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CANADA'S CLARION CALL

MAJOR, THE REV. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS

Chaplain to the Canadian Forces, Niagara-on-the-Lake

PEOPLÉ popularly speak of Canada as a young people's country. Observation confirms the designation. This is not a fortuitous condition but, rather, a providential dispensation. Our vast

Dominion of unrivalled potentialities peculiarly challenges youth in its virility; the unrivalled vistas of territory and incomputable treasure-trove exert an irresistible spell upon youth whenever its glory is perceived. Femininity and senility will instinctively shrink from these shores except under parasitic instinct; and such will find only temporary lodgment here, inevitably drifting to less strenuous climes. Already there is passing through our portals a stream of adventurous youth whose magnitude thrills those who watch it. This ceaseless stream, flocking to our land, is but the advance guard of what will eventually become a serried army of ambitious manhood from the exploited and despoiled empires of the old world. It is not the imaginative only who are infatuated by this vision of "Our Lady of the Snows," but the ambitious also, who, chafing at the intolerable conditions of the Old World social order, seek development in the prodigality of opportunity afforded by our vast Dominion. Here is ample sphere for originality of genius, individuality of character, popular recognition of the dignity of toil, with due compensation in emolument and alluring vision of destiny.

The same mysterious providence that opened to the

ambitious youth of the Old World this "Golden Gate" to the potential West, now opens to the heroic youth in the West a no less "Golden Gate" to the trailing East. Canadian youths, favored by the vantage ground of a

strenuous Dominion, demanding heroic qualities for the conquest of the natural and moral difficulties inevitable in a new country, have become self-respecting, self-resourceful, and self-sacrificing.

Our peculiar immunity, however, from some of the Old World curses has not afforded us absolute security from insidious peril, which is particularly conspicuous in our cupidity to materialistic ideals. We have discredited the fictitious claim of birth, but have substituted the more vicious claim of wealth. We have rightly regarded all as "well born," but have falsely reserved for the rich man our "well done." The aristocrat has been discounted, but the plutocrat has been at a premium in our social market. The lure of gold has fascinated us. Our personal, social, and political integrity have thereby been seriously vitiated, and our redemption is imperative. Providentially, but tragically, it is now made possible by a chivalrous crusade on the part of all the youth of Canada through the new Western Gate to the East.

We have been horrified as we have peered through this

gate. The sudden and frightful repudiation by Germany of all spiritual, moral and humane obligations, with its sequel, the orgy of lust, the slaughter of the innocents of Belgium, the ghoulish desecration of hamlet and shrine,



MAJOR GEORGE H. WILLIAMS

As we saw him walking through Queen's Park on a recent official visit to Toronto.

until "it is a land haunted not habited," the piratical plunder of helpless passengers and harmless citizens, have touched us to the quick.

Our resentment of such brutality is righteous, and our destruction of such foemen a sacred duty. At no time in history had youth a worthier occasion to justify its instinctive love for the heroic than to-day. To no youth could there ever come readier facilities for promptly responding to a sacred cause than to us.

Industrially, by force of circumstances which cannot be discussed at this juncture, much less in this paper, we are able to render comparatively little aid to the Motherland except in agricultural production, and in a very brief space the majority of such toilers can be released for months without serious detriment to our productive value to the Empire. Materially, the suffering of those dependent through loss in war is less than is experienced in any part of our Empire, or in any of the lands of the allies, because of our greater average wealth, thus removing the solicitude for dependents that must be keenly felt by other combatants.

Ethically, we should, because of our peculiar Christian educational and social advantages, be more responsive to the moral appeal and physical agony of the outraged victims of this needless war. It is not possible that we can regard this awful sacrifice on the victims' part and the fearful barbarism on the culprits' side, without the most positive protest and practical sympathy.

But this great tragedy being enacted under our very eyes affects not merely the interests of a simple, inoffensive people; it assails the very fundamentals of universal liberty, truth, honor and Christian faith. The response on the part of young Canada from university, field, mill and store has been inspiring in spirit but disappointing in degree. Is there any valid reason why as many more should not have enlisted? Can any sophist say why the men who have gone should have done so rather than the men who have remained at home?

The need for reinforcements is urgent and critical. The pathetic impotency of languishing Flanders is the strategic opportunity for flourishing Canada. The very things that constitute the fascination of those who stay are imperilled by this invasion of Prussian barbarism. What would become of the sanctities of our homes, wives, daughters, sisters, children and treasures, even our very liberties, should Prussianism prevail? Will these be more sacred here than in Flanders? The only safeguard is the immediate and general intervention of our heroic Canadian youth. The success of such a moral and physical force will effectually and speedily crush this monstrous perversion of Christianity and civilization.

The glory of the genius of Germany is eternally obscured by this lapse to infamous barbarism. The allies will defeat her in battle and God will convict her in judgment. We hate her lust, we pity her fall, we pray for her victims, but we challenge her might. This is not a time to discuss terms of peace, but to determine processes of justice; not an occasion for revenge, but retribution and reparation.

Can any true Christian or worthy citizen absolve himself from personal sacrifice? Is it conceivable that the youth of Canada, who stroll through our streets, drive through our lanes, lounge in our halls, sip in our theatres, and play in our grounds, are kinsmen to those brave souls who have won immortality by their glorious achievement and illustrious sacrifice at Mons, Neuve Chappelle, and St. Julien?

The salvation of Canada, no less than of Europe, is involved. Our ideals must change. The materialistic cannot prevail; our ideal must be the heroic and sacrificial, or we deserve the forfeiture of our sacred heritage and divine destiny, and we shall be alike unworthy of our noble sires and untrue to our hopeful sons.

This call is not alone to our young men; it is to our young women, our mothers, our wives, our sisters, our

fathers, our sons and brothers. Whoever at this critical juncture of universal history withholds self, friend, energy, influence, time or means from this holy cause because of selfish or sensuous gratification is recreant to the most sacred duty and precious opportunity heaven could vouchsafe us.

The sacrifice of time on the part of all men and youths (who are conscientiously unable to fight) in persistent military training, the sacrifice of time and means on the part of all in the provision of comforts and necessities for the victims and heroes of the war, and the sacrifice of self in military service on the part of all not qualified, imperatively engaged in other occupations, are equally contributory to the speedy determination of this war for God, humanity, country, and self.

This sacrifice should find expression in intensified consecration to Jesus Christ, through whose crucifixion by materialistic Prussia these atrocities have been made possible. We must crown Jesus the King of kings. We must pray, give, fight, and die if need be (for a glorious death is infinitely to be preferred to an ignominious life) that His kingdom might come on earth. We must convert the iron gauge of Prussia into the golden rule of Christ. The Church of Jesus Christ must not be thoughtlessly reprobated; it must be intelligently supported. Its teaching will henceforth be more Christianly, that is, more humane and practical. The world needs vital evangelization or it will experience a lapsed demoralization fearful to contemplate. The social order and the national spirit must yield to the moral law of Christ, to the spirit of brotherhood, and the economic law of the market.

The regnant Christ, the new birth, the inspired Word, the regenerate earth, will receive a new emphasis. Epworth Leaguers must be Model Leaders in spirit and example in this hour of crisis. Many of us are to-day in our Gethsemane; our agony of soul and conflict of mind almost tempt us to say, "Let this cup pass from me." Let us be perfectly loyal to Christ and say, "Not my will but thine be done." Let us all set our faces steadfastly towards that new Jerusalem wherein shall dwell righteousness and peace, not counting the cost by which it may be perfectly realized. To this end let each one earnestly pray, "What wilt thou have me to do?" The answer to our prayer will be found in the duty that lies nearest to us.

Every Rose has its Thorn

Some things are full of mystery far beyond all explanation. Why should every sweet have its bitter, every rose its thorn? Why is it that our highest bliss finds its counterpart in some hideous grief? Strange that when we have drained our overflowing cup of happiness we come at last to find the dregs of bitter sorrow. And yet the same orb that sheds radiant light upon us, at the same time turns its dark side to worlds that swing far out in space. We smile through tears. And some of us weep over the years when loved ones pillowed their heads trustingly over our hearts while the love-light danced in their upturned eyes. Oh, these hours! Their faded bliss, their vanished joy. And now the very memory of them is like a thousand thorns in the flesh. As the years drag on we come to know that the hours of secret and unfathomed love cast an ever deepening shadow. It is so strange, and yet, if the sun shines at all, the sweetest flower will cast its shadow. The thing that breaks the heart, though, is that sometimes we shiver while crossing the deep, dark valley all alone. To feel for a hand in the midnight gloom, and to find none, is worse than any death. That valley is a paradise if by your side walks a brave, confident spirit, whose whisperings bring hope, whose touch sends fresh blood throbbing through every vein. Many a poor pilgrim, for the want of it, is writing life's history in sighs and sobs. True: he smiles, but it is only the cover for unspoken grief, a grief unuttered because unutterable.

Editorial Notes

While this is the last issue of THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA, let no one think for a moment that the paper has died. The change of name does not involve dissolution so much as resurrection. For many years some of our readers have looked regularly for the monthly visits of this paper. We trust they will welcome the appearance of YOUTH AND SERVICE, and find its messages just as timely as those of the ERA ever were. We are thankful for all the kindness and consideration accorded the ERA in the nearly seventeen years of its ministry, and confidently look for the same spirit in even larger measure for the new paper. We hope our next issue, the first of YOUTH AND SERVICE, will be but the beginning of many years of increased and helpful service by the paper. If you would like any of your friends to receive the first number as a sample copy, send us their names and addresses and we will gladly mail it to them.

Congratulations to Saskatchewan, the driest province of Canada to-day! "It's a long, long way" apparently for Ontario yet to travel; but we'll "make the grade" as the westerners say, some day. When? Just as soon as the men at the head not only say they see things as they ought to be, but dare to do things as they know in their heart of hearts they ought to be done. Not more light but greater courage is most needed in Ontario legislation, or we err in judgment of the case.

Still another! Good! Just as we are making up this issue for the press the encouraging news comes that Alberta promises to give her neighboring province a close run for Prohibition honors in Canada. So we must add to the above paragraph this later one: "Congratulations to Alberta, the second dry province of Canada." Well! well! the Ontario Government's commission on the regulation of the liquor traffic is so revealing the baseness of the business in this province that we begin to hope that even our provincial premier and legislature may be yet compelled to follow the lead of the sister provinces of the west. But we had rather see them leaders than laggards in so vital a matter.

"Politics are rotten!" At least, so a man said in our hearing not long ago. If they are, whose fault is it, we want to know? How did they become so? Nothing decomposes save under unhealthy conditions. Who made the conditions such that politics could so dreadfully rot, we wonder? Not the citizens who have always voted according to principle; not the men who have refused to be forever bound by party ties; not the voters who considered the casting of their ballots as sacred a duty as saying their prayers—who then? Perhaps you. Think it over. If politics are rotten, somebody's to blame.

"I'd sooner be a live coward than a dead hero." Really, we unintentionally overheard these words fall from the lips of a young woman who, with two female companions, was walking along Spadina Avenue a few days ago. Don't know what they were talking about, or whose case they were discussing; but so she spoke anyway. Do you share her sentiments? Think! Of what use is a coward either dead or alive? How much is any fellow worth without a brave man's heart? We incline to the thought that a dead hero never dies. "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." Nothing truer than this. A coward ought to have short shrift these days, a hero you cannot kill. A coward does not know what life really is. Mere physical existence isn't life. A hero may live longer though he occupies his physical body but a few years than a coward who breathes a hundred years. No, no, a dead hero is worth a million living cowards.

"It's only some drunken soldiers," they said as they passed a crowd on Queen Street the other day. We saw them go unthinkingly on their way and pondered on the significance of the "only," for if there is any sight more

deplorable than drunken soldiers we don't want to see it. And it is not hard, we regret to say, to find men in the King's uniform staggering along under a load neither the country nor God imposes upon them. But perhaps we are not wholly correct in this statement. Certainly the Almighty does not lay the burden of drunkenness on their shoulders; but we are not so sure of the country. Of course, soldiers do not drink at the country's expense in money actually paid out for the drink, and yet the country must meet the bill in their lessened efficiency. Still, we make it easy for the men in khaki to get drunk, the subtle charm of so-called good-fellowship allures them on to intoxication, and the leaders of government, who alone have the control of the situation, say "Amen." Truly we are a queer people, aren't we?

"Don't be a child forever, Jack!" we heard a mother admonish her well-grown son a while ago. The mother meant well, and yet there are some things which characterize children that we would do well to hold on to as long as possible. We thought of the apostle's counsel, "In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men." What the son referred to had been doing to call forth the maternal reproof—for such we think it was intended to be—we cannot know; but mother evidently wanted Jack to conduct himself as a manly lad, and doubtless she was right. Two things parents should avoid, however; first, a disposition to hurry their boys into immature men, and second, a desire to keep their boys little children forever. We want men, but not before their time. We want children, but not longer than natural growth warrants. We may always cultivate qualities that make us childlike, though we cannot long afford to be childish in habits of either thought or deed.

The difference between mere movement and useful action was well expressed by Bishop McDowell when he said in one of his telling addresses that the Church too often treats its men as a certain father treated his bustling boy. Coming into his father's study, the boy asked, "Father, what can I do?" The father was busy preparing a paper on "The Boy Problem," and he hurriedly replied, "There is a pile of sand in the yard. The man who brought it put it in the wrong corner. I wish you would move it to the other side." The boy went to work with a will, but presently came again. "Father, I've done that. What can I do now?" The father, still busy, said, "I think that sand might better be at this end of the yard. Shovel it over there." The boy went less cheerfully, but resolutely, wanting to help his father. The third time he came for a job, and the father said, "On the whole, I believe I'd like that sand back where it was first." But the boy said, "Not on your life! I'm not looking for something to take up my time. I want to do something."

When you don't feel like reading, that is very likely the time to read a light but wholesome book. When you really want to read, that's the very time to read some volume that deals with great realities and the profounder truths of life. The one dread I have is, that when I reach my winter days I shall have reason to bemoan the wasted hours of the springtime of life. The moments are golden. In nature there is a hibernating animal. Youth-time is the day of preparation against life's long winter evening. In the aftermath of our pilgrimage but few new thoughts are born. The mind, weary with the toil of years, turns within for rest. At the sunset we feed on the unforgotten treasures of the past. That person who refuses to cultivate the habit of reading good books yields to mental disintegration. It is not how many but what kind of books you read. The character of books we read is prophetic. In a large sense literature is the undergirding of character. It is the foundation of shifting sand or the impregnable rock on which manhood rests. Just as the physical nature betrays the character of nutriment it receives, so does the mind reveal the pabulum on which it is forced to subsist.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF CANADIAN METHODISM

IV. Nathan Bangs—A Knight of the Saddle Bag

FOR THE LITERARY AND SOCIAL MEETING IN AUGUST. ACTS 13: 1-13.

FREDERICK E. MALOTT.

IN the home of Christian Warner, in the Niagara Peninsula, in the month of May, 1800, two Methodist ministers were conducting a meeting. These men were Joseph Sawyer and Joseph Jewell, two of the little band of half a dozen itinerants who held the whole Province of Upper Canada for Methodism in that early day. The meeting they were conducting was like many another held in the pioneer homes of that new Province, but its far-reaching results for Methodism and for the kingdom of God may never be measured.

In the audience that evening was a young man named Nathan Bangs who had recently come into Canada from the State of New York. For some time this young man had been under deep religious conviction. At the invitation of Christian Warner he had come to this meeting hoping to get help. Joseph Sawyer was the preacher. His theme was The Beatitudes. Writing later of the effect of this sermon upon him, Bangs said, "As the preacher discoursed on 'Blessed are they that mourn,' he unfolded all the enigmas of my heart more fully than I could myself." Further conversation with the leaders of that meeting led this young man into full faith in Jesus Christ as his Saviour and to a determination to serve Him. That meeting settled the question of the life work of Nathan Bangs and brought into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church a man who was second only to Asbury in his influence upon the polity and work of the church of his choice.

Nathan Bangs had come to Canada in the closing year of the 18th century under the impulse of a restless spirit that sought adventure in a new country. He had received a good public school education in Connecticut, the state of his birth. From his father he had learned the art of surveying. From Connecticut the family had removed, while Nathan was still a boy, to the back woods of New York State. Into their settlement came the ubiquitous Methodist itinerants and nearly the whole Bangs family were converted and several members of the family became preachers. But Nathan knew Methodism at first only to despise it. With a sister and her husband he came to the Niagara peninsula, where he seems to have engaged in public school teaching, until, with his conversion came a call to the ministry.

The impulse to tell others of the grace that had saved him was irresistible. From house to house he went declaring what God had done for his soul. He exhorted the people to seek his mercy and prayed with those who would permit him. Some mocked, some wept and some received the word with joy.

About this time Nathan Bangs became an inmate of Christian Warner's home. To this godly man he owed his advancement in religion. Warner was at this time a class leader and exhorter. His advice and teaching led young Bangs to seek entire sanctification. The secret of the success of the early Methodist itinerants was their knowledge of and insistence upon holiness of heart and life. Their converts were not left in the early stages of the Christian life; they were led on, step by step to the richer and riper experiences of the new life.

It was due to Joseph Sawyer that Nathan Bangs came into the ministry of the Methodist Church. As an assistant to Sawyer he did good work in the Niagara Peninsula. In the fall of 1801, he began as a regular itinerant. His first circuit was the Niagara and Grand River District. It comprised 2,400 square miles of territory. Of this circuit Bangs wrote in his journal: "The settlements were new, the roads were bad, the fare hard; but God was with us in much mercy, awakening and converting sinners, and this was abundant compensation for all our toils."

But he was not always encouraged by such results. Often a whole community turned a deaf ear to his preaching. And once he was so discouraged that he resolved to give up preach-

ing and go home. But a dream that came to him led him to see that what God required of him was faithfulness and not results. He returned to his task and a gracious revival soon rewarded his efforts.

In 1802, in company with Joseph Jewell, his presiding elder, he set out for the Bay of Quinte District. Through mud and water they reached Little York (now Toronto). Here they found a settlement extending some thirty miles up Yonge street. Conditions in this settlement were similar to those they had left in the Niagara District. The roads were bad, the people were poor and in many cases they cared little about spiritual things. But Bangs and his superintendent went from house to house preaching wherever they could get a congregation, and many a heart was lighter and many a home was brighter for their coming. The rude hospitality of that early day was freely extended to them. Now it was an Indian's hut and now it was the home of a white man in which they found food and shelter. On the way Bang's horse died, but a gentleman loaned him another, and on he went until he reached the Bay District.

In the fall of 1802 an epidemic of typhus fever broke out among his parishioners. Bangs himself took the fever and for several months was unable to preach. His voice never fully recovered from the effects of this sickness. After two years of hard work on the slender allowance of \$20 a quarter, Bangs left the Bay of Quinte circuit for the New York Conference. On his way to conference he visited his aged parents and later in his journey was entertained at the beautiful home of Freeborn Garretson, "whose wife, born to opulence, kept open doors for weary itinerants while her husband was abroad on errands of salvation."

At the New York Conference Nathan Bangs was ordained Deacon and then Elder that he might have authority to administer the sacraments. Before leaving Canada he had heard of the need of the Thames River District. He felt the call of the "Far West," as this part of Ontario was then called. With Bishop Asbury's consent he was appointed to open up a mission among the settlers who had gone into this new country. Conference being over he at once saddled his horse for a ride of 600 miles through swamp and forest to a region hitherto untraversed by any itinerant. Like a true "Knight of the Saddle Bag," he fared forth to face danger and privation in the wilderness, that he might prove himself to be a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was during this itinerary that Nathan Bangs visited the home of the writer's great grandfather in Essex County. It was in the year 1804. Following the blazed trail through the Longwoods up to Chatham, he pressed on down the Thames River and then across to the settlements along the shores of Lake Erie through the Townships of Romney, Mersea, Gosfield and Colchester on to Amherstburg and Detroit. These townships had been settled in 1795 by U. E. Loyalists who had come in from the United States. To them the coming of the first circuit rider was a momentous event. Gladly they obeyed the summons to gather in some neighbor's house to hear the gospel preached.

From Nathan Bangs' own journal we have an account of how he conducted his meetings and how his preaching was received. He says of one of his meetings: "At the appointed hour the house was crowded. I commenced the service by remarking that when a stranger appears in these new countries the people are usually curious to know his name, whence he comes, whether he is bound and what is his errand. I will try to satisfy you in brief. My name is Nathan Bangs. I was born in Connecticut, May 2nd, 1778. I was born again in this Province May, 1800. I commenced itinerating as a preacher of the gospel in the month of Sept., 1801. On the 18th of June of the present year (1804), I left New York for the purpose of visiting you of whom I had heard about

two years ago, and, after a long and tedious journey of fifty-four days, I am here. I am bound for the heavenly city, and my errand among you is to persuade as many as I can to go with me. I am a Methodist preacher and my manner of worship is to stand while singing, kneel while praying and then stand while preaching, the people meanwhile sitting. As many of you as see fit to join me in this method can do so and the others may choose their own method.

"I then read a chapter in the Bible, after which I gave out a hymn. When the young man who accompanied me stood up to sing, they all arose, men, women and children. When I kneeled in prayer they all kneeled down. Such a sight I never saw before. I then read my text: 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.' In enforcing and explaining these words I felt that my divine Master was with me in truth and power. Every cloud was dispelled from my mind and my heart overflowed with love for this people. I believe I preached with the Holy Ghost send down from heaven. When I had concluded I informed them of our manner of preaching, the amount of quaterage we received and the way in which it was collected. I then said, 'All of you who wish to hear any more such preaching rise up.' They all rose, every man, woman and child. I then notified them that in two weeks, God-willing, they might expect preaching again, and closed the meeting. Thus was my circuit begun."

Fever and ague was very common at this time and Mr. Bangs, himself, taking it, was obliged to return to Niagara.

In 1805 he was stationed at Oswego, in the Bay of Quinte District along with Henry Ryan. Already the future history of American Methodism was beginning to write up passing events. From the pen of Nathan Bangs we have a graphic account of a camp meeting conducted by Henry Ryan and Wm. Case in this year.

"On the 27th of April, 1806, Nathan Bangs was married to Miss Mary Bolton, of Edwardsburg. Asbury never favored the marriage of his itinerants, but in view of the fine appearance and excellent character of Bangs, the celibate Bishop excused him, saying, "I knew the young maidens would be all after him, but as he has conducted the matter very well, let his character pass."

In May, 1806, Bangs left to attend Conference again in New York City. By this conference he was stationed at Quebec, but after a brief stay he became convinced that this was not going to prove a fruitful field. Accordingly he left Quebec and went to Montreal, where he spent the remainder of the year working with Samuel Coate. In 1807 he was again appointed to Niagara, but for some reason he seems to have remained at Montreal. This was Bangs' last year in Canada. In the latter part of January, 1808, he started for the United States, visiting his wife's home on the way. After serving on three circuits, Albany, Delaware and New York, he was made Presiding Elder of the Rhinebeck and New York Districts. For some time he had been making a special study of church polity and he now began to be recognized as a valuable man for General Conference work. In 1808 he was elected a member of the General Conference and continued with only one break to be a member of every General Conference until 1856. He held three of the highest offices in the gift of the church, those of Book Steward, Editor of the Christian Advocate, and Missionary Secretary.

Abel Stevens pays the following tribute to this gifted and consecrated man:

"Nathan Bangs was a representative man in the Methodist Episcopal Church for more than half a century. During sixty years he appeared almost constantly in its pulpits. He was the founder of its periodical literature and of its Conference Course of Study and one of the founders of its present educational system. He was the first missionary secretary appointed by the General Conference, the first clerical editor of its Quarterly Review, and for many years the chief editor of its Monthly Magazine and its book publications. He may be pronounced the principal founder of the American literature of Methodism. Besides his innumerable miscellaneous writings for its periodicals, he wrote more volumes in its defence than any other man, and became its recognized historian.

He was the chief founder of the Missionary Society. He wrote the Constitution of the Society and for sixteen years labored gratuitously as its secretary. For twenty years he wrote all its annual reports. The society is a monument to him and makes him historic in the annals of American Protestantism."

Nathan Bangs, now a Doctor of Divinity, paid his last visit to Canada in 1850. The occasion was the holding of the Canada Wesleyan Conference, to which he was sent as a fraternal delegate from the General Conference of the M. E. Church of the United States. Twelve years later, after a long life full of arduous toil, Dr. Nathan Bangs died at the ripe age of 84, honored and loved by the Methodists of both Canada and the United States.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Give an account of Nathan Bangs early life and of his conversion.
2. Sketch his career as a preacher in Canada during the years 1801 to 1808.
3. What offices did he fill in the M. E. Church of the United States?
4. Give Abel Stevens' eulogy of Nathan Bangs.

Tender Memories

Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of London, said that his wedded life "had been as near perfection as was possible this side of Eden."

No man ever relied more completely on his wife's guidance and counsel than John Keble, the poet of the *Christian Year*. She was, as he often declared, his "conscience, memory and common sense."

Dr. Pusey declared that the very sight and smell of the verberna affected him to tears, for it was a sprig of verberna he offered to Miss Barber when he asked her to marry him—"the most sacred and blissful moment" of his life.

John Bright spoke of his wife as "The sunshine and solace of his days." When she died he said: "It seems to me as though the world were plunged in darkness, and that no ray of light could ever reach me again this side the tomb."

Dean Stanley said: "If I were to epitomize my wife's qualities, I couldn't do it better than in the words of a cabinman who drove us on our honeymoon: 'Your wife,' he said to me, 'is the best woman in England,' and I quite agree with him."

"Why should you pity me?" Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General remarked to a friend, who had expressed sympathy with him in his affliction. "My wife is all the eyes I want, and no man ever looked out on the world through eyes more sweet and true."

"This place is perfect," Charles Kingsley once wrote to his wife from the seaside, "but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion are the keystones of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar—fools!"

Within a few days of his death, having escaped from his sickroom, he sat for a few blissful moments by the bedside of his wife, who was also lying seriously ill. Taking her hand tenderly in his, he said, in a hushed voice: "Don't speak, darling. This is heaven."

Regarding the ideal relations existing between husband and wife, Secker well said: "The wife is the husband's treasury, and the husband should be the wife's armoury. In darkness, he should be her sun for direction; in danger, he should be her shield for protection and safety."

A VOICE OF MELODY

MARY E. PALGRAVE

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY—

CHAPTER I.

There is a long, narrow and winding street in South London which is familiarly known among its frequenters as "the Walk." The houses which line it on either side are mostly low and dingy, but here and there a new one towers up high above the rest, very red and showy, and hideously out of keeping with its neighbors.

The Walk is at its liveliest between eight and ten o'clock of an evening. All the shops are blazing with gas, and the stalls and barrows lining the roadway flare with naphtha torches, which cast a weird yellow light over the barrows and their wares, and an intense black shadow round about them. During the daytime the Walk is generally quiet and dull, and in parts almost empty; but in the evening it rings with noise, and is crowded with life and movement.

Most of the sounds are the outcome of the everyday living and moving of rough and ready people—sounds as natural and inevitable as the scrooping and grinding together of stones in the bed of a mountain torrent, when the stream is the most forceful. But sounds are heard in the Walk which are not harmless—the horrible yell of furious women fighting; or the screams of a drunken mother pursuing a terrified child; or the hoarse sub-

Heaven Street, a gorgeous public-house opens its alluring doors, and not a stone's throw distant down the Walk, the "Mountain Stream" rears its palatial front of plate-glass, stone cornices, and towering gable, and is thronged with frequenters.

One evening in October, several years ago, a young man was coming down Heaven Street, about ten o'clock, in the direction of the Walk, whose roar and blaze broke strongly on him as he drew nearer. Half involuntarily he paused at the corner and stood a moment, looking this way and that, before preparing to cross over.

It was plain, from the expression on his face, that he had no sympathy with the rough, untutored, thronging life he saw around him. He stopped because there was not room to pass, and glanced around him, with a shrug of the shoulders, half-amused and half-disgusted.

Ernest Bryant was a clerk in a city warehouse; a highly respectable, well-conducted young man, who had never been out of work for a day since he left school, and was rising slowly but steadily in his business. He lived with his widowed mother and sister, who was a Board School teacher, in half a little house in a new road at Brixton, and had never given either of them a day's anxiety.

Bryant's chief interest and pursuit, outside his work, was singing. He had a

half mad with drink. It was not till the sad pair had receded away homewards, under the pressure of a couple of policemen, and the loafing crowd has straggled after them, that Bryant could make his way across the road, into the comparative seclusion and quiet of the opposite street.

He was just leaving the Walk behind him when another high pleasing sound fought its way out above the din and clamor, and struck on his ear with a shock of surprise. This time, however, it was not a painful sound, but one at which the young man's eyes kindled and his face softened.

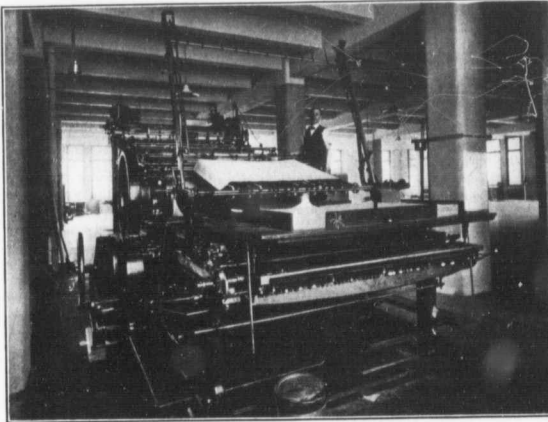
Above the roar of the street, the loveliest pure high notes of singing were making themselves heard, to the tune of a wild pathetic Irish melody. Where and who was the singer? The sounds seemed to be too spontaneous and artless to come from a woman's voice; it must be a child singing; but there was an indescribable freshness and quality in the notes which were rare and precious indeed.

A little way up the street, where the huge windows of the "Mountain Stream" cast a blaze of light across the way, a knot of men and women gathered closely together. Bryant hurried up to them, and peering over a greasy shoulder and through the meshes of a bonnetless wild towzle of hair, saw a ring of clear space in their midst, and within it a ragged urchin, standing there with his hands on his hips, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed on some point well away and above the heads of his audience, while from his parted lips and swelling throat there came sounds as clear and sweet and true as ever were uttered by a boyish voice. High above the din of the street rose those exquisite notes. They seemed to cleave the veil of murky fog which hung just above the tops of the houses, and to soar away till they were lost in heaven itself. They rang out as a rebuke against the evil sounds too common in that place, and woke strange longings after innocence and goodness in the careless hardened breasts of those who listened. The Irish air died away, and, after a minute's pause, the urchin lifted up his head again and began a Salvation Army hymn, with a bright yet pathetic tune, and words which only a very earnest spirit can guard from sounding piously irrelevant.

Bryant stood and listened with increasing wonder. It was hard to determine whether it was reverence which inspired the little fellow to sing it as he did, or whether it was his inborn artistic instinct; but to whatever cause it was due, his hearer, with all his experience of trained hymn singing, could only feel that "To Jesus come, O come!" could scarcely have been more perfectly rendered. Bryant was conscious of a genuine tightening in his throat and a mistiness in his eyes as he listened, and as for the rest of the audience, there were tears on men's cheeks, and women were dabbing their faces with their aprons and sobbing audibly.

At the conclusion of the hymn a ragged cap was handed round, and coppers clinked into it from ready hands. The concert was over, and the audience gradually broke up and merged itself in the stream flowing up and down the Walk.

Bryant stood back a little, but kept as near as he could, watching the shock head of dark curly hair which was now bent over the handful of coppers, gathered out



TYPE OF LARGE PRESS USED IN BOOK ROOM.

Thirty-five presses in the new and six in the old building.

bing breaths of a pair of loafers wrestling together in a tipsy brawl outside the "Mountain Stream" public house—a sound that makes itself felt rather than heard.

In most streets which are the habitat of an open-air market, there is one spot at which the tide of life runs highest, where the favorite stalls are to be found, and the greatest number of gossips and loafers congregate together. In the Walk this spot is evident enough; it is just where two side streets open into it—Heaven Street on one side and Wicklife Street on the other. At the corner of

well-trained baritone voice, and was one of the leading members of the choir of a west-end church, famous for its music. On that Monday evening he was on his way home from a choir practice. His quickest road lay by Heaven Street and across the Walk. He did not think the Walk at all a pleasant street, and went through it only when obliged to do so, and with a general sense of not being in his right place.

To-night there was some excuse for his looking back, for above the general hum a torrent of oaths and curses was rising, from the lips of two quarrelling women,

of the ragged lining of the cap. It was plain that here was a native artist of no common order—a singing bird that only needed to be caught, caged, and tamed to be a possession desirable indeed.

While Bryant stood watching, a red-faced, slouching man, who had been crying one of the hardest during the singing, and now was resting on the bar of the "Mountain Stream," turned on his heel and cried, "Hi! young skylark, come along in and have another glass to warm yer vitals afore you goes home-ah-ah."

Bryant started forward in horror, but before he could interfere, the urchin had answered for himself, "No, thank, mister, I've had enough." The man, with a hoarse sneering laugh, disappeared into the public-house, and Bryant went up to the little singer and touched him on the arm.

"You've got a pretty voice, my man. Who taught you to sing?"

The child darted an inquisitive, defiant look upwards and gave one of those jerks of the shoulder and elbow which are characteristic of the London street boy. "What's that got to do with you?" he asked, in a shrill childish voice.

Bryant felt rebuffed, but with those notes ringing in his ears, he could not but persevere. He pulled out a sixpence and held it up between his finger and thumb. A grin broke out on the little lad's face, and a prompt paw seized the coin. It was plain that he had his approachable side.

"Thanky, mister," he cried in his shrill tones; "well, then—'twere my daddv as taughted me, if yer wants to know."

"Your daddy must be a first-class teacher."

"My daddy's dead."

"Dead, is he?" Bryant was touched, and his voice had a ring of kindness in it which the ears of his little hearer, used to fending for himself in the rough world, were quick to note and try to turn to account.

"Yes, sir, and there's only me and mother, and mother's very poor—werry poor, indeed—haven't had no dinner, sir, not for a week, 'cos coals is that 'igh."

Bryant did not particularly admire the tone of this last speech, and only responded to it by turning towards Wick-liffe Street and inviting the urchin to go a little way with him. The boy agreed, readily enough, and shuffled along beside his new friend in his nearly soleless boots.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Bryant.

"Please, sir—Melody Giles."

"What's that?—Giles how much?"

"No, not Giles nothing, please, sir—Mel-o-dy Giles!"

The owner of this queer name stood on tiptoe to utter it, and rang it out in such piercing tones that it woke the echoes of the neighborhood.

"Right yer are, young'un—I wouldn't be ashamed of it, not I!" was bawled across the street by some rough fellow whose ear it had caught. Bryant burst out laughing, but his little companion shook his fist at the doorway opposite, and uttered a bad word.

"Come, I say, that won't do," said the young man, laying his hand again on the child's shoulder. "Don't you go to Sunday School?" Haven't you been taught that it's wicked to swear?"

Melody wriggled himself free and muttered viciously, "He hadn't no business to go a-chaffing of me—should like to fight him, that I should." After a minute, however, during which he executed a sort of war-dance, accompanied by whoops and yells, he suffered himself to be pulled away, and the pair went onward down the street.

"There's no denying that you've got a queer name," said Bryant, going back to his original subject, "how did you come by it?"

'Twere Daddy as give it me—there was two of us, and Daddy he named me Melody and my little brother Harmony. He'd fetched the parson, 'cos the toiks said as we was goin' to die, and when he says, 'Name this child,' then were the two first words as popped into his head like. Mother says as she was werry bad at the time and didn't know nuffink as was goin' on, and when Daddv told 'er what names he'd a-given us, Mother cried, she says, for three hours without money having such a queer name, 'cos he went and died when he wasn't only a

but very poor. It was the back room, and had a sloping roof, on which the shadow of Mrs. Giles was thrown, large and black, by the one tallow candle over which she was stooping. She was a thin, tired-looking woman, with red eyes and a dull, subdued face, which just faintly brightened when her eyes rested upon her boy. She spoke civilly to Bryant, and did not seem much surprised to see him; indeed, she looked as if life had been too hard a struggle for her to have energy enough left to be surprised at anything.

The only object in the room which was the least bit unusual or remarkable was



THE HOSPITAL, ST. THOMAS.

Amateur photo. Negative by Miss C. Thornton, Petrolia.

week old. I can't remember him, 'cos I were only a week old too, but Mother she've told me about it, often and often. It's one of the stories she tells me on cold nights, when we gets into bed early 'cos all the coals is done."

Melody had dropped his whining tone, and this last remark of his touched his hearer the more because it was an unconscious revelation of great poverty. He had pressed close to Bryant's side, and his little grubby hand was gripping confidentially up and down his new friend's coat. Bryant got possession of the restless fingers, and the touch of the little cold fingers in his warm palm woke in him an unusual thrill of kindly feeling.

"Where do you live, Melody Giles?" he asked.

The answer was to point down a dark narrow passage opening out of the street in which they were. "Number 10 World Court, sir—last 'ouse afore you comes to the School Board."

Bryant had somehow not expected the little singer's home to be so near. He halted and debated within himself. It was past ten o'clock, and he was tired. True, it was hardly probable that Melody's mother would be in bed. "Early to bed" is a rule not much observed in the Walk and its environs; but she might well be busy and unprepared for a visitor. But on the other hand, that voice was so lovely; it was worth any pains to secure it; and in that wilderness of crowded streets, a child once lost sight of was not so easily to be found again.

Five minutes later Bryant was within the doorway of 10 World Court, and was groping his way up a little dark staircase as steep as a ladder, guided more by the sound than the sight of Melody's feet clambering upwards in front of him.

Melody's home was a tolerably tidy one,

a violin, hanging on the wall, with its bow dangling from another nail beside it. It came out that Mrs. Giles' husband had been a player in a professional orchestra, and had eked out his scanty earnings by giving violin lessons. Bryant gathered that he had been a bit of a musical genius, and formed his own opinion that he had also been a somewhat erratic and unsatisfactory person, as geniuses are apt to be. It was less difficult now to understand the queer pair of names with which he had decorated his twin boys.

Bryant elicited that Melody attended the huge Board School which towered up behind the tiny houses in World Court—that is to say he went there when the "School Board" man had been lately looking him up, and when there was no special chance in view of getting a few pence by taking a netting lesson out on the Embankment. He was going a neighbor's errands at the shop in the Walk. Bryant could not discover that he and his mother "went anywhere" on Sundays, save now and then to the mission service in some neighboring schoolroom or chapel; so it seemed plain that the little singer's gift of hymn-singing was a purely intuitive one. Bryant marvelled the more over its loveliness.

Mrs. Giles answered the questions Bryant put to her in a dull, patient way, as if she thought anybody who came along had a right to question her, provided he had a mind to do so. It was only on the subject of her boy's singing in the streets that she showed any reserve or unwillingness to be cross-examined. She gasped a little when Bryant spoke of it, and an alarmed, troubled look came into her faded eyes.

"I've told Mel as he's not to do it, agen and agen," she said. "He'll get took up by the perlice and put in prison, and how shall I ever find the money for to get him

out agen? Mel, you bad boy, haven't I said as I'd take the stick to you if I ever caught you doing it agen?"

For all answer, Melody climbed upon the back of his mother's chair, flung one arm around her neck, and waved the other hand in front of her eyes, with some dozen or more pence in it, which he let fall into her lap with an alluring clatter. Some of them bounced off her knee and rolled away under the table, whither the woman, with a "Dear, dear!" that was half delighted and half protesting, plunged after them. It was plain that there was an argument in favor of street singing very difficult to withstand. Bryant began to wonder whether he should be able to catch and cage his little singing bird after all.

CHAPTER II.

It was a hot Sunday evening in June. The sunset was bright against the west windows of St. Andrew's church and three long streaks of light, flecked here and there with blue and crimson, up the broad nave and aisles, and over the rows of people with which the benches were filled. In the chancel, however, evening



NAPANEE RIVER AND FALLS.

Amateur photo. Negative by Miss Lizzie Saul, Napanee.

and twilight had the best of it; the gas was lighted, and the shadows were deep and dark.

The garish light fell strongly on the rows of little choristers at their desks, lighting up their faces, and making their surplices shine brilliantly white against their black cassocks. Behind them were the men, among them our friend Ernest Bryant. He looked rather nervous this evening, and every now and then threw an anxious glance at the row of boyish faces opposite him, or rather at one of them in particular—a face with twinkling roguish eyes, cheeks unusually rosy, and crowned with a mop of dark curly hair. "We know that 'Time works wonders' in the way of changing people, but we do not, as a rule, expect those wonders to be manifest in so short a space as half a year. It was, however, little more than that since we saw Melody Giles, in dirt and rags, singing in the Walk. And here he was, transformed into a clean, well-fed, spruce choir-boy.

The intervening months had been a season of real effort, anxiety, and sentimental to Ernest Bryant. True, it had not proved difficult to get Mrs. Giles' consent to her son being trained for the St. Andrew's choir; the advantages were too ob-

vious for her to hesitate long. It meant free schooling for the boy at a superior school, a dally good dinner at the St. Andrew's clergy-house, and a quarterly salary, which, though small enough in itself, was large in the eyes of the widow. Mrs. Giles agreed, with tears of joy, to all the propositions made to her, and proceeded, with more energy that she appeared capable of, to cut down and re-model a suit of Bryant's clothes, to make Melody "respectable" for his first interview with the vicar and the organist.

Bryant could never remember giving away a garment of his before. He felt quite shy over telling his mother and sister what he meant to do, and he had to get maternal advice upon which suit he could best spare. It gave him a twinge of shame to see their unfeigned astonishment at his conceiving the idea of giving away his clothes. He had always been so prudent and careful. Well, as Rhoda said, it just proved that this ragamuffin must have indeed a wonderful voice, if Ernest thought him worth such a sacrifice! Was he sure it wasn't a waste of good clothes?

These objections, however, were out a trifle; the really difficult part of the job was with Melody himself. The singing-

home—he was so dreadfully shocked over it!

He foolishly hoped it might be the last of his trials with his protegee, and Melody, it is true, never did anything so outrageous again; but he continued, for a long time, as unruly and troublesome as he could possibly be. He liked his new clothes and his good dinners, but he did not like the middle-class school in which it was now his privilege to "get his learning," and was often in disgrace for playing truant. Neither did Melody like the practices, so regular and so frequent. He passionately loved singing, in his own "native wood-notes wild," but he hated being drilled and made to practise scales and exercises. Then, too, he was one who seemed to have quiksilver, instead of blood, in his veins, and who found it impossible to sit still. He was for ever fidgeting, and playing pranks on the other boys, and getting into scrapes for his restless habits.

Had it not been for the surpassing beauty of his voice, which made him—from the choir point of view—worth an extra effort to secure, and for Bryant's steady patience and pains with him, Melody Giles would never have attained to being a member of St. Andrew's choir. He would either have taken himself off, or been expelled, long before the period of training was passed.

Bryant, however, took endless pains with him. He alternately coaxed, scolded, and bribed. He gave up his free evenings to fetch him to the boys' separate practices, stayed there till the end to keep him in order, and saw him home to World Court afterwards. He took him to see the Tower and Madame Tussaud's, as rewards for transient gleams of good behavior; and gave him an afternoon at Kew Gardens when the happy day had arrived on which Melody had not to be spoken to once during a practice. He made him an allowance for pocket-money out of his own finances, and withheld it whenever his pensioner did not deserve it. True, it was only a twopenny a week, but it was a mine of wealth in Melody's eyes, and proved one of the most useful agents in his reformation.

Little by little Bryant's efforts began to bear fruit. Melody grew less tiresome and more dependable. Fewer messages came to the Vicar from the master of the United Pimlico Schools, complaining of Giles as a truant and general black sheep; the practices in the choir-vestry were less often pulled up short, because Giles was whistling instead of singing, or was putting out his tongue at the boy opposite. Bryant, who of late had felt life quite a burden, began to breathe freely again, and to experience moments of keen pleasure and pride in his little charge.

Two things were at the bottom of this gradual change. One was love of music. The boy had loved it ever since he was a babe, and he gave him a strange, keen, passionate joy which thrilled his little being from head to foot, to utter his exquisite, soaring notes. At first he had rebelled against the training and discipline of being taught to sing, not only because his lawlessness hated restraints, but also because, child though he was, there was an instinctive pride within him in the speciality of his own gift, and a sort of resentment at its needing to be drilled and schooled.

By degrees Melody began to find out the secrets of art and the power that training gives. He began to know the joy and stimulus of doing things with others; as the savage learns the power and the strength that lie in organized and social life. It grew delightful to him to sing with the other boys. He liked being taught and to find himself able, by degrees, to do new things.

Melody learned, too, to love the man who was so good to him; he grew keenly

anxious to please him, and hung upon his approval with wistful looks. After a while it was no longer needful for Bryant to go and fetch the boy; he would run half way to Brixton to meet his friend, when either of them was due at St. Andrew's; and as soon as ever the lightness and publicity of the church had been exchanged for the seclusion of the evening streets, the small hand would be thrust into the big one, and Melody would escort Bryant as far on the way home as he would allow him to go.

"Mel, he thinks the world of you, Mister Bryant," was Mrs. Giles' testimony. "He's no sooner back from school than it's 'Mother, where's my books?' 'Mother, ain't it time for me to be a-going?' and he'd sooner miss his tea ten times over than not be at the Cross in time enough to meet you. He ain't like the same boy!"

Now and then Bryant wondered whether any sense of that a high and holy calling a chorister's may become were waking up in Melody's heart—whether the true beauty and glory of singing as an offering to God and as part of his worship, had ever dawned on the child's consciousness. Did he know at all that his talent was a gift from God, a gift to be offered back again to the Father's honor?

Bryant felt with a pang that he was not the man to help another to realize this. He had not been in the habit of thinking much, himself, about the higher aspect of the work of choir-singing. His pleasant, dependable, but uninteresting baritone voice was perhaps an index of his views about the calling to which he had devoted it. He had always looked upon the choir as a useful, pleasant, respectable thing to belong to, and an unexceptional means of adding to his income. Now, however, he began to long, now and then, to help Melody to think worthily of it, and that awoke in him the consciousness that his own views about it were not of the highest type.

Bryant was afraid, like most young men, of seeming to "talk sooty"; and Melody was such a chatterbox, that he had little to do, during their walks, but listen to his flow of remarks and answer his questions. Later on, when the brief friendship was over, Bryant thought, with a heavy heart, of the many wasted chances which those talks had offered, and blamed himself that he had not tried more honestly to get hold of that volatile spirit and tie it down to listen to something noble.

He could only recall one occasion on which he had really tried to talk to Melody for his good, and on which the little fibberty-gibbet had seemed, for a moment, serious and impressed. It was a lovely night in May, and they were crossing Vauxhall Bridge. The light on the Clock Tower was shining high in air like a great planet; and the grand reach of the river was flecked and veined with gleams of light, thrown by the countless lamps along its banks and on the other bridges spanning it.

Bryant paused on the bridge to look at the wide view spread out before them, and then Melody burst out, as if he could contain himself no longer: "To think as there should be something about me in them Psalms—it do seem queer, don't it, Mr. Bryant?"

"About you in the Psalms? What on earth do you mean, lad?"

"Why, them words in the Psalms for Sunday evening as the Decaney chaps took so badly and old Lemon 'rade 'em sing over and over again. Didn't I just wish he'd given me the chance to show 'em 'ow they should be sung, that's all!"

"Very likely you'd be doing wrong, too," said Bryant, in a repressive tone. Melody shook himself, and warbled out at the full pitch of his sweet, shrill treble: "'O sing—unto God—with the voice of melody.' Now, weren't that right, mister?"

Weren't that just 'zackly 'ow it should be sung?"

Bryant could not but agree. He took the small singer by the shoulder and moved him forward. "You shut up, youngster; we shall be getting a crowd round us if you tune up like this." He knew well how easy it was for Melody to collect an audience, and feared lest the old love for street-singing should seize on him again.

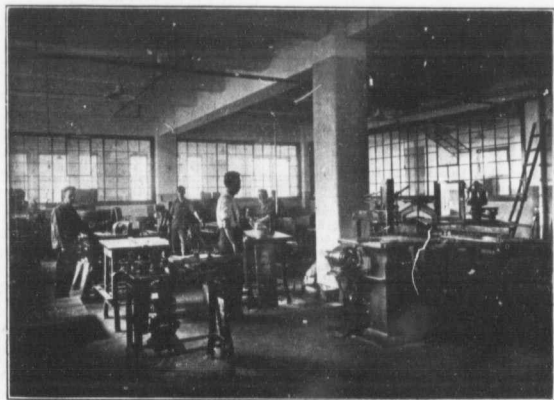
"Well, but what did you mean about the Psalm?" Bryant asked presently.

"Didn't you hear, then?—why, 'the voice of melody,' to be sure. 'That's me, ain't it?'"

"His companion burst into laughter. "Why, you little idiot," he cried, "don't you know the Psalms were written ages before you were born or thought of?"

"Was they, though?" Melody's tone was doubtful and disappointed. He looked quite crestfallen. "Well, I made sure as 'twere me as was told to sing, and no mistake about it," he remarked, after a pause. "'Ow should I know as them Psalms wasn't written for us St. Andrew's boys to sing?"

"Haven't you learnt about it at the Vicar's class—about King David and how he wrote the Psalms?"



IN THE NEW WESLEY BUILDINGS.

Electro and stereo room, where all the plates are made.

"No, I wasn't never taught nothink about it—not a word," replied Melody, in an injured tone, as if the fault were entirely the Vicar's. "I don't see as 'tis anythink to larf at, Mister Bryant, I can't know everything, all in a minute, now can I?"

Bryant choked down his desire to laugh, for he was tender of Melody's feelings. Besides, here was an occasion that clearly ought to be improved, if he could only see how to do it judiciously. "Well, old chap," he said slowly, putting a kind hand on the boy's shoulder, "I didn't mean to laugh at you. And you are not so far wrong, I reckon, either. Those words were meant for you, do you see, quite as much as if they had been written for you. They come out of the Bible; and Bible words are—well, they are different to other words, and they are meant for everybody, and have got things in them to help everybody to be good. And so, don't you see?" Bryant began to hurry, for it was one of Melody's ways that he couldn't listen to more than some ten words at a stretch, and he feared lest the boy might dart away from him across the street, or begin whooping and whist-

ling at the top of his voice—"it's meant to tell you to sing to—to God's glory, and so that you may do Him honor, because He likes to have His praises sung in His House."

Melody squared his elbows and looked defiant. "I sings to get a good dinner and some money for mother—that's wot I sings for!" he answered, in a dogged tone.

Bryant was taken aback by this candid avowal. It was honest, certainly, but it was sadly heathenish, and showed in an unmistakable and startling way, how much there was for Melody still to learn, and what a little unrelaxed savage he was at bottom.

"Oh, come now, lad, don't say that—you don't really mean it, do you, out and out?"

"Yees, I means it," replied Melody, but his tone was less dogged, and his little face began to pucker itself up with a queer look of sympathy. The real distress in Bryant's voice had not been lost on his quick ears.

"Oh, but Melody, see here—I know I'm not the fellow to speak of these things. I'm a deal too much like you about my singing, and that's the truth! But I do believe that there's more in it than that.

"Don't know, gov'nor—don't like giving no promises," replied the irrepressible gamgin, with a droll look and a knowing wag of the head; but at the same time he caught Bryant's hand in both his little rough paws, and squeezed it with all his might; so that his fingers might be said to be giving the assurance which his lips declined.

This talk had taken place some time ago; and since then Melody had, on the whole, showing himself more manageable and docile, and his saucy looks and independent tones had been less to the fore.

And now, this Sunday evening was, it seemed to Bryant, to see the crown of his labors and the end of his worries and anxieties. Little Giles was to sing the solo in the anthem, and a difficult solo, too—no less an undertaking than, "Oh, for the Wings," in Wesley's *Widerness*. Bryant had been delighted when he heard Mr. Lemon say, "Giles, you are to take the treble solo on Sunday evening," and it was a proud and happy moment, though an anxious one, when he beheld the slim childish figure standing up alone, with the head well thrown back and the small shoulders set square and steady.

Bryant had already caught sight of Mrs. Giles' spare, anxious face, under the rusty widow's bonnet, in the side aisle. It was the first time, he believed, that she had ever ventured over to St. Andrew's for a Sunday service; Melody's description of the furs, flowers, and feathers marshalled in the fashionable West-end church had hitherto frightened her away. It was plain, however, that the greatness of the occasion had given her courage to appear.

There was a flush on Melody's face, and an extra restlessness in his eyes, which showed that he also was somewhat nervous. He nudged the boy next him during the Second Lesson, and giggled in a way that brought a frown on the curate's face; and his brown fingers kept fidgeting unceasingly at the leaves of the music-books. But with the first notes of his solo it was plain that his alarms all vanished. He lifted up his face, and fixed his eyes on some point high up among the rafters of the church, and all consciousness of himself and of the ranks of listening people drifted away from him. He forgot himself entirely in his music, and his exquisite notes flowed out with the same sort of freedom and spontaneity as those of a blackbird warbling in a bush, with only the woodlands to listen. It seemed to Bryant as if "Oh for the Wings" could never before have been so beautifully rendered, and that he had never known till then what a treasure of a voice this child possessed. The hush in the church, and the atmosphere of rapt attention which pervaded it, proved that the congregation agreed with him. They almost seemed to hold their breaths to listen.

Altogether, our friend Bryant had never in his life felt more pleased and elated than he did that Sunday evening. "He's fairly launched—he'll do now," was indeed a thought of relief. If Melody played pranks in the future, and got into scrapes, a great deal would be forgiven and overlooked from the owner of singing-powers like those. And, moreover, the boy had gained some wisdom which might act as ballast. He had discovered his own powers, and was learning to take a pride in himself. He knew now that it was worth his while to be steady and behave well. Bryant felt he might be at rest about him. He walked home with his mother and sister—who had come from Brixton on purpose to hear little Giles—and a young lady with dark eyes and a lively manner, who was a friend of Rhoda's—with a cheerful heart.

CHAPTER III.

The choir practising-room at St. Andrew's, Landport Street, was one over the vestry, a large, lofty place, well adapted for its purpose. The choir was assembled there one night in the winter following that summer evening when Melody Giles had first sung the treble solo. They had some special music to practise for the services on Christmas Day.

The great-coats were all off, the books were opened, and Mr. Lemon had seated himself at the organ, when some one remarked, in a tone of surprise, "Why, where's Giles?—little Giles isn't here."

The organist stopped and turned around. "Not here?—why he knows we depend on him for all the treble solos! He promised me faithfully not to be late. Bryant, what has Giles done with himself?"

The eyes of all the other choirmen and most of the boys had already been turned in Bryant's direction. No doubt it was the consciousness of their looks that

Bryant, he's worth his weight in gold to us!"

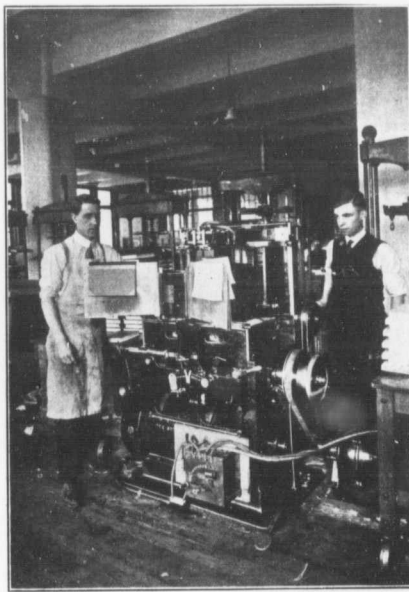
"I'm not my brother's keeper, whatever you may say," growled Bryant in an aside to his next neighbor, and then the practice proceeded.

The second best boy had to take Giles' solos, for the hour chimed itself away on the clock overhead, and the little curly-headed singer did not appear. Mr. Lemon was in a bad humor, and nobody could please him. Melody's substitute wished himself anywhere else before the practice was concluded.

Bryant's temper cooled down as the minutes wore away and he began to grow anxious about his little friend. A remembrance of the child's face, on the Sunday previous, rose up suddenly before his mind's eye and made him feel sad and uncomfortable. Melody, he now bethought himself, had not looked a bit like his usual saucy careless self. His face had been pinched and puckered, and his lips were trembling. Once or twice Bryant had looked up and found the boy's eyes fixed on him with a strange, questioning, dis-trustful look in them, as if he had something weighing heavily on his mind, some secret which he longed to tell and could not. Once or twice, too, when the file of boys rose from their knees, a conviction had come to Bryant that Melody had been crying within the shelter of his folded arms. Bryant had not seen Melody during the interval, or thought again, till now, of his weebegone face.

It is one of the most blessed of the truths about our human nature, that we can never make a generous, unselfish effort for the good of another, without its in some way acting back upon ourselves. The kindness and thought which Bryant had been led to spend on the little South London gamgin, had waked up his own power of loving and made his own nature quicken and expand. Without knowledge why, he had begun to feel the need of having some one of his very own to love and take thought for, and had, not long since, become engaged to be married. The lady of his choice was the dark-eyed girl, Rhoda's friend, who had come to St. Andrew's that summer evening to hear Melody Giles sing. Rhoda and she had done the same many times since, and the result of walks home together had been as aforesaid.

Perhaps Bryant might have made a wiser choice—at any rate the course of his love affair had not run altogether smooth, and there had been a good many ups and downs in it. During the last three months our friend had lost a good deal of his sleekness and general self-complacency; and showed it by grumbling



IN THE NEW WESLEY BUILDINGS.

Casting in machine, showing books in process of binding.

made him redden, and answer, in a tone of irritation, "How should I know? I don't hold myself responsible for that little monkey!"

"Don't you, then? We, most of us, hold you so," retorted Mr. Lemon, who was a hot-tempered man, and quickly roused to a peppery reply. He was annoyed at Giles' absence, which was both unlooked-for and very inconvenient. He had given the little soloist a separate practice only the evening before, and made him promise solemnly not to be late on any account whatever.

"Well, I shall fine him a double amount when he does appear, the little rascal," snapped Mr. Lemon, flinging himself round on his stool again. "You ought to look after him better than this,

very own to love and take thought for, and had, not long since, become engaged to be married. The lady of his choice was the dark-eyed girl, Rhoda's friend, who had come to St. Andrew's that summer evening to hear Melody Giles sing. Rhoda and she had done the same many times since, and the result of walks home together had been as aforesaid.

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at his meals and being generally snappish at home.

It is not a very nice phase for people to go through—the waking up to the worries of life and to the consciousness that we can no longer take our own way quietly through the world, but have got to carry another along with us and to reckon with another's vagaries and suit one's self to their whims and fancies; but it is a lesson that most of us have to learn, sooner or later. A great deal of our subsequent usefulness and pleasantness as fellow-travellers depends upon how we learn it.

Bryant was not, at present, learning his lesson very well. He was heartily in love with his Milly, and was straining every nerve to please and satisfy her—without always thoroughly succeeding—but he was inclining to let other duties take their chance and to forget that life had other and older obligations in it—ties which had been laid on him before ever he fell in love.

Among other things, he was tempted to forget his duty towards his little *pratee* in the choir. His feeling of interest in him had slackened a bit, and he felt it a bore to have him so constantly in attendance. It was time Melody began to stand alone, Bryant said in his own mind, and learnt to look after himself! It was rather a nuisance to have the little chap perpetually on the watch to walk with him to and from the choir-practices; and besides, there was always the chance, now, that Milly might have been inclined to stroll up from Brixton, in order to meet him outside the church and walk home with him. Then, too, there was now the future home to save up for—and Milly had rather grand ideas as to what was the "right thing" in the way of a drawing-room suite and other requirements—so that it was not convenient to spend shillings and sixpences on treats, as heretofore.

Melody was not slow to find out the change in his friend; and his poor little feelings were sadly wounded.

"Don't wait for me, to-night, to-night. I've got—an engagement, and we can't walk home together," was often said to him now, at the end of a practice, instead of, "You come along with me, old chap!" and he did not like it at all.

It took him a little time to find out what was at the bottom of the change which so woefully affected himself. When he discovered that it was because "Mister Bryant, he were sweet upon a young 'oman," his disgust knew no bounds. He used to slip out of the church, after a service or practice, among the first, and run down the street to a convenient archway, where he would stand in the shadow and watch the rest go by. When Bryant came along, the boy would slip out after him and dog his footsteps as noiselessly as a shadow. If he saw him joined by a smartly-dressed young man, with high heels and a rainbow-tinted hat, the little shadow would stop, with his face scowling and his shoulders working, and stand watching the pair, with an expression painfully intense and angry to be borne by so childish a countenance, and uttering naughty words under his breath. If, however, Bryant went on his way alone, Melody would follow him on and on, through the streets, over the bridge, and through the streets again, as if he could not make up his mind to lose sight of him. How little Bryant thought, when he was footing the familiar way, so many times, during those autumn evenings, with his head full of thoughts and plans, hopes and anxieties, for the future, that those little footsteps were following his, and that that child-like thought, which he had brought about so many changes and wakened such a treasure of love, was beating but a few paces off.

During the week on which that evening fell when Melody was missing from

the choir-practice, poor Bryant had been having a very bad time of it. A regular tiff had taken place, and Miss Milly had threatened to send back her ring and break off the engagement. This had naturally driven poor Bryant well-nigh distracted, and there was much excuse for him if, under these heart-rending circumstances, everything else had been clean forgotten, and if Melody Giles' unhappy face had made no lasting impression on his mind.

It came back to him however, that Thursday evening, with a throb of real compunction; and it was the uneasiness of his conscience about the child which

called on the "first-floor back." It was therefore no shock to him to have the door opened by a woman whose face he did not know; but it was a shock, and a painful one, to be met—in reply to his enquiry for Mrs. Giles—by the answer, "She don't live 'ere."

"Doesn't live here?" echoed Bryant. "But there must be some mistake. I know she does!"

"There ain't nobody of that name living here—that I'll take my Bible oath of," returned his informant, in a surly tone. Her hands were all over soap-suds, late though it was, and she was fain to get back to her scrubbing.



ON THE CANAL, BRANTFORD.

Amateur photo. Negative by C. D. Chittenden, Brantford.

made him so hotly anxious to disown responsibility for him.

During the practice, a regular tiff was going on within him. On the one side a voice was saying, "You had better go and look up that boy to-night. He may be ill, or in a scrape of some sort; it may be important to lose no time." On the other side a voice said: "You have only just got things right with Milly—only last night. She'll be expecting you to call as you go home, and maybe there'll be a fuss if you don't." All the time that Bryant, with his lips, was singing the glorious Christmas music out of the *Messiah*, these two voices were arguing together in his heart, and he was seeing-sawing to and fro, inclining now to one side and now to the other.

He was still undecided when the practice was over and he was in the streets again. At the corner of Landport Street he halted, looking this way and that. An omnibus which would take him almost to the corner of the street where Milly lived, lope in sight, and pulled up close to where he stood. "I'll go after that boy to-morrow night, without fail," said Bryant to himself, and he jumped into the omnibus and was speedily at his destination.

CHAPTER IV.

World Court is the narrow alley conceivable to be lined on either side by human habitations. The dwellers in its tiny, two-storied houses, could easily shake hands with their neighbors across the way out of their upper windows. It is hard to believe that two, and in some cases three families, inhabit each of those minute dwellings.

The one in which Mrs. Giles lived had three sets of inhabitants, and Bryant never could master the science of the number of knocks required to indicate a

"But I can't understand," said Bryant, bewildered. "I mean a widow and one boy, living in the back room upstairs, named Giles."

"Well, they ain't there now, that's sure, cos' the room's empty. I s'pose they've moved away."

"Do you know where Mrs. Giles is gone, then? Can you give me her address?"

His informant laughed. "'Tain't likely! Why, I only moved in 'ere myself this very morning, and I've come from over Westminster. I've took the 'ouse.'"

"Perhaps the people in the front room might know?" suggested Bryant anxiously.

"Not they; they've come in along w'ith me—the landlord's been making a clean sweep, that's what it is."

Bryant stood silent a minute, feeling very uncomfortable. "When did they move?" he asked, after a pause.

The landlady was just shutting the door. "Last night," she answered, through the crack, "and a fine filthy mess they've left the place in! I'm that bothered I don't know which way to turn." With which semi-apology the door was shut, and Bryant left standing in the street.

He knocked up the people opposite, and those at No. 9, but could get no information as to whether the Gileses had flitted. Nobody could tell him anything about them, except that they had been the last of the old tenants to leave the house, and that it had been late in the evening before they were finally gone.

The only chink of light which fell on the situation, was thrown by the sour-looking, elderly female who opened the door to him at No. 9. She owned to knowing the widow, which the folks opposite would barely do, but in answer to his question, "Did she leave her new address with you?" she replied severely, "'Tain't my habit, young man, to go giving infor-

mation about folks' private affairs. Mrs. Giles she might have give it to me, or she might not; but I'm not prepared for to say nothing further. She give me to understand as she didn't want no questions asked, and I'm not going to answer 'em."

Completely baffled, Bryant left World Court, and took his way home to Brixton with a heavy heart. What weighed upon him most of all were those two little words, "Last night," with all that they represented of lost opportunity and stifled conscience. If he had only gone to World Court the evening before, he should have caught the pair before they departed, and, face to face with the shrinking Mrs. Giles, he felt convinced he should have got to the bottom of the mystery. Now it was probably just a question of whether Melody chose to present himself at St. Andrew's again, whether they ever got their lovely treble back.

Bryant felt he had a very poor story to tell when he went to the Vicar and organist the next day, and had to confess that Melody Giles had completely disappeared. His heart was sore and heavy and his conscience troubled, and he made no attempt now to disclaim his special interest in and responsibility for the child.

There were lamentations on all sides, and both the Vicar and Mr. Lemon went

to do without him. A new boy was discovered and the loss of the leading treble was less of a disaster to the singing at St. Andrew's Church than might have been expected. Melody's name was no longer mentioned in the practising-room and no one thought much about him save Ernest Bryant. Though he seldom spoke of him, even to Milly, he thought of him very often, and never without keen regret.

Three months passed and Easter was at hand. March, that year, ended with keen and bitter weather, with a piercing east wind that found out people's chests and gave them coughs and colds. Bryant had left the choir-room one evening, and was proceeding down the street, with his coat-collar turned up about his ears and his head well down to avoid the bitter blast, when some one stole out of an archway—the archway where Melody had been wont to conceal himself—and laid a hand on his arm.

Bryant only saw it was a woman and a stranger, and was about to shake himself free and pass on, when a voice said, "Don't you know me, sir? I'm—I'm—"

A sob interrupted the speaker's words, but Bryant knew the voice.

"Melody's mother!" he cried, stopping dead. "Where is he? Where's Melody? What have you done with him?" Bryant's

worth his weight in gold at the 'all, and about 'ow much he'd make it worth his while to sing for him, and what he'd give him for doing it. Fust it were one pound a week, and then it were two."

"But it would only have been for the season, you know—not for all the year round, or anything like it. I suppose you understood that?"

"I—I 'ardly know, sir, but any way 'twere a lot for the likes of us."

"And what did Melody say to him?"

"Oh, at fust 'e stood up as bold as a lion, and say 'No, thanky, I'm a St. Andrew's choir boy, and they've done a lot for me there, and I'm a-going to stick to 'em, I arn!' he sez. 'Whatever would Mr. Bryant say to me if I was to cut and run?' he sez."

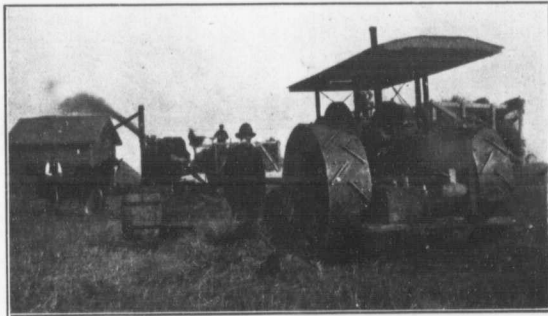
"Ah, I thought he was the right sort," cried Bryant, pleased. "And what did you say?"

Mrs. Giles moaned again. Then she caught hold of the young man's arm, and looked imploringly in his face. "Oh, Mister Bryant, sir, don't be too 'ard on me! Just think what it looked like to be handing two pound a week—his little gentleman 'ad done, it were two pound ten—me, as can't never earn more'n twelve shillings at the best, and that not for above eight weeks in the year! And two of us to keep out of it! But, indeed, I didn't say much to him arter the fust, when I did beg and pray of him to do as the gentleman wanted, I'll own—'cos I saw as he were so determined like against it, 't wasn't no good talking. But, gradual like I could see as he were a-comin' round. Arter a bit he didn't seem half so set upon the choir as he used to be, and he got that low-spirited and down-hearted he wasn't like the same boy. I couldn't think what were come to 'im. And then, one Sunday night—it were just afore Christmas—" "Ah," said Bryant, under his breath, as if something were hurting him—"Melody, 'e come home very quiet like, and 'e sat down on 'is stool by the fire, and leaned 'is 'ead against the wall, and looked that bad as I thought 'e must be going to have the measles. And presently he sez: 'Mother, if you please, you can send that coveword as I'll sing at 'is 'all if 'e wants to 'ave me'—and upon that 'e began to cry, and 'e sobbed fit to break 'is 'eart. So I sez: 'Mel, my boy, don't you go and let me over-persuade you. Two pound ten a week is two pound ten, out I'm not one as wants you to forget old friends, and if you feel as Mr. Bryant wouldn't like it, why, you'd best stick to the choir,' I'm glad like, now, as I said that to 'im," commented the poor woman, pausing and wiping her streaming eyes with the corner of her apron. "I should 'ave thought gone mad these last days, if I'd felt as 'twere all along of my over-persuadin' 'im."

"Oh, but it isn't, it isn't," cried Bryant. "There are others more to blame than you."

Mrs. Giles looked at him for a moment, with a sort of dull surprise, not kept enough to make her ask him what he meant. "I'm glad I spoke like that to 'im," she repeated, in her plaintive tones; "but Melody, 'e spoke up quite sharp like. 'Mother, sez 'e there, sez 'nobody in the world as cares a rat about me, only you, and I'm a-going to do the best for you as I knows how. You'll be able to sit at home and live like a queen, whilst I'm earning all that money."

"So the next day I went round to the gentleman, sir—Mr. De Lacey were his name—and he were so pleased that 'e got in on the spot. And Mel, 'e were advertised all about the place, sir, as 'The London Sky-Lark,' and my 'ie, 'e did look pretty, a-singing all alone on that there stage, in a suit o' green and gold, and 'is 'air all brushed out and curled with the 'ot tongs.



THRESHING FLAX IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Amateur photo. Negative by W. J. Ruston, Lemberg, Sask.

themselves to make enquiries in World Court and did all they could think of to trace the missing boy, but to no avail. "The person at No. 9" became quite a public character, so many attempts were made to force or wheedle out of her the knowledge which she was supposed to possess. But that the Gileses had "moved away" was all the information about them which came to hand.

At every practice and service Melody was watched for.

Bryant had never in his life been so unhappy. He thought of Melody night and day, and reproached himself for his neglect of him. He absented himself from several practices, and actually failed to appear at one whole Sunday's services, because it hurt him too much to see little Giles' place vacant and hear the singing proceed without the glory of his exquisite voice. He spent evening after evening walking about the streets in the neighborhood of the Walk, hoping against hope that somehow or other he should happen upon the boy or his mother.

But no wonder can be expected to live more than nine days, and by degrees the wonder over what had become of Melody Giles faded into the background. The little word of which, for a brief space he had formed an important part, learnt

tone was rough from sheer excitement. He seized Mrs. Giles' arm in so tight a grip that it hurt her through her thin shawl. His eyes glared fiercely in the widow's face. "Tell me what you've done with him," he repeated.

Mrs. Giles gave another moaning sob. The lamplight showed that her poor thin face was stained with tears, almost past recognition. She was the very embodiment of grief. "Oh, sir, don't—don't look at me like that," she sobbed, "I—I can't bear it. My boy's in the hospital, and they've put up his name in the 'all, as shows as they 'ave'n't any 'opes of him, and—'and whatever shall I do?'"

There was a cask standing under the archway, which formed the entrance of a cooper's yard. Bryant made the weeping woman sit down upon it, and planted himself before her. "Tell me all about it," he said.

Mrs. Giles' story came out in incoherent snatches, but by a few questions Bryant managed to piece it together. "There all along of that fellow from the Royal Albert, sir—the Royal Albert Music 'All, down the Boro'—'twere an unlucky day for me when 'e took up with Melody and found out 'ow 'e could sing. 'E kep' callin' and callin', sir, and pesterin' me and the boy. 'E wouldn't give us no peace. 'E kep' on sayin' as 'ow Melody he'd be

It made me cry only to look at 'im, sir, and all the folks said 'e were just like a angel."

"But why on earth did you move away from World Court, and hide up where you were going?" asked Bryant, severely. He felt there was little need for him to put this question—the reason why was obvious enough—but he wanted to make the widow tell him herself.

Poor Mrs. Giles reddened and stammered: "Why—why, you see, sir, I—I we didn't want—it didn't seem no good, sir—Mel, he'd quite made up 'is mind—it wasn't no good to have folks a-coming and a-trying—"

"The fact was," interrupted her companion, "you knew very well that we should be coming after him, and you did not wish to run the risk of his being persuaded to change his mind again."

The widow only answered by a sob, of which the utter misery smote on Bryant's heart and made him feel ashamed of his momentary hardness. "I'm very sorry for you," he said, gently, laying his hand on her shoulder. "And I'm afraid you have not had the chance of enjoying his earnings for long. When was he taken ill?"

Melody's mother started up for her seat on the cask as if some one had called her. "Oh, he's maybe dying at this minute," she cried, wringing her hands, "and me not there!" "Sister," said "wasn't likely as he'd last through the night. But I did it to please 'im. 'Mother, fetch Mr. Bryant," he sez, over and over again, and so I sez: 'Yes, Mel, I will.' 'You'll catch him at the church,' sez 'e; and so I come'd away, though it went to my heart to leave 'im all alone in that there big place, and 'im dying. But the nurse she were kind, and she sez: 'I'll not leave him for a minute, till you comes back. Will you come along with me, sir?'"

As they went on their way towards St. Thomas' Hospital, Bryant heard that Melody had not been there that month at the music hall before he began to look ill, and started a cough. The heat of the huge gas-lighted place, the late hours, and the strain and excitement of singing to such large audiences, told almost immediately on his slight frame. He lay on the bed or sat by the fire all day, till it was time for the hall, too languid to care to go out. And then there had come an evening—it was only a week ago—when the wind was so bitter, and his cold so bad that his mother had done her best to persuade him to let her go round to the hall and ask for him to be excused. But Melody would not hear of it. "No, no, Mother, I've got to go," he said. "Why, they can't get along w/out me. There'd be no end of a row if the 'London Skylark' wasn't there!" Mr. De Lacey looked that black that night when he caught me a-coughing, and there wasn't no good in pretending as I hadn't got a cold. He said as it would lose him fifty pounds if I couldn't sing—'fifty pounds, only fancy! My eye, to think as I'm worth all that! So you shut up, Mother, there's a good old gal!"

So, when eight o'clock came, Melody had dragged himself up off the bed, and she had gone with him to the hall, and waited about for him in the draughty passages till the performance was over. Next morning he was in a burning fever, and light-headed, and the doctor whom she called in told her to get a cab, and take him at once to the hospital. "Double pneumonia" was what the nurses told her—inflammation of both lungs—and now, that morning, when she reached the hospital, there was his name on a card inside the porter's little glass house, as one of those whose friends had leave to visit them at any hour. And she needed no telling what that meant.

The many windows of the many great lofty blocks that form St. Thomas' Hos-

pital were blazing brightly as Bryant and Mrs. Giles crossed the bridge. Shifting patches and long, shivering lines of light were thrown from them across the dark face of the river, over which the keen east wind was driving and sweeping in eddying gusts. Bryant shivered and tugged at his coat-collar as the piercing blast met the forgetful bridge, full of face. But the widow hurried on, with her shawl falling back on her shoulders and her rusty veil streaming behind her, all unconscious of the cold. The sight of the hospital in which her boy lay dying had made her forgetful of everything save the longing to get back to him. She had ran across the bridge; Bryant found it difficult to keep pace with her.

The ward was hushed and ordered for the night when the two companions entered. A nurse who was doing something at a side table came forward and held up her finger warningly.

Bryant, had never been in a hospital ward before. The warm, still atmosphere—such a contrast to the keen, windy night without—the faint smell of disinfectants—the long, long vista of small beds, dimly seen under the shaded light, with a head on each pillow, with the revelation of a new world to him. He paused in the doorway, shy, bewildered, almost awe-struck. It was such a strange pathetic scene of pain and weakness.

The widow, who was stealing over the polished floor on the tips of her shuffling, creaking shoes, looked back and beckoned to him to follow her. He did so, moving on past the little beds, without venturing to lift his eyes to look at any of their occupants. A moan from one of them struck him like a blow.

About half way down the left-hand side of the ward, there was a break in the line of beds where a couple of corners were set round one of them, making a little sort of room apart—a tiny nook of privacy to die in. The widow's black figure paused a moment here, and then disappeared between the curtains. Bryant bowed her, and came to a stand at the foot of the bed.

A candle had been placed on the table by the bedside, and its light fell strongly on one side of Melody's little shrunken face, and threw a huge shadow of his familiar profile up the red screen, above the nurse's head. They had cut most of his hair off, but had left a tuft on his forehead, over which it drooped, damp and spiritless, with all the whimsical defiance gone out of it. He was propped almost upright in bed; his head hung limply on one side; his eyes were closed and the breath came, with long panting sounds, from between his parted lips. It was such a dying, pathetic face! Bryant had to clench his fists and struggle with himself to control his sobs.

"He's a little easier than he was," whispered the nurse, who was sitting beside the bed. She had such a kind face; and Melody's faint, nervous face looked so confidingly in her warm, tender grasp. "He knew me, a little while ago, and looked at me quite sensibly. He's having a little sleep now, poor lamb."

So they stood by the bed and watched him. Now and then the soft footfall of the nurse's dress passed up and down the ward, or some patient in a neighboring bed stirred in his sleep and moaned; but these low sounds only seemed to make the silence within that red-curtained alcove more solemn, and the strangeness of the scene on which Bryant was looking more strange.

Bryant's eyes had wandered, after a long look, from Melody's face, to consider the nurse with admiration and wonder, when suddenly he became aware, by the change of her look, that some alteration was taking place in the dying child. With a strange thrill, he found that

Melody's eyes were open and fixed upon him. The nurse signed to him with her finger, and shyly and awkwardly drew nearer to the bed, and laid his big, warm hand on the child's.

"Do you know me, dear old chap?" he asked, in a whisper.

Melody just nodded, but no greeting came on his face, and the look of woe in his eyes grew more and more intense. He struggled to speak. "I've not been—singing—unto God—with the voice of melody," he whispered, with long pauses for breath between his words. "I think it's been—to—the other one."

"No, no, dear," muttered Bryant, on the top of a sob.

"And it's—too late now. I can't—sing—not one note." Melody shaped his parched and dying lips into the old pretty round, and a faint, far-away, husky sound, which was indescribably mournful, came from between them. He looked at Bryant with his dim, woe-filled eyes, in which something very like despair was written. A child in despair is a sight not to be borne.

Bryant felt as if his heart would break, as he could not stand it any longer, and must rush away somewhere, to be alone and cry. But if ever human eyes said, "Help me, if I ever's any help in you," Melody's eyes said so then. Once before Ernest Bryant had let those eyes plead in vain, too much absorbed in his own troubles to notice their appeal. He would at last try not to fail them now, if there were any power in him to succor in such an extremity.

Without a thought of the presence of others, he dropped on his knees by the bed. "Dear old man," he said, speaking low but clearly to reach the falling ears: "we've all done wrong things, but Jesus Christ died to save us, and He is near by now—nearer to you than I am. He knows you are sorry, and He loves to forgive—you may be sure of that." He could hardly see Melody's face through his blinking tears, but he could tell that the dark eyes were fixed upon him with a brightening look, that the cloud of misery was beginning to break.

"Will He let me—sing to Him—*there*?"

"Yes, indeed, dear, indeed, dear He will. They are always singing His praises over there, and you'll be one of them."

"They'll sing as it were a new song, before the Throne and before the Lamb," broke in the nurse's kind voice, from the other side of the bed; and Melody turned his eyes from one loving face to the other, and the smile—the old happy smile—began to dawn on his lips.

"I want to say—Our Father—I can't—remember—"

he whispered; and they said it for him, with weeping eyes, but grave, steady, and true as he died.

He was asleep before they had finished, and in his sleep, with one little sigh, he died.

Is it a poor little commonplace story, and ending sadly? Well, so it may be, in its outward seeming, as futile and commonplace as lives which are being lived around us every day. But there is no commonplace in even the shortest, most insignificant life, if we look at it, not in its outward circumstances, but its bearing on and influence over the lives of others. So that touch, and that smile each other, often without knowing it themselves; and so the divine spark is handed on from generation to generation. And if, in after years, those who really knew Ernest Bryant knew him to be a humble, sincere Christian man, and one who was never weary of trying to help and watch over any young boy or lad who came in his way, he, if he could have spoken of it, would have told that the moment of his soul's awakening was beside the dying bed of Melody Giles.—In "The Sunday at Home."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS

Growing

What has been nature's greatest suggestion during the last few weeks or months? The title of this paragraph is the answer. What growth there has been. Nature is busy. If we had senses capable of hearing nature at work the world would be a noisy place indeed. Growth is God's plan. We like to see and we like to hear things are growing.

Jesus often used nature's growing habit to illustrate the Kingdom of Heaven. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The early Church grew. We are to grow in grace and up into Christ, our living head.

Let us keep growing. There is much to attain, much to conquer.

Bear in mind that growth is not always uniform. There are times when its progress is accelerated. There is no growth in winter for nature. There are periods in our lives when we feel that it is "winter," but that, too, is a part of God's plan.

Let us see that we meet the conditions for growth. God will be true. We have a right to look for growth.

Growing Slowly

"I believe we can gain strength by growing slowly," said the president of a society in considering the advisability of a "special campaign" for members. There is a good deal in that remark.

Human nature loves display. Our natural vanity comes to the front on every occasion possible. To get thirty or forty new members, to run up to unprecedented figures in our financing, sounds so well and appeals so strongly to human nature that few can resist the temptation. But what about the staying qualities of things? How has the principle of virtue been strengthened? One or two quietly gained may mean more than a dozen rushed into a church together.

The things that last take a long time to make. Plutarch tells in the life of Pericles of a painter who boasted to Zeuxis of the celerity with which he despatched his pieces. The great painter replied: "If I boast it shall be of the slowness with which I finish mine."

Some boast about how quickly they can learn their lessons, get up addresses, or do their work; but as a general thing this is the kind of work that will not bear examination, or will not bear good fruit. The oaks grow slowly, but stay a long time. Rome was not built in a day. The best hope for church work or any other good work lies in steady, patient toil. We must not let our light burn dimly any time. "All at it, and always at it," said Wesley.

A Lesson from Transplanting

"Those trees were too old to transplant." This was the explanation offered concerning a number of trees that had been set out in a town and had died out within a year or two. In the case of a number of other trees the report was that not one of them had died. They had come from an Experimental Farm and had been taken up at the proper time. Thus the difference. There is a law about all this. Earth and vegetation have laws to observe.

In dealing with human lives certain conditions must be observed. Not only does the soul need to be under the proper environment, but it needs to be there at the right time—"now." If the time for this transplanting is past the change may prove disastrous. Unless we take a high place in our aims and ideals early in life we may lose all. Foundations must be laid early, and our life principles built on them. If our lives are to bear lasting fruit they must be early planted in places favorable for growth. "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

Making a Home

For the last few days I have noticed two people going, sometimes together, sometimes apart, back and forth on the street. Their objective is a small cottage just a block or so away. Guess who they just? I will tell you. They were lately married. They are getting their home—not house—furnished. How happy they are. This work seems to fill all their spare time. Plans about how they are going to have things abound in their thoughts. They have been looking forward to this for months, perhaps for years.

What better way to employ time than to build a home? When our young people reach the right age this is the course we like to see them taking. To enter into a life's partnership without planning for the building and furnishing of a home is to court disaster for all happiness. There is something ennobling, purifying and uplifting about true love, and when that crystallizes around a home it becomes an unending spring of happiness.

While our natures are what they are, while men and women continue to find helpmates in each other we will see "homes" established; let it be with love and honor.

An Old Question

"Why did you make a fool of yourself?" This question was asked Wendell Phillips by Dr. Theodore Parker. Phillips as is well known was a famous reform orator and abolitionist. Dr. Parker was a famous Unitarian minister.

Phillips had been espousing the cause of "Women's Rights." This was in the early days of such agitation as votes for women. Phillips was fearless and lent the weight and influence of his eloquence and logic for this reform. After returning from the convention Dr. Parker asked him the above question.

To this Phillips replied: "Theodore, this is the greatest question of the ages, you ought to understand it." He did understand it too, and suffered a great deal in his advocacy of what he believed was the truth.

Lack of this question about making fools of ourselves is the eternal principle of vicious suffering and sacrifice for the sake of conscience. Prophets, priests, and men of faith and purity in every age have made fools of themselves—in the estimation of the worldly wise. And every man who values his conscience more than his convenience will continue to do so as long as the ages last.

Self-Confidence

"State definitely what you can do. A man who can do anything can usually do nothing very well. There is one thing you can do better than anyone else." This was the advice given in a daily paper to those looking for work.

There is danger of being too confident we all know, but there is also danger in not having confidence enough in ourselves. Emerson used to rebuke men for being timid and apologetic. While we are thinking about our own deficiencies, we must not forget that other people have them too. We can call things square in that respect, and go forward faithfully trying to do our best.

The day that we find that we can do something no one else can do we will take a step higher on the ladder of success. Baden-Powell, the great Scout leader, tells the boys that if they want to keep ahead in the race they must have plenty of self-confidence. He lays stress on this. Other people may do things too, but there is some part of the world's work that we are better fitted to do than any other. Let us find our sphere—our plot—and work it faithfully.

One-Sided People

A photographer is responsible for the statement that nearly everybody is physically one-sided. That is his way of putting it. We are aware that there are very few perfect models. We are glad that life's work can be accomplished with credit, even in the face of great defects and infirmities.

But is not this one-sidedness even more apparent in people's tastes, opinions and convictions? One of the old prophets put the case very graphically when he compared his compatriots to a "cake not turned." That is to say, they were overdone on one side and "raw" on the other. Their patriotism was highly developed, but their ethics were crude and undeveloped.

We have just passed through some great political campaigns. Have we read any one-sided reports and editorials? Have we heard any one-sided speeches and arguments? There is some excuse for one-sided natural defects, but for deliberate cultivation of a defect we can see no possible justification. How much we like to hear on our political hustings the well-balanced, statesman-like views of a sincerely honest man.

Now and then, even in prosperous Canada, we meet a man who thinks the world is growing worse. He cannot see things in any other way. He welcomes negative evidence and repudiates the positive. He is never hopeful. Others again are pre-eminently optimistic. The world is all set in rosy hues. Progress is sure, and forthwith he need not give any concern about the conditions. One-sided again.

We meet people one-sided in their religious views. One is a ritualist, another of the evangelistic type. They cultivate the one-sided trait and pull farther and farther away from each other. So we have all kinds of religious opinions in seeming contradiction. They are only over-emphasized aspects. We need to see good in each other and to learn that we need each other's help in order to arrive at right views. We are members one of another.

Life is a study in balances. We must be careful to avoid one-sided ways of looking at things. Our beings are complex and demand their satisfactions from many different fountains. "More life and fuller" is what we need.

Credo

EPWORTH LEAGUE TOPICS

The Employer and a Nation Building

Deut. 8: 7-20.

STUDY IN THE CITIZENSHIP DEPARTMENT FOR AUGUST.

REV. J. H. HAZLEWOOD, D.D.

"Times have changed." Of no department of life is this truer than of what we call Business. The introduction of machinery has revolutionized the whole industrial world. The terms employer and employee have a different meaning to-day, than they had a half century ago. The line between employer and employee was not so clearly defined then as to-day. Our large industrial establishments, our extensive railway lines, and similar enterprises, controlled by gigantic corporations with a long list of stockholders, have created conditions that are extremely complicated. Many of these stockholders are not at all interested in the great questions that arise.

When the writer of these notes was a boy he had a brother who was a manufacturer of boots and shoes. His shop was right near his home. A few journeymen and an apprentice sat on their benches and did their work. The master — their employer — sat and worked with them, and shared in their conversation. At meal hour some of them sat at his table, and all were served with due respect to seniority. When he said grace all bowed their heads with him. The spirit of comradeship prevailed. In a little room adjoining the workroom he kept his stock of leather from which his customers selected the material out of which their boots were made. But all this is changed. The ready-made, machine-made article, produced in immense quantities by huge factories, has put an end to all this, and the spirit of comradeship between employer and employee that existed in the little old-time shop is almost entirely a thing of the past.

The most competent manager of a shoe factory to-day may not be able to make a shoe, to save his life. But as an organizer he is expert, while the men who actually own the factory may be still further remote from its work. They are principally concerned as to the dividend paid, and are more interested in the balance sheet than in the kind of work produced, the conditions under which it is produced, or the wages paid for its production.

What the world needs to-day is not the resurrection of the old time shop but a revival of the old-time spirit, that a better relationship between the man who employs and the one who is employed, may exist.

In the olden time the aim might be said to have been fourfold:—

1. To make a living;
2. To give the children an education and a start in life;
3. To lay up something for a rainy day; and
4. To rise a step in life if possible.

While there was always a big difference between the thrifty and the shiftless man, yet the richest and the poorest in the community were not many thousands of dollars apart in those days.

To-day the poorest and richest are widely separated, and in the higher altitudes of business the idea of getting a living simply, is out of sight. The chief concern is to get profit and to invest it so as to make more profit.

In the old system ownership and power

were widely distributed. To-day owners are comparatively few, with a consequent concentration of power.

This being the situation that the employer may best serve the nation it is necessary:

That he shall never forget that his employees along with himself are the raw material out of which the nation is made. Nations are not built by machine in the great manufacturing establishments of the land, but by the development of the people who toil in them. "I will make of these a great nation," was God's promise to Abraham when he called him to a far country. The land was necessary to supply the physical necessities of the people, but the people not the land were to be the nation. Further, the character of the people was the great thing. "I will make thy name great." They were also to be a centre of blessing to the rest of the world. "Thou shalt be a blessing."

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

The relationship between employer and employee must be based on love. This is where Christianity bases all human relationships. Christ's way to eminence was through outstanding social service. Self development is commendable, but only because it helps us serve better. The Christian spirit bends the egoism of the individual to the service of the community, and bids a man live for the Kingdom of God. But too often selfishness stands in the way. The stockholders demand profits, and willing or unwilling, the manager decides that their demand must be met even if the wage earners suffer.

Wages, according to a homely illustration, is to a nation what manure is to a farm. If it be spread evenly it enriches the whole soil. If left in piles, the land is impoverished, and under the rich heaps vegetation is destroyed. Jesus teaches that the value of industrial life is to be measured not simply by economic results but by its contribution to character. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." We are to "seek first the Kingdom of God." The present unequal distribution of the world's wealth does not contribute toward that end.

The laborer of to-day is not satisfied with the old time wage. The democratic spirit has entered the economic world. The employer should see to it that his workmen receive a fair share of what they produce. To-day the toiler is paid a fixed wage. In a large city a recent census showed that the average wage for males over sixteen was less than \$500.00 a year, and for females considerably less than \$300.00 a year. The real wage, however, is measured by its purchasing power. As the necessities of life rise in value, wages ought to be advanced, which is frequently not the case. In a northern Ontario town last spring a lumber company, owing to the scarcity of work, secured men for a less wage than usual, and sent them to the camps. The timber was cut and shipped to the market, and here again laborers were employed at a less wage than formerly. One would naturally think that the price of lumber would be correspondingly lowered, but not so. When the laborer who had helped cut and market the timber became the consumer he found that he was compelled to pay a higher price than usual. Wages had gone downward, profits went soaring upward, higher than ever. But little attempt seems to be made to secure for the workman a fair share of the profits

in the joint work, and relations similar to those existing in political life are being demanded. Fifty years ago the great majority of wage earners were comparatively ignorant and unobservant. To-day their eyes are opened because they have eaten of the tree of knowledge. Dissatisfaction exists to-day not because they are paid less, but because they know more, and feel and desire more. Their emotional and intellectual life have advanced demanding a satisfaction for which the old wage does not provide.

This industrial unrest is not due to the badness of men. Rather it is a hopeful sign, due to their selfish and hunger for applied Christianity. Having tasted the delights of democracy in political affairs, they can never again be content with a relationship that denies them freedom and equality. This refusal to live a life "half slave and half free" is to their credit, morally and intellectually, and we must therefore praise them for their other liberties, deny them education, and cow them into contentment, or else democratize the industrial life too."

The richer things belong to the life within. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and the employer that sees to it that his employees have the means to nourish and develop that inner life will find himself amply repaid in more painstaking and conscientious workmanship, and at the same time will make a vaster contribution to the nation than a huge donation to the Patriotic Fund.

The problem is largely one of temper and disposition. The economic situation is certainly complicated, but every thoughtful person knows that all conflicting interests and economic difficulties are easily solved if there be a good feeling on both sides. Half the mischief lies in a bad temper and the lack of goodwill.

Hence the employer must have a considerate Christian spirit. Philemon is a type of many employers of labor. They have, like him, a great zeal for Christianity and apply its principles to spread it at home and abroad. In all this they are quite sincere, but it is in their business ethics that so many fall down. While Paul pays ample tribute to Philemon's excellences, he firmly insists that Christianity be imported into his business relationships. The measure of his rights and duties is not simply a legal one, but that of Christian brotherhood. Onesimus was no doubt his legal slave, but he was a "brother beloved." Human beings in any factory are not mere "hands," but it is to be feared that is just how they are regarded to-day by many who call themselves Christians.

"Slave-drivers" in business must become an extinct species so far as the Christian Church can secure it. The teaching of Jesus forbids the cold, hard, selfish, and un-Christian treatment of employees so often practiced in Christian countries. The more defenceless, the more a Christian employer is bound to treat those in his employ as "brothers beloved." He is not at liberty to use them as a mere means to his own selfish ends; but to construe their physical, mental, and moral well-being, these being the qualities that make for good citizenship.

He must cultivate a merciful spirit. St. Paul in his letter to Philemon indicates that he must not act on his legal rights in relation to his runaway but now repentant slave. The doctrine of a modern Captain of Industry that there is "room in business for justice, but none for mercy," finds no place in the creed of the Christian business man. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." To attempt to do so is to invite disaster. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy," applies to business, and the only way for the individual employer to obtain mercy in the day of judgment is for him to show mercy here. "What doth

the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

The teachings of Jesus and St. Paul, while paying first attention to the employer, do not stop there. They seek to imbue the employee with the same spirit. But the discussion of this phase of the question does not come within the scope of the present study.

Ours is indeed a "goodly land." We shall all do well to heed the admonition contained in the Scripture reading, "Be aware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes which I command thee this day; . . . But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth. . . . If thou do at all forget you this day ye shall surely perish. As the nations which the Lord destroyed before your face so shall ye perish."

SUGGESTED BOOKS.

Any of these can be obtained at our own Book Room.

The Ideal of Material Life. A series of social addresses, by Samuel E. Keeble; also *Industrial Day-Dreams*, and *The Citizen of To-morrow*, by the same author. "Christianizing the Social Order." By Walter Rauschenbusch. "The problem of Christianizing the social order welds all the tasks of practical Christianity with the highest objects of statesmanship."

"*Jesus Christ and the Social Question.*" By Francis Greenwood Peabody. An examination of the teaching of Jesus in its relation to some of the problems of social life.

On One's Calling

REGULAR TOPIC FOR THE FIRST MEETING IN SEPTEMBER.

Luke 2: 49; Mark 1: 9-11; John 8: 29; Matt. 1: 1-11.

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Examples of men called by God: Isaiah, Isa. 6: 1-8; Gideon, Judges 6: 11-40; David, 1 Sam. 16: 1-13; Peter, Mark 1: 16-29; Paul, Acts 9: 1-29.

"Are we not Princes? we who stand as heirs beside the throne; We who can call the Promised Land our heritage, our own; And answer to no less command than God's, and His alone?"

"O God, that we can dare to fail and dare to say we must! O God, that we can ever trail such banners in the dust, Can let such starry honors pale and such a blazon rust."

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

We have tried, very imperfectly, perhaps, to point out some of the essentials to be incorporated in a real successful life; such as, God in the background of life; a recognition of His claims; organization to accomplish His will and purpose in us; and last, but not least, our part in His great work. Now we come to the question of settling our calling in life, because after all is said and done, we are the ones who settle this matter. If we allow ourselves to be driven or coaxed into a vocation in life which does not appeal to our best judgment, we are to blame; or if we just drop into a position because it is handy and requires little ability and preparation to fill, we must not blame circumstances when we find, as the years go by, that we have, by taking the course of least resistance, blocked our own path to real success.

There is everything in a good start. Lot made his choice in selfishness and

was destroyed with his ill-gotten gain. David made his choice in the fear of God and went on to the highest. Absalom led a rebellion, in pride of heart, against his father, and died a miserable death. Daniel, in the fear of God, dared to do right, to trouble to search the Scriptures we shall find in nearly every case where man says in his heart, "I will do this or that," it would have been better never said. We must be in our programme if we would win.

We read of God's call to the patriarchs, prophets and kings, and of Jesus calling the twelve disciples. There was also the universal call of Jesus to mankind, to salvation and rest. But this was preparatory to the call to service, and it is with this that we are concerned, and it is with this that we have to do. But some of my young friends may say, "Yes, but we have no such personal call to-day. Jesus does not speak to us. We read of how He spoke to others, but not to us." After all is it not true that the call consists in the impression made upon the mind and heart of a need and service, and the means by which our attention is arrested may or may not be the human voice? May it not be any of these? The flower turns its face to one of our senses, or a simple process of reasoning? The flower turns its face to light in response to the sun's call, but the call is not a sound to be heard, but light and heat to which the flower responds. So to-day, the voice divine is heard in every heart in the prompting to a higher life of service to God and man.

Many years ago a young boy was present at a missionary meeting; he was so strongly moved by the Spirit of God to missionary activity, that, at the time of the collection, having no money, he requested that the collection plate be placed on the floor so that he could present himself. He afterwards became one of our greatest missionaries. Carey, on his cobbler's stool, heard the call of the teeming millions of India, and rested not until he became their servant. Father Damian lived of the South Sea Islands, saw the condition of the leprous outcasts, Christless, and with none to tell them of Him. The call came so loud that he responded, "Send me," and in calm obedience to the voice Divine he stepped over the line from the clean to the unclean, and lived and died with them.

Now we have reached the time in the life of a boy or girl when the question is being asked, or ought to be, "What about my life work?" God said of Cyrus, "What about my life work?" God said of King, "I have guided thee, and thou knowest it not." That is to say, God had fitted or equipped him through parents, teachers, circumstances and various experiences, and a great work, though he was unconscious of it all. But now had come the awakening. Is it not true also of you, that by peculiar environment, friends, associates and innumerable advantages God has been fitting you for a great work? The call of the world to-day is loud and clear: "Come over and help us." Give us light, give us truth, justice and honor. Light give us to solve our difficulties. Truth that we may feel sure of our position. Justice that wrongs may be righted. Honor that men may brothers be the wide world over. Yes, my friends, not mere apologies, but lives that need not be apologized for. Find your place then ply your oar; rest not till your Bethsaida is reached, ever remembering.

"This is the path the Master trod, Should not the servant tread it still?"

In choosing a life work, the question of my usefulness in the development of the kingdom of God should occupy no insignificant place. We have accepted God's claims of service, and therefore the ultimate purpose of The Eternal must be in-

involved and expressed in our choice of a life work, or calling, from the humblest to the most exalted position. One said, "I would rather be a door keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." We must not become possessed of the notion that the only place in which we can serve God must be in the church as a preacher, teacher, or some such public office. No, no! Christians are needed in every walk of life and in every legitimate work, business or profession essential to the building up of a Christian community and the kingdom of God. One who was asked, "where is the greatest in the English language. His reply was, "Responsibility." So we should never forget our responsibility to God and man.

Through the whole of life one thing should stand out prominently, and that is, first of all, "I am a Christian." All difficulties should be solved with that fact in the background of my life. Then there can be no failures, no real evil, and life will be one harmonious struggle for the triumph of truth, and no matter what the verdict of the world, God's verdict will be well defined.

A careful study of the temptations of Jesus will lead the student to the conclusion that they were inducements to adopt a short cut to recognition, to power and to supremacy. We are tempted in this same way to-day. The road to success which leads through difficulty, trial, real hard work and many disappointments, may seem long and monotonous, while a short cut may open up to our vision, cutting out many of the struggles and concentrations of victory. We must strive lawfully, because it is this striving which really equips for the greater life. Not until we have struggled can we really appreciate the experience of the strugglers; until we have battled with the tempter and overcome can we extend the word of encouragement to the one who is battling with his own evil star, struggling like a Hercules, wrestling like a Jacob, to overcome his own unmanly self. Let me ask you in all sincerity not to just drop into a position because it is handy and easy, but to listen to that higher call which involves effort, prayer and victory. The path of least resistance is always a crooked one.

PLAN YOUR LIFE.

In concluding this paper I would do so by calling your attention to the parable of the talents. Each one in the parable is given talents according to his ability. There we have the fact of individual distinction clearly taught. We are all equal in the sense that each receives talents according to his ability; but we have not all the same ability. Only a very superficial examination of this statement is necessary to convince the most sceptical. Physically we vary much; also mentally and spiritually. Our capacities for work are different; therefore we cannot all be rulers, or generals, or masters in Israel. But, as the parable puts it, we are all given talents according to our several abilities, "five," "two," or "one." Straightway they traded. Our capacities for work are different; God's claims which resulted in success. On the other hand the man with one talent did not straightway trade, did not obey. Hence his failure. Mark you, he did not fail because he was a liar, thief, or murderer, but because he failed to carry out his Lord's teaching. "Thou art a wicked and slothful servant." He knew what to do and did it not.

"Heaven doth with us as we with ourselves do.

Not light them for themselves."

"Spirits are not finely touched But for fine issues."

In the Land of the Rising Sun

John 1: 1-18.

MISSIONARY TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER.

MRS. F. C. STEPHENSON.

"Continue to pray for Japan." This request comes as an appeal from our missionaries working in the Japan of to-day—the Japan of opportunity, of open doors, of religious liberty, of international influence, of constitutional government and universal education, of commercial expansion, of unbounded patriotism, of many gods and religions which do not satisfy.

The Japan of yesterday is gone. The Japan of to-day is struggling with problems touching her social and religious life which can be solved only through Christianity.

When, a little over sixty years ago, Japan reluctantly opened her doors to the western nations and her rulers sent embassies "to seek knowledge throughout the world," they recognized the power and value of the civilization of the west and adapted and adopted all that western nations could contribute toward the material and national advancement of their country. They did not include in their taking the best that the West could have given—Christianity, but the Christian Church was not slow to send its missionaries to teach the source of true national greatness. Slowly the teaching of the missionaries found its way into some hearts and a number of Japanese became teachers of the new religion, many accepted Christ as their Saviour, and the heaven of the Gospel was first seen in the life of the nation. To-day Japan has Christian churches whose membership represents all classes, from statesmen and scholars to the humblest subjects of the Empire.

In addition to the churches and the work under the missionary societies, there are many organizations working co-operatively, and thousands have been influenced by Christianity who have made no open acknowledgement of Christ. Notwithstanding the work and progress of Christianity during the five years since the first Christian missionary entered Japan, Japan to-day is not Christian, and her greatest need is Christ. Forty-two millions of Japan's population of 51,000,000 have scarcely been touched spiritually by the Gospel. For years Christian missionaries and Christian Japanese have prayed that Japan might become Christian. Their prayers are being answered to-day in a wonderful way.

A new movement, called the National Evangelistic Campaign, came as an inspiration to Rev. T. Miyagawa of Osaka, during the closing days of the conference of the Japan Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Missionary Conference, held in Osaka in 1913. This National Evangelistic Campaign is not a movement on the part of the foreigners alone; it is not a missionaries' campaign in which the Japanese are asked to join. It is a movement which under the Spirit of God recognizes no nation or denomination, and its great object is to bring men to decide to give their lives in service to Jesus Christ. "The movement," a missionary writes, "challenges our faith and fires our imagination."

The campaign began its three years' work in the villages. Missionaries, pastors and workers were enlisted in an organized effort to reach the great village population of the Empire. In April of this year the campaign was begun in Tokyo. The first meeting was a reception for the purpose of having Japanese non-Christian leaders meet with a committee of Japanese and foreigners who were planning for thorough organization, that they might be informed regarding the purpose and plan of the movement.

Among those present, in addition to the workers and committee, were Count Okuma, Premier of Japan, the Hon. S. Ebara, Baron Sakatani, Mr. Tokumami, who three years ago convened the Three Religions Conference—Christian, Buddhist, and Shinto—and Baron Goto, one of the most progressive of Japanese statesmen. Of these, Count Okuma and the Hon. S. Ebara, are well-known Christians. Addresses were given by both Japanese Christians and non-Christians. In his address Baron Shoda said he was not a Christian. He had been brought up in a Confucian home and on Confucian principles. His teachers had warned him against having anything to do with religion, and especially with Christianity. He was therefore naturally prejudiced against Christianity. If he were a young man to-day he would probably become a Christian. But he felt he was too old to change. But although he had started with a prejudice against Christianity, and had never made a study of it, he had been greatly influenced by the Christian spirit he had found in his reading of English literature. What, as a young man, he had found in this way, had meant more to

Evangelist Kimura. He had just returned from the United States, where for some months he had been in touch with the work of Billy Sunday. He asked for a tabernacle holding from 5,000 to 10,000, but no one was ready to venture so much, and finally a tent capable of holding from 1,500 to 2,000 was secured. This was crowded during the two weeks the meetings were carried on. At the end of the two weeks the committee in charge of the tent meetings held a meeting of praise and thanksgiving for the more than a thousand who during the two weeks had signed their names as seekers.

During the tent meetings a policeman on duty was converted. He had nothing much to give, but out of his small salary he paid for twenty New Testaments to be distributed to seekers. A street pedlar halted with his cart to listen to what was being said, and he too was converted. He was so poor that he had nothing to give, so he painted on the lantern on his cart an invitation to the tent meetings. A wonderful meeting was held with the students, at which several were converted.

This is in Japan, the Land of the Ris

SPECIAL NOTICE! YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY DAY

We have had a small standing note in our paper for a couple of months calling attention to this Day; but in this we gave the provision of the Discipline setting forth the matter fully. In par. 403 (b) may be found the following:

"The first meeting in November of each year, or the nearest convenient date thereto, shall be observed by all young people's societies as Young People's Rally Day. Each Epworth League and other young people's organization, in addition to its regular or special programme, shall take up a special offering for the General Young People's Societies' Fund. This offering shall be remitted forthwith to the General Treasurer."

This cannot be misunderstood or misinterpreted by any of our societies and will, we trust, be universally observed in all of them.

At the meeting of the General Board in December last, it was ordered that the General Secretary prepare a Rally Day programme for use in the young people's societies in 1915, and he was likewise instructed to supply the programme in printed form at practically cost price. In this way every society among us will have the privilege of the printed Programme for local use at a very small outlay. Full particulars of this will be made known in our next number. Meanwhile, let every President throughout all the Church keep the first of November in mind as a Special Meeting, and begin planning for it in good time. An intelligent pre-view for the future will prevent futile regrets when a review of the past is necessarily made later. Get Ready for Young People's Rally Day on November the First. Our Programme will be entitled "On the King's Business." A sample copy will be mailed to every League President whose name and address we have. Any interested person may obtain one freely on application to this office.

him than Confucianism. In wishing the campaign success he would impress on the Christians present the importance of going after the children. "Pay less attention to the older people, but try to instill into the receptive mind of the child true religious principles." This was his message to them.

Besides the reception, other meetings were held, including a meeting for newspaper men, meeting for educationists, meeting for industrial workers, social reform and temperance work, the church rally and demonstration, Sunday School rally, mass meeting for students, union meetings for women, and others. These gatherings were followed by meetings, covering two weeks, held in the hundred churches of the city united in the campaign.

We can hardly realize that we are reading of work in non-Christian Japan, nor can we realize the joy of the workers over the results already reported. Christian literature, the newspaper campaign, and tent meetings were among the things used. A special feature of the Tokyo campaign was the tent meetings held by

ing Sun. No wonder the missionaries are rejoicing in the showers of blessing.

Letters regarding the work and results of the National Evangelistic Campaign contain the most important and best news that has ever reached Canada from our first foreign field. Little wonder that the missionaries wish us to "continue to pray for Japan." If you have never prayed for Japan, begin now.

Order *The Missionary Bulletin*, "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom," and other books of reference, maps, and missionary help generally, from F. C. Stephenson, M.D., Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto. He has a very full line of all necessary missionary material at lowest prices.

"Smile once in a while,
'Twill make your heart seem lighter;
Smile once in a while,
'Twill make your pathway brighter;
Lifts a mirror if we smile,
Smiles come back to greet us;
If we're frowning all the while,
Frowns forever meet us."

JUNIOR TOPICS

AUGUST 15.—OVER THE OCEAN TO GEORGIA. Isa. 55. (Fourth Study in "The Life of Wesley" Series.)

The time came when John Wesley had to choose what his work in life should be. He was already a clergyman, and, as his father's curate, he knew what it meant to take charge of a country parish. Some thought he ought to be a school-master, like his elder brother Samuel. But in his own heart he longed to be a missionary, and when, on his father's death, the way seemed open, both he and his brother Charles went out as missionaries to Georgia. With them went two friends who were also members of the Holy Club at Oxford.

Georgia was one of England's new colonies in America, and the settlers were a strange collection of folk. Most of them had failed in the old country, and many had been in prison. General Oglethorpe was the founder of the colony. He was a brave, good man, always trying to help people, and particularly those who had suffered in the dreadful prisons of that day. Many of the colonists had been rescued from these prisons. Out in America they got a new start in life, and General Oglethorpe invited the Wesleys to go out in order that the people might have religious teaching.

Crossing the Atlantic took a long time in the eighteenth century. Now, it takes only five or six days, but the big liners which we have now are a great contrast to the vessel on which Wesley first crossed the Atlantic. It was a sailing-ship which took Wesley across the ocean, and it took over three months to make the trip. The *Diamonds*, as she was called, was an emigrant ship, and, in addition to General Oglethorpe and the four missionaries, carried a good many others, including twenty-six Moravians, of whom we shall hear later.

They started one day in the middle of October, and did not reach America until the following February.

It was a stormy crossing, long and dangerous. At times the storms threatened to engulf the vessel that carried them. In those hours of danger the panic was general: Wesley himself was afraid; he trembled at the approach of death, and was ashamed to find his faith in God insufficient to support him in the hour of need. The Moravians were the only ones who kept calm and quiet, and even the prospect of death did not frighten them. One day a sudden storm arose; the waves broke over the vessel with great violence, sweeping clean the decks and tearing the main-sail in pieces. All on board were terrified—Wesley, his friends, the emigrants; even the sailors; all except the Moravians. They were all together, singing in a sheltered corner, and quietly they sang on, in spite of storm and danger. Wesley was amazed. Soon after he had a talk with their leader, and asked him, "Were you not afraid?" "I thank God, no," was the reply. "Were not your women and children afraid?" "No, our women and children are not afraid to die." Wesley felt that he could not say that. He was to learn a great deal from these humble people. During the storm he saw that they had no peace and trust in God that he himself longed to know, but had not yet found.

At last the weary voyage came to an end and Wesley landed in Georgia. Here, among the settlers, he worked hard, and, though his mission was not altogether a success, some real good was accomplished.

In Georgia, as at Oxford, it was the little ones who claimed his most earnest efforts; the poor, the sick and the young were the objects of his special care. He was also deeply interested in the slaves, who were even at that time improving their condition. An interesting story is told of Wesley and his schoolboys. There were poor boys at one of the schools he started who had no shoes and stockings, and those whose parents were better off looked down upon the barefoot laddies, and made fun of them. Wesley made up his mind to cure them, and one morning, to the astonishment of the boys, he walked barefoot to school. It was not long before his meaning was understood, and the barefoot boys were laughed at no longer.

He lived a busy life in Georgia, and had strange adventures. Once he nearly lost his life. He was journeying along the coast in a sort of flat-bottomed barge, and went to sleep one evening on the deck. Suddenly he woke up under water with his mouth full of it. He had fallen overboard in his sleep, and knew nothing until the splash in the sea awakened him. Happily he knew how to swim, and was able to pull around to a small boat on the other side of the barge, and climbed on board again.

At the end of a little more than two years Wesley felt that he was in his wrong place, and, with a heavy heart, set sail once more for England.—H.M.B.

AUG. 22.—ASIATIC GIRLS AND BOYS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Mark 10: 13-16.

The brown-skinned, brown-eyed, bright girls and boys who come from China and Japan, we call Asiatics, and we give the same name to those born in Canada, but whose parents came from these countries. Many of these girls and boys attend our public schools, speak English as well as their own, and are so like Canadian boys and girls in all they do and say, that sometimes we forget that these people have not always lived in British Columbia. Some of these girls and boys live in heathen homes. Their parents have brought with them from China or Japan, idols, incense, ancestral tablets and everything which is used in their heathen worship. Many others come from Christian homes, where God is worshipped and honored.

To help the Chinese and Japanese in British Columbia to become Christians, we have Christian missionaries who visit the homes, tell the people of the true God, and ask them to come to the meetings in the churches where they will hear more about the God of the Christians. Perhaps some of you do not know that there are in British Columbia heathen places of worship and schools where the Chinese boys are taught to worship China's great scholar, Confucius. These boys are kept away from the influence of the public school, and are being brought up as they would be if they were in China, instead of Canada.

The Methodist Church has missions to the Chinese and also to the Japanese in British Columbia, and we think the boys and girls are our most valuable possessions. If we can in the Sunday Schools, and by being friendly, tell the boys and girls about their best Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ, after a while we should not have to work so hard to tell

the older people of their Heavenly Father; instead we should have many helpers.

What can we do to help these boys and girls from China and Japan, who are in British Columbia? We can pray for them. This is the very best thing that we can do. Do not let us forget that all the boys and girls belong to God, but that many do not know Him.—Mrs. Stephenson.

AUG. 29.—LESSONS FROM THE FLOWERS. Matt. 6: 24-34. (A Union Meeting with the Older League.)

While the aim of this topic is to bring to the young mind lessons from the flowers, it must be remembered that a moral should not be tacked on, but presented in such a way that the desired impression will be made. The child will see the full significance as the need arises. Let the love of nature, and an appreciation of the beautiful things around us, be the primary object. If this is developed the child cannot fail to grasp the lessons and apply them to his life.

The Juniors should feel that this is their own day. Ask each to bring a flower and be prepared to tell why he likes that flower. The answers will be various and interesting to all. It will be the leader's place merely to encourage the children and deal with their answers. The leader can then draw from that child that the flower drank in the sunlight and gave it back for us to enjoy. Sunlight cannot be lost. The child will remember and apply the great lesson to life—a smile cannot be lost; a kind act can never die.

Another will be attracted by the fragrance. The rain, soil, air and sunlight all helped to breathe that fragrance into the flower which gives it out again for our delight. One cannot appreciate this fact without desiring to pass on the blessing God has given.

Someone may like the rose, because, to her mind, it is the most beautiful. To pick that flower probably she pricked her fingers, and had to pick the thorns from her flesh. She will see as once, or some time later, that the highest things in life are obtained only by overcoming the "thorns."

A white flower will appeal to some because of its purity. No child can love purity in a flower without, consciously or unconsciously, wishing to be pure itself. In case the children should not bring flowers to illustrate certain points, it would be wise for the leader to bring some also.

(1) The honey-suckle. From this the Juniors will see the usefulness of flowers in supplying honey for the bees.

(2) A wild-flower picked from the fields or woods, where thousands are left unsewn by human eye; or a small, modest flower growing close to the earth, almost covered with leaves. Show that these flowers fulfil their message as much as any, for they are praising God as He expects.

God looks for all of us to praise Him as the flowers, and if we fail He misses our happy worship.—H.M.B.

(See also "A Flower Talk with the Juniors," on another page of this issue.—Editor.)

SEPT. 5.—THE DIVINE TEACHER. Matt. 5: 1-12.

We have already learned of John the Baptist's preaching in the wilderness and of his baptizing in the Jordan. Some people thought he was the Saviour whom God had promised, and one day he came to him and asked, "Who art thou?" John told them he was not the Christ, and when they asked why, if he were not the Christ, did he baptize the people, he answered, "I baptize with water, but there standeth one among you, Whom ye know not; He it is who coming after me is pre-

ferred before me, whose shoe latchet I am not worthy to unloose."

There were some men who always followed John that they might hear his preaching. These men were called his disciples. One day John was standing in the wilderness with two of them when he saw Jesus walking a little way off. He showed Him to his disciples and said, "Behold the Lamb of God." The two men hearing this, followed the wonderful Stranger, who seeing them follow Him, asked why they did so. They said, "Rabbi (which means Master), where dwellest Thou? He saith unto them, Come and see." They went with Him, saw where He dwelt, and remained with Him until the end of that day.

These two disciples, for the followers of Jesus were also called disciples, were Andrew and John. They were so glad they had found Christ that they brought others to Him. Right away Andrew brought his brother, Simon Peter. These three men were fishermen and lived in Galilee, where Jesus had spent so much of His life. Nazareth, His early home, was in that province. The next day Jesus started back to Galilee, and on His way

He found Philip, who was very glad to follow Him when Jesus said, "Follow Me." Philip brought his friend Nathaniel to Christ, so Jesus had now five disciples.

But Jesus soon had more than five who wanted to follow Him. People flocked to Galilee, from the country all around to hear Him preach and teach. Jesus dwelt at Capernaum, which was close by the Sea of Galilee, and where a great many fishermen lived. Very often Jesus preached to them along by the side of the water.

Jesus did not remain in Capernaum all the time, but went about all Galilee, teaching in the synagogues and healing all manner of disease and sickness among the people. Sick people were brought to Him from all the country round and He healed them.

Christ loved little children and liked very much to have them gather around Him and to teach them. One day some mothers brought their little ones to Jesus that He might put His hands on them and pray; the disciples rebuked them for doing so; they thought there were so many grown people who wanted to see and hear Jesus, that He would not have time for

the children. But Jesus was displeased with the disciples, and said, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then He took them up in His arms and laid His hands on them and blessed them. Sometimes the children were able to help Him in His teaching. Because the little lad was willing to give his lunch of five small loaves and two fishes to Jesus, He was able to feed the five thousand.

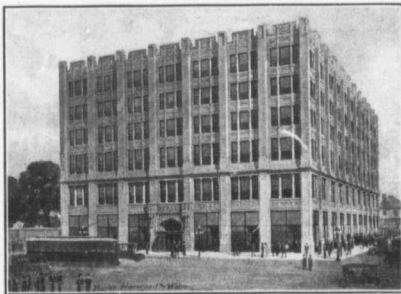
Christ had many disciples, but only twelve apostles. His disciples were all those who followed Him and believed in Him as their Saviour; His apostles were those few whom He chose to help Him teach and preach to the people. They were with Him a great deal, learning from Him so that they could afterwards be sent out to preach when Christ could not be with them. Our lesson for to-day is from Christ's wonderful sermon on the mount. Although there were multitudes around at the time, the sermon was particularly for the twelve, who were soon to be sent out to preach the gospel. They sat nearest to Him, drinking in every word He said.

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Christ performed many wonderful works among the people. Next month we will learn about some of these.—H. M. B.

SEPT. 12.—SUN OF MY SOUL. John 8: 12-20.

The author of this hymn was Rev. John Keble. He was born in 1792 at Fairford, Gloucestershire, England. He was prepared for college by his father, who was a minister. He received his college education at Oxford, where he was a very brilliant scholar.

He became a clergyman of the English Church and began and ended his pastoral work at Fairford. It was a small place, and he received only a meagre salary, but it satisfied his modest ambition. He refused many invitations to places with larger salaries because he felt it his duty to remain where he was.

He wrote a great many poems, the most important of his publications being "The Christian Year," which was published only under the strongest pressure from his friends. It is from one of the poems in this collection, the one called "Evening," that this hymn is taken. From the profits of the sale of the work, "The Christian Year," Keble built one of the most beautiful parish churches in England.

Keble and Cardinal Newman, of whom we learned last month, were good friends; Keble was the older by ten years. He was stricken with paralysis when quite an old man and lived an invalid for a year

A Flower Talk with the Juniors

THERE are wild flowers and garden flowers; the one left to run wild and grow as they like, the other tended and cultivated, and sometimes put into nurseries and hot-houses until they get quite artificial in their ways and habits, and appear stiff and conceited.

God looks after them all. They are something like the great human family, part of which are still in a state of wildness and uncivilization, while others are trained, and educated, and disciplined.

But you will notice that some wild flowers are quite as beautiful, so I think, as garden flowers. That can be more lovely, for example, than the primrose on the bank, or the violet of spring?—and as for southern wild flowers, their loveliness is indescribable. I have seen an April hillside in Palestine blazing with scarlet blossoms under the olives. And these are the very flowers (so people think) Jesus had in view when He said, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory." Jesus so teaches us that, if God takes so much care to make flowers beautiful, He will spend a great deal more pains in making little boys and girls happy if they will only mind what He has to say to them.

Well, that is our first lesson—if God spends such a deal of care upon flowers which toll not, neither do they spin, surely He will spend more upon us, who are so valuable that Christ was willing to die for our salvation, and rose again to give us eternal life. The next thing I have to speak of is the prodigal variety of the flowers that God has made. Nobody can number the different sorts and what is more strange is that there are no two sorts and no two flowers even that are exactly alike.

Many of you, I expect, have heard of the Coliseum at Rome. It was a great stone circus or amphitheatre, built while the apostle John was alive; but it is now half in ruins. People used to have games there, and fighting with wild beasts, and many Christians were killed there and

and a half. He died at the age of seventy-four.

Now.—Although it will be impossible for the juniors to remember many facts about the writers of the hymns, they should at least remember who wrote each hymn and anything of outstanding interest in his life. The leader should see to it that the children get an understanding that they will at least catch their meaning. The object of the study of the series is not that they remember a large number of facts, but that they be taught to appreciate the worth of our most beautiful hymns. Many of our children sing them, but have little idea of what they mean.

Charles Wesley wrote of Jesus as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Toplady as the "Rock of Ages," Cardinal Newman as a "Kindly Light," and now we have Keble writing of Him as "Sun of my soul."

We all know what the sun means to the world; without it all the world would be darkness and there would be no life, for nothing can grow without light. Keble knew that Jesus was the Sun of his life, a Sun which meant light and strength to his soul, or he could not have written this beautiful hymn. Do we all realize what Jesus means to our world and to each of our lives? He has told us that He is the Light of the World, and if we follow Him we will not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life. Following such a guiding Light we are always safe and our lives will show forth to others the radiance which we find in Jesus.—H. M. B.

One hundred thousand people could sit on those stone seats all round, and see all the games going on. Well, the time came when the grass had grown over those seats and arches, and briars had tangled about the walls, and I can remember to see this some years ago when the whole place was starred with wild flowers. Now there was a botanist in Rome about thirty years since who made a collection of the wild flowers he gathered on the Coliseum, and yet you think there were? There were more than four hundred—four hundred different species of wild flowers on that one gigantic ruin alone.

Now remember no two of these different flowers are alike; they have different habits, different characters, different faces. And yet God knows each individual flower from the rest. Every single flower he knows; and so it is with you children. You are all different, the one from the other. Your faces are different—no two faces are alike; your habits are different; your minds are different; your thoughts are different; and yet God knows each one of you through and through. And God cares for each one of you, and Christ died for each one of you, and God desires to make each one of you happy.

Now talking about the habits and characters of flowers, let me tell you that flowers do have different characters and habits, some have very curious habits. With regard to character, some are bashful, some are shy, some are innocent and lovely, and some are lovely and not at all stiff and self-assertive, and some are afraid, are jealous and spiteful.

I had some blue violas in my garden, planted side by side with yellow violas, and these yellow ones did not like it, and they managed somehow to kill the blue ones, so that there is not one left. Again, there are flowers that set traps to catch flies, which they manage somehow to feed upon. And again, there are some that are very sensitive. I remember one day in

Nubia stumbling over an acacia bush by the river bank, and every little leaf of the bush closed up at the touch, and shrunk back, as much as to say, "How very rude you are to me." Now I am sure you children, if you are observant at all, must have noticed many of the different habits of flowers; for example, how some of them close up and go to sleep before sundown, and some after sundown; some of them come up at night and go to sleep in the day, and some many flowers have in common, and of that I should like to say a word, namely, they turn their faces to the sun. Flowers all love the sun; they are all faithful to the sun; and there is one of them, the sunflower, which they say follows the sun all round from morning till night. Now, children, there is a pattern for you and me. Jesus is the Sun of Righteousness, and we ought to try to keep our hearts toward Him as the sunflower does, and without fail to turn our faces and hearts open, so that Jesus may come into His garden and shine into each of our hearts and warm us with His love.

There is another curious property that flowers have which I must mention, that is the power of waking up old memories. All thoughtful people recognize this. The passing scent of some particular flower, on a summer's evening, perhaps, will set into action a train of memory or thought, and carry the mind far away into realms of cloud and sunshine of the distant past. Memories of childhood, memories of school days, memories of the old garden at home, where a lost mother or sister used to walk in the cool of the day—memories set in motion by the riverbank when the heart was young—these all are brought back by the passing scent of a flower. That is one reason, I doubt not, why flowers are so acceptable to poor sick people in London: flowers talk to them of green fields, and so take the suffering attention off for a little time from his own sickness and pain. And then the sick children play with flowers and make garlands of them, and fancy they are in the fresh green meadow of the country again. In fact, if you have ears to hear, flowers will talk to you of many things, even as they talked to Jesus of God's fatherly love and care. No one ought to be dull in a garden of flowers.

Now there is one other lesson that flowers teach, and that is the shortness of life. Flowers very soon die, and man in this respect is likened in Scripture to a flower: "As a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and its place shall know it no more." The goodness and beauty of man is as a flower of the field.

And it is, I suppose, because of this fact that flowers are so associated with the dead that graves are decked with flowers, and the dead are strewn over with flowers. We feel that there is something appropriate and touching in gathering appropriate and touching in gathering a grave with flowers or planting flowers to grow over it. You all know the author of that hymn we sing, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide"—Henry Lyte? He was buried at Nice, on the shore of the Mediterranean, and there is a cluster of Banksia roses with flowers in profusion over his grave. The last time I was there it was full of blossom, and I gathered some roses to put over his hymn in my book.

And then there is another sweet hymn-writer—Richard Dudgeon, who wrote "My God, and is Thy table spread." He died at Lisbon. He was buried on the high hillside above the broad glassy Tagus, about a hundred years ago, and his grave is covered with a tangle of tropic flowers quite beautiful to behold.

"Man cometh up as a flower and is cut down," but in the case of good men like Lyte and Doddridge, their memory lasts after they are gone, sweet as the flowers that cluster over their tombs.

Now there is one kind of flower that does not fade; the French mace wreaths of it to lay on their graves; it is a little yellow everlasting flower. They call these flowers immortelles, and it is of this kind of flower, the purple amaranth, that garlands were made in the old time. St. Peter uses the name of this fadeless flower to describe the Christian's inheritance in heaven (1 Peter 1: 2). An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeeth not away. The word in the Greek is "amaranthine."

And there is one other kind of flower that is always associated with death, namely, the asphodel. It is a lovely little pure white blossom, very shy and retiring. I have never found it wild but in two places—one near Mentone on the Mediterranean and the other, strangely enough, at the old Roman cemetery at Arles, where many early Christian martyrs were buried. There, among the early graves this white innocent flower was flourishing in all its stary sweetness on the day I was there.

According to the old Greek poems and fancies, the flowers of asphodel grew wild in the fields beyond the river of Lethe, the shades of the great and good walked there through meadows knee-deep in asphodel.

And so it is, my dear children, that even in all lands the idea of death is mixed up with flowers—flowers littered over the dead whose glorious beauty is as the fading flower. Everywhere, and in all ages, I suppose, from the beginning, it has been the same thing—sorrowing, suffering mourners dropping flowers over their dead.

I must not keep you longer, but I will finish by what I think is a touching story of human affection and sorrow.

One more personal story and I have done. Many years ago I was in Egypt, in the old city of Thebes, on the banks of the Nile. The great rock-mountain behind Thebes was in the old days the burial place of the dead. For miles and miles this great mountain is honey-combed with tombs, that is, great chambers cut in the rock, which were sealed up with great care and secrecy, and in the course of ages quite hidden by sand-drifts and rocks crumbling from above. It happened while I was there that the Arabs, in digging at the rocks, discovered one of these sealed-up tombs, and I and some friends were the first to go into it. We got down into a sort of pit, and then lit our candles and crawled through a long opening which the Arabs had made, and then we found ourselves in a large square chamber; and in the middle of the chamber there stood a great painted chest or coffin, and in it lay a sleeper who had slept there undisturbed and alone for more than thirty centuries—three thousand years. We were the first to enter that chamber; no sound, no ray of sunlight or flash of candle had ever penetrated to disturb that dreamless slumberer. Just thinking of that. All down the ages, silent, unattended, alone, he had laid there undisturbed until we broke into his peace. Everything in the vault was just as it was three thousand years back. We could walk about and look at everything. There were little idols of Osiris placed here and there about the room, but the chief thing was the painted coffin with the carved wooden figure of the dead man in relief painted on the lid. We brought our candles close and examined it. But upon the top of the coffin we saw a strange sight. It was a wreath of flowers. Yes, verily a garland of leaves and flowers. Of course they were all colorless, but there, unmistakably, lay on that coffin a garland of flowers more than

three thousand years old. Some sorrowing wife, sister or child had brought this garland into that lonely grave and left it on the coffin even as we do now. We brought it up into daylight, but it soon crumbled away. But I have told you this story chiefly to show you how even in the days before David's time human affection brought offerings of flowers to the dead.

I have not any more to say; but I should like you to carry away the lessons I have tried to illustrate for the flowers.

First, Christ's own lesson—that if God

takes so much care to make flowers beautiful, He will look after you, and you must trust Him.

Second, that of all the millions of flowers you see no two are alike; but as God knows the face of each particular flower, so He knows each one of you through and through, and all you do and think.

Third, and the last lesson is—how the short-lived flowers that so soon fade remind man of death—whose glory is as the fading flower.—Howard Hopley, in *Sunday at Home*.

Why Have a Junior League?

MISS E. FERGUSON.

WHY is a Junior League necessary to a church? It would not be necessary if the home and the school were both doing their duty. In many homes the children receive but little religious instruction, the parents thinking that the church should give it all. It would be much easier to religiously educate children if parents would only awaken to the fact that their children need religious instruction, and that it is their sacred duty as parents to impart it to them. Some parents are only asleep and need to be awakened from their slumbers. The public school is slowly awakening, and we hope it will not be long before the study of the Bible will be as compulsory to the child as the study of arithmetic. Mark Rutherford has said, "Fancy any one thinking himself educated and not knowing the Bible," while Matthew Arnold says, "The Bible is the child's best

child than to thoroughly reform an adult. What is essential in a successful Junior League? First, the aim, which should be to assist the pastor to care for the children, and to make the League training school in practical Christian work. More Junior Leagues would mean greater success among our Senior Leagues.

Next, we must maintain the membership. Any child under 14 years should be admitted. Some advocate 16 years, but it is better to allow those between the ages of 14 to 16 to form an intermediate society, because they have more in common. After we have the children, the place of meeting and the time are important. The place should be a bright, comfortable, well-ventilated room, with the best moral atmosphere possible, for it is not so much what we teach them in words as what we make them in thoughts that counts. The time of meeting de-



THE JUNIOR LEAGUE OF GERRARD STREET CHURCH, TORONTO.
At their Annual Picnic. Rev. A. P. Bruce, Pastor, in the centre.

pend a good deal upon the community and the children. Friday at four, Saturday afternoon, Sunday at ten, and Monday evening at seven, have all been tried and found successful. We must keep in friendly touch with the parents, for we can do a great deal more with the child if we have the sympathy and confidence of the parents.

The officers: The Superintendent should plan the work, but the children should carry out these plans. In this way they are trained. Every child should have something to do, and made to feel the importance of doing it well.

The superintendent is appointed by the pastor, and is the fifth vice-president of the Senior League. She should be one who is fond of children. If one is able to win a child's love she has won half the battle. She should be able to enter into the life of and be a leader among the Juniors. She should try and remember these few good principles in training:

book of poetry and philosophy. What a loss that it is not a part of the course in all modern schools. Many leave the study of the Bible to the Sunday school, but we cannot expect the Sunday school to do all the educational work in one short hour.

In the Junior League the child is taught the Bible first and foremost. But its sole object is not simply to teach Bible facts, but to train the child to develop all sides of his nature according to Bible principles. Many different methods may be taken to make Bible study interesting.

Juniors are fond of stories and one can create a fondness for the Bible, by spending a short time at each meeting in telling them a Bible story or some portion of one, and in getting them to retell it in their own way and words. Thus we may train the child spiritually as well as mentally. They all have characters to develop and we should help them to become the very best. It is easier to rightly form a

1. Training is more than teaching.
2. Prevention is better than cure.
3. Habits must precede principles.
4. Cultivation of the feelings precedes that of the judgment.
5. Example is better than precept.
6. Love that draws is better than law that demands.
7. Love inspires, and inspiration is the secret of training.

The Value of the Junior League

ETHEL V. MEDCOF.

In order to realize the highest purpose and possibilities of a Junior League the child's normal relation to Christ and the Church must first be considered. Jesus said: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me," and

We would not think of starting our boy or girl to school to enter the third book; they would have no background for their studies. Just as necessary is it to have our children trained for Christian service that a holy character might be built up and their personality deepened, which in later years will speak louder than words.

This is where our Junior League is of great importance. The adults have the Epworth League, class meeting, prayer meeting, prayer service, and various organizations during the week, and we cannot expect to give a child sufficient spiritual food in a thirty-minute talk on Sunday afternoon in a Sunday school. Children are more susceptible to Christian teaching than we have any idea of. It is in early life that the character begins its development.

Here we cannot help turning our attention to home influence. Whilst Christianity's first place is in the home, how many non-Christian homes there are.

While in my room, alone with God,
My thoughts indeed were led abroad
To homes where God is never brought
In humble prayer or serious thought.

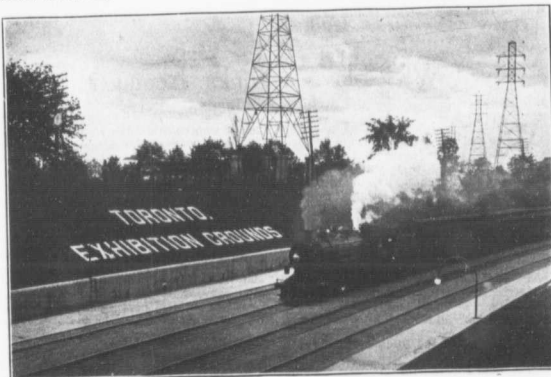
Our parents of to-day endeavor
Their little ones from harm to sever,
Their health and education, too,
Cause many thoughts, except by few.

But what is done, which goes to show,
They have been led their God to know?
With hearts as one and prayer sincere
Is theirs a little path made clear?

This duty comes to every home,
That little feet may never roam;
So few look up with thoughtful heart
And promise God to do their part.

In such sad circumstances it is the work of a Junior League not wonderful? It is the organization to reach and start many children safely on life's path. It affords them entertainment, which otherwise would be sought on the streets and other places, which are demoralizing. It develops in the child sociability of the purest type.

To the pastor the Junior League is a training school where elementary lessons



"MEET ME AT THE FAIR."

Three important words to be inspired into the juniors by the superintendent are *Know, Be, Do*, standing for knowledge, character, service.

The sessions of the Junior League should be bright, interesting, and attractive. The meeting may well be divided into two parts, the devotional and the social. In the devotional we should bring in the Bible study and the topic, which should be treated by one of the juniors; in the social part we should have music, and maybe games also, for we cannot expect the little folk to sit like posts all the time. It is child nature to play. Hence the sessions should be varied as much as possible, and if we introduce the element of surprise, occasionally, so much the better. There is a way to reach and win every child, and the Superintendent should find that way.

Thus a successful Junior League may become one of the greatest powers for good in the home, the church, and the community. Without it or its equivalent no congregation of Methodists can really hope to retain its children for Christ and the Church.

Conference Epworth League Conventions

MONTREAL AT PRESCOTT
OCTOBER 5 AND 6

TORONTO AT TORONTO
NOVEMBER 10, 11, 12

Keep these dates in mind and plan to be at whichever one most nearly concerns you.

The committees are making full arrangements for splendid sessions.

Detailed programmes will soon be available from the Secretaries.

Fuller particulars in later issues.

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." This shows us that Jesus loved children, and wanted them to be consecrated to His service while still in early life. Some of us in later years feel very keenly the debt we owe, and realize the utter impossibility of ever repaying. The greatest we have to give is our life—our life's service. When we come to this deep realization we are startled and we use our best endeavors for our Lord and Master; but we find ourselves untrained, and inexperienced with



AFTER AN EVENING SHOWER AT TORONTO EXHIBITION.

the best part of our life spent. Oh, how we long to live it over again!

Our young people are our coming generation. More and more do we realize the lack of wise, capable leaders. Where are they going to come from? It is not in the later adolescence they are going to blossom out qualified for leadership.

are given in practical Christian service to those who are bound in the process of workers for all the needs of the Church. Because of this, ministers should lead in the formation, and largely direct in the operation of Junior Leagues wherever possible throughout the Methodist Church.

**"WHO WROTE THIS POEM"
CONTEST**

**Award in the June competition
THE WINNING CARD.**

William Wilfred Campbell, author of 'England,' was born at Berlin, Ont., 1861, and educated at Toronto University and at Cambridge, Mass. He was ordained for the Church of England ministry in 1885 and began his duties in a New England parish. Three years later he returned to Canada and became rector of St. Stephen's, New Brunswick. In 1891 he retired from the church and removing to Ottawa he secured a position in the civil service. His first poems appeared in a village paper; later he became a contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly," and "Century," and "Harper's Magazine." In Ottawa he established a warm friendship with Lampman, whose untimely death he mourned in the poem "Bereavement of the Fields." His poems on the lake region have earned for him the title of "Law-eate of the Lakes." His first volume was "Lake Lyrics and Other Poems," (1893). Other works are "The Dread Voyage" (1893), "Mordred and Hildebrand" (1895), "Canada" (1907), "A Beautiful Rebel" (1909). His poem, "The Mother," which appeared in Harper's Magazine in April, 1891, is said to have received more notice than any other single poem that ever appeared in the American Press. He especially excels in his power to give utterance to the emotions and passions.

ELLA DOUPE,
Kirkton, Ont.

The Canadian National Exhibition

Some Interesting Facts

The formal opening will take place on Monday, August 30th.

This is the Exhibition's thirty-seventh year.

The amount given in prizes at the first exhibition was \$17,000. This year it is to be over \$60,000.

The Exhibition Grounds comprise 264 acres and extend for 1½ miles along the lake front.

The grounds are owned by the city of Toronto, but the exhibition is carried on by a Board of 25 Directors, eight of whom represent the city.

Except at Fair time, these spacious grounds are used as a public park, and are greatly enjoyed by the citizens.

The permanent buildings cost over \$2,500,000. An additional expenditure of half a million is planned.

The grand stand is 725 feet long, built of brick, steel and concrete; has a seating capacity of 16,800 people, and cost \$262,000.

It is estimated that there will be 60,000 globes used in the lighting scheme of the Fair.

Everything that Canadians make, mine or grow is exhibited in the many classes of exhibits each year.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 residents of the Exhibition City during the two weeks of the Fair.

There are 232 sections for the Horse Classes—the most complete in the world. There are over 280 classes of cattle exhibited at the Fair.

There are 10 sheep classes, divided into 140 sections, and 5 swine classes, divided into 70 sections, at this great Exhibition.

An even hundred classes of chickens are provided for, with an almost endless number of sections for the various breeds and varieties.

Over 160 distinct breeds of pigeons are bred in Canada; 163 are included in the prize list.

Think of it! 63 varieties of canaries are to be exhibited this year; while rabbits will include 31 different breeds, and cavies upwards of 24.

Last year Canada imported over 11,000,000 dozens of eggs. To stimulate Canadian hens to lay more and better eggs, the Exhibition is for the first time offering prizes for egg exhibits.

Twenty-one sections are provided for field grain, 5 for grain in the sheaves, and a similar number for grain in the sacks.

There are 23 classes for field vegetables, and no less than 79 for garden varieties.

The Ontario Government had to give a guarantee to the War Office before the captured German guns would be loaned

for exhibition. The Association is also under heavy bonds for the return of the precious trophies.

One of the German shells among the war trophies wrecked an English home, killing five people.

The German guns coming to the Exhibition will be carefully guarded all the way across and every moment they are on exhibition during the Big Fair.

A model of a submarine and of a torpedo, such as sank the *Lusitania*, will be one of the features of the war exhibition.

The Government of every Province in the Dominion is represented; every district has its own special exhibit.

It is estimated that 175,000 people from the United States visit the Fair each year. This year, because of the difficulties of foreign travel, it is expected that an unusually large number will cross the border to visit the Exhibition.

In 1913, fully a million people visited the Fair; last year the weather prevented so large an attendance. This year it is hoped to break the record. Of course you will be there!

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- The Sunday School and the Teens. By Jno. L. Alexander - \$1.10
- The Teens and the Rural Sunday School. By Jno. L. Alexander - .50
- The Boy and the Sunday School. By Jno. L. Alexander - \$1.10
- Boy Training. Edited by Jno. L. Alexander - .75 (postage extra)
- Familiar Talks on Sunday School Teaching. By C. F. Hunter, B.A. - .35
- A Sunday School Tour of the Orient. By Frank L. Brown - \$1.25
- Ways of Working. By A. F. Schaufler - .50
- Good Times with the Juniors. Lillian M. Heath - .50
- Young People's Problems. As Interpreted by Jesus - .15

Above prices postpaid except where otherwise noted.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Publisher, Toronto, Ont.

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Smiles

A little lad of our acquaintance recently discovered why the giraffe has such a long neck: "Cause his head is so far from his body," he explained, and none of us present could dispute it.—*Boston Transcript.*

A person was explaining the law of compensation to Patrick. Said he: "When a person is blind, his hearing is more acute."

"O' see," said Pat, "O' often noticed that if a man has one short leg the other is always longer."

Johnny, aged four, went into a near-by grocery and asked for a box of canary-seed.

"Is it for your mother?" asked the grocer.

"No, of course not," replied the little fellow. "It's for the bird."

"Why don't you go in?" asked one tramp of the other as they stood before the gate. "Dat dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?"

"Sure I do," said the second tramp, "but he's a-growlin', too, and I don't know which end to believe."—*Advance.*

A census clerk found that the blank end of the heading "Age of father, if living," and "Age of mother, if living," had been filled with the figures 120 and 112.

"But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk.

"No," was the reply, "but they would have been if livin'."

During the hearing of a lawsuit, the judge reproved a man for making unnecessary noise.

"Your Honor," was the reply, "I have lost my overcoat, and I am looking about to find it."

"Well, sir," said the judge, "people often lose whole suits here without making so much disturbance as that."—*Youth's Companion.*

Mr. Andrew Lang once collected malapropisms. One of these is as follows:

Visitor—I am very sorry for the death of your poor aunt. A very aged woman she must have been.

The Bereaved Niece—Yes, ma'am. In two or three years she would have been a centurion.

Another is: Rural Parishioner (about to marry for the second time) to Congregational Friend—Well, I'm marrying for the sake of the bairns. If it was just maseel, I could e'en gang on being a celebrity.

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