

THE CANADIAN

EPWORTH ERA

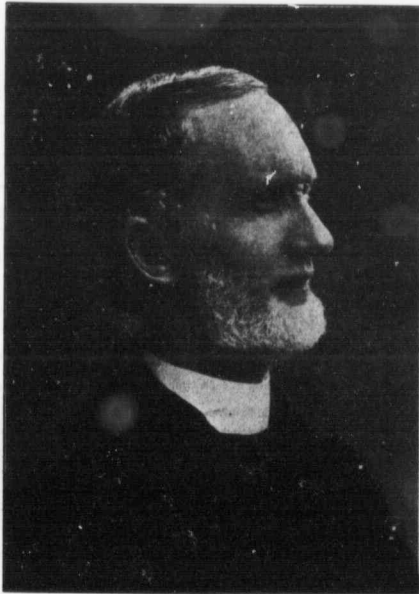
Christian Endeavor

Vol. 2

TORONTO
JUNE 1900

No. 6

Missionary



REV. W. L. WATKINSON, D.D.

Social



Literary



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Mr. Moody once told his audience how a minister succeeded in getting one of his "dummys" church members to pull in the Gospel harness.

"I am going out to a small village to preach," the minister said to the local judge, "and want you to drive me."

The judge replied that he would be glad to do it.

"On the way out the minister remarked, 'Judge, I am going to ask you to speak.'

"Oh, no," quickly spoke up the judge: "I couldn't do that."

"I was in court the other day, and you gave a charge to the jury, and I never heard anything much more impressive. Now I would like you to give a charge to this jury," said the minister.

"I've never spoken on religion. I couldn't do that."

The minister had tact, so he got into the pulpit and read the scripture and prayed. Then he called upon the judge for the sermon, who felt afraid to refuse. The result was he commenced to preach and never thought about his timidity until he had finished a sermon. It was a splendid sermon, and after that the judge often preached.

Norman Macleod and the Herd Boy.

When the great Scotch preacher, Norman Macleod, was a young man he went out one day in search of a farm house called the "Duffin" to conduct a baptism. He inquired of a bright-looking herd boy, who happened to belong to the farm and offered to conduct him thither. They set off together, the lad carrying a small bag over his shoulder, and as they went along the following conversation took place:

"There's gaun to be a fine shine at the Duffin to-night," said the boy.

"Aye, what's going to be up at the Duffin."

"The meenister's cumin' to baptese the wean. I've got the cookies i' th' bag."

Norman did not tell the boy that he himself was "the meenister" in question, but said, "Noo, how d'ye get a livin'?"

"O, I'm just a herd laddie. I split the wood, and carry the water, and bring the kye (cow) hame, and do just what I'm telt."

There was a moment's silence. Then the boy, turning to Norman, said, with a mark of interrogation in each eye, "Hoo d'ye get a livin'?"

"Well," said Norman, "that's a fair question. I asked ye how ye got a livin', and ye telt me; now I'll telt ye how I get a livin'. I get a livin' by teltin' auld folk, young folk, and little folk like ye, the way to heaven."

The little boy stood still and screamed with laughter. When the tumult of merriment had subsided a little he turned to Norman and said, "That's a good un." Then another burst of laughter, and then this profound inquiry, "Hoo can ye telt the way t' heaven when ye dinna ken th' way to th' Duffin?"

Rash Request.

The strictness with which the Sabbath is kept in Scotland is illustrated by a story told by a devout Scottish minister.

He once stopped at a country inn in the northern part of his native land, to pass the Sunday. The day was rainy and close, and toward night, as he sat in the little parlour of the inn, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised so t' at they might have some fresh air in the room.

"Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can't ha' no fresh air in this hoose on the Sawbeth?"

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A. C. CREWS, Editor.



WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher.

Vol. II.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1900.

No. 6.

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Oh, the earth is full of sinning
And of trouble and of woe,
But the devil makes an inning
Every time you say it's so ;
And the way to set him scowling
And put him back a pace,
Is to stop this stupid growling,
And to look things in the face.

If you glance at history's pages,
In all lands and eras known,
You will find the vanished ages
Far more wicked than our own.
As you scan each word and letter,
You will realize it more,
That the world to-day is better
Than it ever was before.

There is much that needs amending
In the present time, no doubt,
There is right that needs defending,
There is wrong needs crushing out ;
And we hear the groans and curses
Of the poor who starve and die,
While the men with swollen purses
In the place of hearts, go by.

But in spite of all the trouble
That obscures the sun to-day,
Just remember it was double
In the ages passed away ;
And these wrongs shall all be righted,
Good shall dominate the land,
For the darkness now is lighted
By the torch in science's hand.

—*The Youth's Companion.*



A Great Wesleyan Preacher. —

Perhaps the most popular preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England is Rev. W. L. Watkinson, whose portrait adorns our first page. He will be sixty-two years of age next August. For the past six years he has been editor of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, and during 1897-98 was President of the Wesleyan Conference. He is of tall, lank and somewhat angular build ; his voice is not strong or musical, but his thought is unusually bright and original. The sermons preached by Dr. Watkinson during his visit to Toronto in 1896, will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear them.



Wanted—An Easy Place!—

The late Henry Ward Beecher once received a letter from a young man who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request : "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied : "Don't be an editor if you

would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, and merchandise. Be not a farmer, nor a mechanic, neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study, don't think, don't work. None of them are easy. Oh, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world. I know of but one easy place in it. That is the grave."



Vacations.—To most of us vacation periods are short and rather far between. We would be the better for more of them. Henry Drummond once gave a definition of a holiday, as follows : "Norway did me a world of good ; it was a clear month out of reading, out of thinking, out of planning for the future, out of responsibility for others. Not a shred of these things followed me. I forgot them all, and this I think is the true holiday—to be one's simplest self, forget the past and ignore the future."



Helpers, not Substitutes.—The Bishop's address which was presented to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church contained the following reference to the Epworth League :—"The report of the Epworth League shows a quadrennium of notable activity and usefulness. A great capacity for good is in this organization. The past has proven this. But it should in no case be diverted from the local aims for which it was constituted. And the great problem which lies before this and all other auxiliaries of the Church (as Sunday Schools, Men's Brotherhoods, and King's Daughters) is to make them helpers of the church life, not substitutes for it, nor directors of the affairs of the Church. We do not affirm the existence of a marked tendency in any of these organizations toward an opposite result, but deem this word of caution not inopportune, and also of wide application."



Interesting the Young People.—

A correspondent of the *Church Economist* writes a little parody of the entertainments that are becoming so popular in certain quarters. He says : "Our 'measuring party' was good, and after we paid our expenses we turned over \$5.46 to the parson's salary account. We took in a good deal more, but we broke some crockery and had to pay for it. Everybody was supposed to put in a little bag. We gave five cents for every foot tall we were, and one cent for every inch over five feet. But I started to write to you about our winter stocking social. This was very, very good. We advertised it in every way possible, and had a big sign painted and hung up over

the bulletin board for two weeks. Perhaps some people would not know when our hours of service were, but that had to be risked. Every one had to pay for admission twice as many cents as the size of stocking worn, and you can imagine what fun we had. Indeed, it was so good that I thought you would like to have your readers know about it. Do you not think we could follow this up with a chest-measure social or a collar-and-cuff party based upon the size worn ? You see, we must interest the young people, and if we can get them to come and have some fun they will be attracted to the preaching services." This communication illustrates how easy it is to overdo the entertainment business.



Great Men.—

Dr. Watkinson says : "The world is always glorifying its great men. According to its estimate, the great men are everything and do everything. They build the palaces, win the battles, write the songs, electrify the crowd, paint the pictures, rule the nations, make and unmake the world. The great men are the men, and the rest of us are of very little consequence. Now, in the Church of Christ we are taught another lesson. We are taught the greatness of the least, the strength of the feeble, and the wealth of the poor, the serviceableness of the commonplace. The Church of God is the paradise of mediocrity, it discovers the dignity of the un-gifted, it makes the world honor not only burning and shining lights, but the dimmest gleam of the vital spark. And in the Church of Christ we are not only taught how essentially great is the least, but we are taught also what great things the lowliest can do for God's glory and human good. Substantially the world has been upheld by the faithful services of commonplace people. Do not despise yourself because you are dull, or slow, or poor, or undistinguished. In the parable it was the man with one talent whom our Lord represents as unfaithful, to teach us that such are under special temptation to undervalue themselves. Greatly gifted men are tempted to vanity, respectably gifted people have generally a sufficient sense of their personal importance, but the slightly gifted soul is specially tempted to despise itself and its mission. Take care that none of you yield to that temptation. The mediocre are magnificent ; the dimmest image of God is brighter than the sun ; the lowest gift of reason is beyond the grandeur of worlds ; the narrowest mission of any human life is wide as eternity.

How great the weakest child of Thine !
His meanest task is all Divine,
And kings and priests Thy servants are."

ICEBERGS.

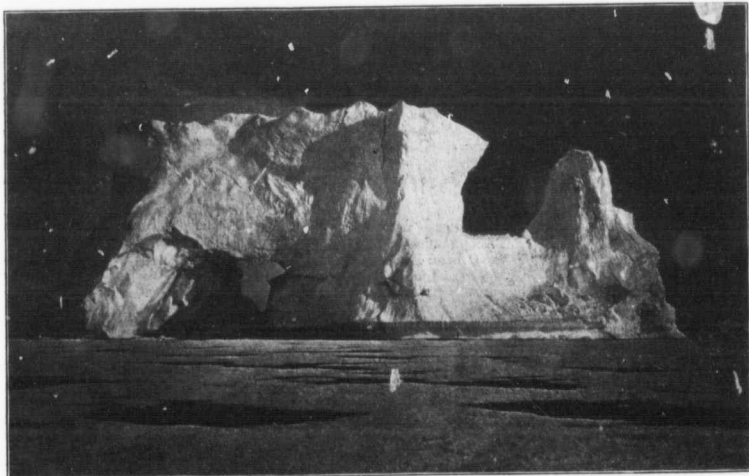
BY THE EDITOR.

TO one who is crossing the ocean for the first time scarcely anything is of greater interest than the icebergs which may often be seen from the steamer's deck. Captains, however, are not usually very anxious to gratify the curiosity of passengers in this respect, for they look upon the berg as a dangerous neighbor, and seek to keep as far from it as possible. From May to August the icebergs form a great source of danger to Atlantic navigation. During a thick fog vessels have often crashed into one of these monsters of the deep, in some cases with serious results. Well does the writer remember being on board the *Labrador* one morning in July, when suddenly the engines were reversed just in time to prevent the ship from striking

number of American tourists who were very anxious to see an iceberg, and included the captain to steer close to a large one which was sighted. He ran his ship right upon one of these leuges, and for a short time those tourists had the novel experience of actually being on board of an iceberg. Off the coast of Newfoundland icebergs are always to be seen, and occasionally they drift right into the harbor at St. John's.

During a visit to the Island Colony I had the opportunity of coming into close contact with several moderately large ones. Through the kindness of some friends a tug was obtained and we steamed out through the narrows, and pulled up quite near to a berg which was grounded, so that there was no danger of its turning a somersault. It is very difficult to get a good photograph of an iceberg, as it is usually a glare of white with scarcely any contrasts of color. The vessel upon which

sometimes as many as fifty icebergs may be counted within a radius of ten miles. Gorgeous effects are occasionally produced by their seeming to be lifted right out of the water and by a kind of mirage they appear to be reproduced in the clouds. Concerning the size of icebergs many remarkable stories have been told. A cubic foot of ice weighs 930 ounces, but the same volume of sea water weighs 1,280 ounces, hence ice floats on water, and but one-ninth of its volume is exposed to view. There are several authenticated instances of bergs 1,000 feet high having been sighted in the southern sea, so that the total height would be about 9,000 feet. It is said that in 1851 an enormous ice island was drifting about for several months, and was passed by many ships. It was 300 feet high, 60 miles long, and 40 wide, and was in the shape of a horseshoe. Its two sides enclosed a sheltered bay measuring 40 miles



ICEBERG, WITH ARCH.

against a mountain of ice. When the fog lifted there were icebergs to be seen in every direction. The captain, when asked which way he was steering, replied, "In any direction to get away from this ice."

There are other dangers from icebergs beside that of a collision in a fog. Frequently the part of the ice which is under water becomes melted more than that above the surface, and then the huge mass turns over, when it is just as well to be at some distance. The vibration of the air caused by the sounding of a steamer's whistle has been known, in the case of "porous ice," to detach large masses from the berg, while a gun fired in the neighborhood brought down sufficient ice to destroy any vessel upon which it fell.

Sometimes there are ledges of ice entirely out of sight, which are exceedingly dangerous. It is said that some years ago the steamer *Portia* had on board a

one stands, too, rises and falls with the ocean's swell, so that the picture has to be taken very quickly. I had fairly good success in a "snap-shot," which is reproduced on the sixth page of this issue. It is impossible for any photograph to do justice to the beauty of an iceberg. When the sun is shining it glistens and sparkles like a huge diamond, while streams of water pour from its sides.

Icebergs are of various shapes and forms, and sometimes present a very fantastic appearance. Occasionally one is seen that resembles a magnificent cathedral, with a steeple towering two or three hundred feet in the air; while again another has a well shaped arch through which a good sized vessel might sail. As a rule, arctic bergs are of irregular shape with lofty pinnacles, cloud capped towers, and glittering domes, whereas the southern ones are more flat topped and solid looking.

In Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland,

across. A large emigrant ship called the *Guiding Star* sailed into this icy bay and was lost with all hands. The icebergs off the coast of Newfoundland are rarely more than a couple of hundred feet in height and about a quarter of a mile in length, although they have been found grounded on the "banks" where the deep sea lead gave a depth of 650 feet.

Sometimes the iceberg carries passengers, and it usually has more or less freight. These huge masses of ice come from Greenland, and are broken off from great glaciers and washed out to sea. They frequently carry away with them lumps of rock, sand and soil. Polar bears and other animals have been seen on bergs, and sometimes ships have been carried high and dry. Some years ago, a few miles off the coast of Newfoundland, the body of a man was observed on a large iceberg. When it was reported a tug was immediately sent out to investigate, but it was found that the berg had, in

the meantime, turned over, and the man was gone. Part of the crew of the ship *Polaris* in 1872 was forced to abide for several months on one of these strange reefs.

In view of the dangers to navigation it has been suggested that the battleships of the different navies of the world should be employed in the destruction of the icebergs of the North Atlantic. According to this plan they are to be bombarded with great shells which, penetrating deep into the ice and exploding, will shatter them to pieces. When it is considered that it costs \$5000 every time that one of these big guns is fired, it is not likely that the project will be carried out. Captains of vessels must still continue to exercise vigilance in steering clear of these dangerous customers.

THE LEGEND OF THE ICEBERG.

THERE is an old legend which says that once the Lord called an angel and commanded him to destroy an iceberg, allowing him one thousand years to complete the task.

Eagerly the angel accepted the divine commission, and calling together a great army of men, he supplied them with pickaxes and shovels and bade them begin the work. Day by day the sound of heavy tools was heard, day by day the men toiled and worked and sweat as they swung the heavy axe or tossed aside the shovelfuls of crushed ice.

Days, weeks, months and years passed while the watching angel kept the men to their task. Finally five hundred years had gone by, and the result of all this hard labor was only a big hole in the side of the ice mountain.

Then the angel discharged his workers and called upon the forces of nature to accomplish that which men had failed to do. The north wind blew with tremendous force upon the side of the berg, but the huge mountain of ice withstood the blasts as easily as a sturdy oak tree resists the summer zephyr. Rain and hail poured upon the mountain top, but instead of diminishing in size it seemed to grow the larger. For five hundred years the storms beat upon the iceberg in vain efforts to destroy it, and then, the thousand years having expired, the discomfited angel returned to the Lord and confessed that he had failed in the trust committed to him.

Then the Lord smiled upon his discouraged servant, and said, "I will show you how to destroy this great ice mountain;" and He called upon the sun to shine and the warm south winds to blow; and the sun sent his melting rays down upon the iceberg and the warm winds blew against it, and soon it began to melt, and rivers of water ran down its sides until finally the great mountain had entirely disappeared, and only a green meadow studded with wildflowers showed where once the iceberg had stood; and the meadow was all the more green and verdant because of the moisture.

And the way the Lord melted the ice-mountain in the fable is the way that Christ melts our hearts and wins us, and the way that we, doing Christ's work, may win others—by the warmth of love.

CONVENIENT ICE SUPPLY.

THE suggestion of towing an iceberg down from the Arctic regions to New York in summer to afford a cheap and abundant supply of ice is occasionally made by humorists, but one may see in half a dozen places in Switzerland a similar idea carried out in practice, says the *New York Sun*. A party of tourists, arriving at the Hotel Wetterhorn, situated a few hundred yards from the foot of the upper glacier at Grindelwald, one hot day last August, sat down on the veranda and called for some iced drinks. The waitress returned in a few minutes much perturbed and announced that the hotel had run out of ice. But she added that a fresh supply would be procured in a few minutes if the party would wait. Shortly afterward a man came out of the hotel having strapped on his back one of the peculiar barrel-like baskets in which the Swiss people carry almost everything, and holding in his hand an ice-axe. He trotted down the hillside and along the beside the glacial river to the cliff-like face of the glacier, a huge mountain of purest ice, at which he began merrily

THE ONLY MESSAGE.

THE editor of *Men* asked Mr. Robert E. Spear for a message to young men. This is the answer he got and published:

A message to young men! Why should a young man have a message different from the message for an old man! There is only one message. Christ is that message.

He is a message to the man's will. Be strong, and surrender never, never once, save once for all to God.

He is a message to the man's heart. Be warm, and love. Make friendships. Nay, discover the friendships all round you, which were made in heaven while the angels smiled, and the great friendly Lord of all friendship-love looked on the work His hands were fashioning, and was glad. Scorn to let such divine things sink or wither.

He is a message to the man's mind. Think purely, clearly. Bring all your thoughts into captivity to the obedience of the liberty-giving Master, who alone can deliver the young man's mind and the old man's mind from all vampires and evil and darkness.

He is a message to the man's life. Be pure and holy, horrified at all sin, and sweet as a baby child is sweet, with the holy purity of Him who lay in Mary's



STRANGE SHAPES IN IOEBERGS.

hacking with his axe. He broke off enough chunks to fill his basket and returned to the hotel inside of five minutes with a supply of ice that was clear and pure as crystal.

BLESSED is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man—
Thomas Hughes.

arms in the manger at Bethlehem. Christ is the message to men. There is no other message. Hearken to the melody and the fulness of Him, and be satisfied.

"He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, He is bread;
If any be a bondsman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is He;
To dead men life He is, to sick men health;
To blind men, sight, and to the needy,
Wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without
stealth."

OUR OWN CHURCH.

BY MISS L. A. KERR.

THE Methodists themselves, though numbering 100,000 members at John Wesley's death, were but a small part of the Methodist revival. Its action upon the English Church broke the lethargy of the clergy, and the evangelical movement made the fox-hunting pastor and the absentee rector an impossibility. But one of the noblest results was the steady attempt, which since then has never ceased, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, and the social degradation of the profligate and the poor. It was not till the Wesleyan movement had done its work that the philanthropic movement began. In embryo form Methodism introduced Sunday Schools, which a few years later were inaugurated as more magnificent enterprises. Methodism did very much towards the success of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society. No man of his age did more than John Wesley to give a cheap literature to the people. He himself wrote 181 different books, two-thirds of which sold for less than a shilling each. He established the first religious magazine in England. He visited prisons before John Howard, and his last letter was to William Wilberforce to stimulate him in his parliamentary efforts for the emancipation of slaves. In fact, Dean Farrar says that "from the impulse which Wesley gave originated almost every form of special religious enthusiasm since his day."

Methodism made no attempt to create new forms either of dogma or service. In forms of service it allowed all the freedom of common sense controlled by religious spirit. At once the particular mission of Methodism seemed to be to carry religion and morality to the vast masses of population which lay concentrated in the towns and around the mines and collieries of Cornwall and the north. It came to the souls of the poor. The common people heard it gladly. Methodism has always ministered to the masses, and in that ministry found her truest vocation and purest triumphs. Her best periods have been those in which she was truest to the dream of her youth and fulfilled her stewardship in humility; her precarious days have been those in which she was most in danger of sinking into a selfish respectability. God has kept Methodism true to her destiny. This work among the lower classes is also noticeable in her foreign work. Though Methodism will still continue to hold scholars and find a religious home for wealth, her great work will yet be among the masses.

But let us look at the Methodism of America. It is in the free atmosphere of this western world, untrammelled by the traditions, conventions, and conservative institutions of the Old World that the broadest developments of Methodism have taken place. Here no Church is doing

so much for the conversion, uplifting and education of the people as the Methodist Church. By its universities and hundreds of academies and colleges, by the ceaseless volume of religious literature which pours from its presses, by its benevolences and missions at home and abroad, by its ceaseless activity in church extension—building six or more a day—it is moulding the life of this broad continent as no other power is doing. Its representative men and women are the very foremost in every great reform, in every good work.

Methodism has sought throughout its history to unite knowledge and piety. This it can best do by maintaining the old-time force and fervor of religious zeal, by absolute religious consecration, by earnest spirituality and intense activity in the whole realm of Christian work. Methodism is becoming a teaching and training Church as well as an evangelistic agency. Our accessions may be expected relatively more from the young people in the Sunday Schools and Epworth Leagues

sensions; it is unembarrassed by political masters or interests; and, as its founder desired, it has nothing to do but to save souls. What glorious things may we not reasonably expect from such a Church with opportunities for work so abundantly provided!

For the success of the past we are thankful; to the future we look with much hope. Great possibilities lie before us, great responsibilities rest upon us, and great things are expected from us. We must fight the battles of the faith and toil incessantly in the service of Christ and man. We have been satisfied with holding our own. We have not spent sleepless nights because the house of God was not filled. We have not felt the Christlike longing for souls. We must no longer stay upon the defensive—we must become the attacking force.

It is felt, we believe in Canada, and in all our Methodisms, that the great need of the Church to-day is the endowment of power from on high. Do we not lack in fullest consecration? Has not the very multiplication of organization and machinery engrossed time and dissipated energies which were formerly employed in the direct work of soul-saving? But the devotion of the Church to its great work of soul-saving and the pouring out generous offerings for the extension of God's kingdom is a proof that the old-time fire and fervor of early Methodism have not departed from it. The leaders of Methodism see that we ought to begin the new century with a new attack upon evil, and therefore they ask for a special consecration, one outcome of which will be a special contribution, the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund.

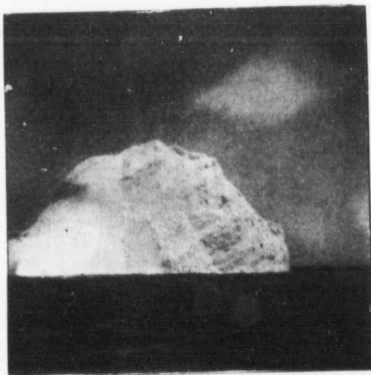
Toronto, Ont.

WELL DONE, BUT NOT WORTH DOING.

A NORWEGIAN, named Bella Kutridg, is reported by the *Independence Belge*

as having just accomplished a difficult task, to which he had dedicated four years of his life.

Four years ago, when he was eighty-one, and in order to find an occupation at once intelligent and useful for his leisure time, he set to work to write as many words on a postal card as it would hold. He made it a point not to use a magnifying glass or spectacles, but to use common pens, and to write plainly. He wrote one thousand words easily, and by interlineations the number of words increased to three thousand, and afterwards to six thousand. At the end of the third year, by writing smaller, he managed to get twenty thousand words on the postal card. Then he resolved even to surpass this feat. Having read a novel, he found that it contained forty-six thousand words. The indefatigable old gentleman thereupon determined to copy it on a postal card. He worked at this task three months, and attained his object. He is now eighty-five years of age.



ICEBERG OFF COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

From amateur photograph.

than by conquest from the slums. Unquestionably the former produce stronger Christian characters.

In many States and Provinces Methodist numbers over one-third of the people—the largest Protestant denomination in the community. Methodism in Canada holds a larger Protestant population than any other Church in the country; it is increasing in population more rapidly than any other large body; it has by far the largest living active Church membership, in proportion to its nominally attached adherents, of any large body in the country, and during the last fifteen years it has been increasing this membership three times as fast as the growth of our population.

Methodism is a Church with a unique equipment for popular evangelization. Its organization has been perfected through more than a century of effort; its ministry has arisen out of the masses whose salvation it seeks; it is governed by a popular assembly, representative and pastoral; it is undistracted by internal dis-

NEWS FROM CHINA.

LETTER FROM REV. W. E. SMITH, M.D.

THE following letter from Rev. Dr. Smith, our missionary at Chentu, China, has been addressed to the members of Colbourg District Epworth League, which supports him, but as the information is of general interest it is published in the ERA:

"We desire to send you the season's greeting from this side of the globe. Of course your New Year is past with its joyful festivities. Ours on this side of the earth, this year is on the 30th of January. Our months are governed by the moon. If there are thirteen moons in one year we have thirteen months correspondingly. So you see in this country many years we have thirteen months to do our work. But it is still too short to do all the work we desire to accomplish or even have planned to do.

The Chinese New Year always comes in the last half of January or first half of February of foreign months. The Chinese have their great feast days, one on the 5th of the fifth month, another on the 15th of the eighth month; but the most important one is the first day of first month, New Year's Day. Everybody is very busy now preparing for it, and, indeed, have been for the last two months. We have to close school about the middle of the last month, to let the children at home prepare for New Year's Day. It seems to be customary to have school holidays in the winter here in place of summer.

This is our first year's experience of school work in this country. Brother Hartwell, since we came here, has looked after the school. At the annual meeting last May, my appointment was itinerating and the day-school at Chentu. The school then, of course, fell to Mrs. Smith's lot to govern. The Chinese teacher teaches them their characters and how to write them, also their own classics, and then the Bible and other Christian books, which Mrs. Smith drills them on every day. She also sings a hymn and has prayer with them every morning. She expects to teach them a little singing in hymns, also geography and mathematics if they continue to come for several years. The latter subjects will have to be taught entirely by Mrs. Smith, as the Chinese teacher never learned such things himself. The number of school children attending our school thus far has been rather small, averaging about ten pupils. We are advertising now and putting forth an extra effort, and expect after the Chinese New Year to have an average of over thirty pupils. This is a very important part of mission work, for we can at least instill Christian names and ideas into the young minds, which I believe will never be erased. The trouble in preaching to the grown people of this part of China is, they are not familiar with the terms we have to use to express God, etc., or, indeed, any of the terms of most interest to us in expressing regeneration, justification, sanctification, etc. It takes time for the Chinese mind to grasp such ideas. We hope to have a truer idea of those terms grow up with

the children, and thus teach them a higher type of life. It is so very hard for full-grown people here to take in a new idea. Just to-day I heard Mrs. Smith tell my Chinese book-seller to tie the horse at night so he could lie down. He answered: 'We on this side do not do that way. The horse must be tied up high so he cannot lie down, but eat all night, then in the day time we don't have to stop to feed him.' Horses are not very plentiful, and of an inferior quality in general. Plug ponies and mules and cows are used to carry loads of rice on the back. Some very nice ponies are used by military officials to ride on their backs. But there is not such a thing as a carriage here to hitch a horse

steam plough, but many with large hoes, striking into the hard ground with all their strength and turning it over. Most of the farmers on the Chentu plains use a water-buffalo attached to a plough consisting of an iron point to go into the ground, a beam of wood in front, and one handle projecting out behind, which the man holds to guide it through the soil. They go back and forth at the same furrow, as the plough can turn the soil over just as easily to the left side as to the right. Going from the house to the field the man carries the plough and harness on his shoulders, and a boy rides the buffalo in front.

"My circuit includes eight large walled cities, and over twenty towns larger than



REV. W. E. SMITH AND WIFE

In Chinese costume, their two children with Chinese nurse, and a native by whom they are teaching and supporting.

into. Civil officials would not lower themselves enough to ride horseback. They all ride in a sedan chair carried by four men, with perhaps from five to twenty-five attendants, running before and after the chair with red umbrellas, flags, etc.

"As in western countries, the day for horse labor seems to be fast passing away, being supplanted by superior inventions and machinery; so here the horse has long since been left out of a job by man doing horse work and not consuming so much food. I have not yet seen a man ploughing with horses, but I have seen hundreds of men ploughing, or more properly speaking, working up the ground to plant grain, not with a

Port Hope or Colbourg, with many villages and hamlets besides. One of those cities, Pen Haren, was opened two years ago by Bro. Hartwell, and there was a great rush apparently to become Christians. But we had no native to station there to look after them, and no foreigner free to go often, so out of one hundred enquirers at first now there are none. They expected, as I think all Chinese do, to receive some temporal help from their connection with the foreigner. One who was baptized at Pen Haren went to another city where he had a law suit on, and represented himself as pastor of Pen Haren Canadian Methodist Church. In this way he expected to win the law suit, because the officials are afraid of foreign

powers. Another is very much interested in the gospel, but immediately he wants you to use your influence in some law suit. The Roman Catholics have done a lot of that kind of work, and they expect the Protestants to do the same. I think I hear people at home saying, "Why don't you tell us the bright side? Tell of your conquests for the Lord." I can only answer, "The bright side of missionary work is being constantly told, but the hard part of it, half has not been told." I do implore all Epworth Leaguers to pray definitely that God may raise up many strong disciples amongst the Chinese in our work—Peters, Pauls, etc., to preach unceasingly to their own countrymen, and instil the true idea of the gospel into their minds. If we look at things in the light of what we have learned of these people we cannot expect anything better from them than wrong motives in professing to believe in Christ. They have never been taught anything better in their systems of religion.

"Also pray that the home Church may rise to a sense of her duty and send many more missionaries to this part of China. We few are only like so many grains of sand on the seashore. There must be a sufficient number of foreigners to, at least, very closely superintend the work. It will not be in the first generation that we can trust natives to superintend or establish a new church. Besides we have not got the natives for the work at all. They must first be taught, and, most important, must be converted. If I understand God's book and the way he intends to convert the heathen, it is by the Church sending out preachers and teachers to them. Now this is what we are praying for and also expecting the Holy Ghost to use us in bringing about the conversion of this peculiar, hardened, sinful, needy people."

THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

She has come who tarried long,
Gentle rains have hastened her;
In the woods a welcome song,
On the grass an eager stir,
And she whispers, "I am here,
Sweetest days of all the year."
Green the grass about her feet,
Blue the skies above her head;
Myriad flowers with perfume sweet
Crowd the path that she must tread;
All the world, for love of Spring,
Gives its best of everything.
But where'er the sick and sad
In dark places watch and wait,
Hearts are suddenly made glad
That were lone and desolate.
For the Spring calls Hope to wake,
And be strong for love's dear sake.
Ah! what song of trust have we
Who through all the winter drear
Saw the thick mists on the sea
And all fair things disappear?
Grown impatient of delay,
Feared that pain alone would stay?
Faint hearts, waste not in regret
These new hours of sun and song;
God will let us all forget
Winter woes that lingered long;
Spring shall banish fear and doubt,
Let the song of praise ring out!

—*Marianne Farningham, in Christian World.*

THE CALLING CROSS.

BY REV. G. H. COBLEDOCK, B.D.

THE Cross which called Jesus to a sacrificial death calls His followers to a sacrificial life. That which is the remedy for sin is also the inspiration to progress. Lord Tennyson said, "What the sun is to the flower Jesus Christ is to me." Personal salvation is the beginning of a new and better life which is to multiply itself until the world is overtaken by Jesus. In the experience of the individual Christian there comes a time when his faith is no longer fully expressed by the hymn, "Simply to Thy cross I cling," but when he finds himself singing "Jesus, I my cross have taken." Such response to the appeal to his gratitude and loyalty indicates the beginning of a new epoch in his life.

It is the same with every religious organization, and at such a point has the Epworth League arrived. For a time the inspiration of novelty bore it along grandly, and the enthusiasm of numbers ensured further increase. But recent statistics warn us that we can depend upon these no longer. In common with those of the young people's organizations of other churches, our records have begun to show a decrease in membership, which is not altogether a matter of surprise. It may perhaps be said that the chief inducement to joining the League has been what one could get out of it. The beginning of decrease points the lesson that this is an unworthy ideal. The Cross is calling the League to-day as it called the disciples to a larger career in the world of need and sin and sorrow. Future success must be looked for along the lines of our two "Forward Movements." The Movement for Bible Study and Evangelistic Work is the cleansing and deepening of the springs of life in the soul, from which rise the streams which carry in their overflow new life and beauty to the moral and heathen deserts. The Forward Movement for Missions is the logical outcome of that for Bible Study, and the guarantee of the League's success. In this day of military railroads we never hear of one being thrown forward with only one rail. The gospel chariot, like the steam pioneer of civilization, requires the parallel lines of advance, represented by the home and foreign interests. The League's devotion to the latter will be the measure of its success in the former.

This movement also marks a new era in our Church's missionary operations. Bishop Turnbull declared some years ago that all the great missionary organizations had reached their limit on their present method of raising funds, and suggested as the only means of further advance the adoption of a weekly contribution system similar to that in use for ministerial support. Almost at the same time the leading of Providence was seen in the inauguration of the Young People's Forward Movement, in which history is repeating itself. In the eighteenth century a young man was raised up to give the world a revival of vital piety, and in the churches he founded the rule of a penny a week. In the closing days of the nineteenth century young college men have caught the spirit of the latter

half of the great commandment, and ask for a penny a week for our neighbor who is without the world. Into the hands of our consecrated young people, with their eager minds, loyal hearts, and increasing resources, it is given to lead in this new method of missionary activity which will furnish more men for the foreign field than have been sent out in all the history of our Canadian Church. That the heart of young Methodism is sound is proven by its response to this call of the Cross. What more inspiring sight has the Christian Church ever witnessed than that of young people voluntarily subscribing their names to a movement which looks entirely outside of themselves? Such heroism is contagious, and such altruistic effort yields greatness. Emerson has truly said, "He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the only base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none."
Bothwell, Ont.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

BY REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

WHEN a young Greek soldier complained that his sword was short, a veteran instantly answered him, "Then add a step to it." And I say to you, who find yourselves short of time, short of money, short of strength, short of opportunity, "Add a step;" in other words, make up for the deficiencies of material, opportunity and instrument by the intenser resolution, enthusiasm and sacrifice. They who would do anything for this world must do it in spite of circumstances, they must do it by the skin of their teeth, they must pull it out of the fire. "Well," you reply, "a man can do no more than he can do." Now that sounds like a very deep philosophical saying that you must take slowly in, but in fact it means nothing. Men never know what they are, what they can do, until their soul awakes. "Stir up the gift that is in thee." If you seek for hidden riches, dig in your ribs—the splendid treasure, the magic gold is there. The solution of all difficulties is in the soul. Life is not a question of tangible means, deft tools, soliciting opportunity; it is a question of interior power and enthusiasm finding means in things that are not, and making things ridiculously inadequate to have wonderful magnitude and efficacy. "Out of my trouble have I done this," might have been the confession of Tycho Brahe, who made his great discoveries without a telescope, showing that what an astronomer chiefly wants is not a big glass but a big eye. "Out of my trouble have I done this," might have been the confession of Christopher Columbus, who crossed the Atlantic in an old tub that we should hardly use to-day for a New-castle collier. "Out of my poverty have I done this," might have been the complaint of Turner, who painted some masterpieces with colors mixed in broken teacups. "Out of my trouble have I done this," says John Milton, old, poor and blind as he enriches the world with "Paradise Lost." "Out of my low estate have I done this," says John Bunyan,

when he gives you out of Bedford jail the Land of Beulah, the Palace Beautiful, the shining ones, the country that is green the year round, the city of gold and glass, which when we see we wish we were there. Do not wait until you have "spare time," "spare cash," or "spare" anything else; do your best with things as they are, and faith, which is the genius of the heart, will surprise you and the world. If it please God to give Methodism a soul it will continue to find finance where there seems to be none, to make instruments out of the stones of the brook, and to do impossibilities in the service of the race.

A CUSTOM WORTH WHILE.

LAST March, says Mary E. Fletcher, writing to *The Youth's Companion*, I landed in England and remained there until late in July. I visited several pleasant English homes and, of course, noticed many things to which I was unaccustomed. I do not know that anything struck me more pleasantly than the absence of the "nervous," "all tired to death," "all out of sorts" person. At first I accepted it merely as a welcome fact. Later, I began to cast about for a reason.

My English friends certainly sat down to one more meal a day than I had been accustomed to; they sat longer at the table, and I think the average Englishman consumed more food than the average American does. Still I hesitated, as this did not seem an altogether satisfactory explanation.

Then, of a sudden, what seemed to me to be the true solution of the "nervous" problem flashed upon me. There was a large blister on my heel at the time, and I was literally footsore, but in no wise exhausted.

"It is the walking," I murmured. The more I thought of it the more I became convinced that it must be the universal English habit of "taking a walk" which contributes so much to the health and well-being of the people.

They seem to regard the daily walk as such a matter of course as the breakfast. Not a listless, dawdling stroll, but a brisk, business-like, and to the heroic stranger who forebore, for patriotic reasons, to complain, often all-too-long, tramp.

Bits of time, which no definite occupation filled, were eagerly utilized: "Let's go for a walk before dinner!" "We've time to go to the spinney and see the hyacinths before tea," and so on.

My companions made friendly calls at numerous birds' nests—"just to see how the families are getting along," they said. They turned aside to a little pond to show me an immense frog, an ancient acquaintance. They knew every wild flower, and just where to look for newcomers. They recognized by name every bird.

"Young England," then, grows up thoroughly imbued with the principle that walking is a duty, a necessity, and a pleasure. I believe that this is largely the secret of the national sturdiness and strength, and it might be well for us to take a leaf from the lesson-book of the mother country.

MOTHER'S RAINY DAY.

Sometimes there's a rainy day; an' then We lay off for a spell, we men,
Pa talks politics and reads the papers,
And we boys putter 'round and cut up capers.

An' whittle, even down to little brother.
But dunno as I can recollect a rainy day
for mother.

Seems as if she worked harder 'then than any other day.

Trying to keep things straight and put away,

Stirrin' up the fire so it won't seem dreary,

Cookin' something extra then, makin' things more cheery;

Pickin' up pa's slippers, or something or another.

I don't believe there ever was a rainy day for mother.

But then she don't complain. Just keeps workin' on.

Sometimes she has a pleasant word, sometimes a bit of song,

And lots of times I fancy she has a tired look,

An' I'd feel lots better if she'd rest or read a book.

An' then I wipe the dishes, or do something or another,

An' wish with all my heart there was a rainy day for mother.

—*Florence A. Hayes.*

THE CHURCH SLEEPER.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WHEN you have made saint and sinner as comfortable as ever they were made in any opera-house, then as you preach the Word, cast your eyes round about upon the congregation, and you will observe there, sitting under your able ministry, the sleeper. It may be that he resteth his chin upon the head of his cane, and when the moment of deep sleep cometh upon him, his chin slippeth, and the bang of his head against the back of the other pew awakens him and startleth the congregation. Howbeit, the bang upon his wife's head no man can hear, yet, all the same it is there.

Or, peradventure, he sleepeth with his head bolt upright, and noddeth the same in time with his deep breathing, each nod more violent and far-reaching than the one that went before it; and at last as he smiteth his breast with his chin, he awaketh suddenly and fixes a reproachful gaze upon you from half-opened eyes, as though he should say, "Don't you push me that way again."

Or, if it be so that he letteth his head decline backwards twenty-five degrees, seeking rest that is not there, until the bill of his head seemeth about to fall off, and his mouth is open like unto the bill of a young robin when it crieth for food, and he playeth fantastic tunes with his nose, whereas the boys in the gallery make merry, and the congregation is much scandalized. And when it shall be that the wife of his bosom shall smite him under the fifth rib with her two-edged elbow, that he lifteth up his head

and openeth his eyes wide and glareth around upon the congregation as one who shall say, "He that sayeth I was asleep, the same is a weather prophet, and the truth dwelleth not in him." But if he foldeth his handkerchief upon the back of his brother's pew, and devoutly boweth his head upon the same as you pronounce the words of the text, then will that sleeper disturb no one, but will slumber calmly on until the time of the benediction is come; and he will awaken refreshed and smiling, and he will clasp hands with the brethren and greatly extol the preacher, and with a loud voice magnify the sermon.

FANNY CROSBY.

THE incident, says *The King's Highway* of New Brunswick, occurred at Northfield, Massachusetts, where Fanny Crosby was attending a series of meetings at Mr. Moody's school. Together with others, she sat on the platform. Mr. Moody, in his characteristic manner, called upon several for personal testimony of their love for Christ. Turning to Miss Crosby, he said: "And you, Sister Crosby, what good word have you for us just now?"

The little blind singer is as quiet and diffident as she is famous, and she shook her head, fearing the sound of her voice. But Mr. Moody insisted, and finally she said, very hesitatingly and in low tones: "There is a poem of mine which I have never written down. I keep it in my heart, and often repeat it to myself for the comfort it gives me. I call it

"My Soul's Poem."

Then she repeated the hymn, beginning:

"Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more, as now, shall sing;
But oh, the joy when I awake,
Within the palace of the King;
And I shall see him, face to face,
And tell the story—'Saved by grace!'"

Those who saw and heard will never forget the emphasis given to the refrain, "And I shall see him face to face."

In the audience was an English gentleman who took down the verses in shorthand, as Miss Crosby repeated them. He sent them to an English paper with which he was connected, and they came back across the sea.

REAL CONSISTENCY.

"I wouldn't be an old change-your-mind cat!" a little fellow called tauntingly after a playmate. The epithet was funny, but the thought was a common one—that change of mind necessarily implies indecision and weakness. Sometimes it does, unquestionably, but never to change one's mind would certainly imply as great weakness, though in a different direction.

All growth creates changes—if we never change we never grow. It would be pitiful, would it not, if our ideal at twenty were no higher than at ten! So all through our lives, as the truths for which we stand change and deepen and grow more luminous, we shall change too. To stand constantly and unflinchingly for the highest that we know is the one splendid consistency.—*Forcard.*

OUR UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

In addition to the Colleges already referred to in this paper we have three other connexional institutions. The Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal is intended for the theological training of candidates for the ministry and is affiliated with McGill University. It is perhaps in a better condition financially than any other of our Colleges, having an endowment of \$120,000, and scarcely any debt. The "Wesleyan" will ever remain associated with the name of the late Dr. Douglas, who was the principal for a number of years. He was succeeded by Dr. Shaw, who has recently resigned. The new principal, Rev. Mr. Maggs, comes to us from England with the

is of the most thorough kind. The principal, Rev. Dr. Hare, is to be congratulated upon the great success which has attended his efforts. During the past year the college has been full, the number in attendance being greater than ever before.

We had thought of publishing a picture of the building, but have found something much prettier in the photograph of the graduating class, which shows the work that is being done by this excellent institution. Its graduates are to be found all over this Dominion and they always speak of their Alma Mater in the kindest manner.

Methodism has reason to be proud of these magnificent universities and colleges and should support them in the most generous way.

No sooner had the clock agreed than the musket said:

"And please don't strike so loudly, as the mistress is very nervous."

Then one of the pictures observed:

"Make yourself solid with the children by losing half an hour every night, so they can sleep later in the morning."

The clock set out to oblige all and to follow each piece of advice, and the result was that the peasant returned it to the jeweller within a week, and, slamming it down, said:

"Oh liar, deceitful and fraud, this clock is not worth powder to blow it up! Give me back my ducats."

Moral—Don't try to follow everybody's advice.



GRADUATING CLASS AT ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

highest testimonials. He is said to be a man of rare literary and theological attainments. At Stanstead we have a preparatory school for boys and girls, under the able management of Rev. C. R. Flanders, D.D.

Alma Ladies' College, at St. Thomas, has already been illustrated and described in these pages. We are glad to learn that it is enjoying greater prosperity than ever before in its history.

The Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby, is not exactly a connexional institution. It is not under the control of the General Conference, but the majority of its Board of Management are Methodists, and it is largely patronized by our people. The building is a magnificent one for college purposes, and the location is ideal. The curriculum is extensive, and the work done

FABLE OF A CLOCK.

A peasant went to a jeweller's to buy a clock, and the shopkeeper placed before him a timepiece of handsome finish, and said:

"Here is something I can warrant. No clock can be more reliable."

It was purchased, taken home and placed on a shelf. Hearing itself so well spoken of by the jeweller, the clock determined to put on its best face. It found itself in company with a vase, musket, several pictures, and a watch out of repair, and had been running only one day before the vase remarked:

"Let me give you a bit of advice. If you want to please our master, gain a few minutes time every twenty-four hours."

"GIVE us this day our daily bread." This seems a very small thing to ask, only bread for a day. Why are we not taught to pray for bread enough to last a week, or a month, or a year? For one thing, Jesus wanted to teach us a lesson of continual dependence. He taught us to come each morning with a request simply for the day's food, that we might never feel that we can get along without our Father. Another lesson he wanted to teach us was, that the true way to live is by the day. We are not to be anxious even about the supply of to-morrow's needs. When to-morrow comes, it will be right for us to take up its cares. The same great lesson was taught in the way the manna was given, just a day's portion at a time.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

The Quiet Hour.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Watch 'tis the word of the Master.
He has bidden me watch and pray.
Oh! swift is my soul with its answer,
"Lord, I would hear and obey!
But the work of the house is waiting,
And the children are wanting their
food;
There are errands to do the long day
through,
And I cannot watch as I would."

Pray! 'tis the voice of the Master.

I am fain to enter and be
In the secret hush of His presence,
Alone, just my Lord and me!
But people are crowding closely,
And many a face meets mine;
Traces of tears and frowns of fears
Are on them, Lord divine.

And I cannot pray for seeking
To loose their burdens of care,
And I cannot watch for striving
To make dark places fair.
Oh! what shall I do, dear Master?
I am fain to dwell with Thee,
But the needs that throng—it were surely
wrong
If I cast them far from me!

Clear from the heart of the glory
Ringeth a word of the Lord:
"Thou art watching and praying, be-
loved one!

My grace is upon thee poured;
For best is the praying and watching
That ceaseth not early and late
To bless the lost and tempest-tossed,
—And to cheer their low estate."

—Margaret E. Sangster, in the *Sunday School Times*.

"JESUS ONLY."

Our great work as Christians is to honor Christ. We should seek, not to win attention to ourselves even as witnesses, but to turn people's eyes to Christ. John the Baptist was an ideal preacher, and he persistently kept himself out of sight, and pointed men to the Lamb of God. The Holy Spirit is the equal of Christ himself in divine glory, and yet He seeks only to glorify Christ, not speaking of himself. The grave fault of too much Christian work is the anxiety of the worker to get attention and commendation for himself. We should be willing to be nothing that Christ may be honored. We should be ready also to pour out our life in all the lavishness of love—no other Christian work is truly Christlike, and no other yields blessing.

The results of true work for Christ are glorious. No other investments of life are sure of return, but even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall not fail of reward. Work done in material things, even the finest and the best, will perish; but every touch of beauty put on a life is imperishable. The artist bought a piece of canvas for a few

cents. He then painted on the canvas a wonderful picture, which was sold for a hundred thousand dollars. We may put on the commonest life the likeness of Christ, and the life is priceless. Who would miss the opportunity of being a worker for Christ?—*J. R. Miller*.

A STEP AT A TIME.

In accomplishing your day's work you have simply to take one step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need to think about. If I am climbing a mountain, to look down makes me dizzy; to look far up may make me tired and discouraged.

Take no anxious thought for the morrow. Sufficient for the day—yes, and for each hour in the day—is the toil or trial thereof. There is not a child of God in this world who is strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of to-morrow's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the experiment. We have a perfect right to ask our heavenly Father for strength equal to the day, but we have no right to ask Him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes grace will come sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles.

"Let me be strong in word and deed,
Just for to-day!
Lord, for to-morrow and its need
I must not pray."

—*Theodore L. Cuyler*.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR MASTER.

It is so easy to get so engrossed in the human interest there is in our work that its spiritual character, the supernatural power needed for it, the direct working of God in us and through us—all that can fill us with true heavenly joy and hope—is lost out of sight. Keep your eye on your Master, on your King, on His throne. Ere He gave the command and pointed His servants to the great field of the world He first drew their eyes to Himself on the throne: "All power is given Me in heaven and on earth." It is the vision, the faith of Christ on the throne that reminds of the need, that assures us of the sufficiency of His divine power. Obey, not a command, but the living Almighty Lord of Glory; faith in Him will give you heavenly strength.—*Andrew Murray*.

PRAYER.

"There is nothing that sweetens a bitter heart so surely or quickly as prayer." I have read somewhere that in a certain city a telegraph wire which passed near most of the telephone wires was connected with the harmonic system; tunes were being played over it, and the telephone wires took up the sounds by induction, so that those who had occasion to use the telephone found it vibrating to musical tones. One wire near to another catching its sweetness—a soul near to God catching His calm, His sweetness, His light—that is the philosophy of prayer.

Tennyson, walking in the garden of a friend, was asked what he thought of Jesus Christ. He stopped and plucked a white flower, and then replied: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul." Keep sweet by keeping in the pure sunlight of God's love as it shines upon us through our Lord Jesus Christ.—*S. S. Estey*.

A SYRIAN SHEEPFOLD."

A missionary in Syria, Rev. William Jessup, sends to the *Assembly Herald* this description of a sheepfold in the Holy Land. It adds light and interest to a favorite passage of Scripture:

You see an enclosure near at hand. Rough, unwhewn stones have been built into a wall seven or eight feet in height, but the enclosure is incomplete. A space only wide enough for a man to enter is left open. You are told that this is a sheepfold. But it has no door! You wonder how the flock is protected, and you turn to the guide with the question, "But where is the door?" "The shepherd is the door," he replies.

You exclaim with surprise. He then shows you how the shepherd plants himself in that opening, and, wrapped in his shepherd's cloak of skins, defies the enemies of the flock. Does not a new meaning now appear to you, and do you not better understand the significance of John x. 7, "I am the door of the sheep," in its relation to the eleventh verse, "I am the good shepherd"? The Good Shepherd is the Door.

JESUS IN THE MIDST.

Jesus is in the midst of every assembly met to worship in His name, be it composed of few or many. What added importance would be given to all our gatherings if we remembered this. Should He appear bodily in any of our sanctuaries, how would our minds be affected by it? Would we, like Peter, when the truth flashed upon him that Jesus was more than man, fall down before him and say, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man"? If we were fully under the power of the Spirit, the sudden appearance of the Lord would fill us with joy. What a reality His visible presence would impart to our songs and our prayers! Could we see Him as we sing, "Rock of Ages," or, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," would we not sing with a fervor before unknown? Could we pray to Him present before our eyes, as the Syro-Phœnician mother did, what a reality it would give to prayer! We would confidently expect that our prayers for specific blessings would receive specific answers, and not engage in prayer as a pious exercise of the soul, supposed to have a good effect on the person praying.—*J. A. P. McGane*.

That is a wise advice of Dr. Vincent in saying: "Form the habit of private prayer, without haste, every day, giving the most time to this service when least inclined to it."

Missionary.

Great Missionaries.

HENRY MARTYN.

When the British soldiers, armed with the Martini-Henry rifle, went to fight the Zulus in 1879, *Punch*, the English comic journal, had a paragraph, the gist of which was expressed as follows:

BRITAIN'S MESSENGERS TO THE HEATHEN:
1809—Henry Martyn.
1879—Martini-Henry.

The juxtaposition of the two names is most significant, one standing for peace and the other for war. If a greater number of missionaries with Bibles had been sent to the heathen, fewer soldiers with rifles would have been called for.

If all the records of Christian biography be searched it would be difficult to find the name of a man so thoroughly devoted to Christ, and so consumed with a burning passion to extend the kingdom of his Lord and Master, as Henry Martyn. Writing once to a friend, Frederick Robertson, said: "I do not wonder at the feelings you express in reading Henry Martyn's letters. What a glorious instance he was of what God can make such a thing as man—little less than a seraph, burning in one deathless flame of love. It is a book that may well be blistered by hot tears of shame."

There is more than one point of similarity between Henry Martyn and David Brainerd, the subject of our last missionary sketch. Both were of delicate health, and yet were characterized by wonderful will power. Both were noted for their intense devotion to Christ and His cause, and both died young.

Henry Martyn was born in 1781, and was educated at Cambridge University, where he took high standing. Early in life he determined to be a missionary, and chose India as his field of labor.

When he set foot on India's soil, his words were "Now let me burn out for God." This desire was only too quickly fulfilled, for he died at the early age of thirty-one years, having literally worn himself out by his heroic devotion to duty, and utter disregard of personal comfort. He was inclined to be gloomy, and frequently condemned himself for not being as consecrated as he should be, but he was really a saint of God, if ever one existed.

His first task was to obtain a knowledge of Hindustani, in order that he might give the benighted heathen the gospel in their own language. He was very much opposed by the English military authorities, and even persecuted by his fellow clergymen.

Probably no other man ever worked so industriously in the face of so much discouragement. With the most utter disregard of his own health he applied himself to get the word of God into the language of the natives, and to qualify

himself for preaching to them. When one considers the number of dialects in India this was no small task. Finding his work among the older people blocked by prejudice and superstition, he determined to give attention to the children, and established several schools. At last his health completely broke down. His old malady of the lungs reappeared with serious symptoms, his voice never very strong, became weaker, and almost inaudible, and his general exhaustion was extreme. He reluctantly decided to leave India, and seek restoration to health by a journey through Arabia and Persia.

On his way to Persia he suffered great hardships from the burning heat, and extreme changes of temperature. Persecution and opposition met him here as in India. More than once he was struck in the public streets. All this played havoc with his health. Fever began to waste his strength, and he was sadly neglected by his attendants. On the 16th of October, 1812, he breathed his last. An obelisk was erected over his grave by the East India Company, and in English, Armenian, Persian, and Turkish, declared that he was "One who was known in the East as a man of God."

When the news of his death arrived in England, Parliament was discussing the missionary clauses of the East India Company's Charter, and the tidings became the means of opening to India an unrestricted preaching of the gospel.

His country mourned his loss, old friends wept at the news of his death, Cambridge grieved over the loss of one of her finest and most honored sons, and the Church of God had one more in heaven. Macaulay wrote the following epitaph:

"Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom, The Christian hero finds a Pagan tomb, Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son, Points to the glorious trophies that he won, Eternal trophies! not with carnage red, Not stained with tears, by helpless captives shed, But trophies of the Cross! for that dear Name, Through every form of danger, death, and shame, Onward he journeyed to a happier shore, Where danger, death, and shame assault no more."

Responsibility of the Church.

One of the best addresses delivered at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference was given by Rev. W. F. McDowell, D.D., on Young People's Day, the subject being "The Solemn Responsibility of the Church in the Light of the Working of God's Spirit among the Students and other Young People." He said:

"One word sums up the results of these fruitful days together—consecration. David Livingstone used to write at the close of his articles and letters, and to say, in all his speeches, 'The end of the explanation is the beginning of the enterprise.' The end of the Ecumenical Conference is the beginning of the ecumenical conquest. The end of the gathering is the beginning of the campaign."

"A voice came, saying, 'Who will go and preach My Gospel to the heathen?' and several thousand students answered,

'Here I am; send me.' The sons and daughters of the Church are called of God, and how can they go if they are not sent?"

"It is the duty of the Church to enable her children to be useful as well as willing. The nation arms and equips her soldiers for conquest. She staggers not at any millions needed to plant her flag in triumph. Her volunteers are backed by the patriotism and wealth of the nation; the nation mortgages her future that she may send men forth to victory. Will the Church be less than that? The price of three battleships like the new *Kearsarge* would put 10,000 volunteers into the field for a year. The Church of Jesus Christ must enable her sons and daughters to be able as well as willing."

"The devotion of the volunteer must be equalled by the devotion of the Church. The patriotism of the soldier must not fail because of the apathy of the country, and the flag must not be brought back to the pole; the people must move up to the flag, for we bear in our hands as the sign of our triumph 'the cross that turns not back.' To your knees, then, O Church of Christ, that you may see the vision that has been given to your children! Quench not their spirit."

"It is said the Anglo-Saxon nations could unite and whip the world. What do England and America want to whip the world for? They could unite with the other Christian nations to bring the world to the feet of the Redeemer. They could bind the whole world by gold chains about the feet of God."

"The students stand ready. Church of God, line up with the youth to follow the great Captain to victory, life, and peace!"

"I Must Tell Them."

A wounded Japanese soldier, while in the hospital, was converted to Christ. He labored faithfully with some of his comrades in the hospital, and afterward was heard to say, "I must go home soon and get the people of my village to believe."

A suggestion was made to him that it might be well for him to wait a while before going home, till he was better instructed in Christian doctrine. The suggestion astonished him, and he replied, simply, "It will never do for me to believe this alone; I must tell them."
—*The Missionary Herald*.

How to Give.

Mr. John Willis Baer, Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, said at the recent Ecumenical Missionary Conference: "I am tired of seeing money 'raised.' We must learn to give it. The only way I know that is going to put the present missionary methods out of date is that method which will work for systematic and proportionate giving to God. I would sooner have a body of young people give a cent a week to missions than four or five people give \$100 once in ten or fifteen years, and then talk about it all their lives afterward."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S

Forward Movement for Missions

In charge of F. C. STEPHENSON, M.D., C.M.,
Corresponding member of the Students' Mission-
ary Campaign, 568 Parliament Street, Toronto.

The Country Epworth League
Difficulties.

The difficulties of the country League are many, while its advantages are in proportion to the earnest effort of each member to make the League helpful—socially, intellectually and spiritually, and thereby a training school for our Church, whose very life depends upon her obedience to the command of Christ: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." Our Church of to-morrow will be what the young people of to-day make it, and the great majority of our young people are in the country League, with all its difficulties. If wisely used and overcome, these very difficulties will prove stepping-stones for our members to greater usefulness.

LONG DISTANCES AND BAD ROADS.

One of the discouragements of the country League is the difficulty of getting to the meetings. Long distances with bad roads, for the greater part of the year, are a serious consideration. Sometimes the farm horses are over-worked, and to walk is impossible. Often the chores are not done in time, and sometimes the League member feels that he will not be missed, so the League meeting on that night is weaker for his absence. How can these difficulties be overcome?

1. By a consecrated determination to attend the League.
2. By a family council to plan for League night, by arranging the work so that those who are anxious may attend.
3. By dividing the neighborhood into sections, and having a member of the Lookout Committee over each section, who will plan, if necessary, to make up a load on League night, so that no one need stay at home.
4. By each member preparing thoroughly for the meeting by studying the subject for the night, then, if attendance is impossible, knowledge has been gained through study in preparing, and even the most active member has added strength to the League by keeping up with the topic by private study.

Difficulty in Preparing a Mis-
sionary Programme.

Some Leagues in the country have great difficulty in getting up a programme for their missionary meeting, and envy the city League with its many advantages.

"It is so hard to get a speaker."

"We have so few missionary books."

"Our members are interested in missions, but they do not know enough about any one country to take a meeting."

"We have so few members that it is

not worth while organizing a missionary department."

These are a few of the difficulties we often hear quoted. Regarding the organization of the missionary department, if the League consisted of only two members, "Pray, Study, Give," is simple enough to adapt itself to their need, and also broad enough to meet the requirements of our largest young people's society. The faithful carrying out of daily prayer, systematic study, and proportionate giving, will overcome the difficulties of the missionary department. The prayer is individual, and does not depend on League organization. Regarding the study of missions, this requires careful planning. Each League should have its missionary programmes arranged for at least three months in advance, the parts assigned to each who will help in the programme, and, as far as possible, literature suggested or supplied. In order to help the Leagues, subjects for the monthly missionary meetings are arranged for a year. By following these subjects and programmes for 1909 our Leagues will become familiar with the missionary work of our Church. Letters from missionaries may be had by writing to Dr. F. C. Stephenson, 568 Parliament Street, Toronto. These are very interesting and helpful for reading at the League meeting, and lending to friends. Missionary Study Classes may be organized, and the study done at home. Missionary charts and maps, missionary scrapbooks made by League members, furnish work for a "bee," instructive and social.

Last, but not least, the Leagues should become acquainted with the great missionaries of the world by reading. Lack of books should not be a barrier to our country Leagues becoming authorities on missionary lands and missionary progress.

The country League cannot afford to be without a missionary library. Our Book Room, by giving very liberal terms, is making it possible for every young people's society to have a few books, if not a large library. In addition to the ERA, and *Missionary Report*, EPWORTH ERA, and *Missionary Outlook*, furnish valuable missionary information, which will help solve some of the difficulties of the missionary department.

Notes.

SAYS Rev. N. D. Hillis: "Under God, the missionaries are the architects of a new civilization. They are the knights of a new chivalry."

WHEN a young man turns his back upon earthly fame and fortune that he may spend his life among the heathen, he shows the highest type of courage.

THE Christians have a pretty custom in Korea of putting out the little white Korean flags on Sunday over their houses. These banners show just where there are Christians living, and they show the world that it is a holy day.

WHEN a young woman gives up the pleasures of society and the association of cultured people that she may go to her ignorant and degraded sisters of other lands to tell them about Jesus, she shows the meaning of true courage.

It is always dangerous to pray for opportunities. We have already more than we are improving, and God's answers are sure to be in excess of our expectation. Ten years ago the Church was crying for more open doors God gave them. All doors are open now save one, and because that one remains closed, the Church stands agliss before all the others until that one opens—the door of her own heart to receive the pity of God for the world and the power of God for its service.—*Robert E. Speer*.

It was Dr. Pierson who cried: "Sound it out and let the whole earth hear: Modern missions came of a symphony of prayer. Following the lead of the humble Baptists who, in Widow Wallis's parlor at Kittering, made their new covenant of missions, great regiments have formed and taken up the line of march, until the whole Church has joined the missionary army. And that which one hundred years ago was the motto of a despised few has become the rallying cry of the whole Church of God."

THE great argument for missions apart from the command of the Master is the misery of the unchristianized world. People who dwell in Christian lands and experience the beneficent and uplifting influence of a Christian civilization, even the non-Christians themselves, have no adequate conception of the degradation, cruelty, and sorrow of the masses in heathendom. A suffering world in darkness is mutely crying for the light, and if fully comprehended by those dwelling in the light, its appeal would be irresistible.—*The Christian Intelligencer*.

A STRIKING sentence occurs in one of Mrs. Isabella Bishop's tributes to missionary work. The great traveller says: "My journeys in Asia have given me some knowledge of the unchristianized Asiatic world. In those years I have become a convert to the necessities of missions, not by seeing the success of missions, but by seeing the misery of the unchristianized world. From the seaboard of Japan to these shady streams by which the Jewish exiles wept when they remembered Zion, and from the icy plateau of northern Asia down to the equator, I have seen nothing but sorrow, sin, and shame, of which we have not the remotest conception."

TALKING with a lady of the progress that in the last hundred years had changed the number of missionary societies from seven to five hundred, altered the ratio of those who had the Bible in a language in which they could read it from one-fifth to nine-tenths of the world, changed the income of this work from \$15,000 to \$15,000,000, changed the foreign members of Protestant churches from 15,000 to 3,500,000, the answer that came back at once was, "And all this has been done without any help of mine." But this progress is only like the dawn before the full day. It is only a tithe of what will be in the years to come. Surely in the great religious organizations every member ought to know enough of this work and to help enough in it that she need not say, on hearing of the triumphs of the years to come, "And all this has been done without any help of mine."—*Silence Cross*.

Hints for Workers.

What I Want to Give.

The bread that giveth strength I want to give.

The water pure that bids the thirsty live;

I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts
and fears;

Beauty for ashes may I give away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure, running
o'er.

And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

The Life of Daily Faithfulness.

BY REV. W. L. WATKINSON, D.D.

Let us day by day do all the good we can. The apostle was intent on beneficent action, and day by day he sought strength for such action, and looked for renewal through it. He did not put his faith in the periodical doing of great deeds, but in the faithful pursuit of a daily helpfulness. In one of her letters Miss Havergal writes: "The bits of way-side work are sweet. Perhaps the odd bits, when all is done, will really come to more than the seemingly greater pieces—the chance conversations with rich and poor, the seed sown in odd five minutes." This doing of good in a small way at every opportunity makes many rich. Said the painter of antiquity, "No day without its line," and so one by one his masterpieces came to perfection. Let our motto be, "No day without its beneficent deeds, although that day may be simple and obscure," and we, too, shall turn out masterpieces which no mere artist can rival.

What Are You Giving?

To the Church? How much of your time and energy? How much of your best thought in planning her work? Do you exhaust your strength in business so that you are almost too tired on the Sabbath to think clearly? You are "giving money." Well; but the Church of Christ needs consecrated brains, energy, and personal service.

To the unfortunates? What a large number of our brothers and sisters are crippled in one way or another worse than physical blindness or lameness!

Crippled by sinful heresidy with vile appetites and sins, or crippled by narrow, cramping environment. What are you feeling for them? Sympathy? Well; but what are you doing? Have you found some good movement you can help which relieves and redeems these unfortunates?

To the great, wide world? It is getting closer together, and we can see the needs of China, Africa, Cuba, the Philippines. We are shocked and stunned by awful revelations. What are you doing? Getting into personal relations with workers to encourage and materially help them? Praying for them daily?

What can we do? As Saul did—let us ask the Lord. He will speak to us concerning it. He will direct to a place of usefulness, and if we are His, there will be real work we can do.—*Selected.*

The motto for every Christian should be, "Find out what Jesus Christ wants me to do, and then do it."

LIFE is not victory, but battle. . . . Be patient a little longer. By and by, in our hushed and waiting chambers, each in his turn, we shall hear the sunset gun. *Roswell Dwight Hitchcock, D.D.*

"WHAT is the difference between anarchy and Christianity?" asks some one in the *Advance*; and the reply is as follows: "Anarchy says what's thine is mine. Christianity says what's mine is thine, and the difference is world-wide."

A good phrase is that of Rowland Williams: "Let all our work be well done

before we come to die; and let us be gathered into Thine arms as the harvesters gather a shock in full season." In order to this we must do well the work of to-day, and be faithful in that which is least.

TROUBLES are like mountain ranges. When we see them lying before us we faint at the thought of having to climb them. When we reach them we discover some pass which lets us through them with much less labor than we anticipated. When we look back upon them they form a pleasing prospect in our past lives, and become landmarks by which to note our daily progress.—*Lookout.*

WHAT possibilities are yours? Every new day that dawns is a fresh opportunity. It is like the marble in the quarry, waiting for you to chisel out of it some beautiful thing—some lasting monument of purity and grace that shall stand for you when your earth life is ended. Remember that God gives you the marble to make of it what you will.—*D. L. Moody, in "Thoughts from my Library."*

To hold one's self in readiness for opportunity, to keep the serene, confident, hopeful, and joyful energy of mind, is to magnetize it, and draw privileges and power toward one. The concern is not as to whether opportunity will present itself, but as to whether one will be ready for the opportunity. It comes not to doubt and denial and disbelief. It comes to sunny expectation, eager purpose, and to noble and generous inspiration.—*Lilian Whiting.*

Prominent League Workers.

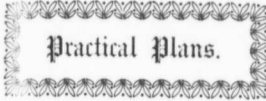
REV. J. L. BATTY.



The popular President of the Nova Scotia Conference League is Rev. J. L. Batty, pastor of the Methodist Church, Amherst. He comes from old-fashioned Yorkshire Methodist stock, and was born in 1860. His first experience of academy life was at Epworth, where for two years he was marched with other boys to the

stalls of the choir in the very church where John Wesley's father had been rector, and whose doors were shut against our illustrious founder. Mr. Batty commenced to preach on the Leeds circuit at the age of sixteen, and six years later came to Nova Scotia. His first three years were spent in Halifax, where he was instrumental in the erection of Robie St. Church. He has since been stationed at Mahone, Breezy's Cove, Lunenburg, and Amherst, where he is now closing his fourth year. A unanimous invitation has been extended to him for the fifth year, but he has accepted an invitation to go back to Robie Street, Halifax.

Mr. Batty has always manifested a deep interest in the Epworth League, being fully convinced of its unlimited possibilities. Both in Lunenburg and Amherst splendid results have been achieved by the young people, largely through the inspiration which has come to them through their pastor. These young people have not only become attached to the League and the pastor, but to the Church and all its institutions. They attend the weekly prayer meeting, and on a stormy night it is said that seventy-five per cent. of those present are members of the League. Two years ago Mr. Batty was elected President of the Nova Scotia Conference League, and so well did he do his work that at the Convention last October he was re-elected to this position. He is a man of wonderful energy and perseverance, and is bound to succeed in whatever he undertakes.



Practical Plans.

For the Prayer-Meeting.

The following suggestions have been prepared by Miss Rose Wakefield, Paris, Ont., to be printed on the Topic List. They are worth passing on:

TIPS FOR PRAYER-MEETING REPARATION.

1. Early preparation for your topic is apt to mean thorough preparation.
2. The brothers, "prayer and plan," are Siamese twins; you'll kill both if you attempt a separation.
3. Remember "it makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a *nota* be behind it or not."
4. A slice of your own personal, prayerful thought, will often be worth more than a whole loaf of borrowed ideas.
5. A discussion wisely led means oft a multitude fed.
6. If members don't "take part," it may be because you've taken all.
7. Open up your subject, but don't consume it body and bones.
8. Distribute your ideas among—oh, twenty people. They'll supply wings to each separate item. You could only furnish a pair for the lot.
9. Danger! The skilful plan of the last meeting may be the *peril* of this.
10. Variety is not a general League spice; it is the salt that keeps us—out of ruts.
11. A message that can't be heard is a message that can't be used.

The Secretary.

No officer of an organization has a more responsible place than the secretary. Much of the pleasure of the meeting depends upon the secretary. If the "minutes" of the former meeting are attractively kept, and entertainingly read, it will tend to enliven each meeting. The records should be written in as terse and concise style as possible. Everything done ought to be recorded. Sometimes it is even a good thing to record a lost motion.

No president can hope to do anything with his League unless he has an efficient secretary. He is the right hand of the president, and we might better express it by saying that he is that officer's head. If the secretary will furnish the leader of the meeting with the programme and minutes nicely dished up, then everything will run harmoniously and smoothly.

Every secretary should have a watch, and it should be kept open on the table from the beginning to the close of the meeting. No speaker, not even the leader, ought to be allowed to talk longer than the specified time.

In addition to the watch, the secretary should have a bell. When the speaker's time is out, the bell should be tapped, and the president or leader call the house to order.

Promptness is an essential. If the secretary and the president are prompt

the meeting will be prompt. A service carried out with promptness will generally be entertaining and well attended.

The secretary needs more sense than any other officer of the League. There now. Cultivate your intellect. Read the papers. Friend secretary, you ought to know it all.—*Atlanta Christian Advocate.*

Points From the Sermon.

A certain pastor preaches excellent sermons full of good points. His Christian Endeavor Society determined to shew their appreciation by using the sermons. The secretary tells the story: "A month preceding we announced that at the next consecration service each one is to respond to the roll-call with good things taken from the sermons during the month. We not only have a good meeting, but we have found it very helpful to listen for good things and remember them to tell to others."

Committee Consecration Meetings.

A correspondent in the *Christian Endeavor World* makes the following suggestion for improving the Consecration meeting:

"Our consecration meetings have been greatly improved by placing in charge of them the different committees in turn, and requesting each committee to suggest at this meeting a special line of work for the entire society, to be carried out during the coming month. The prayer meeting committee leads the next meeting, and is closely watching the society to see what part of the prayer meetings are found most useful, and how they may be improved. The chairman of the Lookout Committee is looking forward to the turn of his committee to lead, so that he may ask that each committee select one unsaved person and work earnestly for his salvation."

Successful Socials.

The *Christian Endeavor*, London, Eng., has the following practical suggestions concerning socials:

A social may be as important as a prayer meeting—if it is a social to save.

A social, to succeed, must be a social, and not a modified devotional service. Hearty enjoyment and genuine fellowship are essential characteristics of a successful social.

A social is a failure if it makes the humblest person present feel uncomfortable. Good manners and the Christian religion demand consideration of the least guest.

If a Christian Endeavor social is not brighter, merrier and more attractive than a dance or a card party—well, then, social committees have something yet to learn.

Poky socials neither glorify God nor give pleasure to man.

A good social committee is independent of both the cook and the professional entertainer.

For the Old People.

At the suggestion of Dr. Willis, their pastor, the Endeavorers of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, New York city, are carrying out a beautiful service for the church members over seventy years of age. They have made a list of their birthdays, and on each anniversary the Flower Committee presents a suitable bunch of flowers or a plant, with the best wishes of the young people. At the same time the corresponding secretary writes a letter expressive of the society's prayerful interest and congratulation.

Work for the Secretary.

The Halifax *Wesleyan* has the following practical suggestion: "Let the League, provided it can only afford one copy, subscribe for the EPWORTH ERA. Hand it over to the corresponding secretary and let her make selections to be read to the business meeting. We visited a League last week on its business night and thought how bright a business meeting may be, if managed properly. Business was copiously interspersed with music, new hymns as a rule. After all the affairs of the League had been discussed and settled, the corresponding secretary, who, by the way, was a good elocutionist and had a power of making wise selections, was called upon to give the EPWORTH ERA report. Anything in the way of business or information directly serviceable to the League was read together with several selections of story and poetry. Try it!

British Empire Social.

Another of those unique socials for which Dominion Square Church, Montreal, has become famous was held recently. An interesting programme of patriotic songs and recitations was provided. On the second page of the programme the following was printed:

Facts about the British Empire.

NOTE.—Some other persons in the room have the missing words. Please obtain these, so as to complete the information.

1. The British have ships of war.
2. They could fire off guns at once.
3. the ships in the world are British.
4. The best of them could be changed to ships of war in hours.
5. There are of people in the British Empire.
6. "God Save the Queen" is sung in different languages.
7. Two-thirds of the ships in the world are built by the
8. The trade of Great Britain is worth £700,000,000 a
9. The first practical steam engine was invented by in 1769.
10. Great Britain in passed first slavery abolition law.
11. of all the letters in the world are written in English, and sent to persons who speak English.
12. The British Empire, if cut into a strip a mile wide, would reach round the world times.

During recess there was a general "mix up," and every person endeavored to fill in as many of the blanks as possible. All stiffness and formality was soon dissipated.

The Canadian . . .

Epworth Era

ORGAN OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUES AND
OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Published Monthly at TORONTO, ONT.

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ALL ORDERS for Topic Cards, Pledge Cards, Charters, Epworth League Reading Course or other League Supplies, should be sent to one of our Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal or Halifax.

COMMUNICATIONS for this Paper, News Items, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, **REV. A. C. CREWS, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.**

Editorial.

Lack of Knowledge.

One of the most prominent speakers at the great Missionary Conference in New York was Mr. Eugene Stock, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society of England. For an Episcopalian he was somewhat liberal in his views, but like nearly all connected with that Church, his range of vision was very limited. In one of his addresses he took occasion to refer especially to missionary work in the Canadian North-west, and eulogized the missionaries of the Church of England, but did not even mention any of the workers connected with other churches. Apparently he had never heard of James Evans, George McDougall, George Young, and Egerton R. Young, for not even a reference was made to their noble work.

The same lack may be noticed in nearly all the books professing to give a bird's-eye view of the missionary activities of the century. The writers do not seem to know anything about the magnificent work accomplished by our missionary heroes. We are hoping to put into next year's Epworth League Reading Course a missionary volume dealing with our own field—written by one who knows something about it.

It certainly is greatly needed.

Sing the Hymn Through.

Several children were playing church. The scripture reading, announcements, sermon, were all attended to in orthodox fashion. The little fellow who gave out the hymns showed that he had been a close observer of church methods, for after announcing the hymn number he added, "Sing the first, third, and last verses."

If this were only done in playing church it would not be so bad, but very frequently our public musical services are sadly marred, and robbed of impres-

siveness by the reckless manner in which the hymns are mangled by asking the congregation to omit certain verses. One of the worst things about it is that the abbreviations are often made by the preacher without any regard to the meaning of the hymn, and it not infrequently happens that the most important verse is left unused. A few Sundays ago we heard a preacher give out hymn 115, and request the congregation to omit the last verse, which was the climax of that magnificent sacred poem. It was hard for the people to sit down without singing through to the end, but they had to do it in order that three-quarters of a minute might be saved to add to the length of the sermon. Upon other occasions we have heard hymns so mangled that they were simply made ridiculous.

Let our hymns be sung through in their entirety, and thus preserve the dignity of our praise service.

The Common Enemy.

The veteran preacher, Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, made a good hit in his address at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, when he began by saying: "I know that you don't permit resolutions here, but if you did I'd offer one like this (laughter): 'Whereas, One of the most serious obstacles to the spread of the Gospel is the exportation of alcohol into heathen countries by Christian nations, Resolved, That our Christianity needs a little more Christianizing at the core.'"

This was greeted by great applause, and as the aged Doctor went on to speak of the four hundred drinking dens over which the Stars and Stripes now float in Manila, there were loud and repeated cries of "shame!"

The liquor traffic is indeed the common enemy of all the churches and missionary organizations in existence, and when we fight it we are helping to advance the kingdom of Christ.

A Sad Affair.

Toronto has had a tragedy of a very peculiar kind. A boy of thirteen drew a revolver and instantly killed his father as a result of an altercation. "Why did he do it?" is the question that came to thousands of lips when the horrible details were read. At the preliminary investigation the lad admitted that he had been reading detective stories and other dime novels, and the coroner's jury, after investigating the case, made the following finding: "We deprecate the distribution and sale of pernicious literature to children." It is time that we recognized the fact that the flashy and sensational books exposed for sale in shop windows which present as heroes, brigands, robbers, and desperadoes who think nothing of drawing a revolver, and whose pastime is shooting right and left, tend to exert a baneful influence upon the susceptible mind of youth. The bill boards of our towns and cities, too, are object lessons in vice. It is scarcely possible to go down the street without seeing theatrical pictures representing highly objectionable

scenes. Probably this thirteen-year-old boy had so often seen pictures of one man pointing a pistol at another that he had come to think that it was rather a manly thing to carry a shooting iron and to know how to use it. For the sake of protecting our boys there should be a strict censorship upon the shop windows and posters.

A Recruiting Agency.

Dr. J. W. Bashford, speaking at the Methodist Episcopal General Conference, urged that fresh attention be paid to the Sunday School as a recruiting agency for replenishing our Church membership, said:

"I believe that we have not yet even dreamed of the possibilities of the Sunday School and the Epworth League in this regard. We ought to add to our membership a hundred thousand members every year from these sources alone."

These words should be carefully pondered by pastors and church workers. In some of our churches from fifty to one hundred new members come into the church every year from the Sunday School, but in many other places the idea seems to prevail that accessions are only to be looked for from among adults as a result of revival services. Our Church will not make the progress that it should until we recognize our young people's organizations as recruiting agencies.

Dangerous Optimism.

It is a good thing to "look upon the bright side of things," but it is often our duty to take a glance at the dark side as well. The spirit of optimism may be carried altogether too far. There are people who cannot be induced to give a thought to the difficulties and dangers that lie ahead, but are always declaring that everything is all right, like the man who says "peace, peace," when there is no peace. Instead of cultivating that one-sided kind of vision which looks upon the bright side or the dark side exclusively, the Christian should seek to see things as they really are, and where wrongs exist they should not be ignored, but fairly faced and grappled with.

Men and Bibles.

In a fine address before the Ecumenical Missionary Conference Rev. Dr. McDowell called attention to the double need of the mission field. He said, "The Protestant Church is liberal with Bibles and stingy of men; it is willing to send a book. The Roman Catholic Church is liberal with men and stingy with Bibles. When it wants a task performed it sends a priest. The Church of the future will send multitudes of men with the open Bibles in their hands. It will be liberal with both Bibles and men. It will use its 10,000 choice young people."

It must be remembered, however, that it costs money to send men and Bibles, and our missionary societies have been greatly hampered on account of lack of

means. We have the men and the Bibles ready to go, but alas, the money to forward them is still in the pockets of Christian people.

"Had Enough."

Family prayer was being conducted in a certain home, and the youngsters were kept upon their knees for a longer time than usual. One of them, a little fellow of about two and a half years, whispered in his mother's ear, "had enough, mamma, had enough." Doubtless family prayer is often made distasteful to children by being unduly prolonged. The patience of the young folk should not be subjected to too great a strain. It is much better to have a service that is bright, interesting and brief.

Do Not Stop.

Not long ago we tried to induce a railway superintendent to stop a fast express train at a small station. The attempt was unsuccessful. The officer declared that the train would lose too much time by making the halt, and it was very important that it should reach its destination without delay.

Quite a number of city Leagues are now thinking of pulling up for their usual summer vacation. We hope that they will not do it. Time, energy and enthusiasm will be lost by putting on the brakes. Open the throttle, turn on a full head of steam and keep the train running right through the season. It will pay.

What They are Made of.

On the streets of Chicago, the other day, we noticed a boy with a basket busily engaged in picking up something from the gutter. When questioned, he admitted that he was gathering cigar stumps, and already had his basket nearly full. These were sold for fifteen cents per pound, to be *manufactured into cigarettes*. We were informed that a number of boys make a regular business of patrolling the streets of the large cities scavenging for the ends of cigars that have been thrown away. It is just as well for the boys who smoke cigarettes to know what they are made of.

A Good Example.

The Methodist Church, of Truro, N.S., gave their Pastor, Rev. A. D. Morton, the sum of \$100, and asked him to go to New York and enjoy the Ecumenical Missionary Conference. Why do not more of our congregations treat their pastors in this way occasionally? As a rule ministers' salaries are so small, and the demands upon their purses so many that the majority of them cannot even think of a vacation that involves much expense. The cost, however, amounts to very little when distributed among a whole congregation, and the benefits derived by a church which sends its pastor to a gathering like the Missionary Conference are undoubted.

BISHOP HARTZELL'S lecture on the "Briton and the Boer," at Chicago, was a ringing declaration in favor of British ascendancy in South Africa. A few of the delegates did not relish it, but the great majority applauded heartily.

WITH the Twentieth Century Fund, the Patriotic Fund, India Famine Relief, and the Ottawa Fire Calamity there is a pretty heavy strain upon the benevolence of the public just now. It has been found, however, that the more people give, the more they are willing to give.

There are numberless tongues and dialects in India, and the probabilities are that if we sent a message of sympathy to those who are starving, they would not be able to read it, but when we send bread we speak to them in a language that every one of them can understand.

A PICNIC or two during the summer, an occasional bicycle run, and an open air meeting now and then, will do much to keep the League going during the summer months. Last year some of our societies had their best attendance and most interesting meetings in July and August.

We are glad to know that the proceedings of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference will be published about July 1. The two volumes will be sold for \$1.00, which is remarkably cheap. It is impossible to mention any other source from which so much valuable and up-to-date missionary information can be secured. Orders may be sent to one of our Book Rooms.

"ALL CANADA REJOICES" was the head-line used by the daily papers in describing the festivities of the 24th of May. Well may the country enthuse over such a Queen and such a glorious reign! Her Majesty has now completed the eighty-first year of her life, and the sixty-third of her reign, and still her subjects sing that she may be spared "long to reign over us."

The British world gives thanks for the deliverance of Mafeking. What a magnificent record of endurance and courage was made by its brave garrison under the inspiration of the heroic Col. Baden-Powell! No wonder that the bells rang and the people shouted when the siege was raised. The records of history will have to be searched pretty closely to find a parallel to Mafeking.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, having declared himself a "Christian Socialist," has been invited by the Canadian Socialist League to accept the honorary presidency of the organization, which he has consented to do. The Socialist League, No. 2, of Toronto, has nearly one hundred members, one-fourth of whom are clergymen or physicians. It accepts Frances E. Willard's definition: "Socialism is Christianity applied." Certainly no true Christian can find any fault with this.

The great need of the age is the application of Christian principles to business, to politics, to municipal affairs, to home life. Theoretical Christianity will never save the world.

The *Outlook*, of New York, says: "He is most loyal to John Wesley, who studies not to do what John Wesley did, but what John Wesley would do if he were living in our time." There is much sound sense in this remark. Mr. Wesley knew how to adapt himself to his surroundings, and his true followers will not slavishly adopt his plans and methods, but study the needs of the present age. Only thus can our beloved Church prosper.

During a few days recently spent in Chicago we had the privilege of meeting Rev. Dr. Filben, Chairman of the Executive Committee for the next International Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco in July, 1901. He states that the organization is complete, and the members of the Committee are taking hold of the work with great interest. The prospects are that this will be the greatest Epworth League gathering ever held. Save up your money for it. It will be the trip of a lifetime.

OUR Reading Course has just closed another very successful year. The interest has been well sustained, and nearly all the circles which existed a year ago have been maintained with increasing prosperity during the year now closing. It is, however, cause for regret that so few of the readers have taken the examinations. The handsome diploma granted by the Board would be a very fine souvenir of the course. We are not yet prepared to announce the course for next year, but it will certainly be "letter than ever."

OUR Nashville namesake remarks that "THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA is a handsome magazine." Quite a number of editors have complimented us on the attractive typographical appearance of our paper. We believe this to be a matter of considerable importance. If a journal is printed on bad paper, its matter poorly arranged, and wretchedly printed, the reader is prejudiced against it at the very outset. A large sum of money has been expended in making the ERA what it is, and we look to the Leagues to show their appreciation by extending its circulation.

The Boer envoys who have been visiting the United States stated that ninety per cent. of the American people were in sympathy with the Boers. If they could have attended the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently held in Chicago, this opinion might have been modified. The enthusiasm with which expressions of regard for Great Britain were received was simply wonderful, and the hope was freely uttered that her arms might be successful in South Africa. There can be no doubt but that the best and most intelligent elements in the neighboring republic are pro-British in their feelings.

Anniversary Day.

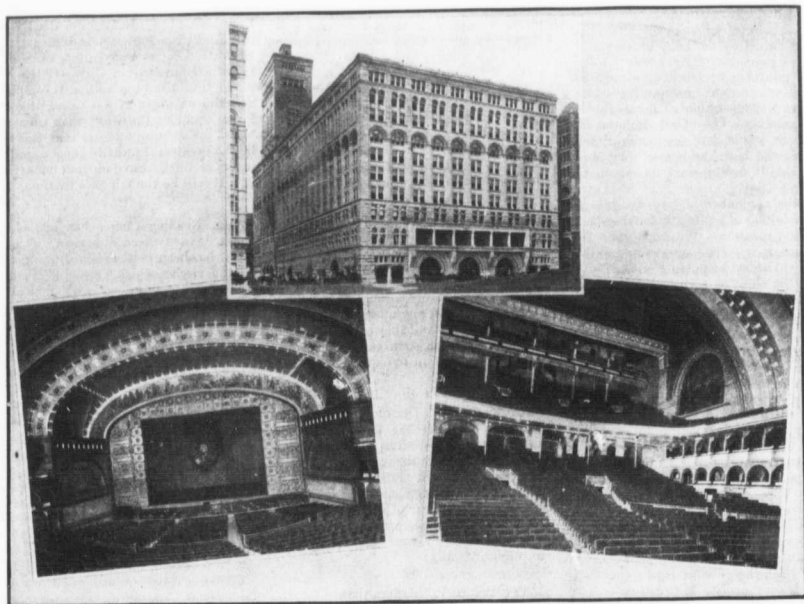
A Great League Meeting.

The Epworth League was eleven years old on the 15th of May, and as the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in session at Chicago during the whole of this month, a splendid opportunity for celebrating Anniversary Day presented itself. The meeting held in the Auditorium on the evening of Tuesday, May 15th, was a great one. All things considered, it was the greatest Epworth League gathering I ever attended. Not even at any of the International Conventions was it equalled. Everything conspired to make the assembly one of unusual interest. The place

A feature of special interest was the display of banners which had been used at a great League convention in India, and brought to Chicago by Rev. Dr. Goucher. The exact number was twenty-two, of different shapes, sizes, color, and material. Several of them were of expensive fabric and richly adorned. All bore some device, design, or motto. Very unfamiliar to American or English eyes were the curious-looking phonetic symbols of those varied languages and dialects so daintily embroidered on those banners. Permit an enumeration of the list: Ardu, Kanwari, Kumami, Kanarese, Tamil, Telugu, Bhotiya, Gujrati, Nepali, Bengali, Marathi, Garhwali, Hindu, Marwari, Burmese, Hindustani, Romanized Hindu, Chinese, Punjabi, Malay, Jap-

above," "See how great a flame aspires," and "O happy day." The American national anthem, "My country 'tis of thee," was sung with great heartiness, and out of compliment to the Britishers present an attempt was made to render "God Save the Queen," but unfortunately very few knew the words. The Leaguers present showed their appreciation of Bishop Ninde, who presided, by giving him the Chautauqua salute. It was a unique sight to see more than 5,000 handkerchiefs waving in the hands of enthusiastic young people.

The first address was on "The Epworth League and the Missionary Spirit," by Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, which was followed by a message from India by Rev. Dr. Parker. "The Epworth League for all



THE INTERIOR, LOOKING TOWARDS THE PLATFORM.

THE INTERIOR, LOOKING FROM THE PLATFORM.

THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING, CHICAGO.

of meeting was an ideal one. The Auditorium is the largest and finest public hall in America, having seating accommodation for five thousand persons, and standing room for many more. When illuminated with countless electric lights it presents an unusually attractive appearance. Thorough work had been done by General Secretary Thirkield and the various officers of the League in Chicago, so that the attendance was very large. The various societies assembled in the Lake Front Park, and then marched in to the Auditorium, singing and bearing banners. They filled the floor, then the four galleries, until the building was crowded in every part. It was by far the largest audience which assembled during the whole Conference.

Among the inscriptions, wrought by dainty, though maybe dusky, fingers, on those beautiful emblems, were the following (translated, of course): "Look up to Christ! Help the depressed." "Look up! Give a hand!" "Lord Jesus, save." "Pray and fight." "Look up and not down—look forward and not back." "Sin is your enemy. Keep away from it. Keep goodness at your side." The significance of these mottoes as adopted by people but a short time ago immersed in paganism can be better conceived than expressed.

The singing, led by Bishop McCabe, was magnificent. The hymns were such old standards as "Come ye that love the Lord," "O worship the King all glorious

Peoples" was discussed by Prof. Addick, and some good things were said on "Christian Citizenship" by Hon. Thomas Hutcheson. The climax of the programme came in a soul-stirring address on "The Epworth League and the Spiritual Life," by Rev. Dr. Cadman, of New York. When one of the speakers referred to the loyalty of the young people to the laws and institutions of Methodism, and their readiness to abide by the rule relating to amusements, the applause was loud and long continued. Space will not permit any extended report of the speeches, but the following are a few sentences which were greeted with special marks of approval:

"Young people, what Methodism is

and does during the next few years, will largely depend on what you are!

"The Epworth League in its undertakings and achievements must transcend the past or perish. Its greatest peril lies in apathy."

"To do anything worthy we must be inspired by a great purpose. When I hear a crowd of people singing, 'O to be nothing!' I say to myself, 'that is a prayer that is likely to be answered right away.'"

"What is the use of being orthodox, if you are so non-contagious that nobody cares what you are?"

"The Epworth League should be in the very forefront in the conflict against rum and public roquetry. It should use its influence to see that only clean and honest men are elected to office from town constable to president. The League badge should be feared by every political boss."

"It is the business of the Church to see that its young people are trained for service, keeping in view the fact that the great purpose of the Church is to save men." A. C. C.

Our Representative at Chicago.

The fraternal delegate from our Church to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met in Chicago during the month of May, was Rev. W. J. Hunter, D.D. He gave a splendid address, which was received with great enthusiasm. Although he has been in the ministry for forty-four years, Dr. Hunter still speaks with the fire and force of youth. The Michigan *Christian Advocate* thus characterizes his address before the General Conference:

"By his genial spirit, his well-selected phraseology, and his free and happy manner, he carried every soul with him and brought forth cheer after cheer. Of course some of our preachers are pro-Brit and anti-British in their attitude to the present war in South Africa. He referred to that war and he referred to the United States and England, and assumed that we all agreed with his British views, and actually swept everybody along with him, and did not ruffle the feelings of even the man who took the opposite view. It was a skilful speech and a useful one, and Dr. Hunter made friends for himself and his Church and his country by the kindly spirit and the large-hearted adroitness characterizing all his words."

Gems from Dr. Watkinson.

Each morning is a bright angel coming down from the presence of God laden with spiritual, immortal treasure, and we cannot afford to entertain one radiant visitor unawares.

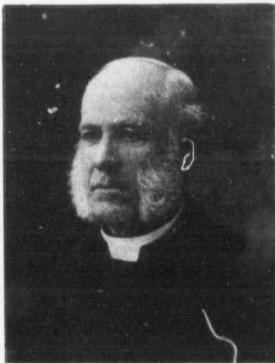
Each day brings new light, new inspirations, new opportunities, new possibilities of being good, getting good, doing good; and if we are attentive, sensitive, faithful, aspiring, life shall enrich us beyond imagination.

Brethren we are not to be talkers, dreamers, critics, but toilers in the vineyard of the Lord. We must leave solitude, and sentiment, and song, and do

real practical things for man's good and God's glory. By and by God will pass with derision over all mere idealists and critics, and give his divinest rewards to such as have entered heartily into the whole work of life, and served Him with both hands earnestly.

As the summer shines on the landscape, and brings green leaves out of the barren steers, full flowers from the sleeping bulbs, singing birds from the silent woods, a world of sweet smells and bright colors and rich music, so Christ acts upon human nature, realizing its instincts, its faculties, its powers, making it to blossom as the rose, to stretch its wings like the eagle, to thrill with joyous feeling as the harp with many strings.

There is in Roumania a valley, known as the Kezanlik, entirely given up to rose culture. So saturated is the air with the perfume that it clings to the body and clothes, and the scent remains for days. Get away to your Bibles, to those precious flower paths, to the hills of spices, walk there, muse there, pray there, and



REV. W. J. HUNTER, D.D.

the dust of the city shall be cleansed, and in the strength and sweetness of those hours you shall go many days.

Mere decoration will not suffice. A watch failing to keep time will not be corrected by any jewelling of the case; painting the organ pipes will not improve the music; white-washing the pump will not purify the water. Society in various ways seeks to gild the exterior, but what we need is beauty of life springing from truth in the inward parts. Let none of us stop short of this—the love and purity of God filling our breast. Out of the heart are the issues of life.

The unwelcome worshippers in our temples singing, "Onward Christian Soldiers" are not really unwelcome. They have not the garb of soldiers it is true, but nevertheless, under smooth appearances, they are fighting day by day as keen battles for truth, honor, purity, faith, as did confessors and martyrs in the so-called heroic ages. Never was temptation more searching, or life more perilous, than it is to-day. Let us see to it that we are faithful, and the whiter

the flame of the furnace through which we pass the more complete shall be our transfiguration.

Interesting Facts.

THE Methodist Book Concern, in New York, is the oldest publishing house in America, having been founded in 1789, twenty-eight years before Harper Brothers started business.

ALL the funerals in Paris are conducted by a single syndicate, which has a licensed monopoly of the business. There is a regular tariff of rates, a first-class funeral costing \$2,000 and a cheap or ninth class \$5.

THE number of persons suffering from the famine in India who are receiving relief is 5,617,000. Recent rains in Madras and Mysore have materially improved the outlook. The steamer *Quito*, chartered by the Government, sailed from New York last month carrying 200,000 bushels of corn, valued at \$100,000, for Bombay, which port she is due to reach in forty days.

REV. A. E. WISSHIP, in the Boston *Transcript*, describes a town in Maine with a population of about 2,000 and fourteen churches, all but one of them maintaining regular services. He also mentions a town in Nebraska with less than 3,000 inhabitants and thirteen churches, each having a regular minister. These are probably not isolated instances of overchurched communities.

THE Annual Report of the American Sunday School Union shows that the amount received for missionary work during the year was \$131,796, an increase on the previous year's figures of \$10,778. The number of new Sunday Schools organized during the year was 1880, and 515 were reorganized. During the year churches have developed out of Sunday Schools in eighty-nine cases.

THE Auditorium building at Chicago represents an investment of over \$2,000,000. It is built mostly of granite from Maine and Minnesota. The main building is 144 feet in height, while the tower, which is the home of the U. S. Weather Bureau, rises to 235 feet. The weight of the building is 110,000 tons, 17,000,000 bricks were used in its construction, in addition to 50,000,000 marble slabs and pieces.

REV. C. M. SHELDON sailed for England May 23rd on the *Teutonic*. His first address will be given, June 3rd, in a Liverpool church. Soon after that he is to speak at Glasgow and Edinburgh, and will address the International Endeavor Convention in London, July 14th. He has already disposed of the \$5,000 which was his share of the profits accruing to the *Topeka Capital* during his week's editorship of the paper. One thousand dollars he gave for India famine relief, and the remainder was distributed among local charities. When he returns from England, which will probably be about the last of August, he has placed himself at the disposal of the Christian Endeavor Society for the months of October, November, and December.

From the Field.

Methodist Church, Galt.

For many years the town of Galt has been known as a stronghold of Presbyterianism. That denomination has three commodious churches, one of which has the largest membership in Canada. For some time Methodism did not flourish, but during recent



MR. JOHN TAYLOR, JUN.
PRESIDENT GALT EPWORTH LEAGUE.

years it has been steadily growing and increasing in influence, until the cause is now one of the strongest in the Hamilton Conference. One secret of the success of the church is found in the attention that is paid to the young people of the congregation, both Sunday School and League being well worked.

The Epworth League has the distinction of standing at the head of all the young peo-



REV. W. E. PESCOTT, PASTOR.
PASTOR METHODIST CHURCH, GALT.

ple's societies in our church, in more than one particular. Its membership is larger than any other, last year's report showing a total of 265 names on the roll. It is worthy of note that of these, all but 43 are active members.

The Epworth League Reading Course has been more thoroughly worked in this society than in any other of which we have know-

ledge. During the past year there have been two Reading Circles, with about forty members in each, and the interest in the work has been constantly increasing.

The president of the League, Mr. John Taylor, jun., is one of the most energetic workers to be found in the Epworth League ranks, and much of the success that has been achieved has been due to his self-denying efforts.

The pastor, Rev. W. E. Pescott, B.A., is probably the youngest minister this church has ever had. He is recognized as a church leader, and a diligent worker. Very large congregations attend the services, especially on Sunday evenings.

A Social Evening Without Refreshments.

The Epworth League of Christian Endeavor at Little Britain thoroughly believes in sociability as a potent means of bringing the young people into the society.

We have a live and energetic Social Committee, who recently held a very attractive social. A varied and suggestive programme was prepared, composed of singing, recitations and a stirring address by our junior pastor, Rev. S. Tucker, B.A., on "Canada." At the conclusion of programme we entered upon the social part of the evening. The committee had small tables tastefully arranged, and upon these were placed pictures, articles of wood, etc., representing countries, cities and towns, designated by the term "International Observations." Each person was supplied with a small card, the numbers upon it corresponding with the numbers upon the article. They would take observation of the articles and write their solution opposite the corresponding number on their card. Through this method there was real genuine sociability, fully one hundred young people being present and taking part, and enjoying the change from the regular services.

Our league is also united and strong upon the question of "Giving," as was evidenced last Wednesday evening at the usual prayer service, when a collection of \$61.36 was taken for the India Faunie Relief Fund. Much credit is due to our energetic president, Mr. West, for the successful meetings we have had this winter. A strong devotional spirit prevails in the League, and we are praying for fruitful results.

The Tower of London.

Mr. O. J. Jolliffe, M.A., Classical Master of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, delivered a lecture on the "Tower of London," during the past month, under the auspices of the Epworth League, at Camborne.

The subject was presented in an exceedingly masterly and entertaining manner. The vivid descriptions given by the lecturer of historic and legendary lore in connection with the place made it of surpassing interest to an audience. Many surprising and interesting facts were brought to light, interspersed with numerous anecdotes and poetical extracts. The "Tower of London," as an historical landmark, being associated with nearly all the important events of British constitutional and political history, was ably treated. Rev. W. Down occupied the chair in his usual able manner. There was a good turnout, and many words of appreciation were spoken. Mr. Jolliffe's able, entertain-

ing and instructive lecture will not soon be forgotten by the audience which he entertained for nearly two hours, during which time the interest was well maintained.

Anniversary Services.

The Epworth League of Burlington Methodist Church celebrated their eighth anniversary, Sunday and Monday, April 22nd and 23rd. The first service of the day was a sunrise prayer meeting. At the regular hours of service, Rev. J. A. Jackson, pastor of Emerald Street Church, Hamilton, preached special and impressive sermons to the young people. Large and appreciative audiences were present at both services. Before the sermon at the evening service, Mrs. (Dr.) Speers, President of the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, read a well-prepared and highly satisfactory report of the work of the society during the year. On Monday evening the anniversary concert was held in the school room of the church.



METHODIST CHURCH, GALT.

The auditorium was well filled with Epworth Leaguers and their friends. A lengthy and very interesting programme was given by friends from Appleby, Hamilton and Milton, and from the local society. The proceeds amounted to twenty-nine dollars. Much credit is due the president and committee in charge for the successful termination of another year's work.

Circuit Convention.

Epworth League anniversary services and annual circuit convention at Sheldon were held on Sabbath and Monday, May 13th and 14th. Dr. Thornton, of Chatham, preached on the Sabbath to delighted audiences; also conducted a round table conference on Monday afternoon, and in the evening gave a magnificent address on "Two Ways." The convention programme was excellent throughout. Besides the Doctor, we had Bros. W. Godwin, W. E. Millson and Clayton Moorhouse, along with our brightest and best local talent. The addresses of these brethren and the papers given by Miss Moore, Miss Henderson, Mrs. Silcox and Miss Stafford, were very fine indeed.

We have now five leagues on this circuit, four of which were organized within the last two years, and the other greatly improved. Both missionary and evangelistic Forward Movements are taken up by each League. The ERA is largely circulated. Con.

"Planned the Work."

The president of the League at Union writes: "We are starting with prospects of a good year. The new officers are very much interested and enthusiastic. They have carefully and thoughtfully planned their work. Last Friday night we had a reception service for new members. Five active members joined from the junior society. All were deeply impressed with a sense of their responsibility as members. We think the EPWORTH ERA is a splendid paper."

Anniversary at Orillia.

The anniversary services of the Orillia League were held on Sunday and Monday, May 13th and 14th. Sunday was a day of blessing and inspiration. It began with a praise service at 10 a.m. A prayer service was held at 6.30, to ask the divine blessing on the evening service. At the request of the League the pastor, Rev. R. N. Burns, preached the annual sermon. He chose as his theme, "Come thou with us now as we will do thee good." He gave the members valuable suggestions as to how they might reach others and gave outsiders strong reasons why they should unite with such a society. The League received such help from the sermon that they think of making the text their motto for the year. The prayer service after church was conducted by the League. Short, intense prayers were offered by about a dozen members. Topics of prayer were suggested before-hand by the Prayer Meeting Committee. One prayed for the pastor and the church—one for the officers and conversers—one for the active members and one for the associates—one for the juniors—one for the committees—one for the outpouring of the Spirit. A quiet, deep fervor pervaded the service. The Monday night's services were mainly literary and social, historical and prophetic, and the whole anniversary promised well for the coming year.

A Successful Sunday School.

The anniversary services of Grace Church Sunday School, Winnipeg, were held on Sunday, May 6th. Excellent sermons were preached by Rev. Alfred Andrews, and Rev. F. W. Warne, D.D., of India.

The superintendent and secretary presented reports of the work for the year which were gratifying, this being the banner year in the history of the school. The membership was reported to be 941, an increase of 74; the average attendance also showed an increase of 25 per Sunday. The amount contributed during the year was \$877.33, an increase of \$162.20.

Reference was made to the excellent class work which has been fostered by the school's merit system, there being 375 quarterly certificates issued and 37 annual diplomas awarded, the latter names being placed on the honor roll. The improved methods of instruction in the primary departments were noted, and the home department in charge of Mr. A. G. Morgan showed an increase of 146, the present enrolment being 184. The superintendent stated it was the purpose to make Grace school an up-to-date front line Sunday School and in a large measure, this object had been achieved during the year.

"Advanced and Improved."

During the past three years the Epworth League of the Methodist Church, Oakville, has advanced and improved under the direction of the president, W. H. Tuck, and his able staff of officers, aided by the wise counsel of our pastor, Rev. J. Kaye. Our consecration meetings are seasons of spiritual enjoyment and profit, and the topics each week are ably discussed.

We have a good Reading Circle, composed of about twelve members, a Forward Movement Missionary Department, and an active junior League.

Just a Line or Two.

A new League has been organized among the Indians of Georgiana Islands.

ABOUT twenty new members have recently been received by the League at Aurora.

ONE League announces a "Cool Reception," but it is nothing more serious than an ice cream social.

THE Salem Epworth League, on the Cape-town circuit, is progressing favorably. The meetings are characterized by deep spiritual interest.

THE League at Union has a Floral Committee divided into sections. They decorate the pulpit every Sunday, and send flowers to the sick.

THE Canlachie Circuit League Convention this year was held at the Oban appointment, and was the most successful ever known on the circuit.

THE young ladies of Ontario Ladies' College recently gave a concert in Association Hall, Toronto, which was much enjoyed by those who heard it.

THE League at Ingleswood made a practical use of last month's EPWORTH ERA by holding a very interesting and profitable "Evening with Longfellow."

Dr. Bolton, of Port Simpson, B.C., states that the associate members of the League there attend the devotional meetings fully as well as the literary and social.

NOTWITHSTANDING the busy season among the farmers, the meetings of the South Dartington Epworth League have been increasing in attendance and interest.

THE president of the Brampton District League has made a special circular appeal to the societies on the district to assist in raising the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund.

THE corresponding secretary of the Wyoming League informs us that they "have had an exceedingly pleasant and instructive winter in the study of the Epworth League Reading Course."

"EPWORTH" Reading Circle, Galt, recently entertained "Acme" Circle of the Galt Reformer. There were about seventy-five present, and a delightful evening was spent.

OUR Book Steward, Rev. Wm. Briggs, D.D., will attend the Newfoundland Conference this year, and will address Epworth League meetings in Carbonear and Harbor Grace, in addition to preaching the ordination sermon and speaking at other meetings.

THE anniversary services of the Epworth League of Central Methodist Church, Woodstock, were held on Sunday, May 13th. Excellent sermons were preached by Rev. W. L. Routledge, of Hamilton. The secretary, Mr. Arthur E. Chambers, read a report which showed that the society has been doing good work during the past year. The church was appropriately decorated with red, white, and blue.

The corresponding secretary of the League at Tara writes that the League has been well sustained during the past year, and adds: "Our pastor, Rev. W. S. Jamieson, has been unflinching in his sympathy, and untiring in his efforts for the welfare of the League during the past four years."

THE Epworth League at Frome has closed its first year in a flourishing condition, with over thirty-five members on the roll. During the year \$70 was raised for missionary and other purposes. Two lectures recently given, by Principal Warriner and Rev. C. T. Scott, were much appreciated.

Down by the Sea.

ODIBS AND ENDS FROM HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

The annual meeting of the Halifax District League was held on the afternoon and evening of May 14th. The afternoon session was of a business character, reports of the year's work were given and discussed, and officers appointed. The Grafton Street League provided tea for those attending the meeting. The evening session was addressed by Rev. Mr. Craig on "Spiritual Power," and by Rev. Wm. Ryan, on "The Object of our League."

The third annual rally of the Junior C.E. local Union of Halifax and Dartmouth took place recently. A number of Epworth Leaguers belong to the Union; indeed to a city Methodist Church credit is due for the first Junior Society organized in the Province. The meeting was a very successful one, the Academy of Music, in which it took place, being crowded from pit to gallery.

The exercises were largely patriotic, the result no doubt of the recent stir up of sentiment, which has set the heart of the Dominion a-throb. Among the songs sung by the children were, "Soldiers of the Queen," "My own Canadian Home," "The Maple Leaf Forever," and "Rule Britannia." While the last mentioned was being sung a little girl dressed as Britannia entered, and as she close of the song led in a very pretty fancy march. Those who took part in this were appropriately dressed, the girls in red, white, and blue, and the boys in white sailor suits, while a couple of little colored girls figured as Red Cross nurses, in white caps and dresses with the suggestive Red Cross on the arm. Another good exercise represented Miss Christian Endeavor in a blue mood complaining that nothing could be done to interest the Juniors. She was reproved by the New Year, who called upon his children, the various months, to tell what might be done; and each brought some suggestion which could be acted upon for the benefit of the Society.

For the first time in its history old Halifax is garrisoned by a militia. Of these at least 175 are Methodists and attend the Kaye Street Church. Rev. Mr. Craig, the pastor, who is Wesleyan chaplain to the forces, is looking after his boys well, and as a result the membership of the Kaye Street League is being largely increased. Over fifty have already become members, and about twenty more will join at next meeting. On April 30th they elected their officers for the year, choosing an R. A. man for president, and one of the R.C.R. for first vice-president.

On Tuesday, May 1st, the members of the Robie Street League entertained the Kaye Street League at an "Autograph Social." The collecting of names did away with the need for formal introductions, and the neat little memo. books provided by the programme committee were grand factors in keeping out any tendency to stiffness. A number of the men of the new regiment (R.C.R.) were present. Some of them had

been unable to procure passes, and so were forced to leave early. The penalty for remaining out over hours is the loss of a day's pay, and, what the boys mind more, no pass for seventeen days. In course of conversation that evening, a young man from Guelph, who, by the way, is one of the fifty men who will embark shortly for Africa to complete the regiment of Stathams Horse, mentioned a fact that will interest Epworth Leaguers, viz., that two Epworth Leagues have already been formed among the boys who left our shores to fight for their Queen and country.

Some of the readers of the Era will remember the fire which swept the town of Windsor, N.S., about two years ago. The Methodist Church was among the buildings burned. A fine new church has been erected, and was recently dedicated. The Epworth League, which pledged itself to raise the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars toward the building fund, has so far realized about one-third of that amount, and is working for the remainder. The League has also furnished the church with a piano for use in League services, church prayer meetings, and entertainments. The piano cost two hundred dollars, and of this amount one Ethel and seven dollars have been paid.—*Lila A. McCoun.*

Toronto West District.

The annual rally and election of officers was held in Bathurst Street church on Thursday, May 19th.

Rev. J. D. Fitzpatrick, of North Parkdale Church, gave a powerful missionary address, showing the great need, and the total inadequacy of the work done. He said the requisite thing was that Christian people put themselves, as well as their offerings, in God's hands, and then only would the power of the Spirit be given them. Mr. Fitzpatrick showed how the District, instead of supporting one missionary, might very easily support five. This would only require five cents a week from each member.

Rev. J. W. Graham, B.A., of East Toronto, spoke on the subject of "Enthusiasm," and certainly it was an address which thoroughly and deeply enthused all present. The speaker explained that his subject meant literally "possessed of God." This was an absolute necessity to every Christian and every Epworth Leaguer. It was time, he said, that the people of God ceased playing at Christianity and began to live it in a more earnest, more faithful and more practical way.

Considerable difficulty was met with in the election of the Business Committee, and it was so late when the scrutineers made their report that the committee was given permission to meet at some subsequent time and elect the officers.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year so far as they have been elected: President, Rev. J. D. Fitzpatrick, North Parkdale; 2nd V.-Pres., Mr. R. Almond, Bathurst Street; 3rd V.-Pres., Miss Sheppard, Toronto Junction; 4th V.-Pres., Miss M. Moore, Crawford Street; Secretary, Mr. H. J. Terry, Parkdale; Treasurer, Mr. T. H. Keough, Epworth; Rep. to Conference Executive, Rev. E. R. Young, jun., Parkdale.

The 1st and 5th Vice-Presidents and the other two representatives were left to be elected at a later date.

Faithful Teachers.

The teacher who is always in her place when the time for the opening of the Sabbath School draws near, bears a faithful witness by her very presence. The Superintendent who has a corps of such teachers has continual reason for thanksgiving.—*Bible Study.*

Huntingdon District.

The semi-annual meeting of the Huntingdon District Epworth League was held at Henningford, Que., on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, May 16th.

At the afternoon session the President of the District League, Rev. D. Mick, S.T.L., of Galtsoff, presided.

An interesting Bible study on the subject of "Self-surrender and its gifts" was given by Rev. J. H. McConnell, B.D., of Orms-town.

Rev. Jonathan R. Hodgson, of Valleyfield, followed with a paper on "Our Pledge."

An excellent paper on "The League as an Evangelistic Force," by Rev. Dr. Meyer, of St. John's, provoked considerable discussion.

At the evening session the Chairman of the District, Rev. Wm. Pearson, presided, and the following resolution was brought forward and unanimously adopted: "That this District Convention desires to place on record its high appreciation of the League as being rendered to the League and the Church by THE EPWORTH ERA, under the able editorship of Rev. A. C. Crews. We congratulate him on his success, and we cordially recommend to our Leagues, and the people generally, this bright, pithy, eminently readable little paper.

Rev. D. Mick, S.T.L., then spoke on "The Young People's Forward Movement for Missions," and impressed the convention with the importance of the work.

In calling for the next address, the last on the programme, "The New Patriotism and the Epworth League," by Rev. C. D. Baldwin, of Lacolle, the chairman expressed high appreciation of *Our Era* and the excellent work its editor, Rev. Dr. Withrow, is doing in fostering the highest type of patriotism among the young people of Canada.

Rev. C. D. Baldwin heartily endorsed the remarks of the chairman, and then followed a splendid address.

Altogether the convention was one of the best that has ever been held in the District.

J. A. DOREMAN,

District Reporter.

World's Convention.

Arrangements are being completed for the great World's C. E. Convention in London, commencing July 14. The meetings will be held in the Alexandria Park and Palace. The palace itself cost £350,000 to build, and stands in the midst of an attractive and extensive park. The Great Central Hall will accommodate a meeting of upwards of 10,000 persons, in which the singing will be accompanied by one of the finest organs in the world. At least one of the American tents, with seating accommodation for 10,000 persons, will be erected in the park, and various other convenient and spacious places of meeting will be provided.

A Good Investment.

Sixty typewriting machines of the newest and best models represent a nice little sum of money. The investment of the required amount has been made by Mr. W. H. Shaw, Principal of the Central Business College, Toronto, in behalf of the young people who attend his school, by purchasing fifty new Underwood machines and ten samples of other standard kinds.

The Central Business College is the first Canadian school to adopt the Touch method of typewriting, which requires a scientific fingering of the key-board and the use of all fingers of each hand. Under the direction of a special teacher the students in this school can scarcely fail to become expert typewriters, and we are not surprised to learn that the graduates of the shorthand department of this college are always successful in filling the best situations going.

The Book Shelf.

Personal Character and Business Life. For youth, for young men. By John M. McDaniel. Published by Gillingham, Anderson, Ferrer, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25 cents.

A stimulating and suggestive book on character-building, of especial value to the young man who contemplates going into business.

Play the Man. Talks with boys on the battle of life. By Herbert Auld. Published by Gillingham, Anderson & Ferrer, Edinburgh and London. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

This little book is packed with good counsel for boys, and is written by a man who has by no means lost the remembrance that he was at one time a boy himself. There are chapters on "How to be Men," "Choosing Sides," "Things that Hinder," "What it is to be a Christian," "What it is not," "On Active Service," "Things that Help," "About Companions," "The Strong Man of the House," "The two services."

The volume is a fine one for mothers to read with their boys. It is a great pity that our Sunday School libraries do not contain more such literature as this.

Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century. By D. L. Leonard, D.D. Cleveland: F. M. Burton, 1899. Price, \$1.50.

The scope of this little volume is well described in its sub-title: "A history, a book of reference, and an interesting story combined, of the progress of the kingdom in mission lands during the past one hundred years." The author brings to his task the wide reading involved in preparing his earlier work, "A Hundred Years of Missions." After summarizing missionary efforts in early times, and discussing the beginnings of modern missions, the ten decades of this century are separately considered, after which follow the chapters "Summary of the Century's Progress," and "Summary of Facts and Figures." A comprehensive chronological table showing the dates of principal missionary events, and a brief index, conclude the volume.

Wise Advice.

The saying is attributed to John Winthrop, that wise and winsome Puritan: "When you don't know what to do, don't go and do it." This is very simple, and apparently easy, rule, but it takes most of our years, and undergoes many grievous mistakes to learn it. There is another caution that might well be put alongside of this, although it is really included in it: "If you don't know what to say, don't go and say it." When any emergency arises we are too apt to say to ourselves, "I must do something," or, "I must say something." Whereupon we do exactly the wrong thing or hurt out the wrong word. It were much better to have kept still. But much better than that is to concentrate attention on the situation and wait until the right thing or the right word comes to us, and then do that deed or speak that word.—*Forward.*

A RAGGED, dirty newsboy, of Jersey City, was found crying on the street, disowned by the man he had supposed to be his father, and with no home except a hallway in which he slept. The Westminster Presbyterians Endeavourers became interested in him, and secured his admission to the Home of the Homeless, where they are now paying his board, members of the Society having pledged definite payments weekly or monthly.

Anecdotal.

Not to be Trifled With.

A young man who had spent his early life in the country, and had never tasted the pleasures of town life, recently came to Memphis to seek his fortune.

On the day of his arrival he went into a restaurant where business men's lunches are daily served and ordered dinner.

The waiter finally brought the dinner, in all those little side dishes sacred to hotel existence, and arranged them in tempting array around the young man's plate.

For half an hour he sat and looked at his untouched dinner, and then overcome by hunger he called to the waiter and said: "Look here, fellow, if you don't hurry and bring my dinner I'll eat up your samples."

The Small Boy on Astronomy.

Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer and lecturer, frequently gives her personal services toward entertaining poor children and adults. Generally her lectures are very well received, but now and then there are exceptions, of which we quote the following:

On one occasion a bright-eyed little boy, who sat in the front row with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, was asked how he liked it. "I guess," he said, "it was pretty good, but she ought to talk about lions and tigers. That's better for everybody."

At another lecture a youngster criticised her as follows: "It's all very well to talk of weighing and measuring stars. There are some people, of course, who believe that sort of thing, but if she thinks she can fool us boys with such fairy tales she's very much mistaken."

She Thanked the Minister.

This story is told as it fell from the lips of a famous old Wesleyan local preacher who was fond of his locality for his story-telling in the pulpit:

"God bless you. I do like to see you, I do. It does me good to see you. I'll tell you a tale. There was once a couple going to be married at Heptonstall Church. Old Mr. Charnock was the minister. All went on right enough in the service till it came to thank the minister says: 'Wilt thou have this woman . . . ?' And, my friends, what do you think the man said? He felt so full of joy that he burst out with, 'Yes, I will.'"

"Then the minister said to the woman, 'Wilt thou have this man . . . ?' She was a bit nervous, as will be grateful, and she answered, 'Yes, I will, and thank ye, Mr. Charnock.'"

What's In a Name?

We telephoned to the intelligence office for a cook, says a "lady of the house" in *Lippincott's*. As Annie was the only name appearing on her card from the office, we inquired her surname.

"Annie," I said, trying to be easily understood, "what is the rest of your name?"

"That is it," was the reply.

"Yes," I continued, "I know your name is Annie, but Annie what?"

"That is it, I tell you, missus," she said, with a broad smile.

"You have two names, surely," I insisted, "a first name and a second name. Now, what is your second name?"

"Oh, missus," she exclaimed with some impatience, "I tell you that is it."

With rising displeasure, thinking she was

trifling, I said very decidedly: "Your name is Annie what?"

"Oh," she cried enthusiastically, "I am so glad you know! I tink you will never know. Yes, that is it!"

For a while I sat in silent despair, the girl eyeing me with a rueful countenance. Finally a happy thought struck me. "Annie," I asked very mildly, "what is your father's name?"

"Michael," was the doleful reply.

"Michael, what?" I almost gasped, feeling that I was suddenly becoming a parrot.

But like the eternal "Nevermore" of Poe's "Raven" came the echo: "That is it."

A sudden illumination! Perhaps mine is the dull brain.

"What do you put on your father's letters?" I next interrogated.

"That is what I must put on or he would not get them," was the sobbing response.

Unwilling to give up after such a trial of patience on both sides, I asked gently:

"How do you spell it?"

Slowly came the solution of the enigma—

"W-a-c-h-a."

Briefly Announced.

There is no personage quite so imposing as a well-developed specimen of the British butler. The *Welleley Magazine* relates an anecdote of one butler whose taste for the impressive was too much for the family whose servant he had entered.

He was a newcomer, and almost his first duty was to announce the arrivals at his employer's first "at home" of the season. The earliest guests to appear were Mr. and Mrs. Penny and their daughter, old and familiar friends of the family. The new butler announced them in measured tones and with majestic mien:

"Mr. Edwin Algernon Pembroke Penny, Mrs. Edwin Algernon Pembroke Penny, and Miss Maud Victoria Penny."

Other arrivals were announced at equal length and with equal solemnity. Before the next "at home," the master of the house suggested that so much repetition and elaboration was unnecessary; that he would prefer to have his guests announced more briefly. The magnificent being bowed grave assent and said nothing. But his feelings had been wounded; and he was, unlike most of his kind, as clever as he was majestic.

As before, the first to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. Penny and Miss Penny. When they had ascended the stairs, they paused an instant at the drawing room door; the next, the butler flung it abruptly open, and they heard themselves briskly announced to their dismayed hosts in the comprehensive formula:

"Threepence!"

Why She Wanted a Pardon.

Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, who was much harassed by pardon seekers, tells of an interesting interview with one—a woman. He had fled to his summer home when the woman who had sought him in vain at the capital was ushered into his presence.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want to see the governor, sir."

"Well, I am the governor; what is it?"

"Ah, sir, my man, he's been put in prison, sir, and I want to ask if you'll let him out?"

The governor's face hardened. He had not, after all, escaped the pardon seekers. But he did not turn her away.

"What was he sent up for?" he asked.

"You see, sir, we were hungry, and he just stole a ham to keep us from starving."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't do anything for you. Your man must serve the sentence. There's too much stealing going on."

"O, gov'nor, please, please let him out," pleaded the woman, the tears flowing down

her cheeks. The tears had their effect. The governor softened. He decided to question her a little.

"But why," he asked, "should I give your man his freedom?"

"'Cause, sir, we are hungry again, and we ain't got no more ham."

He Found Them.

One of the old-time Southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune.

After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house.

"Ef you please, suh," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't you give a poor collud man work to do, or somepin' ter eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, mister—very sorry, but have nothing for us."

Every one who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him. Finally he rang the bell at a brown stone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began:

"Boss, I is starvin'. Can't you gimme some vittles?"

"You black kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman, "how dare you ring the bell at my front door! Go round the back yard way to the kitchen, and the cook'll give you something—you black—"

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming:

"Thank de Lawd, I foun' my own white folks at la'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em—I foun' 'em!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A Billy Goat at Church.

When I was pastor of the Methodist Church in —, there lived in the same place an old billy goat that was a character of the town. He strode the streets with a swaggering air, and was the terror of the women and children on the sidewalks. I often gave him the path myself. He must have been the original butler of the goat family, and woe to the picaninny that fooled with him, or the unlucky lad that disputed his right of way. One year Easter came very early, in advance of the season, and the Episcopalian had sent to their friends in Mobile for flowers and greenery, with which to decorate their beautiful little church. They were at vespers, and at prayer, when the goat happened to pass by the church; and seeing some green stuff in the vestibule, he walked in and began to nibble. Through the open door, he saw the chancel, which was a veritable mount of flowers, and seeing nobody, and being without not a bashful goat, he walked in, and began cropping the ferns and foliage about the altar. The prayer was concluded, the "Amen" said, and the little company of worshippers rose up. It would have been hard to tell which was the most astounded, the goat or the people. The goat had sense. Looking around he recognised some men in the audience of whom he did stand in awe, and as they approached to put him out, he leaped over the chancel rail. The frightened rector fled into the vestry, and closed the door in the goat's face. Finding retreat in that direction cut off, he turned upon the pursuers, and true to his reputation, squared himself for a fight, in high defiance. The ladies made haste to leave, and the men having no weapons, hesitated to tackle the goat. So they too, beat a hasty retreat, leaving the billy goat in full possession of the sanctuary, until the sexton appeared with a cudgel, and put him out. But for many a day the laugh went round on the Episcopalian, who surrendered to a goat. This was not the only time, however, that a goat has been at church. Some goats have four legs, some two.

S. A. STEEL.

Health and Home.

The Good Old Things.

We used to have old-fashioned things, like hominy and greens,
We used to have just common soup, made out of pork and beans;
But now it's bouillon, consommé, and things made from a book,
And *pot-au-feu* and *Jardinière* since my daughter's learned to cook.

We used to have a piece of beef—just ordinary meat,
And pickled pigs' feet, spareribs, too, and other things to eat;
While now it's fillet and ragout, and leg of mutton braised,
And macaroni au gratin, and sheep's head hollandaised.

The good old things have passed away, in silent, sad retreat;
We've lots of high-falutin' things, but nothing much to eat.
And while I never say a word, and always pleasant look,
You bet I've had dyspepsia since my daughter's learned to cook.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

Hints on Eating.

Rapid eating is slow suicide.
Plenty of time should be taken.
Dinner should be of a lighter nature in summer than in winter.
Mere gratification of the appetite is very likely to shorten life.

It is not good to dine when in a state of mental or physical weakness.

Two pounds of potatoes contain as much nutriment as thirteen pounds of turnips.

Light soups, light desserts, and light meats should have the preference in warm weather.
Fish and oysters are easily digested. An hour or two of rest should be taken after the meal.

Abuse of the stomach at dinner will be paid sooner or later by that punishment which comes to the glutton.

Vegetables and fruit are to be used most generally at that season of the year in which they naturally mature.

Regularity.

Nature's price for health is regularity. We cannot safely bottle up sleep to-night for to-morrow night's use, or force our stomachs at one meal because we expect to eat sparingly at the next, or become exhausted in working day and night, expecting to make it up later. Nature does nothing before her appointed time, and any attempt to hurry her invariably means ultimate disaster. She takes note of all our transgressions, physical, mental, and moral, and places every item to our credit. There is no such thing as cheating nature. She may not present her bill on the day we violate her law, but if we overdraw our account at her bank and give her a mortgage on our minds and bodies, she will surely foreclose. She may loan us all we want to-day, but to-morrow, like Shylock, she will demand the last ounce of flesh. Nature does not excuse man for weakness, incompetence, or ignorance. She demands that he be at the top of his condition.—*Success.*

To Cure Melancholy.

Wise John Wesley gave, in 1786, the following sensible rules for the cure of the black disease of "the dumps," or, as he called it, "lowness of spirits."

1. Sincerely abstain from all spirituous liquors. Touch them not on any pretence whatever. To nervous persons they are deadly poison.

2. If you drink any, drink but little, tea, and none at all without eating, or without sugar or cream.

3. Every day of your life, take at least an hour's exercise between breakfast and dinner.

4. Take no more food than nature requires. Dine upon one thing, except pudding or pie. Eat no flesh at supper, but something light and easy of digestion.

5. Sleep early and rise early. Unless you are ill, never lie in bed much above seven hours. Then you will never lie awake; your flesh will be firm and your spirits lively.

6. Above all, beware of anger! beware of worldly sorrow! beware of the fear that hath torment! beware of foolish and hurtful desires!

Value of Water.

"There are few people, we think," says *The People's Health Journal*, Chicago, "who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed in a large draught, or if it be taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have resulted from the same quantity taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the act of sipping the action of the nerve which slows the beats of the heart is abolished, and as a consequence that organ contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid. And here is a point which might well be noted by our readers: A glass of cold water, slowly sipped, will produce greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and who may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulating action of the sipping."

Do Books Spread Disease?

The Albright Public Library at Scranton, Pa., has been closed, so a despatch from that city says, by order of the Scranton Board of Health, which announces an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria in the city. It is the opinion of the board that the germs of these diseases are carried from house to house by circulating libraries, and so in the hope of stopping the epidemic this radical step was taken. No one seems to know when the library will be reopened. The measure was opposed to the last by the directors of the library, who did not think that the theory of the Board of Health was either reasonable or correct. The Health Board said that it had received information from a Western city that at least one case of scarlet fever had been traced to books secured in a circulating library.

The closing of the library is in line with the steps taken recently to close a number of the public schools, also because of the pre-

valing epidemics. These schools have been reopened after being fumigated. It is said that the books of the library will be fumigated while the institution remains closed. "The Albright Public Library was dedicated to the use of the people of Scranton by the late Joseph Albright's children, but it is supported by an appropriation from the treasury of the city of Scranton.

Fruit as a Medicine.

While the general reader has been told many times of the advantages and desirability of a fruit diet, it may be that the traits and characteristics of the several fruits have not been as fully explained, in a concise form, as could be desired. Here are some useful suggestions, taken from a special article on the subject: Fresh ripe fruits are excellent for purifying the blood and toning up the system. As specific remedies, oranges are aperient. Sour oranges are highly recommended for rheumatism. Watermelon for epilepsy and yellow fever. Cranberries for erysipelas are used externally as well as internally. Lemons for feverish thirst in sickness for biliousness, low fever, rheumatism, colds, coughs, liver colic, etc. Blackberries are a tonic; used in all forms of diarrhea. Tomatoes are a powerful aperient for the liver, a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and for indigestion. They are invaluable in all conditions of the system in which the use of calomel is indicated. Figs are aperient and wholesome. They are said to be valuable as a food for those suffering from cancer; they are useful as well as internally. Apples are useful in nervous dyspepsia; they are nutritious, medicinal, and vitalizing; they aid digestion, clear the voice, correct the acidity of the stomach; are valuable in rheumatism, insomnia, and liver troubles. An apple contains as much nutriment as a potato, in a pleasanter and more wholesome form. Grapes dilute thick blood, send the circulation to the surface, remove obstructions from liver and lungs, dissolve and dislodge gravel and calculi, and bring the stomach and bowels to a healthy condition. Onions are almost the best nerve known. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing that will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds, and influenza, in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, senescency, gravel, and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day, they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.—*Christian Work.*

Speaking of his long life, excellent health, and continued vigor, Dr. Cuyler says: "My only physician is Dr. Prevention. I avoid all indigestible foods and all alcoholic stimulants, and have never smoked a cigar. I sleep soundly (after a beautiful bowl of bread and milk before retiring), and I never drive either body or brain after I am weary."

ONE of the most potent aids in relieving a nervous headache is a generous bowl of hot soup or, better yet, broth containing hot milk, such as oyster stew or clam bouillon. This hot, stimulating liquid draws the blood from the brain, as well as giving nourishment and strength to throw off the derangement. Hot drinks, simple food, and mustard foot baths are infinitely preferable to drugs, and more efficacious in the long run.

A HOUSEKEEPER who has tried the plan of keeping recipes in a blank book and found it unsatisfactory now copies them on cards, such as are used for library cataloguing. In this way receipts can be carefully classified, and the adding of new ones will not interrupt the order. The cards may be tied together or kept standing on edge in a box of the right size—a better arrangement, because the card can be easily removed when wanted.

The Sunday School

Singing Books.

Don't provide singing books for the primary class. The little ones can't find the pieces, or read the hymns when found for them, but will want books if others have them, and the older scholars will look at the books to the neglect of the leader. Black lettering on white cloth, conspicuously displayed before the scholars, is better and equally cheap. Be sure to explain the meaning of the words.—*Quarterly Bulletin.*

The Bible in the Opening Exercises.

Every Sunday School ought to be provided with Bibles, but this is often not the case. A superintendent in Illinois tried many methods to secure the introduction and use of the good book in his school, but in vain, until he adopted responsive scripture reading in the opening exercise. The Psalms were used for this purpose, and, as those without Bibles could not take part, it was not long before the number of Bibles was doubled, and even quadrupled.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

Dismissal Methods.

In his admirable article upon "Conducting a Sunday School Session," Dr. Stone lays a proper emphasis upon perfect order in dismissal, and suggests as a *desirable resort* that "the classes pass out one by one." But why such a formality in the school any more than in the church services? Suppose the preacher, after the benediction, should say, "Pews number forty to fifty will retire"; then after a brief pause, "Pews number twenty to thirty," and so on. The mere mention shows the absurdity of such procedure. No; let the school be taught to close its session as it is begun, in a true spirit of reverence, and to pass out, as the congregation does, quietly and orderly, without special formality.—*Baptist Superintendent.*

Important Rules.

Use few signals. Let those you have be simple, and be sure that they are definitely understood. Avoid noise, never snap your fingers, clap your hands, or stamp your feet as a signal for order. Do not hit the table as a signal for rising; better quietly take your hand. Do not screech out "Sit" as a signal for them to be seated; far better raise or lower your hand. Do not ring the bell for order; for a bell rung in the attempt to secure order is spoiled, and the quicker it is thrown away the better. Use the bell as the signal for the close of some class exercises; just one gentle little tap. If these signals are not sufficient, you may feel confident that a little drill of perhaps two minutes for three or four Sabbaths would be beneficial. Whatever is done in the primary class, as well as elsewhere, should be done "decently and in order." A number of years' experience as teacher in the public schools has convinced me that children love order; they love to move all together; they love to keep step in marching. This may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true. Get every child in the class to stand at the same instant, and see what a happy looking class you will have. Its effect will remain during the whole session.—*From the Primary Sabbath School Teacher.*

A Practical Ideal.

In character the superintendent should be:

1. A first-class Christian.
2. Abundant in patience.
3. Fond of work.
4. Feel himself divinely called to work in season, out of season, for the school.

In prosecuting his duties:

1. Present on time, or rather ahead of time.
2. Studies the lesson more than if he was a teacher.
3. He should not teach if he can possibly fill all the classes.
4. In every way he will impress the scholars with the value of the Christian life.—*E. B. Soloff.*

Advantages.

In discussing the Home Department work, W. K. Woodbury, Esq., gave numerous reasons for the existence of this department, told how it was organized, how it worked, and then gave the following advantages to be derived from a department of this kind:

1. It increases the study of the word among adults.
2. It adds to the active membership of the school.
3. It tends to secure a study of the lesson in the home between parent and child.
4. It helps to rekindle the family altar.
5. It helps the shut-in members of the congregation.
6. It solves the visiting problem, as the visitor is bound to visit the members four times a year.
7. It brings a fresh and interesting periodical into the family.

8. It interests the older people in the work of the school, as a member of the Home Department has all the privileges of the library, picnics, Christmas festivals, etc.

9. It adds to the missionary offering of the school. The collection from this department will more than pay for the periodicals used in it. We turn the collection from this department into the general fund of the school, two Sabbaths in each month being devoted to missions and the remainder to the general expenses of the school.

10. By this system a systematic canvass of the congregation may be made.—*The Pennsylvania Herald.*

Order in the Primary Class.

The condition of the teacher has very much to do with the order of the class; she needs to look within. A cheerful and self-possessed spirit is soon felt in the class. A gloomy and disinterested teacher has no right to teach little children. If a teacher easily gives way to her temper, can she expect the good of the children, who are the best of imitators? Rule well your own spirit before you try to rule others.

To have good order, the teacher needs to observe the following suggestions, which I have gathered from many teachers: (1) Keep in good health and spirits. (2) Reach the room before the children; do not allow them to make a playground of this part of the church and thus become excited before the session begins. (3) Have plenty of pure air in the room. (4) Do not begin until order is obtained. (5) Do not use a bell; it is conducive to disorder; quiet is needed, not noise. (6) Use the hands in giving orders for the changes in the services. (7) When teaching the lesson, do not stop to call a child to order, as this breaks the line of thought and often causes more disorder in the whole class. (8) Do not be suspicious of the children. (9) Do not watch them too closely. (10) Show confidence in them. (11) Make a distinction between viciousness and weakness. (12) Exercise self-control. (13) Avoid coming in

direct opposition to a child's will. (14) Show no favoritism. (15) Lead rather than command. (16) Keep pupils busy. (17) Encourage self-respect. (18) Avoid a monitor system.—*Israel P. Block, in "Practical Primary Plans."*

Without Bibles.

The other day a resident of a specially intelligent suburban town near Philadelphia told us they had lately found three families in it without a Bible in their possession. They were Protestants too. A house-to-house canvass in any district might result in large discoveries. It is a matter in which Christian workers should so interest themselves that no family in their community might be without a Bible. How many families there are practically without Bibles it is difficult to compute. They have Bibles, but as they are never opened, practically they are without them. Our boast is that this is a reading age, which, however, is not saying that the best of all books is read.—*Auspicious Sunday School Teacher.*

Absentees From the Teachers' Meeting.

While Marion Lawrence, now field secretary of the International Sunday School Association, was superintendent of the Washington Street, Toledo, Ohio, Congregational Sunday School, he sent the following card to absentees from the teachers' meeting:

DEAR TEACHER.—We shall never be able to do perfect work in our Sunday School. As Christian workers, we seldom, if ever, feel that we have even done the best we could. This, however, should not discourage us, but rather make us more zealous and devoted. The arrow may not hit the mark, but it goes higher for having been aimed high.

As Sunday School workers, we should, first of all, seek that "heart preparation" which is the ground-work of success; then we should prepare the lesson at home as thoroughly as our time and opportunity will permit; and then we should not fail to attend the teachers' meeting, where "intellect whets intellect," and each gets the benefit of the others' study. No agency, it seems to me, would be so potent in causing our school to fulfill its proper mission as to have every officer and every teacher present at every teachers' meeting.

For this we are working; for this we are praying. The object of this card is to assure you that we missed you from the last teachers' meeting, and to express the hope that you may be regularly with us in the future. May God bless you in your work in your class! Affectionately,

MARION LAWRENCE.

Reviews.

We learn by repetition. A new idea or a fresh fact has to be drilled into our memories unless it is something very striking. Success in teaching comes largely from stating the thing to be taught over and over again, not monotonously, in the same words, but turning it around so that it can be seen from different sides and under new light. In this is the value of the review, it helps to fix the lesson in the memory. If, after the lesson is taught in the class, it is reviewed by the superintendent, the scholars will be twice as likely to remember it. If that same lesson is frequently referred to in the quarter by the teacher and the superintendent, each reference will deepen the impression until it can never be obliterated. Reviewing, therefore, becomes the most important part of teaching, and it is this part which is most neglected.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

Devotional Service.

By Rev. T. J. PARR, M.A.

JUNE 17.—"ABIDING IN CHRIST."

John 15: 1-10.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., June 11. Abiding in Christ. Ps. 91: 1-11
 Tues., June 12. Reading. Matt. 11: 28-30
 Wed., June 13. What Christ abides. John 1: 1-14
 Thurs., June 14. The Christian's rest. Heb. 4: 1-11
 Fri., June 15. Abiding for fruitage. John 2: 6-14
 Sat., June 16. The unfruitful branch. Luke 9: 2-9

The words of Christ found in our topic scripture are full of significance and suggestion. They present one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, and one of the most precious experiences of the individual believer. "Follow me" must be made complete by "Abide in me," in order to have the two factors of true Christian experience. "Abide in me" suggests the possession of the divine life in the soul. "Follow me" implies the conformity of inward spirit and outward conduct to the ideal presented by Jesus Christ. Without *abiding* there can be no successful following.

AN ORIENTAL VINEYARD.

The language of Jesus carries us in imagination to one of the beautiful vineyards of Palestine. There stand the vines planted in rows eight or ten feet apart, the branches projecting from the sides covered with luxuriant leaves, and, through the lattice of the foliage, as the gentle breeze blows, may be seen the luscious clusters of grapes. The vines extend from one to another, forming a line of festoons, or rows of verdant arches. Those flourishing branches are what they are—strong, healthy—because they are in living union with the vine. They receive life and sap and nourishment from the vine, and hence they live, put on foliage, bear fruit, and flourish. But what are those heads of cast-off branches, withered and dead, lying about the vineyard? Oh, those are branches that have been severed from the vine—they did not remain in living connection with the vine—they are dead and useless. With this picture in view, Christ says to his disciples for all time, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Believers have life, strength, and fruit-bearing qualities because they abide in Christ for life and constant spiritual nourishment. Separated from him, they are like the withered and dead branches, which, being useless, are gathered and destroyed.

WHAT ABIDING IN CHRIST SUGGESTS.

There are many useful lessons for young Christians in this allegory of the great Teacher, and, if they are properly learned, they will lead to right views of the Christ life. We shall use some suggestions from Andrew Murray.

1. *Abiding in Christ is a life of absolute dependence.* The branch has nothing—it depends upon the vine for everything. If the young believer would only learn every moment of the day to depend on Christ, everything would come our right. When the Christian thus depends on God, God grants his Holy Spirit to fulfil the trust of that dependence—the Holy Spirit as a continuous presence and power; for remember the relation between the vine and the branches is such that daily, hourly, unceasingly, the living connection is maintained. The sap does not flow for a time and then stop, but from moment to moment the life of the vine flows with the branches. And just so, Epworth Leaguers, our Lord wants you to take that position as a worker, and hour by hour, and step by step, in every duty you have to perform, abide implicitly

in Christ as one who feels utter helplessness without him. Dependence upon God through Christ by the Holy Spirit is the secret of all power in Christian service. May that power be yours.

2. *Abiding in Christ is a life of deep restfulness.* If the little branch could think and speak, and if we could ask the branch this question, "Come, branch of the vine, tell me, I want to learn from thee how I can be a true branch of the Living Vine," what would it answer? The reply would be, "Man, I know you have much strength and wisdom given to you, but I have one lesson for you to learn. The first thing you need is to come and rest in your Lord Jesus. That is what I do. Since I grew out of that vine I have spent years and years, and all I have done is just to rest in the vine. When the springtime came I had my necks thought or care. The vine began to pour its sap into me, and to give the bud and leaf. And when the time of summer came, in the great heat I trusted the vine to bring moisture to keep me fresh. And in the time of harvest my grapes ripened by the help of the vine; and if you would be a true branch of Christ, just rest in him, and let him do his divine work in you and for you." "Why do I not make me slothful?" It will not. No one who learns to rest upon the living Christ can become slothful, for the closer your contact with Christ the more of the spirit of his zeal and love will be borne in upon you. Begin to work for Christ with *entire dependence* upon him, and add to that a *deep restfulness* in the Saviour whom you trust and love.

3. *Abiding in Christ is a life of much fruitfulness.* The great Teacher repeated the word *fruit* often in speaking this parable to his disciples. He spoke first of *fruit*, then of *more fruit*, and then of *much fruit*. Yes, Christians are called to bear not only *fruit*, but *much fruit*. And in this we glorify God. "What is my Father glorified in? He bears much fruit." Christ opened the parable by saying, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." He who will watch over the connection between Christ and the branches is God; and it is in the power of God, through Christ, we are to bear fruit. O Epworth Leaguers! the world needs more workers; but not only more workers, but the workers that the workers should have a new power—the power of God through the Holy Spirit in the soul. There is wanting the close connection between the worker and the heavenly Vine. Christ, the heavenly Vine, has power to provide heavenly fruit on earthly ground—the fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. So, in order to be connected with Him by living faith in us to connect this fruit. There may be a good deal of work for Christ that is not the fruit of the heavenly Vine. The fruit of which the Saviour speaks means the life and love and power and spirit of the Son of God within the human soul. As the vine does its work in giving its own sap to the branch, so Christ gives the Holy Spirit to all true believers, and then they will bear much fruit. Lord Jesus, I pray thee let thy Spirit flow through me in all my work for thee!

4. *Abiding in Christ is a life of close communion.* What has the branch to do? You know that significant word that Christ used: *Abide*. The Christian life is to be an abiding life. And how is the abiding to be? It is to be just like the branch in the vine, abiding every minute of the day. The branches are in unbroken communion with the vine from January to December. Is it too much to expect—that the Christian may live in abiding communion with Christ? Surely not, for Christ would not present an impossible ideal before his followers. But you say, I have an occupied working day, during which I must be occupied with temporal affairs." Just so. But can you not

attend to your temporal affairs in the spirit of Christ? Every time you do anything *do it right* according to Christ's standard, and you are communing with him will never be broken, so far as your temporal duties are concerned. But to have close communion with God, we need quiet fellowship with God. We need the Quiet Hour. Take time to be holy.

5. *Abiding in Christ is a life of entire surrender.* And who is to do the surrender? When we pray, "Lord it is my desire to give up myself entirely to thee," that is of great value, and often brings very rich blessing. And yet, what does this appropriate prayer imply? Does it not mean that just as entirely as Christ gave up his life to do nothing but seek the Father's pleasure, so I am in all things to seek the pleasure of Christ? The Saviour came to breathe his own spirit into his disciples of every age, and to help them find their very highest happiness in living entirely for God. We who have been bought with the blood of Christ, have been bought to live every day with the thought—how can I please my divine Master? Surrender yourself absolutely to God without reserve, body, soul and spirit, and let the life of the True Vine manifest itself through you, the branches in every thought, word, and deed.

FLASHLIGHTS.

Fruit is usually hidden behind leaves. A fruit-bearing Christian makes no parade of it.

There are trees that bear at all times; bud, bloom, and fruit being on the boughs at once. The Christian is such a tree.

We are often at a loss to account for our failure; but we should not be at a loss if we remembered Christ's saying, "Apart from me ye can do nothing."

The tree does not worry about the market, or what will become of its fruit; it just bears its harvest. So let Christians do their best, and leave results with God.

When a Christian becomes a part of the vine, he has lost himself, that he may receive himself back again infinitely greater. It is no longer he, but Christ in him, and he is Christ.

Fruit-cultivators often lessen the amount of fruit borne by a tree, in order that each individual fruit may be large and fine. Christ calls for "much fruit" from the Christian, because he knows that the Christian will in all things do his best.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Are you doing anything in the way of neighborhood prayer meetings in connection with your League? They are often sources of great blessing, bringing under the influence of the Gospel some who otherwise might not be so closely reached. They should be to a large extent informal, with much singing, scripture reading, witnessing for Christ, with a brief but pointed exposition of some vital portion of the Word. Instead of holding this week's league meeting in the league room, plan for several neighborhood prayer meetings in different parts of the village, town or city. Appoint a committee of three or four to take charge of each meeting.

JUNE 24.—"OUR ETERNAL DESTINY."

Matt. 13: 47-50.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., June 18. Man made in God's image. Gen. 1: 26, 27
 Tues., June 19. The gospel for the sinful. Luke 5: 27-32
 Wed., June 20. Life here a preparation. Heb. 12: 1-2
 Thurs., June 21. The earth life a prophecy. Jer. 17: 1-10
 Fri., June 22. The life of heaven. Rev. 21: 1-3
 Sat., June 23. Our destiny in God. John 3: 13-17

In the old Greek days, it was a great honor to obtain the prize at the Olympic games, for the fortunate victor was renowned in song

and glory, and made famous throughout the length and breadth of the land. The competitors in these games were obliged to undergo a severe and protracted training, sometimes lasting nearly a year. During this time they were compelled to live by rules not plain food, refrain from delicacies, exercise at the appointed hour in heat and cold, abstain from wine, and, in a word, be submissive to all the directions of their master. And all this to obtain the prize. There is a prize before the people of God, not perishable, but immortal. There is a reward for the faithful discharge of duty in the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Let us not consider any effort too great, any training so severe, any service too hard, which will result in the obtaining of our eternal reward. Keep the prize in view! Refresh yourselves at times with the contemplation of the heavenly destiny, your final citizenship in the city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

THE JEWEL IN THREE LIGHTS.

Our Saviour presents the kingdom of God—that priceless jewel—in three different lights in the three parables. Matt. 13: 44. In verse 44, the parable of the hidden treasure shows that there is *no possession as good* as the kingdom of heaven. In verses 45 and 46, the parable of the pearl of great price declares that there is *no beauty equal* to that of the kingdom of heaven. And in verses 47 to 50, the parable of the net announces that both the *value* and the *beauty* of God's kingdom in the heart's of men will be made clear when the end comes. These three parables, then, should be studied in their connection, and these three great truths made plain.

NO POSSESSION AS GOOD.

The kingdom of heaven is a treasure. So the first parable declares. Even the man who is anxious of treasure may not see this at first. It is treasure *hid* in a field. He does not appreciate at first the full value of what is before him. But when he does see it, he *hides* it again. He covers it up as being that which he wants to keep for himself. He conceals it, as being the only thing which he desires to possess. And for its sake, for joy thereof, he parts with all else that is his. He goes and sells all that he has and buys that field. That is what the truth of the gospel is to him—it is the thing, the one thing, which he desires to possess. There is *no possession* so good in his estimation, and he *must* have it. Oh, that all men would take the same view, and follow the same course of conduct!

NO BEAUTY AS GREAT.

This seems the farther idea of the parable of the pearl. A pearl is not only a valuable possession. It is a lovely one, too—a thing of grace and adornment, a thing of lustre and charm. The man described here is a man who appreciates these qualities. He is seeking *goodly* pearls. One reason he is seeking them is because of their *goodliness* and *beauty*. Hence the significance of his final decision. In his search he comes across one particular pearl, such as he had never previously seen. He believes it to be one which it is impossible to surpass. He finds it to be of "great price." That matters not in his eyes. He goes and disposes of all his possessions, and brings the money together, and thankfully hands it over in exchange for that pearl. So, we ought to feel and do by the Gospel of Christ—by Christ himself. There is no beauty as great as the charm of the Gospel; there is no personage so attractive as the One who is the fairest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely. And for the sake of these, all that is inconsistent therewith we should be willing to part with and eagerness and delight.

THE END WILL SHOW IT ALL.

For the present, no doubt, it often appears as though it signified little whether a man saw or did not see the preciousness and beauty of the truth. But that is simply because of what the third parable tells with regard to the present condition of things in the moral world. The present, continues one, is a mingled condition of things. This has been represented in the previous parable by the fact that the wheat growing together. It is represented here under a different figure, that of a "net." The kingdom of heaven, as it is now, is like unto a net cast into the sea, and having within it gathered together fish of every kind. For the present, therefore, and while the net is still in the sea, its contents are mingled together. The good and the bad are both there—sharing a common lot, for the time. But it is for a time, and for a time only, that this state of things was meant to continue. By and by, in the nature of things, the net would be drawn up on the beach. And when on the beach, its contents would remain mingled no more. Men will sit down and begin separating them, and would not stop till the net was roughly finished, and the true contents of the net examined. Then would be seen finally how great was the difference in the character and destiny of the mingled contents. Where are the *good* fish now? Gathered in vessels. Where are the *bad* now? Cast wholly away. Where are those persons now that once despised the Word, and the side of those who honored and prized it? Severed from among them by the hands of those angels who have come forth for that purpose. There must come a time of separation when those, in whose heart God reigns, shall be gathered to a place by themselves, where they shall be satisfied forever with their treasure; while those who refuse to allow God to reign in their hearts and prefer their own selfishness and sin, shall be cast away and consumed with "wailing and gnashing of teeth." And this truly awful destiny they shape for themselves, by a willful and persistent rejection of the conditions for better things.

POINTED ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. In large post-offices there is a delicate machine which receives all letters that are mailed, and rapidly and automatically weighs them, throwing to one side all that are of overweight, and to the other all that are of underweight. It is the letter itself which makes itself a wastage.
2. Some men, travelling among glaciers, climbed easily up the mountain on firm ice, but when they started down, they found, where the firm ice had been, a yawning cliff, just formed. The path of sin can pass in an instant from seeming safety to utter ruin.
3. A smuggler once caught sight of a revenue cutter, and in great haste threw overboard his unlawful goods—a cargo of tobacco. But it refused to sink, and proclaimed his guilt by floating in the water all around him. It is in vain that we cast our sins overboard on the stream of time; they will not sink. Christ alone can dispose of them and save us.

FLASHLIGHTS.

1. As there is no midway ground between light and darkness, so there are only two classes in the judgment, the righteous and the lost.
2. There never was a fisherman that did not prefer a large catch to a small one. Heaven is large enough, and God's love is large enough, for all, if they will come.
3. The net embraces both good and bad. This is true of the Church in all ages. It is true of revivals and all seasons of ingathering. It is incidental to an open proclamation of the truth.
4. The fact that there are bad persons in the Church does not show that all are bad;

nor should the Church be judged by the bad who are bad contrary to her every teaching and effort, but by the good who represent her teaching and principles.

5. In the world the bad are cast away without waiting for the judgment—cast away from love, from honor, from true enjoyment, from lasting influence, from peace, from all that makes life worth living.

6. The striking word used is the word "gather." That represents not only salvation, but security. There is no arbitrary judgment about it. They are gathered because they are worth gathering. There is something in them that makes it proper to "gather" them. It is not a mere act of sovereign mercy.

7. It is only in final form that the angels will "sever the wicked from among the righteous." In reality, every wicked deed, and every good deed, has been a severing, and not all God's power could bring the two classes together or keep them together.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

This is a topic of very solemn import. Impress the young people of the League with the necessity of considering the end of life and the future that lies beyond. People don't do this enough, especially young people. We must learn to gauge our present conduct by what the end of it all shall be. What relation have my daily deeds, and the general trend of my life to my future destiny? should be a question often in the minds of young people. Make these things clear in the meeting. Have three brief papers or addresses prepared on the three parables connected with the topic: "The Hidden Treasure," or "The Kingdom of God, the best possession"; "The Pearl," or "The Kingdom of God, a thing of grace and adornment"; "The Net," or "What is the end of it all?" In addition to the hymns, have a solo, duet or quartette introduced as music appropriate to the topic thought.

JULY 1.—"WHEN IS A NATION SAFE?"

(Deut. 26: 1-11).

(A PATRIOTIC SERVICE.)

HOME READINGS.

Mon., June 25.	The safe man	Ps. 1.
Tues., June 26.	Guaranties of safety	Ps. 37: 1-12.
Wed., June 27.	Obedience is strength	Prov. 6: 20-25.
Thurs., June 28.	God in man	John 14: 19-23.
Fri., June 29.	Prevalence in the national life	Ps. 72: 4, 5; 44: 1-3.
Sat., June 30.	Securing the future	Ezek. 31: 29-31.

Patriotism is amongst the noblest and strongest passions of the human heart. As the Church can boast of martyrs, men who have died rather than deny the truth, so every great nation can tell of patriots who chose death rather than the dishonor of their country. It was the proud claim of ancient days to be able to say, "I am a Roman citizen." And it is an honorable boast these days to declare: "I am a British citizen." But with the honor of citizenship, comes the responsibility attached thereto—the responsibility of doing our part to perpetuate the safety of the nation, and to secure its lasting greatness.

RELIGIOUS PATRIOTISM.

The highest type of patriotism is religious love of country. There are those who say, "Our country—right or wrong." Such patriotism is spurious and misleading. Some people are fond of dwelling in a vain-glorious spirit on the wealth and power and victories of a nation, but who cannot tolerate the rebuking of the national vices. This must inevitably lead to civil results. It is like a father praising the good qualities of his son, but giving no word of counsel for his wrongdoing. Christian patriotism discerns and rebukes the sins of the nation, and is therefore, the true patriotism. True love is not blind; nor is true love of country blind. It

is sensitive to those errors and vices by which national greatness is eventually destroyed. He may seem the greatest patriot who is always vaunting the power and prowess, the wealth and magnificence, of his country. But he is really the truest friend to his country who protests against the unjust laws on its statute book, the errors which degrade its citizens, the vices which disgrace its body politic.

SACRIFICE FOR NATIONAL WELFARE.

This is illustrated in the case of that patriot and statesman, one of the first on the list, Moses. He set the nation above his personal interests, above his family glory. He would not merely die for it; he is ready to spend his life for it, and prepared to suffer unknown sorrows in its behalf. The Christian Church should ever be ready to influence the nation for good, and to make sacrifices for its welfare. A religion that does not issue in practical patriotism is below the standard of its divine Founder who declared, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The nation is of God, as well as the family, and the loyal Christian in the spirit of self-sacrificing love, is willing to give time, money, influence, and even life itself, that the nation might be righteous, cultured, free and renowned.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM VALUABLE.

It is often thought that the grandest power in the state is the power that fights; but really the most efficient power is the power that prays. For he who prays well, is ready to take up arms in defence of the rights and liberties of his country when occasion calls—not only a good man, but a brave man. Said General White, the hero of Ludsmith, "Those on whom commanding officers can place most reliance are the men who meet in their prayer rooms and who are banded together in the association in which prayer rooms are the centres. The Christian man is the true citizen, the brave soldier. The man of prayer is the man of patriotism. The patriotism which seeks to spread the knowledge of God, to secure the keeping of God's laws; to vindicate the sanctity of God's day; which pleads with God on behalf of the nation, as it sins and suffers—this patriotism is of essential preciousness. The man who truly loves his country will strive to live well himself, and will seek to bring God and the nation closer together, for it is righteousness in the long run, rather than eloquence or commercial greatness, or military prowess, that exalts the nation. But when righteousness characterizes the state, all other elements of national greatness follow in its train.

THE DUTY OF LOYALTY.

The first duty of the member of a family is love of home and of those who belong to it. However poor or humble it may be, he feels bound to pay no ordinary tax. He defends its interests. Above all other households he loves his own the best. Now, as the state is the larger family, the duties of those who compose it correspond to those belonging to the members of the household. Hence the true citizen will love his land; his own country is dearer to him than any other on earth. As we have seen, he is ready to live for it in self-sacrificing effort; he is willing to die for it, if necessary. History records with affection the names of such men as Wallace, Bruce, William Tell, Garibaldi, Wauchop, who sacrificed much for the land they loved, and for the principles they held dear. And as "peace has its victories no less renowned than those of war," it has been the pride of others to serve their country by guarding its liberties, increasing its happiness, diminishing its evils, and reforming its ways. While our brave boys from Canada are spending their strength, and spilling their blood, and yielding their lives on the altar of their country and Empire in far-off Africa, holding the old flag and the principles it represents dearer than life itself, may we

who remain at home, add to our country's glory, and our common Empire's greatness, by living lives noble and true, pious and patriotic, and thus increase the sum of our country's moral prowess, intellectual power, commercial prosperity, and national freedom. Ye youth of Canada! on this national holiday, the Confederation Day, this First of July, Anno Domini, 1900, surround the flag of your country, the flag with a noble history, the flag that represents to you the power and protection and national principles of the Greatest Empire on the earth—surround that flag, and while you make the well-known rite with your loyal cheers, pray, in whose hands are the destinies of nations, to bless your native land, to make you not only loyal citizens of Canada, but above all, faithful subjects of the King Eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God—to whom be honor and glory for ever and ever.

OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

Another primary duty of the loyal citizen is obedience to law. Here again we have the rule of the family extended to the State. The child is bound to obey his parents, unless they bid him do what his conscience clearly tells him is wrong. So, a good citizen will obey the laws of his country, unless those laws are so evidently unjust that the good of all demands that they should be resisted. Whatever the law is, he will endeavor to respect and obey it. If he believes it to be an unjust or unrighteous law, he will do his best to get it amended or abolished.

JUST AND REASONABLE LAWS.

Government is in the hands of the people, or of the people's representatives; on them devolves the making of the laws by which the country is governed. They are bound to do their best to see that these laws are what they should be, equitable and righteous, and for the interests of the whole community. In electing representatives citizens are bound to see that they are men who are worthy of the trust committed to them, who will make laws just for every class. Wherever a man exercises the privilege of choosing a representative, he is obligated to do so conscientiously, and with an earnest desire to perform what is right. It is a maxim in law that what we do by another we do ourselves. We are responsible for those whom we choose to make our laws, and if we help to choose unworthy men we cannot be held blameless of the consequences that will follow. We hear people say sometimes that they have nothing to do with politics. But by keeping aloof, they cannot rid themselves of their responsibility. If there are evils in connection with government, the best way to get rid of them is for good men to take a part in public life, and try to bring about a better state of things. In a free country no man can justly shake off his obligations by refusing to take part in public affairs. The talent intrusted to us we must use to the glory of God and the good of man. Our political power, however small, is such a talent, and we are responsible for its proper employment.

THE GOOD OF THE STATE.

It is the duty of every loyal citizen to take a direct part in all that he believes is for the good of the state. A man's duty as a subject of government does not end with the ballot box. A nation's well-being is secured largely by the voluntary efforts of its members. All can take a part in forming a healthy public opinion. This is done in all free countries in various ways, through the press, through public meetings, and by means of the speech and communications of everyday life. If our views, continues Dr. Lees, are those of a minority, we may help by our influence, for example, the fearless expression of our convictions, to turn the minority into a majority, and the views of the majority will ultimately prevail. The true citizen can also take an active part in promoting all

objects that tend to the well-being of society and the welfare of the nation. But loyalty, as we have pointed out, should be the outcome of religion. He who fears God will honor the king, and he who renders to God the things that are God's, will also render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Religion thus becomes the strength of the State, and the nation becomes safe and secure when these principles are enforced, and these conditions fulfilled.

FLASHLIGHTS.

Here are the marks of the true patriot: He loves his country, but he loves still more the kingdom of God.

He cares too much for his country to uphold her in any wrong.

He does not reserve his patriotism until he has a chance to die for his country; he lives for her.

He does not urge the selection of the best men for candidates, and then refuse to serve when called upon, though at the cost of time and money and inclination.

He does not vote for bad men, and then plead that he did not know they were bad. He takes time to investigate the characters of candidates.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Make this a thoroughly patriotic service. Sing patriotic hymns. Have a brief paper or address on "Our Country, its extent, population, resources, advantages, and possibilities." Let this be followed by the paper or address on the topic, "When is a nation safe?"

Decorate the league room with flags, bunting, and national emblems. Convey the idea to the young people of the League that it is part of our religion to know intelligently, and love fervently our country, and to do all that lies in our power to exalt it in those qualities that constitute a nation's greatness. May the Epworth League of Canada be an irresistible force for national righteousness, and lofty patriotism that shall make its mighty influence felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific throughout the length and breadth of our great Dominion!

JULY 8—"THE POWER OF SMALL THINGS."

Mark 4: 30-32.

HOME READINGS.

Mon., July 2. The Creator in the world. Gen. 1: 22; Ps. 19: 1-16; Matt. 10: 29
Tues., July 3. God using people of the League that. Gen. 40: 1-14; 41: 9-14
Wed., July 4. Line upon line. . . . Isa. 54: 9-12
Thu., July 5. Day by day. . . . Exod. 10: 14-15
Fri., July 6. Sowing the seed. . . . Matt. 13: 12
Sat., July 7. Calling out latent forces. . . . Matt. 4: 18-22

One way of estimating the power of small things is to observe the life of our Saviour, and notice how little deeds, little words, little prayers, little sympathies mark his earthly mission. The parables, too, reflect the importance of little things—the shepherd seeking the one sheep, the woman searching for the one piece of silver, the little leaven working in the midst of the meal, the joy in heaven over the one repentant sinner, the benedictions pronounced over the lit. e. faith no larger than the mustard seed, the blessing invoked upon the five loaves and two fishes and the careful gathering of the fragments. His whole ministry from stable to mansion is made up of little deeds—talking with one woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, telling one man of the necessity of regeneration, shedding tears at the grave of Lazarus, teaching a little band of followers how to pray, preaching the Gospel one Sunday afternoon to two disciples on the way to Emmaus, making a fire and broiling a fish that his disciples might have a breakfast after toiling all night. If we will learn the power and necessity of small things, study the ways of Jesus, and there we shall find a model.

A CHAIN OF PARABLES.

There is a significant connection between the topic parable and those which have just gone before. From the parable of the sower the disciples may have gathered that only a part of the good seed which would be sown would grow and prosper, while the parable of the tares had opened to them the prospect of further hindrances which would beset that portion of seed which had taken root and downward and sprung upward. And now, lest the disciples should be tempted to lose heart and to despair of final success, the two parables of the mustard seed and the leaven are spoken for their encouragement. It is as if the Master had said: "My kingdom shall survive these losses and surmount these hindrances until, small as its first beginnings may appear, it shall like a mighty tree fill the earth with its branches, and like potent leaven diffuse its influence through all the world." The truth will spread and the Gospel prevail notwithstanding all opposition. This will be the case in the world, as indicated by the parable of the mustard seed; and in men's hearts, as involved in the parable of the leaven.

SMALL SEED—GREAT TREE.

The truth of the Gospel is compared to seed. What hope there is in that comparison? Think of the nature of seed, especially of the seed now referred to. Small as the mustard seed is, we see in it the undoubted possibility of increase, and of increase in a most remarkable degree. So much so, that in few cases is there a greater difference in magnitude between the beginning of the life and the ultimate growth. The great Teacher doubtless chose the mustard tree as the basis of his comparison, not with reference to the greatness which it obtains in the end, for in this many other trees surpass it, but to the proportion between the smallness of the seed and the greatness of the tree which unfolds itself therefrom. Christ desired to teach his disciples of his day, and his later followers, not only that his kingdom should be glorious, but that it should be glorious despite its weak and slight and despised beginnings.

UNPROMISING BEGINNING.

The mustard is called "the least of all seeds." The Master adhered to the popular language in teaching the people, for while this seed is not in reality the smallest of all seeds, yet "small as a grain of mustard seed" was a proverbial expression among the Jews for something exceedingly minute. And in point of fact the mustard is the smallest of all garden seeds, and grows on the rich plains of Akkar as tall as the horse and rider. And as the mustard seed, so was the kingdom. "What, to the eye of flesh," says Trench, "could be less magnificent, what could have less of promise, than the commencement of that kingdom in the Saviour's own person? Growing up in a distant and despised province, till his thirtieth year he did not emerge from the bosom of his family; then taught for two or three years in the neighboring towns and villages, and occasionally at Jerusalem; made a few converts, chiefly among the poor and unlearned; and at length, falling into the hand of his enemies, with no attempt at resistance on his own part or that of his followers, died a malefactor's death upon the cross. Such and so slight was the commencement of the universal kingdom of God.

HOW IT GROWS.

And how does the mustard seed grow in the ground? Only through that which belongs to itself. It owes nothing in its growing power to the wisdom or skill or might of the hand which cast it into the soil. All the materials necessary for its increase it collects for itself. Given only the soil, and the requisite heat, and proper moisture, and that tiny seed will ultimately build itself up

into its greatest growth. And even so it is with the truth of which this seed is the figure. God's creative hand has given it such intrinsic force that it is able to grow of itself. (Mark 4: 28.) And nothing is wanting on man's part except to remove obstacles and give it the opportunity of growing. "Christ himself is at once the mustard seed and the man that sowed it. The Church was originally enclosed in him, and unfolded itself from him, having as much oneness of life with him as the tree with the seed in which its rudiments were all enclosed, and out of which it grew. And Christ, too, is the Sower, in that by a free act of his own gave himself to that death whereby he became the author of life unto many. And the field in which he sowed this seed is the world—his field, his garden; for the world was made by him, and coming into it, he came unto his own."

ITS BENEFICENT PURPOSE.

"When it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs. . . . There is a prophecy in these words, to quote Trench again. As in that grand announcement of the kingdom of God, which has so many points of resemblance with this parable (Ezek. xvii. 22-24), it is said of the tender twig which the Lord shall plant, "It shall bring forth boughs and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowls of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell. As these words announce the refuge and defence which men shall find in the Church of God, so must they have the same meaning here. Christ's kingdom shall attract multitudes by the shelter and protection which it offers, shelter from worldly oppression, shelter from the great power of the evil one. Itself a tree of life, whose leaves are for medicine, and whose fruit for food, all who need the healing of their soul's ills, all who need the satisfying of the soul's hunger, shall bestow themselves to it, and find health restored and hunger satisfied.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

Neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have come to grief. Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man, and of the world at large, depends upon the management of these small events. Character is built up with little things, and character is only another name for personal religion. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged, and wisely managed. Good government can only be provided by the careful performance of details. In brief, it may be said, that individual success, domestic happiness, social well-being, religious progress and national prosperity, cannot be fully attained without bringing the little things into conscientious view. "I cannot see that you have made any progress since my last visit," said a man to Michael Angelo. "But," said the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, given some expression to the lip, more energy to that limb." "But they are trifles," exclaimed the stranger. "It may be so," replied the great artist, "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

FLASHLIGHTS.

One grain of sand in the head of his bicycle will stop the fleetest rider.

The smallest part of the shears is the rivet; and it is the most important.

Ten minutes will suffice to plant a tree for which ten generations will bless you.

"There is nothing terrible about a little sin, if it be met instantly by a little determination."

No sin is too little to be fatal. You cannot see the tube through which runs the adder's poison.

It was a little thing—Solomon's dream; but his choice in that dream made him great.

It was a little thing—Paul's talk with Lydia; but the first church in Europe grew out of it.

A determination to do better is one of the greatest things in the world, yet one of the least things in the world may destroy it.

It was a little thing—Plato's yielding to Jewish clamor in the matter of a poor prisoner; but it changed the destiny of the world.

It was a little thing, Christ's quiet command, "Follow me;" but whoever heeded it, upon his answer depended his own fate, and much besides.

Some of the tallest oaks have acorns very much smaller than those of the smallest oaks. It is never safe to predict a humble career from a humble start.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost—and all!

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Very things this week, and have the Home Bible Readings read at the meeting. There are seven brief passages, one for each day of the week, with a title given to each. Appoint seven persons a week in advance to read these passages in open meeting, announcing first the title. Let the reading be done well, plainly, clearly, and with proper expression. Most of our Bible reading aloud is not well done. If there is any book in the world that should be read well it is the greatest book in the world—the Bible. Have several brief papers or addresses prepared on different phases of the topic, such as: "Power of small things in religion," "Power of small things in business," "Power of small things in League committee work," "Power of small things in the home." Don't allow these summer meetings to be long. Start on time, maintain a fine interest, and close in fifty minutes. But don't be in an unseemly hurry; it is the Lord's work, and make it impressive.

THOUGHT AND APPETITE.

A Chicago paper tells a story of Nikola Tesla, illustrating the physical condition induced by a prolonged mental effort. At this time Tesla was in Edison's employ. The latter had a laboratory in Paris, and at this establishment, when a student, Nikola Tesla went to ask for work. The laboratory was in charge of a foreman named Fulton, who told Tesla that he would employ you him, but only on the condition that he "would work." Tesla said he would, and he did, to such purpose that for two days and nights he did not close his eyes. At the end of the first fortnight he had not had forty-eight hours of sleep.

The foreman here intervened, and ordered the young man to rest.

"We have both been under a strain," he said. "Let us go and get a good meal."

He took Tesla to a restaurant, and ordered one of the biggest and thickest steaks that could be bought anywhere. It was enormous. With it there were various garnishings, which made for the two men a hearty meal. But when they had finished it, something in the young student's look led Mr. Fulton to say:

"Is there anything else you would like? You are out with me, you know, and I wish you would order anything you like."

Tesla looked around vaguely a moment, as if making up his mind, and then said:

"Mr. Fulton, if you don't mind, I would like another steak."

Junior Department.

This Department is in charge of REV. S. T. BARTLETT, Madoc, Ont. All communications bearing on Junior work should be sent to his address. He invites the cooperation of all Junior workers in making these pages both bright and profitable.

The Wisest Plan.

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than whining like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once!

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can!

Annual Junior Rally.

The Toronto Junior Endeavor Union held their Seventh Annual Rally in Massey Hall on Friday evening, May 18th, and was by far the most successful ever held. The hall was almost full with the youth of the Endeavor and League ranks and the friends, and the programme was of the best. The chairman was Gordon Hunter, of Dunn Avenue Presbyterian Church, a boy of eleven years of age, who did credit to his society.

The missionary banner was taken by Hope Methodist Church Junior League, having raised over \$100 for missions during the past year. The banner, presented to the society having the largest percentage of members present, was won by the society of Cooke's Presbyterian Church, those present numbering seventy-four, this being their entire membership. The finances are away ahead of any previous year. Junior work in Toronto is on the aggressive, and promises a great harvest in the future.

Junior Bands.

A Junior Superintendent writes thus of a very good plan in the *Christiania Endeavor World*: "I divided my society into three bands, giving each a name: 'Busy Bees,' 'Willing Workers,' and 'Hand in Hand.' Each band has a captain, who notes the work done, such as the attendance, the participation in the meeting, and the contributions. A record is kept by each captain, who announces the result every Sabbath. At the end of the month the work of each band is summed up to see which is doing the best. Our Juniors enjoy the plan very much."

A Junior After-Meeting.

I was impressed with the thought that a revival greatly needed in our church might begin with the Junior society, so after much prayer I asked the Juniors to remain after the meeting, if any of them had never been converted and wished to find Christ. Twenty-five Juniors accepted the invitation, arranging themselves in a little circle and reserving a seat in the centre for me. Contrary to my expectations, the meeting began in power and ended in victory. At that meeting, which was one of genuine prayers and testimonies, several were converted. This after-meeting of the Juniors became a recognized power in the church; believing prayer offered up by childish lips for certain mem-

bers of the older Christian Endeavor Society resulted in their visiting the after-meeting and falling under deep conviction of sin, so that some went out weeping, and the final result was the conversion of six young men and women of the older society.—C. E. World.

To the Junior Superintendent.

"Does it pay to attempt to have the roll-call in our meetings?" I am sometimes asked.

If there is no response after more than half the names because the Juniors are absent, and if the others answer indifferently, and repeat the three well-worn texts, "Jesus wept," "God is love," and "The Lord is my shepherd," which I call the lazy Juniors' verses, I should say "No, it does not pay."

But where most of the Juniors whose names are called are present, and are prepared to answer to their names with a verse, or scripture or a word of Christian testimony, it most certainly pays. If the children know that a verse is expected they will prepare themselves. Of course there are always some careless ones who have forgotten, and these references are for them.

Missionary roll-call verses: The field (Matt 13: 38). The work (Mark 13: 34). The workers (2 Cor. 4: 1). The wages (John 4: 36). The fellowship (John 14: 12). The command (Matt. 21: 8). The promises (Rev. 11: 15; Hab. 2: 14; Hag. 2: 22; Luke 1: 33; Matt. 28: 19).

Follow the roll-call with a short talk, telling the Juniors how you became interested in foreign missions, and helping them to see that we cannot really love Jesus without desiring to see his kingdom coming in the earth, and that he has left us in charge of His kingdom, like the servants of the man who took a long journey.

"Our Master has taken his journey to a country that is far away,
And has left us the care of His vineyard,
to work for Him, day by day."

"There's a work for me, and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do."

—Mrs. Annie M. Smithey.

A Girl of Her Word.

"You can depend upon her; she is a girl who does what she promises."

This is one of the highest compliments that can be deserved or received. A man must be a man of his word, to be trusted and to be successful. He must begin, then, by being a boy of his word. He cannot put on the characteristic as he dons a uniform or attaches a badge to his coat, upon occasion. Well, then, in this "woman's age," when there is such a clamor for equal chances for boys and girls, should not the girl grow up with as strong a sense of responsibility about her pledged word as a boy? The demand is for a girl of her word, who does not hold a promise lightly, nor break her engagements easily.

A girl of honor is worth as much as a boy of honor. A girl is as much bound to be honorable as a boy. Unflinching, unflinching truth is required of both alike. The same quality of steadfast adherence to a pledge, and the same tenacity in fulfilling what is promised and expected, makes both boy and girl trustworthy. It is belittling, and unworthy, and unwomanly, for a girl to be careless and culpable on these points simply because she is a girl, and thinks no one will be so inopportune as to sord her for her failures.

We regret very much, that owing to Mr. Bartlett's illness, the Junior Topics have to be omitted this month. They will be taken up next month as usual.

The Sympathetic Doll.

"My dolly isn't a plaything," said a certain little girl indignantly; "she's read folks!" And the *New York Times* tells of two children who planned to possess dolls that were just as much alive.

Often, as in this case, the children saved their own pennies to buy things they desired, and when the articles were bought appreciated them correspondingly. They wanted these dolls very much, and although they were only little ten-cent bisque dolls, the directions given for the purchase were most particular.

"Now papa," said one, "don't just buy any doll you see. Take it up and look it right in the eyes, and see if it looks as if it loved you, then you can buy it."

Sunshine Committee.

What would a boy or girl be without a smiling, sunny face? A glum, sour-looking boy or girl is disagreeable, no matter how well-formed the features may be. A live Junior society must have its sunshine committee or it will miss the happiest part of its work. Its mission is to shine. Its members try to make other people happier. They shine in their own homes by sunny words, sunny deeds, sunny tempers. They bring flowers to church, and make burdened hearts lighter and the preacher's task easier. They carry flowers to sick and shut-in people, and so carry sunshine where it is most welcome. This is a good time to go to the woods to gather wild flowers for those who cannot go. Gather sunshine and scatter it.—*The Watch-tower*.

A Rich Boy.

"Oh, my," said Ben, "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning around quickly, "how much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben in surprise.

"Yes. What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and, oh, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, indeed," answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms; I guess you wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for \$10,000, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Nor your good health?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than \$5,000 apiece at the very least, don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have \$50,000 and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben; \$50,000 is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that much at least."

Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty—that makes a hundred. You are worth \$100,000 at the very lowest figure, my boy. Now, run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you and come home

with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."

"It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and since that day every time he sees a cripple or a blind man he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.

Who Was It?

Once there was a maiden who wouldn't be polite;
Wouldn't say "Good-morning," and wouldn't say "Good-night";
Felt it too much trouble to think of saying "please";
Slammed the door behind her as if she'd been a breeze;
Wouldn't ask her mother if she could take a run;
Ran away and lost herself, because it was "such fun."

Merry little maiden! Isn't it too bad
That, with all her laughter, sometimes she was sad?
But the reason for it isn't hard to find,
For this little maiden didn't like to mind;
Wouldn't do the things she knew she really ought to do,
Who was she? Oh, never mind; I hope it wasn't you.

—E. M. Clark.

Gave Away His Birthright.

Here is a charming tale told of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, in *Collier's Weekly*. He was visiting a friend in California, and speedily became a great confidant of his host's little daughter. One day the subject of birthdays was being discussed, and then the young lady bewailed her hard fate. She had been born on the twenty-ninth day of February, and therefore had enjoyed only two birthdays in all her eleven years. The kind-hearted writer sympathized with her. He meditated a few minutes, then went to the writing desk, and drew up the following document:

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, in a sound state of mind and body, having arrived at an age when I no longer have any use for birthdays, do give and bequeath my birthday, on the 13th of November, to Miss Adelaide Ide, to be hers from this year as long as she wishes it.

The Pear Tree Witch.

The world looked very dark to little Bess because father had found fault with her for eating the pears. But father had a reason.

"Who is it that picks those pears and eats them before they are ripe? Are you the one, Bess?"

"Yes; I don't like 'em, father, I truly, really don't, the firstest minute they get soft—squashy, no-taste things. Please, father, let me eat the nice, crisp, hard ones."

"But, Bess, dear child, they're not ripe enough, and will hurt father's honey-girl, and make her sick."

But Bess was only half-convinced, and though she loved father very, very much, she loved hard pears, too; and then, you know, pears hang down so low on the big, thrifty fruit trees, and when the breeze blows they wag back and forth at you. They seemed to little Bess to play hide and seek behind the leaves, and to say to her, "We see you, Bess; you can't catch us; we can't catch us." Then if Bess, stiffening up her moral purpose, resolutely turned her garden chair around, and set her chubby face the other way, while she made stylish clothes for Miss Amelia Amanda, or pined over a portion of Dolly Dearest's cambrie cuticle so that the sawdust would not come out of her,

at a fresh gust of wind there would come a thud, thud, that meant nothing but pears from that tempting tree behind her.

"Dear, dear," sighed Bess, "I'm all weared out trying not to see and hear those pears."

A few days went by, and nothing more having been said, Bess was tempted beyond endurance, and was found by Mr. Lee munching a crisp, half-ripe pear.

"Now, Bess, father will have to stop it. Why don't you pick up some of those that have fallen?"

"Why, father, just 's soon 's they fall off they're soft and ripe, and falling bunts them softer, and then they get anty; don't like 'em, only good enough for the ants, anyway."

Mr. Lee didn't know what to make of a child with such tastes. And Aunt Katharine remarked, "No accounting for that child's fudgichy ways and whims." Then, with a sniff, "She's all Carlisle, that's plain"; which goes to show that Aunt Katharine was Mr. Lee's sister.

Mr. Lee saw that Bess must be made to mind, so he said:

"Now, little daughter, father's going to make a rule. Nobody is to pick a single pear from any tree without permission."

Bess looked guilty and ashamed, for father usually trusted her, and did not find it necessary to make horrid rules, same 's the little Kirfals' father and his dad.

She felt very much stirred up, and walked away down to the old summer-house, where she went when she felt gloomy. She took Jane Jones, the ugliest doll, and a stiff, uncomfortable stool, and a little, old-fashioned story-book of Aunt Katharine's, called "The History of Disobedient Maria, or The Sad Results of Infant Wilfulness."

"For if I am so bad," mused Bess, "I will not have anything nice around, and I will read all about disobedient Maria. Wonder what she did. Did you like hard pears, Maria, and did your father say nobody should pick any?"

A bad and sulless mood crept over little Bess. She felt a sort of distance grow in her small heart, and she did not read with much interest the moving tale of disobedient Maria. She finally slapped the book together, and fell to berating the ugly doll. "What makes you so homey, Jane Jones? I should think your head would crack in two with ugliness." But Jane Jones sat stiffly propped against a stone, and gazed straight ahead in motionless doll-reverie. Bess soon grew tired of her present surroundings, and getting her things together, trailed off to the house.

All went well for a time, and Bess was not seen eating any pears, nor did she mention the word.

"Very queer Bess has not wanted the pears," said Mr. Lee to himself one afternoon. "She has not once asked to pick any." He was walking toward the pear trees as he thought this, and as he kept on an odd look about the pears on the lower branches struck him. He hurried up, and looking more closely saw in many places a pear core gaily swinging in the wind, carefully gnawed clean and slim by little teeth, but still unbroken from the stem. There they were, the signs that the guilty little maid had kept the letter, but not the spirit of the law. He groined within himself, even while he smiled. What should he do? This Bess was such a strange, original, dear child, and rarely deceitful.

"I'll just wait," said father, wisely, "but not too long, for they are not good for her."

He did not have to wait long. Little Bess was very unhappy, and finally she could not bear it any longer, and marched into her father's study.

"Father, I am a 'disobedient Maria,' and I have done the 'infant wilfulness.' I ate those pears 'thout picking 'em off, and it was meaner'n Maria, 'cause I seemed not to break

the rule. I am so bad, father, punish me real hard."

Father knew his girl. He caught her to him and said, "Yes, father will punish his honey-girl real hard. She must pick off all the cores, and put them up in a row on the window-ledge in her room."

But Bess stared. "Is that all, father?"

"Yes, Bess, only to keep the rule just the same."

She did it, and she kept the rule. No pear-cores moved again from the trees, and Bess finally lost her strange taste, and came to like things as other children did. She never forgot, however, the time when she picked no pears, and yet broke her father's rule. —*Christian Observer*.

Pointness.

"Can you write a good hand?" asked a man of a boy who applied for a situation.

"Yaas, was the answer."

"Are you good at figures?"

"Yaas, was the answer again."

"That will do, I don't want you," said the merchant.

After the boy had gone a friend said, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy; why don't you try him?"

"Because he has not learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,'" replied the merchant. "If he answered me as he did, how will he answer customers?"

What He Liked for His Birthday.

Lewis Carroll, in a letter to a child friend, once mentioned a few things that he would like for his birthday. "Well, I like, very much indeed, a little mustard with a bit of beef spread thinly under it; and I like brown sugar—only it should have some apple pudding mixed with it to keep it from being too sweet; but what I like best of all is salt, with some soap poured over it. The use of soap is to hinder the salt from being too dry; and it helps to melt it. Then there are other things I like; for instance, pins—only they should always have a cushion put round them to keep them warm. And I like two or three handfuls of hair; only they should have a little girl's head beneath them to grow on, or else whenever you open the door they get blown all over the room, and then they get lost, you know."

Angels Stop to Listen.

Rev. Dr. Drummond tells this pretty incident: "A little girl once said to her father: 'Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell Him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a great, big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you.' The father took the little girl in his arms, and told her that, even though God were surrounded by all his holy angels singing to Him one of the grandest and sweetest song of praise ever heard in heaven, He would say to them: 'Hush! Stop singing for a while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear.'"

A young lady in Indianapolis, who is confined to the house on account of ill health, faithfully prepares the weekly exercises for a band of Juniors. She has been doing this for years, and takes such an interest as even to send the pins with which to pin up the pictures and diagrams that she has prepared. The little Endeavourers are very grateful for her services, and often remember her with kind messages, flowers, and other tokens of their appreciation.

Just For Fun.

Topp—"The bicycle school started with a good attendance."

Topp—"But I suppose the attendance fell off."

* * * * *

"Mamma," cried little Willie from the bath room, "please get me another sponge."

"Why, what's the matter with the one you have?" asked the mother. "It's full of holes, and leaks awfully," was the reply.

* * * * *

"I have decided," said the girl in blue, "that when I marry I shall marry a widower."

"Coward!" returned the girl in gray, scornfully. Truly, it would seem that a woman should be willing to tame her own husband.

* * * * *

A—"Well, how did you sleep last night? Did you follow my advice and begin counting?"

B—"Yes; I counted up to eighteen thousand."

A—"And then you fell asleep?"

B—"No; then it was time to get up."

* * * * *

"Suppose," suggested the teacher, "that you take a piece of beefsteak and cut it into halves, then cut the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths, and the eighths into sixteenths. Into what could the sixteenths be cut?" "Hash!" responded Tommy. And the class in fractions was dismissed.

* * * * *

"There's one thing about Josiah," said the young man's fond mother, "he does like work."

"He doesn't seem to get much of it done," replied Farmer Cornutus.

"That's just it. He lingers over it, an' lingers over it, like he was scared to death of losin' it."

* * * * *

A farmer wrote as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine:

"Respected Sir,—I went yesterday to the cattle show. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of hogs, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

* * * * *

A countryman saw for the first time a school-girl go through her gymnastic exercises for the first amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing at her with looks of interest and compassion for some time, he asked a boy near if she had fits.

"No," replied the boy; "them's gymnastics."

"Ah, how said!" said the man; "how long's she had 'em?"

* * * * *

"I took my boy for a trip on a Plymouth Sound steamer a short time ago," writes a correspondent to an eastern paper. "Here is what he asked me in the course of the voyage:

"Is that water down there any wetter than the water in the Atlantic Ocean?"

"What makes the water wet?"

"How many men could be drowned in water as deep as that? How many boys could be drowned in it?"

* * * * *

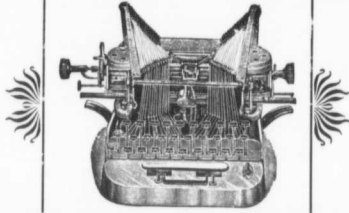
A visitor at a Columbia (Mo.) school the other day asked one of the lower-grade classes this question: "What is the axis of the earth?" "An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," proudly answered a pupil.

"Yes," said the examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?"

"Yes, sir." "Indeed! And what kind of a bonnet?" "An imaginary bonnet, sir."

The visitor asked no more questions that day.

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