

# First Church Endeavorer.

"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

VOL. II.

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## First Church Endeavorer.

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### A Country Idyl.

"Have you dug your grass?" asked the city chap  
Of the starving farmer man,  
For he thought he would not crush the swain  
Beneath his social ban.

"How was your crop when you dug your grass?  
Did the weevils hurt your peas?  
And did the canker worm destroy  
Your young cucumber trees?"

"I love, good sir, the country air,  
From the town I fain would flee,  
And lose myself in rural dreams  
'Neath the potato tree.  
I would pluck the turnip from its vine,  
'Thro' the parsnip meadow push,  
And rest beneath the grateful shade  
Of the bending cabbage bush."

"Oh, I fain would be a simple swain  
And drive my yoke of cows,  
And rest at noon beneath the shade  
Of the rutabaga boughs.  
Oh, I'd hunt the woods for the cocoanut bush  
The whole of the livelong day,  
Or start at morn with the rustic hoe  
To dig the hills for hay."

"And if at noonday I grew faint  
With my labour's strain and rush,  
I would mix the milkweed's luscious milk  
With mushroom's luscious mush.  
I would pluck the pineapple from the pine—  
But why has your color fled?"  
But the farmer fell with a sickening thud—  
The farmer man was dead!—*Texas Siftings.*

### Lessons from Tyndale's Life.

WILLIAM TYNDALE was born at North Nibley, Gloucestershire, about 1484. He was educated at Oxford and Cambridge. He sympathized with the reformation and finally became an avowed enemy of Popery, which he assailed with such boldness of speech as to arouse suspicion against him. When persecuted for his opinions he went to London, where he began his translation of the New Testament. His ambition was to give an English version of the sacred Scriptures to his own countrymen. Feeling that he could not accomplish it in his own land, he went to Cologne, where he pursued his cherished object in a very secret way. Here he was discovered and was obliged to flee. He went to Worms, where he succeeded in publishing two editions of the New Testament. These had a speedy and wide circulation. On account of his defence of the Reformation, he incurred the displeasure of the ecclesiastical authorities. An effort was made to lure him back to England, but it ended in failure.

The stand he took against evil was heroic. His hatred of error and evil was intense. He saw the hollow pretensions of Popery. As a system of evangelical Christianity it was false. Its advocates were deceivers. To him they were none other than the agents of Satan. He felt it blasphemous for them to claim that they were successors of St. Peter and the vicars of Christ. His time was not all spent in giving opposition to what he believed was false. He also held positive views of religion. A clear evangelical light floods every page of his writings. Christ is upheld as the world's hope, as the sinner's friend and the believer's joy. He did seek to pull down error, to humble the papacy; but on the other hand he labored to build up the truth, and to highly exalt Christ. And there is no better way to get men to give up what is false than to show them what is true.

His work for each day was regularly laid out. On Monday he visited the poor people at Antwerp, who had left England on account of persecutions. These he both comforted and relieved when necessary, and in a simi-

lar way he provided for the sick. On Saturday of each week his work was to visit every house where there was any suspicion that human beings dwelt, and when found relief was needed, it was given. The rest of the week was given sacredly to study, which he fondly loved. He toiled to find the truth. He searched after it as for hid treasures. He strove to unlock the truth and thus to enrich his native land. When seated at the table with a priest who said we could better do without God's law than the Pope's, he replied, "I defy the Pope and all his laws; and if God spares my life, ere many years I will cause the boy who driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

In the great work of his life, the translation of the Bible, we can scarcely appreciate the difficulties he had to encounter. He knew nothing of the critical helps available in our time. He toiled in silence, obscurity and concealment, with no thought of fame. His only encouragement was from the religion he was striving to diffuse. His soul fed upon the sweetness of the truth with which God strengthens His own. He felt he enjoyed the sweet smile of his Lord—that smile was sunshine to his heart. He looked up from amid the world's frowns, and in the light of that smile he worked on with hope and joy.

He was a glorious example of patient endurance. He said once to the political minister who was seeking to decoy him into the net which the king was spreading for him, while the tears filled his eyes, "If the king would grant only the bare text of the Scriptures to be put forth among the people, I will immediately repair unto his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal majesty, offering my body to suffer what tortures, what death, his grace will, so that this be obtained."

When the trial hour came he met it bravely. The officers of the law who arrested him were touched with pity because of his gentleness. Like Paul at Philippi, through the Spirit of God, he was instrumental in the conversion of the jailer and his household. When led forth to be strangled and burned, his prayer was "Lord, open the eyes of the king of England." His tragic death was at Vilvoorden, near Brussels, in the year 1536.

The times have very much changed since Tyndale's day, yet the elements of a true Christian life have not changed since the days of Christ until now. Suffering, sacrifice

and self-denial are a part of every true life. No bright example can be useless. Those who went before were a light to Tyndale, as he is to us, and as we may be to others who shall come after.—W.

### JOY IN HEAVEN.

Low at the mercy seat,  
Pleading no merit of his own,  
A burdened sinner here makes known  
His need, at Jesus' feet.

Before Jehovah's Throne,  
In presence of the angelic host,  
Is joy that earth can never boast,  
To human hearts unknown.

The seraphs sing a song,  
A song of praise, and tune their lyres  
In concert with triumphant choirs,  
Which roll the news along.

On angel wings had come  
Glad tidings of a sinner found,  
Of one returned, Heaven's trumpets sound  
The wanderer's welcome home.

O'er one repentant soul  
Is such exultant joy and praise,  
Ecstatic song the angels raise,  
While loud hosannas roll.—*J. H.*

### THE TRUE RICHES.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

I often think how poor are the greatest earthly riches. Imagine a man, whom the world calls rich, presenting himself at heaven's gate, seeking admission. The porter asks: "Where are your credentials?"

And now, probably for the first time, he feels the poverty of his wealth, but still holds on to his only refuge and replies: "I was a millionaire on earth, one whom the world envied and called rich. I made,—I accumulated a million and more dollars."

The porter asks: "Where are they? A million dollars! Why, what is that? Dollars do not count here. Have you noticed this city? It is built of pure gold. Look at the walls they, are built of jasper; inspect their foundations—the foundations of the walls of the city are adorned with all manner of precious stones. Look inside these gates and you will see that gold is so common the streets are paved with it,—pure, bright and

transparent even as glass. Look at the gates of the city (this new Jerusalem) and there are twelve of them—on the east three gates, and on the north three gates, and on the south three gates, and on the west three gates. And the twelve gates are twelve pearls, each one of the several gates is one pearl. A million dollars! The wealth of this city is so great that a million, or a thousand million dollars, is beneath our notice and cannot possibly be a passport to get within its walls."

And the rich man, who gloried in his riches, and whose life had been devoted to accumulating earthly wealth, making it the chief end of his being, turns away in confusion and despair: he sees how trifling are earth's millions compared with the unbounded wealth of heaven, and he finds to his eternal undoing that his life on earth was one great and irreparable blunder.

On the other hand a man whom the world calls *poor*, but who is rich in faith and heir to the promises, advances to the pearly gates, and in response to the porter's query, says: "I know in whom I have believed."

The chorns of heaven in one grand, glorious and united refrain break forth into song: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and let this son of faith come in." And the Redeemer, in whom his soul delighted and found its chief good, and around whom his strongest faith centred, greets him with loving welcome: "Come in, thou beloved of My Father. All things are thine: Enter into My rest; sit down on My throne." And yet men will barter eternal riches for earthly and perishing gain!

### The Dignity of Non-Complaint.

To breast the current of adverse events  
With steadfast purpose, and intrude on none  
The heartfelt care; to bear the ceaseless rabs  
And jostles of the world, and murmur not;  
To stand beneath the harm unmerited—  
Neglect, reproach, disdain or calumny—  
Unmoved to audible complaint; to meet  
The various crosses of domestic life  
Without the fretful and impatient word;  
To find our motives oft malm'd, our aim  
Misunderstood—mistrusted, too, our deeds;  
And strong in all that conscience doth support,  
Repine not, but endure life's numerous ills  
As incident to all humanity,  
And but our portion of "the common lot"  
Allowed by "Him who doeth all things well."  
This is the dignity befitting man,  
Approved by God, and far out-weighting all  
The glittering state of throned monarchy;  
'Tis sought in vain from proud Philosophy;  
Religion only can the gift confer!

### The Storm.

In the summer of 1891, father having bought a cottage tent, we spent nearly two months of our vacation at Hamilton Beach, pitching our tent on the north side of the canal, and facing the lake.

Looking back on the experiences of the summer, the recollection is entirely a delightful one. Our time was spent in boating, bathing, reading, sewing and the little work in connection with the tent. Most of the days passed in uneventful quiet, leaving only a pleasant dreamy memory. But one day, a Sunday, stands out before us, with its events impressed so vividly on our minds, that after many years they will not be effaced.

On the preceding day a drizzling rain had fallen during the afternoon and evening, wetting the sand, so that in the morning the sides of the tent had to be loosened to dry. At intervals during the night the tent had been lighted up by flashes of lightning, while the thunder had rumbled in a threatening way, and still grumbled out a warning to prepare for storm. But there was a stillness in the air which made any exertion irksome. Then a cool breeze sprang up, just ruffling the lake, and adding life to the quiet scene. But it rapidly increased in strength, till we found it necessary to fasten the sides of the tent. This was done quickly and not very securely, but none too soon.

The wind increased to a gale and rain fell in torrents. One corner of the tent showed signs of weakening, and we had to prop first one pole and then another from within. But our efforts were of no avail. The whole tent was loosening, and the rain pelting on the roof had formed a pool in one spot, where the water was dropping through on a bed. Remembering that the most exposed corner had not been staked down, I determined to face the storm. Crawling out at the firmest corner, I hurried around, and assisted by one of the boys from the nearest tent, firmly staked all the poles, thus pulling the roof into place. Then I looked around on the scene.

The lake, which had been rough when we closed the tent, was literally flattened out by the sheets of water which beat down upon it, and the waves seemed struggling in vain to raise their heads above the level.

Glad of the shelter of the tent again, I was soon arrayed in dry garments, and by that

time the rain had ceased, the wind lulled and the sun was pouring a flood of light and warmth on the Beach.

The change was a relief, and it was a merry as well as a hungry party which gathered around the dinner table soon after.

The storm seemed quite over, and in the afternoon some of us drove to Burlington. All along the road we encountered evidences of the morning's work—in the freshness of the trees and grass, in the large puddles in the road through which we splashed, and in one forlorn little camp where the tent, made of strips of old carpet, was hanging in bits on the fence to dry. Several yachts were on the bay.

On through the pretty little village, over the road which lay along a bank overhanging the lake, and back to the village we drove, without noticing any change in the sky.

Had the experience of the morning made us nervous, or was there really something in the air which warned us to hurry back to camp?

Having crossed the canal, we were waiting for the ferry to carry us back, when we noticed the peculiar clouds in the west. Stretched in dark strips across the sky, the lower edge of each gradually spread to the earth, like curtains unrolled, and hung in dark ragged folds, one behind the other. Then the form changed. Some power from behind seemed forcing the middle of each cloud-curtain out, until they hung in semi-circular form and hurried on towards us, while a low moaning wind had taken the place of the oppressive stillness.

Safely ferried across the canal, we hurried back to camp, noticed as we ran, a row-boat with two people pulling desperately for land, and then the storm burst almost over our heads. Not a drop fell for some minutes, but the wind tore along the beach in fury.

The tent at our right had collapsed almost at the first, and three minutes convinced us that we had better let ours down before any damage was done.

Six people were imprisoned but sheltered under the lowered tent, while three of us crouched on top and acted as weights to prevent it from taking to itself wings and leaving us.

Shall I ever forget the scene which then presented itself to my view? Almost blinded by the sand which blew with stinging force into my face and eyes, and by the long drops which were now driving past in oblique lines, I could still see clouds of spray, sand and

rain, whirled round and round, and then driven along the beach, while leaves and chips, shingles and branches, mingled in a confused mass, went flying over our heads.

So suddenly had the storm blown up, that many of the row boats had been left at the water's edge. These were picked up by the wind, tossed three or four feet into the air, and then were sent spinning along the sand like chips, till they were intercepted by the pier, where they were found afterwards by their anxious owners.

Suddenly the wind veered from west to north and lashed the water into foam. The waves chasing each other before the gale and running a mad race to the pier, raised their heads, only to have them caught up by the wind and driven ahead in spray. Reaching the pier, they dashed over it into the canal, while at the end they beat upon the lighthouse and threw their wet arms almost to the lantern at the top.

The whole storm had lasted only a few minutes, and was accompanied by terrible crashes of thunder and blinding flashes of lightning.

But soon came a lull, when the prisoners made their escape to the kindly shelter of a neighboring house. It was already crowded, but the hostess allowed us the use of her parlor, where, later on, eight of us tried to sleep in chairs, or stretched on the floor, grateful for even that crowded accommodation. In a small room of a fisherman's cottage thirteen tenters spent the night. Others went to the Brant House, but very few spent the night in their own tents.

We had left the men to take charge of our belongings. Returning through the darkness, I found six or eight men had succeeded in setting up the tent again, and were hungry, tired and thirsty. Then for the first time we entered.

Oh! what desolation. All things had found a common level—the floor.

Making our way through a confusion of furniture, we found beds and quilts, dresses and all kinds of things scattered around in what had been our bedrooms, and literally soaked with the rain.

It being impossible to restore anything like order then, we prepared to refresh ourselves with a bite and a sup, and succeeded pretty well, in spite of the fact that the water was flavored with coal-oil, which had somehow found its way into the fruit also.

Fastening the tent as well as possible, we left it to its fate and sought a refuge in the proffered parlor.

Early next morning, just as the sun was rising, we slipped out to view the scene. What a change had taken place!

"The summer dawn's reflected hue  
To purple changed Ontario's hue;  
Mildly and soft, the gentle breeze  
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,  
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
Trembled and dimpled, not for joy."

All around us were signs of the night's destruction. But few of the seventy tents were standing. Some were levelled and almost covered with sand. Everything was wet. All along the Beach, knots of people were chatting, or exploring the ruins, while some were hurrying around from one group to another, eagerly enquiring for lost articles, from a boat to a pillow, or a pair of trousers.

Passing on, we saw great branches hanging by a strip of bark, or whole trees snapped off at the root and lying across our path.

In the bay, many sail-boats had been injured and some were almost total wrecks.

Gratefully we heard that no lives had been lost. Though word came at different times during the day, of the loss of the occupants of certain boats, still all such rumors proved to be false.

Afterwards we could laugh at some of the things that happened. Hens were picked up and thrown with their coop against the fence; some luckless or lucky ducks, were lifted bodily from the water and blown some distance over the fence into the garden of their owner; some little boys, whose clothes were drying after the morning's rain, saw them sailing away in mid-air out over the lake; one hapless young man had taken a new suit down the day before, and it was his much regretted contribution to the collection taken up by the wind; yachtsmen came into the house arrayed in the most grotesque costumes, some of them not owning one thing they had on.

That day saw the departure of many of the tents for the city. The campers who remained, spent the day in recovering lost articles, drying, cleaning and mending their possessions, and restoring order and comfort to their summer homes.

In thinking of the events now, the feeling uppermost in our hearts is one of gratitude that the worst was over before the darkness came on, and that the storm was on Sunday instead of the Saturday preceeding, when thousands of people were at the Beach, to see the Hanlan-Race, and when such a storm would surely have occasioned much loss of life.—*L. Murray.*

## Japan Work.

TOKYO, February 8, 1892.

This morning we laid one of our men-servants to rest in the Aoyama cemetery, beside old Sakuma who died a little more than three years ago. His name is Tokizo, he came to the school while I was away. Some years ago he was a very bad man, making his living by robbery. He had two children, but had no love for them, and knew not even where they were. Being caught in a theft, he was put in prison, and while he was there, heard the glad news of salvation through Christ, from the keeper of the prison, one of the members of the Shizuoka church. So good was his behaviour that he was released before his time was up. He accepted Christ, and great was the joy that filled his heart. His was no outward washing, the blood of Christ had cleansed him from all sin; and from that time he was ever about his Master's business. To all who came in his way he was ever talking of the light that had come into his own life, and entreating them to walk the "Narrow way." The policemen who were on guard last winter, became so interested that they asked for Bibles to be given them. At the beginning of the new year we hired a new servant to take the place of Sentaro, who was changed to the charge of the cooking department. The new one was not here ten days before Tokizo had him reading his Bible, and was urging him to learn all he could of this One who had changed him into a new creature. Two weeks ago to-day he was unable to attend to his work. Three days later we sent him to the hospital in which our girls support a bed (a private Christian hospital, where the Bible is taught daily). We had no thought of his dying; the doctor said he would be around in about two weeks. But he was very weak, and when the suffering ceased he had no strength with which to rally, and quietly passed away Saturday night. Mr. Hiraiwa spoke so earnestly to those present this morning to be also ready. We shall miss him here, but "the Master had need" of him, and we know, he, though dead, yet speaks.

The little girls have just been in collecting money to buy some flowers. They went to Miss Munro last night and asked if they could not buy flowers to send to Tokizo's funeral, but Miss M. did not think it wise to

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Committee Reports.

**LOOK OUT**—During the past month we had cause to regret the absence of quite a number of Active members from the regular meeting. Some have been interviewed and have promised to be more regular in their attendance and to take part in the service. Cards, inviting strangers to our Endeavor meetings and to our regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting, have been written out and handed to strangers at the door, only once this month, but if thought advisable, will be continued regularly every Sunday, and trust it may be the means of perhaps saving one soul. During the past month we have had enrolled as Active members—Mr. Thos. Gain, Miss Bertha Gain, Miss Lane and Miss Annie Gain; Associate—Milner Poulter.—*K. Kappele.*

**PRAYER-MEETING**—Your committee notice with pleasure the good attendance at our meetings, and if each one will seek to do, not the least, but the most for Christ, we shall have more of the Spirit of our Master. Be sure you take your part. Let those who are able to do more remember that to whomsoever much is given much shall be required, doing this you will soon be led and strengthened to do more. The cordial grasp of the hand as each member is leaving, may go a long way toward reaching the heart.

"Let us then as brethren love,  
Faithfully His gifts improve,  
Carry on the earnest strife,  
Walk in holiness of life;  
Still forget the things behind,  
Follow Christ in heart and mind,  
Toward the mark unwearied press,  
Seize the crown of righteousness."

The leaders for May are as follows: May 9th, Mr. J. Burgess; May 16th, Miss A. Raycroft; May 23rd, Miss A. Ripley; May 30th, Mr. J. Calvert; June 6th, (consecration) Mr. Hamilton.—*M. Niclaus*

**SOCIAL**—On Tuesday, May 3rd, at 8 o'clock, the Y. M. C. A. will tender a reception to all the C. E. Societies in the city, and we have been asked to provide a programme. The first hour will be spent in the gymnasium, and a varied programme consisting of talks on Botany and Pneumatics with specimens and experiments. At 9 o'clock, all will adjourn to the hall upstairs to enjoy the music and readings that have been prepared. On May 12th, in the school-room, we will celebrate the third anniversary of our Y. P. S. C. E., and expect to have a very pleasant time. All our own members are especially urged to be present, and a cordial invitation is extended to the members of the other Societies and to all our friends, to join us that evening. The first week in June, our Society will unite with the W. C. T. U. in giving, in our church, one of the series of Demorest contests. Eight children, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, will recite temperance pieces in competition for the silver Demorest medal. Music will help to make the programme attractive. The object is to increase the interest in temperance work. Proceeds are to be divided evenly between the two societies. We have chartered the steamer Modjeska for a Moonlight Excursion on the 21st of June. Mr. W. H. Robinson, with the orchestra, will provide a musical programme. We hope all that are interested will begin at once to talk it up among their friends.—*B. F. Murray.*

**FLOWER**—During the month of April, we have distributed in all about twenty-five small boquets.

While we are pleased to see once more with us members who have been very ill during the winter, others have been reported to us who are very ill, especially two of our S. S. scholars, with whom we deeply sympathize and hope that they will soon be restored to their usual health and strength.

We desire to thank the friends who so kindly loaned us their plants for Easter Sunday and on former occasions. The Easter lily that was given, not alone beautified the house of God, but also gave comfort and cheer to three of Christ's afflicted ones.

In all places, and in all seasons  
Flowers expand, their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons  
How akin they are to human things.—*C. Lavery*

**MUSIC**—We thank those who during the past month have helped us in the singing, and hope that they will kindly continue to do so. Recognizing that there is a great deal in the "Gospel of Song," and that hearts are often reached through the words of a familiar hymn, we would take it as a kindness if in the study of the different topics, a suitable hymn suggests itself, any member would make it known, and, if possible, we will use such hymn in our meeting.

—*Annie E. Bristow.*

**TEMPERANCE**—(continued from last month)  
"There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail, it is not a privilege of a citizen of the State or of a citizen of the United States. As it is a business attended with danger to the community, it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited, or be permitted under such conditions as will limit to the utmost its evils. The manner and extent of regulation rest in the discretion of the governing authority. That the authority may rest in such officers as it may deem proper, the power of passing upon application for permission to carry it on and to issue licenses for that purpose.

It is a matter of legislative will only.

As in many other cases the officers may not always exercise the power conferred upon them with wisdom or justice to the parties affected. But that is a matter which does not affect the authority of the State, or one which can be brought under the cognizance of the courts of the United States."—(contin'd) *G. F. Fisher.*

**MISSION**—Leaders for Sunday evenings at the Walnut Street Mission:—May 15th, Mrs. Day Smith and Mr. F. C. McIlroy; May 22nd, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Thos. Morris, Jr.; May 29th, Mr. J. E. Martin and Mr. A. Davis; June 5th, Mr. Thos. Morris, Sr. and Mr. G. F. Fisher; June 12th, Rev. E. Lounsbury and Mr. F. C. McIlroy.—*Mrs. Fisher.*

**VISITING**—In presenting the report for April, we feel grateful for the many expressions of kindness from those with whom we have met in our work. We were graciously welcomed where ever we went and invited to come again, and we did not fail to comply. To of the ladies have returned our calls, which example we hope will be followed by others, so that we may return kindness for kindness. Three of our visits were to members of our own Society, and seven to members of the congregation. We feel, as month by month flies by, that we are being led out in new paths by His Holy Spirit, for which we are very thankful.

—*Annie Ripley.*

**DORCAS**—We have not held many meetings of the sewing class this month on account of having other important work to do. We have had four dresses to make—two for girls in our class, and two

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for Katie McMaster. We had a letter from Belleville stating that she was in immediate need of them. Mr. Tregenza very kindly gave us goods for one, but we were obliged to buy the other. Since the pleasant weather has come, the girls do not attend the class very regularly, and we have decided to close for the term after holding one more meeting.—*A. Jarvis.*

**SUNDAY SCHOOL**—Your committee have procured for their work, an "Improved Sunday School Record," in which has been entered the names of the various members of our school (excepting those of the Infant Class) arranged alphabetically, and also by classes. We find that the latter method of arrangement aids us very materially in marking the monthly attendance of our school. After marking the class books for April, we, in conjunction with our superintendent, sent out slips of paper to nineteen of the teachers, asking for information regarding some thirty-six of their scholars, who have been absent all, or the greater part of the past month. We hope, by sending out similar papers each month, to account for the absence of such scholars as are irregular in attendance.

—*Annie Henry.*

**JUNIOR ENDEAVOR**—The total attendance for the month of April was 176; the average attendance 44; number on roll 58; the number late during the last month was 76; without verses 14; those without Bibles 9. This is an increase of four over the attendance of last month. At the beginning of April, we had on hand, cash \$5.36; the receipts for April were \$1.52; total \$6.88; 87 cents of this belongs to missions, leaving a balance of \$6.01. Since the last report, the Lookout committee has succeeded in getting ten new members. Two members have been added to this committee—Joseph Gain and Arthur Moore. It has been suggested that a Visiting committee be appointed, but nothing definite has been decided upon. Some of the members have been sick, but none have been seriously ill. The leaders for the month of May are as follows:—1st, Gertie Henry; 8th, Bessie Smith; 15th, Alma Gayfer; 22nd, James Iredale; 29th, Marshall Lounsbury.—*M. Lounsbury.*

**TREASURER'S, for March and April.**

To balance brought forward.....	\$ 6 20
To collections.....	10 65
To Convener of Publishing com.....	33 00 \$49 85
By printing, post cards, Sexton.....	\$12 50
By Flower Committee.....	5 35
By Printing Feb. Endeavorer.....	10 50
By Printing March Endeavorer.....	10 50 \$49 85

**First Methodist Choir Concert.**

Though coming late in a season that has been almost overcrowded with local musical events of high and varied order, the annual choir concert of the First Methodist church drew a large gathering of musical people last night, the edifice being well filled in all parts. Like the many events that have been given under the direction of the popular young conductor; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, that of last night was a thorough success. A strong, evenly-balanced and well trained chorus formed the ground work of the programme, which was judiciously relieved by the church orchestra and vocal solos. The programme was:—Anthem, "Great is the Lord," (Haydn) chorus and orchestra; "Allegretto from Military Symphony," (Haydn) orchestra; Song, "The Two Grenadiers," (Schumann) Mr. John Morley; Song, "The Angel at

the Window," (Tours) Mrs. Fenwick; Part Song, "The Watchword," (Finsuti) unaccompanied; Overture, "L'Ouverture," (Bouillon) Orchestra; Song, "Beauty's Eyes," (Tosti) Miss Jennie Mann; Aria—Queen of Sheba—"Lend Me your Aid," (Gounod) Mr. John Morley; Part Songs, a "The Sands of Dee," (Macfarren) b "The Dawn of Day," (Reay) unaccompanied; Song, "The Land of the Leal," (Lady Nairn) Mrs. Fenwick, Selection, "Sappho," (Robyn) Orchestra; Songs, a "Golden Gates of the West," (C. L. M. Harris) b "Nimón," (Tosti) Mr. John Morley; Quartette, "Good Night," (Jackabowski) Mrs. Fenwick, Miss J. Mann, Messrs. W. H. Robinson and John Morley; Gloria, from 2nd Mass in C (Mozart) chorus and orchestra.

The work of the chorus was highly satisfactory. For seventy voices a grand volume of sound was produced, and it was of the right sort, being blended and harmonious. The voices were always exactly with the beat, and the modulation perfect. The orchestra gave excellent assistance. The Haydn anthem, "Great is the Lord," and Mozart's "Gloria," were splendidly rendered. The unaccompanied part songs showed more distinctly the excellent qualities of tone, blend and balance in the chorus, and were thoroughly enjoyable. The selections given by the orchestra were generally well executed and were a decided credit to the organization, containing as it does so many young players who have received little orchestral training outside that afforded in the Sunday-school of the church. The Haydn allegretto was rendered in a manner that would have done credit to a much older organization.

Mr. John Morley, of Chicago, formerly of this city, might have been given a more enthusiastic reception. He sang well, his first song, "The Two Grenadiers," being encored, and "Tell Her I Love Her So," given in response.

Miss Jennie Mann sang "Beauty's Eyes" nicely, but scarcely did justice to herself in the encore which she gave.

Mrs. Fenwick, always refreshing, always welcome, sang with all the natural sweetness which has won her laurels wherever she has appeared. She was encored both times she sang, and while she sang "The Land of the Leal," animation seemed to be suspended throughout the building. She was recalled twice.

The quartette, "Good Night," was well sung. The accompaniments to Mrs. Fenwick's songs and the choruses were played by Miss Annie Mann, to Mr. Morley's songs by Mr. C. L. M. Harris, and Mr. A. Perry accompanied the orchestra. Mr. Robinson did his part as conductor gracefully and efficiently as he always does.—*Hamilton Times, April 29th.*

**MISSION CONCERT**—A pleasant entertainment was given in the Mission on Walnut Street, on Tuesday evening, April 12th. The room was filled to overflowing, and judging by the applause given, each number on the programme was thoroughly appreciated. The sacred choruses by the young men who have been coming regularly to the Mission meetings, were particularly pleasing, being in some measure an evidence that the work in our Mission is not without satisfactory results. The Mission Committee feel very grateful to the following persons who so kindly assisted in making the concert a success:—Misses Stella Hamilton, F. Nichols, Mary Murray, Alma Gayfer, Spence, M. Stoneman, J. Gilroy, Ethel Fisher, the Misses Talman, Master Artie Gayfer, and Sunflower chorus, composed of five little girls from the First Church Sunday-school.

## Items.

We are glad to note that Miss Annie Mann and Mr. W. H. Robinson passed so creditably their first year examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Music.

The Science Class have made arrangements to go to Albion Falls on the 24th of May, and extend a cordial invitation to all the members of the Church and Sunday-school, with their friends. Everyone will be welcome. Fare 20 cents.

Read the Social Committee report for list of entertainments. The 3rd C. E. Anniversary, the Demorest contest, and the Moon-light Excursion.

Mr. H. S. Williams gave a delightful lime-light exhibition and lecture, May 5th. The proceeds were in aid of the Innerkip circuit.

Our Pastor intends giving a series of articles on "Reformers." See the first in this issue, signed W.

There are hundreds of people in the city who will tell you that the best pictures they ever had taken, were by the new high-class photographer, Frederick Lyonde. His prices are very reasonable.

We are sorry to hear of Mrs. Fisher's continued illness. It was on this account that no Mission report was presented at the last Executive meeting. We sincerely trust that God in His good providence may soon raise her up again to take charge of the important work in connection with the Walnut Street Mission.

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. Alfred Gayfer, Toronto, on Wednesday evening, April 20th, when his eldest daughter, Nellie, was married to Mr. Fred Small, of this city, in the presence of over forty friends of the young people, quite a number of whom were from Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Wallace, Baptist minister. The bride was attended by Misses. Cora Small, Hattie Gayfer, Mary Magea and Mamie Windgrove, and the groom by Messrs. Fred Gayfer and Walter Morris. They received many substantial and beautiful tokens of esteem; many kind wishes for a happy and prosperous future followed Mr. and Mrs. Small to their new home.

## Happy Gathering at the Y. M. C. A.

Gratifying success attended the annual reception last night of the Young Men's Christian Association to all the Christian Endeavor societies of Hamilton. Fully 900 persons were present, and the reception was not only the largest yet held, but it was away and beyond all previous affairs of the kind in actual enjoyment. The reception was in charge of the Y. P. S. C. E. of First Methodist Church, and its work was well done.

The crowds began arriving long before 8 o'clock, and by the time the concert programme started the building was pretty well filled. For the first hour or so the young people amused themselves by strolling through the parlors, glancing over magazines, having an occasional and hasty tete-a-tete, and wandering among the athletic instruments in the gymnasium. In the last-named place were a number of interesting things from the Hamilton Association. President Alexander had there the South of England wild Flowers which were received by the Hamilton Association a few days ago, Jamaica ferns and other interesting features of the Association's work. Alex. Gaviiler had air pumps on exhibition, and there were besides many other things of interest.

The address of welcome was given by George Rutherford, president of the Y.M.C.A., and was replied to by Ald. Morris, president of the C. E. Local Union. Interesting addresses and good music kept the young people in good humor until a few minutes after 10 o'clock, when the entertainment was brought to a close by singing the Endeavor hymn, "God be with you."—*Herald, May 4.*

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.—For a long time the members of this Society have been making preparation for their annual concert, which is to be held on Thursday evening, May 10th, in the school-room of the church. The talent secured for that night is as follows: Miss G. Walton, Miss Bristow, and Mr. F. McIlroy, vocal soloists, Miss Fairfield and Mr. Morison, elocutionists, and Misses. A. Mann, Tovel and Harvey, instrumental soloists, together with some dialogues and glees from members of the Society.

After a careful discussion, it was decided to place the tickets at 10 cents, because we want to see the school-room filled to the doors. We therefore ask you not to disappoint us, but to come and bring your friends with you, so as to make this concert a grand success.—*A. P. Kappeler.*

## SUNDAY SCHOOL STATISTICS.

	Off'ers. & Teach'rs.	Scholars.	Collection.
April 3, Open services—Anniversary.			
" 10	57	531	\$ 12 55
" 17	54	524	12 51
" 24	54	531	12 28
Average attendance, 584.			Average Collection, \$12.45