

# First Church Endeavorer.

"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH."

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## First Church Endeavorer,

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THOMAS MORRIS, JR. - - Editor-in-Chief.  
CHARLOTTE KERRUISH, - - } Asst. Editors.  
JENNIE HARVEY, - - - }  
FRANCES NICHOLS, - - - Proof-Reader.  
ALLAN DAVIS, - - - Business Manager.

### Voices at the Throne.

A little child,  
A little, meek faced, quiet, village child  
Sat singing by her cottage door at eve  
A low sweet song. No human ear  
Caught the faint melody. No human eye  
Beheld the upturned aspect of the smile  
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breath'd  
The oft repeated burden of the hymn,  
Praise God! Praise God!

A seraph by the Throne  
In the full glory stood With eager hands  
He smote the golden harp strings till a flood  
Of harmony on the celestial air  
Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice  
He sang the Holy, Holy, evermore,  
Lord God Almighty! And the eternal courts  
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,  
Angel and rapt archangel, throbb'd and burned  
With vehement adoration.

But even then  
Was heard a voice float upward from afar,  
A weak and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet,  
That, blended with the seraph's rushing stream,  
Even as a fountain's music with the roar  
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles  
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face,  
As ever and anon was heard again  
The simple burden of the hymn,  
Praise God! Praise God!

### Pleasures.

A lady was asked by a friend how it was that, although more than the usual amount of care and anxiety had fallen to her lot, she had been able to retain her youthful looks and freshness of spirit. Her reply was, "I never let a pleasure pass me; I arrange and rearrange my work, if necessary, to secure the smallest pleasure that will not interfere with a duty, and I try to avoid making the mistake of putting the duty first, if it would answer just as well to put it second in importance. Indeed, I am not at all sure that pleasure itself is not a most imperative duty."

She had certainly found how to live successfully. Her pleasures meant a good deal to her. No doubt they meant books and pictures, music, lectures, out door recreation, communion with Nature—in fact everything that lifts us above the round of daily duties. And why should we not arrange for our pleasures and take them as they are sent to us? God is continually sending his best gifts to us, but how is it that so often we do not accept them. It has been truly said, "Our days come to us veiled, and we do not see how beautiful they are, and how laden with gifts, until we see them receding in the distance." Our great sin is in neglecting or misusing our opportunities and gifts. Let us not wait until we have larger opportunities, but just use what we have, and then we will be prepared to use the larger ones when they are ours.

Pleasure is as right as prayer; it has its place just as truly in life, and as it is a duty to command time for prayer, so it is for pleasure, if we would have an all-round life.

—C. K.

### A LESSON LEARNED.

The world has many an uncrowned king,  
Whose story is unsung,  
Of whom no record has been kept,  
Whose praises ne'er were rung,  
But who has bravely conquered self,  
And learned with patience slow—  
To firmly give, when wrong assailed,  
The simple answer, "No."—J. H.

## Life on the Prairie.

BY THOS. MORRIS, JR.

### *Out of Humanity's Reach.*

When I went homesteading in South-western Manitoba, I left behind me friends, society, and civilization. I was almost as much isolated as Robinson Crusoe on his Island of Juan Fernandez. Frequently the hymn which he sang came unconsciously to my lips:

"I'm monarch of all I survey;  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I'm lord of the fowl and the brute."

You would understand the similarity of my position if you could picture to yourself my surroundings. I was six miles from the nearest settler. My shanty was situated on a slight elevation or knoll, while the Prairie, covered with long grass swaying to and fro in the wind, with ducks and geese and other game flying overhead, extended as far as the eye could reach on every side, resembling nothing so much as a vast expanse of water. I often fancied that I was living on an Island.

### *How I got my Homestead.*

I was employed in a real estate office in Winnipeg as clerk, and the proprietor, the late Rev. E. Morrow, was anxious that I should take real estate in exchange for my services. I took, in the first deal, three town lots in Nelsonville, (now defunct), and fortunately for myself sold them soon after for twice what I gave for them. Next he wanted me to take the claim of a homestead and pre-emption which had been abandoned by some one who could not withstand the loneliness of the situation. As I was thinking seriously of taking up a farm at the time, I also accepted this proposal, and at once made up my mind to go and see it. There happened to be another half section of land adjoining, which was offered to a friend of mine, C. F. Bridgeman, so together we started to hunt up our farms.

### *My Diary.*

MAY 20th, 1881.

Camp on the west bank of the Red River, five miles south of St. Norbert. We left Winnipeg this morning at 9.30 o'clock with horse and buckboard, provisions sufficient to last a week, a tent, cooking utensils, etc. After crossing the Assiniboine River on the ferry, we found it bad travelling. The mud is black and sticky, apparently a mixture of glue and molasses. At one place our poor old horse sat down, utterly exhausted, right in the middle of a nasty looking mud hole.

We could not budge him, he was so thoroughly used up and discouraged. We were forced to get out into the mud up to our knees, and it was a pretty mess. We unloaded the buckboard, unhitched our horse, who seemed loth to be disturbed and then by fastening one end of a rope to the front axle and the other end to the whiffle-tree, which we unfastened from the buckboard and attached to the horse's harness, we got the horse, now standing on firmer ground, to draw the buckboard out.

We afterwards met many bad places, sometimes the road being entirely submerged, and some of the bridges had been carried away by the spring freshets. Soon St. Norbert was reached, a thriving little place, with a fine grist mill, an elegant Roman Catholic church, and a large number of neat log houses, thatched in most cases with straw. The inhabitants we found were for the most part French half-breeds. We crossed Stinking River, a large stream emptying into the Red River, by means of a new bridge, although we had some difficulty in getting on because of the approaches being under water, and travelled on until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we approached a neat cottage, with a carefully kept garden, and everything around denoting taste and thrift. We decided to stop near by and lunch. C. F. Bridgeman tethered the horse, while I went towards the house, with a tin pail in my hand, to get some hot water. A large shaggy dog announced my approach, and before I reached the door, a stout, good natured looking woman and a younger woman, extremely pretty and vivacious, stood at the entrance. They were both dark, half Indian, half French, fond of bright colors, as I could see by the ribbons and shawls which they wore, and I could also tell at a glance that they were hospitable, and would supply me with hot water if I could only make them understand what I wanted. They greeted me pleasantly with, "Bon Jour, Monsieur." I replied, "Bon Jour, Madame. Voulez vous, s'il vous plait, donnez-moi"—And then I paused, my French vocabulary being very limited. I could not think of the words for hot water. They smiled assuringly, as if to say, "certainly sir, whatever you ask for," but I could not go on, so I entered the room and took hold of the kettle, and motioned that I wanted some hot water. They at once understood, and filled my pail.

I now wanted some eggs. I said, "Madame avez vous des poulets?"

"Oui! oui!" they both said at once.

"Avez-vous, avez-vous du fruit des poulets?"

I at last said in despair, for I could not remember the equivalent for eggs, and this was the nearest I could come to it.

They only smiled and shook their heads saying, "Je ne vous comprends pas, Monsieur."

I said, "Avez-vous du papier et de l'encre?"

They nodded assent, and got me paper and ink, and then I sat down and drew a hen and a hen's nest containing a setting of eggs. They now understood my meaning clearly, and laughed heartily as they looked at my sketch. The daughter brought the egg basket, and I picked out half a dozen, then asked, "Combien?"

She would only take ten cents. I then, much to their astonishment, broke the eggs into the boiling water and bidding the kind people, "Bon Jour," started for the camp. By the time I got to where the buckboard and tent was situated, the eggs were nicely cooked. C. F. Bridgeman in the meantime had got lunch ready, and we enjoyed our meal amazingly. 1st course, bread and butter and poached eggs; 2nd course, corn beef and cocoa and milk. It is now three o'clock and we must be off.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE WORLD AS WE MAKE IT.

"The world is even as we take it,  
And life, dear child, is what we make it."  
Thus spoke a grandame, bent with care,  
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.  
But Mabel took no heed that day,  
Of what she heard her grandame say.  
Years after, when, no more a child,  
Her path in life seemed dark and wild,  
Back to her heart the memory came  
Of that quaint utterance of the dame.

"The world is even as we take it,  
And life, dear child, is what we make it."  
She cleared her brow; and smiling, thought,  
" 'Tis even as dear grandma taught!  
"And half my woes thus quickly cured,  
And other half may be endured."  
No more her heart its shadow wore;  
She grew a little child once more.  
A little child in love and trust.  
She took the world—as we, too, must—  
In happy mood; and lo! it grew  
Brighter and brighter to her view!  
She made of life—as we, too, should—  
A joy, and lo! all things were good  
And fair to her, as in God's sight,  
When first He said, "Let there be light."

—Country Schoolma'am in Cleveland Plaindealer.

## A Highland Scene.

WRITTEN BY A. S. S. SCHOLAR.

The scenery of the Highlands is grand in the extreme. Lofty and majestic mountains, divided by deep and narrow glens, beautiful little lakes and turbulent rivers, these are all found in this favored land. It is for the most part a rugged country, but in many places the scenes are of great beauty. Often after crossing some rough mountain, down whose steep side runs a little stream, tumbling and tossing over rocks and boulders, there bursts upon the view the strangely contrasting scene of a calm and peaceful lake, reflecting on its smooth surface the rugged mountains by which it is surrounded.

To the right rises a shaggy mountain, covered thickly with heather, and dotted here and there with great grey rocks. Rising to the left is another mountain, not so high and large, but covered with the same beautiful heather and dotted with the same grey rocks. Down at their feet runs a little mountain-stream, babbling musically along here, but tumbling noisily over the stones in the distance, always singing its little song of—

"Men may come,  
An I men may go,  
But I go on forever."

And far, far above the head, the white vapory clouds are lazily floating through the clear blue sky. Looking down through the glen, we may catch a glimpse of a lake, still and smooth, and far out from the shore is a tiny little islet, covered with foliage. The air is still as can be. Not a movement is perceptible, save that of the brook, and somewhere in the distance the birds are twittering their evening song. The day is done, and far off in the rosy western sky, over the surface of the little lake, the sun is setting.—E. M.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; refinement than fashion; to be worthy not respectable, wealthy not rich; to study hard, think quietly; speak gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart, to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely; await occasions—hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common; this is to be my symphony.—Channing.

Of all God's gifts we value least,  
A golden, priceless gem—  
The present moment—what compares  
In value to it, now, or when 'tis gone?—J. H.

## The Human Mind.

In the unceasing activity of the human mind we have a promise of immortality. To the mind's achievements there is no limit.

"Were man to live coeval with the sun,  
The patriarch's pupil would be learning still,  
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearned."

The imagination sweeps the circle of the Universe, increasing its knowledge at every flight. The far distant star of the celestial heavens is not beyond the sphere of its contemplation. By its genius earth's treasures are utilized for human happiness, and the invisible forces of nature are appropriated for the convenience of the race. It looks out upon nature and asks, whence came those visible Heavens, and it makes inquiry respecting the foundations of the earth. Mind takes knowledge of its own operations, and judges of a relation it sustains to a power greater than itself. It has its morning, but no twilight shadow will ever dim its undying lustre. Its beginning is the dawn of an eternal day.

Every mental advance is but to add new radiance to its native splendor. Step by step and link by link, it moves onward and upward from premise to remote conclusion, until it soars above the stars. It has named every plant and shrub and flower, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall." It has made itself familiar with the structure, habits, and abode of each, whether in the valley or on the mountain top. Mind has mastered the peculiarities of every rock and gem and mineral and fossil in all the earth. The mind delights to revel among the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the everlasting hills.

With what mathematical accuracy will an astronomer determine the return of an eclipse for a thousand years to come. How wonderful a nature that is capable of such feats of activity. It acts with the speed of lightning, though it outstrip the sunbeam in the race, its form shall cast no shadow as it passes, nor jostle a dew drop from the morning flower. Spurning the dull tediousness of inert matter, it acts like something celestial, thus proclaiming both its title to and fitness for an immortal existence.

The very capacity of the human mind for endless improvement is a pledge that it will not be crushed in the high morn of its aspirations. Upon this point, says Cicero, "The wonderful activity of the mind, so great a memory of what is past, and such a capacity

of penetrating into the future--when I behold the number of the arts and sciences, and such a multitude of discoveries thence arising, I believe and am firmly persuaded, that a nature which contains so many things in itself cannot be mortal." The illimitable nature of the mind for improvement was but a natural argument for immortality for a heathen philosopher. If this so impressed his mind in the infancy of the arts and sciences, what should it do now, when the achievements of the human mind are increased a hundred fold?

A future life can alone satisfy the conditions and capacity of our mental being. The immortal Newton says, "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before me."

The mind is not limited in capacity, but in time. And will these latent powers slumber unimproved forever; will they not, beneath a brighter sun and in a nobler soil, unfold their immortal beauty? Are not the tiny, unspread wings of the chrysalis a pledge of its destination, to flit from field to field, like a winged flower with brilliant and delicate pinions, to flutter in the sunshine, and sip the nectar from the summer blossom? And shall not the conditions and capacities of our mental being be satisfied?

The idea of immortality seems to be the highest and noblest thought of any age or any people. It comes up in all poetry, in all mythology, and in all history of antiquity. It is enwrapped as an element in nearly every philosophy. It is the deepest and most universal sentiment of humanity. Does the human mind grow weary in contemplating the briefest outline of its achievements? With the universe for our text book, and an eternity for our school days, well may an apostle declare, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

How swift thought travels. Lo, the cannon's flash,  
The swift winged lightnings, and the whirlwind's dash,  
Much slower move. Harse thunder's leaping sound,  
Hurled orbs careering through the void profound,  
And time, swift charioteer, all fly behind.  
The speed of thought! Sunlight, our servant kind,  
Along the extended way each minute flies  
Twelve million miles to greet our waiting eyes;  
Yet swifter thought. Yes, this winged power of soul  
Can travel round the globe, call at each pole,  
Visit the moon, the portal of the sun,  
Thence step from world to world, through systems run,

O'er fields of stars, where blazing comets stray;  
To nature's verge trace back time's travelled way,  
Six thousand years, to where creation rose,  
Thence back and onward to creation's close,  
To Heaven's metropolis, where seraphs burn,  
And, but one minute gone, to earth return  
Without the least fatigue, but ready quite  
To stretch her wings and take another flight.—*J. W.*

### Mission Circle Items.

TO THE MISSIONARY GLEANER.

DEAR EDITRESS,

It has been my intention for some time past to write an article for our *Gleaner*, the subject of which came rather unpleasantly to me some time ago, but I have found the month's slide by so quickly that my task has always been laid over for a more convenient season. I hope you can find a space for it in this month's paper.

While selling tickets for the "At Home," held last November, I met a lady who evidently did not know the difference between charity and missionary work, such as the missionary society now is carrying on and helping in no small measure to bring about that most desirable of all objects, "Christianity to all nations."

I asked this lady to buy a ticket. She asked me in return what our object was, and I answered, "Missionary Work," whereupon she delivered such a lecture on missionary societies in general that it was only too evident her religious education was deficient on that point.

The fact she tried to impress upon my memory was, that while we were doing all in our power to raise money for people who could find means to help themselves if they wanted to, we were literally robbing our own people of the money that should be expended on the poor. As well as my limited stock of knowledge would allow, I tried to show her that what she termed missionary work was in reality charity, but she would not see the difference in terms, so I was forced to retreat.

Since then I have met with instances very similar, and most of the persons call themselves Christians. How can it be so, when the most important work of the Christian Church and people is to win all the precious souls for the Master's kingdom that can be gathered in?

Why did Jesus leave us that precious command of, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," if it was only something to be attended to after all the poor were cared for?

Jesus cared for the poor, it is true; so do we, and hundreds of others, but who can care for the poor heathen souls who are dying in darkness for the want of the gospel, if we, as Christians, do not find means to help them. It is not their bodies nor homes we are trying to help, but something vastly superior; we are trying to reach out a friendly hand and by God's help to do what we can to raise them into the glorious sphere where Christianity leads all its followers.

It has often been remarked that Domestic Missions should be attended to first, but I am no advocate of that, for if it is so hard to convert the people in a Christian land, it must of necessity need a good deal of labor and expense to carry the gospel, where it is impossible to hear it only through the efforts of the missionary societies and churches in general.

Our open meeting last month was and will be a great blessing to our circle, as very few of our own people understood what our work really was, and how much we needed the co-operation and prayers of our congregation.

If my division of "terms" above quoted does not meet with the approval of our President or members, would it be convenient to allow any differences of opinions to be stated?—*A Member.*

### MISSION CIRCLE ENTERTAINMENT.

A most enjoyable time was spent Tuesday evening, January 26th, at the "social evening" given by Miss K. Oaten at the residence of Mrs. W. Oaten, corner of Main and McNab streets. The spacious parlors were comfortably filled with the young people of the First Methodist Church Mission Circle and friends.

The following was the programme: Instrumental, Miss L. Tovel; song, Mr. H. Martin; recitation, Master Wilfrid Oaten; song, Miss Rymal; instrumental duet, Messrs. Gayfer and Perry; vocal duet, Miss C. Small and Mr. F. C. McLroy; song, Mr. F. Gayfer; recitation, Miss Lottie Small; song, Mrs. Oaten; instrumental duet, Miss Tovel and Mrs. Oaten; song, Miss Rymal; violin solo, Mr. A. C. Turnbull; quartette, Mission Circle Quartette Club.

All the numbers of this excellent program were well received and many of them encored, those of Miss Lottie Small and Mr. A. Turnbull being especially appreciated. Mr. F. C. McLroy, as chairman, very efficiently filled that position. At the conclusion refreshments were served to those taking part. The proceeds were in aid of the "talents" of the Mission Circle.—*Spectator.*

## Committee Reports.

**LOOKOUT.** The members of the committee for this term are as follows: Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Snider, Miss Raycroft, Miss McIlroy, Messrs. Baker, Wood, Potter, and K. Kappeler, Convener. The committee has only had one meeting, consequently has not done very much work, but the roll was examined and the names of the absentees distributed among the members, who will report at our next meeting. During the month seven new members have been enrolled on the active list and one re-admitted. We are encouraged to see that the attendance at the meetings has been much better lately and hope it will continue to improve. It is the idea of this committee that something should be done to impress upon the active members the solemnity of the pledge which they have taken and think if a good talk were given at the Endeavor service on the pledge, the result would be highly beneficial.—*K. Kappeler.*

**PRAYER MEETING.** Your committee in presenting the first report for the new year most heartily thank the members for their cheerful consent when requested to take meetings. The services have increased in interest because a larger number have decided to do the best possible, and comply with the pledge. We most kindly and earnestly urge every member to observe the pledge, that our meetings may be a still greater source of profit. The leaders for February are: 8th, Miss Bostedo; 15th, Miss E. Kappeler; 22nd, Mrs. Fisher, (Missionary); 29th, Mr. Calvert, (Consecration); March 1st, Mr. Baldwin.

—*M. Niehaus.*

**SOCIAL.** The social committee for this term is composed of the Misses A. Raycroft, Nichols, Murray, Stevens, James, B. Murray and Messrs. McIlroy and Gayfer. They have decided to hold regular meetings on the second Monday of each month at seven o'clock. Early in January they met with a committee of the Junior Endeavorers to assist them in arranging a concert, for which they afterwards helped them to prepare. Your committee have decided to hold a social on the third Thursday of this month, and extend to all a hearty invitation.—*B. Murray.*

**FLOWER.** Your committee has much pleasure in presenting the first monthly report for the year eighteen ninety-two. Flowers not being very plentiful this time of the year, we have not enough to send to all who are sick. A great many members of our congregation are ill just now. One to whom your committee has been very faithful in sending flowers has quietly passed away to the better land. Although a stranger to most of our congregation she was not a stranger to our Heavenly Father. We refer to Mrs. Laking. Our prayer is that God will comfort and bless the loved ones left behind. During the month we have distributed the flowers to Mesdames Laking, Rasen, Hunter, Atkinson, Able, Dunn and Nash. During the present term your committee will be composed of Misses Wright, Sarginson, Farmer and Harvey.—*C. Lavery.*

**MUSIC.** Your committee in presenting their first report wish to thank those who have assisted in the singing during the past month. As we realize this is an important part of our worship we, as Endeavorers have pledged ourselves "For Christ and the Church," to help in any way that lies in our power. We would suggest that a number of those of the society who could assist in the after-service on Sunday evening would come together in the centre of the church and

by impromptu singing make the meeting much brighter, and in this way help our minister. Your committee for the next six months is composed of the following members: Mrs. VanWyck, Misses Harvey, Emma and Ada Smith, and Messrs. F. C. McIlroy and F. W. Gayfer.—*A. Bristow.*

**TEMPERANCE.** Your committee were well pleased with the Temperance service held on 18th of January. The members of the society responded well, the singing was appropriate, and every thing passed off nicely. We hope to have equally as good a service on April 11th. The committee for this term are: Messrs. A. E. Baker, J. Burgess, Mrs. Lounsbury and Miss Jarvis. In accordance with the notice given in December, we will begin this month with the recent "Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States," on "Personal Liberty vs. Civil Liberty." The decision is as follows: It is urged that, as liquors are used as a beverage, and the injury following them, if taken in excess, is voluntarily inflicted, and is confined to the party offending, their sale should be without restriction, the contention being that what a man shall drink equally with what he shall eat, is not properly a matter for legislation. There is in this position an assumption of fact which does not exist, that when liquors are taken in excess the injuries are confined to the party offending.—*To be continued.—G. F. Fisher.*

### MISSION. WALNUT STREET MISSION.

Sunday school, Sunday, . . . . .	4 p. m.
Public Service, " . . . . .	7 p. m.
" " Tuesday, . . . . .	8 p. m.
" " Thursday, . . . . .	8 p. m.
" " Saturday, . . . . .	8 p. m.
Reading Room open every afternoon.	

#### RECEIPTS.

To Donation from a friend, . . . . .	\$10 00
" Treasurer Y. P. S. C. E. . . . .	7 83
" W. C. T. U. . . . .	3 00
" Concert . . . . .	23 25
" Mrs. Gayfer's Class . . . . .	2 50
" Sunday Collections . . . . .	1 93
	<u>\$48 51</u>

#### EXPENDITURE.

By rent to January 4th, . . . . .	\$ 5 00
" Caretaker to January 1st, . . . . .	3 00
" 1 pair Spectacles for Wm. Cross, . . . . .	2 50
" 4 cold wood, post cards & lp glasses, . . . . .	2 93
" Balance on hand, . . . . .	35 08
	<u>\$48 51</u>

The attendance at our meetings during January has been good. We wish again to thank those who have contributed towards the work during the month. Both attendance and interest are increasing, and we hope by God's blessing to see results. Your committee would request that at least five minutes during each meeting of the Endeavor be devoted to special prayer, asking God's blessing on the work. We make this request most particularly at this time as we are starting out for another year's work. We desire every active member in our society to become interested, and take some part in the work. When we are sufficiently interested in any special work, not only to pray, but to pray at stated periods, for the success of any work, we are very likely to see results. We have resumed our Thursday night meetings, hoping by this addition to strengthen our efforts. The young ladies in Mrs. Gayfer's class kindly donated two dollars and fifty cents to purchase a pair of spectacles for Willie Cross, one of our mission boys, who was suffering from weak eyes. Dr. Osborne, who performed an operation

on the boy's eyes some two years ago, kindly gave his services free of charge. The following are the names of your committee for the current term: Mr. F. C. McIlroy, Superintendent of Sunday-school, Misses C. Small, A. Bristow, E. Kuppele, D. McIlroy, J. Mathews, M. Campbell, I. Lavery, and Messrs. James Hamilton, F. Gayfer, J. Burgess, Mrs. Gayfer, Mr. and Mrs. Bement. The leaders for the Sunday evening service for the month are: February 14th, Messrs. A. Davis and J. Henry; 21st, Messrs. S. Kuppele and G. F. Fisher; 28th, Mrs. Day Smith and F. C. McIlroy; March 6th, Messrs. Jas. Hamilton and Thos. Morris, jr.—*Mrs. Fisher.*

**VISITING.** This committee has made eighteen calls. Six of these calls have been made to the sick, three to members of our society, and three to members of the congregation. In all of these visits we have been kindly received, and if we believe that anything done in the Master's name is blessed, then we know that our weak efforts in trying to speak a kindly word to those with whom we meet, will not be in vain, but will repay us a hundred fold and bring honor to His name.—*Annie Ripley.*

**DORCAS.** In January we distributed a number of garments to the children attending the sewing class. There are still children who are in need of clothes, and if any one having clothes suitable for them or any that could be made over we would be glad to get them. We have mended the Sunday-school hymn books and with the money we receive intend buying flannel for the children's needs.—*A. Jarvis.*

**SUNDAY SCHOOL.** Our first work this month was the preparation for the following quarter of the books used in recording the collections of each class in our Sunday-school. We wish to thank the secretaries of the different classes for the careful manner in which they have kept their books during the past three months, as they have thus aided us in our work. We have been arranging a plan, whereby our superintendent will know each Sunday who are prepared to supply the places of any absent teachers. Some of the auxiliary staff are willing to take a class whenever called upon, while others will prepare themselves for one or two Sundays a month.—*A. Henry.*

**TREASURER'S.**

To Balance brought forward, . . . . .	\$10 58
" Collections, January 4, 11, 18, 25, . . . . .	5 56
" From Convener of Publishing Com., . . . . .	38 75
	<hr/> \$54 89
By Printing Topic Cards, . . . . .	\$ 5 00
" " November Endeavor, . . . . .	16 50
" " December Endeavor, . . . . .	22 25
" Our Amount to Provincial Union, . . . . .	5 00
" On Flower Account, . . . . .	6 00
" Balance on hand, . . . . .	14 54
	<hr/> \$54 89

—*Jennie Harvey.*

**Sunday-School Statistics.**

	Scholars	Officers & Teachers	Collection
Jan. 3	505	52	\$13 81
" 10	505	45	11 03
" 17	524	47	13 12
" 24	453	50	12 42
" 31	516	48	12 20

Average attendance, 549.

Average collection, \$12.52.

**Items.**

The next Quarterly Christian Endeavor Union Meeting will be held in our church. The date is not yet fixed, but it will be sometime in March. The choir have kindly consented to sing at the service. Mr. McLeod of the Central Church will be the leader, and the societies taking part will come from the west side of James street.

The editor of the ENDEAVORER would be indebted to the Sunday-school scholars if they would write short stories, essays, etc., for publication. Dogs, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, science, travel, everyday observations, furnish subjects in abundance.

The following persons have paid for the ENDEAVORER since the last issue: Mr. C. A. Bagwell, Chatman; Mr. Beistow, Miss L. Davis, Mr. W. A. Edwards, Miss E. Eccleston, Mr. J. B. Griffith, Mr. J. C. Harris, Miss J. Harvey, Miss A. Jarvis, Mr. K. Adell, Mr. Kusman, Miss E. Mason, Mrs. Mann, Mr. G. McNair, Winona; Mr. L. Mover, Mrs. Nolan, Mr. E. Pass, Mrs. Dr. Smith, Mr. Waters. This makes a total to date of one hundred and twenty-seven.

We are pleased to know that Knox Church Endeavorers have undertaken to edit a Church Paper. We understand that the Church Board pays all expenses and the young people simply do the work.

The Junior Endeavor Society is prospering. There are now fifty members. At the reception service Sunday evening, February 7th, five members: Roy VanWyck, Rowat Smith, Marshall Lounsbury, Edmund and Joseph Gain, were received in full membership. The entertainment given in the school-room lately was successful in every way. The amount of money realized was nine dollars and four cents, which with the collections on hand will be sufficient to pay for the bulletin board that is being made. The thanks of the Endeavorers are due to Mr. Henry and Mr. Hamilton for their kindness in making the board "without money and without price."

A pleasant evening, long to be remembered by the members of Mrs. Dr. Smith's Sunday-school and church classes, was spent by them at her home, Main Street East, on January 29th. They were royally entertained by their hostess, and the time passed quickly away, enlivened by singing, games and chemical experiments.

At the Trustee Board meeting held Tuesday evening, February 2nd, the loan with the Star Life Company was renewed. The interest will be but five per cent, instead of five and a half per cent., the amount paid formerly. The trustees will also enter into an agreement to pay off one thousand dollars each year for five years, and hope to have little difficulty, providing they are loyally supported by the congregation.

The Sunday-school anniversary services will be held on the first Sunday and Monday in April. A part of every Sunday afternoon during the year has been set apart for practising choruses. Music by our orchestra, of which we are very proud, will help to make the programme a very enjoyable one. We want all to bear it in mind.

The Social committee wish to retract the statement made in their report regarding the concert to be given on the 18th inst. Your committee was not aware that our pastor intended holding special services until we had our arrangement made. It has been postponed indefinitely on that account.—*B. M.*

### In Memoriam.

During the month of January the Angel of Death visited our congregation twice, and two members, loved and esteemed, have been called to their heavenly rest. Mr. Sylvester Battram in the sixty-fourth year of his age, after a few weeks of suffering, ceased to work and live. But the God whom he served and in whom he trusted through life, graciously supported him in his last hours. His well known form will be missed from his accustomed place in our church, but we believe that he has been translated to a seat in the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

Mrs. Martha Laking, beloved wife of Mr. William Laking, after many months of continuous and grievous affliction passed away in the forty-seventh year of her age. She was indeed an example of suffering patience. But the trial of her faith worked patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. She had learned in early life the blessedness of trusting in Christ, and during the months that she was laid by, her heart found fullest satisfaction through faith in her loving Saviour. These two honored and esteemed members are no more with us, but we assure the bereaved that they have the prayers and sympathy of the church in this their time of need.

### Mutual Improvement Society.

The Anniversary of the Society will be celebrated on the 26th of the present month, when we expect to have a most enjoyable time. "What," you say "you have been an organized society for twelve whole months!" Yes. We will be a yearling on the 27th of February. Our meetings have been very beneficial to us all and each member is taking an active part in our work. Therein lies the secret of success. Our paper, *The Mutual Improver*, has been a grand thing for the society, and though the contributions have fallen off a little during the past month, yet the paper has been very interesting. Now that all the members are once more o. k., we soon hope to eclipse all former efforts in the literary line. To show you how much good it has done I might say that one of our members has since written an original and excellent story entitled 'Nameless Nat.' There has been

a uniform desire throughout the Sunday-school that we give another concert in the near future. The society will very likely consider the matter favorably. The society is very glad to see that our beloved superintendent was elected as one of the Aldermen for No. 7 ward, from which we infer that AL-DER-MEN in No. 7 thought he would be a great acquisition to the Council for 1892, and they are not far wrong. We will stop here, but not forever, we will be with you in March.

—R. C. Ripley, Secy.

MR. W. G. MOORE, Sunday-school treasurer, has deposited to date, three hundred dollars to the credit of the "Sinking Fund," for the enlargement of the school. We hope to see it four hundred dollars by the end of March.

The members of the choir had a delightful sleigh-ride last week. They were invited out to Fairmount Residence, Dundas Road, and they were made happy by the kindness of Mr. J. J. Lyons, their host. The party reached home at 12.30 o'clock, highly delighted with their outing.

THE ORCHESTRA "At Home" was a success in every particular. The Orchestra Music was charming, the solos given by Miss Mann and Mr. Abbs and the quartette by Messrs. Robinson, Goering, F. and H. Gayfer were enjoyed and received accolades. A little kettle-drum worked by electricity was one of the novel features. The room was gaily decorated with bunting and flags, while the pictures of some of the old masters lent an air of refinement and elegance to the entertainment which was very pleasing.

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