or sing of banishing the dulness and ennui of life from the sphere of religion, but will proceed to do it, and to do it with the full conviction that God gives us all things richly to enjoy, and that one of the first objects of religion is to make us understand the beauty and the joy of the earth and of our present life. For the truth which is dawning upon the world is this: That the true religion is the full and complete human life, in which we are all taught and enabled to enrich and enlarge one another as members of the family of God. This truth is gradually transforming our world and Church and school.—*S. S. Chronicle*.

Straight as a Gun Barrel

"Is he straight?"
"Straight as a gun barrel. You can depend upon him in every spot and place."
This was said of a boy who had asked for a place and had given as a reference the gentleman who made this firm reply. Would you not like to have men say of you, "He is as straight as a gun barrel?"

Stop and think what that means. How straight is a gun barrel? No need to tell any boy he is straight, unless that in the factory where guns are made the metal is rolled and pressed and ground and polished until the most practised eye cannot detect the slightest curve in it anywhere. Not until it is so can it be permitted to go out of the factory. Over and over again it must be tested, and over until it is as perfect as man and machines can make it.

And, think for a moment why this should be so. If the gun barrel were not straight, no one ever could hit what he aimed at; the bullet could not help flying wide of the mark.

And hitting the mark is the thing. That is what every boy wants to do—hit the mark. Therefore he must be true. "Straight" is a homely word, but it is full of the deepest meaning. No boy can ever reach his aim, be it ever so high, unless he always does the true, manly thing. One little mean, underhand act, and his life may be marred forever.

The world wants men who are straight. Only straight men come up from straight boys. We cannot pass the time of boyhood and youth in doing smart, sharp and tricky things, and then all at once on a day when the world says we have reached manhood drop our questionable habits and become straight men, because the gun barrel that is warped can never be made as straight as it was in the first place unless it be cast into the furnace and melted over again. And that process hurts; it means pain and sorrow and bitter tears.

Yes; if we ever expect to be straight, the time to begin is now. But how may we know whether boys are true or not? Think of these rules of the true:

The boy who is true is not afraid to look anyone in the eye.

He has a frank, manly bearing. This only right living can give him, and that it will give him always.

If he says he will meet you at a certain time and place, he will be there or tell you why he is not.

Only the truth passes his lips. He honors his father and mother. He is respectful to everyone.

He does not smoke. He does not use tobacco. He loves God and all good things.

These are the sure signs of a true man. Can you measure up to them? God help you to do it!—*Edgar L. Vincent, in The Visitor*.

* Note of a paper read at the Social, Purity Conference at the Caxton Hall, London, July 14, 1910.

"Very often it takes as many as 13 letters to spell duty,—D-e-t-e-r-m-i-n-a-t-i-o-n."

Shall Boys be Boys? What My Fellow-Passenger Told Me

BY GREVILLE H. TENFANY.

There were three of us in the carriage—myself, an elderly man, and a boy.

The elderly man, who was seated in the farthest corner of the carriage, appeared to belong to the professional classes, and had all the air of being well-to-do.

The boy, who was sitting face to face with me in the opposite corner, was of an order, healthy, good-humoured, and good-looking British boy, and I guessed him to be probably travelling down to a certain well-known public school which was situated at a town some distance down the line on which we were.

This boy and myself fell into conversation. I found that my surmise as to his destination was correct; he was returning to school, and he described to me at some length what a "ripping good time" he meant to have this term.

It was then that it occurred to me that it might be an advantageous and appropriate thing were I to remind the boy just before he departed that it was not entirely for the purpose of having a "good time" that he went to school, but that there were other aspects to be considered.

Accordingly, I ventured on my gentle reminder, and as I concluded my observations, the train slowed down at the station. Then it was that the man in the far corner spoke for the first time.

"My dear boy," he said gently, as the boy was just about to pass him, "learn how to have that 'good time' of yours in the right way, and you'll have learnt something better than most of us. Nothing is worth knowing except the right way to be happy."

Next moment the boy had gone, and the two of us were alone in the carriage. "Don't you think that that was a rather dangerous idea to give to a boy, that of yours?" I asked.

"Ah, but think," said he, "think of a childhood—a boyhood—that should be made unhappy by a spectre of duty, of responsibility sometimes in the background, sometimes not, but always there; by a fear of failure before one ought to realize its possibility, consider what a childhood made unhappy in that particular way must be like. Who are we that we should rob children of one of their most precious possessions—irresponsibility?"

"At one time," he continued, "I held very different ideas from those which you have questioned. I was, in fact, a different man altogether. My strong views as to the duty of children to their parents, and I was full of a sense of the necessity of sacrificing happiness to one's responsibilities. At the time of which I am speaking I had been married for four years, and my family consisted of three children, two daughters and one son, the youngest of the three.

"It was in this boy that my whole interest in existence seemed to centre. I was resolved that he should make a great success of his life, that he should have a brilliant career, and from his very earliest days I can remember impressing upon him constantly the responsibility that rested upon him, as an only son, to do something that should enable his parents to be proud of him. I was constantly reminding him of those ideas of duty, always his duty, that occupied my mind so largely.

"The time arrived at length when he was to be sent to school, and before he

went I had a long talk with him, and told him all that I expected of him, and what a great success I hoped that he would be. From the time when he first went to school, I believe that his mind can never have been quite free from that sense of responsibility that I had so religiously instilled into it, and from a consciousness that, come what might, he must succeed."

"Did he never rebel?" I ventured to ask.

"Once, and only once. At the end of one of his school terms, I was not satisfied with what he had done and reproached him, and then he replied that he had done his best, and that he could not and would not give up his whole

anything could make up for that! And I remember thinking how proud I should be of him, and how completely my conduct towards him would have proved to have been justified when the result was seen.

"I was full of this self-congratulation, when my hopes were suddenly scattered by my being sent for to Oxford to see my son, who had been suddenly taken ill. I got there to find him suffering from brain fever, and worse than when I had been sent for. He was quite delirious, and did not know me, and the same evening I telegraphed for his mother, but before she could get to him he had died; but even that wasn't the worst of it.

"All the while that I sat by his bedside," he resumed slowly, "and he was talking in his delirium, he kept on repeating: 'I must pass. I must pass. Father would never forgive me if I didn't!' Over and over again he said that, and would follow it with long lists of Greek paradigms and scraps of Latin verse, which he would keep up for half an hour at a time, always coming back

sooner or later to the repetition of that phrase that he must pass. If it had ever been in his heart to punish me for my folly, which I knew it never was, he could not have thought of any punishment which would have been more terrible or more effectual than that I underwent during his delirium. And at the end of it all he died, and I had to break the news to my wife when she arrived, and that was almost as bad as what I had been through before, for many times she had pleaded with me to be less strict with the boy, only to be met with the reply that it was all for his good."

He was silent again, and then, after a pause, he said:

"Do you wonder now at my feeling as I do?" he asked.

"No! Who could?" I replied.

"And when I hear anyone speaking as you spoke to that boy, I always feel that we should at least see that

children are happy, for who knows if they will ever be happy when they cease to be children?"—*Sunday Companion.*

O never falling splendor!

O never silent song!

Still keep the green earth tender,

Still keep the gay earth strong.

O angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King!

Till we, too, boldly pressing

Where once the shepherds trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of Blessing,
And find the Son of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*



time to what he called 'swotting,' with-out a minute to call his own, and to do what he liked in. I replied that, if necessary, he could and should do so, and at the end of it was that I thrashed him for what I considered impertinence, and after that I think that he had an actual physical fear of me, which urged him to refrain from disappointing my hopes.

"I gained what I had desired, however, and he left with a brilliant record behind him, having gained a scholarship to Oxford. There he followed up his success at school with even greater success, and when his last year there came, I expected and believed that he would be able to leave after having greatly distinguished himself in the final examination for his degree.

"I remember that at this time I was always telling myself that afterwards, when he was fairly started on a successful career, I would make amends to him for anything that he might have taken for unnecessary strictness on my part when he was a boy—as though

SHOW THIS COPY TO A
FRIEND.

"Don't pray for tasks equal to your powers but for powers equal to your tasks."



OUR JUNIORS

"Train up a Child According to His Way."



IT'S COMING!

"It's coming, boys,
It's almost here,
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in,
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year or striving,
And hearty thriving;
A bright New Year,
Oh! hold it dear;
For God, who sendeth,
He only lengtheth."

—St. Nicholas.

Notice and Request:

The Junior weekly topics, studied for the first four months of 1911 at least, will be the same as those for the adult leagues. If the superintendents study the outlines of these as given on preceding pages they will see their utility and appropriateness. We shall be glad to hear from all concerned about this plan. Do you want separate Junior Topics, or will you be willing to follow the regular list and give us more space for other matter? Write the Editor.

A Pleasant and Safe Journey

The Intermediate and Junior Leagues of Central Methodist Church, Toronto, gave a very unique and interesting entertainment on Monday night, Oct. 24th, called a "Missionary Railway Social," the purpose of which was to give the children a more intelligent conception of what is known to them as "Our Foreign Mission Stations."

The chairs in the upper school-room were arranged as coaches, and to make the journey less tedious the children rendered a short programme of recitations and choruses at stated intervals.

One room had been set aside as a waiting-room, and any late comers remained here until the train stopped at Winnipeg or Vancouver to take on passengers.

Rooms on either side were arranged to represent the countries to be visited—Japan, China and India—and were occupied by the missionary who was to meet them, or by members of his family.

Arriving at Japan, Rev. G. Murata, a native pastor, now a student at Victoria College, and some little Japanese armor-bearers, met them. On their appearance the children sang, "Only an armor-bearer," and Mr. Murata followed with a very instructive and interesting address on the home life of Japan.

When the stop at China was made they were met by Rev. G. E. Hartwell's children, dressed in the costume of that country, who rendered some Chinese music very sweetly.

Leaving there they passed through a tunnel, where some very interesting views were seen, both of southern life and of life in India, the latter of which were given some explanation by Dr. Smith, now at home on furlough, and by whom they were also met on their arrival at India.

He, with his family, sang some of the street songs of India, and gave a short, graphic description of home life in that country.

On the return home the passengers remained to the refreshment-room below, where hot coffee and light refreshments were served.

How the Gospel Came to Britain

In a recent number of *The Guild*, an interesting story of "The Evangelization of the British Isles" was told for the Juniors of English Methodism by May Coley. We are sure our Canadian Junior Leaguers will be much interested in the following account:

Though learned men have tried hard to find out who first preached Christ in Britain, no one knows, and probably no one ever will know. Some think it was St. Paul himself, others one of the Roman soldiers, who had, perhaps, learnt of Christ when guarding Paul in his own hired house in Rome. The most likely guess is that the Gospel was first preached by some of the Christian merchants from Gaul (France) who came to our land to trade in tin and lead. Possibly if you had been asked who first preached the Gospel in Britain you would have held up your hands and answered, "Augustine." If so, you would have been quite wrong, for many of the Britons had become Christians six hundred years before the coming of Augustine.

Much of our knowledge of early Britain is taken from the records of Julius Caesar, your hands and answered, "Augustine." If so, you would have been quite wrong, for many of the Britons had become Christians six hundred years before the coming of Augustine. Much of our knowledge of early Britain is taken from the records of Julius Caesar, your hands and answered, "Augustine." If so, you would have been quite wrong, for many of the Britons had become Christians six hundred years before the coming of Augustine. Much of our knowledge of early Britain is taken from the records of Julius Caesar, your hands and answered, "Augustine." If so, you would have been quite wrong, for many of the Britons had become Christians six hundred years before the coming of Augustine.

It was into this heathen darkness that the light of the Gospel came somewhere about seventy to a hundred years after the birth of Christ. Then many of the Britons gave up their superstitions, and for the first time, we are told, this British Church existed, governed by its own bishops and having schools and colleges and educated ministers.

As the years rolled on the Britons had many enemies to contend with. The Picts of the Scots, and the English (made up of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes) were all harassing the land, for the Roman legions had left the island to fight their own enemies elsewhere. After appealing in vain for help from Rome, the Britons asked

the English to help them drive off the Picts, promising them land and a reward, and thus paying one enemy to help them keep away others. But the English were not content with this, and no sooner had the invaders been driven off than they poured into Britain, and a conquest of the land began. These wild people brought with them very different heathen customs, and the ancient British Church was in danger of extinction, for many of the Britons were slain, and among those that survived missionary zeal for their heathen conquerors was not perhaps as great as it should have been.

We now come to a very interesting story. Ethelbert, the Saxon King of Kent, had married a Christian princess called Bertha, the daughter of the King of Paris. She brought with her a Christian bishop, and the ruined church of St. Martin at Canterbury was given her for worship. Some years before this event a priest called Gregory had been in the Roman market-place, and seeing some flax-haired, fair-skinned slaves for sale, he asked from what land they came.

"They are Angles, English," was the reply.

"Not Angles, but angels, with faces so angel-like," said Gregory. "What is the name of their king?"

"Ella," said the slave dealer. "Alleluia shall be sung there!" was the answer.

Later on Gregory became Bishop of Rome, and when Bertha married Ethelbert he at once seized the opportunity and sent Augustine to Kent, hoping that the Queen would influence her husband towards welcoming the missionary. Augustine landed in A.D. 597, on the island of Thanet, the very spot where the English had landed over one hundred years before. Ethelbert, Bertha, and the nobles sat out in the open air while Augustine preached to them. Most of the crowds were heathen, but a few Christians remained, and though Ethelbert still clung to his heathen gods, he promised the missionaries protection. Then the procession of monks marched to Canterbury, their white robes and silver crosses glittering in the sunlight as they passed, singing, as Gregory had prophesied, "Alleluia!"

But it was not until a year later that Ethelbert became a Christian. He was baptised with his children and nobles in the Church of St. Martin at Canterbury, the oldest English Church in existence.

From this time Christianity spread rapidly, and when some years later Ethelbert's daughter, Erthburga, married Edwin, King of Northumbria, she took Paulinus as her chaplain. She remembered Augustine's work, and longed to see a similar one begun in the North. King Edwin, who was a heathen, often talked with Paulinus, and at last came to Christianity, and spent much time in quiet thought. At last he, too, became a Christian, and soon after, gathering his wise men together, he asked them what they thought of the new faith. Then an aged man rose up and said: "Oh, King, man's life seems like a sparrows' flight through the hall when one is sitting at meat in winter-time with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at the door and carries for a moment in the light of the hearth the warm fire, and then, flying forth from the other end, leaves the darkness whence it came. So tarry for a moment the life of a man in our sight; but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this teaching tells us aught of these, let us follow it."

Erthburga soon after witnessed the baptism of her husband and his nobles, and on this spot York Minster was afterwards built.

There are many more tales about the

"The best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments."

coming of the Gospel to other parts of Britain, but we have not room for them all.

When you are asked to collect for Foreign Missions, remember what the Gospel has done for your own land, and help willingly.

Is Your Name Here?

Susan is Hebrew, a Lily.
Alma is Latin, the Kindly.
Guy is French, the Leader.
Margaret is Greek, a Pearl.
Job, is Hebrew, the Mourner.
Rachel is Hebrew, the Lamb.
Paul is Latin, the Small One.
Edwin is Saxon, a Conqueror.
Lionel, Latin, is a Little Lion.
Clara is Latin, the Bright One.
Hugh is Dutch, the Light Man.
Gilbert is Saxon, Bright as God.
Martin is Latin, the Martial One.
Jacob is Hebrew, the Supplanter.
Lucius is Latin, the Shining One.
Ernest is Greek, the Serious One.
Peter is of Latin origin, the Rock.
Eunice is Greek, the Fair Victory.
Leonard, German name, is Lionlike.
Ruth is Hebrew, and means Beauty.
Florence is Latin, the Blooming One.
Sophia is Greek, and means Wisdom.
Arabella is Latin, the Beautiful Altar.
Sarah, Hebrew name, means Princess.
Caesar, Latin name, means Hairy Man.
Douglas is Gaelic, signifying Dark Gray.
Rosamond is Saxon, the Rose of Peace.
Athena is a Greek name, the Good One.
Isaac, a Hebrew name, means Laugh-ter.
Olivier is of Roman origin, an Olive Tree.
Lucy is the feminine of the Latin Lucius.
Edith and Editha are Saxon, Happi-ness.
Daniel is Hebrew, meaning God is Judge.
James is of Hebrew origin, the Be-gullet.
Meredith is Celtic, the Roaring of the Sea.
Esther is a Hebrew word, meaning Secret.
Agnes is of German origin, the Chaste One.
Moses, a Hebrew name, means Drawn One.
Matthew, a Jewish name, signifies a Gift.
Roxanna is a Persian name, the Day Dawn.
Harold, the Champion, is of Saxon origin.
Huldah, from the Hebrew, means a Weasel.
Eugenia and Eugenie are French, Well Born.
Constantine is Latin, signifying the Resolute.
Catharine, a Greek name, means the Pure One.—Selected.

The Church's Hope is in the Children

The following incident was related, by a delegate from China, at the World's Missionary Conference: "Some years ago when on furlough I visited Anstruther, in Fifeshire, to give a missionary address. I was utterly dispirited when I saw my congregation—ten old ladies and two young boys. I prayed earnestly that I might speak the right message, and soon forgot my audience as I warmed to my work, and felt greatly cheered as I spoke. Before I closed I expressed the hope that

the older people would pray for us, and that the boys might one day be co-workers with me in China. The sequel is profoundly interesting, for on my way to this conference as a delegate from China I talked with both those men, now missionaries in that country, one of them having had to fly for his life; in the recent disturbances. They asked me to convey greetings to friends in the homeland, and urged me to recognize the children in my meetings, and so I shall, for they are the hope of the Church at home and in the mission field."

Named Original Story

A country clergyman relates the following incident as being absolutely founded on fact. Having arrived, says he, at the point in the Baptismal Service where the infant's name is conferred, I said:

"Name this child."



A CHOICE WINTER SPECIMEN.

"Original Story," said the sponsor-nurse.
"What do you say?" I asked in surprise.
"Original Story," she repeated, in clear, deliberate tones.
"It's a very odd name, isn't it? Are you sure you want him called by the name of Original Story?" I queried.
"Original Story—that's right," she declared.
"Is it a family name?" I persisted.
"Named after his uncle, sir," explained the woman in charge, getting red in the face.
And so, as Original Story I christened the unoffending little fellow. It was some weeks after this event that I made the acquaintance of the said uncle—a farm laborer in another village—whose name was Reginald Story.

Moncton, N.B., Juniors

The summary of the work as carried on by the Juniors of Moncton, N.B., may be an inspiration to other Junior Leagues. Miss Fairweather reports that for several months, during the absence of the Superintendent, the Junior work was well and faithfully looked after by Miss Grace Jackson, assisted by Misses Helen Matthews and Helen Wilmot. The attendance has been excellent as well as deportment on the part of the Juniors. The following is the work accomplished in different departments:—

Christian Endeavor Department.—Junior League regular topics taken by the Juniors. Throughout it all, the main objects in view have been kept carefully in mind—that of conversation, testimony and prayer, by which many Juniors are being prepared for active Christian service.

Missionary Department.—Missions are studied by means of the Imaginary Missionary Trips, Missionary Postal Cards, etc.

Social Department.

—During the winter and spring months a contest was in progress as to which side will secure the greater number of points—attendance, collection, etc., counting separately for each Junior; the losing side giving a supper to all Juniors.

Special Work.—At Easter, the Juniors brought flowers and fruit, which were sent to the sick in private homes and at the City Hospital. Scrap-books prepared by the Juniors under Miss Mitchell's supervision were expressed to Toronto last December and taken to the Sick Children's Hospital there.

So are the Juniors learning to go about on deeds of mercy and help, and the results—well, who can tell?

Our League has had the honor of having a number of its Juniors, from time to time, win the "Prize Work Contests" appearing in the ERA—open to all Juniors in Canada. I refer to Helen Matthews and Florence Parlee, prize winners; Vera Sharpe and Herbert Fair-weather, who received high commendation. We are giving prizes of Missionary Post Cards of Chinese views to Juniors having perfect attendance.

"The truest words we ever speak
Are words of cheer.

Life has its shade, its valleys deep,
But round our feet the shadows creep,

To prove the sunlight near—
Between the hills those valleys deep—

The sun-crowned hills—
And down their sides will those who seek
With hopeful spirit, brave though meek,
Find gently flowing rills."

SHOW THIS COPY TO
A FRIEND.

"He that loves reading has everything within his reach."

Sunday School Rally Day

FROM hundreds of letters that have come to the General Secretary's desk during the past month, the following brief extracts are made almost at random to show what our Sunday School workers from east to west have said about the program and the profit and enjoyment of Rally Day. We hope that next year every school will have a most enthusiastic and helpful Rally Day service.

"This is the result of having Rally Day services. We went a little further than usual. We made the Sunday School service the service of the day and the entire offering went into the Fund. This is the only way in which I can get a chance of visiting some of my schools, and I am glad I am allowed to make such arrangement of services. We had splendid congregations at each service, showing a good interest on the part of the people in the work of the school.—*Rev. T. E. Sawyer, Lucknow, Ont.*

"Our Rally services were a decided success spiritually and financially.—*Rev. H. F. Kennedy, Lyons, Ont.*

"The program was fine and everybody enjoyed it. We wish you every success."—*Benj. Hill, Windham Centre.*

"We used the programmes sent and highly appreciated same."—*Robt. Slater, Blith.*

"We are much delighted with your programme for Rally Day."—*Mrs. F. Boone, Burnt Arm, Nfld.*

"We enjoyed the service, the programme being first-class."—*O. B. Brandon, Fenelon Falls.*

"We certainly had a rally, the parents turning out well and enjoying the programme."—*H. N. Scott, Bethesda S. S.*

"We followed the printed programme and had a good meeting."—*Benj. Webb, Stroud.*

"Our rally was a great success. Our ordinary congregation is about 25 or 30. We used the fine programmes, about 100 being present."—*J. W. Magwood, Bezhili, Alta.*

"Our Sunday School Rally was a complete success in every way. We used the programmes provided."—*J. G. Gray, St. Williams.*

"We liked the Rally Day programmes."—*Rev. S. J. Kerr, Lucan.*

"We used the programmes and our school was much pleased with them."—*T. F. Thompson, Shannonville.*

"Rally Day was a great success."—*Rev. Herbert Lee, Dundalk.*

"We followed the programmes. All much enjoyed them."—*Amy Davis, Dorland.*

"The exercises of the day were well rendered, most every available member being present. The occasion was all that could be desired. Thank you for the many favors we as a Sunday School have received at your hands."—*H. Reynolds, Norham.*

"We had a very interesting and profitable day. The programmes were used and the 'envelope system' is a great success."—*Roland Thorpe, Duncan, B.C.*

"The school thoroughly enjoyed their first Rally Day last Sunday. I was happily present to share in the most interesting programme laid down in your leaflets. We amalgamated Sunday School and Divine Service."—*Rev. Frank Boothroyd, Irma, Alta.*

"The programmes sent were much enjoyed by every one. The children were so pleased to use the envelopes."—*Mrs. E. Etheridge.*

"I have heard many expressions of approval regarding the programmes."—*B. B. Shaver, Getz Valley, Alta.*

"Our school used the Rally Day programmes and envelopes which were supplied by your department and as a result we had the most enjoyable and helpful service of its kind we have ever taken part in, almost every member from the youngest to the oldest taking part in it most enthusiastically. Thanking you for the splendid order of service and wishing you Godspeed in your good work."—*E. V. Wilcox, Brandon, Man.*

"The programme went nicely."—*Mrs. W. E. Pate, Kasimair S. S., Alta.*

"As Sunday School worker I thought I would drop you a line to let you know we had a very good time at our Rally Day. Everybody seemed to enjoy it. Many of the parents came out and were highly pleased. It was the first we ever had in our school, and I hope it will not be the last. Thank you for programmes. Wish you every success."—*Chas. James, Bethesda, Watford.*

"I think Lewisport Sunday School did well and had a fine Rally Sunday, using programmes sent."—*C. W. Woolfrey, Lewisport, Nfld.*

"Thank you very much for the Rally Day programmes. They went well."—*Harold I. Main, Holstein.*

"The whole programme was enjoyed by a splendid congregation."—*Rev. L. S. Wight, Stirling.*

"Our services were very enthusiastic and helpful."—*D. Mick, Brinston, Ont.*

"We had the largest number out that we ever had at any service in connection with our Sunday School."—*J. F. Fowler, Wetaskiwin, Alta.*

"We used the programmes for Rally Day sent by you. They are the best yet. We had a splendid day."—*S. P. Riddell, Kenis, Sask.*

"The special Rally Day service as arranged was quite a success. We used the programmes in both schools."—*Rev. W. J. Kirby, Albert, N.B.*

"We held Rally Day on Grand River Mission (all Indians), using programmes and envelopes. Had a delightful service. The collection was largely their own savings. God bless the Indian children!"—*Rev. Geo. Carpenter, Newport, Ont.*

"Programs were most helpful in our Rally Day service."—*Wm. Wells.*

"We found the programme a great help for the service."—*Geo. Swift, Newbury, Ont.*

"We had a very successful day and enjoyed the programmes very much."—*Mrs. W. H. Langdon, Linden Bank, Ont.*

"Allow me to congratulate you on the fine programme prepared for Rally Day. We aim on that day to have 'all the church in the Sunday School, all the Sunday School in the church.' Yesterday's service was a success."—*Thos. Porter, Embro, Ont.*

"Programme was well received by the people."—*Rev. L. W. Reid, Wyoming, Ont.*

"Everybody enjoyed the Rally Day plan of service as sent from your office. I feel sure you will be repaid well for the time spent in preparing that order of service. You will have larger financial returns, and our people will be benefited spiritually."—*Rev. W. A. Walden, Camachie, Ont.*

"We were well pleased and encouraged by the interest taken in the Rally Day service."—*Wesley Freeman, Godfrey, Ont.*

"The programmes were followed, and the Rally was a success."—*M. Thomson, Plainfield.*

"All were much pleased with your programme."—*Samuel Garton, Yarmouth Centre S. S.*

"The Rally Day exercises were very successfully carried out in our school and programmes appreciated."—*Lalbert Paterson, Aylesford, N. S.*

"Programmes appreciated. Hope you have not labored in vain with this new idea."—*Ben Whitham, Cornwall, Ont.*

"The service was pronounced excellent."—*C. Lapp, Brighton.*

"Used Rally Day programmes. People all pleased. Was a 'happy thought' in you to get this arranged."—*Rev. W. R. Pepper, Boiestown, N. B.*

"Our Rally was a great success, and we were very much pleased with the programmes."—*R. J. Humphrey.*

"We had a successful rendering of your splendid Rally Day programmes. Our pastor kindly gave up his evening service for us."—*Geo. Pearson, Tisdale, Sask.*

"The programme was a great success and very much appreciated by all. Our attendance was the largest in the history of the school."—*G. J. Douving, Kamloops, B. C.*

The Lesson for the Day

A certain college president, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year, when he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest increase of students in its history." Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, Psalm 111, and began to read in a voice of thunder:

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

"Some people never like music unless they are playing first fiddle."

Grains of Gold

The world is to be saved in no other way than by the process of saving ones. Do not wait for some big thing to do: take hold of the first little helpful thing that needs to be done.

True prayer is a believing soul's direct converse with God.

You don't have to put your reason behind your back to be a Christian.

The life of growing goodness has an intrinsic quality which makes it preferable to that of stationary perfection. No true knowledge can ever impress the human mind with the concept of its own greatness.

Presumption is the natural offspring of ignorance, and not of knowledge.

The loftiest are always the lowliest in heart.

The small mind is always the envious mind.

Magnanimity is the true patent of nobility.

Unless our patriotism is inspired by our religion, it is not worth possessing.

There are few things more costly to acquire than the grace of supplication.

Prayer is the very elixir of the soul, and it cannot be poured out without pain and sacrifice.

Only as we share the travail of the Saviour's soul can we help Christ save the world.

Sanctity of heart and life is the characteristic of a conquering Church.

Lying is intellectual highway robbery, and its penalty is mental solitary confinement.

Obedience is the organ of life.

It is obedience to the Master which saves the soul life from dying down with animalism, mis-use, and indifference.

Religion might be defined as morality plus prayer.

Morality is the recognition of a relationship between man and man.

Religion is the recognition of a relationship between man and God.

The silences of a great teacher are as significant as his speech.

The beginning of religion is taking the Master at His word about God.

The first step in knowing the Father is trusting the Son.

We appropriate what we attend to; we know what we apply ourselves to.

Application is the everlasting price of knowledge.

Goodness is the one thing in the universe that deserves our homage.

There is nothing that exalts a man so much as reverence.

Our place in the scale of being is determined by the intensity of our devotion to what is good.

The highest type of man is the man in whom the reverential spirit is most developed.

Reverence is the surrender of the spirit to the attractive influence of goodness.

The most important elements in our life are those which we, generally speaking, regard as trifles.

—Selected by Rev. Wm. Quance.

With Two Faults

A celebrated divine was to preach in a small village one Sunday, where he had already preached several times. The family who entertained him had a little daughter who was usually fond of attending service. When the other members of the family were ready to go, little Nellie firmly refused to go with them.

"I don't want to go to church," she declared.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked her mother, very much surprised. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I heard Parson D— before, and I do not like him," said little Nellie. "Oh, Nellie, that is a very wicked thing to say," replied her mother. "Tell me why?"

"Well, said Nellie, rather confusedly, "he preaches so long that I cannot keep awake, and he preaches so loud I cannot go to sleep—so there!"

A Favored Caller

It was a bright, crisp morning, and the teacher looked down at her small, eager pupils with an encouraging smile.

"Who would like to tell the class of something beautiful seen on the way to school this morning?" she asked.

Half a dozen hands were raised, and she chose for first speaker little Michael Donovan.

"You may tell us what was the most beautiful thing you saw on your way to school, Michael," she said.

"I stopped to get 'Timmy Nolan,' said Michael hoarsely, "and he's coming down

with the measles, and his mother showed him to me t'rough the window, to let me see how good they've come out."

Meet for the Kingdom

A dear old gentleman who is deeply interested in Sunday Schools, and who never loses an opportunity to pray for them, recently embodied the following singular request in his petition at prayer-meeting:

"Dear Lord, bless the lambs of this fold, and make them meet for the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Print Too Small

A clergyman was visiting one of his lady parishioners recently who was rather difficult to get on with. After half an hour's vain search for a congenial subject for conversation, he asked:

"And are you fond of Dickens' works?" "No," was the reply; "I don't like Dickens—the print is so small!"



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REPORTS FROM THE FIELD



HAMILTON CONFERENCE.

No official report of the Epworth League Convention at Berlin on November 27 and 28, 1910, has come to the Editor. However, was present he can speak with assurance of the excellent success of the sessions. In point of attendance, the registered delegation was a record one, nearly 300 being present from various points. This is evidence of a good state of affairs in the Conference as a whole, and certainly the enthusiasm of the convention was high.

The opening address of the retiring President, Rev. J. R. Patterson, contained some stimulating thoughts and manifestly stirred the convention. His theme was the Future Leadership of our Church. The essential need he stated to be Consecration to God. He showed that this involved the dedication of our love to the person of Jesus, the acceptance of our Lord's ideals of life, as also of the purpose that actuated His earthly ministry. He proceeded to develop three main propositions as indispensable to successful leadership: 1. The true missionary spirit must prevail. Not money, but service is the great requisite. Men are needed who shall do real positive work for Christ, and we may find them in our Sunday Schools and Leagues if we but kindle real missionary zeal. 2. We must know the Bible. This is best done, not by simply learning the books it contains, but by allowing the Bible to prove itself in our own experiences as the Book of Life. 3. We must be students of our times and leaders in social progress and reform. He showed how great a responsibility rests upon us as Canadians and pleaded that spiritual things be made predominant in the early days of the nation. The secular must not outrun the missionary. The spirit of positive Christianity poured into the growing Canadian West alone can save the country.

The Rev. G. Murats, a native Japanese pastor, now in Canada as a student in Victoria College, gave two very impressive addresses and completely won the hearts of the audience as he told in convincing speech "What Japan is waiting for." We cannot give an exhaustive report of the convention sessions, but from start to finish the atmosphere of the church was electric with thrilling fervor in which must produce abiding results in many local Leagues represented.

Hung all over the convention beautiful church were large and striking wall notices that at once impressed the reader with the business aptitude of the executive arranging the program. Here are some of them:

"System, not spam, is God's method. We need religion in business, business in religion."

"God's plan calls for men. Ye that are men now serve Him."

"Consecration to God means service to man."

"Will Canada evangelize her share of the world?"

"Send me anywhere provided it be forward."

"The more religion we export, the more we shall possess. Love grows by the increase."

"A life is most worth living to him whose work is most worth doing by which we shall possess. Love grows by the increase."

"Anywhere, any time, anything for the Son of God and the sons of men."

"Love never asks how much must I do, but how much the farthest shines brightest nearest home."

We congratulate the Hamilton Conference on the splendid success of its convention, and bespeak for Rev. G. King of Hamilton, the President-elect, the praiseworthy support of all district officers, that the coming biennial term may be one of still greater achievement.

PICTON DISTRICT.

The Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Picton District Epworth League was held on Tuesday, October 11th, at the Methodist Church, Cherry Valley. The Convention was a success in every way. Since last Convention the Epworth League has been organized. Rev. George Bishop, D.D., of Belleville, gave two addresses. The following were the officers: President, Rev. D. S. Houck; Vice-President, Mr. Clarence Betts; 1st Vice-President,

Mr. Wilfrid Scott; 2nd Vice-President, Rev. A. K. Edmondson, B.A.; 3rd Vice-President, Mr. Fred Ward; 4th Vice-President, Mr. W. S. Smart, Canton; 5th Vice-President, Miss L. Cora Pettigill; Secretary, Mr. Arnold D. Way; Treasurer, Miss L. E. Pones; Representatives to the Conference, Rev. E. W. Tink, B.A., B.D.; Representative to Summer School, Rev. A. Hill.

COBOURG DISTRICT.

Three Sunday School Institutes were held in this district, at Wellesley on Thursday, October 20, at Cambrone on Friday, October 21, and at Centrose on Monday, October 24. With the Institute at Cambrone was amalgamated the Annual Convention of the Epworth League, and other Young People's Societies. A special morning session was devoted entirely to League work. The afternoon evening being given to Sunday School work and to topics of interest to the young people of the church generally. The topics from schedules sent out by the secretary as to the prosperity of the work in the local Leagues were summarized and moved the way for an animated discussion, ably opened by J. Lacey, Cambrone. The presence and wise counsel of Rev. Dr. Spence, Chairman of the District, was a great help and gratification to all. The ladies of the church provided a splendid

We celebrate on Christmas, not the birth of Santa Claus, the patron saint of the children; not merely the birth of the Christ-child, symbol of all innocent childhood; nor yet alone the birth of the martyr-savior, leader and type of all who have lived and loved and suffered for their race. We celebrate a new unweaving of God to humanity, the dwelling of God in humanity. We celebrate the day when the love of God dawned on the world and the fear of gods began slowly and suddenly to give way before the coming of the new day. Every Christmas repeats its message: *Fear God no more, He brings liberty to the enslaved, light to the despairing, pure joy to the glad, He is the comforter of the sorrowing, the Physician of the sick, the Healer of the sinful, the Friend and Companion of man.*—Dr. Lyman Abbott, in "Seeking After God."

did dinner for the delegates. During the annual session, at which Rev. W. Higgs presided, the following subjects were taken up in a practical way by Rev. D. Farewell, Field Secretary, "A Comparative Study of Sunday School Statistics for the Year 1910," "The Aim and Purpose of the Modern Sunday School and its Place in the Community as an educational institution," "Some Things the Sunday School may learn from the Public School in Methods, Grading and Teacher Training." Mr. A. M. Peterson, Cobourg, gave a fine address on the subject "All the members of the Church are the community in the Sunday School, and all the members of the Sunday School in the Church." "The Why, How and How of the Epworth League Sunday School," was ably dealt with by Rev. W. G. Clark, P.A., Port Hope. Rev. S. Fortke presided at the evening session, when the first topic was discussed in the form of a debate. Resolved, that the following resolutions for Missions be introduced into our local Sunday Schools, and that a definite missionary policy for the district be formulated. The subject was fully sustained in an earnest address by Miss Loretta M. Winter, Kilmory, and Rev. W. S. Smart, Canton, in thoughtful manner, laid before the Convention the following objects to be aimed against the movement. Later when the vote was taken the decision was in favor of the resolutions.

Rev. F. L. Farewell gave a splendid address, touching upon various phases of

work carried on by the young people of the Church.

The following officers were elected:—President, Rev. W. Higgs, Centrose; 1st Vice-President, Rev. W. S. Smart, Canton; 2nd Vice-President, Miss L. Cora M. W. Lacey, Wicklow; 3rd Vice-President, Mr. A. J. Lacey, Cambrone; 4th Vice-President, Dr. McKim, Cobourg; 5th Vice-President, Superintendent Port Hope Junior Epworth League, Treasurer, Mr. W. Lord, Port Hope; Secretary, Miss Idell Rogers, Cobourg; Conference Representative, Rev. W. Higgs, Centrose.

COLLINGWOOD DISTRICT.

The Sixteenth Annual Epworth League Convention was held at Thornbury, October 5th and 6th, five profitable sessions being held. Features of the opening session were the presidential address by Mr. J. C. Gardiner, Ravenna; our Missionary—an appreciation," a paper by Miss Maud Lyne, and an address by Rev. A. C. Hoff, returned missionary, at the opening session. Round Table Conference was conducted by Rev. C. E. Manning, Associate Secretary of the District. The address on "The Work of the Woman's Missionary Society," was given by Mrs. Hurl, Meaford. At the evening session, Mr. Allan, Mayor of Thornbury, and Rev. W. K. Hagar, of Belleville, were the speakers. Mr. Manning also addressed the convention on the subject of "Missions." An excellent paper on "The Christian's Part in the Life of the Church," was given by Rev. W. K. Hagar, in his paper on "The Daily Study of the Bible, the Rule of my Life." "Possibilities" was presented by Rev. W. S. Fraick, Meaford. When the theme "The Deepening of the Spiritual Life" was introduced, addresses were given as follows: "The Relation of the League to other organizations of the church," by Rev. S. Fraick; "Evangelism," by Rev. W. K. Hagar; "The League stands for," by Rev. W. K. Hagar; "The League and 'Devotion Study,'" by Rev. Geo. Lawrence, Heathcote.

The following officers were elected:—President, Mr. Milton Corbett, Chatham; 1st V.-P., Mr. E. D. Saunders, Meaford; 2nd V.-P., Miss Ethel McFadden, Collingwood; 3rd V.-P., Rev. J. C. Lawrence, Heathcote; 4th V.-P., G. A. Clemence, Stainer; 5th V.-P., Rev. W. S. Fraick, Meaford; Secretary, Mr. H. B. Carnahan, Meaford; Treas., Mr. Leslie Conn, Heathcote; Conf. Rep., Rev. R. S. Fraick, Ravenna.

NEW LISKEARD DISTRICT.

The Sunday School and Epworth League Convention was held in Enniskerry, October 11th and 12th. Upwards of fifty delegates were present from all over the district, and they attended every session, were present on time, and their interest and devotion to the work of the church, Rev. Jas. Dudgeon, with his congregation, left nothing but the best in the matter of their guests. The opening exercises on Tuesday, October 11th, were conducted by the Rev. J. C. Lawrence, B.A., who also presided at all the sessions. The enthusiasm shown in the opening exercises was the criterion of that in every session. Reports were received from the Sunday Schools, and the work throughout the district shown to be in a flourishing condition in spite of, in some cases, stupendous difficulties. An address was given by Rev. J. M. Beach, of North Cobalt, on "The Place and Power of the Sunday School in the Modern Age." The address by Rev. A. Carmichael, Earlton, then dealt with "What Method or Plan of Organization is best for the Epworth League?" The problems were then presented for discussion, Rev. A. McLaurin of Thornhill directed the attention of the delegates to Rev. A. Colly, of Dane, presented the topic "The Most Important Thing in the Epworth League is the Efficiency of the League, and How to get it." At the evening session every delegate was on hand, and Rev. A. Carmichael, Earlton, presided. The evening session was devoted to the importance of Sunday School work, and was addressed by Rev. E. C. Crane of Enniskerry, who, in addressing the people to see, and entwine them with, the importance of Sunday School work, was ably supported by Rev. A. W. Hone, New Liskeard, on "Who is responsible for the efficiency of the Sunday School?" The morning session on Wednesday, October 12th, was devoted to Epworth League work, and Rev. J. C. Lawrence presided. The opening service at 6.30, with an attendance of 45 delegates, was well attended, and Rev. G. Pozgon, Matheson, dealt with the subject "Our Motto." It was followed, after which Rev. D. Porter, of The Park, spoke on "The Social Position of the Epworth League." Rev. G. Giroux Lake gave an address on "The Epworth League and Missions." A delightful time was spent in the afternoon when the young people in place of harmful recreation?"

If your subscription runs out with this number kindly renew promptly.

The closing message was given by the chairman, Rev. F. L. Lawrence, of Elk Lake, the keynote being "Activity."
The Convention was a most earnest, forcible, addresses, attentive enthusiasm, bright services of song, and above all by the spiritual fervor, well maintained every session. Every pastor, with the exception of two, unavoidably absent, was present—fourteen in all.

STRATHROY DISTRICT.

The 17th Annual Convention of the Leagues and Sunday Schools was held in Petrolia, October 10, 11 and 12. An spirit of earnestness prevailed, the keynote of which was striven for by the spiritual addresses of Rev. W. H. Graham at the commencement of the morning session. Such topics as "Our Pledge," League Study Classes," "How the League may help the Pastor," "The League and Moral Reform," "The Primary Teachers' Discouragements," and the state of the Sunday Schools on the District, were discussed by Mr. T. A. Gault, Miss Estie Fressay, Mr. Howard Whyte, Rev. Geo. Jewett, Mrs. T. Fortune, and Rev. J. J. Oaten. The Convention was led in the study of Sunday School Problems by Rev. S. T. Bartlett, general secretary, and by Rev. J. J. Oaten, G. K. Bradshaw, and W. H. Barraclough kindled our missionary enthusiasm by their stirring addresses. Mr. J. J. Ford, Chairman of the District, contributed much to the helpfulness of the Convention, being present throughout the sessions. A social reception was tendered the delegates by the Petrolia Leagues on the first evening. Much of the success of the Convention was due to the untiring efforts of the retiring president, Mrs. and the secretary, Miss Curry, and Rev. Mr. Garbutt, pastor of the Convention Church.

LONDON DISTRICT.

The Sixteenth Annual Epworth League Convention was held in Wesley Hall, London, November 7th. Rev. J. W. Baird, B.A., opened the morning session with devotional exercises, and Mr. R. E. Jones, District President, greeted the delegates with an address of welcome. Mr. D. Lawson gave a bright address, "The Epworth League as a power in the community." A paper was read on "The League on Weldon as Discipleship." The morning session closed with an open discussion, regarding the League as a Citizenship, in which many took part. At the afternoon session Rev. S. F. Bartlett, general secretary of Young People's Societies, conducted a round table conference, which was most helpful and instructive. Mrs. Noxell, Chairman, and District President of the District, gave a bright, attractive address on the Importance and Difficulties of Junior League Work. A feature of the programme was the model Junior League conducted by Mrs. McRoberts, Miss M. Long and Mrs. Noxell, with one of the city Leagues.

At the evening session Rev. J. K. Beaton, of Toronto, addressed a Rally of the City Leaguers on "The Epworth League and World Evangelism." The following officers were elected:—

President, Mr. John Sharman, Woodbank; 1st Vice-President, Rev. A. E. Jones, Belmont; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. R. I. Watson, London; 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. Lucella Brook, Lorchelton; District President, Mr. J. L. Weldon, Tempo; 5th Vice-President, Miss M. E. Webb, London; Treasurer, Mr. R. V. Webb, London; Secretary, Mr. John Evans, London; Conference Representative, Rev. S. A. Anderson, London.

WINGHAM DISTRICT

The District Epworth League Convention was held at Teeswater, October 13th. The morning session was opened by an address from Evangelism.

Rev. C. W. McKenzie, Wroxeter, gave an address on "The Literary Department." Mr. D. C. Taylor, London, read the General Conference Legislation affecting Young People's Societies, emphasizing the work of the new department, "Citizenship."

During the afternoon session nine seven-minute addresses were given on "Preparation for the League Service," by Mr. Will Hall; "Inviting to It," by Mr. Alex. Kerr; "Attending It," by Dr. Rutledge; "Leading It," by Miss Jennie McGuire; "Singing," by Miss Carrie Kingston; "The Topic," by Miss Carrie Kingston; "The Consecration Service," by Rev. H. Ferguson; "Prayer," by Mr. J. E. Walker; and "Duties of Officers," by Mr. W. T. Hall. Miss F. E. Chapman, of the paper on "The Difficulties and Success of the Missionary Work of the District." Miss Ida Cole gave a paper on "The Work of the Junior Department." Rev. J. J. Dur-

rant dealt with the best methods of studying the Missionary Problems.

Rev. W. J. Joliffe, Lucknow, spoke on the theme, "The Gift of the Holy Spirit." During the evening two stirring addresses were given by Rev. J. W. Hibbert and Rev. F. J. Oaten. The following officers were elected:—President, Rev. C. W. McKenzie, B.A., Wroxeter; 1st Vice-President, Miss S. Treleven, Lucknow; 2nd Vice-President, Rev. G. W. Rivera, B.D., Ripley; 3rd Vice-President, Miss Carrie Kingston, Brussels; 4th Vice-President, Mr. A. H. Wilford, Wingham; 5th Vice-President, Mrs. Rev. J. Hibbert, Gorrie; Secretary-Treasurer, M. J. S. Lyons, Gorrie; Representative to General Conference Executive, Mr. D. C. Taylor, Lucknow.

WINDSOR DISTRICT.

The annual Sunday School and Epworth League Convention opened in the Methodist Church, Windsor, Tuesday, October 11th. Rev. J. Philip in the chair. Mr. A. J. The Ideal Supper. The subject of "Teacher Training," Rev. S. J. Allen gave an address on "The Home Department." In the afternoon Mrs. (Rev.) Barker expounded the Bible, Roll, and literature used in its working. "The Organized Adult Class was the subject given by Mr. Hollinrake. Mr. C. E. Naylor spoke on "Temperance in the

BRANTFORD DISTRICT.

A large gathering of Leaguers were present at the Seventeenth Annual Epworth League Convention on the afternoon and evening of October 24th. President I. D. Scruton occupied the chair and kept the programme on the move. Bright music, timely suggestions, and excellent addresses were features of a profitable afternoon session. The president submitted an excellent review of the year's work. Mr. Manly Orr, 1st vice-president, in giving his report, drew attention to the fact that there was a decrease in missionary work in the city Leagues, but believed the young people had given much through the Laymen's Missionary Movement and other channels. Miss Mabel Brown, of Salem, read a helpful paper on "How to make the League go." Miss Pearl Muth and Mr. Stanley Lee also contributed suggestions on the subject. Rev. Mr. Morrow delivered an address on "Safeguards for our Young People." Rev. R. Keefe spoke on "The Reflex Influence of Foreign Missions." The Junior League of Sydenham Street Church rendered a selection, "Little Sunbeams," very pleasingly. Mrs. Kenny contributed a solo.

A bright song service, led by Mr. Manly Orr, preceded the evening session. Rev. R. Patterson was chairman. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. Daniels, of Troy. An address on the Young People from the Viewpoint of the Central Office," was given by Miss Clara



THE STRATHROY DISTRICT CONVENTION AT PETROLIA, ONT.

Sunday School," and Mr. A. W. Massey on "Grading." The Business Committee appointed at the opening of the Convention recommended the following:—"That the Sunday before the Sacrament be Declared Day that reports of the schools be more carefully prepared, that institutes and training classes be held and that our own publications be used in the schools."

At the evening session Rev. R. F. Irwin gave an address on "The Sunday School and Missions." Rev. W. E. Millson addressed the Convention, showing the growing wealth of Essex County and the duties of the people respecting the support and extension of the work of God.

On Wednesday morning the Leagues were in attendance. The report of secretary showed that the thirty Leagues of the district had a total membership of 1,350. There had been an increase in the number of Errors taken. The report of the Summer School at Kingsville showed a balance on hand over expenses. There had been 8 volunteers and 46 pledged personal workers. Rev. F. Langford spoke on the support of their own missionary; Rev. Mr. Heycraft dealt with the problem of interesting young men in the League; Rev. Mr. Barker conducted the closing devotion. The new officers were as follows:—President, Rev. S. L. Roll; 1st Vice-President, Miss Miller; 2nd Vice-President, Rev. J. F. Heycraft; 3rd Vice-President, Miss Lottie McDonald; 4th Vice-President, Rev. R. F. Irwin; 5th Vice-President, Miss Maud Jones; Secretary, Miss Cadman; Treasurer, R. H. Pickard; Conference Representative, Rev. A. E. Thomson.

G. Wallace, of Toronto, and one on "The New Forward Movement" by Rev. H. W. Drews, of Berlin. Mrs. (Rev.) Liddie Misses Lutes, Huffman, Johnson and Knott very acceptably contributed to the musical part of the programme. The following are the newly elected officers:—President, Mr. Stanley Lee; 1st Vice-President, Miss Cora B. Ferguson; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Lloyd Miller; 3rd Vice-President, Miss Myrtle North; 4th Vice-President, Rev. W. S. Daniels; 5th Vice-President, Miss Agnes Butler; Secretary, Miss Gimby; Treasurer, Mrs. John G. Wham; Representative to Conference, Rev. R. Keefe.

TORONTO EPWORTH LEAGUE UNION.

The Toronto Epworth Leagues assembled for their Annual Rally in Broadway Tabernacle on Monday evening, October 10th, a fine representation of the Leagues of the three Toronto Districts being present. Able addresses were given by Rev. Dr. Graham, Secretary of Education, and Rev. G. A. Sykes, B.D., pastor of Wesley Church. Mr. P. G. Price, President of the Union, reported progress regarding the Educational, evangelistic, and other concerns in Victoria College, many of the Leaguers taking advantage of them. The following are the officers:—

President, Mr. P. G. Price; Treasurer, Miss H. A. Sheppard; Secretary, Miss C. G. Wallace; Vice-Presidents, G. Wilson (Toronto Central District), J. L. Rook (President West District), E. M. Patena (President East District), and M. N. M. Squire.

A year's subscription to this paper would make a nice Christmas box for your friend.

MONTREAL EPWORTH LEAGUE UNION.

The Montreal Epworth League Union held their Annual Rally in Douglas Street Church on October 19th. All the societies of the two Districts were represented, and the hall was crowded with the young people of Montreal. Methodist Rev. S. W. G. Henderson, of Valleyfield gave an inspiring address, and Rev. S. Laddiman, head of All People's Mission, reached the heart

tended to uplift the young people of our land, and. With such a President as is the writer of this letter, things must move. We wish we could count upon many more such aggressive men on our League ranks.

We are glad to learn from Rev. Dr. McLean that two months ago the young people of the First, Paul's Methodist, Church, in Montreal, Man., began taking among themselves a course of study on the Epworth League, which had died several years ago. At the organization meeting, twenty joined. The programme has been so interesting and the services so profitable that the membership has doubled, and many of the older people in the congregation have caught the enthusiasm of the young folk, participate in the meetings to the encouragement of all, and thereby add some inspiration in real work for God, and man. We wish the President, Mr. Norman Miller, all success as he leads them on to victory.

From Finsal, we received the following which may be suggestive.—Our Literary Committee arranged for an evening with Canadian Literature. After the service had conducted the devotional exercises, a good programme was provided. An essay on the Poetical Works of Dr. Drummond was given, and a few of his poems read. Another gave a synopsis of Rev. R. E. Knowles' "Web of Time." A ladies Quartette rendered acceptably "On Canada." A reading of one of the Chapters of Black Rock, by Ralph Connor, was another item, and also a reading from one of Robt. W. Service's latest poems.

The President of the League at Murray Harbor, P. E. I., reports progress. He says, "We are getting along wonderfully at our League. The presence of the Lord has been with us, and we are glad to see the young men unite with us, and taking an active part. Last Consecration Service we took in three active members each to take the place of others who have moved to new localities. We wish them continued success and blessing."

Referring to the work of the League in Central Church, Calgary, the Literary Vice-President, Mr. Lambert, writes of some interesting meetings they have had. "A Query Evening." "Five Celebrated Johns." "One Ephraim, taken from 'Practical' having been painted on a strip of cardboard and kept constantly before the League." "Give the whole man for Christ." "Body-Spirit Intellect." "The use of a similar nature have been used effectively." "Be enthusiastic—Always and everywhere." "Fellowship and Fellowship Meetings" are held in the Young Men's Club Rooms, after the Sunday evening service. An Era agent has been appointed, and we are sure Mr. Melville Smith will help increase the circulation of this paper, in his Church and League.

Rev. J. A. Doyle reports a very fine Epworth League Rally for Alberta Conference at Calgary just prior to the Sunday School Convention for the Province. The motto "Always for Christ" was the note struck, and "Individuality" was especially emphasized. He says that "a spirit of consecration to definite service marked each session. In order to complete the Conference organization, a new constitution, prepared by W. Dalglish, N. A. Swift Current, was appointed vice-president in charge of the Department of Citizenship. The official Convention was held last year, so no other elections were held.

The Denominational Rally in connection with the Alberta Provincial S. A. Association was attended by upwards of 163 Methodists, thus demonstrating the fact that our workers are doing

their share in sowing the seed of the Kingdom in the West. A good amount of the time was given to the teaching problem which is full of practical instruction in the Western Conference. At Moose Jaw, on November 10th, another splendid Methodist Rally was held in connection with the Provincial S. A. Convention for Saskatchewan. Some 125 delegates were present, and a number of excellent addresses and papers were given. Our Western Secretary writes in most encouraging terms of the outlook for our Sunday School and Young People's work. At the same time Mr. Farewell is busy in connection with the holding of a succession of Institutes that are doing a great deal to develop a higher degree of efficiency in the schools and Young People's Societies.

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.

Our October number contained a lot of snapshot pictures taken by the Editor. None of our readers have sent in perfect lists. The best two were received from D. K. Hamilton, Listowel, and Miss Ida McLean, Gesto, Ont. Both of these identified all but two of the persons whose pictures appeared in the paper. The prizes offered by Dr. Briggs have been duly forwarded to each person.

One of my boys had skipped his classes, and I thought I would go and see what he had done. I took him aside, and we had a heart-to-heart talk. Johnny sat still, but he was not so much interested, and seemed to be deeply impressed. I thought I was making great headway, and that my little sermon was surely penetrating Johnny's brain. But you can never tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self, a light of discovery broke over Johnny. "Say, teacher," he said eagerly, "it's your lower jaw that moves, ain't it?"

In a little school-house in the north of Scotland, the school-master keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch-boxes sometimes as they work.

One day while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.

"Tom Bain," said his master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"
"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.
"Listening are ye?" exclaimed the master.
"Then yer listening w' one ear an' eating pie w' the other."

God never loved me in so sweet a way
"Tis he alone who can such blessings send;
And when his love would new expression
He brought thee to me, and he said,
"Behold—a friend."

Christmas

At Christmas, O he thou tender, true;
Thy friends make glad, and all thy foes forgive;
With thy sweet light begin thy work to do,
Ungrudging give, and giving, much receive.

Make thy glad life grow large, thy soul expand;
Let there be one full day within the year,
When love shall open wide thy waiting hand,
To lessen want and dry some brother's tear.

Give wisely, freely of thy bounty give,
And, most of all, do not forget, *give love*,
Since giving is the truest way to live,
And richest treasure laying up above.

Make glad thy home; let sunshine reign within,
Bless every hearthstone with thy largess fair;
Bless every hearthstone with thy largess fair;
By kindness save some brother from despair.

Be saviours, O my brothers, every one;
Let the true Christ in your own soul be born;
Thus thou canst be God's wondrous son,
And make each dawn a joyous Christmas morn.

—Selected.

THE NEW BOOKS

The following are a few of the many books of recent issue. Among them may be found a number suitable for Christmas presents to young people. We believe all to be of excellent quality. Any of them may be obtained at our Book Room, Address Wm. Briggs Wesley Building, Toronto, Ont.

FROM THE LIST OF C. PAGE & CO., BOSTON.

Kilnsey of the Orchard. By L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," \$1.25.

This new book of Miss Montgomery's is what one may term a real love story. It is set in the Prince Edward Island, and the heroine, Kilnsey Gordon, endears herself to the reader from the beginning by her charm and loveliness. The truths of the story may well be studied with profit.

The Lead of Honor. By Norval Richardson. \$1.00.

The characters are living men and women, the story being set in Natches, Miss., about 1850. The hero, a young lawyer, we follow with keen interest all through. His struggles, his hopes, his progress, and his life are all marked with the inevitable following of the lead of honor. The book is very aptly named.

A Cavalier of Virginia. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. \$1.50.

A stirring story combining love and adventure. The experiences of the hero and heroine before they freed themselves from the machinations of the latter, are of a technical nature and were happily re-united are sufficiently thrilling to maintain the interest of the reader to the end. It is without a wholesome story.

Comrades of the Trails. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. \$1.50.

The central figure in this story is a young Englishman who has entered the wilds of Canada to learn the arts of the hunter and trapper. No one of the kind of dullness, for all that, the story is full of movement, both natural and mysterious. The incidents are eventually explained combine to produce startling effects. A healthy boy declares the book "better than any ghost story I have ever heard."

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts. By Julia De Wolf Addison. With 65 illustrations. \$3.00 net.

This magnificent volume contains a descriptive and critical account of the numerous art treasures in the Boston Museum. From remote antiquities to the time the arts and crafts are represented. In every respect the book is superior; the elegance of its illustrations much in advance of the ordinary.

The Whistler Book. \$2.50 net.

The author is Sadakichi Hartmann, and the book is really a monograph of the life of James McNeill Whistler, with an account of his position in art and a critical study of his more important works. The pages contain thought-provoking illustrations, and a comprehensive Bibliography completes the volume, which would make a beautiful present for any student of art.

FROM THE RECENT ISSUES OF THOS. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK.

The Durable Satisfactions of Life. \$1.00 net.

It is enough to say that this valuable book contains five essays given by President Charles W. Eliot to the students at Harvard University, and at other places. The contents comprise "The Durable Satisfactions of Life," "The Happy Life," "John Gilley," "Great Riches" and "The Religion of the Future." The lectures are thoughtful and thought-provoking, and form a valuable contribution to the library of the earnest student, who is not content with anything less than living and increasing satisfaction in life. It is a strong book, to be read over and over.

Seeking After God. By Lyman Abbott. \$1.00 net.

This famous preacher and lecturer has given few, if any, better things to the public than this book contains. Five lectures are comprised in it. "The Boy's Quest After God," "God in Nature," "God in Humanity," "God in Jesus Christ," and "God a Saviour from Sin." This book is intended to guide and help those who are endeavoring to find the true path to God of true religion. It will help you to read it carefully.

What is Essential. By George Arthur Andrews. \$1.00 net.

We have read this book with great satisfaction. A lengthened extract from the chapter on "Essential Christianity" will give our readers an idea of the clear, lucid style of the author. The other chapters are "Who is the Essential Christian?" "What is the Essential Christian Creed?" "The Essential Christian Experience," "The Essential Christian Revelation," and "Essential Christian Church." We commend this book to our readers.

The New Bible Country. By Prof. T. F. Day, of the San Francisco Theological Seminary. 35 cents, postpaid.

This contains an address given in the First Presbyterian Church, San Rafael, California, and is a clear statement of the claims of the Bible in the light of modern interpretation. It is clear, forceful, and logical, and should bring assurance to many who have feared for the permanency of the Word.

The Master's Friendships. By J. R. Miller. Postpaid 25 cents.

The author is one of the world's best writers of devotional books. This little volume is one of the most helpful of its kind, and cannot fail to bring Christ nearer and make His presence more real to the heart of every reader.

The Beauty of Every Day. Also by Dr. J. R. Miller. Postpaid 25 cents.

This book contains 20 chapters, each and all of practical value to the Christian. The author's many friends will find in its pages, an stimulating and comforting messages, and we are sure that many a heart will be strengthened and encouraged to bravely face life's struggles and bear its burdens. It is a grand book to begin 1911 with.

From Passion to Peace. By James Allen. 50 cents net.

Under ideal conditions, the realization of an ideal character, the fulfillment of an ideal life, and the attainment of an ideal goal, are all within our grasp. The purport and scope of the author's treatment are evident from the titles of his chapters: "Passion," "Aspiration," "Temptation," "Transmutation," "Transcendence," "Beatitude," "Peace." It is a charming book to read.

Range and Trail. By Edwin L. Sabin. \$1.50.

This is not the author's first book. "Bar B Boys" was a fascinating book for boys. And this is none the less so, as it gives the story of "The Bar B's great drive." It is filled with adventure, of course, but and other spirits believed in by the boys, it all, and there are few boys but will both enjoy it and profit by its reading.

The Story of Jesus Told for Children. By E. F. Jones, with eight full page illustrations, in color. \$1.00 net.

This book gives in 63 chapters, the life story of our Lord in simple and interesting style, suitable for children. If you are wondering what you can find for your little folk, try this. It will be a source of great pleasure and profit to them, if they read the stories or hear them read by you.

Chinese Fairy Stories. By Norman H. \$1.00.

This book is uniform in style and make up with the above, and contains eleven wonderful tales of gods, demons, spirits, and other spirits believed in by the Chinese, and taught to their children. It will be very entertaining book to read on winter evenings, when the little ones clamor for a story, if wisely handled and explained.

FROM THE PRESS OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

The Story of the Grail, and the Passing of Arthur. By Howard Pyle, With illustrations. \$2.50 net.

This is the fourth of a series of splendid stories recounting the chivalrous and brave deeds of daring performed in the Arthurian legend by the King and his Round Table. Its 23 chapters give the experiences that befell Sir Geraint, Sir Galahad, Sir Percival, and Sir Lancelot, and other famous knights in the mighty combats they waged and battles they fought, and the last part tells the pathetic story of the death of King Arthur, and the sad fate of Queen Guinevere. A book not only of genuine attraction to all lovers of an ancient, yet undying romance.

The Fugitive Freshman. By Ralph D. Pulne. Illustrated. \$1.50.

"Freshie" got into trouble with his father, or thought he did, ran away from college in an effort to get out of a supposed tight fix, eventually made his way to Florida, under the sheltering wing of a newly found and true friend, and had a succession of most interesting adventures there. A good spirit runs through this wholesome boy's story.

A Caiset of the Black Star Line. By Ralph D. Pulne. \$1.50.

This is a first-class story of the experiences of young David Downes, both aboard and ashore. He was on a passenger ocean liner, he found plenty to try his mettle; but in the end proved that it pays to stick to the shore. He has learned that "What I ought to do, not what I want to do" is the true course for every boy to steer.

By Reef and Trail. By Fisher Ames, Jr. \$1.50.

A splendid story of hunting, fishing, and associated adventures along the coast and streams of Florida. A lot of good information is given in most entertaining form, and the narrative is so well told that the end of the book is of considerable interest and value. The "Outdoor advice" with which the book concludes is also beneficial. A fine book for your boy's Christmas stocking.

PUBLISHED BY JENNINGS & GRAHAM, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Social Plans for Young People. By C. F. Rejlander. 75 cents.

This is without exception the best book of its kind we have yet seen. Every third vice-president of the Epworth League should have it. It contains over 250 practical, wide-awake, down-to-date plans for doing things for the pleasure and profit of the young people of the church. Order it soon. It is having, and bound to have, a big sale.

Shop Talks. By Edward Russell Stafford. 75 cents, net.

We have greatly enjoyed this book. It contains fourteen addresses delivered to working men at the noon hour period in a large factory in Marietta, Ohio. The strangeness of coming to a factory for the purpose was to put the thoughts of many manual laborers toward the church. Every fourth vice-president of the Epworth League should read this book; indeed, no one interested in the relation of the Gospel of Christ to the labor problem will make any mistake in ordering it. It is strong, clear, virile, and Christian in every sense of the word.

To-day, an Age of Opportunity. By Jesse Bowman Young, D.D., LL.D. \$1.25 net.

The author has sounded a loud, strong note of confident hope in the progress of the world. Dealing with the complex problems of modern life, he shows that the solution lies in the adoption of a higher civilization and a fuller realization of the Christian ideal. This is another excellent book for all interested in the work of our new "Citizenship" to study. Its facts and arguments will greatly stimulate and strengthen. It is thoroughly optimistic.

The Contents of the Boy. By E. L. Moon. \$1.00 net.

This is a book of superlative value to parents. In every home where it is observed, its sound counsels should be observed. Teachers, pastors, indeed all concerned in an practical work with the boys, will profit by perusing it. Every phase of boy nature is treated wisely. Every chapter is attractive and well written, and is preaching in the book. The chapter on the boy's "Relation to the Church," is one that should come close to every young Christian concerned for the kingdom of God. Give this book a prominent place in your teachers' library.

PUBLISHED BY EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK.

Organizing and Building Up the Sunday School. By E. C. Lyman Hurlbut. 75 cents net.

The Graded Sunday School in Principle and Practice. By Henry H. Meyer. 75 cents net.

These two books are in the list of Modern Sunday School Manuals, of which Charles Foster Kent and John McFarland are editors. These names are sufficient guarantee of the superior character of the books. The fact that the modern Sunday School management is ignored, and the time is fast approaching when only the best and most considered good enough for the equipment throughout of the school, but essentially practical, and a large measure of the plans and counsels they contain. A book not only of genuine interest of our Sunday Schools. Secure and study them.

THE Canadian Epworth Era

Published Monthly in the interests of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies of the Methodist Church.

Subscription Price: 50 cents a year. A Club of six, \$2.50. The Paper will not be sent after term of subscription expires. Subscriptions should always be sent to the Publisher, WILLIAM EMMONS, Wesley Building, Toronto, Ont. All other matters concerning the Paper should be sent to the Editor, REV. S. T. BARTLETT, 35 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

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What Pious Means

The class was learning grammar.

"Now," said the teacher, "can anyone give me a word ending with 'ous,' meaning full of, as in 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard."

There was silence in the class for a moment. Then a boy sitting in the front row put out his hand.

"Well, John," said the teacher, "what is your word?"

"Please, sir," came the reply, "pious, full of pie."

Operating for the Musical Touch

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly banged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heels will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then, you're a wonder, doc. I never could before."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

It Smelt Older

A celebrated ambassador, speaking to a party of visitors to Rome, praised the well-known American veneration for antiquity.

"It is seldom enough," he said, "that we find an American plegmatic before the treasures of Rome's past. I have found only one such person. He is a Southerner, and I gave a day to showing him about. The first church we visited was, I think, the Ara Coeli, on the Capitoline Hill.

"This church, Calhoun," said I, "is eight hundred years old."

"Humph," said he, "it smells a lot older."

Doing Her Best

The late Dean Hole used to tell of a clergyman who, visiting some of his parishioners, came across a woman whose husband was seriously ill.

"I hope you are doing all you can for him," urged the clergyman.

"I should think so," replied the woman. "I have read the Burial Service to him every day for the past fortnight!"

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