

THE CANADIAN

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Christian
Endeavor

Missionary

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.



HE glamour has worn off; the seed which fell by the wayside has been gathered by the fowls of the air; that which fell on stony ground, where it had not much root, has withered away; that which fell among thorns has, perchance, been choked by the thick growth of the thorns; but that which fell upon good ground is bearing fruit to-day in a solid, permanent, aggressive organization, in carrying on the work of the Church. It is no longer a volunteer force, enlisted under the impulse and enthusiasm of the hour, little conscious of the responsibilities undertaken, or the work to be performed. To-day it is a trained force of workers, faithful and conscientious, daily adding to its ranks those who are sincerely desirous of advancing the work of the Kingdom among the young people of our Church. In the future it should be the cavalry brigade of the Church's army—strong, vigorous, quick-marching, ever ready for action, moving at the head of the forces, ready to turn the enemy's flank and compel the retreat of the powers of evil before the on-marching host of the Christian Church.—*N. W. Rowell.*



Social

Literary

The Canadian Epworth Era.

A. C. CREWS, Editor.



WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher.

Vol. II.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1900.

No. 8.

HOPE ON.

There was never a day so misty and gray
That the blue was not somewhere above
it;

There is never a mountain-top ever so
bleak,
That some little flower does not love it.

There was never a night so dreary and
dark
That the stars were not somewhere
shining;

There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silver lining.

There is never a waiting time, weary and
long.

That will not some time have an ending;
The most beautiful part of the landscape
is where

The sunshine and shadows are blending.

Into every life some shadows will fall,
But heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Through the rifts in the clouds we may,
if we will,

See the beautiful blue above.

Let us hope on though the way be long
And the darkness be gathering fast,
For the turn in the road is a little way on
Where the home lights will greet us at
last.

—*Morning Star.*

Would Reap All the Gain.—If the Church treated her ministers generously in the matter of holidays she would reap all the gain. For every new idea which comes to the minister's mind, and every new book he reads, and every new sight he sees, and every new gallery he visits during his holidays, pass into his words and into his life, and the thoughtfulness and generosity of congregations would come back to their own souls with usury of reward. So says Ian Maclaren in the *June Ladies' Home Journal*.



A Fraternal Spirit.—At the recent convention of the California Christian Endeavor Union held at the state capital, Sacramento, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Whereas the Epworth Leagues of California are to welcome the young people of their denomination to San Francisco, 1901; Therefore be it Resolved, That we, the Endeavorers of California in convention assembled, join with them in greeting the Methodist young people of the world, and hereby express our gratification that this gathering of Christian workers is to come to our State.



Natural Allies.—The *Methodist Times* of London, has this to say about the complications in China: "Our natural allies are the Americans and the

Germans, and we believe that the load on the present occasion should not be taken by us, but by our American kinsmen, who have not provoked the jealousy of France, and Russia, and Germany, as we have, unhappily, by our mistakes in the past. If the American Government would undertake to secure concerted action on the part of all civilized nations, that would be the safest course to follow. But clearly we can not stand idly by and allow events to drift in view of our almost unlimited interests and responsibilities, and also the wellbeing of the human race. We cannot shirk our responsibility, we must face it.



Brotherhoods.—Societies of various kinds for men seem to be on the increase. Rev. Calvia L. Connell thinks that the Brotherhood is a necessity. He says: "The men's society in the church, of the church and for the church, has become a necessity. A Brotherhood in any church that brings together the men of the church and congregation of all ages, with simple Scriptural initiatory ceremony, that, while giving due attention to the social and fraternal phases of work, makes most prominent the evangelistic, experimental and practical; that, with a high ideal of a noble, unselfish Christian life, as a leader, enjoins upon its members, pure and consecrated manhood; that organizes its members for systematic, philanthropic, evangelistic work among men, and demands that they shall live holy, godly lives, will be found to be the kind of society needed in Methodist churches.



Hot Weather Religion.—Dr. Gilbert, the new editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, thus calls attention to the need of watchfulness during the heated season: "It may be that we do not need any absolutely new variety of religion which shall bear this brand, but it is certain that we need considerably more of the good old kind to help us stand the strain that the hot months and torrid days bring upon us. When there is such a drain upon the vital forces, and normal energy is reduced almost to the minimum, it is peculiarly difficult to exercise self-control and keep an amiable mood. Temper is more easily aroused—indeed quite impossible to suppress—when nerves are racked and on edge, when every slightest thing seems to exasperate them beyond endurance. The blood easily mounts in excess to the brain, the face is flushed and hot, and, unless there be rare watchfulness, such physical conditions will almost necessarily and inevitably result in anger and sharp words. There will be irritability, petulance, querulousness, hectoring, complaining, scolding, quick explosions of wrath. There will be general misery all around,

in the individual himself and in everybody about him."



To Drive the Devil Out.—Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark has been writing some very interesting letters from the various countries which he has visited in his trip round the world. In a recent article in the *Sunday School Times* he gives the oriental idea of the great society of which he is president: "The president of the Christian Endeavor Union in Foo-Chow, a bright young Chinaman, gave this admirable definition of Christian Endeavor: 'Its object,' said he 'is to drive the devil out.' Then he went on to make the remarkable statement, which westerners might question, that 'since the devil had been driven out of western lands, he had come to China to live. And now,' said he with enthusiasm, 'let us all unite as brothers to drive him out of China, that, like the Gadarene swine, he may be driven into the Eastern sea to be swallowed up in the waters.' I have always regarded this as a most happy and comprehensive definition of Christian Endeavor. In a broad way, its object, whether in America or China, is 'to drive the devil out.' To do its work in the best way, it must unite all the young people 'as brothers.' Its energy, activity, and fellowship could scarcely be better expressed."



The Mind Become a Machine.—The danger to the mind of absorption in one pursuit, is strikingly illustrated in the case of Mr. Darwin, who thus records his own experiences: "Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds gave me great pleasure; and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that pictures formerly gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music.

My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE great World's Fair at Paris is now in full swing, and thousands of visitors from this side of the ocean are enjoying its wonders. As might be expected, comparisons with the Exposition at Chicago are frequently made which differ according to the nationality of the writer. Of course no American would admit that anything could be bigger or greater than the display prepared by the United States in 1893. The truth appears to be, as far as can be judged by impartial witnesses, that the Paris Exhibition, while not on so elaborate or magnificent a scale as that of Chicago, surpasses it in quality and beauty. The exhibits ought, of course, to be more interesting for the world is some years older, and art,

tains an immense hall, surrounded by smaller exhibit halls. The smaller palace is intended as an exhibit of French art from the earliest times to the year 1800, while the large palace is devoted to the art of the present century. The art displayed will probably far surpass that of Chicago.

The banks of the river Seine have been utilized, and the buildings have been erected on both sides, with a number of fine bridges connecting, the most magnificent of which is known as the Alexander III. Bridge, which symbolizes the Franco-Russian Alliance. The cornerstone was laid by the Czar of Russia. There are forty-seven entrances, many of them being copies of celebrated gates. The main entrance, a picture of which we publish, is said to have been modelled after the holy gate of the Kremlin. It is

light it cuts against the sky like a lace-work of metal and glass, and at night is resplendent with all the effects of countless iridescent electric lights. Its apex is surmounted by a group representing Electricity drawn by a horse and dragon, relieved against the splendor of a huge sun. To give an idea of the height of this building, it may be said that the feet of the statue stand on about the same level as the top of the towers of Notre Dame!

The buildings at Chicago were nearly all white, but the Paris structures have been made much more attractive by elaborate touches of color. Everywhere, both inside and outside, the mural painters have wrought wonders.

The Palace du Trocadero is a large building in the Oriental style, flanked by two minarets 270 feet high. It is a permanent structure, and contains a hall with seats for 6,000 persons, and an immense organ. The view from its terraces this year, as eleven years ago, is magnificent; while from its lofty tower the outlook includes not merely the Exposition, but affords a bird's-eye view of all Paris and its surrounding country.

Some very fine national buildings are arranged along the banks of the Seine, constructed by workmen from the various countries represented, and guarded by policemen wearing the uniform of their native land. The grandest structure in the Street of Nations is that of Italy, while Turkey, Germany, Austria, Hungary, etc., have fine buildings. The people of the United States do not appear to be at all proud of the pavilion which has been erected by their government.

In the exhibits, however, our neighbors show up well, for they have seven thousand exhibitors, which is the largest number of any country outside of France, Germany coming next with three thousand. Yankee enterprise is probably looking out for foreign markets to gain trade.

There is no "Midway," but "side show" attractions abound on every hand. Some are good, but the general opinion is that most of them are fakes. Among other gigantic toys are a huge umbrella, a subterranean restaurant lit with Bengal fire, map of France in jasper mosaic, a monumental chimney, a Swiss village, a réplique of Venetian palaces and canals, a moving panorama of the world, and many others.

Some of the most beautiful of this summer's sights will be the night illuminations. Paris, of all places, knows best how to arrange her night *fêtes*. The Fair of 1889 had some remarkable displays of this kind. The bridges covered with festoons and pyramids of many colored lights, the trees hung with orange lanterns, the great buildings outlined like fairy palaces, the river a moving mass of quivering reflections, the sky illuminated with bursts of rockets and iridescent balls of fire. Since then much has been done to perfect wonders of electric lighting, and the *fêtes* of this year promise to eclipse even those of eleven years ago.

It is expected that fifty million persons will visit Paris during the present summer. This estimate does not seem so unreasonable when it is remembered that



THE TROCADERO PALACE, PARIS EXPOSITION.

science, and invention have been exceedingly busy.

The Commissioner-General announced the purpose of the great spectacle as follows:

"The Universal Exposition of 1900 should be the philosophy and synthesis of the century; it should have at once grandeur, grace, and beauty; it should reflect the bright genius of France; it should demonstrate that to-day, as in the past, we are in the van of progress; it should honor the century and the Republic, and show to the world that we are the worthy sons of the men of 1889."

The Exposition has cost the French Government a hundred million francs, equal to twenty million dollars. The two palaces of fine arts which are built solidly of stone, and intended to be permanent structures, cost twenty million francs. The larger palace covers an area of fifty thousand square yards, and con-

sists of one hundred feet high, and consists of three great arches.

Perhaps the most striking architectural effect on the grounds is formed by the Chateau d'Eau and the Palace of Electricity. The former has for its principal feature a gigantic niche; a torrent of water leaps forth and is augmented by six smaller streams flowing from lesser niches. The water then falls over a series of terraces into a great basin beneath. Spouting jets enliven its descent; fantastic monsters, nymphs and tritons disport themselves in the foam.

Behind the great grotto towers the gigantic mass of the Palais de l'Electricité. Its designer has conceived a fairy-like construction of the most surprising originality as new and modern as the element for which it stands. Its principle feature is a perforated crest running the entire length of the building. This crest is so elaborately detailed that in the day-

the Exhibition of 1889 was attended by 32,650,000.

It will be a liberal education to such as are able to do this exposition justice by remaining a month or two, but most of the visitors will probably be so hurried that they will obtain scarcely anything more than a bird's-eye view.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE A BOON TO THE CHURCH.

BY MR. E. I. MORDEEN.

THE genius of the Epworth League is expressed in the word "Youth."

The needs of the youth of the Church differ materially from the needs of the children of the Church, therefore the importance of a special organization which will pay strict and adequate attention to supplying the needs of the youth within our borders. For many years energy in the form of Bible truth, spiritual instruction has been crammed into the minds and hearts of the boys and girls. The time comes when this energy must be set at work or a state of practical skepticism will result. Now it is the province of the Epworth League to discover, to draw out and to set at work all the energy that has for so long lain latent within the Church. Here is a magnificent, mighty, living, throbbing dynamo of superb power right within the Church, and yet for a long time no systematic effort was made to utilize it upon the part of the Church. Surely it was a great day in the history of the Church when God set in operation that glorious movement which has developed into the magnificent young people's movement of these latter days.

A pessimistic view of the condition and work of the Epworth League finds no sympathy in my mind. There may be those who would be disposed to contend that the League has not at all times been true to the genius of the institution, and has not come up to the standard of usefulness and helpfulness that was expected. It would be strange, indeed, if in a great and universal movement such as this it were impossible to find at rare intervals an individual society whose record has not been as good as it might have been; but in taking a fair and impartial view of the whole field and reviewing the whole work there is but one conclusion possible, viz., that the Epworth League has been a great boon and blessing to our young people in particular, and to the Church at large. There is no more loyal or active or zealous force at the command of Methodism to-day than that magnificent body of young men and young women marshalled under the banner of the Epworth League. One writer puts it thus: "The Epworth League is the happy thought of Methodism. Its quickening influence is being felt throughout our connexion. It is the young faith of the Church in motion; the prophecy and fulfilment of the perpetually renewing life and strength of the body of Christ." The pastor who fails to organize an Epworth League and bring its forces into action, misses his opportunity and drops with his church behind the advancing columns of the victorious workers.

Our Sunday Schools and Leagues are in a real sense making the men and women of Methodism. The men and women to-day are now bearing the burden and heat of the day; the men and women of to-morrow are found in our Leagues. The Church has the privilege of determining to a very material extent of what sort these men and women of to-morrow

THE IRRELIGION OF LAZINESS.

THERE are learned critics who tell us that the spirituality of the Church is endangered to-day from over-activity more than from any other cause. Men are so busy about the affairs of the kingdom that they have no time to look after their own souls.



LITTLE PALACE OF ART, PARIS EXPOSITION.

shall be. Here are our future pastors and teachers, and evangelists, and rulers, and givers, who shall at no distant date man the guns, and work the ship, and fight the battle for Methodism and for God. Surely we cannot as a Church look too well or too carefully to the character of the work which the Church is performing upon the material which God has placed in her hands out of which to make the Church of the future. In discussing the history of the Sabbath School movement in England, one author has declared "the religious instruction" given in the schools "has moulded the character of some of the best men in England." It is true everywhere, true

Well, in the first place, it is the busy Christian whose soul needs the least looking after. Furthermore, so far as my observation goes, the most alarming spiritual dearth is among those who can not be accused of burdening themselves with religious duties. Let us take the example of the Master; for we must believe that the larger mission of His life was to us as an example rather than to the people with whom it had directly to do. Jesus took time for prayer and communion with his Father; but his days were so full of work as to make our best days seem empty indeed.

In the "resting times" of our Lord, the Christian, who does away Sunday with



GREAT PALACE OF ART, PARIS EXPOSITION.

to a much greater extent than we imagine, that the influence of our Sabbath Schools and Leagues is moulding the character and shaping the destiny of great multitudes of young folks. The Methodism of the next fifty years will be very largely what the Leagues and Sunday Schools of to-day make it.

Pictou, Ont.

a Bible or a religious paper in his hand, or spends the early hours of the Lord's Day in bed, rather than in the assembly of the saints, will find little consolation. We are told that he continued all night in prayer; and again, that, in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went to a solitary place to pray.—*Lookout.*

ABOUT WORDS AND PHRASES.

BY REV. G. S. CLENDINNES, S.T.L.

IN a recent number of the ERA one of your contributors suggested as an aid to freshness and a remedy for ruts in our League meetings, that a list of hackneyed phrases might be prepared for consignment to the oblivion of disuse. Any frequenter of religious meetings might easily draw up a list such as would merit a place in the museum of verbal antiquities.

The place of honor would undoubtedly be given to our old familiar friend, "along these lines," which has for many a year had a conspicuous place on the platform, in the press, and even in the pulpit. I have heard it said that this expression came into currency at the time of the American War, when one of the Generals declared his purpose to "fight it out along this line (of the Potomac River, which separated the two armies), if it should take all summer." Whether this is the true origin and date of the phrase or not, it has certainly been over-worked for a long time and should have a rest. I have heard of "imaginary lines," but the *Christian Guardian* credits a speaker at one of the recent Conferences with the location of "certain influences along spiritual lines." What might a spiritual line be, please?

Sometimes the reporters tell us of sermons or addresses which were "on broad lines," with never a care for that definition which makes a line to consist of "length without breadth."

At another of our Conferences some were irreverent enough to wonder, when a minister, in dismissing the meeting, prayed that grace, mercy and peace, etc., might "rest, remain and abide upon us," why the good brother did not add a few more synonyms, such as continue, linger, stay, tarry, dwell, etc. If any more be needed than Paul's simple words, "Grace be with you all," why stop at only three repetitions of the one idea?

A good deal of valuable time is wasted by many a speaker at conventions and in League meetings, telling us how glad he is to be present, what a great occasion he feels this to be, what a deep sense of responsibility he feels, what an important subject he has to present, and how much he regrets that it has not been assigned to some other person—all of which information is superfluous, and quite irrelevant to the matter in hand. Then there is the brother who assures us in a tedious introduction that he has "no intention of making a speech," and after meandering over a large expanse of vacuity, comes within sight of the theme assigned him by the time he ought to take his seat. That point being reached, he either retires without contributing what he promised

to the programme or proceeds to use valuable time that belongs to some one else.

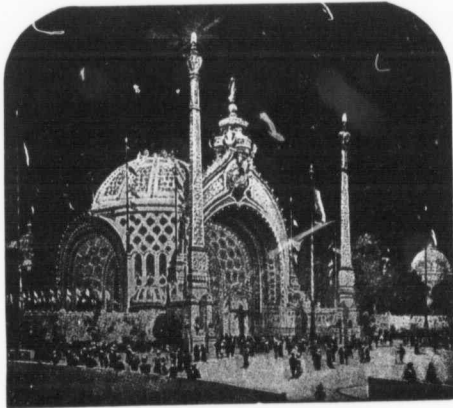
But perhaps the most objectionable of all hackneyed phrases are those quotations (or misquotations, as they frequently are) of Bible language with which many alleged testimonies or prayers are interlarded *ad nauseam*. To catalogue these would exhaust the space allotted to this article, and would, furthermore, be superfluous, for most readers of the ERA are sufficiently faithful to the class and prayer meeting to be quite familiar with a large part of the list. I knew a man who had quite a reputation for Biblical lore on account of his habit in the testimony meeting of repeating a long series of texts from various parts of the Scriptures, whose connection with each other could only be traced by reference to the mysterious workings of the laws of association. In fact this good brother was practically an automaton, for having risen to his feet, closed his eyes and opened his

at accuracy, saying simply what we mean, without trying to be eloquent, poetic or sanctimonious. In fine, let us be ourselves, let us be true.

We should weigh our words in the balance of reason to find whether they are true words, or only sounds. A word in the embodiment of an idea. For instance, after a long pause in the meeting, some one rises slowly and says he is very glad to have another opportunity to take up his cross and witness for the Master, etc. Now, what does he mean? True, these sounds have broken an awkward silence—were they intended to do anything more? If our friend really feels so glad of this opportunity, why did he wait so long before embracing it? What idea underlies that word "cross"? His tone and manner certainly do not betoken suffering, any more than gladness. Is he really enduring all the tortures of crucifixion as he stands there, so calm and fluent? What does he mean by "witnessing" for Christ? Has he any idea of what it is to witness in the New Testament sense? Does his little speech really contain any positive element of testimony? Or is he just "taking part" because he promised to do so, and doing it in the most orthodox fashion by the use of terms which long usage is supposed to have consecrated?

The terms may be all right, provided they mean something, and are fitted to convey that something from one mind to others; but if these terms are borrowed, and used because they are considered to be effective, how far is the act removed from hypocrisy? If a man uses words for which no corresponding idea lights his mind, and for which no answering emotion stirs his heart, however orthodox or unctuous the words may be, he utters untruth. Such utterances have indeed ceased to be words, they are mere sounds, having only a semblance of thought. If we are without worthy ideas, let us be silent, for no amount of talk will fill an empty mind. If we would but acknowledge to ourselves the want of ennobling thoughts, instead of concealing our poverty with words; if we would seek instruction and cultivate our minds, we would easily override the ruts that kill so many young people's meetings.

Brockville, Ont.



MAIN ENTRANCE, PARIS EXPOSITION.

lips, no one could tell, and himself least of all, where he would wander or when he would return to earth. And yet people marvel that the rising generation does not appreciate the class meeting!

I venture to suggest that this serious abuse is not to be remedied by making lists of words to be avoided, or lists of new phrases to be substituted for the old. The evil arises from a want of clear and vigorous thought. Instead of having some definite idea to express, and clothing it in the simplest and clearest words that are available, do we not often speak merely because we are expected to do so, or because we think we ought to take some part in the meeting? If so we must of course say whatever may happen to be ready at hand and memory supplies without effort the common-places which have become familiar by much repetition.

If we have anything to say that is worthy of a hearing, let us say it in truth and honesty. If we have nothing to say let us honestly admit it by silence. And in the expression of our thought, let us aim

to be true. Such utterances have indeed ceased to be words, they are mere sounds, having only a semblance of thought. If we are without worthy ideas, let us be silent, for no amount of talk will fill an empty mind. If we would but acknowledge to ourselves the want of ennobling thoughts, instead of concealing our poverty with words; if we would seek instruction and cultivate our minds, we would easily override the ruts that kill so many young people's meetings.

Brockville, Ont.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has in all the Chinese work 144 missionaries, 380 native helpers, 24,909 in membership, and \$414,273 worth of property. All Protestantism has some 80,000 members, with as many more adherents, and quite as many others who intellectually think Christianity is the best religion. This would give over 300,000 friends of the cause of our Christ. There are some 20,000,000 Moslems in the empire.

THE DEATH SONG OF A PATRIOT.

MR. GARNET ODLUM, one of our Epworth Leaguers in South Africa, writes the following fine letter to the *Woodstock Sentinel Review*:

"The ceaseless rumble of the transports at length is stilled. The heavy tramp of feet is silenced as the long line of tired and thirsty men come to a halt. Twenty-three sandy miles of veldt have been covered; but they know their

floats over new lands that will henceforth be the home of freedom and of justice. The maple leaf has earned a place on the Union Jack.

"DAILY SELF-SURPASSED."

THIS is a secret of attainment, of progress, of true success—"daily self-surpassed." To surpass one's self, and not to surpass others, is the only true achievement. When a scholar

"A man might as well order the robe he expects to be buried in as to let his laurels satisfy him," wrote Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock. The sense of self-satisfaction is the worm at the heart of success. What said that glorious victor of self and the world, greatest but humblest of Christians, Paul? "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: . . . but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—*Young People*.

A GREAT CONTRAST.

THE Rev. Louis Klopfch, of New York, who has just returned from India in the interest of the *Christian Herald's* relief fund, writes as follows: "I could not help noticing the tremendous difference which Christianity produces in mankind. Here on the one side, rough, coarse, unkempt, uncouth, haggard and wan-looking creatures, constantly falling on their faces at your feet, adjuring you to give them help, and paying all manner of flattering and fawning compliments, ready, apparently, to sell their very lives for a few coppers; and on the other hand, the clean, bright, clear-eyed, neatly-dressed, and intelligent native family that seemed to rise head and shoulders above all that surrounded them. On the one hand, Mussulmans and Hindus, and on the other hand, children of the Lord. I have as yet no opinion to express; I have no criticism to make, except with regard to the employment of women and children. One or two visits to the camp will not suffice to furnish that light necessary to intelligently criticize the tremendous charity which the Anglo-Indian Government is conducting. I will say that, as a rule, the people talk very highly of the Government, and my own opinion is that an impartial person cannot help being tre-



ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.

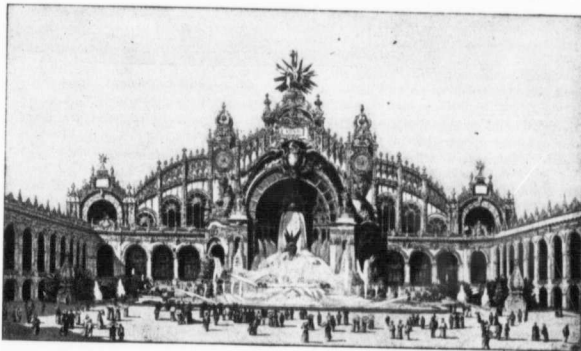
errand, and are eager to press on. Small rations of coffee, biscuit and rum are served the men. Hark! Boom! Boom! Tis artillery! Watch the men now. No sign of languor or weakness. Everyone is alert and active. No need of the order 'shun.' Every man is in his place. Quick march! They step off, but their spirit cannot be hushed. Even as they marched, some to their death, many to suffer painful wounds, or the loss of limbs or health, the laughter and mirth and light-heartedness, almost carelessness, resound along the lines.

'Cheer up, you'll soon be dead!' one lad is heard saying to a comrade.

'Well, if I am 'twill help this to live,' was the reply, as he touched the maple leaf on his helmet. That was his last speech."

Here are words which should live in Canadian history, as the deeds which they record. "If I die 'twill help the maple leaf to live," is the language of a true Canadian. It is the watchword, the battle-cry of patriotism. It is the patriot's version of the watchword of the Cross, of Christianity. "He died that you may live." Were there ever nobler words spoken? Were there ever words that more truly express the feelings of Canadian hearts? In this case they were the death-song of a young and ardent life. Could any soldier wish that sublimer words would be his last? "If I die 'twill help the maple leaf to live." This is the spirit in which the Canadian boys left home. It is the spirit in which they marched to battle in many an action which has brought new glory to British arms. It is the spirit in which they all fought, in which some of them died for their country and their Queen. It is beautiful! It is glorious! Brave boys are dead, but the maple leaf lives, and the British flag

comes home from school with the exultant remark, "I got ahead of every one in the class to-day; Sam Smith and Jennie Jones were away behind me," he is on the wrong track. When he comes in saying, "My average to-day was higher than it was yesterday," he is on the right track. The one person for everyone of us to "beat" is himself. And if we are going to do that, we shall have to make it the order of the day every day—no laziness, or lagging, or carelessness anywhere, physical, mental or moral, but steadily climbing. Luckily



PALACE OF ELECTRICITY, PARIS EXPOSITION.

we are so made that it is quite possible, though not easy, to surpass self. Every inch gained also means a gain in strength. Putting off the old man is putting on the new. Speed accelerates speed; power germinates power.

menously impressed at the stupendous proportions of this God-imposed responsibility, which is unquestionably the most splendid object lesson bearing on the white man's burden which the world has ever witnessed."

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY REV. DR. CAEMAN.

IN Rome, Sunday, May 20th, I attended two religious services: the earlier, in the world-renowned St. Peter's, the latter, 11 a.m., in the Wesleyan Chapel—church I would say—of the Imperial, Apostolic, "Eternal City."

We crossed the Tiber, opposite the castle of St. Angelo, Hadrian's Tomb, from the northern section of the Italian capital, and proceeded by a short direct street to the vast cathedral. At the head of the street, calling a halt, stopping all traffic, and everything else for that matter, the front of the building is in full view across a spacious, stone-paved space or court, which is nearly enclosed upon the sides by probably the grandest amphitheatrical colonnade upon the earth. The whole scene is an architectural triumph, and gives the thought of structural sublimity,

of the two hundred and eighty-four columns, making the circuit about as you approach the cathedral itself.

Passing up the great stone staircases, terracing your way by ample platforms, you enter the vast portico whose length is the breadth of the cathedral, which is entered by five doors, and throughout its entire extent is rich in marbles, gilding and stuccoes. Equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne are here among the innumerable kindred incitements to devotion. We enter the cathedral reverently, for the venerable and the aesthetic are upon us. Here we are in an imposing edifice, whose erection was the care and labor of several Popes and the best architects of the time, Michael Angelo among them, which covers about five acres of ground, was one hundred and seventy-six years in building, and cost over fifty million dollars. Nave and transept, dome and arch, pillar and column, monument,

has its windows labeled for peoples of many tongues. A large congregation in one of the chapels was listening to the Mass, not in a living tongue, the vernacular of any of the people, but in a dead language that has only the glory of antiquity. There was no instruction, no preaching of the Word according to the commandment. The vast multitudes were wandering and gazing about, and a worshipper seemed easily transformed into a wanderer. The sensations were potent, palpable; the religious seemed to have few and weak pulsations. In my own poor worship in that marvellous historic place, my soul cried out earnestly to God for the descent of the Holy Spirit, for the enlightenment of the mind with truth divine, for the overthrow of every wrong, and false, and evil system, and the speedy bringing in of the kingdom of light, righteousness and peace.

Now we go back over the Tiber to the



ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, ROME.

though I confess myself disappointed at the external appearance of the edifice itself. It seemed to me proportionately low, and not majestic enough for the environments. Above it soars the Vatican, the Papal palace and museum, and sweeping out from the sides are the enormous colonnades already spoken of; quadruple rows of scores of gigantic marble columns in circuit and under entablature, affording long alleys of pavement amid the columns ranged in line as you approach the central entrance from either side. The entire scene, and not any one part thereof, must be encompassed in the view to produce the impression designed by the successive architects upon the mind. So looked upon, we have an impressive unity and quiet majesty. An Egyptian obelisk, one of several plundered by old Rome from older Egypt, stands in the centre of the court, and ninety-six colossal statues crown the entablature of the four rows

statue, painting and inscription, gilding and mosaic, marble pavement and vaulted ceiling elaborately designed and richly decorated, demonstrate that art has here laid her richest offering. There is abounding and illimitable glory to the Popes, the Princes, and Mary, the mother of the child Jesus. The imagination is overwhelmed and oppressed by the vastness and profusion.

While we were in St. Peter's, people were crowding up over the square and along the colonnades, and through the spacious vestibule by hundreds and by thousands. Into the cathedral they pressed, pilgrims and tourists, priests and people, worshippers and visitors. And who can or will deny that there were devout and acceptable worshippers? God is the judge of men, and looketh upon the heart. A few people were making the circuit of the chapels, crucifixes and altars. A few were at the confessional, which in its many nooks

meeting-place of the Wesleyans. Here, crowded in among the habitations and business places of the people on a busy thoroughfare, is a tasteful edifice and quiet place of worship. There is no piazza, no colonnade, no obelisk or fountain, no statues to scores of Popes, no sculpture, no scarlet, no mass chanted, by priests, no trooping monks and nuns of countless orders, no gazing crowds in stupid wonder before the work of man and the triumph of his art. We found no pomp or parade, but the minister preaching and praying in the vernacular, and we found a congregation of about fifty people attentively listening to the Word. Look on this picture and then on that, and then think! of the Christianity of Apostolic times before the Caesars made it a political stepping-stone, and the Popes seized the temporal sceptre and the imperial purple. Think of the Christians of the Catacombs, and then of the pomp, pride and ceremony now

called Christianity in the cathedral. Must primitive Christianity do its work and encounter its sufferings all over again, even against greater obstacles and more violent opposition? If I lived in Rome with my present knowledge and convictions, which would I choose as the people of God and the representatives of Jesus of Nazareth, the Romanists or the Wesleyans? They sometimes say our religious services are bald, bare, severe and uninviting. Yes, plain worship may be uninviting to the carnal mind, but God keep us spiritual lest we lose our power. It is too bad to expel Christ from his own temple by worldly conformity.

Rome.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often where distress and want abide
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way,
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide;
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.
Instead we look about—the way is wide—
And so we pass upon the other side.

O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call!
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly upon the other side.

—Buffalo News.

"GO ON, SIR, GO ON!"

ARAGO, the great French astronomer, tells us that he became so discouraged in the study of mathematics that he almost resolved to abandon his effort. He was just about ready to give up when he happened to notice something printed or written under the paper binding of his book. He unrolled the leaf and found it was from D'Alembert. The letter said: "Go on, sir, go on! The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Persevere, and the light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness upon your path." This striking passage made an impression upon the young mathematician's mind which he never forgot. It was a perpetual spur to his ambition, and came to him just in the nick of time. He resolved then and there that he would surmount every difficulty; that he would become a great mathematician himself. He tightened his

grip, and urged himself on until fame took him up and told the world the story of one of the greatest astronomers of his time.

Gen. Wilson told the writer that he was invited to dine at the White House only ten days before Lincoln's assassination, and in the evening they occupied a box in the theatre. Mr. Lincoln, as usual, paid very little attention to the play, as he said he went to the theatre to get rid of office seekers for a few hours. Arousing himself on this occasion, from an apparent nap, he slapped Gen. Wilson on the shoulder, and said, "I want to tell you a story about Grant and the mule. When Grant was a youngster, the circus came to his town, and he went to the tamer and asked him for a ticket. The hard-headed tamer refused him, so Grant, doing the next best thing, as I did myself, crawled under the tent. The ring-master had an ugly mule, which no one could ride, and offered a prize of a dollar to any boy who would ride the animal around the ring, without being thrown off. Quite a number of boys tried it without success. Finally young Grant

ined because they ranked high in college, that they would rank high in life, without great effort.

But they lacked the hanging on quality. They do not realize that, in practical life, the race is to the plodder, and not necessarily to the swift. This is why so many brilliant class leaders have become disappointments to their friends. The chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and lack of perseverance is a fatal deficiency which nothing else will supply.

Perhaps the greatest secret of success in life is due to those sticking qualities. Grip conquers the world,—the faculty of sticking and hanging on when everybody else lets go. It is the five minutes more which wins the battle,—the dogged perseverance, the determination of never giving up until death or victory comes.—Success.

A GREAT NURSE.

QUIETLY, and without public demonstration thrust upon her, a sweet old lady who, after Queen Victoria, is perhaps the best-loved woman in the



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

ventured out from behind the seats where he was viewing the show, and said to the ring-master, 'I'd like to try that mule.' 'All right,' said the ring-master, and Grant got on, and rode nearly round the ring, but was finally thrown over the animal's head. The boy got up, threw off his coat and said, 'Let me try that again.' This time he got on with his back to the head of the animal, and clung with all his might to his tail, and in spite of all the animal could do held on, and won the dollar. Now," said Lincoln, "Grant will do the same at Richmond. He will hang on, he will never give up. He will try again and again till he succeeds."

Hanging on was one of Grant's strong points. He did not know how to let go. He would keep pegging away, no matter what the obstacles, until he triumphed.

The race is to the plodder. I have in mind several very brilliant graduates of last year and years before, who promised a great deal, and of whom friends predicted great things, but somehow they have disappointed all expectations, simply because they lacked sticking qualities. They are good scholars, and they imag-

ined because they ranked high in college, that they would rank high in life, without great effort.

British Isles, recently celebrated her eightieth birthday. Florence Nightingale—she of the lovely name and lovelier life—has survived now for nearly half a century the achievements which made her name a household word. Ever since the Crimean War, when the wounded in the hospitals used to kiss her shadow on the wall as she passed, she has been at once paying the penalty of her labors and reaping the reward of them.

They left her an invalid for life. But from her couch she has directed the progress of the institution for the training of nurses founded by the fund raised for her by public subscription. The women of England started it, and every soldier in the army contributed a day's pay; for Tommy Atkins knows his friends. And besides this special interest, she, the founder of our system of modern army nursing, has had the joy of watching her work prosper, expand, and attain world-wide influence.

The ungrudging acceptance of the services of women nurses in the Civil War and our recent Spanish War was

chiefly due to the prejudices overcome, the results attained, the admiration extorted by this gentle, resolute and gifted English woman, who had shown the way.

So, too, the whole Red Cross system was a natural outgrowth of her work. It is in no sense lessening the praise due to this; it is merely asserting that Clara Barton and her band of nurses, Lady Randolph Churchill and hers, are natural successors to Florence Nightingale, carrying forward the work begun by her to an extent and with resources unknown in her day. How many more lives could the great lady-in-chief have saved in the Crimea had she but had those novel modern mercies, the hospital-train and the hospital-ship at her disposal!—*Youths Companion*.

KNEW THE WAY BY WALKING IN IT.

Over and over again God has used the humble and unlearned Christian to bring others to Christ. When the educated ministers of the English Church were selfish and slothful he prompted John Wesley to send out the masons and carpenters and smiths to preach the greatest revival sermons of the century. God had saved them, and they knew it, and could tell others. The same thing is going on in our churches nowadays. This anecdote, related by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, shows how it is that such persons are qualified to exhort and preach:

"I don't like the idea of your going about preaching," the squire said to a Cornish miller, who is a Methodist local preacher.

"I don't preach, sir."

"But you conduct the service, and go into the pulpit, and take a text and explain it. You must know you are very ignorant. I want you to consider whether a man ought, with so few advantages as you have, to take upon himself the responsibility to teach others. Suppose you made a mistake."

"Aw, sir, I've thought of that. I do pray God every day to guide me with his Holy Spirit."

"The squire explained the university training necessary for preachers who would guide others."

"Squire," said the miller, looking at the wall, "is that the map of your estate?"

"The squire assented."

"I s'pose you do know that map perty well, don't 'ee? Every road and every pathway and every waterway?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, squire, do you remember the other day you was down to the mill, and you asked my l'il Mary to show you the pathway through the woods? I've been thinkin' 'es like this 'ere. You knowed that road 'pon the map. If you'd asked my l'il Mary what 'a was called—'pon the map, mind—she wouldn't 'ave been able t' tell 'ee. But my l'il Mary showed you the way up through the woods. You knowed the way 'pon the map, but my l'il Mary knowed the way by walkin' in it; and if I don't know the way 'pon the map so well as some people, bless the Lord! I do know the way to heaven by walkin' in it."

THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

A feeling of pity arises nowadays for people who must be regarded as stay-at-homes. So general is the custom to travel to sea and mountains, in summer especially, that those who go wonder how anyone can habitually remain quietly at home. We cannot help believing that comparatively few stay in the same spot year after year from choice. But there are many, very many women who simply cannot go away, various reasons combining to prevent it. And are they generally discontented or unhappy? By no means; that is where the adaptability of women comes in. This does not mean that there has been no desire, or even longing, for the change that would be enjoyed as a welcome respite from the wheels of everyday duties; but it does mean that the faithful wife and mother is willing to stay in her lot and place, and make the best of what is plainly her appointed way. Said one lady, whose face was a picture of satisfaction and content, as she sat on the beach at the seaside resort: "Yes, it is all doubly pleasant to me, the fresh sea air and the sojourn among strangers, because there were many years during which it made no difference how many went or came, I simply had to be the one to remain at my post. But while it was necessary for me to remain in just one place and go over and over the same routine of daily duties, I never thought of repining; it was my appointed way, and cares brought their compensation, and anxiety even wrought out its needed lesson."

"After all," said a good mother, who is frequently the one to stay while others go, "home is a good place to stay in, especially in hot weather. And so it is, for many easily-satisfied people. But for those who must look on the departure of others when it would be a great pleasure to venture forth themselves, we would whisper a word of comfort. Your time may come. It will come, if in the providence of God it is best it should. Meantime do not let the heart grow discontented, but keep it loyal to the clear ordering of duty. Think of Longfellow's sweet words:

"Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,

To stay at home is best."

That is, while home is the appointed place.—*Selected*.

MINISTERS' CHILDREN.

The salaries of the clergy of the United States do not average \$500 a year, and yet as a class they are the best educated, most active, refined, and elevated of the nation. With less culture, with less character, with less mental power, there are men all over this land who earn from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. But look at the results. Taking them as they come, the biographies of a hundred clergymen who have families show that of their sons, 110 became ministers; and of the remainder of their sons by far the larger number rose to eminence as professional men, merchants, and scholars. As to their daughters, their names are merged into

others; but there is a significant fact which we do not remember to have seen noticed in that connection, that not only here, but in England, where titles are so highly prized, and the possession of gentle blood is a passport to high places, it is very often referred to as a matter of note, as indicating safety and respectability, "his mother was the daughter of a clergyman." We will venture the opinion that three-fourths of the great men of this nation are not over two degrees removed from clergymen's families, or from families strictly religious. When it can be said of a man or woman that his father or grandfather was a clergyman, there is a feeling within us of a certain elevation of character—a kind of guaranty of respectability of blood, of purity and integrity.—*Dr. Haven*.

FIRST THINGS.

1. Keep a list of your *friends*; and let God be the first in the list, however long it may be.
2. Keep a list of the *gifts* you get; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, be first.
3. Keep a list of your *mercies*; and let pardon and life stand at the head.
4. Keep a list of your *joys*; and let the joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.
5. Keep a list of your *hopes*; and let the hope of glory be foremost.
6. Keep a list of your *sorrows*; and let sorrow for sin be first.
7. Keep a list of your *enemies*; and however many there may be, put down the "old man" and the "old serpent" first.
8. Keep a list of your *sins*; and let the sin of unbelief be set down as the first and worst of all.—*Christian Budget*.

WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT.

One wonders how any who know what is going on in the world can remain in doubt as to the success of missions. Here is a fact, for example, about New Guinea. Some five-and-twenty years ago there was not a spot in that great island where the name of God was ever heard. Now 117 chapels can be pointed to in which He is worshipped, and there a large proportion of the people are to be seen from time to time with open New Testaments in their hands.—*Missionary Review*.

When his age was eighty years, John Quincy Adams was met on the streets of Boston by an old friend, who, taking his trembling hand said: "Good morning! And how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," the ex-President replied, "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir, quite well, I thank you; but the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated; it is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out; its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon; but he himself is quite well, sir, quite well."



The Quiet Hour.

THE HEAVENLY SOWING.

Sower Divine!
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field,
An hundred fold to yield.
Sower Divine!
Plough up this heart of mine!

Sower Divine!
Quit not this wretched field
Till Thou hast made it yield;
Sow Thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light
Stay not Thy hand, but sow;
Then shall the harvest grow.

Sower Divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine!

Sower Divine!
Let not this barren clay,
Lead Thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry,
Refresh it from on high,
Sower Divine!
Water this heart of mine!

LIVING BY THE DAY.

"My house was well built," said a farmer once to me, "for it was built by the day." That is the way in which the best, strongest and happiest lives are built; they are not constructed "by the job," but one attainment in grace is laid upon another like the blocks of granite in a solid house wall. Each day brings its duty to be done, its temptations to be met and conquered, its burden to be carried and its progress to be made heavenward. There are 365 days in every year, but really there is only one working day, and that is to-day. Sufficient to each day is the evil thereof.—*Selected.*

MOVE OUT!

I know of some aguish church-members that hardly have strength enough to shake. They live down in the swampy, regions where fever and ague prevail, and the air is infected with malaria. The water is bad; it comes from the puddles of worldliness. The sewerage is bad and gets clogged up with sin; the atmosphere is bad, and chokes prayer and takes the very life out of a Christian. Move out! Get back to your duty. Take a stiff tonic of Bible truth every morning and make somebody happier during the day. Lay hold of your work again; give selfishness a good scourging, and come once more into the blessed sunshine of Christ's countenance. Then with a clean conscience and a good appetite you will take real delight in serving your Saviour. The joy of your Lord will be your strength.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

TAKE TIME

This is a hurrying age, as we often remind ourselves, and many tasks which we would like to accomplish must perforce remain unattended to. But for some things there is always time. Duty can always be done; kindness can always be shown; wayside ministries need not be neglected; private devotions are always possible. There is never an excuse for the haste that makes waste; there is always room, in the case of the man who, with Divine help, plans his life for a certain amount of self-culture and social ministry.—*New York Observer.*

CHEER UP.

Cheer people up by your piety. Do not talk as if the world were going from bad to worse, as if God and goodness could not make headway against sin, and as if one's chief religious duty were to complain and creak. People know better, and you only repel them and misrepresent the bright and blessed gospel of Christ. Study up the influence of Christianity. Find out the facts. You will learn that it actually has transformed the world. There is sin enough, and too much, left. There is woe enough to break a sensitive heart if it had nothing else to look at. But God lives and rules, and surely, even if slowly, he is bringing about the success of his purposes and the fulfilment of his promises. Look on the bright side. You will be the better yourself, and you will do more than fifty per cent. more good as a servant of Christ.—*Helpful Thoughts.*

EXPECT THE AID OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Expect the Holy Ghost to work with and for you. When a man is right with God, God will freely use him. There will rise up within him impulses and inspirations, strong strivings and strange resolves. These must be tested by Scripture and prayer, and if evidently of God, they must be obeyed. But there is this perennial source of comfort: God's commands are enablings. He will never give us a work to do without showing exactly how and when to do it, and giving us the precise strength and wisdom we need.

Do not dread to enter this life because you fear God will ask you to do something you cannot do. He will never do that. If he lays aught at your heart, he will do so irresistibly. As you pray about it, the impression will continue to grow, so that presently, as you look up to know what he wills you to say or do, the way will suddenly open and you will probably have said the word or done the deed almost unconsciously.

Rely on the Holy Ghost to go before you to make the crooked places straight and the rough places smooth.

Do not bring the legal spirit of "must" into God's free service. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." Let your life be as effortless as theirs, because your faith shall constantly hand

over all difficulties and responsibilities to you ever present Lord. There is no effort to the branch in putting forth the swelling clusters of grapes—the effort would be to keep them back.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

"SMALL POTATOES"

The Devil asked, "Doth Job serve God for nought?" His thought was that Job, in his loyalty to God, was moved purely by selfish motives, and acted from the standpoint of material gain; and that if he could be shown that it did not pay in worldly goods to serve God, he would quit, or that if it paid better to serve the devil and do wickedly than to serve God, Job would "right-about-face." Satan could not conceive of its being possible for a man to be loyal to God and Truth merely for the sake of truth and right. He is still the same old selfish arch-deceiver; and it is necessary all the time to keep a sharp eye out for him, and lean hard on the everlasting Arm. A good illustration of how this can be done is given by D. W. Whittle, in the following: "Billy Bray, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety has been a blessing to so many of God's children, says that one year his crop of potatoes turned out poorly, and as he was digging them in the fall, Satan was at his elbow and said, 'There, Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes.' He stopped hoeing and replied: 'Ah, Satan, at it again; talking against my Father, bless His name! Why when I served you, I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?' And on he went, hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes—a valuable lesson to us all."—*S. S. Times.*

READING STEEPED IN PRAYER.

The reading of the Bible is as necessary as the feeding of an engine with coal, or the imparting of strength to an invalid by food. And this reading must be steeped in the spirit of prayer. You must never let your work for Christ so engross you as to rob you of those quiet hours when He needs you to be alone with Him, that He may declare to you His Father's name, and reveal himself, and charge you with the spiritual forces stored up in Him. It will be well for you to keep yourself free from attractive avenues of service, to be fresh for these still hours. They are more dear to Him, and more precious to you, than all your service. "In evening-time and harvest thou shalt rest." One hour spent in work after prolonged fellowship with Christ will pay better than twelve hours spent in unbroken toils. Christ cares less for the amount of work done than for its quality. He is more anxious about the worker than the work. Help me to remember this, thou Lord of the harvest, and often may I leave even the whitening fields, that in thee I may find rest and strength. And if I seem to tarry, I pray Thee, send some loving reminder to call me to Thy side, as Thou didst to Mary by the hand of her sister Martha.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Missionary.

Great Missionaries.

JOHN WILLIAMS, THE MARTYR OF
EROMANGA.

"A man who has achieved for himself a deathless fame, and concerning whom generations to come will doubtless feel a laudable and reverential curiosity." Thus does one of the biographers characterize John Williams, the noble and self-sacrificing martyr-missionary to the South Sea Islands. In industry, ingenuity, and consecration he was not inferior to any of the champions of the Cross whose names are written so indelibly in the records of the Church. The circumstances of his conversion were somewhat striking. One Sunday evening, in the year 1814, he stood near a street corner in the City Road, London, awaiting the arrival of some companions with whom he intended visiting the Highbury Tea Gardens. While he thus lingered impatiently, his employer's wife passed him. Prompted by what was undoubtedly an inspiration of the Holy Ghost, she spoke to him and invited him to accompany her to the old Whitfield Tabernacle. He refused, but she continued to urge her request. At length, wearied by her importunity, he yielded and entered the chapel. That was the turning point in his life, for the truth arrested his attention, and led to a complete change. He forsook all his worldly companions and became a teacher in the Sabbath School and an earnest Christian worker. In speaking of this incident in after years, Mr. Williams said: "It shows what may be done for God by comparatively insignificant persons."

About a year after his conversion he attended a missionary meeting, and was very much impressed by an earnest call for helpers, as he felt himself called of God to be a missionary. Shortly after he applied to the London Missionary Society, and was immediately accepted. He was set apart to this work September 3rd, 1816. At this solemn meeting Dr. Waugh thus addressed the young missionary: "Go, dear brother, and if thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ, and if thy arm drop from thy shoulder, let it be by knocking at men's hearts to gain admission."

John Williams is described as "a man who thought for himself, and had endless enterprise and originality; robust in mind and body; a quick-witted man, ready to adapt himself to any circumstances and make the best of them; a hearty, good-natured and sympathetic man, who made friends wherever he went; a man so firm, honest and true that people, civilized or savage, believed in him. In short, he possessed just those qualifications which are required in a pioneer missionary."

The first scene of his labors was the Island of Raiatea, one of the Society group, where ignorance, idolatry and

vice prevailed everywhere. As an example to the natives he built a house for himself, and others soon began to build in imitation. His mechanical skill became of great value to him, and he constructed a boat which, when finished, had scarcely a nail in it, the planks being tied together by native cord. Great improvement in the outward condition of the people soon appeared, which was accompanied by still more radical changes. Cannibalism and infanticide disappeared. Legal marriage was established, and a code of laws enacted. Three times on Sunday large congregations assembled for worship, and in almost every home there was private prayer. Within twelve months these people had formed a missionary society, and the sum of £500 had been contributed for the purpose of "causing the Word of God to grow."

It was impossible for a man like Williams to remain in a small island like Raiatea, and he soon began itinerating among other adjacent islands preaching the gospel. He discovered Rarotonga,



JOHN WILLIAMS.

the most populous of the Harvey group, where he settled for some time, and learned the language. The natives here were idolaters and cannibals, hideous in appearance, with long hair and tattooed faces. A wonderful change soon took place among them. After patient and earnest instruction and preaching, the missionary's reward came one day, when he was requested to take his seat outside his house, and having done so, a long procession of natives filed past him, and laid their idols at his feet. The Sabbath following this public renunciation of heathenism, a congregation of four thousand assembled for divine worship. It was at once decided to build a large church, and in seven weeks a building was put up which would accommodate 3,000 persons—a rather remarkable achievement when it is remembered that five years before not a native had seen or handled an axe or a plane.

During the erection of this chapel Mr. Williams found that he had left one of his tools at home. He wrote upon a chip a request for the article, and asked one

of the chiefs to carry the chip to Mrs. Williams. "What shall I say to her?" said the chief. "You have nothing to say," answered the missionary, "the chip will say all that I wish." "How can it speak, has it a mouth?" was the next enquiry. The man took up the mysterious chip and carried it to Mrs. Williams, who, after reading the message, gave the messenger the required article.

"How do you know that is what Mr. Williams wants?" he asked in perplexity. "Did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes, but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did."

The man caught up the wonderful chip and, holding it high above his head, rushed through the village shouting, "See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk!"

Those who were baptized were divided into classes of ten or twelve families for the sake of mutual oversight and instruction.

Mr. Williams, while at Rarotonga, with his own hands built a small vessel called the *Messenger of Peace*, with which he made missionary tours among the other islands of the South Seas.

An interesting incident occurred at one place which greatly cheered him.

A poor cripple one day walked, upon his knees, into the centre of the pathway Mr. Williams was about to cross, and shouted "Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island!"

Williams entered into conversation with the man, and found that he had a remarkable knowledge of Christian truth, and enquired how it was that he came into possession of it.

"From you to be sure," answered the man. "Who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?"

Williams replied, "True, but I do not remember to have ever seen you before; how did you obtain your knowledge?"

"Why," said the man, "as the people return from the services, I take my seat by the wayside, and beg a bit of the Word of them as they pass by. One gives me one piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God, I understand a little about his Word."

In 1834 Mr. Williams went home to England, where he rendered great service to the missionary cause by speaking at meetings in various parts and stirring up unusual enthusiasm.

It is related that when he visited Leeds two servants were attracted to his meeting. One was a member of the Wesleyan Church, and the other a careless, indifferent girl. The Wesleyan said to the other, "Mr. Williams is coming to Leeds."

"Williams: who is he? I never heard of him before."

"Oh, he is a famous missionary. He is coming to preach and hold a meeting in Queen Street Chapel. Let us ask for leave to attend the meeting."

"Will there be a collection?"

"Oh, of course."

"Well, I will give a penny."

"And I intend to give sixpence," said the other girl.

The two girls attended the meeting,

and in the course of Mr. Williams' speech the careless one whispered to her companion, "Isn't he a wonderful man! Isn't he a wonderful man! I must give half a crown to the collection." Not only was she moved to this liberality, but she was so impressed by Mr. Williams' appeals that she was converted.

On the 19th of April, 1838, John Williams looked for the first time upon his native land, sailing from England in his missionary ship, *The Candlen*. He went at once to Samoa, and then visited Rarotonga where he was very kindly received. He brought with him five thousand Testaments in the Rarotongan language.

His last voyage was made to the Island of Erromanga, which was the home of ferocious cannibals. He was entertained by his wife and other friends not to land there, but he was determined to go. He was met upon the shore by the natives, but he did not know a word of their language and could not communicate with them. He made friendly overtures with them by means of signs, and supposed that all would be well. His confidence was, however, misplaced, for scarcely had he set foot on shore before he was assailed by several natives, who brutally clubbed him to death. His dead body was dragged by the savages along the beach, and afterwards eaten.

The Governor of New South Wales was induced to send a ship of war to Erromanga, to recover the remains of Mr. Williams, but only a few bones were found, which were interred in Samoa, and a monument erected above them with this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. John Williams, Father of the Samoan and other missions, aged 43 years and five months, who was killed by cruel natives of Erromanga, on November 20th, 1839, while endeavoring to plant the gospel of peace on their shores."

His work did not end with his life, nor was it even checked by his untimely end. Fresh laborers pressed into the field, and carried on the work until upon the very island on which he fell, the truths of Christianity were received with gladness.

About China.

A CHINAMAN connected with war purchases for the Chinese Government in Europe, and who has been interviewed by the London *Daily Express*, says that China has immense quantities of arms and ammunition, and will "stagger humanity" if driven to defend herself.

BISHOP CRANSTON, who has lived two years in China, says: "The present troubles in China ought to wind up with a better guarantee of protection to foreigners, with the re-enthronement of the deposed emperor, under guarantee of the powers to protect him in carrying forward his reform measures, and with a clear understanding among the nations that China is not to be partitioned. The Chinese are capable of becoming a great people, and ought to be treated justly and even generously, but they have much to learn, and should be compelled, if neces-

sary, to behave themselves while they are learning it."

DR. F. E. CLARK says: "No one should generalize about China. North China is not South China, Shanghai is not so much like Peking as St. Petersburg is like London, while Foo-chow might be in another hemisphere from either. The more you learn about China, the more you know how much you do not know, and the more modest you will be about expressing an opinion."

A CHINESE writer thus describes Americans in a Chinese paper: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities, with knives and prongs. They never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid for it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."

THE veteran missionary, Rev. William Ashmore, says: There will be a reconstructed China. All her material conditions will be changed for the better. She will rise in the scale of nationhood; her foreign relations, her financial system, her judicial administration, will be lifted immensely above the level where they now are. It would be an achievement of doubtful value to humanity to have only a new material China. There will be also a regenerated China. A purely materialistic China, well-equipped iron-clads and Mauser rifles, and no ascendancy of moral force, would be a curse to herself and a menace to mankind. God has something better in store for humanity."

LORD WOLESLEY in an interview says: "China possesses every requisite for overrunning the world. She has a population of 400,000,000, all speaking the same language or dialect, readily understood from one end of the empire to the other. She has enormously developed wealth and still more enormous natural wealth awaiting development. Her men, if properly drilled and led, are admirable soldiers. They are plucky and able to live on next to nothing. Moreover, they are absolutely fearless of death. Begin with the foundation of millions upon millions of such soldiers as these men are capable of being made and tell me, if you can, where the end will be."

In her "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond," Mrs. Bishop says: "If China is to be Christianized, or even largely leavened by Christianity, it must inevitably be by native agency under foreign instruction and guidance. The foreigner remains a foreigner in his imperfect and often grotesque use of the language, in his inability to comprehend Chinese modes of thinking and acting, and in a hundred other ways, while a well-instructed Chinese teacher knows his countrymen, and what will appeal to them, how to make 'points,' and how to clinch an argument by a popular

quotation from their own classics. He knows their weakness and strength, their devious ways and crooked motives, and their unspeakable darkness and superstition, and is not likely to be either too suspicious or too confiding. He presents Christianity in the warmest enthusiasm. It is in the earnest enthusiasm of the Chinese converts for the propagation of the faith that the great hope of China lies."

DR. ANNA D. GLOSS, a lady missionary at Peking, writes as follows to a friend, previous to the outbreak of hostilities:

"As to coming home because of the political troubles of this poor country, if we were of your mind we would have all run away long ago. It is true that affairs are in a frightful state. The old empire dowager seems possessed to do everything possible to bring on a rebellion, but the Chinese are long-suffering, suspicious of each other and very sadly lacking in great leaders. They may endure things indefinitely. One day the old lady puts forth an order forbidding officials to read progressive newspapers. The principal publication of that sort is Japanese, and refused to be closed out, so nothing could be done about it. Another day she imprisons five promising young men of the literary class for no one knows what. Still another day brings forth the command to disinter the bones of Kang-yu-Wei's ancestors for five generations and throw them to the dogs. The teacher tells me this morning that the teacher of Kuangshu, the deposed emperor, is to be killed, for no crime whatever, except perhaps for being too good a man. The official in charge of the telegraph in Shanghai is to be killed because he signed his name to a petition from the people of some southern islands and Chinese abroad asking the empress dowager to reinstate Kuangshu.

Value of the Famine.

It seems awkward to use the phrase "The missionary value of famine," yet it has just now been used on Exeter Hall platform. The speaker said that it was after the famine of twenty-three years ago in Southern India, that the widespread movement toward Christianity took place, and that a similar mass movement toward Christianity followed the famine in Northern India three years ago. While nobody would fail to resent the use of this fact as an argument, it is easy to explain why it was a sequence. The poor and illiterate who do not understand the grand doctrines of Christianity, can understand the mighty ministries of love which Christianity necessarily develops. What the gracious influence of education, and contact with western civilization may be in preparing the way for the coming of the Kingdom of God, among the leaders of thought, the kindness of the Christians exhibited in calamities, has been in preparing the hearts of the masses to hear what those Christians had to say about God. Then, too, from the famine waifs in the past have come some of the noblest and most successful Christian mission workers, men and women.—*Rev. J. T. Gracey, D. D.*

Hints for Workers.

Doing More than the Work of Ten Men.

One way of doing good is by doing it directly; another way is by arousing and aiding others to it. Often the first method secures more credit to the doer. But again the second method may secure greater and grander results of blessing, even while the one who set in motion the train of influences and action over which the world rejoices is lost sight of or forgotten. It was a favorite saying of Dwight L. Moody that "it is better to set ten men at work than to do the work of ten men." Yet it is sometimes doing more than the work of ten men to set ten men at work. This is illustrated in the service of Edward Kimball, of Boston and Chicago. He was the Sunday School teacher of Moody, and helped him into the membership of the Mount Vernon Church. That in itself was the beginning of a wonderful work. Afterwards he gave himself to the work of arousing and stimulating Christian churches to honor God and do their duty by raising money to pay off their church debts. It is said that by his personal efforts he induced more than five hundred churches to pay off more than fifteen millions of dollars of dishonoring debts. That certainly was doing more than the work of ten men more than ten times over. Moody has been called an "evangelist." Kimball has been called a "financier." Both of them deserve to be held in high honor and remembrance. Moody is pretty sure to be. This ought to be the case with Kimball.—*Sunday School Times.*

Summer Services.

A correspondent in the *Church Economist* makes the following suggestions for summer services in the city:

If I were a pastor of a city church and wanted to advertise something vigorous for summer I would first get a permit to preach in the street. I would then put myself under the Niagara power of the love of Christ as revealed by the Holy Spirit; I would be very careful whom I associated with me in the aggressive work, as Paul was when he refused the companionship of John Mark, for there must be no faith-hearted ones in such a campaign.

I would preach on the steps of the church or on the corner of a thoroughfare a few steps from the church. Then I would invite the crowd to come to the meeting in the church building.

I would advertise both these services in the papers. If the church was cool, I would make the most of that fact—

A cool place

And a warm welcome, for instance.

I would have cards in the store windows. I would have posters wherever I could get them.

Perhaps Christ's seashore discourses would be a good series; or Christ among the hills.

I would have a cornet to advertise the meeting on the street, and a company of people with me to say, "Come with us for a while."

I would put posters on the church door and not be afraid of their size.

Hand To Hand Work.

The warm, open days are favorable for direct personal work in behalf of an enriched religious experience. You can meet your neighbor on his lawn, or porch, or in the field at almost any hour and enjoy a social conversation on the experimental life in Christ. Suppose you begin by telling him your own experience, not the far away experience in conversion years ago, but the experience of yesterday and to-day. Tell him how you gained a new assurance, a new baptism, a new blessing. Tell the truth, only the truth. Such a course toward fellow church members would have a double effect; it would strengthen your own faith and courage, and it would arouse fresh interest in others. Perhaps you can greatly benefit, or save outright, some good man or woman or child in this way. Try it. Devote your first spare hour to this effort. We all ought to be soul-winners.

"Help us to build each other up.
Our little stock improve."

—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Ours the Hands.

The gift was the Lord's; but the hands that bore the gift to the multitude were the hands of common men. Thus God and men worked together. The Saviour took the few loaves and fishes in his own hands, and looking up to heaven they were multiplied until they might feed all. And he "gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude." It was in the hands of common men that the multiplied blessing of the Saviour was given forth to the world. How transfused were those hands then! Is it not so still? To-day has Christ any hands but hands of men? How many are the thoughts that arise out of this for thee, my soul! And will it not waken the soul of every man who will look on the needy multitude and on the waiting Christ!—*Central Christian Advocate.*

There is intense joy in work when it is done and well done. The humblest mechanic feels this pleasure when he sees the article he has been making passing out of his hands perfect. The poet surely feels it when he writes "Finis" at the end of the work into which he has poured the full force of his genius. What must it have been to William Witherforce to hear on his death-bed that the cause to which he had devoted the toil of a lifetime had triumphed, and to know that, when he died there would not be a single slave breathing in any of the dependencies of Britain!—*Dr. James Stalker.*

Prominent League Workers.

MR. N. W. ROWELL.



Perhaps no one has been more intimately associated with the Epworth League movement in Canada, from the very commencement, than Mr. N. W. Rowell. He was born in the county of Middlesex in 1867, belonging to a Methodist family of many years standing in the Church, his father being a useful and faithful local preacher. He joined the Askin St. Church, London,

under the ministry of Rev. R. J. Treleven, and was called to the bar, with honors, in 1891, receiving the Law Society's Silver Medal.

Mr. Rowell has met with gratifying success in his chosen profession, and has also taken quite an active part in public affairs, being much sought for as a platform speaker on account of his stirring and convincing eloquence.

For some years he was a class leader, and is now a local preacher in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. He has been a member of each General Conference since 1892, and a member of the Court of Appeal since 1898.

He assisted in organizing one of the first Leagues in the West in the London South Church, and was its first president. He was president of the Toronto Conference Epworth League in 1897, a member of the General Epworth League and Sunday School Board since 1894, and took a very active part in the formation of the League Constitution, the establishment of the Reading Course, the appointment of a General Secretary, and the setting apart of a department in the *Christian Guardian* for Young People's work, which led to the publication of the *Epworth Era*. He is also a member of the General Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance, and of the executive of the Lord's Day Alliance. Opportunities for occupying prominent positions in public life have frequently presented themselves to Mr. Rowell, but he has resolutely declined them all, preferring to give his energies to the Church and to moral and philanthropic movements.

Methodism has reason to feel proud of such young laymen.

Practical Plans.

The Social Department of the League.

BY MISS BELVA SHEPHERD.

It is a well-known fact that a church or league lacking the spirit of sociability can never be a growing or prosperous organization. "The social League is the winning League, the keeping League, the successful and prosperous League." Hence the greatest care should be taken in choosing the Social Committee, to have those who are alive to their responsibility in awakening in the hearts of all the spirit of brotherly kindness, this bond of love which causes every one to look upon his neighbor as a brother and creates a desire to hold out a helping hand "for Christ and the Church." In many churches we find the people so stiff and formal, almost entirely lacking the sympathy that should mark the true followers of our Master. After service some will exchange greetings with only a few particular friends, while those they consider lower down in the social rank, or strangers are passed unnoticed. Nothing will knit the soul of the lonely stranger, in a strange place to the church or League like a warm and hearty personal welcome. Be always ready then with a hearty handshake to all and especially to the casual visitor to the League and strangers. We may thaw or freeze to a certain extent all those who come in contact with us. Remember this friendliness or sociability must be from the heart.

"Thy soul must overflow, if thou another soul would reach,
It needs the overflow of heart, to give the lips full speech."

Social work brings into action not only our spiritual and mental powers, but our physical as well, eyes, ears, feet, hands. Then see that you keep your eyes open. Be on the watch. The Social Department should be a Lookout Committee in the truest sense of the term. God has given us eyes to use in his service, and if we fail to use them aright the result may be very serious, because a stranger coming into our church always looks for attention from some one, and who should be expected to do this work more than the Social Committee. Do not confine this work to the League alone, but extend it to the Sunday School, thus getting different ones so interested they will become anxious to join the League and help on the great work. But seeing alone is not enough. We must try to get in contact with them. It may require a great deal of care and tact in the way we approach strangers, but nothing can be accomplished unless we exert ourselves. A social evening occasionally assisted by the Literary Department is very good. Try and have such evenings without a fee, if the necessary funds can possibly be secured in any other way. A free-will offering might be taken at the door, but often best results

are obtained by having some such evenings for pure sociability.

A well-ordered social evening requires as much planning as any other meeting, and it is well to have sub-committees appointed especially for that evening. A few to welcome people as they come, others to introduce them to strangers, others to look after the refreshments, and so on with whatever matters may need special attention. Appoint special committees for those purposes. The object of the social should be to get better acquainted with all, let all feel you have an interest in them. Do not be satisfied with doing this work in connection with meetings alone, but carry it to the street, the shop, and best of all, the home. Invite the new-comers to have tea and spend the evening with you. Your home may be made the best place for social work for Christ. Try not to let the visit pass without a word for the Church and the League. It is not so much what we say or do, as the spirit in which we do it. It might be a good idea for the Social Committee to meet and honestly find out if they are too merely social themselves. If they have not the true spirit they lack the great power for their work. In all the social gatherings, although not strictly devotional, the influences should be morally and spiritually uplifting. We should be, consistent with the Methodist Discipline as regards recreations and social evenings, and make an effort to elevate the standard of social evenings in our homes, as well as in our Leagues.

The social evening might be called a "League At Home." The first half hour could be spent in general conversation, introductions, making new friendships and renewing former ones. This might be greatly helped by a committee of ten or twelve, who have the tact of bringing people together without making it appear formal. If such a social could be held in a room where the furniture can be so arranged as to make it quite home-like and attractive so much the better; if this is impossible add a few things such as flags or drapings, parlor-lamps with pretty shades, stands with flowers, a few rugs and easy chairs, mottoes, Japanese decorations, etc. There are likely those in the League who can lend such things and will only be too glad to help by doing so. Another part of this evening might be spent in discussing light refreshments. People nearly always seem to be able to talk better in company with a cup of tea than at any other time. After this some interesting topic might be introduced, and with the pastor and others capable of guiding the conversation, a very interesting, enjoyable and profitable half-hour could be spent.

Muncy, Ont.

Missionary Scrap-Books.

"Missionary scrap-books can be made very attractive. Assign to each of several members of the society a certain country or field about which he is expected to gather bits of information, items concerning the work, illustrations, pictures of the workers, everything which will help to an understanding of missions in that field. These clippings

will form material for scrap-books which will be of great value. Have a "bee" some evening and make these books. Be sure to invite some of the members whom it has been found difficult, for various reasons, to interest in active work in the society. An informal social evening like this will often awaken interest where other methods have failed. A California society put upon each member of its Missionary Committee the responsibility of making such a scrap-book. A certain country was assigned to each, and he was expected to prepare the book complete. The name of the maker was written on the first page of the book, followed by a short message to the society. A collection of such books from members of successive committees would make a very valuable and interesting exhibit for coming years."

Five Minutes with the Bible.

Many young people are not as familiar with the books of the Bible as they might be. A correspondent of the *Christian Endeavor World* suggests the following plan by which acquaintance with the sacred volume may be extended: "For more than a year, at every meeting of our society except the consecration meeting, we had a five-minute drill on the books of the Bible, the grouping of the books, a key-word for each, and a few words descriptive of the contents. We also learned where important events, chapters and verses are found. This course has been followed by a series of Bible-readings.

Methods of Work for the Temperance Committee.

A Bible Search.—Divide the books of the Bible among the members, asking each to bring to the meeting some account of what his book has to say about temperance.

A Newspaper Meeting.—Ask each member to come to the meeting with some temperance item gleaned from the newspapers, some bit of news that will serve as a warning against strong drink, or as an encouragement to temperance workers.

A Biographical Meeting.—Choose some hero or heroine of the temperance reform, and devote an evening to the life, getting the Endeavorers to give anecdotes, quotations, and the like. Or you may group these characters, treating, for instance, such a theme as "Women that have promoted temperance."

An Organization Meeting.—Give a bird's eye view of all the prominent temperance organizations, assigning each to some Endeavorer, with full instructions.

A Statistics Meeting.—Give some temperance fact or figure to each Endeavorer, and ask him to present it to the society in the best way he can, illustrating it by a diagram if he will, or in any other way. In any event, he will read it at the meeting.

A Quotation Meeting.—Give each member a temperance quotation, or ask him to get one for himself, and then read it at the meeting, adding some comment if he will.—*Amos R. Wells.*

The Canadian . . .

Epworth Era

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OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

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Editorial.

A Home for Young Men.

An effort is being made in Toronto to do something for young men by providing them with a place of recreation, where they may spend their evenings free from the corrupting influences of strong drink, gambling, and bad company. The prospect is that the institution will soon be established under the name of "The Century Club." That there is need for something of this kind in a large city like Toronto, goes without saying. There are thousands of young men living in boarding houses, without any of the comforts of home; and after the day's work is over they feel the need of a little variety, and are impelled to "go somewhere." The churches are all closed, and the saloons and theatres are all open, many of them with the most attractive electric signs. The natural result is that a large number of young men drift through these open doors, and are soon beyond the influence of the Church. Something must be done to counteract the damning magnetism of these places. It may be urged that those who have comfortable homes should open them for the entertainment of young men. This is perfectly true, but we all know that it is not done to any great extent, and even if it were, there are many who would look upon it as a patronizing sort of thing, and would not appreciate it. The solution of the problem seems to be in the direction in which these energetic young Methodists are now working. Nearly all the promoters of the scheme are young men, which is an advantage in one sense, and a disadvantage in another, as they have not much money to invest in the enterprise. The men of wealth have not as yet been sufficiently impressed with the need of an institution of this kind to subscribe largely, but large contributions are not absolutely necessary. If a great many persons of moderate means will subscribe small amounts success will be realized.

The Most Popular Sin.

In the sense of being the most prevalent, and touching all ranks of society, profanity is certainly the popular sin of the day. On the street, on railway trains and steamboats, in public places everywhere, we hear man swear. Young and old, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, prostitute the name of the Deity to vile uses.

Many a pure-minded Christian man is forced to work at a bench or forge all day in the midst of companions who are in every sentence profane the name that he holds dear above all others. Just what to do under such circumstances is a difficult matter to decide, and must be settled by the individual judgment. Sometimes it is a duty to administer reproof in as kind a way as possible, and there are cases where the profane swearer should be told plainly that he is breaking the law by swearing in a public place, and is liable to fine and imprisonment.

The worst feature about this matter is that the vice of profanity is not confined to the criminal classes, to drunkards, thieves and desperadoes, but it has fastened itself upon the youth of our land. From personal observation and conversation with the boys, we have come to the conclusion that fully one-half of the lads attending our public schools between the ages of five and fifteen, have already contracted the habit of swearing. There are many parents who think their boys are perfect who would be overwhelmed with shame and astonishment if they could hear the vile language used by those very boys on the play-ground. It is time that a note of alarm be sounded. All our boys should be shown the enormity of this sin and pledged against it.

The Young Man Question Again.

The Baptist Convention held recently in Winnipeg, discussed the time-worn question, "Why young men do not come to church?" and the remarks of the speakers have been given wide-spread publicity through the daily papers. Nothing very new was said except a speech by Rev. Mr. Eaton, of Toronto, which he will probably regret having made when he sees it in cold type. If he is correctly reported, he charged leading members of the church with dishonesty, and the preachers with insincerity and moral cowardice. We do not believe this to be true to any such extent as to justify such a statement. It is simply a slander upon a great body of consistent Christians and faithful preachers, and does not throw any light upon the question at issue. We are inclined to agree with Dr. Hoss, who deals with the matter in the Nashville *Christian Advocate*. In answering the query, "Why do men absent themselves from preaching?" he says: "Natural indifference to religion is the chief cause of such conduct. People who are saturated with worldliness can have no relish for the worship of God, and they instinctively avoid the place where it is con-

ducted. Nothing is more irksome to them than the thought of giving their attention to unseen realities. Living a life of flesh and blood, they are averse to all suggestions of spiritual verities. We are fully persuaded that this view is, in the main, a correct one." There can be no doubt that it is perfectly correct, but it makes it all the more needful for us to put forth efforts to win young men. There must be more emphasis placed upon the personal influence of thoroughly consecrated and earnest men.

Teacher's Salaries.

The position occupied by the common school teacher is a most important one in its influence upon the rising generation. The Sunday School teacher has opportunity of moulding character for about half an hour a week, but the day-school teacher has the scholars under his care for thirty hours a week. What care should be exercised in securing men and women of moral and religious standing, as well as of educational attainments to teach in our schools! To understand how thoroughly this is realized by the public, it is only necessary to read the advertisements which appear in the daily papers about this season. One school asks for a thoroughly-qualified teacher with second class certificate, "salary not to exceed \$250 per year;" while another offers the munificent sum of \$130 for the half year to a similarly qualified person. A principal is advertised for to take charge of a training-school who "must have a first-class professional certificate, and be able to teach Latin, French, and Science." There will probably be a great scramble for this place, for the trustees have decided to give the right man a "salary of \$500 per annum." In many cases the candidates are asked to "state salary," which usually means that the cheapest applicant will be engaged. The salaries paid to our teachers are a disgrace to the country.

The Means Supplied.

Dr. Avison, of Toronto, medical missionary to Korea, who has been in Canada on furlough during the past year has left for his mission field. He has gone back in good spirits, for through the generosity of a wealthy gentleman in Cleveland he expects very soon to open up a new hospital. The doctor had plans for the hospital prepared, and all arrangements for its erection made, except that he had no idea where the \$10,000 necessary to build it were to come from. At the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, Dr. Avison read a paper in which he outlined his work and stated his need. At that meeting there was present a man who afterwards stated that he had made up his mind to give the sum of \$10,000 to some form of missionary enterprise, but up to that time was at a loss to decide just where to invest it. Dr. Avison's address satisfied him that he could not do better than put it into the hospital at Korea. The doctor looks upon this as a direct answer to prayer.

We are sorry to learn that *The Endeavor Herald* has suspended publication after an honorable history of ten years. It is said that the paper has never paid expenses in any year of its existence. It was a bright, newsy journal, and deserved a better fate.



"I INTEND to subscribe my time and work," said a man concerning a proposed scheme which involved considerable expenditure, and very much looking after. There are many people who have not much money to give, but they can subscribe their time and effort, which are often worth much more than dollars and cents.



REV. H. YATMAN, the evangelist, has been conducting services for young people at Ocean Grove. He announces that everybody with a young heart is included even if his years entitle him to the distinction of being a centenarian. This is a very good rule for all our League meetings.



It is a good thing to go to prayer meeting, but the father who goes off to church on Wednesday night without knowing where his boy is spending the evening, is making a big mistake.



THERE is one feature of the Boys' Brigade that is exceedingly beneficial to the lads that enjoy it. We refer to the annual camping holiday. This year the tents were pitched near Cobourg, and the boys lived together for a week under the direction of adult officers. The cost was trifling.



THE foaming mug of beer that the saloon-keeper points on his sign may seem harmless enough, but it is really a terrible temptation to the man who has just signed the pledge. No such advertisement should be permitted.



THE Christian Endeavorers had chartered the steamer *Saale* for their excursion to the London Convention, and were consequently somewhat disappointed when that vessel was destroyed. Arrangements were, however, hurriedly made for other accommodation, and most of the passengers "got there just the same." It is a way that Endeavorers have.



REV. WILLIAM PATTERSON, formerly of Cooke's Church, Toronto, commenced his pastorate in Bethany Church, Philadelphia, on a warm summer evening, by preaching a sermon just fifteen minutes long. Sensible Mr. Patterson! The man who preaches for an hour when the thermometer is up in the neighborhood of 90, ought to be given a good long holiday.



It is evident that no advance movement in temperance reform is to be expected at present from the Dominion Parliament. Temperance workers must not, however, give up the fight, nor even relax their energies. There is greater need than ever for united effort. If pub-

lic opinion is not strong enough to enforce prohibition, as the legislators tell us, then in the name of all that is good let us make it strong enough.



REV. W. J. WOOD, pastor of Bell St. Church, Ottawa, was anxious to introduce the Epworth League Reading Course into his League, and proposes to bring the Course before the young people by giving an address upon each one of the books at an early date. It is an excellent plan, which might well be imitated by other pastors.



In another column the conversion of John Williams the martyr missionary is narrated. That unknown woman who was the means of bringing him to Christ had no idea of the great work she was accomplishing when she spoke to the young apprentice, but John Williams converted meant the evangelization of the cannibal islands of the sea, and the salvation of multitudes of benighted heathen. One of the most remarkable things about winning a soul to Christ is the fact that influence for good may thereby be started which may move on forever.



It is our intention, in future, to make this paper the medium of communication between the General Office and the members out in "the field." In the past, thousands of circulars concerning the Forward Evangelistic Movement, the Reading Course, etc., have been sent out, involving much clerical work and considerable expense in postage. We believe that a much better plan will be, to put all information concerning Epworth League enterprises into these pages.



IN view of the fact that American soldiers at Manila, in the Philippine Islands, are exposed to great temptation on account of all the places of public resort being connected with drinking saloons, it has been determined to establish a Christian headquarters for the soldier boys, to be supplied with good reading matter, coffee, etc., and to be supported by the Epworth Leagues of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When it is known that the enthusiastic Dr. Berry is at the back of the scheme everybody will expect it to be a huge success. This is, certainly, very appropriate work for the League to undertake.



A YOUNG man wrote to the editor, the other day, asking him to prepare a paper on the Epworth League topic which would occupy about fifteen minutes to read or recite. This young man had been appointed to take charge of the League devotional service, and was "too busy" to prepare anything himself. When the editor looked at the pile of unanswered letters which lay upon his table, and thought of the printer's call for "copy," he concluded that he too was "busy," or ought to be. Even if he had had absolutely nothing to do, the request would have fallen upon deaf ears, for it would have been a grievous wrong to help a league member out of a difficulty in any such way.

THE Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance proposes to organize the province to take steps to secure the defeat at the next general elections of all the members of the Dominion Parliament who voted against Prohibition. This is a proposal which should be loyally supported by all the friends of temperance. It is not intended as punishment so much as it is a preventive measure. The men who defeated Prohibition should never have a chance to do it again. Work against them, and vote against them.



It may seem like lack of sympathy with the spirit of youth to utter a word against fire-crackers and other explosives which are used so freely by the boys on public holidays, but the time has come when some restraint should be put upon a dangerous practice. Statistics gathered by the *Chicago Tribune* from a large number of cities, show that in celebrating the fourth of July, fifty-nine persons lost their lives, and 2,767 were injured. This is certainly an expensive way of jubilation. Christian people who are supposed to know the value of money should hesitate before giving their children the means to indulge in this dangerous sport.



REV. J. G. SHEARER, Field Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, thinks that many Christian young people lose more religiously in vacation time than they gain all the rest of the year, because of the way they spend their Sabbaths. Certainly the temptations at this season are very strong, and it requires considerable strength of mind to resist them. Mr. Shearer is probably not far astray in his estimate of the deteriorating effect of Sundays spent in bicycling or other pleasure seeking. Let Epworth Leaguers everywhere determine that they will keep the Lord's day as carefully during the holidays as at any other season of the year.



WE had the pleasure of taking part in the closing exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College, at Whitby, by addressing the Young Women's Christian Association, an organization which closely resembles our Epworth Leagues and Christian Endeavor Societies. There are in the college at Whitby about seventy members, under the able superintendency of Miss Burkholder. During the past year they raised \$130 for missions, which was exceeded by only one other College Association. In addition to this live society, there is an old-fashioned Methodist class conducted in the college by Mrs. Hare, the principal's wife. There have been during the past session eighty members, and the leader thinks she has the finest class in Canadian Methodism. It is a blessing that we have institutions of learning for our daughters where such healthy religious influences prevail.



FULL announcement concerning the new Epworth League Reading Course will be made in our next number, and the books will be on sale by September 1st. We trust that all the circles will plan to get at their work as early as possible this year. There are many advantages in starting promptly.

Woman's Work.

ELEVEN young women graduated from the Toronto Deaconess Training School recently.

A DEACONESS working among the Italians in New York gathered into the Sunday Schools last year one hundred new pupils.

NINE-TENTHS of the girls in the medical schools established by Lady Dufferin in India, are girls who have been trained in mission schools.

REV. JOHN BRUSHEN-HAM puts it this way: "The deaconess movement, that latest sublime philanthropy, with over a thousand workers, and over a million of property, was born in Chicago."

MRS. ESTHER KIM PAK, the Korean woman who has been studying medicine in Baltimore, will be returned to her land by the Philadelphia branch as their missionary, as she was previously supported by them.

A DEACONESS worker in one of the great frontier states writes of her work. "The only limit to our field and work is our physical endurance. We go on horseback nearly everywhere. To-morrow we start on an 80-mile trip, and next week on a 160-mile trip. We visit valleys and camps where no Christian worker has ever been, and where there are many grown young people who do not know what you mean when you speak of a Church, a Christian, or the Scriptures."

THE World's Convention of the W. C. T. U. was held in Edinburgh during the past month. As usual at such gatherings the Anglo-Saxon was in the majority. The United States sent the largest contingent, the delegates numbering fully 130. The British delegates, members of the British Woman's Temperance Association (as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is called in Great Britain), were the next strongest in numbers, with 60 representatives. Canada sent 11, and Norway 3; the other lands having one or two each, the total being about 250. Mrs. Rutherford, of Toronto, spoke for Canada in replying to the addresses of welcome.

Methodist Chat.

IN forty towns in the south, west and midlands of Ireland, Wesleyan open-air preachers obtain an attentive hearing.

THE returns of local preachers of the English Wesleyan Church show a total of 17,937, an increase for the year of 219. On trial there are 1,799.

REV. DR. MILLS, Secretary of the Twentieth Century Fund, in a question of opinion, reports that more than one third of the twenty million dollars has been raised, one half of which has gone to seminaries and colleges.

HON. BIRD S. COLER, Comptroller of New York City, who has brought himself into such prominence by his efforts for honest and economical municipal government, is a member of the New York Avenue M. E. Church of Brooklyn.

THE South African Wesleyan Conference reports 99,417 members, and increase of 4,296. These include English and native Christians. The Conference asks the English Conference to "send either Thomas Cook or Thomas Wagh" on an evangelistic tour through the colony next year.

THE joint committee of the Primitive Methodist Church on the question of union with the Bible Christians will be disbanded on account of the emphatic decision of the Circuits. Of the 12,974 Primitive Methodist officials present at the quarterly meetings, 2,402 voted for union, 8,983 against, and 988 were neutral.

REV. JOHN ELLIOTT notes in the *Presbyterian Journal* that there are over eight hundred Presbyterian ministers without charges, "most of them pinched hard by the bite of poverty." Such a noteworthy fact brings our itinerant system into conspicuous comparison. A plan which provides every church with a minister, and every minister a church, will endure criticism on some of its minor features.

Zion's Herald tells of a certain Bishop who, "just before the close of the Conference, dismissed the five presiding elders with thanks for their counsel, and informed them that he would not need them any further. They thereupon retired like obedient little children, and in the quietness and privacy of the council chamber the Bishop *sedes* made out the list of appointments." There are those who think our Stationing Committee is somewhat a little autocratic. How would they like the Methodist Episcopal system, where the appointing power is entirely in the hands of one man?

Literary Lines.

THE *Canadian Magazine* for July has, among other good things, a finely-illustrated article on the Ottawa-Hull fire, that will interest every reader.

"A GOOD book is as necessary for the nourishment of the mind as good food is to nourish the body." So said the late Sir William Dawson, a man who, to the very end of his long life, was both a reader and a maker of books.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON'S "Wild Animal Play" gives special interest and spirit into the *July Ladies' Home Journal*. Into its roles children are ingeniously fitted to impersonate the wild animals Mr. Seton-Thompson has known and told about with so much charm.

THE Prince of Wales has lately amused himself by collecting pens of famous writers of the Victorian era. He has one that belonged to Tennyson, one of Browning's, of Swinburne, of Hardy's, and fifty or sixty more, including a curious inkstand once the property of Robert Louis Stevenson.

MRS. ELIZABETH STODDARD writes entertainingly about the literary figures of a half century ago, in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Of Bayard Taylor's lecture tour she says: "On his way to Canada he attempted an ode to the River St. Lawrence, but catching a terrible cold he could get no further than
"Oh, St. Lawrence,
Thou'rt my abhorrence."

Two old ladies in Washington were given a copy of the popular novel, "To Have and to Hold." The gift was made on the Sabbath, and they would not read the novel on the Lord's day, but they were exceedingly eager to begin the story, so they went to bed early in the evening, got up at midnight, and began the story, stopping only a few minutes for breakfast, and finished the book before lunch-time on Monday!

MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN is the latest addition to the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She will apply her energies to a department that will be called "Sunshine," which is to be published in the interest of an organization already having a membership of eleven thousand. "The International Sunshine Society," as it is called, aims to put sunshine and good cheer into the lives of all. It has neither creed nor rules, its membership fee is a single act of kindness, and dues are paid in the same currency. Mrs. Alden is founder and President-General of the society, and it is her purpose to extend its well-doing to every section of the country—in fact, throughout the whole world, for its vast field is international.

AN industrious clerk of a press-clipping bureau recently addressed a letter to John Bunyan soliciting his patronage for the bureau for the purpose of clipping notices of his "new book," referring to Pilgrim's Progress. The letter was sent in care of R. H. Russell, New York, who is the publisher of an illustrated edition of the moral allegory. A writer in the *Critic*, which tells the story, remarks: "I doubt very much if John Bunyan alive at this day if he would patronize a press-clipping bureau. He wrote because he had something to say, and not because he wanted to know what people thought about it after he had said it."

Temperance.

In a Missouri town saloons are prohibited, "Blind tigers" crept in and stealthily were doing their sad work. Some women of the town armed for war invaded two of those dens of death last week, and drove out the inmates and poured forth the liquors.

THE saloonkeepers of South Bethlehem, Pa., are very much excited over the fact that the whole town have signed a petition for the total abstinence. This is the result of a series of temperance meetings held by Col. W. H. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission, New York, and Col. Jones, his associate.

PROF. DE MOTTE, of Bryn Mawr, visiting a tobacco house in Brazil, noticed a black fluid trickling slowly into the vat of tobacco about to be made into cigarettes. Upon asking what it was, he was told "Rum, molasses and opium, to give spice to the cigarette." These are specific facts which admit of no controversy. Deductions thereupon can be easily made by every reader.

DR. LEGENDRE has asked the Hospitals Association, Belgium, to place upon the walls of their hospitals a placard to the following effect: "Strong drink is most dangerous when taken in the morning, and fasting, between meals. Its daily uses, though they never give a drunk, are, by alcohol by alcohol, by which the vital organs are more or less quickly destroyed. Alcohol is not a food, and it impairs the taste for food."

THE *Youths' Companion* says: "At one of the military posts of the United States there were recently two canteens where intoxicating drinks were to be had, and one branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. More room was needed for the troops, and it was found necessary to remove one of the three establishments. It was the Young Men's Christian Association that 'had to go.' A fine bit of irony, in view of the law of the survival of the fittest!"

LADY HENRY SOMERSET was reported to have declared, in a speech, which she recently delivered at Wolverhampton, that "the trade had no politics, no philanthropy, and no outlook save the making of money. Lady Henry was challenged to say whether she accepts the report as correct, and in reply has written a letter in which she says: "To my mind not all the gold in the Rand, or the diamonds in the De Beers mines, could compensate the nation for the loss it yearly sustains by the immeasurable evil of the drink traffic."

ILLUSTRATING the progress of temperance work, the Rev. Charles Garrett, of Liverpool, says: "When I was ordained at Bradford, they had the greatest difficulty in finding a home for me because I was an abstainer. At last a second-hand bookseller said he would sell me a house, and a shoe-maker promised to dine me. Twenty-five years ago there was hardly a church in Methodism that would have given out a Band of Hope meeting, and it was the usual thing when the minister came out of the pulpit to offer him wine in the vestry."

Prominent People.

REV. SAM JONES says he isn't raschal enough to be a Republican or Democrat, nor fool enough to be a Populist, and personally hasn't any politics.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a member of the Reformed Church, and attended service in a Reformed Church in Chicago recently, partaking of the communion.

WHEN asked where he stood theologically, Joseph Parker, of London, answered, "I am still standing with the Bible in my hand. The higher criticism has not cost me an hour's sleep."

LORD ROBERTS is stated to be the only man living entitled to wear two Victoria Crosses. One he won nobly, and wears on his left breast; the other—won by his son—he is commanded to wear on the opposite side.

WHOEVER is responsible for the memorial tablet set up in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York, to the memory of the late Dr. John Hall, ought to be known as one of the cleverest of unconscious humorists. The tablet mentions the date of the doctor's birth, the years of his pastorate, his death, and consolingly adds: "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."

JOHN G. WOOLLEY, the Prohibition candidate for President, is a native of the Buckeye State, and is fifty years old. He was admitted to the Bar in 1873, and has held the office of City Attorney of Paris, Ill., and State Attorney of Minneapolis. He joined the Church of the Strangers on January 31st, 1888, in New York, and since then has been active in Prohibition and temperance work. Since 1888 he has made on an average one speech a day.

THE *Western* in an editorial says: "What a man is Bishop Thoburn! So seemingly slight in build and constitution, there must yet be within a wiry toughness and sinewiness that can endure almost any quantity of exertion. We fear that he has drawn upon his supply of nervous force and his seemingly inexhaustible working capacity too prodigally, but with a little rest, he will, doubtless, in a brief time, be thoroughly recuperated and as active as ever."

ADMIRAL PHILIP, of the United States Navy, died during the past month. His part in the battle of Santiago, in which Cerro's squadron was utterly destroyed is well known, and it will ever be to his honor that when Cerro's ships and men were being destroyed, he said to his men, "Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying." His memory will be kept fragrant, also, because after the battle on July 3rd, 1898, he ordered all hands on deck, and, lifting his hat, said reverently: "I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God and the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to do your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty." He was buried at Annapolis on the second anniversary of the famous battle of Santiago.

Christian Endeavor Notes.

THERE are now 3,228 active members and 781 associate, in the Christian Endeavor Societies of Germany.

THERE is so great promise of Christian Endeavor growth in the Philippine Islands that a Superintendent of Christian Endeavor work has been appointed, and has accepted the position.

THE Marine C. E. Society of the Western Seaman Friend Society, of Cleveland, has been doing a practical work this winter. A series of receptions of high-class entertain-

ments has been given, the special guests for each evening being either the fishermen, the stevedores, the marine engineers or firemen, the sailors or ship masters. It is needless to say these have been much appreciated by the men, and have proved an excellent adjunct to the regular work of the Society.

IN one of the churches at Galt, Ont., there are several aged and invalid women whose inability to walk has heretofore prevented them from attending service; but now that the Christian Endeavor Society has appointed a committee to supply them with conveyances, they will not be deprived of this privilege. The committee solicits carriages from other members of the congregation as far as they will go, and hires the balance at the expense of the society.

Gems of Thought.

SIN has no depth to which there is not a depth of mercy in God to correspond.—*Godard Hall.*

THAT is the best sermon which makes living easier Monday morning.—*Lynnan Abbott, D.D.*

EVANGELIZATION without education means evaporation; but evangelization with education mean emancipation.—*Dr. C. H. Spalding.*

THERE are two spirits of prayer—one that prays to get what it wants, the other to know what God wants it to get.—*Sunday School Times.*

BEFORE you administer that dose of reproval to your neighbor, taste it and see if there is not a trace of malice in it.—*Edward Leigh Pell.*

IF some of us were as diligent in the use of eyes and ears as we are in the use of our tongues, our wisdom and our attractiveness would increase.—*Forward.*

LET not the word "yoke" frighten you; you must bear the weight, but God helps us to wear it; it is a burden that you must carry, and God shares it with us.—*Fenton.*

WE think of heaven as something that must visit us from afar. . . . But the new heaven and the new earth will only be the unveiling to us of what already is. It is only our blindness that needs to be removed, only our spiritual faculties that need to be awakened.—*Lucy Larcom.*

Interesting Facts.

OF the Indians of Canada, only thirty per cent. are pagans. All the rest profess some sort of religious belief.

THE Chicago bureau of charities will maintain five camps this summer, to which children and women will be sent.

EIGHTY thousand elephants are required annually to supply the world with ivory, and most of them come from South Africa.

THE London papers announce that final steps have been taken in forming a hat trust to control the trade of England. The combination has been capitalized at \$2,000,000.

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 \$5.00.

IN five hundred years, says the *Indian Witness*, no really useful invention or valuable discovery has originated in any land outside the pale of Christendom. Neither Asia nor Africa for twenty generations has contributed a single idea from which the world is reaping comfort, enrichment, or uplifting impulse.

"THE telephone, as an after-dinner speaker, says the *St. Louis Star*, "is rapidly forging to the front. Senator Dewey recently delivered a speech in Washington by telephone to sixty banqueters in New York. He said it was the first time he had ever made a speech 200 miles long."

A FREAK among automobiles is a single motor wheel. It cannot stand alone, but is attached to the front axle of an ordinary vehicle in place of the horse. The driving power is obtained by a gasoline motor attached to one of the axles, while two tanks containing a supply of oil is borne by the other fork.

THE only newspaper printed on the grounds of the Paris Exposition is an edition of a New York daily. The type is set by American machinery, the press is driven by an American electric motor, and is itself a perfecting press from an American factory. Fortunately the paper itself is one that prints only "the news that's fit to print."

IN its solicitude for the ships that seek its harbors, the United States Government maintains more than 1,100 lighthouses and lighted beacons; eighty-eight light vessels and lantern-buoys; and nearly 1,800 post lights, most of which mark the shores of navigable rivers. Three hundred and fifty-four siren signals besides other hundreds operated in connection with the regular lighthouse service, blow a deep bass warning at the rising of a fog. Whistling-buoys, bell-buoys, and shoal-buoys to the number of nearly 5,000 are distributed along the channels of a hundred harbors.

A CHICAGO man decided to name his infant daughter Eulalia, in honor of the Spanish infanta. To inform the princess of the honor he wrote to her on a sheet of his office paper. In course of time he received a reply, in which the infanta graciously thanked him. The direction of the envelope excited the admiration of all who beheld it. The address ran:

El Senor Don William Bilkinson.
Metal Lath and Fireproofing.
(Estimates furnished.)
Single and double doors, sash and casings.
Tel. Canal 9230. Factory, Blue Island Avenue.
Office, —Halsted Street,
Chicago.
North America,
United States.

THE secretary had evidently been instructed to leave out none of Don Bilkinson's titles of honor.—*New York Tribune.*

Chautauqua.

FOR those who desire a delightful outing, during August, within easy distance of Ontario we do not know of a more pleasant trip than a run to Chautauqua. If pure air and picturesque scenery are the desideratum they can be enjoyed at Chautauqua, for the location is ideal, and interesting features abound. For preachers, students, teachers, literary workers, and all classes of people who wish to combine pleasure and recreation with intellectual and spiritual profit, this resort is simply ideal. Last year Chautauqua was visited by 41,000 people, the largest attendance in the history of the organization, and yet so ample is the accommodation that there was no crowding. In the July number of *The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine* is a charming article on Chautauqua, which describes its attractions in such a way as to make one feel like packing his valise and taking the next train. It ought to be generally known that Chautauqua is within a few hours run of Toronto.

THE programme for August is a very rich one, as the best preachers, lecturers and singers have been engaged. We are pleased to note that Canadian talent is being utilized to some extent. During July Dr. Workman delivered a series of addresses, and in August Inspector James L. Hughes is announced for several lectures on educational topics.

From the Field.

Methodism in Petrolea.

For a long time our cause in Petrolea has needed a suitable church building. The old structure was badly located, and not at all up to date. During the pastorate of Rev. Wm. Smylie it was resolved to "arise and build," and a very fine site was secured on the main street of the town. The present pastor, the Rev. Joseph Philp, B.D., took up the work energetically, and has been indefatigable in pushing the enterprise to a successful completion.

The Church, which was recently dedicated, is a substantial and imposing edifice, beautiful, both within and without. It has seating accommodation for about one thousand persons, making it by far the largest auditorium in town. There are very few towns in the Province which boast of so fine a church. The total cost was in the neighborhood of \$25,000, of which \$12,000 has already been paid. There are subscriptions amounting to about \$9,000 yet to be collected, so that the trustees will be in very comfortable financial circumstances. The membership numbers about five hundred, and the congregation is a large one. The pastor, Rev. Joseph Philp, B.D., is a great worker, and is exceedingly popular. He pays special attention to the young people under his charge, and is a regular attendant at Epworth League Con-



NEW METHODIST CHURCH, PETROLEA, ONT.

ventions. He has also taken quite an active part in Sunday School work for several years.

Methodism in Petrolea, with the splendid equipment it now possesses, has certainly a bright outlook.

In Huron County.

Huron County has solved the Convention problem. For four years they have met together as a United Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Convention with splendid results. This year they met in Seaford on June 19th and 20th. Every Young People's Society is enlisted as well as every Sunday School (except the Episcopalians) which makes a very strong combination. The

purely Epworth Leagues are awake to their own interests, and have nearly all adopted the name Epworth League of Christian Endeavor. There are 149 Sunday Schools and 103 Young People's Societies in Huron.

A. T. C.

Saying Good-Bye.

A very pleasant gathering of the members of the Oakville Junior League and other friends, took place at the Methodist Church, on Tuesday afternoon. The occasion being the quitting of an autograph quilt, for which the Juniors collected names, and the presenting of a handsome lamp on a very table to the superintendent, Mrs. Kaye, who was leaving with her husband for Thorold, their new charge. Refreshments were served on the church lawn. Many and sincere were the expressions of regret at the approaching separation.

The English Bible and Missionary Department of Albert College.

BY REV. C. W. WATCH.

There is no college in Canada which has more cause for grateful pride in its missionary history than has Albert College, Belleville. Within its walls the Forward Movement had its birth, and from its halls a large percentage of its students have gone out into the missionary field, home and foreign, as from any similar college on the continent. The opening now of the new department, a course in the English Bible and Missionary Work, will be of especial interest to all young Christians who are anticipating practical work for Christ.

The course will be equal to that of any of the Bible Training and Missionary Schools in this or other lands. It is intended for the preparation of candidates for the ministry, missionaries and missionary teachers, evangelists, deacons, visitors, Bible readers, Sabbath School workers, etc. One advantage Albert College can offer over many other schools is, that a literary course, so often essential for those lacking early training, can be taken at the same time. Practical city missionary work is required and arranged for in connection with the city churches. Then Albert College is a Christian home for students at the most reasonable rates. It is anticipated that a large class of students will enter upon this course at the next term. The course will embrace studies in the English Bible, biblical history, theology, history of missions, home and foreign, and practical missionary work. For deaconesses and lady missionaries, a course in domestic science is available.

Good-Bye to Mr. Emerson.

Rev. Robert Emerson, B.A., and wife, who are going to the foreign work in Japan as representatives of the Camington and other District Leagues, made their farewell



REV. JOSEPH PHILP, B.D.

visits to our Camington District, in a series of League rallies, beginning with Little Britain on June 27th, Camington, June 28th, Udney, June 29th, and winding up with reaching the Leagues on Victoria Road Mission for Sabbath services on July 1st. Those who attended these rallies were greatly stirred by the spirit of consecrated enthusiasm and moral courage of our chosen representatives. The greatest satisfaction is felt by our Leagues with our representatives to the foreign field. We all join in wishing them *bon voyage*. Our prayers shall ever ascend for seals to their ministry, and souls for their hire.

W. G. C.

Reading Course Examinations.

The following is a list of those who have passed the Epworth League Reading Course Examination for the past year, and have been awarded certificates:

Sidney Saunby, Norris P. Crafts, W. Hamilton, Nellie Watson, Bertha Wade, Orra Crafts, Henry Wade, Mina Crafts, W. J. Saunby, Kensington, London; J. D. Taylor, Miss E. A. Wells, Annie Edwards, Galt; Luella M. Bosely, L. M. Hill, Laura M. Phelps, S. A. Gardener, Belleville; Minnie A. Wilkins, East Korah; Lily E. Moore, Frome; Mrs. S. J. Hales, Merriton; Flo H. Sanderson, Flossie Woodcock, Talbotville; Alice E. Drummond, Maud E. Smith, Edith M. Rice, Paris, Laura A. Pepper, Palgrave; E. E. Craig, Carsonby; Lloyd Bouslaugh, Teeterville; Jessie Moxley, Laundowne; Jessie H. Edwards, Burlington; John R. Ayling, Wyoming; Ada Lillie, Athens.

The honor of having passed the largest number of readers goes for the second time to the Kensington League, London. The good work done there is largely due to the enthusiastic leadership of the pastor, Rev. John Morrison.

World's Christian Endeavor Convention.

The World's Christian Endeavor Convention was held at Alexandra Palace, London, England, during July. The services commenced on Friday evening, July 13th, when a sermon was preached in Wesley's Chapel, City Road. On Saturday the 14th, welcome meetings were held in Alexandra Palace, and Albert Hall. Responses for Canada were made by Canon Richardson, of London, Mr. G. Tower Ferguson, of Toronto. On Sunday Christian Endeavor sermons were preached in many of the London churches. The services continued until the

following Wednesday evening. Among the following Methodist speakers were Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D. We hope to present a fuller report in our next issue.

Just a Line or Two.

The Simcoe League took up a collection of \$28 for the India Famine Fund a short time ago.

The Junior League of Parliament Street Church, Toronto, has raised \$88 for the India Famine Relief Fund.

COCHRANE STREET Epworth League, St. John's, Nfld., continue to carry on tract distribution. One hundred families are supplied fortnightly.

Our church at Sandon, B.C., lost everything by the serious fire which swept away so large a part of the village. Cannot some of our Sunday Schools and Leagues help them to secure library, etc.?

OKVILLE Epworth League hold an interesting patriotic meeting on the evening of July 8th, and a lawn concert on the 13th, which was a success. The society is doing well.

The Elm Street League, Toronto, keeps its meetings up all summer. At the consecration meeting in July, 59 active members answered to their names. This Society expects to raise \$150 for missions this year.

The president of the Wingham League reports that they are going to make a strong effort to increase their list of ERA subscribers, believing that it will greatly aid in developing the work. We wish that every president would follow suit.

The Epworth League of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, discussed the works of Shakespeare at one of their meetings in July. The story of Hamlet was told by several of the members who had spent considerable time and care in preparation.

The president and secretary of the London District have sent out another circular letter to the Leagues within the bounds of their organization. It contains many valuable suggestions. This District Executive evidently believes in using printer's ink.

The London Road West Epworth League, on the Camlachie Circuit, purchases one dozen copies of THE ERA, which are distributed among the members. The president says that "the members feel that they cannot do without the paper." This League has also bought a set of the Epworth Reading Course, which has been presented to the Sunday School Library.

Personal.

MISS BERTHA SHOREY, the General Secretary's assistant at the Central Epworth League office, is enjoying a holiday in the Old Country.

REV. G. W. KERRY, B.A., has been summoned at Roach's Point during July. He signaled his first fishing expedition by catching a fish weighing 13½ pounds.

MR. W. J. GREEN, President of the Ridgeway District Epworth League, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Central Y. M. C. A., Toronto. He is eminently qualified for the position.

MR. C. C. TUFF, President of the St. John's West League, Newfoundland, is at present at Bridgetown, Barbados, for the purpose of regaining his health. He is interesting himself in the organization of an Epworth League there.

BEFORE leaving the Camifton Circuit, Rev. A. C. Wilson was presented with an appreciatory address from the young people of the Third Line League. Special reference was made to his untiring efforts to help the League, and the great interest which he had always shown in the young people.

REV. GEORGE STEEL, who was recently elected President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, is one of the most prominent ministers of Maritime Methodism. For a number of years he was Secretary of the New Brunswick Conference, when his work was always characterized by painstaking care and accuracy. At the last General Conference he was one of the assist-

Epworth League Convention, held at Peoria, July 10-13. One of the papers says that he "was accorded an enthusiastic hearing, and proved one of the most popular orators of the Convention." His subject was, "The Citizen and the Church," and the address was punctuated by great applause at frequent intervals.

Provincial Christian Endeavor Convention.

The people of Guelph, as well as the young people throughout Ontario, are looking forward to the Annual Christian Endeavor Convention, to be held in the Royal City on October 2nd, 3rd and 4th, with great interest.

Should Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon be able to come, and there is a possibility that he may, Guelph will be kept busy in entertaining the large number of delegates that are sure to come.

The Convention opens Tuesday afternoon with practical talks on young people's work. Tuesday evening, in addition to the addresses of welcome and responses, the Guelph Local Union will entertain the delegates in a unique way at the close of the meeting.

Wednesday morning will be the business session to receive the officers' reports and discuss the various departments of work. Wednesday afternoon the denominational rallies will be held in the various churches. Two meetings will be held on Wednesday evening in two of the largest churches in Guelph.

Thursday morning is mission session, Thursday afternoon Junior session, and a double header Thursday evening closes the Convention.

The programme is the strongest ever prepared for a provincial gathering.

Information concerning the convention may be secured from Rev. R. J. M. Glasford, Guelph, or from the secretary, A. T. Cooper, Clinton.

Campaign Notes.

The Mr. Forest and Warton District Epworth Leagues have been visited by Mr. W. S. Daniels, of Victoria College, who reports good meetings and a deepening of the missionary interest among the young people. On Thursday, July 26th, the missionary workers of the Warton District met in conference with Mr. Daniels for prayer and organization of the Missionary Department of the District Epworth League. These Districts are working for the support of Dr. Wellington Stevens in Kiating, China.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Mr. Tong Chen Thom by the Toronto West District Epworth Leagues, which he represents in British Columbia: "Your Missionary has been keeping very busy answering many questions about China's crisis at the present. The Chinese in British Columbia are moved, their heads being full of politics at present, your missionary has the opportunity to show them a true method of reforming China. Many of them come purposely in the week days and to night school to find out or hear about the affairs of China. They are so anxious to hear the war news."

CHATHAM District is aiming at having every member of the District give at least two cents a week for the support of their missionary, Rev. Goro Kabura, in British Columbia. They are endeavoring to have every League procure missionary literature. The use of maps and charts in connection with the monthly missionary meeting is strongly recommended.



REV. GEORGE STEEL.
PRESIDENT N.B. AND P.E.I. CONFERENCE.

ant secretaries. He is now pastor of Portland Street Church, St. John, N.B., where he is highly esteemed for his personal character and fidelity to his work. He has always been greatly interested in our Epworth Leagues and Sunday Schools, and in his pastorate gives much attention to the young people. It is the universal opinion that Mr. Steel richly deserves the honor that has been conferred upon him.

The Epworth Leagues of Belleville gave Dr. and Mrs. Wrinch a "farewell" previous to their leaving for their northerly mission field in British Columbia. Rev. C. W. Watch occupied the chair, and addresses were given by the pastors, and Messrs. Wm. Johnson, C. P. Holton, and Prof. Paull. Dr. Wrinch and his wife will be followed by many prayers and good wishes.

REV. W. F. WILSON, of Hamilton, was one of the principal speakers at the Illinois State

Anecdotal.

Took an Easy Word.

Doctor—“Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a letter stating you had been attacked by measles, and I find you suffering from rheumatism.”

Patient—“Well, you see, doctor, it is like this: there wasn't a soul in the house who knew how to spell rheumatism.”

A Capped Climax.

The absent-minded professor—his occupation is never other than—was hurrying with a friend to catch a train, when he suddenly halted, and exclaimed: “What? How? I've come away and left my watch.”

“Let's go back and get it,” suggested the friend.

“No; I don't believe we shall have time,” said the professor, and he drew the lost watch out of his pocket, looked carefully at the dial, counted the minutes, and added: “No there won't be enough time.”

Then he pressed on toward the station, saying: “Oh, well, I suppose I can get along all right for one day without a watch.”

He Promised to Obey.

A good story is told of a Scottish clergyman who, while going through a village, was requested to officiate at a marriage in the absence of a parish minister.

Just as he had told the bridegroom to make the usual promise to love and honor his wife the man interjected the words “and obey.” The clergyman, surprised, did not heed the proposed amendment. He was going on with the service when the groom interposed, with emphasis, “Aye, and obey, sir; love, honor and obey, ye ken!” A few years afterward the clergyman met the hero of the wedding incident. “D'ye mind sir, you day when ye married me, and when I had insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Well, ye may now see that I was in the right. Whether ye wad or no, I have obeyed her; and, behold, I am the only man that has a two-story house in the hale toon!”

The Scot even went farther than Franklin, who said, “The man who would thrive must ask his wife.” It seems to have been good policy too.—*Classmate.*

How Kitchener Saved the Farm House.

The following story of how Lord Kitchener negated his own orders is vouched for by Mr. C. A. McMullen, a Johannesburg engineer.

While Lord Kitchener was engaged in suppressing the Freiska rebellion he ordered the destruction of a certain farmhouse. Not seeing any signs of his orders being carried out, he rode over with his staff and found an interesting situation. In the doorway of the doomed farmhouse stood a pretty young Dutch girl, her hands clasping the doorposts, and her eyes flashing fire from beneath her dainty sunbonnet.

The Irish sergeant in charge of the party of destruction was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to let them pass in, but to all his blandishments of “Arrah, darlint; wisha now, acushla,” etc., the maiden turned a deaf ear, and a deadlock prevailed.

Kitchener's sharp “What's this?” put a climax to the scene. The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief of staff, and her lips trembled in spite of herself.

Kitchener gazed sourly at the girl, standing bravely, though tearfully there, and turned to his military secretary. “Put down,” he growled, “that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out owing to unexpected opposition. Forward, gentlemen!”

Something Worth Remembering.

An anecdote recorded of Thomas Fuller illustrates the goodness of his heart as well as his ready wit.

Dr. Fuller had an extraordinary memory. He could name, in order, the signs on both sides of the way from the beginning of Pater-noster Row at Ave-Maria Lane to the bottom of Cheapside. He could dictate to five several amanuenses at the same time, and each on a different subject.

The doctor, making a visit to the Committee of Sequestrators, sitting at Waltham, in Essex, they soon fell into a discourse and commendation of his great memory, to which he replied: “'Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and if, you please, I will give you an experiment of it.”

They all accepted the motion, and told him they should look upon it as an obligation, praying him to begin.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular business in which you are employed. Your worship has thought fit to sequester an honest, but poor, Cavalier parson, my neighbor, from his living, and committed him to prison. He has a large family of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his parish, I will never forget the kindness while I live!”

Letters to the Bank.

Savings banks, which often have many depositors who are totally unfamiliar with business usages, and are also unskilled in the use of the English language, receive many strange letters. A teller in a Boston savings bank sends *The Youth's Companion* some interesting examples of such missives. Here is a threatening one:

“Mr. Treasurer of the — Bank I have writ out befur to send for munny. If I don't get it by next Tuesday to gether with four cents postage I will contest it with my life.—sure without fail

“Timothy Sullivan.”

As Mr. Sullivan gave no address, and as the postmark on his envelope could not be made out, the bank did not, at last accounts, know whether he had “contested it with his life” or not.

The following note was received from a man who thought it very hard that his “order” was refused payment:

“Mr. Treasurer I give this mon the privilege to lift tin dollars off of your bank.”

“Pat Flanagan.”

And probably this good woman thought her case a hard one also:

“Mr. Treasurer of the Savings Bank. Little Johnny have the whoping cuff and so I need two dollars. Will I get it I don't don't know, Mrs. McCarthy.”

Here is another curious communication:

“This book belongs to me mother-in-law and she promises to die most every day, and I want to get your advice about the best way for me to draw her money.”

This pathetic and quite charming letter was from a depositor who had gone to Ireland:

“Killarney, Ireland, March — 189 .

“Mr. —, Savings Bank Treasurer: “Dear Sir: You was so good to send me my money. I got it all right. If you will

please let me know the size of your feet I shall be very glad, for I will mit you a nice pair of socks. It will be a great favor. I hope you will. Yours humbly servant,
“Mary B.”

He Never Bought Books.

The agent for a handsomely illustrated book to be sold on long time credit—a feast to the intellect and an adornment to any library—leant against the side of the house, caught his breath, clenched his fist, and looked skyward.

“What's the matter?” asked a policeman.
“I've met the meanest man,” he answered.
“I've heard of him, and I've read about him in papers, but I never expected to meet him face to face.”

“Where is he?”
“Up in that building.”
“How do you know he's the meanest man?”

“By the way he acted. I showed him this work of art, pictured on it for half an hour, pointed out the engravings, and when I hinted it would be a good thing to order, what do you think he said?”

“I don't know.”
“He said he never bought books. He didn't have to. He just waited for some idiot of an agent to come along and tell him all that was in 'em, and turn over the leaves while he looked at the pictures. Nice, isn't it?”

His Vote Preferred.

An incident worth telling occurred at the prohibition mass-meeting of the Methodist Conference at Brandon, Man. An old gentleman who is known to be a very ardent Liberal, closed his remarks with the statement:

“Most of you look upon me as a strong party man, who would have little sympathy with political opponents, but when I read the prohibition bill I was so delighted with it that I got right down on my knees and prayed God to bless and sustain Hugh John Macdonald in carrying it into force.”

Mr. W. W. Buchanan, who is reputed to have an appropriate story for every occasion, immediately followed and said: “My friend's prayer for Hugh John recalls a story that is told of the Premier's illustrious father. Sir John called on a clergyman and solicited his vote, but in an apologetic tone the preacher explained that he was already pledged to the opposing candidate. At the same time he confessed a growing favor of Sir John, and assured him of his good wishes and prayers for his success. A mingled expression of gratitude, doubt and humor radiated from Sir John's genial smile as he replied: “Parson, you are a good man; I appreciate your kind wishes, and I am sure your prayers will be efficacious, but you would put me under great obligations if you could fix it so as to vote for me and pray for the other fellow.” It is not necessary to say that this brought down the house.

Evarts and the Farmer.

William M. Evarts, who went to the United States Senate with the reputation of being as good a lawyer as the State of New York possessed, was always an exceedingly slender man. His face, even when he was in his prime, had a look of emaciation which suggested hunger.

One day, says Mr. George S. Hilton, in a recent volume a solid, substantial-looking farmer from the interior of New York seated himself in the visitors' gallery of the Senate Chamber, and asked the doorkeeper, standing behind him to point out Mr. Evarts.

It was nontime, and only a few members were in the chamber. Pretty soon Senator Voorhees entered, and strode majestically to his seat.

"Is that Everts?" exclaimed the farmer.
"No," said the doorkeeper, "that is Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana."

Another gentleman with a great deal of presence entered the Senate Chamber. The old man leaned back and clutched the doorkeeper's arm.

"That's him!" he whispered. "That's the great Mr. Everts, isn't it?"
"No," was the answer, "that was General Logan."

At length Mr. Everts came in, and the old farmer was at once informed. He looked at the distinguished lawyer long and earnestly.
"My!" exclaimed he, with an accent of commiseration, "I'll bet he hoards!"

All About a Signature.

Tellers and clerks of savings banks have a rare opportunity to study human nature. All sorts of people, with many strange notions of the methods and purposes of banks, come before them. A teller of a Boston savings bank sends to *The Companion* a true story of a good Irishwoman who came to the bank to open an account.

"Please write your name on that line," said the official, pushing toward the woman a book and a pen.

"De ye want me first name?" she asked, taking her pen in her hand.

"Yes, your full name, and middle initial, if you have any."

"De ye want me husband's name?"

"Yes, his last name, but your own first name."

"Oh, me name before I was married?"

"No—your given name—Ellen or Bridget—?"

"Sure, then, me name is nayerther wan o' thes'."

"Well, what is it then?"

"Sure, it's Mary."

"Very well. There are others waiting for you, so please hurry and write your name."

"Ah, sure, do ye want the Mrs.?"

"No, never mind that. Now go ahead."

"An' sure, mister, I would, honest; but ye see I can't write!"

Under Torture.

The *London Times* and other leading English papers gave, not long since, the facts in the life of an eminent teacher, Mr. Walter Wren, who died last August.

At nineteen Mr. Wren was attacked by a spinal disease which gave him incessant, dull pain, with frequent paroxysms of fearful agony. His family and friends felt that there was nothing to hope for in his future but a speedy release by death from this almost unbearable suffering; but young Wren declared that in spite of it he would go on with his studies.

He did so, but was unable to look at a book for so much of the time that nine years passed before he could take his degree. He then chose teaching as his profession, preparing young men for the competitive examinations to enter the Indian civil service.

He had no equal in England in this work. The men prepared by him were not only thoroughly educated, but taught to put work foremost in their lives. Mr. Wren took an active part in English politics, became an influential member of society, was a witty, cheerful companion, and a loyal friend. Yet the torture of his physical ailments never abated. Sir Walter Besant says of him:

"I never knew an instance where so much was done in life against odds so fearful and under conditions so grievous."

The story of this man is worth the telling, the more because he was an every-day hero belonging to our own time, and one who won successfully against disease, an enemy which wrecks countless lives. He resolved that it should not master him, and fought it for thirty years, hour by hour, minute by minute.

The bravery of the soldier on the battlefield is but a momentary flash of flame to the courage which ennobled this obscure life.

"A Man Full of Religion."

On one of the Samoan Islands, John Williams found a small chapel and about fifty persons who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm, to distinguish him from his neighbors.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about the Christian religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while to bring home some religion.

"And when that is gone, I take my own and fetch some more. Now, won't you give us a man full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?"

"That is what is needed in all lands—'a man full of religion.'"

A Railway Incident.

THREE things declare a man," said the old Jewish Rabbi, "his voice, his purse, and his anger." Had he lived in these days he would surely have added a fourth—his "railroad manners." The following good story from the *Boston Record* will illustrate:

A gentleman prominent in legal circles in Boston was recently riding in a train, and in the seat before him was a young and gaily-dressed damsel. The car was pretty full, and presently an elderly woman entered, and finding no seat vacant but the one beside the young woman mentioned, sat down beside her.

She was a decently-dressed woman, but apparently of humble station, and she carried several clumsy bundles, which were evidently a serious annoyance to her seat mate. The young woman made no effort to conceal her vexation, but in the most conspicuous manner showed the passengers round that she considered it an impertinent intrusion for the newcomer to presume to sit down beside her.

In a few moments the old woman, depositing her packages upon the seat, went across the car to speak to an acquaintance, whom she discovered on the opposite side of the aisle. The lawyer leaned forward to the offended young lady, and courteously asked if she would change seats with him.

A smile of gratified vanity showed how pleased she was to have attracted the notice of so distinguished-looking a gentleman. "Oh, thank you ever so much," she said effusively. "I should like to, but it would be as bad for you as for me to sit beside such an old woman."

"I beg your pardon," he responded with undiminished deference of manner, "it was not your comfort I was thinking of, but the old lady's."

How Toil Conquered Pride.

John Adams, the second president of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:

"When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it."

My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer, and going to my father I told him I did not like to study, and asked for other employment.

My father said, "Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching, perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that."

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin gram-

mar and ditching, but said not a word about it."

"I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar."

"He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the day's labor in the ditch."

They Hadn't Got It.

The visitor to London was seated at a table in one of the expensive restaurants in the West End thinking of various things, as he read over the bill of fare, and observed the prices.

"Hello!" he exclaimed to the waiter, "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon?" returned the haughty servant.

"Haven't you got any conscience—conscience—conscience? Don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare, and began looking it over.

"I don't know if we have or not," he said. "If we have, it's on the bill; if we ain't, it's a extra. Them's the rules, sir."

"Bobs" and the Little Girl.

Lord Roberts is the greatest British soldier to-day. Long before he took command in South Africa he had won his Victoria Cross and many other honors for personal bravery in action. But not only for his bravery and wise strategy is he called "the idol of the British army," but many stories of him prove again that "the bravest are the tenderest." A London correspondent at the front tells this incident of the surrender of Johannesburg.

"A march past, subsequent to the march through the town, closed the ceremony. Lord Roberts' headquarters were at a small inn, in an orange grove. There was a characteristic scene there at the close of his victorious day. One of his staff officers approached in order to discuss a matter of importance, and found the Field Marshall with the innkeeper's little daughter on his knee trying to teach her to write. When the officer interrupted, Lord Roberts looked up with a smile and said, 'Don't come now. Can't you see I am busy?'"

Adventures of a Picture.

Many instances occur of pictures of priceless value which have turned up in the most unexpected places, or have been preserved in a miraculous fashion. A story told by G. A. Holmes, the well-known painter, touching the fine Murillo of "The Holy Family," now in the British National Gallery, well illustrates the subject:

He said a man, whom he had known when a young man, had assisted a friend with a loan of \$500, which the borrower was unable to repay, owing to misfortune. Being an honest sailor he wished to repay the money, and some years afterwards he came along with the story that he had in his cabin a picture on canvas rolled up, and as he saw no way of repaying the loan, and did not like the affair to remain open, he asked his friend if he would accept the picture as a set-off for the debt.

The man took the canvas, which was in a grimy condition, had it cleaned and relined, and it was then found to be a fine example of the famous Spanish artist, and worth a large sum, and it was eventually sold to the National Gallery. The picture had probably been cut out of its frame in the troublous times in the early part of the century, and had knocked about in that careless way, escaping destruction by a miracle.

The Home.

A Woman Should Dress Her Best at Home.

At home a woman should be guided in her manner of dressing by an even greater desire to please than elsewhere. Her husband may be the most unobservant of men, but he will know when she looks neat and attractive, with hair newly dressed, and some pretty arrangement about the bodice of her gown. The practice of wearing soiled finery at home cannot be too strongly deprecated.—*July Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Cosy Home.

It was our privilege recently to visit one of the cosiest homes in all this country, and it was a Methodist parsonage at that. The building is comparatively new, recently repainted inside and out. In front of the house is a beautiful little flower garden—the design and largely the result of the work of pastor and his wife. Some years ago the pastor put out around the yard some choice fruit trees. These are just beginning to bear. In a few more years they will furnish all the fruit a preacher's family will need. These trees have not cost a day's work for an entire year, but what a blessing they will be to preacher's families for years to come! With just a little effort all of our parsonages could be made comfortable homes in every way. The preachers can help much. If they will try, the people will help.—*Westcott Church Advocate.*

When Bedtime Comes.

We were pushed off into a train of reflection the other day by reading the statement that, "It is safe to say that children have been whipped more often at the bedtime hour than at any other." Is that possible? It was our spontaneous supposition that that hour was given to smoothing down the ruffled sleeve of care that comes to the little folks as certainly as to the big folks; that that hour was given to soft and sweet counsel and affection; that that precious pause before the little ones say their prayers and are covered in bed as they close their eyes on their white pillows, was filled with words that would mould them into beauty and gentleness and moral strength. Are we mistaken? One little toddler thus closed her eyes: "Now I lay me down to sleep," not long ago; "And God make the bad people good, and the good people kind to each other." Precious child! Thou didst then thyself become teacher.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Useless Wasting of Strength.

If women only knew it, they waste a great deal of strength by undue expenditure of emotion on small occasions. Part of the training of our young girls should be along lines of self-repression, in the way of the quiet manner, the restrained speech, the tranquil expression of face, and the reposeful carriage of the body. A young husband accustomed to the calm gentleness of a mother who might easily have been mistaken for a friend, so silent and dignified was her fortitude in the presence of disasters, so equal was she to every emergency, was shocked and alarmed not alone ago, to find his idealized wife almost thrown into convulsions by a household catastrophe of some sort—something not more dreadful than the breaking of a cherished bit of china. The girl wife came of a family whose custom it was to express themselves volubly, and to fly

into frantic states of mind when there was apparently little reason for vehemence.

Apart from the lack of good taste here displayed, women often wear themselves out by too lavishly a display of feeling. One may feel acutely without tearing passion to tatters, and it would be wise for mothers to inculcate in growing children a wholesome self-restraint.—*The Presbyterian.*

The Business Man at Home.

I am a staunch believer in games. Crokinole is as good for the business man's health of body and soul, as a season at Saratoga or the reading of Thomas à Kempis. Chess, checkers, backgammon, halma, carroms, and scores of other games, might be added. A family reading circle, running through some series of great books; a family study club, taking up a modern language; a family orchestra, or at least a rousing family chorus; a family current topic club, watching the history of the world,—if any one thinks these suggestions inappropriate to an essay on the business man's religion, he knows little of the heart-needs of business men. If the evening at home can lift him out of the rut of his cares, into fresh and ever-widening interests, and if it can throw about every hour of the following day the gracious, unseen atmosphere of love and hearty fellowship, it will not be hard for him to be brave and true and strong.—*Amos R. Wells.*

Keeping Attractive.

A woman can make or mar her attractiveness. She can, by an utter disregard of hygienic laws and a neglect of toilet accessories, lose entirely that charm of face and form that nature obviously intended should be hers. It will do no woman harm to know that a few drops of a soothing lotion will transform a pair of rough red hands into soft white ones; that systematic care of the complexion will keep it smooth and ward off wrinkles, and that an eagerness to read clever books and to know things, and a lively interest in the current events of the day, will brighten the eyes as nothing else can, except it be the sympathy of the man she loves. The woman possessing this knowledge is far more charming and attractive than she in whose path no beautifying whims have ever come. And the woman who applies this knowledge is the one who will develop into the entertaining, interesting grandmother of the next generation, as dainty and as straight and as youthful as was the mother of the past generation.

To Make Home Happy.

Mrs. Lillian Massey-Treble has done a real service for Toronto's poor, and, indeed, for the rich as well, in establishing and equipping at great expense an institute for teaching practical home-making and house-keeping. This beautiful school, the equal of which it is said cannot be found on the continent, is situated at the corner of Queen and Jarvis streets, and will be opened on the first of October. It is the intention to teach all who care to enter the classes to be formed the secrets of domestic science. Although the school will be liberally attended by the better classes, it will be hailed as a boon and a blessing by the poorer people of the city. It will be possible for every mother who desires to send her little girl, or boy if preferred, to a class to learn how to cook and to bake ordinary food, and to make edible, tasty dishes at the smallest cost. Materials will be furnished free at the school, and a proficient teacher will conduct the classes. A fee of two dollars for the session will be charged, and each lesson will cost the child one cent. Many persons have already signified their intention of providing scholarships, that is to pay the two-dollar fee for a number of children, and if any person would like to show real kindness a

better opportunity could not be had than in finding some little ten-year-old girl and defraying the slight expense which a course at the school would involve.

The advantages of the school cannot be commended too strongly. A concrete example will show the aims and objects of the institution better than anything else that could be said. Not long ago a little girl of poor parents went to a similar school, and was there taught to make muffins. Going home, with childish eagerness she told her mother she would like to try her hand. Her mother consented, and the next morning her father, a workman, was surprised to have a new article on the bill of fare, better cooked food probably than he had eaten for years. He was delighted, and so the loving little service was done over and over again. "Pretty soon more inexpensive delights followed. The result led to a reformation in the household, a new table cloth, a new dish brought home now and again by the proud father, and, in short, a good digestion and a clean, happy home.

If the Victor School can bring about results like these it will do a real service in the community, and will be applied Christianism in a new and delightful form.—*Toronto Evening News.*

The Judge's Mother.

Mrs. Smith had a paper to write for her club. The subject she had chosen was, "How can women uplift the coming generation?"

She was puzzled to choose the best of the many ways which suggested themselves to her. Should it be through art, lecturing, literature or general reform?

She confided her difficulty to old Judge Adams, who was sitting with her husband on the veranda.

"I can only give you my experience," he said. "I was one of five brothers. All were well educated, and had a strong influence in the world, and each one of us owed his bent and force of character to our mother.

"Our father died when we were children. Mother made us what we were. Until we were grey-haired men we went to her whenever we were in perplexity. 'Mother,' we would say, 'what is the right thing to do in this case?' She knew nothing of law or politics, but she always knew the right. 'I think,' said the judge, gravely, 'that my mother influenced the next generation to her own more strongly than any other human being I ever have known.'

"She no doubt had a powerful mind and a broad education?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"No," the judge smiled. "She got her hold on us in very simple ways. I remember one of them. When we came home from school on cold days, mother was sure to be waiting beside a big fire. Off came our wet shoes and stockings; she rubbed the cold feet warm with her own hands. Then there was always a huge brown jug waiting before the fire with roasted apples and sugar and hot water in it, and each one had his mug of the delicious stuff; and we sat and grew warm, and joked and laughed, and no doubt opened our little hearts to the dear, wise woman.

"All day long she was our comrade. We carried to her all our secrets and miseries when we were men, as we had done when we were boys. Two of us were ministers, two legislators who helped to form the laws of new states, but I doubt if one of us ever took an important step in life without being influenced by the opinion of that one good woman."

Mrs. Smith looked uncertainly at her paper, on which she had scribbled "artists, lecturers, civil and political reformers."

"You think, then," she said, "that woman's biggest hold upon the world is at home, through love and a Christian life?"

The judge's eyes twinkled. "I can tell you only what I know. I cannot decide for the world," he said.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Sunday School

Patriotic Service.

The Sunday School of Bridge Street Church, Belleville, held a very interesting Patriotic Service on Dominion Day, Sunday July 1st. The hymns, which were specially selected, referred to our Queen, our country, and our volunteers.

A feature of the service was the introduction of the new pastor, Rev. Dr. Crothers, who was received by the school rising and giving the Chautauque salute, after which Mr. C. P. Holton offered special prayer on behalf of the pastor.

This Sunday School was the first school in Canada to hold a picnic. Last month it held its sixty-eighth outing, when a very delightful time was enjoyed.

Three Giant Foes.

Three giant foes with which the teacher of to-day has to contend are ignorance, intemperance and impurity. In combating with these there is need of constant watchfulness, fidelity and tact. The teacher who inspires his pupils with a love for that which is pure and true, and good has accomplished more to prevent the conquest of this life by these monster evils than could be done by any detailed description of the evils themselves. —*The Bible Teacher.*

Week-Day and Sunday.

A week-day rain has no power to keep a single man from attending to his business. The exposure required, the distance to go in the storm, may be ten times as great, yet it never occurs to an active business man that the rain in this case furnishes any reasonable ground for neglect. So glaring is the contrast between the effects of the Sunday and the week-day rain, that one might almost suppose that the former contained some peculiarly subtle and injurious qualities that were wanting in the latter—that it was laden with some peculiarly deleterious influences capable of endangering health and constitution. —*Our Young Folks.*

Scientific Teaching.

The modern method of learning is "scientific." In studying a Bible lesson from a prophet one seeks to know who the prophet was, when he lived, what were the circumstances of the people to whom he spoke, and what was the application of his message to his own times. These things should be known, indeed; but they are not the points for which we specially study that message in our current lesson. We harken to the old prophet speaking to the Jews in order that we may hear him giving a message from the Lord to our own souls and to our own times. —*Sunday School World.*

Men in the Sunday Schools.

The members of the official board of a leading Chicago Methodist Church, at a recent session of the quarterly conference, by resolution pledged themselves to attend Sunday School and perform any service the superintendent might request. The action of these official members was prompted by a statement of the difficulties the superintendent had to contend with in his efforts to prevent boys giving up attendance at Sunday School when they approach young manhood. The presence of so few men as workers or

attendants in Sunday School suggests to boys, as they reach the close of their teens, that Sunday School is a place for women and children—at least men appear to think it is not for men. The gentlemen to whom the superintendent's remarks were addressed had never before seen the matter in that light. Some of them had boys of their own, and all were desirous that the boys of the Sunday School should develop into earnest Christian men and active workers in the church. They realized that if they were to exert a proper influence over the boys and young men in the Sunday School they must set them a better example by attending themselves.

The Sunday School referred to is not an isolated case. There are thousands of other Sunday Schools which need the inspiration which the presence and efforts of the men of the church give in order to retain the older boys and young men. Every official member of the church, and indeed every adult member should realize that the Sunday School is a place where all may study the Bible, and they should deem it a privilege, if not indeed a duty, to attend. It is to be hoped that one of the best fruits of the twentieth century will be a greater interest in the study of the Bible, and an increased attendance of men and women at Sunday School. —*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The Use of Helps.

Concerning the use of "Helps," Robert S. Burdette says:

"I don't deny the 'lesson helps.' God bless the teachers who have devised these helps for the busy men and women, the busy housekeeper, the busy merchant, the tradesman and the mechanic, the salesgirl and the seamstress, the wage-earners who teach in the Sabbath Schools with such scant time for study, and that time taken from their rest and sleep, and hours of recreation—we must have these helps. Blessed be the restaurant and the cannery. Use all the helps you can get. But don't set the canned things on the table uncooked. And don't open the cans in the class. Get them ready for the table, as the women do the nice things they buy in the market place. Serve them in the daintiest china, in the clearest crystal. Do as the women folks do, even in the preparation of a dish they have prepared a thousand times; they ask other women if they know of any new way of cooking it. Exchange recipes with your neighbors; that's what Sunday School conventions are for—to learn new ways of serving old dishes."

Summer Class Letters.

How to keep track of the scholars during the summer is a problem that has exercised many a faithful teacher's ingenuity. Here is a plan reported to the editor by an earnest worker in a South Jersey Sunday School:

"I have been trying an experiment with one of my boys, and, first having waited to see whether the plan met with any success, will tell you about it. It is a very simple little plan, but I thought the suggestion might possibly be helpful to those teachers who are obliged to lose some of their scholars during the summer.

"One of my boys, whom I will call Harry, was intending to spend a few weeks on a farm. Knowing how difficult it often is for all on a farm to go both to church and Sunday School, I determined that he should find himself a part of the class, even in his absence. So I stamped three envelopes and directed them to myself. On the inside of the flap of each I wrote a date: on the first, June 6th; on the second, June 13th; on the third, June 20th. In the June 6th envelope I placed a half sheet of written questions on the lesson for that date, and so with

the other two. I kept a copy of these questions, so that Harry would only need to number the answers in replying.

"Giving all three envelopes and some paper to Harry, I asked him if he would like to answer the questions while he was gone, not all at once, but one set only a week, on Sundays. I asked if I might check the answers on Monday or Tuesday, and he said I might.

"The plan worked beautifully. On the first question sheet I asked Harry if he was having a pleasant time. I expected he would answer in a single word, but his answer was a nice letter, telling me what he had been doing. —*New Jersey Sunday School Messenger.*

What It May Do.

The Home Department has been adopted by many Sunday Schools, but a large number have not yet put it into operation. Some may be inclined to say that the Home Department is meant for places where there are more people to be reached than in their little neighborhood. But one need not demand a large number. You may carry its benefits to a single person, if there are no more. Is there not a grandmother, an invalid, a mother kept at home by the care of the household, who is deprived of Sunday School benefits in the ordinary form, but who would be helped if counted in with the Sunday School army? Yes, there must be one, and more than one, within the reach of every Sunday School in America who might be, and ought to be enrolled in a Home Department. Think of your own community and its needs. —*Sunday School World.*

Sunday School Rally Day.

When the members of our Sunday Schools return from their vacation it will be well to give them a formal welcome and inspire them to make a fresh and united start in another season of work in the home church. This would be calculated to increase god feeling and to emphasize the purpose to concentrate energy for renewed and sustained effort.

It is wise for us to recognize a very general and what seems a growing and well-established custom for Sunday Schools to have what they call a rally day after the scholars, teachers and officers have returned from their summer outing, for this may be utilized for some practical good.

Some do not admire the title Rally Day, and wish for a better name. Perhaps Reunion Day would be more significant, and yet there is some point in the idea of rallying like soldiers for a purpose. In this season the members of the school reunite and come to the front for another determined charge, so it might be called the Sunday School Rally Day. That will do for the time being, and after a while, if a better title presents itself, it may be considered. —*Rev. T. B. Neely, D. D.*

Illustrations.

The teacher who gets his illustrations from the affairs of every day, from the newspaper, from the street, the country, the workshop, from any phase of real life, will never complain of lack of attention. The throbs of reality is always felt in such illustrations; they are alive; they are part of the present, and every young person will open eyes and ears to them. We are so used to the illustrations from the affairs of to-day is that we thus make familiar things alive with spiritual truth. The object and its teaching can be so thoroughly identified that the one will constantly proclaim the other, and thus our scholars will be sent into a world that is vocal with messages concerning invisible and eternal truth. —*Wm. T. Ellis.*

Devotional Service.

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

AUGUST 19.—"THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD"

Prov. 21: 29-35.

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE MEETING.

HOME READINGS.

| | | |
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| Mon., Aug. 13. | The effects of drink Isa. 28: 1-7 | Ezek. 34: 17 |
| Tues., Aug. 14. | An afflicted family Dent. 21: 18-29 | Ezek. 34: 17 |
| Wed., Aug. 15. | Unto the third and fourth generation | Ezek. 34: 17 |
| Thurs., Aug. 16. | The ruin of a state Prov. 31: 14, 5 | Ezek. 34: 17 |
| Fri., Aug. 17. | Intemperance and selfishness | Ezek. 34: 17 |
| Sat., Aug. 18. | Drunkennes punished Matt. 24: 42-51 | Ezek. 34: 17 |

We have presented in this chapter from Proverbs the revolting picture of the drunkard; and a most remarkable thing it is that men will look upon that picture in all its horrible details, and then deliberately proceed to make themselves like it. When the sailor knows that there is a treacherous whirlpool in the ocean which has engulfed many noble vessels, he is careful to avoid it, to keep far beyond the outermost ring of the current. But many men seem to try how near they can come to this social and moral gulf of death without being drawn beneath the waters. It is a dangerous experiment, and often a fatal one. The advice of the wise man in order to ensure safety is, "Look not upon the wine." He seems to go even farther than the safe modern proverb, "Touch not, taste not, handle not;" for if we refuse to look upon the intoxicating beverage, it is certain we shall never touch, taste nor handle it, and hence never fall into its destructive clutches.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Like other photographs, this one of the drunkard is made up of various features, each horrible in itself, but when combined they constitute the most degrading semblance of a man that one would care to see. Look at this portrait of the drunkard feature by feature, and then imagine, if you can, how it would be possible to induce any sane man to transform himself into such a creature.

1. *His sensual indulgence.*—He is one of those that "tarry long at the wine, that do to seek mixed wine." He seeks pleasure out of intoxication. He pursues it as a source of enjoyment; and to do so he neglects his business, his social, his domestic, or his religious claims. For he taries long at the wine. His thirst for strong drink becomes so intense, and the demand for stronger liquor so increasing, that he seeks "mixed wine"—spiced, and drugged, and poisoned—to gratify his morbid appetite, and excite his fevered brain. Men generally begin with liquor that is light and pure, such as is sold for medicine, and then, when the appetite has grown strong, and the will has grown weak, as is always the case, then these men take to drinking common, poisonous stuff, and later, when their mouths and throats become less sensitive, they drink more poisonous stuff, because it bites, and burns, and stings, and scratches more furiously as it goes down.

2. *His offensive quarrelsomeness.*—"Who hath contentions?" "Who hath babbling?" When alcohol excites the brain, the tongue is allowed to give utterance to filthy, ill-natured and ridiculous things that the victim would be ashamed of in sober moments. Strong drink is the prolific producer of profanity, and vile imaginations and conversation. What quarrels, fightings, crimes, murders, have grown out of the drunkard's babblings! They supply our police with labor, our judges with occupation, our poorhouses with paupers, our jails with prisoners, our galleys with victims.

3. *His bloodshot face.*—"Who hath redness of eyes?" The habits of the drunkard come to be marked by their effects upon his looks. The inflamed eye, the fiery, blotched and disfigured countenance, indicates that alcoholic poison has gone through his frame and set on fire the circulating blood. When alcohol is taken into the stomach, it cannot be digested. It is an alien enemy in the human body. Just as soon as it is swallowed the system is at once engaged in throwing it off. The lungs throw it out in the breath, the stomach rebels against its presence; and when it mixes with the blood, it irritates and inflames it. This is what makes red—the nose, and eyes, and faces they make—the blood in the blood is showing its effects on the outside surface of the body. Even the drunkard's look becomes the index of drink's effect. His vacant stare shows that the great laws and grand mission of human life are crushed within, and that he is benumbed with infamy by the very thing which he vainly hoped would make him happy.

4. *His wretched condition.*—"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?" It seems that the drunkard gets into a wretchedness for which no equal can be found. The very means of his pleasure—"hateh like a serpent and stingsh like an adder." Whose woe is greater than his? He has the *woe of ill-health*, for drunkenness ruins the physical constitution, and generates the foulest diseases. He has the *woe of worldly poverty*, for drunkenness unfits him for those duties by which a subsistence for himself and family can be obtained, as well as robs him of the means he has for the support of himself and those dependent upon him. The pauperism of the country has its chief source in the liquor traffic. He has the *woe of social contempt*. Who can respect the drunkard! Not his neighbors, not even his wife and children—they soon get to loathe and shun him. He falls into disrespect, disrepute and shame. He has the *woe of moral remorse*. His conscience condemns him, the Bible condemns him, civil law condemns him, public opinion condemns him. He is cursed with a curse of his own making, and a truly wretched creature he is.

5. *His easy temptability.*—"Thine eyes shall behold strange women." The idea suggested is that a man under the influence of strong drink is easily tempted, is ripe for the crimes of falsehood, blasphemy, adultery, and other enormities. His judgment is clouded, his sense of propriety is gone, the passions are inflamed, and the breath of temptation, which might be resisted under other conditions, bears him away into sin. He stands ready to be tempted into almost any crime, and is ready to commit the most shameless indecencies, and to glory in his shame.

6. *His Reckless Stupidity.*—"Thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." In a state of intoxication the drunkard will conduct himself in the most senseless and stupid manner. Herod gave the order for the beheading of John the Baptist while under the influence of a drunken revelry. Some men spend the last dollar, and dispose of their property by gambling under the pressure and fascination of intoxication. I have known prominent business men to make consummate fools of themselves, and become the subject of joke and ridicule and insult through their fondness for strong drink. The condition of the drunkard too is exceedingly precarious—while intoxicated, he is liable, physicians say, to expire at any moment. He is surely like a man "that lieth upon the top of a mast," and the intolerable and idiotic stupidity which leads a man to conduct himself in this way the English language scarcely has words to properly characterize.

7. *His Unconquerable Desire.*—"When shall I awake? I will see it yet again." However bitter the remorse, and however sad-denying the reflections of the victim of drink,

his burning thirst remains unquenched, and his insatiable desire continues unsatisfied. He seeks relief in the very cup which has thus far ruined him, and this is the inevitable result of the drink habit—it weakens the will and creates a desire for alcohol which nothing can quench. It sets up a fearful disease in the system which the physicians call alcoholism. Truly, there is a sufficient number of diseases to which men are held without the deliberate and criminal attempt to create more. The drunkard is condemned at the bar of conscience, of revelation, and of God, and awful is the future that lies before him. Look at this terrible picture, young people, in all its dreadful details. It here raises upon the eternal rock of truth to warn every manner of his danger on the sea of life. Avoid it as you would avoid poison, and both by personal example, and social and political influence determine to attain total abstinence for the individual and total prohibition for the nation from all intoxicating liquors.

SOME OPINIONS.

Intemperance is a hydra with a hundred heads.—*Chrysoptom.*

Other vices make their own way; this makes way for all vices. He that is a drunkard is qualified for all vice.—*Quarles.*

Intemperance wipes out God's image and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil.—*Gough.*

Once the demon enters,
Stands within the door,
Peace and hope and gladness
Dwell there nevermore.—*Chellis.*

AUGUST 26.—"MINISTERING TO CHRIST."

Matt. 25: 31-46.

HOME READINGS.

| | | |
|------------------|--|----------------|
| Mon., Aug. 20. | Called to be disciples Matt. 10: 1-4 | John 14: 11-14 |
| Tues., Aug. 21. | Doing the greater work John 14: 11-14 | John 14: 11-14 |
| Wed., Aug. 22. | Ministering to the needy Luke 4: 16-21 | John 14: 11-14 |
| Thurs., Aug. 23. | The Christian and the suffering | John 14: 11-14 |
| Fri., Aug. 24. | How to help in wider fields | John 14: 11-14 |
| Sat., Aug. 25. | In His name Luke 9: 46-48 | John 14: 11-14 |

Our deeds determine our destiny—this is the great lesson taught in the solemn passage selected for our study this week. To understand our Saviour's teaching, however, we must take that whole teaching into view. In doing so, we shall see that, while good deeds are emphasized in this passage as an essential to heavenly reward, faith in Christ, love for Christ, loyalty to Christ, as the foundation for our good deeds, is also an essential to salvation. Two New Testament writers represent these two essentials in the christian life—Paul and James—Paul, showing the importance of faith in Christ, and James, declaring the necessity of good works as manifesting the existence and reality of faith. Faith and works—both are essential, and one cannot exist without the other to be acceptable to God. But in our topic study, Jesus declares that without good deeds, without rendering service in his name, without doing right because we love him, there can be no enjoyment of the heavenly inheritance. Faith is the chariot that conveys us to the gates of heaven, but our good deeds are the passport that admits us to the joys of the blest.

THE JUDGMENT SCENE.

In the vivid picture of the judgment scene presented in our scripture, the Judge, the Son of Man, is seated upon his throne—a King, as well as a Judge, in finished victory, on the seat and source of sovereign power. He is not in humiliation now, not poor, unknown, despised and rejected of men, and crucified, but in his own true nature, divine, honored and worshipped, the Glorious King of kings, and Lord of lords. He is not alone now; for instead of a few humble followers, he will have a glorious retinue of

the most noble and powerful beings in the universe, to be his attendants, to execute his will, to be his messengers with the speed of light. From this throne shall issue the perfection of judgment that shall not only be absolutely authoritative, irreversible and final, but that shall also command the approbation and admiration of the whole moral universe. Before this Judge, our Saviour, shall be assembled all mankind, not only those who shall be alive at his coming, but all who have ever lived. Then there shall be a separation into two classes—though there may be grades of condition and character in both classes. The fact is, there is a real separation between the righteous and wicked on earth, but it is not apparent until the judgment day. Then the gulf between them is fixed forever. (Matt. 13: 49; Luke 16: 26.)

Sheep and Goats.—One of these classes is called "sheep," the other, "goats," and there is a significance in these terms. The "sheep" represent the righteous, because they were gentle, obedient, peaceful, affectionate, and ready to follow their guide—qualities, which, when shown by men toward Christ, will lead to righteousness. These shall be placed on the right of the Judge, the place of honor and favor. The "goats" stand for the wicked, and a fit image it is. The goat is a repulsive animal, stubborn, wanton, wild, untractable, and comparatively worthless—characteristics which the wicked bear in the moral world. These are sent to the left of the Judge, the place of rejection and condemnation.

Illustration from the Orient.—When travelling between Joppa and Jerusalem, I saw, at a certain spot, says Dr. Morrison, a great intermingled flock of sheep and goats. The goats were all perfectly black, the sheep were all beautifully white. And thus, even to my eye, and while I was looking from a distance, the distinction between the two kinds was strikingly obvious. If a separation between the two had been required, there would not have been the least danger of mistake.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

The words used by the Judge to those who had been his faithful followers when he was Saviour and King, are words of gracious and endearing welcome. "Come ye draw near to Christ outwardly, as you have lived near to him in spirit; come nearer to him who is the centre of joy, and light, and love. "Blessed of My Father"—they were persons whom God had blessed. And what blessings were they that had brought them to such a blissful state? They were such as God's loving care, the bestowal of the Holy Spirit, the renewal of heart, the experiences of the gospel, the gifts and fruits of the Spirit, the power to become children and heirs of God. As a result they were to inherit the kingdom—not to receive it by labor, nor by purchase, but by becoming children of God through faith in Christ, and, therefore, heirs of the eternal inheritance. And this kingdom is prepared for all who will trust in God's Son, and accept of his love and service.

Evidence that they were heirs.—The evidence that these persons belonged among the blessed did not consist in what they believed, or purposed, or thought, but in what they *did*. Love, Jesus says, I was hungry and thirsty, and a stranger, and naked, and sick, and in prison, and you came to my relief. I, Jesus, in the person of my representatives—my unfortunate followers and friends on the earth; in the person of all who may be helped in my name and for my sake. I, in the representative capacity, was in need, in distress, and you came and helped me, and then you showed your faith in me, and your love for me; and for this reason, I, as Judge and King, welcome you to your reward.

The meaning of this practical service.—Notice a few important suggestions from

various writers as to the meaning and force of these good works.

(a) There is a climax in the enumeration. The first three are recognized duties; the next three are voluntary acts of self-forgetting love.

(b) These acts are such as are possible to all Christians, and express a true Christian spirit. They are not such as require merely an outlay of money, but such as involve also the sacrifice of time, strength, rest, comfort, and the display of the love of the Christ-like spirit.

(c) The few acts of kindness here named are but specimens of all those good deeds which presuppose faith in Christ, the faith which purifies the heart and works by love, hence called *pure religion*, (James 1: 27), for void of this faith and love, whatever we do profits us nothing, (1 Cor. 13: 3; Heb. 4: 2; 12: 14).

(d) No reference is made to spiritual help. The case is one in which the less includes the greater, as the promise of reward to one who gives out of cold water, includes that offered for all larger service. Much more are we ministering to Christ who bring freedom to those bound in the prison-house of sin, help to those who are sick with absence from hope and from God, and the bread of life to those who are in spiritual starvation.

(e) He who does these things has the Spirit, and follows the example of Christ, for we were hungry and he gives us to eat, (John 6: 32-35); and were thirsty and he gives us to drink, (John 4: 14; 6: 55, 56); we were sick and he visits us with redeeming love, (Ps. 147: 3; Jer. 3: 22; Hos. 14: 4; Heb. 2: 6); we were in prison and he comes to us, shares our prison fare, and so ransom and delivers us, (Rom. 8: 2, 3; Heb. 2: 9, 10).

THE JUDGMENT OF THE WICKED.

As the righteous were received with the welcome words, "Come ye blessed children of my Father," so the wicked were rejected with the awful sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed." What a fearful contrast between these two utterances of Christ! What an eternity of difference between the lot of the two classes to whom the words were spoken; and yet the sentences were uttered because their characters merited them. Indeed the sentences were the outcome of the characters. They had made themselves what they were; they had traced the letters of their reward or condemnation with their own hand. The Judge only gave a formal utterance to what they themselves had already spoken by the deeds of their lives. We shape our own destiny; we build our mansions with the materials which God supplies; we ruin ourselves, if ruined we are.

The sins enumerated.—The sins mentioned were the ground of the condemnation of the wicked are sins of omission, showing that the absence of good works, the destitution of love, or the dominion of selfishness disqualified man for blessedness and is sufficient, even without positive crimes to exclude him from heaven. These sins of omission prove that there is no true faith and love toward Jesus. A true christian could not omit the things mentioned here from their lives. There are two ways of measuring sin, says one, *down and up, down*, by counting *all* the actual sins we have done, all covetings, anger, evil thoughts, selfishness, falsehoods, dishonesties; *up*, by seeing what we might have been, all the good deeds we might have done, the character we might have formed, the useful life we might have lived. And the punishment is like the sin, it omits heaven, joy, and God, and the companionship of the good men our lives, and adds the terrors of which literal fire to the body is the torturing symbol.

PLASMBLITHS.

1. We serve God by helping man.
2. A day of judgment is certainly coming to all.
3. Our future life is determined by what we are and what we do on earth.
4. Character and faith are measured by the works they produce.
5. Those who do the deeds of Satan must go to the place prepared for Satan.
6. The wicked are condemned not only for the evil they did, but for the good they omitted to do.
7. The highest virtue is unconsciousness of its own greatness. The man who is not greater than he knows is a very small affair.
8. There will be a separation at the last day into two classes, each going to his own place. This separation will not be arbitrary, but according to character and fitness.
9. The poorest hope of heaven is that which is based on the words, "I have done no harm." The very stones, insects, reptiles, may say as much as that; a creation made in the image of God should do much positive good.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT

What is your League doing in your community for the hungry, and the ill-clad, and the sick, and the stranger, and the imprisoned. Suppose your committees were brought before the great Judge of all the earth and judged according to our Scripture, how would they stand the test? To say the least, there is great room for improvement, is there not? and let one result of the study of this week's topic be increased faithfulness in practical every-day good deeds for our Master's sake. Let the vice president of each department prepare a brief paper or address on the subject: "What is my department doing, and what should it do, in the light of the teachings of this week's topic?" Let the president or the pastor give a brief address on "The judgement, how to prepare for it."

SEPT. 2.—"SEEK SOULS"

Luke 15: 1-10.

HOME READINGS.

- Mon., Aug. 27. God's love for the soul. . . . John 4: 4-16
- Tue., Aug. 28. His desire to save. . . . Rom. 8: 2-34
- Wed., Aug. 29. Jesus' gift for us. . . . 1 Pet. 2: 12-25
- Thur., Aug. 30. The one duty of disciples. . . . Micah 6: 6-8
- Fri., Aug. 31. The disciples' responsibility. . . . Matt. 23: 1-12
- Sat., Sept. 1. After his example. . . . John 13: 1-15

It is important, young people, to keep before us from time to time the object of the League of which we are members, so that by God's help we may measure up to its requirements. The constitution of the League states that the object of the League is (a) to save souls; (b) to promote an earnest, intelligent, practical Christian life in the young members and friends of the Church; (c) to assist them in the study of God's Word; (d) to increase their usefulness in the service of God and humanity. These are praiseworthy objects to have in view, and to actually attain—all of them. But the first on the list is "to save souls," and our topic week consists of this object as presented in two parables which, as it were, opens a window into the very heart of God. In all plans for the success of your society, in all your ideas concerning its scope and aim, never lose sight of the great primary object, to save souls. If your League is not seeking souls in the meaning of the parable, then you had better stop, take your bearings, and begin over again, and in the future keep this great, scriptural, Christ-like purpose prominently before you.

THE GRANDEUR OF REDEMPTION.

In this fifteenth chapter of Luke there are three parables. Each is the grandeur of redemption that no one parable can adequately portray it, and, therefore, here we have three given us that in the union of them all we might have a more complete understanding of this mysterious theme. Each narrative represents the sinner in a peculiar condition, for the parable of the lost sheep represents the stupid and bewildered sinner; that of the lost piece of money, the sinner unconscious of himself and of his own real worth; that of the prodigal son, the conscious and voluntary sinner—the most serious and aggravated case. Indeed, the first two parables are an inseparable pair. They are a double star; you cannot tell how much light comes from the one, or how much from the other. They are alike, for in each there is a loss, a seeking, a joyful finding. They differ in the extent of the loss, the manner of the loss, and the toll of recovery. Again they are alike in teaching the lesson as to the lost condition of the sinner, the power and willingness of God to save, and the importance with which God and angels regard each sinner's salvation. They vary in giving different views of the sinner. He is wayward, weak and foolish like a sheep. He is dead and helpless like the tarnished coin. The prodigal represents Christ's active and atoning work for man's salvation; the woman's activity illustrates the work of salvation in the soul itself—enlightening, cleansing, transforming, to fit it for acceptable service and close relationship with God.

THE LOVING SHEPHERD'S SEARCH.

In Palestine at any moment sheep are liable to be swept away by some mountain torrent, or carried off by hill-robbers, or torn by wolves. At any moment their protector may have been slain by some sudden hazard. Every hour of the shepherd's life is risk. Pitiless showers, driving snows, long hours of thirst, all this he must endure if the flock is to be kept at all. So Jesus gave his life for the sheep. If the shepherd had not sacrificed himself, the sheep must have been the sacrifice. Part of the suffering of Christ was done, but the suffering from which he redeemed us by death was more terrible than death. The pit into which he descended was the grave. The pit in which we should have been lost forever was the pit of selfishness and despair. He left heaven, his home; he became man with all its limitations; he teaches, suffers and dies that he might find the lost and bring search to his lost property is not in ignorance of where it is, and his finding of it is not his discovery of his sheep, but the sheep's discovery of the shepherd. We have to remember wherein consists the loss before we can understand wherein consists the search. God's possession of man is not simply his possession by creation. There is only one way in which spirit can own spirit, or heart can possess heart, and that is through the voluntary yielding and love of the one to the other. So Jesus Christ, who, in all his seeking after us men, is the voice and hand of Almighty love, does not count that he has found a man until the man has learned to love him. For he loses us when we are alienated from him, when we cease to trust him. The search, then, is for love, for trust, for obedience. The shepherd's seeking is shown in the way by which the love in Jesus Christ moves round about our closed hearts, looking for an entrance. He left the ninety and nine that were safe on the

high pastures of the mountains of God, and came down among us, out into the wilderness, to seek and to save that which was lost. And here, in our midst, that unseen form is passing along and speaking to our souls. He seeks each of us by the inner voices of our hearts and minds, by those strange whisperings which sometimes we hear, by the convictions of duty and truth which at times flash across our inmost being. He is seeking us by our unrest, by our yearnings after we know not what, by our dim dissatisfaction which insists in our hearts in the midst of joys and delights, and which the world fails to satisfy as much as it fails to interpret. In these and in other ways the shepherd is seeking, and happy are they who will be found of him.

INEFFECTUAL SEARCH.

A hint of what is the patience and perseverance of Christ, and what should be the patience and perseverance of the Christian, is found in the words "Until he find it." This is one of the passages from which the Restorationists claim a hope that all at last will be found. It is true that Christ always finds his sheep; but he does not always recover them. The possibility of the lost refusing to be recovered, success does not enter into this parable. The fact that deliverance is offered to every soul is taught plainly here, as well as elsewhere, in the New Testament, but only those who accept the deliverance offered can ever expect to share in its safety and delights. This is both scripture and common sense. It seems an absurdity, and yet it is a grim fact in every life, that Christ's effort can fail and be thwarted, and that his search is careless, but that we shroud ourselves in darkness through which his love can find no way. The infinite love of Christ is free from all blame. God appeals to us in the strongest, tenderest ways, and says, "What more could have been done by my vineyard that I have not done it?" Nothing has been left undone on God's part, but men turn away from Christ's appeals, and are unwilling to have this man to save them or to rule over them. And one great reason for this resistance of divine love is that men do not believe that they need that love. Some think they are in the flock when they are not. Some have no rest for the sweet pastures that are provided, and would rather stay where they are. It is solemnly true that we do not need to do anything to put the shepherd away. A deaf ear hears not, "I called and ye refused. I stretched out my hands, and no man regarded." That is all! That is what we do, and that is enough to miss the heavenly music forever.

THE SEARCH PROLONGED.

This expression, "until he find it," is a wonderful and merciful statement. It indicates the vastness of Christ's determination and patient forgiveness. Men tire of searching. Can a mother forget or abandon the seeking after a lost child? Yes; if it has gone on for so long as to show that further search is hopeless, she will go home and nurse her sorrow in her heart. It is another thing that the word "until" indicates, viz., the possibility of bringing back those who have gone farthest away, and have been longest absent. The world has a moral deformity, to say about incurable cases of mental deformity. Christ knows nothing about "incurable cases." And in accomplishing this task, our League must remember that it is one by one, and not in the mass, that souls are saved. Jesus saves the Samaritan woman by convincing her of the depth of her need; he saves Zaccheus by inviting him to receive him into his house as his guest and Redeemer; he saves Nicodemus by showing him the necessity of being born from above before he can enter into the kingdom of heaven, and he saves Mary Magdalene by delivering her from the power of seven evil spirits. Oh, members

of the Epworth League, are you filling your mission in endeavoring to bring one soul at a time to a saving knowledge of Christ? Have you ever been instrumental in finding one soul lost in the sin of the world? If each one of the eighty thousand members of the Epworth League in Canada would be the means of saving one soul, what a magnificent work that would be before the close of the century.

THE JOY OF FINDING.

God has delight in the ninety and nine, as is abundantly expressed in the scriptures. But the redemption of a soul from eternal sin and danger awakens new emotions of joy such as had not been known before. Angels and saints in heaven add a new note to their song of praise in the joy of seeing souls rescued from perdition. Christ experienced a rapture of delight when he found a lost sheep. Witness his bearing at the well of Sychar when his joy over the repentance of the woman of Samaria made him forget hunger, inasmuch that the disciples wondered if any man had given him to eat. That joy, continues Bruce, hoped for or experienced, made all his burdens light, made all the cross itself, abhorrent to his sensitive nature, more than bearable. Then, it is the Good Shepherd himself that rejoices over his own recovered property; but so vast and expansive is it, he calleth his whole celestial family to rejoice with him. In this sense, it is joy "in the presence of the angels of God"; they catch the flying joy, sharing it with the Great Deliverer. But this joy over the successful finding is terrestrial as well as celestial. There is joy among men as well as among angels. The poet speaks of "the luxury of doing good." But the ecstasy of soul experienced by the one who is instrumental in saving a soul from death, is a foretaste of heaven itself, is a paradise possessed. Have you ever known that joy, fellow-worker? If not, why not!

FLASH-LIGHTS.

1. Prayer is the soul-winner's source of power.
2. Love is the soul-winner's leading argument.
3. The Bible is the soul-winner's great manual.
4. Be able to reply to scepticism, but never answer a doubt before it has risen.
5. Is the search to save sinners a part of my regular business in the world?
6. Laymen, do not leave soul-winning to your pastors; pastors, do not leave it to the evangelists. "Go ye and make disciples."
7. A man jumped into a river to save an unknown man from drowning. He pulled him out on the bank, and found that he was his own brother.
8. A man, half frozen in a storm, was about to lie down and die. He stumbled on the fallen body of another man, and in rubbing him to restore him, he restored himself, thus saving his own life in saving another's.

POINTS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Are all the members of your League safe within the fold? Let there be an earnest appeal for all to set aside every barrier and accept the seeking Christ. Are you doing any definite work to follow the Saviour's example in saving the lost? Are you not convinced that many young people who ought to be reached by your League are not serving Christ? What are you going to do about it? Pray over these things before going to your meeting and strive to take practical steps to do your work as a League faithfully and efficiently. Have a few brief papers prepared on the following subjects: "The safe flock," "The lost sheep," "The search for the lost," "The return," "The joy over the finding." Let these papers follow one another in consecutive order. Have an earnest prayer that the solemn truth of the topic may have its intended result.

SEPT. 9.—"OUR SIMPLE DUTY."

Luke 17: 7-10.

HOME READINGS.

Mon. Sept. 3. First things—Matthew 1 Kings 7: 1-10
 Tues. Sept. 4. Duties vs. pleasures—1 Tim. 2: 1-4
 Wed. Sept. 5. The great choice—1 Cor. 13: 1-13
 Thurs. Sept. 6. Guidance needed—1 Cor. 13: 1-13
 Fri. Sept. 7. Unwearied in good works.
 Sat. Sept. 8. The reward of well-doing—2 Thess. 3: 1-13
 Isa. 3: 10; Eph. 6: 8

Two great words in the christian religion are *love* and *duty*. *Love* is a right relation to God, and *duty* is what is due to God from us arising out of the right relation of love. No christian life is complete without both. Our Saviour in this parable shows the importance of duty, and declares that it is nothing more than should be expected from a servant of God. When we pay what is due from us to another, there is no particular credit attaching to that act. And when we do our christian duty, we are only paying what is due our Heavenly Father in a life of service, and we can claim no merit from it. The servant is the master's property, and there are no limits to the service he may be called to render, but those which his master may choose to set. In like manner, the Christian has no power or right to set any limit to the service which is due from him to God—to mark off any department of his life, or any portion of his time, as belonging solely to himself, within which he may act simply in accordance with his own tastes and wishes. And when he has done all that God and conscience requires, he has only done what he ought to do, and he is not placing anybody under compulsion to him.

A STERN BUT NECESSARY LESSON.

The view which this comparatively unfamiliar parable presents of human life and obligation, may not be a welcome one to many. The christian is compared to a slave—one who has been hard at work all day in his master's fields. When he returns to the house at sundown, new duties and toils await him. Instead of being permitted to rest, or invited to recruit himself after the fatigue of the day, he has to prepare his master's supper, and to wait on him. Even when he has discharged these duties, he gets no special commendation; he has done only what he was under obligation to do. He is still an "unprofitable servant." And mark the meaning of "unprofitable"—derived from two Greek words, and means, *having done nothing beyond what was due*. At first, the parable seems hard and ungracious, but the more carefully we consider it, the more true to the actual facts of human life we will find it. Has not nature its sternness as well as its more gentle aspects—its frosts as well as its flowers, its storms as well as its calms? And human life, is that always smooth and easy? Are there not many to whom it appears a mere succession of ill-rewarded toils, a mere dull round of labor, cheered by no approval, and no applause. And if the approval and the help of the Great Teacher were to depict our life fairly, and give help adequate to its strain, was it not right that he should depict its stern as well as its mild demands?

THE MANLINESS OF DUTY.

If we are men, and not babes in Christ, the word *duty* will hardly be less dear to us than the word *love*. If we are brave, continents Cox, we shall hold the title "dutiful servant" to be hardly less honorable than that of "loving and obedient." We shall rejoice that the path to heaven is steep and hard to climb, since only by a severe and bracing discipline can we rise to our full stature, and come to our full strength. We need to be roused and stirred by the clarion call of duty, as well as soothed and comforted by the tender breathings of love. And in this parable, the call comes loud and clear, becoming louder as we listen and reflect. Do your duty, and when you have done it,

however laborous and painful it may be, remember that you have *only* done your duty. If you are tempted to a sort of self-pity for the hardships you have borne, or to a self-admiration for the achievements you have wrought, let this be your safe-guard—that you have done *no more than your duty*. The very moment we grow complacent over our work, our work spoils in our hands. We begin to think of ourselves instead of our work, of the wonders we have achieved instead of the toils which yet lie before us, and of how we may best discharge them. So task as we begin to complain of our lot and task, to murmur as though our burden were too heavy, or as though we were called to bear it in our own strength, we unfit ourselves for it; our nerves and courage give way, and we become incapable of doing even the little we are competent to do.

THE JOY OF DUTY.

How bracing is the sense of duty discharged. It is one of the moral luxuries of life, and it is part of the reward of which the parable does not speak. Does not Christ himself teach us to say, "We have done that which it was our duty to do." All that our Lord demands of us that with such capacities and opportunities as we have, we shall do our best, at lowest *try* to do it. Honesty of intention, purity and sincerity of motive, the diligence and cheerfulness with which we address ourselves to his service—these things count for more with him, than the mere amount of work we accomplish. Jesus would have us think, as he himself thinks, that *we have* done our duty when we have sincerely and earnestly endeavored to do it. True, he bids us add to the statement, "we have done our duty," the confession, "we are unprofitable servants," that is, we have done nothing beyond what we ought to do. And no doubt the humility of this last sentence is a wholesome antidote to the pride which might be engendered by the first. Even when a christian has done his *best* as well as his *duty*, he is inclined to lament that he could not do more if he has a truly christian spirit, and gratefully acknowledges that he could not have done as much, even if he could have done nothing really good, without the grace and help of God. This spirit of humility should be present with us in all our performance of duty.

ONE PHASE OF THE TRUTH.

We should remember that the whole truth in all its various aspects, cannot be packed into a single sentence, or even into a single parable. Our Lord sometimes enforces one aspect, and sometimes another. It does not follow because we justly regard ourselves as having done no more than is due to God, that God will regard us as unworthy of praise or reward. By no means! On the contrary, if we do that which it is our duty to do, if we but sincerely try to do it, we know that we are called to "good and faithful servants." God loves to show his esteem for all faithful service. The cup of cold water given in his name does not fail of reward.

TO BE FORTERED WELL.

1. *Christ's right in us:*
 It is a right of purchase; he bought us with his blood.
 It is a right of exalted position. His right it is to rule his own.
 It is a right of affection; he is our elder brother.

His right is absolute. He holds back nothing of himself, and we cannot justly hold back anything of ourselves.

He has asserted his right—"Do whatsoever I command you."
 We acknowledged his right when we took his name upon us.

2. *What should be taken for granted:*

(a) It should be taken for granted among Christians, that prayer is the habit of life—

private prayer, family prayer, public prayer.
 (b) Bible study should be taken for granted. Is it not the obvious duty of friends to read one another's letters, and consider one another's counsel? (c) Church attendance should be taken for granted, as it will be taken for granted that a merchant will go to his store; should I not be where my father's business is being transacted? (d) Christian living should be taken for granted, and in testimony in private conversation and in public declaration should be taken for granted. Christ expects us to confess him. (e) Christian giving should be taken for granted; that of what God so freely gives us, we should freely render back to him. (f) All this and much more should be the commonplace of Christian living, and we should no more take credit for it than for breathing. It is our simple duty.

THAT TONGUE OF YOURS.

"You talk too much, my boy," said a business man, bluntly, to a boy in his employ. "It is a bad habit for a boy to fall into, and I tell you frankly that you will have to give it up, or I can not retain you in my service."

The boy was very much aggrieved, and his employer said, a little more kindly, "It is just this way, my boy. You simply cannot talk half of the time and do your work properly. It is impossible. Your words are the expression of that which is in your mind, and you cannot have your mind on your work and at the same time talk about something else. And those to whom you are talking must take their minds from their task if they pay any attention to what you are saying. I say you for your time. It is fair and just that you should give it to me, and to me alone, during the hours you have agreed to serve me."

I have heard more than one loquacious boy say, "I don't see what difference it makes how much I talk if I do my work well at the same time."

But, my dear boy, you simply cannot do your work well and talk at the same time, no matter what your work may be. The simplest work requires some concentration of thought. It was only yesterday that I heard of a boy who lost a good position simply because he "talked too much." "His tongue ran like a trip hammer nearly the whole time," said the gentleman who told me about it.

When the boy was reprimanded by his employer he retorted, smartly, "I guess my tongue is my own."

"But your time and the time of others you waste while using your tongue are not your own," replied the gentleman. "They belong to me, for I pay for them."

There is in an eastern city a business house in which more than two hundred persons are employed, and they are not allowed to speak to each other during their working hours, unless it is necessary to do so in order to carry forward their work. I was in this business house a short time ago, and in one room were about sixty boys and young men and women working silently and faithfully. I went from this office to another, in which there is no such restriction, and I saw three or four boys and several girls who had left their work and were gathered before a window, looking at some unusual occurrence in the street below. There was a great deal of laughing and talking going on in the room, and the time of their employer was being steadily wasted.

It is very becoming in a boy not to talk too much under any conditions. Great walkers are never great thinkers, nor great workers. Sir Walter Raleigh said that "Spoken much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed."

The tongue of the average boy runs a little more freely than it should, and in many cases to the detriment of its owner. Guard that tongue of yours rather carefully, my boy. Your success and happiness in life may depend on that.—*Young Keeper*.

Junior Department.

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

Ten Little Servants.

Ten little servants Johnny has,
That know but to obey,
And to his slightest beck and call
They never answer may;
And never argue or reply,
Nor vexing questions ask,
But with a good and hearty will
Do their appointed task!

Of different size and different strength,
Yet willing all and true,
And glad to give each other aid
In everything they do,
Five on his right, five on his left,
And each one has his pair,
Which matches him in size and form
Exactly to a hair!

In every duty of the day
Each nobly bears his part,
At school or home, no matter where,
In labor or in art.
And Johnny never speaks his wish,
He only needs to think,
And straight these servants do his will
As quick as you could wink!

And should these busy brothers work
A single deed of shame,
Not theirs the fault—you may be sure
That Johnny is to blame;
And so are you in the same case,—
All children and all men,—
For who has fingers strong and well
Can count his servants ten!

—Bruce Baxter.

A Friendly Letter.

Dear Juniors,—Before this reaches you you will be half through your vacation. I hope you are having a very enjoyable time of it, and that by the time the school term opens you will be both ready and willing to get back to your work. There are two or three things I hope you keep in mind while enjoying your holidays. 1st.—Do not neglect your daily prayer and Bible reading. Too often when we are on a vacation we forget some of the most important matters, and I am afraid that we neglect our soul's well-being while thinking of that of our body. Rest is good, but rest is bad, and if you forget your devotions the rust of neglect will do you spiritual harm. So bear in mind daily your pledge to "pray and read the Bible every day." 2nd.—Take care of your manners during vacation. Too many throw off all restraint and become careless of their habits in the holidays. Do not become slovenly in appearance, conversation or social address. Be as punctual, tidy, polite as when at home or school. Keep yourselves clean both outside and in. And so, by a proper enjoyment of the vacation, I trust you may preserve your health both of body, mind and soul, and return to your school duties in every sense better than when the vacation began. S. T. B.

Weekly Topics.

AUGUST 5TH.—"Why is envy foolish and sinful?" Luke 15: 25-32.

Our Juniors have all, probably, felt envy, and know what it means. Envy, jealousy, covetousness, ill-will, malice, all mean about the same thing. Reading over the story of the Elder Brother in the Scripture Lesson for the day, notice how little ground he had for envy. His prodigal brother had lost everything through his sin, and was an object of pity rather than envy. Point out the difference between the father and the elder son—Love or envy? Which is in our heart toward others? Envy is "foolish," because it will surely do us more harm than the other one. We will bring hurt on ourselves by cherishing covetous feelings towards others. It is "sinful" because it violates God's law. "Thou shalt not covet," is which of the Ten Commandments? Read I Peter 2: 1, 2.

AUGUST 12TH.—"Two sons, which are you imitating?" Luke 2: 51; 2 Samuel 18: 24-33.

The "two sons" of our lesson are Jesus and Absalom. The ideal qualities of the former are to be held before our children for emulation, the sad weakness, disgrace and death of Absalom are beacon-lights of warning to our growing boys. The chief characteristics of our Lord as a boy at home, as described in Luke 2: 51, was obedience. He honored and kept the fifth Commandment. Make plain to your League, that voluntary not compulsory obedience is desired. True filial regard must be the source of acceptable submission. Love for parents is the true mainspring of genuine Christ-like obedience. Fear is not the best impelling motive. "Children obey your parents in the Lord." Home should be, as at Nazareth, the abode of mutual confidence and regard. Build up a blackboard exercise around the following outline:

"JOY
EMPLOYMENT
"SUBJECT."
UNION
S"AFETY.

Show that in those homes where children find joy in employment as subject to parental control, there are union and safety. No boy is safe who disobeys a christian parent, etc.

AUGUST 19TH.—"The Woes of the Drunkard—What are they?" Proverbs 23: 29-35.

Children will remember an acrostic readily, so show how drunkenness destroys, e.g.:

WEALTH
INDEPENDENCE
SUCCESS
KNOWLEDGE
ENTERPRISE
YOUTH.

Or use other words suggested to you by League as you progress, that will as fitly express the terrible ravages of the drink cure.

AUGUST 26TH.—"How can we minister to Christ?" Matthew 25: 31-46.

Our lesson describes the Last Judgment. If we desire to be accepted then, we must prepare now. The best way to make this preparation is to "do whatever He would like to have us do." This portion of our pledge is beautifully illustrated by the topic. Some things He would like to have us do are here outlined, e.g., feed the hungry, give water to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, etc.,—in short, act towards all who are in need as He would do in our place. To "minister" is to "serve." Jesus said, "I

am among you as one that serveth." "He that would be great among you, let him be your minister." It is not always easy to our selfish natures to give. We would sooner get. But giving is better than getting, and if we give in His name, i.e., from the true spirit of loving sympathy, we shall be blessed." Thus "it is better to give than to receive."

SEPTEMBER 2ND.—"How can we help Christ to find lost souls?" Luke 15: 3-10.

How do we find anything that is lost? "By hunting for it," you say. Just so! And we must "seek and find" sinners just as anything else. The trouble is, that so many will not realize or admit that they are lost. No one can save another unless that other one feels his need. So we must first get them to feel that they need saving. It is not hard to get a drowning man to lay hold of a rope, a fire escape is very welcome to a burning man; but how sad it is to see so many souls indifferent to salvation from sin and death eternal. Why should we help save souls? Because we love them in the name of Christ, and because "he that winneth souls is wise." Pray, invite, warn, advise; but do it kindly and lovingly for Jesus' sake.

Missionary Stamps.

In response to many enquiries received during his illness, Mr. Bartlett desires to state that he is not in a position to continue the work of the Missionary Stamp League another year; but advises all interested collectors to wash their stamps clear of the paper, sort the various kinds by themselves, and send to Mr. E. Mark, 169 McCall Street, Toronto, who will buy for cash all Canadian stamps sent him, and will remit promptly to the senders.

His First Speech.

Sam Junior was a chubby boy of seven. He was so plump and stout that his friends called him Alderman Jolly-fat. He went to Sunday School every Sunday, and when the great anniversary festival drew near, with hundreds of others of the big school, Sam expected a good time. In those days (and this happened thousands of miles away from Toronto, and before any Junior who reads this was born), the Sunday School anniversary was the zenith of the year, and great preparations were made for it. The school was arranged on a mammoth raised platform at one end of the church, and, of course, the exercises were enjoyed by a packed house. Sam was anxious to have a part in the Scripture examination of the morning service, so he was given Romans 12: 1 to learn, and when asked by the leader, to recite. The day came. Everything and everybody were bright and happy. The school took their places, the huge platform was filled, the church was crowded, and the exercises were begun. When the superintendent, seated in the far gallery, right over the clock, began his series of Bible questions, Sam's little heart began to feel very big and to beat very hard. "But," he said, "I know it all right," and he ran over the verse to himself quickly, and knew he could say it without a mistake. On went the examination, and Sam Junior knew that his time was coming. At last! "Quote the passage to which I refer," said the superintendent; and Sam's time was fully come. But in Sam's throat was a lump so big and hard that the could not get his words out. Only one cure for that awful lump. That cure was tears, and so Sam began to cry. Standing all the while he faced the crowded church, and word by word out it came as the big lump dissolved. "I—be—seech—you—therefore,—brethren,—by—the—mercies—of—God—" and so on

to the end of the verse. And then he sat down triumphant, even though in partial defeat. Now tears are infectious, as well as smiles and yawns, and by the time Sam sat down, quite a lot of eyes were wet in sympathy with our Junior speaker, so much so that the minister, who was seated right in the centre of the front of the platform, rose, looked up to Sam and said, "Never mind, Sam, my boy, you said it," and then turning to the audience he said, "Sam has wept in tears to-day, let us pray that he will yet weep in joy." The day closed, the years passed, that minister was taken home to God and heaven, and Sam Junior became in time Sam Senior. But the prayer of that good pastor was never forgotten, and it is being answered, for our "little Sam" is now himself a minister holding a responsible position, and often when tempted with discouragement, the scene of long ago comes vividly back to his memory, and he recalls the promise, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall surely come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

If I Were a Girl.

If I were a girl, but warned and guided by the knowledge of life that comes with matured years, there are some things frequently done by well-intentioned girls in this year of grace, 1900, that I would try to leave undone, and some other things frequently neglected by them that I would try to do.

If I were a girl, I would determine to have, if possible, a sound, healthy, well-knit body. I would not ruin my digestion by eating caramels, nor my nerves by keeping late hours, nor my lungs by breathing foul air and wearing uncomfortable clothing. I would have my regular hours of eating and sleeping, and not be tempted from them often than once or twice a year. I would have my own ideas of what was sensible, economical and appropriate in dress, and never be tempted from them on any occasion.

If I were a girl, I would learn as early as possible to do the homely duties which come to the vast majority of women sooner or later. I would learn to make and mend my own clothes, to sweep, and dust, and iron, and cook, and to do all these things so easily and well that the doing could never be drudgery.

If I were a girl, I would not make a confidential friend of a new acquaintance. I would know just as many pleasant people as it was possible for me to know, but I would try them for a long, long time before I began to share my innermost thoughts and feelings with them.

If I were a girl, I would try very hard to keep my lips clear of slang, hasty words and stupid gossip. I would not seek a reputation for vivacity and "smartness" at the expense of candor and kindness. I would resolve, and resolve with all my might, to say what I meant, and to mean what I said. It pays to be positive.

If I were a girl, I would learn some things about the events and the prominent characters and questions of the day. I would learn to place the central figures of history—to know whether Socrates was a Greek or a Roman, and how and where Joan of Arc achieved immortality. I would not go through life tortured by an ignorance which may be remedied wherever the English language is known and the public library is accessible.

If I were a girl, I would not spend hours in reading light novels—even harmless ones—when the same time wisely used would give me a lifelong acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, the Brownings, Tennyson, Long-

fellow, and still others of the masters of literature.

If I were a girl, I would be a Christian, and I would not be ashamed to own that I bore the name. If I could not be a wise, mature, and influential Christian, I would be content to be an honest Christian girl, and wait for time and training to do the rest. I would let my position regarding the dance, the card-table, and the theatre be so clearly defined that I need not go through the agony of decision every day I lived. I would try not to make myself and my religion offensive by cant and "goodishness," but I would try to have it understood which side I was on and why I was there.

To put it briefly, if I were a girl, and if youth could look forward as easily as later life can look backward, I would begin to be in girlhood what I shall wish in old age I had become.

For the achievement it is necessary but to speak and live up to a resolute "I will!"
—Jessie Brown Pounds, in *Missionary Tidings*.

A Wise Resolve.

Arthur Allen had been reading the history of Alexander the Great. He was only twelve years old, but he was very fond of history, and liked particularly well to read of the lives of famous men.

He intended some day to become famous himself; indeed, he often spent his time in trying to decide in just what way he was to achieve distinction. He had thought: at one time that he would be a soldier, but after considering the matter he concluded that his mamma might not like that, and then he had resolved to be a great lawyer.

A few weeks before the day of which we write he had attended some meeting where the minister had talked especially to the children. And at one of these meetings Arthur had given his heart to Christ and resolved, with the aid of the One whom he now loved, to serve Him all the rest of his life.

His desire to do something great had since that time taken on a new form, for now he wanted to accomplish great things for Christ.

He was sitting on the front gate post thinking about these things when Mrs. Dean came to call upon his mamma. It was a beautiful day in early spring, and so warm that the doors and windows were left open.

"I don't see how a fellow is to do anything worth while in this town," Arthur was saying to himself. "It's just the same hum-drum every day. If we lived in a big city I might find something to do even now, without waiting till I am grown up. There will be so many chances for grand things there."

Then he heard Mrs. Dean saying to his mother:

"Yes, the kite season has begun. I spent some time with Foster this afternoon trying to help him make a kite, he wanted one so badly. But it was all an experiment, and an unsuccessful one at that. I think the sticks must have been too heavy."

"I am sure I should not know how to make one that would fly," Arthur heard his mother answer, "but Arthur knows how. Of course he is older than Foster."

Then they began talking about making flower-beds and what kind of seeds were best to plant. Arthur wasn't interested in the seeds just then, for he was reminded that the beautiful new kite which he had finished only yesterday had not been sailed that whole day.

He got down from the gate post and went around to the shed. As he went he somehow began thinking of Foster Dean and of how disappointed he must have been when his kite would not fly.

"I just believe I'll go over there and make one for him," he said aloud as he reached the shed door, and he turned about and went across to Foster's home.

"Hello, Foster!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the little fellow. "Do you want me to make a kite for you?"
"Guess I do," replied Foster, with shining eyes.

A moment later they were both busy, for Arthur showed Foster how to make the tail while he prepared the frame.

How Foster did enjoy it! It did Arthur good to watch him and hear his exclamations of pleasure over the anticipated fun that he would have when the kite was complete.

And the kite was a success. Arthur helped Foster to fly it. And when Mrs. Dean came home they were having a fine time. Foster was the happiest looking boy in that part of the town.

"Why, thank you, Arthur," said Mrs. Dean heartily. "A kite that would fly was just what Foster had been wishing for."

"Oh, never mind thanking me," Arthur replied, "it was such a little thing to do."

"Well," said Mrs. Dean, "it is the little things that make up the great things after all."

Arthur gave a little start of surprise. Of course Mrs. Dean had no idea of what was in his mind. But Arthur wondered if what she had said could be true.

"I wonder if that is the way," he said to himself, on his way home. "Tisn't likely that Alexander became brave all at once. He must have begun by being brave and persevering when he was a boy. This was a new thought, and it gave him a thrill of happy surprise."

Then he remembered what he had read only that morning. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He knew that these were the words of Jesus, and all at once it became clear and plain to him that he need not wait to work for the Master he loved, but that every day presented opportunities for him to do good in little things, and he resolved, with Jesus' help, to watch for these opportunities and thus prepare himself for any greater work that might later be given him to do.—*Young People's Review*.

A Little Girl's Box.

At the great Ecumenical Conference held in New York last April, there were missionaries from all over the world. They had much to tell of how they had been helped. The *New York Tribune* gives the following, which shows that the youngest of us can do something. A lady missionary said:

"Bishop Sergeant told me a story. I promised to pass the story on at every meeting I held in India. This is the story:

"When I was a young man I went home to England for the first time in many years, and I had the pleasure of addressing a meeting of children. Some months previous missionary boxes had been given out to the children, and the boxes were to be returned the day I addressed them. One little girl had a box which was unlike those carried by the others, and upon being questioned she said that when the boxes were given out she was a month too young, but as soon as she had arrived at the proper age she had her brother make a box for her, and so she made him her offering with the rest of the children."

"The Bishop took the box back to India with him and told the story one day to a congregation of natives. One of them, after the meeting, asked for the box, which was given him. He had other similar boxes made of clay, and they have by this means built a church which has four hundred members."

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