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THE ENDEAVOR HERALD.

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Vol. XI]

Toronto, May, 1899

[No. 4

"The Morning Stars Sang Together."

By Amy Parkinson,

HOW did the morning stars together sing,
And every son of God His voice praise
In one ecstatic shout of rapturous praise
When first creation owned her mighty King.

How on from world to world the music swelled
In waves of faultless harmony, unheard
Until He gave the keynote, by whose word
The myriad spheres are in their courses held.

Unceasing beats that mighty heart of song—
Touched into being in creation's morn—
Finds a new pulse in every worl'd since born,
And through the ages throbs its waves along.

Too high for finite minds those wondrous strains ;
Too pure for mortal ears each perfect note ;
Yet on and ever on through space they float,
Bearing their endless praise to Him who reigns.

Oh, were we to those sweet-voiced worlds more near,
Were earth-dulled senses fitted to perceive
The entrancing harmonies their circlings weave,
Our inmost souls would hush themselves to hear !

And when the "Ephphatha" at last is said—
When, by the hand which plays the orbs of light,
And draws their deepest music into sight —
To dwell with God forever we are led,

We may in silence rapt a moment stand—
But then, with perfect ear and heaven-tuned voice,
Glad we shall join the thousands who rejoice,
And ring our clear notes in the chorus grand.

For the bright stars that hymned creation's birth
Sounded the prelude to the triumph song,
Which soon shall rise from all the ransomed throng
In the new heavens and the sin-cleansed earth.
Toronto, Ont.

Editorial Talk.

WHEREVER we look these matchless Spring days we see beauty in wonderfully varied forms and colors. The element of beauty is so constantly presented to us in the universe that we naturally infer that the Creator who has "made everything beautiful in its time" is Himself a lover of beauty. He might have made the sky of a dun color, dismal as the ceiling of some subterranean vault; He might have made the earth dreary

and uninviting as the moon. But wherever we allow the eye to fall, we see objects of beauty and sublimity. There is a perennial charm in the verdure of the fields, the brilliance of the sapphire sky, the opaline hues of lakes and seas, the bewildering wealth of flowers, the majesty of mountains with their feet in forests and their heads crowned with snow. In every beautiful object in nature we discern in visible form a thought of God and catch a glimpse of the loveliness of His nature.

Every grass blade, every lily of the field, every wave that tumbles on the shore, every bird that carols in the woods, every star that burns in the night, proclaims the beauty of the Lord. It is only when we see in nature a reflection of God that we are able to appreciate as we ought its wondrous beauty. In this spirit William C. Gannett has sung :

"The Lord is in His holy place
In all things near and far;
Shekinah of the snowflake He,
And glory of the star;
And secret of the April-land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours."

We place in the hands of our readers this month our annual Junior number. As usual, it is one of the very best issues of the year. The

The Coming Generation.

HERALD staff are all enthusiastic Junior workers, and they send forth these pages with the desire and expectation that many of our readers who are not now engaged in the work may be stimulated and encouraged to enter this most promising portion of the great harvest field. There is no work so fascinating, so hopeful, so fruitful in results as that bestowed upon the girls and boys. The most enthusiastic members in all our societies are those who are enlisted in this blessed department of service for the Master.

Take a look at the field. Within our own Dominion there are no less than one million of our fellow citizens under ten years of age. There are half a million under five years of age. In this coming generation there are no infidels, no sceptics, no scoffers, no profane persons, no enemies of religion, no seared consciences, no Gospel-hardened sinners. If these children could

all be shepherded for Christ, what the results would be only the divine mind could calculate.

The future of our societies, our churches, our nation, lies in the hands of the children. In shaping their lives we decide the character of all our religious and civil institutions. The surest way to overthrow the liquor traffic is to train up a race of young Daniels who "purpose in their hearts" that they will not defile themselves with strong drink nor share responsibility in placing temptation in the way of others. Our churches will be efficiently manned when the children are trained up from their earliest years for this work. The missionary problem is pressing. If the unevangelized are to receive the gospel, the children must be taught to look upon themselves and their possessions as the Lord's. Then will come the day when the good news will be carried to all the corners of the world, and the church at home will feel the impulse to its utmost bounds.

The responsibility for this work is the greater when we remember that all evil agencies are busy seeking to win the young to their side. The very perils which surround the youth of our generation should stir every earnest soul to consecrated effort on their behalf. Do you remember De Quincy's dream? He saw a vast cathedral with long drawn aisle and fretted vault and dim religious light. On either side were storied tombs and sculptured forms. Down the aisle came dashing a huge chariot, and in the track of the chariot a little child stooped and played with a flower heedless of danger. So terrible and imminent was the tragedy that when the horses' feet were about to crush the little form, the marble figure of a trumpeter lying on a tomb started up from his stony sleep and blew a blast of warning, while a marble angel leaped from his pedestal on the wall to rescue the child from death. That is no dream, alas! The chariot thunders through every hamlet and village and town and city in the land, and childhood and youth are crushed and mangled beneath the relentless hoofs. The sorrow of it should touch the stoniest heart and rouse the most lethargic to devoted service.

At last the citizens of Toronto are beginning to wake up to a realization of the character of some of the productions that are placed upon the boards of our city theatres.

A Declining Stage.

Protests, more or less decided, are being uttered; and if the protests are only made long and emphatic enough perhaps something may be accomplished. One does not need to visit the play houses in order to be convinced of the vitiating tendency and abounding nastiness of many of the plays that are presented; it is forced upon every one by the vulgar, flaring play bills that meet the eye everywhere upon the street. As it is, even customary theatre goers do not dare to take a lady to a performance until they have satisfied themselves that the production is free from objectionable features.

That the stage has been on the down grade for some time has been apparent to the most ordinary observers. Genuine humor has given place to travesty and buffoonery,—and now, salacity. It is only recently that W. S. Gilbert announced his withdrawal from the field of comic opera in which he has been so long successful. The reason which led to this decision, he thus gave to a reporter: "The taste for the class of librettos with which I have been associated is dying out, and the public now prefer the go-as-you-please sort of pieces, such as the modern burlesque. I certainly should not care, and do not intend to be connected with this class of productions." Yet these are the productions that weekly appear upon the boards in Toronto, and most Canadian cities, during the season. Such performances are an offence to the moral sense of the people, and the time has surely come when something should be done to save our young folks from the presence of what is so palpably vicious and demoralizing.



THE eyes of many Canadian Endeavorers are already turned toward "London 1900." The prospects are that it will be the largest religious convention ever held in Europe, perhaps the largest gathering of the kind held anywhere.

Interesting

British Notes.

We have just received a letter from Mr. Will S. Leslie, of Montreal, which contains a number of interesting items which we will share with our readers.

"I enquired specially about billeting. They are now at work getting lists of private houses on which they will chiefly depend. Of course, they will also issue lists of hotels, though at that season of the year, and especially during the Paris Exposition, there will not be much accommodation to spare in hotels. In any case, it is evident that those proposing to attend will need to decide well in advance, both on this account and to secure transportation. The London Committee had not formulated plans as to billeting delegations together, but they will no doubt work on something of the Nashville plan. As the residential sections are mostly far from the centre where most of the meetings will be held (say Charing Cross as a centre), I would like to see our people arrange as early as possible for the district where they will put up."

"I met a few of the workers in different parts, and from what I saw and heard it is evident that Christian Endeavor is still growing in the motherland and becoming a power for good in the evangelical churches. In most of the churches that I attended, Christian Endeavor meetings were announced, and it was pleasing to see that the uniform topics were used almost invariably. At Free St. George's, Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Whyte, one of the grand old men of the Free Church of Scotland, was announcing the communion services to be held on the following Sabbath and the preparatory service on Thursday. 'And now,' said he, 'I have a beautiful intima-

tion—the Christian Endeavor society will meet on Thursday evening for half an hour before the service to pray for a blessing at this communion season.' The Society seems to have the warm commendation of a large proportion of the pastors, including such men as Dr. Whyte, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Dr. Joseph Parker, Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, Dr. Stalker, Dr. Monro Gibson, and many others whose names are household words."

"A hopeful sign is the part taken by the Endeavorers in evangelistic work. For example, when I was in Swansea, South Wales, the Local Union was preparing to open a two weeks 'mission.' This is specially hopeful in view of the critical struggle now going on in the Church of England, and the alarming estrangement of large masses of the people, especially the working classes, from all religious influence. A gentleman actively engaged in mission work in England told me that ninety-seven per cent. of the English working men never attend church. The proportion may be much less than this, but the most casual observer can easily see that there is an immense field for gospel work in Old England, and that the accursed liquor traffic has a power which we can scarcely conceive. The great fight that the temperance people are now making is for a Sunday closing law, as the public houses are open, by law, nearly all day Sunday, and municipalities have no power to close them. Truly, the mother country needs a large share of our prayers, and our brother Endeavorers have a great field for faithful witness and earnest work for Christ."

"I spent a day in Belfast, and heard something of the approaching British convention, to be held there on May 20-23 (Saturday to Tuesday). One of the secretaries of the Local Committee, Mr. J. Newman Hall, is a former Canadian, and as he was really the pioneer of Christian Endeavor in Ireland, we Canadians should have a warm place in our hearts for the cause in the Emerald Isle. This convention promises to be one of great interest and much power, and the provisional programme shows that British conventions have the right ring. It opens on Saturday with the Junior rally—an auspicious opening—and on the Sunday there is a convention sermon by Rev. George H. C. McGregor, of London, open-air evangelistic meetings in the evening, and special children's meetings in various Sunday-schools, addressed by delegates. On Monday and Tuesday simultaneous meetings will be held in two, and sometimes three, large halls. Among the speakers will be Mr. John Willis Baer, of Boston; Rev. W. Knight Chaplin, Alderman Belsey, Rev. John Smith, Rev. Wm. Scott, and Mr. Charles Waters, of London; Rev. John Pollock, and Rev. J. R. Fleming, Glasgow; Rev. Herbert Workman, Newcastle; Rev. E. R. Barrett, Liverpool; Rev. J. B. Morgan, Chester; Rev. J. Ross, Sheffield; Rev. J. Lloyd, Colwyn Bay; Rev. J. O. Park, Cork; Rev. Wm. Park, and Rev. Henry Montgomery, Belfast. Two thousand delegates are expected from the United Kingdom."

The author of the following suggestive and quaint little autobiography is known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the youngest old man engaged in the service of the King. For many years he has been working among the employees on our locks and canals, and the sailors on our lake boats. The more advanced he grows in years the younger he seems to become in spirit. He is a general favorite with the boys and girls wherever his happy face is known, and his fund of anecdote and incident and originality of illustration make him a most interesting speaker. When the day comes for making up the King's jewels there will be few crowns with more gems in it than that of the Rev. Thomas Bone.

A Veteran's Biography.

What I Was and What I Am.

I was born in Psalm 51:5, lived for years in Eph. 2:12, and walked in Eph. 2:2. My conversation, like Eph. 2:3. Description of me, Isa. 1:6 and Rom. 3:10-19. My wages, Rom. 6:23. Not liking my master, knocked at Matt. 7:7, 8; found the way in John 14:6; made a discovery in John 3:3, and a mansion in John 14:2, and One who lives at Heb. 4:14, where the building, 2 Cor. 5:1, has only one door, John 10:9, and one knocker, Luke 11:9. Now my conversation will be in Phil. 3:20; my rejoicing in Col. 1:13, 14; my present address, Eph. 2:6. Attend to what the servant says, Luke 14:17; call any day, Prov. 8:33, 34. When 1 Thess. 4:16, 17 comes to pass, I shall be caught up, and expect afterwards to be at Rev. 19:7-9, and be found joining in the song, Rev. 5:9. You will see how all this came about in John 3:16 and 1 Tim. 1:15. Believe the record in 1 John 5:11-15; rely on John 19:30; for joy and peace, 1 Cor. 15:3, 4; and walk in Eph. 5:2, and be ready like Paul in Rom. 1:15.

Purity.

By Eliza Wills.

BLEST are the pure in heart
For they our God shall see.
Lord, we would choose this part,
May ours this blessing be.

Help us to have no thought
We dare not share with Thee;
Let not our steps be brought
Where Thy steps ne'er can be.

Give us such visioned sight
Of Thee, the Holy One,
That, walking in the light,
Our eyes shall darkness shun.

Lord, we this blessing ask,
Give us Thy company;
Then, in life's every task,
We God indeed shall see.

Thus every hour and day
We more like Thee shall grow;
Who gaze on God alway
Are satisfied, we know.

Toronto, Ont.

"The Miracle at Markham"

How Twelve Churches Became One—A Review of Sheldon's Latest Book



THE dream of a united Christendom has been persistently cherished by religious men through all the Christian centuries. Existing divisions have generally been regarded as a serious obstacle to the progress of Christ's kingdom upon earth, and repeated efforts have been made to obliterate the differences in faith and polity and bring together all believers into one great brotherhood. It is held that thus only can the ideal unity announced by our Lord be gained.

In seeking the attainment of this end, the aim has been two-fold: first, to unite believers upon

They have been anxious for unity, but a unity to be attained through the absorption of all other denominations into their own. The universal church for which they have labored and prayed was patterned after the particular church to which they belonged. This form of Christian union has, for very obvious reasons, never even reached the stage of probability.

In his interesting book, "The Miracle at Markham," Charles M. Sheldon grapples with the problem from a different standpoint. He has given up the idea of uniting the followers of Christ upon the basis of a creed, but regards it as quite within the region of possibility to do so on lines of common effort for the uplift of humanity. "Where churches of different denominations and methods of outward worship are not ready nor willing to unite on a basis of creed," he declares, "they are ready and willing to unite on a basis of Christian service."

"The Miracle at Markham" has been written to demonstrate the possibility of uniting believers on these lines, and to illustrate the principle in practical operation. Like most of Mr. Sheldon's preceding volumes, it was read chapter by chapter to his Sunday evening congregation in Topeka, Kansas.

The scene of the story is an Ohio town with a population of about four thousand. There the evils of denominational overlapping are seen in their most grievous form. There is unfolded to the reader the sad waste of money and effort, and the sadder exhibition of much unchristian rivalry and exclusiveness, sectarian zeal being often mistaken for zeal for the Master. A dozen little congregations, jealous of each other, exaggerating their differences, struggle and strive for an existence in a place where three or four churches would adequately meet the spiritual needs of the community. If Christians can be united in Markham, they can be united anywhere.

William Proctor, the son of the Congregational pastor in Markham, begins the ecclesiastical revolution by giving up his theological course in Andover on account of his experiences as a student pastor in Granby, such another town as Markham. The shock produced by this action on the part of his son, led the father to consider the existing condition of things at home. The more he pondered the matter, the more he realized the waste of effort on the part of the twelve churches in sustaining their work. The burning of his church he regarded as a call to do something definite in the direction of bringing the churches closer together. The way was prepared for this action by the kindness of the neighboring pastors in offering the use of their churches to the people without a church home in their great emergency.

The closer fellowship thus produced led to im-



UNION SERVICE IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

the basis of a common creed; and second, to bring them together into one common organization. Thus far there has always been one insuperable barrier. Those who have been most eager for Christian unity have shown little disposition to surrender any of the things that differentiate the denominations to which they belong.

portant changes: the Baptists welcomed the Congregationalists to the communion table, and their pastor was invited to occupy the pulpit of the Episcopal church. Then the Congregationalists decided not to rebuild, but to unite with the Presbyterians, that church being nearest to them in polity and doctrine. The services of both pastors were retained and their duties so distributed that special work for the mill operatives of the town was made possible.

The fraternal spirit deepened and broadened. A series of union services were held in which all the churches took part, culminating in a plan of campaign for the moral and spiritual elevation of Markham. The plan embraced the following five points:

- (1) A united church.
- (2) The establishment of the Christian Sabbath.
- (3) The overthrow of the saloon.
- (4) An evangelistic movement in the factory district.
- (5) The establishment of a Christian paper as an aid to these reforms.

The success which attended these efforts is reflected from the following brief conversation between two Columbus brewers who had property interests in the saloons of Markham:

"Noticed this new paper from Markham?" asked one brewer of the other as he took up a number of *The Markham Union*, which had in some way come into the office.

"No; what about it?"

"Why, there's a new paper started in opposition to *The Markham Journal*. The queer thing about it is that it is run altogether by church members."

"That so?" asked the other man indifferently as he lighted a cigar.

"Look here!" the first man continued a little roughly, "it may be a more serious matter than you think. The new paper seems to have it in for the saloons pretty heavy."

"Periodical religious spasm of the churches against the rum traffic?"

"No," replied his companion irritably, "it's more than that. You don't seem to catch on to this. Every church in Markham, including the Catholic, is a shareholder in this paper, and every minister is an editor. Some of the best business men in the place are subscribers and supporters of it. And here in this first number they declare that one of the first objects of the paper is to run the saloon out of Markham. At the fall election the question of local option comes up. This is not just a sermon or a set of resolutions against our business, man. This is a daily paper—do you realize that fact?"

The other man waked up and said shortly, "Gimme the paper." He looked it over carefully, and his face began to take on a more serious look. "Say, this is no religious convention passing resolutions, is it? We need to look sharp. How much money have we invested in Markham?"

The other man made a rapid calculation.

"Fifteen saloons, say an average of \$1200

apiece. About \$20,000, first and last. To say nothing of stock on hand and to be furnished. Can you take a run up to Markham in a day or two and look over matters?"

"Have to, I suppose. The church people must have struck a new deal to get together like this. Suppose they will vote together when it comes election time, eh? What do you think?"

"If they do, it'll be the first time," replied the other man gloomily. "But if they can get together to run a daily paper like that, there's no telling what may happen. Curse Markham, anyway! It's always been one of our best towns. Lucky none of the other towns have been struck with this Church Union craze!"



"NOTICED THIS NEW PAPER FROM MARKHAM?"

"It will be all up with us when they are, eh?" said his partner.

That week one of them made a visit to Markham, stayed two days, and brought back a gloomy report of the outlook there.

"Fact is, we have got a big fight on our hands if we stay in Markham. Seemed as if nearly the whole town was solid against us. I went to see Father Morris, the Catholic priest. I heard that he was trying to build a chapel adjoining the church, and I heard they were pretty hard up, money coming in slow. I offered to put up a cool thousand or so on the condition that he keep still on the saloon question, and—well—I came very near being kicked out of the house. You never such a rage in a Catholic priest anywhere. Somehow the whole town seems changed. They say it's the result of their church union. Why,

even the Episcopal dean hobnobs with the Methodist and Baptist and other brethren, as if they were all alike. While I was there one of the old men who has been preaching in one of the little churches, died, and it was common talk on the street that the church would not call a new man, but go in with some other church. The millennium seems to have struck Markham," the man continued with a coarse laugh; "I almost looked to see angels flying around the streets on Sunday. No open post office, no ice wagons, no drug stores opened—except two hours, and then they wouldn't sell anything but medicine—no cigar stores or fruit stores going; it was blamed queer, I tell you, by the side of what the town used to be. Why, they told me the hired girls in Markham were beginning to go to church and sitting in the same pews with the people they worked for, so as to remove the social stigma attached to the hired girl profession! Bah! Give me a drink of something to wash the sanctimoniousness of Markham out of my system."

With the spirit of this book, everyone who seeks the advancement of Christian unity will be in full accord. It is earnest and devout and optimistic. Its circulation will do much to foster an interdenominational spirit, upon which all true fellowship must depend. But that "The Miracle at Markham" furnishes a solution of the problem of church union, it is by no means certain.

The weakness of the volume is that it considers the work done for Markham a "miracle," and church union upon that basis will not generally be regarded as everywhere attainable. In the plan of the story there are unusual incidents that occur to unite the churches, which are not to be looked for in every community. Congregational churches are not likely to be burned down at the appropriate time, nor Episcopal clergymen to be stricken with heart failure at a critical moment so as to create a reaction in favor of Christian fellowship. Nor, as human nature is constituted, are we likely to find ministers and people willing to yield what is regarded as essential in doctrine and worship as readily as it was done in Markham. Difficulties are surmounted in the story much more easily than would be possible under actual conditions.

The only Christian unity worth striving for is the unity that is the natural outgrowth of the development of the Christ spirit in the lives of believers. Sympathetic unity must always precede any form of organic unity. Mr. Sheldon has felt this, though he has not expressed it, and he brings the ministers and the church members of Markham together in the warmest Christian fellowship before he unites them in a campaign for the moral and spiritual well-being of the town. But for the introduction to the volume and a few details, we would have supposed that the author was writing a book to illustrate the necessity of securing a fraternal Christian spirit on the part of Christ's followers before they could be united for the advancement of the kingdom of righteousness. This is the natural course. And

we have in these days a practical demonstration of it. In hundreds of towns young Christians are working hand in hand for the uplifting of humanity. But the basis of unity is not a common service but a common love for Christ. This is the unifying principle. Christian fellowship is born of loving allegiance to the one Master. It is no "miracle"; it is the natural result of bringing Christians together under the standard of Christ and the Church.

It is doubtful whether the unity for which Christ prayed involves the obliteration of all the existing divisions of believers. Individualism has always rebelled against the idea of a universal church, with its lack of provision for the varying conditions of men, and the compression of all minds in the same mould. Far more in accord with the New Testament ideal, and a fuller exhibition of the unifying power of the Spirit, is that type of Christian fellowship which forms separate communities, retaining their individuality and freedom, but characterized by the warmest fraternal sympathy for all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. The ind denominational spirit illustrated in a partial way in the Christian Endeavor movement seems the wisest solution of the problem of church union for this generation. Christians should be united by a common faith and common aims, but the bond must be one of spiritual affinity rather than of formal unity. The strength of "The Miracle at Markham" lies in the emphasis which it places upon the spiritual union of believers and their co-operation in all forms of Christian service.—*J. S. C.*

"For Christ and the Church."

By S. Jean Walker.

"FOR Christ and the Church," the cry.
Rouse in the strength of might,
The battle clarion ring,
Our cause the cause of right.
Why slumber ye in your tents?
The foe is pressing nigh;
Awake! Awake! ye sleepers,
Awake, for thousands die!

"For Christ and the Church," the cry.
Fall into battle's line;
Unseal the marching orders
With sign and countersign.
The Lord of Hosts, our Captain—
His service loved, we own—
Greater than countless legions,
Defeat can ne'er be known.

"For Christ and the Church," the cry.
This watchword pass along;
'Twill cheer the faint and falt'ring,
More valiant make the strong.
Then rally round the standard,
With crimson deeply dyed;
'Twas Jesus' blood that stained it,
When He was crucified.

"For Christ and the Church," the cry.
By blood of martyrs, shed
For right of faith and freedom,
We'll follow where they led.

On left, the foe assail us;
To right, they press us hard;
Strive on, the conflict rages,
For us our Leader's scarred.

"For Christ and the Church," the cry.
The beacon light of love
Will shed its rays to brighten
The march to heav'n above.
Then swell the strain triumphant,
For right shall conquer wrong;
All glory to our Leader,
Shall be our endless song.

"For Christ and the Church," the cry.
Set free the slaves of sin;
Our Captain's strength will grant us,
In Him, for Him, we'll win.
And when the conflict's over,
Our robes all stained and torn,
Garments of peace shall clothe us,
A crown our brows adorn.

Thamesville, Ont.

The Free Church Movement in England.

By Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D.,

Of St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, London.

OUR readers will remember an editorial note in the March issue commenting on the new catechism of the Free Church movement in England. Confident that more definite information concerning this effort to answer our Master's prayer for the unity of believers would be appreciated, we wrote to the Rev. Monro Gibson, D.D., of London, England, a leader in the movement, and asked for some account of its origin and development. Dr. Gibson is one of Canada's honored sons, who has found a place of high eminence and regard in the Presbyterian ministry of the motherland. His response was prompt and kindly. We give it herewith to our readers with considerable pleasure, and its appropriateness, coming at this time when Sheldon's latest book, elsewhere reviewed in this issue, is creating so deep an interest, will be realized by everyone:

To your request for an article on the Free Church movement in Great Britain I can, in the press of work now upon me, only give a very hurried reply. Perhaps a brief history of its development will be the best thing I can give you.

At a preliminary meeting, at which only about a dozen of us were present, held in the house of Mr. Percy Bunting, editor of *The Contemporary Review*, it was resolved to make the experiment of summoning a Free Church Congress in the hope that members of the different Churches might be willing to confer with one another in regard to subjects of general interest on which common action might be taken. It was with considerable misgiving on the part of some that the resolution was taken, lest the effect should be only to accentuate the differences which no one could deny still remained. The Congress was held, however, in Manchester, in November, 1892, and proved a very great success both in

point of numbers and spirit; so much so, indeed, that another was summoned for Leeds in the spring of '94, and a third in Birmingham in '95.

At this 1895 meeting the great discovery was made that the Congress had begun to assume a representative character, local councils having been formed in different parts of the country which had sent up delegates to represent them. Dr. Berry, whose recent decease is the greatest loss the movement has yet had to sustain, was president at this time, and in his inaugural address suggested that we should no longer content ourselves with personal membership, but should seek to organize and constitute a National Council which would be a representation of the Free Church life of the country. This suggestion was adopted, a constitution drafted, and at the next meeting in Nottingham in 1896 the Fourth Congress became the First National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches.

So rapid was the development now that before the second meeting of the National Council, which took place in London in the spring of 1897, nearly 400 local councils were represented, embracing as many as 11,000 churches with a membership of over 1,400,000. At the meeting in Bristol in the following year, 1898, the number of councils represented had reached 500, and this year in Liverpool it came close up to 600.

The whole country is now covered. There are still many individual Churches which hold themselves aloof, but these cases are quite exceptional. We may now say that practically the whole of the Evangelical forces of the country are united in the effort to antagonize the influence of evil, and bring the power of the Gospel to bear on the life of the nation. Our federation is in fact a vast Christian Endeavorers' Association, and the success which has already attended it leads us to hope that there will be a similar movement in other countries.

It seems hopeless to look for organic union among the Churches, and if we remember that when the Church was in its early beginnings the apostle recognized the fact that there were "differences of administration but the same Lord," we need surely not be surprised nor discouraged that there should be differences of administration still. It does seem to be made plain in the providence of God and in the moving of His Spirit in the minds of men, that union is to be sought not in the way of a vast outward organization, but rather in the federation of our forces, which, while allowing for the retention of our distinctive peculiarities, paves the way for our united action along the great lines of service for the Kingdom on which we are all substantially at one.

I rejoice exceedingly in the influence of the Christian Endeavor societies in the direction of Christian union, and I trust that these are preparing the way all over the world for a great International Federation of all the Evangelical forces—a union in heart, and soul, and effort, of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and are faithful to His Gospel in its simplicity, purity, and power.

Byrne: A Seaside Hero

EVIDENTLY they were both porters from the great hotel just behind us, and were unconscious of my proximity as I lay on the sand, sometimes reading and again looking out over the short, pebbly beach and the sea. The only break in the semicircular line was a lighthouse on its small island a mile away to the eastward. "Well," mumbled the fellow who was nearest me, "I'm gettin' about sick o' this."

"Well, I dunno, Bin," said his companion.

The indifference, where sympathy was looked for, seemed to put a little life into Bin. His full name was Abinadab, as I happened to know. "I'm goin' to stop it, I tell yer," Bin ejaculated, suddenly picking up a bit of driftwood and slinging it far out into the water. "This everlastin' haulin' of trunks up and down stairs for everlastin' swells that's too confounded lazy to do anythin' for themselves! It's very degradin', and I'm done."

Presently I heard the name of my friend Byrne in the talk of my two neighbors.

"If I didn't hear him preach last Sunday in the hotel parlor! Ha! ha! ha!" It was Bin again. "Aint been to anythin' of that sort before—dunno when. But—" with a chuckle, "Jennie, she made me promise to listen outside the winder."

I smiled under my umbrella, for Jennie was a comely maid, and I was glad her influence was so wholesome; but I sobered again quickly.

"Well, yes, I heard him, and I heard enough, too. I am sick of all the old bosh they always talk. It was, 'Like the work you're at,' and 'Be ready to do for folks,' and 'No matter how much you do, you can't do it too strong,' and so on and so on, only he put it different, so it seemed mighty fine and easy, and Jennie she like to died, it was so awful sweet. And I said to her, 'Good gracious, what does he know about it? He aint never worked in his life. He aint never done anythin' he didn't want to.' And she says, 'How do you know?' And I says, 'Can't you tell by lookin' at him?' He's a swell through and through, jest a big, lazy swell, that's what he is. Let him preach," says I. "He can't pull wool over my eyes!"

By this time I had risen and was on the point

of trying a different kind of sermon on my friend Bin, though I am no preacher. I am only a clerk for a business firm, and no talker about anything but goods. But I happened to know something about Byrne, and thought a little simple biography might improve Bin's mind. Just as I was about to open my mouth, however, I noticed the approach of a tall man, walking with a beautiful woman. It was Byrne himself, and the girl to whom he was engaged—in my eyes the handsomest couple the world ever saw. I naturally reserved my conversation with Bin for a future time, and hastened to join my two friends in their promenade, catching these mumbled words as I passed the two porters: "And marries a rich girl, too, for all his 'umble talk!"

The next afternoon was sultry. Byrne and I were on the beach for a talk and a breath of air. He was telling me about his proposed trip to Europe and his plan for a course of study before settling down to parish work. I was listening in a half-envious way, for Byrne was superior to me in education, and in fact in real mental ability, and no man altogether likes to be overtopped. But he didn't know it. He thought he had a great deal to learn



"BYRNE PUT HIS HAND ON BIN'S SHOULDER."

before he could be of use in the world. He had only been first in his class at college, and three times first—if there is any such thing—at the seminary, and then he had built up only one broken-down parish since he came out. And now he had just declined a call to a large New York church because he had too humble an opinion of his abilities to let him take it. The fact was, he was a great man in both soul and body.

"And when do you sail?" I asked, trying to keep the envy out of my voice. And then I endeavored to persuade him after all to accept his call to New York. "What's the idea in going now?" I said. "Why not wait till you get a little fagged? You'd better accept your call to St. —'s. After you have been there a while they will allow you to go abroad. In the meantime, you would have a local habitation and a name."

"There's a good deal in that," said he. "You evidently understand the clerical nature, and ought to have been a minister. A man feels as much lost without a parish as a dog without a master. It's a draggled, hungry feeling, but—"

A puff of wind carried his voice from me just then. In fact, while we had been talking, the wind had been rising uncomfortably, and we began to think of turning back to the broad hotel veranda. But it was tempting to stay and watch the clouds. There were immenso columns of them whirling rapidly up from different quarters of the sky, and they were black and threatening. From one of them came an angry tongue of lightning. We did not need to remark, what was quite obvious, that a small hurricano was brewing. We held on to our hats and amused ourselves studying the effect of the rising wind upon the water. When a few large rain-drops hit our cheeks, we turned to go in, and just then passed my friend Bin, on his sulky way down to the beach after a pail of salt water. Inwardly I said, "When we get into the house, Byrne shall know our sturdy youth's opinion of him. Perhaps it may be good for both of them."

We had gone but a few steps when we heard a man's voice shouting to us from behind:

"Say! Hello! Turn round, can't you?"

We turned. There stood a man who had evidently just managed to land on the beach, for he was dripping wet, and he held in his hand the painter of his dory, which was tugging away and almost standing on end in the rough water behind him. The instant we turned he beckoned to us wildly.

Bin stood at a little distance, his jaw down and the pail dangling at his side. He was always ready to look on, I had noticed, and he looked on now.

"Say!" shouted the man to us, before we had come up to him. "Say! I want to know where I can find a minister. Thought mebbo there was one up there t' th' hotel." He rushed up to Byrne and seized his arm in his excitement.

"Look here, sir," he gasped, "my wife's a-dyin'. She's over there in the lighthouse all alone. She's a-waitin' for somebody to say the right kind of thing to her. I can't. She's got to have a minister."

"I'm the man you want," said Byrne, stepping quietly towards the water. "Come along and hold your boat while I get in."

The wind was now howling furiously, and there was an incessant growl of thunder. Outside the point the sea was fearful. I took hold of Byrne's arm and shouted above the roar:

"For heaven's sake wait until the storm is over!"

His face was full of animation. He loved a rough sea, and he loved to have such an errand. He was at home with sick people. As he turned from me he fell into the hands of Bin, who had dropped his pail, and came up to us, setting his usually hanging jaw into a firm, square line.

"Now, mister," shouted Bin, his eyes fiery and fierce, "don't! don't! don't!" Then he turned to the lighthouse-keeper. "Aint you ashamed of yourself, to ask a gentleman out on that there sea?"

Byrne put his hand on Bin's shoulder with a smile. "Thank you," he said. "But it's all

right, you know, for him to let me decide whether I shall go or not. His thoughts are with his wife over there."

"An' she's dyin'," put in the other man; "dyin' fast!"

"And," added Byrne to both Bin and me as we stood side by side, "we are both strong men, acquainted with water and boats, and the distance is short. So please hold the dory."

They were in and off. I stood there till they rounded the point. It was so thick the lighthouse couldn't be seen. I felt deeply alarmed.

Bin, puzzled and angry—why, he knew not—uttered one strong word of profanity, and seemed to cast himself free of the affair. He caught up his pail, filled it with water, and carried it doggedly back to the house.

I passed an anxious night. At one moment the clutch of fear nearly stifled me; at another I tried to persuade myself that I was a hysterical fool for my pains; but sleep I could not. Why had not Byrne come back to the hotel after the gale had settled down into the steady downpour which I could hear as I lay on a sofa in the smoking-room? I stayed there, so that I could be ready to get him something hot when he should get back. I remained awake until the clock struck three.

"Almost morning," thought I. "As soon as it is daylight I will row over and get him, and bring him back to a good breakfast." And then I fell asleep.

I woke to see a sunbeam dancing on the wall. It was fully seven, and I had slept so soundly that I had not heard the servants about their daily tasks. But as I sat up with the uncomfortable feeling of a man who has slept in his clothes, I saw Bin's rough head looking in at the door.

"I've got a boat ready for you, sir," said he, in his peculiarly sulky drawl, and disappeared.

At first I was too sleepy to understand. Then it went like a knife through my heart. So this rough fellow was anxious lest—I would not face the thought. It was quite too early to expect Byrne. It was singular that Bin should have a boat ready which I had not ordered. It annoyed me that the fellow had been more zealous for my friend than I had been.

In a few minutes I was on my way to the water. Bin was holding the dory's nose and waiting. There was a stern expression on his face. I got in and he after me. I had not asked him to go, but he took the oars without a word, and not a word did we speak all the way over.

It was a glorious morning. The white finger of the lighthouse gleamed against a cloudless, limitless sky. The whitecaps, tufting up in the sunlight, were all that remained of the storm. The fresh west wind, after yesterday's heat, made the blood bound in the veins. Already, before the mile was rowed, last night's feverish fears seemed far away. They were phantoms. This July morning, with its sparkle, its life and its health, was a reality.

As we drew up our boat at the one possible

landing-place on the rocky island, I bounded out like a boy. Glancing up at the house, my mind's eye seemed to show me Byrne's great figure striding down the path to meet me, his face radiant with the keen air of the morning.

"Byrne!" I called. I felt a strong grip on my arm. It was Bin.

"Don't," said he; and then, with a face of choking grief, he muttered, "I've been over here before, this mornin'." And he threw himself down on the stones and buried his face in his hands.

I knew the truth at once. Byrne had probably gone out of the world. I wondered what difference it made to this clumsy fellow. Then I turned and walked hurriedly up to the little wooden house which formed the base of the lighthouse. There was no sign of life near it, except a few breeze-blown hens pecking about the stone door-slab. I knocked at the door. No answer followed. I lifted the latch and found myself in a narrow entry, which led into a diminutive sitting-room.

Two rocking-chairs stood in the room, and over the back of one of them lay a knitted shawl. Some newspapers were piled on a small table in the middle of the room, and near them a half-finished stocking with yarn and needles spoke of a woman's fingers.

From here I went into the kitchen, where the cold stove and the unfinished litter told of a place hastily left. It startled me when a Maltese cat jumped down from the dresser. I was impelled to search the place, as if some message might be found from the bottom of the sea, where I now was sure Byrne was lying. My great Byrne, the watching of whose future was to have been my glory!

The cat gave me a dumb welcome, overjoyed to see a human being thus late in the day. She rubbed against my legs; then she went to a closed door, and rubbed back and forth against it, looking up and inviting me to lift the latch for her.

I opened the door and passed up the narrow staircase. At the head was the bedroom, and the piteous sight which there met me told its own story. The room was very bare but very neat. Three or four scriptural mottoes, worked in red wool upon canvas and framed, hung on the walls. The bed had been turned about in such a way that it could command a view of the beach, where only yesterday Byrne and I had been walking and talking, and where from this very spot might perhaps have been seen the small boat landing with its messenger from this sick-room.

On the bed, bolstered up with pillows, the better to see from the window, lay a little woman, pale, thin, and still. Perhaps she had died while watching for the boat which never came, for her eyes still scanned the line of beach.

I read in the poor dead face the record of a starved soul, which had lived solitary, far away from that which it had been taught to prize. I could understand how the visit of a minister

might have seemed to her like the one great boon which she, as a dying person, had a right at last to demand. I could understand how her husband would risk much to get it for her. But the price!

Then I thought how the storm must have thundered round the lonely island, and how this small, timid human creature had lain alone amidst it all, with no one to take her hand; and in my great pity tears came to my eyes, while the peace on her face mocked my aching heart.

On the way back I looked at Bin, and wondered what he thought now of the sermon which yesterday he had criticised so harshly. But I could not talk, and he said not a word.

The sea was kind, and gave us back all that was left of Byrne. So many people who had heard him preach the Sunday before, or had heard him talk, or had loved and admired him for other reasons, wanted to see his face again, that he was laid for a day in the hotel parlor.

There came an hour when the people were busy with dinner and I only was in the room. The door opened softly and a hesitating pair came awkwardly in. It was Bin and Jennie. They stood and looked upon the dead, peaceful face, she crying, he quiet. Not a word was said. Finally they both knelt down. It was he who made the first motion to kneel. His lips moved. For some time no sound came from them. It was very hard for Bin to say the word "God," but finally it came, and when it came it meant much.

"Oh God, that there sermon was all right. I'm sorry now I run it down." He looked at the quiet face. "I didn't know you was that kind of a man. Jennie, she's goin' to teach me so's I can do some of them things you spoke about. I will try. God help me."

This was a solemn consecration service, although the minister was silent.—*Rev. Fred. Palmer in Youth's Companion.*

The Coming of Spring.

By Isabelle E. Mackay.

SWEET wildwood lily, from thy dreams awake,
Behold 'tis Spring!

The robins in the tree-tops far above,
Their welcome sing.

O ice-bound rivulet, thy bondage break,
Wake and rejoice,
Lest Spring, amid the psalm of delight,
Should miss thy voice.

Wake trees, your festal robes prepare with joy,
Fair Spring is near,—
The sunshine is her smile, the gentle rain
Her falling tear.

Wake, Nature, wake, thy slumber time is o'er,
Spring's gentle tread
Adown the forest aisles draws softly near;
'Tis dawn o'erhead!

Woodstock, Ont.

Flotsam and Jetsam

Gathered from that Washed upon our Shores by the Sea of Exchanges

Open the Door.

OPEN the door, let in the air ;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day ;
If our door is wide open it may come this way—
Open the door.

Open the door, let in the sun ;
He hath a smile for every one ;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin ;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the
Open the door. [vine—

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin ;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door.

—Selected.

A Complete Outfit.

A NATIVE Chinese preacher, in a sermon preached before a large conference of fellow-workers, said :

"Ask the Master for Peter's hook to bring up the fish ; for David's crook to guide the sheep aright ; for Gideon's torch to light up the dark places ; for Moses' guiding rod ; for David's sling to prostrate your giant foe ; for the brazen serpent to cure the bites of the world's snakes ; for gospel seed with no tares in it ; for the armor inventoried by Paul in Ephesians ; and above all for the wonderful Holy Spirit to help at all times."

Ian Maclaren in a Gale.

WHEN the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John Watson came to this country on the "Teutonic" last month, they encountered a very severe storm. In a letter to *The British Weekly* entitled "A Hurricane on the Atlantic," Dr. Watson gives a graphic description of the weather, from which we take the following :

It was an awful, a majestic spectacle, such as one is never likely to see again and certainly does not desire to see. The wind blew from three different quarters in turn, and the waves were about forty-five feet high. At their base and in the trough they were black, midway upward they were a very dark green ; toward the crest the dark green brightened into emerald ; and the waves were crowned with clouds of white foam through which once and again the sunlight

broke. As a wave of this size and fearful beauty approached the vessel one felt that it was certain to cover it from stem to stern. If it had, such a wave would have broken in the whaleback deck at the bow, have swept away the boats, possibly might have carried away the officers' quarters forward and even have destroyed the bridge. As it was, the vessel lifted on the approach of the wave, and rose like a seabird on the billows till at last her bow passed through the crest of the wave, while the stream of emerald poured along the side of the vessel, and the white spray was driven by the wind over the bridge and above the funnels. Now and again, the crest of a wave would strike upon the beam, flooding the decks with water and making the great ship quiver from end to end.

The safety of the vessel through this terrible commotion depended on the perfect seamanship of the captain, who was three days and three nights continuously on the bridge, and it is the judgment of certain on board who had been in many storms and knew the Atlantic well that no man could have shown finer qualities in his profession or discharged his responsible trust with more perfect success. The head of the vessel was kept to the hurricane, and the speed reduced in proportion to the head wind. So cleverly was the vessel managed that during the height of this fearful hurricane, while the roar of the wind was like thunder, and the aspect of the sea like nothing else but the Burnese Oberland, as you look at it from one of the mountains, there was not the slightest discomfort for the passengers (at least, those at all accustomed to the sea), and the vessel was really quieter in the hurricane than during some of the moderate gales. The behavior of the "Teutonic" was altogether admirable, and she seemed indeed like a thing of life—a marine creature, buoyant and glad, rejoicing in the waves beneath her, and the wind which she cut in two.

In order that one may appreciate the skill of the captain in saving his vessel from the attack of the waves and the fearful danger when a North Atlantic wave comes down on a vessel, I may mention that some years ago a huge wave, which had not been well negotiated, tore open the deck of an Atlantic liner just forward of the bridge, flooding the saloons with water, and killing and injuring a number of the crew and passengers. The vessel was turned and happily brought back to Queenstown, although with much danger, and presented an illustration of the irresistible force of a mass of water landing even upon a strongly-built iron steamship. Upon that occasion, it is said that an elderly lady was washed from one saloon to another, and landed without a stitch of clothing in the arms of the ship's doctor, whom she clasped around the neck

and called "mother." The embarrassed doctor glanced at a steward who was standing helpless in a corner and up to his waist in water. "What," roared the doctor, "are you looking at me for? It would suit you better to take off your coat and cover this distressed female." So close are tragedy and comedy in some of the critical circumstances of life.

The Laborer's Dream.

A LABORER at the Dundee harbor recently told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind.

The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it has been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter.

"The fat rat," he said, "is the mon who keeps the public-hoose that ye gang till sae aften; an' the twa lean ones are me and me mither, an' the blind ane is yersel', faither."

Bishop Wilberforce's Retort.

A BLUSTERING atheist happened to meet The bishop one day as he walked down the street, And stopped him to ask, in a bantering way, This question—"Please tell me, Sir Bishop, I pray, For I'm really a stranger where you are at home, And don't care in ignorance longer to roam; And to him that gives much, you know, much shall be given, So tell me, Sir Bishop, the straight road to heaven!" The bishop, not slow at a witty retort, And not unaccustomed to fools of this sort, Most pleasantly smiled and most graciously said, "First turn to the right and then keep on ahead."

Power to Suffer.

THERE are two forces in every man's life, both of which are often overlooked and almost always underrated: the power of Christlikeness and the power of perseverance. Many persons seem to think it impossible to be like Christ; others appear careless as to this vital factor in Christian life and labor. Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing relates a case which illustrates very forcibly the value of both of these factors:

Even very young people may be "out and out" for Christ. They may live in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians as certainly as may Christians of double or treble their years. Let me give you an instance.

When Dr. George Lansing Taylor was a lad

in his early Ohio home, he gave his heart to the Lord; and, like many another, he had to suffer persecution from his schoolmates. The indignities were hard for a young fellow of fifteen to bear; but he learned at the very outset to love his enemies. One day that love was pretty thoroughly tested, and, fortunately for all concerned, it was not found a minus quantity.

He was sharpening a pencil when a book slipped off the desk and fell upon the floor. He bent over to pick it up, with his large, sharp jack-knife open in his hand. The boy who was his chief persecutor gave his hand a kick that drove the knife into it, gashing it fearfully, and nearly laying open the thumb joint. Young Taylor shut his hand so tightly as to stop the flow of blood; then rising, with no sign of anything having gone wrong, he asked permission to go out. Crossing the street to the house of the nearest doctor, he had the wound sewed up and dressed.

"Do you know," said the surgeon, "you have come within one of losing the use of your right hand? Who was it that kicked you? You can make him smart for it. His father can be made to pay well for such a job as that. Who did it?"

Taylor positively refused to tell. He was far more anxious to do the boy good than to have him suffer for his meanness. He never showed by word or look that he resented the injury. The love of Christ had taken all resentment out of his soul.

Six or seven years later he had finished his college course, and had taken the principalship of a school for the training of teachers. Among his pupils was the young man, though older than himself, who had kicked the knife into his hand. There was not one of the scholars more faultlessly loyal to the young teacher.

The Holy Spirit was poured out upon the school, and many of the students were saved.

One afternoon that young man asked Taylor if he could talk with him a few moments after school. When they were alone he asked: "Do you remember, Mr. Taylor, when I so nearly ruined your right hand by a brutal kick?"

"I think I do," replied the teacher pleasantly; "I shall carry the scar to my grave."

"I had no idea of hurting you so badly," said the other. "I hated you because you had become a Christian. You never seemed to resent it in the least. And now I want to tell you that that jack-knife has been sticking in my heart ever since. Lately the Lord has been twisting it around, till the agony has become unbearable. I want you to forgive me and ask God to help me out of this torment about my meanness."

The two young men dropped on their knees; and from that hour they were not only brothers in Christ but fast friends. Patient love had conquered.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—*Ruskin.*

From the Front

How the Soldiers of the Cross Carry the War into the Enemy's Country

Pentecost in Uganda.

A Stirring Story of Spiritual Revival.

ONE of the most significant missionary books of the day is "Pilkington of Uganda," a biography by C. F. Harford Battersby. The short life of George L. Pilkington will live in the annals of modern missions as that of an apostle. Seven years of the brief thirty-two for which God spared him to the world were spent in Uganda witnessing to Jesus Christ. In the year 1893 he became deeply convinced that there was an experience of filling with the Holy Spirit which he had not received. This was while he was on the field. About the same time there arose among the workers in Uganda an eager desire for special mission services. In the absence of any help from abroad, they concluded that God might want them to undertake the work themselves. This was December 8, 1893.

That very morning they began. They had not told the people, but went up after prayer, at the usual time, believing for a blessing. Mr. Pilkington conducted the meeting. They sang

"Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?"

and Mr. Pilkington prayed, and then spoke of a very sad case which had indirectly led to the conviction that there was need of a new power from God coming down on the native church and the missionaries. A certain Musa Yakuganda had asked to have his name given out as having returned to the state of a heathen. He said, "I get no profit from your religion." Being asked if he knew what he was saying, he replied, "Do you think I have been reading seven years and do not understand? Your religion does not profit me at all; I have done with it." Pilkington dwelt on this case until the sense of need of the deeper and fuller life and power of the Spirit took strong hold on the missionary preachers and teachers and humbled them before God. Then blessing came to the whole native church. On two occasions hundreds were all praying for forgiveness, while others were in the simplest language praising God.

Each morning fully five hundred were present, and they found themselves in the midst of a great spiritual revival. The after meetings saw two hundred waiting for individual dealing. Among others who were the fruits of this work was that same Musa who had asked his name to be given out as having gone back to heathenism. Great chiefs in the land boldly confessed their wish to accept Christ. The missionaries appointed the week following the mission services as a time for special meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life. Those wonderful three days, Dec. 8-10, 1893, will never be forgotten. They were the

signal for years of blessing, pentecostal in character and wonderful in results.

When Mr. Pilkington went home to England, on furlough, in 1895, he gave a vivid picture of the Uganda work in the shape of four consecutive scenes, afterward issued in pamphlet form, and called "The Gospel in Uganda." We quote:

"Over 100,000 souls brought into close contact with the Gospel, half of them able to read for themselves; 200 buildings raised by native Christians, in which to worship and read the Word of God; 200 native evangelists and teachers wholly supported by the native church; 10,000 New Testaments in circulation; 6000 souls seeking instruction daily; numbers of candidates for baptism, confirmation, of adherents and teachers more than doubling each year for six or seven years, and God's power shown by their changed lives—and all these results in the very centre of the world's thickest spiritual darkness and death shade!

"This was in 1896, and later reports eclipse even this.

"The changes wrought by the Gospel in that country can be appreciated only by setting in sharp contrast the state of things in 1880 and in 1895.

"Old Isaiah, 'the good-natured giant,' will tell you how three hundred brothers and cousins of the king were penned within the narrow limits of the dike, still visible by the roadside, two or three miles north of Mengo, and by his orders left there to starve to death! For a trifling misdemeanor both eyes were gouged out. The king, simply to support his royal dignity, ordered the promiscuous slaughter of all who happened to be standing on his right or left hand, or all who might be met on the streets at a certain time, by a band sent out for the purpose of such slaughter. Should a remonstrance be made against killing the innocent, the answer would be, 'If I only kill the guilty, the innocent will not respect me.' Women and children were sold into slavery. Spirits were believed in and worshipped. Charms were worn; woman was a beast of burden, etc. But Christ and His Gospel has changed all this. Domestic slavery no longer has any legal status, and any slave may claim freedom, and this claim will be honored. Woman takes her place by man's side. Conversion has brought victory over vicious habits; cruelty is seen to be cruelty, and around the Lord's table gather from time to time those who were once darkness, but now light in the Lord, 'washed, sanctified, justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.'"

IN his long missionary career in China, Dr. Griffith John has baptized over 4000 converts.

Tried Tactics

Fighting Plans for the Canadian Christian Endeavor Host

Flower Committee Petals.

Plant flowers around the church and attend to them.

It is only in winter that flowers need to be purchased. Whenever wild flowers can be used, they answer the purpose better.

Study variety. Mass the flowers. Make one flower a specialty for each Sunday. Often use vines and grains and branches of leaves, not forgetting the evergreens.

In sending flowers to the aged and the sick, remember to add a hearty written word of hope and love and comfort. It is far better to take the flowers yourself than to send them.

Give bulbs, or young plants, or packages of seeds, to the scholars in the Sunday-school, or to the Juniors, and promise some reward for the best flowers brought in. Hold an exhibition of the results.

If the Flower Committee distributes little envelopes among the pews and calls for special contributions for its work, it will get them. Some committees place in the vestibule a box marked, "For your floral offerings," with a slit in the top through which money may be dropped.

—*Daily Companion.*

A Birthday Pledge.

The Reformed Presbyterian Endeavorers of Sterling, Kan., adopted the following birthday pledge. Other societies may wish to use this pleasant mode of raising money.

BIRTHDAY PLEDGE.	
STERLING, Kansas, January 1, 1899.	
MY BIRTHDAY comes on the.....day of	
....., and I promise to pay	
to the Treasurer of the Reformed Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E.	
on or about that date.	
AS MANY PENNIES AS I AM YEARS OLD.	
The money to be used at the end of the year as the society	
may direct.	
Signed,	
.....	
Received payment,Treasurer.

A Good Opening.

If the prayer meeting is opened in a fresh and striking way, it is not likely to run in a rut. Here are a few ways in which the opening may be varied:

- Open with a quartette.
- Open with silent prayer.
- Open with an appropriate solo.
- Open with a series of sentence prayers.
- Open with a blackboard talk on the topic.

Open with a word from your pastor, previously asked to give it.

Open with six comments, on the six daily readings of the week.

Open directly with some abrupt and striking word about the subject.

Open with an appropriate recitation, rendered by some younger member.

Open with testimonies, reserving your remarks till many others have spoken.

Open with the Bible verses brought by the members as their testimonies.

Open with the Scripture lesson read by two Endeavorers who will stand before the society and read alternate verses.

Open with a series of Bible verses bearing on the subject, given out before the meeting to a number of Endeavorers who will read in the order in which their slips are numbered.

Open with a Bible-reading on the subject, making sure beforehand that the members bring their Bibles. Give out numbered slips containing references, and have them read in the order of the numbers. Invite those that read to comment briefly on what they read, if they will, but let the leader make no comments himself.

In your opening always seek to touch the highest themes. Remember that novelty is of value only as a stepping-stone to interest. If you can get the interest in an old way, do so. Above all, seek at the very outset of the meeting to obtain Christ's presence in it.—*A. R. Wells.*

How to Close the Meeting.

A good meeting is not the best meeting unless it is closed in the best way, and the best way is certainly not the same way each time. The close should be planned for as carefully as the opening. Here are some plans that may be followed, according to circumstances:

Close with a concert repetition of the pledge.

Close with a re-reading of the Scripture lesson.

Close with a tender appeal for decisions for Christ.

Close with the leader's remarks, reserved for this point.

Close with a series of songs fitted to enforce the evening's lesson.

Close with a series of sentence prayers connected with the subject.

Do not close in a hurry. Allow yourself ample time for an effective close.

Close with a series of three short prayers, by three members whom you will name.

Close with silent prayer for God's blessing on the words spoken and the songs sung.

Close with an earnest word by your pastor, whom you have asked to reserve himself till this time.

Close with a summary, by a "summarist" previously appointed, of the best things said during the meeting. Of course no names will be given.

Close with the concert repetition of some appropriate Scripture passage, previously written on a blackboard or a large sheet of paper, so that all can see it.

Close with the concert reading of some suitable hymn.—*Amos R. Wells.*

A "Visiting List."

A useful method of setting the members of the congregation to work calling upon strangers, is in use by Rev. T. M. Johnson, pastor of the Methodist church at Greensboro, N.C. He uses the following blank:

(Please return this next Sunday.)

M.....
 Can you find time this week to call on.....

 Pastor.

The above names marked thus * have been visited the past week, and also the following:

Signed..... Visitor.

NOTE.—Use space below or other side for remarks, to report any needing help, and so on.

These slips are enclosed in neat little envelopes, addressed, and placed in the hands of a Junior to distribute at the church on Sunday morning.

Suggestions for Socials.

A "Corker."

"Put a cork in each ear and listen to no other invitation for Thursday evening," etc. This is the crafty way of calling attention to the society social adopted by the Second Presbyterian Endeavorers of Dubuque, Iowa. Two little corks were tied by yellow ribbons to the corners of the invitation card.

Old-Fashioned Spelling Matches.

This is an instructive feature for a social. Let the pastor, or some one selected by the Social Committee, be appointed to "give out the words." The committee should appoint two "captains," who will choose the spellers, taking turns. When all have been selected who will spell, the sides should be ranged opposite each other. The leader gives out words from a newspaper or book. When a player misses the correct spelling he sits down, and the speller opposite is given an opportunity to spell the word, and so the game proceeds until only one is left standing.

The Hidden Paper.

Take a square of white paper measuring two inches each way, and let some one go into a

room apart, and place it in clear view. Then call in the company and bid them find it. It is astonishing how long this will often take. I have known a party of twenty, each possessed of ordinarily bright eyes, to look for three-quarters of an hour before they discovered the elusive bit of paper, twisted in the rattan of a chair! As each gets sight of the paper, he must quietly seat himself.

Silhouette Social.

Although this game is not sufficient to furnish an evening's entertainment, a half-hour or more may be spent very enjoyably with it. Hang up a sheet in the doorway between two rooms, and place one-half the company in either room. Let light be on one side of the sheet only, and let the part of the company who are in the dark guess, from the shadow-pictures cast by the members of the other company, the names of the persons casting them. Each side is to be given a guess in turn, the lights being alternately turned up and turned down on each side of the sheet. If the person is correctly guessed, the guessing side wins that person, and the game progresses—if the patience of the company and the interest holds out—until one side is abolished.

A Drawing Contest.

A drawing contest will make an agreeable feature of any Christian Endeavor social. As the members enter, furnish each with three sheets of drawing-paper and a pencil. Set them in groups about small tables. Announce that the amateur artists will be permitted to choose their own subjects, and that each drawing must be finished within ten minutes, at the close of which the drawings will be collected and a new set entered upon. Each drawing must be signed with the name of the artist, and the name of the person or thing he intended to depict. Judges will be appointed, who will decide for each set which is the best and which is the worst drawing. While the others are at work, these judges will hang the drawings about the room, and on the conclusion of the third set there will be a general examination of them, the members voting which drawing, in their opinion, is worthy of the highest honor, and which is the poorest. It will be interesting to see whether the common judgment agrees with the opinion of the judges. The contest may or may not be enlivened with prizes.

Missionary Enthusiasm.

Do not let each meeting stand by itself, but plan at the beginning of the year for all the year's missionary meetings, so that they may form a connected series.

A good series would be one meeting for each great mission field of your denomination, or one meeting for each great mission country of the world, or six meetings on the six greatest missionaries of the world's history, or alternate meetings on home and foreign missions, or one meeting for each missionary board of your own denomination.

The Trysting Place

Endeavorers the World Over Meet Here to Tell of Work Done for Jesus

Kindred in Christ.

What our Comrades in Other Lands are Doing.

The Islands of the Sea.

Rev. W. E. Bromilow, head of the Wesleyan mission in New Guinea, says that the pledge means to the New Guineans substantially what it means to Britons and Americans. The societies in New Guinea have applied for affiliation with the Australasian Union. Mr. Piper, secretary of the latter body, writes: "We hear of other Christian Endeavor societies in Samoa, the Loyalty Islands, and the Marshall Islands." He is working to get into touch with all the societies in the Pacific.

A rally of Endeavorers was recently held in the Isle of Man. A committee of twenty had charge of arrangements. Special flags bearing the Manx coat of arms and the C. E. monogram were used in decoration. An outcome of this rally will be the formation of an Isle of Man Union.

In Taffy's Land.

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief."

So runs the nursery rhyme, which is really a most unkind one; but Taffy now is a Christian Endeavorer, and has completed arrangements for the inauguration of the new Welsh National Union at the Tredegar Convention. It will begin its existence with an enrollment of nearly 400 societies. Thus the little principality marches in the front rank, and the famous motto "Ich Dien," I serve, develops new significance.

Thistle Bloom.

They have been having a big time in auld Scotia. For four days in April the annual Scottish C. E. convention held session in the town of Dunfermline. The Juniors had first place on the programme. Happy Scotland, she has always believed in winning the children, that is why her men to-day stand foremost in the world. The Junior rally was held on the first afternoon of the convention, and was a grand success. On the same evening four great open-air gospel meetings were held in various parts of the city, the fruit of which only eternity can reveal. Sunday heard C. E.

sermons in all the churches, and witnessed a magnificent mass meeting in the public park. Monday was spent in welcome and reception meetings; but Tuesday was the great day of the feast. A sunrise prayer meeting began the day, and a splendid conference followed on such topics as "C. E. in Rural Districts," "C. E. in Relation to Service," "The Pledge," and "C. E. in Relation to Other Church Organizations." More open-air services were held in the afternoon, and an immense mass meeting in the evening at which England, Ireland, and Scotland were represented in the speakers. Aye, mon, but it was a grand gatherin'.

The Land of Dykes.

The secretary of the German Union, Herr Blecher by name, sends tidings of the organization by Pastor H. Waardesburg of Middleburg, of the first Christian Endeavor society in Holland.

Mexico Para Cristo!

So runs the motto on the heading of the southern republic's new Christian Endeavor organ, *El Esforsador Mexicano*. The design of the heading is most appropriate. Cotopaxi or Popocatepetl is seen smoking in the background, while cacti and a semi-recumbent stone figure are prominent in the fore view. The C. E. monogram stands out strikingly in the middle of all the other symbology.

Echoes.

The Christian Endeavorers of the First Church, Oak Park, Ill., have illustrated the blessedness of the tie which binds distant hearts together, by presenting to Rev. Loyal L. Wirt and his congregation in Alaska a solid silver communion service and a baptismal bowl, bearing the inscription: To the Congregational Church, Douglas City, Alaska, from the Christian Endeavorers of Oak Park, Chicago.

Secretary Baer spent the month of April in a southern speaking tour. In twenty-five days he travelled three thousand miles through eighteen States and delivered twenty-six addresses. It is seven years since Mr. Baer went over the same route, and the evidences of progress on every hand were most encouraging.

A good tonic for any who doubt the efficiency of petitions to legisla-

tors is the decisive victory against gambling won by the Endeavorers of the State of Idaho. A faulty anti-gambling law, passed two years ago, was declared void by the Supreme Court. Shortly before the late session of the legislature, the Genesee Congregational Endeavorers circulated a petition praying the legislature to re-enact this bill. They sent this petition to all the Endeavor societies of the State, and copies of it soon began to snow down on the heads of the legislators, signed by their constituents. An anti-gambling bill was promptly introduced, passed in the face of fierce opposition by the gamblers, and signed by the governor, to go into effect April 15. It prohibits all forms of gambling and all gambling devices, under heavy penalty. In a mining State, where gambling is the chief crime, the victory means much.

The Presbyterian Christian Endeavor society in Sitka, Alaska, includes in its membership two Congregationalists, one member of the Christian Church, one Episcopalian, one Roman Catholic and one Greek Catholic. The mission church has now nineteen members, who all rejoice together in acknowledgment of God's special blessing, and pray that they may be used as reapers in this Alaskan field, so white to the harvest. Rev. M. D. McClelland is the missionary in charge of this church, as well as the mission church for natives, which has over 300 members.

In a letter from Miss Lucilla Sprigg, she speaks of the recent South African Convention, thus: Our convention has been a great success, everyone says. We had a very good attendance, and had delegates from the Free State and the Transvaal. Though we have not grown so rapidly this year, the work is progressing. Local Unions are being formed. I hope we will be represented at the convention next year in London. Miss Bliss, one of our Executive, and editor of the *South African Endeavorer*, hopes to be there. And I think it very probable there will be a few more. But it is a long way from here; it is rather an undertaking. It is not like going from America, when it only takes a little more than a week.

Do not lay this paper down without carefully reading Peter Pushem's practical talk on page 160. It will interest you.

Following the Sun

A Record of Christian Endeavor from Ocean to Ocean

To The Deep Music of Atlantic's Waves.

THE Y. P. S. C. E. at Fort Massey Presbyterian church, Halifax, sends the following report of its work:

The work of our society does not vary from year to year. Our membership, numbering 44, is not quite so large as last year, on account of a number of our student members leaving the city.

During the year we have had interesting lectures by Dr. Black, Rev. Mr. Dobson and Prof. Falconer. We are very snug and comfortable in our new meeting room, and we now have an organ of our own.

Besides paying the running expenses of the society, we have given \$106 to missions, \$60 of which went towards the support of a student at Trinidad College, \$7 to the Corean Mission, \$4 to the Inglis Night School, and \$35 towards paying for a teacher at Goodwood, a poor country district, eight miles distant from the city, where but for this help the children would be without public school instruction. We also paid \$25 towards the purchase of a new piano.

Four of our members teach one night each week at the night school on Argyle Street.

We meet on Monday evenings and have a topic assigned for each meeting, devoting one evening each month to the study of our church's history, government, or work. We extend a cordial invitation to members of the congregation to visit us or unite in our meetings. Our officers for 1899 are: Honorary president, Rev. A. Gandier; president, Mr. F. B. McCurdy; treasurer, Mr. Fred. C. Clarke; recording-secy., Miss Jean McConnell; corresponding-secy., Mr. Geo. A. Christie.

On the Shores of Four Lakes.

Ontario is a unique country. A thousand miles from the sea it yet has a coast line along the great lakes of more than a thousand miles in extent. At any rate, it is a healthy province for Christian Endeavor as the following news budget shows,

A Good Time in Kingston.

The annual convention of the Bay of Quinte District Union was held in Kingston on March 30 and 31. The Local Union entertained the delegates at tea in Queen Street Methodist church on Thursday evening. At 8 p.m. the first session opened, the president, Rev. W. S. McTavish, B.D., Deseronto, presiding. The delegates were warmly welcomed by Rev. J. D. Boyd and J. Elliott. The reply to their addresses was given by Rev. S. S. Burns, Stirling. Mr. W. J. Mallagh, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., gave an address on "The Endeavorer and his Bible." In our Christian Endeavor work and our Christian Endeavor meetings we use too



REV. WM. AINSLEY,
President Nova Scotia C. E. Union.

many helps instead of the Word of God. We should come to our meetings prepared. The Endeavorer should clearly understand the meaning of the verse he or she reads at the meeting. We should have a thorough knowledge of and a thorough belief in the Word of God.

A sunrise prayer meeting was held on Friday morning with a good attendance. The Endeavorers present took part and the meeting proved very helpful. The next session was devoted to reports of officers and societies and discussion of the same. Reports were received from 46 societies with a total membership of 2,190. The "best things" done during the past year were very encouraging. The topics discussed at the afternoon session were: (1) "How to secure better results from the weekly prayer meeting," and (2) "Committee work." In the absence of Miss Whytock, of Madoc, Rev. Mr. McTavish led the discussion. Some suggestions were: We

should have only one object in our Monday evening meetings—Christian growth. Each member should come to the meeting so well prepared that, if necessary, he could take the leader's place. It was also thought a good idea to speak to two or three beforehand to lead in sentence prayers. Some good ideas for committee work were brought out in the discussion of the second topic.

Mr. F. T. Phillips, vice-president of the Union, gave an address on "Responsibilities." Every officer should understand the responsibility of the office he is asked to fill before accepting it. He also emphasized the responsibilities of pastors, members of Endeavor societies, committees, and conveners. The report of the Nominating Committee was then read and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. F. T. Phillips, Kingston; vice-president, Rev. S. S. Burns, Stirling; recording-secy. and treasurer, Miss Boothe, Trenton; cor.-secretary, Miss Jessie Redmond, Picton; organizer, Mr. W. A. McIlroy, Kingston; Junior superintendent, Miss Lazier, Belleville; editor, Miss Gammon, Deseronto.

The closing session was held on Friday evening. After the introduction of the new officers, Mr. R. Meek read a paper on "Enthusiasm, its time and place." Rev. E. R. Kelly, Harrowsmith, followed with an address on "Christian fellowship," which he divided under three heads—fellowship with Christ, fellowship of Christians one with another, and Christian fellowship with the world. We should sympathize with each other, and above all things be truthful. Until a man learns to be truthful he will never be a success, and it is one of the hardest lessons we have to learn. True Christian fellowship finds its home and its secret place at the cross of Christ. An earnest consecration service conducted by Rev. Mr. Elliott, brought the convention to a close.

A Brantford Bulletin.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of Wellington Street Methodist church, held a very pleasant reception recently. The schoolroom of the church was nicely decorated with plants and flowers, and presented a very tasty appearance. The president of the society, Mr. Turner, presided, and extended a very hearty welcome to all new comers, and invited the members to take them in hand and make them feel at home, which was done with a will. The Sunday-school orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Ducker, was present, and played several choice selections during the evening. A short liter-

ary and musical programme was given and refreshments served by the ladies.

An enjoyable entertainment took place at the Colborne Street church under the auspices of the E. L. of C. E. Miss Rounds officiated in the chair, and in the course of the evening introduced the following programme: Piano duet, Misses Barber and White; solo, Miss Pettit; reading, Miss Scarfe; piano and violin duet, Misses P. Eacret and E. Markle; reading, Miss M. Shanks; piano solo, Miss Porter; solo, Miss Thomas; tableaux, "Music," "Priscilla," "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "Good-night." The individual numbers were particularly pleasing, and the tableaux were a great success.

Galt Gleanings.

The members of the Epworth League in connection with the Methodist church were well entertained at a recent social. While all the young people were invited to participate, yet a special invitation was given to the married members of the society, a large number of whom were present. After a half-hour or more of social chat, a programme of unusual excellence followed. Mr. Charlton, in a happy speech, bade the married members welcome, and gave the unmarried some wholesome advice regarding the matrimonial problem. The musical numbers were exceptionally good, as were also the several readings given. Some of the founders of society, in the persons of Mr. J. H. Fryer and Mr. Rutherford, were called upon for a few words. It was close to ten o'clock when refreshments were served. The tables were prettily decorated and were laden with many good things, which received ample justice at the hands of the large gathering.

The Executive Committee of the Waterloo County C. E. Union met in Galt, on Good Friday, and decided to hold their seventh annual convention on Friday, June 30th, at Preston Springs. The committee have one or two good speakers in view. The place of meeting being very centrally located, makes the prospect for a large turnout of delegates good.—T. H. FOLEY, County Secretary.

At a recent meeting of the vigorous Eugenia Y. P. S. C. E. the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, Rev. Mr. Thom; vice-president, Mr. Hogg; treasurer, W. W. Graham; recording-secretary, Miss Reinee Munshaw; corresponding-secretary, Miss Nellie Meldrum. Our meetings have been held under difficul-

ties lately owing to the extremely cold and stormy weather. The roads have been completely blocked several of our meeting nights. Quite a number from our sister society, Flesherton, drove in a short time ago to enjoy our meeting. Our meetings are well attended and much appreciated.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Methodist church in Parry Sound has this to say: We are pleased to report thirty new members have joined the church since the revival services which were recently held, and nine young people have joined our C. E. most of whom are young converts. Our prayers are that they may be kept faithful and be a power for good in our society and the world.—*Emma F. Walden.*

The Christian Endeavor society in connection with Amos church, Dromore, had an "At Home" on the evening of March 31st, which was a great success. Three of the neighboring societies were invited and a spirit of friendliness and harmony prevailed. A short programme was given consisting of speeches, solos, and choruses which were much enjoyed by all. We might mention especially the address of the Rev. Mr. Jansen, late of Durham, on "The force of Christian Endeavor," which was indeed a treat to the audience. After the programme refreshments were served in the basement of the church. Our society has been progressing since our last report, and the associate members are being initiated into the duties of active membership. A short time ago the society purchased a new set of books for the Sunday-school library. Our society has been of great benefit to each individually, and it is our earnest prayer that our Great Leader will continue to bless Christian Endeavor everywhere and lead us on to more faithful service and a final and glorious victory.

Willis church Christian Endeavor of Clinton held its regular monthly meeting on Monday evening week. T. Robertson took the Bible study on the Book of Jeremiah. The following are the officers for current term: President, Miss A. Taylor; vice-president, Miss S. Monteith; secretary, Miss Jean Matheson; corresponding-secretary, Mrs. Ogle Cooper; treasurer, Miss Mary Murray; organist, Miss L. Lindsay; asst.-organist, Miss Mary Stewart.

The annual convention of Clinton County S. S. and C. E. Association meets in Exeter on June 20, 21. A strong programme is being prepared.

The officers of the E. L. of C. E. in Londesboro for the next year will be: President, Mr. T. W. Parmer; 1st vice-president, Henry Lennox; 2nd vice-president, Lavinia Brigham; 3rd vice-president, Mattie Brogden; 4th vice-president, Susie Lyon; secretary, Will Lyon; cor.-secy., R. B. Jeffrey; treasurer, A. Woodman; superintendent Junior League, Mary Lyon; assistants, Lavinia Brigham, J. Kirk, Mrs. Crawford. The annual reports were received at an adjourned meeting on April 24th, and indicated that the society was in a healthy and active condition.

Under the Mountain.

The society of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Hamilton, held a delightful gathering on Monday, April 10th. They divided the evening into two parts, the first half being devotional and the second social. Rev. Neil McPherson gave a short address, and songs were sung by Mrs. McArthur, Miss Fraser, and Mr. J. Perie. Miss Barton and Mrs. Dumbrille recited.

The society at First Methodist church gave a social to the young folks of their church a short time ago. All the young people of the church who are not members of the society had been invited, and in spite of very unfavorable weather there was a large turnout. All spent a very happy evening.

To show his appreciation of the work of the Endeavor society of McNab Street church, the pastor, Rev. D. Fletcher, invited all the members to the manse recently and gave them a good Scotch welcome. The evening was much appreciated by the Endeavorers for the kindly spirit it betokened.

Mr. A. R. Gibson is chairman of the committee in charge of the annual rally of the Union and has been hustling ever since he was appointed with the aim of making this a good meeting. He has secured our provincial president, Rev. Elliott S. Rowe, and Rev. Neil McPherson to give addresses. H. A. Martin will have charge of a first class choir which will lead the singing. Date, May 22nd, Centenary church.

The Executive held a business meeting lately in Erskine church. After business was transacted, several addresses were given by members present. Rev. J. G. Shearer suggested some practical ways of making our Christianity felt in the city.

Mr. D. A. Rowland in the death of his sister, and Mr. Gus Hildebrand in that of his father, have sustained bereavements calling for the tender sympathy of their fellow Endeavorers.

Toronto Topics Trittely Told.

On Wednesday evening, April 19th, Zion Congregational Endeavor society held their semi-annual meeting in the parlors of the church. After the reading of reports of the work, the following officers and conveners were elected: President, Miss J. Peters; 1st vice-president, Miss B. Barker; 2nd vice-president, Mr. John Alexander; cor.-secy., Miss M. E. Robbins, 5 St. Vincent; press editor, A. H. Lee; delegates to city Union, Mr. J. Alexander, Miss J. Peters, and Miss F. Fraser; delegates to District Union, Mr. John Alexander and Mr. A. H. Lee. We now hold a cottage prayer meeting once a month. Tuesday, the 25th of April, we held a very successful parlor social at Miss H. Snarr's, 60 St. Mary Street. We are glad to report that our society has nearly doubled its membership in the last six months.

On Easter Sunday morning a largely attended Union C. E. sunrise prayer meeting was held at Zion Congregational church. Miss Nettie Barker presided and in a few well chosen words sounded the keynote of hope and praise which pervaded the whole meeting. Endeavorers from Central Presbyterian, Northern Congregational, Agnes Street Methodist, and other societies in the vicinity were present and took part in the meeting, which proved a helpful and inspiring one. A special feature was the musical arrangements. A solo by Miss Bateman of the Bloor Street Baptist church, and a quartette by the Misses Semple and Robbins and Messrs. H. and J. Alexander, were much appreciated.

The Missionary Committee of the Broadview Avenue Congregational Y. P. S. C. E. took charge of the missionary meeting at the Chester Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E. on Tuesday evening, April 25th. Miss Clark led the meeting, and missionary talks were given by several others of the committee.

The Good Literature Committee of Central Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E. has just sent out, with nine Knox College students, 1,000 religious magazines to mission stations in Ontario, Algoma, Manitoba, and Assiniboia. Good work is also being done by the Missionary Committee. The money raised for missionary purposes this year, so far, is on the increase as compared with former years. About fifty well-selected books now make up the library lately formed by this com-

mittee for circulation amongst the congregation with a view of stimulating and sustaining interest in all missionary effort. Miss Annie Gowans, a returned missionary from Peking, China, and a member of the church, delivered an earnest address to the crowded missionary meeting on Sunday evening, April 9th, in the course of which she first specially brought out, by an array of figures, the urgent need for additional workers in China, Siam, Corea, India, and Africa; and, secondly, the great importance of the foreign missionaries being remembered at the throne of grace by the members of the household of faith in Christian lands.

This is Christian Achievement.

Broadway E. L. of C. E. reports as follows: Our League pledged itself at the beginning of the season to raise \$100 for the support of the missionary sent out by the Central District. The amount was raised by the envelope system, which proved to be a very successful way of raising money. In addition to the above, we have promised to furnish a room in the Deaconess Home at the cost of \$50; \$34.60 of the amount is already in the hands of the treasurer and the rest we have in promises. Our offering at Christmas time for the purpose of providing Christmas cheer for those who do not get much sunshine in their lives, amounted to \$35, and thus we were enabled to provide about 75 families with Christmas dinners, and also a quantity of clothing. Those baskets went into homes that, had it not been for our League, would have spent a cheerless Christmas. How true the words of the Master, "The poor ye have always with you." Comfort bags were filled with all things needful, and these, with a quantity of literature and a number of hymn books, were sent to Rev. Mr. Bone, missionary to the sailors on the Welland Canal, for use in his work. One phase of our work which is continued both winter and summer, is "the Ward" work which is being done by a noble band of workers who go forth evening after evening to do earnest home missionary work for the Master. They go into homes of poverty, sickness, and utter wretchedness because of sin, and we are glad to learn that their work is being owned and blessed of God. They not only help to clothe and feed the body but at the same time they break unto them the bread of eternal life, and many a heart has gone out in thankfulness to God for the blessings which have followed the work of our friends. In all the season they have made 500 visits, held 250

meetings, and in all their feeble efforts they have felt God's presence with them and have fully realized the meaning of the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

The annual meeting of the League was held on Monday evening, April 17th, when the following officers were elected: President, George Graham, 96 D'Arcy Street; vice-presidents, Mrs. S. T. Martin, Miss Ada E. Ruse, Miss A. L. Clingan, Miss A. T. Swanzey; rec.-secy., Wallis Fisher; cor.-secy., Ira H. F. Patterson, 25 Augusta Avenue; treasurer, John E. Proctor; pianist, Miss G. Whiteside; superintendent Junior League, Miss Ella Warner, 221 University Street; Capt. Boys' Brigade, S. T. Martin.

Toronto C. E. Union.

At the regular monthly meeting of this Union on Saturday evening, April 15th, in the Dovercourt Presbyterian church, Mr. H. G. Hawkins, one of the vice-presidents, occupied the chair, in the absence of the president. All the other officers were present, and there was a good attendance of delegates.

Four societies — Queen Street Methodist, Central Methodist, Simpson Avenue Methodist, and Dunn Avenue Presbyterian — have decided to sever their connection with the C. E. Union, although still remaining young people's societies, and, with expressions of regret, it was agreed to strike their names off the roll.

The Bonar Presbyterian church Young People's society sought admission, and their application was cheerfully granted.

THE WORK THEY ARE DOING.

Progress was reported by the four district chairmen. In the eastern district, cottage-meeting work and work at the firehall stations had lately been receiving special attention. The district officers are considering the question of having a combined picnic this summer, similar to last year's, which proved so successful.

A deficit of a little over \$50 was reported by the treasurer. The societies, through the district chairmen, however, are promising to have this debt wiped off soon.

Mr. C. J. Atkinson, who has been appointed transportation manager for the Detroit International C. E. Convention in July next, gave an account of the arrangements thus far made, and a sketch of the provisional programme.

AMONG THE JUNIORS.

The Junior superintendent stated that one society that had disbanded

had re-organized, and two senior societies were just now considering the advisability of forming Junior societies. The annual Junior rally will be held in the Massey Hall on Friday evening, May 19th, and a very attractive programme is being prepared. Six hundred seats will be reserved for parents and friends; the area will be set apart for the Juniors. A collection will be taken up.

THE MONEY PROBLEM.

Mr. S. J. Duncan-Clark then spoke for the remainder of the time on "The Money Problem in Christian Work." At the outset, he emphasized the fact that we are really money-spenders. We require to be trained to spend our money aright. If we make wise expenditure, we need not be afraid but God will trust us with money. From scriptural passages he showed that money is God's gift; that He made the Jews a money-making nation; that God maketh poor and rich. When we are not spending our resources aright God cuts off the supply. The power wholly belongeth to God. He then touched upon the very questionable modern methods adopted in some churches in raising money for God's work. We must have more spiritual life, and less reliance upon our prosperous fellowmen. We looked upon ourselves as money suppliers, instead of money stewards. When God sees that we are doing earnest, aggressive work He will be sure to supply all the money needed. Solomon only asked for wisdom and knowledge, but God gave him more than he requested: He gave him riches, wealth, and honor, such as none of the kings had before or after him. Use wisely what you have—he said, in conclusion—and God will be sure to increase the supply.

The next meeting of the Union will be held in the Church of the Ascension on the third Saturday in May.

Toward the Setting Sun.

Welcome Words From Western Workers.

Manitoba Messages.

Rev. Dr. Clark will be the chief speaker at the Endeavor Convention to be held in Brandon on May 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th. The convention is held earlier in May than usual, in order to have Dr. Clark present. He visits Manitoba on his way to California and other western parts. Much interest is being aroused in this visit to Manitoba by Dr. Clark, and it is expected that C. E. will receive a great forward

impulse as the result of this convention and his presence there. Reports will be sent of the convention to appear in June number of ENDEAVOR HERALD.

The Rev. Dean O'Meara, of Holy Trinity church, Winnipeg, lectured on April 18th in Grace church, on "The Four L's of Loyalty" in behalf of the Local Union of the C. E. of Winnipeg. It was in the interests of the Jubilee Drinking Fountain Fund. The fountain was put in place in front of the City Hall last year.

A Prairie Palaver.

The eighth Northwest Territorial Convention was held at Moose Jaw last month. Never has there been more enthusiasm manifested. Each delegate seemed anxious to catch some ray of spiritual sunshine which he might carry home to brighten his own society.

The chief feature of the convention was its deep spiritual power and earnestness. Discussion was not wholly left to the male members, but the gentler sex took part freely in almost every session.

A few of the papers are worthy of especial notice. "Intemperate Pleasures" emphasized the fact that the tendency of the present day is to excess or intemperance in pleasure. The writer deplored the fact that so many of our young people were influenced by the desire for pleasure to such an extent that they could not spare one hour a week from the skating, curling, or hockey rink, for the upbuilding of Christian character.

Rev. W. A. Vrooman, in his "Lessons from the Plebiscite," showed that from the recent vote the prohibitionists hold the balance of power in Canada, and if they only recognized their strength and stood firm to their purpose, never hoisting the flag of truce, they could soon force the government to grant their request.

The evening meetings were addressed by Rev. E. A. Henry, of Brandon. In his subject, "The Call to Western Endeavorers," he pointed out the necessity for entire consecration of the whole being, the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual.

His second subject was "Religious Enthusiasm." In dealing with this subject, he showed that what makes a nation great is strong, manly, spiritual character. His addresses glowed with interest and power.

Young but Vigorous.

The Revelstoke, B.C., Christian Endeavor society was born on Jan. 16th last, but it is a very lusty in-

fant. It meets on alternate Sunday and Monday evenings. Five committees represent its activity, Prayer Meeting, Lookout, Music, Calling, and Social. A splendid social was recently held at which its fifteen active and nine associate members, together with a number of friends, had a most enjoyable and helpful time. All this information comes from its bright corresponding-secretary, Miss Jennie Ferris, who speaking from her experience says, "I advise every church to organize a C. E. if possible." Her letter concludes with a hearty invitation to drop in and see them if you are passing.

The Juniors' Jubilee.

Their Monster May Meeting in Massey Hall.

The Junior Endeavorers of Toronto hold their sixth annual rally on Friday, May 19th, in the Massey Hall. It is expected that this will be the greatest gathering in the history of Junior work in Toronto. The programme for the evening is in the hands of an efficient committee presided over by Mr. F. D. Mills, which is sufficient to guarantee that it will be of exceptional merit. The exercise to be presented is the same that delighted the multitudes at the Nashville convention of last year. There will be four hundred voices in the exercise, the antiphonal choruses of which are especially beautiful. Besides these a choir of five hundred voices will lead the general service of song and render several selections. Reserved seats in the first gallery may be secured without charge on application at the ENDEAVOR HERALD office where the plan may be seen.

O how many hearts are breaking!
O how many hearts are aching!
For a loving touch and token,
For the word you might have spoken!
Say not in the time of sorrow,
'I will soothe their grief to-morrow.'
Prove your friendship lest they doubt it.
Go at once; be quick about it.

Coming Conventions.

Dominion—at Montreal, Oct. '99.
Dufferin—County Convention in Grand Valley, Oct., '99.
Perth—County Convention in Atwood, July 1, '99.
Renfrew—County Convention in town of Renfrew, Oct., '99.
Russell—County Convention in Aug. 31st, 1899.
Huron County—Exeter, June 20 and 21, 1899, C.E. and S.S.
International—Detroit, July 5-10, 1899.
Waterloo—Preston Springs, Friday, June 30, 1899.

The Prayer Meeting

Notes and Suggestions on the Uniform Topics.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

Wheat and Tares.

June 4.—Wheat and tares. Matt. 13: 24-30.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Among the prophets, 2 Chron 18: 1-27. Tuesday: Among the twelve, John 6: 66-71. Wednesday: In the early church, Acts 4: 32-37; 5: 1-11. Thursday: In Samaria, Acts 8: 9-25. Friday: In Pergamos, Rev. 2: 12-17. Saturday: How distinguished, 1 John 3: 1-12.

Parable Paragraphs.

This parable of the wheat and tares has for a long time seemed to me to be among the most beautiful and suggestive of the Master's illustrative teachings. I like to read it over in the quaint, but forceful, language of Rotherham's translation, which follows with such faithfulness the idiom of the Greek original; indeed I doubt if I can better use a portion of the space at my disposal, than by quoting the words of the Emphasized New Testament.

"Another parable put He before them, saying—The kingdom of the heavens hath become like a man sowing good seed in his field; and while men were sleeping his enemy came, and sowed over darnel in among the wheat,—and away he went. And when the blade shot up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the darnel also. And the servants of the house-holder coming near said to him,—Sir, was it not good seed thou didst sow in thy field? Whence then hath it darnel? And he said unto them—An enemy hath done this. And they say unto him—Wilt thou then that we go and collect it? And he saith—Nay! lest at any time while collecting the darnel ye uproot along with it the wheat: suffer both to grow together until the harvest, and at harvest time I will say unto the reapers—Collect ye first the darnel, and bind it into bundles, with a view to the burning it up; but the wheat, be gathering it into my barns."

And now let us glance at the Master's own interpretation of the parable. Here it is with symbol and significance in parallel columns:

Sower . . .	The Son of Man.
Field . . .	The world.
Good seed . .	Sons of the kingdom.
Darnel . . .	Sons of the Evil One.
Enemy . . .	Satan.
Harvest . . .	End of the age.
Reapers . . .	Angels or Messengers.

When all "causes of stumbling" and "doers of lawlessness" have been gathered out and cast into the furnace of fire, then will the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. To comment upon a passage of Scripture which the Master Himself has so clearly and fully expounded seems almost superfluous, and yet there are one or two thoughts that may perhaps be found helpful.

The difference between darnel and wheat is not clearly apparent until harvest time, but then it is no difficult matter to distinguish them, and their characteristics are very significant. As the ripening time comes the wheat heads begin to fill out with their burden of grain, and the richer and heavier their fruitage the lower they bow. So is it with the

Christian; how often have we noted in some loved one a growing sweetness and humility and gentleness that has touched our hearts, a "walking softly" through the days that has sent a strange little apprehensive thrill to our souls; and then the harvest day has come, and in the sorrow of that hour we have realized that this was the ripening process we had marked, the beautiful getting ready for the reaper's sickle. Not so with darnel; empty of kernel its head is held high amid the bowing wheat. Humility is a fruit of the Spirit, and finds no place in the lives of the children of the evil one. Then again it is a peculiarity of wheat, that as it puts all its vitality into the development of its kernel, its roots die out, and its hold upon the earth grows less. But the darnel puts all its growth into its roots; they spread out and seize hold of everything within reach; their grasp of earth is tenacious. And thus the Christian, growing rich in grace and spiritual life, loosens his hold of earth things and is ready for the taking up; but the worldling clings more closely as years go by, his roots strike deeply into the soil of the earth life, and wind themselves tightly about temporal treasures.

There can be little doubt that the parable looks forward to the climax of the present age, and the final reaping in the world fields, ripe unto harvest. In this connection, have you noticed how the gathering of the darnel into bundles "with a view to the burning," as Rotherham translates, seems to have preceded the ingathering of the wheat? It sometimes seems to me that the many little assemblies of unbelievers that are to-day being formed all over the world, is a sort of bundle-making preparatory to the reaping time. There are the groups of Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, and Theosophists, made up largely of people once in the church though never of it, who are now associated together, united in their denial of the divinity and atonement of Christ, and in their anti-Christian exaltation of fallen humanity. These are but a few of the many. But may it not be that the angel reapers are even now at work collecting the bundles, doing swiftly but surely this secret work of God? It is a solemn thought, and betokens the near approach of the harvest with its awful programme of Divine intervention.

Harvest Hymns.

"Hark, the voice," "Sowing the seed," "Weary gleaner," "Oh, where are the reapers," "Sowing in the morning," "When the mists," "Sowing the precious," "Growing together."

The Sowers.

"Ten thousand sowers through the land
Passed heedless on their way;
Ten thousand seeds in every hand
Of every sort had they.
They cast seed here,
They cast seed there,
They cast seed everywhere.

"Anon, as many a year went by,
These sowers came once more,
And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky
And wondered at the store,
For fruit hung here,
And fruit hung there,
And fruit hung everywhere.

"Nor knew they in their tangled wood
The trees that were their own;
Yet as they plucked, as each one should,
Each plucked what he had sown.
So do men here,
So do men there,
So do men everywhere."

A Painter's Parable

In the autumn of 1894 a painting by Vedder was exhibited in New York City which showed, as few modern works of art do, the innermost fact in the problem of the world's moral life, now up for solution. The painter called his parable of life, as it was put on the large canvas, "The Devil Sowing Tares." The whole atmosphere was dark, mysterious, and lowering, set in a light that struck the observer with awe, as in the presence of some dread problem going on beneath those portentous clouds. Before him was a bare and rock-paved slope, curving upward, like another Golgotha, to an upright post, at the base of which the letters I N R I plainly intimated that it was the foot of the cross, the center of redeeming influences streaming forth down the eastern slope of Golgotha into the cold, dark, worldly mystery around, and off toward a horizon with faint streaks of light breaking on it. In the foreground was Satan, with malignant leer, holding beneath one brawny arm a pot of gold, and with the other he was sowing the coins, as a sower flings the seed, up toward the cross. He was poisoning the very fountain of redemption. He was setting gold to work against the gospel, the seduction of luxury, the charm of opulence, the fierce temptation to be rich, the looming up of worldly grandeur, coins of different size and shape, but all the devil's gold, and all now thrown into the garden soil of Christian life and character, to seed it with tares, or into the fountain of faith to poison it at the source. This is the painter's parable of the church's trial in the present age. This is the parable of the devil poisoning the fountains; not for the slums, but for the Christian churches and homes.—*The Independent*.

By Way of Preparation.

This should be a meeting for solemn self-examination. Have several of your most earnest members answer the question, "How do I know that I am a Christian?" Prepare a Bible reading on evidences of the new birth. Ask your pastor to say a word or two on church membership.

Children of the Bible.

June 11.—A perfect child. Luke 2: 40-52.
(Children's Sunday.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Joseph, Gen. 37: 1-4. Tuesday: Moses, Ex. 2: 1-10; Acts 7: 20, 21. Wednesday: Samuel, 1 Sam. 1: 21-28; 3: 1-10. Thursday: Joash, 2 Chron. 24: 1, 2. Friday: John the Baptist, Luke 1: 5-15, 80. Saturday: Timothy, 2 Tim. 1: 1-6; 3: 14, 15.

Our Gold Mine.

When Christian Endeavor first turned its thought and effort toward the boys and girls it entered upon an era of possible blessedness and achievement to which only the purposes of God can set a limit. In the Juniors, Christian Endeavor has its richest mine of wealth; the development of this department means the future triumph of the movement in its work for Christ and the Church. It is difficult to emphasize sufficiently, impossible to exaggerate, the importance of Junior work; the whole of Christian Endeavor in future years is dependent in largest measure upon it. The boys and girls of to-day

must be the young men and women of to-morrow, and if they be not now won to Christ and enlisted in the ranks of His fighting soldiers, who then shall fill the places left vacant by the upgrowing and departing present generation? The making of recruits from the multitudes of young people who have grown up unsaved and indifferent, while in itself a grand work, is not the best nor the most satisfactory method. Young as they are, there is yet a blight upon their lives left by a Christless youth which dulls their sensibility to training and receptivity of truth.

No, if we want the best results we must grow our Endeavorers. We must begin as near to the nursery as possible, and seek to direct the vigor and mouldable condition of the young life into right channels. To wait till a child is old enough to become personally and consciously acquainted with the devil before leading its little mind and heart into loving knowledge of Jesus Christ is to make a most serious, I had almost said criminal, error. The first place to learn of Jesus is at the mother's knee, but the knowledge of that precious name then gained must be carefully and tenderly conserved and deepened in the growing years, lest Satan steal away the seed of the kingdom, and work irreparable mischief with an impressionable soul. There is an interval between babyhood and young manhood; the school-boy period, when mother's knee ceases to be the shrine of childish devotion, and the unfolding life comes into contact with the outside world in all its varied attractiveness of novelty and excitement, which is fraught with awful possibilities for evil. At no time in the life of boy or girl is greater care, judgment, sympathy, and tenderness needed by those in whom the child trusts than then. No easy matter to guard the eagerly receptive mind from harmful impressions, and those it loves must at all cost prove themselves worthy of love's fullest confidence if they wish to be a shield in the time of moral and spiritual danger. Should anything occur through some heedless word or act to shake the trust of the child in those to whom it looks for guidance, the tender soul, susceptible to the slightest encouragement or repulse, may be driven back upon itself or more sympathetic but perhaps harmful companions, with questionings the improper answering of which may mar and deform its whole after life. It may have been simply an "O don't bother!" when the kiss of comfort, or the patient explanation was trustfully looked for; or perhaps the ill-suppressed and thoughtless merriment caused by the blunders of a child seriously intent on the matter of the moment. These little trifles, happenings of an instant, are freighted often with influences that may affect eternity. O, my comrades, let us be careful how we offend one of these little ones! In the hearts of the children Christian Endeavor has its gold mine. Shall we seek by the love of Jesus to develop its wealth for the making of His crown?

Songs of Life's Springtime.

"When He cometh," "Safe in the arms," "Joy bells ringing," "Go thou in life's," "I think when I," "Sitting by the gateway," "We are building:"

The Clay and the Child.

"I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past;
The bit of clay was hard at last,

The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And moulded with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him never more."

Early Conversions.

At a late convention, Mr. B. F. Jacobs said that the triumphs of the church were to be won among the children; and if men and women were to be converted, it was to be when they were children.

"I'll prove that statement to you," said Mr. Jacobs, and he called upon those in the audience who were converted after they were 50 years of age to rise. An old lady and a venerable-looking gentleman were the only ones to respond. "Two," said Mr. Jacobs. "Thank God for that. Now will those who were converted after 35 please rise?" Not more than half a dozen responded; but as Mr. Jacobs called for those who were converted when under 21 years of age, nearly every one in the audience rose to their feet. Mr. Jacobs smiled; and as the audience appreciated the value of the object-lesson he had taught in support of his statement, the applause was spontaneous and hearty. — *Boston Journal.*

On the mantel-shelf of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a phial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle, and my wondering inquiry was how it could have been got into its place. But the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. Walking in the garden I saw a phial placed upon a tree, bearing within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. Now I saw it all. The apple was put into the bottle when it was little, and it grew there. Just so we must catch the little men and women who swarm our streets, and introduce them within the influence of the Church; for, alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened in carelessness and sin. — *Spurgeon.*

Paring Points.

The child spirit is the key to the Christ character. When you win a child for Christ you convert a multiplication table.

God made the child heart, with special fitness to receive the Christ's image.

Remember the new life should make happy, healthy Juniors, not plaster of paris saints.

By Way of Preparation.

If you have a Junior society, hand this meeting over to the Junior committee to plan for. If you are among the gradually decreasing number who are Juniorless, write the superintendent of some neighboring Junior society to come and speak to you. Discuss the question of organizing a society, and appoint a committee to take the matter in hand.

Intemperate Pleasures.

June 18.—Intemperate pleasures. 2 Tim. 3: 1-7.
(A temperance meeting.)

DAILY READINGS—Monday: The lover of pleasure, Prov. 21: 17-21. Tuesday: Choked with pleasure, Luke 8: 11-15. Wednesday: Ye have lived in pleasure, Jas. 5: 1-6. Thursday: This also is vanity, Eccl. 2: 1-4, 24-26. Friday: Love not the world, 1 John 2: 12-17. Saturday: For all these things, judgment, Eccl. 11: 9, 10; 12: 1-8.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

The phrase is a common one and expresses a common failing. Few people know when they have had enough. One of the greatest virtues is to know when to stop, and to stop then. I have sometimes thought that we too exclusively confine our temperance meetings to consideration of the drink evil, as though it were the only form of intemperance, when many of us are suffering in our own spiritual life from other kinds of excess which, while not so harmful, are certainly sinful. It is easy to be an ardent temperance advocate when the liquor traffic is the sole object of our attack; but it is a little harder perhaps to practise what we preach when the same restrictive principles are applied to our own pet pleasure or enjoyment.

I do not need to quote card playing or dancing, either, as instances of what I mean. Most of us Endeavorers have gotten as far as prohibition with both of these things, not because in moderation they are more wrong than crokenole or blind man's buff, but rather because they seem to have a greater tendency to excess than these latter games, and their associations are so often unsavory. As Rev. A. C. Dixon has said, "they link a man with Egypt" whose only connection should be with the country of Zion. No, in these things excess is so plainly evident that one becomes readily aware of the danger and able to avoid it by total abstinence. For us it is in the better things we need care that we do not exceed. For example, reading, of all mental exercises one of the most truly helpful when wisely pursued, may become a snare and a hindrance to development of character and spiritual life. We may read too much along one line, and become one-sided. Some men confine all their Bible study to eschatology and become cranks on prophecy; all their teaching is flavored and often warped by their own particular theories upon Daniel and Revelation. Others devote their attention to matters of history, dates, authorship and so forth, growing into something akin to a higher critic, if not indeed a full-fledged bird of that species; they are Biblical osteologists, specialists in bones, but they can't "feed My lambs," in obedience to the Master's word. So even in Bible study it is as possible to foil its very purpose by excess in any one direction. But perhaps a greater danger lies in the abundance of cheap magazine literature to be had to-day. Original thought is becoming rapidly extinct, by the readiness with which we open our minds to the thinking of others. Anyone else who may claim the ability is allowed to think for us. We buy our opinions, with pictures and advertising thrown in, for ten cents a month. Our prayer meetings and Sunday-school lessons are prepared for us. We get them like condensed milk, or fluid beef, dilute them a little with our own ideas and serve, sometimes alas, not hot, but lukewarm, on Sunday. No wonder there is a lack of spiritual brawn and brain these days.

Then there is that seldom realized, but none the less serious, dissipation of too many meetings. Hither, thither, everywhere that two or three are gathered together you will find the victim of this modern intemperance. Nothing can be done without a meeting, and no meeting can be held without him. He has sunrise meetings, and noonday meetings, and evening meetings, with endless committee meetings scattered up and down the day. He attends all the conventions of a religious nature with a spirit of liberality for diverging views that under

ordinary circumstances would be most commendable. So fully is his time taken up with conferences and rallies that he has no time for the Quiet Hour, no opportunity for Bible study or prayer. He knows all the prominent speakers and workers by sight; some he claims to know personally, for he is the man who rushes up at the end of the meeting and grabs the speaker's hand before he can escape;—*but he does not know God!* This is the weakness, the fatal weakness in his life. Comrades, let us avoid this folly. In this age of multiplying assemblies, let us be jealous of God's time in our plans. Let no day be passed without giving Him opportunity to speak with us. Let no succession of meetings, however good their purpose, crowd out that blessed little meeting when you spend a season alone with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. I have not touched on the amusement question, because it will suggest itself to you in many aspects without comment from me; but I have dealt with two phases of excess that are less commonly considered, believing that many of us need to apply closely the principles of temperance in these if in nothing else.

Song Suggestions.

"In Christ is love," "Firmly stand for God," "Precious Saviour, may I," "My Jesus, I love," "Fade, fade each," "Saviour, lead me," "Dying with Jesus."

Pleasure Points.

"While I was musing the fire burned."—*David*.
 "While I was amusing the fire burned out."—*Many Modern Christians*.
 "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."—*David*.

PLEASURES TO AVOID:

Pleasures that cost others pain.
 Pleasures that involve risk to health.
 Pleasures that minister to passion.
 Pleasures in which others cannot share.
 Pleasures that have wrong associations.
 Pleasures that call for an interrogation mark.
 Pleasures that make conversation about things of the kingdom seem inappropriate.

PLEASURES TO ENJOY:

Pleasures that make others happy.
 Pleasures that are truly recreative.
 Pleasures that give wholesome fun.
 Pleasures in which all can join, young and old, weak and strong.
 Pleasures that sharpen the wits and strengthen character.
 Pleasures that require intelligence.
 Pleasures, in which to talk of Him we serve will seem perfectly natural and a place.

The Disciple at Play.

(1) As we have seen, the purpose of Jesus is the perfecting of my being. It follows, therefore, most clearly that my play must ever be *recreative* in character, and never *destructive*. Further, the complexity of human life must be considered. Man is neither body, soul, nor spirit, separately he is body, soul, and spirit, and between these different sides of his complex nature there is the closest and most subtle inter-relation, so that he cannot possibly do injury to either side without injuring himself as a whole. To destroy my physical power is to weaken my mental, and that is for to-day, at any rate, to limit the opportunity for the culture of the spiritual. Any form of play, then, that injures my physical

powers or dwarfs my mental vigor, or takes away my spiritual sense, is impossible for me as a disciple of Christ. That play, and only that which recreates, and so fits for larger service, is legitimate.

(2) Then further, I cannot in the power of the Christ-life live only for myself. I am not to seek recreation by any means which involves injury to my fellow-being, even though the doing thereof may seem to be of direct benefit to me. Let me not be misunderstood. I do *not* say that because one man abuses lawn-tennis by waste of time thereat, I am not to play. I *do* say that if I see lawn-tennis has such a fascination for a friend of mine as to make him liable to neglect his sterner work, I am to be "narrow" enough to refuse to play with him unless he is playing upon the very conditions which make for his development only, as I play upon for mine. The relative law is that I only have fellowship, even in play, with a fellow-being upon the principles which are highest and best for him, and never upon what he sets up for himself, if they are lower than the highest. Neither can I consent to be amused in any form by that which is debasing the life of those who amuse me. There are some forms of worldly amusement debasing and injurious in themselves, and some which are procured at the cost of the degradation and ruin of others. Against all these the disciple by word and life should be a constant protest. One of the surest ways to combat them, is to manifest in our lives the joyousness of discipleship, and that, in our power to play purely and perfectly, as surely in the light of the Divine love as when we pray or preach.—*Campbell Morgan*.

By Way of Preparation.

This meeting should be held with special thought for the coming vacation season when we shall be free for pleasure and amusement. Get some one to speak on profitable pleasures; some one else on rocks to beware of. Give some attention to doubtful amusements, and show that the Christ ideal should govern in this department of life as in all else. The Social Committee might have charge of this meeting.

Growth.

June 25.—Spiritual growth. Mark 4:26-32.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: The standard of growth, Eph. 4:11-16. Tuesday: Rooted in Christ, Col. 2:1-7. Wednesday: Growing by the Word, 1 Pet. 2:1-10. Thursday: Growing in faith, 2 Thess. 1:1-12. Friday: Growing in grace, 2 Pet. 3:11-18. Saturday: Growing in righteousness, Heb. 12:1-11.

Grow in Grace.

The first condition essential to growth is the presence of the vital principle itself. There can be no growth without life. A piece of limestone will increase in size, but that is not growth, it is accretion. Many people think they are growing, when they are merely tacking on to themselves things here and there, much as a rubbish heap accumulates rubbish. They lack the life which under favorable conditions develops and unfolds in a wealth of spiritual fruitage. You can simulate growth in character as you can make mock flowers of paper or wax, but it won't stand the sun and shower any better than they. One might as well spread out his old umbrella, hang an apple on each rib and call it a tree, as seek to cultivate a religious experience or Christian graces without receiving the new life that comes through the regenerative work of the Holy Spirit.

All the striving and struggling in the world will not produce one inch of growth; it will only retard it. You cannot hasten the blossom by pulling open the bud; but you can kill the plant by such methods persisted in. Given the life, growth is the essential and only possible consequent if proper soil and nourishment are secured. Peter says "grow in grace," which does not mean increase in possession of grace, but get into grace and there grow. Might as well plant a seed in a stone quarry and expect it to grow, as look for spiritual growth so long as the soul remains in the bondage of legalism. But what is grace? some one asks. Grace is the unmerited and unlimited favor of God manward. It is the power and willingness, nay eagerness of God to supply every need of His children. To realize this, to open up one's life to it; to know that God is sufficient for everything, is to be in grace, and to be in grace means growth; inevitable, irrepressible growth.

For growth there must not only be soil; there must also be nourishment. To change the simile again from plant life to human life, we find Peter enjoining upon his readers in his first epistle to "desire the sincere milk of the Word that they may grow thereby." This is the food for the Christian which produces spiritual muscle and sinew. To neglect it is to invite starvation. The most beautiful devotional works, by the most holy men, will not fill the place of the Bible in the Christian's diet. It is the best blood maker in the world. Its constant and prayerful use means overflowing health and vitality and a consequent usefulness in the kingdom to be acquired in no other way. So the command to grow has a deep significance for us. By fulfilling these conditions we can yield obedience to it. Who of us will be content to remain pitiable spiritual deformities, dwarfed and stunted, when we can be very giants in faith and love if we but choose?

Making Melody.

"Have you on the Lord?" "Nothing but leaves!"
 "More holiness," "Take time to be holy," "Loving Saviour, gracious Lord," "Hear us, O Saviour,"
 "How blest the man," "How sweet the hour."

Soul Expansion.

Let me, then, be always growing,
 Never, never standing still;
 Listening, learning, better knowing
 Thee and Thy most blessed will;
 Till I reach Thy holy place,
 Daily let me grow in grace.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

"The child grew." You cannot keep from growing, but you can easily keep from growing up. God will care for our growth, but we must direct it wisely. There is no use for us to ask anxiously whether our power is increasing; there is no doubt of that. The only question is whether it is increasingly good or increasingly evil.—*Amos R. Wells in The Golden Rule.*

Walking with patience where the way is rough;
 Resting in quiet when the storm is nigh;
 Knowing that love divine is strong enough
 To bear me up as weary days go by;
 Trusting that sorrow is but love's disguise,
 And all withholding yet another way
 Of making richer by what love denies,—
 So grows the soul a little day by day.

—*Mary C. Seward.*

How can you tell whether you are growing? Ask yourself these questions: Are you getting taller? Are you able to overlook some things you were unable to overlook last year? To overlook the sneering glance, the harsh word, the selfish, unkind, or malicious deed? Serenely to overlook failure when you have done your best? Bravely to overlook misfortune when it was unavoidable? Cheerily to overlook dark days and darker frowns? Are you getting tall enough for this?

Are you getting broader? Are you able to see more of the other sides of things than you could see last year? Can you look around behind disappointment, and see strengthened faith? Does your vision reach to the other side of men's faults, and perceive their difficulties, temptations, and struggles? Are you learning to look on all sides of your plans and of the designs proposed to you by others? Are you really growing broader?—*Amos R. Wells.*

How does the soul grow? Not all in a minute;
 Now it may lose ground, now it may win it;
 Now it resolves, and again the will faileth;
 Now it rejoices, and now it bewaileth;
 Now its hopes fructify, then they are blighted;
 Now it walks sunnily, now gropes benighted;
 Fed by discouragements, taught by disaster,
 So it goes forward, now slower, now faster,
 Till, all the pain past, and failure made whole,
 It is full-grown and the Lord rules the soul.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Fruit Bearing.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," said Jesus. What a possibility, what an inspiration, that we can enhance the glory of "our Father"! Our hearts leap at the thought. How can this be done? By bearing "leaves,"—a profession of love for Him? No. By bearing some fruit? No. "That ye bear much fruit." In the abundance of the yield is the joy, the glory, of the husbandman. We should therefore aim to be extraordinary, "hundredfold" Christians, satisfied with none but the largest yield. Our lives should be packed with good deeds. Then at harvest-time we can say "Father, I have glorified Thee on the earth." This fruitfulness depends on the condition of the heart to receive the seed, the way in which we hear the Word. Combining the three versions of the parable of the sower, we find that the characteristics of a good hearer are,—he understandeth the Word, he receiveth it, he keepeth it. Apprehension of the Word, faith in the Word, obedience to the Word,—these three are indispensable to fruitfulness. "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear." Meditate, believe, obey, "that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*W. B. Jennings.*

By Way of Preparation.

This is the growing time of the year. All nature is a parable illustrating the topic. Take the text, "Consider the lillies how they grow"; have a lily at the meeting, and base a practical talk upon it. Review the fruits of the Spirit as enumerated in Galatians, and use them as a test of growth. Get some one to speak on the hindrances to growth mentioned by Peter in 1 Pet. 2: 1.



SMALL service is true service while it lasts;
 Of humblest friends scorn not one;
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

With the Juniors

Earnest Words From Secretary Baer.

"I never yet heard of a Junior society's being abandoned on account of the lack of interest on the part of the Juniors." That's what Mr. Shaw said the other day, when we were planning for a more aggressive campaign for the boys and girls.

The more I have thought over Mr. Shaw's statement, the more I believe it to be as true as it is terse. At any rate, I do not remember dropping a Junior society from my lists because the Juniors themselves wanted to be dropped. It's been because the superintendent "left town," or married, or was taken ill, or got tired or discouraged; or the pastor didn't approve of the society, or, if he did, he, being busy, didn't foster it, or parents objected, or the right superintendent couldn't be had, etc. I haven't time to name the hundred and one excuses that have been offered.

The life of our Junior societies is too dependent upon the moods and methods of our superintendents. I verily believe many of our Junior societies are relying wholly upon the tact and consecration of some *one* leader. Every society should have the *right kind* of a superintendent. The ideal superintendent is born, not made. However, there are not enough of the "ideal" superintendents to go around the rapidly increasing circle of Junior societies; but that fact should not prevent the organization of a thrifty Junior society, nor should it be the excuse given for abandoning a society already formed. Listen! We have been relying too much upon superintendents, and superintendents unable to secure hearty co-operation, have been relying upon themselves. Let's face the fact, and make changes whenever and wherever needed. Grant, you will remember, was a great general, and his generalship was more times commended when he gave subordinates and others a generous division of his planning and manœuvring. He knew how to work with others and to keep them busy, too. His organization was so complete that at any time and without advance notice, he could put the burden of a lively campaign upon his loyal associates. Let's adopt some of Grant's tactics in our Junior army.

To that end, I plead for a closer relationship between the Junior and the Young People's societies, so close a one that the older society shall appreciate its blessed privileges in fostering its Junior brothers and sisters, so close a one that superintendents shall realize that they have the substantial as well as sympathetic support of the Young People's society.

If the senior society is without a Junior society committee, it is not fully equipped for service. Be sure and put some of your best workers upon that committee. Superintendent, use the Junior committee from the senior society. Don't do everything yourself. Give the committee a chance to get fully acquainted with the Junior society by actual and practical experience. Stay away from the meeting occasionally, if necessary, to let your burdens fall upon the shoulders of others. Educate your own successor. You can't always be superintendent, much as you and the Juniors may desire it.

Then, give the Juniors more opportunity to "run themselves." Don't solve all the problems. Don't make all the prayers. Don't select all the Bible readings. Don't give out all the hymns. Don't try to run all the committees. Don't "sit down" on all their suggestions. Don't take all the time. Don't scold. Don't let the meetings drag. Don't hold them so long; be brief. Don't drive, but lead.

A Junior society is not a mission band; it is not a primary Sunday-school class. It's a *training-school*. The boys and girls are expected not only to be good, but good for *something*. Superintendents, give some one else a chance, but don't give up. Don't make it possible for it to be said that, because *you* did this or didn't do that, the Junior society had to be abandoned. Give others an opportunity to lift. Don't worry, but learn to unload your troubles upon others. Have the "open-door" policy. Invite help. Accept it when it is offered.

And lastly, let's have a regular revival of interest in organizing *new* Junior societies and reviving dead ones. I'll help you, if you will let me. How? By sending leaflets and other printed helps far and wide; by co-operating with any State superintendent and Junior worker. We now have in Canada and in the United States 31,182 Young People's societies, and only 13,613 Junior societies. Let's have a Junior society in every church at present with an older society. Let's make *that* our rallying-cry for the year 1899.

Junior Possibilities and Outlook.

By Charlotte E. Wiggins.

WE are so anxious for a harvest, that we want to sow to-day and reap to-morrow. Some flowers spring up in a few months, and blossom, but they perish as quickly. The rarer plants and flowers require culture and care for many months, in some cases years, before they give their fragrant blossoms—but then they live on perpetually blooming. The farmer sows his wheat in the fall,

and is content to let it lie in the ground all winter, protected by the snow, and waits in patience for the spring to come and the summer rains and sunshine, till all is ready for garnering the sheaves. The peach trees are planted, and the fruit-grower has to wait four or five years for much reward in the way of peaches. Shall we who sow seeds in children's minds—the garden of destiny—expect to reap our harvest in a few short hours or days? Sometimes we poke up the seeds to see how they are growing, and mar the developing of the roots that should fasten themselves securely in thought and character. From nature let us learn not to be in such great haste, but wait patiently for the great fruition of life's habits in the one thing which God and the angels seek on our planet—"character."

In the great work of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, the results are great if the seed-sowing is done and the sunshine, moisture, and all needful culture be given. Never wearying, "for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." But, alas! some one puts his hand to train the girls and boys "for Christ and the Church"—and all is not easy, or quick of attainment—and then, the superintendent resigns, discouraged. The greatest source of discouragement to the superintendent does not so often come from the children, however, as from the older people,—the Young People's society; even the fathers and mothers are woefully indifferent. When the Junior society is deserted by the superintendent, or disbanded from any cause, how often the Juniors ask, "When is the Junior society going to meet again?" "When are we going on with our missionary work? our temperance work?" But the mothers say: "I cannot take my boy away from play to go to the Junior meeting," "My girl has music and painting lessons." Now, "best beloved of human hearts"—the mothers—is play of the greatest importance, and must the pleasures of life crowd out the service? These all have their legitimate place, but to the child trained to give absorbing attention to these, and these only, there will come an hour when character and life's record shall "be weighed in the balance and found wanting." Is it not that we have put so little value upon the moral and spiritual things of life, that the purely material has crowded out the greater things? Will not every church, pastor, father, mother, and Young People's society consider these things, and plan in some way for the training as well as teaching of the girls and boys for Christian service?

In a certain community in Ontario the Church is in a most apathetic state with regard to spiritual matters—the money for the furthering of the Church's interests is also not forthcoming. When asked what they were doing to remedy this state, the workers said: "The case is hopeless." Then the question was asked, "What are you doing for the children?" Please weigh the answer. "We

have Sunday-school in the summer months, but we never take up a collection." Yet these children go to day-school through the winter, and though Sundays are probably no colder than Mondays or Fridays, they are excused from making the effort for the Sunday-school. And then, too, no training in the grace of giving. What is going to become of that community in the days to come? It seems as if the prospects are that the future will be darker than the present experience.

On the other hand, in many a community where the girls and boys are being trained to lead their own meetings, work on committees, raise money for missions, the outlook is that in the future the church will have no dumb and idle Christians, but all be busy, earnest, consecrated witnesses and workers. Who will share in the joy of hastening this glad day? Will not every Young People's society think and pray over this important work?

Bright, Quaint, and Beautiful.

True Stories of the Sayings and Doings of our Juniors.

In the Show Business.

A WELL known Episcopal minister in Toronto has a little son, who is a constant source of interest and entertainment to all who know him. Among his more intimate acquaintances he is known by the pet name of "Baby," but when on his dignity claims for himself the title of Master Aubrey. Last summer I was happy in spending an occasional day at his father's home. One afternoon Master Aubrey took me out into the garden where my reverend host had a little summer house which he used for a study, and where, among other things, he kept his surplice. Baby led me over to the little building and pointing at it with one chubby finger, said with evident pride in the saying of it, "There, Mr. Dun-can-Cla-ark; there's where father keeps his circus!"

On another occasion Aubrey and I were at a Sunday-school picnic together. We had been having a good time romping with a number of other youngsters, and at last I proposed standing treat for the little group of five. Grab-bags were the popular choice, so we hied ourselves to the candy stand and I invested five cents in grab-bags—one for each. Some few minutes later, having been attending to some other matters, I passed Master Aubrey seated by himself on a bench, and lo! in his hands, not one, but five grab-bags tightly grasped. I sat down beside him and asked solemnly, "Aubrey, where did you get those grab-bags?" He slowly withdrew one sticky finger from his mouth, and with an inscrutable look in his eyes, pointed it at me, wagging his head slowly but venturing never a word of explanation, and no amount of coaxing could secure further satisfaction. From that day

to this it has remained a mystery by what method he acquired the prized possessions of four bigger youngsters than himself. Surely there is a great future in store for this lad!

A Problem in Prayer.

That Milly and Bessie were engaged in discussing some very serious difficulty was evident from the perplexed expression on their sweet little faces. They were sisters, and a recent event in the family, no less than the coming of baby brother, had given them much delight, and no small concern also in view of the added responsibilities involved. It was a puzzling phase of the new conditions arising, which troubled them now. At last they went to their aunty to seek her sympathetic advice.

"Aunty Jess," said Milly, "we don't know how to pray for the new baby."

"Why, how is that?" asked Aunty Jess. "Well, you see," said Bessie, joining in, "Milly and I can pray for each other, 'cause we're both girls; but baby's a boy, and——"

"And what?" asked Aunt Jess, not seeing the difficulty.

"Oh, why we never prayed for boys, and we don't know how," replied Milly.

It was a new problem to aunty, and she hardly knew how to meet it. She asked time to think it out. Presently, however, the pair returned, and Milly said, "Say, Aunt Jess, we've decided what to do. We'll just keep on praying for him 's though he were a girl, till he gets into pants!"

A Serious Difficulty.

"Father," said Mortimer one evening, looking up from his book, "do you think I could travel free on the trains now? I'm getting pretty big." Mortimer is a sturdy little Scoto-Canadian of about seven. "Well, Mortimer, I don't know. Perhaps you could if you were to squeeze down," replied his father. There was a few minutes' silence, and then Mortimer looked up again. "Father," he said, "I am afraid that wouldn't work. You see if I was to squeeze down, I would bulge out!"

His Little Trap.

Last summer at a certain resort near Toronto there lived an elderly gentleman and his wife, well known for their kind-heartedness in all the country round. Next door to them lived a little lad who very soon made friends. One Sunday afternoon he was amusing himself with a tin pail and spade digging up the sand by the lake shore. The old gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. B., gently rebuked him for playing on the Sabbath; but the youngster did not seem to pay very much heed to the reproof. On the following Sunday our junior friend amused himself after the same manner for a time, and then as Mr. B. came in sight he stopped and got ready to go home. Waiting till the old gentleman was

near him, he said, "Mr. B., will you please carry up my pail and spade for me?" to which Mr. B. responded with a smile, "Alright, I'll carry them." So together they walked home in silence. Next day Mrs. B. was seated on her front verandah when the boy suddenly put in an appearance with a tin can in his hand. "What are you going to do with that?" pleasantly asked Mrs. B.

"This is a bomb, and I'm going to blow you up," was the somewhat startling reply.

"Why, what have I done?" exclaimed the astonished lady.

"Well, Mr. B. said I mustn't play with my spade and pail on Sunday, and yesterday he went and carried them up from the shore himself," was the still more astonishing explanation.

"But," protested Mrs. B. "I'm not Mr. B."

"No, but it's all the same; you and him's one," came the answer, with indisputable conclusiveness. The bomb was placed beneath his victim's chair, but up to going to press had not exploded.

A Herald Hustler.

Not so long ago an associate editor of the HERALD was waiting for a trolley to take him from a Toronto suburb into the city. While waiting he stepped into a grocery shop, and saw to his amazement the following notice, in bold round hand, prominently displayed:

SUBSCRIBE HERE

for the

ENDEAVOR HERALD

Edited by

S. JOHN DUNCAN-CLARK AND OTHERS.

THIS SPLENDID MONTHLY PAPER

SHOULD BE IN EVERY

CHRISTIAN HOME.

Enquiry developed the fact that the notice was the work of a bright Junior in the neighborhood, whose invidious selection of a modest associate editor for such prominence on the notice may be explained by the fact that Mr. Duncan-Clark was at one time superintendent of the society to which he belonged. The HERALD would be glad to have more such hustlers.

Went Him One Better.

Reggie and Bertie were swapping experiences out on the sidewalk.

"I was lost once," said Bertie; "I was lost in Chicago."

"Pshaw, that ain't nothin'," replied Reggie; "I was lost once, too. I was lost before I was born. I was dust, and the wind came and blew me away!"

"DREAM not helm and harness

The sign of valor true;

Peace hath higher tests of manhood

Than battle ever knew."

Talking With Chalk.

Practical Papers on Blackboard Work for Junior Workers Who Can't Draw.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

No. 2.

LAST month we dealt with elementary principles, and I left you to practice lettering and word-juggling. I thought I should have had some response to my generous offer of a book for the best set of blackboard outlines for the June topics, but the date set is now some three days past and none has come to hand. Well, never mind, I suppose you are all too modest (I trust not too indolent) to submit your efforts, so I shall just keep the book myself. The most interesting phase of blackboard work is designing, and to that we shall now give a little thought. The most helpful designs are those that are worked out before the Juniors. They will of necessity be rougher than the carefully executed ones prepared before the meeting, but their effectiveness for truth teaching will be enhanced immensely, because the children can see them done. Let us take as our basis a perpendicular straight line. This is a very useful figure in blackboard work. When we want to represent a man a line fulfills the purpose with entire success. Lines of different lengths or different colors stand for different men. The same line with some slanting branches attached makes an excellent tree, and a combination of straight lines perpendicular and horizontal, a house, somewhat elementary in architecture but none the less effective. Now here is a very pointed little lesson with straight lines. Draw a horizontal

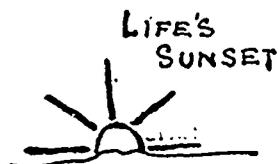


Fig. 1.

line from left to right, and at the same time talk of the helplessness of the little babe that is unable to stand or walk or even sit up, but must lie prone in its mother's arms. We were all such once. But as time passes by we become more independent, although we still have to lean a good deal (a slanting line indicates this) upon our parents' help and support. By and by we grow up into manhood and womanhood; now, we think we can stand alone (a perpendicular line here); but it is not for very long; the years slip away, and growing older we again have to lean upon some one stronger than ourselves (another slanting line), until at last the time comes when again we must trust ourselves to other arms, unable longer to stand alone (horizontal line). It is the sunset of life (a semicircle beneath the lines completing the design fig. 1), the day is closing in,

and if we have not learned to "remember our Creator in the days of our youth," it is a sunset 'mid darkest clouds. Here make the application and impress the need of seeking the Lord early. This gives an idea of how little talent is needed to make a really effective chalk talk. There is no one but is able to reproduce so simple a bit of work as this.

And now one more example. Faith is the foundation of Christian character; the object of our faith is the cross and all that it signifies (draw one with two straight lines). Another element of Christian character is Hope, according to Paul's analysis, and hope finds its source at the foot of the cross, its symbol the anchor (add two upward curves to the perpendicular of the cross). The third great ele-

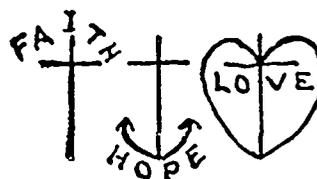


Fig. 2.

ment is Love, which not only springs from, but is built about the cross as its centre (continue the curved lines up so as to make a heart around the cross, fig. 2). These symbols thus developed will be found of infinite use in further work.

For next month try an illustration of the topic for July 2, "The fruit God wants us to bear," using both methods, viz.: word-juggling and designing. The best illustration of this topic reaching us not later than May 22nd will be published, and the Rev. A. Sims' book, "Remarkable Incidents," sent to the designer. Illustrations should be drawn on white, unruled paper in black ink. Your name will not be published if you so desire.

Notes on Junior Topics.

By Lily M. Scott.

Meeting Dangers and Difficulties.

June 4.—How to meet dangers and difficulties. Rom. 8:31, 32, 35, 37-39.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Jonathan's way, 1 Sam. 14:4-6, 13, 23. Tuesday: Elisha's way, 2 Kings 6:12-16. Wednesday: Daniel's way, Dan. 6:6-10. Thursday: Paul's way, Acts 20:22-24. Friday: Fearing, trusting, Ps. 56:3. Saturday: Lacking wisdom, ask of God, Jas. 1:5, 6.

The Daily Readings furnish instances of many Bible characters who had both difficulties and dangers to meet, and who met them bravely. Now, in the present time, the Juniors have not the same obstacles to overcome. Does that mean that we have neither dangers nor difficulties now? What are some of them? Make a list, for it is always well to know what kind of enemy we have to encounter.

David fought the great giant Goliath, and slew him, thus earning the praise of the whole nation. His difficulties were not over then, for he had to keep a watch over himself, lest so much notice and attention should spoil him. We learn that he was

always happy doing whatever seemed best, and grew strong, and learned all he could.

Read in Ephesians a description of the armor which is provided for the Christian soldiers. In "Pilgrim's Progress" we read of the key of Promise, which released Christian from the castle of the giant. We have the same key now. "If God be for us who can be against us?" Then if we are not sure just what course to pursue, we are told, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally."

For the Blackboard.

Defence from **O**bstacles.
Danger **O**vercome.

Triumph in
Trial by
Trusting —JESUS.



Generosity.

June 11.—The good that comes from being generous.
Prov. 11: 24-31.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Generosity commanded, Deut. 15: 10, 11. Tuesday: Bread on the waters, Eccl. 11: 1. Wednesday: Sowing bountifully, reaping bountifully, 2 Cor. 9: 6. Thursday: The widow of Zarephath, 1 Kings 17: 10-16. Friday: Dorcas, Acts 9: 36-41. Saturday: Cornelius, Acts 10: 1-4.

For reading lesson select Prov. 11: 24-31. Illustrate this lesson by having the Juniors tell how a farmer sows his wheat. He buys the very best he can get, even paying a larger sum for it if necessary; then he takes it out into the field, and scatters it over the ground. Is it wasteful to thus throw away the good wheat? Why not use the poor wheat for this purpose? Why scatter it away over the ground?

Generosity is commanded, Deut. 15: 10, 11. In every instance given in the Bible where people were generous, a great blessing followed. Have one Junior read or tell the story of Dorcas, another that of the poor widow of Zarephath.

Have the Juniors commit to memory several texts bearing on the subject, such as: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"With the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

For the Blackboard.

THE LAW OF THE CHRIST LIFE:

He who

Gives **MOST**
Gets



The Life of Christ. VI.

June 18.—What do you learn about Jesus from His transfiguration? Mark 9: 2-10.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Walking on the sea, Matt. 14: 22-33. Tuesday: The bread of life, John 6: 41-59. Wednesday: Healing a Gentile, Mark 7: 24-30. Thursday: Healing the deaf and dumb, Mark 7: 31-37. Friday: The great confession, Matt. 16: 13-20. Saturday: Peter rebuked, Matt. 16: 21-28.

This is our seventh lesson on the life of Christ. Have different members connect it with our last lesson, by giving the principal intervening events. Christ comes to His disciples walking on the sea; the crowds who have been miraculously fed follow Him for a time; afterwards many are offended at

His teaching and leave Him; Jesus goes north to Tyre and Sidon; He feeds the four thousand; a blind man is healed; He foretells His own death and resurrection, and the trials of His followers.

Jesus had now been preaching and teaching about two years and a half, and apparently without success. The opposition of the Jews had been growing stronger and stronger. The disciples, especially Peter, found fault with Him, when he told of His coming death.

Then have told the story of the Transfiguration. Tell who were the only witnesses. Carefully explain the meaning of the word transfigured. What was Jesus doing on the mountain? Who were talking with Him as the disciples watched? Why do you think these particular prophets, and not others, were chosen to come down to earth at this time? When Peter spoke of making the three tabernacles, he did not think what he was saying, and it is difficult to know what he intended to make of them. Why did Jesus bid them not to speak of what they had seen? Did they do as He commanded them? What benefit was the vision to the disciples? What lesson does it teach us?

For the Blackboard.

The **T**ransfiguration That JESUS is **G**lorious.
estifies **O**nly Begotten.
Divine.



Elements of Christian Character.

June 25.—What qualities make up a perfect Christian character? 1 Cor. 13: 4-8.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Faith, 2 Pet. 1: 4-5. Tuesday: Self-control, 2 Pet. 1: 6; 1 Cor. 9: 27. Wednesday: Patience, Luke 21: 19. Thursday: Godliness, 1 Tim. 4: 8. Friday: Brotherly kindness, John 13: 35. Saturday: Love, 2 Pet. 1: 7-9; Matt. 5: 43-44.

Get the meaning of element or quality. If the members of the society are quite young, a good plan for this meeting would be to have the various elements written on slips of card-board, cut into shape of diamonds. Then collect all, and put them in a jewel box. If they are too old for this plan, give each an ordinary slip of paper with the quality written on it, and a verse of Scripture that describes it. Each member should name his quality at the meeting, and recite his verse, having previously committed it to memory.

The following will furnish a list of some qualities with suitable texts:

Purity, Matt. 5: 8; strength, 1 Cor. 16: 13; helpfulness, Gal. 6: 2; kindness, Rom. 12: 10; gentleness, Prov. 15: 1; patience, Jas. 1: 4; watchfulness, 1 Pet. 5: 8; diligence, Eccl. 11: 6; perseverance, Gal. 6: 9; forgiveness, Eph. 4: 31, 32; charity, 1 Tim. 1: 5; courage, Psa. 27: 14; fairness, Luke 6: 31; truth, Prov. 12: 22; obedience, John 14: 15; faith, 2 Cor. 5: 7; love, 1 Cor. 13: 13; a good name, Prov. 22: 1; submissiveness, Prov. 5: 1; steadfastness, Prov. 4: 25-27.

Each additional element adds more grace and beauty to the ones previously acquired.

For the Blackboard.

CHRIST IN CHARACTER.

CONSECRATION.

FAITH HOPE.

CHARITY.

PATIENCE.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

LOYALTY.

The Sunday School

To Draw the Grown People Into Sunday-School.

EVERY Sunday-school professes a desire to secure all kinds and conditions of people as scholars. Still, practically, too many assume that only children will actually come, and in one way and another the service takes shape in the minds of the congregation as a little folks' affair.

The matter of which I am speaking goes to show this. The church notices do not usually include the Sunday-schools. Prayer meeting and all other weekly gatherings are announced always with no complaint of monotony; but he is a pretty resolute pastor who does not now and again, when the list is long, leave this one out. At night especially, and in the morning if the Sunday-school precedes the church service, he shrinks from announcing it.

My recommendation, however, goes further than a mere notice. I would aim at undoing past wrong impressions, by adding the sentence each time that it is "for young and old." If, besides this, the pastor, when strangers are present, would make a remark to the effect that the school is a special success in getting adult scholars, and that any who come will find a suitable class, and will feel thoroughly in the right place and unembarrassed, he might find that many stray men and women would drop in.

There is no service of the church attendance at which goes so far to ally the attendant to the church as the Sunday-school service. One's name once written on that roll, he is an integral part of the concern; whereas he might attend the preaching and even the weekly meeting a good many times and have no such feeling of connection.

Then, having entered a class, and having one's name on the roll, puts one peculiarly well within the reach of the "look-out" forces in both Sunday-school and society of Christian Endeavor.

It is amply worth a pointed effort at least to advertise fully and attractively this potent factor in the means of grace.—*Margaret Meredith.*

Making Clear the Meaning of Hymns.

OFTEN too little attention is paid to the explanation of the Sunday-school hymns, especially with the youngest children. Many a teacher seems to take it for granted that children who can read or memorize must know the meaning of the words, and little care is taken to discover whether the singing is mechanical or not.

A child went home from an infant class one Sunday and told her mother that she had learned to sing a song about a little girl named "Bessie Jewett." "It is so pretty, mamma," she said. The mother, somewhat surprised, decided to attend school with her daughter the next Sunday, and when the beautiful old hymn, "Precious Jewels," was given out the mystery was solved.

The old story of the "consecrated cross-eyed bear" should forever stand as a warning to all careless or indifferent teaching of hymns.

It should be a part of every teacher's mission to make the scholar understand not only the meaning of the words, but the spirit of the hymn. The seed thus sown may bear fruit where least expected.

A little girl asked her teacher many questions about "The shining shore," and when, a few years later, she died, far from her home and Sunday-school, she said to her mother "When you go home tell my dear teacher that I have always remembered about 'the shining shore,' and all that she said about it, and now I am going to see it first, and I am so happy."

Explain the hymns, and make them so plain and so precious to the Sunday-school children that they will sing with the heart and the understanding also.—*Selected.*

Notes and Suggestions on the International Lessons.

LESSON 10.—JUNE 4, 1899.

Christ Crucified.

(Lesson Text: John 19: 17-30. Commit to Memory Verses 28-30.)
GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—*Gal. 2: 20.*

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: John 19: 1-16. Tuesday: Matt. 27: 27-54. Wednesday: John 19: 17-30. Thursday: Mark 15: 16-39. Friday: Luke 23: 33-47. Saturday: Gal. 2: 1-21. Sunday: Rom. 6: 1-23.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Friday, April 7, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

PLACE.—Golgotha (Calvary) just outside of Jerusalem. Exact site not known.

Between the Lessons.

After the Jews had rejected his offer to release Jesus, Pilate delivered Him to be scourged. The soldiers placed a crown of thorns upon His head, clothed Him with a purple robe, and mocked Him. Pilate then led Him forth to the people and again sought to release Him. The rulers, however, demanded that Jesus be crucified because He had claimed to be the Son of God. Pilate once more tried to set Jesus free, but the Jews cried out that if he did so he was not Cæsar's friend. At last Pilate yielded and Jesus was then led away to be crucified.

Applying the Lesson to Life.

(1) At least two persistent legends have their origin in the story of the walk of Jesus to Calvary

bearing His cross. One is the beautiful legend of Veronica, who, it is said, as Jesus passed her door, came out and wiped His face with a napkin or with her veil, receiving on the linen the features of Christ. The other legend is that of the Wandering Jew, who refused to permit Jesus to lean a moment against his porch in passing, and therefore was doomed to keep moving on without rest until the end of the world. These are only legends but they are beautiful illustrations.

(2) Jesus bore His cross to Calvary. He had never sinned, and yet He was now in the sinner's place. This is the picture of redemption. He bore our sins. A young man was compelled to help Jesus bear His cross, but Jesus still bore the heavy end of it. This is a picture of our life in this world. We all have crosses to carry if we are following Christ, but Jesus bears the heavy end of every one of them.

(3) There were three crosses set up on Calvary that day. On the central cross they nailed the Son of God. It was God giving His only begotten Son because He so loved the world. It was the Son giving Himself a ransom. On one of the other crosses was human guilt softened to penitence by the divine love on the central cross. On the other cross was human guilt growing even more hardened by its vision of the dying love. This is a picture of the world. The cross of Christ stands ever in the midst. Some behold it and believe. Others just as close still reject and remain impenitent.

(4) Even under the very cross the soldiers gambled for the garments of Jesus. What a desecration it seems to us! The Son of God is dying for the world, while angels and glorified ones hang over the scene in holy awe, yet right there, beneath this scene of stupendous interest to two worlds, sit this group of Roman soldiers, throwing dice and dividing among themselves the sacred garments of Jesus.

(5) The incident of Jesus and His mother is a very tender one. One of the saddest things about death oftentimes is the thought of those who must be left behind, whom we have been wont to shelter but who must now be left unsheltered. It must have been one of the saddest things in the sorrow of Jesus as He was going away from this world that He had to leave behind His gentle mother, with no one to care for her. But what a comfort it was to be able to commit her to such love and shelter as that of John, the beloved disciple.

(6) On the cross, as He was dying, Jesus said, "It is finished." For one thing, His life was finished. It seemed a failure. But it was not a failure. Though dying so young, He left a complete life work, with nothing unfinished. Especially the work of redemption was finished. There was nothing more that needed to be done to prepare the way of salvation. The veil of the temple was rent that same moment, telling of the doing away of all types and emblems which had been fulfilled in Christ. All things were now ready. The blood of human redemption had been shed, and whosoever would might come and find eternal life.



LESSON 11.—JUNE 11, 1899.

Christ Risen.

(Lesson Text. John 20: 11-20. Commit to Memory Verses 11-14.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: John 10: 31-42. Tuesday: John 20: 1-18. Wednesday: John 20: 19-31. Thursday: Matt. 28: 1-10. Friday: Mark 16: 1-14. Saturday: Luke 24: 1-49. Sunday: John 21: 1-25.

TIME.—A. D. 30, Sunday, April 9.

PLACES.—A garden outside the walls of Jerusalem; a room in Jerusalem.

Between the Lessons.

Jesus died Friday afternoon. Joseph of Arimathea, aided by Nicodemus, placed Jesus' body in a new tomb on Friday evening. The burial was witnessed by certain women friends of Jesus, who prepared materials for embalming His body, but rested over the Jewish Sabbath. That day the Jewish council sealed the tomb and set a guard there. Early on the morning of the first day of the week there was a great earthquake and an angel rolled away the door of the tomb. Immediately after this the women came to the tomb to anoint the Lord's body. Mary Magdalene, seeing the stone rolled away and supposing that the Jews had removed Jesus' body, hastened to tell Peter and John. The other women went on to the tomb and there met an angel, who told them that Jesus was risen and sent them to tell the disciples. After their departure Peter and John came in haste to the tomb and found it empty. They then departed. Mary, however, remained at the tomb.

Applying the Lesson to Life.

(1) Woman's place in the Gospel story is very beautiful. Up to the time of Christ woman had been held in dishonor, as if she were less worthy than man. It was not thought fit for a man to speak to a woman in public. The disciples marvelled when they came back to the well of Jacob that their Master was talking with a woman. Women were not permitted to enter the court of the Jews in approaching the temple, and were shut out in a court of their own. But when Jesus came He put high honor upon woman. No woman was called to be an apostle, but many women were chosen among the Master's disciples and friends. It is remarkable, too, that in all the gospel story there is no record of any woman ever treating Jesus unkindly. Then Christ's women friends highly honored Him. Martha and Mary received Him into their house. A company of women who had been helped by Jesus followed Him thereafter and ministered unto Him of their substance. These were the women who were the last watchers at His cross and the first visitors to His grave with their spices and ointments. These women were rewarded by being the first to see the risen Christ and the first to tell the wonderful story to the other disciples. Ever since that time women have been among the foremost in their devotion to Christ and in their service in His cause. A large majority of the members of Christian churches are women, and in all the great movements of Christianity women are prominent, not only in numbers but also in interest, in fervor, in earnestness, and in the value of their service to the cause.

(2) Mary found the grave empty when she came to look for the body of Jesus. He had conquered every other power during His life—the tempter, demons, diseases, nature—and now in His experience with the last enemy He had again been victorious. This made Him Master of all the world. No power in the universe is a match for Him. Thus He is able to be our Saviour in the fullest sense. No enemy we may ever have is able to stand against Him.

(3) We ought not to sorrow over our Christian dead as do the world's people when their loved ones die. It is very sad indeed to lay away in the grave a friend who has not believed in Christ. But when

our dear ones were believers in Christ, the grave is full of light. If Jesus had not risen, no grave would ever have been bright. "If Christ be not raised," says St. Paul, "then all who are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." But Christ did rise, and therefore all who have fallen asleep in Him are saved. If only we remembered this when we are called to lay our Christian dead away, the grave would not seem dark.

(4) Mary did not know Jesus at first. The very friend she was seeking and so longed to see was standing beside her, but she did not dream it was Jesus. It is often so in Christian life—we want to get near to Jesus, to have His comfort, and all the while He is nearer to us than the human friend who is nearest. There is a picture of a mother sitting beside the sea which has swallowed up her heart's treasures. Close behind her is an angel striking His harp, but the mother is not aware of the angel's presence and hears not his music of comfort. It is thus with many who are inconsolable in their sorrow, not seeing the Comforter nor hearing His words of consolation.

(5) Jesus made Himself known to Mary by speaking her name. Then the sorrow was gone and a flood of joy poured into her heart. Lying beside a young woman on her deathbed and spoke to her quietly of Christ as her Friend, of His close companionship, His gentle care, the inspiration of His friendship. It was a new revealing to her. "And I have never known this before!" she said. She had believed in Christ as her Saviour and leaned on His words of promise, but had never before known Him as her personal Friend. It is a happy moment when a believer finds Christ in this way. That is the relation He wants to form with every Christian. "Ye are my friends."

(6) The benediction of the risen Christ was, "Peace be unto you." He came in among His disciples and spoke His greeting of love. Then He held up His hands, and the print of the nails proved that it was the same person who had died on the cross. Jesus is always saying to us, "Peace be unto you," and always showing us His hands. We rejoice that He died, for it was for us and our salvation. Then we rejoice that He lives, for now He is our Friend forever.

LESSON 12.—JUNE 18, 1899.

The New Life in Christ.

(Lesson Text: Col. 3: 1-15. Commit to Memory Verses 1-4.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts."—Col. 3: 15.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Col. 3: 1-15. Tuesday: Eph. 4: 1-12. Wednesday: Eph. 5: 1-33. Thursday: Rom. 12: 1-21. Friday: John 15: 1-27. Saturday: 1 Cor. 13: 1-13. Sunday: Rom. 14: 1-23.

TIME AND PLACE.—The Epistle to the Colossians was written by Paul at Rome during his first two years' imprisonment there, A.D. 61-63.

Introductory.

The Epistle to the Colossians was written by Paul from his prison at Rome. See the last verses of the Acts. Although we have but the one lesson from it, it will be profitable for the school to read the whole letter, which is short, and will require but a little time. It is full of valuable instruction. This lesson very fitly follows our last one on the resurrection of Christ. The first verse links it to this great fact. The passage is suggested as a temperance lesson. The cluster of evil things which we are exhorted to

put off frequently link themselves with drunkenness, while the beautiful graces and virtues which we are urged to put on belong to a life of sobriety, self-control, and Christlikeness. It will be very easy for a teacher to make the application of this lesson to the subject of temperance.

Applying the Lesson to Life.

(1) The new life is a risen life. It has been raised up from the dead. In our natural state we are dead. Those who are in their graves know nothing of what is going on in the world above them. They hear no sweet sounds and take no part in the world's work. Those who are living in sin are dead to the spiritual and the heavenly life. When we become Christians we are raised up out of our grave of death into a new world, where all is life and beauty.

(2) The new life has new interests. We are in God's family now and should care for the things of God. One who has left a wicked life and become a Christian cares no more for the old companions and the old pleasures; he loves to be with the good and cares for the joys of Christian life. We should train our minds to think of the things of heaven where Christ is. We should teach our hearts to cling to the things which are eternal, which will last forever, not the things which will perish.

(3) The new life is a hidden life. It is hidden for safety. If we had all its blessings and treasures in our hands in this world, we could not take care of them, and might easily be robbed. But they are hidden with Christ in God, and no enemy can rob us of them. Then nothing can hurt our spiritual life, for it, too, has its source in Christ, who is inside heaven's gates. Our body may be burned or mangled, but not our spirit. Our new life is hidden also in the sense that its real beauty and glory are not seen in this world. Artists keep their work hidden until it is finished; so God does with us. By and by, when Christ comes, all the loveliness in His people will appear.

(4) The new life should put off all wrong things. If we are God's children we must not live as the world's children do. Every sin we discover in ourselves we should instantly give up. In our lesson there is a list of very hateful things which we should not allow to stay or come into our life—anger, wrath, blasphemy, filthy communication, lying. We should ask God to search our heart and show us everything that is not beautiful or right in His sight, that we may make our life clean, pure, and holy.

(5) The new life should put on all the things which God approves and commends. If we are Christ's we must be like Christ, and must seek to do whatever He would have us do and to be whatever He would have us to be. We have a list here also of the graces which we should have as Christians—a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long-suffering, patience, forgiveness, and after all, love, with the peace of God in our heart. Every young Christian should seek to have all these lovely things in his life.—*Westminster Teacher.*

LESSON 13.—JUNE 25, 1899.

Second Quarterly Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: John 11: 32-45. Tuesday: John 13: 1-17. Wednesday: John 14: 1-14. Thursday: John 15: 1-11. Friday: John 18: 1-14. Saturday: John 19: 17-30. Sunday: John 20: 11-20.

I. Recall the TITLE and GOLDEN TEXT of each lesson.

II. Make a simple outline map of ancient Jerusalem and its surroundings. The city was nearly square, but sloped a little toward the north-west. (1) Locate the temple courts, in the south-east corner. (2) The Mount of Olives, with Bethany on its farther slope. (3) The Garden of Gethsemane. (4) The probable sites of the "upper room," the high priest's palace, the meeting place of the Sanhedrin, and Pilate's house. (5) Calvary. (6) Trace the journey from Bethany to the "upper room" where the last supper was eaten; from the last supper to Gethsemane; from Gethsemane across the city and back again to the different places of trial; from Pilate to Calvary.

III. Recall the one miracle of the Quarter, and its teaching to us.

IV. State (by the titles) in which lessons are found the scenes here indicated: (1) A woman weeping in a garden. (2) Husbandmen gathering up shriveled branches, pruning of the vineyard. (3) Four men gambling. (4) A teacher surrounded by his inquiring and anxious disciples (three lessons). (5) One girded with a towel. (6) Men and women crowded about a fire on a cold evening. (7) A man grumbling about the misuse of money. (8) One man cutting another with a sword. (9) One talking straight into a grave.

V. State the principal teaching of each lesson.

LET each care

Lift thee upward to a higher, purer air;
Then let Fortune do her worst;
Whether Fate has blessed or cursed,
Little matter, if thou first

Rise higher.—*Helen G. Hawthorne.*

NO man ever trod exactly the path that others trod before him. There is no exact chart laid down for the voyage. Every life is a new life. Every day is a new day. Remember, Christian progress is only possible in Christ. It is a very lofty thing to be a Christian, for a Christian is a man who is restoring God's likeness to his character.—*F. W. Robertson.*

MY faith is weak, and yet I know
That, if Thy love should will it so,
I need not see one ray of light
Upon my path. If Thou dost lead,
All must be right.

WHATEVER is done by those around you, be yourself fully determined to walk in the most excellent way.—*Wesley.*

Periodicals.

THE *Treasury of Religious Thought* for April, 1899, closes the 16th annual volume of this valuable magazine, and gives space to a very full and helpful Index. Dr. Carson's sermon on "The Sunset Glow" is one of those warm, spiritual appeals for a life tending toward heaven which greatly help to bear the mid-day storm and stress. The department of "Applied Christianity," is well filled with a finely-illustrated article by the editor on "The Farm Colonies, and Other Recent Work of the Salvation Army." The "minor departments" of *The Treasury* are full of value, and their very uniformity of general appearance furnishes a uniform reliance of not a few studious readers and workers who regularly read the carefully arranged quotations from "Current Thought and Events," Prof. C. H. Small's "Movements Among the Churches," Dr. G. B. F. Hallock's "Thoughts for the Hour of Prayer," or the "Sunday-school Lessons," and thoughts on "Christian Edification,"

"Home and Family," "The Pastor and His Work," "Temperance," "Illustrative" and "Beautiful Thoughts," and the monthly "Record" of passing events.

BRIGHT and welcome as the spring it symbolizes is *Outing* for April, laden with the season's pleasures from "The First Strike" on its frontispiece, to its concluding poem, "When the Brook Trout Leap." The new life of the year, the glory of the budding woods, the trill of the songster, the purr of snow-fed streams, the whirr of the liberated cycle, are all reflected in its pages. The more serious contributions of the author of "Four Months on Board the Yankee," and the late John Heard, Jr.'s charming fiction of the "Maid of Tyrol" ensure its further appreciation. Authors, artists, and publishers have aimed high and have succeeded in producing a tribute to spring worthy of *Outing's* established reputation.

MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT contributes the leading article, entitled "Our Flag in the Philippines," to the current April number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. F. Marion Crawford's "Romance of Rome," also profusely and beautifully illustrated, is another notable feature. It is eloquent in its descriptive characterization of the Eternal City, of St. Peter's and the Vatican, and of the venerable Pope Leo XIII. The number also includes illustrated articles upon "Aguinaldo, and the Filipino Envoys," "Bethlehem, the Headquarters of Moravianism in America," by John P. Ritter; "Through Mexico in a Private Car," by Captain C. H. Wilson, and "Women in the Pulpit," by the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford.

PROFESSOR JOHN FISKE, whose treatises on the "Destiny of Man" and the "Idea of God" have attracted so much attention, opens the April *Atlantic* with a profound and impressive paper in the same line of thought. The topic of his powerful article is "The Mystery of Evil," the question which in all recorded time has been the burden of the minds of men. Samuel Harden Church calls attention to the coming "Tricentenary Celebration of Oliver Cromwell" in an interesting and instructive paper. W. Alleyne Ireland describes the "Growth of the British Colonial Conception," giving the earlier history of the colonies, and showing the origin of the modern spirit of empire and expansion and the birth of the great national idea of unity which was so extraordinarily manifested at the Queen's Jubilee two years ago. Charles Mulford Robinson discusses the Progress of Philanthropic Improvement in City Life, describing vividly the systematic work that is now doing in our great cities. Rollin Lynde Hartt in his "New England Hill Town" pictures graphically and humorously the conditions in many New England townships that prosperity and the march of improvement have passed over, and which indicate a gradual degeneration, which unless stopped must ultimately produce a class of Northern Poor Whites, like their Southern prototypes. Fiction by Alice Brown and others, several brilliant poems, with valuable and interesting book reviews, complete a noteworthy and progressive number.

"EASTER Thoughts and Lessons," from the pen of the Rev. J. R. Miller, first claims our attention in *The Religious Review of Reviews*, and shows how the resurrection should cause us to be happier. Our esteemed friend, Rev. A. C. Dixon D.D., presents "The Widening Vision," giving the different steps in the progress of Christian life, and the outline of the beginning of the Christian church as it is to-day. Mrs. Margaret Bottome gives one of her delightfully characteristic talks, under the title of the initials of the order I. H. N.—"In His Name," explaining what this should mean to the Daughters particularly, but to others also. Money, "the root of all evil," and its good and bad use, is spoken of thoughtfully and prayerfully in "Christian Stewardship" by Rev. Andrew Murray, D.D., to whom we are indebted for many helpful treatises. Bishop Mallalieu of the Methodist Church, contributes a very pleasing theme in "Foregleams of Pentecost," expounding the doctrine of the Trinity. In the Departments we are treated to a dip here and a dip there into a number of interesting subjects which tend to keep us posted on the leading topics of the day. The departments consist of: Current Articles of Importance, Notes from Recent Editorials, The Religious World, Sermonic Review Section, Editorial Notes. Published monthly at 2030 American Tract Society Building, New York, and Phillipsdale, R.I. \$2 a year; Ministers \$1.50.

AN interesting symposium on "Missionary Interest and Missionary Income," gives especial value to *The Missionary Review of the World* for May. The writers include a number of prominent secretaries, pastors, laymen, women, and their criticisms and suggestions are brief, pithy and to the point. Dr. Pierson writes an editorial article on "The Pentecostal Movement," illustrating it at length by the story of Pilkington in Uganda. There are also several valuable articles on missionary work in Indo-China and Malaysia with descriptions of tours among the Shans, Laos, and wild Wahs of Northern Siam. An excellent map and some good photographs accompany these. Rev. Wm. Upcraft describes vividly and picturesquely the "Lolos or Redmen of Western China," telling of their peculiar and interesting characteristics and customs. The *Missionary Digest* Department is rich with timely articles on India, Russia, The Philippines, Korea, etc. No one who is interested in missions or in the progress of the world in general can afford to omit examining this magazine from cover to cover.

Official Bulletins

From the Ontario Secretary.

DURING the last few months the county secretaries have been endeavoring to secure information from the local societies, and have already reported a fairly good percentage of returns.

Did your society receive and return the post card? If not, I shall be pleased to have you cut out the following list of questions and, after filling them in as far as possible, send to me in an envelope.

We want every young people's society in the province on the Ontario C. E. Union register.

Is yours there?

Yours in the work,
A. T. COOPER.

Clinton, Ont.

- Name of your city or town
- County
- Name of church and denomination.....
- Name of your president
- Name of cor.-secretary. (This officer should not be changed).....
- How many active members now
- How many associate members now.....
- How many of your society united with your church during the last year.
- Have you a Junior society.....
- Have you an Intermediate society
- How much money has your society given to your own denominational Missionary Boards during the last year.....
- State the best thing your society has done during the last twelve months
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From the Ontario Junior Superintendent.

Dear Junior Workers:

It is now nearly six months since I was appointed to the position of Provincial Superintendent. I have been endeavoring to find out just how we stand, and to get my finger on the pulse of Junior work in the province. I have written to all county superintendents of Junior work, also to county secretaries where as yet no superintendent of

Junior work has been appointed, urging them to bring the matter before the Executive Committee.

Just here I wish to thank those who have favored me with a prompt reply, and to remind others that *late* is better than *never*, and that I cannot get along without their hearty co-operation.

County superintendents tell me that one of the obstacles in the way of Junior extension is the mission band. This was a great surprise to me; I had always imagined that it would be an easy task to organize a Junior society where a mission band existed. That the mission band was a splendid nucleus already doing the work of one department of the Junior society, and that all that was necessary was to add the other departments, circulate the pledge and—presto!—the work was done. I know from personal experience that it is a very easy thing to develop a mission band into a Junior society. The trouble does not lie there. A fear seems to exist that if the band were developed into a Junior society the money raised for missions would be less, and that it would go into a different channel. Personal experience has proved the first to be groundless. The mission band which has been developed into a Junior society reaches a larger number of children, and raises more money for missions than formerly. For the benefit of those who fear that the money raised would go into a different channel I need only say that this need not be the case, as each individual Junior society is at liberty to dispose of its missionary money in any way it desires. After all are not all the different missionary agencies working for the same end, the advancement of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ? It seems to me the first thing to be considered is the welfare of the rising generation. The mission band is doing a good work as far as it goes, but the Junior society not only educates the children along missionary lines, it also educates them along many other lines and trains them for Christian service. Dear Junior worker, try to get mission band workers to look at the matter from this standpoint. The mission band should be the fore-runner preparing the way for the Junior society, into which in the natural order of things it should always develop.

Another thing we need in our work is a closer relationship between the Junior and senior socie-

ties. With all my heart I endorse Secretary Baer's plea on this point. If we could only get the senior societies to realize that the Junior society is as much a department of their society as the missionary department, and that the future of their society depends upon the work done among the Juniors, I think the older society would foster the Juniors, and support the Junior superintendent right royally. The result would be a great burden lifted from the heart of the Junior superintendent, and new life and vigor for both Junior and senior societies.

During the past six months the conviction has grown upon me that something must be done to make the Junior society a permanent institution. I find that in some places where a Junior society once existed no society can be found to-day. In some instances this is due to the fact that the superintendent has moved away—there was no one to take her place, and so the society disbanded. What can be done to remedy this state of affairs? I feel that the best results cannot be secured until Junior work is recognized as part of the regular church work, and its superintendent appointed as Sunday-school superintendents are appointed. Then it would be as impossible for the Junior society to discontinue as for the Sunday-school to do so. As things are at present we are working under great disadvantages and our progress is slow. I am acquainted with a church in one of our cities where a Junior society has been organized and re-organized three different times, and yet they have no Junior society in that church to-day. Such a state of things ought to be impossible. It is enough to discourage any general to take a place, re-take it, and take it once again only to lose it in the long run. Think of the time and energy expended. We ought to be so circumstanced that we could hold what had been won.

I should like to hear from some of our earnest Junior workers on this point.

Reminding you that there is a glorious future before Junior Endeavor, and calling you to renewed consecration and effort.

Yours for the Juniors,
SADIE M. WHITWORTH.

The attention of boys and girls especially is directed to the plan proposed by Peter Pussem on page 160, whereby they can make a little pocket money each month.

Ontario C. E. Union.

County Secretaries and their Addresses

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 Brant—Miss Agnes Davidson, Brantford.
 Bay of Quinte District—Miss Jessie Redmond, Picton.
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Odds and Ends.

"Have you followed my argument thus far?" inquired the gentleman who was short on ideas and long on words. "Yes," replied his impatient friend. "But I tell you candidly I'd quit its company right here if I thought I could find my way back."

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs,

colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs, and chest.

Mistress: "I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen with you last night, Bridget." Bridget: "Well, ma'am, yez wouldn't hov an unmarried lady be sittin' alone with only wan policeman, would yez? The other wan wuz a chaperon."

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

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Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved.

"Mother," asked little Johnny, peering in between two uncut leaves of the magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?"

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Eclectic Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

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"Bridget, I told you five times to have muffins for breakfast. Haven't you any intellect?" "No, mum, there's none in the house."

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If corresponding secretaries of societies outside the city will notify the corresponding secretary of the Union of the name and address of any young people removing to Toronto, they will gladly be visited and introduced to Christian friends in our churches and societies. Kindly do not neglect this matter.

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Peter Pushem's Pulpit

The Month of May made Memorable and Juniors Joyful by Peter's Proposal

WELL here I am again, irrepressible and energetic, "boiling over in spirit," as the Apostle Paul says, and with a big scheme to propose that I feel sure all my Junior friends will vote a good one. But before I unfold it to you I want to tell you a little story about a certain Junior's first visit to church. One of our associate editors has a whole page of Junior stories elsewhere in this issue, so I think I might be allowed to tell at least one.

Peter Pushem's Story.

The little girl of whom this incident is related was taken to church for the first time. Her parents belonged to the Church of England, and you know the clergyman wears a white surplice when conducting worship in that denomination. Our Junior was very good and very attentive all through the beautiful service, and seemed to be greatly interested in everything that was said and done. When she got home her mother asked her, "Well, Clara, how do you like going to church?" "Oh! its splendid, mamma; but," she added in an excited little whisper, "the preacher must have got up awful late this morning, because he'd come away in his night-gown!" The moral of this little tale, which I fear you might never discover for yourselves, is that you must get up "awful early in the morning," if you want to get ahead of the Juniors. At least it is because I believe this that I am about to disclose my secret, my great scheme that I am so eager to tell; but just a moment more while I invite some of you people to take

A Trial Trip.

Perhaps you are making Peter's acquaintance for the first time with this issue. If so he bows to you with his most profound *conge*; for your continued friendship he is most respectfully solicitous. Can you not be induced to take a trial trip with him for the remainder of 1899? He will land you safely at the portal of the year of noughty-nought for the remarkably low rate of twenty-five cents. A seven months' voyage in the very best of company is surely an opportunity not to be missed. Continual change of scene adds to the interest of the trip. If you are spiritually tired, appetite for the Word poor, no desire for healthy Christian exercise, knees too tender to spend much time on them in prayer, what you need is just such a voyage as this. It will do you a world of good, and all for twenty-five cents.

Places we Shall Visit.

Next month we visit Detroit, the Mecca of Endeavorers during July. We shall see some of its beautiful buildings, and inspect

the preparations for the great convention. The following month we shall make a Dominion Day tour of our own great land, and pass in review the Endeavor hosts from Atlantic to Pacific. In August those of us who could not attend the convention in July will be able to enjoy it at our leisure in the HERALD'S pages, and those of us who were there will be glad of the opportunity to renew our experiences of its days of blessing. In September we shall be in the neighborhood of Montreal, but it is a little too far ahead to say definitely just what our latitude and longitude will be for the succeeding months. There won't be a dull day in the whole voyage, and fair weather is absolutely guaranteed. Come with us. From June to December for twenty-five cents, less than a cent a week. It would be the wildest extravagance to miss such an opportunity.



And Now,—The Secret.

I know you are just dying to hear it, as I am to tell it to you; but that reminds me just before I whisper it (in my loudest tones) I want to call your attention to my special Bulletin for May. You will find a special bulletin on this page every month, pasted up on my own little section of fence. (That is why, as a bright Junior told me, I am like a dead Filipino soldier, because I have a bullet-in.) The Marked New Testament is a beautiful little book, in which all the texts telling of the way of salvation are underlined in black and marked marginally in red. It is just the book to carry with you and use in dealing with souls, or to send to friends concerning whom you are anxious. It is well bound in stiff red covers, and has had an immense sale.

This Time I Tell You.

Now this is the scheme. We believe there are many people in your town or neighborhood who prefer to buy their magazines from month to month instead of subscribing for a whole year. We believe many who do not take the HERALD regularly would be glad to pay five cents a copy for it every month. We further believe there are scores of Juniors who would like to be agents for the HERALD and sell it if they could thereby make pocket money or, better still, missionary money, at the rate of two cents a copy. Now if you think this plan a good one, and we believe it is one of the best that our idea man has thought out for us, if you are not a Junior yourself and do not care to undertake it why do Peter the kindness to send him the names of several of the brightest Juniors you know, and he will write to them at once. If you think you would like to try it yourself, send your own name, and a bundle of HERALDS will be sent you post paid. You sell all you can at five cents each and send us back three cents for every one sold and whatever copies you may have left over. From month to month we shall publish in our Junior department a cut of the Junior who sells the most HERALDS. Now then, whose picture will hold the place of honor first?

If You Don't See What You Want Ask For It.

This corner will be henceforth reserved by Peter as a general intelligence bureau. Any question you may wish to ask will be given careful attention and replied to here. If Peter can't answer he will say so. There is no limit set to the character or number of inquiries, except such as your own common sense will suggest. Lay your problems before him be they of business, pleasure, or religion, and let him try to help you. Send your name: initials only published.

1. Is there anything in the way of a certificate that can be given Juniors on promotion to the young people's society?—*M. D. F., Frankville.*

Yes; the United Society issues a beautiful, illuminated graduation diploma (8x10 inches), which the ENDEAVOR HERALD can supply at 6c. each, or 50c. a dozen.

2. Will the HERALD be represented at Detroit?—*Mrs. J. G., Lockport, N.Y.*

Yes, indeed; the HERALD will be well represented at Detroit, and will publish one of the best convention reports you have ever read. Come and meet us there.

Yours in C. E.,
PETER PUSHEM.