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THE ENDEAVOR HERALD

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Vol. XI]

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[No. 3

Worship.

By Amy Parkinson.

"Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."—*Ezek. 11: 6.*

A LITTLE sanctuary;—gracious Lord,
Make true for me the treasures of this word;
Thyself hast brought me whither I am come,
And may no more go out until Thou call me home.

Not unto temple built by hands of men
Seems it Thy will that I shall pass again;
I cannot mingle with Thy people there
Who hym Thy praise, and lift to Thee their hands
in prayer.

But wheresoe'er Thou art is holy place—
And solitary souls may claim Thy grace;
Then, though I go not forth to worship Thee,
Oh, let me ceaseless feel Thy presence circling me!

Accept the faltering prayers I feebly raise,
And listen to my few, faint words of praise:
Thee doth this trembling heart truly adore;
Thine is its deepest love; would it could render more!

Thyself, my sanctuary,—blessed Lord;
If Thou, indeed, fulfil to me this word,
Well may I stay content where I am come,
Till Thou shalt bid me rise to Thy Eternal Home.

Toronto, Ont.

Editorial Talk.

ONCE more the enthusiasm of the temperance workers in the Dominion has received a check. The plebiscite seems to have been but a taking form of bait thrown out to catch the temperance vote. The Government has decided that the substantial majority secured for prohibition is not sufficiently decisive to warrant legislation in any form. It was the hope of many that even if a prohibitory law for the whole Dominion were not secured, some provision would be made for the restriction of the liquor traffic in those provinces which by an overwhelming vote have so emphatically asked for it. We have had illustrated to us once more the futility of trying to secure legislation of an advanced nature from a government unwilling to assume the responsibility of making it an issue at the polls.

But the plebiscite returns afford much room for encouragement. The supporters of prohibition now know how strong they are. And the

question is now before the country more prominently than it has ever been hitherto. An anti-prohibitionist said recently, "The question of prohibition is now settled for twenty years." No, it is not settled for twenty minutes. As the late John B. Finch frequently said, "A question is never settled until it is settled right." It will refuse to be kept under. It will assert itself with the utmost persistency until the right triumphs.

In the very nature of things, legislation is the last point at which we may expect to see advancement. Law is the crystalization of the thoughts, sentiments, and convictions of the people. The plebiscite has revealed the progress that has been made and how near at hand is the victory. Only a few more years of earnest effort and the traffic in intoxicants will be outlawed throughout all our borders.

THERE is need to emphasize in these times the possibilities of usefulness that lie within the bounds of our common days and our ordinary avocations. Many young people long to do Christian work, but they look for some more advantageous sphere in which to begin than is afforded by

the home or the shop. The young man says, "I am nothing but a clerk, or a blacksmith, or a farmer. I can do nothing for God. If I were only a minister or a missionary, I would do some worthy thing." The young woman says, "I have it in my heart to do great things. If I were but rich and had influence I would scatter blessings everywhere, but here I am at the sewing machine, or behind the counter, or at household work all day. I can do nothing."

It is all a sad mistake. Christ spent the greater part of His life upon earth in common toil that He might illustrate its possibilities. "What is that in thine hand?" said God to Moses in the wilderness. "It is only a stick, a shepherd's crook with which I guide the sheep." God said, "I will use that." And because God was with that symbol of his craft, he overturned with it the Egyptian dynasty, held back the waves of the sea, and made the streams refreshing water to gush from the shattered granite. God works through the ordinary instruments of one's calling. What is that in thine hand? Only a pen, a spade, a trowel, a needle. Take that, and God will use it in your willing hands for the accomplishment of His work.

ONE evidence of the providential character of Christian Endeavor is its adaptation to the needs of young people in all lands. It is at home

At Home

Everywhere.

and all countries declare the movement specially adapted to their particular requirements. In giving an account of the All-India Christian Endeavor Convention, the *Indian Witness* says: "Hardly anything more surely conduces to the prosperity of the cause of the Redeemer than well-organized effort to win the young people for Him and train them for His happy service. Christian Endeavor stands out prominently as one of the very best of such organizations. It is admirably adapted to the needs of India, and there is no question that it has a great future before it in this empire. It has only begun to feel its way as yet, but great possibilities are wrapped up in it for India's myriads of young people."

IN the life of Professor Drummond by his friend, Professor George Adam Smith, there is nothing with which one is so impressed as the

**A Lovable
Life.**

wholesomeness, and consequently the attractiveness, of his piety. He was a striking illustration of the fact that the most devout life may be at the same time truly manly. In the best sense, nothing human was foreign to him. In the class room, the enquiry room, the cricket field—wherever he was, Henry Drummond was a man, and a man at his best because he was everywhere so loyally and so naturally Christian.

There are two errors made concerning the religious life by those who have never had experience of its sweetness and power. They conceive of it as a drag on manhood and as a disturber of life's joys. Such lives as Professor Drummond's show how far astray these conceptions are from the truth.

The spiritual life is life at its best. The highest attainments of the divine life in man cannot be separated from the practical affairs of our common days. The noblest life must ever be the one that performs earthly tasks in a heavenly spirit. True manhood can no more be separated from religion than the lovely, nodding flower upon the stem can be separated from the root beneath the ground.

Neither does this life stand in contradistinction to things pleasurable and companionable. In its truest manifestations, it ennobles and glorifies them all. The religion that is sour and forbidding is not of Christ's ordaining. The One who lived the highest, holiest life was attractive, approachable, sociable. The most wonderful thing about the holiness of Jesus was its fascination for the sinful and abandoned. Christians are warned against many things, but one thing it is the duty of every follower of Christ to be on guard against—an *unlovable life*. The sunniest soul in all the world should be the one that basks

in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. The merriest laugh that ever falls upon human ears should be the one that comes from a heart that Christ has cleansed. The so-called higher life that repels people has little in common with the life that Jesus lived. In the home, the store, the shop, the field, the office, never forget your obligation, always and under all circumstances, to live a lovable life.

IN these troublous times in China the lives of many missionaries in the interior are in constant peril. Have we ever thought of commending

**Prayer for
Missionaries.**

them to the care of the great Keeper of His people? Indeed, have we been as mindful of our representatives in the foreign field in our prayers as we ought to have been? Most societies are contributing for the support of the work in heathen lands, but how seldom do we hear prayers offered for those who are seeking to establish the standard of the cross upon the strongholds of heathenism. If there were more prayers for the workers, would there not be more interest in the work at home and greater results in the field? When prayers languish at home, the work of Christ halts abroad.

The Old Testament story of Moses lifting up his hands to God while Joshua and the men of war fought Amalek down in the plain, has its teaching for our times. When Moses let fall the hands of intercession the Amalekites prevailed; but when Moses, with hands upheld by Aaron and Hur, continued to pray, Israel prevailed. There is nothing that our missionaries are more solicitous about than the prayers of God's people. There is scarcely a letter that comes from the field that does not bear the burden of a plea for more prayer.

Some years ago a young missionary and his wife went out from this country to a field in Africa. A most affectionate farewell was given to them, and they received many assurances of constant interest in their work. When years had passed by, a stranger came into the weekly prayer meeting of that church. He took a back seat, and while evidently deeply interested took no part until it was about to close. Then he arose and said: "Years ago I went out from you to the foreign field. You promised me then that you would never meet in this room for prayer but that you would remember me and the work in your supplications. For a time our work prospered. We felt that the power and the blessing of God were with us. But of late the work has dragged, and our strength has failed. I could not understand it until I came here to-night. Now I know what has been wrong. You have forgotten to pray for us. Not one petition for foreign missions, or for those who are engaged in them, has been offered here to-night." Might not that charge be laid against many of our prayer meetings? In your prayers, do not forget the missionaries.

Do you know what it is to dwell in heavenly places with Christ Jesus? Have you learned the secret of triumph over terrestrial gravitation,

Try Your Wings.

enabling you to rise superior to earthly trials and limitations, breathing the strong air of the higher spiritual atmosphere? Or are you like the eagle—but the story belongs to the Rev. John McNeill and he shall tell it in his own way:

"A friend of mine had an eagle. He caught it when young and had brought it up like a domestic fowl. Having to go to the other side of the world, he was selling off everything. He wondered what he should do with his eagle, and the happy thought came to him that he would not give it to anybody, but would give it back to itself—he would set it free. How astonished it was! It walked about feeling as if this were rather bigger than its ordinary run; but that was all. He was disappointed; and taking the big bird in his arms he lifted it and set it upon the garden-wall. It turned and looked down upon him. The sun had been obscured behind a cloud, but just then the cloud passed away, and the bright, warm beams poured out. The eagle lifted its eyes, pulled itself up. I wonder what its thoughts were. Can an eagle recollect the crags and cliffs, the revelling in the tempests of long ago, the joyous thunderings, and the flashing lightnings? Pulling itself up, it lifted one wing and stretched it out, and it lifted the other wing and outstretched it. Then it gave a scream, and soon was a vanishing speck away in the blue of heaven. Anxious, disturbed Christian, you are an eagle living in a henhouse. Try your wings!"



In three provinces of our Dominion, the leaders of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are agitating for the extension of the ballot to women. In British Columbia at the last session of the Legislature, the second reading of the Bill was being voted upon, when one member

The Ballot for Women.

thought he was voting on the previous question, and voted against the Bill, although he meant to vote for it. But for this mistake, the vote would have been a tie, and as the speaker was in favor, the Bill would have carried. The New Brunswick Legislature is to receive petitions on the question at the next session. In Ontario the campaign is just being organized, and petition forms are to be circulated for signature. It is hoped that the young people's societies will co-operate in pushing the campaign, and educate themselves in this important question, for we believe that placing the ballot in the hands of the women will do much to hasten the time for the "coming of our Lord in custom and in law."



PERHAPS the most significant thing in the Church of Christ in these days is the manifest

desire on the part of many for a fuller and richer Christian life. The "Quiet Hour" in our young people's societies, the Keswick movement, the many conferences for the deepening of spiritual

A Prophetic Movement.

life, are all indications of a movement, world-wide, that is going on under the direction of the Holy Spirit Himself. The reaction from the ceaseless cry of "work," "work," has begun, and Christians are beginning to ask if much effort has not been wasted because they have lacked the power through which alone work for God comes and stays. There is a heart-hunger for the deep things of God and for spiritual health and vigor.

This concern for a full, victorious, serviceable Christian life is prophetic of widespread and abounding blessings. In the years just ahead we may expect to see such varied manifestations of the Holy Spirit's presence and power as no preceding period has ever beheld—remarkable movements toward world-wide evangelization, pentecostal blessings in the churches, clearer separation between those who serve the Lord and those who serve Him not. In this blessed movement, let each of us have a part.



MAY is the month of promise. Every blade of grass, every timidly unfolding bud, every warm beam of sunlight seems to whisper prophecies of coming summer beauty and autumn fruitage. What month more appropriate than this for special thought of our work among the boys and girls? And so we intend to devote our next issue specially to Junior work. We believe that concentration of effort upon this department of Christian Endeavor is essential to the continued growth and vigor of the movement. We intend to make 1899 a campaign year in Junior work, and May will inaugurate the campaign with a big broadside. We have not neglected Junior work in the past. Our Junior department has always been a valuable feature of the HERALD; but from now on it will assume a new importance. Let us just give you some little idea of what we are planning for next issue. Miss Charlotte E. Wiggins will contribute an article on the supreme importance of Junior work. Our old friend Kerux will write on the Junior superintendent as a character builder. A testimony meeting will be conducted by one of our editors on the fruits of Junior work in the lives of the boys and girls. A second article in the series, the first of which appears in this issue, on talking with chalk, and a news department of special Junior interest, will contribute to the value of this number. Send us the names of your friends among the Junior workers and we will mail them sample copies.

May, the Juniors' Month.



GOD is responsible for success; we are responsible for faithfulness.

Herbie the Hero

A True Story of a Cripple Child's Devotion to Christ

AMONG the names that will find prominent place on God's Honor Roll of Heroes, perhaps none will be counted more illustrious than that of the little cripple lad of Moose Jaw, Assa., who, on the twenty-first of January last, was promoted to the immediate presence of the Master whom he loved so well and served so faithfully. As we read the simple record which follows, written by his pastor, the blush of shame crept up over our face in thought of how little we, with our health and vigor, had done in comparison with this heroic little soul. Through the kindness of the Rev. F. B. Stacey we are able to give our readers a portrait of the twelve-year old boy whose missionary zeal has already brought inspiration to so many lives. It shall be true of him as of the saint of old that "he being dead yet speaketh." We pray that the message of his life may be heard by the whole church of Christ as a summons to more self-sacrificing effort on behalf of a perishing world. The Rev. Mr. Stacey writes:

Herbie Bellamy was born in Moose Jaw, Assa., January 15, 1887. He was a cripple from birth, and owing to some form of spinal trouble, was never able to walk or talk or use his hands. When I moved to Moose Jaw, at the Conference of 1892, Herbie was learning to push himself around with his feet, in a little four-wheeled framed cart, which his father had made for him. He was a bright and interesting little fellow, with expressive eyes, and a mobile countenance;

even at that early age there were evidences of a marked spiritual perception and religious development. His home was one calculated to promote the growth of true moral sentiment.

Shortly after our arrival in Moose Jaw, Mrs. Bellamy took charge of the infant class. Then began Herbie's regular attendance at Sunday-school. He at once became interested, learning and, in his own way, reciting the topic, golden text, and main facts of the lesson. Some time after this Dr. McKenzie, of Toronto, visited our town. I was very anxious for him to see Herbie, and during the interview he suggested that while Herbie might never be able to use his hands, he could certainly learn to write with his foot. This proved a most happy and valuable suggestion, and, after a time, the art was acquired with comparative readiness and astonish-

ing skill. During all this time he had shown a special interest in missionary work. When a very little boy he had his missionary box, into which was placed every coin that parents or friends gave him. The reward books which he received, year by year, from the Mission Rooms, were always highly prized, and never was he happier in those early days than when his mother would read to him or tell him stories out of his "missionary book."

Some time after his mother became infant class teacher, the entire class was organized into a mission band, and Herbie was unanimously chosen president, and henceforth the society was known locally as "Herbie's Mission Band." This proved a great blessing to our little friend, still further deepening his sympathy, widening his knowledge, and increasing his interest in mission work. Visits from representatives of the W. M. S., on their way to or from Japan, did much toward centralizing his thought and his interest upon that country, until, finally, he decided to earn enough money to educate a Japanese boy, so that he could take his place, and preach in his native land the Gospel of Christ, which Herbie was unable himself to do. Think of it! a ten-year-old child, speechless and helpless, a physical wreck, undertaking to literally fulfil our Master's last command. But he goes to work, and soon, with pen and foot, is doing business for the Lord, giving, not ten per cent., but all, to this object.



HERBIE BELLAMY.

This one thing he does. He could not go himself to Japan, but he will send his boy in his place. Unable to use tongue, hands, or limbs for Jesus, he has his pen placed between his toes and writes names and short letters, and in that western town it was not difficult for him to get plenty of work. As a result of this year of loving labor, we find in the annual report of the W. M. S. for 1897, the following: "From Moose Jaw we received the handsome sum of \$83, the result of the efforts of a little cripple lad, Master Herbie Bellamy, to be used expressly and only for the education of a pupil in Kanazawa Orphanage." One year later we find that Herbie's Band has raised during the year the almost incredible sum of \$160.05, while the ordinary church contributions had increased over fifty per cent. On the evening of Sunday, December 4, he talked much

with his mother about his Mission Band; he had then himself \$69, and said he was going to work hard to make \$75 by New Year's. He wished he could make twice as much, for Jesus was so good to him. The following week he was taken ill, and, after six weeks of intense suffering, "he was not, for God took him."

All through his life he was subject to sickness and great pain. He was a tender-hearted child, and his own experience of suffering gave him keen sympathy with the sufferings and sorrows of others. Very early in life his mother wisely sought to guard against any spirit of discontent that might possibly arise, by telling him of the good and pleasant things in his life and surroundings, thus fostering a spirit of gratitude in his heart. And, indeed, his was a remarkably happy and thankful spirit. Missionary literature furnished just the material for this purpose, which the mother needed, and the boy loved. Out of such teaching, and from such influences, the child developed a lovely, unselfish nature. It was a happy day for him when Rev. T. Ferrier, his pastor, introduced him to the Conference in Winnipeg last June, not because of any personal gratification, but because it widened his circle of friends, and that meant more work and more money for his boy in Japan, and so he was very glad and thankful. This spirit characterized him till the last. When his poor, shrunken frame was racked with pain, and his lips were parched with fever, the little suffering saint simply said, "God is good to give me such nice cold water." There is a touch of true heroism in the closing scenes of this Christian life. The Lord's work had grown to be with him a spiritual passion, and it was strong even in death. The unselfish, generous nature was beautifully revealed in his last request, "Keep up my Mission Band."

For many years the memory of this child and his noble work will stir the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and, perhaps, to some others the story of his simple faith, his missionary zeal, and his whole-souled devotion, will prove a comfort or an inspiration.

Crystal City, Man.

Trusting.

By Manfred J. Gaskell.

IT matters not how dark or drear
The path of life may seem,
I know that He will still my fear,
If I but trust in Him.
Leaning and trusting, He will guide,
Along life's stormy way;
No deed too small, no gift too great,
No debt, but He will pay.
His perfect love will banish ill,
With good replace the wrong;
The empty vessel He will fill,
To silent lips give song.
Nor human mind can sound the depths,
Nor reach to Heaven above,
Nor heart can dry the living fount
Of God's eternal love.

Music in the Church.

By N. F. Caswell.

TO the ear which is rightly attuned, nature is full of music through every part of her vast domain. Music in the early hours of morning, when the first rays of the rising sun waken the earth to melody, and the air is aquiver with the song of birds, the lowing of herds, and the hum of myriads of insects' wings. Music at noon, when the rippling rivulets sing themselves along their way, darting and dashing and flashing in the sunlight, to lose their liquid treble notes in the deep bass of the ever-restless ocean waves. Music in the sweet and tranquil evening hours, as earth's weary creatures gently lullaby themselves to rest. Music in the solemn midnight, when the arching heavens declare the glory of God, and the twinkling stars "utter forth a glorious voice,"

"Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine."

Music in the heavy diapason of the thunderclap and in the gentle patter of the pearly raindrop. Music in the woods, as the breeze sweeps her fingers over the responsive keys of the tree-tops; and music in the daisy-spangled meadow, where the bee croons his love-song to the beckoning flowers, and where the lark soars aloft on his airy pinions, sending down such marvellous strains of melody that they seem to be echoes from the celestial city. Music in the home, poured forth from the dear voices of loved ones, and rippling in the merry laughter of little children. Music in the church, where our ears oftentimes catch snatches of heaven's harmonies that lift our souls Godward.

Yes, our Maker has placed us in a world full of delightful music; and if our heartstrings are but rightly attuned by faith in His fatherly love and care, they will quiver with melody, and we will make our pilgrim way vocal with praise.

One of the brightest glories of our Christianity is that it is a religion of song. When our illustrious founder, the Lord Jesus, was born, it was amid the joyous chorus of the angelic hosts, and the anthem they sang that first Christmas morning still abides as the sweetest sound that ever reached human ears.

The church of God possesses in her hymnology a priceless treasure. The rivulet of divine song implanted by the All-Father in the first human breast has received fresh accessions as the centuries have rolled by, until it has become a mighty river of praise, blessing and ennobling mankind the world over. From the time when the morning-stars sang together, and the sons of God rejoiced at the creation of our world, down to the present, through all the changes and turmoils which have characterized the progress of the race in every age, men and women have been inspired to breathe out the songs which have stirred their fellows to increased diligence in the Master's service, lightened many a load of care,

and brightened many a cloud above life's pathway.

Closely interwoven with a history of the Christian Church would be a history of her hymns. The singing of them has been an inspiration to God's people in all times of persecution and trial. The Scottish Covenanters in their lonely glens, the Waldenses in their mountain fastnesses, the Huguenots of France, the early Protestants of Germany, the hunted Roman Christians in the catacombs, all had their faith kept alive and their devotion deepened by their stirring songs of praise. The Methodist movement in England also owed as much of its success to the hymns of the Wesleys, Olivers, Newton, etc., as to their preaching.

What a rich treasury the child of God has in his hymn-book! It should occupy a place in his heart and memory second only to the Word of God. It contains songs of hope to cheer when he is tempted to cry out like one of old, "All these things are against me"; songs of glory for his triumphant hours; songs that breathe a holy calm in times of worry and excitement; songs that have

"The power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer";

songs that nerve him to face danger and temptation, and inspire him to deeds of valor for his Lord. Whatever his state of want or feeling, he can there find words that appear as though they had been specially written for his peculiar need. And as his soul goes out in hymns of petition or praise, he realizes the experience so beautifully described by the poet when he sings:

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares which infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Then in the public services of the church, what enthusiasm we gather from the united voices of the congregation. How often we wend our way to God's house, feeling, it may be, cast down and heavy-hearted; but as we rise to sing, perhaps Perronet's "All hail the power of Jesus' name,"—which has been fittingly termed the Christian's national anthem—or Wesley's immortal "Jesus, Lover of my soul," or haply Bernard of Clugny's never-dying "Jerusalem, the golden," as voice joins with voice, and the trumpet tones of the organ break forth into joy, we catch the contagion of the hymn, our doubts disappear, the future beams bright with promise, and Beulah land seems almost at our feet.

Then, again, how often has the Gospel sung its way to the heart, and wakened the conscience of many an one untouched by the eloquent periods and impassioned appeals of the preacher! Many a prodigal has, out of curiosity or mischief perhaps, turned into an assembly of God's people, and, as he enters, the familiar air and words of some sweet old hymn fall on his ear, and straightway carry him back to his childhood days, with

a vision of a loving mother stooping over him to imprint the good-night kiss on his brow, or the memory of a godly father, long since gone home, his parting words, "Meet me in heaven, my boy"; and as these tender voices of the past plead with him, his icy heart melts, and angels rejoice over another wanderer returned to his Father's home.

As an English writer has said, how the hymns laugh to scorn the claim of any one sect to be the only true church of Christ. In our hymn-books, Roman Catholics—Faber, Newman, Bernard—stand side by side with such staunch Protestants as Luther and Gerhardt. Ritualists, as Keble and Neale, appear along with Lyte, Cowper, and Havergal, who were thorough evangelicals; and all these are compelled to associate with Baxter, the Puritan; Wesleys and Olivers, the Methodists; Watts and Doddridge, the Congregationalists; and Bonar and McCheyne, the Presbyterians. The Armenian Wesley and the Calvinist Toplady no longer dispute and wrangle, but dwell together in peace. Even the Unitarian Adams' yearning, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," is called into service along with Heber's grand Trinity hymn, "Holy, holy, holy." All this should tend to make bigots recall Christ's words, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

The hymnology of to-day is richer and sweeter by far than that of any previous age. I recently came across a very old hymn-book, and in looking over its pages, was much struck with the quaint expressions found in many of its hymns. To modern readers, whose hymn-books contain many of the finest literary gems in the English language, some of these expressions seem exceedingly ludicrous, and we almost wonder how even the staid old Puritans could have sung them with unsmiling faces. I give you as a sample this verse from old-time hymnology, sung before the days of Watts and Wesley:

"Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises spout:
Up from the sands, ye codlings, peep,
And wag your tails about."

One of the most interesting of the old books of praise is the version of the Psalms, known as Sternhold and Hopkins', published in 1562, which was really the best book of praise then obtainable. While it contained many good things, some of the renderings seem very strange to us. Take, for instance, that of the tenth and eleventh verses of the seventy-fourth Psalm, where the Psalmist says, "O God, how long shall the adversary reproach? Why withdrawest Thou thy right hand? Pluck it out of thy bosom." It was paraphrased thus:

"Why dost withdraw thy hand aback
And hide it in thy lappe?
O pluck it out, and be not slack
To give thy foes a rappe."

The verse, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," was thus arranged for singing:

"The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs;
Nor the battle by those people
Who shoot the longest guns."

And here is another selection from this same book:

"O God, break thou their teeth at once,
Within their mouths throughout;
The tusks that in their great jaw bones
Like lions' whelps hang out."

We should be thankful that in place of such doggerel as this, our hymn-books contain the inspired productions of such consecrated scholars as Watts and Wesley, Bonar and Doddridge, Ray Palmer and Fanny Crosby, Charlotte Elliott and Frances Havergal, Cowper and Newton. But after all, it is not so much in the words we utter as in the spirit of our worship. Some one has said that in times gone by the saints occupied hardwood seats in their plain sanctuaries, and sang, "My God, the spring of all my joys"; then all the people sang. Nowadays, the worshippers sit on soft cushions in elegant edifices, while the paid quartette sings for them or to them, "Art thou weary; art thou languid?"

Many humorous situations have occurred in connection with music in the church. I hope I may not be transgressing the bounds of my paper if I relate two or three anecdotes along this line. A western clergyman, noticing that the choir seats were unoccupied when the time for beginning the service had arrived, arose and innocently remarked, "I see that all the choir are absent this morning; let the congregation rise and sing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

A clergyman in Pittsburg, Pa., married a lady with whom he received a dowry of \$10,000 and a fair prospect of more. Shortly afterward, while occupying his pulpit, he gave out the hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, commencing, "Forever let my grateful heart," when he hesitated, a-hemmed, and exclaimed, "We will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the verse for themselves, and smiled almost audibly as they read:

"Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore;
Who gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

A minister was once preaching in a church where the singing was led by a precentor. The hymn, "I love to steal a while away," was announced. The chorister tried a tune, but when he got as far as "I love to steal," found that the metre would not suit. Then he tried another, but stuck when he got on as far as "I love to steal." Being of a persevering nature, he tried the third time, but with no greater success. The minister then arose, and with something of a smile said, "Dear friends, the fact is very much to be regretted. Let us pray."

Rev. John Adams preached for thirty years at Durham, New Hampshire, when some difficulties

brought about his resignation. At the close of his farewell sermon, he asked the congregation to sing, "to the praise of God and their own edification," the first three verses of Dr. Watts' version of Psalm 120:

"Thou God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips which love deceit?"

"Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life."

"Oh, might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wild, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell."

Not many years ago, a minister in one of the Eastern States fell, as will sometimes happen, into a difficulty with his choir, which, for some time, prevented their accustomed attendance. At length the choir relented, and appeared, as heretofore, at the usual time of service. The minister most unexpectedly saw them in their places, and in due time, looking very significantly in their direction, arose and read the hymn:

"And are ye wretches still alive,
And do ye yet rebel?"

And now in conclusion, let me urge upon you all the duty of offering praise to God. Upon almost every page of Holy Scripture we are urged to this privilege—it is as important as prayer. We all believe in singing, but we so often regard it simply as an ornamental appendage to the service of the sanctuary. In too many cases is a careful supervision over chorister and choir neglected; and, as a consequence, in many churches there are persons leading the service of praise whose lives are in direct opposition to God's will; and in numberless instances choirs contain men whose mouths are reeking with oaths and liquor and tobacco, and women whose thoughts never rise above the vanities of earth. All this is wrong—sinfully wrong. A good voice must not be, as it too often is, the sole passport to the company of those who lead us in the service of song. No one should be there but converted people, with consecrated hearts and voices. From such choirs the Gospel in song would come with power to those who hear. Singing should be the direct personal offering of each worshipper to his Maker. Therefore, make a joyful noise unto God, and praise the Lord in the assembly of His people. Treasure your hymn-book, for it represents the consecrated talent of all ages and lands and sections of the church. Use it in your private devotions. If you find it difficult to sing the hymns, read them, that these song-birds of the church may find an abiding home in your memory, and fill your whole being with their melody.

Finally, friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven! Some of us find it hard to strike the right tune here, but there every voice will be vocal with praise, and every

ear attuned aright. We will all know the tune when we get home. No discords there; no harsh notes, no weak and quavering voices. The song of Moses and the Lamb will be joined with Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and with Samuel Medley's "O could I speak the matchless worth," and with Watts' "When I survey the wondrous cross," and with Perronet's "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and with the best parts of all our best hymns and tunes which we loved so much on earth. All the best singers of all the ages will join in the mighty chorus—choirs of white-robed children, choirs of apostles, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of martyrs. David will be there with his golden harp; Gabriel with his trumpet will lead in the hallelujahs; Charlotte Elliot will be there, no longer bed-ridden, but strong and vigorous; William Cowper will be one of that glorious company, his weak mind having been forever made clear in the "fountain filled with blood," of which he sang so sweetly when on earth; Charles Wesley will be there, for he has at last found a refuge in the Lover of his soul; Bernard of Clugny will be there, his pilgrim feet having reached the stately streets of the city of his yearning song, "Jerusalem, the golden"; Fanny Crosby's blind eyes trouble her no longer, for her loving Saviour has led her safely all the way home to Himself; Toplady's voice will be heard in the thrilling chorus, for he has found eternal safety in the Rock of Ages; Bishop Heber will be there, along with thousands of redeemed ones from Africa's sunny fountains and India's coral strand; Isaac Watts will be one of the number before Jehovah's awful throne, crowding heaven's gates with thankful songs; Newman will be there, for the Kindly Light of which he sang has led him safe o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone. What a company! Not one silent tongue or one cold heart; but chorus shall join chorus, and anthem shall follow anthem. Songs of triumph! Songs of reunion! Songs of praises unto the Lamb forever and forever!

"Oh, may we bear some part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune our hearts
And love command our tongue."

Toronto, Ont.

Calvary.

By Eliza Wills.

O SACRED hill of Calvary,
Most hallow'd spot on earth to me;
The great Creator bowed His head
And died there in His creatures' stead.

O sacred hill of Calvary,
The scene of earth's great tragedy;
The very sun withdrew its light,
All nature shudder'd at the sight.

When all earth's mem'ries are forgot,
Her mountains and her plains are not,
The little hill of Calvary
Shall evermore remember'd be.

Toronto, Ont.

The Song of Heaven.

AN old English Methodist local preacher, Peter Mackenzie, preaching from the text, "And they sang a new song," said:

Yes, there will be singing in heaven, and when I get there I shall want to have David with his harp, and Peter and Paul and other saints gather round for a song. And I will announce a hymn from the Wesleyan hymnal:

"Let us sing hymn number 749, 'My God, my Father, while I stray.'"

But someone will say: "That won't do. You are in heaven, Peter; there is no straying here."

And I will say: "Yes, that is so. Let us sing number 651, 'Though waves and storms go o'er my head.'"

Another saint will say: "Peter, you are in heaven now; you forget that there are no storms here."

Well, I will try again: "Number 21, 'Come on, my partners in distress.'"

"Peter! Peter!" someone will say, "we will put you out unless you stop giving out inappropriate hymns"; and I will ask, "What shall we sing?" and they will say, "Sing the new song—the song of Moses and the Lamb."



"I SAW a smile,—to a poor man 'twas given,
And he was old.

The sun broke forth; I saw that smile in heaven
Wrought into gold.

Gold of such lustre never was vouchsafed to us;
It made the very light of day more luminous.

Wrought into gold! We that pass down life's hours
So carelessly,

Might make the dusty way a path of flowers
If we would try.

Then every gentle deed we've done, or kind word
given, [in heaven].

Wrought into gold, would make us wondrous rich.



The Three Pillows.

THE following beautiful incident is related by Rev. E. Paxton Hood: When I visited one day, as he was dying, my beloved friend, Benjamin Parsons, I said, "How are you to-day, sir?" He said, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows—infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom." Preaching in the Canterbury Hall in Brighton, I mentioned this some time since; and not many months after I was requested to call upon a poor but holy young woman apparently dying. She said:

"I felt I must see you before I die. I heard you tell the story of Benjamin Parsons and his three pillows; and, when I went through a cruel surgical operation, and it was very painful, I was leaning my head on pillows, and, as they were taking them away, I said, 'Mayn't I keep them?' The surgeon said, 'No, my dear, we must take them away.' 'Well,' said I, 'I am so glad you can't take away Benjamin Parsons' three pillows. I can lay my head on infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom.'"

"According to Thomas"

How the Easter Joy came into one Doubting, Unbelieving Heart

WHERE'S Luella's cally?" inquired Mr. Dunmore, as he sat at the breakfast table on Easter morning and directed his glance toward the bay window. Luella's face flushed, and her mother answered quickly: "Mrs. Vance came along yesterday and saw it in the window. She stopped, and nothing would do but she must have that calla to put in their church to-day. She paid Luella two dollars for it."

"Whew! two dollars for a cally! Seems to me that's a pretty steep price; but Mrs. Vance's able if she want's to."

"Yes; she found out what Luella wanted the money for. Luella told her about the missionary thank-offering—the Easter collection, you know—and she gave it of her own accord. But it was a most beautiful plant."

"You're going to give all that money to the heathen?" inquired Mr. Dunmore, directing a glance of disapproval toward Luella.

Luella was a timid girl, and her voice shook a little as she replied: "Why, yes, I wanted to. It was my calla; and it's only once in a while that I have any money."

"You see, John," calmly said Mrs. Dunmore, "everybody that loves our Lord likes to make an Easter gift. In the city churches they buy heaps of flowers, I've heard, just to trim them up. Now if Luella was spending her two dollars that way it would be different; but for missions, why, I calculate it's just handing out the Bread of Life to starving people."

"Pshaw! you better burn it up and done with it; I don't believe in foreign missions, anyway. I don't believe half the money ever gets there, and if it did what good would it do?"

"John Henry, get the Bible. We must start for meeting early, it's such bad going." That was Mrs. Dunmore's only response to her husband's remarks.

John Henry, a boy of fourteen, who had been silent thus far, brought the Bible, and Luella read the story of the resurrection as told by John in his gospel.

Then Mrs. Dunmore and the children knelt, and she prayed.

Her husband sat upright beside the window, looking out across

the fields. He always sat there in the morning, but never seemed to listen to lesson or prayer. His wife had prayed "all around him," as she expressed it, for twenty years; but so far as results were concerned, he might as well have been the huge granite rock which was the picturesque "centrepiece" of his orchard.

After prayers Mrs. Dunmore and Luella did the morning chores, and John Henry harnessed the horse, drew the wagon out into the yard, and then came in to dress for church.

A gust of air came in with him, and as he closed the outer door the sitting-room door was drawn open a little.

Mr. Dunmore was still sitting beside the window, and he heard Luella saying in a grieved tone: "But if he don't believe, that's no reason why he should want to keep the Bible from other people, seems to me. I should think he'd be glad to give 'em a chance."

"Don't worry, Luella," said Mrs. Dunmore, as she brushed off the stove; "your father can't understand about missions till he believes. Give your money if you feel moved to, and he won't scold, I guess."

"Father's just like Thomas," struck in John Henry's voice. "He's always saying: 'I don't believe, I don't believe.'"

"Yes, dear. Let's pray that he may have Thomas's experience. Now we must get ready. If you get down first, wrap some papers round the geraniums, Luella."

It was after ten o'clock when the wagon rolled out of the yard toward the village, two miles away. Mrs. Dunmore and Luella sat upon the back seat, and each held a geranium in full bloom, well wrapped in newspapers. Luella's was a beautiful "Martha Washington," but she sighed a little to think of her calla holding up its pure white lilies in Mrs. Vance's church. But the two-dollar bill was safely clasped inside her Bible, and she glowed with satisfaction to think that for once she would not be ashamed to have the other girls in her class know how much she gave.

The country road was still very rough, where heavy teams had left deep ruts in the mud, and the wise horse chose her way care-



"Consider the Lilies."

fully. The sky was a perfect blue, and the robins, flying back and forth among the apple trees, sang joyously, for the winter was over and gone.

Mrs. Dunmore turned and shook her hand toward the window, as she had done so many times before. Her husband always expected it, but gave no signal in return.

This Easter Sunday he watched the erratic course of the wagon until the red-ribbon on Luella's hat was out of sight, then he locked the front and back doors. This was a most unusual thing to do, but he had had a sharp thrust that morning, and was determined to investigate its full meaning. Usually he spent his Sabbath in reading the weekly papers, hammering in a subdued way round the house and barn, driving a nail here and mending a hinge there, and finally falling asleep in his arm-chair; but now he was going to interview Thomas.

His son, his only son, who appeared to be forming opinions of his own, and was surprisingly like his mother in directness of expression, had likened him to one Thomas. No appeal or rebuke had ever affected him as had those few positive words.

He never read the Bible, but after hearing his wife read it so many years he had a misty idea that the person referred to was in the New Testament; so, after drawing the shades of the front windows, as if he were about to commit a forgery, he sat down beside the table and began his researches.

In turning leaves his eyes occasionally caught familiar words. There was that strange text, "Ye must be born again," which he knew was a favorite with his wife. He paused long enough to read the entire story of the wonderful midnight interview. But he did not forget Thomas, and finally reached the very chapter from which Luella had read the short morning lesson on the resurrection. The leaves seemed to open at that place of their own accord, even like Peter's prison doors once upon a time when an angel walked beside him, and John Dunmore's eyes rested upon these words: "But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came."

"H'm! 'was not with them,'" he repeated; "so that was what ailed Thomas." He had never before felt the responsibility of remaining at home until that moment, and vaguely wondered if the man he was "just like" stayed away on purpose.

Reading on, he paused again to repeat: "'Except I see . . . I will not believe.' That's what John Henry meant, so I've got the right Thomas. 'Would not believe' what, I wonder?"

He began at the beginning of the chapter, and read it through slowly, feeling the force of the simple recital, and recognizing the tremendous truth which Thomas would not believe. Then he read on with added knowledge. "Well, Thomas was with them next time they held a meetin'. 'Then came Jesus.' Exactly; He came, and Thomas was there, too."

The thought that thus far he had traced a likeness to himself in the unbelieving disciple gave him a strange feeling of companionship which he did not enjoy, and he glanced around the room as if to see the risen Lord. "Well, well!" and he traced the next verse carefully with his forefinger. "'Then saith He to Thomas.' He spoke to him! That's the idea; that's a good deal different from hearin' ministers preach an' tangle things up as they do." The remainder of the verse and the next one he read in solemn silence, then repeated in a puzzled way: "'And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God.' Thomas got all he could bear that time and had to give up. That was what Sarah meant by what she said, 'Wishin' I might have his experience.'"

John Dunmore looked at his hands. "I suppose when Thomas saw the places where the nails went through he had to believe. There they was; I guess folks nowadays might believe if they could see."

But there was another verse which drew his eyes back to the page with a strange fascination: "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

From the logic of this wonderful prophecy—covering the yesterday, to-day, and forever of experience—John Dunmore could not escape. The perspiration stood upon his forehead as he faced his personal accountability. "I never saw it that way before, honest!" he ejaculated. Ignorance, indifference, and unbelief vanished before the sudden light which revealed to him his privilege and duty.

Conscious of the presence of a divine Guest he bowed his head upon the open book, whispering over and over again, "My Lord and my God," while his soul shrank from the sudden revelation of his own guilt.

There is one great, glorious secret that God has never shared with humanity—the secret of life-giving. And if He guards the mystery of a flower's growth, will He not keep that of the soul's blossoming into the spiritual kingdom? But that great miracle of His love which delivers from the bondage of death a soul that believes, was wrought on that Easter morning in the quiet room. And while thousands of jubilant voices sang anthems of praise, John Dunmore's cry of anguish became the cry of joy, "My Lord and my God!"

It was a long time before he lifted his head, but at length he arose and walked back and forth, smiling and clasping his hands. He lifted the shades of the front windows and looked out. What a beautiful sky! What a wonderful new world! Passing the mirror, he paused to see if he looked like himself. Yes, it was the same John, but not the same. "She's prayin' fer ye, just as she always does, every Sunday—every Sunday all these years," he assured himself. "What'll she say when she knows?"

It was half-past one when Mrs. Dunmore and the children returned, for they always remained

to Sunday-school. John had done the few preliminary things toward dinner that his wife always expected him to do, and was eagerly watching.

He went out as usual to help her from the wagon, and as she handed him the geranium she said: “We had such a good Easter sermon, John, I wish you could have heard it.” He made no response, but as her eye met his she gave a start of surprise. “Who has been here?” she whispered a little anxiously, catching his arm before entering the house. “Have you got company? What makes you look so—so—John!” As she spoke his name a great hope—too great, almost, to cherish—made her heart beat more rapidly, for what was the meaning of that rapturous smile?

“Yes, I’ve got company,” he answered very slowly; “same as Thomas had when he met with the rest, you know—‘My Lord and my God.’”

Poor little Mrs. Dunmore got into the house and into a chair as best she could, and her husband brought her a glass of water. She waved it aside and looked straight into his eyes as she asked, “John, do you mean you’re converted?” There were tears in his eyes, for he began to realize at last how much she cared. “Yes, Sarah,” said he, “accordin’ to Thomas I certainly am.”—*New York Christian Advocate.*



Easter Chimes

Risen!

“Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.”—*Luke 24: 5-6.*

WHEN in the starry gloom
They sought the Lord Christ’s tomb,
Two angels stood in sight,

All dressed in dazzling white,
Who unto the women said,

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

O ye of this latter day,
Who journey the self-same way
Through morning’s twilight gloom
Back to the shadowy tomb;
To you, as to them, was it said,

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, or the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said,

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children’s cries,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said,

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

—*Richard W. son Gilder.*

Ring, Happy Bells.

RING, happy bells of Easter-time!
The world is glad to hear your chime,
Across the wide fields of melting snow,
The winds of springtime softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime,
At Easter-time.

Ring happy bells of Easter-time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
“The Lord is risen.” The light of fear
Has passed away and heaven draws near.
We breathe the air of that blest clime
At Easter-time.

Ring happy bells of Easter-time!
Our happy hearts give back your chime.
The Lord is risen! We die no more;
He opens wide the heavenly door,
He meets us while to Him we climb,
At Easter-time.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Easter Tide.

O bells in the steeple,
Ring out to all people
That Christ has risen, that Jesus is here!
Touch heaven’s blue ceiling,
With your happy pealing,
O, bells in the steeple, ring out full and clear.

O, soft April showers,
Call out the young flowers,
Touch each little sleeper, and bid her obey!
Set daffodils blowing,
And fresh grasses growing,
To thrill the whole world on this new Easter day.

O, lilies so stately,
With petals so shapely,
Christ loved you and talked of your beauty of old,
Bend low in your places,
In tenderest graces,
While swinging before Him your censers of gold.

O, violets tender,
Your shy tribute render;
Tie round your wet faces your soft hoods of blue;
And carry your sweetness,
Your dainty completeness,
To some tired hand that is longing for you.

O, velvet bloomed willows,
Go comfort sick pillows,
With visions of meadow-lands peaceful and brown,
The breath of spring lingers
Within your cold fingers, [down.
And the brook’s song is caught in your fringes of

O, world bowed and broken
With anguish unspoken,
Take heart and be glad, for the Lord is not dead.
On some bright to-morrow,
Your black cloud of sorrow
Will break in a sweet rain of joy on your head!

—*May Riley Smith.*

THIS announcement of the angel—“He is risen”—is certified and buttressed as is no other fact in history. As stands Mt. Blanc, grappling with granite roots the earth’s centre, and rising with mighty mass and altitude into the far blue, stands the fact of the resurrection of our Lord.—*Wayland Hoyt.*

Worth Transplanting

Choice Cuttings Gathered from the Gardens of Our Neighbors

The Stone Rolled Away.

AS forth the Marys passed to wait
Upon their Master, dead,
An Angel left the heavenly gate
And to the garden sped.

The sighing of an undertone,
Set all his strength astir:
"O, who shall roll away the stone
Before the sepulcher?"

And while the women looked, behold!
The stone of crushing weight
Beside the sepulcher was rolled,
For it was very great.

When we pursue some mission sweet,
Life is an Easter-day;
And all the stones before our feet
The angels roll away.

Smash the Traps.

GENERAL BOOTH tells, with a good deal of emphasis, the following anecdote:

A little girl, whose older brother's lack of compassion for small creatures distressed her, injected this into her bedtime prayer: "O Lord, don't let the little birds get into Robbie's trap in the garden. Please don't let them! O, I know they won't! They *can't!* Amen."

"Dolly," said her mother, "what makes you so certain?"

"Why, ma, 'cause—'cause I went out in the garden and smashed the trap."

"We pray for souls threatened by the traps of Satan," said the General, "but that's not enough. *We smash the traps.*"

"I Want to Vote for My Pa."

GOOD morning, my little man; and who will you vote for to-day?" So said a neighbor to little Jimmy Lambert, a sturdy five-year old. It was village election day, and the neighbor was on his way to the polls. Jimmy straightened himself up and was puzzled but for a moment; a bright thought struck him.

"I—I'm going to vote for my pa," he said, as if there could be no doubt about the propriety of that.

Jimmy's old plays suddenly grew stale. Here was a new thing that men were doing, and he wanted to do the same—for all play is but an imitation of real life, whether it be the play of children in the nursery, or of grown people on the stage. But he was sorely puzzled how to do it, and after trying several things and calling them voting, he said to his little sister, fifteen

months younger than himself: "Mamie, let's go an' vote down town," and off they went. But mamma saw them. Now Mrs. Lambert was somewhat out of temper that day, for Mr. Lambert, while fuddled with beer at the saloon, had just made a peculiarly unfortunate bargain. He had traded his cow, one of the main supports of his family, for a washing machine, which some smooth-tongued guzzler assured him would do their washing before breakfast—meaning, of course, if they commenced early enough! Mrs. Lambert was kneading bread, and brooding over this when she spied the children just turning into the street.

"Jimmy!" she cried; "James Henry! do you hear me? Come into the house at once."

James Henry obeyed, though reluctantly. "I am goin' to vote for pa," he said by way of apology.

"I wish you would vote for him," retorted Mrs. Lambert, as she went into the pantry after some flour, "so that he wouldn't have any saloon to go to."

This was taken at once by Jimmy as his mother's permission to do the voting forthwith, and slipping out of the door he was soon on his way to the town hall, carefully leading Mamie by the hand.

The usual question of license or no license was before the people, and as the contest was going to be very close, the excitement ran high. Each side had computed its forces, and was seeing that every vote was brought in. The large room was full of men looking on, passing tickets, keeping tally of the voters, or discussing the situation in loud tones. Jimmy, still holding Mamie's hand, timidly twitched a man's coat and looked up in his face.

"I want to vote for my pa," he said.

"You are too small, my little man, to—"

"Who is it?" cried a second.

"Sam Lambert's children," responded another.

"Lobbying for a new candidate!"

"Give him a vote!"

"Give the boy a chance!"

So ran the exclamations around the room.

"Give us a speech!" said a brawny gun-smith.

"What office does your pa want?" And so saying he stood the children side by side upon the judges' table.

All were hushed for a moment, in expectation of something to cause fresh merriment. Some who had just come in stood with their ballots in their hands, enjoying the diversion with the rest.

"Poor little things!" said one in a sympathizing whisper, as if to suggest that the play had gone far enough. Jimmy's lips trembled, but he managed to say: "I want to vote for my pa."

"Shimmy's doin' to fote for our pa," repeated

Mamie, in a prompt, clear voice, "so 'e won't do to s'loon!"

The merriment was over. An almost painful stillness crept over that assembly of men, as if in the voice of helpless childhood they had heard the voice of God.

"Won't none of yez help the babies?" cried an Irishman. "Sure, and I've a moind to help 'em meself."

"Give them some tickets!" shouted a voice. It was a happy thought, and no sooner said than done.

"I'll count for yez, me little man," continued the Irishman, and he took a ballot from Jimmy's hand, folded and voted it. Then what a wild hurrah went up from that crowd! An officer rapped for order.

"The boy has voted; now, who'll vote for the little girl?" cried the gun-smith.

"That's me!"

"I'm another!"

"I'm your man, little one!"

And three hands were outstretched for ballots, drawing them from Mamie's closed fist.

Another cheer went up.

"You must remove the children, gentlemen, and stand back a little," commanded one of the judges, rising. As they were being lifted down another cheer arose, with cries of "Good!" and "That's it!" and all eyes were turned to the cornet band teacher's blackboard, on which a local artist was sketching, in outline, the two children, with an inscription over and under, like this:

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

"PLEASE VOTE FOR OUR PA, SO 'E WON'T GO TO S'LOON!"

In vain did the other side try to dampen the enthusiasm. The children triumphed, and the prohibition board was elected by thirty-one of a majority. And so Jimmy did vote for his pa and won!—*Union Signal*.

"The Book of Consolation."

THE Bible is the great Book of Consolation for humanity," wrote Ernest Renan, the French sceptic. It brings peace, because it leads to the source of peace—a Person, who, as a Hebrew prophet affirmed, will keep in perfect peace the man whose mind is stayed on Him. It is in the hour of need that the pious sufferer realizes the force of the words of "the Book of Consolation." Sir John Kaye, in his book, "The Sepoy War," narrates how a transforming power came into the hearts of English men and women from a few words of the Bible, while they were fleeing from the cruel mutineers. He writes:

A young English baronet, Sir Mounstuart Jackson, with Lieutenant Burnes, Mrs. Orr, Miss Jackson and some little children, were trying to escape from Seetapore, and went through sufferings almost unspeakable, as they struggled forward, mostly by night, ragged, tattered, ill, and

with matted hair. Their only comfort came from the Word of God.

They had no Bible among them, but one day some native medicines were brought to Mrs. Orr wrapped in a piece of printed paper, which proved to be part of a leaf of the book of Isaiah (51: 11-14); and the message which came to them through Mohammedan hands was this:

"They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away. I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy maker, . . . and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor? The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that—"

And there the bit of paper was torn off. But the words of love thus strangely and mysteriously brought to them, comforted them in the midst of their sorrow. The torn fragment of a text which came to them through heathen hands seemed like a promise of deliverance.

Take Time.

TAKE TIME TO THINK:

Thought oft will save thee from the snare,
Bring thee to cooling streams and bowers,
Spare thee from nursing needless care,
Surround thee with defensive towers;
Yield thee the harvest of content,
Lift thee from dust to starry ways,
Discover comfort heaven-sent
In thy most dark and cheerless days,
Therefore, take time to think.

TAKE TIME TO PRAY:

For when thou pray'st the vision's cleared,
The voice is toned, the will's subdued,
The dear are to thee more endeared,
And the soul's failing strength's renewed.
In prayer the purest words are spoken,
The mind receives heaven's holy light,
The heart is given the Spirit's token,
The hands are charged with wisdom's might.
Therefore, take time to pray.

TAKE TIME TO PRAISE:

Praise is the witness that you see,
Or hear, or feel, or understand,
Or trust where there is mystery
About the working of His hand.
It is thy child-attempt to prove
Thy kinship with the hosts above,
Who, as they in God's presence move,
Praise Him for His exhaustless love.
Therefore, take time to praise.

TAKE TIME TO WORK:

Know what a privilege it is
To work with God, to have thy hand
Engaged for Him, thy energies
Developing 'neath His command.
To share the stores of grace and truth
Which to His faithful ones are given;
In service to maintain thy youth,
And hear the Lord's "Well done!" in heaven.
Therefore, take time to work.

—George A. Suttle.

The Cross Conquers!

Tidings of Trials and Triumphs in the Regions Beyond

What Retrenchment in India Means.

A Message from the Field to Those of us at Home who could Do More.

REV. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, the veteran missionary of the Reformed Church, writes stirringly as follows in *The Missionary Review of the World* for April:

What does retrenchment mean in India? I will give you a few composite photographs taken from those working in different missions, and from these safe general conclusions may be drawn, without a tedious array of statistics.

The Disappointed Hope.

"Good news, wife, good news," called Mr. G., as he sprang from the horse on which he had ridden twenty-three miles from a trip in the district. "The people of three hamlets near Kotur have given up their idols, pledged themselves to observe the Sabbath, and to obey all Christian teachings so fast as they are taught them. They promise to send their children to school to learn to read the Bible and Christian books, and I have promised to give them two teachers, for two of the hamlets are near each other, and one school will do for both. They are in hereditary servitude to the head man of the neighboring caste town, and are wretchedly poor, but they seem to be really in earnest. We shall get hold of their children, even if we do not make very intelligent Christians out of the older people. Now if that extra two hundred dollars that I asked for in the new year's appropriation comes, it will just cover the absolutely necessary outlay in these three villages, and in the two that I received last month, eighteen miles south. There is evidently a movement toward Christianity among these downtrodden people, and if we can only provide them with teachers, we shall see a grand ingathering. Thank God for giving us this opening, for which we have long been praying and working."

His wife tried to look glad, but failed, as she led him in for the cup of tea and slice of toast she had prepared since seeing him come over the knoll a mile away, and until he had this refreshment she would not tell him of the home mail, with its freight of crushing news that had come during his absence.

He needed the refreshment, for even then his hands trembled as he held the letter and read the imperative orders for a ten per cent. retrenchment on the last year's expenditure, instead of his hoped-for expansion, and then, putting his head on his hands, the strong man sobbed. "Then these seekers to whom I have promised the bread of life must go back and feed on their old ashes. O God, what does Thy Church mean thus to play fast and loose with thirsty souls?—

to send me to proclaim in all this district, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' and then strike the cup of the water of life from their lips as they bend to drink. Merciful Jesus, show Thy Church what they are doing."

Thrust Back into Heathenism.

"Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so," sang Sikamani (Crown-jewel), the little Brahman girl, as she entered her father's house from Miss R.'s castegirl's school in Singapuram, and her musical voice rang through the zenana apartments. "Here, my lotus blossom, what is that you are singing? Who is Jesus? and what is the Bible?" asked her kindly-faced grandmother. "Come and sit down, and tell us all about it."

It was a leisure hour, and all the zenana women gathered and, seated on the mats around, listened while little "Crown-jewel" sang more of the beautiful songs Miss R. had taught them, in their own vernaculars. Then she told them all she had learned about that loving Jesus "who died that we all, yes, we women too, may be saved." Daily in this Brahman's house, in merchants' and artisans' homes, were such scenes witnessed since Miss R. had, one year before, opened the first Hindu girls' school in all that region. The school had filled its building in the Brahman street, and Miss R. had just engaged to rent another in the Goldsmiths' street, and open another school, and already scores of pupils had made application to be received.

Miss R. had come home joyously from completing the arrangements, making melody in her heart unto the Lord for giving her such opportunities, for she was already getting an entrance into one and another of her pupils' homes, to talk with their mothers and aunts. On her table lay the evening letters. One, from the secretary of the mission, she seized, opened, read, and sank into a chair, while disappointment and despair, too dry for tears, shook her slender frame. "Killing retrenchments ordered from home. No appropriations for Hindu girls' school. Must close them all from end of next month." That school cost Rs. 225, or \$75 per year. The new one would cost the same. But the home church was too poor to afford the \$150, so the order had come as to all those Hindu homes into which the light was beginning to steal, "Shut out the light, shut in the darkness."

Dr. Anna and Her Patients.

Dr. Anna B., sent out five years before, had opened out a very fine and desperately needed medical work in Bilanagar. Her hospital with twenty beds for in-patients was always filled, while the hundred out-patients daily were blest with her medicines, her skill, and her prayers.

The seeds of the kingdom were daily sown in hundreds of grateful souls. Some seemed germinating. More patients were begging for treatment than she could possibly receive on her appropriations. She had sent a strong appeal for an increase in funds, and an assistant or associate, as the work was more than she could do. "Impossible. Funds not coming in. Can not keep up even present appropriations. Retrench fifteen per cent. from January first. Imperative."

Sick at heart she went over every expenditure to see where she could possibly cut down. Medicines and necessaries for treatment must be had. A small reduction was possible in a few minor points, but on "diets of in-patients" must nearly the whole reduction fall. There was no help for it. Hereafter but ten of the twenty beds could be filled, for the people coming from distant villages were all too poor to provide food for themselves away from home. Ten beds were packed away, as they were vacated. The remaining ten were all filled with important cases, and Dr. Anna prayed for a hard heart, to enable her to refuse others.

"Will the dear lady doctor please come and see a dying woman in Kallur, four miles north." A young mother, fourteen years old, whom native midwives had horribly maltreated, from want of skill and knowledge, was what she found. Her life still might be saved by the utmost skill and care, if she could be placed in a hospital, not otherwise. "Bring her in on her bed. I will try." Half way back and Dr. Anna was stopped at a hamlet to see a young girl, terribly gored by a bull. "Bring her in too." As she neared the hospital a woman wrapt in a blanket tied as a hammock to a long bamboo, and "borne of four," was laid on the veranda of the hospital, with foot dropping off from gangrene, the result of the bite of a poisonous, but not deadly, serpent. The love of Jesus pulsed in Dr. Anna's heart. She could not say no. "Take her in," and so of two others equally needy who came. But how were they to be fed?

Dr. Anna had already devoted all she could spare from her small salary to purchase additional medicines for the growing throngs of out-patients. Now, to feed these, her suffering sisters, while they were being healed she gave up the more expensive articles in her own diet, meat, eggs, fruit, etc., and struggled on, giving her every energy to her increasing number of patients, and working harder, if possible, even on her un nourishing diet. Months thus sped by. One morning she fainted at her work, and fell upon the masonry floor of her hospital. An adjacent missionary was hastily called. An English doctor of experience and skill came from the large town near. "Nervous prostration and threatening paralysis, from overstrain and lack of nourishment. Must be put on the first steamer and sent home as the only hope," was his unhesitating verdict.

Her board had saved one hundred dollars by the cut, and paid two hundred dollars to take

home poor wrecked Dr. Anna B. The sick were deserted, and the hospital closed. The murmur went around the home land, "What a mysterious Providence that strong and vigorous Dr. Anna B. should be stricken down after only six years of service, and just when she was most needed."



HERE is the testimony of a Kurdish chief who visited the missionary school for girls at Tabriz, Persia. He inspected their needlework, heard them sing and recite, examined them himself in Turkish and Persian, then threw down his book exclaiming, "Who would think that *girls* could ever learn to do all these things? But *our* girls, what do they know? Why, compared with *your* girls, they are mere donkeys!" and he left, saying he prayed for the day when Kurdish children, too, might be in school.

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THREE subjects for encouragement and praise are noted by a missionary in the Northwest Provinces of India: (1) The wonderful raising and transforming of Indian women by Christianity. The first Indian deaconess has just been appointed, and she is likely to be followed by others. (2) There have been more baptisms in the Northwest Provinces during the last twelve months than in the whole of the previous twenty-four years. (3) The setting aside by the C. M. S. of specially and scientifically trained missionaries to work among Mahomedans.

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"THE Lord is king, be the people never so impatient: He sitteth between the cherubim be the earth never so unquiet." This verse from the English Church Prayer Book version of the ninety-ninth psalm, has been chosen by the China Inland Mission as their motto-text for the current year. The verse came to one of the workers, a message from God, during those days of suspense and anxiety concerning the safety of loved ones threatened by the native uprisings in China. Surely it is like a ray of sunlight for all of God's children in the midst of discouragements and perplexities incident to the unsettled condition of the world.

.....

AMONG modern apostles, Joseph Kam, missionary to the Moluccas, must assuredly be given a place. Of Moravian parentage, an inherited tendency turned his heart to the foreign field in early boyhood, but obstacles serving to block the way he was persuaded to desist from his purpose. Remaining in Holland he received a good government position, married, and settled down to home life. But God had not so willed. Calamity followed calamity. Sisters, wife, position, and lastly his only child, were taken from him, and the lonely man, turning his face Godward, said, "I desired to be a missionary, and now Thou hast set me free by depriving me of all I count dear." Six years later, writing from Amboyna, he declares, "There is no man in all the world so happy as myself."

Not Experiments

But Plans and Suggestions that have been Tried and Tested

Check 'em Off.

In some societies the members do not realize what a small percentage take part each time. Have the secretary, at the beginning, write on the blackboard the number of members; under it, the number present, and subtract. Then let him keep tally on the board, in plain view, of the number taking part. It will be a little distracting; yes. But it will be an eye-opener, and better than going on in a careless, indifferent way.

Christian Endeavor Cyclists.

In connection with the Hull and District Union of England, there exists a Christian Endeavor Cycle Club that has outlined for itself a noble mission, and that already has performed excellent service. The purpose of the club is primarily the preaching of the Gospel in the villages and hamlets round about Hull. Many of these communities are entirely barren of aggressive gospel workers. To reach these places the Endeavorers have planned two bicycle runs weekly, on Thursdays and Saturdays. Open-air evangelistic services will be held on each of these "runs," and the campaign will be continued and extended until all of the villages round about Hull are served by a devoted band of workers who have consecrated the bicycle to Christ's service. The club is thoroughly organized, with regular rules and officers. All of the officers must be Endeavorers, and the "runs" are conducted with all the discipline necessary to success.

How the Local-Union Meeting may Help the Local Societies.

First, adapt the Union meeting to the local societies' needs. The thorough-going Union officer will gain very quickly, if he wishes to do so, an idea as to the weak points in the societies. He will carefully consider these needs as he makes up his programme, and will get such speakers as are most likely to remedy them.

Second, use the workers in the local societies very frequently on the programme. The papers or talk may not be quite as fine from a literary standpoint, but they are the very heart-throbs of the speaker, and are drawn from his knowledge of the local conditions and needs. The society from which the speaker comes feels bound to stand behind their representative, and will be among the first to carry out his suggestions and thoughts. The societies themselves would often be surprised to find the wealth of unused talent in their own membership, and would be inspired to take up larger work as a result.

Third, bring to the notice of the local societies some of the new and practical lines of thought. In that way the great ideas of the times, the newer lines of work, the forward movements of

our Endeavor life, can be brought right within the personal reach of the local workers.

Fourth, bring about through the Union's agency that loving co-operation in work, that friendly interest in the problems of others, and that glad recognition of the responsibilities which are on the Endeavorers for the bringing in of the kingdom. Every meeting should have in it that broadening spirit which will leave no room for any narrow or small interpretation of the Master's great command.

And, last of all, let the Union set up in its every part and parcel such a standard of personal devotion as shall make it an impelling power which will go on, ever growing truer to its purpose, until through it and by it souls shall be won to Christ.—*H. H. Spooner.*

A Quotation Social.

One of the best of the capital original socials prepared by the Endeavorers of the Dominion Square Methodist church, Montreal, is a quotation social, arranged on the following plan:

Cards were prepared in sets. The key to each set was one of the following words: Quotation Social, Dominion Square, Methodist, Epworth League Christian Endeavor. The cards of each set contained as many lines as there were letters in its word, these letters serving as the initials of quotations which each person was to obtain from the others that held cards belonging to the same set. Upon each card one quotation was written in ink. As each card had a different quotation, of course one who hunted up all the holders of cards belonging to his set could fill his own card, and this could be done in no other way. Here is a sample card as it appeared after it was filled:

QUOTATIONS.	From whom received.
Commit thy way unto the Lord.	Mr. Shaw.
He is able to save to the uttermost.	Miss Reid.
Remember me, O my God.	Mrs. Davidson.
I will trust and not be afraid.	Ethel Somers.
Search me, O God, and know my heart.	A. E. Booth.
Try me, and know my thoughts.	Mr. Christie.
If children, then heirs of God.	Miss Tenney.
And joint heirs with Christ.	Miss McConico.
Nothing shall by any means hurt you.	W. Towne.

Committee Reports.

A good committee report tells what the committee tried to do, what it actually accomplished, what it wishes to do, and what help it desires from the society in these undertakings—these four points.

It is astonishing how much effectiveness can

be given to a committee report of even ordinary work if the report is brightly written. Do not be afraid to introduce bits of fun. Speak very frankly. Close with a few sentences as spiritually inspiring as you can make them. Have some definite plan to propose. And always write the report; never speak it off-hand.

See that the committees are furnished with uniform sheets of paper, so that their reports at the end of the year can be bound together, thus constituting an invaluable record of the year's work.

When a good report is presented to the society, let the president or some member be prompt and hearty in his words of appreciation. This is one of the best ways of obtaining better reports.

It is a mistake for the chairman always to make the report of the committee himself. He will better develop his workers if he occasionally calls upon his committee members to prepare and present the report of the month's work.

Even when the chairman himself gives the report, it should be the joint product of himself and his committee. He should read the report to his committee and call for their suggestions. —*Amos R. Wells.*

*This door is fitted with an automatic spring.
Please let it close itself.*

It is no kindness to the unfaithful member, and it is a positive injury to the society, to retain him within its doors when he has given such positive proof of wilful carelessness.

A few years ago "Re-organization" was the watchword of many societies, and many inflated membership rolls were much reduced, greatly to the benefit of the societies thus depleted; and I believe in many places now there should be a revival of the re-organization spirit on the basis of strict fidelity to the pledge.

Circulate some such slip of paper as this, if necessary:

Having re-read the constitution of the Society of Christian Endeavor, and desiring with the help of God to live up to its requirements, I wish to remain an active member.

Signed.....

Then let only those who will sign such a paper remain active members. After this, let the automatic spring do its own work.

But you say: "If we do not put our foot in the door and hold it open, we shall lose our last hold on some of our members. They will be shut out forever from the work and training of the society." Even this would be better than to have the society demoralized by the presence of wilful vow-breakers. It is better to sacrifice a few for the good of the many than the many for the doubtful benefit of a few.

But that they will be lost to the society does not follow. The very sound of the closing of the door may arouse them, as nothing else could, to their own carelessness; and a faithful Lookout Committee can often get them back again, and back this time as *active* active members.

You will notice that these automatic doors close very slowly. They come a little way and stop, and then a little further and stop, and then shut altogether. So with the spring on our society door. It is very deliberate. It takes three full months to shut the door on any unfaithful member. Surely there is nothing precipitate or harsh about that.

After each monthly absence a word or note from the Lookout Committee should have told the delinquent of his neglect, and he should be reminded that by three unexcused absences he shuts himself out. When, after these reminders, he proves himself unworthy, let the door shut, sadly and with no noise or talk made about it in the society; but *let it shut itself*. He has shut himself out. Then let the earnest members work and pray that he may soon come in again and keep his word and do his duty. —*Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D.*

Temporary Committees.

The tendency of our societies is to trust too much to the regular committees, expecting them to cover the ground. Many things are likely to fail of being done, simply because they do not come under the duties of one of the regular committees. It should be the frequent custom of our societies, therefore, to appoint temporary committees, serving for special purposes and ceasing from office when those duties are performed. Here are some temporary committees that are likely to be useful in most societies:

A committee to get names for the Quiet Hour and the Tenth Legion.

A committee to canvass for denominational and Christian Endeavor papers.

A committee to obtain new ideas for the work of the society.

A committee to lead a certain meeting.

A committee to usher the members out of the back seats and into the front ones for a month.

A committee to help the Lookout Committee canvass the entire congregation for new members for the society.

A committee to prepare a list of the best books recently added to the public library—the books most helpful to the spiritual life.

A committee to beautify the grounds around the church.

A committee to propose some plan of Bible-reading for the entire society.

A committee to praise beginners, when they have done their best. —*Daily Companion.*

An Historical Museum.

Some officer—suitably, the secretary—should be instructed to keep copies of everything that may be of interest to those that wish to look back from future years upon their society work. Let this "historical museum" contain badges, social souvenirs, programmes, reports, committee circulars of all kinds, newspaper clippings, photographs of prominent members, letters written to the society—such matters as these.

In the Lord's Vineyard

Cheerful Notes from the Songs of the Happy Harvest Toilers

The Christian Endeavor Crisis.

Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., talks to the Montreal Local Union.

THE important address that follows was delivered by the Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., of Ottawa, before the Montreal Local Union at its recent rally. We regret we cannot give it in full, but we hope to have an article on this topic from Dr. Rose for a coming issue. The address has created considerable interest, and some correspondence has appeared upon the subject in the Montreal papers.

The Rev. Dr. Rose being called upon for an address, said he would speak on "The Christian Endeavor Crisis, and How to Meet It." Many, he supposed, were unaware that there was any crisis. He did not wish to intimate that there was a serious condition of affairs amongst the societies. A crisis was not necessarily connected with disease and decay, but also with health. His meaning, he said, could be illustrated from human life in its mental, moral, physical, and also spiritual phases.

The first stage was that of dogmatism, when a person thought he "knew it all," and was absolutely right in everything. The second stage was doubt, and woe to the man who got no further than that stage. The third was the formation of creed and principle. Then there was a spiritual crisis called conversion.

DANGERS AHEAD!

The danger to the C. E. organization was not from nearness to death, but because it was so much alive. It was no longer merely an attractive infant; it was now a sturdy youth. It had lost the charm of novelty. Out of novelty grows the advantage of curiosity, which was not small. The transition state was a critical one in all cases. A second danger existed in the fact of its marvellous success. Few things try a man like success. A man who could stand prosperity could go through anything safely.

Another peril was the absence of criticism. Praise intoxicated. Success was the goddess of to-day.

SELF-SATISFACTION A DANGER!

Self-satisfaction was another danger. One should not be content with their attainments, but strive

constantly for higher and grander conditions. There was also danger of worshipping forms and methods. The history of the past afforded sad instances of this.

The way to meet the crisis was to stand hard and fast by the principles out of which the society had sprung, namely, the desire and purpose of uniting the young, consecrated life of the church for Christian work. Endeavor societies never created the young life now in the church; it was there first and made them possible. The movement had given unity and direction to the efforts of the young people of to-day.

POSSIBLE SURPRISES.

But let us, said the speaker, be prepared for surprises in the future. The Head of the church had not exhausted Himself. The present may be only the scaffolding for the building of the future church. Christ came to save the world socially as well as morally. Neither poverty nor luxury would seem to be favorable to a great general revival. So they must aim at the salvation of the world and the social uplifting and redemption of the masses. The C. E. movement may be one of the means to that end. If the present organization should merge into some other form, they must not think it gone, and lament its passing away. Changes must come if the church would live. It was God's divine law, lest one good form should bring death and decay to the church. God was working out a grand plan, and it only remained for them to step up and fall in line. That power which made this movement what it is, and which so wonderfully blessed and sustained it, will continue to lead it on to final and glorious victory.

From the Front!

Tidings of Endeavor Triumphs.

IT is inspiring to sit in the editorial chair of our news department and receive from every point of the compass continual testimony to the vigorous vitality and increasing usefulness of Christian Endeavor. Read the good news, and let the world know what things the Lord hath done for us to the glory of His own great name!

Brant County Rally.

The Brant County Local Union of

Christian Endeavor societies held a successful rally at Cainsville, in the Methodist church. The Brantford contingent, over 100 strong, drove to Cainsville in vans, and were entertained in the basement of the church. After tea, a conference took place, at which reports from the various district vice-presidents were received, all indicative of advance work.

The rally opened at 8 o'clock, at which hour the church was well filled. Mr. T. Hendrie, president of the union, filled the chair.

Rev. J. L. Gilmore, pastor of James St. Baptist church, Hamilton, delivered a stirring address on the topic, "What Christian Endeavor stands for." His outline was:

Y—Young people.

P—Piety.

C—Co-operation.

E—Energy.

A Colored Society in Brantford.

The B.M.E. church has branched out into a new field of religious work for it. A Christian Endeavor society was organized in connection with the congregation recently. The young people of the denomination meet here in June next, and the C. E. society was organized in anticipation of this event. The Brantford and Brant County Local Union took an active part in the formation of the new society. President T. Hendrie, cor.-secretary Miss Aggie Davidson, and Miss Crandall, one of the prominent members of the Calvary church society, were at the B. M. E. church on Sunday night, and addressed the gathering. The object of the society, its constitution, etc., were explained, and the election of officers was proceeded with, resulting as follows: Hon.-president, Rev. W. H. Snowden; president, Rev. S. A. Lucas; vice-president, Mrs. J. Smith; cor.-secretary, Miss L. McComas; rec.-secretary, Master J. A. Lucas; treasurer, Mr. C. Walker. Convener Prayer Meeting Committee, Mr. J. A. Lucas; convener Lookout Committee, Mrs. S. A. Lucas; convener Mission Committee, Mrs. E. Thomas; convener Social Committee, Mrs. C. Snowden. The society starts out with a membership of twenty. May God speed this latest company in the army of Endeavor.

Progressive Clinton.

There are very few towns of the province where the young people

are more active than in Clinton, and this is clearly shown in the organization called "The Clinton Young People's Local Union." (The Provincial C. E. secretary is a Clintonian.—*Ed.*) The annual meeting of this union was held in the Ontario St. church on Monday evening, March 13th, with a good attendance. The president, Miss J. Wilson, presided, and presented a very interesting programme, the first item being reports of the societies, which showed clearly that each was doing aggressive work. The Baptist delegate said that one of the best things accomplished during the year was that they had enlisted each member to take a topic and lead a meeting. The Ontario Street Methodist and Rattenbury Street Methodist have both emphasized missions, not only in contributions, but also in the fact that monthly missionary meetings are held. The Presbyterian delegate said that at each meeting they discussed one question of the catechism; Bible study emphasized, also missions. Turner's church in Tuckersmith also emphasized missions. Miss M. S. Washington then introduced the subject "How to conduct a missionary meeting," in a splendid ten-minute address, in which she said among other good things, "preparation" was essential to every good missionary meeting, and the three divisions, pray, study, give, should be introduced in the order named. Ten questions followed, which made the discussion lively, interesting and profitable. These were a few of the questions: "Is a missionary library practical and advisable?" "Do you advise maps, charts, and pictures to introduce the countries?" "Should the subject of systematic giving and tithing be introduced by the Missionary Committee?" Miss Dempsey, of Holmesville, read a paper on "Sociability," and her practical thoughts received due recognition in the lively discussion which followed. The officers elected for the coming term are: C. N. Holland, president; Miss J. Wilson, vice-president; T. J. McNeil, sec-treasurer.

Ambitious City Activities.

The Rally Committee of the Local Union are making preparations for holding a grand meeting in May, in the Centenary church. They are planning to have a good speaker from Toronto. The singing will be led by a large chorus, under the direction of Mr. H. A. Martin. The Junior Union will also hold their semi-annual rally in May, and expect to have an address from Miss Whitworth, our Junior superintendent. The Missionary and Good

Literature Committee report successful work in the House of Refuge. Many of our Endeavorers are talking "Detroit '99," and from appearances Hamilton will be well represented at this convention.

Knox church society held their annual concert on the 17th of March, and, notwithstanding the rough weather, the large auditorium was crowded. The principal attraction was a debate on the resolution, "That old maids are old maids by choice," Misses Lilian Fraser and Ethel Wallace taking the affirmative, and H. M. Gilchrist and Jas. Stevenson the negative side of the argument. Needless to say, the ladies were victorious. An excellent programme preceded the debate. Rev. Dr. Fraser occupied the chair. The Juniors will hold a cantata in the near future.

Capital Clippings.

The E. L. of C. E. attached to Bell St. Methodist church is largely increasing in membership.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of Knox church held an "At-Home" in February, and the Juniors of the same church also held one on March 16th.

Erskine church society have had a driving party and also an "At-Home" this winter. The members also purpose to hold a debate soon, the subject being, "Resolved that country life is preferable to city life."

The Executive Committee of the union met on March 9th. This was the first meeting under the new officers, and the outlook for a busy year is encouraging. A rally is to be held in April and an exchange of leaders between the societies in the union was arranged for.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of Zion Congregational church gave a social, at which the Rev. Wm. McIntosh, pastor of the First church, presided. Among the items on the programme were two quartettes and an exercise by the Boys' Brigade attached to the church. Zion's pastor, Rev. H. I. Horsey, is a graduate of the R. M. C., and saw active service in the Northwest Rebellion of '85, a brief description of part of which he gave. Strange to say, the pastor of First church also received a military training, graduating with honors. It is fitting that the church militant should enlist them both in her service.

McLeod St. Methodist church, which has one of the most alive societies, now possesses three branches, an intermediate E. L. of C. E. having been formed on Monday afternoon, March 13th. It is composed of boys and girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen. The first topic was "The pledge," and after a careful explan-

ation, nine joined as active members and two as associate. Miss Alice Timberlake is superintendent, and is assisted by Miss Corrique. The Junior society is growing, the boys and girls taking a great interest in the meetings; the present active membership is thirty-two. This branch is under the superintendence of Miss L. Clendinnen and Miss F. Timberlake.

About two months ago the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Congregational church invited the E. L. of C. E. of McLeod St. Methodist church to unite with them in their weekly meeting, and a goodly number of the latter society went along, the result being a hearty fellowship meeting with plenty of personal testimony. A chat over a cup of cocoa and a piece of cake was afterwards enjoyed. On February 20th the order was reversed, and the Congregationalists went to the Methodist meeting, which was specially arranged for by the Missionary Committee under the name of a "Japanese Entertainment." One of the features of the evening was a dialogue written for the occasion, giving "a peep into Japan." A heart-stirring recitation by Miss Lily Fawcett represented a heathen child's experience. Miss Clendinnen read a very concise address on "Japan," written by Miss L. Giddings, another member of the society. Another address and some bright singing, to which were added refreshments, filled up a long, enjoyable evening.

THOS. E. CHISNALL,
Press Representative Ottawa C. E. Union.

A Bit from Barrie.

On a recent Sunday, Rev. A. C. Crews, of Toronto, preached special sermons in connection with the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor of Collier St. Methodist church.

On Monday night, in the church, a union E. L. of C. E. meeting was held. The audience was large, among those present being representatives of Burton Avenue, Elizabeth Street, and Collier Street leagues, and also Crown Hill and Dalston. Dr. Richardson presided, and in a short address gave an outline of the work of Collier Street league, of which he is the president. There are four departments of work, viz.: Christian Endeavor, Missionary, Literary, and Social. Dr. Richardson then called on Rev. Mr. Hudson, of Elizabeth Street church, which has the honor of being the parent of the Epworth League in Canada. In a short speech he spoke of Barrie as a young people's town, and that Elizabeth Street church

has not only the oldest Epworth League society in Canada; it is also the youngest society, for only two or three days before, they had organized a Junior League.

Rev. Mr. Crews gave a practical address on Christian Endeavor work, under the following headings: Evangelistic, Missionary, and Literary. He advocated the Fulton plan of two cents per week per member for missions. During the evening, Miss Irvine, Mr. Jos. Young, and the choir contributed acceptably in a service of song.

A Splendid Record.

We give almost in full the annual report of the Y. P. S. C. E. of First Presbyterian church, Brockville. It is so suggestive that we feel it should be of much practical value to our readers. By way of criticism, we may perhaps express a hope to see a greater missionary activity reported next year:

Six new members joined the society during the past year—one associate member became an active member, one graduated from the Junior society, and the other four were church members. The society has now a membership of thirty-seven active and two associate members, making a total membership of thirty-nine.

The Sunday evening is still, as it always has been, the chief meeting, and is usually led by an active member. The attendance at these meetings, from the report of the Lookout Committee, are recorded as follows: Total attendance of members, 1200; average attendance of members, 25; total number of members taking part, 569; average number of members taking part, 12; total attendance, 1,803; average attendance, 39; visitors' attendance, 603; average visitors, 12.

The society does not make any effort to raise money except for necessary running expenses, which are met by voluntary collections and pledged contributions. The expenses have been for the year 1898 about \$27.00. It also contributed \$19.00 as its share with the Junior society in placing one hundred chairs in the ladies' parlor, and in addition to this, some \$14.00 has been raised for missionary purposes.

Floral offerings with comforting texts of Scripture attached, have been distributed to the sick and sorrowing to the number of 775 bouquets and 24 plants, besides visiting the sick and making calls at the hospital.

Thirty-six baskets of substantials and money were distributed Christmas eve, amounting in all to about \$75.00, which was in co-operation with the church.

The committee in charge of the distribution of bags of religious literature upon vessels and barges touching at the wharves, report that 80 packages have been delivered. This means that about 325 sailors have been visited.

Visits by the Music and Missionary Committees were made to homes where the sick and infirm are shut in from church; baskets of substantials were taken in some cases, and helpful hours spent in prayer, reading of Scripture, and singing.

The Calling Committee have made a good many calls. The present committee have made 36 calls during the last two months.

AND THE JUNIORS, TOO!

The year opened with 101 members on the roll of the Junior society, and at the close there were 115.

The total attendance for the year, 3,204; average number present per Sunday, 61.

The work during the past year has been full of enthusiasm and encouragement. All departments are well organized, and the various members of the committees are showing a commendable zeal in bringing the work to a successful issue.

The missionary collections amounted to \$9.25, two days being set apart for missions. The sum of \$7.75 was contributed for Klondike fund and \$1.50 for augmentation.

The Flower Committee distributed during the summer about 150 bouquets to the sick of our church and hospitals.

On March 11, the third of a series of entertainments, in aid of the fund for carpeting and decorating the ladies' parlor, was held, which proved very successful, the sum of \$34.00 being realized. This, along with \$64.50 already in the bank, making the handsome sum of \$98.50, was then at our disposal. A number of ladies of the church kindly consented to select the carpet, which they did to the satisfaction of all, the cost being something over \$60.00. The balance was then expended in renovating and decorating the interior of the parlor.

By an agreement made between the trustees of the church and the officers of the societies, one hundred chairs were placed in the parlor, the two societies defraying the expense, amounting to \$19.00 each.

The annual picnic was held in August, affording a delightful outing to all those who attended.

R. D. MORAY, Junior Supt,
BLANCHE I. MORAY } Asst.-Supt.
CHAS. E. MCARTHUR }

Missions are the footsteps of God on His way to final triumph.

Literary Kingston.

Recently the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor of Queen Street Methodist church had a literary evening. It embraced a review of the first six chapters of the "Founders of Methodism," made up of six addresses or essays. Mr. Meek spoke on the conditions of life—public, private, social, and political—in the time of the Wesleys; Miss Lora Chapman, on Susanna Wesley, the mother of Methodism; Miss Freida Harmer, on John Wesley, the founder of the movement; Miss Quinn, on Charles Wesley, the greatest hymn writer in the world; Alexander Fokes, on John Nelson, the converted mason; and Kenneth Ross, on Silas Told, the reformed sailor and prison evangelist. The attendance was large, and the interest maintained throughout. Rev. Mr. Elliott presided, and expressed the gratification which he felt in seeing young people show such admirable evidence of their study. Following the meeting there was a clamor for "more books," so that the reading circle is being gradually widened.

From Our Special Correspondent by the Sea.

Halifax Happenings.

The Local Union of Halifax and Dartmouth has been asked to conduct and support a mission, in a certain section of the city, for boys not sufficiently respectable to be admitted into the Y. M. C. A. \$1000 per annum will be required to carry on the work successfully. The Local Union has presented the matter to the various societies with a view to finding out how many are willing to support such a mission. It is confidently expected that the Endeavorers will respond favorably to this call.

The Christian Endeavor society of Chalmers church, Halifax, is noted for its good works and its charity. Last year the society, which numbers 60, 15 of whom are on the honorary and absent lists, raised by voluntary offerings and donations, \$50 for Trinidad College, \$35 for N. S. Bible Society, also the sum of \$6 for city missions. The missionary spirit is strong in the society. One member is settled in Labrador, two went to Corea last year, and another is now preparing to go to the same field.

Halifax Junior Rally.

The principal event for some time in Endeavor circles in this city was the Junior rally which was held in the Academy of Music, March

24. The rally, which was to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of Junior work, was a grand success owing to the untiring efforts of Miss Lena Woodhill, our Maritime Junior superintendent.

About 300 children took part in the exercises, 60 being in the Junior wheel, 30 in the chorus, and the rest in the march.

First on the programme was a march by all the Juniors, many of them carrying banners and flags. At the close of the march they sang "Our Junior Band." Then came the exercise known as the Junior Wheel, illustrating the working and the importance of Junior Christian Endeavor. As the hub, spokes, and tire are essential to a perfect wheel, so each committee and each clause of the pledge is essential to the formation and working of a model Junior society. Christ is the hub of the society. The eight committees, Lookout, Prayer Meeting, Social, Birthday, Missionary, Music, Sunshine, and Temperance are the spokes. The tire is made up of eight sections representing the various clauses of the pledge. The pledge song was sung as the wheel of Juniors revolved. After the wheel came another very pretty march with some difficult figures in it.

Rev. A. L. Geggie, of Truro, well-known to senior Endeavorers in N. S., addressed the Juniors for a few minutes. His advice to them was "Don't be conceited; don't think yourselves everybody." Advice which some seniors as well as Juniors might well follow.

The singing of "Forward, Oh! Junior Endeavorers," brought to a close a very successful programme.

Westward, Ho!

News from Prairie, Mountain, and Coast.

The Y. P. S. C. E. in Medicine Hat is one of the vigorous societies of our Far West. Miss Jean Anderson, one of its members, was the first to respond to our appeal for news in these pages last month. The "Lonely Western Item" touched her heart. Missionary interest that finds evidence in generous giving characterizes this society. A recent event was an enjoyable social held at the home of Miss Black. They sent a delegate to the North-West convention at Moose Jaw, and expect an interesting report at an early meeting.

The regular March rally of the Victoria, B.C., Christian Endeavor Union was largely attended. The gathering convened in First Pres-

byterian church, and listened to an able discussion of "The Uses of the C. E. society." The principal points dwelt upon were social culture, diligence, progress, and soul winning. This meeting is the first of a series that will find climax in the Provincial Convention next summer. Our correspondent, Mr. Wm. Brydson, an old Ontario boy, is so affected by the salubrious coast climate that he breaks forth into verse, but our narrow news columns won't stand the strain, and we must, hard-heartedly, confine our kind contributors to prose.

Mr. Wm. Brydson is acting as our roving correspondent in the far West. The following interesting letter is sent us by him from Nelson, B.C.: To-night I attended the C. E. meeting in the Presbyterian church here and received a hearty welcome. The society was organized only a short time ago and has now an active membership of fifteen and an average attendance of twenty. The society is continually growing with the growth of the town and it is characterized for its social and deep spiritual nature. As the pastor is not with them in their work, they have to depend entirely on their own ability. To hear the open testimony of some of those old miners who have spent the better part of their life in sin is a sermon in itself, every word in fact is a sermon, and would induce the hardest heart to turn and to put his trust in God, who giveth the needed strength.

Specially Selected.

Only Interesting Items Admitted.

The Glencoe Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E. hold a monthly missionary meeting. The topic at the last meeting night was "India." The subject was very interesting, and a profitable hour was spent. At each regular weekly meeting a space of five minutes is set apart for sociable talk.

Mandaumin Presbyterian Endeavorers held a very successful anniversary on March 6th. Despite the storm, the church was well filled and a good programme given to the satisfaction of all. The secretary reported a very prosperous year in Endeavor work, chief amongst which is the support of a missionary on Englishman's River, B.C. The president appointed for this term is Miss Lydia Crone.

The Galt Young People's Christian Executive met in the Central church vestry recently, when the

year's meetings and subjects were arranged as follows: Methodist church, April 10th; subject, "Christian grace." Knox church, June 19th; subject, "Stewardship." U. P. church, Sept. 11th; subject, "Missions; look, send, go." Central church, Nov. 20th; subject, "The Christian's ideal, motive, and mission." Baptist church, Feb. 12th; annual conference.

At the monthly business meeting of the Woodstock Congregational C. E. society, an open parliament was held on "The duty of the individual member in the church, in the prayer meeting, in the business meeting, and in daily life." The society decided to contribute \$100 toward the establishment of a C. E. lectureship in the Congregational College, Montreal, in addition to continuing the support of a native African evangelist. Refreshments were served and a social time spent.

The Stratford Local Union held a rally on March 13th. There was a large and enthusiastic audience of Endeavorers. Miss Nellie Forman, the newly-elected president of the Union, filled the chair with grace and dignity. Rev. C. O. Johnston of Toronto was the speaker of the evening. The Endeavorers were delighted with the address on "The Ideal Christian," and inspired to strive after the ideal. On Easter Sunday morning a sunrise prayer meeting was held under the auspices of the C. E. Union. Mr. Lewis Moir gave an address on "Risen with Christ."

The C. E. society of the Alma St. United Brethren church, of Berlin, has, at present, thirty-eight active members and ten associate members. The society meets every Monday evening, and the meetings are not only interesting, but very spiritual and instructive. The Good Literature Committee has taken up the Bible reading course spoken of in the *Endeavor World*, and has interested fifteen of our members in taking it. A number of this committee, in company with one of the Missionary Committee, visit the "Poor House" once a week, distributing one hundred papers each visit, lending books, and reading for the sick, and praying and singing with the inmates. Our Missionary Committee has five minutes of each evening allotted it, during which one of its members reads some bright article on mission work. Every two or three months a whole evening is spent on the topic of mission work.

Allahabad, India, starts its Local Union with five societies.

Forest City Facts.

St. Andrew's society held a very successful entertainment on Thursday evening, the 23rd ult.

The Juniors of the Southern Congregational church held a very successful rally last month.

The Centennial Methodists held a very successful entertainment last week. Mr. Liddicott, superintendent of the Sunday-school, presided, and an excellent programme was furnished by members of the society and others.

The Epworth League of the Centennial Methodist have selected the following officers for the next six months: President, Miss M. Prescott; vice-presidents, Miss M. Wickett, Mr. B. Allen, Miss L. Hardy, Miss E. Cunningham; corresponding-secretary, Miss A. Crocker; recording-secretary, Miss R. Allen; treasurer, Miss D. Crocker; organist, Mr. C. Wickett.

The Local Union have inaugurated a very pleasing and we hope successful scheme for helping on the C. E. work, viz., the forming of a Visiting Committee of ten young men divided as follows: A quartette and an accompanist to conduct the service of praise and five speakers. Already they have visited four societies: Knox church, First Congregational, Southern Congregational, and Wellington Street Methodist. There were splendid meetings on all occasions. As a result, at the First Congregational two young men became members of the society.

We are this month losing one who has always taken a warm interest in the C. E. society, the Rev. Canon Richardson of the Memorial church. On Monday evening, Mar. 27th, his own society took a formal farewell of their beloved pastor and made it the occasion of presenting him with a very complimentary address, accompanied by a beautiful adjustable study chair of polished oak. Canon Richardson goes to the parish of St. John in London Township, where he will be followed by the best wishes, not only of his own people, but of Endeavorers from many outside places who have frequently heard him address Endeavor conventions.

The same gathering was made the occasion of a presentation of several neatly bound volumes of the "Biblical Illustrator" and an address to Rev. J. W. Ten Eyck, who has been in charge of All Saints' Mission, but who is removing to

Exeter to take charge of a parish in that town. Mr. Ten Eyck was president and very active worker in the Memorial society.

Toronto Talk.

Northern District.

An interesting missionary meeting was held Tuesday evening in the Eglinton Methodist schoolroom under the leadership of the Missionary Committee of the Epworth League, Miss Annie Locke in the chair. After devotional exercises by the pastor, Mr. S. J. Duncan-Clark gave an interesting Bible reading followed by a solo from Miss P. Peake. The chief feature of the evening was an address by Mr. Buley, of Victoria University, on the Needs of our Mission Work. Eglinton is making strides in its missionary work and bids fair to do even better.

A meeting under the joint auspices of the Christian Endeavor societies of Olivet Congregational, St. Paul's Methodist, Church of the Covenant, Presbyterian and Bloor Street Baptist churches, and the Northern W. C. T. U., was held in the parlors of St. Paul's Methodist church. A splendid audience had assembled and addresses were delivered by Mrs. Rutherford, Dominion W. C. T. U. president, Rev. A. C. Crews, on the work of the young people, and by Mrs. Stevens on the franchise question. The addresses were all excellent and aroused much interest among the listeners. Solos were interspersed, and at the conclusion of the meeting light refreshments were served by the young ladies of the northern "Y."

The regular monthly meeting of the officers and representatives of the different societies of the Northern District C. E. Union was held Tuesday evening, March 14th. A Bible reading was given by Mr. Caldwell and plans discussed for the coming month. This district seems to have gained new life this year, and the chairman is losing no opportunity to stir up his followers to earnest and persistent work.

PHOEBE P. PEAKE,
Editor, Northern District.

In General.

A Christian Citizenship meeting at Zion Y. P. S. C. E. was addressed by Mr. S. John Duncan-Clark recently. The topic, "Self-mastery," was treated in an interesting and suggestive way.

The Missionary Committee of Woodgreen E. L. of C. E. gave an

evening recently to laying the claims of South America before the League. The secretary of the South American Evangelical Mission was present and addressed the meeting on the needs of that continent.

The young people of Parliament Street Baptist church have organized a bicycle club with something more than merely pleasure in its purpose. They hope to be able to visit some of the suburban and country societies, and strengthen and encourage them in their work.

Yonge Street Methodist Epworth League have elected officers for 1899-1900 as follows: President, Mr. Edwin Grainger; vice-president C. E. department, Miss A. Sparling, missionary department, Miss E. M. Rowland, literary department, Miss Clara Fooks, social, Miss E. Sawdon; recording-secy., Mr. Walter Sparling, 50 Roxborough West; treasurer, Mr. Bert Britton; superintendent Junior League, Mrs. G. H. Wood.—R. J. L.

The Union Executive Meets.

The Executive of the Toronto C. E. Union held its March meeting in Beverley Street Baptist church. There was a very good attendance, Mr. R. J. Colville presiding. All the departments of work were represented, and reported progress. A somewhat lively discussion took place over union finances, but no definite plan was agreed upon. The business committee reported the name of Mr. Hugh Bryce for the vacant editorship, and the Union elected him by acclamation. His former good services in this office were gratefully remembered. Rev. Mr. Warnicker, pastor of Beverley Street church, gave an excellent Bible reading on the power of God, in which he elicited the hearty participation of those present. Miss Jessie Carruthers rendered with much sweetness a beautiful vocal solo, after which the meeting closed with the Mizpah benediction. We were glad to welcome the bright faces of Mr. Tom McMaster of Bloor Street Presbyterian, and Mr. George Graham of Broadway Methodist, and trust the Union may soon become familiar with their gifts for graceful and effective speaking. Next month the meeting will be held in Dovercourt Road Presbyterian church, and the missionary superintendent will give an address on "The Money Problem in Christian work."

The Star of Bethlehem will continue to rise until all the false lights of the world have been obscured.

The Prayer Meeting

Notes and Suggestions on the Uniform Topics.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

Patient Continuance.

May 7.—Patient continuance in well-doing.
Rom. 2: 1-11.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Need of patience, Heb. 10. 35-39. Tuesday: Patience of the prophets, Jas. 5. 7-11. Wednesday: Who did hinder you? Gal. 5: 1-12. Thursday: Perfect work of patience, Jas. 1: 1-4. Friday: Tribulation worketh patience, Rom. 5: 1-5. Saturday: Be not weary, Gal. 6: 6-10.

Pauline Paraphrasis.

No one had a better right, surely, to discourse upon "patient continuance," or, as the more literal translation reads, "endurance in good work," than Paul. His life was a living illustration of this splendid and essential characteristic of success. It was this quality of "keeping at it" that made Saul so formidable a persecutor, and Paul so mighty an apostle. No difficulties, no dangers, no warnings ever turned him back from what he considered the path of duty, and the same spirit of determination reproduced in the lives of his converts brought the Roman world to the feet of his Master in the space of two hundred years from Pentecost.

The power of continuity has practically no limit. It is the man who has staying-strength whose efforts will eventually be crowned with success. A well known preacher tells of how, in being shown over a great steel manufactory, he saw in a certain room a mass of steel, tons in weight, suspended from the roof, and beside it at some little distance a small ball of cork hanging at the end of a thread. "What is that for?" he asked of his conductor. "Oh, we use them in an experiment; we set the steel swinging by swinging the cork against it," was the reply. "Nonsense," replied the preacher, "I'm not so easily taken in as all that." "But it is true," said his informant, "only it takes some twenty minutes to do." "Well, let me see you do it, and I will believe you," challenged the still sceptical preacher. So the experiment was begun. The cork was pulled back, and then let swing against the inert mass of steel. It rebounded, and the great, black weight hung motionless. The preacher smiled. It was too absurd. Again and again the cork gently kissed the steel, but each time only to be repelled by the coldly immovable monster. Ten minutes went by, and the preacher was tired of it; he wanted to go on; but now his conductor insisted he should remain. Fifteen minutes slowly elapsed; the cork still kissed, and the monster still hung motionless. Another minute; what was that? Yes, this time it was unmistakable, the steel shuddered at the touch of the cork. The shudder became a tremble; the tremble grew to a slight swing, and as the hand of the preacher's watch indicated twenty full minutes the monster was swaying back and forth with the solemn dignity of a ponderous pendulum. The cork had conquered by the power of patient continuance.

In his first letter to the Corinthians Paul gives a beautiful analysis of Christian character that concludes with a statement of the elemental forces in the spiritual life. "But now," he says, "abide—

faith, hope, and love—these three; but the greatest of these is love." The emphasis is on "abide." The greatness of this trinity lies in its attribute of continuance; and love is greatest of all three because it possesses this attribute most markedly. In their abiding power, faith, hope, and love work out all the other characteristics of the Christ nature. It is because these three remain, persisting when all else has ceased to be, that they are the mightiest spiritual forces in the kingdom of heaven. They are in great measure the power of the endless life concerning which Paul writes in his letter to the Hebrews, and under the dominance of which thought he lived and wrought his apostleship. It is this thought, too, that will bring to us the patience needed for endurance in good work. Ours is an endless life. Have you ever thought of it? We have a whole eternity in which to work God's will. The quality of infinity belongs to our words and deeds. Let this truth give dignity to our labor and strength to our purpose. We can afford to keep at it; to persist; to do things thoroughly; for ours is an endless life, and when we have well finished this duty, we shall have just as much time left in which to do the next, and the next, and the next. Get hold of this truth and you will see the things of time and circumstance in their right perspective. It will enable you to assume your place as a factor in the eternal counsels of God, and will give you the triumph of superiority over the trivial vexations and worries incident to a life of limitations.

Songs by the Way.

"Down life's dark vale," "One more day's work," "Not now, my child," "O spirit overwhelmed," "Let us sing as we journey," "Not now but in the," "Sowing the precious seed," "There is never a day," "In a world where."

Love Suffereth Long.

"Love suffereth long and is kind."—Paul.

God's treatment of me is the most wonderful example of patience I know.

The great Niagara gorge was cut by a stream of water everlastingly "keeping at it."

A disheartened Christian scores one for the devil; a Christian encouraged scores ten against him.

There is plenty of time to "try again," since we are living an endless life. God measures success not by achievement, but by endeavor.

If a soul was worth dying for, it is worth trying for. Don't give up the fight at the first repulse. The strong city will yield to a long siege. Remember, "Love never faileth"; it is only a question of keeping at it.

Patient endurance

Attaineth to all things.—Longfellow.

There are briars besetting every path,

That call for patient care;

There is a crook in every lot,

And a need for constant prayer;

But a lonely heart that leans on Thee

Is happy everywhere.—Anna L. Waring.

In Patience Win Your Souls.

A glance at our Revised Version, "In your patience ye shall win your souls," shows us that this text is a promise, not a command, a blessed hope, not a stern ordinance. What is the spirit of this

promise? "Souls" is rendered in the margin, "lives"; and the thought of winning one's life, is of accomplishing the highest end of life, and of realizing its highest possibility of power and of peace. Regarded in this light, how sweet is the promise for those who are compelled to live in this impetuous, harassing generation! By patience, we shall win our lives! Impatience in our work; the chafing of the spirit against providential restrictions; the wild haste to be rich; the intolerant and consuming ambition, which to satisfy itself will crush a path over the rights of others,—these are characteristic types of world-life to be seen around us every day. But the servant of the Lord must not, will not abandon himself to this impatient, selfish strife. He will maintain the bright example of the patient Jesus. He will discern by the light of the Holy Spirit's teaching that the highest end of our life on earth cannot be won by the selfish and the impatient; he will receive the strength to remember that impatience is waste and loss, the strength to live in the hourly atmosphere of that blessed prayer for every busy and every earnest life.—*Chas. Cuthbert Hall.*

Tribulation Worketh Patience.

We have all known Christian sufferers who have grown into rare, sweet beauty, as they have suffered. They have lost their earthliness and have learned heavenliness. Pride has given way to humility. Impatience has become sweet patience. The harsh music has grown soft and gentle. The rough marble has taken the shape of graceful beauty. It is true, as a rule, that the noblest, richest, purest, most beautiful lives in this world have been lives of suffering. There are elements of loveliness in the depths of every life which only the fires of pain can bring out. The photographer carries his picture into a darkened room to develop it. God often takes His children into the chamber of pain and draws the curtains, while He there brings out the features of His own image, which before had been only dim and shadowy outlines.

But our lesson is not yet complete. Not all afflictions make people better. Not all who suffer are made thereby more meet for heaven. Tribulation does not always work patience. We have all seen people suffering who only became more impatient, irritable, ill-tempered, selfish, and cold as they suffered. . . . In no experience of life have most persons more need of wise friendship and firm, loving guidance than in their times of trouble.—*Life's Byways and Waysides.*

God's Covenant.

May 14.—God's covenant and ours. Ps. 105: 1-10.

(A Christian Endeavor pledge meeting.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: With Abraham Gen. 15: 1-21. Tuesday: With Moses, Ex. 6: 1-18. Wednesday: With David, 2 Sam. 7: 1-29. Thursday: If we will obey, Ex. 19: 1-8. Friday: If ye abide in me, John 15: 7-10. Saturday: The eternal covenant, Heb. 8: 6-13; 13: 20-21.

David's Experience.

David was a man of very varied experience. From boyhood to old age his life was replete with interesting, often exciting, incident and adventure. How the modern boy must envy the shepherd lad of old, fighting not only bears and lions, but giants! Ah, it was in those youthful days that David learned the lesson not of self-reliance, but of God-reliance. I believe David was a pledged Junior. I am sure his good old father Jesse had often pledged him to the Lord in prayer; and I feel equally sure that the

boy himself must have made covenant with God so soon as he was old enough to realize his personal responsibility. Perhaps it was one of those calm eastern nights, when, stretched out upon the green grass beneath the starlit sky, the thoughtful lad mused upon the greatness of Israel's God. Then he realized that the great life was the life that God most used, and in the holy stillness of the night made fullest dedication of himself in all his youthful purity and strength. Certain it was that such purpose dominated all his after life, and won for him the divinely given tribute that he was a man "after God's own heart."

God's man can successfully fight giants. That is one of the lessons we learn from David's experience. But he must be wholly God's man. There must be none of Saul's armor to hamper and impede. He must be a pledged man, a man fully yielded; and to such, God becomes a pledged God; He gives Himself and all that He is without reserve. This is the secret strength of consecration. It lies not alone in the fact that we become wholly God's, but more deeply in the blessed truth that He becomes wholly ours. In the giant-fighting that must form a portion of every true man's life, what grander thought than this, that the might of Omnipotence is behind him who goes to battle, "trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength"? A life pledged to God means that God's honor is pledged to the success of that life. In the fulfillment of its divine destiny, the eternal and infinite resources of the Almighty are always at its disposal. With the failure of a yielded life God fails.

David's experience with God bears unbroken testimony to this truth, and the fact that David failed and fell is only confirmation of the strongest kind. So long as he relied on God for the fulfillment of his needs and desires all went well. As he yielded all to God, God gave back to him in lavish abundance of His wealth. But the time came when David allowed himself to cherish an unyielded desire; on this thing he dissolved partnership with God, a partnership hitherto so profitable, and sought the accomplishment of his own end in his own way. God usually allows a man to mind his own business if he wants to; but if he be a child of God, sooner or later he discovers his mistake, and realizing that where ever there has been failure it has been in that which he has undertaken to do by himself, he lets God into all his councils and gives Him full control. Thus it was with David after his experience in trying to gain for himself another man's wife; an experience that was learned in much of bitterness, but which found sweet fruitage in a closer fellowship with God.

David's experience has this added value for us, that it was gained under so many differing conditions and such various environment. From the sheepfold to the King's palace; fugitive outlaw and beloved king, he ran the gamut of life's music in both minor and major keys. We no doubt have sometimes wondered if the circumstances of our life were but changed, if it would not be easier to lead the kind of life God wants us to live; but David's story teaches us that the only really hard circumstances in life are those we make for ourselves, and that whether it be in palace-hall or peasant's hut the God-life can only be lived by the man who is wholly yielded to God. Where God has placed us is the best, the easiest place for such a life. The Christian Endeavorer who pledges himself to Jesus

Christ must realize that if the Divine side of the covenant is to be fulfilled of supplying strength for duty he must at least be in the place of duty. In the power of this conception the pledge becomes a veritable philosopher's stone, by marvellous alchemy transmuting the commonplaces of daily life into purest gold, and its trials and difficulties into triumphs and delights.

Our Pledge in Praise.

"I am thine," "Take my life," "Jesus, I will trust," "Let us endeavor," "Do something for," "Loving Saviour," "Our willing service," "Lord, I am not my own."

Pledge Paragraphs.

A covenant involves obligations on both parties to it. Sometimes our obligation to God is not fully met because we have not fully realized God's obligation to us.

It is strange how the "cast iron" pledge becomes transformed into purest gold in the lives of those who keep it; but it is true as nigh on three million hearts can testify.

"I am not going to try to keep that pledge any longer." "No, brother; what is wrong?" "Nothing wrong. I am just going to trust the Lord Jesus Christ to keep it for me, that's all." Shall we each of us follow his example?

Practice	Prayerfully
Living	Lovingly
Every	Earnestly
Day by	Denyingly;
God's	Gladdening
Enabling	Everybody.

God's Part in the Covenant.

No one ever wanders where a promise does not follow him. An atmosphere of promise surrounds believers as the air surrounds the globe.—*Spurgeon*.

God's promises were never meant to ferry our laziness. Like a boat, they are to be rowed by our oars; but many men, entering, forget the oar, and drift down more helpless in the boat than if they had stayed on shore. There is not an experience in life by whose side God has not fixed a promise. There is not a trouble so deep and swift-running that we may not cross safely over if we have courage to steer and strength to pull.—*Beecher*.

Let it be thy chief concern to have thy interest in and right to the promises cleared up. This is the hinge on which the great dispute between thee and Satan will move in the day of trouble. O, it is sad for a poor Christian to stand at the door of the promise in the dark night of affliction, afraid to lift the latch, whereas he should then come as boldly for shelter as a child into his father's house.—*Gurnall*.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken;
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

—*The Shadow of the Rock.*

As the deep blue of heaven brightens into stars,
So God's great love shines forth in promises,
Which, falling softly on our prison bars,
Dim not our eyes, but with their soft light bless;
Ladders of light God sets against the skies,
Upon whose golden rungs we step by step arise,
Until we tread the halls of Paradise.

Our Part in the Covenant.

Be careful in making promises; but, when they are once made, keep them, even if you must go far out of your way and put yourself to great inconvenience to do this. Your word ought always to be as good as your bond.

"Pay that which thou hast vowed," is a good maxim. The Scripture has gotten the core of it pretty well introduced now into the ordinary transactions of the civilized world. It means readiness to fulfil obligations, the consideration of a pledge as sacred. What a man promises to God and before God is as if he had fastened himself with fetters of steel to its fulfillment. Let the Christian man be known as the man who does what he says he will do, because God has heard it.—*Daily Message*.



The Gift of Power

May 21.—The gift of power. Acts 1:1-8.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Promised by prophets, Isa. 44:1-3; Joel 2:28-32. Tuesday: Promised by Jesus, Luke 24:49-53. Wednesday: The endowment of power, Acts 2:1-4. Thursday: The work of the Spirit, John 14:26; 16:7-15. Friday: Guided by the Spirit, Acts 8:26-40. Saturday: Quickened by the Spirit, Ezek. 37:1-14.

Power.

Power. All men long for it. To possess it a man will give almost every thing he has. It is the phantom that lures the miner or the merchant in their search for gold; the bubble for which the politician grasps with eager fingers. To rule, to dominate, to speak and have it performed, these are ambitions that are too often sought, irrespective of the means employed to attain them. To desire power for the mere sake of the influence and prestige it brings is one of the most dangerous longings of the human soul. Power is only good where the purpose of its possessor is beneficent; it is only greatest where the one who wields it is willing to wield it for the sake of his brother. But God intended that power should be an attribute of man. In creating him, He bestowed dominion upon him over things terrestrial. So long as man held fellowship with God and was content to take from Him the authority for the use of His power all went well, but when beneath Satanic temptation he usurped to himself the right to choose, and thus dethroned God, from that day he not only lost in his original supremacy but what power remained with him became wrongly directed, and almost invariably resulted in moral if not physical self-destruction.

In the new creation it is still God's purpose that man should possess power. Thus we find in the passage before us for our study, the Master directing His disciples to await the coming of the Father's promise, which would bring to them power, and fit them for the work of witnessing for which they had been called by Him. To emphasize with the greatest strength that this power was wholly extraneous in its origin, something foreign to their own fallen human natures, it was to come in the form of a person, the Third in the Trinity, the Holy Spirit of God. Until He came, so weak in themselves were they for right doing, that absolutely nothing was to be attempted. After He had come, as the Book of Acts bears abundant witness, nothing was to be too difficult for their accomplishment through His indwelling energy. No doubt many of us have often read the opening chapters of the Acts with certain wonderment at the marvellous spiritual power manifested by the Church in those days as contrasted

with its impotency at the present time. We have longed to catch some slight reflection of the intense enthusiasm that pervaded the early church, and to see the manifestations of Divine energy that of yore resulted in daily conversions. Perhaps we have asked ourselves the question, Why do we fall so short of our privilege in this respect? There is but one answer,—because of our unbelief. The same results will follow the same conditions. God has not changed, but the attitude of the Church to Him and to His work for it has.

When Israel sought alliance with Egypt, God left her to learn that seeking human help is often the surest way to become deprived of the Divine. So has it been with the Church. Too much has it sought for its strength in the wealth and wisdom of man, in alliance with temporal power, in the application of worldly means for the securing of supposedly spiritual ends; and in as great measure as its attitude has become manward in seeking help, in such measure has it lost the power that results from absolute dependence upon the Holy Spirit. Let us be clear in our statement of the possibilities open to every believer in Christ. The indwelling of the Holy Spirit is the portion of all who truly repent of sin and put faith in Jesus Christ for salvation. His indwelling is invariably and immediately the consequence of such penitent and saving faith. The measure of His filling then depends upon the measure in which the believer yields to Him his whole being. The regaining of the power enjoyed at Pentecost depends therefore upon the individual believer. It rests with you and with me, to restore, at least in so far as we ourselves are concerned, the early Church conditions, by giving ourselves up wholly to God, that He may wholly fill us with Himself. If we are ready for such surrender, if our faith can lay hold on a larger blessing, if the materialism of the age has not chilled our confidence in God's power, we to-day may experience like fruit from our service to that which followed upon the efforts of Peter and John and Phillip and Paul.

Songs of Strength.

"Standing by a," "Lead me to the rock," "Be ye strong in," "While Thou, O my God," "I need Thee," "Holy Ghost, with," "Press onward," "Keep Thou my way."

Spiritual Dynamics.

There is power enough for all; if we lack it there is something wrong with our connecting wire—faith.

Every contact with things of earth means loss of power; but we can afford to give off if we are always in condition to receive.

Is "the power off" in your society? The trouble is not at the power house. You will have to look for the cause nearer home. Are you in touch yourself?

Man in his weakness needs a stronger stay
Than fellow-men, the holiest and best;
And yet we turn to them from day to day
As if in them our spirits could find rest.

Gently untwine our childish hands that cling
To such inadequate supports as these,
And shelter us beneath Thy heavenly wing
Till we have learned to walk alone with ease.

Spiritual Insulation.

When a lecturer on electricity wants to show an example of a human body surcharged with his fire, he places a person on a stool with glass legs. The

glass serves to isolate him from the earth, because it will not conduct the fire,—the electric fluid: were it not for this, however much might be poured into his frame, it would be carried away by the earth; but, when thus isolated from it, he retains all that enters him. You see no fire, you hear no fire; but you are told that it is pouring into him. Presently, you are challenged to the proof; asked to come near, and hold your hand close to his person: when you do so, a spark of fire shoots out toward you. If thou, then, wouldst have thy soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those who come near thee shall feel some mysterious influence proceeding out from thee, thou must draw nigh to the source of that fire, to the throne of God and of the Lamb, and shut thyself out from the world,—that cold world which so swiftly steals our fire away. Enter into thy closet, and shut to thy door, and there, isolated "before the throne," await the baptism: then the fire shall fill thee; and, when thou comest forth, holy power will attend thee, and thou shalt labor, not in thine own strength, but with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.—*W. Arthur.*

Moody's Experience.

I can myself go back almost twelve years, and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach, I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath evening meetings they would say to me, "We have been praying for you." I said, "Why don't you pray for the people?" They answered, "You need the power." "I need power?" I said to myself. "Why, I thought I had power." I had a large Sabbath-school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But, right along, these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about "anointing for special service" set me to thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, and there came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—oh, what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say God then revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths; and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you would give me all Glasgow—it would be as the small dust of the balance.—*Dwight L. Moody, in address at Glasgow.*

Established in Heart.

May 28.—Established in heart. Rom. 1: 11, 12; Ps. 112: 1-10.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Established by God, 1 Pet. 5: 5-11. Tuesday: Established in Christ, 2 Cor. 1: 21-24. Wednesday: Established through faith. Isa. 7: 1-9. Thursday: Established with grace. Heb. 13: 5-9. Friday: Established in the faith. Col. 1: 21-29. Saturday: Established in the truth, 2 Pet. 1: 12-21.

Heart Religion.

"Out of the heart," said Solomon, "are the issues

of life." If there is anything wrong with the main-spring, you can't trust the watch, even though it has a solid gold case. And human nature is very like a watch in many respects, but chiefly in this. If a man's heart is not right you can't trust the man. The culture of his manners, the size of his bank account, the breadth of his knowledge will not compensate for an ill-affected heart. The influence of education, the restraint of environment, the fear of his associates, may be forces which, in their combined effect, will produce a man of absolutely unquestionable reputation; but put his manufactured character under pressure, remove any one or more of these factors in its making, and the unchanged heart of the man will assert itself, and show what in reality he is. So many popular idols, by a subsequent fall into the slough of passion and dishonor, have proven the truth of this statement that I do not need to quote examples. What the Old Book says is forever coming true, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A tendency of the age is to lay too much stress upon externals. The folly of ritualism is not confined to the Church of Rome or our High Church Episcopalian brethren. It is to be found wherever a man conforms to a certain standard of living merely for the sake of appearances, and I fear the Presbyterian, Methodist, and other evangelical bodies harbor not a few of such. But God looketh not on the outward appearance, and has little regard for externals; He judges men by hearts, and needeth no man to tell Him, for He knows what is in men. This, then, is the important matter with which to concern ourselves. Public opinion will not be accepted as verdict on our characters when God sits to judge. I do not minimize the importance of our attitude manward; but the chief thing is to be right, and true, and approved in our Godward attitude. This is the thing that should give us thought. It is the only care a Christian has right to possess, but it is a care the weight of which he ought to feel—"Is my relation to God in this matter right? Does He approve?" Until these questions are settled there are no others that need to be considered. But how often, as a matter of fact, do they have first place and supreme weight in the judgments we make concerning plans and purposes? To what extent are our daily life, our business, our social relations, our religious duties shaped and moulded by them? The trivial arguments we weigh and measure with infinite care. Shall I? or, shall I not? Convenience, inclination, appearance, profit, what "they" will say: these things count high. Do they? They are absolutely worthless apart from the first supreme question, "Does God want it? Will God approve?"

One of the best remedies for this very common and very sad condition is the keeping of the Quiet Hour. In the silence of the morning, with mind still free from the cares and business of the day, it is possible to turn one's thoughts toward the eternal and to be in heart-touch with God as at no other time. While other sounds are hushed, He is able to speak and to reveal Himself and His purposes for us in the still, small voice of Divine communication. It is in this way that we can find our place in God's plan, and get in tune for the work of the day. Here upon our knees we can see things in their true perspective, and realize how trivial are many of the matters upon which we are apt to lay much stress, and from which we too often derive vexation and worry. In contact with the Eternal the mind grows

clear, and our spiritual vision is quickened to penetrate the mists of the material, to see beyond the unrealities of the temporal and to apprehend in some measure, however imperfect, that the only abiding thing is the doing of God's will—that nothing else is of any importance. To grasp this truth, to build upon it, to weave it into one's life of thought and action, is to become established in heart, for it is written, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Heart Harmonies.

"Acquaint thyself with Jesus," "O, Saviour teach us," "Jesus, I am resting," "On Thee my heart," "There is a place," "Blessed assurance," "In Christ is love," "On Christ, the solid rock," "Out of my bondage."

Foundation Stones.

A man is just as great as the purpose of his heart. The heart life is the only life upon which God sets any value.

God's scheme to save the race does not emphasize change of conditions so much as change of heart.

An established heart is one that has aligned itself with the will of God, and throbs in harmony with the Father's heart of love.

Whether there many be who thrive
In their vast suit for that vast love
Truly I know not,—this I know:
That love lives not in outward show;
That but to seek is not to strive;
That thankless praises, empty prayers,
Can claim no bond for will of theirs
His court to move.

A Heart in Tune With God's Will.

There are several wrong ways of trying to make God's will our will, and young Christians are apt to make mistakes in this.

One wrong way is the way of agonized striving. We set our teeth, so to speak, and seem to say, "I will be reconciled to God's will; I will give up; I will choose God's way." Instead of actually and absolutely giving up and yielding, we strive and struggle and groan about it, and do not actually do it. . . . Another wrong way we may call the partial way. We offer in our hearts to give up to God almost everything, to accept His will in all but one particular, to open every door of our heart but one. But God never enters to take full possession until He can have the whole. . . . The right way of making God's will our will is, as usual, Christ's way. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." . . . Take this matter to the Lord Himself. In your morning watch to-morrow (I hope you keep it every day) sit alone before God for fifteen minutes; lay aside every ambition, every pride, every thought of pre-eminence; empty yourself (there is no other way for it); open your soul and your spirit thus emptied for the infilling of Jesus Christ; and you will get, I believe, a blessed glimpse of what it is to put God's will in place of yours, a glimpse which you will wish daily to repeat until it becomes a lifelong vision.—*Dr. F. E. Clark.*

"EARTH'S crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

"THOUGH we may never climb those hills,
Nor see that valley fair,
There's not a scene we look upon,
But we may feel Him there."

With the Juniors

Kindness.

KIND thoughts and words and acts —
Give me the tongue that always
Shrinks from giving others pain,
The lowly heart that never thinks
An act of kindness, vain.
Anoint mine eyes, O God, to see
The beautiful and true,
And ready hands, O grant to me,
All blessedness to do.

Talking With Chalk.

Practical Papers on Blackboard Work for Junior
Workers Who Can't Draw.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

THE citadel of Childheart has two main ways of approach. One is by Sound Road and the other by Sight Avenue. In our effort to capture it for Christ it will be found a great advantage to be able to attack it at both points. In many Junior societies almost all the effort is concentrated on Sound Road, while as a matter of fact the quicker and more accessible approach may most often be made by Sight Avenue. Unfortunately a great many of our superintendents have conceived the idea that Eye-gate, which is at the end of Sight Avenue, will only yield to a more expert artillery than their unpractised hands are capable of bringing to bear. It is, if possible, to overcome this idea, and to encourage the use of the blackboard by all who have fingers in which a piece of chalk may be held, that these papers are being written. The writer emphatically disclaims artistic talent, and has taken no lessons in drawing beyond the somewhat perfunctory instruction received at a High School. It is on this disclaimer that he modestly bases his right to prepare such a series of papers as this, since he is in the position to show what may be accomplished by those who, like himself, cannot draw. The truth of his disclaimer, moreover, will be obvious to all who gaze upon the illustrations that embellish these papers.

Now, in the first place, observe some general principles underlying effective blackboard work:

- (1) Simplicity is strength. Elaboration usually tends to weakness and confusion.
- (2) Concentration is strength. Teach one truth at a time. Don't have too many ideas on the board at once.
- (3) Do not let the illustration overshadow the truth it is intended to emphasize. More of Christ and less of chalk, would be a good motto for some blackboard artists.

And now consider some ways in which you may, by a little patience, practice, and perseverance become an effective talker with chalk:

(1) Learn to hold the chalk. Grasp it near the point or else it will break. Use it on the board slantingly, or else it will squeak louder than you can speak.

(2) Spend a spare half hour drawing straight lines on the board. Draw them parallel, at right angles, horizontally, perpendicularly, and diagonally. Make a quick, firm stroke. Practice drawing your lines of even thickness, and heavy enough to be seen from the back seats.

(3) Practice lettering. Get a good plain letter, and copy it in both capitals and small letters until you can reproduce it fairly and quickly without copy. Here is a good sample letter, known to printers as Gothic:

PRINT CLEARLY.

Don't try fancy lettering till you are proficient at plain work; it will be neither useful nor ornamental.

(4) Carry a lead pencil and some blank sheets of paper with you constantly, and whenever you have a spare moment use them. Work out ideas; turn the topic over in your mind, and illustrate it for yourself, as simply as you can and as roughly as you choose. Practice a little word juggling. Make acrostics, and alliterative divisions of the topic.

You will be surprised how much may be effected in this way, e.g., see the notes on the Junior Topics for this month. To stimulate your effort in this direction the ENDEAVOR HERALD will give to the Junior worker sending in the best series of blackboard outlines for the June topics, similar to those in this issue, a copy of Rev. A. Sims' book, "Remarkable Narratives," a handsome cloth-bound volume of interesting incidents and stories that will be found helpful in preparing talks to the Juniors. Outlines should reach the HERALD office by April 21st at the latest. Next month we will pass on from these elementary principles to actual work, and those of you who follow out the ideas here suggested will be well prepared for the exercises I intend to set you.

Toronto, Ont.

Suggestions for Superintendents.

The Mothers.

Junior superintendents will do well to interest the mothers. A discouraged superintendent, the other day, was relating as chief among her obstacles "the indifference of the mothers." Some societies have disbanded for this cause. It rarely ever is because the children did not want the society and would not come, for the young enthusiasts will ask, "When is

the Junior society going to begin?" You may hear the mother say: "My child belongs to so many societies," or "I am so busy that I really can't remember when this meeting comes." The Junior superintendent must endeavor to impress on the mothers the true value of this systematic training in Christian service which will fortify the children against temptation and make them practical workers in missionary and church enterprises. If she can be made to perceive this, she will count this work second only to her own religious teaching in the home. Interest the mothers by all means!

Spiritual Results.

The great end to be secured in Junior work is Christian growth and character, in the boys and girls. Sow your seeds for such a harvest. The harvest will come. Make opportunities for personal talks about definitely taking a stand for Christ. As Junior workers we all need a baptism of spiritual earnestness. No great gain will come to the Juniors without sacrifice of time and effort on the part of the superintendent. But the results will more than compensate for the spent time and effort.

Something New.

A wise teacher once said, "Remember that the best soon becomes second-best by constant use." Don't stick to the same plans too long. Variety is the spice of life, so keep your meetings spicy by variety in method of conducting them. Surprise the Juniors by some new feature. Let some special committee prepare a surprise. Novelty will keep the interest from flagging. Read everybody's plans in the Christian Endeavor papers so as to have "every creature's best."

Silent Prayer.

Silent prayer should often be used, though not more than once in the course of a meeting, and the time for it should vary. It should come after some impressive thought or experience. It is best to tell the Juniors for what to pray during this time of silent prayer; and occasionally it is a good plan to announce a series of themes of prayer during this silent moment, one after the other. Show the Juniors that this is the way in which they are to follow one who is praying audibly.

Prayer Songs.

Prayer songs should be used in connection with sentence prayers, the children singing one stanza of such a hymn as "Nearer, my God, to Thee," or "My faith looks up to Thee," then following it with sentence prayers. At any break in these prayers another stanza may be sung, which may be followed by more prayers.

Missionary Journeys.

Describe a missionary trip or have some older Juniors do so—giving descriptions and characteris-

tics of the people and places without giving names. Let the Juniors tell the names. This will test their curiosity and knowledge of the mission fields. Some interesting incident of a missionary might be told in this way. Then ask, "Who is the missionary?" "Where did he labor?" etc.

Results of Junior Work.

We are so material in our thoughts, that in counting up the results of work done, we are apt to think little has been accomplished if we cannot count up definite things as accomplished. We must remember in Junior Christian Endeavor work, that our greatest results are spiritual, and not to be measured with a yardstick. Our society exists mainly to train the Juniors to habits of prayer and devotion and to kindly acts of Christian service. These results will be as lasting as any, and will count more in the years to come. "Let us not be weary in well-doing."

Leaders.

Let all lead who can. You will be surprised to find how many that you think are incompetent will prove quite capable. Choose the leaders long enough ahead, to give them a chance to prepare.



A Prayer.

NOW the morning light is here,
Thou hast kept me, Saviour dear;
Let me love Thee all this day
While I study, while I pray.
When asleep upon my bed
Angels watched around my head;
Jesus heard my evening prayer
Love and thanks, Lord, for Thy care.



Notes on Junior Topics.

By Lily M. Scott.

Small Talents.

May 7.—What are some little talents we should use for Christ? Matt. 25: 14-30.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: "First a willing mind," 2 Cor. 8: 12. Tuesday: Kind words, Prov. 15: 23. Wednesday: Helpful deeds, Mark 9: 41. Thursday: A lad's loaves and fishes, John 6: 9-11. Friday: The increase from God, 1 Cor. 3: 6, 7. Saturday: All to the glory of God, 1 Cor. 10: 31.

Explain carefully the meaning of the parable of the talents. Many children do not understand why the one talent was given to the man who had the ten talents, and not to the one who only had four. What was the meaning of the word talent, as used in the parable? What is its present meaning? Refer the children to a former Sunday-school lesson, where it said, "The night cometh when no man can work." Day there represents opportunity—night, the loss of opportunity. Take an inventory of the talents of the society as a whole, then of some of its individual members.

Emphasize as strongly as possible the thought that we are to use all our powers to win souls for

God; that it is good to improve ourselves in every way, so that we may be more useful to others.

God has given us tongues, hands, eyes, minds, etc., intending us to use them to gain the tongues, hands, and minds of others for Him.

That is, the powers God has given us we are to use in gaining other souls for Him.

There are two ways of neglecting talents, one is by deliberately doing wrong with them, the other is by neglecting them. The first is wickedness, the next is foolishness.

Teach the Juniors the consecration hymns.

For the Blackboard.

Singing
Smiling for JESUS
Speaking
Serving

Winning Love and Honor.

May 14.—How to win love and honor. Prov. 3:1-7.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: By friendliness, Prov. 18:24. Tuesday: By practising the Golden Rule, Matt. 7:12. Wednesday: By self-forgetfulness, 2 Tim. 1:1-4; Phil. 2:1-5. Thursday: By uprightness, Prov. 21:21. Friday: By diligence, Prov. 22:29. Saturday: By faithfulness, Ps. 101:6.

The Bible says: "He that winneth souls is wise." In order to win others we must ourselves be winsome. We must be ready to be kind and helpful, so as to win first the confidence of those whom we desire to bring to Christ. "He that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Emphasize to the Juniors the necessity of cultivating the grace of unselfishness. Not only should we learn the Golden Rule, but we must practice it. It is the best rule of conduct for every boy or girl, who desires to be a true gentleman or lady. Solomon has given much good advice about this subject. Have nearly all the daily readings read at the meeting by different members.

Learn to be kindly in judgment. There is nothing more attracts one to a Christian, than to hear him always charitable in his opinions of others. It is a good habit to cultivate, too, for not only does it do good to others, prevent much evil and trouble in the world, but it sweetens ourselves, so that in time the harsh criticism and unkind word becomes impossible to us.

"What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure sight may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou would'st only faint and yield."

For the Blackboard.

Loving	Happy
Obedient	Obliging
BE Virtuous	BE Needed
Earnest	Overcoming
	Reverent

The Life of Christ. V.

May 21.—What did Christ teach by His feeding of the five thousand? John 6:5-14.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: The treasure and the pearl, Matt. 13:44-46. Tuesday: Stilling the storm, Mark 4:35-41. Wednesday: Healing a demoniac, Mark 5:1-20. Thursday: Raising Jairus' daughter, Luke 8:41-42, 49-56. Friday: The mission of the twelve, Luke 9:1-6. Saturday: The death of John the Baptist, Matt. 14:1-13.

Enumerate briefly the events in the life of Christ since He gave the parable of the sower. Most of them are mentioned in the daily readings.

His forerunner and friend, John the Baptist, has been beheaded. Although He is in the full tide of His popularity, and crowds follow Him so that He can hardly get time for rest, still Jesus knows that before long these will be His enemies.

Explain the lesson surroundings. Aside from Jesus, the central figure in the crowd to the Juniors, will be the little lad. How interested he must have been in what Jesus was saying, to have listened all day, and not eaten his lunch. Now eagerly he presses forward to give it to Jesus. It was not much, but it was his all, and, in Jesus' hands, it became enough for the vast multitude.

How different from the other teachers, when even the little children would run after Him, and listen to His words:

Have the Juniors notice how Christ taught that nothing should be wasted. How misunderstood He was! The people thought not of the Bread of Life which He offered them, but of the wonderful King He would make them, and how He could deliver them from the Roman yoke.

For the Blackboard.

HEAVENLY ARITHMETIC.

Five Loaves and Two Fishes + The Blessing of Christ = Food for Five Thousand
God can make much of our little.

Paul's Shipwreck.

May 28.—What lessons can we learn from Paul's shipwreck? Acts 27:9-44.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Hindering winds, John 6:16-21. Tuesday: Faith and courage, Isa. 26:3, 4. Wednesday: Lightening the ship, Heb. 12:1, 2. Thursday: An island of safety, Ps. 27:5; 31:20. Friday: Thanks for deliverance, Ps. 116:12-14, 17. Saturday: "Unto their desired haven," Ps. 107:29, 30.

This meeting should be planned ahead.

Let one tell about the storm at sea, how Paul advised them not to sail at that time, how the sailors ignored His words. Have another tell about the visit of the angel to Paul, and its result; another of their fear of being cast on the rocks, their casting the anchors, and Paul's reassurance; another might finish the story, closing with their escape to land on pieces of the wreck.

And now for the lessons to be learned from this story: First, it is better to follow the advice of a wise and good person, than to go on in our own way. Second, if we trust in God, He will deliver us. Third, use faith, or we may perish on the rocks of sin. Fourth, take care of our health so that we may have strength to meet difficulties, and thank God for what He gives us. Fifth, even when we have many troubles, so that the waves and billows may be high, we may still trust ourselves in God's care, and He will land us safely.

"So I go on not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than walk alone in the light.
I'd rather walk by faith with Him,
Than go alone by sight."

For the Blackboard.

HE Sails With God
Safely Whom Goes

The Sunday School

Crumbs Swept Up.

TARDY teachers make tardy scholars.

To teach successfully you must know your textbook.

Do not rest satisfied until each scholar in your class brings his Bible.

"BETTER not," should be the attitude of the teacher to all doubtful amusements.

You are closest to your scholars when you bear them up to Heaven upon your knees.

No commentary or lesson help should be allowed to take the place of the Bible in preparing the lesson.

An officer or teacher should at least be as punctual at his post as at his daily business. Any lower standard only degrades the work.

Be on time; bring your Bible and an offering; join promptly and heartily in the open exercises; make complete records in class book and on envelope; bring your class to order at once when bell rings;—these will all be done by the faithful teacher.

Look carefully after the absentees. Keep the path between the school and the home so hot that neither grass nor absentees will grow on it. Nothing pleases parents more than a hot-hearted teacher who will give them no peace when their children are absent.

The careful teacher will avoid ruts by earnestly and perseveringly seeking new approaches to the main thought of the lesson, new ways of setting forth the truth before his scholars. As the bee gathers honey from every flower, so he will gather instruction for his class from every book and newspaper he reads, and from every circumstance in life he witnesses.

Does a Sunday-school need a teachers' meeting?—Does a watch need a mainspring?—Does a locomotive need steam?—Does a ship need a rudder?—Does a church need a prayer meeting?—Does a man need a pulse? If a school lacks the teachers' meeting it lacks five vital things: interest, earnestness, good management, opportunity, and spiritual power.—C. D. Meigs.

Points for Teachers.

WHAT have my scholars a right to expect of me?

First: Certainly they have a right to expect my presence every Sunday, for my responsibility is

to God in this matter, and I dare not absent myself at pleasure.

Second: Certainly they have a right to expect that my management of the class will be such as shall tend to their fullest profit and enjoyment of the school.

Third: Certainly they have a right to expect that I will thoroughly prepare myself and my lessons by every available means. Why am I a teacher if I do not *teach*?

Fourth: Certainly they have a right to expect that I will heartily engage in all general exercises, the same as they are expected to do. Why not? I am their pattern—their leader.

Fifth: Certainly they have a right to expect that I will exemplify in my daily walk the life I seek to hold up before them on Sunday. I cannot hope for success unless I seem what I ought, and be what I seem.

Responsibility? Yes, and privilege.—*The Helper*.

Notes and Suggestions on the International Lessons.

LESSON 6.—MAY 7, 1899.

The Vine and the Branches.

(Lesson Text: John 15: 1-11. Commit to Memory Verses 6-8.)
(Compare John 16: 16 and Matt. 7: 16-20.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I am the Vine, ye are the branches."—John 15: 5.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: John 15: 1-11. Tuesday: 1 John 2: 1-9. Wednesday: 1 John 3: 18-24. Thursday: Matt. 7: 15-23. Friday: Gal. 5: 16-26. Saturday: Rom. 12: 1-5. Sunday: Eph. 4: 1-16.

TIME.—A. D. 30, April 6.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

Between the Lessons.

Some think that after Jesus had spoken the words given in the verses immediately following our last lesson, He said, "Arise, let us go hence," and that He and the eleven then arose from the table and departed. If this is correct, the words about the vine were spoken on the way to Gethsemane—suggested, perhaps, by vines growing on the way. Others think, however, that they still remained in the room while Jesus spoke the words contained in chapters 15 and 16, and offered the prayer contained in chapter 17—perhaps rising from the table, but not going out. This latter interpretation appears the more natural.

Applying the Lesson to Life.

(1) The Father is the husbandman. The care of the vine is not left to a servant, nor is the pruning a matter of chance. It is not a wild vine, but one under culture which is presented. Pruning is important. If branches are cut away, and if the culture of our life sometimes causes suffering and apparent loss, we have only to remember that it is the Father who is the husbandman. He makes no mistakes.

(2) The test of the branch is fruitfulness. If no fruit appears, the branch is cut off and cast away as worthless. Then the fruitful branches are pruned that they may become yet more fruitful. The object of pruning is not merely to get more fruit, but better fruit. Sometimes a vine bears too much fruit, and pruning is necessary, that the capacity for fruitfulness may be gathered into a smaller quantity of fruit. Notice, too, that it is on the branches that fruit grows. The blessings of religion can reach the world only in the lives of Christians. It is thus that Christ reveals Himself and gives out His life. If Christians are unfruitful, the world will miss the blessings of Christianity.

(3) It is important that we understand just what fruit is. Sometimes we think that a Christian who is very active, who is engaged in everything good, is a very fruitful branch. Christian activity is valuable, but the best fruits are in the character. St. Paul mentions love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness as among fruits of the Spirit. Fruit is grown not for ornament, but to feed people's hunger. Graces that are merely decorations in a life do not fulfill the idea of fruit. Our graces must have an active side; they must be useful. If others are not helped by us, are not in some way better for our love and friendship, we are not really bearing fruit.

(4) Jesus tells us clearly how we may become fruitful branches—we must abide in Him. The figure of the branch and the vine is very suggestive. The living branch is so attached to the vine that the vine's life flows through it into its every twig and branchlet. Every part of it into which the sap does not flow is dead. We must be attached to Christ in the same way. He says we must abide in Him and His words must abide in us. Then we shall bear much fruit. We can abide in Christ only by trusting Him and loving Him and doing His will.

(5) Jesus makes the having of His joy an essential quality in Christian life. In the last lesson He gave His peace to His disciples. Here He gives them His joy. Christ's joy is not dependent upon this world's things. We want a joy which will stay in our heart even though all earthly good things are taken away. We can have Christ's joy only by having Christ Himself within us. Joy is not something which God can give us as one would send us a basket of apples. It can be gotten only by those who do Christ's will and have His Holy Spirit in them.

LESSON 7.—MAY 14, 1899.

Christ Betrayed and Arrested.

(Lesson Text: John 18: 1-14. Commit to Memory Verses 3-5.)
(Compare Matt. 26: 47-56. Mark 14: 43-52, and Luke 22: 47-53.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He is despised and rejected of men."—*Isa. 53: 7.*

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Matt. 26: 14-25. Tuesday: Luke 22: 39-46. Wednesday: John 18: 1-14. Thursday: Matt. 26: 47-56. Friday: Matt. 27: 3-10. Saturday: John 6: 60-71. Sunday: Acts 1: 15-26.

TIME.—A. D. 30. Thursday night, April 6-7.

PLACE.—Gethsemane, a garden near the foot of the Mount of Olives.

Between the Lessons.

When Jesus had concluded His farewell discourse to the eleven in the upper room at Jerusalem (John 14-16), He offered His intercessory prayer (John 17.) It was now probably near midnight, and Jesus, accompanied by the eleven, left the room. As they walked along He again predicted Peter's fall and

the scattering of the disciples that very night. Leaving the city they crossed the brook Kedron to the Mount of Olives and entered the garden of Gethsemane where Jesus endured His agony and later was arrested.

Applying the Lesson to Life.

(1) After the last supper came Gethsemane. We never know what sorrow or struggle awaits us when we have been experiencing some sweet joy. Life's comforts are meant to prepare us for whatever trial may be before us. In the upper room Jesus was strengthened for the garden. In Gethsemane Jesus really endured in advance the anguish of the cross. He saw all that was before Him and was made ready to meet it quietly, the battle was fought and the victory won. He prayed that the cup might pass; instead of this He received strength to drink it.

(2) The saddest thing in all the story of Jesus is the terrible failure of Judas, who, having been an apostle, enjoying closest friendship with the Master for three years, loved, trusted, and honored to the very last, he yet became a traitor, selling for a few pieces of paltry silver the Friend who had done so much for him. There is a fearful warning in this for us all. Privileges will not keep us faithful. Greed for money may lead one to ruin. Judas was a thief before he was a traitor. We should ever watch against the beginnings of sin in our heart.

(3) Jesus was the faithful Shepherd even in the hour of His own great trial. He delivered Himself up because His hour had now come, but He provided for the safety of His disciples. "Ye seek me; let these go their way," He said to the officers. He saved others—Himself He did not save. Thus it is always with His love—it loses nothing that is committed to it. No one who has trusted Jesus has ever perished.

(4) We may learn a lesson from Peter's rashness. He loved Jesus very greatly, but he should not have drawn his sword in his defense. He should have restrained himself, doing nothing without his Master's bidding. There are times when love's impulses must be held in check. To speak a word or lift a finger can do only harm. While we should be ready for any duty of friendship, however perilous or costly it may be, there are times when we must keep our hands off. Jesus had to undo His too eager friend's mistaken work. Often He has to undo our mistaken work.

(5) The quiet submission of Jesus to arrest and binding is very suggestive. He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep that openeth not its mouth. He voluntarily went with the squad of officers sent to bring Him. He could have called legions of angels to His side and have resisted the arrest, but His hour had now come, and He laid down His life for His sheep. He was in the world to give Himself a ransom for many, to make redemption through His blood. So He submitted patiently and was led away. He accepted shame that He might bring His own to glory.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, clean forspent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content;

Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came."



LESSON 8.—MAY 21, 1899.

Christ Before the High Priest.

(Lesson Text: John 18: 15-27. Commit to Memory Verses 23-25.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."—*John 1: 11.*

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: John 18: 15-27. Tuesday: Luke 22: 54-62. Wednesday: Luke 22: 63-71. Thursday: John 8: 42-47. Friday: 1 Pet. 2: 17-25. Saturday: Matt. 26: 31-35. Sunday: Psalm 141.

TIME.—A. D. 30, Thursday night, April 6-7.

PLACE.—High Priest's palace, at Jerusalem.

Between the Lessons.

The order of events after Jesus' arrest seems to have been about as follows: The prisoner was bound and taken first to Annas, before whom he had a preliminary examination while the members of the Sanhedrin were being gathered together. Probably Annas and Caiaphas lived in the same palace, into the court of which John and afterwards Peter were admitted. During this preliminary examination Peter's first denial of his Lord occurred. Jesus refused to answer the questions at this first examination and He was sent to the apartments of Caiaphas, where the Sanhedrin, which had been hastily assembled in a night session, condemned Him to death for blasphemy. It was probably during this trial that Peter denied Jesus the second and third times.

Applying the Lesson to Life.

(1) There are two ways of following Christ—close and afar off. John kept close to Him that night, going with Him into the palace; Peter fell back into the shadows. Not only did he follow afar off, but when he came in he took his place in the wrong company—not with John near Jesus, but with the servants. If he had entered with Jesus and kept close to Him, thus declaring at once where he belonged, he would have had no temptation to deny him. The safe way is never to take a doubtful position where any one shall need to ask whether we are a Christian or not. We would better confess Christ boldly.

(2) That Peter should deny Christ seemed almost impossible. He had been the boldest of Christ's confessors. He had been forewarned—and to forewarn is to forearm. He had boasted only an hour or two before that he could not deny Him—that whatever others might do he would be faithful even unto death. Yet he fell. Who then is safe? We can only take the lesson for ourselves—that we must always watch. Self-confidence is perilous.

(3) Peter failed at a time when his Master most needed his loyal friendship. We should be truest to our friends and most earnest in our faithfulness in their behalf when they are in trouble, when other friends have failed them, and when enemies are assailing them. Jesus was in the hands of His foes, and those who had been His friends should now have stood closest to Him. It is pleasant to think of the comfort that John gave to Jesus that night by his loyal devotion—the one drop of comfort in all the bitter cup. It is sad to think of the pangs that Peter's words caused in the heart of Jesus as He

stood there wearing His crown of thorns and the purple robe. The darker the day the more loyal should our confession of Christ be.

(4) We must read the story of Peter's fall through to the end. He did not know that he was being sifted until it was all over, and then the crowing of the cock and a look from the Master brought before him his terrible unfaithfulness. He went out and wept bitterly. But he was not lost. The mercy of Christ did not fail him. He repented and was restored. The first message of Jesus after He rose from the dead had a special word of hope for Peter—"Tell my disciples and Peter." Luther said if he could paint a portrait of Peter he would write on every hair of his head, "Forgiveness of sins."

(5) The bearing of Jesus before the high priest was very noble. No witnesses could be found against Him. One of the officers struck Him with his hand. Through all the trying experience Jesus remained calm and confident. The peace of His heart was not disturbed. We may well study His conduct to learn for ourselves how to behave when others charge us falsely. We should not revile again when we are reviled, but should commit our cause to Him who judgeth righteously. Nothing can really harm us if God is keeping us.

"One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

"Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

"But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer."



LESSON 9.—MAY 28, 1899.

Christ Before Pilate.

(Lesson Text: John 18: 28-40. Commit to Memory Verses 38-40.)

(Compare Matt. 27: 11-26, Mark 15: 1-15, and Luke 23: 1-25.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I find no fault in him."—*John 19: 4.*

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: John 18: 28-40. Tuesday: Luke 23: 1-12. Wednesday: Matt. 27: 15-25. Thursday: John 19: 1-16. Friday: Acts 4: 23-30. Saturday: Heb. 12: 1-6. Sunday: Heb. 5: 1-9.

TIME.—A. D. 30, Friday, April 7, probably 5 to 8 a. m.

PLACE.—Pilate's judgment hall, Jerusalem.

Between the Lessons.

The Sanhedrin, after condemning Jesus to death for blasphemy, adjourned until daybreak. Meanwhile Jesus was kept at the palace and subjected to cruel mockings and all manner of insult. At dawn the council reassembled and formally confirmed the death sentence passed at its night session, after Jesus had again confessed that He was the Son of God. He was then led to Pilate to be sentenced, as the Jews had not the power to put anyone to death without the approval of the Roman governor.

Applying the Lesson to Life.

(1) We wonder why Jesus, innocent and holy, the Son of God, had to stand before the heathen governor, one of the most unjust and unscrupulous men of history. We need only to remember that it is in such experiences that noble character must forever be tested. "Those who are near me are near the fire," the proverb which inspired the ancient followers of Christ, reveals the Master Himself as foremost and Leader in the glorious throng of those who brave enmity and death itself in being faithful to truth. Jesus witnessed a confession before Pontius Pilate, setting us an example of devotion to truth at whatever cost.

(2) There is a wide difference between sanctimoniousness and sanctification. The Jews would not cross the threshold of Pilate's palace that morning, for this would defile them so that they could not partake of the passover feast. But they had no scruples in breaking the law of love in seeking the conviction of an innocent man as a criminal and demanding his blood. We must watch, lest while we pay scrupulous heed to certain small matters of form we overlook altogether the vital matters of the law--justice, mercy, and truth.

(3) Through all the wickedness of the rulers in trying to destroy Jesus the purpose of God for the world's redemption moved quietly on. Jesus Himself had declared that He must lay down His life for His sheep, that He must give Himself a ransom for many. The Jews in their demand for His death were really carrying out this great plan of God for the Messiah. Yet this did not make their sin any less. They were free, and it was of their own wicked hearts that they sought the crucifixion of Jesus. It is a wonderful illustration of the mercy of God, however, that the very blood shed by wicked hands became the blood of the world's redemption.

(4) Jesus stood before Pilate to be judged of him. Pilate was the only man who could say whether Jesus should be crucified or set free. Fearful was his responsibility. Let us think then of another scene. Pilate himself will stand before the judgment throne, and on that throne he will see the Man who that day in Jerusalem stood before him and whose destiny he had to decide. How he will regret then his decision in the case! Before each one of us Jesus stands and we must decide whether to accept or reject Him. We, too, shall stand at His bar by and by. It will make an eternal difference then what we now decide to do with Jesus. If we confess Him as our Saviour and Lord He will confess us before His Father and the angels. If we deny Him now He will deny us that day.

(5) Pilate showed great weakness. He knew Jesus was innocent and wished to release Him, but he had not the courage to do it. So he sent Him to the cross, thus taking on his soul the guilt of judicial murder. He washed his hands before the people, saying that he was not responsible, but he washed off no part of his guilt.

(6) The Jews chose Barabbas. Barabbas was a robber, and Jesus was an innocent man who had never done them anything but good. They sent the innocent man to the cross and set the robber and murderer free. The choice will not come to us in precisely the same way, but each one of us has to decide between Christ and sin. It will be a sad thing if we make the same mistake that the Jews made, choosing the world and crucifying Jesus afresh. - *Westminster Teacher.*

Periodicals.

THE Nicaragua Canal project—past, present, and future—is one of the principal features of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for March, and is ably discussed by E. A. Fletcher, whose contribution has the advantage of being thoroughly well illustrated. "Queen Wilhelmina and Women's Work in Holland," by S. M. D'Engelbronner, is full of personal and literary, as well as pictorial interest, which is equally true of "Sketching from Nature," by E. Villiers Barnett. Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., famous for his hair-breadth escapes while campaigning with Gomez in Cuba, tells some thrilling stories of that veteran hero and the late Gen. Quintin Bandera. "A Skein of Silk" is a charming, illustrated paper by W. C. Kitchin, describing silk-worm culture in Japan. Bret Harte and Egerton Castle head the fiction writers in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and there are complete short stories this month by Mary J. Holmes (illustrated by Wenzell) and Etta W. Pierce (illustrated by Rosenmeyer).

THE *Treasury of Religious Thought* for March, 1899, presents as frontispiece the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers, of the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn. Something of his quality appears in his able sermon on "Making a Life," which has the leading place in this number. The opening illustrated article of the number is a very full account of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, which describes the remarkable growth and work of that fifteen-fold organization. There are extracts from sermons by Pres. J. H. Barrows, Rev. Dr. A. S. Gumbart, Rev. Wm. M. Burch, Prof. W. D. Mackenzie, and Bishop S. Fallows, D. D., LL. D. The Rev. D. M. Pratt contributes a timely sermon on "Easter." The sociological series contains this month an interesting article on "Sociological Ideas in the Old Testament," by Prof. W. Rauschenbusch. This issue contains an unusual number of portraits and sketches of eminent men. The minor departments have their usual fulness and taste.

An article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for March that will be widely read figures out "The American Girl's Chances of Marriage," and another, "Social Life in America's French City," gives a really charming glimpse into the exclusive Creole circles of New Orleans. The Most Wonderful Musical Festival in America" recalls the great Peace Jubilee held at Boston in 1872, with its seventeen hundred instrumentalists and chorus of seventeen thousand. "The Prettiest Country Homes in America,"

"Flowers and Flower Beds," and "Fifteen Good Mantels and Fireplaces" are shown from the photographs submitted in the contest for *Journal* prizes. On his editorial page Edward Bok pays deserved tribute to his late associate editor, Isabel A. Mallon, who also wrote for the *Journal* under the pseudonym of "Ruth Ashmore." There is an excellent short story, "The Touch of a Child," and a humorous sketch by John Kendrick Bangs. Mrs. S. I. Rorer continues her cooking lessons and advice upon domestic economies, and every phase and condition of home-life is considered.

DR. JOHN FISKE in the March *Atlantic* on "Some Cranks and Their Crotchets," details at length and most entertainingly some remarkable phases of what he denominates as "Insane," or more mildly as "Eccentric Literature," the manifestations of which are as startling in their variety and number as they are entertaining in Dr. Fiske's descriptions. Miss Marion Hamilton Carter's sprightly and amusing protest and revolt as a primary teacher against certain kindergarten methods and kindergarten children, will furnish entertainment to all readers, while at the same time imparting much wholesome and needed information and food for reflection for parents and educators. "Prince Kropotkin's Autobiography" details his return to Russia after leaving the army; his love for science and scientific discovery, his rapid strides in learning and advancement, and the irresistible rise within him of the humanitarian sentiment which arrested this progress and turned his energies into another and revolutionary channel. John Burroughs and Bradford Torrey for once forsake the book of nature for the books of man, and discuss respectively "The Vital Touch in Literature," and "Writers that are Quotable," handling these themes with their accustomed skill, and bringing to them a power of penetration and criticism not lessened at least by the habits of acute observation acquired in the study of nature. "Comida," a touchingly realistic Cuban sketch entertaining short stories, a group of brilliant poems headed by Bliss Carman's "A Winter Holiday," and other timely and interesting articles make up a number of unusual variety and value.

DR. PIERSON'S article on "The Movement against Ritualism" in the *Missionary Review of the World* for April gives an exceptionally full and fair discussion of the whole subject. In the same number of the *Review* Dr. Chamberlain gives a vivid and heart-rending composite picture of "What Retrenchment Means in India"; Rev. W. H. Sloane describes his recent visit to Porto Rico, and tells of the condition and needs of the island; Dr. W. A. Briggs of Siam writes of "Missionary Work Among the Laos"—a well illustrated article; and Rev. T. A. Gurney draws some striking and helpful lessons from "The History of the Church Missionary Society." There are also articles of exceeding interest on "Benares The Mecca of Hinduism," "Islam in China," "Work Among Prisoners and Ex-Convicts," by Mrs. Battington Booth; "Japanese Lectures Against Christianity," "The Religious Condition of Hawaii," and "Glimpses of Korea."

Official Bulletins

Canadian Council Corner.

"DETROIT, '99."

ONTARIO Endeavorers, you are specially privileged this year in having the great International Convention for '99 at your very doors. Detroit is an ideal convention city, the programme will be better than the best, and the cost should be within the reach of all in these "growing times." Is there a danger of too many going? "Don't worry about the additional labor your coming will throw upon the Reception Committee," is what the chairman of that committee writes. Our Detroit neighbors will not be satisfied with our hundreds this year, they want us to come in thousands.

Ask your nearest ticket agent for single fare to Detroit, and remember that will be the cost of round trip. The rates at homes as arranged by the committee are 50 cents for lodging and 25 cents for meals per person. Lunches, of course, can be procured at restaurants and cafes for less if the delegates so desire. Canada and District of Columbia will have headquarters at Central Presbyterian church.

Large tents will be used as meeting places for the hosts, and the opening session will be on Wednesday night, July 5th, when, after addresses of welcome and reply, the officers and trustees are to hold an immense informal reception. From the opening meeting until the closing meeting on the 10th every session will be packed full of helpfulness, inspiration, and enthusiasm. Delegates are reported from Tasmania, India, Japan and other distant lands. Rev. John Pollock, of Glasgow, will speak for British Endeavorers, and tell us all about "London 1900." Prof., Graham Taylor, of Chicago, and Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., will beckon for helpers in the great social harvest fields, while Prof. Morehead, Xenia, O., Prof. Willett, of Chicago, and Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, will emphasize the Quiet Hour and Bible study. The music will be led by a chorus of 1,200 voices.

A circular will be issued specially for Ontario Endeavorers about the end of April or first of May. If you would like to receive a copy send your address now. In the mean-

time feel quite free to write for information.

Yours for "Detroit, '99."
C. J. ATKINSON,
Transportation Mgr., for Ontario.
26 Langley Ave., Toronto.

From the Ontario Secretary.

Prepare to send one or more delegates to Detroit, '99.

"Local Unions."

THE idea of the Young People's Local Union is assuming larger proportions every month. It contains so much of the blessed idea of interdenominational fellowship, and its possibilities in the way of inspiration and fraternity are so large that it is evidently an institution that has come to stay.

All Christians, especially the young, need to know what others are thinking about along Christian lines, what the methods of worship are, and how this or that method has succeeded.

If the members of the local society never look or go beyond themselves, they are in danger of growth-short-sighted, narrow in their conception of duty and privilege, formal and routine in their "endeavor," and are liable to languish, if not actually die, of discouragement.

The Young People's Local Union brings together for consultation representative young Christians from different local societies. Matters of mutual interest are discussed, plans reported, difficulties considered, advantages weighed, and results given. Each local society, therefore, has the advantage of the projects and experiences of all the rest.

Bring together several hundred young Christians in a Local Union meeting, let them look into each other's faces; let them warmly grasp each other's hands; let their voices unite in song; let them hear each other pray; above all, let them bow in humble confession and consecration: *the inspiration is untold*. Those who are present usually go back to their own societies quickened and equipped for aggressive Christian work.

In a letter I received from Mr. T. Hendry, president of the Brantford Local Union, he tells of some splen-

did results accomplished by the unions of Brant County. He describes the Local Union, by using the answer of a little girl, to the question, "What is the back bone?" "A big bone with all the little bones fastened on." He says:

We may speak of the Union as the big bone, and the societies in the different districts as the little bones fastened on! The different societies carrying impressions, ideas, knowledge and experience to the Union and in turn the Union giving back strength, advice, and aid to the many societies depending upon her; the Union also acts as a father to the societies, keeps a watchful, fatherly, loving, careful eye over each one, ever ready to give assistance and advice; then again it is as a home or centre to come to. We meet and have our Executive meetings; all the officers and presidents of the different districts come together to talk over the work and tell of their successes, discouragements, and encouragements. The different members go out from this meeting refreshed, encouraged, and blessed, better able to build up the societies under their charge. Some one has said "many workers laboring in loving harmony of aim and method more than double the usefulness of one laboring alone." This is very true in connection with the work of the Local Union.

Then the scheme of intervisitation of societies is a good one and has a two-fold purpose: it promotes fellowship among the societies of different denominations and provides a means of interchanging ideas on the general work.

A few words might be said regarding the important committees connected with the Union. First we have the "Good Literature Committee", the duty of this committee is to provide literature for those who do not visit places where they can obtain it—it is distributed in homes, barber shops, and hotels. Then we have the "Organizing and Visiting Committee"; the work of this committee is to visit the different societies in the districts, stir them up if they have grown cold, give advice and encouragement when necessary, and also to organize new societies. The Temperance and Good Citizenship Committee is also an important one. It is their duty to promote in every way the cause of temperance, look after our citizens and see that they obey our laws and in every way try

to improve them. We cannot afford to lose one society or see it grow cold or indifferent, therefore we should in every way be ready to adopt any new plan which will tend to strengthen the C. E. cause.

Need I say anything further? Mr. Hendry speaks from actual experience in the work, and claims that wherever there are two or more societies, a Local Union may be organized and do successful work.

How many Local Unions will be organized before we meet in Montreal next October?

A. T. COOPER.

Clinton, Ont.

From the Ontario Treasurer.

I BEG to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following pledges to the work of the Provincial Union for February, 1899:

Russell, St. Edgar Congregational, \$1. Kingston, Bethel Congregational, \$2. Brantford, Park Baptist, \$1. Ridgetown, St. Mull, Bethel, St. Galt. Central church, \$1. Bothwell, St. Hespeler, \$2. Dresden, St. Scotland, St. Hamilton, Burkholder, \$1. Durham, St. Gananoque, Grace Methodist, St. Binbrook, \$1. Perth, \$1.

W. J. DOHERTY.

505 Gray St., London, Ont.

Coming Conventions.

Dominion—at Montreal, Oct. '99.
Dufferin—County Convention in Grand Valley, Oct., '99.
Middlesex—County Convention in Glencoe, May, '99.
Perth—County Convention in Atwood, July 1, '99.
Renfrew—County Convention in town of Renfrew, Oct., '99.
Huron County—Exeter, June 20 and 21, 1899, C.E. and S.S.
International—Detroit, July 5-10, 1899.
Manitoba Provincial Convention in Brandon, May 22, 23, and 24, '99.

Ontario C. E. Union.

County Secretaries and their Addresses

Bruce O H Nelson, Paisley
 Brant—Miss Agnes Davidson, Brantford.
 Bay of Quinte District—Miss Jessie Redmond, Picton.
 Dufferin—E. W. Ritchie, Orangeville.
 Elgin—W. W. Coulter, St. Thomas (acting).
 Essex and Kent—Miss Ada Baird, Blenheim.
 Durham and Northumberland—J. T. Robson, Vernonville.
 Grey South—Miss Tillie Stevenson, Holstein.
 Grey North—A. L. McIntyre, Owen Sound.
 Halton—Miss Minnie Davie, Palermo, (acting).
 Huron—W. C. Pridham, Goderich.
 Glengarry, Prescott, and Stormont—Miss Janet McLennan, Apple Hill.
 Lambton—Edmund Syer, Wyoming.
 Lincoln—A. E. Hoshal, Beamsville.

Leeds, Grenville, and Dundas—Miss C. M. Dowsley, Prescott.
 Lanark—J. Walter Keith, Smith's Falls.
 Muskoka—Miss Laidlaw, Gravenhurst, (acting).
 Middlesex—Miss Sadie Macvicar, Glencoe.
 Norfolk—Pauline McCool, Simcoe, (acting).
 Nipissing—Miss I. M. Baxter, North Bay.
 Oxford—Miss Jessie Reader, Ingersoll.
 Ontario—Miss Lillie King, Oshawa.
 Peterborough—Mr. B. Anderson, Peterboro.
 Parry Sound—Emma F. Walden, Parry Sound, (acting).
 Perth—Dr. M. Steele, Tavistock.
 Peel—T. H. Graham, Inglewood, (acting).
 Russell—Geo. Howell, Vernon.
 Renfrew—Miss Nellie Beatty, Pembroke.
 Rainy River District—Mrs. W. H. McKay, Rat Portage, (acting).
 Victoria—Miss Maud Needler, Lindsay.
 Wentworth—Miss B. McKenzie, Hamilton.
 Welland—B. Lundy, Welland.
 Wellington North—Jno. A. Gray, Clifford.
 Wellington South—J. J. Cassidy, Fergus.
 Waterloo—T. H. Foley, Galt.
 York—Jessie J. Carruthers, Toronto.
 Simcoe—Maggie E. Millar, Orillia.
 Carleton—Miss A. L. Pratt, Ottawa, (acting).
 Haldimand—J. Y. Murdock, Jarvis.

Odds and Ends.

"Wesley," said his wife, sleepily, as the plaintive wail of the infant broke the stillness of the midnight hour; "Wesley, heed the advice of Kipling." "What is that?" he grunted from beneath the coverlet. "Take up the white man's burden."

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

A friend of the Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the popular Chicago preacher, not long ago found the pastor in one of the large departmental stores of the Western city. He was leaning up against a supporting pillar in a brown study. "Why, Henson, what in the world are you standing there for?" asked the friend. "Oh," said the witty parson, as a twinkle came into his eye, "just putting into practice that verse in the Bible: 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'"

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

The Endeavor Herald

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If corresponding secretaries of societies outside the city will notify the corresponding secretary of the Union of the name and address of any young people removing to Toronto, they will gladly be visited and introduced to Christian friends in our churches and societies. Kindly do not neglect this matter.

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Being unable to fulfil an engagement at a certain town, a lecturer wired: "Impossible to come to-night; give the audience back their money." He received the following reply: "We have given the audience back his money; and he has gone home perfectly satisfied."

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

Among the advertisements in a provincial paper there recently appeared the following: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in Burford Street is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized." A few days later this reply was inserted: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in Burford Street requests the loser to call at his house."

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains,

sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

The following letter is a rare example: "My Darlin' Peggy,—I met you last night, and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it; and, if it's you that's first, why rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin'-place, Peggy; for, faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not. Your own Mike."

SLEEPLESSNESS—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

A lawyer, noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who paid no attention

to reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir,— If you pay the enclosed bill, you will oblige me. If you don't, I shall oblige you."

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.— Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These comes from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

If you wish comfortable and good wearing
CLOTHING leave your order with

JOS. J. FOLLETT

Merchant Tailor

181 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning anything advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in THE ENDEAVOR HERALD.



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These improved simplex magnetic safety-razor outfits given absolutely free. Only one to a person. Every razor warranted always in order; so finely adjusted impossible to cut or scratch the face. To introduce into every home our Shaving & Complexion Soap, which beautifies, removes pimples, blotches, & all facial eruptions, leaving skin looking fresh & young & delicately perfumed after a shave. We give above razors absolutely free.

Send 10 cts. silver or stamps for sample cake soap, & we will send one at once securely boxed, prepaid. Each razor made from finest Sheffield steel, & can be used in any position while walking, riding in wagon or cars, or on ship in storm, with perfect ease & safety, & no more effort than it takes to comb your hair. We make this liberal offer knowing you will appreciate the present. Show our goods & it will be the means of working up a trade in less than half the time that we could by the old regular way of Newspaper & Magazine advertising.
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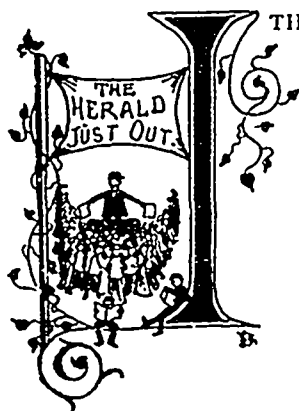
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Peter Pushem's Pulpit

A Page for Profitable Perusal Pungent Paragraphs—Phenomenal Propositions Points it will Pay to Ponder.



THINK "P" is my favorite letter. Its possibilities seem almost unlimited, and it is always so willing to be used. It will work harmoniously with so many other letters, too; and if you did not see it, you would never know it was there. Take pneumonia and pthisis and physics for example, where "p" leads off but never makes a sound. I am glad to present you with such a beautiful bunch of sweet peas, as stand at the head of the pulpit, so early in the season. But talking of seasons, I heard the editor of our esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Guardian* ask a riddle the other night that is old enough to be well seasoned by now; perhaps you have not heard it yet, however. Why is an editor like a hen? No, not because he is always laying for the public. The likeness is even more striking than that. Give it up? Because they both have to scratch for a living. Sad, but true. And that reminds me of another matter.

Model Constitution per 100 \$2.00
 Prayer Meeting Hints " 2.00
 Hints to Leaders " 1.00
 Take the Next Step (A letter to associate members) " 1.00
 Broadside on the Pledge (for weak members). " 2.00
 Special rate for this month only: One-quarter off these prices when not less than fifty of any one kind, and not fewer than two kinds are ordered.

The School of Prayer.

I want every reader of this department to read Rev. Andrew Murray's two great books on prayer—"With Christ in the School of Prayer," and "The Ministry of Intercession." For the next 30 days I will send a set of these two books in cloth binding, boxed, for \$1.25. Or we will send you the HERALD for a year and the books for \$1.50, which is the regular retail price of the books alone. Take this offer now; you may not get the chance again.

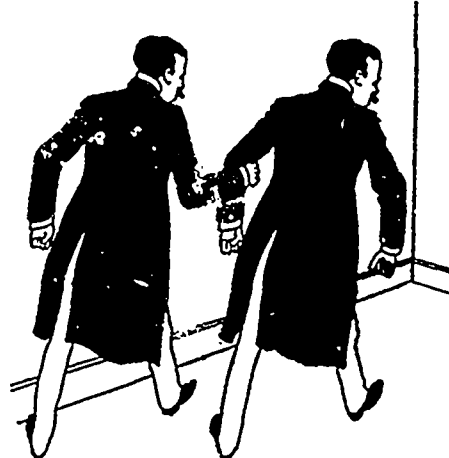
A Subtle Suggestion.

I want to whisper it softly. It is a somewhat delicate question, but it concerns us rather seriously, and perhaps ought to concern you more than it does. It has something to do with subscriptions for this paper. If your subscription has expired it is an important factor in your renewal. I hate to be always talking about it from the pulpit, and so just gently hint thus at the nature of this most important subject. You probably know what I mean without saying anything further. Shall I hear from you soon?

Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of the *Youth's Companion*; a splendid stem wind and set nickel case, American movement watch a good time-keeper; a snap for the boys. Now then, let 'em swing!

Can You Kick?

Most folks can; but the better way is to get some one else to do it for you, and I have a plan to suggest by which this may be accomplished. Always on the lookout for good things for the HERALD'S readers, the other day, with special thought for our Junior boys, I secured, as a premium, a fine football, the best ball to be had for \$2.00 in Toronto. This I am prepared to give for fifteen new or renewal subscribers at the rate of 40c. a year. Now tell all your small boy friends about this, show them this paragraph, and advise them to write to us for special canvassing outfit for Juniors. Remember, it is not a cheap practice ball, but a really well-made football, either Rugby or Association, according to choice. Be quick to act. There is a time limit to this offer, and the kicking season is upon us. Next month a special offer to girls. Look out for it!



Club-Swinging Extraordinary.

I never could learn to swing Indian clubs myself. I made the attempt several times; but the exercise was too expensive. Plate glass comes high, you see, and then there was arnica and court-plaster and injured feelings. No, I restrict myself now to running for a street car at 6 p.m. every week-day and hanging on the straps till I get home. But there is another kind of club-swinging that I pride myself on as somewhat of an expert. HERALD clubs can be swung without endangering anyone. In fact, all within the radius of their swing are immensely benefitted thereby, but more especially the swinger. Now don't you want to join me in this most advantageous exercise? If my Detroit offer does not appeal to you, surely some one of the following will touch you in a responsive chord:

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A good, well-bound Bible, a gold C. E. pin, any three volumes of the Moody Colportage Library (list on application), a sterling silver blouse set, a pair of silver cuff links, a fancy hat pin.

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Any five of Sheldon's books, including his latest, "The Miracle at Markham, or How Five Churches Became One"; "Over the Andes," a book of thrilling interest, by

Playing With Edged Tools.

Is always a dangerous amusement, but working without tools is a dreadfully unsatisfactory employment. Yet there are hundreds of unequipped societies in Canada struggling along doing the best they can, and wondering why they can't do better. It would be a poor house a man would build with nothing but a corkscrew and jack-knife as implements; and an Endeavor society unequipped with the means attainable for doing orderly, effective work, need not be surprised if its efforts meet with very moderate success. Up-to-date results can only be achieved by up-to-date methods. Now, here is a list of leaflets that every society should keep on hand for general distribution among its members, and as they are to be given away, I will make you a special offer for the months of April and May:

Are You With Us?

We trust you will be. I want to meet a great many HERALD readers at Detroit next July. That is one reason why I made that phenomenal proposition last month. Of course you read it; but it will bear repetition. Listen: For every ten new or renewal subscriptions at the club rate of 40c. I will contribute \$1.00 towards your expenses to Detroit. Subscriptions must reach us not later than June 30th next. Now, it is not a question as to whether you can afford to go, but with this offer, whether you can afford to stay at home. Turn back to the page of "Official Bulletins," and read what the secretary of the Canadian Council has to say about Detroit '99; then send to me for canvassing material. I shall look forward to seeing you at the convention. Come to the HERALD'S stand and get acquainted.

Yours in C. E.,
 PETER PUSHEM.