

THE CANADIAN

APWORTH ERA

TORONTO

Vol. VI

JUNE 1904

No. 6

*Christian
Endeavor*

Missionary



JUNE ROSES

Social



Literary

"GO TO SCHOOL"

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Manhood's Morning

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM BRIGGS Toronto, Ont.

Working According to Rule

An Irishman was once employed as a hod-carrier, says an exchange, and was instructed that he must always carry up the supply of bricks ran out, and, do his best, the new man could find but thirteen to put in his hod. In answer to a loud yell from the street, one of the masons on the sixth story staging shrieked down:

"What do you want?"
"Trow me hod" wan bricked," said Pat, pointing to his hod, "to make me number good!"

In Mosquito Time

A little Cleveland tot of three years was put to bed, her first night in New Jersey, by her mother, with the words, "Now go to sleep, darling, and remember the angels are flying about your little crib and keeping you from harm." A few minutes later the patter of little feet was heard, and a small white-robed figure emerged from the bedroom. "Why, darling, what's the matter?" said the mother. "I don't like the angels," sobbed the little girl. "Why, dearie, why not?" "One of th' angels bit me."

A Lesson in Punctuation

A high school girl said to her father the other night:

"Daddy, I've got a sentence here I'd like you to punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?"

"A little," said her cautious parent, as he took the slip of paper she handed him.

This is what he read:
"A five-dollar bill flew around the corner."

He studied it carefully.
"Well," he finally said, "I'd simply put a period after it, like this."
"I wouldn't," said the high school girl. "I'd make a dash after it."

True to His Color

Current Literature tells of a son of Erin who had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of crossing-tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags were clearly stated.

"In case of danger, with a train coming of course, you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm. "Men, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust meself to remember to wave a red flag whin there was a green wan handy."

When to Believe Her

One of the duties of Archbishop Temple is to examine young curates who come to him for license. One day a young curate was asked by the archbishop to read a few verses from the Bible, that the examiner might judge of his fitness for conducting public worship. "Not loud enough" was the criticism of the archbishop when the young man had finished. "Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that, my lord," replied the curate. "A young lady in the church yesterday told me I could be heard most plainly." "Ah! Are you engaged?" suddenly asked Dr. Temple. "Yes, my lord." "Now, listen to me, young man. While you are engaged don't believe everything the lady tells you; but," he added with a deep chuckle, "after you are married, believe every word she says."

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THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

A. C. CREWS, Editor.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher.

Vol. VI

TORONTO, JUNE 1904

No. 6

The Sweetest Lives.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken
thread.

Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpet, ring
no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Christianity Making Itself Felt.—The editor of a daily paper in Tokyo, Japan, offered prizes for the best original poems. Six hundred poems were submitted, every one of them expressing Christian sentiment, and the eight that secured the prizes were written by professing Christians.

Want English Books.—In the *Bookman* is an article by a native Japanese on the eager interest felt in Japan for English and American books. Among the popular American books are mentioned Washington Irving's "Sketch-book," Longfellow's poems, Andrew Carnegie's "Empire of Business," and Lorrimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son."

A Health Farm.—Excellent results are reported to have been obtained on the health farm of ninety-four acres established six months ago by the Denver Young Men's Christian Association to provide a home where young men may earn, or partly earn, their living expenses while strengthening weak lungs. The young men are housed in tents and encouraged to spend as large a part of their time as possible out-of-doors.

Common Sense.—Bishop Fowler, in addressing a class of young preachers in one of the Conferences recently, said: "I hope you each have a good wife. If you have not, get one; and do not marry her because she is pious. Marry her because she has good common sense. If I had two women to choose from, one having good common sense, and the other having only religion, I would take the woman with common sense."

Successful Preaching.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, of Birmingham, England, gives as the elements of success attending Dr. Torrey's preaching, a calm confidence in the ministry of prayer, assurance of constant fellowship with God, preaching of definite doctrines, and the steady purpose to save souls. The

doctrines most frequently proclaimed by Dr. Torrey are given as follows: the necessity of the atonement, the efficacy of redeeming grace, the personality of the Holy Spirit, the terrible perils of sin, the sure degeneracy and ruin apart from Christ, and the certainty of judgment.

The Model Young Man.—President Roosevelt thus characterizes the young man that he would like to see grow up in his country: "I want to see the young fellow able to do a man's work in the world and of a type which will not permit imposition to be practised upon him. I want to see him too strong of spirit to submit to wrong, and on the other ashamed to do wrong to others. I want to see each man able to hold his own in the rough work of actual life outside, and also, when he is at home, a good man, unselfish in dealing with wife or mother, or children."

Not by Chemical Force.—Lord Kelvin gives this interesting reminiscence of a leading scientist of a former generation: "Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, 'No; no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces.'"

Face Difficulties.—The way should not be made too easy for young people. While they are still young they should have opportunity to learn that the power to force one's natural inclinations into channels which they do not of themselves seek is the only sure way not merely to usefulness but to happiness as well. By common consent, by the verdict of the best philosophy, both human and divine, it is a miserable man who is not the master of himself.

Commendable.—The despatches state that when the Japanese Emperor passed through the streets of Tokyo the other day to open the Diet, he was received in absolute silence, "the highest mark of respect." In regard to this, the *Nashville Christian Advocate* remarks: "We do not know who is responsible for that characterization, whether it is the press correspondent or the Japanese, but the notion has much to commend it. The yelling and hurrahing in which 'civilized' peoples indulge to show their satisfaction at seeing a great personage is, to say the least, distinctly ungracified."

A Big Task.—Commenting on the statements of a minister who would solve the liquor problem by making the saloon pay in taxes all they cost the community, and no more, the *Defender* remarks: "That minister has a job on his hands. His first business is to find some divine mathematician who can compute the value of a human life in dollars and cents. The only way in which the saloon can pay its way is by getting out of the way forever."

Good Advice.—A good woman died not long ago in Philadelphia, after passing her one hundred and second milestone. Her great age was attained in connection with her adherence to a simple set of rules, which were: "Be honest, and don't worry. Marry early, and save money. Love breeds happiness. Keep at work and don't drink. A rich girl can be happy with a poor husband if she really loves him. Eat plenty, sleep long and don't bother. When you feel like crying—laugh!"

A New Order with Degrees.—Booker Washington is nothing if not original and sensible. One curse of the negro is the multiplicity of unprofitable secret societies. The "Black Belt Improvement Society" strikes at the evil in a positive way. Its members are given degrees according to their worth, as follows: First degree—desire for better things; second—3 chickens and a pig; third—a cow; fourth—an acre of land; fifth—an acre and a horse; sixth—40 acres and a mule; seventh—80 acres and 2 mules. This, verily, is the right kind of freemasonry.

By Way of Remembrance.—A very pretty rally card was sent out a few months ago by the president of the First Congregational Society of Riverside, Cal. It contains the active members' pledge and fourteen self-examination texts, all embossed in the daintiest of letters on two large cards, which are tied together with white ribbons. Each member of the society received one. The work was all done by the president, Miss Leota Gruwell. Some of the self-examination questions are: "Am I a faithful witness for Christ?—Matt. 10:32, 33; Isa. 43:10. Do I read my Bible daily?—Ps. 1:2; Josh. 1:8. Am I needed in the church? 1 Cor. 12. How do I pray?—1 Thes. 5:17; Matt. 6:6." Such a reminder might profitably be sent out by any look-out committee when the society grows careless.—C. E. World.

A Day in June.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

And what is so rare as a day in June!

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it, that reaches and towers

And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

Out of Doors.

BY REV. WM. A. QUAYLE, D.D.

IN a little book entitled "Books and Life," by Rev. Dr. Quayle, we find the following exquisite chapter on Life out of doors:

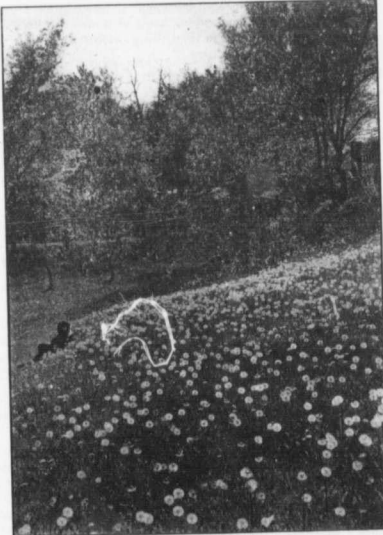
"Everybody owes it to oneself to get freckled, and to be freckled you must be out of doors. Let girls think as they may, they are never so lovely as when they mix a few freckles with their dainty dimples, and a boy who is only pink and white makes a body think of a hot-house plant. The men who had first sight of the Christ were people who lived out of doors, and the dwellers in stately Jerusalem hard by saw him not till years afterwards. To go sightseeing out of doors is an invitation youth ought to accept gaily.

It is good to walk on the ground, anyway. To feel the spongy earth yield to the foot gives a feeling of self-respect as if we were really weighty members of society, and to sit down on a bank of fern and moss is to make costliest furniture seem a crude invention. Have you never tried it? Pity you for a tenderfoot. Pray you, read the unapproachable John Ruskin's story of the moss, and be enamored of it for ever after: "Creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin; laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none are perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the bosses of furred and beaming green, the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed as if the Rock Spirits wore porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered like the flowers for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild-bird will make its nest and the wearied child its pillow."

And did you ever go birds'-nesting? Not, to be sure, as the small boy does, to take eggs or little chicks away, or be unmannerly with the birdie's home; but for the joy of finding

where and how the birds keep house, and seeing how sedate the little mother is and how important (as all mothers are), and how the bird man of the house struts and acts consequential and scolds, and runs away (for shame!). To have bird neighbors, to chatter with the wrens, to match the saucy blue-jay's call as he plays pirate in the sky, to venture a good-natured "howdy" to the impudent crow, to go down the gully and hear the modest little chickadee call in vigorous and important phrase and manner, "Chic-a-de-dee, Chic-a-de-dee," as if he had some throat trouble and could hardly wheeze above his breath. They would not do for preachers. They could not be heard while giving out the hymns. Have you been hail-comrade with the hedge-sparrows when they are jolly as Christmas and care not a fig for the coming of clouds nor the falling of snow, no more than a boy does or a girl when skating? Or have you listened to the modest phoebe calling "Phoebe, Phoebe," like a mother calling her daughter who is plainly off-a-sparking with a boy—"Phoebe!" Or watched the wicked strike, born to murder "as sparks to fly upward?" Or seen the cuckoo, lazy as a boy in spring when the plowing is to be done and the fishing is good—better, withal, than the plowing!

Last summer, in shady and enchanting June, I took a journey to see some sprawling thrushes in a nest in a hedgerow. Their mother was gadding about somewhere (I suppose she belonged to a club, though this is, you will understand, mere surmise), and there in the cosy nest four little bunts of birds flung back their heads, opened their cavernous mouths like box lids, and shouted to me at the top of their funny treble, "Dinner! din-ner! din-di-din-ner!" and their box-lid mouths staring wide open, as if impotent to shut, made me feel ashamed I had brought no Ralston baled hay bread nor any canned roast beef. Honestly, I felt ashamed. They were such



A FIELD OF DANDELIONS.

hungry little codgers, and so vociferous, and I so shamefully unprepared to act as a Christian ought! Nobody should go where a baby is without a cookie in his pocket, or where a birdie is without some double-X diet of some sort to give the wee laddie. Presumably these birds were too young to notice I was a preacher or they would have known I was without means of support for them, or myself either. It is no use asking a preacher for victuals. He is too poor ever to have any left over. That green hedgerow—with leaves as glossy as laurel, those little blind beggars, that gadabout mother, that scolding pa, that high and warm blue arch of sky, that wind fresh from fields where hay was being raked into fragrant rows, the neglectful clouds pattering along the sky like truant—can I forget the day and the nest and the joy of all of it? When winter days have been crowded with folks and labor, I have forgotten folks and job and big city cloaked with smoke, and have only heard the hungry birds, and have looked at all the pastoral scene and smelled the hayfields—and have been rested.

And did you never climb trees? I care not who you are, nor what gender; you ought to climb trees. There is action in it, and frequently accelerated action. I have myself not infrequently gone at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. This, of course, was not when I was going up. I am no squirrel. I take my time for ascent, but in coming down, on occasion when a limb broke, I have scouted like an avalanche. This act should not be given when there are spectators. They giggle, and you cannot climb well when silly gigglers are present. No, going down a tree at an express-train rate is essentially an extemporaneous effort. Preparation does no

good. I prefer to do these sleight-of-hand acts by myself. I do them just as well, and though my clothes are lacerated as much as with an audience, my feelings are not. But the whole thing is fine! What is golf compared with coming down a tree when a limb breaks! It is insipid, positively. You and a caddy hunting lost balls you cannot find; that is doleful. But climbing is not doleful; it is gleeful. If you manage to climb the tree, that is fun. If you manage to stay up the tree, that is triumph which had suited Hannibal. If you come down the tree express free, why that is locomotion. If you can sway in the tree-tops when a wild wind blows, the bird/s can have no more fun than that, except by

are cunning and deceiving. The swelling bud, the tightening jerkin of bud like a little lad outgrowing his clothes, the first trivial leaf, a dim yet surprising emerald, then a colony of leaves, and after that the tree stands shaded by its own shadows. All summer to autumn watch the tree. Know its little oddities. Forsake it not when the fall winds blow bleak and the leaves scatter like migrating birds; and when the tree stands desolated of all its children, like a childless house, study the tree yet when winter presses rudely yet not unkindly. And you will have happy memories of that year through all the years you live.

Go out of doors.



CATTLE IN SUMMER.

flying. That is the amusement of crows, letting the wind rock their boat crested on a tree-top. He loves to have the wind rock his tree-top. Fun! Fun!! And if your limb breaks and you go down the tree wildly, shaving your shins, prodding your elbows, and ultimately indenting the earth, on which you alight with more alacrity than grace, you have at least been unconventional, and that is fun. Take the advice of one who has tried and climb trees.

To get on the far-end of a slippery-elm limb (which has as much girth as a snapping-turtle) and let yourself hold on with your own two hands and kick with your own two feet, and so descend, describing a semi-circle (and so being geometrical), and be swung lightly to the earth by the sag of the limb—man, that is sport! This is a sort of flying. We shall be birds yet, à la Darwin, if we keep at this flying business. Wings will sprout, certain.

Be out of doors. Get out early of dewy mornings; then is the world incalculably rich. Every tree, leaf and grass-blade and flower-petal is radiant as the high priest's breastplate. Every morning is lavish of gems. I have seen no diamonds so bright with splendor as the diamonds of the dew. And on snowy nights, when moonlight owns the sky and land, heaven's streets are paved with gold, but on such nights earth's streets are diamonds set in white landscapes. You are royal, and all royal things beckon you to come.

Or study to make the acquaintance, the all-year-round acquaintance, of a single tree. Have you stood under a wild crab in bloom, when the wild bees and the tame bees quarrelled for its honey? It is the country against the city, but what a sight and what precious odors! Study some tree a year. Your pains will be repaid. See the early green come shyly forth. Watch every day, else you will be tripped up. In spring, in particular, changes occur almost hourly. Leaves

The Reckless Engineer.

I have thrown the throttle open and am tearing down His track;
I have thrown it out to full speed and no hand can hold me back!
'Tis my arm controls the engine, though Another owns the rail,
But for once I'm in the open and the yard-lights pass and pale!

*Green lights! Red lights! He has hung his signals out!
Caution here! Danger ho! And what's the man about?
'Tis true he owns the Engine, to do as he has done,
But how about the Final Word—when he ends the run?*

So from siding on to junction point now I shall have my day;
I have stopped to read no orders, but I take the right-of-way.
Down the open grade I thunder and around the curve I swing,
For my hand is on the throttle and my heart shall have its fling!

*Light lost! Life lost! Flag, O flag the others back!
Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare anybody block His track!
There creeps into the Terminal the man who had his day,
But I wonder, O my soul, just what his God will say!*

—Arthur Stringer, in *McClure's Magazine*.

No unconsenting soul can be made to sin, and so sin is inexcusable. The door has the bolt inside, and no hand but mine can throw it.—*Dr. Babcock.*



LEACH HILL RANGE

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By Rev. A. C. Crews

IF there is any trip in the world that will yield a more satisfactory return in delightful sight-seeing and interesting variety of experiences than the journey from Toronto to Victoria and return, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, the writer has not heard of it. There is absolutely no danger of sea sickness, and so comfortable are the trains that there is no necessity of even getting very tired, while there is always something to engage the attention, and delight the eye. Some travellers may regard the prairie as a trifle monotonous, but it is a most appropriate prelude to the glory of the mountains. These fertile plains of Manitoba and the North-West, however, have their own charm and it is worth while to make a long journey to see their vastness. At present we have specially to do with the mountains, which are without doubt, the greatest in the world.

Talk about Mount Blanc! Here are a score of Mount Blancs. Here are a dozen Righis. Talk about the glaciers of Switzerland! Here is one glacier as large as all the glaciers of Switzerland combined. A European guide, who had spent some time in exploring this marvellous region, recently said: "Turn all the mountain climbers in the world loose among the Canadian mountains, and at the end of twenty-five years they will still be discovering new beauties and new attractions." What a pity it is that Canadians know so little of the attractions of their own continent! Many of them go to Europe to feast their eyes on the glories of Old World scenery, when greater beauties can be enjoyed without crossing the ocean. Instead of laboriously climbing the Alps one can sit comfortably in an observation car and feast the eye for hour after hour. It is passing strange that far-away hills seem so much more desirable.

The Canadian Pacific Railway supplies each passenger with what is called an "Annotated Time Table," which describes the scenery along the line, so that all the tourist has to do is to take a seat in the open observation car, and enjoy himself. The most remarkable thing about these mountains is their extraordinary extent. There are single peaks which doubtless equal in height and grandeur anything to be found in the

Rockies, but here there are mountains without number that are worth looking at, and the panorama continues without lessening of interest for two or three days.

"The Three Sisters" first receive attention. They are a trio of snow-clad peaks that stand off by themselves, with family resemblance enough to make their name exceedingly appropriate. There is not much time to admire their beauty, for our train quickly brings us into range of new attractions. Cathedral Peak bears a striking likeness to a magnificent Old-World cathedral, with spires and minarets, while Castle Mountain looms up like a stern fortress with towers and bastions. We would scarcely be surprised to hear the signal gun booming from one of its turrets.

About five o'clock in the morning the train pulls into Banff, which is set apart as a National Park. Happy is the tourist who can afford the time and money to spend a week here. The mountains here are most impressive, and from this valley a great variety of sublime and pleasing scenery may be viewed. The peaks loom up on all sides, "Cascade," "Massive" and "Sulphur" being the most prominent. *One of our pictures shows the C.P.R. Hotel and "Old Sawback," as the jagged ridge beyond the hotel is sometimes familiarly called.* Eight miles beyond the hotel is Lake Minnewanka, or Devil's Lake, on which a fine launch has been placed. There is capital fishing, the trout being of extraordinary size. Wild sheep and mountain goats are occasionally to be seen on the neighboring heights, and there is a fine herd of buffalo in the Park. The hot springs are at different elevations upon the eastern slope of Sulphur Mountain, the highest being 900 feet above the Bow. All are reached by fine roads, commanding glorious landscapes. "The more important springs have been improved by the Government, and picturesque bathing houses have been erected and placed under the care of attendants. In one locality is a pool inside a dome-roofed cave, entered by an artificial tunnel; and, near by, another spring forms an open basin of warm, sulphurous water. Since the opening of the railway, these springs have been largely visited, and testimony to their wonderful curative properties is plentiful.

Twenty miles south of Banff is Mount Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the New World, the ascent of which, after several unsuccessful attempts, was made in the autumn of 1901 by Rev. James Outram and a party of Swiss guides. The way to it leads through a land of beautiful lakes and broad prairies."

Probably the majority of tourists do not see the "Lakes in the Clouds," and they miss one of the most picturesque features of the whole trip. Nestling between the mountains are rare gems whose loveliness and charm surpass all description. What placid mirrors these lakes make! How beautiful the reflection of the mountain-sides, the green forest trees, and the snow-clad peaks! Lake Louise is usually the first one visited. It is two and a half miles from Laggan Station, and is reached by a pleasant drive. On the margin of this beautiful lake there is the comfortable "Chalet" hotel, where excellent accommodation is provided. There is a bridle path to Mirror Lake, 1,000 feet higher up the mountain, and a still further ascent to Lake Agnes, during which a magnificent view of the Bow Valley and the surrounding mountains is obtained. Both lakes lie literally above the clouds, nestling in rocky basins among the peaks of the Beehive, St. Piron, Niblock and Whyte.

Mount Stephen, named after the first president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and rising directly above the railway to a height of 8,000 feet, is one of the "sights" of the journey. It has a dome-like summit, and on its shoulder is a vast shining green glacier, measuring nearly 1,000 feet in length and 240 feet thick. Mount Sir Donald is a lofty pinnacle, the climax of an array of eight magnificent peaks.

The Joys of Travel.

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

DON'T you sometimes envy those people who are so fortunate as to be able to visit foreign countries? I confess I do, and it has been a long dream with me of seeing Italy and Greece, Egypt or Palestine. There is little prospect now, yet who knows what may happen. Something may turn up in a cow track, or my ship may come sailing in with my long-delayed fortune, and I may spread my wings, and some day scribble notes in the Roman Forum or write under the shadow of the Pyramids, date letters from Yokohama or Hong Kong, and ramble along the highways of India or Ceylon. I mean to live in hope, if I die in despair, of seeing these wonderful lands.

But whatever we may do about those far-off climes, we may visit many places here in America. And, after all, we ought to see the wonders of our own before we rave over those of other climes. If we may believe those who have travelled the

wide world over, the continent of North America is unsurpassed in the variety, the beauty and the grandeur of its natural scenery. Its oceans are as grand, its mountains as sublime, its rivers as noble, its plains as vast, its cities as great, its people as interesting as those of any land beneath the sky. Multitudes of our people have spent money going to Europe to see the Alps that might have been more wisely spent in seeing the Rockies. Let us console ourselves with this patriotic reflection, and until Providence opens our way to go abroad, keep a sharp eye on the things near by.

If we keep our eyes and ears open as we travel around we will see and hear many things to interest and amuse us, things that will help us to be better men and women. Travel is a great educator. It increases knowledge, it liberalizes thought, it stimulates ambition, and intensifies our interest in life. We unconsciously get rid of many old notions that when we started from home we honestly believed were as fundamental to life as the Ten Commandments; and without saying anything about it, we quietly toss out of the car window, as we do a mouldy lunch, a lot of prejudice that has secretly hindered our growth, but of which we have become heartily ashamed. It is a great thing to be able to institute comparisons. Most of us need a broader horizon in order to form wiser judgments about our fellow men. We need not fear the larger knowledge of the world will diminish the strength of our local attachments, for home will still be home, no matter where we range. Now we cannot all be actual travellers, and next to that the best thing is to read what those who do travel will tell us about what they see.

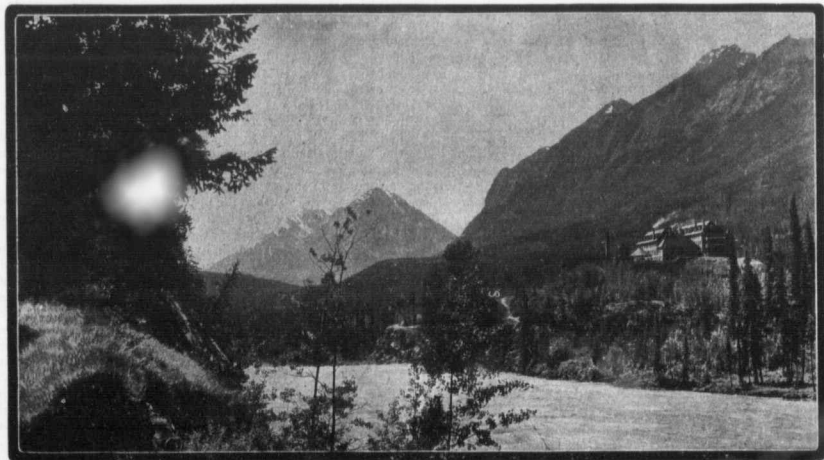
Giving as a Part of Worship.

BY REV. D. ROGERS.

KNOWING the danger of the human heart becoming hard and selfish, God has made it a part of our obligation to Him to give to the support of the gospel. We should worship God in giving. It is as much a duty and a privilege to worship Him sincerely while giving to Him of our means as it is to worship Him in song or prayer. This is the plain teaching of the Scriptures. Our offerings on the Lord's Day should be made in the same spirit in which we praise Him in song or bow before Him at a throne of grace.

The angel said to Cornelius: "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." Not the prayers alone, but his prayers and his alms or gifts. The two acts of worship went together. The trouble with many professing Christians of to-day is that, although they can pray devoutly enough, they seem to think that worship has taken a recess when the time for the collection comes.

In his old age John Wesley said, "O that God would



A VIEW AT BANFF, IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

enable me once more, before I go hence and am no more seen, to lift up my voice like a trumpet to those who gain and save all they can, but do not give all they can!"

Very few regard the offering as equal with prayer or praise, an act of worship. Yet such it is. It is so represented throughout the Scriptures. The high priest offered gifts as well as sacrifices to the Lord. Similar to this is the New Testament injunction, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

In the Church service the collection, or, as it may better be called, the offering, is as much a part of the worship of the Lord in the service of his day and house as the reading of the Scriptures or the singing of hymns. "Honoring the Lord with our substance and with the first fruits of all our increase" is of as much importance as honoring him with our words, and often a much surer test of our sincerity.

The New Testament does not specify any particular amount to be given, but puts the duty of giving in the foreground and presupposes that all true children of God will remember how wonderfully He owned the system appointed from the beginning. God's children are not only to couple liberal giving with their worship, but to do it regularly and systematically.

Paul does not recommend, but he requires the church at Corinth to set apart on the first day of the week a portion for the Lord, according as they have been prospered. And he calls this his "order" to the churches as the divinely inspired instructor of the disciples.

The real estimate that men put upon their religion may be seen in the sacrifices that they are willing to make for it. Judged by this test, there are many nominal Christians whose devotion to their Lord is a very superficial thing. How can anyone who spends more money every year on useless personal gratifications than in supporting the institutions and enterprises of the Church consistently claim to be a disciple of the homeless Nazarene? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Fordwich, Ont.

Moral Heroism.

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

THE scene of this incident is laid in one of the cities of Scotland. A young Canadian had gone there to take a post-graduate course in medicine and, by means of introduction, found himself the favored guest of some of the best people of the town. At the home of one of these friends he was ever received with the most sincere cordiality and the hostess was in every way a model. With a fair amount of culture and a robust commonsense she was the type of *guidwife* of which that land, or any other for that matter, might well be proud.

The church was the place for all on the Sabbath and the "reading" was not to be neglected, nor passed over in any slipshod manner. Truth and honesty were at home in the dealings of the people into whose confidence and hospitality our Canadian medical student was so pleasantly introduced.

One of the sons was a professional man of some degree of promise, another son was well advanced in the divinity school and would soon take his place among that illustrious army of Scotland which has ever fought with the "sword of the Spirit," and therewith won her most glorious victories.

The busy days flew by as the college term was filled with patient and careful toil for the Canadian. It was often a case of wonder that he should take to himself so little time for the hilarities which were the order of the day with so many. But induced to labor from childhood on a farm in one of the rural districts in Ontario, the "Med" was not doing more than he felt was his duty and no more than he enjoyed. At last examinations came and then was the time that the man of steady, faithful study came to the fore.

Men who were "brilliant," and had every opportunity from childhood were left far in the rear by the Canadian, and it was a matter of not a little surprise that all the swift and superlative young fellows were distanced by the one who simply kept at it while the others had "a general good time."

But the hostess, who ever welcomed to her board those young men, was loud in her praise of the stranger who had made such an excellent record for himself and such a good name for the land from which he had come.

In honor of it all a banquet was prepared for our friend, and not only were his student friends invited but a few of the physicians of note in the city.

At the proper time the toasts must be drunk and for this important function a case of liquor, not less than half a century old, was broached. This was the climax of honor and with the best of good intention. The toast was to the hostess herself, and this was to be first in order as well as first in merit.

As a special favor to her guests the glasses must be filled by no other hand but by that of the lady herself.

There was an astonished look on the face of every one present when the guest of the evening requested that his glass be filled with water. He found then that he was flying in the face of a custom which had scarcely ever been questioned. To become intoxicated was the thing above all others which never could have been tolerated, but to refuse to drink a toast in good Scotch whiskey and from the hand of the queenly hostess was a breach of all good manners. This was not said in so many words, but it was to be read on the face of everyone at the board that night. The uplifted hand holding the decanter was poised, that the full effect of the stand taken might dawn on the consciousness of the young student, but there was not a quiver in the calm voice of the one who was afterwards to become one of the foremost physicians of our Dominion as he most politely, but firmly, refused to drink a toast in that which, he was well aware, was one of the most fruitful causes of disease. He did not protest, nor offer an argument for the position he took, but the sturdy manhood and the Christian training he had received in his home on the farm was now written on his face as he requested cold water for the ceremony.

The water was, of course, provided and the toast was passed, but at the next toast the hostess, with a determination which was very natural to those of Celtic blood, was on hand again with a lighter brand of intoxicating wine, but with the same success. There was a perceptible coolness in the social atmosphere for the balance of the evening, for it was evident that the incident was felt as a silent rebuke to a custom which was as old as the years, and as common as the gatherings of the people. But the young physician gave no evidence that he noticed the drop in the atmosphere and the evening passed without further incident worthy of record.

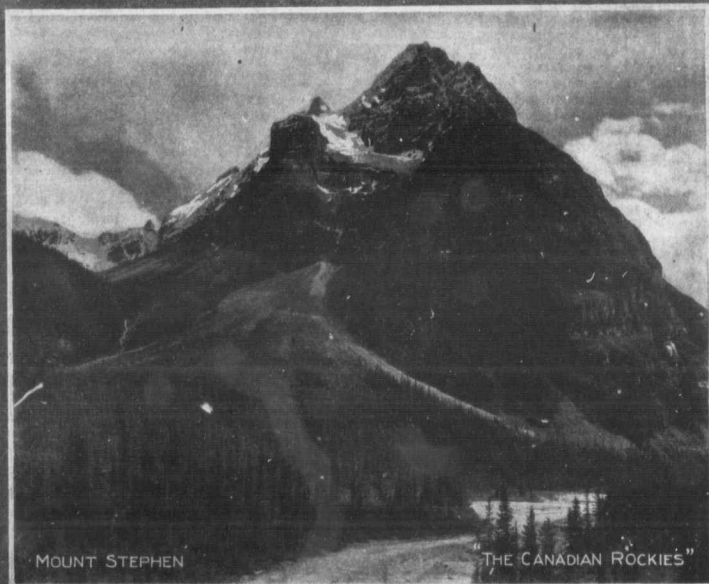
Ten years had rolled away and the young doctor had won his place in this land as one of the men to be called in when great issues were at stake. The busy life of a city practitioner had almost obliterated the memory of the Scottish home and its hospitality. But one day he received a letter in a strange handwriting. It was to hurry down to the police station to see a friend in need. Such an appeal could not be denied, as it might be a case where his professional skill was required.

Arriving at the police station he was ushered into the cell to meet the young man who had been the fair-haired boy in the home in Scotland. He was arrested for being drunk on the street and he knew only the name of the physician who had been a guest in his mother's home. He was the one who had been designed for the ministry, and indeed who had entered the holy calling, but the demon of the cup had conquered and he was behind prison bars. Here were two pictures in striking contrast. The refusal to drink at the home banquet, the scorn of the young divinity student, and the mortification of the mother, and this one of drunken degradation. From the pulpit to the police cell were the dark colors in the second picture.

It was a sad case, but the physician played the part of the good Samaritan, sad that he had to return the kindness of the past in a case so dreadful.

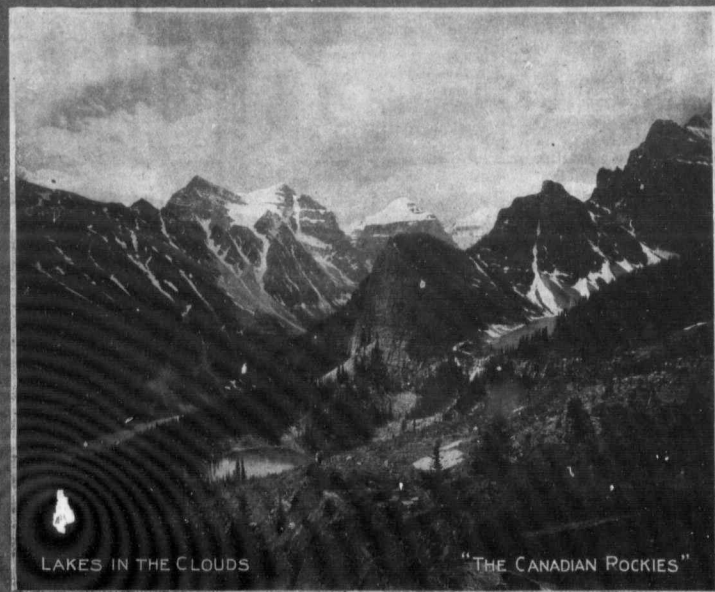
But will this story, true in every particular, not come home to the young men who are every day of their lives confronted with temptations which demand this most superlative type of manhood. The animal courage which is displayed by the pugilist, is as nothing to this moral heroism which faces the scorn of those we otherwise honor, and whose good wishes we desire to secure and retain. In the one case it is the lower animal nature in us that is put to the test, in the other it is the higher and divine which stands forth. The first is that of an animal, or of the savage, who can be indifferent to physical suffering, while in the other case it is the reason and heart of the man which, claiming to be free and regal, scorns to lower the standard which it has found to be perfect.

Toronto, Ont.



MOUNT STEPHEN

"THE CANADIAN ROCKIES"



LAKES IN THE CLOUDS

"THE CANADIAN ROCKIES"

A Song of the Wind.

BY JOHN LEA.

What does the Wind say, blowing in the sunshine,
Lifting up the tree boughs beautiful to see?
"Leave the shady playground. Isn't all the fun mine?
Race across the green grass merrily with me.

"I can find the primrose, blooming in the wildwood;
Push aside the brambles hiding it from view;
I can find the daisy—flow'r of happy childhood;
I can move the white clouds sailing in the blue.

"Watch the forest waving all its leafy tip-tops,
Like a lot of green brooms sweeping at the sky.
See the nodding brook-lime, where the water drip drops,
Bowing to the bright stream as I pass it by.

"Singing to the wild thyme, shouting through the brambles,
Laughing o'er the barley all the summer day,
Following the brown bee everywhere he rambles—
That's the happy game, dears, I forever play.

"Can't you hear me calling, 'Ready for the fun yet?'
Can't you hear me piping o'er the chimney high?
Put away your playthings; come before the sunset.
Who could find a playmate merrier than I!"

A Memorable Service on Mars' Hill.

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

MARS' Hill is a huge, rough rock, as our accompanying photograph will show, elevated above its surroundings, so that one standing upon it could have an audience around him and below him; the summit of the great rock itself forming a rostrum or platform for the speaker. There is a flight of fifteen steps cut in the solid rock, leading to the summit. Still to be distinguished are the sites on which rose the altars consecrated to the gods and goddesses of classical Greece. In early days, the tribunal of the Areopagus, the leading council of Athens, sat here in the open air and legislated for the people.

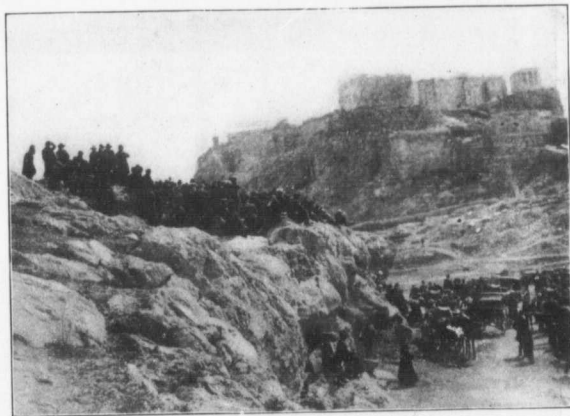
PAUL ON MARS' HILL.

So when Paul was asked by the philosophers to speak to them from Mars' Hill, it was no unusual proceeding. Men had often before spoken from this celebrated platform, men of scholarship, men of eloquence, men with messages of great moment to the life of the Hellenes. But never in the history of this renowned city, had an address been given of such far-reaching importance as that which fell from the lips of the great apostle to the Gentiles. There was everything to inspire eloquence and to aid a man to reach the height of his native and acquired ability. There above on the mountain's crown stood the Acropolis with its temple of Athens, glittering in Pentelicon marble. There the rostrum from which Demosthenes and wise men of Greece declared in unsurpassed eloquence, their mighty thoughts. Farther still, the theatre of Bacchus beautiful in architecture, seating thirty thousand people and famed for the apes of the tragedians' and comedians' art. Yonder was the stadium with its great amphitheatre and world-renowned for its Panathenaic games. To the south was the market-place where Paul yesterday was disputing with the philosophers—not a market-place in our sense of the word, but a large area enclosed with colonnades of marble, and having magnificent gateways and gardens and fountains, and retreats. In such a place, it is easy to conceive how men would congregate and debate the questions of the hour. Far

out to sea lay the bay of Salamis where Themistocles was placed on the honor roll of heroes by beating back the foreign foe who sought to make slaves of his fellow-countrymen. With such surroundings and on such an occasion Paul would consider that his message would be of unparalleled importance. And that message, abbreviated of course, is found in Acts 17: 22-31, a masterpiece of argument and appeal.

SERVICE ON MARS' HILL.

On Sunday, March 27th, the hundreds of delegates constituting the World's Sunday School Convention, wended their way to Mars' Hill, where a religious service was held never to be forgotten, by those who participated in it. It was an exalted privilege to stand where the apostle stood nineteen centuries ago, and hear the same Gospel declared which he preached so mightily. Never before in the history of Mars' Hill, and of the ancient city of Athens, has such a congregation assembled there. The occasion was unique in the history of the world, the audience was arranged as nearly in the form of an amphitheatre as the rocky formation of the summit of the hill would permit. It reminded one of the audience of philosophers who surrounded Paul on the occasion of which the present one is a commemoration. The opening hymn was a very appropriate one, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." It was impressive and even pathetic to hear that magnificent hymn sung by a thousand voices from the very spot where the apostle centuries ago preached the same Jesus of whom the hymn speaks. Then all the ministers present and others who had Bibles read in concert Paul's address on Mars' Hill. The second hymn was, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord." The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. John Potts of Toronto, the text being Acts 17: 18, and the theme, "Jesus and the Resurrection." It was a great sermon on a great occasion. The service closed by singing, as only a body of redeemed people can sing, the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then the audience slowly disbanded—slowly, for these loving disciples of Christ and Paul seemed loath to leave the sacred and inspirational hill-top.



SERVICE ON MARS' HILL.

Sunday-school Delegates listening to Rev. Dr. Potts.

The Value of Recreation.

THERE has been, perhaps, no more striking change in the habits of Americans during the last twenty-five years than the immense extension of their out-of-door interest and activities. A generation ago the number of men engaged in business life who took any form of recreation was so small that it was hardly calculable. Men of fortune were comparatively few, and the country was given over to steady-going, persistent, hard work. To-day more work and harder work is being done than ever before; but the men who are doing the work are in very large numbers, also the

men who are seeking and finding health and recreation in all manner of outdoor activities.

In every branch of business conditions have changed. Responsibilities are very much heavier and risks very much greater than they were a generation ago. Business enterprises have grown immensely in magnitude, and the men who direct them are carrying titanic loads on their shoulders. They are able to carry these loads and to direct these great enterprises because they have learned that the secret of health is abundance of play, and that the only way to carry successfully the colossal burdens of modern business is to give a large amount of time to recreation. Many leaders in the world of finance are conspicuous devotees of golf, yachting, wheeling and hunting; they take their outdoor recreation with as much regularity as they attend to their business affairs; and they do this because they have discovered, what our ancestors did not know, that the ability to do heavy work continuously depends upon an occasional rest.

It is estimated that men work, on an average, ten years longer than they worked fifty years ago; in other words, life has been extended a full decade.

With this intenser life, and as part of it, has come the new interest in nature, the passion for health, the love of outdoor living. The American people have come out of their houses and taken to the fields and woods; and they weigh more, have larger frames, better complexions, and far more vigorous health than their predecessors of fifty years ago. The physical character of the people has radically changed for the better. There is vastly more variety, more freedom in dress and habit.—*The Outlook.*

Life on a Pacific Liner.

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

LIFE on a Pacific liner is like, yet decidedly unlike, life on an Atlantic liner. There is so much more of the former; the Pacific is so much wider, lonelier, and, for the most part, more peaceful, as it ought to be to live up to its name, that even seasoned travellers who have made many trips across the Atlantic ferry, can hardly realize what crossing the Pacific means.

Fellow-travellers on the Pacific have a much better chance to get acquainted than on the Atlantic. No sooner on the Atlantic do they know each other's names, by a careful study of the passenger list and the tags on the steamer chairs, than the green shores of Ireland loom up, and the slight chain of acquaintance is snapped when the puffing little tender makes fast to the big ship and separates the companions of a week. But on the Pacific the days lengthen into weeks; groups of passengers find their temporary affinities; they organize tournaments, get up entertainments, discuss politics, theology and social conditions; they have their evening "sings" and Sunday services, and, for the time being, regard themselves as one great family.

Shall I introduce you to life on the *Sierra*, spending a typical day together on these tropic seas? The *Sierra*, you must know, is one of the best boats that plough the Pacific. She belongs to the Oceanic line, and plies back and forth between San Francisco and Sydney, Australia, six times a year, breaking the long journey at Honolulu and Pago Pago, making a round trip of fourteen thousand miles on this great and wide sea—a vast shuttle flying through an enormous loom. She is as staunch and trim a ship as ever was launched, and affords better accommodations, and makes faster time than the average Atlantic liner. Captain Houdlette is jovial and kindly, and a great favorite on "the coast" and "the islands" as well, between which he has plied for many years, and all the other officers are skillful and kindly and courteous. So much for our floating house and the officials of our floating family.

We will begin our typical day at sunrise or before, as every waking day would begin, were it not for the artificial electric light life we live. The sun comes up rapidly when once the upper edge of his disk touches the horizon, and promptly on schedule time at six o'clock; for we are near the equator, and here he keeps very regular hours all the year round, dividing the day and night into two equal sections of twelve hours each.

The sea is ruffled by a fresh breeze from the east, white caps dance for a moment on the crest of every wave and then

disappear, while a long, heavy swell, gently carries our good ship as she falls into its trough or rises on its opposite slope. But we got used to this long ago, and it no longer excites a qualm of seasick agony in the most sensitive stomach. "Bath, sir!" calls out the steward, as he raps on our stateroom door, and, hastily slipping on a Japanese kimono, we take our towels and seek, not a stuffy, subterranean bathroom, but a big canvas tub on the forward deck, into which a great gushing hose leads from the salt sea itself. Into this we dive head foremost, while the water splashes and slops over on the streaming decks, and our tub itself, secured on two horizontal masts by heavy ropes, lurches and plunges with every roll of the ship, and sometimes threatens to spill us out altogether. The bath over, there comes a quiet hour on deck before breakfast, with the fresh breeze blowing full upon us; for we do not have to seek sheltered nooks, and do ourselves up like mummies, as on the cold, fog-bound Atlantic.

In nothing else is the contrast between the Atlantic and the Pacific more delightful. On the North Atlantic you avoid the draughts; on the South Pacific you seek them. On the Atlantic the problem is how to keep warm; on the tropical Pacific, how to keep cool. The awe-inspiring vastness of the Pacific is borne in upon you as you keep your quiet morning hour on deck. You sail and sail and sail, and never see a sail. Yesterday it was the same, and the day before, and the day before that. We have seen but one ship since leaving San Francisco ten days ago, and that so far off upon the horizon that we could only see her topmasts. The myth about "the sails that whiten every sea" is now pretty well exploded, even if it was ever anything but a figure of speech. On the Atlantic, however, you are occasionally reminded that there are fellow-creatures in the world aside from your own ship passengers. A belching smoke-stack now and then, on the distant horizon, or a streak of carbonized vapor, floating like a streamer on the sky; occasionally a ship that passes near enough to be signalled with flags by day, or rockets by night, remind you that "there are others."

But on the Pacific you feel as far away as if you were sailing the waters of Venus or the canals of Mars. There is something charming about this remoteness after all. In the midst of an over-busy life, such as most of us live, it gives us time to think, to get our bearings, to see of how small account are most of the matters over which we sweat and fret and worry. What is the Panama question, after all? Why should we be anxious about the next election? We haven't seen a morning paper for a week, and shall not for a week to come! Who cares? If things go wrong in this big world, we can't help it. We are absolved from all responsibility for setting them right, or even from knowing about them enough to take sides one way or the other.

But if there is little human life outside of our own ship's company, there is plenty of life of another kind. The flying-fish one never tires of. In places, every wave seems alive with them. They start from a watery crest for their brief flight, moving with lightning rapidity their transparent fins, which they use as wings. Glistening in the sun, they skim the surface of the water for a hundred feet, and then plunge in again with a splash like a boy taking a header from a diving-board, while a hundred companions start up from the next wave for a flying match, each apparently trying to outstrip the others before they sink back into their native element.

In various ways, according to their likings, the passengers amuse themselves, and pass away the long hot days. A very fine library supplies the latest books of fiction, and some standard books. The ladies do fancy work and make baskets; the men discuss politics in no very heated fashion, for heat and excitement are evidently out of order in the tropical Pacific.

All take their constitutionals up and down and around the deck; eleven times around, you must know, make a mile; and then a few simple games are in order; ring-toss and shuffle-board and the "bull-board," and, once or twice on the voyage, the more exciting, "potato race" and "sack race," the "neck-tie-tying contest," and the "cock-fight," which is not so vicious as it sounds, but is simply the effort of two young stalwarts, with arms over their knees, and a stick thrust between their elbows, to tip each other over on the uneasy, swaying deck.

Of course, there are "all sorts in our school," the gentleman and the boor, the scholar and the pedant; the salty old trav-

eller and the fresh young skylark; the modest, attractive girl, whose shyness adds to her grace, and the coarse, bold, romp, who holds on with desperation to the arm of every male being that does not shake her off. All these walk up and down on the miniature stage of the *Sierra's* decks, and afford for us a little microcosm almost as varied as the big world we have left so far behind us.

Sunday is different from every other day on the sea as on the shore. Even those who do not care for Sabbath calm and worship, recognize the day, and, out of deference for others, put away the ring-toss and "bull-board." There are long hours for quiet thought and reading, and wide outlooks over the boundless, lonely waters. The gong sounds and we enter the social hall where half our fellow-passengers are assembled. On the flag draped desk lie the hymn-book and the open Bible. As we read, never before did "this great and wide sea, which Thou hast made" mean as much to us as on this Sunday on the Pacific, for it tells of the ageless, limitless power and love of God. We appreciate more than ever the serenity and happiness of that land where there shall be "no more sea."—*Christian Endeavor Times*.

Victoria Park, Truro.

BY REV. A. S. TUTTLE.

THE citizens of Truro, Nova Scotia, are justly proud of Victoria Park. They claim it is unique, and this is attested to by tourists who have visited many points of interest on this continent. Nature, of course, made the park beautiful, but man, by his touches here and there, has added beauty and interest to the place. In all the improvements, however, there has been an endeavor to keep as close to nature as possible.

The entrance to the park is within the town limits. Access is gained by crossing the overhead bridge which extends from the esplanade over the railway tracks, to Brunswick Street. A few paces from this point bring one to a driveway which leads into the park. That portion of the park which can be seen from the entrance presents a triangular appearance. It is bounded by two steep banks which rise to a height of sixty feet, and are covered with spruce and fir. These banks at the entrance are about one-eighth of a mile apart. They converge until they appear to come together at a point about a quarter of a mile distant. The body of the triangular figure is made up of a level plot of green, bordered on one side by a gravel walk and on the other by a driveway. It is intersected by a small brook which makes constant music rumbling along its stony bed. At a short distance from the entrance, branching off to the right from the gravel walk, a narrow, winding path leads up the side of the bank to a natural spring. The spring, which has been dug out to a depth of three or four feet and walled up with stone, is called the "Wishing Well." The bottom is literally covered with horseshoes and all manner of pins. Every article represents a wish. And no doubt there are many happy people on this continent to-day, the secret of whose happiness is a visit to the famous "Wishing Well" of Truro Park.

On the opposite side, branching off from the driveway, there has been constructed a carriage road winding up the bank to the very top. Its course then follows along the edge of the bank to the head of the park, and at some points of the road a splendid view may be had of the valley below.

Following up the walk, it is found that what appeared to be a triangular figure was only so in appearance. A sudden turn is taken in the course of the valley. From this point on the park consists in general of a deep ravine, which, in the course of time, was no doubt worn away by the rush of water finding its way to the sea. The valley varies in width from twenty-five to seventy-five yards. The banks in places are barren, rugged and almost perpendicular. The stream follows a sinuous course. At some of its bends it runs close to the sides of the banks. This necessitates bridging the stream. There are three of these bridges in the narrow part of the park. Two of them are made of unhewn timber, and present a very rustic appearance.

Some of the most beautiful spots of the park are in this section. Two picturesque "Picnic Dells," are formed by the widening out of the valley. Small groves of trees have been left standing, and in amongst them tables have been erected

for the benefit of private picnic parties. One of these groves is situated by the edge of the stream. The constant wash of water has worn the soil away from the trees and their

"Antique roots peep out upon the brook
That brows along its course."

These dells are much frequented. Scarcely a summer afternoon passes without small parties being seen at lunch in these shady spots. The ladies of the town have found it a convenience for themselves and pleasant for their friends to entertain here instead of in their homes. Thus it is quite the fashion to be "at home" to dinner or lunch at the park.

Situated in the middle of the largest dell is the famous "Holy Well." It is built after the fashion of wells in Eastern lands. The well is built over with stone, cone-shaped. A small opening is left on one side in order to draw water. The well has numerous visitors. They patronize it not only because of its antique appearance and the virtue of its water, but also because the water is delightfully cool even during the hottest days in summer.

At this point two winding rustic stairways have been built up the side of the bank. One terminates at "Lovers' Retreat," the other leads up the bank to a path which takes a circuitous route through the woods to the head of the valley.

But the most interesting spot of all is beyond the dells. A minute's walk from here and the valley takes another sudden turn to the left, from which point one is brought into full view of the "Joe Howe Falls"—so named because Howe was the first to write about the park and thus bring it to the attention of the public. The banks, which have been gradually coming together, have at this point met, and the water leaps over in tumultuous torrents. A great deal of labor and money have been expended in building rustic stairways and seats up the



LOVERS' WALK IN VICTORIA PARK, TRURO.

sides of the banks, and thus, from various points on both sides, splendid views of the falls and this section of the park can be obtained. The citizens of Truro are to be congratulated upon the unrivalled natural beauty of their park, and they are to be commended for their zeal in adding to its interest by such care and labor.

Sackville, N.B.

"The Home Life of Our Birds."

BIRDS are and ever will be an inspiring subject for a lover of nature. There is something so animating, so cheerful and hopeful about them that one is lifted into a higher life by their companionship. Anyone who has watched the courtship of a pair of birds; their painstaking efforts in constructing their nests, often under adverse circumstances; the patience shown during the period of incubation, the care exerted by the parents in feeding and protecting their young; and finally the flight of the young from their cozy home, is sure to be inspired with a desire to live a more patient, earnest and devoted life.

To see the normal progress of a bird family suddenly cease, due to an attack by one of the bird's enemies, fills the admirer with deep regret and sorrow. These enemies are numerous. Among them may be mentioned the weather. Often heavy storms will destroy the nest or eggs or will shake the young out of the frequently too shallow structure. Or a limb of the tree in which the birds have built their nest may be cast to the ground and broken into fragments. However, if one is on hand at the opportune moment, the pieces may be so adjusted and tied together that the parents will resume their domestic duties regardless of the rude attack on their domicile.

Nests built in depressions in the ground often suffer from heavy cold rains. If the mother bird should be frightened off at an opportune moment the roof of the home would be gone and nothing would prevent the depression filling with water. This would either chill the eggs so that they would not hatch or would drown the helpless young.

Other birds nesting upon the ground guard against floods by elevating their homes a short distance above the ground. They build a rough scaffolding of coarse grasses and roots and place the nest high and dry on the top. To protect it from the hot sun and heavy rains the location is usually at the base of some rank vegetation, such as a thistle or wild parsnip. The nest makes a beautiful appearance, sheltered in the folds of the deep green growth. The dickcissel, or black-throated bunting, sometimes builds such a nest, though it more often selects a leafy bush and locates its home some three or four feet from the ground.

When the young are old enough to fly and leave the nest, and partially able to take care of themselves, they are still too weak to battle with the heavy wind and rain storms, and are often cast to the ground to perish. Many of these young fledglings, even though they are able to fly some distance and appear to show a marked degree of self-importance and independence as they perch on a limb, are, nevertheless, dependent on the parents for food. It often takes them several days to become wholly independent. Many of our birds which migrate to the sunny South, where they spend the winter, delay the start and are overtaken by an early snow or sleet storm and perish with the cold. Many also that are lured northward by the first balmy days of spring meet with a similar fate.

Many nesting birds fall prey to another enemy. Snakes often forsake their common diet of frogs and toads to indulge in a quiet and leisurely repast on a brood of helpless young birds. The piteous cries and flutterings of the parent birds are of no avail unless perchance they may attract the attention of a passerby. Birds nesting on the ground most frequently fall prey to the ravage of the snake. Those nesting in trees, however, are not wholly protected, for the pilot snake and blue racer climb bushes and small trees with comparative ease. I have caught a pilot snake in the act of devouring a nest of young yellow-breasted chats which were some six feet from the ground. Other natural enemies of birds are hawks and owls. These prey upon both young and old. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find the cleanly picked skeleton of some bird lying on a stump or fence, bearing grim witness to a feast of some hawk or owl.

The English sparrow is another source of great disturbance and annoyance to the native birds which nest about our homes. So persistent are its attacks that it often drives the parents away or kills them and breaks the eggs, or kills the young. Numerous instances might be given, but one will suffice, which shows the sagacity of the parents as well as the treachery of the English sparrow. A pair of robins had built a nest in a corner of the porch. Four eggs were laid and incubation had begun before the wily sparrows chanced

to discover the abode. One day, when the parent was away feeding, the sparrows flew to the nest, pecked holes in the eggs, and threw all but one to the stone walk below. The parents returned, and finding their home a wreck, abandoned it. After searching about the premises for a week or ten days for a new location without finding a suitable place, they returned to the old home. This they renovated and relined. The eggs were then laid one each day for four days. After the first egg was deposited the mother never left the nest until the young were hatched, ten to fourteen days later. She was fed during this time by the mate, and the sparrows



JOE HOWE FALLS, VICTORIA PARK, TRURO.

did not have a single chance to molest. The young were also vigilantly guarded until they were able to leave the nest fifteen days later.

The destruction by these birds of prey, however, is small compared to that of one of our domesticated pets. The apparently harmless house cat is one of the worst enemies of our birds. According to Professor Forbush, it kills on an average about fifty birds a year. This undoubtedly accounts for the fact that homes where a cat or two basks in the sunshine of the back porch seldom have birds nesting in the shrubbery or trees of the yard. The birds seem to realize the danger and do not care to offer up their young as a sacrifice. One very interesting and authentic case will illustrate this. A pair of robins had selected a tree in the front yard near the piazza for their nesting site. They had worked hard, and had their nest almost completed, when the big, lazy, pet cat, for the first time, walked leisurely across the lawn under the tree. Immediately the robins stopped their work, hesitated a moment and then flew away, never to return. As nothing else had molested them, their actions must have been due to the presence of the cat.

The enemies which have been enumerated cause annually a great loss to the feathered tribe. But a far greater destruction has been caused by the ruthless attacks which man has made on these beautiful and useful creatures. He is naturally a lover of birds, but he loves the eagle on the silver dollar more than the bird in the bush. Millions have, therefore, been slaughtered annually to supply the demand of fashion. Man has also unconsciously worked a hardship on the birds by destroying their nesting places. He has cut off the underbrush and ditched the sloughs and swamps, thus converting much land into tillable ground.

An increase in the number of birds would reduce the great annual loss to agriculture from insect pests and noxious weeds. Can the number be increased? I think it can if there is a united effort of each and every individual. It can be done if every person helps the birds to overcome their enemies and assists them in the propagation of their young by providing suitable nesting places, watering places and the like. Close observations of the habits of the birds themselves can give the only information regarding the best methods of procedure.—James R. Stonaker in *The World Today*.

Hints for Workers.

Working with Christ.

O matchless honor, all unsought,
High privilege, surpassing thought,
That thou shouldst call us, Lord, to be
Linked in work-fellowship with Thee!
To carry out thy wondrous plan,
To bear thy messages to man;
"In trust" with Christ's own word of
grace
To every soul of human race.

How She Witnessed for Christ.

The *Western Christian Advocate* tells a beautiful story of a young lady missionary who by her sweet, peaceful face put new life into a discouraged heart:

Miss B— was travelling by steamer from one Japanese seaport to another. On the same boat was a Japanese merchant, whose business anxieties had so worried and annoyed him that he was seriously contemplating suicide. He noticed Miss B— sitting quietly by, looking over the waters with such an expression of peace upon her face that he found himself turning to look at her again and again.

He did not know her, but he said to himself, "It must be she is one of the foreign Christians. Perhaps it is something in her religion that makes her face so calm and bright."

Addressing her with profound respect, he made known his strange request and sorrowful reason for asking the way that gave the heart a peace so great that the face spoke it in every look. He listened to Miss B— as she told him the gospel story, and it made such a deep impression upon him that he resolved to accept as his own the Saviour whose gift is peace.

"Do your face and mine bear testimony that we have 'been with Jesus!'"

A Complete Motto.

Charles Dudley Warner once said that "all the gospel in the world can be boiled down into a single precept, 'Do right now.'" It would, indeed, be hard to pack more practical, spiritual wisdom into these words. The young man or woman who writes this motto on the fly-leaf of a daily-read Bible, and also on the "tables of the heart," will find that it untangles the most puzzling problems, and leads to the surest joy.

But every one of the three words must be lived up to or the motto is useless. "Do" does not mean to think, or to dream. Right opinions and an inert life often exist together. There are plenty of young Christians who can repeat the Apostles' Creed with entire belief in every clause, yet who are doing nothing for Christ. "The end of man," says Carlyle, "is an action, not a thought." The chief end of man is to glorify God in act, here in this workaday world, and so to enjoy Him forever when this world is no more.

"Right" is a word not to be left out, either. Success, in too many young minds, is usurping the place of right.

Expediency often looks necessary; but the only right thing to do is to do right—the high and simple right. It may be unpopular, it may be inexpedient, it may be actually injurious to our own present personal interests, to do right. We must face this fact sometimes. Yet it does not in the least change the steady obligation to do right, and the happiness that surely flows from doing it.

The third word is the clinching one. "Now" is the most difficult time. We are always determining to do right next week, or next year, or when we are past this special place where doing wrong, or doing nothing at all, seems the pleasanter, safer way. But our life is tested and known by our present act, by our "now." "Do right now"—only when each golden word is emphasized is the whole golden motto complete, and ready to enrich our lives with its radiant presence.—*Forward.*

The Mote and the Beam.

The pastor of a large city church was detained one morning by a lady in his congregation. "I want to tell you," she said, "that I cannot come here any more."

"But why not?" was asked in surprise. She tried to speak quietly, but she could not keep the bitterness out of eyes and voice. "I have been coming here three years," she answered slowly, "and in all the three years not once has any one said a pleasant word to me, before or after service; and I cannot stand it any longer; I am going."

"I am sorry," the minister answered, gravely. "It should not have been so. I do not wonder that you feel hurt, especially as you yourself must have spoken kind words to many in these three years."

The lady looked at him in bewilderment. "I," she exclaimed, "I never spoke to anybody—it wasn't my place to. I never thought of such a thing!"

It was the old story of the mote and the beam. Through the three years of deepening bitterness against her fellow-workshippers she had not once brought her own soul to judgment; instead, she had lavished upon it a weak self-pity, and gone her unhappy way through the world of loneliness which she had created herself. It might all have been very different if only, seeking the lesson close-folded in her pain, she had set herself to keep others from such sorrowful experience. For one who bears the gifts of cheer and sympathy never walks alone; the world has too much need of him.—*Southwestern Presbyterian.*

Be Kind.

Take every chance you can possibly get to be kind, because some day there may be no more chances. But just kindness seems such a small and unimportant thing! If we were bidden to die for the people we love, how gladly we would offer up our lives. But we are not asked to die for them, only to live for them; only to do the hundred small things that every day offers us; only to be ready with truth, and courage, and tenderness and service. There can be no doubt about it

—any one who has stood by an open grave will say so—there can be no possible doubt, that only memories of opportunities embraced, of duties done, or, rather, of privileges accepted, only such memories will comfort us when the price is paid. To have to look back upon quarrelling, or selfishness, or even upon the more negative pain of mere leaving undone that which we might have done, is enough to poison life. No wonder that those who are acquainted with grief cry out to us—"Oh, be kind, be kind, be kind!"—*Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar.*

The New Business.

"Come, boys, wake up! The Lord has let some work for you to do."

It was thus that a mother aroused her boys the other morning, and they hurried out of bed to see what this new business was. It proved to be one of those rare, beautiful sights in the winter time, when the snow has carpeted the earth, and then, as if pleased with the business, lingered on shrubs and trees for the kindly face of the sun to smile forth his myriads of diamonds.

Armed with broom and shovel the boys were persuaded that the clearing of the sidewalks was just the work the Lord had sent for them to do at that time, and they worked with a will, and soon had the snow shoveled away, and all the day travelers were made happy when they came to the easy walking. The boys were in merry mood, too, for they entered into the joy of those to whom they had ministered.

This idea of calling it "the Lord's work for them" gave me a helpful thought. Clearing walks is such an ordinary thing! I had never associated that with the Lord at all. And yet these words came to my mind "whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all to the glory of God." Surely I can serve Him that much.

Another thought came to me as well. Close by this neatly kept walk is a vacant lot. No one cleared the walk by that lot. There was just a single beaten path—one man went through, then another followed in his steps, and another and another. The first one made it crooked, but the others followed him. By and by one slipped, and the result was a broken arm. Some one neglected to do the work in the morning, and another suffered for it.

That single path reminded me somewhat of life's ways—one follows another; habits are formed by separate acts; one's neglect causes another to stumble—but broken hearts do not mend so readily as broken arms.

I have taken fresh courage from the mother's call. Every morning as I rise I say to myself, "The Lord has some work for me to do to-day." What is it?—*By Prentice Lamb in The Baptist Union.*

THE theory of work is to be lavish of personal experience, to put a great deal of oneself into the thing which we undertake, whatever we do.—*Rev. D. W. J. Tucker.*

Quiet Hour.

The Need of Christ.

Brethren, take the Christ out of my spiritual firmament and the world would be dark and cold to me. There never was a time when the world's people were in such demand of a Christ as to-day. No, never! If you could take the Christ out of history, if you could suppose the world to be as it is, men would still be asking for someone to save them, and the conquering love would be craved by them, even if they did not know it.—R. J. Campbell.

Live for Eternity.

We are writing with a diamond on a rock. We are writing in the Book of Remembrance with invisible ink. We are accumulating for the future. What we do is done forever. The thoughts we think, the words we speak, the kindly and unkindly acts of daily life, we must face them again. Take heed, therefore. Live for eternity. And the way to live for eternity is to concentrate all the energies of our life upon the discharge of present duty. Therefore, live to-day.—D. J. Burrell.

Be a Christian Where You Are.

Man is saying: "Certainly I could be a Christian if I could get out of this position; if I could get out of this business, this particular situation in which I am engaged, where there are ungodly men round about me. If I only lived in your home instead of mine, I could be a Christian. My surroundings are against me."

If you can not be a Christian where you are, you can not be a Christian anywhere. God is no more in my home than in thine.

"It is so easy to be Christians while we are in the sanctuary, and the very breath of eternity is upon us, and God is at hand. To-morrow, in the city, in the workshop, in the office, on the mart, it is very hard."

God is no more in the sanctuary than He is in your shop, or your office, or the mart; and it is no more difficult to pray when ungodly men are thronging around you than it is to pray here.

So long as you are longing for freedom from your present surroundings to be a Christian, you will never find the deliverance you seek.—Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.

To Conquer Worry.

Get into gear! Banish worry. Rise above it. Conquer the disease. Struggle against it until you win. Be not disheartened at repeated failures. Defeat but adds to your strength, if you keep up the fight. The glories of the victory amply repays years of effort. "I never knew what happiness or success really was until I got rid of worry," says a friend.

No matter what may be the cause of your worry, to worry over it will do more harm than good. "Then shall we

'let things slide' and not try to improve conditions!" By no means. But instead of weakly worrying about them, tackle them in earnest. Do a good day's work at it, whatever your duty or problem may be; eat well, live simply, do as you would be done by, keep your head level, use your best judgment, drink in the inspiration of nature, seek the co-operation of the Spirit, acquire reposeful peace—resourceful strength will come, you will sleep like a babe, worry will disappear, each day you will awake in a new world and to a more glorious existence.

"A thousand unseen hands Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights, And all the forces of the firmament Shall fortify your strength."

—Herbert Myrick, in *Good Housekeeping*.

Trust in God.

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or those of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings slip by and we miss half their flavor, and all for the want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. O, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children tell us every day by their confident faith in us! We, who are so mutable, so fickle, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustfully over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home?—Phillips Brooks.

Diamond Dust.

We know not a millionth part of what Christ is to us, but perhaps we even less know what we are to Him.—Christina Rossetti.

"The sunrise is the song of the day; the sunset its lullaby. Even so youth rhymes all things to song and old age chants the requiems."

The way to rise above the disappointment is to fix our eyes not on others or our own failures, but on the mark, and press toward that.—Rev. H. W. Foote.

Our object in life should not be so much to get through a great deal of work, as to give perfect satisfaction to Him for whom we are doing the work.—W. H. Aikin.

As we must spend time in cultivating our earthly friendships if we are to have their blessings, so we must spend time in cultivating the companionship of Christ.—Henry Drummond.

Do not use abundance of words—with-out any meaning. Say not the same thing over and over again; think not that the fruit of your prayers depends on the length of them.—John Wesley.

I hold not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill and all things are not well, but all things shall be well, because it is God's world.—Robert Browning.

Affections should not bind the soul, but enfranchise it. Through them it should know larger, deeper, higher life. They should be to it as wings by which it mounts. A friend comes as an ambassador from the heavens.—Trinities and Sanctities.

What to Do With the Meanwhiles.

A pleasant writer tells a story of a sweet-faced old lady in a railway car. The train had met with several minor mishaps, and finally came to a sudden standstill in a dreary stretch of country, miles from the city for which it was bound. Some accident had befallen the engine, but all the information that the passengers could secure in regard to the extent of the trouble or the probable length of the delay was very indefinite. As with most companies of people under similar circumstances, there was much questioning and hurrying to and fro, blaming officials, and urgent demands for impossible haste, with useless explanation of the important affairs that made it intolerable to be so hindered. While the others were in a state of restless commotion, the old lady opened her bag, and, drawing out some unfinished work, calmly remarked:

"Well, if we've got to wait here an hour or so, I can put in a good bit of knitting."

Life's enforced pauses are so frequent, its meanwhiles so many, that they are well worth counting and considering, yet few of us are ready with the "good bit of knitting" that might fill them usefully and safely. It is not so much in the spare minutes, which from childhood we have been counselled to improve, that our wasted opportunities lie, as in the longer intervals that make up so much of human existence—times when we are waiting for something to develop, something to change, some new path to open, and in our restless watching we neglect the work that lies at hand.

And these intervals—the unsettled times of uncertainty, of expectation, of trouble—taken altogether, cover a great part of our mortal existence. The times when we are restful, untroubled, peacefully pursuing our chosen way, are comparatively few, so that, if we are ever to accomplish much of that which is, after all, life's real work, it must be done in these meanwhiles. We can learn that all our unrest and self-absorption speed us no more swiftly on our course, and in the enforced pauses we can put in many a stitch of helplessness, strength, and cheer for others which shall indeed make a "good bit of knitting" when life's finished web is shown.—Forward.

Finish the Peal.

Do not spoil the chime of this morning's bells by ringing only half a peal! Do not say, "Hold Thou me up," and stop there, or add, "But, all the same, I shall stumble and fall." Finish the peal with God's own music, the bright words of faith that he puts into your mouth: "Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe!"—Frances Ridley Haegerl.

THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

ORGAN OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUES AND OTHER
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Editorial.

✓ Give the Preacher a Chance.

It is sometimes said that "no man can be any richer than his wife will let him." Whatever may be thought of this, it is certain that no pastor can be any more successful than his congregation will let him. It would be an unreasonable thing to tie a man, hands and feet, and then expect him to run a good race. Some congregations so tie their pastor up by limitations of various kinds that very much progress is practically impossible. Not long ago we visited a church with a system of finance so peculiar, so unreasonable, and so unpopular, that the preacher in charge could do scarcely anything toward increasing the congregation. In some places the pastor's salary is cut down to so low a figure that a large part of his thought must be directed toward the problem of how to live decently. Other congregations throw stumbling blocks of indifference, fault-finding and worldliness into the pastor's path, and then expect him to keep up a good pace. It is not fair. Give God's servant a fair chance; support him generously; help him instead of hindering; speak words of encouragement rather than of criticism; and you will be surprised at the result.

✓ Shying People.

In the interesting volume, "Lessons in Life," which our Reading Circles have been studying during the past season, Dr. J. G. Holland has a ready chapter on "Shying people," who seem to always have both eyes open for slights. He compares them to horses who are continually looking for something to shy at. The illustration is true to life. Many people are so unfortunately constituted that they are perpetually looking for some one to ignore them in some way, and consequently are always in trouble and unhappy. It is hard to have sufficient patience with the weaknesses of such persons, to humor and bear with them. The result is that those overly sensitive individuals have a great many complaints and many causes for grievance. No one knows these facts better than a pastor, for there is no place where more sensitiveness is manifested than in the Church. It is quite a common thing to hear people complain because they are not called on or spoken to, or made enough of. They will get offended at the Church more quickly than anything else. For mere trifles some will turn away from it with the bitterest feeling in their hearts. It is simply impossible to keep the

machinery of the Church moving so that no belt will fly off. Why should we not learn thoroughly to respect ourselves; then we would not look for slights. The thoroughly friendly man finds friends everywhere. If we look for something to shy at we will see gobins at every turn. The world will take us at our own rating, and the sooner we learn this the better for the world and ourselves. We should not expect to be cuddled and spoon-fed in the Church more than any place else.

✓ Pretty, but Impossible.

A country pastor, spending a short holiday in Toronto, went to hear several of the city preachers. In one church there was related from the pulpit a beautiful little story about a sentry during the American Civil War being saved from the bullet of a sharpshooter by singing "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." Being impressed with the incident, he related it in his own pulpit upon returning home, as he supposed, with good effect. At the close of the service, an old soldier, who happened to be in the congregation, remained to speak to the preacher and give him this little bit of advice: "Brother, that was a very pretty story you told about the sentry and the song, but *do not tell it again*, for it could not possibly be true. Such a thing as a sentry singing on duty is perfectly ridiculous. It would not be permitted on any account." The preacher accepted the counsel in good part and cut that incident from his list of illustrations. It should be remembered that a large proportion of the stories told about hymns are more or less apocryphal in their origin. These, and all other extraordinary tales should be used with very great caution by ministers, teachers and leaders of meetings, for an improbable story weakens rather than strengthens the discourse.

✕ Tree Planting.

In many places a special day is set apart in the spring as "Arbor Day," and young and old are urged to plant trees on their own property on the streets, in the school and church grounds, and wherever they will likely be of advantage. The practice has much to commend it, as the beauty of our towns and villages is greatly enhanced by lining the streets with umbrageous trees. Looking at the question from the strictly utilitarian standpoint, too, there is a great deal to be said in favor of tree planting. Our forests, in the better settled parts of the country, are fast being removed, and if no planting is done whole sections will become treeless and shadeless. A few years ago, it was thought useless to attempt having trees upon the prairies of Manitoba. Now the traveller through that province will see from the railway train many cosy farmhouses with a fine cluster of beautiful trees which seem to be growing splendidly.

Summer Schools.

This is an off year for the great International League and Christian Endeavor Conventions, but summer schools will be more numerous than ever. A list of these, as far as our own church is concerned, will be found in another column. It has been discovered by those who have tried it, that no more satisfactory holiday can be obtained than by attending one of these schools. When the vacation is over, there is something to carry home that will be an inspiration during the year. It is not "all work and no play," either, for as a rule a portion of each day is set apart for recreation, and many of the services are held "out of doors."

These gatherings are becoming to Canadians what Northfield and Chautauqua are to the United States. The special

object of the school is to study the Bible and missions, and yet it is recognized that methods of work, relating to the Epworth League and Sunday School especially, have a direct bearing upon the strengthening and extension of the kingdom of God, and may, therefore, very appropriately form part of the programme. We are pleased to note that there are to be lectures on Sunday-school teacher training at several of the schools.

Protestant Spirit in Politics.

One crying need of Canadian politics is the introduction of a little more Protestant spirit. By Protestant spirit we do not mean the beating of the Twelfth of July drum, nor the baiting of our French fellow-countrymen, nor the revival of the P.P.A. The essence of Protestantism is the right of private judgment; the refusal to allow anyone, cleric or layman, to do our religious thinking for us. To a Protestant the final court of appeal is his own enlightened conscience. This he sets above all churches and councils. Its voice gives the mandate to which he bows, and he bows to no other.

If these observations are just, it is evident that multitudes who are Protestants in religion are Papists in politics. For the essence of Roman Catholicism is loyal submission to the *ex cathedra* utterances of the Pope. And Protestants by the thousand bow to the decree of their party leader as slavishly as ever a Romanist bows to the decree of the Supreme Pontiff. Men who would scorn religious dictation from an ecclesiastical council accept without demur the dictation of a political caucus. And further, men who affect horror at the methods of the Holy Office are silent while the machiné, by inquisitorial methods, punishes political heresy and propagates the party's political faith.

Parties may be inevitable, but servile partizanship is neither necessary nor expedient. The independent elector who dares to think for himself, and who can be neither cajoled, bullied nor bribed, is the salt of our political life. As Attorney-General Longley recently said, it would be the greatest blessing "that could be conferred on our public life if, in every one of the 213 constituencies of Canada, there were a hundred men who did not care a button about party, and voted as they thought was right and proper in the interests of the country. Some of them in public life would get hurt, and it would not always work right for the machine, but it would influence those high in the councils of the nation to pursue a course that would command the respect of the best and truest elements in the community."

Well Done, Winnipeg!

The Winnipeg Rowing Club, whose oarsmen last summer visited the United States and swept all before them, and whose senior eight made the champion Argonauts, of Toronto, row in world's-record time at St. Catharines, has once more done itself honor. This time, however, not by physical prowess, but by moral stamina. At its annual meeting the mass of its members voted against a proposition to introduce Sunday rowing. This action is the more gratifying in view of the fact that the club has an eight preparing for the great Henley regatta, where the world's championship is decided, and, owing to the late spring, the time for training is short.

It is often said that the spirit of the West is against Sunday observance. But the oarsmen are not the only Winnipeg sportsmen who have upheld the honorable Canadian tradition against desecrating the Lord's Day. Last year the Winnipeg Lacrosse Team were invited to visit St. Paul, Minn., on the first Sunday of September, and all expenses would be paid—\$500. They replied: "We do not

play on Sunday; Canadian sentiment and our own convictions strongly disapprove." They were informed that the game could only be made a success financially by playing it on Sunday. "Then, we're sorry, but we'll have to decline." Later on, negotiations were opened again. The St. Paul team said, however, it was impossible for them to guarantee expenses for a match any day but Sunday. The manly fellows from the Prairie City said: "We'll do this—we'll go to St. Paul, play two games instead of one—the one on Saturday, the other on Monday (Labor Day), and we'll only ask you to guarantee the half of the expenses (\$250), but we won't play on Sunday." This was carried out.

All honor to our Western athletes! May their example inspire others!

The Anti-Negro Feeling.

The negro question will not down. In the United States it looms larger and more threatening each year. Just now it occupies much space in American magazines and newspapers, and the one thing on which most sober writers agree is that the solution will be both hard and slow. To many Canadians who are unable to understand the fierce antipathy that exists against the black man, the following from the pen of Dr. J. M. Buckley, of the *Christian Advocate*, may be helpful:

"It is not mere color which produces the prejudice against the African race. It is a compound of five elements: the negroes having been enslaved for ages in this country and in most other countries; their great number here; the ignorance and poverty of a great majority of them; the unbridled passions of some; and finally their color, which, like the Jewish physiognomy in Russia, identifies, classifies, and segregates them socially."

On a memorial window in one of our churches not long ago, we noticed, at the bottom, the words: "How kind she was." No more beautiful tribute could be paid to departed worth. This world of ours needs more kind people, who will carry the spirit of gentleness and love into all the relations of life. Kindness is simply love in action and this is the very core of religion.

✕

It is safe to say that the young people of the Epworth League know more about missions than the older members of the congregation, simply because they are giving more attention to the subject. Epworth League methods might be employed to good advantage among the older people. The seniors should, at least, be specially invited to attend the monthly League missionary meetings.

✕

OUT-OF-DOOR life is good for physical health, but it means a great deal more than this. It is doubtless helpful to moral culture and spiritual growth. The Old Testament record tells us that Isaac "went out into the fields to meditate." It is a good thing to get away occasionally from the noise of the town and the bustle of business, into the open country and commune with the God of nature. The open sky, the woods, and the fields have a refining influence.

✕

In the First Methodist Church, Hamilton, there is a telephone, attached to the pulpit, by means of which an invalid lady is enabled to hear the entire service in her own home. In almost every community there are people who are not able to attend public worship. What a boon it would be if they could have the services of the sanctuary brought to them in this way! It would be a fine bit of home missionary work for the Epworth League to put in the telephone and maintain it for the benefit of those who would find the expense too burdensome.

Bright Bits from Recent Books

Winter Trees

Leafless trees are, in ordinary thinking, a synonym of desolation. They are aude, forlorn, forsaken, and are shivering through the winter as a beggar who thinks water the necessary tribulation that preludes spring. I have not so learned the trees. If I were to choose between leafless trees and leafy trees I confess not to be certain as to my choice, though I am sure the winter trees enjoy themselves not less than trees of summer time. To think that winter trees are forlorn and beautiful is common. They are, to my belief, warlike, strenuous, conquering, magnificent. Summer is the "paign"—one long battle both by night and day. Winter rules them and gives them a hundred giants' thews. They are as strong as Caesar's soldiers, and heroic as Mark Antony's veterans.

In winter the individuality of trees comes out. In summer the leaves are their chief circumstance, and obscure their individuality. We cannot get at a tree's shape in summer; but when winter, with icy sword blade, hacks away the last tatter of winter finery, and leaves the tree to stand, naked as an Indian warrior, then does it proclaim itself. I love trees all the year through, but confess to the heterodoxy of believing that winter trees are more beautiful to my eyes than those of spring, summer, or autumn.—Dr. Quayle, in "In God's Out-of-Doors."

The Love of Nature

That we know so little, as a people, of our birds, trees, and flowers, is not due, I think, so much to any inborn lack of appreciation of the beautiful or interesting, as to the fact that we have been obliged to concentrate our energies in those directions which seemed to lead to some immediate material advantage, leaving us little time to expend upon the study of such objects as promised to yield no tangible remuneration. Then, too, our struggle for existence has taken place largely in towns where there is almost nothing to awaken any dormant love of nature. But little by little we are changing all that. Each year a larger portion of our city population is able to seek the refreshment and inspiration of the country during those months when it is almost, if not quite, at its loveliest. And while among this constantly increasing class there are many undoubtedly who "having eyes to see, see not," even among sights sufficiently fraught with interest, one would suppose, to awaken the curiosity of the dullest, yet there are many others who are quick to detect each bird song, and eager to trace it to its source; who follow curiously the tiny tracks of the wood creatures; who note the varied outlines of the forest leaves, and discover the smallest of the flowers that grow beneath them.—Frances T. Parsons, in "According to Season."

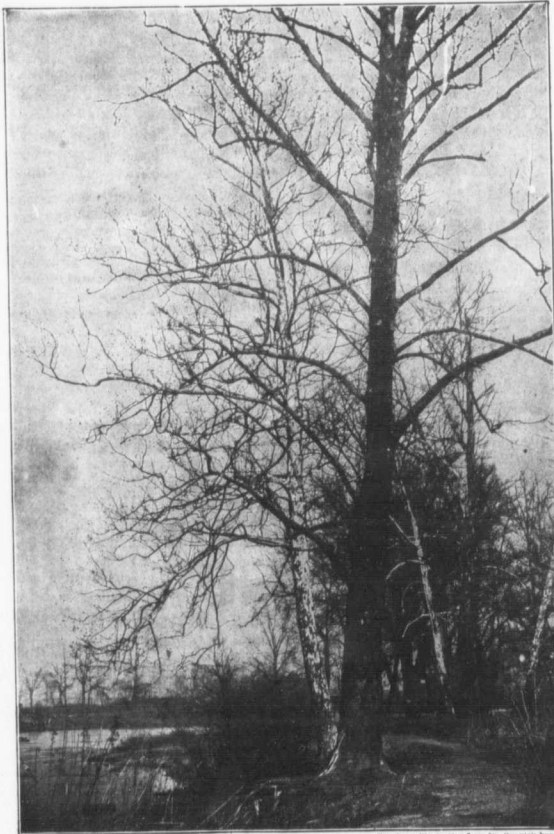
Life Easy in the Philippines

The habit of taking life easy has a firm grip upon the Filipino people. The explanation is not hard to find. The climate is unfavorable to sustained exertion. It is warm. It is continually warm. There are no long, cold winters against which both food and fuel and warm shelter must be provided. Conditions make life easy. The ever-present bamboo and neepa palm furnish material for the frail house that shelters the family

from sun and rain. For from ten to fifty dollars he can build anything from a rude cottage to a six-room house. The waters are alive with edible creatures. Fish, crabs, prawns, shrimps, and other food products of sea and river can be had at a minimum of effort, and at any time, day or night, during the year. Rice is usually plentiful and inexpensive. A few days' work each month will either give sufficient care to the crops to secure

Honest Work

Patrick Mullen was an honest blacksmith. He made guns for a living. He made them so well that one with his name on it was worth a good deal more than the market price of guns. Other makers went to him with offers of money for the use of his stamp; but they never went twice. When sometimes a gun of very superior make was brought to him to finish, he would stamp it P. Mullen, never Patrick Mullen. Only to that which he himself had wrought did he give his honest name without reserve. When he died, judges and bishops and other great men crowded to his modest home by the East River, and wrote letters to the newspapers telling how proud they had been to call him friend. Yet he



Spectrum illustration from Dr. Quayle's book, "In God's Out-of-Doors."

SYCAMORES.

all the rice the family can use, or earn money to buy it. To the man so situated there is scarcely any way to make severe and sustained industry attractive. He sees no call for it. His needs are few. Why he should toil in the heat he does not understand. He prefers a few days of leisurely labor, and more days for recreation or to sleep quietly in his own house.—Rev. Dr. Stuntz, in "The Philippines."

was, and remained to the end, plain Patrick Mullen, blacksmith and gun-maker.

In his life he supplied the answer to the sigh of dreamers in all days: when will the millennium come? It will come when every man is a Patrick Mullen at his own trade; not merely a P. Mullen, but a Patrick Mullen. The millennium of municipal politics, when there shall be no slum to fight, will come when every

citizen does his whole duty as a citizen, not before. As long as he "despises politics," and deputizes another to do it for him, whether that other wears the stamp of a Croker or of a Platt—it matters little which—we shall have the slum, and he put periodically to the trouble and the shame of draining it in the public sight. A citizen's duty is one thing that cannot be limited out safely; and the slum is not farmed by the rookeries of Mulberry or Ludlow Streets. It has long roots that feed on the selfishness and dulness of Fifth Avenue quits as readily as on the squator of the Sixth Ward. The two are not nearly as far apart as they look.—Jacob A. Riss, in "The Battle with the Slum."

The Joys of the Seasons

I want no climate where the seasons are reduced to two or one. A year-long winter does not suit my thought, nor me, nor does a year-long summer. One season to fill the year is too sedate. I would wish to live in a full seasoned year. "When will the birds come?" that is springtime's question. "When will the birds cease their singing?" that is summer's query. "When will the birds tire of us and be gone?" that is autumn's sad question. "When will the dull clouds shake their mantles and fleck the world with snow?" that is winter's surly interrogative. Thought has little room for sleep if the four seasons be kept pace with, seeing they are so swift of foot and outrun the speed of mourning doves in autumn flights.

Some people are virulently insistent, insistent on telling which season they like best. Such people vex me. I hope I may be forgiven for my seeming ill-nature, but honestly, what is the need of choosing? They are all ours. The round of the seasons, glad, sunlit, sweaty, shivering, all are mine. I own the summer's sultry noon and winter's surly wind, so why did I heed Rev. Dr. Quayle, in "In God, Out-of-Doors."

A Missionary to All Eternity

After all, and above all, the driving power that gave force and direction and persistence and success in James Chalmers' personality and life lay in his spirituality. The joys and titles of the law, over which creeds differ and churches divide, were infinitesimal in his sight, if they were visible to him at all. His heart was filled with joy in believing himself one for whom Christ, in unsurpassable love, had died; and he burned to carry the glorious tidings of God's love to the uttermost parts of the earth, in confident assurance that he was a missionary with a mission of peace and love, a mission laid upon him by God himself. Yes, a missionary to all eternity. "There will be much visiting in heaven, and much work," he wrote to an old fellow-worker, in one of the last letters he ever penned. "I guess I shall have good mission work to do; great, brave work for Christ. He will have to find it, for I can be nothing else than a missionary."—From "James Chalmers of New Guinea."

Heroes Who Fight Fire

Thirteen years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it happened yesterday—the clanging of the fire-bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and tear of the streets, then the great hush that fell upon the crowd of men with distorted faces, with the fire-glow upon it; and up there against the background of black smoke that poured from roof and attic, a boy clinging to a narrow ledge, so far up that it seemed humorously impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the

truck company were laboring with the extension-ladder, that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles, with cross-bars, iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then mounted a story higher. Again the crash of glass, an agonizing dizzy ascent. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like human flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single step separated the foremost from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the fireman stood upon the step with the rescued lad in his arms, just as the pent-up flame burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with impotent fury to its prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell upon each other's necks, and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back, with glistening faces, shen gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the streets. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without any one knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity, and shouted like the rest. Fire, peril, terror, and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.—Jacob A. Riss, in "Children of the Tenements."

The Law of Life

The old Indian had been left by his children to die alone in the desert, with only enough fuel to last a short time, and the wolves close at hand.

For long he pondered on the days of his youth, till the fire died down and the wolf stoke deeper. He replenished it with two sticks this time, and gauged his grip on life by what remained. If Sam-to-ha had only remembered her grandfather, and gathered a larger armful, his hours would have been longer. It would have been easy. But she was ever a careless child, and honored not her ancestors from the time the Beaver, son of the son of Zing-ha, first cast eyes upon her. Well, what mattered it? Had he not done likewise in his own quick youth? For a while he listened to the silence. Perhaps the heart of his son might soften, and he would come back with the dogs, to take his old father on with the tribe to where the caribou ran thick and the fat hung heavy upon them.

For a while he ears, his restless brain for a moment stilled. Not a stir, nothing. He alone took breath in the midst of the great silence. It was very lonely. Hark! What was that? A chill passed over his body. The familiar, long-drawn howl broke the void, and it was close at hand. Then on his darkened eyes was projected the vision of the moose—the old bull moose—the torn flanks and bloody sides, the riddled mane, and the great branching horns, down low and tossing to the last. He saw the flashing forms of gray, the gleaming eyes, the lolling tongues, the slavering fangs. And he saw the inexorable circle close in till it became a dark point in the midst of the starry snow.

A cold muzzle thrust against his cheek, and at its touch his soul leaped back to the present. His hand shot into the fire and dragged out a burning fagot. Overcome for the nonce by his hereditary fear of the brute retreated, raising a prolonged call to his brothers; and greedily they answered, till the ring of crouching, jaw-slobbered gray was stretched around him. The old man listened to the drawing in of this circle, he turned his brand wildly, and sniffs turned to snarls, but the paring bris refused to scatter. Now one wormed his

chest forward, dragging his haunches after, now a second, now a third; but never a one drew back. Why should he cling to life? he asked, and dropped the blazing stick into the fire. It sizzled and went out. The circle grunted uneasily, but held its own. Again he saw the last stand of the old bull moose, and Koskoosh dropped his head wearily upon his knees. What did it matter, after all? Was it not the law of life?—Jack London, in "Children of the Frost."

Who Made the Drunkard?

I lift up this poor drunkard, the manufactured article of the saloon, and ask him;

"Of what were you made?"

"The saloon over there made me?"

"Saloon, what made you?"

"The law over there made me?"

"Law, who made you?"

"That legislator over there made me."

"Legislator, who made you?"

"The ballot in the hands of the church-

man over there made me."

"Churchman, did you cast the ballot

that made the man that made the law

that made the saloon that made the

drunkard?"

"Well, I always stick to my party."

"That is not the question I asked you,

sir. Did you vote for the man that

voted for the law that made the saloon

that made the drunkard?"

"Yes. He represented my party, and

I never scratch the ticket."

Take this picture, my fellow-citizens;

here is a chain with the following links:

A drunkard, a saloon, a law, a legislator,

and a voter.—Do you see it?

Let us go to the last link. Poor drunk-

ard, where are you going?" "To hell."

"How do you know?" "The old book

says: 'No drunkard shall enter the king-

dom of heaven.'"

"Poor fellow, would

I to God I might save you!"

I go to the top of the chain. "Church-

man, where are you going?" "I am

going to heaven." "How do you

know?" "About forty years ago the

Lord took my feet out of the mire and

the clay and placed them upon the rock,

and put a new song—"Shut your

mouth; shut your mouth, you miserable

hypocrite. I have a contempt for such

twaddle."

Let every man hear this statement. If

the lower link goes to hell, and the

upper one does not; if the poor old

drunkard goes to hell, and the church-

man who voted for the saloon that made

him, don't go with him, then the drunk-

ard can stand up and say, "Unjust!

Unjust!"—Rev. Geo. R. Stuart, in re-

cently published volume of sermons.

See "Book Shelf," page 182.

The Child Life

The most charming portrait that remains of Richard Owen, the great naturalist, represents him with his arm thrown about a little child, and his strong, full browed head leaning against the curly head of the little girl. Many of the photographs of Mr. Gladstone were taken with a little child by his side or in his arms. There is no more touching and interesting picture of Napoleon than that familiar one which represents him seated on a sofa with a little child in his lap. And the most beautiful portrait of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is that in which he takes the little children up in his arms, puts his hands upon them, and blesses them; or that in which he calls a little child unto him, and sets him in the midst of his disciples, to teach them who is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

The Divine Teacher would lead the world back to that simplicity, reverence, and faith which are characteristic of the child.—Dr. Frank Bristol, in "The Religious Instinct of Man."

Some Good Anecdotes

He Got Even

Mark Twain tells this story of how he got even with a canny lassie who was telegraph operator at the Glasgow end of a London line: "I had run up to Glasgow on my way to the Highlands," said Mr. Clemens, "and stepped into a telegraph and postal station to send a despatch to a friend in London. I asked several questions as to how long it would take, when the message would be delivered, etc. The girl at the desk was inclined to be snubbish, and at the third or fourth question she cut me dead. But I got even with her. I just sent my friend this message: 'Arrived safely. Girls here are ugly and bad-tempered. And she had to send it, too!'

Practice Makes Perfect

General Howard was an invited guest at a dinner given by a boys' patriotic club. His attention was called to a little fellow who gave evidence of greatly enjoying the dinner. The Mail and Express gives the conversation that took place between them:

"You eat very well, my son," said the old soldier.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, if you love your flag as well as your dinner, you'll make a good patriot," General Howard's eyes beamed on the boy.

"Yes, sir; but I've been practising eating twelve years, and I ain't owned a gun but six months," was the laconic reply.

The Busy Shopper

At one store the goods bore the mark "69 cents."

"I am sure it is cheaper at the other place," said the busy shopper. Then she rushed to the other place, tripped up three old ladies in the rush, tore her skirt just where it showed, and found the same goods marked 69 cents.

"But I believe," she argued to herself, "that the other was a little bit heavier and closer woven." Whereupon she walked five blocks back to the first store to compare samples. In the scramble she lost a handkerchief and three hair-pins. The goods seemed to be identical. "Still," she declared, "I think there is more of a variety at the other store."

A Little Dense

Judge Dickinson, of Tennessee, chief counsel for the United States before the Alaskan Boundary Commission, tells a story about Ambassador Choate, which he relates as part of his recent London experience. He says: "During the experience I was a guest at an English home one evening when many distinguished diplomats were present. Among them none received more attention than Minister Choate. One English lady, apparently wishing to be a bit quizzical, said to the minister: 'Mr. Choate, who would you rather be if you were not Ambassador Choate?' With the suaveness of manner for which he is noted the minister replied: 'Madame, in such a case I would rather be the second husband of Mrs. Choate.' Needless to say, the retort and pretty compliment to the well-beloved wife of the American ambassador was greeted with laughing approval by the little group that were parties to the conversation. As I was walking away with an English statesman of international repute, I said: 'That was a clever retort

of the ambassador's.' 'Yes,' replied the Britisher, 'but, by the way, would you mind telling me who was the second husband of Mrs. Choate?'

The Dog Remembered

A gentleman who is a great traveller, and who is always accompanied in his wanderings by a bull terrier, to which he is much attached, arrived one day in the city of Florence. His dog was for a porter at the station, and in the excitement of the crowd and under the unusual experience of being separated from his master, who generally kept the animal with him, Bruno was moved to make his escape.

The most careful search was made, and before going to his hotel the traveller went to the police station to notify the gendarmes of his loss. It was more than an hour before he reached his hotel. When he got there, he spoke of his loss, so that if anything was heard of the dog it would be understood that the animal belonged to him. To his astonishment the porter said: 'But your dog is here, sir. He came before you, and we did not know to whom he belonged.'

"The dog is here!" repeated the gentleman in surprise. "How came he here?"

"He ran in, sir, about half an hour ago, and after sniffing about the office for a little while, he ran upstairs. I gave orders to have him driven out; but the boys have been busy, and he is up there somewhere now."

The traveller, of course, went upstairs at once, and there on the mat before the chamber numbered forty-four lay Bruno, who sprang up with the most frantic demonstrations of delight at finding his master again.

The gentleman remembered that two years previous he had been with the dog in Florence, and stayed at this hotel. He did not remember that he had occupied this particular room, but on reference to the hotel register such was found to be the fact.

Strange Tongues

It does not need foreign languages to make the speech of two persons unintelligible to each other, as was illustrated in this examination of a boatswain as a witness in court:

"Now, Mr. Truck," said the lawyer, "you will be good enough to tell the court precisely what you know concerning the prisoner at the bar."

"Well," said Jack, "ye see, 'twas like this. I was doddin' along in the lee of the town hall, just backin' and fillin' so's to let a little cutter as I was expectin' range up alongside, when all of a sudden that fellow opened out the harbor lights, and came bowling along like the Flying Dutchman. When he came under my keel, he jammed on the port tack, until he nearly fouled the pier head. Then he put his wheel up, and bore away before a good ten-knot."

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "this jargon is utterly unintelligible to the court. You must be more explicit. Was not the night on which you saw the prisoner a particularly stormy one?"

"Oh, well," replied Jack, "you could have carried your topsails easily enough, and your courses, too, but it would hardly have been safe to set your topgallants without a double reef in each of 'em. You might have carried the spanker with one reef, but she would have steered better if you had put on a couple."

"This is not answering my question," cried the lawyer. "About what time was it on the night on which you saw the prisoner?"

"About two bells in the second dog-watch."

"It is only waste of time dealing with such stupidity," said the judge, in despair. "You can stand down."

"I can what?" asked Jack.

"Stand down, sir," cried the lawyer.

"Been at sea thirty years, and never heard such an order all the time. What do you mean?"

"Think he means you to trip your anchor, Jack," cried a voice in court.

"Well, why didn't he say so?" muttered Jack, as he was leaving the courtroom. "Blest if I ever saw such a lot of lubbers; they don't know as much as the cook's boy."

Three Views of the Matter

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman tells an admirable story of the advice given by an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, respectively, to a gentleman whose servant was constantly breaking articles in the household.

The Englishman in his blunt, honest way, said to the employer, 'Oh, get rid of him! dismiss him.'

The Scotchman's advice was, 'Stop the money out of his wages.'

"But," said the master, "he breaks more than his wages amount to."

"Then," said the Irishman, "raise his wages."

The Most Absent-Minded Man

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, at a dinner party was describing the absent-mindedness of a certain mathematician.

"This man," he said, "is so absent-minded that once he walked along for a quarter of a mile in the gutter instead of on the sidewalk. He would have kept on in the gutter indefinitely had not the polished back of a brougham that was drawn up before a shop brought him to a halt."

"The mathematician stopped within a foot of the brougham. He looked at the black, smooth, lustrous surface before him, and it suggested to his mind a blackboard. Accordingly he drew a piece of chalk from his pocket and began to work out an abstruse problem."

"On and on he worked, covering the carriage with figures, till finally it started off. Still working, the mathematician followed it; he held on to the body with his left hand; and not until the pace became too quick for him did he realize that something was wrong. Then he sighed, looked about him in a dazed way, pocketed his chalk and departed homeward."

Be Confident in Christ

Learn what it means. "When I am weak, then am I strong." Gather confidence thus from your impotence. No lack in all the universe but there is a supply. The deeper the pit, the reader are the waters shall fill. And how deep is the pit of your despair!

If Christ were in Sirius, well might you faint; but your Confidence is by your side.

If Christ were ever at a loss, well might you faint; but your Confidence is Omnipotence.

If Christ ever turned away, well might you faint; but always it is men that turn away from Christ.

Then be confident in Christ, brother! Dare to say, 'I am saved!' Not, 'I hope I am saved,' but 'I am saved!' 'Not, 'I hope I shall be saved,' but 'I am saved!' Dare to assert, 'I am done with sin, for I have begun with Christ.' Clothe yourself in his armor, and know yourself invincible. Do not dream of

defeat; dream of him. Do not look to yourself; look at him. Do not remember the past; remember him who has become your staidness and inevitable Future.—From "Help for the Tempted," by Amos R. Wells.

Fool Questions

"Hans, I don't know if I vas a Joker, but I tell you how she vas. I vas going along der street der odder day, and I meets a man mit two watch chains on his vest. I stop him and ask:

"Vhlll you please be so kind ash to tell me what time it vas by your right hand watch?"

"I shall," he says, and he pulls out a watch, and it vas ten minutes to ten. Den I says:

"Und now please tell me what time it vas by your left hand watch?"

"Certainly," he says, and he pulls out dot watch and says it vas ten minutes after ten.

"How vas dot you vas twenty minutes different between your two watches?" I says.

"Oh, dot vas der time taken up in answering fool questions," he laughs as he goes on. "Now, Hans, vas dere some joke in dot?"

Unselfish Devotion to Duty

When Judge Taft's health failed, and it was proposed to bring him to the long-desired seat on the Supreme Bench, with an accord the Filipinos protested. Judge Taft vas danger to all his work if he came away, so he again put by the justice-ship, and promised the anxious and suspicious Filipinos that he surely would return. That promise he kept, though the physician and the surgeon who treated him for the serious illness contracted in the islands, warned him that it meant grave danger to his life. While he was here, President Roosevelt said to him:

"If a vacancy comes in the Supreme Court, I do not see how I could possibly give the place to you, for we need you where you are."

"It has always been my dream to be in the Supreme Court," replied Judge Taft; "but if you should offer me a justiceship now, and at the same time Congress should deprive me of my entire salary as governor, I should go straight back to the Philippines, nevertheless, for those people expect me, and I believe I will not desert them."

Queer Almanacs

The boundary-riders of the great Australian sheep-ranches have each a district to look after, in which one must keep the wire fences in repair, and see that the sheep come to no harm, and that the lonely life, living, as each boundary-rider does, quite alone in the wilderness.

A writer tells of some of the curious ways in which these solitary men keep count of the days.

"One old chap, who had lived in the back country for thirty years, used two jam tins and seven pebbles. One tin was marked, "This week," and the other, "Last week." On Monday morning he would take a pebble from "Last week," and drop it into "This week," and one every subsequent morning, till "This week" had swallowed the seven. They were returned to "Last week," and the old fellow knew that another Sunday had passed.

Another man had tried and failed with several plans. At last he hit on a new idea. He made a big damper (cake of flour and water) on Sunday night, and marked it into seven sections, each section being a day's allowance. It so happened every time he picked up the damper the grooves would remind him of the day.

Unfortunately, one Tuesday there came a visitor with a ravenous appetite. The host invited himself that the hungry one might be satisfied with the day's section, but he wasn't. With anxious eyes the host saw the knife clearing the boundary-line, and the hungry man ruthlessly carving into his almanac. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Stop! stop!" he cried, as he grabbed the damper, and glared at it.

"There," he said, "you've eaten Toosday and We'n'sday, and now yer wanter slice the best o' the mornin' off o' Thursday; an' I won't know the day o' the w'ek."

Gratified, But Not Satisfied

Two Hebrews entered a restaurant together, animated by a spirit of generous rivalry in the matter of courtesy. As Lippincott's Magazine tells the story, an amusing situation grew out of this Chesterfieldian rivalry.

When Jacob called for trout, his friend Isaac was too polite to ask for anything else.

The waiter brought in the double order. And one fish upon the plate was large, while the other, by contrast, was pitifully small. It was an emergency foreseen by the courtesy of both, who would have equalled any crisis.

Jacob flung himself back in his chair with a generous indifference.

"Isaac, hellup yourselfs."

"Jacob, id iss you who der honorable-ness shall haf!"

"Isaacs, I insistings upon id!"

"Jacob, vill you me to shtarve allow?"

With a deep sigh of content, Jacob helped himself to the larger fish.

His silence fell. It lasted until the third forkful found capacious immolation behind the shrubbery of Jacob's beard.

"Do you," inquired Isaac, with bitterness, "iss boltteness imachine, der piggest feesh to take?"

"Didn't you," with elaborate suavity, "me to hellup myselfs reekwest?"

"But to der piggest feesh."

"Vell, if you yourselfs haf first helped, vill youd you took?"

"Me!" with unction of proud virtue. "I wuld haf took der liddlest feesh."

"Vell, you got id, ain't you?"

Service Promptly Accepted

Many are the absurd tasks that the candidates for initiation into certain college fraternities are compelled to perform before they are entitled to full membership, and not all are as useful in the end as the following. The Youth's Companion tells the story:

Miss Nancy Shykes, an elderly spinster, whose home was in a college town, was surprised one morning by a visit from a young man in fantastic garb.

"Good morning, madam!" he said, lifting his jaunty little straw hat—it was in the dead of winter. "This is Miss Shykes, is it not?"

"Yes, sir. What do you want of me?"

"I am sent here," he replied, with the utmost solemnity, "by the Eta Beta Pie Society, to sweep your kitchen, paint your house, attend to your stoves, milk your cow, or do anything else you may want me to do. I await your orders, madam."

Miss Nancy, who was a woman of rare self-possession, reflected a moment.

"All those things have been attended to," she said, rubbing her nose. "but you may pay off the mortgage on my house."

"How much is it?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"It shall be done, madam," he said, without the slightest change in the expression of his face. "I wish you good morning!"

He lifted his straw hat again, bowed profoundly, and was gone.

It only remains to add that the young man, who was the only son of rich parents, and could well afford the sum out of his allowance, was as good as his word.

Jack Conquered

A Scotch farmer who possessed many miles of rough hill pasture, advertised for a shepherd, and a bandy-legged man promptly applied for the job in person. "Have you had any experience?" asked the farmer. "No, not yet." "Do you think you could manage?" "Ay, sir, I am sure!" "Where are your dogs?" "I've none." "What were you before applying for this job?" "A sailor."

"But, man—you'll never manage!" However, more by way of a joke than anything else, the farmer told him he would try him, and ordered him to have the whole stock brought into the pens by six o'clock the next morning. "Jack" was cheerfully undertook the task, and, to the farmer's astonishment, when he burst down to the pens a little before six, all the sheep were enclosed, and the bold sailor was sitting on the fence smoking his pipe. On closer inspection, the farmer was more astonished to see a big brown hair among the sheep, and burst out, "Mercy on us! How did that get there?" "Oh, you mean that wee broon yin?" "Jack" said, "Mon, he gieed me mair' bother than a' the rest o' them pit together!"

A Close Corporation

In a certain Highland parish the church collection, after being counted, was placed in a box which was consigned to the care of the minister, says the author of "Bygone Church Life in Scotland." The minister hid it, with the key, in a place known only to himself and the beadle.

In spite of this, small sums of money were regularly extracted from the hoard, and one Sunday, when the minister discovered that some more had disappeared, he summoned the beadle.

"David," said he, "some one has been taking the church money from the box, and you know there is no one has access to it but you and myself."

"Thinking he had the beadle thoroughly cornered, the minister fixed him with his eye, and paused for an answer. But David dumbfounded him by his cool proposal:

"Weel, minister, then if there's a defeesency, it's for you an' me to make it up atween us an' say naething about it."

Trapped

Representative Reeder of Kansas saw a five-cent piece on the floor of a Pennsylvania Avenue car one afternoon while he was on his way down from the Capitol. He picked the nickel up, and said: "Is there anybody in the car who has lost a ten-dollar gold piece?" Ten people, white and black, promptly said in chorus: "I did." "All right," said Reeder, as he slid for the door; "I just found a nickel of it. I don't know where the other nine dollars and ninety-five cents went."

A Case of Necessity

Judge Parry, of the English judiciary, tells of a feeble-looking man who was rebuked for supporting a ridiculous claim made by his wife. "I tell you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story," said Judge Parry. "Yer may do as yer like," replied the man, mournfully, "but I've got to."

Tent and Out-of-Door Work

By REV. J. B. ELY, General Secretary Philadelphia Evangelistic Committee.

The tent stands for the preaching of the Gospel to the people, where the people may be gathered together most conveniently to themselves, be it in tent, on street corner, in theatre, groves and churchyards, or anywhere else. We believe that the spirit and teachings of Christ are most effective in the saving of souls where we, as Christian witnesses, work in simple faith upon this principle. We do not, therefore, apologize for Tent Work, or hesitate to suggest the above principle. We would go further and say that Tent Work, as all other forms of evangelism, has been successful in proportion to the strict adherence to the aim suggested. Simple principles require simple methods, but where the method is depended upon, rather than the principle, failure results, be it in tent, tabernacle, or temple.

1. TENT WORK; ITS PLACE AND RESULTS.

So long as generations are born and pass away in rapid succession, foreign, heathen and semi-heathen nations pour into our land, together with the ever-existing tendency in human hearts to drift back into the state from which grace has brought them, there will remain a place and demand for the tent type and principle of work.

The present rising tide of evangelism demanding simple method is no new discovery, but a return to that primitive form or first principle of work, from which we should never have been allured. The work done by John Wesley and George Whitefield in the open fields will ever stand as indicating large measure of blessing upon that form of evangelism. Later on this kind of work took the form of camp-meetings so largely blessed in the early days of pioneer Methodism as well as in other denominations.

VALUE OF WORK SHOWN FROM EXPERIENCE.

It is not a cause of wonder or surprise that the Tent Movement in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and elsewhere during the past few summers has been crowned with such blessed results. The surprise is that we did not start it long ago, and that there are to-day so many who are even yet "slow of heart to believe." While I have no doubt the Tent Work in other cities has been followed with good results, and would clearly prove the principles involved, yet, having had experience only in the Philadelphia work, I must speak as a witness of that which my eyes have seen.

For four summers, beginning with 1899, the work has been carried on with increasing success.

During the first season three tents were in operation. By moving each tent three times during the summer, nine sections of the city were visited. During a period of less than three months 400 sermons and addresses were delivered. The aggregate attendance was over 150,000. A few more than 900 openly professed conversion. In this number were included only those who, after manifesting quivers' cards, signed the interest in other ways, signed the interest in other ways, signed the interest than this had, during the meetings, asked for prayer and in other ways showed interest.

During the second season, 1900, five tents were used, and by occasionally moving them, fifteen different points were covered.

During the third season, 1901, seven tents were placed in the field.

During the fourth season, 1902, ten tents were operated, with the two piers and five open-air noon-day meetings.

One self-supporting church, with building erected and paid for, has been organized as one of the results. While more than 1,000 determined to live Christian lives, we have every reason to believe that no figures measure the extent of the results. Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D.D., recently stated in the presence of the interested ministers that he firmly believed that every denomination in Philadelphia had been directly benefited by the Tent Work. Of the number he had recently received into his church, five were the result of the Tent Work. The work, while directed by a single denomination, had in its results been interdenominational.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGE OF TENT WORK.

Larger audiences can be reached, doubtless, in the open air than in the tent; and the meetings on vacant lots without cover accommodate more and more people. Yet the tent has an advantage, although more expensive. By the use of the tent, people can be seated in a comfortable, orderly manner. The speaker can control his audience to better advantage and speak with ease. Fishermen and personal workers have better opportunities. The singing can be better organized. After-meetings for inquirers can be quietly conducted, and better results in every way secured. The tent combines all the advantages of the open air with those of a building, in that the speaker and the speaking goes out over the community and people can hear on the outside of the tent as well as in, especially where the tent walls are up; and at the same time an orderly and effective service can be conducted within. The tent is a step on the part of the people in the direction of the church, and on the part of the church in the direction of the people.

In regard to size, our experience is that a tent seating 400 is most serviceable. In fair weather you have sufficient space on the outside for any audience, and on rainy nights you have all the space you need on the inside.

TENTS FOR VILLAGES AND TOWNS.

While what has been said is the result of experience in a large city, yet reports of successful meetings in towns, villages and country districts have been so numerous that can be done in large cities can be done with less expense and greater effectiveness in smaller places.

ESSENTIALS TO SUCCESS.

One man who believes, not only that such work ought to be done, but that God would give him the power to do it, can succeed. If your faith is a little weak, pray for the fire of the Apostle Paul. Read from the life of Whitefield, John Wesley, Peter Waldo, John Huss and Martin Luther and inquire if they had any power that you and I cannot have if we will only believe that we have the power to do it. If you will only stop our crying for power and go out upon the steps of our churches or country stores, or to open groves or tent, and preach what we believe and believe what we preach, we will find every promise of God's word for power literally fulfilled, and we may add as our consolation that we will never know what real Pentecostal power for the preacher is until we do. Simply to encourage some brother, may I add that the best

service it has been my privilege to conduct the past winter was in a little country store where fifty or more men stood who could not be persuaded to attend church. If we who believe could but half believe the promise of Christ, "Lo, I am with you," and even with feebleness go out, this country would soon be evangelized.

A firm belief that the Gospel earnestly preached to the multitudes will meet with response. Fearlessness, humility, prayerful preparation, courage are very helpful to adapt method to any rising circumstance, are essential qualifications. Believe that the command, "Go ye" applies to us as individual Christians, and that, if we obey it, we will assuredly realize the promise, "Lo, I am with you all the days."

STEREOPTICON SERVICE.

For open air meetings, pictures thrown upon a screen are very useful in attracting and holding an audience. Carefully selected pictures are very helpful, in illustrating Gospel truths. Good care should be exercised in the selection of pictures, and not more than ten or twelve be used in a single service. Only one general subject should be brought before the people in a single service. The object should always be, not to entertain, but to simplify some truth. Occasionally, the stereopticon can be used to good advantage in the tent, especially in a children's service when such a service is held in the evening.

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

Summer afternoons and evenings are the best time, not only of the day, but of the year, to reach children. They are then out of school and usually out of doors. By playing a cornet they can be gathered into a congregation of almost any size. The children themselves are the most hopeful and, in many respects, the most important element of our land. No opportunity should be lost to teach them religious truth and to bring them to look to Christ as their Saviour. Through them literature can be gotten into the homes. In them are found the best advertising agents. Get the goodwill of the children of any community and tent meetings will succeed.

PARK MEETINGS.

Rev. S. Edward Young, of Pittsburg, has had phenomenal success in conducting meetings in the parks of that city. It is estimated that upon a single day he, with other ministers, addressed 75,000 people.

Last summer in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in the Music Pavilion, for the first time, a Sabbath morning service was conducted at eleven o'clock. From 2,000 to 2,500 people would gather when the weather was favorable and attendance, which was most respectful and orderly, was made up of all classes of people. The people would remain at the close of the service for fully half an hour, and gather about the platform to express appreciation or secure a tract or leave an offering. Ordinarily \$15 or \$20 would thus be left. No baskets were passed for offerings.

On Sabbath evenings a similar service was held at Washington Park, on the Delaware River, where thousands of people are accustomed to gather on Sabbath and engage in all sorts of amusements, as well as to be entertained by fine music. For an hour and a half all amusements were suspended while the band would play the Gospel music, and a regular religious service would be conducted. From 4,000 to 5,000 people would thus be in the service, in a series of moments under the influence of the Gospel. Services were also conducted on the boats which carried the people to and from the park.

Book Shelf.

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

In God's Out-of-Doors. By William A. Quayle, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Price, \$1.75.

If you are looking for a handsome book present for a friend, here is the very thing that will delight both giver and receiver. It is really what the publishers call an "edition de luxe," for it is printed on heavy calendered paper, and is most artistically arranged. The illustrations are unusually fine, and number over a hundred. The author does not profess to be an entomologist, nor botanist, nor ornithologist, but he loves everything out-of-doors, and writes enthusiastically of blue sky, quiet waters, drifting clouds, flowers and fruits, trees and birds. The object of it all is to bring the reader into fellowship and love with God. This is a splendid book to take to the woods, or to the seashore to read during the summer holidays.

The Philippines and the Far East. By Rev. Dr. Homer C. Stuntz. Published by Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati, Ohio. Price, \$1.75.

The author of this book is well qualified to write on this subject, having been

"The Church." Dr. Burrell is thoroughly orthodox, and defends the Bible with vigor. His arraignment of the higher criticism of the day is the strongest thing that we have seen. Several of the sermons of this volume are devoted to this subject.

Sermons. By Rev. George R. Stuart. Price, \$1.00.

At the Detroit International Epworth League Convention, a remarkable address was delivered to men, by Rev. Geo. R. Stuart, in the Tent. We venture the assertion that all who heard it will want to see this volume of sermons which has just been published. George R. Stuart is known all through the South as a very successful evangelist who has labored frequently with Sam Jones. He has an original way of putting things, and strikes right out from the shoulder at everything he regards as evil. He has selected from the vast number of discourses which he has delivered with such power in his revivals seven of the most striking and prominent ones, and they are now published in a handsome volume of two hundred pages. Among them is his famous sermon on temperance, which has never failed to create a profound impression wherever delivered. The others are on the following topics: "The Chris-

of all, perhaps, is the way that in IX., X. and XI. he shows heredity not as a maker always of machines but of men, men weighted with greater responsibility than our fathers knew, and granted surer ground of hope than they.

The Religious Instinct of Man. By Rev. Frank Bristol, D.D. Published by Messrs. Jennings & Pye. Price, 50 cents.

This is volume two of a series of sermons by representative American Methodist preachers. Dr. Bristol is pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington, and one of the most impressive preachers in the United States. These discourses are thoughtful, suggestive, and helpful to the development of spiritual life. The following are the subjects: 'The religious instinct of man; Christianity and the Anglo-Saxons; Christmas and the greatness of childhood; The blessings of solitude; The ministry of affliction; The Angels' Easter greeting; The Knights of the Cross on Olivet; The poets on Immortality.'

James Chalmers, of New Guinea. Missionary, pioneer, martyr. By Outburt Lennox. Published by Andrew Melrose, London, Eng. Price, 75 cents.

The life of one of the most devoted and heroic of modern missionaries in modern times is here presented in most interesting form. Everyone who is concerned in the progress of Christ's Kingdom should know something of the work accomplished by James Chalmers at Raratonga and New Guinea.

In his verses, "In Memoriam," of Chalmers, Mr. John Oxenham expresses the confidence that

His name
Shall kindle many a heart to equal flame,
The fire he kindled shall burn on and on,
Till all the darkness of the land be gone
And all the kingdoms of the earth be won.

Tales from Tennyson. By Rev. G. C. Allen, M.A. Published by Morang & Co., Toronto. Price, 30 cents.

The object of this book is to put within the reach of younger readers the substance of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' preserving, as far as possible, both the letter and the spirit of the poet's work. The work is well done, and those who peruse this book will undoubtedly be induced to read "The Idylls of the King," if they have not already done so, and to re-read them, if they have. Those who want to know about the famous "King Arthur," and the Knights of the Round Table, should get this book.

According to Season. Talks about the flowers in the order of their appearance in the woods and fields in the Spring. By Frances Theodora Parsons. Toronto: The Geo. S. Morang Co., Price, \$1.50.

This is a fine book for summer reading, as it deals with out-door subjects, such as birds, trees, rocks, flowers, etc., considering them, as the title indicates, "according to seasons." A chapter is devoted to "May notes," another to "The leafy month of June," another to "Midsummer," etc. It is written in charming style, beautifully illustrated, and is full of interesting information. What a pity it is that books of this class could not be more generally read instead of the enervating summer novel!

Torchbearers of the Faith. A book of Christian Heroes. By Alexander Suttie, M.A. Published by Andrew Melrose, London, Eng. Price, \$1.25.

A series of biographies of good and great men who stood as torch-bearers of the faith in various ages of the world's history. The life story of such men as Savonarola, Melancthon, George Fox, and a number of missionaries, is told in the most interesting manner. It is a book which can be commended to young people without reservation.



A VIEW OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF 1903 AT 12 O'CLOCK POINT.
The School this year will be held from June 23rd to 30th, when a large rally is expected.

a missionary in India for 8 years, and having had two years' residence in the Philippine Islands. As a speaker he is vigorous and impressive, and as a writer sprightly and instructive. A large amount of valuable information about the Philippine Islands has been packed into the 500 pages of this fine book. Dr. Stuntz describes the country and the people in the most interesting manner, and tells why the friars are so hated by the natives. He deals with the resources of the islands, the government situation, missionary and educational difficulties, social order, etc. The book is embellished by a large number of engravings and ought to have a wide circulation.

Christ and Progress. A discussion of problems of our time. By Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., Pastor of the Collegiate Church, New York. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto and Chicago. Price, \$1.20.

Dr. Burrell is one of the most effective preachers in New York. His sermons are clear, straightforward, and at times eloquent. These sermons, recently preached in his own church, are strong, earnest presentations of truth, and are thoroughly evangelical, dealing with such subjects as "The Unchangeable Christ," "The Unchangeable Book," "The Unchangeable Plan of Salvation," "The Christian,"

tian Home," "Strong Womanhood," "Love Your Enemies," "The Snare of the Fowler," "The World's Bid for a Man," and "Following Christ Afar Off." These sermons are just as they were delivered, without any attempt to change or embellish them, and deal with the intensely practical phases of life in a way to awaken interest and to create an impression. The book can be obtained by addressing Mrs. Geo. R. Stuart, Cleveland, Tenn., U.S., or from the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

A Young Man's Religion. By the Rev. George Jackson. Hoelder & Stoughton. Price, \$1.25.

Bracing and fresh as a breeze from the heather-clad hills are these books of Geo. Jackson. This is a series of sermonic addresses to Edinburgh's leveled young manhood. A practical purpose, directness of aim, and simple Anglo-Saxon speech assure him welcome. And, without obtrusion, there is that evident acquaintance with scholarship's findings which awakens confidence in those who hear.

"The difference Christ has made" gives good anchorage in these restless days, whilst "The sermon on the Mount and the Christian Gospel" is note of our healthfullest Christian teachings. Best

Missionary.

The Missionary Call

Hark, the bugle call of God!
Down the ages sounding,
"Go ye, and proclaim abroad
News of grace abounding!"

Let the sacred heralds go,
Through the vales and mountains;
Steady streams of treasure flow
From the golden fountains!

Tell the news! Tell the news!
Let the farthest nation
Hear the sound, the world around,
Tidings of salvation!

—A. T. Pierson, D.D.

Japan Annual Conference

The following communication will be read with great interest:

As this is a mission conference, and as the Epworth League support all the missionaries and several of the pastors of this conference, a short account of the annual meeting will be of interest to the readers of The Era. The sixteenth session of Conference opened on April 13th and closed on the 18th. There were thirty-two ministerial and thirty-two lay delegates present, but only three of the latter registered. It was the smallest attendance of lay delegates for many years. Perhaps the war and the war-taxes kept some away. There was an increase of 108 church-members reported. The number of baptisms was 258, but as a number of members in the Hokkaido, where we have not had a pastor for several years, asked for their letters of withdrawal that they might unite with other churches, the net increase was lowered.

The total givings of the membership was yen 6,262.92, or, in Canadian currency, \$3,131.46, an average of about \$110 per member.

We have 3,171 children in our Sunday-schools; an increase of 723 as compared with last year.

Query: Are missionaries needed? Are they appreciated in Japan?

Answer: The Japanese brethren of the Yamanashi district urged that a missionary be sent them. They said that if one of experience were appointed they all would favor making him chairman of the district. The pastor of Ichikawa circuit said that if the missionary would live in their town he would be furnished with a free house—a very good Japanese house. Rev. A. C. Borden, D.D., was appointed to the Yamanashi district, and, though not in the country, he was elected chairman almost unanimously.

Rev. Y. Hirata was again elected President of the Conference on the first ballot by a good majority. He was removed from Kotu and stationed in the Central Tabernacle, Hongo, Tokio. Rev. M. Takagi, B.D., also well-known to the readers of The Era, was stationed at the Azabu Church. His address will be No. 8 Torii-zaka machi, Azabu, Tokio. In many ways the Conference session was a very satisfactory and encouraging one.

In spite of the great war in which Japan is engaged, it is wonderful that so little excitement is noticeable throughout the country. One might travel freely about and not know that Japan was passing through a great crisis which will, to some extent, affect all nations and greatly influence the future of the Orient. Her self-control and dignity, her honorable conduct of the war thus far, should do much to dissipate erroneous and prejudiced opinions about her.

One remarkable thing is that the Imperial Government of Japan has so far

recognized Christianity as to consent to the appointment of army chaplains. Six native and six foreign workers are to go at the Government's expense. Truly this is a great opportunity.

D. NORMAN,
Nagano, Shinshu, Japan.

April 27, 1904.

What is the Great Commission?

What is it? You wonder that I should ask such a question. Well, it does seem that it ought to be superfluous. And yet it is not. In a general way, the command of Christ that the gospel be carried to the whole world is the greatest commission ever entrusted to the hand of man. But so long as you and I continue to look at it in the same general way, we have, as individuals, missed the greatest commission of all.

When Paul went to Damascus on that memorable day when the Lord met him in that way, he says that he carried a commission. Just then the great commission to Paul was this one which committed to him the work of hunting out and arresting despised Christians. It was great because it belonged to him, and no one could do it for him. After that another work was committed to the hands of this man, and from henceforth this was to him the one great commission.

The same thing is true with every individual. With you and I are responsible for carrying out our Lord's last command, there is some special part of it which each one can, and therefore is under obligations to perform. If you have money, be it ever so little, that might help to bring the light unto others, you have been commissioned to give that, and nothing another can give will relieve you from your obligation. If there is an unsaved soul near you that you might reach, your order reads, "Go and tell the good news to every creature that hears thee." If you can say any other thing to the glory of God, this thing is yours to do. The great commission. Worldwide evangelization means piece-by-piece evangelization through the individual disciples.—Lookout.

Superficial Judgments

Japan, even more than other mission fields, perhaps, suffers from the superstitious prejudice of travellers. It is a fascinating country to visit, and many who go there, amazed by the progress in civilization already made, think of the work in Japan as about finished. Gifted writers like Sir Edwin Arnold and Lafcadio Hearn, having access to all that is best in Japanese life, are charmed with the beauty and sentiment of what they have seen, have put such a glamor over the whole life of the Japanese people that many are beginning to think that Japan might well send missionaries to America. There are many who agree with a certain American who had spent but two months in Japan, and who said to a missionary: "It is a pity to disturb the people in their religious beliefs; the other day I saw an old man at a hotel, reading a Buddhist book, and the expression on his face was so peaceful I thought it a pity to uproot his old faith and transplant new ideas into his mind." This sympathetic observer had been in Japan so short a time that he could neither read nor speak the language; he had simply jumped to the conclusion that the old man was reading was a book on Buddhism. And yet the reports of such men on returning to America are so often received without question that the missionaries who have spent years in studying the field realize as never before, the truth of the statement that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."—Christian Work and Evangelist.

A Prophet of God

Bishop Thoburn's address before the Philadelphia Missionary Convention is thus described by the Western Christian Advocate: "Bishop Thoburn is always speaks like a prophet of God. He asserted, in one address, that he was conscious that Christ stood beside him as he spoke, and that he knew that he was giving a message in his name. He believes in having visions without being visionary; in opening our eyes to behold the opportunities lying before us which he describes and outrun imagination. His description of the contrast seen in his own lifetime between the insignificant beginnings of missionary conquest and the present glorious conquests stirred us all to the depths. He appeals for young men to come forward by the thousand for the work. 'Lift up your eyes and look on the fields.' Mohammedans were enrolled among our preachers. High-caste men—Brahmins—had been converted, and our chief were preaching. But there was great religious and social movement among those who felt that there was no hope for them in heathenism. Whole communities were asking for baptism. There is no true spiritual work that does not affect the secular element. Our chief difficulties are financial. Let the Church give from its poverty or its abundance, and the men and women can be found by the thousands to take the field for Christ. 'I don't believe the world is going to everlasting smash!' he vehemently cried."

Missionary Nuggets

The native Church of Fiji contributed \$25,000 to foreign missions in 1902. Sixty-eight years ago a missionary was not allowed to remain, and many were killed by the natives.

A noble sentiment is attributed to Jacob A. Riis. He said he once travelled against foreign missions, but he has learned that "for every dollar you give away to convert the heathen abroad, God gives you ten dollars' worth of purpose to deal with your heathen at home."

Dr. George F. Pentecost, after extensive travels in the East, declares that China is the most important mission field. His reasons are that the Chinaman is the strongest Oriental man, and that the Chinese question is the most significant political problem now before the world. Christianity can solve it—nothing else can.

I have long since ceased to pray, "Lord Jesus have compassion upon a lost world." I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me: "I would have compassion on a lost world, and now it is time that you to have compassion."—A. J. Gordon.

John G. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides, reports: "The converts at the mission stations in Malekula have built a Christian village, in which they live. All are clothed. They begin and close every day with praise and prayer, and are very happy with each other, giving a daily object-lesson to the heathen of the joy and peace of Christianity."

When Stanley passed through the African territory from east to west and came out by the Congo to the Atlantic ocean, he said that the natives of the Congo basin were more like demons than like human beings. To-day there is a church of 2,000 members at Banza Manteka, and every member of the church is pledged to total abstinence from intoxicants.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S Forward Movement for Missions.

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

Reasons for Attending a Summer School.

We copy the pointed paragraphs given below from a very neat circular sent out by the Winnipeg District Summer-school Committee. They are applicable to all schools for the study of the Bible and missions.

WHY YOU SHOULD ATTEND A SUMMER SCHOOL
FOR THE STUDY OF BIBLE AND MISSIONS.

1. Because it is a spiritual stimulus. The Holy Ghost is much more manifest in a gathering like this, every member of which is a Christian, than in a meeting where some are not Christians and perhaps unsympathetic.
2. Because it will unravel many Bible mysteries, will inspire you with a greater love for, and teach you how to systematically study your Bible.
3. Because it will give you much valuable reliable missionary information. Besides being authentic it is up-to-date.
4. Because the discussions and talks will be strictly practical. It will furnish you with new plans and methods of work and will help you to keep your League out of ruts.
5. Because it will be information, and inspiration gained by personal contact with leaders in Church, League, and Sunday-school work.
6. Because it will give you a grand opportunity to form new friendships and consequently widen your sphere of influence.
7. Because it will make you feel like new plans, new friendships, new ideas, new plans, new information, new enthusiasms, new ideals will be a partial result of this holiday for you.
8. Because you owe it to yourself, to your League, and to your Saviour to develop yourself as much as possible, using every means available. The Summer-school is one of the greatest chances you have ever had.
9. Because you need a holiday. Everybody does occasionally. The system requires recreation. You can never have a better chance than this. It will stimulate the physical, cultivate the mental, inspire the spiritual, and send you home feeling like a new creature.
10. Because it is to be held at Kinnardine, where you have the benefit of the fresh lake breezes and almost all the comforts of a popular resort. The cost has been placed at a minimum, the arrangements are as perfect as can be made. Will you come, or rather, can you afford to stay away?

News Items.

The Leagues of the Uxbridge District are being visited by Mr. Copeland, of Victoria College. The District Epworth League Convention was held on May 26th.

Rev. M. Tate, missionary to the tribes of the Fraser, British Columbia, has been assigned to the St. Thomas District Epworth League at Sudbury. Mr. Tate is one of our pioneer missionaries in the West, having entered the work thirty-three years ago under Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon. Mr. Tate is in the midst of the largest Indian community in British Columbia, having one thousand needy Indians under his care. We wish the St. Thomas District great blessing in being fellow-workers with Mr. Tate in

bringing the Gospel to the Indians of the Vancouver Island. Mr. Tate's post-office address is Duncan, B.C.

Rev. A. C. Borden, who is home on furlough from Japan, has spent a very busy winter visiting the Leagues of the Nova Scotia Conference. The young people of the Nova Scotia Conference are united for the support of Mr. Borden in his work in Japan.

Montreal Conference Summer-school will be held in Montreal from August 8th to 16th. The Executive are entering enthusiastically into the preparation of this school, and we urge the young people who can go for a week to study the Bible and missions.

The Missionary Bulletin begins its second year with the June number. It is filled with information regarding our work on all mission fields. A copy should be in every League. The price is 60 cents a year, or 20 cents a copy. Bound copies of last year's Bulletin may be had for 75 cents.

The programme of the Twelve O'clock Point Summer-school is now ready. Anyone who has seen it will be delighted with the prospect if they are planning to attend. If not, doubtless they will try to find some one who can go to enjoy the profitable outing which this school will try to do for messengers. The young people were present last year were unanimous in their praises of the programme and the management. If space would permit it would give us much pleasure to describe the beautiful grounds, shaded with trees and washed on two sides by the clear water of the Bay of Quinte. While Twelve O'clock Point is far removed from the hustle and bustle of the busy world, yet it is reached in a few minutes by boat or train from Trenton. For information regarding the programme, address the secretary, Rev. S. F. Dixon, B.A., B.D., Wooler, Ont. For information regarding the park and entertainment, write to Mr. B. R. Orser, Trenton, Ont.

A successful plan of raising money for missions in the congregation has been in operation for two or three years in a small Toronto church.

The plan is simply the Forward Movement extended to the whole congregation. A missionary steward is appointed each year by the Quarterly Official Board for the whole church. That steward has supervision over missionary work in all departments and Sunday-school Epworth League, and general congregation.

The envelope system is used largely, and yields the larger part of the missionary income of the church. Collectors call upon those who will not use envelopes, according to the old-time way.

The result has been that in this little church of very little over a hundred members \$250 was raised last year for missions. Of this amount, \$150 was contributed by about thirty-five envelope users, \$77 was given by the Sunday-school, and the balance, \$23, from subscriptions and collections.

If this plan were generally used, it would treble or even quadruple the income of the Missionary Society.

The geography of the Dominion of Canada and Atlas of Western Canada, which has just been issued, is a book which should be in the hands of all our young people. It is filled with miscellaneous information regarding our own country which as yet is scarcely known to the people called Canadians. A short historical sketch, the population, the physical features and the climate are given in an attractive form. Canada is especially an agricultural country. The conditions and extent to which it is carried on in each Province is given. The figures and information contained under

the heading of agriculture is all interesting to thousands of our young people. The forests of Canada form no small source of its wealth, as shown by this geography. The growth of the fisheries and mining interests and the development of the manufactures evidence increasing prosperity. An interesting chapter is that on transportation. How we are governed, our educational system and the possibility of our development must interest every Canadian citizen. This is just the book for the Missionary Department of the Epworth League to use in studying the possibilities of our great West and the problem which its development is bringing to the churches. Any Epworth League Executive which will send the names of the President, Missionary Vice-President and Secretary of the Junior and Senior Leagues may have a free copy of this book, which contains so much information and is filled with splendid illustrations and maps of every Province in the Dominion.

The Forward Movement Missionary Library No. 1 is now ready. This library contains the following books and booklets:

"A copy of 'The Missionary Bulletin.' Quarterly (about 600 pages a year), 60c per year, 20c. copy.

"History of the Forward Movement." By Rev. C. W. Service, B.A., M.D., 25c.

"Our Indian Missions in British Columbia." With Map showing Mission Stations, 5c.

"Indians of Queen Charlotte Islands," with Map showing the Mission Stations. By Rev. B. C. Freeman, 10c.

"How Methodism Came to British Columbia," with Map. By Rev. E. Robson, D.D., 10c.

"The Heart of Sz-Chuan—The Story of Our West China Missions." By E. W. Wallace, B.A. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 35c.

"Confucianism." By Rev. V. C. Hart, D.D. Cloth, 50c; paper, 25c.

"China and the Boxers." By Charles Beak, Introduction by Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D. Cloth, 60c; paper, 35c.

"Mr. Jay." The story of our first martyr in West China. Fifty copies for \$1.00; each 5c.

"Ren Shou," the Gift of the Men to the City. Fifty copies for \$1.00; each, 5c.

"Maps and Pictures of Our Work and Workers in West China." With Map, 15c.

"Tong Chue Thom," a Chinese Missionary in British Columbia, 5c.

"Striking Extracts from Missionary Addresses." Fifty copies for \$1.00; each 5c.

"French Methodist Institute," Lantern Lecture No. 1. By Rev. Principal Villard, 15c.

"Problems in French Evangelization," 10c.

"Mantoba and the North-West," Lectures given by Dr. John McLean, at the Summer School, Victoria College.

"Fire and Flood in Japan." 5c.

"History of Methodism." By Telford, 5c.

"The Life of John Wesley." By Telford, 5c.

"The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." By John R. Mott, 35c.

"Helps and Hints for the Study of the Evangelization of the World in this Generation." 5c.

"On the Banks of the Besor"; or, The Man Behind the Baggage. (1 Sam. 30, 24.) By C. B. Keenleyside, B.A., B.D., 10c.

"The Law of Christian Stewardship." By Sherwood Eddy, 35c.

Seven other helpful booklets and leaflets will be added to this library.

It is hard to estimate the value of this collection. They are sold regularly for over \$3.00. One copy of each will be sent to any address for \$1.00. Order from F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Rooms.

Devotional Service

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

JUNE 19.—"MY RELATION TO THE WORK OF THE KINGDOM."

Matt. 10, 24-33.

All the cautions of this passage seem to be borne in being all associated with courage. "Fear not" (v. 26), "Fear not" (v. 28), "Fear" (v. 31). They seem to be distinguished from each other in being connected partly with passive courage (v. 24-26) and partly with aggressive courage (v. 27-32).

PASSIVE COURAGE.

Let there be strength to bear what has to be borne in the shape of ill-will; and that especially (here) in that form of it in which it is usually manifested the first. Ill "words" are usually the first fruits of ill "will." People proceed from words to blows; not the opposite way—as a rule. Christ's apostles must begin with bearing the first. They must bear the less as well as the greater. Let those who hate you say of you whatever they will.

Two reasons for this kind of courage are virtually given:

1. One is, because, in manifesting it, they are only sharing the lot of their Master. Those who are enemies of him and his servants have already said the worst of him in their power. Professing to come as God's Son they have declared him to be in reality the worst of God's foes. "They have called the Master of the House Beelzebub" (v. 25). Little is the wonder, therefore, if they say the same of his household. Of the two things, indeed, it is not so bad as to say it of him.

2. The other reason is because this kind of trial can only last for a time. The future in their case was bound to much more than compensate for the injustice of the present. The day was coming which would bring to light everything which was at present concealed (v. 26). In that day, therefore, so far from being found really connected with the evil one, the true connection of such maligned ones with the Source of all good would shine forth as the light (13. 43; Rom. 8, 19, etc.). That being so, leave the glories of eternity to reply to the slanders of time. Why seek to answer that which before long will for ever silence itself?

ACTIVE COURAGE.

The apostles of Christ, continues Lewis, were called upon to do more than endure. They were bound sometimes to speak, and that, too, with boldness (Eph. 6, 19). This thought seems to account for the transition from verse 26 to verse 27. That day will "declare" all things. Do you who know of this, do the same in your measure: Turn "darkness" into "light"; turn "secrecy" into "publicity"; fill the whole place with your words. (Acts 5, 20.) A bold thing indeed to do with such a message as theirs—a message which had already been spoken of as causing them to be "hated of all" (v. 22).

The encouragements to make them equal to this were of three principal kinds.

1. There was the consideration first of the limitations of time. Whatever the enemy aroused by such boldness, its operations were necessarily confined to this world. If it did its worst it would leave untouched that which God alone could either preserve or destroy, and which they knew in consequence to be most precious of all (v. 28). In doing its worst to them, in short, that kind of enemy may be said to destroy itself as

it were; like a bow which, in shooting its arrow, has broken itself.

2. There is the consideration, next of the limitations of Providence. Even so far as this world is concerned no human enmity can do more than God allows it to do. Moreover, his care in this direction extends to preserving things far beneath them. Creatures so worthless in men's eyes that they part with them from despicable in his sight. Not one, even of such, falls to the ground without him (v. 29). Neither is one hair of the head of any one of his servants left unreckoned by him. Well, therefore, may they leave that which is vital to them in those all-fatherly hands. See 1 Peter 4, 19.

3. There is the consideration, in the last place, of the order of grace. After all, it is only those who do thus practically confess him before men whom he at the last will so confess before all (v. 32, 33). This is not only true of the end; it is true of all the times we pass through. "Those who eye a Providence," says an old writer, "will always find a Providence to eye." In other words, the more entirely we leave our hands in the hands of God's providence, the more of a providence we shall find it to be.

PRUDENT COURAGE.

On the whole, therefore, we see of this "courage," in service, that it is the most prudent method as well. Leave the words of the wicked to say what they will. Leave the hands of the wicked to do as they will. God can restrain them better than you can, in going to. And God will do so, moreover, and that openly, if you openly confess him before them. This is the secret, and this is the reward of being bold for his name.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

We study in this topic the relation of the young Christian to Christ's kingdom. There are three principal relations: 1. Prudent Courage; 2. Active Courage; 3. Points enlarged upon by three members of the League, notifying them, of course, a week in advance. You might make a blackboard exercise, if you wish, as follows:

THE DISCIPLE AND THE KINGDOM.

Relation—COURAGE.

COURAGE } Passive.
 } Active.
 } Prudent.

Prove these points from the topic scripture.

JUNE 26.—"OUR MISSION IN WEST CHINA."

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

(See "Heart of Se-Chuan," Chap. V.)

To give an idea of the magnitude of our mission work in West China, we have but to consider numbers and territory. The Canadian Methodist Church has a district containing about ten millions of people, this whole territory with the exception of two cities being left entirely to our mission.

To work this field, we have at present a force of nine men and nine women. With a force so inadequate, the work of the mission has yet much to accomplish. When one man must perform the duties of pastor of a city church, and at the same time practise medicine, teach school, and engage in evangelistic tours, it is not to reason that much has to be left undone.

THE MAIN OBJECT.

All mission work in a non-Christian land has for its end the presentation of

Christ to the hearts of the people, and thus in a sense every branch is evangelistic in its nature. Medical and educational work are legitimate departments of missionary endeavor only as they aid this work of evangelization. In China, as in Canada, the chief forms of evangelistic work are public preaching and efforts of individuals. The people crowd the preaching-places, and there are usually some who remain afterwards for private conversation on spiritual matters. The Chentu chapel of our mission is a beautiful building of brick, seating four hundred persons. There is a Sunday-school room, and the entrances to these chapels are used as book-rooms, where are sold tracts and Testaments.

PREACHING SERVICES.

In the earlier days of the mission, various methods were employed to gather the people together for a service. During the week the pastor and his assistants visited the people and invited them to attend. On Sunday morning a large sign was hung out, "Preaching to-day." At the time for service a sign was posted on the street to gather a crowd by singing or talking, and to induce them to enter the chapel. These methods are still in use in the districts, but in the cities it is enough to have a sign announcing the service. The Chinese method of bold behavior in a Christian service. They are told to keep silence during worship. This is necessary, for the Chinese idea of worship is a big noisy temple, where any and everyone can talk. The service begins with singing, led by the children from the day school. Then a short address is given by the pastor, to which the people usually listen very attentively. Then the pastor calls for personal testimonies from the members of the church who are invited to be able to witness for Christ. After the regular service, the people are invited to the guest-room, to drink tea and chat. This gives another opportunity for the pastor and his workers to talk with the people on spiritual matters. The men meet in one room and the women in another and many a seeking soul has first found the light in one of these personal talks. Then follows the Sunday-school, where the same lessons are used as in Canada, and the catechism taught as in Canada. All classes of people attend, from the humblest coolie to the haughty silk-robed official.

CHINESE CONVERTS.

When once a man has expressed a desire to be a disciple of Jesus, he puts his name down as an inquirer. For several months, the missionary watches him, and if he is really in earnest, he is received on probation. He is usually kept on probation about a year when, if he has shown himself to be a Christian, he is baptized and admitted to the membership of the church.

NEW FIELDS.

There are difficulties in entering new fields. Mr. Tsun, a converted native, thus describes his first visit to Pen Hsien, a city thirty miles from Chentu, in order to engage in evangelistic work:

"When I reached the suburbs of the city, I began to pray that my way might be opened up, when, to my dismay, I heard the people talking about a child that had been kidnapped. I knew the foreigners were accused of having agents through the country to kidnap children. Would I be suspected of being such an agent, and be beaten, if the men had been densely within twenty miles of Chentu? At first I felt inclined to wait a more convenient season. In the midst of these doubts, I came to a tea-shop, put down my bundle, and slowly let the books appear. The proprietor, as soon as he found they were foreign books,

asked me to find another place to exhibit them. The books were tied up, and on I started."

He fell in with an old friend of his father's, who befriended him, taking him to an officer of the city, who protected him in his new work, and arrangements were made for a Protestant preaching-place in Pen Hsien. The work progressed rapidly. The little book-shop was crowded with interested men. Six months passed, and forty names were recorded in the church register as in-liners and probationers. Scholars, merchants, clerics, tailors, carpenters, workmen, are all represented. This is one instance of the change that is rapidly coming over China. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.

ANOTHER OPENING.

There is a city seventy miles south of Chentu called Ren Shou. The missionaries were invited to visit that city, and their going was somewhat of a triumphal entry. The advent of Mr. Hartwell, our missionary, into the city is of dramatic interest. It is thus described:

"After a three days' journey through fertile plains and over rolling hills he reached the city. While still a few miles from the main gate, an imposing procession met him. Seven ragamuffins were carrying banners, four soldiers bore spears, one man carried an umbrella for the pastor, then came his chair, followed by twenty more chairs, and a man on horseback. In front of this motley gathering ran a man having a pole from which hung fire-crackers, without which no Chinese celebration is complete. At the summit of a steep hill outside the city gate an official welcome was given. Then down the winding path the procession went, and into the city. It being a market day, the city was crowded, and both sides of the street were lined with people, who stood motionless while the procession passed. This was their way of welcoming Protestant Christianity into their city."

Crowds listened attentively to the preaching of the Gospel, and it was plain that the people were seeking a change from idol worship. Our work needs more laborers. Shall the young people of Canada do their part in supplying them? The call is heard. The door is open. Shall we enter?

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Evangelical work in China is the subject of this week's topic. Point out how the methods for securing the conversion of the Chinese are similar to those used in our own land. It is through the faithful preaching of the Word, accompanied by sympathetic personal contact with the people. You might use the blackboard to show this truth:

CHRIST	CANADA	} Through the
FOR	CHRISTENDOM	
	CHINA	Word.

Men are needed, and money to send the gift. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

JULY 3.—"HOSTILITY TO JESUS; ITS CAUSE AND HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD IT."

Luke 4, 25-30; John 5, 16-18, 11, 53, 12, 9-11; Matt. 16, 1-4; John 15, 18-25.

Here for the first time in this Gospel history "the shadow of the cross" falls athwart our path. Hitherto our Lord had appeared to the Jews more in the light of a prophet with revolutionary ideas. But as in his activity he came into clearer opposition to many of their traditional customs and ideas, and especially now when he made a claim which, were it admitted, would entitle him to make such changes as he had given an

indication of in his activity, in their blind hatred they resolved to kill him. This was, as we may say, "the beginning of the end." The evil seed, sown by the wicked one, and perished in the hearts of those Jews, began then to germinate and grow up, until at last those miserable men were filled with its bitter fruit.

THE ANSWER OF JESUS.

It was an answer that fully vindicated his claim to pronounce on the interpretation of the Sabbath law and all the other laws of Israel. And it especially vindicated his activity on this occasion, for doubtless the attack on the man who was healed was simply a cover for an attack on his Healer. (Luke 13, 14.) By his words, "My Father," etc., he defines his position to the Sabbath law. He points out that in accusing him they accuse the Father. God's works of beneficence cease; his care and love of man never intermit. If they did, where were the race of men? And this Jesus, whose work on earth is to carry out the high purpose of divine love in the salvation of man, must continue his saving work uninterrupted. But, in doing this he was violating no divine law. He was rather emphasizing the merciful purpose of that law. Just as the Father does not break that Sabbath which followed his creative work by his loving and providential care of his people, so the Son does not break his Sabbath for men in working works of beneficence and love and mercy. From this we infer that Christ's disciples and ministers best serve him by following in this his blessed example. On his day we are to cease from ordinary occupations, but only that we may more fully realize and engage in his work, in seeking the redemption of our fellow men.

THE CLAIM OF JESUS.

They understood clearly what Jesus meant by his words he had spoken. Not only had he, according to their ideas, broken the Sabbath, but (which in their eyes was even worse) he had claimed equality with God as entitling him to interpret and determine what was the law of the Sabbath. Not only in his teaching and example was he leading men to neglect the traditional observance of that law, but he had said in effect that God was his Father, which was blasphemy in their view. This is one of the many and clear declarations, from which there is no escape of our Lord's divine Sonship set forth in this Gospel, which indeed makes it to many "A Saviour of Death." Many are offended at this claim, just as those Jews were, and in their dogmatic enmity they seek to "slay" this witness to that great truth, and thus in reality to crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh. (Heb. 6, 6.)

EVIL DESIGNS.

Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him. In place of inquiring earnestly whether his zeal for God's honor (John 14-18), and the divine authority he evidently possessed in the realm of nature, did not bear out his claim, and whether the witness of John to him as the Messiah had not, therefore heaven-inspired, their hostility become only more bitter and determined. What a sequel to a work of divine mercy and grace! How can it be accounted for save on the supposition that most of those men had lost all true spirituality of mind and heart while their religion had become a cold, dead formalism? Indeed it was so. Their idea of God and his law was utterly defective; they conceived of them as shorn of their highest attributes—judgment, mercy, truth and love (Matt. 23, 23; Luke 11, 42); and Jesus had afterward to point them sorrowfully to

the source of their evil thoughts of him and their wicked designs against him (8, 41). Much of enmity to the gospel as a divine revelation is excused, on the plea so finely expressed by the poet: "There lives more truth in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds." And more than a half truth is here expressed. Had these Jews simply come to Jesus "perplexed in faith," seeking for more light, like Nicodemus or Thomas, they had gone away believing. But they confronted Christ with bitter enmity, because they elevated their ideas to the position of infallible truths. So many of the bitterest attacks on the gospel and divine revelation are the result, not of "perplexed faith," but because men come to them not seeking light, rather intended to judge them according to some standard already set up and fixed by their own reason or prejudice.

THE WORLD'S HATRED.

It is not to be met with hatred. Christ speaks of a must needs be, so long as men are what they are. But Christ came to save the world. We should meet the world's hatred with gentleness and pitying love, as Christ did. Thus shall true disciples following Christ win men from a hostile world to the love and service of Christ. And there will be joy in the assured presence of the Master, and in the thought, "Even as he is, so are we in this world."

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Hostility to Jesus—hostility to us! Here is an interesting parallel. The disciple is not above his master; nor the servant above his Lord. Have three brief talks given at the meeting:

1. What hostility did Jesus have to meet?
2. What hostility do we, his followers, meet?
3. How shall we meet this hostility?

(Blackboard.)

HOSTILITY.

HOSTILITY } By the Jews to } CHRIST
 } By the World to } CHRISTIANS

How shall we meet it?

JULY 10.—"THE CLASS MEETING."

(See Chap. 25 of "Our Church.")

The class-meeting in many Methodist churches is practically a thing of the past. A dwindling class or two there may be, but the true intent of the class, as it is intended to be in Methodism, is not there. It is much to be regretted that this is the case. There can be no doubt that Christian counsel has a scriptural foundation. There can be no less doubt that the class-meeting has been an institution of Methodism that has brought to it untold blessing. The rising generation of the Methodist Church will do well to use the influence in perpetuating the spirit and practice of Christian testimony in our means of grace. We may, in some way, with the advance of years, find it necessary to change the form of the institution, but a calamity it would be should we allow it to decay and fall into disuse. Young people of Methodism, let us prize and perpetuate these great institutions handed down to us by our fathers!

ITS ORIGIN.

Like most great institutions, the Methodist class-meeting was a growth from small beginnings. When Rev. John Wesley began to preach his gospel to England, his teachings awakened the deepest and widest interest. Multitudes of people came to Mr. Wesley that they might learn the way of salvation. At first he talked and prayed with each inquirer, then he met them in companies. But as he could not be everywhere at once,

he soon found it necessary to appoint in each place some one to represent himself to lead the meeting, to give counsel and to pray, with those who had assembled. The first society was formed in London, and consisted of sixty members. Soon after, another one was established at Bristol, then at Bath, Kingswood, and at many other places in England.

ITS PURPOSE.

At first the sole purpose of these meetings was to promote and watch over the personal holiness of their members. But soon another and important department of work was added. The members of these meetings were divided into groups of twelve, one of whom, as the collector, was expected to meet each member weekly and receive his penny towards the payment of the debt on the meeting-house. Soon, however, the collector, instead of calling on the members individually, had them come to a common meeting-place; and when the pennies had been paid, they sang and prayed, and talked together of the religious life which all the members enjoyed. Beginning with a financial purpose, the gathering soon became an assembly for religious inquiry, having, generally, the collector for its leader. This was the origin and original purpose of the class-meeting which has since been introduced into all parts of the English-speaking world.

ITS PROGRESS.

There was a time, two generations ago and later, when every Methodist belonged to a class, and was under the care of a leader. Testimonies were given, counsel in response, and visits were made by the leader on the members of his class. Once in three months, a union meeting of all the classes was held, called a "love-feast," and for this meeting tickets of admission were issued to the members, signed by the leaders, so that none outside of the society could be present. The love-feast is still perpetuated in Canadian Methodism, and the class-meeting also in more or less of efficiency.

BENEFITS OF THE CLASS MEETING.

1. One great benefit of the class-meeting is the fact that it brings the member face to face at regular intervals with himself, and calls upon him to tell how it is with his soul. This requirement exercises a wholesome restraint upon the conduct.

2. There is not only a restraining, but also an uplifting effect in the class-meeting testimony. We need something more for our growth in grace than merely to listen to good sermons and read good books; we need to think and to speak of God's work in our own hearts. The class-meeting has given to Methodism a generation of Christians who could speak and pray and exhort with a clearness and directness and interest unequalled even by people of higher intelligence and larger knowledge but who have missed the training of the class-meeting.

3. The class-meeting gives to the young Christian the fellowship of older and more experienced disciples. It is one drawback to the young people's meeting that it the young follower of Christ, just entering the way and forming his ideals, listens only to the testimony of those who are young, like himself. He needs also the benefit of a class-meeting where old and young meet together. Each age needs the other; the one to gain knowledge, the other to gain sympathy. In an ideal church, the old and the young, the educated and the illiterate, the rich and the poor, the fervent and the calm, all meet together, and each type of character learns something from all the others.

REFLECTIONS.

Great as has been the gains of our church in wealth, in social position, in general culture, and in Bible knowledge, it is doubtful whether we have gained

enough to compensate for the loss in a certain power which has resulted from the decline in the class-meeting. May we not hope that the Epworth League, which is quickening the pulse of our young people, may yet revive the former interest in this time-honored institution of our church.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

A study of the following passages from the Bible will show the place which testimony has in the Scriptures. There are six passages; give them out to six members, and ask each to prepare a two-minute talk on the passage assigned. It will make an interesting feature of the evening; Mal' 3, 16; Ps. 66, 16; Heb. 3, 13; 1 Cor. 14, 31; Heb. 13, 15; Hosas 14, 2. In addition to this, utilize to the best advantage the material given above on the Origin, Purpose, Progress, and Benefits of the class-meeting. Encourage all present to be true and loyal to the Scriptural practice of Christian testimony.

What There's Time For.

Lots of time for lots of things,
Though It's said that time has wings;
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the flowers away,
Time a gentle word to say,
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb;
Time to give a little flower,
Time for friendship any hour,
But there is no time to spare
For kindness anywhere.

Affliction a Discipline

I am often impressed by the different ways in which different persons are affected by sorrows. Some seem to have no rallying power after a great affliction; the wound never heals. On the other hand, trials that consume some persons only kindle others into greater exertions. "The financial gale has carried away all your spars, and swept your decks," I once wrote to an eminent Christian merchant after his bankruptcy, "but you have got enough grace stowed away in your hold to make you rich to all eternity." That brave servant of Christ repaired damages, resumed business, rallied his friends, and "at evening time it was light." Smitten down, he was not destroyed.

The afflictions which are sent of God or permitted by him are never intended for his children's destruction, but for their discipline. The Shepherd casts his flock into deep waters to wash them, not to drown them. "You will kill that bush if you put the knife into it so deep," said a gentleman to his gardener. "No, sir; I do this every year to keep it from running all to leaves; pruning brings the fruit." We pastors often find God's faithful ones bleeding under the knife, but afterward they yield the peaceable and precious fruits of righteousness and triumphant trust. It is that "afterward" that God has in his mind when he sends the trial. Affliction is the costly school in which great graces are often acquired, and from which grand characters are graduated.—Theodore Cuyler.

We are His witnesses. Can we decide where He most needs our testimony?—Anna Shipton.

A living, loving Christian—true of tongue, honest of heart, pure of conduct, and yet lovable in daily life, is the most unanswerable argument for Christianity.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

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EXAMINATIONS JUNE 11th TO 18th

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Head Office
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ALL REQUISITES

for carrying on the work of the Epworth League, and Sunday-school can be obtained at the Methodist Book Room, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Sunday School

Why is that Bible Class such a Great Success?

The following interview took place between one of the Pastors of the Hamilton Conference and a Bible-class teacher, who has met with more than ordinary success in his class work.

"Mr. Bible-class teacher, I have observed your successful work, and am anxious to ask you a few questions. Will you permit me to do so?"

"Certainly, sir, I shall be most happy to answer you if I can."

"When did you take charge of your class?"

"It was in January, 1893."

"What was the condition of the class when you became their teacher?"

"We had fourteen names on the roll, with an average attendance of eight. Our average collection was eighteen cents per Sabbath. The class was very indifferent about the lesson, and made no effort to study it."

"How did you overcome this difficulty?"

"The first thing I did was to put a lesson help into the hand of each scholar. I carefully looked after this. If there were two or more from the same family I required that each scholar must have his, or her, help along with the Bible, and if they lost their helps were immediately furnished with others, so as to leave them without excuse. Then I tactfully insisted on each one knowing the Topic and Golden Text. In teaching I put the lesson story in modern every-day language to awaken interest. Before dismissing the class I called their attention to the lesson for the next Sabbath, not in such a manner as to make them feel that they knew something about the lesson, but to arouse their curiosity about the lesson which acted as a stimulus for home study. I made it a point to draw my illustrations from the Bible, and tell the story in as thrilling a manner as possible; and kept urging them to look up Bible stories, at the same time impressing them with the thought that the Bible is the most interesting story-book in the world. I no longer use this method in teaching, because my class now are all Bible students."

"Do you take any special interest in the individual members of your class?"

"Most certainly I do. I study the environment of each scholar, in order that I may be able to sympathize with them and encourage them. I became personally acquainted with them, and call upon them in their homes, and make them individually feel that I have an interest in them. When they leave the city I try to follow them with helpful letters."

"Did you have any trouble to maintain discipline in the class?"

"At first I had. Some of the boys were inclined to be wild and irreverent. I often felt very much discouraged, but kept my feelings under control. I knew that I never could control others if I failed to control myself. Whenever possible, I drove home the teachings of the lesson bearing on character and manliness without making any local applications. The scholars did that mentally. I also tried to get each member of the class to feel a responsibility for the good name of the class. By constant pressure along these lines all tendency to disorder has been overcome."

"Do you change your methods of work?"

"When a method has served its purpose, and is no longer valuable, I change it for another. I am always on the lookout for valuable hints. In my business I am looking up the most approved business methods, and pushing my business

in every legitimate manner that I can. I must do the same with my Bible-class if I would make it go. All methods are failures unless the blessing of God rests upon them. When my class was smaller than it is now, I received a report from each scholar on church attendance, lesson, Golden Text, and offering, and made them feel that even in one of these they were doing something for the class, which is very helpful to the individual. When the class had served its purpose, I dropped it. I never adopted a plan simply for the plan's sake, but for a purpose, and if the plan does not accomplish the purpose, change it for one which will."

"How is your record kept at the present time?"

"Each scholar has a class number, and is furnished with a ticket which has the number on one side, and on the other the name and address of said scholar. The address side serves as a medium of introduction between strangers who are members of the class, by asking them to exchange cards for the sake of getting name and address of each. When the school opens these tickets are in a rack with the numbers in full view. This rack hangs by the entrance to the class-room, the scholar on entering selects his or her own number and takes it out of the rack. When the offering is received these are placed on the plate. The secretary of the class makes the proper entries in the record book, and at the close of the school puts the cards in the rack ready for the next Sabbath. This does away with a lot of time being used in marking the class-book, and has other advantages which I will not stop to mention here."

"Do you make any special use of the class record book?"

"Yes. I take the record book home with me, and thus am able to keep a sharp look out for absentees. I then send them a lesson help for next Sunday's lesson, and if they are absent too long, I send them a friendly letter telling them how much we miss them. If they do not respond to this, then I call on them, and get some members of the class to go after them. Besides this, I carry with me a little vest pocket book, which contains the names and addresses of the members arranged alphabetically, so that I never lose sight of a single member of my class."

"What is your method of getting hold of new scholars?"

"I have a small pocket folder card prepared. On the first page is a neat picture of our church and our pastor. On the second page is a sunshine invitation to attend the class. On the third and fourth pages a visitor's form with blank name and address, and also a form to sign as a member of the class. At the bottom of the class agree to help the class in whatever way they can. There is also a blank for the name of the person who brought the visitor or new member. The stranger takes the first and second pages of the card as a souvenir, and signs the other either as visitor or member. This is put on the plate, and thus reaches the teacher. If the visitor returns a second time, a new card is handed out, and this is continued until the visitor signs as a member, and thus becomes enrolled. Each signature are all typed, because often occasion requires a reference to them. Every member of the class is interested in sharing in the honor of bringing in new members. I also furnish my pastor with cards, with blank for name and address, so that in his pastoral work, if he finds young men or women who ought to be in the Sabbath-school, especially if strangers, he can report them to me, and they are immediately looked after. I also use in the nominative board, which shows the number on roll, number present, number present same date last year, the amount

of collection, and collection for same date last year. I have found this most stimulating to the class. We also have a flower plan of visiting the sick."

"Will you tell me how you made last Rally Day such a great success?"

"We chose sides for a contest by putting those whose number was odd on one side and the evens on the other. This method prevented any feeling of pick or choice in the class. Each side then elected a leader. Marks were given each scholar during Rally Day month for every Sunday present, for being on time, for bringing in visitors, for getting new members, for writing and getting answers from members out of town, and for calling on the pastor. For this last purpose I gave each member a card of introduction to the pastor, who kept and returned the cards to me. After Rally Day the marks were totalled up and the defeated side put on a social evening for the class."

"What is the present standing of your class?"

"For the first three months of 1904 we have one hundred and twenty-one on the roll, with an average attendance for the quarter of sixty-eight. The collections for the quarter have averaged \$2.40 per Sabbath. Our collection for 1903 was \$145.46, and out total class attendance on Rally Day for 1903 was one hundred and ninety-two."

"The teacher of this class is one of the best business men in Ontario."

One Use of the Home Department

The Home Department can interest some who have become indifferent. A county secretary writes of one man who had not entered a place of worship in twenty-five years, nor looked into a Bible through a similar period, but who has recently become greatly interested in the study of the scripture lessons in his home through the efforts of a visitor, and has begun to attend church regularly. A gentleman who felt that he had not time for the half-hour of study required each week, was finally induced to undertake it and he became so interested that he studied up the back lessons.

Shake Hands

A kind word, a shake of the hand, a God bless you, mean more to the children than we older ones comprehend. We forget how much they meant to us when we were little ones. A five-year-old was told one Sunday that it would not be convenient to prepare her for church that morning, and was asked if she would remain at home. "Oh, I would be a child, I cannot stay home, for Brother French always shakes hands with me."

A Timely Warning

Rev. F. B. Meyer strikes the nail on the head when he says: "Unless we bring up the standard of our Sunday-school teaching very materially, we shall find that those who have derived the benefit of the best appliances in the world during the week will not subject themselves to old-world methods which may have done very well fifty years ago, but are practically obsolete in these more strenuous times."

Be Cheerful

Let your teaching be always cheerful and sunny. We had no right to be gloomy. A gloomy Christian is a contradiction. There are few things more important to a teacher than to cultivate a cheerful spirit.

Junior Department

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

Things to Keep.

Prov. 4. 23.

"Keep with all diligence your heart,"
Lest you from virtue's ways depart;
On your own strength do not rely,
But seek assistance from on high.

1 John 2. 4.

"Keep God's commands," for only they
Who willingly his laws obey,
Are in the truth, and thereby prove
That they their heavenly Father love.

Prov. 23. 23.

"Keep you the truth," and ever prize
The book that points you to the skies,
Its precepts will direct you right,
And lead you to the realms of light.

1 Tim. 1. 10.

"E'er strive to keep your conscience
clear,"
And firmly to the faith adhere;
Ne'er disregard what conscience saith,
Lest you make shipwreck of your faith.

Psalms 34. 13.

"From evil speaking keep your tongue,"
And ne'er with guile your neighbor wrong,
From slander let your tongue refrain,
And ne'er speak that which will cause
pain.

Exodus 20. 8.

"Keep holy too the Sabbath day,"
Ne'er idly pass its hours away,
But cheerfully unite to sing
The praises of your God and King.

James 1. 2.

"From the vile world your heart keep
pure,"
If you God's favor would secure,
The pure in heart his face shall see,
And ever with him happy be.

—Old Magazine.

Memory Facts in Life of Christ.

HOME STUDIES.

Ten New Facts.

47. Fifteenth miracle—Two blind men cured. Matt. 9. 27-31.
48. Sixteenth miracle—Dumb man healed. Matt. 9. 31-34.
49. Second rejection at Nazareth. Matt. 13. 54-58.
50. Teaching through Galilee. Matt. 9. 35.
51. The twelve sent forth. Luke 9. 1-6.
52. Death of John the Baptist. Luke 9. 7-9.
53. Seventeenth miracle—Feeding five thousand. Luke 9. 10-17.
54. Eighteenth miracle—Jesus walking on the sea. John 6. 16-21.
55. Discourse on the Bread of Life. John 6. 22-71.
56. Discourse on eating with unwashed hands. Matt. 15. 1-20.

(A number of splendid papers have been received on past studies. Pearl Nicholl, Hazel Laidlaw, Gladys Keeling, Lorne Keeling, and Sallie Harrington will all be pleased to see their names here recorded as doing excellent work. Their papers will be returned shortly.)

In the Telegraph Alphabet competition for the boys, Wayne Terryberry, Burford, and Lorne Keeling, Ca'vil, sent perfect

answers in very neat writing. Their papers were both so excellent that Mr. Bartlett had to send a pocketknife to both of them instead of to only one.

Weekly Topics.

June 19.—"A cup of cold water."—Matt. 10. 42.

Why does Jesus say "a cup of cold water only"? The last word suggests that generally a drink of water is considered a little thing, and the giving of it not worthy of much praise. But our gifts are not valuable to God just for what they seem worth to us; but for the motive or spirit that prompts us to give them. A cup of cold water would not cost much, and yet it might be worth a great deal in God's sight. Why? Notice that Jesus says, "In the name of a disciple." A disciple of whom? Of the Saviour, whose love led him to give himself for us. So, if the disciple gives a small thing because of the love of Christ that is in his heart, it is pleasing to God, and the giver shall be rewarded. So we may learn some important things to-day about: 1. The Gift. 2. The Giver. 3. The Reward. Here are three points to remember about each of these three divisions, and three times three are nine. Can you not carry these following nine facts in your minds to the meeting?

1. The Gift. (1) It is given in answer to the need of the "little one" who is thirsty. Thirst is used in the Bible to represent our great need. It is something we all feel, and when we cannot get cool, fresh water to drink, it means suffering. Lesson: All around us are needy ones. Can we help them? (2) The gift is a suitable one to supply the need. Nothing can compare with water to quench our thirst. Lesson: Help the needy by suitable gifts. . . . (3) Because the gift is suitable it is valuable. A diamond worth \$1,000 would be of any worth to a man suffering from thirst, if it couldn't buy him a drink of sparkling water. So everywhere. Gifts are of value to the needy as they fit into and supply the need. (Don't give away what you don't want yourself and what nobody else wants. Some people give away their old clothes to the missionary box and think they have done "a great thing." . . .)

2. The Giver. (1) Saw the need; (2) heard the request for a drink; (3) and was compassionate. That is, if we keep our eyes, ears and hearts open we may see lots of ways of doing good as our Lord did. (This makes the gift more valuable than ever to God, who knows that our hearts are loving and kind, and that being so, we are never slow to improve every passing opportunity of showing our love as disciples of Jesus. Give; but give as Jesus did—out of a loving heart if you would be right and do well.)

3. The Reward. (1) Was not thought of in making the gift. If we give only in the hope of getting something in return, we are selfish and must lose rather than gain. But if we give freely for love's sake, our reward is sure here and evermore. (2) Yet the reward followed the gift. It always does. Every time we give for Christ's spirit we grow more like him, and this is reward. . . . (3) A reward is added by God. In heaven every good deed will receive its reward by our Father who "seeth in secret," and knows what, why and how we give to others. Then, do not despise any of our kindness, and say "it is a small thing." Nothing is small to Christ if our spirit is right in the giving or doing of it. . . . (The lives of our Juniors may not afford much scope for doing what they may think "big things," or for giving "great gifts"; but explain that their

days are full of opportunities to do and give what is acceptable to God, because done or given by a loving heart and a willing mind.)

June 26—"God's care for the birds."—Matt. 6. 26.

Christ would teach his disciples a lesson of trust in God who cares for all his creatures. Yet we must not think that a life of trust and idle habits go together. It is true of the birds "your heavenly Father feedeth them," yet they are not, cannot be idle. They are all active, and some are great workers.

The Evangelist tells us of the amount of work which a busy bee will accomplish in one day: Every head of clover consists of about sixty flower tubes, each of which contains a very small quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred heads of clover before returning to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for a load must, therefore, thrust their tongues into 6,000 different flowers. A bee will make twenty trips a day when the clover patch is convenient to the hive, and thus will draw the sugar from 120,000 different flowers in the course of a single day's work.

And yet God feeds the bees. But he has no place for idlers. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," said a good old wise man. While we trust God we must also work. ("Keep hoeing and praying" in May Era will make a splendid recitation here.) So learn (1) God's care for us is no excuse for idleness on our part. (2) It is a reason why we should apply ourselves to use well all he has given to make our lives happy. (Every bird's nest is well made with the materials that are all around; but it means a lot of labor for the birds.) We cannot truly enjoy God's gifts and care unless we make the best use of all he has given us. For God gives for use. And (3) if we do our best, God will take care of us, and we "shall not want." Trust in the Lord, and do good: are two important pieces of advice. It is not correct to think of the birds as being free from care or labor. They have both. They must be alert and watchful. They must be up early and at work continually. Our heavenly Father has given them knowledge and skill enough to fill their short lives with plenty if they use them; but if they do not they suffer want and maybe die. So with us. He has provided for us; but "he that will not work, neither shall he eat," is true of birds and boys also. Like the birds, let us whistle and sing, and so with happy hearts do our work to the glory of our Father.

July 3—"Our country."—Deut. 8. 7-14; Judges 18. 10.

Dominion Day! What does it mean? Let your Juniors be reminded that our Dominion means a Federal Union of Provinces, Territories, and Districts (sixteen in all), comprising all the British possessions in North America, excepting Newfoundland. It stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, east to west, and from the Arctic Ocean on the north to the United States on the south. It comprises a land area of over 3,000,000 square miles, and has a population of 6,000,000. A few leading facts of our history should be known by all our Juniors, e.g.: In 1534 Jacques Cartier took nominal possession of North America in the name of the French king, Francis I. In 1608 Quebec was founded by Champlain. French rule was finally broken in 1758 when Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the "Plains of Abraham." Canada was ceded to England by France, by treaty of peace, in 1763. In 1791 Canada was divided into separate legislative sections. In 1867 Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were

united as the Dominion of Canada. British Columbia entered the Dominion in 1871, Prince Edward Island in 1873. The Canadian Pacific Railway was opened in June, 1886, and is about 3,000 miles long from the east to the west of the Dominion. The six largest cities of Canada are Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Quebec, Ottawa, and Hamilton. . . . Surely "our country" is indeed "a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth." Now for the great moral truths of our lesson in Deuteronomy. We should not forget them:

1. God is Creator and Giver of this great and good land.—Deut. 8, 7.
2. Its abundance is wonderful.—vs. 8, 9.
3. We should thank him for it.—vs. 10.
4. Forgetfulness of him is a sin.—vs. 11.
5. It leads into pride and self-idolatry.—vs. 11-14.

Impress these one by one, giving reasons as you go, and in closing let Kipling's celebrated poem-prayer be recited as arranged beforehand with one of your ablest members:

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

(Make this meeting an enthusiastic and thoroughly patriotic one. Display the Canadian flag, sing "The Maple Leaf," "God Bless Our Native Land," "Canada," and such like choruses. Inculcate the true spirit of patriotism and help make your juniors good Canadian citizens.)

July 10.—"Remembering God in Vacation." Prov. 3, 6.

Why this Topic, do you think? Should we not remember God always? Yes! But there are times and circumstances when it is easier than others to forget God and our duty to him. Vacation season is such a time. Most of us are then away from home and the regular surroundings of our lives are changed. Hence, our habits are likely to be affected. The one and only safeguard for us is to "forget not all his benefits." Keep mind and heart alive to his gifts by regular prayer and Bible study and by church attendance wherever possible. In short, do as nearly as you can what you know you ought to do if you were at home. In this way you will do yourself good and possibly others also. For a junior on vacation is marked by all. Does he keep his pledge? Are his manners courteous? His heart kind? His conduct gentlemanly? His influence godly? All these things are asked of us. I once saw a young fellow with an Epworth League motto very unbecomingly on the street on the Sabbath, and pointing to his pin, I said, "Honor that pin, my lad, or take it off." He looked

ashamed and hung his head as if he were sorry. It is so easy to forget. Are you visiting in the country? Thank God for the sunshine and flowers, for the grain-fields and the meadows. Glorious is his work in the natural world all about you. Remember him! Are you in the city? Avoid the places of sin. Shun the houses of doubtful pleasures. Keep good company. Remember him! Many of you will take your vacation at home. Then do not envy those whose parents are richer and who can send their families away for a few weeks. Make the best of it. Home is God's choicest garden-spot, if we all unite to cultivate it. Again, remember him! I wish you could all enjoy a good romp in the country, and know how much truth there is in the following poem. But if you can't do the best you can.

Strap up the trunk, the satchel lock.
The train goes north at seven o'clock,
And then we're off—a jolly flock—
For grandma's house in the country.

There's milk to skim and cream to churn,
There's hay to cut and rake and turn,
And brown our hands and faces burn
At grandma's house in the country.

There's water bubbling clear and cool,
And speckled trout in the shady pool,
And not one thought of books or school,
At grandma's house in the country.

And when it rains and skies are gray,
There's a big old attic made for play,
There are cookies, crisp with crayaway,
At grandma's house in the country.

Each day is just brimful of joys.
When grandpa says, "Tut, tut, less noise!"
Why grandma smiles: "Boys will be boys
At grandma's house in the country."

If you will go just once with me,
I'm sure you'll every one agree
'Tis the only place in the world to be—
At grandma's house in the country.

—Good Housekeeping.

A Magic Drawer

"Oh, there is nobody like Miss Margaret," the girl declared, in Forward; "so fine, so dainty, so constantly thinking of lovely things to do! And her home too, come into my life—everything perfect in its way, and so welcoming. And if you could see her magic drawer! Miss Margaret doesn't call it that—she calls it Jack Horner's pie, because, she says, the girls can each 'put in a thumb.' It is full of the most exquisite things, and every girl who visits her can choose something from it to 'remember her by,' she says. It must be so lovely to be rich and able to do things like that!

"Cousin Alice is richer than Miss Margaret," the girl's mother suggested. "But that's different," the girl flashed back. "Cousin Alice hasn't any magic drawer. It isn't in her to think of having one."

"Yes, she gave you that beautiful lace," the mother reminded her, smiling.

"Yes, she did," the girl replied slowly. In a moment she looked up laughing. "Oh, I see through you, you transparent little mother. And, of course, you're right—you always are. The real gifts do come out of magic drawers, after all, but they come right from the heart—and people can give them even if they do wear let-down dresses and have shabby chairs in the parlor and holes in the dining-room carpet. It's Miss Margaret's self and not Miss Margaret's money that makes people love her so. I'll try to remember."

"Thank You" and "Amen."

When we're at grandpa's house to dine, He looks about with sober face,
Then clasps his hands and shuts his eyes,
And sister says "he's saying grace."
He says big words that I don't know—I'm only four years old—but then I know two words he always says,
And one is "Thanks," and one "Amen."

While walking in my grandpa's woods,
We saw a squirrel, big and gray;
He held a nut between his paws,
But did not eat it right away.
He closed his little shining eyes,
His hands raised just like Grandpa's,
I said, "Oh, sister, keep right still,
He's saying 'Thank you' and 'Amen.'"
—Laura F. Armitage, in Good Health.

Try it Yourself.

There was once a wise king who was awfully curious. He was possessed of a desire to know everything and was continually asking questions. Indeed, his thirst for knowledge carried him so far that he wanted to know the age of every person that he met. But, being king, he was exceedingly polite, and would resort to strategy to gain his ends.

One day there came to court a gray-haired professor, who amused the king greatly. He told the monarch a number of things he never knew before, and the king was delighted. But finally it came to the point when the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem," said the king, "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of twelve, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor, "Multiply it by two," continued the king.

"Yes."
"Add five."
"Yes," said the professor, doing so.
"Now multiply by fifty."
"Yes."
"Add your age."
"Yes."
"Subtract 365."
"Yes."
"Add 115."
"Yes."

"And now," said the king "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wondering.

"Thank you," was the king's response. "So you were born in December, sixty years ago, eh?"

"Why, how in the world did you know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the king, "from your answer—365. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital idea. I'll try it on the next person I meet. It's such a polite way of finding out people's ages."—The Advance.

The following conversation is said to have taken place in a Boston elevator: Old Lady: "Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?" Elderly Boy: "Yes." "Is it the motion of the going down?" "No'm." "The motion of going up?" "No'm." "The stopping?" "No'm." "What is it, then?" "The questions."

Smiles

"Nell's just crazy over Shakespeare."
"So he's her latest, is he? Where'd she meet him?"

Doctor (to tow-headed urchin): "How is your mother, Tommy?" Tommy: "Oh, I dunno," answered Mr. Erastus Plinky. "A mule doesn't cost near so much money, an' it's purty near as dangerous."

Tommy: "Ma, I bought you some candy down town." Ma: "That was kind, Tommy. Where is it?" Tommy: "Well, ma, I was so long comin' home over the cars that it didn't last till I got here."

"Did that doctor succeed in curing your husband of insomnia?" "Yes, but the doctor's bill was so excessive that my husband cannot sleep now for worrying over how he is to pay it."—Indianapolis News.

Hundtswill: "It seems that in all railroad accidents the first and last cars are always the ones that are injured." O'Rourke: "Shure, an' I wonder why they don't leave thim two cars off the train entirely."

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning." A few minutes later Willie returned and reported: "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

"Yes, I consider my life a failure." "Oh Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?" "I spend all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes, and the food disagrees with me and the clothes don't fit."—Life.

When Charlie's mother went upstairs after he had been put to bed, she found his eyes closed, and he had all the appearance of being asleep. Then, in a drowsy tone and evidently in earnest, he said: "Guess, mother, whether I's asleep or awake."

"That barber seems to be doing a rushing business." "Yes. He has invented a hair tonic that smells exactly like gasoline." "But—er—don't see the point." "It tickles the vanity of his patrons. They go around smelling of gasoline, and this gives the impression that they own automobiles."

It was a Chicago child, not yet three years old, who, having been punished by her mother, called up her father on the telephone for sympathy. "Papa," was the call that his stenographer heard on answering the ring. "Why, it's the baby," she said to her employer. The startled man, with visions of disaster in his mind, caught the receiver and said: "What is it, baby?" "Mamma 'panked me," came the reply. "What do you want me to do about it?" asked the relieved and amused parent. "Come right home and bring me some candy," said the child.

It is often remarked that an unaccustomed traveller can get on pretty well if he will keep his eyes and ears open. A native of Ireland landed at Greenock, and wanted to take the train to Glasgow.

Never having been in a railroad station, he did not know how to get his ticket; but he saw a lady going in and determined to follow her lead.

The lady went to the ticket-box and, putting down her money, said:

"Maryhill, single."

Her ticket was duly handed to her, and she walked away.

Pat promptly planked down his money and said:

"Patrick Murphy, married."

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