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"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

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I AM.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

In Burning Bush th' incarnate Lamb
Revealed His mystic name "I AM"
And after ages still the same,
Revealed His nature and His name.

I AM the light of this dark earth,
From Me all light derived its birth;
And none need in dark shadows stray,—
I AM the Light, the Truth, the Way.

I AM the Way—the narrow road,
Leading from earth and sin to God;
And he who walks within this way,—
I AM his help, his guide, his stay.

I AM the door to sinners lost,
Opened at an eternal cost:
And he who knocks I will admit,
And he upon my throne shall sit.

I AM the Bread of Life, to feed
The hungry soul that feels the need,—
Not manna, as in desert given,
But Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

I AM the Vine, whose precious blood,
Flowed as a sacrifice to God:
And I the wine press trod alone,
That I for sinners might atone.

I AM the Shepherd good, who leads
To pastures green and flowery mead;
And he who follows where I tread,
Shall know a peace that knows no dread.

I AM the Life! I seal Death's doom,
His sting remove, and light the tomb;
Sepulchre, sad and desolate,—
Captive, captivity I take.

I AM an ever precious name,
To endless ages still the same,—
A name in which all safety find,
For it God's covenant doth bind.

Name to me, ever strong and sure,
Through endless ages shall endure:
My sacrifice, incarnate Lamb,—
Son of the Highest—great I AM.

LONDON, MARCH 15, 1892.

MARTIN LUTHER.

(CONTINUED)

REV. J. VAN WYCK B. A.

He had been familiar with hardships at Mansfield, but a still harder life awaited him. He had to go forth among strangers, without age or experience, without friends or money he was to submit himself to the charity of mendicant monks and the people of a great city. The change was like a new world to him, and new impressions were made upon his mind. His condition was not very much improved at the school of Magdeburg, where he spent one year. It was while here that he went from door to door with companions, singing as a means of procuring bread.

So soon as the knowledge of his sufferings reached his parents they had him removed to Eisenach, the seat of a celebrated school, and a place where dwelt some of his relatives. We cannot tell what feelings filled his heart as he turned homeward, but if he could have had a prophetic vision of the tragic events that were to take place in less than a quarter of a century in the very places through which he was then passing, strange thoughts and feelings would have possessed his mind and stirred his deepest emotions.

Eisenach was a town which nestled in a valley under the very shadow of Hartburg Castle, and next to Hartburg and Eurfurt it is the richest in historical recollection of Martin Luther. Here is where he first met with sympathizing and skilful teachers. Here ended his sorrows arising from poverty. Here his musical talent, as well as his imagination, was cultivated and developed. This threw a cheerful serenity over his hitherto sorrowful and beclouded mind. It is, however, but fair to state that Luther never despised the days of his poverty. He confessed that his humble beginnings were the origin of his glory. He did not fail to remind all that the voice of him whose accents electrified the empire and the world had not very long before begged a morsel of bread in the streets of a petty town.

The advantages which he enjoyed for the acquisition of learning seemed but to intensify his thirst for knowledge, and he longed to go where that thirst could be satiated. In July, 1501, at the opening of a new and great century, he directed his steps to Eurfurt. Here was the university which surpassed all others in influence in that part of Germany. He found himself in the midst of a thousand students, and upon the threshold of a new era. He had a decided preference for solid and practical work.

At this time everything wore the garb of the middle ages. There were no experiments in Natural Philosophy and no actual criticism in either language or history. Martin was not satisfied with memorizing the authors. He sought rather to comprehend them, to fathom their thoughts, to imbibe their spirit, and to enrich his own mind with their weighty sentences and brilliant descriptions.

Metanctton says, "the whole university admired his genius. He won golden opinions from his fellow students on account of his superior intellectual power. The father was proud of his talented son, and looked forward to the time when he would fill some honorable position among his fellow citizens, gain the favor of Princes, and shine upon the great stage of the world."

It would be difficult to imagine what were the father's feelings when it was announced that Luther had entered the Augustine convent. Luther had come to feel that he had more to do than merely to improve his mind. Religious thoughtfulness filled his heart and deep sense of his dependence upon God. If it were a simple,

it was also a powerful conviction. He earnestly implored the Divine blessing. Each day was begun with prayer. To pray well, he said, was the better part of study.

One day, while opening the books of the library, he chanced to open one which more especially claimed his attention. Nothing like it had ever been seen by him until that hour. It was the Holy Bible. Until then he had known but fragments of the Scriptures, such as were read in the churches. Here he discovered the Book, which through his efforts his own countrymen and the world might read in the ages to come. The book which until then had been laid away upon the shelves of a dark room, was soon to be the light of a whole nation.

The reformation, as a religious movement, is to be traced to the fact that Luther went into the Convent at Eurfurt. There he tested the value of that legal form of religion which had nearly banished the Gospel from the earth. There he groped his way through the mazes of Papal error, and found the path which led to Christ as the simple object of his faith and love. He claimed for himself the elements of an evangelical religion. In this he found himself almost alone. He spent years in reconciling his experience with well established truths, and in trying upon others the same experiment which he had made upon himself. Luther says, "God ordained that I should become a mark, that, being taught by experience, I might take up my pen against the Pope."

To a superficial view this might seem a mistake. It might seem like a waste of time, but seclusion often contributes to success, by holding a man at the very fountain head of thought and reflection. And none can so well understand a false system as one who has made the most perfect trial of it. And for these reasons we may believe with Luther that his experience in the Convent was ordered of God. We cannot follow him through his nightly vigils and his daily toils, his mortifications of the flesh, the reproach attached to his state of poverty, the weariness of fasting, and the keen anguish of soul.

Luther possessed an individuality which separated him from the mass. In the mental processes through which he passed he was alone and without sympathy. There was too great a measure of originality to be controlled even by the iron forms which the Order of Augustine laid upon all its members. He was driven almost to despair. The youthful flush had faded from his countenance. The black, piercing, and fiery eyes were sunken.

The plump face had become thin and pale, there was earnestness in his mien, and every feature bespoke a mind in conflict, but yet determined.

It was during these years of solitude that Luther made the acquaintance of Staupitz. Perhaps no other man had so much to do with his life and work. He was in a large measure a spiritual guide to Luther, and one who was well qualified to deal with such a critical case as his. Through his influence light began to shine out of darkness. Until he met him, the Bible was a very dark book. It was covered with the rubbish of Papal glories. Through the teaching of this valued friend, the scales fell from his eyes and he was liberated from the net work of Papal error.

(To be continued.)

MARGURITE.

Marguerite: Marguerite;

My queen, my queen,
There is not another half so fair
As she, with her beautiful golden hair,
And deep blue eyes,
In whose depths lies
A sweetly sad and far off mien.

Marguerite: Marguerite;

Those happy days,
We spent together in olden time
When the Hamburg bells did merrily chime
—And life was joy
Without alloy—
Are gone, and only their mem'ry stays.

Marguerite: Marguerite;

Thou'rt lost to me:
—'Neath Germany's skies you sweetly sleep,
And naught save remembrance dear I keep,—
While nevermore
On Time's rough shore
We'll meet, but in God's Eternity.

J. H.

MISSION BANKS.

HAMILTON, June 14th, 1892.

My dear Sir,—

In compliance with your request for information regarding the working of St. Paul's Penny Savings Bank in connection with Mary Street Mission of our Y. P. S. C. E., I shall be glad if anything I can say may be helpful in your excellent mission work of First Methodist Church.

On April 4th, 1891, the Bank was opened at the corner of Mary and King William Streets in the mission rooms, and has since been open each Saturday evening from seven till eight o'clock. In eight months 76 depositors had placed \$514. in the Bank and by the end of the first year that sum

had been increased to over \$700. Deposits of two cents and upwards are received, and interest at the rate of 4% is allowed on sums of \$3. and upwards, a special account being opened with the Hamilton Provident and Loan Co. The board of managers is appointed from among leading members of the congregation, to give financial standing to the institution. But the real working staff, secretary, treasurer and assistant are active members of the Y. P. S. C. E., who have to be on hand each Bank evening, and on whom the general management devolves. This of course calls for some little sacrifice of time and labor, for which they will soon feel amply repaid. During last winter many deposits were withdrawn for the purchase of warm clothing by boys and girls who never before knew the charm of having their own money to dispose of in this way, and a lesson thus learned is not soon forgotten. You would have been amused to see the importance of the little folks as they handed their small savings, to them a precious pile, or when for the first time they felt the charm of owning a bank book, and left the Bank feeling as if they were somebody.

I would strongly urge your Y. P. S. C. E. to take up this work among your mission people, as that is the very class who ought to know the full value of money often hardly earned, but among whom improvidence is a crying evil. They may never have had the cultivation of frugal habits practically brought home to them as such an institution is calculated to do, and hence they often sin in this respect in sheer ignorance of a better way of living. It will cultivate among them a feeling of self respect which may ultimately lead to higher aims in life, and you may command the help of our active officials in the way of any further information.

Yours very truly,
Superintendent,

THOS. MORRIS JR. ESQ.

Truth's eternal, love all grand and glorious
Shines above us—written in the stars,
While the flowers—"God's thoughts in bloom"—
around us
Breathe His peace which nothing mars.

J. H.

We've had enough of license laws,
Enough of liquor's taxes;
We've turned the grindstone long enough,
It's time to swing our axes.
This deadly Upas-tree must fall,
Let strokes be strong and steady;
Pull up the stumps, grab out the roots!
O, brothers, are you ready?—Selected.

Notes on the Fauna of Manitoba.

H. P. BONNY.

ANTS.—Their name is legion, and they are of all sizes and colors, from the small red ant to the formidable looking black fellow, who chooses the scrub and brush for his domicile. Some of the latter must be nearly an inch long, and it is far from a pleasant sensation to find a dozen or two of them running over one's neck or hands.

EARTH WORMS.—Perhaps one thing that will strike a stranger as being rather remarkable, especially if he happen to be an angler, and is hunting for bait, is the total absence of his old acquaintance, the earthworm. Whether it be the effect of the intense cold of the winter or not the fact is very patent to the prairie farmer that the common earthworm is missing.

GRUBS.—Grubs and caterpillars, however are plentiful enough. There is a sort of a brownish butterfly whose presence in any number in the vicinity of oak trees, means serious injury in a short time. I have seen miles of timber completely spoiled by the ravages of the offspring of said butterflies. Caterpillars by the million take possession of the trees, and in a very few days there is not a sign of a leaf left on them. To anyone living in the shelter of a stretch of timber in process of being damaged by these pests, life becomes a burden. They crawl into everything. You will find them in your bed, in your food, and, unless extraordinary precautions are taken to keep them out, they will get down your well and accumulate at the bottom to the depth of several inches. I have seen a fine belt of timber killed as completely by a two year's visitation as if it had been in the path of a furious forest fire.

WOOD TICK.—There is another nuisance very common in oak scrub. This is in the shape of a first cousin to the South American Carrapato, or wood tick. In its general appearance when in a state of emptiness it bears some resemblance to a bed bug.

It gets upon one's legs or neck, and commences operations by inserting the part of its anatomy containing the head & under the skin. It does this so gently that in all probability his tick-ship will remain unnoticed for a day or two, until he becomes conspicuous by his swollen condition. The uninitiated will first of all wonder where the curious looking lump comes from, until a closer examination reveals the fact that this lump or dark colored ball is nothing more or less than the enormously distended body

of a wood tick, six legs proving the mysterious swelling to be an insect. If pulled roughly away, it is most likely that the head and proboscis will remain in the victim's flesh.

FLIES.—I don't know anything about the "flies of Egypt" from personal experience, but if they are any worse than the various flies of Manitoba then the unfortunate Egyptians are much to be pitied. Occupying the seat of honor is the ubiquitous mosquito, from the big grey one which looks formidable, to the ordinary dark colored one which is formidable, though not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{2}{3}$ the size of his big brother. These wretched insects at certain seasons and under certain meteorological conditions make existence far from being a joyful experience. They are bad even in moderation, but just about sunset, or before a rain, they seem to become unusually venomous, active and voracious. I have known old settlers, born and reared in Minnesota, to have to beat a retreat in broad daylight, and horses and cattle to be tormented to the verge of madness. I can remember, when hunting for a farm, having to fight our way through a slough of despond in the shape of a swamp. There were three of us, and a stubborn ox hitched up to a Red River Cart. It was a warm day in June, and the mosquitoes were simply awful. After yelling, shoving, and tugging from about 4 o'clock in the afternoon till between 8 and 9 in the evening, we managed to extricate ourselves from the swamp. Being "greenhorns," and knowing nothing about the country before us, night overtook us before we came across anything in the shape of water, and worn, weary, and thirsty we stopped for the night on the open prairie. By dint of considerable hunting we discovered a moist place, and gathered water (?) from the holes made by the feet of cattle and horses, out of which delectable liquid we manufactured some tea. In the meantime one of our party actually went out of his mind for the time being, principally incited to such aberration by the terrible punishment he had received from the mosquitoes resident in the swamp. He subsequently left the country, and the mosquito was the chief cause of his so doing.

Perhaps next in order, and sometimes, I think, it should take first place, comes the black fly. This little fellow is very small, but the amount of torture he can inflict is simply amazing. Every bite is like a red-hot-needle, and taking into consideration

(To be continued)

A Little Red Light By The Danger,

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk!—Faint and far away.

'Tis the morning side of midnight, and the city streets, deserted, echo to each passing sound. At the corners of the squares the pendant arc lights fizz, and sputter, and flash. Sombre shadows cover by the street sides and in the recesses.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Just a little clearer than before.

Opposite the ends of the alley ways, on some of the side streets, here and there, out of the range of the flashing electrics, an occasional dingy gas lamp relieves the utter darkness.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Rising and falling like the Rat! Tat! Tat! of a distant reveille.

Close by the intersection of two streets, half hidden and almost unseen, within the shadows of the overarching chestnuts, rises a mound of earth. A 2 x 4 scantling bridges over the blackness between the top and the adjacent sidewalk. On the end of another scantling, reaching but just across the first one, near the centre, hangs a lantern—a little red lantern with a clear tiny light.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! still rises and falls with mathematical precision.

Around the street corner a block away, where Yonge crosses Elm, a solitary pedestrian steps into the glare of the electric light, overhead, as it suddenly drops into dulness and darkness for a moment, and turning along Elm, pursues, with almost measured tread, his way westward.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! The sounds are clearer and varied a little now. The mystery is explained.

The electric light flashes in as suddenly as it went out, revealing a portly figure in clerical, priestly garb.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk!

The steps suddenly cease as they reach the shadowy seclusion of the chestnuts and the ray of the little red lantern. The sound of a human voice breaks the stillness. There is a shade or tone of harshness in its ring at first, or seemingly so, but the spirit and quickening impulse of its questioning soon erases that first impression.

"What are you doing there, little red lantern? Are you running opposition to the

arc at the corner? Can you talk? What's that you say?"

"No! I'm not an opposition light."

"What are you then?"

"O, I'm only a little red light by a danger hole. The arc light up yonder has too large a work to do to come down here under these chestnuts and illuminate the shadows. The gas lamps have all they can do in the lanes. All the night I sit here alone by the danger. I can't shine much, but I shine steady. In the morning my good father, the sun, will come and take my place, and tell me: "Well done!" Until then I stay and keep watch. Good-night, Mr. Preacher."

"Good-night, little red lantern, with your trusty ray. God bless you! I am very much obliged to you for the very nice little sermon you have given me. I will tell my people about you some time, and I know they will each learn to shine more faithfully by your consistent example. Receive the benediction: 'May the blessing of the Holy Father, and the Divine Son, and the Gracious Spirit be with and abide upon everything, animate and inanimate, that is in harmony with God and does His will—and this little red light by the danger. Amen.'

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Steadily westward go the footsteps, until the quiet earth of the Park Avenue cushions and kisses the echo.

* * * *

The clock in the cathedral, a mile away, strikes one, and as the sonorous sound waves reverberate over the sleeping city, towers and fire halls answer back. The arcs sputter and flare on the shieve ropes, and the little red light by the danger shines on. Silence reigns.

"THE ELMS," TORONTO.

A Word for Jesus.

Perchance it fell like whispers sweet
Of angel voices, on the ear
Of one long lost,—for many a year
A wand'rer from his God.

As living water to a soul
Thirsty and longing for eternal life,
Sin-burdened, beaten in its strife
'Gainst Satan's evil power.

For the Master it was spoken,—
A trembling word, He owned and blest
It on its mission, while the rest
Eternity alone can tell,—*J. H.*

Committee Reports.

SOCIAL—We have had an elocutionary contest and a moonlight excursion during the month.

From the elocutionary contest we expect to clear expenses, but nothing more. Chiefly owing to Mr. Harris's efforts there was a much larger crowd at the moonlight excursion than could have been expected on such an unfavorable evening. We expect to clear about \$15.00.—*B. F. Murray.*

FLOWER—In presenting this half-yearly report your committee are thankful to know that most of our friends who have been ill during the last six months have been restored to health and strength. There are some that are still confined to their homes and to these we extend our sympathy, and hope to soon see them with us again. Some of our number have been taken to their home above and amongst this number one who always took an active part in this work, but we know that our loss is her gain. It is the desire of the committee to cancel our arrangement with the florist for a few months, and to purchase a small table for the use of our plants; some of our members have promised to send us bouquets or cut flowers whenever convenient, and any others who desire to do so may send them in to Mr. Bristow on Saturday evenings, and they will be thankfully received.—*C. Lavery.*

TEMPERANCE—As this report closes another term, and the work will pass into other hands, we wish to thank those who have assisted, both on the committee and otherwise. There are many discouraging features in this line of work, but in looking over the three terms this committee has been in existence, we feel that our labors have not been in vain. We ask for our successors the co-operation of every member of the society, and pray that the Lord may bless them in their work. On Friday the 24th of June an adjourned meeting of the Union Temperance Committees was held in Macnab Street Presbyterian Church. The secretary was authorized to communicate with the several societies in the city with reference to the pledge. It was decided to call the next meeting early in October.—*G. F. Fisher.*

MISSION—Leaders and organists for Sunday evenings are July 17th, Rev. E. Lounsbury, Miss Campbell; 24th, Mr. Thomas Gain, Miss McIlroy; 31st Mrs. Dr. Smith, Miss B. Jarvis; Aug. 7th Mr. J. E. Martin, Miss Creighton; 14th Mr. J. Bristow, Miss Campbell. Since this is my last report I desire to take this opportunity, to thank all who have so kindly assisted me during my two terms at the Walnut Street Mission, and would bespeak for my successor the same generous support.—*Mrs. Fisher.*

MUSIC—In presenting the last report for this term, I would again thank all those who have so willingly helped the committee in the service of song, and also bespeak for my successor the same kind consideration. Too often singing means a pleasant union of sounds, whilst the words are lost sight of; this should not be the object sought after. If our singing is to accomplish anything for God, we must sing with the Spirit and with the understanding. Many a soul has been sung into Christ that but for holy song would have remained in darkness.—*Annie E. Bristow.*

TREASURER'S—for May and June.

RECEIPTS.	
Collections.....	\$9 84
Proceeds Elocutionary Contest.....	9 46
Proceeds Moonlight Excursion.....	115 75
	\$135 05

EXPENDITURE.

Flower Account.....	\$4 00
Balance printing Constitutions.....	2 50
Printing Endeavor Anniversary Pro.ms	3 50
500 Topic Cards.....	5 00
Advertising Moonlight Excursion.....	9 00
Advertising Elocutionary Contest.....	2 00
Tickets & Programs " " " " " "	2 50
Steamer Account for Excursion.....	58 50
Orchestra and Streamers.....	23 25
Balance.....	24 80
	\$135 05

Jennie Harvey.

JUNIOR ENDEAVOR—Our total attendance for the month of June was 179; the average attendance 45; the number on roll was 64. The number late for the month was 56, and without Bible 16. Although our total was not quite as large there was one more on the average than the previous month. We can hardly expect the attendance to keep up during the summer months as a number of our members will be away for their holidays. Our Lockout Committee report five new members for the month. Our Lockafter Committee report having called on a number of the members who have been absent and they have promised to attend. Our Treasurer reports the total receipts up to date to be \$11 90; Expenditure \$1 10 leaving balance of \$10 80, which we have contributed equally towards the following objects, \$2 16 each, 1st Church Debt; 2nd Sinking Fund of S. S.; 3rd Walnut Street Mission; 4th Foreign Missions; 5th Our own Society.—*Georgia Winnifith,*

1st Vice President.

SUNDAY SCHOOL—The following is the statistical report for the quarter ending with June 26th. Number on Roll—Officers 8; Teachers 49; total 57. Pastor's Bible Class 37; Primary 133; Boys 216; Girls 267; total number of scholars 653. Total Membership 710; Total average attendance 546; Decrease in average attendance 5.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

From Officers.....	\$12 55
" Pastor's Class.....	8 45
" Boys' Classes.....	47 31
" Girls' Classes.....	73 24
" Primary Class.....	9 41
	\$150 96

Average collection each Sunday..... 12 58.

Annie Henry.

Building Greater.

The work of tearing down the old school-room of Zion Tabernacle is completed, and the new building will be put up at once.

The room just torn down was built in 1865 or 1866 as a church and school-room, the Tabernacle not having been built for nearly ten years after. The school, however, was not of so recent origin as 1865. It is about ten years older still.

It is now nearly forty years since several members of the Macnab Street Methodist Church (now the Centenary) started services in a private house on Main Street west. They soon required more room, and a small frame church was built on Main street, west of Locke Street. The building is still there, but has been converted into dwelling houses. The late Robt. Raw, sr. was superintendent at that time; Mr. Robt Raw, jr., was librarian, and Mr Fred Roper was secretary. In the church services violins, base viols, etc., served instead of an organ. Among the musicians were Messrs. George and William Morris. In the course of time the Main St. building became too small, and the brick building just torn down was erected. Now it in turn has to give place to a larger

structure to accommodate the large and growing school.

The number of scholars on the roll last year was 420, the average attendance 301; number of officers and teachers, 48, with an average attendance of 39. The money raised by the school for all purposes was \$385.34.

Mr. W. J. Kerr is the superintendent, and Mr. W. E. Cook is assistant superintendent. The secretaries are Messrs. W. H. Kerr and A. W. Heath; the librarians, Messrs. G. S. Kerr, Geo. Lamplough and Albert Smith. Mr. J. Gould is treasurer.

The Superintendent says he frequently receives letters from former members, expressing their affection for the old school. One writing from Texas recently enclosed \$50 for the funds of the school. An institution should not be judged by numbers alone, but this one seems to have other elements of growth and prosperity.—*The Templar*.

ITEMS.

Who wouldn't be an *Uncle* ?

This town is hardly big enough for one of our prominent Sabbath-school teachers.

Mr. VanWyck has taken a short holiday, when we hope he will get the rest which he so much needed.

We would especially commend Roy VanWyck for his success at the recent examinations, he having come out second in a large class.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Manning, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Manning to our midst, and extend to her our hearty good wishes.

Mr. & Mrs. R. L. Whyte and Miss F. Lounsbury have been visiting friends in Sarnia for the past few weeks. We hope to see them back again soon in their accustomed places, much benefited by their outing.

We are much pleased, the members of the choir especially, to note the safe return of Miss F. Dame, who has been visiting in New York and Rochester for some weeks.

Those who attended the Picnic missed the smiling countenance and elastic tread of a prominent member of the Games Committee. At that time he was enjoying a much smaller but more characteristic picnic on the shores of the River St. Clair.

Mr. Fallis, who is to take our pastor's place while he is away, is known to us all, and will receive a hearty welcome. We have no doubt but that he will be so well treated that he will not want to leave us.

Our Sunday-school scholars have been distinguishing themselves at the Collegiate this summer. Their standing in the examinations has been a delight to us. The successful ones were:—Roy VanWyck, Daniel Kappel, Adda Smith, Gertie Henry, Marshal Lounsbury and Bertram Dean.

There was weeping and wailing, but withal, much good feeling, down at the G. T. R. Station on Wednesday evening. Many of Hamilton's choicest young people started for New York, to attend the great C. E. Convention. From the depth of feeling displayed in the leave-taking a disinterested onlooker might have thought that we expected never to see our friends again. We think, however, that the sorrow arose mainly from pitying ourselves because we could not go too.

Our talented young choir master had a narrow escape from being *unmanned* at the last night of the "Big Sing," by the ovation received from his chorus after he had endeavored, but failed, to express his gratitude for their earnest and strict adherence to his instructions, and the efficient work done. He said, "I am proud of you." Mr. Robinson can rest assured there are none more pleased at the success achieved than that same chorus, and join in congratulating him on being the director of the largest and best musical event yet held in this city.

Might Have Been Serious.

Our Sunday-school Picnic passed off very smoothly and successfully with the exception of one instance. It appears some lady was sitting on a bench with her two children, who looked so demure no one would suspect they were at a picnic, until the mother had occasion to leave them for a few minutes, when heart-rending shrieks were heard throughout the grounds. All games were suspended and even the tea-tables deserted, every body rushing to find out the cause of this sudden interruption. An appalling sight met the gaze of all present. Those two innocent children, in some unaccountable manner, had succeeded in up-setting the bench, and there they were lying in a confused heap on the ground. Friendly hands soon extricated them from their perilous position when peace and quietness once more reigned supreme.

Sunday-school Picnic.

Our Sunday-school Picnic this year passed off very pleasantly. There were many more of the parents and friends there than on any former occasion of the kind. The day passed away giving pleasure to all. The interest displayed in the games was very gratifying to the committee in charge. With the exception of a few slight drawbacks, which will be avoided next time, everything went along merrily, and we hope next year to see many more join us and spend a pleasant time. Much of the success and pleasure of the Picnic was due to the indefatigable efforts of Messrs. VanWyck, Cummer, Hazel, McIlroy and Baker, who deserve all praise.

Do Your Best.

There is a fable told about a king's garden, in which the trees and all the flowers began to make complaint. The oak was sad because it did not bear flowers; the rose-bush was sad because it could not bear fruit; the vine was sad because it had to cling to the wall and could cast no shadow. "I am not the least use in the world," said the oak. "I might as well die, since I yield no fruit," said the rose-bush. "What good can I do," said the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy, which held up its glad, fresh face, while all the rest were sad. And the king said: "What makes you so glad, when all the rest pine and are so sad?" "I thought," said the pansy, "that you wanted me here, because here you planted me, and so I made up my mind that I would try and be the best little pansy that could be."

Let us all try to do our best in the little spot where God's hand has placed us.

JUNE WEDDINGS.

On Wednesday, June 15th, a very pretty home wedding was celebrated at Mr. Henry Campbell's residence, by our pastor, when his daughter Ada was married to Mr. Ernest G. Shipman, of this City, in the presence of a goodly number of relatives and friends. The bride was attended by her sister Miss May Campbell, and the groom by A. H. Hider, of Toronto. The popular young bride received many valuable gifts. The young couple left for a two week's trip, followed by many kind wishes for future health and happiness.

SMYE—HAZEL.

Quite a large number of persons assembled in our church, on Tuesday afternoon, June 14th, to witness the marriage of Miss Lizzie Hazel, and Mr. Wm. Smye Jr. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Van Wyck. The bride looked exceedingly pretty, in veil and orange blossoms, and was attended by Miss Lizzie Reid, with little Bella Wright as maid of honor, the groomsmen being Mr. Fred Smye; the ushers were Messers T. Hazel, and C. McLroy; Miss Annie Mann presided at the organ. After the ceremony a reception was held at Mr. Hazel's residence. The wedding supper was a marvel of delicacies served in Caterer Newport's best style. Many handsome presents were received. Mr. and Mrs. Smye left the same evening for a trip to the "Soo."

WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

One of our most successful Sunday-school teachers has devised the plan of sending to the mothers of the boys in his class the following letter, which should accomplish good results.

HAMILTON, JUNE 26th, 1892.

Dear Madam,—

In our series of Sabbath-school lessons, we are just entering on another quarter. The subject is a very important one, beginning with the ascension of Christ, the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the growth of the Christian church.

It is my desire that all the boys of my class may become thoroughly acquainted with the subject. I find it a great help in the study of the lesson to follow a system of daily Bible reading, and wish my boys to try this plan. I take the liberty of asking you to use your influence with your son to prevail on him to follow carefully each day's

reading. I give each of the boys who are present a card, on which you will find a list for the succeeding week.

With the prayer that this quarter's lessons may be the means of leading the boys nearer to Christ,

I remain, Yours sincerely,

Sunday School Statistics.

	Scholars	Off. & Teach.	Collection.
June 5	536	54	\$13 04
" 12	460	54	11 03
" 19	494	54	12 31
" 26	515	55	13 52
Average attendance 555; Average collection			\$12.48.

*Knight
Dentist*

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