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THE DISCIPLE OF CHRIST

AND CANADIAN EVANGELIST.

Duncan Robertson m. 96

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"If ye abide in my word, then are ye truly my disciples."

—Jesus the Christ.

VOL. X., No. 17.

HAMILTON, JAN. 1, 1896.

\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Disciple of Christ

Is devoted to the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ, and pleads for the union of all believers in the Lord Jesus in harmony with His own prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John, and on the basis set forth by the Apostle Paul in the following terms. "I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love; giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all."—Eph. iv. 1-6.

This paper, while not claiming to be what is styled an "organ," may be taken as fairly representing the people known as Disciples of Christ in this country.

Editorial Notes.

anno Domini 1896, we call it now. But the learned tell us we are five years behind in our reckoning, and that it should be A. D. 1901.

We have a suggestion to make to the warlike among our neighbors in the United States. It is this: Fit out an expedition and go over to Armenia, and relieve the poor, persecuted people of that country.

We hopefully wish our readers, "A Happy New Year," albeit the talk of war between Great Britain and the United States is unpleasantly serious. This year would be a most miserable year, not only for the British Empire and the United States, but for the world, should those two people enter upon a war, which would be beyond question most bitter and most bloody.

One very noticeable and pronounced effect of the war talk has been to intensify the feeling of Canadianism—British Canadianism—which, indeed, has been growing of late years in a way that is exceedingly gratifying to one of strong British proclivities. It might be reasonably questioned whether annexation would now find a single advocate among people of any intelligence or weight, in all the Dominion—saving only and always, of course, Goldwin Smith.

It is well that Canadians should clearly understand that Britain and Canada have many warm friends in the United States. We know a goodly number of such ourselves, and we do not refer to people of British birth or origin. We take the liberty of mentioning one, President Loos, of Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky. His loyalty to the United States is beyond question, but he always impressed the writer, in the class-room, on the platform, and everywhere, as being a warm friend, even admirer, of the British people. He made it very comfortable for the British students at the University. At the commencement exercises, when the writer and some other British students were graduating, there was a large Union Jack at the rear of the platform, displayed as conspicuously as the Star-spangled Banner. It is not true that the British flag can not be exhibited at any place in the States without being insulted. The writer has seen it repeatedly upon such occasions as mentioned here. Such instances should be kept to the front just now.

We notice that some of the United States papers think it would be very easy to capture Canada. We beg to notify them that it would be mighty hard to conquer Canada, and mighty hard to hold her after she were conquered. Canadian territory might be taken, but we are using words of sobriety when we say that hosts of Canadians would not be taken—alive. Before the United States takes into their embrace a few millions of fierce and untamable Canadians, it would be well for them to settle a few of the burning questions now confronting them within their present territory. Canada does not want war with the United States, but if the States force an unrighteous war upon our motherland, there is not a decent dog in Canada that would not fight the States as long as the breath was in him.

One of the points most earnestly discussed is as to the sincerity and high-mindedness of President Cleveland in the matter. We are waiting for our esteemed contemporary, the *Canada Presbyterian*, to assure us and the

world that Mr. Cleveland cannot but be maintaining what he conscientiously believes to be right, inasmuch as he was brought up on the Shorter Catechism. Our own opinion is that Mr. Cleveland's highmindedness cannot be counted as a very large quantity. And we strongly incline to the view that if his "war-measure" were not merely an election dodge, or a wicked playing into the hands of the U. S. capitalists who are reported to have large interests in the disputed territory, his object is to get possession of Canada, thinking that on account of the condition of affairs in the East, it is peculiarly opportune to quarrel with Britain.

The *Christian Guide*, of Louisville, Ky., in an editorial heaping ridicule upon the jingoes, says:

There will of course be no war. As a religious journal and a Christian guide, we are bound to give our readers the truth. If the war could be rushed on in a week's time there might be one, but it will be absolutely impossible to bring one on in less time than six months, and long before that time the squawkers will have had their squawk, and the real, sound public opinion of the country will have spoken its veto.

As a sample of what high-toned journals in the United States are saying these days, take this from the *Christian Standard*:

"Congress is again in session, and that body will again be compelled to endure 'the slings and arrows of outrageous' criticism and abuse. Time was when this assembly was supposed to embody the wisdom, patriotism and high character of the nation. But not now. What has occasioned the immense loss of reputation and influence? One cause has been the great mass of hasty, crude, and 'inspired' legislation which it has perpetrated. Another has been the wild and unstatesmanlike things which prominent members often say outside of Congress. Some clamor for a war with England over imaginary or even manufactured affronts; others preach among the people the most absurd commercial and financial dogmas, while others would commit us to a world-embracing scheme of jingoism. But another, and serious, cause is a deliberate effort put forth by keen, influential and undemocratic men to discredit popular government. It requires no genius to discover growing aristocratic tendencies in our older and

wealthier states. This stream of tendency has flooded our 'House of Lords' with its aristocratic driftwood, and now if the lower House can be ridiculed out of all prestige, what better safeguard for the public welfare can there be than to put a strong, sagacious man in the presidency, and keep him there, not for three terms, but for life? But this is hysterical writing, and, let Congress have it. There can not be found a more much-enduring herd of pachyderms anywhere."

And here is a paragraph from the *Hamilton Times* which is worth passing around just now:

The *New York World* in a review of "England's Imperial Policy," says, "Prior to 1776, England was insolent and overbearing in its treatment of all its colonists. Since then it has grown more and more liberal towards them, until now such English dependencies as Canada and Australia have a fuller measure of local self-government than our Federal laws allow an American Territory." That's a truth that ought to be appreciated by the people of the United States. We are freer, have a better form of Government, and one that is more responsive to the popular will than the States have, and our laws are more respected and better enforced. The mistake the Yankees make is in dealing with the England of 120 years ago. They should move up and get acquainted with modern Britain, the freest and most enlightened of the nations.

AIMING TO PLEASE GOD.—A young musical composer was bringing out his first composition. As the successive members of the mighty theme were evolved, the house rang with applause, and, as he stood above the orchestra, hearing his ideas interpreted by perfect executants, irrepressible emotion began to swell in his breast. Yet he kept his eye fixed on one spot in the audience where sat a master of his art much greater than himself; and his heart trembled more at the slightest movement of his master's features than all the thunders of the crowd. This is the way to live. After man's judgment, there is another far more august—the judgment of God.—*Dr. J. Stalker.*

Free sample of K. D. C. and Pills sent to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

"And Grace for Grace."

ANNA D. DRADLEY.

"And grace for grace!" The sweet words fall upon my spirit with a glad, new meaning which they never had for me until to-day. They whisper to me that my Father's grace can never be exhausted. No matter how lavishly I may use it, still the more I consume, the more abundantly it flows towards me, permeating all my life. No need for economy here. There is placed to my credit unlimited resources, and I can draw as freely as I will.

The capitalist, by using his money multiplies instead of exhausts it; and the heir to peace can do the same.

If my spiritual nature is growing poor and lean to-day, it is not because, as some will assert, of the age of infidelity in which I live. It is not the "scientific spirit of the day" which has helped me to rise above (?) "superstition." No, my leanness of soul is due entirely to my own unspiritual habits.

All the literature of all the Tom Paines, the Voltaires and the Ingersolls piled mountains high about me cannot affect the benedictions with which prayer shall baptize my soul, if that soul continues ever in its old attitude of prayer and obedience.

But again, all the defences and all of the remarkable answers to prayer which have been presented by all the holy saints of all the ages can never develop within me the spirit of devotion so long as I myself refuse to pray, and resolutely turn my back upon the fountain of grace which is freely flowing for "whosoever will."

Prayer is the one invincible weapon of the soul with which Doubt and Infidelity—the spirit's mightiest foes—can always be slain. We climb to grace, not by beautiful theory nor by finely spun philosophy, but always by and from grace itself. The faith by which I am living to-day must either increase or diminish the faith which will be mine to-morrow; for always and always we climb from grace to grace.

On the outskirts of a beautiful city that I delight to visit there is a perennial spring. Gray-haired citizens tell of how their grandfathers, seeking a home in the far west, pitched their camps there, tempted by the refreshing waters. And still the fashionably dressed city children will wander far out of their way from school to play by the time-honored spring, whose waters are just as fresh, as sparkling and as life-giving as they were one hundred years ago. Millions of weary cattle and countless throngs of thirsty humanity have been refreshed by this ever-flowing fountain,

but yet there has never been a hint that, even possibly, the wonderful supply might fail.

The glad, ever young spring has watched the Indian turn from his savage war-dance to petition the "Great Spirit." It has seen the red man fall back before the greater strength of his white brother. It has seen the rude tents give place to cabin, the cabin to cottage, and the cottage to the proud and stately home. But while every thing mechanical has had to pass to give place to something better, still does the glad spring flow on, fresh, beautiful and unchanged as when in the morning of creation it leaped from the thought of God.

I learn my precious lesson here. I learn that this flowing stream is like my Father's grace extended unto me. I can always step from grace to grace, and the supply will never be diminished.

Far up in the city, of which I spoke, there are elegant mansions whose occupants complain that the water is not so good as it was in the long ago. Water, by means of all modern mechanical appliances, is conducted throughout the house and grounds, yet still complaint is heard. But I notice that the thirsty traveler and the "common people," who get their supply still at the old-time spring, declare that the city has the best water in the world.

All our new schools of Higher Criticism, Transcendentalism, Theosophy—by what ever name we choose to christen the waters with which the advanced (?) thinkers would have us quench our spiritual thirst—these are only the above ground cisterns, whose waters can never fully quench, but will always aggravate our thirst.

God help me to drink from the ever-flowing fountain of living waters. Help me to climb from grace to grace. Help me to use my freely bestowed grace in gracious deeds for others.

But, Father, help me also to remember, if I would still be strong, that I must ever be accumulating added grace. I cannot live on grace of yesterday. I need new strength, new grace, fresh manna for to-day. But this will not be thrust upon me; nor can I receive it second-handed. I must go to the fountain where, alone, it can be secured.

Oh, Giver of all grace, help me to climb from the low lands of yesterday to the better lands of to-day. Deafen mine ears to every sound that would allure me from my sure place of refuge. Lead me from grace to grace.

Do not dally with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's

Women's Work in the Church.

MRS W. J. LHAMON, TORONTO.

(Concluded.)

Thirty-five years ago there was but one Woman's Missionary Society in existence. To-day there are seventy-five. These societies annually spend about \$2,000,000. There are 2,700 unmarried women on the foreign fields. Married missionaries in establishing homes keep a perpetual object lesson before the eyes of the heathen. Wives of missionaries go into the zenanas and hovels—not the homes of heathen women, for there are no homes where Christ is unknown—and teach them of Him as they have opportunities. No male physician is ever allowed to attend a heathen woman. If these poor creatures are to receive healing of body, soul or spirit, it must be through Christ and the agency of Christian women.

These missionaries have organized and taught day schools and Sunday-schools; many of them have taken into their homes outcast children and are training them for work. Our own Miss Rioch has under her charge a large number of girls, many of them very bright and promising. Miss Whately spent thirty years in Egypt teaching the women and children there. Miss Agnew was called the "mother of a thousand daughters" in Ceylon. Miss Graybiele superintended the building of her bungalow in India. When a European traveler asked who was her architect he was amazed to learn that it was herself. Jane Wakefield Adam has for nine years labored alone in India. She has lived, eaten and slept in her little car-house, built on wheels. In this she is drawn about from village to village and preaches to hundreds, distributing tracts and copies of the Gospel. It was said of Mrs. Judson that it was largely due to her heroism and sympathy that her husband was enabled to do the great work that he did. The devoted wife of Robert Moffatt in writing home to a friend said: "You can hardly conceive how I feel when I sit in the house of God surrounded with the natives. Though my situation may be despicable and mean in the eyes of the world, I feel that an honor has been conferred on me which the kings of the earth could not have done me. I am happy, remarkably happy, though the present place of my habitation is a single room, with a mud wall and a mad floor."

Many heroic lives have been thus spent in the service of the Master, which will remain comparatively unknown outside of a small circle, but the

work goes on, and the Good Shepherd knows His own by name.

And now to the women in the home church, who are surrounded by every necessary comfort, and friends and peace and safety. What are we doing? What is our work in the church? I have known women to call themselves Christians who feel that they have done their whole duty by attending church once on Sunday. We should blush to name the name of Christ and do no more than that, living as we do in this land, and enjoying ten thousand blessings, which we never could have had but through Christ. What per cent. of the sisters of the church are actually interested in the auxiliary work? Is it easy to find a mission band leader? How many consecrated volunteer Sunday-school teachers can be found in a membership of one or two hundred? How many sisters are willing to give a half day each week to the work of an aid society, to make or mend clothes for the poor, or to assist the pastor in the various lines of church work? I know that many of us are poor and are closely occupied in the homes with our children and family cares, and rightfully too; I would not have any mother lightly esteem her duties to her children for sacred and sweet God-given charges they are. Might we not spend less time cooking and stitching, and give more time to rest and thought and Christian association and Christly works? Our Lord said, "One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." God has entrusted to each of us talents of various sorts. It is our duty as His servants to use them in His service. Whatever the gift may be, of song, or tongue, or pen, or of friendly visitation, or of teaching, or ability to superintend a Sunday-school, or a junior society, or an aid society, or an auxiliary; whatever the gift, you are but a steward, and faithfulness is required of stewards. Shall we be unprofitable servants? Rather let us remember that "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required."

You Don't Have to Swear Off

Says the St. Louis *Journal of Agriculture* in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac. One, a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years. Two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed; no cure, no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Lediard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

Day Dreams of the Future.

THE DREAMER.

CHAPTER X.

"Once upon a time—how long ago, I cannot tell—I was wheelman on board a passenger boat plying on these waters; and as I was a Christian man, I strove to discharge the duties of my position faithfully and well. Such a situation was then subject to many dangers, but I was fearless amid them all; and through many a storm and gale I guided that boat to the desired haven, until we encountered one worse than any I had ever experienced. It was night, but neither moon nor stars were to be seen. The wind increased to a fierce gale, while rain fell in sheets of water, swept along before the blast, and chilling the blood of all who were exposed to its power. Grave fears arose as to whether we would weather the storm, but I would not think otherwise. As I was the only child of parents who were both dead, and had no one depending on me, my only great anxiety was to do my best to save the others who had, as well as the boat and her cargo. At last through the darkness I thought I could see the faintest gleam from a distant lighthouse, and I began to feel some confidence of reaching port in safety, when a blast more fierce than any before tore the wheelhouse from its place, and I was swept with it over into the seething waters. No use to cry out, for nothing could be heard but the roar of the wind, and no one could help me if they had heard. Twice I sank and rose again, and the third time, with a whispered 'Lord Jesus, save me,' my body sank amid the waves, drowned and dead, while my spirit seemed to be caught by strong, firm hands, and I was borne up and up, through the cold and darkness and storm, till we seemed to be above their reach. Suddenly a door was thrown open, shedding a bright light on the darkness outside, while I was carried swiftly over its threshold into the warmth and shelter and safety inside. I was too weary and too exhausted to notice much beside, except that One, whom I seemed to know instinctively, spoke to me the words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' and I was borne on into a room, whose warmth and subdued light were rest in themselves. Oh, how warm I seemed! and as I was laid on a soft bed, I felt myself sinking to sleep like a tired

child, when I was aroused by a familiar voice speaking my name, and when I opened my eyes I looked up into the face of my dear mother, who was smiling at me with a face full of welcome, and holding in her hand a cup which she held to my lips, and from which I drank a draught so delicious and reviving, that the weariness seemed to grow less and the restfulness more, and I fell asleep with one whispered word, 'Mother.'

"After that I knew nothing, for how long I could never tell; only that I began to arouse a little more and a little oftener, but it was always to find my mother near to minister to me, and once I was conscious of my father speaking to me; but after awhile my thoughts grew clearer, and I found myself wondering about many things. One was, how came I here, when I remembered so well the cold and darkness, and knew that my drowned body lay at the bottom of the sea. What was quite as puzzling was the presence of my father and mother, when I quite well remembered the burial of both of them, and seeing the coffins containing all that was left on earth lowered into their last resting place. And yet here they were with me, happy and safe; not only so, but I often saw others in the same condition, and came to the conclusion that I was only one of a multitude who seemed to retain their individuality, had shape and outline, and by and by it dawned on me that this was *Paradise*, the home of '*just men made perfect*.' From henceforth, no pain, nor death, nor sin, could come near us, and we were all safe for ever. I have no idea of time during the following period; sufficient that it passed in happy, restful communion with my associates, who represented those who had 'died in faith' in all ages, from Abel to the last comer. Time would fail to tell of the happy companionship, or to recount the sifting out of the brief histories of characters of whom I had read in God's word.

'The one pleasure common to us all, and which was far above everything else, were the frequent visits of the Saviour Himself. How we hung upon His words of tenderness and love, and sought in every way to give expression to our devotion to Him, as He told us of the progress which the Gospel was making on the earth, and sympathized in His longing desire that it might soon be proclaimed to all the nations; for until then we must wait and be patient, as He was. And we waited, till by and by we were all conscious of a growing restlessness; an eager expectancy, intensified by noticing that our Lord was evidently living in a state of longing ex-



Tired but Sleepless

Is a condition which gradually wears away the strength. Let the blood be purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla and this condition will cease.

"For two or three years I was subject to poor spells. I always felt tired, could not sleep at night and the little I could eat did not do me any good. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before I had finished two bottles I began to feel better and in a short time I felt all right and had gained 21 pounds in weight. I am stronger and healthier than I have ever been in my life." JOHN W. COUGHLIN, Wallaceburg, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's cures all liver ills, biliousness, headache, 25c.

pectancy, too. One day He came, and we saw His face had taken on new majesty, while hope and love gave an added illumination to His countenance. Though safe and happy, we had always been conscious of a mysterious longing desire for some further development, and we waited with eager expectation for the redemption of our bodies, and we felt that we were drawing near to a change, and at last it came.

(To be continued.)

Wash Wash
Easy Quick

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BAR

Books
For
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For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book, 160 pages, will be sent

Protect the Birds.

Nearly every tree and plant that grows swarms with insect life, and they couldn't grow if the birds didn't eat the insects that would devour their foliage. All day long the little beaks of the birds are busy. The little rose-breasted gross-beak carefully examines the potato plant and picks off the beetle. The martins destroy the weevil. The quail and grouse families eat the chinchbug. The wood-peckers dig the worms from the trees. And many other birds eat the flies and gnats and mosquitoes that torment us so. No flying or crawling creature escapes their sharp little eyes.

A great Frenchman says that if it weren't for the birds, human beings would perish from the face of the earth. They are doing all this for us: and how are we rewarding them? All over America they are hunted and killed. Five million birds must be caught every year for American women to wear in their hats and bonnets. Just think of it! Five million innocent, hard-working beautiful birds killed, that thoughtless girls and women may ornament themselves with their little dead bodies. One million bobolinks have been killed in one month near Philadelphia. Seventy song birds were sent from one Long Island village to New York milliners. In Canada, men offer prizes to those who can get the most sparrows and kill them.

In Florida, cruel men shoot the mother birds on the nests while they are rearing their young, because their plumage is prettiest at that time. The little ones cry piteously and starve to death. Every bird of the rarer kinds that is killed—such as hummingbirds, orioles, kingfishers—means the death of several others; that is, the young that starve to death, the wounded that fly away to die, and those whose plumage is so torn that it is not fit to put in a fine lady's bonnet.

In some cases, where the birds have gay wings and the hunters do not want the rest of the body, they tear off the wings from the living bird and throw it away to die.

Our beautiful birds are being taken from us, and the insect pests are increasing. The state of Massachusetts has lost over one hundred thousand dollars because it did not protect its birds. The gipsy moth stripped the trees near Boston, and the State had to pay out all this money, and even then could not get rid of the moths. The birds could have done it better than the State, but they were all gone. Do what you can to stop this horrid trade. My last words to you are, "Protect the birds."—Copied from "Beautiful Joe" by a young friend.

Young People's Work.

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

COMMITTEE: W. W. Coulter, H. L. McKinnon,
Miss A. M. Hall.



THOMAS MORRIS, JR.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF HAMILTON:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The time before the municipal election is so short, that it will be impossible for me to see you personally, and I take this means of respectfully soliciting your support.

It is hardly necessary for me to remind you that a man should be elected mayor of our city who is at present in the City Council, and who has an intimate acquaintance with the many important measures which are at the present time before the council. This is very important, and upon this I base, largely, my claims for your support. I have served the city faithfully for four consecutive years as an alderman, and I have during that time made a special study of the city's affairs, and claim to have an intelligent up-to-date knowledge of civic business.

I believe it to be the duty of the chief magistrate to see that the laws are strictly enforced, without discrimination. You are doubtless aware that the mayor of our city is chairman of the board of police commissioners and largely responsible for the enforcement of law and order in the community. It is not the province of the chief magistrate to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of the laws upon the statute book, but it is his duty to use every effort to enforce them.

I am opposed to the principle of electing to the mayor's chair or to the aldermanic board, men who are interested in large companies or corporations which hold franchises from the city, and which are continually coming to the city council asking for special favors. I am opposed to the principle of class legislation; I don't believe in giving

bonuses, exemptions or other special privileges to wealthy corporations, when electors in moderate circumstances have to pay their taxes in full and also to make up for these exemptions. I am opposed to granting a further bonus to the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway, believing that it is time for us to call a halt and absolutely refuse to unnecessarily increase the present debt of our city.

I have always taken the stand that it is profitable, morally, physically and financially, to make our city clean, healthful and attractive, and I have taken considerable interest in trying to secure an abundant supply of pure water, a better disposal of city sewage, and permanent roads and sidewalks. In other words, I believe it to be true economy to make our city so desirable that visitors may be induced to become permanent residents, and manufacturers, to build and establish workshops and factories in our midst.

If elected to the honorable position of chief magistrate, I promise faithfully to give the duties my earnest and undivided attention, and I will insist upon the principle of living within our income, as a city.

Trusting that you will honor me with your support, and wishing you the compliments of the season, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS MORRIS, JR.

What should be the Relation

OF YOUNG PEOPLE TO OUR MISSIONARY AND EDUCATIONAL ENTERPRISES?

Fortunate is that cause which in its advocacy has enlisted the sympathy and the service of the young.

Under such circumstances there is no secondary power, single or combined, that can successfully stay its progress.

Upon the other hand, that cause which does not commend itself to the young is doomed in the near future to failure and death.

The lone apostle after the experience of the first half century of the new institution—the church of Jesus Christ—says, "I write unto you, little children," "I have written unto you, young men, because you are strong and the word of God abideth in you and you have overcome the wicked one." The relation of young men as such, and even that of little children to the cause of Christ was to this most fervent apostle a matter of great importance and of deep concern. If the relation of young people to the cause of Christ called forth a special letter from the apostle and justified his special attention, surely we are justified

in having our attention called to the relation of young people to our missionary and educational enterprises.

The cause of missions and of education, we may say, are one. They are one, at least, in their ultimate aim, the proclamation of the gospel and the evangelization of the world. Education and missions are related in some respects to the relation existing between cause and effect. They go hand in hand. They are the correlated forces of Christian life and of all true Christian progress. They are the feet that carry the gospel around the world, that carry joy into the midst of sorrow, light into the darkness and life into the regions of death.

No intelligent Christian advocates the one and despises the other. To do so it would be no less folly, than it would be in walking to make use of one foot and at the same time despise the use of the other.

The apostles, the world's first and remaining missionaries, before they were sent forth to the work of proclaiming the gospel to the whole world and to every creature, were first called into the school of the great Teacher, and for a period of about three years received that discipline of heart and mind, that education, in short, which the Master thought necessary when "he ordained the twelve that they should be with Him."

It was not until the Saviour himself had graduated in the school of obedience, under the rigid discipline of suffering and self-denial, that He became the world's Redeemer. He informs us, that "He came not to do His own will but the will of Him who sent Him." "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered, and being made perfect He became the author of eternal salvation."

Although Jesus was divine we must remember that up to the age of thirty years he was a devout student, and by study acquired a knowledge of the law. When twelve years of age "He was found in the temple in the midst of the doctors both hearing and asking them questions." While the youthful Jesus was, no doubt, able to teach those venerable doctors lessons in the law, he was there, however, as a student, to hear and to ask. Christ heard, asked, and learned, and thereby being perfected he became the author of eternal salvation.

We have before us now the attitude of the Saviour to the cause of education as seen in his own life and experience, as well as in the preparation to which he subjected the apostles in fitting them for the mission field. They were students first and then mission-

aries. This is the order and this order is divine. What then, shall we ask, should be the relation of young people to missions and educations?

If they be Christians, earnest, intelligent and devout, their attitude to the cause of missions and education, will be that of the divine Master. They will do more than think and talk about it, they will take steps to prepare themselves for the best usefulness in the world, in some capacity, in the interest of Christ and the church.

T. L. FOWLER.

[The above is the paper read at the Brantford Convention by Bro. Coulter for Bro. Fowler. Its publication has been unavoidably deferred.—Ed.]

Friday evening about forty members of the Disciples' Junior Y. P. S. C. E. held a delightful social and entertainment in their school room under the skillful management of Miss Edith Butchart, superintendent, and Miss Shirley Morrison, assistant.—*Bowmanville News*.

As the general Secretary of the Ontario C. E. Union is a candidate for the mayoralty of Hamilton, we thought Endeavorers would like to see his picture and read his address to the electors. So they are given on this page. Mr. Morris has been a good alderman; we believe he would make a good mayor. We hope he will be elected.

ST. THOMAS, ONT. Dec. 27, 95.—Our C. E. held a largely attended and very interesting sunrise-prayer-meeting on Christmas morning.

W. D. CUNNINGHAM.

THE FATAL CRAZE.—A merchant learned that a favorite clerk had won a prize in a lottery. He called him up to the desk and discharged him, with the following remarks: "I have been in business forty-three years, and have yet to see the first man who gambled and remained absolutely honest. Twenty years ago I would have tried to cure you. I am too old now to take on new worry. Remember that I told you that the gambling habit was a disease fatal to honesty and almost incurable." The young man secured another position from which he was discharged inside of two years for stealing.—*Christian Cynosure*.

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WHAT "FATHER" TOULL THINKS OF A POPULAR REMEDY.

Suffered for Twenty Years From Heart Trouble—His Doctor Said He Might Drop Dead at any Moment—Tells How He Overcame The Trouble.

From the Ingersoll Chronicle.

That a sound mind in a sound body is one of the best and greatest gifts of a kind Providence no one will deny. Mankind in all ages have sought to obtain the elixir of life, have hunted for some means of prolonging health, vigor and vitality—have in fact hoped that they might find

"Some blithe wine, Or bright elixir peerless they could drink And so become immortal."

But while man can hardly hope to attain that coveted prize this side of the eternal world, yet it is evident to all who give the subject any consideration, that modern science, skill and education in the treatment of the ills that flesh is heir to, have worked wonders in restoring the human body to its original "form divine," and in relieving many sufferers from untold misery, bringing them back to health and happiness, and giving them a feeling that life is indeed worth living. A case in point, in our own town, having reached the ears of a reporter of the *Chronicle*, the scribe determined to satisfy his curiosity, by calling on the party who had had such a happy experience and investigate for



Busily at work.

himself. He called at the boot and shoe shop of Mr. John Toull, King street west, and on entering the building the reporter found "Father Toull," as he is familiarly known in town, busily at work on a pair of shoes for one of his many customers, at the same time humming over to himself the tune of a cherished hymn, for by the way, in his younger days Mr. Toull was considered a good local preacher among the Methodists of this section and frequently filled the pulpits of some of our local churches in the pastor's absence, and he still loves to sing, preach or expostulate on some scripture theme or favorite hymn. The reporter was

cordially received, and, on making known his business, the old man's countenance brightened and his eyes sparkled with delight. It was interesting to note the fervency with which he volunteered, as he said, for the sake of humanity, to tell what he could of his case, and we will let it be told in his own words. He said: "For twenty years I was subject to heart trouble and could get no relief, although I had tried almost everything that kind friends recommended to me. My family physician would sometimes give me some medicine that would help me for a short time, but without permanent benefit. He told me I might drop dead at any moment, and I tell you I expected to do so on many occasions. I had heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when they first came out, but I had used so many remedies that I had just about lost faith in everything of that kind, and had become resigned to my fate. However, I came in contact with so many who had used Pink Pills, and who had assured me that they had been benefited by their use, that at last I decided to give them a trial also, and several years ago I commenced taking them. I continued their use until I had taken eight boxes, and I am now happy to say that I have never had a symptom of the disease since, and I am convinced that, by the blessing of God, Pink Pills cured me. I might also say that last fall I was attacked with rheumatism, which became so bad that I could scarcely walk from my work to the house, and for a long time I could not get out to church. I tried a number of things recommended, but received no good from their use. So I said to myself, one day, Pink Pills did me so much good before for my heart trouble, I'll try them again. So I gave them another fair trial, with the result that the rheumatism has all gone out of my bones, and I have not been troubled a bit with it since. Everyone," said the old man, as he waxed warm over the thought of his happy experience, "who knows old Father Toull, knows that what he says is the truth." After thanking Mr. Toull for his kindness and courtesy, the reporter left the shop with the same opinions as to the truth of his statements, and impressed with the belief that from his rugged, hearty appearance and cheerful disposition, the old gentleman is still good for many years of a healthful, contented life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood purifier and nerve restorer known to medical science, and cure when all other remedies fail. If not kept by your dealer, they will be sent, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Get the genuine; imitations and substitutes are worthless—perhaps dangerous.

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Take a look at the label on this copy of your paper. If it shows that you are in arrears, please remit the amount due at once.

"Vote as You Pray."

There are some Christians who think it is wrong for a Christian to even vote at an election. But the great majority of Christians think there is nothing in the New Testament which prohibits a follower of Christ from voting, and they are in the habit of voting. To such we address a word or two now.

Christians pray for the triumph of righteousness; but they are not always careful to vote with the same great end in their minds. They will vote for bad men and bad measures. They will vote for the candidate of the party, without reference to his principles or qualifications. This is a great evil, and not only hinders the progress of righteousness, but also brings great shame upon the cause of Christ. Christians should "vote as they pray."

There are indications that Christians are getting their eyes opened, and are coming to the conclusion that they should not longer be the dupes of wire-pullers and office-seekers. This is a healthful symptom, for which we rejoice. It grieves one to see those who have pledged themselves to Jesus Christ become, in the hands of skilful manipulators, the instruments of unrighteousness. Let us not, by our votes, deny our Lord.

Omnibus.

If you have sent money to renew your subscription, the change of date on the label on your paper will serve as a receipt.

A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.—O. W. Holmes.

We are pleased to learn that the College of the Bible, Lexington, Ky., has recently taken possession of its fine new building.

While under the stimulus of Bro. Lister's "offer" our friends are searching for "one command or example from the New Testament for instrumental music in church worship," we would suggest that at the same time they keep their eyes open for "one command or example from the New Testament" for the use of a hymn book, with or without notes, in church worship, for the singing of harmonized music in church worship, or for congregational singing in church worship. So many people owe us on their subscriptions to the DISCIPLE we cannot offer a reward to any who will find such command or example. But, if we were rolling in wealth, we would venture to offer say \$100,000

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Note that the date of opening of the Second Term is January 7th. The prospects of the college are good. A larger number of students is expected during the second term. G. M.

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An Offer.

A discussion has been going on in the *Standard* of late on instrumental music. The last article, for candour, fairness and show of arguments, is the best which has come under view. It may be inferred that the old props are thrown aside. Now we can worship or praise God *with the instrument*.

Any readers of said paper or of the DISCIPLE can have \$25 if they will give one command or one example from the New Testament for instrumental music in church worship, and \$10 for any better argument for above, from same source, than can be given for infant church membership.

For two or three weeks send the essays to me at Glencoe, box 357, then to Owen Sound, box 100, with stamps to forward, with annotations, to Brethren Hugh Black, Colin Sinclair and Jas. Lediard, who shall decide as to whether the commands, examples or arguments have been produced.

C. J. LISTER

The Sunday School.

COMMITTEE: James Lediard, Geo. Fowler, Miss L. Pucher.

Have you read Miss Pitcher's paper on Sunday-school music? If not, do so; it will do you good. Make your singing an education in itself. Give the children an intelligent interest in each song they sing.

I have two articles still awaiting publication—one from the pen of Bro. Aikin, of Orangeville, and one from Bro. Burris, of Bowmanville. I am looking for articles from all our leading workers, and hope to cover a large field of Sunday-school subjects.—J. L.

[These notes should have appeared before, but they are in season yet.—EDITOR.]

HAMILTON.—Our Sunday-school held its annual Christmas entertainment Monday evening, December 23rd. Although the evening was very wet, we had a good audience and the children acquitted themselves well in song and recitation. There was a beautifully decorated Christmas tree, laden with "goodies" for the scholars.

The Sunday-school Teacher as Student.

No one, at the present time, questions the mission of the Sunday-school, but it is true that we are only beginning to appreciate its real, genuine value. It is dawning upon the minds of many that thousands of human souls have

The College of the Disciples, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

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been lost because of the indifference of the church in the training of the young, and that, while we have made, and still are making, colossal strides in the advancement and general efficiency of our schools, much yet remains to be accomplished.

One sign of this progress is the care which the church is exercising in her selection of officers and teachers; not that we have reached the acme of perfection, but rather that we are perceiving our great distance from the desired goal. For the furtherance of this work it is imperative that our Sunday-school teachers should be students. Not that they must attend Collegiate Institutes and universities, but that they must know and understand the Bible. I am fearful that in many places our scholars are learning many things that some day will need correction.

It is not sufficient that we have teachers' meetings to study the lesson to be taught. We need something more, and that which is required every earnest, prayerful teacher may acquire.

1. As Sunday-school teachers, we should study to know the Bible in its unity. It was written by many men in different nations, and many centuries apart, yet it has one Author, God, and was inspired by one Spirit, the Holy Spirit. There is the development of one marvellous plan, for one high and transcendent purpose through one infinite sacrifice. In order to teach intelligently, we ought to know the place of each book in the inspired Canon, and their relation to one another. To this end, we need to have in our minds a clear, definite outline of the Book of Books.

2. We should study the history of the Old and New Testaments.

3. If we knew the geography of the Bible countries and the customs of the people, many passages of the Scripture would be made plain and clear.

4. In this age of investigation and doubts it is imperative that the teacher

should be able to fortify the truth by Christian evidences. There are more of these doubts in the minds of our boys than many are aware.

5. We should also know something of the establishment and the development of the Church.

I believe the time has come when Sunday-school teachers as well as ministers should make some special preparation for the work. Now that we have in our own province that for which we have all been so long praying, a Bible College, of which we are all justly proud, and in connection with which there is an excellent correspondence course for Sunday-school teachers, C. E. and all church workers, let us take advantage of it.

Our work is of stupendous importance. It is worthy of our highest, noble, and most consecrated efforts. It is better to have won a soul to God than to have conquered a nation. Much can be done, and will be done, if we but endeavor and persevere in the strength and fear of God!

GEO. FOWLER.

London.

Christmas Festivities.

The Church of Christ was crowded to the doors last night, when the children of the Sunday-school had their annual entertainment. To one who was not posted on the Christmas custom of this school, it would have been a source of increasing surprise to stand near the doors and see the crowds of children, each a happy little Santa Claus, depositing their packages as they entered. What did these packages contain, and for whom were they meant? Were they for the beautiful Christmas tree already well-laden in the room below? None save the committee from the Ladies' Aid, who, with baskets and tables, received these gifts, and the many poverty-stricken families into whose homes they will go to-day, carrying comfort and cheer, will know that thinly-clad children will wear those warm hoods and coats and shoes and read those story-books with pretty pictures and play with those dolls and other toys. Bushels of groceries, mostly in small packages, were left for distribution.

The first part of the evening was spent in songs, recitations, dialogues and tableaux. Two especially beautiful tableaux, lighted by Greek fire, were given. The eight primary classes, under the efficient direction of Misses Mary Dow, Eva Bond and Jennie Miller sang two choruses well. The nine intermediate and senior classes sang separately. All, including the pastor's

class of twenty-six young men, and the superintendent's class of forty young ladies, most of whom were present, were heartily applauded. Of course, "Little Pearls" were the centre of attraction as usual. After short addresses by the pastor and the superintendent, R. N. Price, the enthusiasm of the children was stretched to the breaking point by the appearance of jolly old Santa Claus.—*St. Thomas Times.*

There is an ever increasing demand for the beautiful Photos turned out from Morrow's photo studio, 181 King St. E., Hamilton.

Literary Notes.

TO PUBLISHERS.—All books, tracts, pamphlets, magazines, etc., intended for notice or review in this department must be addressed to the Editor of THE DISCIPLE OF CHRIST, North Barton Hall, Hamilton, Ont.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE, by Ian Maclaren, Toronto, Fleming H. Revell Company, 140-142 Young St.; price \$1.25. This is a sequel to "The Bonnie Brier Bush," a continuation of the "Drumtochty" sketches. If we had not read "The Bonnie Brier Bush" we would say that "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" was the best thing of the kind we had ever seen. It completes the history of some of the most interesting characters of the former book. It exhibits the same clear insight into the Scottish character, the same familiarity with the outs and ins of Scottish rural life. It will make you feel like laughing, and you will laugh. It will make you feel like crying, and you will cry. When you lay down the book you feel that,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

A popular and growing Christmas custom is the giving of different periodicals for Christmas presents. Of these The Youth's Companion offers the most for the cost, \$1.75 a year. The Companion has been the popular companion for young and old for three generations. It comes just often enough, regularly once a week, to keep up the companionship, bringing information and entertainment for every member of the family. The Christmas number, just issued, is a good Christmas present in itself.

INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF ETHICS, January number, Vol. vi., No. 2. France, Scotland, England, Japan and the United States are represented by the writers of the five articles in the January number in the International Journal of Ethics. The main articles are:

The Hegemony of Science and Philosophy, Alfred Fouillee, Institute of France.

Social Evolution, D. G. Ritchie, University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

The Ethical Life and Conceptions of the Japanese, Tokiwo Yokoi, Tokyo, Japan.

The Social Question in the Catholic Congress, John Graham Brooks, Cambridge, Mass.

National Prejudices, John Code Bayly, London.

The article by Professor William James, in the October number (Vol. vi. No. 1), on *Is Life Worth Living?* is discussed by Thomas Davidson and Prof. J. Arthur Thomson; besides other discussions, sixteen books are reviewed.

INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF ETHICS, 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

STANDARD LESSON COMMENTARY FOR 1896 contains Daily Readings, Ancient and Revised Version, Self-pronouncing Text, Scholarly Comments, Pointed Illustrations, Before the Class (how to teach), Black Board Lessons (in chalk) and many other special features for instruction and help. Styls and prices: Printed on heavy paper and handsomely bound in best English cloth, with gold back and side \$1.25; per dozen, by express, not prepaid, \$12. Printed on thin paper, bound in cloth, and stamped in ink 75 cents; per dozen, by express, not prepaid, \$7.20. Standard Publishing Co., 217 220 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Prepared by E. B. Washfield, A. M., Professor of Biblical Theology, Hiram College. Geographical Notes by J. W. McGarvey, A. M., President of College of the Bible, Lexington, Ky. This commentary seems to grow better year by year. New features are continually being added. The black-board lessons in chalk are very fine, and the hints for blackboard talks make it possible for any school to use the blackboard profitably. The illustrations are numerous and good. The maps are worthy of special mention for their number and their clearness. They invite one to examine them. Altogether, we feel that those are to be congratulated who have prepared this book, and those too who will use it.

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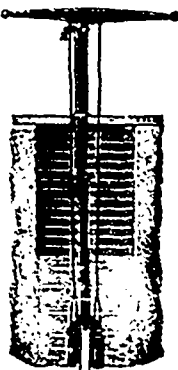
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Church News.

Items of Church News should be pointed and brief. What can be clearly written on a post card will be usually ample. To ensure prompt insertion all items for this department should be in the editor's hands at least five (5) days before the date of publication.

HARWICH.—Bro. W. G. Charlton is now preaching in Harwich. His address is Mull. He had one confession, December 15th.

ST. THOMAS, Dec. 27th.—Work progressing finely.

W. D. CUNNINGHAM.

TORONTO, CECIL ST.—We have just closed a five weeks meeting with visible results of twenty-nine baptisms, seven letters, and four awaiting baptism. The Sunday evening audiences were grand, and the hearing throughout good. Bro. W. D. Cunningham, of St. Thomas, was with us last week for four nights, and was much appreciated. Bro. Lhamon did the rest of the preaching. Much good seed has been sown and is even now bearing fruit. We had some special music during the services. Our Sunday-school Christmas entertainment will take place in a few weeks, and we are all working to make it a success. Our average attendance has never been larger. The good done by the meeting can hardly be estimated. A number of new homes have opened their doors to our plea, while the primitive gospel has been preached in its purity and simplicity to more than ever before. We need your prayers. The work moves on apace. Don't forget us. L

LONDON, Dec 24th, 1895.—Six confessions since last report at our regular services and four added by statement. Am too busy to prepare C. E. notes for this paper. GEO. FOWLER.

GRAND VALLEY, Ont., Nov. 27, '95.—Two baptisms yesterday. Three additions by letter not previously reported. A. H. F.

MARVILLE, Dec. 5th.—Three baptisms to-day—two men and one woman in middle life. A. H. F.

GUELPH.—Bio. J. B. Yager, of Kentucky, we understand, is the preacher for the church in Guelph.

BOWMANVILLE.—This good news we clip from the *West Durham News*:

On Monday night before Christmas the Disciples of Christ will hold a thanksgiving jubilee tea and social in celebration of the complete liquidation of their church debt, which was made in one payment two weeks ago, to the amount of \$2,777 and the mortgage released. The entire congregation is

earnestly solicited to attend. No eliminations are to be made. Let the youth as well as old age delight on this occasion.

Obituaries.

CAMPBELL.—Upon the evening of the 2nd inst., the sad intelligence came to our home that Bro James W. Campbell had that evening accidentally lost his life in the Queen City Mills, Toronto Junction. He was the youngest son of the late Bro. Neil Campbell, of Howard, who though now dead, yet lives in the memory of many, owing to his Christian character and unlimited benevolence.

The subject of this obituary made a public profession of the Gospel about twenty-five years ago, and was baptized by the late Bro. Sheppard, uniting with Ridgetown church, where he held his membership until about two years ago, when he moved to Toronto Junction, having secured a situation in the above named mill. He was conscientious and faithful to his employer—in fact, this cost him his life. An obstruction having taken place in one of the large dispensing bins by which the work was impeded, he undertook to remove it, and while in the act of doing so, a large quantity of the shorts, losing its hold upon the upper wall, came down, and he was instantly buried under tons' weight of it. Before he could be liberated, life was extinct. The remains were conveyed to Ridgetown for interment, when an appropriate discourse was preached by Bro. Ainsworth, after which they were laid away until the morning of the resurrection, when we believe he will come forth with all the redeemed by the blood of the Lamb of God.

He leaves a widow and three children to mourn their loss. May the God of all grace sustain and comfort them, as He sees they so much need under this sad affliction. C. S.

Collingwood, Dec., 1895.

MAXWELL.—A very sad affair has transpired in our midst. On Nov. 19, died John Maxwell, aged 31, and, on the 20th, died his father, Thos. Maxwell, aged 59. They were both men of great stature, each measuring about six feet three inches and heavy in proportion. John had come from Washington State to attend his sister's wedding and was on the eve of returning when he was stricken with typhoid fever, from which he never rallied. His father,

Thos. Maxwell, a few days after his son was taken ill, was stricken with pneumonia, and died on the evening of his son's funeral. Thos. Maxwell had been for years a member of this church. On Sunday, the 26th, a joint memorial service was held at the Disciples' church, Grand Valley, at which Bro. S. Woolner, a former neighbor and pastor, assisted the writer. Heartfelt sympathy is felt for the stricken family and friends. A. H. F.
Grand Valley.

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Church Directory.

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ONTARIO.

HAMILTON.—Church, corner of Cathcart and Wilson Streets.

Lord's Day Services:

Public worship, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday-school at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 8:15 p. m.

Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening at 8. Strangers and visitors to the city are always welcome.

GEO. MUNRO, Minister.

TORONTO.—Cecil Street (near Spadina Ave., W. J. Lhamon, 435 Euclid Ave., Minister.

Services:

Sunday, 11 a. m., 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Junior Endeavor, 4:15 p. m.; Senior Endeavor, 8:15 p. m.

Wednesday, Prayer-meeting, 8 p. m.

Friday, Teachers' Meeting, 8 p. m.

All are cordially invited to these services.

ST. THOMAS.—Church, corner of Railway and Elizabeth streets.

Lord's Day Services.

Public worship, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Mission Sunday-school, 9:30 a. m., Junior E. Society, 10:20 a. m. Sunday-school, 3 p. m. Wednesday evening Prayer-meeting, 8 p. m. C. E. Society, Friday, 8 p. m.

Strangers welcome to all services.

W. D. CUNNINGHAM, Pastor.

Residence, 43 Mitchell St.

LONDON.—Elizabeth Street Church.

Sunday Services:

10 a. m., Prayer Meeting. 11 a. m., Preaching Service. 2:30 p. m., Sunday-school. p. m., Preaching Service.

Monday, 8 p. m., C. E. Prayer Meeting. Tuesday, 8 p. m., Teachers' Meeting. Thursday, 8 p. m., Prayer Meeting. Saturday, 2:30 p. m., Mission Band.

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Woman's Work.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—President, Mrs. S. M. Brown, Warton; Corresponding Secretary, Miss L. V. Rioch, 225 Maria street, Hamilton; Treas., Mrs. John Campbell, Erie Mills, St. Thomas.

This department is conducted by a committee, composed of Mrs. A. E. Trout, Owen Sound; Miss M. Oliphant, 565 King street, London; and Mrs. George Munro, North Barton Hall, Hamilton.

All contributions for the Woman's Missionary Society are to be sent to Miss L. V. Rioch, Cor. Sec., 225 Maria St., Hamilton, Ont.

Thanksgiving.

MRS. M. E. SMITH.

Thanksgiving Day is now a national institution. It is peculiarly American in its origin and history, as well as in character. Together with the annual recurring cause for thankfulness, there are gathering about this many associations which tend to hallow it. There are all the wonderful providences which our ancestors experienced and were thankful for appealing to our gratitude not less powerfully than later blessings, which we are to share, not with the past, but with the future. The day associates itself closely with the history of the country, and it does this largely through the history of individuals and families. It is shown to be of home origin. Its keeping is largely under the ancestral roof-tree, about the domestic hearth and family board. It is completely unsectarian, and appeals to all except the thorough going fatalist. Its value to the individual and to the public depends upon the spirit in which it is kept and upon the manner of its observance. We have great reason to rejoice on account of our spiritual blessings, but we ought not to be indifferent to our daily temporal blessings, which also come from the hand of God. Let us spend a short time then in considering the nature and grounds of the joy to which the prophet refers, not forgetting, before we close, the higher joy which it typifies:

1st. The nature of this thanksgiving. Thanksgiving in harvest is a reasonable thanksgiving. The prosperity of a nation depends very largely upon the character of the harvests, and therefore it is most natural that when the harvest is plentiful our praise should ascend to God the Father, from whom this, even more directly than many blessings, has surely come. We have been taught to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." If we thus recognize our dependence on God, is it not fitting that we should thank Him when he answers our prayers?

2nd. Thanksgiving in harvest is a universal thanksgiving, a thanksgiving in which all sections of the Christian church, all classes of the community, all nations and races may unite to-

gether. We constantly complain of the want of unity that exists between Christian people, but there is a platform upon which all may unite. However much we may differ in doctrine or in politics, we are all agreed upon the necessity of having bread to eat.

Thanksgiving in harvest, then, is a Catholic thanksgiving. We are so apt to forget sometimes how much we really owe to God. How seldom do we hear the voice of thanksgiving lifted up in acknowledgment of mercies in our church prayer-meetings. Our good brethren seem to adopt too literal an idea of their gathering together. They never tire of presenting petitions of every nature; but how seldom do we hear the heart expressing its joy and gladness and breaking out into a glad song of praise. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" is as much a Christian injunction as "casting all your cares upon Him, for he careth for you." Can it be possible that in all our many meetings for prayer there is no soul filled with the joyous emotions? We much doubt this. Are we always to appear before God as beggars, and never tender him our thanks? Must he constantly be lavishing good upon us, defend us from harm and rescue us from danger, and yet be unworthy of our praise? Look into your own heart and review your past life, Christian friend, and see if there is not occasion to

"Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness passing thought
Loads every minute as it flies
With benefits unsought."

And, if so, then "lift it up; be not afraid." Rest assured God delights to see the thankful soul as well as the one who is constantly pleading the promises and praying to be delivered from the evil. While it is true that we shall always be dependent upon Him for all spiritual growth and grace, still it is equally true that we should continually praise Him for what He has wrought in us. O, how much we have to thank God for! From what depths of sin He delivered us! Let us cultivate then a spirit of lofty praise, of holy gladness, and we shall find prayer more refreshing.

Benevolent Work.

At this season of the year we must think of helping the needy of our congregations, and very often we do not do it in the best and wisest way, for lack of systematic planning.

The following report, which was read by the President at the annual meeting in October, will show the plan the church in Owen Sound has adopted:

"The work of the Benevolent Society received its inspiration from the sending out of Christmas bundles of toys, candies, etc., by the S. S. children, which was of necessity supervised by the S. S. teachers and others of the congregation. Last Christmas those bundles included such clothing as was at the disposal of the workers. It was then apparent that by a little systematic effort the church might be made the centre of a benevolent work, which, however small in its beginning, could be limited only by the blessing of God, whose Son, our Saviour, bids us 'let our light so shine before men, that they seeing our good works may glorify our Father who is in heaven.' With the conviction pressed home upon us, a meeting of the sisters of the church was held at the home of Mrs. W. A. Stephens last March, with a view to organizing for future work. The meeting was a large one, and after engaging in earnest prayer and in reading of the Scriptures, plans were discussed, and finally a president, secretary, treasurer, and 'cutting out committee' were appointed. It was decided to ask for contributions of cast-off clothing from members of the congregation and to meet the first Friday of every month, for the purpose of making and mending garments for children, and so to lay by a supply for distribution when winter came round again. Mrs. Jordan's invitation to meet regularly at her house was gratefully accepted. The regular meetings have not been so largely attended as the inaugural one, but a few sisters have been very faithful in this respect, notably our aged Sister Pearce, whose cheery presence and willing hands we miss greatly. Others have sent substantial tokens of their interest in the shape of clothing and money.

"This is a work in which every member of the church can take a part—those who have money, those who have clothing, those who have time, and all can give their prayers—prayers that we may be endowed with wisdom and prudence in giving of our small store, that they may receive who truly are in greatest need; prayers, that we may have that love towards those we help, without which, 'though we give all our goods to feed the poor, it profiteth us nothing,' prayers that through the influence of this Christ-given work, other hearts may be turned to Him whom we serve, and be brought under the teaching of His holy word.

"Before closing I would say that the officers of this society will be glad to receive donations of whatever nature. Let all take a share in this department of church work. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

"Should Spend His Last Dollar."

Rev. Chas. T. Cocking, returned missionary from Japan: "I consider K. D. C. worth its weight in gold. Any one suffering from dyspepsia, if he has a dollar left, should buy it, and try the truth of what I say. 'They who give it a trial will continue to take it, I am sure.'"

Treasurer's Report.

ST. THOMAS, Dec 11, 1895.—Please acknowledge in the Disciple the receipt of the following money.

Lobo Auxiliary\$ 7.00
Winger (Wainfleet) Aux.....11.00
Junior Endeavors, St. Thomas... 8.00
Foreign Missions, Warton Aux... 200

MRS. JOHN CAMPBELL,
Treasurer.

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Prayer Meeting Topics for January and February.

Jan. 8. Topic—THE SCRIPTURE TEACHING ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The promise to Abraham. Missions in the life of Christ. The commission. Acts of Apostles are simply a missionary record. The letters of Paul are only a body of missionary correspondence.

Jan. 15. Topic—OPPOSITION TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

William Carey was told to "sit down" when making a plea for the lost in India. When the American Board was seeking a charter, a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in opposing it said, "We have no religion to spare," "The heathen at home," etc.

Jan. 22. Topic—THE SUCCESS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In a century there have been 3,000,000 conversions. The increase in heathen lands greater than at home in proportion to the money expended and the preachers employed. There are 100,000 conversions annually.

Jan. 29. Topic—MOTIVE TO ENGAGE IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

1. Loyalty to Christ. 2 Cor. v. 14.
2. Interest in Missions. Rom. xv. 1-3.
3. Reflex influence upon the Church. 2 Cor. ix. 8-11.

Feb. 5. Topic—THE AGGRESSIVENESS OF THE EARLY GOSPEL. Acts xix. 8-20.

In permeating society, and in overcoming evil, did it ever cease to spread or to wage war on evil doing? Have we this spirit?

Feb. 12. Topic—CAN WE BE CHRISTIANS AND NON-MISSIONARY? Matt. xxvi. 16-20; Acts xxii. 17-24.

If he means to be like Christ and all His Apostles, no. Can one be a missionary who does nothing to spread the Gospel? No heresy of misbelief compares with the heresy of inaction.

Feb. 19. Topic—THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT. HOW FOSTERED? Acts xiv. 11-28.

Heroic missionary examples. Missionary information. What is being done in the mission fields of the earth. What our own people are doing.

Feb. 26. CHEERFUL GIVING. 2 Cor. ix. 1-12.

Giving is only learned by practice. No more beautiful grace. Vital to progress of the kingdom. The cheerful giver finds inexpressible delight in it. The obligation of this church to the March offering.

The Foreign Society asks the churches to adopt these topics.

A Circuit of the Globe.

A. McLEAN.

No. xii.—The First Sunday in Japan.

The morning was cool and bright. After breakfast and worship, Mr. and Mrs. Guy took me to see the first Sunday-school. The hour of meeting was 8 o'clock. The school met in one of the buildings used for the Charity school. The first piece sung was Knowles Shaw's noble hymn, "Bringing in the Sheaves." Imagine my feelings on listening to a hymn written by one of our own illustrious men! It was like meeting an old friend in a strange land. In his youth, Knowles Shaw was wild and wayward. He went to balls and played the fiddle while the others danced. This wild lad gave his heart to God. His was a thorough and genuine conversion. He preached and won thousands to the faith. His sweet songs have been naturalized in every land, and are sung round the globe. He died in the prime of life, but his work abides. The Scripture was read and prayer offered. Kodira San, Mrs. Guy's Bible woman, taught the children. The lesson was "Christ Sending out the Twelve." The children responded to the questions as promptly and as heartily as at home. This was my introduction to the work in Japan. Here, in a non-Christian land, children were being taught of God. My soul was deeply stirred. One little girl was pointed out by Mrs. Guy. Her father was a soldier and was killed in the war. Her mother was left with several children. Because of her poverty, she feels that she must sell this child. God only knows all that that means. If she is sold, she is doomed to a life of shame and sorrow. Such things are not uncommon in this land. But when a child that we have known and loved is thus sold, we feel differently. Mrs. Guy hopes to be able to take this girl into her own home and bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

At 9 o'clock, we went to another school. The singing and responses were as hearty here as at the other. The lesson was "The Transfiguration of Christ." Some of the children had faces as bright and as full of interest as one can see in the schools of America. They sang "Jesus Loves Me" and "When He Cometh" as if they understood and believed them. Others were there for the first time. Their faces were blank and dull. They did not know what to expect. A few were suffering from some disease. Their heads were covered with blotches and

knobs. Evidently the sins of their fathers are being visited upon their children to the third and fourth generations. One of the workers testifies that he is surprised in finding how much Bible truth has been sown by the children taught in the Sunday-schools. They carry the essence and the aroma of the Gospel into the homes that are closed to the Bible-women. Parents say that their children tell every night what they have learned in the Bible. The mother of one of the smallest of and most uninteresting girls told the missionary that she had heard about Christ from her little girl, and wanted to hear more. So the Scripture is fulfilled—"A little child shall lead them."

At half-past ten there was a preaching service. Nishioka San spoke. He urged his hearers to bring forth fruit meet for repentance. He set forth what the Lord required of them as His redeemed children. After the sermon, we had the communion. We sat together in heavenly places in Christ and partook of the emblems of His broken body and His shed blood. I trust we drank deeply into His Spirit at the same time. The service was orderly and impressive. The audience gave earnest heed to the words that were spoken. Though I did not understand what was said, I felt "Surely God is in this place. This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." We were separated by race and by language, and by habits of thought and life, but we were one in Christ. For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Japanese or American, and were all made to drink one Spirit. I was asked to say a few words. Imai San interpreted for me. After the benediction, I was introduced to all present. I was assured over and over again that I was a welcome visitor. The people of Japan do not shake hands. The women do not kiss each other. They salute by bowing low and bowing repeatedly. Each strives to go lower than the other.

In the evening we had a sermon from Imai from the text, "Blessed are ye that mourn, for ye shall be comforted." At this service a young man made the good confession and was baptized. The audience came forward to congratulate him. They did this by bowing low and speaking a few appropriate words. So the Gospel runs and is glorified. The good seed is sown at all hours according to the divine command. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in

the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou canst not tell which will prosper, either this or that, or whither both will be alike good." Some may fall on rocky ground or among thorns or by the wayside, but some will surely fall on good ground and bring forth fruit a hundred and a thousand fold. God's word shall not return to Him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases and prosper in the thing whereunto He sent it. There is in the grounds of one of the temples in Japan a young tree growing out of a mammoth stump. One is alive and vigorous; the other is dead and must give place and feed the new life that has grown out of its heart. One must increase; the other must decrease. So it is with the Gospel in Japan. It must prosper and prevail, for it is alive and has in it the power of an endless life. At the close of each service the audience sat down and engaged in silent prayer for a few moments. This was better than if they had slapped each other on the back, and proceeded to light their cigars or talk about the baseball score or any other irreverent topic. There was no flitting or writing of notes. The young men do not take the young ladies to church or escort them home. There is no courtship in Japan. Marriage is arranged by middle-men and not by the parties most deeply concerned. The young people get married, but they miss a deal of fun.

The audience was a study. It was evident that some were without Christ. Their faces were hopelessly sad. How could these people be happy? Life with them is an incessant struggle after food and raiment. The catechism which they repeat every morning is this, "What shall I eat? What shall I drink? And wherewithal shall I be clothed?" There is nothing in their experience or in their horizon to fill them with hope and joy. Their worship in the temples does not elevate and spiritualize them. The priests are no better. Their is as much animation in the face of a mummy as there is in theirs. They have blank, leathery faces. The faces of the Christians are very different. The face of Mrs. Guy's teacher shines as the face of Moses did when he came from the mountain. She has seen the glory of the Lord. She is busily engaged in His service and she has entered into His joy. The Gospel makes beautiful faces, so it is said. "But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit." The first convert in Japan has a handsome face. It is intelligent and spiritual. The

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same thing is seen at home. People come into the church and their faces have no expression and no illumination. They look as if they were carved out of a turnip. After they have been in harness for a season they are transfigured. Their faces look like porcelain that has a light within. In the church and on the street I have watched the faces of the people. The young are pretty. This is especially true of the girls. They marry young and they age young. It is said that there is no word in Japanese for "old maid." All of a marriageable age are married. Mothers do not wean their children till they are six and seven years old. Sometimes a woman nurses three children at the same time. Their vitality is sucked out of them. Small wonder that they fade early in life. As they grow older they lose the beauty of youth, and there is no other to take its place. One sees few handsome faces among the old in Japan. In Christian lands this is not the case, nor is it the case here among the believers. As Christians advance in years they grow more handsome and more attractive. The hoary head, when found in the way of righteousness, has a glory and a beauty far surpassing anything that youth can show. As the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day.

No. 13—The First Sunday in Japan—Concluded.

The oldest man I met in the Tokyo church has a fine face. He has been ennobled and glorified by the gospel. Some women in the audience had black teeth. That signifies that they are married, and that they are not believers. It is not known how this abominable custom originated. Perhaps some jealous husbands compelled their wives to black their teeth, as in other lands they cut off their wives' noses so that their neighbors would not fall in love with them. The present Empress and the missionaries use their influence against this practice. It is doomed to disappear. There were some Buddhist women present. The workers hope that they will yet be won to the faith. They are kept back by the ties that bind them to the graves of their kindred and by their associations with the temples. They are a part of a great system, and it is not easy to prevail upon them to come out and take the consequences. Many have done this already, and many more will certainly do so.

As we went to church and as we returned we saw that there is no Sunday in Japan. That is an infallible proof that we are in a non-Christian land. The schools, banks, government offices,

and some stores in the Foreign Concession are closed, but the people as a whole work away as usual. There is no difference on the streets or in the workshops and stores. In the temples one day is like another. The only difference is in the fast days. The people feel that they cannot afford to rest one day in seven. They think they would starve if they did. One of the serious problems the missionaries have to deal with grows out of the non-observance of the Lord's day. If a convert is employed by an unbeliever, his employer may, and often does, insist on having his service every day in the week. Should the servant lose his place he might lose his good name at the same time. The Japanese do not only work every day in the week, but early and late as well. They think they could not live if they worked only ten hours a day. Merchants are at their places of business at three or four in the morning, and remain there till nine or ten—even later. The same is true, to a great extent, of mechanics. True, they do not work under high pressure. Flesh and blood could not stand that. They are poor, and they keep working constantly, hoping thereby to keep the wolf from the door. With all her industry, Japan is a poor nation. She cannot compare with the nations that observe the Lord's day and that labor ten hours, or less a day. "It is vain to rise up early and sit up late, and to eat the bread of sorrow, for, lo, He giveth His beloved in sleep." On Sunday night the streets were unusually full of people, and the merchants were selling more goods than in the day. The explanation given was that women of the middle class, not having servants, were ashamed to be seen buying and carrying home their purchases by day. They wait till it is dark, and then go out and buy what they need and carry it home.

The cholera officers swarm everywhere. Already 17,000 have fallen victims of this disease this year. In Tokyo, one hundred die a day. The people are poor and half starved. They have no strength to withstand the plague. If they had robust constitutions and superabounding vitality, the rate of mortality would be much lower. The lack of proper sanitary conditions has contributed to the ravishes of the cholera. In some respects the Japanese are the cleanest people in the world; in other respects they are far from this. They bathe themselves several times a day. They wash and scour their houses continually. They think Americans and Europeans extremely filthy. But an American city is far cleaner and far more wholesome

than a Japanese. A city with few or no sewers can not be clean. The stenches in certain parts of Japanese hotels and homes is insufferable. Where all the filth and offal are kept rotting under the same roof as that which covers the family and the guests the place cannot be healthy. It is not strange that the Japanese fall before this pestilence as grass before the reaper. It would be strange indeed if they did not.

That night, several thoughts were suggested by the experiences of the day. As in the first Christian century, so now the wise and noble and great, as a class, stand aloof. They were not in the Sunday-school nor in the church. They glory in their wisdom and power and station. They feel that they are rich and need nothing. A few of the highest class have been won to the faith. Among these, are the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, several judges of the Court of Appeals, a Cabinet minister, the Vice-President of the Lower House, and several members of the same. But now, as then, God chooses the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence. The things that are hid from the wise and prudent are revealed unto babes. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." It is easy to see why our Lord likened the kingdom of God to a child. It is the humble and teachable spirit that enters therein.

Men and beasts need one day in seven for rest. They do more and live longer in consequence. Man needs bread, but he does not live by bread alone. He has a stomach to feed and a back to clothe, but he has a soul. We need time for thought and memory and hope. We cannot be profitably engaged from youth to old age in "the tug for wealth and power, the vain, low strife that makes men mad and wastes their little hour." We are made in the image of God, and capable of entertaining thoughts that wander through eternity. Who can tell how much the Lord's day has been worth to Scotland, to England, and to America? Who can tell how much it has been worth to himself? We need to be admonished frequently, for we forget so soon. "This is the day the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

"Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise."

Japan has taken long strides in the right direction, but Japan is yet very far from being a Christian nation. Some

thought at one time that, by the close of the present century, the work of the missionaries would be done. Some expected that Christianity would be adopted as the national religion. This expectation is not likely to be realized. Government offices, banks and schools may be closed on Sunday by an imperial edict or by an Act of Parliament, but not thus can the heart of the nation be touched and renewed. The presence and services of the missionaries will long be needed. While Japan is not yet Christian, there are forces at work that are destined to effect this great change. In the Roman Empire there were numerous groups of believers. The statesmen of that day did not think them worthy of notice. If a historian spoke of them, it was with a sneer. Christianity was to the wise of that time "a detestable superstition." But from these little groups of believers influence went forth that changed customs, literature, laws, worship, life and everything. So shall it be in Japan. As we bowed that night around the family altar, we thought of our Lord's words, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." The victory was prospective, but it was as certain as if it had been an accomplished fact.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

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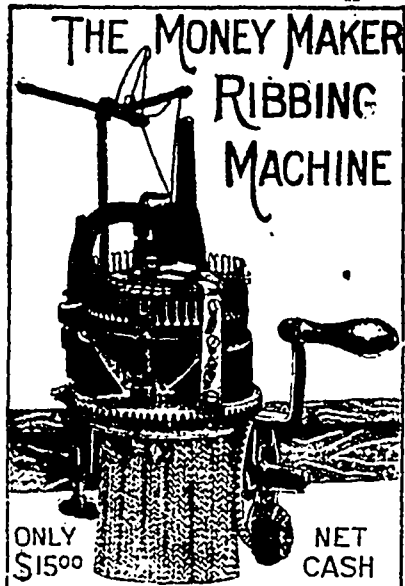
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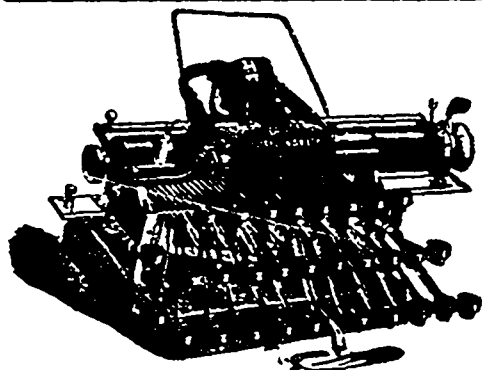
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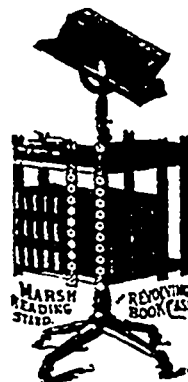
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