

First Church Endeavorer.

"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

VOL. II.

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No. 8

First Church Endeavorer,

A JOURNAL devoted to all Departments of
Church Work.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE ENDEAVORER.

The great W. C. T. U. Convention, which has interested the whole world, has passed into history as one of the grandest meetings ever held for the discussion of any subject in this country. Distinguished workers from distant lands united in the deliberations of the assembly, and the current which was set in motion will roll until it reaches the isles of the sea, and give a fresh impetus to this very important question.

Providence people were favored by a visit from Miss Jennie Smith, superintendent of the W. C. T. U. railroad department, but more familiarly known as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Evangelist. We had the pleasure of attending the two meetings over which she presided. She is indeed a wonderful woman. For sixteen years and at the time she began her evangelistic work among the trainmen ("our boys," using her language) she was obliged to be carried in an invalid chair or couch into the baggage cars, and thus, for seven years she labored. When we say that she knows every man by name on that great B. & O. R. R., all about his family, has personally visited each family, is the sister, mother, friend of every man and all who belong to him, we have faintly outlined her work. To her great joy, after laboring seven years under such great

physical disadvantages, after she had laid all anxiety about being healed aside and was willing to go any way and do anything so that her work might be blessed, God in His own time healed her perfectly. At this time she is about middle aged, and is the picture of vigorous health. Her hearers were spell bound while she related the obstacles which had come up before her, but she was determined to conquer them all.

The great W. C. T. U. work moves slowly; this organization shares with every other reform many difficulties and discouragements, but in small things, on which however, hinge very vital interests, the work is going on grandly, for instance; ladies of leisure in Boston and other cities are spending time to make so many scrap books yearly; these are placed in the way of the trainmen and do a great deal of good; pictures are also gathered and placed in certain cars where observation has shown that there is a good work done by such means. Then all along the lines are coffee stands, established by the ladies, and in some places on her road she has Christian workers gather at the arrival of evening trains at junctions where stops are made, to hold a service and attract the men as well as the passengers, and thus they are sowing seed which does bring forth fruit. One of the great objective points sought for by this department is the doing away with Sunday trains. The men question the right thing to do in the matter just as soon as they are converted. She related some incidents showing that great things had been done by the work of those very engineers who feel that they should not run their engines on Sunday but who did so fearing loss of life if they placed substitutes and passed the Sunday as they would like to have done at church. It is a very serious matter to decide, but the public has it in its own hand; the men are, in a measure, powerless. This work will not be accomplished without great concessions on the part of the corporations whose greed for gain now paralyzes all other feelings.

Many prominent railroad officers are church members in good standing, but business must not be allowed to lag under any

consideration. Miss Smith said that more accidents were caused from over-worked employes than anything else. How little we realize the responsibility of this large class of our population.

We think greatly of our own convenience in traveling but seldom consider the life of deprivation which is the price of our comfort.

We trust Miss Smith will visit Hamilton some time. All go to hear her speak, she will open up a new world of interest. Her department also has the Fire Companies to look after, another class of people of whose labors and privations little, comparatively, is known. The W. C. T. U. in Minneapolis have started the first coffee wagon for firemen. It is always ready, and at each alarm runs to the spot and supplies the firemen with coffee. Thus the white ribboners are trying to overcome evil with good, to place the true and pure in such a position as will make them desirable, and the contrary course undesirable.

Two very interesting souvenirs of the convention will be carried to England by Lady Henry Somerset, the little brown jug taken from a saloon by the first party of crusaders at the beginning of this great movement, and a gold spoon from the "Y's" of Boston, who loved her so well that they were "spooney."

We trust we have not trespassed too far on your space. With very kind regards to all our friends in King Street Church.

In affectionate remembrance,

Providence, R. I., Dec. 15th, '91. Clara I. Knight

AN OLD PRAYER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
How to-night fond memories keep
Round my soul their wings of care,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer.

Once I lisped it at her knee,
Who is miles apart from me,
But her lips are on my brow,
And the past is with me now,
Once I almost smiled to see,
Words so simple learned by me;
Ah! My heart has found since then
They're the mightiest words of men.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
Guard my feet from sin and strife,
Keep me in the way of life.

"If I die before I wake,
May the Lord my spirit take"
Here all creeds may meet and blend
Faith's beginning and its end.

Peace, my heart, and cease to weep;
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
And my head is on Thy breast,
Father! Father! this is rest.

—Harriet Mabel Spalding.

Am I jealous for Christ?

SOME years ago in a western town where I was pastor, the young people had arranged for a concert of music and recitations. Among those who were engaged to take part in the programme was a blind young lady. When her turn came she undertook to sing and at the same time to play her own accompaniment. For some reason she did not succeed very well, and in the very midst of her song she was obliged to stop. It was evident that every heart was touched with deepest sympathy for her, all the more because she was blind. In a moment or two after she had ceased singing she arose in her place and turned her face towards the audience. No one could have imagined what she would say; most people would have been so humbled on account of their failure that their thoughts would have been turned altogether to themselves, but it was the very opposite with this young lady. She had been educated in the Asylum for the Blind in the city of Brantford. The first words that escaped her lips as she turned to the congregation were as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I owe you an apology; I do not want you to think that I am one of the singers of the institution where I received my education." Her words revealed this: she was not thinking of herself. Her deep regret was that she had failed to worthily represent the institution where she had received her instruction.

This little incident brings a lesson to all who have taken upon themselves the name and profession of a Christian. Do we always realize that we are Christ's representatives, and are we as jealous to worthily represent Him? Do we find ourselves sometimes asking what will the world think and say about the homes in which we live or the society in which we move or the apparel we put on? It is infinitely better to ask what does the world think of us as representing the life of Christ?

The life must be consistent if we would do this. Suppose it is the Sabbath, and two men upon the same street, the one professedly a Christian man, and the other makes no profession. The latter takes his family as he is wont to do and goes up to the House of God for worship. He looks for his Christian neighbor but he is no where to be seen. The thought for the moment is that he is providentially hindered, but when he makes inquiry during the week he finds the real cause of absence from the place of worship was not a providential reason, but

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merely indifference. Such an example would but poorly represent Christ. It would misrepresent Him. If there was no better example the world would remain in darkness long. Our God is a jealous God, and we cannot be too jealous for His cause!

He who can help the cause of God and wont do it misrepresents Christ as well as does he who can help the poor and fails to do it. It would be difficult to estimate the power of a true Christian life. It may do its work silently, yet it is a living epistle. If our conversation is such as becometh the gospel of Christ our lives will be read and known by those with whom we come in contact. In the days of the apostles the sick were brought and laid where the shadow of Peter, passing by, might fall upon them, but Peter never knew how many were touched by his shadow; and thus it is with one who lives a truly Christian life, he may never know how many were helped by his example.

A young man who was once asked to tell the name of the minister under whose sermon he was converted replied that it was not under the preaching of any minister, but it was under his aunt's practising.

Again I ask shall we not be as jealous for the honor of Christ as the young lady was for the credit of the institution where she received her education.—W.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.
Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.
The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.
So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem.
They lull us gently to our rest.
They melt into our dream,
And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon from that to this.
Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care,
Sweet souls around us watch and smile,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide—
Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
The joy be the reality,
The suffering life the dream.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

How Maggie Learned Obedience

Contributed by a friend of the "Endeavorer"

"Eddie, Eddie, where are you?" called Mrs. Burns from her kitchen door. "Where ever can that child be, I have not seen him since breakfast, and it's now half-past eleven. Maggie, run and look for him." And Mrs. Burns turned back to her baking.

Maggie, a bright little girl of seven years, ran off at her mother's bidding. "I'll just run over to Mary Brown's," she said, "and see if he's there."

Mary was standing at her door as Maggie crossed the street. "Oh, Maggie," she cried, running to meet her, "I'm so glad you came over; I've got something to tell you. Jessie Smith is going to have a party on Wednesday, and she is going to ask you and me. She told me so, and we're going down to the river—that's just near the place you know—and we'll have our tea down there, and there are swings and everything. Won't that be lovely?"

"O, I hope mother will let me go," said Maggie. "I guess she will, though, for we don't have much to do on Wednesday. Oh, it will be nice, won't it, and maybe Jessie's father will take us for a row on the river, too."

So the little tongues ran on, forgetful of all else but the delights of the expected party. Poor Mrs. Burns went often to the door in the hour and a half that elapsed till dinner-time, but no Maggie nor Eddie appeared. "If she does not come soon, I shall have to go and hunt them both," she said, "and Mr. Burns will be home for his dinner and it will not be ready. Oh, there's the door-bell. Who can it be at this hour?"

Hastily washing her hands and wiping them on her apron as she went, Mrs. Burns opened the door. There stood the minister, with Eddie beside him. Now, of all persons in the world, Mrs. Burns would not have had the minister catch her in disorder, but putting the best face possible on it, she bade him good morning, and asked him to walk in.

"Thank you, Madam," ponderously replied Mr. Stobbs, gasping as if for breath, "I have just called to bring your offspring safely back to the parental care. I found him wandering, apparently aimlessly, along the street, with a huge piece of pie in his hand, munching at it like a homeless waif. Expecting that you would be anxious concerning him, I have brought him with me hither."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Stobbs," replied the 'waif's' mother. "I have great trouble to keep him at home, and I had just sent out to know where he was. I am glad he's safely back again."

"I am sure of it, madam, and might I suggest the judicious use of this small switch to the culprit. Not that I am one to impose harsh measures," said he, with a majestic wave of the hand, "but judgment must be exercised in these cases, judgment must be exercised."

"Certainly sir, certainly," responded Mrs. Burns, with the faintest suspicion of a twinkle in her eye.

"Then I will not detain you longer, madam. Good-morning." And Mr. Stobbs turned away.

"It's plain to be seen," thought Mrs. Burns, with a smile, "that he has no children of his own. What models they would be if he had." Recollecting her unfinished preparations for dinner, she called Eddie to her and closed the door.

Poor child, he looked as if he had indeed received the recommended chastisement, but who would not, in the face of such stern disapproval as Mr. Stobbs had evinced. His relief, then, may be imagined when his mother told him mildly that he must not run away again without letting her know, and asked him to help her set the table. When, after many delays, dinner was ready, Mrs. Burns sat down to wait till her husband should arrive.

She had been sitting thus for perhaps five minutes, when she was startled by hearing Maggie burst through the door, crying and sobbing wildly. Before her mother could ask what was the matter, Maggie threw herself into her arms, saying, "Oh mamma, he's dead, Eddie's dead, and it is

all my fault. I never thought he would get hurt or I wouldn't have talked to Mary so long. Oh, what will I do, what will—"

Here she suddenly stopped, for, looking up, she saw—Eddie standing at the door where he had come to see what was the matter. After gazing wide-eyed at him a moment, she rushed over to him, and threw her arms around him.

"My dear little brother," she said, "I thought it was you they were carrying to the hospital, and I was so scared."

"Maggie, what are you talking about? What has happened that you are making all this fuss about?"

After a good deal of jumping about and laughing in which Eddie joined, Maggie managed to explain. After playing and chatting with Mary Brown for a long time, she suddenly remembered why she had been sent out, so, hastily leaving her friend, she set out on her neglected errand. On opening the gate she saw, about a block away, a large crowd gathered around a little boy, who had been knocked insensible by a brick let fall by a workman on a building. Tenderly they raised the injured child, and carried him to the nearest drug store, but Maggie did not wait to see where he was taken. She thought it was Eddie, and she knew, if it was, that she was to blame for leaving him on the street when she had been told to fetch him home.

"If I had only done what mamma told me, it would have been all right," she said to herself, "but now, will she ever forgive me?"

So, in an agony of remorse, she fled to her mother, as we have seen.

Having listened to her story, Mrs. Burns told her how sad she felt that her little girl was not more to be trusted when she went on an errand.

"Indeed, mother," said Maggie, earnestly, "I'll never play again till my message is finished, for I felt just awful when I saw them carrying the boy I thought was Eddie. Can't you forgive me this time, mother?"

"Yes, dear," replied her mother, kissing her. "And let us be glad it was not Eddie who was hurt. Now, here is papa, so run away and wash your face before we have dinner."

The lesson she had that morning learned Maggie never forgot, and her mother now says of her, "If I want a thing well done, I either do it myself or send Maggie, she does it as well as I can."

And Maggie smiles, well pleased at such praise from mother.

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Mission Circle Items.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The Young People's Mission Circle wish to convey, through the columns of the ENDEAVORER, their appreciation of the kindness of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavorer, in allowing them the use of one page each month, in their paper. The Circle extend to the society a hearty New Year's greeting, and while our feet are yet upon the threshold of the year, we would wish that the two-fold promise made to Abram, "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing," may be fulfilled to each active and associate member this year, and that the remembrance that "He went about doing good" may increase the activity of all.

The Circle would also carry these wishes to our pastor and every member of our church and congregation, especially to our aged members, and to those who look through blinding tears at "the vacant chair," and miss the forms of loved ones in their homes. It has been said "The full beauty of a promise is never seen until it has been read through tears." We would wish that the beauty of the two-fold promise quoted, may be felt by them in all its fullness, and that the motto of each worker this year may be, not self, but Christ.—B. G.

The Use of Talents.

Last year we used our "talent of investment" very secretly, as we were rather modest over our first attempts, though the results were very satisfactory. This year, while our delegate was attending the convention in Ingersoll, she received many suggestions concerning the use of talents, which will be very helpful to our Circle during the winter months. On Monday evening, January 4th, Miss Lounsbury increased her talent money by several dollars. She gave a "Musical Recital" at her home, charging an admission fee of ten cents. The programme was supplied by her own pupils, and they certainly reflected great credit upon their teacher. Our young people should think seriously of the trust given them. They should improve their talents as the months go by. Let us all remember in working for the Lord, that it His work we are engaged in, and not our own. Every dollar sent to the heathen world helps to convert some soul that is now groping in

darkness. This being true how our dollars should accumulate, and how very glad our parents and friends should be to assist us in any way possible. Through talent money alone we hope to receive fifty dollars this year. We also desire to make our Gleaners' concert more attractive than usual so as to satisfy all. The children will be called together in a week or two and preparations began. We earnestly desire the parents to urge their children to attend.—C. D. S.

The first of a series of quarterly meetings was given by the Mission Circle on the evening of December 4th, and proved very enjoyable. The chair was occupied by Mr. A. E. Manning, who performed the duties in his usual genial manner. Our President, Mrs. Gayfer, gave a very interesting address on the object of the Circle. Very excellent music was contributed by Misses Lounsbury, Gayfer, Creighton and Tovell, and Messrs Gayfer and McLroy and the Mission Circle Glee Club. Essays upon "Home Missions" and "Japan" were read by Misses N. Raycroft and E. Kappel, and Miss Nichols read the Circle's paper, *The Gleaner*. The object of these meetings is to interest the congregation in missionary work, especially the work of the Circle, and we are always pleased to welcome any stranger to our meetings.

In Memoriam.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Mr. Charles Anstey, who died at his late residence, Tuesday, 22nd of December, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was respected and loved by all who knew him. We are glad to know that he died in the faith of the gospel. His own words were that "he was in the hands of God and He would do all things well." We feel confident that Mrs. Anstey will have the sympathy and prayers of our church in this her time of sorrow.

Sunday-School Statistics.

	Scholars.	Officers & Teachers	Collection.
Dec. 6	514	50	\$13 62
" 13	517	52	11 85
" 20	516	53	12 23
" 27	477	50	13 79

Average attendance, 557.

Average collection, \$12.88.

Committee Reports.

LOOKOUT. Your committee in presenting this, the last report of another term, desire to thank our Heavenly Father for all the way in which He has led us, as a society. It is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that we look back upon the events of the year just closed: joy at the thought of all the goodness of our Master to us, sadness when we think of the many times we have been unfaithful to Him. The question comes to each one of us as a Christian and an active member of our society, "Have I been true to my Saviour, and done all I could to lead others to the knowledge of his love?" Whatever our answer, let us pray our Father that his coming year may be the very best we have ever known, one of daily and hourly consecration to His service. We have been pleased to note the increased interest taken by many in our meetings, and would ask the members to unite more closely than ever in praying and working for the advancement of God's kingdom in our midst. During the past term twenty-one new members have been received into our society, six of this number having joined during the month of December.

—Annie Henry.

PRAYER MEETING. In presenting the final report for the half year now ended, your committee have cause to thank God and take courage. The weekly prayer meetings are increasing in earnestness and interest. We have been delighted with the willing response to our appeal for leaders and helpers, and by the devout and painstaking spirit in which the work has been done. We are glad to notice more thought and study has been given to the topics; but there is still room for improvement. Now this is not said to find fault, but rather to inspire those of us who are not doing our best. Hereafter let us give our prayerful and best thought to the lesson at home, each week, it will soon become a pleasant service. Try it. Come on Monday evenings with one golden grain of truth that you have searched for and found yourself. It is your own. Nothing can take it from you. And when you share it with us the very act of giving makes it the more your own. The leaders for next month are: Jan. 4th, Miss Reid; Jan. 11th, Mr. Fred. Gaver; Jan. 18th, Mr. Fisher; Jan. 25th, Mr. Harris; Feb. 1st, Miss Bastedo.—*M. Lounsbury.*

SOCIAL. This Committee, in presenting its last report, takes this opportunity of thanking all those who have so kindly assisted us in our work. On account of entertainments being given by other societies in connection with the church, we have not held our monthly socials as formerly. Only one entertainment has been given, which proved very successful. Our work has been confined chiefly to welcoming strangers and in trying to make them feel at home, not only at the Endeavor meetings, but also at the mid-week prayer meeting and Sunday services.

—Avesa Raycroft.

MISSION. In reviewing the work of the last six months your Committee are truly thankful to God for the degree of success He has given us. We have had many difficulties and discouragements to contend with, but we feel that God is blessing our efforts, and He is causing many of our church members to become deeply interested in the mission work. The attendance at the Sunday school and evening services has more than doubled during the term. Your Committee have distributed six hundred and fifty tracts, and made seventy-five visits. On the afternoon of Dec. 26th the ladies of the W. C. T. U. gave a supper and

entertainment to about thirty mothers and friends of the girls in Mrs. Blackstock's sewing class in our mission room. We hope to reach the parents through the children, and by this means get an entrance into homes where Christ is so much needed. Your Committee thankfully acknowledge a donation of \$10 from a lady friend for our mission work. We also thank Mr. Gain for a liberal supply of tracts and leaflets for distribution. The leaders for the Sunday evening services are as follows: Jan. 10th, Messrs. Gayler and A. Davis; 17th, Messrs. Thos. Morris, sr., and G. Fisher; 24th, Rev. E. Lounsbury and Mr. F. C. McLlroy; 31st, Messrs. Jos. Kendell and Thos. Morris, jr.; Feb. 7th, Messrs. Oaten and F. C. McLlroy. We have not all the returns in yet from the concert given Dec. 17th in aid of the mission fund. We expect to have about twenty-three dollars. Your Committee would thank all who contributed to make our concert a success.

WATCHWORD FOR THE YEAR.

Wilt Thou, dear Master, as the years are passing,
In me thy purposes of love fulfil:

Wilt Thou transform me into thine own image,
And may I in thy loving hand be still.

For, oh, I want to be more really like Thee;
More symp'izing, holy, tender, true:

More earnest in the work which Thou appointest;
More useful in the world I'm passing through.

I want to be constrained by Thee entirely,
To serve so faithfully my gracious King,
That self shall daily have a sharp denial,
And Thy love only be my motive spring.

I know not what Thou may'st consider needful
Thus to transform me to Thine image fair:

I only ask for willing, glad submission,
That I in no wise may Thy work impair.

Perhaps Thou dost intend in loving kindness
To mould me very gently hour by hour:

Whatever Thou wilt Thy grace is all sufficient;
To Thee be glory, and to Thee be power.

—Mrs. G. F. Fisher.

DORCAS. We treated the sewing class children to a little party the day we closed the class for the term. We wish to thank Mrs. Fisher for letting us have the treat at her home. We wish to thank also the ladies who assisted in providing the tea. We intend to earn a little money this month for the carrying on of our work by sewing the Sunday-school hymn books, which are in need of repair.—*A. Jarvis*

JUNIOR ENDEAVOR. The leaders for January are as follows: Jan. 3rd, Georgie Winnifrieth; 10th, Mabel Jamieson; 17th, Rowat Smith; 24th, Edith Winnifrieth; 31st, Roy VanWyck. Our society is getting on very well. The average attendance for the past month was twenty-two. During December we added six new members. We have decided to have a concert on the third Thursday in this month; it is for the purpose of getting a bulletin board for the church. We therefore ask your support so that we can have a good one.—*Roy VanWyck.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL. Our Sunday school during the past term has increased remarkably, and we certainly have every reason to be thankful. Our classes are becoming so very large that we fear there is a difficulty arising. It has been said by some of our teachers that they have too many scholars to attend to properly, which is undoubtedly true, and we would suggest that some of the classes be equalized. The scholars, with few exceptions, are attending very regularly. We sincerely trust that the teachers and

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all interested in the Sunday-school work will give their hearty support to Miss A. Henry, who will have charge of this committee during the coming term. We respectfully beg leave to submit the following statistical report for the closing quarter:

Officers.....	9	Scholars (total No. on roll) 660
Teachers.....	46	Average attendance..... 519
Total.....	55	Increase over last quarter. 79
Average attendance... 49		

CONTRIBUTIONS.

From Officers.....	\$ 10 55
" Pastor's Bible Class.....	11 67
" Intermediate classes.....	120 80
" Primary Class.....	9 28 \$158 80

Average contributions each Sunday.....	\$ 12 24
Increase over last quarter.....	1 97

The following is the Report for quarter ending Dec. 27th, 1897:

To balance from last quarter.....	\$162 75
To contributions this last quarter.....	158 80 \$321 55

By 300 "N. Mess." (#25), "S.S. Times" (#25) \$ 79 00	
" Postage and com. on drafts.....	56
" Reading Desk.....	10 00
" Sinking Fund for Sunday-school.....	100 00
" Balance carried forward.....	131 99 \$321 25

—Ella Kapelle.

PUBLISHING. We desire to thank the following subscribers, who have kindly renewed. We hope others will hand in the price of the paper for a year—only 25 cents: Mr. A. E. Baker, Mr. Battram, Mr. W. Crisp, Mrs. Cotton, Mr. Cummer, Mr. P. H. Davidson (Montreal), Mr. Dicker, Mr. T. Gain, Mr. H. Gayler, jr., Mrs. Hannah, Mr. G. Hayes, Mr. W. Hunter, Mr. Jos. Hunter, Mrs. Howard, Miss C. Lavery, Rev. Mr. Lounsbury, Miss I. Muir, Mr. J. McDonald, Mrs. Meakins, Mr. F. Overholt, Mr. Page, Mrs. J. Powell, Miss N. Raycroft, Mr. F. J. Raycroft (Hope P.O., Idaho), Miss C. Small, Mr. Sharpe, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. N. Tallman, Mr. B. Winnifrieth, Mrs. Truesdale.—Allan Davis.

Our Sunday School.

We are all proud of our Sunday-school. We love to go there Sunday after Sunday, because we enjoy the study of God's word, the beautiful music, the harmony, the spirit of friendship and good will. We are pleased to know that our school is the largest in the city, and is still growing. The statement is often made, and we believe it to be true, that if we had a building large enough we might have an attendance of 1,000 scholars. Last month our average attendance was 557. The question of a new Sunday-school building is forced upon us. We need more room and better accommodation. If we only had some wealthy friend with a liberal heart who would assist us in our great extremity we should feel grateful; and what grand results might be achieved? But there is no use sitting down with folded hands. The Lord helps those who help themselves. Although we see no such wealthy friend within sight, and although the trustees at present do not feel able to undertake the work we feel confident that the day is not far distant before something shall be done. The teachers and scholars are full of hope. Our collections are increasing and we hope to put aside \$100 each quarter into a "sinking fund" to be used eventually in building a larger school room. We have now \$200 in the sink-

ing fund and soon the Treasurer will add another \$100. The Quarterly Board at its last meeting passed a resolution unanimously approving of our course in raising money for the purpose stated. We intend to make it a subject of prayer that the Lord will put it into the hearts of the friends of our Sunday-school to assist us by their words of cheer, by their offerings whether great or small.

Encourage the Juniors.

The Junior Endeavor entertainment promises to be unusually good. The date is fixed for Thursday, January 21st. The programme is to be given entirely by the Juniors. Roy VanWyck, President, will occupy the chair and deliver a brief address, explaining the aim and the work of this society. Dialogues, choruses, solos and recitations will make the occasion very enjoyable. The proceeds will be used in furnishing a nice bulletin board for the church, to be placed on the front door or at the side, with the name of our pastor and the services printed thereon. No other church in the city seems to be without its bulletin board save our own, and the Juniors are anxious to supply the want. All are cordially invited to come.

Science Class.

Now that the holidays are over, work in connection with the Science Class has got down to a solid basis. Rev. Mr. VanWyck has charge of the Greek history, and the dry facts are dressed up and presented in a very pleasing and profitable manner. Mr. J. T. Crawford, B.A., has completed the course of lectures in Physics, and the class feels greatly indebted to him for his assistance. It is hoped that Mr. J. B. Turner, B.A., who has greatly assisted us in the past may be induced to give us three or four lectures in Chemistry before we take up Botany again. All are cordially invited to attend every Tuesday evening.

Items.

It is just two years ago the 9th of this month since our late pastor, Rev. W. H. Laird, nominated Thomas Morris, jr., Superintendent of our Sunday-school.

In our last issue we referred to Rev. Dr. Stafford's address on "Incidental Benefits of Christianity," delivered in our church Sunday. In this issue, while we feel sorry because of the loss of such a great and good man, nevertheless we are happy to say that he passed away to the life beyond full of hope and joy and expectation. Centenary Church has our deepest sympathy since we know how sad it is to lose a loved pastor.

Three entertainments that we always look forward to with great pleasure each year are approaching and those of us who are interested should immediately begin to talk them up. 1. The Choir concert, always the musical event of the season. 2. The Gleaners' concert, which is ever successful and enjoyable. 3. The Sunday-school anniversary, which appeals to the heart of every child and parent who attends the church. These entertainments will all take place within the next three months. The Sunday-school anniversary will be held on Sunday and Monday, the 3rd and 4th of April. Already an excellent programme has been outlined and is being prepared by the Anniversary Committee.

The Deacon's Dream.

"What will you give," the minister said,
 "For the glorious mission cause to-day?"
 Deacon Harper pondered well
 In his seat near the door, but you could not tell
 His thoughts went rather *this way*.

Not how much, but how little he might give
 (Though God had prospered him that year
 With a bountiful harvest multiplied
 A hundredfold, his needs supplied
 While want he did not fear).

Deacon Harper listened well for awhile
 To the kindly counsel given,
 And then to him there came
 A change in the scene—he thought his name
 Was called, and he in heaven

Was hearing this sentence, "Inasmuch"
 (On the left before the great white throne)
 "As you to the least of these have done,
 You have done to me, the Father's Son
 And this your love made known."

And then in spirit he seemed to stand
 In the gypsy tent, and heard the cry
 Of the dying boy with this one refrain
 Repeated over and over again
 (While the tide of life rushed by):

"Nobody ever the story has told
 Of Christ and His wonderful deathless love,
 Of news of salvation to sinful men;
 Oh, tell me over and over again
 Of this gift of God from above."

The deacon's dream was o'er,—and then
 He heard (in conclusion) the minister say
 "Give as the Lord hath prospered you,
 Abide by this rule, and you will do
 His will from day to day."

Deacon Harper pondered well—
 But with purpose changed—and this his *him : 2172*
 How much? not how little might be given
 By him, for the cause of God and heaven,
 To glorify Christ's name.

—J. H.

In His Service.

Another year for the Master,
 What will its service bring?
 Will precious souls for God's glory
 Be won by the grand old story
 Of Him, whose praise we sing.

Another year for the Master,
 In work supremely sweet,
 In loving toil and labor
 Accomplished for the Saviour
 With hearts with joy replete.

—J. H.

Some New Year's Thoughts.

On the 11th of January, 1891, just a year ago last Sunday, Rev. W. H. Laird died at his post and left behind a heart-broken wife and family and a sorrowing church. Since that time how many changes have taken place! Rev. Mr. Pescott's ministry among us will ever be remembered. Although studying hard for his B. A. degree, he managed to delight and profit our people with masterly sermons. Then came the appointment of our present pastor, Mr. VanWyck. And is it too much to say that never in the history of our church have we enjoyed the ministrations of a more sympathetic pastor. The young people, as well as the old people, are irresistibly drawn towards him and feel free to talk with candor and to open their hearts fully. We were told at first, before Mr. VanWyck came among us, that we might expect a good pastor, but not much of a preacher. Well, he is good enough for us. It is the common consensus of opinion among the members of our congregation that we never had so many earnest, practical, simple, yet erudite sermons; such heart-searching appeals, delivered in such close succession as we have had since Mr. VanWyck became our minister. The church is prospering in every department. The congregations are becoming larger. The collections are better. The Sunday school bible class is a creation of his hands. The Christian Endeavor, the Science Class and every other organization in connection with our church is stimulated by his presence.

SAVE YOUR GOOD LITERATURE.

A Committee on Good Literature, composed of one member from each Christian Endeavor Society in the City, met in the front parlor of the James St. Baptist Church on Wednesday evening, Jan. 12th, to talk over the best methods for distributing good literature to the barber shops and fire stations of the city. There were twelve societies represented out of a total of twenty-two. Mr. Messieur was appointed Secretary of the committee and Mr. Geo. Hunter, Chairman. After taking a list of the various barber shops and fire halls it was thought best to adjourn for a week so as to get a better representation from the various societies. In the meantime each society is to signify its willingness or unwillingness to take up the work, also to give some idea of what literature it can supply.

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