



THE ANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

Vol. XIV.

S. T. BARTLETT, Editor
WM. BRIGGS, Publisher

TORONTO, JUNE, 1912

WESLEY BUILDINGS
TORONTO, ONTARIO

No. 6

Principal Contents

	Page
Editorial Articles	121-123
Young Methodism and Personal Work	124
Seven Suggestive Parables	125
Weekly Topic Calendar	126
A Week at Trafalgar Castle	128
The Book for the Stranger	128
The Making of a City	130
Maltese Cross Evening	130
Life Talks with Young Men	131
Amateur Photography, IV	132
Masterpieces of Hebrew Literature	134
The Things of Caesar	136
The Junior League, II	137
Junior Weekly Topics	138
The Wesley Guild	139
The "Titanic" Tragedy	140
Africa's Redemption	142

Be Active "So much of our time is preparation, so much is routine, and so much retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius contracts itself to a very few hours."—Emerson.

Welcome to June

Welcome, bright June, and all its smiling hours,
With song of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills, and bubble of cool springs,
And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
And buzz of happy bees in violet bowers;
And gushing lay of the lough lark, who sings
High in the silent sky, and seeks his wings
In frequent sheddings of soft falling showers;
With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
Answer'd in fondest yearnings by its dam;
And cuckoo's call from solitary woods,
And hum of many sounds making one voice,
That fills the summer air with most melodious noise.

—C. Webbe.

June was so termed by the Romans in honor of Mercury, who was represented as a juvenile figure, to which they applied the word Junius. The Saxons called it "weyd" or "meadow" month, because their cattle were then turned out to feed in the meadows.—*Loaring.*



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, thoughtfully anticipating the future, will do well to carefully ponder the wise words of the sage philosopher as they are quoted in our introductory paragraph this month. The point of view from which he surveys human life appeals to us from its thoroughly practical character. He divides the brief span of mortal existence into three general periods, and to each he has affixed a very suggestive word. The "routine" and "retrospect," "routine" and "retrospect." Around these three centres every person's earthly career may be said to revolve. It is not, however, with either of the latter two that boys and girls have immediately to do. The "routine" and "retrospect" will surely come later; meanwhile, "preparation" calls for their attention and claims at once their consideration. In this elementary stage the growing child must be helped; and parents, teachers, pastors, are the ones to whom he may legitimately look for light and leading. "Preparation" for living is necessarily first in time; it is equally first in importance. Until a sense of life's responsibilities come upon him and he is brought face to face with the actual duties that begin to call to him for prompt discharge, the boy is at best but learning how to live. Herein is the most important function of education made manifest. It is to fit the growing and expanding powers of the learner for the wise and proper execution of the daily tasks that soon will clamor for attention at his hands. It is to so prepare him to live that when the "routine" presses heavily and constantly he will not be found wanting, and that when, later on, "retrospect" reviews the whole career through which he has so quickly passed, there will be no reason for sad repining, but a glad consciousness of a fight well fought, a race well run and a crown of unfading righteousness near at hand.

But not for long is the boy wholly dependent on the counsel and guidance of his elders. He soon begins to realize that he must make his own choice, perform his own tasks, assume his own place among his fellows, form his own character, face his own record and work out his own destiny. When such personal consciousness awakens within him,

he really begins to live. The "routine" commences. Let us not be in too great haste to introduce our children to this stage. Yet let none shrink from it when it does come. If the youth has been well taught by both precept and example how to live aright, the strain, intense though it may be, will be bravely borne and the issue will not be in doubt. That many of the failures of mid-life may be logically attributed to lack of adequate preparation in the early years of childhood and youth, perhaps no one will deny. The multiplication of such failures the Church must seek to prevent, but the issue rests in the last analysis with the youth himself. If he make early choice of the essential spirit and principle of our Epworth League pledge as the guiding motive power of living, he need not fear the stress and storm that will assuredly ensue in the adult years ahead of him. All that is involved in the "routine" will come naturally, the daily round of tasks will be carried through with constancy, and the "retrospect," when it comes, will be neither mournful nor sad. Many an aged veteran who bears the scars of honorable warfare in the battle for righteousness will bear glad testimony to the supporting power of faith and the exhilaration of high endeavor. Every such experienced and ripened life calls loudly to us who have prospective years before us, and who are following on in the unending procession of earth's pilgrimage, to count no preparation too thorough, no cost too great, no application too severe, that we may know with them, and in even greater brightness, that "at eventide it shall be light."

Let not our young people think that life's "routine" may be well executed without adequate preparation. Neither let any of us think that life's "retrospect" can be bright and satisfactory if the "routine" of the years be not faithfully discharged. The youth looks ahead, and in prospect sees much to attract. If, when old age is upon him, he is to look back with a sense of pleasure and joy, life's fight must be well fought, the race well run and the faith maintained. So youth, manhood, age—"preparation," "routine," "retrospect"—all combine to make a fruitful whole.

Mr. Doyle's Resignation

It was with great regret that we read the lettergram and subsequent letter from our beloved Field Secretary for Manitoba and Saskatchewan, stating that he had found it necessary, in the interests of his own health, and those of his family, to withdraw from his official relation to our General Board of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies. And the regret of those who have been associated with Mr. Doyle in the officiating of the board is shared by the whole army of Sunday School and Epworth League workers who have felt the inspiration of his leadership in the Western Conferences during the past five years or more.

Since his appointment as Associate Secretary in 1906, Mr. Doyle has labored



REV. J. A. DOYLE.

faithfully in the great field then allotted to him. What it means to be constantly on the road, meeting new people, organizing new schools and leagues, attending conventions, conducting institutes, addressing anniversaries, and meeting the innumerable calls incident to field work, only those who have served in the work. Intense physical strain, lack of home life, inability to find time or opportunity for serious reading or thoughtful study—these are some of the many drawbacks to the work of a Connectionist Secretary, and little wonder if any but the most rugged constitutions give way under the constant drain upon the resources of body, mind and heart. The many friends of Bro. Doyle will deem him wise to withdraw into the less strenuous work of the local pastorate before he may have become incapacitated for aggressive leadership in the work he loves so well, and in which he has had such signal success.

The Executive of the General Board, meeting in full session on April 24th, did not deem itself possessed of power to dispose of the resignation, and action thereon was by motion deferred until the meeting of the Board when it assembles on Sept. 6th next. The whole situation will be carefully considered then, and the wisest possible action taken to meet the emergency. Meanwhile, from July 1st, when Bro. Doyle's resignation comes into effect, to the meeting of the Board in September, the best possible arrangements will be made to carry on the field work of the two Conferences most intimately affected by his withdrawal.

The following resolution was unanimously passed by the Executive Committee, on motion of Rev. Dr. Crews, seconded by Mr. M. S. Madole: "Resolved, that we, the members of this Executive, having heard with deep regret that Rev. John A. Doyle has found it necessary to tender his resignation as Field Secretary for Manitoba and Saskatchewan, hereby place on record our high appreciation of the splendid service he has rendered the church, and particu-

larly its Sunday School and Young People's Department, during the past five years, and we earnestly trust that his health may be speedily restored, and that he may long be spared to render valiant service for the extension of the church and Kingdom throughout this land."

Thousands will join with the committee in this hope for our brother, and the best wishes of the whole Sunday School and Epworth League family will follow him in his future labors, together with the prayer that the seed he has sown in his official work will produce a harvest of abiding spiritual results to the glory of God and the permanent gain of His cause in Western Canada.

For the President-elect

I have no disposition to lecture you as to the way in which your League should be conducted. To do so would be impertinence on my part. But I may wish for you, newly appointed to the leading office among your young friends, a spirit of enterprise that will make your influence as their leader very stimulating indeed. I have no desire to reflect on the great body of Presidents in our Young People's Societies; but sometimes I cannot help thinking that we have Leagues that lack vitality and active force because of the inerness of their chief executive officers. I remember the saying of an old Indian chief which I heard quoted by a missionary when I was a boy. "I would rather have the pot boil over than not boil at all," were his words as they recur to my mind, and I think them quite apt now. The Epworth League President that never comes to the boiling point but merely simmers will not generate much heat among his sub-officers or in his various departments. It is the President that is always stirring up the fire that makes the kettle boil.

You know what I mean. When I do not personally interview your Vice-Presidents about their respective departments? Do you know that they are active, or if they are not, why? More depends on you than you may think. The contagion of your zeal will stimulate the other officers, or the depressing influence of your indifference will establish them in indolence. A live, aggressive President generally means an enthusiastic League officary. Be just the kind of President yourself, therefore, that you would like other Presidents to be. To lead rather than drive, to teach rather than scold, to enlist others rather than do all the work yourself; these are some of the essential qualities of successful generalship. May yours be a year of unprecedented achievement, and as an inspirer of others to work for Christ, may you be the best President that ever sat in the chair of your League.

The All-Important Trio

This refers to the chief three persons in a local church as its work relates to the young people of the community. Perhaps already you have settled in your mind who they are: The Pastor, the Sunday School Superintendent, the Epworth League President. No question will be raised as to the correctness of this little inventory, I think. One query has been oft-recurring to my mind lately regarding these three. It is: "How can they do the work required of them among the young people of their charge unless they frequently confer together?" And I confess that in my judgment the absence of such conferences is a cause of weakness in many congregations. These three officers are all aiming at the good of the young people. Their ultimate aim is one as it respects the children and youth. Neither one is capable of doing the whole work alone. And the organizations over which they preside are so inter-related and interdependent that they must be made mutually helpful or each will in

some measure be an interference with and a drag upon the other. The Sunday School cannot do the whole round of young people's work, the Epworth League cannot supplant the Sunday School; yet but infrequently are these considered as mutually related and dependent. In most cases they are considered as wholly separate and distinct, and in some cases, we fear, as competitive if not antagonistic. The whole educational and industrial programme of the Church for its young people cannot be compassed by either one alone. Both are indispensable. Each should be studied in the light of its relation to and bearing on the other; both should be made contributory to the salvation of the youth and their employment in the activities of church enterprise. This cannot be done unless the pastor sees that the interests of both School and League are duly considered in the Quarterly Meetings of his Official Board, and without frequent fraternal conferences between the three officers named, uniform successful work is impossible. Get together, study, plan, pray; pull together and make each organization a source of strength to the other.

Just Between Ourselves

"I always thoroughly enjoy reading the *Era*." This is a short but suggestive statement made by one of our many intelligent readers. "If our young people would only read the *Era* they would keep more abreast of Epworth League work." This is another wise sentence, made by a friend. "Many Leagues are starving themselves because they do not take enough *Erases* to supply the League." This is still another worth considering. "I find my *Era* scrap-book, made for several years past, a very great help in preparing my work." Perhaps this is the best of all. I might multiply just such extracts from letters coming to my table from time to time, but there is no need. These all suggest to my mind the simple facts that if the *Era* is to be read it must contain matter that is worth reading, and if the matter read is to be of practical value it must be preserved and practised. I am always very happy to receive the thanks of our readers for any help which the paper may give them, an equally appreciative of thoughtful suggestions for the betterment of its pages, and gladly welcome anything in the way of news items, tried plans, or any other contributions that will add to the value of each issue. Sometimes I wonder why more Leagues do not send along something in the way of report of work done, that the stimulus of their good example may set others to practical emulation of their efforts; and I beg to assure every Leaguer that nothing is more sought after than first hand information from the field. While therefore, you and your League may get some good things occasionally out of the *Era*, I beg of you to put something into it as well. By so doing you will make the Editor glad, as you make it possible for him to more effectively help others. We greatly appreciate the compliments of our friends on the character of the paper, but will appreciate these none the less if they are accompanied by something in the way of contributions to its pages. Send along both.

Children and Church Membership

One serious consideration has been repeatedly brought to our attention recently on this important matter. More than one pastor has referred to the difficulty experienced in getting Sunday School scholars who have signed Decision Day cards to unite in church membership. To many it seems sufficient to sign the card in the school, and they decline to do in some cases positively shrinking from uniting with the church. One pastor says

that while he had no difficulty whatever in getting his whole school to rise in apparent intelligent decision to follow Christ, it was absolutely impossible to persuade more than a few of them to join the church. This he candidly attributed to the wrong idea that seemed to pervade the minds of the scholars as to both Sunday School and Church. They apparently considered the School an end in itself and the Church as something wholly different and apart. He frankly and, in my judgment, correctly, condemned any teaching that makes the School a substitute for the Church. Yet in actual practice the idea seems to be spreading that if the children attend the School they need not go to Church, and if they rise on Decision Day or sign the cards then distributed, they need not therefore become Church members. Such thoughts must not be encouraged. The Sunday School is not nor can it ever be a substitute for the Church. It is but a tute for the realization of the highest well-being of its members. Failing to bring the scholars into vital Church relationship and to personally unite them with the Church in actual membership, it will miss its highest privilege and fall short of accomplishing its most imperative duty. Much of the weakness of Decision Day and the cause of its being severely criticized in many quarters arises from the failure of the responsible leaders to follow it up with wise and timely counsel through the medium of the Catechumen Class or Junior League, and there intelligently educating the young disciples in the privilege of a place in the Sunday School and League. Decision working forces of the Church. Decision for Christ without such subsequent training and enlistment is a questionable good.

The Use of the Lantern

I have been frequently asked of late if I think the use of the optical lantern for the projection of illustrative pictures on the screen is practicable in the average Sunday School and League. Most decidedly I answer, Yes. The value of lantern illustrations has not been questioned. Of this there seems to be but one opinion. But the initial cost and the expense of upkeep have been matters of doubt. In answer to many questioners I would say: The relative values of artificial illuminants are as follows—(1) electric light, (2) lime light, (3) acetylene gas, (4) spirit vapor lamp, (5) coal oil. The first is practicable only where there is electric light installed as the lighting system, and is of course available only when the power is on. The second is made by a union of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen, the flame impinging on a cylinder of lime and thus made incandescent. It is bulky and containing the costly, as the cylinders containing the compressed gases are not locally available outside of the large cities. The third is, all considered, the best form of illuminant for the average size building. With the electric or lime light a picture of practically unlimited size may be made. The acetylene light will give a satisfactory seven-foot picture, and by using slides that are of only medium density and a good objective lens, clear definition can be obtained on the screen. The fourth and fifth named above are not much used, the simplicity of the acetylene and its inexpensiveness giving it right of way among the lesser lights available for projection purposes. We are not advertising lantern outfits, but will best cheerfully give our opinion in the best procurable by personal letter if desired. As to the place of purchase and the price, we must leave these matters to the intending purchasers. Suitable slides are obtainable from many makers. I have no hesitation in recommending Mr. John Stokes, 128 Annette St., Toronto, as a thoroughly competent maker. He has

made many excellent slides for me from my own negatives, and his prices are reasonable. I shall be glad to answer any personal enquiries by letter.

The Brussels Juniors

It was my privilege to spend April 21 and 22 with our friends in Brussels, Ont., and great was my satisfaction to mark particularly the practical interest manifested in the church relationships of the boys and girls by the leaders there. Pastor, Sunday School superintendent and Epworth League officers are all alert and active to retain and train the young for Christ and Christian service. The Junior League furnished the singing at the morning service, and both by their presence and song these bright young people did much to make the service enjoyable. The Sunday School session was attractive and inspiring. Apparently both school and leagues are working in splendid accord in the interests of the young people of the congregation. On Monday afternoon a couple of hours were spent in profitable and practical conference with the friends of Brussels and of several adjacent appointments. A number from outside points gathered, and matters of mutual concern were studied as well as time and circumstance permitted. Another meeting with the Juniors followed. The accompanying group photograph was taken, and the Juniors, with their capable corps of efficient adult leaders and instructors, present, as you can see, a very fine appearance. A goodly number were out again in the evening to see my views and hear the "travel talk" on some phases of our work in British Columbia. Altogether my visit to Brussels was most pleasant, and the one brightest of all features that helped to make it enjoyable was the marked care and attention that the pastor is paying to his boys and girls. Dr. Oaten and his devoted band of Junior workers, with Mrs. McCauly as superintendent, are to be commended for their sagacity and practical wisdom in this particular, and

League is not doing anything. Our minister does not seem to take any interest in it, and I have not been able to attend but very little, as I have had great trouble this winter. . . . There can be no doubt regarding this case, and the tone of regret that pervades the communication of the President is evidently sincere. For years it has been a solid conviction in my mind that League success is very largely proportionate to the personal interest and leadership of the minister, and while perhaps the majority of our ministers are in practical sympathy with their young people and their work, it is a matter of utmost concern and fraught with grave danger that there are as many as there are who are like the brother referred to in the above extract. And the pity of it is that he himself is but a young man, with his future before him. Surely the minister who ignores or neglects his young people is hardly a true pastor. Our younger ministers should make their work tell in the development of others still younger than themselves, that these may in turn become leaders in their various spheres of influence. A wise and alert pastor-leader will ensure a following of young people whose supreme desire will be to serve their generation for God. An apathetic Circuit Superintendent will mean a careless and indifferent lot of young people. "Like priest, like people," applies at least in this regard.

Have You Told Anybody?

The article from the pen of Dr. Randall, on the next page, deals with what in my judgment is the most important of all phases of Epworth League education—the practical training of young Methodists in personal evangelism. It is not enough that our young people shall receive personal good from their weekly assembly together. They must be seized with the missionary spirit that goes out after others by personal intercourse, not merely through the medium of a proxy. Every League should contribute money for the support of missionaries who labor



REPRESENTING THE JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE OF BRUSSELS, ONT.

I cannot but express the hope that the time is not far distant when such careful attention to the conservation of our children to the church as I saw in Brussels will be the rule, and not the exception, throughout the whole of our church. Our priceless treasure, our greatest asset, is our children. We must value them supremely or become impoverished.

By Way of Contrast

It seemed peculiar to me that the very next duty that fell to my lot after writing the above paragraph appreciative of Brussels should be to read a note that was just come to hand, through the mail, from a League President in Quebec, and which read: "I am sorry to say our

far away; but it should also train its own members to do missionary work near at hand. In every neighborhood there are persons who are as indifferent to the Gospel as heathens in far-off lands. They should not be allowed to rest in any such careless state of mind. While it is not within any one's power to change another's mind against his will, it is our these unconverted souls as shall at least remind them of two things; first, they are in danger of absolute loss without Christ; and second, that such danger gives deep concern to us who have ourselves been delivered from it by the grace of God. Do you really care whether or not your young friends become Christians? You say you do. Then why not tell them so?

Young Methodism and Personal Work

REV. E. M. RANDALL, D.D.

PERSONAL work should come naturally to young Methodists. They are the physical and spiritual descendants of those who made Methodism the great denomination it is, chiefly through this, the oldest, as it is the most efficient, method of Christian conquest.

Since youth is the most favorable period for evangelization, and since personal work is most effective between those belonging to the same class, it follows that young Methodists have an unsurpassed opportunity for this service. Furthermore, because their widespread organization extends throughout the world, it follows that our young Methodism by inheritance, association and equipment are providentially appointed to lead the youth of the world to God.

But our young Methodists need to learn their power and to experience the joy of actual achievement, that personal work may become a passion. Although knowledge and experience increase efficiency, much that has been said about training for personal work has misled many concerning their importance. The earnest, persuasive appeal of one soul to another is the chief factor in success.

There are but two essential conditions in becoming a successful personal worker. One is to know Christ intimately, as a personal friend, companion and Saviour. The other is, knowing Him thus, to talk attractively and persuasively to others about Him. Anyone can meet these conditions. If we meet them, He will take care of the results.

The writer, as a young man, was once a member of a college literary society that, after the influx of new members at the opening of a college year, found the Christian young men in the minority. A number of these covenanted to work together to the end that before the year closed every member of the society should become a Christian. Not one of these young men had ever received any training or instruction in personal work. With few exceptions, they had yet to lead their first trophy to Christ; but they were in earnest, and when the year closed only one member of the society remained unsaved.

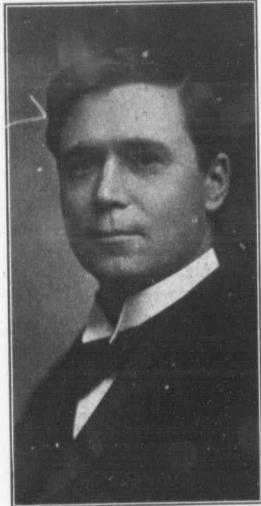
This is a story that could easily be repeated during the coming year in thousands of Epworth League Chapters. What is needed is that some one or more members of a Chapter shall become conscious of their responsibility, face their opportunity squarely, and give themselves unreservedly to their Lord for His service. They need not fear but that all essentials in experience and spiritual equipment will follow.

It was the privilege of the writer some years ago to have a Sunday evening conversation in a hotel parlor with a Christian young woman who had never yet led anyone to God, but who, as a result of that conversation, entered into a covenant with God to win those to whom she had access. Returning home, one after another of her friends surrendered to God, and the members of her Sunday School class of girls not only accepted Christ as their Saviour, but a large proportion became active Christian workers. The young lady herself now occupies a position of national importance in Christian service.

Another young lady, belonging to a Chapter in a rural village, where the spiritual life had long since seemed practically extinct, was induced at one of our Epworth League Institutes to yield herself to God as His active instrument for the immediate revival of spiritual life among the

D. Randall is the Secretary of the Epworth League in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Epworth League is the largest denominational Young People's Society in the World.

This article is the sixth of a series addressed to young Methodists in all parts of the world, and published simultaneously in Great Britain, Canada, the United States, South Africa, and Australia.



REV. E. M. RANDALL, D.D.

members of her Chapter. Being given charge of the Devotional meeting of the first Sunday evening after her return, this young woman, who never before had led anyone to God, was so used by the Holy Spirit that, at the close of the services, fourteen young people presented themselves at the altar to give themselves to Christ to be or do anything He desired. Among them was one young man who never before had made a start toward the kingdom. That Chapter was thus transformed.

These examples might be multiplied, but the conclusion of all would be that what is needed for the spiritual regeneration of any Chapter is someone who will completely surrender to God for His use, through whom the Holy Spirit may gain efficient contact with other hearts. This one, if Spirit-filled, will be able by personal work to win the co-operation of others in private and public efforts.

Sometimes results will come in a sweeping manner on some public occasion, but usually it will be the effect of a personal campaign, the one undertaking the work personally enlisting another, and the two seeking the enlistment of still others, the enlarging circle by co-operation ever growing in power and efficiency, multiplying their personal trophies and carrying a new atmosphere into all the work with which they are associated.

It is important to give attention to the

Devotional meetings that, by increasing their power and improving their method of management, they may be made evangelistic and occasions where much of the personal work may come to its climax.

New material, in the way of unconverted young associates, should be brought into these services that they may be converted or made more receptive to personal work. The writer recalls a Chapter that was thus brought to such high evangelistic efficiency that, for three years and a half, Devotional meetings were seldom held in which souls were not converted. At one time, for more than five consecutive months, there was not a single Devotional service without conversions.

Personal work is not only the most effective means of adding to the kingdom of God, but it is unequalled for putting new life into individuals and Chapters or churches.

One may conclude to become a personal evangelist under a sense of duty, but he can hardly approach his first effort without reflecting: "Who and what am I that I should invite this one to become a Christian?" Inevitably there will follow one of the most thorough and wholesome house cleanings within the soul that has been experienced since conversion. Henceforth this child of God will live on a higher plane, breathe a new atmosphere, walk in a wondrous new light, and carry new life and power wherever he goes. An increasing coterie of such will entirely transform the atmosphere, influence and all the conditions of a Chapter or Church.

For the marvellous transformation of their own lives, to revolutionize the spiritual conditions of their Chapters, to create an irresistible tide of spiritual conquest that will sweep around the world, our young Methodists can have recourse to no other such means as that of personal work.

"Personal Work" Examples

After reading the inspiring article on this page it would be excellent exercise for the reader to take his Bible and look up the following examples of personal work as therein recorded. The wonderful results that have attended this kind of work cannot be computed, and the importance of it is as great as ever. Our Leagues should be training schools for just such workers, young and ardent souls who are satisfied with nothing less than efficiency in personal soul-winning.

Christ and the ruler.—Matt. 19: 16-22.

Christ and the leper.—Mark 1: 40-46.

Christ and the dumb boy.—Mark 9: 14-29.

Christ and Bartimeus.—Mark 10: 46-52.

Christ and Andrew.—John 1: 35-40.

Andrew and Peter.—John 1: 40-42.

Christ and Philip.—John 1: 43.

Philip and Nathaniel.—John 1: 45-46.

Christ and Nicodemus.—John 3: 1-15.

Christ and the Woman of Samaria.—John 4: 1-42.

Christ and the nobleman.—John 4: 46-54.

Christ and the cripple.—John 5: 1-18.

Christ and Mary Magdalen.—John 20: 14-17.

Christ and Thomas.—John 20: 26-29.

Christ and Peter.—John 1: 15-23.

Philip and the eunuch.—Acts 8: 26.

Peter and Cornelius.—Acts 10.

Ananias and Saul.—Acts 9: 10-19.

Paul and Silas and the Jailer.—Acts 16: 25-31.

Two Suggestive Parables

The Hidden Treasure and the Pearl of Great Price

REV. R. O. ARMSTRONG, M.A., B.D., VIRIDEN, MAN.

OUR lesson this month is from Matt. 13: 44-46, where again we have two parables complementary to each other, representing the varieties of human experience.

Perhaps there are no two parables where we see more the need of a broad interpretation. The ethics of the man who bought a field which he knew to be of great value from a man who did not, does not enter into the question. The parables have a strong eastern setting. Hiding treasure in a field is not a custom of our times. It belonged to a time when there were no banks, when it was dangerous to have money or treasure on the person, and when raids and brigandage were in vogue. Hence the most valuable things were conveniently hidden. These were often found in unexpected places, so that a servant might find himself suddenly as rich as a child of the field. This is the point of the parable: the Kingdom of God is acquired by personal effort and acceptance, and when seen in its true light will appear of greater worth than all other possessions, and will give the possessor great joy.

In the other case we have a merchantman travelling all over the world looking for pearls. He has seen many good ones, but still he is not satisfied. He believes there is something better yet. At last he finds one incomparably superior to any he has ever seen. He finds that it is worth more than all he had put together. Here again the idea of personal effort is emphasized, as well as sacrifice, satisfaction, and joy. There is nothing strained or unnatural about the parable. The parables were well understood by the hearers, and the effect on them must have been powerful. They set forth the *summum bonum*. That is what men have been and are looking for. Now we know that the highest good is the Kingdom of God. Let us try to be ready at all times to give a reason for thinking this. Each man and generation has to learn this for themselves.

Wherein is the great worth of the Kingdom of God? First, we may say that it helps men realize themselves. I do not mean their selfishness, but to realize the purpose for which God created them. Sin blights. Sin is darkness. The Kingdom of God is light. In its atmosphere men grow and live out their being. This holds true of society. The Kingdom of God means brotherhood. It means the enthronement of Christ. Christ is the desire of all nations. How slow men are to learn His will. How dull it seems to me my leaders are to see that in the teachings of the Kingdom is their wisdom, and true prosperity. No nation can last that does not learn and adhere to the teachings of Jesus and the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of God gives a meaning to the world as nothing else does. It meets man's every need—individually and socially.

These parables teach us that we ought to part with everything in order to possess the Kingdom of God. This is in accord with that law of life that teaches us to sacrifice. The lower that we may gain the higher. The queen of Sheba came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon. Others had told her about him. Are we telling men about Christ as effectively as they talked about Solomon? The early disciples left all to follow Christ. What have we given up? We sometimes hear one say, "I can't be a Christian and do as I am doing." But which are we going to take, Christ or our own way? Do we realize what we are throwing away or trifling with? Do men throw away their gold or their diamonds? How foolish to reject the Christ—the incomparable Christ.

These parables illustrate the different ways by which men find salvation. Some seem to stumble on it. They are like one who suddenly discovers something that makes him wealthy. He is rich beyond his highest hope. He is an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ. All the stories of heaven's eternal day are opened up to him. No wonder he has joy. And is this not a common experience? It may be. Others again are seekers. They are honestly searching for that which will meet their needs. In the meantime they show their honesty by making the most of what they have. Contrast the experiences, for example, of Nicodemus and Zaccheus; of the woman of Samaria and the eunuch of Ethiopia.

Consult Matt. 16: 2-28; 19: 16-30; Luke 9: 57-62; 14: 25-33; Phil. 3: 7-11.

A Remarkable Tribute to the Influence of Medical Missions in West China

REV. O. L. KILBORN, M.D.

Three days ago we visited the German Hospital in Chungking. We were courteously received and allowed to see all we wished of the fine work being done. Six years ago an able German army surgeon was sent here by the German Imperial Government. He studied the Chinese language, rented and thoroughly overhauled a large Chinese building, hired English-speaking Chinese assistants as well as those who could not speak English, and here he has been devoting all his energies, daily, six days a week, for these six years, to the healing of the Chinese sick. He has all the drugs and instruments and other equipment for the asking, whether for wards, dispensary, operating room or laboratory. His wards will accommodate about forty patients, and they are well filled at a time. All his work is done absolutely without charge to the patients. His reputation as physician and surgeon is high, and his daily clinic is large.

The query which rises in our minds at once is as to the motive underlying this work? I am told that there are not more than two or three Germans in this port, apart from the officers and sailors of the one German gunboat here; and these latter have their own surgeon. There is not a German missionary in Chungking-West China. The only conclusion at which we can arrive is that the whole undertaking is intended as a means to gain political influence with the Chinese people, to win the good will, if you like, of the Chinese, towards Germans and Germany. And, furthermore, the German Government is beyond a doubt prompted to this course of action by the example of British and United States medical missionaries, in this city and in many other centres in China.

A few days previously we visited another hospital in Chungking, that of the Roman Catholics. Twelve years ago the Roman Catholic church erected a fine building here for a hospital. But I have not heard that they have ever succeeded in getting a Roman Catholic medical missionary. Instead, they have joined forces with the French Government—they furnish the hospital and any number of nuns as nurses, while the Government furnishes a first-class medical man. There is such a man here now, and the medical and surgical work done in the R. C. hospital is of a high order. A precisely similar arrangement is in force in Chengtu, the capital of the province, except that the French Government has had two

French doctors there together for most of the time. A French doctor, sent by his government, is doing a work in Yunnanfu, the capital of the province of Yunnan to the south of us, which is organized very much as is that of the German doctor in Chungking.

Precisely the same motive lies at the root of this kind of work on the part of the French Government; they covet the good will of the Chinese people for their country and their nationals; and they have taken that method which they believe to be most effective.

There is the emphatic difference between the two kinds of medical work—that the medical man or woman who is a missionary does medical work not simply to gain the good will of the Chinese people towards his country or nationality—this scarcely enters the thought of the medical missionary—but that they may be won to Jesus Christ. In the one case the end aimed at is the manifestation of the benevolent attitude of a foreign nationality; in the other, this is a by-product and nothing more than the real and aimed at being—manifestation of the constraining power of the love of Christ.

The Canadian Methodist Church needs several more medical missionaries, both men and women, for its West China Mission. Those only are wanted who have at once the highest scholarship and the deepest devotion; only those who will offer their lives for the winning of men to Jesus Christ in West China. For this is the end and aim of Medical Missions. Medical Missions are not merely a convenience, they constitute an indispensable arm of the Christian propaganda in China. They have been well described as "love in action." The medical missionary has the finest opportunity in the world who will voluntarily accept it. Write to Rev. T. E. E. Shore, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto. I, too, would be glad to get a letter from any volunteer, or from any one who is considering the matter. Address Chengtu, Szechwan, China.

Chungking, Szechwan, China.

Feb. 16, 1912.

Weekly Topic Calendar

JUNE 16.—THE SONG OF MOSES.

Ex. 15: 1-18.

On page 134 will be found a most illuminating article this series of Masterpieces of Hebrew Literature. "Mr. Lennon has presented the subject in a manner that should hold the attention of every student to the end, and has provided a wealth of suggestive material whereby the meeting may be made exceptionally strong and edifying. Our readers will do well to preserve every article on this series from his scholarly pen."

JUNE 23.—THE MAKING OF A CITY. Isa. 66: 17-25.

On page 132 Mr. Arthur's article appears. You will find it instructive, but remember that he does not aim at supplanting "My Neighbor," which should be regularly studied by your Leaguers. You cannot effectual conduct your Fourth Department without Mr. Woodworth's splendid book.

JULY 7.—THE HIDDEN TREASURE AND THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE. Matt. 13: 44-46.

Mr. Armstrong gives a brief but sufficiently comprehensive treatment of these parables, on page 125, to enable you to prepare a message to the program. An excellent analysis of his article and its presentation by several members should make a very profitable meeting.

JULY 14.—AFRICA—SOME MEN WHO HAVE WORKED FOR ITS REDEMPTION. Acts 8: 26-39.

On page 142 Mrs. Stephenson's splendid article may be found. A map of Africa should be used. You may find it made one, all the better. For further study read "Daybreak in the Continent," "The New World," "Uganda's White Man of Work," or "The Price of Africa." See also all the albums. Mrs. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto. 35c. paper, 50c. cloth.

A Week at Trafalgar Castle

MISS EMMA B. GALLOWAY, TORONTO.

ONE Friday night, in the early spring, Grace Meredith stood by the front window and looked down the street.

She was waiting for the girls. Not seeing them, she turned and rearranged the daffodils in the vase on the mantel. She had already changed them half a dozen times. Then she straightened up a cushion on the sofa, poked up the fire in the grate and returned to the window.

"Grace, don't you think that table would look better if you moved it back about one-quarter of an inch, and laid that book of Browning's poems over beside the 'Bonnie Brier Bush'?" called out her big brother, who was seated at the dining-room table and had been watching her.

Grace started at the sound of his voice. "You are getting nervous and fussy," he continued; "come out here and help me plan this literary programme for next month. The girls will not be here for half-an-hour yet, and I promise to release you as soon as they come."

"I am nervous to-night, Herbert; I have waited so long for this special night with the girls."

"You know we planned last summer that we would have an experience meeting when we returned from our vacations. Mary Denton went to England last August and was away three months, and then there was the Christmas rush, and then—" Grace hesitated for a moment, and Herbert finished her sentence—"And then you were so ill, and now you are really to have your experience meeting to-night and you are almost afraid that something will happen yet to prevent them from coming. But cheer up! I expect you will make up for lost time when they do come."

"Oh, we will certainly have a good time; but, Herbert, that is not all that I want to-night."

"Well, ask what you will, and you shall have it, even to the half of all my possessions," said Herbert teasingly.

"I want to tell the girls all about Whitty."

"They should come early, then, or they won't get home to-night. I have heard about Whitty ever since last July, and yet—"

"And yet the half has never been told," laughed Grace. "But seriously I do want to tell the best of my experience at Whitty, and you, know what things are not easy to tell."

"Never mind, Grace; you'll do it all right. I am glad you went. I am really interested, even if I do tease you for talking about it so much. But what about this programme of mine? Do you realize that it is getting later every minute, Grace?"

So they settled down to plan a literary programme worthy of their League. Several numbers had been arranged when Herbert said, "We don't need a Bible lesson on literary night, do we?"

"Why, of course we do. Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, but it seems more necessary on Christian Endeavor or Missionary night."

"I think God's Word should have a place on all our League programmes," said Grace. "It is our Guide Book. It is God's message to us, and anyway, Herb, it is the very best literature you can find anywhere."

Just then the bell rang, and Grace went to meet her friends.

"I am so glad to see you all, but where is Alice?"

"She will be here in a few minutes," replied Margaret Ellison; "one of the girls at the store is ill, and Alice went to in-

quire about her and take her some flowers."

"That is just like Alice. She is always doing someone a kindness," said Grace.

"I have some snapshots here that I took while I was away. You girls might look at them while we are waiting for Alice," and Mary Denton placed before them a well-filled album. While the girls were looking at the pictures, and listening as Mary explained them, Alice came in, laughing as usual, Margaret said.

"I am so glad you are really well again, Grace; I am sorry I am late, but you see that poor girl is lonely and needs someone to cheer her up a bit."

"Never mind apologizing, Alice, but remember that you are to be chairman or rather chair-lady, to-night."

"Very well," said Alice. "Now, girls, bring your chairs up here in front of the grate. I will turn down the gas, and we will have a real old-fashioned, confidential talk. You will each choose one of these slips of paper. They are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4. Whoever gets No. 1 must speak first, No. 2 second, and so on. Grace is to be No. 5, the last number on the programme."

Margaret Ellison drew No. 1. She told of her trip to New York, and all its gay

the big hotels and have a jolly time, but you see Aunt Belle was paying my expenses, so I had to go where she wanted to go. There was no one there to associate with, at least none of my class, you know, just the village people."

"Village people, indeed," cried Alice, indignantly, "as if they are not as good as anyone. That summer that I was up there I had a splendid time with the village children."

"But remember, Alice, I do not love every little ragamuffin like you do. I can't be bothered with them."

"I am sorry you did not enjoy your holiday better, Lou, for I consider Muskoka an ideal place to spend a vacation." Alice poked up the fire and then turned to Mary, saying, "Now, Mary, you must have No. 3, as I have No. 4 myself. Tell us about your trip."

"I cannot tell you all about it to-night," said Mary. "I enjoyed the ocean trip immensely."

"After you got over being seasick," put in Alice.

"I thought of you girls so often and wished you were with me; but as that could not be, I did the best I could for you. I kept a diary, and took snapshots all along our trip, so to-night I shall just read you a few of our most interesting days, and you can read the remainder any time you like. Will you please turn up the light, Alice?"



TRAFALGAR CASTLE.

sights; of auto rides and picnics and receptions, and closed her description by saying, "I had a splendid time, and came home all tired out."

"It is a good thing that you do not have to go to work as soon as you return, for you seem to need a second vacation to help you recover from the first one," remarked Alice.

"Now who has No. 2?"

Louise Parker held up her slip.

"Well, Lou, what did you do?" asked Alice.

"Please, ma'am, I didn't do anything, and I promise not to do it again," replied Louise, with mock gravity.

"If you had a whole month's holiday, Alice, did nothing with it, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Confess now!"

"I went to Muskoka," began Louise; "I had heard so much about it, but I did not enjoy it. We just lounged around, or went bathing or boating, and put in our time any way we could. There was no place to go and nothing to see."

"But the scenery is grand; did you not enjoy it?" asked Grace.

"No, I never see anything much in scenery. I often thought that if you were there you would sit by the water and dream all day; but the beauties of nature that you talk about don't appeal to me. I found it too quiet and dull for anything. I wanted to board at one of

After Mary had finished, Alice turned down the gas and sat down. She looked dreamily at the fire until Margaret called out, "Come now, Alice, tell us how you spent your vacation."

"Really, girls, there isn't much to tell. I only had two weeks and of course I went home. We live on the farm, you know. The country was beautiful, everything was so fresh and quiet. It makes me homesick when I think of it, for you see it was home and mother. We didn't do anything much, or go anywhere. The days were just filled up with the little ordinary duties and pleasures. But it was so short that there really isn't anything to tell."

"Perhaps not," said Mary, "but we know that you made sunshine wherever you were, and that you were all the time doing something for someone else. I often wish I was thoughtful of others like you are, Alice."

"Why, Mary, I never did anything wonderful in my life. I am not pretty, nor educated, nor anything like that, so you see I can only do little things, and it takes a lot of time to amount to much. As for being bright—"

"Oh, of course, you can't help that. It is inside, and it must shine out," said Margaret; "and remember, dear, that the little things done in His name are not little in His sight."

"Thank you, Margaret," replied Alice. "Now, Grace, what about Whitty? I am going next summer, so I want to hear all about it."

"There is so much to tell that I scarcely know where to begin. I had planned for it so long that I began to wonder if it would really come up to my expectations. I was almost afraid I would be disappointed."

"But you were not disappointed, were you, Grace?"

"No, Alice, it was far better than I had expected. Trafalgar Castle is an ideal place for the summer school."

"Would you like to tell me where Trafalgar Castle is, how you came to go, and what you did while there?" inquired Louise. "The other girls seem to know, but I do not understand what Whitty means."

"To me it means a new vision, and the beginning of a series of fresh inspirations," replied Grace.

"Trafalgar Castle is the Ontario Ladies' College in the town of Whitty, Ont. The Young People's Forward Movement for Missions held a conference or summer school at the college each year. It was July 3 to 10 last summer. I went as a delegate from our League.

"As I said before, Trafalgar Castle is an ideal place to hold this missionary conference. It is beautifully situated. The building, with its wide halls and spacious rooms, is thoroughly up-to-date in all particulars. It has about it an atmosphere of refinement and culture.

"Do you know, girls, I seemed able to think higher, better thoughts in those large rooms."

"That's a new idea, is it not, Grace?" asked Mary, as the girls all laughed.

"No, I don't think it is very new. Have you never been in a room where everything was close to everything else, and you felt all cramped up? When you could not think of anything but your immediate surroundings, and felt as though you could not expand the least bit, even mentally, without crowding someone else, but in those large rooms—"

"You could change your mind if you wished without going out-of-doors to do so," remarked Alice, still laughing.

"That's it exactly, Alice. It gave one a feeling of freedom and mental and spiritual uplifting.

"I might tell you of the people I met, or of the good times four of us girls had in our own room, or of the walks and talks after the meetings; but I think I shall tell about the meetings first of all."

"Did you go to meetings first of all?"

"It was grand, Lou; I consider it the best holiday I ever had."

"But missionary meetings every day for a week!" exclaimed Lou. "I'm glad I was not there. I think everyone needs some recreation during their vaca-tion."

"We have plenty of recreation. In the afternoons we were free to do as we pleased. There were the tennis courts, croquet grounds, picnics, walks, rambles; or we could rest indoors, or out under the trees. We could read, play, rest, or write postcards to our friends, or amuse ourselves in any way we chose."

"I almost envied you," said Mary, "when I received your card in London. It read, 'I am enjoying every minute at Whitty. We are certainly *living* these days.' Living in capital letters, girls! I did not exactly understand what you meant, Grace."

"I meant just what I said, Mary. I told mother afterwards that here at home we had plain living and high thinking, the former from necessity, the latter from choice; but at Whitty we had both high living and high thinking.

"Now don't misunderstand me; it was not extravagant, but everything was so

wholesome and appetizing and well served that we thoroughly enjoyed our meals. No, Lou, we were not a slow, solemn crowd. There was plenty of laughter and merriment."

"What about the meetings, Grace? I want to hear that part of your story," pleaded Alice.

"Well, Alice, we began the day with a short prayer and praise service before breakfast. It was a good beginning. Everything seemed ready for worship, so fresh and pure and new. One hymn I particularly remember begins, 'New every morning is the love, our wakening and uprising prove.' Whenever I hear it now it brings back the calm and hush of that early meeting. I can feel the same quietness steal over my soul."

"After breakfast we all met in the chapel for Bible study. When it was finished we separated to different rooms for the various mission study classes. I thought I knew a little about missions before I went to Whitty, but I practically knew nothing about the subject.

"At the close of our study period we all met again in the chapel to a platform meeting, when returned missionaries told of the work in other lands."

"They worked on your feelings until they got you all stirred up," said Louise. "I don't believe in that sort of thing."

"No, they didn't try to work up our emotions. The meetings were quiet, earnest and reverent. There was no excitement, but as we faced these questions day after day we saw the awful need of the Christless millions. We also saw the responsibility resting upon us, and our hearts responded to the call.

"In the morning session we also had a half-hour of practical plans and methods of work for Young People's Societies and Sunday Schools. It was helpful and instructive.

"After this we had dinner. The next place of interest was the post office in the hall. The mail was distributed immediately after dinner, and everyone waited, whether expecting letters or not. Then we separated into little groups for recreation during the afternoon.

"The meetings that I enjoyed most of all were the twilight conferences or life-talks under the trees. They were heart-to-heart talks, by leaders of the summer school, on life and service, opportunity and responsibility; and the very surroundings helped one to see things in their proper proportions.

"I can see it now as I saw it then. The day is almost over. The sun is setting, and the western sky is beautiful in crimson and gold. As I gaze upon it I fancy I can almost see through and beyond the crimson and gold up into the glory land. The gradually the colors fade away. The stars peep out of the clear blue sky. The moon appears in her stately beauty and bends down upon us. Everything is quiet and peaceful, and I forget the people all around me; forget the friend sitting beside me. I am alone, and God is speaking to me. 'That little poem of David's comes to my mind, 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.'

"I think I can understand now why Christ so often went away out under the shadow of the trees to pray, to be alone with God.

"After the life-talk we had another address, and when the evening session closed we felt that we had almost more than we could assimilate, and yet we wanted more.

"Sometimes we went for a walk; sometimes we sat down for a little talk with a friend or a group of friends; but always before we retired we went down to the pump for a good drink of cold water. Anyone who was at Whitty last summer will remember the pump, and how re-

freshing that pure cold water was during those hot days."

"You haven't told us much about the people you met," said Margaret, as Grace paused.

"I know I haven't. It was a great pleasure to be associated for a whole week with so many whole-souled, earnest people who were with one accord in one place. Some time I may tell you more about them. To-night I want to tell you about One I met.

"Sunday afternoon was given up to little group conferences and to prayer. Two of us girls went up to our room to pray. We felt that we needed it. As we prayed I got a vision of my own weakness and utter helplessness apart from Christ; of the work to be done in our own League; a vision of the world's need and the awfulness of sin. I almost thought my heart would break. My prayer was changed to sobs.

"I do not know just when or how, but the vision changed. The burden was gone. Christ came so near and gave me a new vision of Himself as the risen Christ, and 'my lips could only tremble with the praise they could not speak.'

"Life has a richer, deeper meaning now than ever before, and I want you all to experience the joy of serving Jesus Christ."

"Coming home again was like coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration to the valley of everyday life, from the mountain of vision to the plain of service; but I am glad to tell you that the visions and inspirations did not end at Whitty, they are new every day."

"There were a few minutes of silence after Grace ended her story. Then Mary Denton said: "Thank you, Grace. Come, girls, let us go quietly home, and not talk. I want to think."

"As they parted, Louise whispered to Grace: "May I come over and see you again soon? I am more dissatisfied than ever to-night."

"Come any time you wish, Lou, and remember, 'He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.'"

The Snow-Crowned

REV. J. MARTIN NICHOLS.

Old age ought to be bright, so it seems to us, on this side of the fifties. Mount Shasta, with its snow-crowned head, is not beyond the need of the Rockies. It graces all the mighty hills that are piled in such reckless grandeur. Without it the lesser peaks would be of little importance. How much we wish these older heroes would not suffer such impatience to be off to the other world! The race of men would have them wait. The great big world is all the more beautiful because they abide. However sublime the glories of the future life, at last we get away from a good old world when we slip away from this. Shame on the man who grows tired of it! Oh, yes, our feet grow weary and are pierced by many a thorn in the journey toward the heights. But the heights—the top of Nebo and Pisgah, that transfixes us with all the glories of the promised land. Toward these awful heights we've journeyed many years. It is to be devoutly wished that the clouds of our sunset days may be richly gilded with sapphires and gold. Already, thank God, some of us have caught visions of the far-away city, its glittering spires and walls of Jasper. Already, some of us have reached the hills where the air is freighted with the breath of flowers. Already, some of us have caught the far-off refrain of angelic choirs. And if we could only see, the air is populous with our satiated dead and our listening ears have caught the noise of wings.

The Book for the Stranger

REV. W. E. HASSARD, B.A., B.D.

NO one who is concerned in the welfare of Canada can view her present rapid growth without deep concern. To think of her population being added to for weeks at a time at the rate of over one thousand per day, makes all the question, "Can we assimilate all these?" Many of these newcomers speak English, but there is a growing number that speak various tongues.

Problems arise from the incoming of these multitudes. Prominent among them is that of citizenship. Residence of three years in this country grants the right to apply for such, but one must first take out his naturalization papers. Strange incidents arise in connection with this act. On one occasion a man was told that he was not naturalized, and when he persisted in stating that he was, and that he had the papers at home to show for it he was told to bring them to the court. On presenting them the judge laughingly informed him that they were his marriage lines.

During the December sessions of 1910 in the City of Toronto, four hundred and seventy-four applications for citizenship were refused. Of these only fourteen read the names of some of the successful applicants, (that is if you can)—Carlo Trabacchin, Guiseppi Ruggiero, Francesco Scacchi, Raffaele Scaldapavi, Nicola Mazzalona, Mattia Maggiacone, Romolo di Granbenzo, Schemeral Ichamora, Leonarzo Barballinardo, Orazio Contrastiano, and Cosma Christo Djidroff. What kind of citizens will these be? Many of them come from lands where they never had a chance either morally or spiritually. The Word of God has been a sealed book. They are bound to exert with their thousands a mighty influence in their adopted home. It is our duty to Christianize them before they get a chance to heathenize us. In many cases they will copy our vices rather than our virtues. One great method of reaching them for good is by giving them the Bible in their own mother tongue. How this is done in Canada will be shown.

When the British and Foreign Bible Society was in its early years the work of organization was begun in Canada. Truro and Pictou in Nova Scotia divide the honors. Each was interested in the work as early as 1810. To-day all the work in Canada and Newfoundland is federated under what is known as the Canadian Bible Society. There are fourteen Auxiliaries, 1,981 branches, and 891 depositories. The management is vested in a General Board, with a Grand Secretary who is sent out by the Parent Society of London, England. At present the Rev. W. B. Cooper, M.A., occupies that office and with him are associated seven District Secretaries, whose duties consist in visiting the different branches in their respective fields. In each Auxiliary there is a Secretary, and in two or three cases he also visits the field besides attending to the office duties. However, the regular staff cannot visit all the branches each year, and so Provisional Agents are appointed in order that all the work may be covered.

Of course the great work of the Society is distributing the Scriptures, and more and more this is becoming the prominent feature of the Canadian work. Last year nearly two hundred and eleven thousand copies were

distributed in Canada—this number being more than double that of four years ago. It will be interesting to all the young people in fifty-eight different languages. Possibly some would like to have a partial list at least of these: Gaelic, Portuguese, Danish, Finnish, Polish, Ruthenian, Syriac, Roumanian, Croatian, Lettish, Slovak, Sloven, Wend, Estonian, Punjabi, Urdu, Hindi, Romanesch, Micmac, Breton, Servian and Slavonic. Now take up your geographies and find out where all these come from. An interesting way in which some of these languages are published is what is called the *Diglot*. Over thirty of these are being issued, each language with the English alongside. Such issues are exceedingly helpful to the foreigner, who finds it necessary to learn the English. They are also splendid adjuncts to missionary endeavor, as they help the foreigner not only to learn the English, but also to get the Gospel into his heart and life.

This brings us face to face with one of the greatest, if not the greatest, problem of the day in this fair land—the



CANADA INVADÉD—IMMIGRANTS ON BOARD SHIP.

evangelization of the various peoples that are thronging our shores. During the past ten years, immigration has added nearly 1,000,000 to our population, and vast numbers of these have no knowledge of experimental religion. It is quite true that many of them return to the lands which gave them birth, but very many will make this their life home. Many are swelling the ranks of our voters, and are thus having a say in how this land is to be governed. Our duty then is to evangelize them, but if we fail in this their influence upon us will be most detrimental. The churches are making, in many quarters, an effort to overtake the task, but the only organization at the present time that can speak to all in their own languages is the Canadian Bible Society, which has

a list of over one hundred different languages in which the Word has been asked for in our country. Any Epworth League or individual wishing a copy of the same can secure it by writing to the Canadian Bible Society, 14 College Street, Toronto, Ontario.

One of the best methods of reaching the people with the Message of Salvation is through the Colporteur and the Bible Woman. Some sixty-two were employed in Canada last year. These are to be found at the ports of entry, in the sparsely settled parts of the country, in the mining and lumber camps, along the lines of railway construction, and in the densely populated sections of our towns and cities, where the foreigners are found living often in unsanitary conditions. These workers are gladly welcomed, and the good they accomplish cannot be reckoned. Their monthly reports are most interesting.

ing, and oftentimes thrilling. One says: "I went into a Hungarian house and sold the only Bible and Testament I had; then nearly every man in the house ordered one. They all seemed anxious to get one. One man who had been here for seven years had not seen a Bible in his own tongue before I showed him one. Another in Toronto, paused to speak to a man with a peanut wagon. Addressing him first in Italian, he had no reply, but when he spoke in the modern Greek, the man delightfully replied. After a short conversation, the Gospel of John in the modern Greek was displayed. The man grabbed the portion and, asking the price (three cents), immediately paid for it. After reading some parts he invited the Colporteur to his home. At the time ap-

pointed the Colporteur on entering the home, was much surprised to find some forty Greeks awaiting him. To them he preached Jesus with marked results.

There was received in Halifax, February, 1912, a letter in Italian, addressed as follows: "Gift of the Canadian Bible Society, Halifax." The oddity of the address arises from its being the simple reproduction of the stamp on every Scripture given to the immigrants as they reach our shores. But there is a vagueness in the letter itself, a wishfulness of appeal that makes it piercingly pathetic. The letter translated into English, reads: "Worthy Sir,—Will you do me the favor to send me your catalogue or list that would have the intention to give some little hope of eternal life." Here is the comment upon it of the Secretary for the Nova Scotia Auxiliary: "While his request for 'a catalogue or list' shows how limited is the writer's knowledge of the books which bring such hope to man, it shows that heart hunger has been awakened by the portion he had received. A complete Italian Testament was at once sent to him."

These figures are significant: 17 Bibles, 75 New Testaments, 41,333 portions were distributed at the Quebec docks last year to peoples of thirty-five nationalities. The value of these Scriptures was \$1,172.41.

A special feature of the work needs to be much emphasized. No real live church organization today is to be found wholly ignorant of and uninterested in the cause of Missions. At the same time, too few of them appear to be aware of the vital unity between the Missionary cause and the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society. What would the Missionary do without the Word? Yet, here is a Society that supplies all the various Missionary Societies of the Evangelical Churches with the Bible free of cost, and still has to go in debt to keep up with the demands. To make effective every \$10 raised for Missions the Bible Society has to spend over \$1. A few of the churches are becoming seized with this idea, and are slowly measuring up to the necessities of the case. The Methodist Church receives the Word in 91 different languages throughout the world, from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In closing, permit us to emphasize the splendid work that is being done in Canada by the Society, which exemplifies the Scriptures: "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Here is a unifying force; here a leveller of all nationalities.

"Indian and Chinese, Saxon and Celt,
Latin and Teuton and Gaul,
Mere surface shadow and sunshine,

While the sounding and the shining,
One hope, one love, one duty theirs; no
matter the time or kin;
There never was a separate heart beat
among all the races of men."

Wanted: A Live, Up-to-Date President

It is a trite saying that the chief cause of most of the failures in our League work is from the lack of prayer leadership. No Christian enterprise will go unless some consecrated personality gets under it and makes it go. There would be few, if any, failures in our League if we could always be able to secure the right individual for leader. In a contributed article to THE EPWORTH ERA, E. O. Harbin tells what he would do if he were president. If he could come anyway near doing what he says he would do, he certainly would make an ideal president, and should be elected at once.

Following are some of the things, in substance, he thinks he would do, which

it will be for all our presidents to ponder well. He says that he would pray earnestly for Divine help and guidance; that he would appreciate the honor conferred in choosing him for the highest office in the chapter, and would try to justify that confidence by doing his best; that he would study all the books and read all the League and church papers he could get hold of, so as to be as well informed as possible. He would hold business meetings every month, and by some means get the rest of the cabinet to attend. Some of the other things he would do are as follows:

"I would always study the League prayer-meeting topic, so as to be able to take part intelligently in the devotional meeting. I would be careful not to monopolize the time.

"I would see that all announcements are made before the leader begins to talk. In making announcements myself I should strive to be brief and clear.

"I would have the league roll revised at least once a year, dropping names of members only after careful consideration of the possibility of again interesting them in the work.

"I would see that every member was provided with a constitution, that he

The Epworth League

We give large space this week to the Epworth Leagues of the two Conferences. We are anxious to render to our young people an effective service. We are sorry that there are not more Epworth Leagues in our territory. So far the Epworth League seems to furnish opportunities for training in Christian service that are not met in any other way.

We find three misconceptions in the way of the League in our territory. The first is the need of a trained leader. Pastor after pastor awaits the coming of a trained leader. All you need is a willing young person. It is the work of the League to develop leadership. The training should be on the part of the pastor, and through the League he has the most excellent opportunity to train his young workers if he does not fall into the error that has killed numberless Leagues, if he does not do things for the League instead of going slow until they can do things for themselves. He must keep himself out of sight in the work of the League, yet helping at times by taking a back seat in their gatherings, but giving his counsel to individual workers.



IN A POLISH SETTLEMENT IN ALBERTA.

might in some degree, at least, understand the object, organization, and laws of the society of which he was a member.

"I would remember that disappointments are almost bound to come, and I would determine that they should only urge me on to greater efforts.

"I would be quick to note strangers in church, Sunday School, and League, and would cordially greet them and invite them to the League service.

"I would be a close friend to the pastor, and if possible make him my confidant, talking over the problems of league work with him, and seeking his advice. I would work in harmony with him. Very, very seldom is a league justified in taking any action not sanctioned by him.

"I would keep in close touch with the Sunday School, gladly helping wherever needed.

"I would attend all the regular services of the Church, not excepting the mid-week prayer-meeting, and would urge all my fellow-Leaguers to do the same.

"I would study, plan, pray, and toil unceasingly that my League might be at its best. 'All for Christ.'—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

The second misconception is that the League exists for the finished results that it can show in the movements of the church. Many pastors expect larger results and more manifest spirituality from an Epworth League prayer meeting than they do from the Wednesday night prayer meeting. They discount the whole movement because the young people have some of the frivolity of youth, and forget the records that show that our boys have faced even death itself with a jest and a song. If the Epworth League takes the crude material and gradually develops leadership for the church, and becomes in itself a training school to develop workers rather than a factory to use workers, it has served its best purpose.

The third misconception lies in the supposed difficulty and cumbersome nature of the League. The League is not nearly so cumbersome as its constitution reads, and a little practical common sense and adaptability will place the League in commission anywhere. If necessary, run its departments as limited committees and place special committees for other needs as they arise.—Alabama Christian Advocate.

The Making of a City

REV. DR. J. H. McARTHUR, EMIN.

THERE are two ways of building. One is to build simply to satisfy present needs at the least possible cost, with no thought of the future. The other is to build with a comprehensive plan which considers the good of the future as well as the good of the present. These two ways of building may be illustrated in the erection of a house, the making of a farm, or in the planning of a city. Most of our cities have been built up in the former way—that is, in a way that recognizes no plan. They have been allowed to grow up in a haphazard, helter-skelter fashion, controlled only by the whims and fancies and selfish instincts of individuals or business firms. The plan of most of our cities has been determined by the free, undirected play of social forces which have paid but little attention to the higher things pertaining to health, morals and future good.

A man may settle in the wilderness and build for himself a one-roomed house which satisfies the needs of the present. After a time, as the needs of his family increase, he finds it necessary to divide the house into two rooms, and later another room is added, and still another and another, until the house, as finally completed, is an aggregation of rooms thrown together without any thought of unity, symmetry, beauty, convenience or health. In this way many of our cities have grown up.

A city is not merely an aggregation of individuals, nor yet an aggregation of houses. It is rather an organic unity, a social organism, in which every individual sustains social relations to every other individual, hence the city in its building should be planned with a view to the highest welfare of the whole community, both for the present and the future. The farmer who settles on new land has before him the task of making his farm. Much work has to be done before he can change this land, now in a state of nature, into a modern, up-to-date farm. The slashing must be cleared, the stumps pulled, the stones picked, the low land drained, fields laid out, lanes provided, fruit trees set out, shade trees planted and buildings erected; and all should be done according to a certain preconceived plan. It may take years before the farmer accomplishes his end, but he is working towards an end, and when the end is reached he has something that he may well be proud of. He has a good farm, with comfort, convenience and happiness. So likewise a city should be built according to a well-arranged and comprehensive plan, which takes into consideration the good of the future for at least fifty years ahead.

It is easier to build from the beginning according to a well-devised plan, than to remodel a city that was allowed to grow up without any pre-determined plan. City planning is coming to be regarded as a distinct science, and many city councils are employing experts to remodel and extend their cities according to scientific plans in the interest of both the present and the future. It is no easy task to take a city in hand and make it over again with a view to future development, and yet this is being done in part at least in such cities as London (Eng.), New York, Chicago, Boston, etc.

The remodelling of cities is becoming an absolute necessity. The bungling work of the past generations in the building of cities is now bearing its evil fruit in the shape of slums, crowded tenements, narrow streets, with the consequent lack of fresh air and sunshine and playgrounds, all of which tend to de-

teriorate the physical and moral health of the race.

A city should be planned with a view to convenience, health, morals and beauty, not with regard to the present and the future.

1. **Convenience.**—A city should be laid out in such a way as will tend to the economic handling of traffic. Main thoroughfares should not be arbitrarily run through a city except on a level site. Steep grades should be avoided, especially on the main streets. Where two main streets intersect, plenty of room should be allowed, so as to avoid congestion. Plenty of streets and lanes will prove to be an economy in the planning of a city. Main thoroughfares running diagonally through the city are often an absolute necessity. In this way steep grades may be avoided, and short routes made to business centres.

2. **Health and morals** are of prime importance in the planning of a city. "Crime, immorality, disease and misery vary almost directly as the size of the lot, the breadth of the street and the width of the parks." The streets of a city should run in such a direction as far as possible so as to give every house on both sides of the street the maximum amount of sunshine. "In very city small playgrounds for the little children ought to be found within every few blocks, and to be found within every few blocks, and athletic grounds for the young people within easy reach. Then, scattered through the city, and surrounding it, should be a series of smaller and larger parks, that would enable every tired mother to wheel her baby out for an hour in the afternoon, and the whole family in the morning, and have a weekly half-holiday on the grass under the trees. Is this asking too much?" Playgrounds are more valuable than parks, yet both should be provided for, as tending to the physical and moral health of the city. Mr. Maxwell said that "if Montreal were more generously supplied with playgrounds, especially in the congested districts, juvenile crime and the mortality from tuberculosis and other ailments would be materially decreased." Judge Lindsay, of Denver, declares that "nine-tenths of juvenile crime can be attributed to the fact that the activities of the child have no legitimate outlet."

The city should exercise supervision over its streets, so as to prevent real estate investors from giving us narrow streets, and short streets, and half streets and no lanes; and also to prevent gas companies and oil companies from appropriating what little we have. The city should also exercise supervision over its buildings, and should require that they be built with a view to sanitation, and not so high as to prevent the sunlight from reaching the street.

OTHER POINTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

What conditions generally determine the site of a city? What determined the site of Winnipeg? What determined the site of your own city?

What mistakes are frequently made in the laying out of a city? What mistakes were made in the planning of the city of Montreal, or of the planning of your own city?

How may a city be beautified? Explain Prof. Nobb's six points to be observed in the construction of a city. Read Mr. Veiller's "Chapter of Don'ts." Dr. Hastings, Medical Health Officer for the city of Toronto, recently read a paper before the Methodist Ministerial

Association on the housing problem. His "recent investigations in 'the Ward' disclosed the fact that 459 persons were living in basements and cellars; 48 rented houses contained dark rooms, with neither outside door nor window; the place which 198 families called 'home' consisted in each case of a single room; 659 families occupied houses unprovided with an indoor water supply, and in one case the occupants of a row of houses renting for a total of \$960 per annum were obliged to secure water for all purposes from a single tap."—*The Missionary Outlook.*

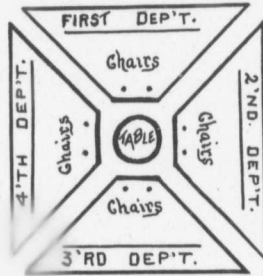
It is worth while to note that vital statistics gathered from other large cities show a death-rate from the inmates of one-room dwellings three times as high as that among families who occupy houses of more reasonable size."

"Exhaustive tests have demonstrated that growing children from homes of one, two or three rooms respectively, are smaller, lighter and inferior in all-round development to the children from less crowded quarters."—*The Missionary Outlook.*

A Maltese Cross Evening

The following outline programme for a very happy evening in the League is compiled from a report of just such an evening held some time since in Millbrook, and from suggestions made thereon by Miss Stella Hetherington, of that place.

Consult the diagram accompanying this article. Arrange the chairs as suggested,



in the form of the cross, using an even number of chairs if possible in each section. These can be approximately placed according to the probable attendance, and whatever adjustment may be found necessary may be made when the meeting assemblies.

If the committees have not been selected so as to have every member on a committee, and no member on more than one committee, seat them so as to make the number in each section about equal. The outside chairs may be used for visitors.

It will be found advisable to allot the chairs as far as possible, and provide the users with lists from which they can properly seat the members as they arrive.

On the two front seats in the First Department section place the 2nd vice-president and the convener of the Look-Out Committee. On the two front seats of the Second Department place the President of the League and the 2nd vice-president. On similar seats in the Third Department put the 3rd vice-president and the convener of the Social Committee, and on the remaining two front seats in the other section the pastor and the 4th vice-president. A round centre table occupies the middle space. On it let the Bible be placed.

The programme used at Millbrook was as follows:

1. *Dozology and Lord's Prayer.*
2. *Paper or Talk.*—Origin and Significance of the Maltese Cross," as per following outline:

Ever since our Saviour, by His death on the cross, wrought out for us our Redemption, the cross has been, to believers, the symbol of all that is holy and precious.

History tells of three kinds of shapes of the cross.

The commonest form was †.
The most ancient form was †.
The letter x represents another kind, which has received the name of St. Andrew's cross, from a tradition that on a cross of this description the apostle Andrew suffered a martyr's death.

Show how Andrew by his personal work, by his ability to find out and make use of the smallest talent, is a fitting type of an ideal leader.

This cross of St. Andrew later received the name Maltese Cross, because it was chosen as their emblem by a religious society, "The Knights of Malta," who established a hospital at Jerusalem, and were sturdy defenders of the faith.

The eight points of the Maltese Cross represent the virtues set forth in the eight beatitudes. Have a member seated at each of these eight points rise and recite or read these beatitudes in order: Matt. 5: 3-10. (*Any good Bible dictionary and secular dictionary will give other needed information.*)

3. *Roll-call by Committees.*—Let each committee be prepared to respond to the Secretary's call, with—

- (a) A statement of the number on the committee, and the number present.
- (b) A statement of its duties, as found in our constitution
- (c) A verse of Scripture along its line of work.
- (d) A suitable motto or watchword, setting forth its purpose.
- (e) A selection of music appropriate to the exercise, either rendered by one or more of the members of the committee, or given out by them as a hymn for all to join in.

4. After the several committees have responded to the roll-call, let all rise, and, if possible, have one member of each committee lead in a short prayer, the theme being: "Grace to live a little nearer to our ideal."

5. *League Benediction.*—The great benefit of such an evening lies in the fact that each committee is brought face to face with its responsibility; that in the reading of the responses the more backward members can easily be persuaded to con- vey their responsibility for getting all the members of its committee out, a good attendance is assured.

A Quartette

The choir of an Ontario village Church was invited to sing at a country appointment, the occasion being the Anniversary Supper. During the evening, the visiting singers rendered several choruses with great acceptance. The Chairman was a rather self-sufficient man, holding quite a high office in the Township,—indeed he was Reeve,—and when time had come for a quartette he simply nonplussed the singers for several minutes by his announcement that "We will now be favored with a quartette." The soprano said afterward that she could think of but one thing all through the selection, and that was as to just how far a quart of tea would go with that crowd. Needless to say, the Reeve did not hear the last of the incident for a while, and never mispronounced the word so grossly again.



Life Talks With Young Men

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES



I was in Quebec the other day and met an old friend. That in itself is of no particular interest, but out of a conversation with him came the thought around which our talk this month will centre. The thought has stuck with me and will continue to stick, which only goes to show that often the things that affect us mightily for weal or woe are to be found in the common-place experiences of life. Watch the little and commonplace things.

My friend and I sat in pleasant converse. Then out it came: "I don't believe that now. I used to, but I guess I am conscience hardened. I find many things that used to be repulsive to me, do not offend now. As I become older and more experience I am broader minded." I looked up, surprised and pained. "Jim," I exclaimed, "you have lost your ideals."

Men, have we lost our ideals? Go back through the years; back to the point where life began to mean something to you; back to the dawn of desire to be and to do; back to the first, joyous days of awakening, conscious power. Go back! Recall what you felt and thought then; your belief in yourself, in God, in the world; your belief in the honesty of man and the goodness of woman; your high ideals of business and public life; the love and sympathy that filled your heart and life. And what do you answer? If you have maintained those ideals, thank God! If you have lost them, get back to them; back with tears and penitence. You must have the vision if you are to live, for the soul without a vision perisheth.

How easy it is to forget the things we once cherished. We live in a complex age, and the tendency is to forget. Oh! If we could have burned into our very consciousness those closing words of Kipling's sublime prayer,—"*Lest we forget. Lest we forget.*" On every hand we see wrecked humanity. We see failure and often despair. We see blighted hopes and wasted lives. And why? Because men have forgotten.

Remember that any man, no matter how brilliant his career; no matter to what heights he may have ascended; nor how vast his power; if he has stepped aside from ideals of truth and purity and justice; of integrity and righteousness, he has failed. He has forgotten.

A recent writer says there comes a time when a man lays aside his self-respect. Do you believe that? When I read it I said, "No, that's not right," and then I stopped to think. What do you think? What can we do with the charge? Can we in defiance hurl it back in his teeth? Can you? Or must we in confusion and shame confess he is right? Have we forgotten?

We cannot accept such a statement without qualification. No man lays aside his self-respect, so long as he is true to high ideals. But if he has forgotten, if he has stepped aside; what then? He must plead guilty to the charge.

Do you know, the more I think of this, the more important it seems to grow— the maintenance of *high ideals* that people start their lives with certain fixed standards before them. We all want our lives to count for something and few, if any, deliberately make a failure of their lives. But the truth is we step aside. We forget. We are not always true to the high aims we placed before us at the start, and with the passing years has

come "the hardening of the hearts, which brings irreverence for the dreams of youth."

And it is so easy to harden the heart and conscience. It is easy because it is so gradual. It does not come in an instant; rather is it the work of months and years. A little step at first; a slight yielding, a little stepping aside, and slowly but surely the ideal is dethroned. It is gone and in its place is a hardened, cynical heart, and like my friend we come to a point where we say "I don't believe that now. I used to, but I guess I am conscience hardened."

When that position is reached then follows the most unsatisfactory one of trying to justify it and to defend it. We say we have grown more tolerant, more broad minded, but how feeble it sounds. We excuse; we tolerate; we embrace the things that once we shunned, that were repulsive to us; our ideals are in the dust. We trample upon them and then say we are broad minded. To tolerate is to compromise, to compromise is to court defeat.

Do not think this is an idle harangue. I am deeply in earnest. I want you to realize the gravity of it all. If your ideals have been thrown down; if you have forgotten, if you have compromised; men, stop and think, and with the help of God build up the altars again. Re-enthrone your ideals of truth, purity and righteousness. Make them sacred. Cling to them. Let no man take them from you.

And men will try to. There are those who will say, "We used to believe in the goodness of woman, but we don't any more." But don't you let them, for there are countless women as good, and true, and pure, as your highest ideal. They will tell you, "There is no God. There is no real good. It is a sham. We used to believe there was, but we don't now."

They will tell you, "a man is a fool to be honest. It doesn't pay. We used to believe in it, but we don't now." Never let such a suggestion enter your mind. There is no possible excuse for deceit or falsehood. There never was an expediency or combination of circumstance that would justify a lie. Truth is eternal and must prevail.

They will tell you, "honesty and righteousness in public life are not possible; that men in high places are corrupt; that there is nothing wholesome in our public life and men. And too often the charge is in measure true. But notwithstanding all this, there are brave, true, honest men, who are not counting for God and their country. The world in its need cries out for just such men.

Men, we cannot live without ideals. We must have them true, high, and noble, and we must tenaciously cling to them. If we have lost them, let us get back again, back to where they were a vital part of us; back to the atmosphere of hope, of love, of confidence. Let us live in such relation to the things that are true, and pure, and holy, that if we step aside ever so little it hurts. Let us pray for the tender, sensitive, let us feel the first approach of influences that are wrong and that would degrade or thwart our aspirations.

Let us gather strength from the memory of our early hopes, and so bind our ideals to us that we may hopefully and live and find fruition in the strength of God-like mankind.

Amateur Photography

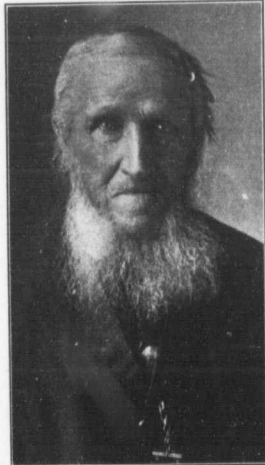
IV. Home Portraiture

THE EDITOR

MAKING portraits of one's own friends, at home, is perhaps the most interesting and attractive phase of amateur photography, and one in which the happy owner of a camera is most ambitious to excel. It is the one, too, in which the greater number of failures occur. These need not be, however, and for the encouragement of the young worker I may confidently say that there is no such great difficulty as many imagine in securing quite artistic and creditable portraits, even if one has none of the accessories of a well-equipped professional "gallery" with its skylight, screens, backgrounds and all such paraphernalia.

To make clear what I have to say, I have selected just four portraits which are reproduced in this connection. Two of these (the men) were taken twenty-five years ago. The same prints that I made then were used by the engraver in the making of these illustrations, and they are just about as clear and fresh as when first printed. In those days we took more pains than the majority do now. Having to silver one's own paper and put one's prints through each successive bath until the finishing touches were put on the mounted picture, greater pains were required and taken than is usual to-day. But I set out to tell you how to make a portrait. Follow these steps, using, first, the picture of the aged man to illustrate my meaning.

This portrait was taken in the Dawn Mills parsonage in Nov. 1887, and shows



A CENTENARIAN.

a well-known pioneer of Western Ontario, Mr. Wm. Chambers, who was at the time I took his picture 101 years old. The room in which I worked was the ordinary "best room" of a typical country parsonage. The window through which the light came was on the west side of the room and of the usual size. A window on the south was shaded so that no light reached the old gentleman except that which came through the west window in question; and the lower half of

this window was covered with a thin, white blind, so that the light fell on the face from the upper half. The old man was seated on an ordinary kitchen chair about two feet from the window and a little back of it. Get that clear. He was facing south, the window was at his right side; it was a little in front of him and about a yard away. The light came upon him through its upper portion and fell upon his features at an angle of about 45 degrees. Put somebody in some similar position and remember that it does not matter on what side of the house the window is as long as direct sunlight does not enter to strike the person. If I could have my choice I would prefer a northern window; but when one cannot have the best things remember the maxim, "Make the best use of those you have." If you look at your subject in such a light as I have described, you will see that the right side of the face, nearest the window, is light, perhaps quite bright, but that the other side is much shaded, even quite dark. You could not get a well-rounded face if you left it this way, so some means must be found to lighten up the dark side of the face. All I had for use with my good old friend Chambers was a simple clothes-horse and a bed sheet. I spread the sheet on the horse and adjusted it on his left side, so that the reflected light from the sheet softened down quite a lot of wrinkles under the eyes, around the nose and mouth, and prevented the whole left side of his face from being too dark in the finished print. Now for the background. There is nothing so pleasing in a bust portrait as a plain graduated or shaded back to your subject. I had no artistic or even mounted background to use, and if my memory serves me aright I used a plain gray blanket hung obliquely or slant-wise to the lens on a cord stretched across the room above the apparatus. By that I simply mean that the one end of the blanket was nearer the camera than the other and thus the shading was produced. The light being stronger on the more exposed portion of the blanket brought it out clearer and of course the consequently none of the texture of the blanket is visible. Now, you have the whole plan of procedure as far as posing and lighting were concerned.

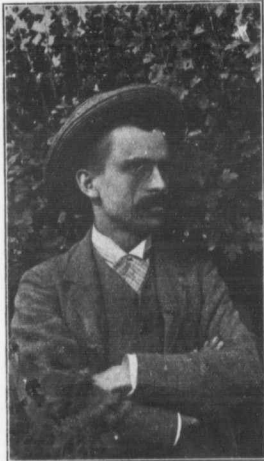
The exposure in such work varies according to the lens, the speed of the plate and the strength of the light. Let me advise you to give plenty of time. If you do not, you will not reach the shadows thoroughly, and a black and white ("chalky") negative will result. No absolute direction can be given in this matter of exposure, but you will soon get used to it, so to speak, and after a few mistakes will soon be finished with the necessary preliminary failures. In this, "experience is the best teacher."

Now look at the portrait of the young man, a very dear friend of mine, who was visiting me at the same parsonage in July of the same year, 1887. This will illustrate what you may do out-of-doors with absolutely no accessories whatever. The background in this picture was simply a flowering currant bush. The time was evening, just after sundown, when the light was soft and mellow. You can judge as to the effect for yourself. In this connection, look over the picture of the girl baby, too. It is another out-of-doors portrait. Taken in the winter against a home-made background in the shade of the house it gives a pleasing winter effect, and the light is

not so strong as to greatly injure the round appearance so natural to a two-year-old baby, as she was at this time.

I have used these three pictures that you may not think that my illustrations have been specially made to produce a good "show" in this article. They are taken from many others which I made long ago, and from which, after all these years, I take a great deal of pleasure.

The two children taken together is an indoor portrait made in an ordinary "sun



AN OUTDOOR PORTRAIT.

parlor" with a western exposure. In this case a spare table drape was used as a background and the children, brother and sister, were seated as naturally as you see them together. No sunlight could reach them, but as there was snow on the ground the light was quite strong. Indeed, the effect would have been softer if the window had been partially shaded with a sheet of thin cheesecloth to keep out some of the light. Yet the resulting picture is not altogether inartistic. This picture was taken during the past winter in Toronto and shows the children of my friend whose portrait I took so long ago as already shown you above.

I might add quite a number of directions; but if you have studied what I have said in the light of these four portraits, I think you will have no difficulty in equaling if not surpassing this work, which makes no pretensions to artistic merit but is a fair sample of what I have been doing for years and which any of my younger readers may do equally well if they but try.

I shall be glad to answer any questions to the best of my knowledge and ability. A number of problems that may have perhaps arisen with a number of you are dealt with briefly in the "Photographic Pointers" which follow in this number.

PHOTOGRAPHIC POINTERS.

Miss J.—Your films are certainly worthless from being light-struck. How the streaks came upon them I cannot tell.

Evidently were have came some suns

E. own your you out. more

M. 50 p a sa is no cent full

mean that "Ga expo plac P.O. the been light at a

A black elith lonn sat full was

A. abo use tho ly o each Filr I pl in t res

G. del son the len hor

tha



AN INDOOR PORTRAIT AT HOME.
See "Amateur Photography."

Evidently they were made while the films were out of the darkroom or they would have reached the edges. Examine your camera closely and you will probably find some crack or hole through which direct sunshine may enter.

E. L. D.—Whether or not you do your own developing and printing depends on yourself. If you can, I certainly advise you to make your own pictures throughout. In the long run you will find it much more satisfactory and certainly cheaper.

Mr. Jno. H.—No, I would not consider 50 per cent. of your exposures printable, a satisfactory average of success. There is no need of your spoiling so large a percentage of your negatives if you are careful and intelligent in every step you take.

Miss M. Y.—The letter "P.O.P." simply mean "printing out paper"—that is paper that turns dark when exposed to the light. "Gaslight" papers are those, that after exposure to light show no change until placed in the developing solution. Yes, P.O.P. is perhaps more easily handled by the beginner than the developing papers because it can be examined in subdued light and the printing process stopped at any stage.

Amateur.—The fact that your films turn black all over so quickly is evidence that either (1) your exposure was much too long, or (2) your dark room light is un-fetter particulars; but probably the cause was over-exposure.

Amy.—I cannot speak from experience about tank development for I have never used it. Yes, the film pack adapter is thoroughly practicable. I use it constantly when on the road. It has advantages over the roll film because you can treat each exposure individually and separately. Films are more expensive than glass plates and, of course, not nearly as heavy. I cannot recommend any special "make" in these columns; but I have had splendid results by using the kind you name.

Country Boy.—You should find much delight with the camera. Yes, I would sooner take pictures than fish. About the only hunting I ever do is with my lens for a gun. And I generally bring home some excellent game.

Kate.—Orthochromatic plates are those that in use give a more correct scale of

color values than ordinary plates. They are sensitive to all the colors of the rainbow, so that you get not only black and white, but the intervening half-tones or shades of coloring. When photographing any subject containing strong colors you will certainly get a much more finely graduated negative if you use orthochromatic plates. Yes, they are equally as rapid in action as the general run of ordinary make, and just as easy and simple to handle.

John B.—Your question about "taking pictures of one's friends in the house" you will find fully answered in my longer article.

Notice.—Your negative is "flat," i.e., it lacks contrast. In such a case you must use a grade of paper for your un-finished print that will make up to some extent what your negative lacks. The same paper will not work equally well on all negatives, and one must know the proper kind of paper to use in order to get the best results. It is not easy to give particular directions without naming certain papers, and that I am not disposed to do. However, you can easily choose if you will simply study the numerous booklets of the different manufacturers and adapt the paper to your negative according to its character and the effect desired.

A. B. C.—The amount of light in your dark-room is not nearly so important a matter as its quality. "Better be sure than sorry," and if you will expose your negative as little as possible to even the safest light during development, you will be acting wisely. You may as well have a comfortable amount of light to work by as poke around in the dark, and if you used was an old one. There is not a bright spot on it—grey all over. If you are sure that your light is a "safe deep ruby color," the trouble could not arise in the dark-room. No, a strong developing solution would not darken the unexposed edges of your film. No developer should darken any part of a negative plate that has not seen the light. Hence, I judge your film was old before you used it.

The Religion of Childhood

When the editor was a child his religious life was sometimes criticized and branded as insincere by his playmates and even by grown people because it did not make him sad and morose. That was, and is, the view of some people who even sing, "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," as to the preciously inclined child. But such an idea has no root in Scripture. The prophetic idea of a godly and peaceful city was one where "the streets of the city shall be full of girls and boys playing."

The human species is, on its natural side, a section of the animal kingdom, and it is natural for all young animals to play. God made them that way. Instead of being made to believe that the right kind of play, at the proper time and under wholesome restrictions, is displeasing to God, and children should be made to understand that the Heavenly Father is well pleased to see them happy, and they may carry correct religious principles into their play as well as into their tasks. Some of the most important lessons of life may be learned on the play ground. A healthy child has some ground for resentment against a conception of Deity that would make him what he is, with a natural desire for play, with a physical constitution that demands play, and then be displeased when he gives vent to his natural inclination. A child's religion should consist of love to the good Heavenly Father "who giveth us richly all things to enjoy," confidence in the Christ who came to earth to bless little children, obedience to all rightful authority, faithfulness in work, fairness in play, and absolute truthfulness at all times.

It is no sign of a want of religious feeling or sincerity if sometimes a boy grows restless under a long sermon or prayer or fidgets in his class or wants to get out into the fresh air and sunshine and play on Sunday. Even grown folks, whose religious sincerity is never called in question, evince such tendencies. It is a mistake to try to force or induce children to wear the religious garb of adults. Such training tends to make a child sanctimonious, if not hypocritical. It does much to simplify the religious training of childhood to understand that God wants children to be simply Christian children, and that the garb that religion wears should depend upon the age and mental development.—*Texas Christian Advocate.*

SHOW THIS COPY TO A
FRIEND.



AN OLD-FASHIONED CANADIAN GIRL BABY.

See "Amateur Photography."

Masterpieces of Hebrew Literature

II. The Song of Moses

(Exodus 15: 1-18.)

REV. W. S. LENNON, B.A., B.D., COOKSHIRE, QUE.

WHEN England was saved from the peril of the Spanish Armada in the days of "Good Queen Bess" by the heroism of her sailors and the timely winds, the deliverance was commemorated by the striking of a new coin bearing the inscription, "Affavit Deus, et dissipavit eum,"—"God breathed and they were scattered." When Israel was saved by a great deliverance at the crossing of the Red Sea, the nation was not yet well enough developed to perpetuate the memory of the event by striking a coin, but, after the manner of all primitive peoples and of some who are not primitive, Israel celebrated the deliverance by creating, singing and preserving in her memory a Hebrew "Te Deum," or national song of triumph and thanksgiving, which has come to be known to us as "The Song of Moses," although it deserves more the title, "The Song of Moses and Miriam," or better still, "The Song of the Crossing of the Red Sea."

This song is, then, no ordinary literary production. It is a piece of early Hebrew devotional literature and at the same time an historical record in lyrical form, that was peculiarly effective from the viewpoint of the needs of the age that produced it. The grip it took of the Hebrew mind and its deathlessness as a literary product of the nation are borne testimony to by many facts, and by this in particular, that even the Seer of Patmos can think in his late day of no higher form of praise to God than the form this song adopts; for he conceives of those "that come victorious from the beast, and from his image, and from the number of his name," as standing by another sea—"the glassy sea," with "harps of God" in their hands and singing "The Song of Moses, the servant of God and the Song of the Lamb." (Rev. 15: 2-3).

The poem probably became as well known to the Hebrew pilgrims of the Exodus and to the people of after days, through frequent repetition, as the national anthem has become to us, and served, as no prose record could possibly have done, to keep green in the nation's heart the memory of the great deliverance. What the Passover Feast did for the earlier deliverance when the death-angle spared the first-born of Israel, this song did for the marvellous intervention of God at the Red Sea.

The song has special interest for us as students of Biblical literature because it gives us our introduction to the poetry of the Bible in general and, moreover, sets before us what is perhaps the very earliest of Israel's national literary remains—"the first burst of Israel's national poetry." There are, of course, poetic elements even in the Book of Genesis, but they are not like this, distinctively Hebrew national productions.

It may not be known to all our readers that poetry is an earlier form of literature than is prose. "Literature in the early ages was chanted or sung, and the medium of transmission was the tablet of the human memory." Almost all the oldest literary utterances of the different nations that we possess are poetic in form. Prose literature, as perhaps have existed in earliest days, but for the most part only the early poems have survived, because they alone, by the comparative ease with which they could be memorized, guaranteed their transmission from generation to generation in ages when writing was not known, or was not yet in general use. An expert has stated the case thus: "In the case of primitive people all discourse that is intended for

publicity or for memorial purposes will be found clothed in poetic form."

The ordinary reader of the Old Testament reads it without very much consciousness that it frequently slips into poetic flights. Of course everyone feels that there is something a little non-prose like about such books as the Psalms and Proverbs, and perhaps even the opening verse of this 15th chapter of Exodus, by its reference to a *song*, creates a mild anticipation of poetry; but the poetry of the Bible does not get into the average reader's consciousness for two reasons; first, because the Authorized Version, which most of us still use, and which is the only one of which most of us have direct knowledge, prints the poetry regularly as prose; and secondly, because the poetry of the Old Testament is peculiarly Hebrew in its form and totally unlike that which prevails in our English literature; indeed, it is destitute apparently of all the marks we are in the habit of associating with the thought of poetry. Unlike classical verse, which rests upon a basis of metre, and unlike modern poetry which depends upon both metre and rhyme, the verse of the Hebrew Scriptures follows a principle to which the term *parallelism* has been applied and which concerns neither rhyme nor metre, but *has to do solely with the symmetry or proportion of the thought in the component parts or clauses of the sentence-line*. The following illustrations are taken from the song set for our study:

"This is my God, and I will praise Him;
My father's God, and I will exalt Him."

"The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil:
My lust shall be satisfied upon them;
I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them."

The first of the above quotations is a Hebrew poetic couplet; the second is a poetic triplet. The ear at once detects something of rhythmic beauty in them, but the closest examination will fail to detect in them any rhyme or any metre. *The rhythm is wholly due to the thought-parallelism of the lines*, reminding us of nothing so much as of the swinging of a pendulum to and fro, or of the tramp of an army marching in step.

Hebrew poetry, of course, does not confine itself to the above simple forms, but has also quatrains, sextets and octets, besides offering a great variety in the order of the parallelism, i.e., the parallel lines do not always come close together, but are separated in various ways, just as rhyming lines frequently are in English poetry. *There are also varieties in the nature of the thought-parallelism*. Three main varieties are specially noteworthy; first, the *synonymous*, which repeats the sense of the first part in the second part or clause of the sentence but in a somewhat different form; secondly, the *antithetical*, in which the thought of the second member or clause is opposite to that of the first; and thirdly, the *synthetic*, in which the members or clauses of the sentence-line hang together simply without being either synonymous or antithetical in meaning.

The following are illustrations:—

Synonymous parallelism—

"Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea;
And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea."

Antithetical parallelism (No illustration of this is found in the Song of Moses, but many of the Proverbs are antithetical couplets). Thus—

"The light of the righteous rejoiceth
But the lamp of the wicked shall be put out."

Synthetic parallelism—

"Terror and dread falleth upon them;
By the greatness of thine arm they are still as a stone."

Till thy people pass over, O Lord,
Till the people pass over which thou hast purchased."

Something might be said about the frequent *strophic structure* of Hebrew verse but this will be illustrated in our study of the poem itself. But there is one device of Hebrew poetry that demands a word or two of explanation. This is the *refrain*, i.e., the regular recurrence throughout some poems of certain expressions in such a way as to mark off the larger divisions of the poem from one another and to give to the whole a rhythmic movement in its strophes similar to that already manifest in its lines or verses. Thus, in the 46th Psalm, the refrain:

"The Lord of Hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge."

occurs twice (in verses 7 and 11), but it was probably originally found at the end of verse 3 as well, where the word "Selah" is now found, and has dropped out by inadvertence in the course of transcription of the psalm. If it be supplied anyone can see how symmetrical and rhythmic the psalm becomes. We shall see presently that the refrain played a large part in the Song of Moses.

THE PLAN OF THE SONG.

If we turn now to the *plan of the Song of Moses*, it will be found to consist of a short opening division (strophe) forming a prelude to the whole (verses 1-2), and three other strophes, each of which is a little longer than the one preceding it, as follows: First strophe, verses 3-5; second strophe, verses 6-10; third strophe, verses 11-18. Verses 19-21 of the chapter are, of course, in prose, but the thing to be noted about them is that they are explanatory, the two closing ones in particular giving us a piece of information of great value, namely, that Miriam "took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them (i.e., answered Moses and the children of Israel of verse 1), 'Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'"

From this explanatory note it is plain that the *song was sung by Moses and the men of Israel to an accompaniment of music and dancing by the women under Miriam's direction*.

Hebrew literature was, therefore, no exception to the rule that the earliest form of spontaneous poetry is a combination of verse, music and the rhythmic motion of the body that we call dancing. A similar record of sacred song, accompanied by music and dancing, is given in the story of David's bringing of the ark to Jerusalem, in 2 Sam. 6: 5 and 14-16—a passage which might well be read as a part of our literary evening programme in June.

The words "answered" by Miriam:
 "Sing ye unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
 The horse and his rider hath he cast into the sea,"

were not sung by Miriam as a solo but were sung as a refrain by the choir of women led by Miriam. Probably also the refrain came not merely at the end of the long song, as we might suppose, but at the close of each main strophé. The following arrangement of the song which is given by Prof. R. G. Moulton will make both its structure and its mode of delivery clear.

SONG OF MOSES AND MIRIAM.

PRELUDE.

MEN AND WOMEN.

*I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
 The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*

The Lord is my strength and song,
 And he is become my salvation:
 This is my God, and I will praise him;
 My father's God, and I will exalt him.

I.—MEN.

The Lord is a man of war:
 The Lord is his name.
 Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea:
 And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.
 The deeps cover them:
 They went down into the depths like a stone.

WOMEN.

*Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
 The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*

II.—MEN.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power,
 Thy right hand, O Lord, dasheth in pieces the enemy.
 And in the greatness of thine excellency thou overthrowest them that rise up against thee;
 Thou sendest forth thy wrath, it consumeth them as stubble.
 And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were piled up,
 The floods stood upright in an heap;
 The deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea.
 The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil:
 My lust shall be satisfied upon them;
 I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.
 Thou didst blow thy wind, the sea covered them:
 They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

WOMEN.

*Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
 The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*

III.—MEN.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods?
 Who is like thee, glorious in holiness,
 Fearful in praises, doing wonders?
 Thou stretchest out thy right hand,
 The earth swallowed them.
 Thou in thy mercy led the people which thou hast redeemed:
 Thou hast guided them in thy strength to thy holy habitation.
 The people have heard, they tremble:
 Pangs have taken hold on the inhabitants of Philistia.
 Then were the dukes of Edom amazed;
 The mighty men of Moab, trembling took hold upon them.

All the inhabitants of Canaan are melted away.

Terror and dread falleth upon them:
 By the greatness of thine arm they are still as a stone;
 Till thy people pass over, O Lord,
 Till the people pass over, which thou hast purchased.

Thou shalt bring them in and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance.

The place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in,
 The sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.
 The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

WOMEN.

*Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
 The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*

It would be a very interesting item of the programme of this literary meeting of the League if arrangements were made

Scripture in general. First, what Prof. Moulton calls "Lyric Concentration." Instead of telling the story in simple narrative, dwelling upon each incident in turn, as in the prose story of the 14th chapter, the song simply fixes upon a few luminous points and confines itself to these. For instance, all the fear of the Israelites when the Egyptians are discovered in pursuit, their complaints, the instruction to Moses to stretch out his rod over the sea, the removal of the pillar of cloud to a position between Israel and the Egyptians, the heavy driving of the Egyptian chariots in the sea-bed—all these are omitted and only a few salient details of the great event are introduced.

The second of these characteristic features of the song is that of "lyric interruption" by which the singers turn away from the narrative proper at intervals to address heaven, or the bystanders, or one another. The opening prelude, the apostrophes at the beginning of each strophé and the refrain all belong to this feature of the song.

VICTORY!

AVERAGE IS NOT EXCELLENCE
 EXCELLENCE IS SACRIFICE
 SACRIFICE IS VICTORY

When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption,—that is VICTORY.

When you can bear with any discord, any annoyance, any irregularity, unpunctuality (of which you are not the cause),—that is VICTORY.

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult, or the oversight,—that is VICTORY.

When you can stand face to face with fully, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, contradiction of sinners, perseverance, and endure all as Jesus endured it,—that is VICTORY.

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation, nor to record your good works, nor seek any commendation, when you can truly "love to be unknown,"—that is VICTORY.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your tastes offended, your advice disregarded, and you take it all in patient and loving silence,—that is VICTORY.

B. KINGSTON, Campbellford, Ont.

beforehand to have the song read as it is printed above, *i.e.*, antiphonally.

If the song be examined closely in the above form, it will be seen that each strophé begins with an apostrophe to God and then goes on to discuss the deliverance. The successive strophés not only increase in length but also handle the great incidents of the deliverance with increasing fullness. The first briefly declares the event: the hosts cast into the sea and sinking like stone. In the second the detail becomes greater: the flood standing upright, the depths congealed, the enemy anticipating his prey and his plunder, the sudden wind, and again, the sinking like lead. In the third strophé the details of the event are omitted: the singers are now concerned with the yet far-off results of the deliverance. They see God leading them through the wilderness to the very sanctuary His hands have made; they anticipate the terror that will fall on the inhabitants of Canaan and on the kings and dukes of the surrounding territories.

Two other characteristics of this poem belong to the sacred lyric orodes of

So much for the literary points of the poem, but it is to be noted that great as the song is in literary form and in poetic feeling, one of its most remarkable features after all is the strong utterance it gives of the national consciousness that the deliverance at the Red Sea was of God. It is not merely a song of national self-glorification. It does not deal in

"Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law."

The poem is great, as the story of Joseph's revelation of himself to his brethren was found to be great—*with its thought of God.*

Note: The Revised Version has differentiated the prose of the Bible from the poetry, by giving the latter the usual typographical treatment, but if one wishes to get a really good view of the part verse plays in the Sacred Scriptures, let him turn to "The Modern Reader's Bible" edited by Prof. R. G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of Chicago.

Our Leaguers would perhaps find the Bible become in many respects a new book to them if they would read it in Prof. Moulton's admirable edition.



OUR STORY



The Things of Caesar

W. HUTCHISON VAUGHAN, TORONTO.

THE Portland Limited clanged, hissed, and screeched its way into the big north station at Boston, and the passengers descended, among them three commercial men. It was almost six Saturday afternoon when from store, factory, and office, thousands thronged to take the suburban trains homeward. The myriad lights looked down on a hustling, seething sea of humanity. The air was filled with noise; newsmen ran shouting and selling their papers; porters trundled heavy trucks; people hurried hither and thither; bells rang; gates opened and closed, and constables bawled out directions to various trains. Amid this crowd and noise the three made their way to the main entrance.

"Which hotel, boys?" asked one.
 "Home for me," ejaculated one, making a dash for the steps leading to the elevator.
 "Stop at the Essex, Jim?" asked a second.

"No, Adams House."
 "Well, good-bye, I'm going to the Essex."

Jim Walker, on being left alone, walked up Winter Street to Washington towards his hotel, and as it is with him this narrative is to deal, let us follow him.

Big of stature and well dressed, he was a man to attract attention anywhere. A handsome man, perhaps, he might be called. But, as you look more closely, you find his face is deeply marked. There is a nervousness about his eyes, and the prematurely turning of the hair, betokened a life filled with strenuous activity and drawing largely on its nervous forces. A young man, and yet his work had left its mark. He was the New England representative of Martin & Gillies, Oils, New York.

"Any mail?" he asked the clerk after he had registered.

"Yes, Mr. Walker, and a telegram also."

Having opened and despatched an answer to the wire, he took a seat in the waiting-room which looked out on the street, and there began to open and read his various letters. The last one seemed to cause him some uneasiness. He read it a second time, and then sat gazing out into the street, but paying no attention to the ever-changing panorama that presented itself. His brow was knit in thought. The lines of his mouth were tense, every movement denoted a nervous excitement indicative of a conflict within. Again he read the letter, which was as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1909.

MR. JAMES WALKER,
 Adams House,
 Boston.

Dear Sir,—As you are, no doubt, aware, your present contract with us expires shortly. Our renewal of same will depend entirely on one thing. For two years you have been unable to land the Boston & Albany Railroad for oils. This contract we must have. If you can send us your order during your present visit to Boston, well and good, but if you do not, we fear that, in justice to our business, we must have a repre-

sentative who can secure this business for us.

We may say that we believe undue influence is being brought to bear on their purchasing agent, Mr. Dean; the nature of which it is not necessary to go into as you, no doubt, know to what we refer. And we may further state that we will confirm any influence of the same nature you may care to use, to any extent that you may think advisable. We believe the contract is to be lost on Monday next, and would suggest that, as you are to be in Boston over Sunday, you might arrange to see Mr. Dean on that day, and thus forestall our opposition. You can locate him at his Club, "The Commonwealth." We trust we have made ourselves plain that our future relations depend on your success in this matter.

Respectfully yours,
 MARTIN & GILLIES.

"Humph," said Walker, "so that means I must do their dirty work or quit. It's tough to be asked to work seven days a week, and to bribe as well. I know others do it, but," and his mouth grew firm, "that's not in my line; never have I yet been ashamed to look Jim Walker face to face in his mirror. But a man must live. My position depends upon it; but can I do this thing?" A study of his face showed inward conflict, and yet gave no indication of the result. "Oh, well, I can do nothing until to-morrow, so I will forget it till then," and so he thought he could, but it followed him when he went to dinner. The dazzling scene could not drive it from him, gayety all around him, seen in attractive women beautifully gowned, handsome men; but he heeded them not. The air was filled with merry chatter, a rippling laugh floated towards him, the clink of glasses, the music, the constant hum of voices,—but to all he was oblivious. Absently he ordered his dinner and as absently ate it. He passed out into the street, out into the crowd, and the light, and the noise. Perhaps there he could forget. The streets were filled with the Saturday night crowd. It was the theatre hour. Before the play-houses, light streamed forth, and hundreds poured through their portals. But to-night they had no attraction for Walker. The crowd was uninteresting; more than that, it irritated him. It did not make him forget. He went to his hotel and to his room.

When a man struggles he does not want company. It must be in secret and alone, and Walker realized that he was facing a struggle that could not be put aside or forgotten. He felt that his manhood had been outraged, and that a crisis had arrived in his life. He must either give up those high business ideals he had cherished and do the thing he had despised; he must be untrue to himself and the principles of right; or he must step from his position and start all over again. The hours passed, and midnight found the struggle still unsettled. Wearily he threw himself down to seek rest, but found it only after hours of restless tossing.

What is more beautiful than the calm and peace of the bright Sabbath morn? Yet, as Jim Walker looked from his window out into the world, he found none of the outward peace and calm in his own thoughts. "Can I do this thing?" ran through his brain. The day was to be a momentous one for him,

and never did Hamlet pace and cry, "To be or not to be," more earnestly than did he in the narrow confines of his room. How he had wanted to rise; how ambitious he was; others did this thing,—but would he want this seeming success gained at such a cost? And yet no answer came, and still he struggled!

"I must do something," he said, at last. "I will go and see Dean this morning, but I will not buy that contract. So far, at least, I will retain my self-respect and manhood."

Alas, Jim Walker, that is a compromise, and a compromise with oneself is a defeat. Think well before you do it.

He walked rapidly up Tremont Street, apparently finding relief in action. Faintly at first, then growing in clearness and volume as he approached, rose the morning hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer." He stopped to listen. It was the Tremont Street Temple.

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

That calls us from a world of care"; and as he listened it called him. Surely this morning his was a world of care, and almost before he knew it he entered.

"In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often sought relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer."

He stayed in the entry at first, just to hear the music, still intending to go and interview Mr. Dean; but hardly had the music ceased till in clear, rich tones rose the minister's voice in prayer. How earnest and how confident he seemed, how simple and yet how strong; and as he went on, Walker became anxious to see his face as well as hear his voice, and took a seat just inside the door. The prayer finished. "Take time to be holy" filled the vast building.

"Take time to be holy, the world rushes on."

How that seemed to fit into Walker's experience that morning, and he could not but feel its influence as verse succeeded verse, and the vast crowd sent it echoing and re-echoing. "Take time to be holy!" A great hush fell as the minister rose to give out his text, "Remember to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." Calmly and earnestly he exhorted and pleaded with that vast throng for more earnest lives. He said, "The great trouble to-day is that people have forgotten that there are things of God and things of Caesar. In the rush and struggle we remember only the things of Caesar; in fact, too many of us think that there are only the things of Caesar. Our work and our business demand our earnest effort and much of our time, but we have a right to demand our manhood and the sacrifice of principle. It has no right to demand the whole of our time. We must remember that our lives divide into the things of Caesar and into the things of God, and if we are to be noble men we must remember and be true to both. We must not sink our better natures into the sordid. We must not lessen or degrade our manhood. We must not trample on our self-respect because the seeming necessity of the hour seems to demand it. We must have noble things, be men, and render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." This, and much more, did the preacher say that morning, and as Jim Walker listened to it he thought that the preacher must have known of his case. "My heart went home, and he felt that he had not always discriminated. He left the service and did not go to the Commonwealth Club, as he had intended, but to his room at the hotel. And once again he began the

battle that he had so nearly lost. He considered it from every side. Sometimes he almost yielded, and then his better self and the thought of the sermon came to him. Through the afternoon and evening until almost midnight he struggled. His face was worn and haggard. Finally he said, "Well, I have not seen Dean to-day, and I guess I will write to the firm and tell them so." Here is his letter:—

BOSTON, Dec. 17th.

MESSES. MARTIN & GILLIES,

New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs.—Yours of the 14th to hand and contents noted. Your meaning was perfectly plain to me, and I herewith tender my resignation. I have found that my recent business experiences have been a little too much upon both for my physical endurance and

my moral sensibilities, and I think an upbuilding of both will do me no harm; but I do not feel that this upbuilding can take place without a severance of my connection with you.

Referring to Boston & Albany contract, I might say that I have not seen Mr. Dean as you suggested. I may say also that notwithstanding your feelings regarding the methods of obtaining this contract, I cannot endorse them, and that it is responsible for my resignation, which I wish to take effect at once. Like you, I trust I have made myself clear. Respectfully yours,

JAMES WALKER.

"Well, Jim Walker," he said when this was concluded, "you have lost your position, but you are still a man, and for once you have placed the things of God before the things of Caesar."

The Junior League

II. The Boys and Girls

MISS AGNES BUTLER, BRANTFORD, ONT.

THERE is one great problem that we, as Junior League workers, have to face, and that is the Boy problem. And yet, there is no Boy problem, called, it is the pastor, the superintendent, and teacher problem. Boys are all right, all they need is a manly leader. What can we do to interest and hold the boys in the League? They are so essential for effective league work, that we must educate and train them. The boy is a fact, and is here to stay. We must understand him if we are to make a true man of him, and the time to begin is in boyhood.

The one who wins the boy must have a genuine interest in him. You can't fool a boy with a make believe interest; let us be careful not to let him see our indifference. The average boy is made up of a pound of grit, a jugful of mischief, and bushels of fun; that is the reason why we should give him something to do at each League meeting, for, to most boys, it is a slow torture to keep quiet. You can't expect him to listen quietly to a sermon when the circus is parading in the streets. The boy is socially inclined; he must have his circle of chums, who will, to a great extent, determine his character. We cannot be too careful in the companionship of our boys. Let us see to it that our boys form companions in the church.

Boys, they tell us, are always hungry,—yes, and for the many other things than food; and this is the most important factor in a boy's nature, for it is through this hunger that we can easily reach him. Boys are hungry for companions, for love, for justice, for knowledge, for a true leader to follow, for adventure, etc., and it is a wise leader who thinks of these when planning a boys' meeting. The boy is religious, but he hates a solemn, long-faced religion.

Ah, the possibility of boyhood, who can measure them. A boy is not a man, but his very immaturity and imperfections are stages of progress towards manhood. Joseph, in his boyhood, dreamed of the days when great power would be his. David, the shepherd lad, with his flute,—afterwards the writer of the psalms. Jesus, the lad in his father's workshop, hallowed boyhood. The League must utilize the energy stored up in the boyhood of our churches. What is the League to the average boy? A kind of service, or a real service? If it is associated in his mind with good thoughts, and manly ideals, it will ever linger with him as a sacred memory. It is the business of the League to surround her boys with godly influences, that the stream of sin will never be able to engulf them. We often hear the remark, "Ah, well, boys will be boys." I would like to correct

that and say, "Boys will be men," and it is for the League to decide the tone of that manhood.

From all parts of the globe comes the call for men. Men of stability, temperance, and of faithfulness in the cause of right. Will the supply ever cease? Not if the League is awake to her opportunities. Scores of boys might be won to a life of public service, in active work for God, if the League would but prove true to her duty. The boys are early taught the merits of worldly business, but, comparatively speaking, few ever hear of the supreme privilege or great joy of preach-

ing the gospel of our Lord and Master. We are responsible, not only for the work done by ourselves, but for the increase of workers sent out to help in the completion of God's great plan of salvation.

The boys of to-day have many a heavy battle to fight. We are told that thirty per cent. of the boys begin to drink before they are six years old. The saloon must get two million boys from each generation to take the place of the dying drunkards. Whose boys? The boys of our Church, of our League, if we do not insist in them temperance principles.

The most difficult problem of all to solve is the boy between the Junior and Senior Leagues. He is too young to unite with the Seniors, and dislikes to be classed among the Juniors. Here is a great and noble work for the young men of the

Senior Societies. Young men, who, with a big brotherly interest in the boy, will guide him in the right path of life. To these young men, who are willing thus to work for the Master, let me say, "Have faith in the boys,"—a boy has first to be trusted, to prove himself trustworthy.

"But," someone will say, "shall we spend all our time on our boys? What of our girls? Do they not need the League training?" Yes, indeed, when we realize that, while the girl accepts religion more readily than the boy, it is more difficult to keep her within the grip of the truth. The average girl is a bundle of fun, frolic and energy. What does the League owe her? She needs a worthy object to work for—see to it that this object is forthcoming, and you will hold her in the League. Make your League a place where the social part of the girl's nature may be developed.

Someone has said that there is a lack of earnestness in a girl's make up. If this be true, a great responsibility rests with us, as Leaguers, to help our girls to a higher plane of character. A girl sometimes yields, when she would stand firm, and should early be taught the great power, for good, she can be in moulding the lives of the lads of our land. The hope of our cities, and towns, lies in the safeguard we place around our girls. If it be true that "the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world," we must save the girls, or we will never win the world for our God. Many of our girls leave our Leagues and drift, we know not where, because we have not yet learned how to hold them in service. The girl hungers to know by doing. Our girls must be trained to be leaders, not blind followers, of some fad, and this is the duty, and privilege, of every Junior League worker.

(To be continued.)



ALL ABOARD!

Easily Disposed Of

A woman in one of the factory towns of Massachusetts recently agreed to take charge of a little girl while her mother, a seamstress, went to another town for a day's work.

The woman with whom the child had been left endeavored to keep her contented, and among other things gave her a candy dog, with which she played happily all day.

At night the dog had disappeared, and the woman inquired whether it had been lost.

"No, it ain't lost," answered the little girl. "I kept it 'most all day, but it got so dirty that I was ashamed to look at it; so I let it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Junior Topics

JUNE 16.—A GLORIOUS DEFEAT.
Cor. 9: 24.

Truth.—He who does his best wins a glorious victory even though defeated.

Attack.—Ask several to tell what they think to be the meaning of the word "defeat." Speak of the ball team that though beaten again and again each time puts up a better game till at last victory comes.

Illustrations.—If anyone has read the book "Old Ryerson," ask him to tell the story of his repeated defeats which were in the end a victory because each time he did his best.

The story of Bruce of Scotland and the spider.

The one who trains for a track meet, who enters the contests and who runs even though he may not beat the rest in the races, wins for he has gained strength, speed and honor. The defeated one is the one who will not enter at all.

Heart Talk.—Paul says all may run but only one can win. Then adds: "So strive that you may attain." He may have watched the runners at the Olympian games. He knew of the hours of practice, of the regular diet, and hours of sleep. He had seen the runners start, some had become discouraged, and dropped out after the starting, others putting forth every effort had run to the end even though they may have come in third, fourth or fifth. They had attained, perhaps not the victor's crown, but that which was of even more value, the courage to hold out even though they were not to win and the grit to go into training again.

No so-called defeat is a dishonor if one has done his best. So run that you may attain promotion in school, success in the thing you are working for, conquest over your temper or over temptations, but when you have done your best, your very best, do not be discouraged if sometimes you fail, for you have won a glorious victory in being true to the best you can do. See 2 Tim. 2: 8.

Hymns.—Onward, Christian Soldiers.

True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

—Junior Workers' Quarterly.

JUNE 23.—BOMBAY, CUSTOMS, RELIGIONS, IDOLS. A VISIT TO THE WESLEYAN MISSION. Psalm 115: 1-9.

As we have only three days to spend in Bombay to which the missionary, Rev. J. F. Edwards so warmly welcomed us, we will make the most of our time. The Customs have been passed where we tourists had some fun as our baggage was being inspected, and duty paid on our cameras notwithstanding our protests. With note-books and pencils we write down many things, for we are to give a report upon our return to the home-land, so that we may interest our friends in the people of India and its needs. Walking down the streets we notice the people of many races—Coolies, Hindus, Parsees, Arabians, Persians, Malays, Africans, Europeans and Canadians. Comparing their customs or dress we find out where they come from. The great variety of vehicles attract our attention, and we notice a strange funeral procession. We stop to look at the water-carriers, and express surprise as we see women carrying brick and mortar, wood and other materials up ladders in the building of a house, for we thought all the women were kept in places called Zenanas. We visit one of the Zenanas later. From the chapter in the text book may be taken dialogues for the Juniors to tell to the League in

interesting things concerning the religions and customs of the people. They will delight to do this instead of the Superintendent telling the whole story. One of the boys could read a paper on "The Fire-Worshippers of Bombay," and their motto "Pure Thoughts, Pure Words, Pure Deeds," might be applied by the Superintendent to illustrate truth in our own lives. Some one of the Juniors might tell of the visit to Malabar Hill, or invite some of the Seniors to do this if your Juniors are too young, as also the visit to the famous Elephanta Cave. Note the reference to the late King Edward VII. Besides singing some of our fine missionary hymns it is well to commit the verses to memory. Be sure and memorize at every meeting passages of Scripture if it be only one or two verses.—C. G. W.

JUNE 30.—PICNIC AND PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION.

The programme must be locally arranged, but the following hints may be suggestive: Have room decorated with flags and bunting and maple leaves. Hang up pictures of leading men in the Confederation. Tell the story of Confederation, impressing the truth of the significance of Dominion Day. Put a large P on the blackboard, making after it the

words Persons, Patriotism and Pastime. The last, of course leading up to the picnic and demonstration on July 1st. Having worked up all the enthusiasm possible for the Sunday service and picnic, have the Juniors send out previously invitations of their own making to the parents and seniors. Arrange for old-fashioned games, the recitation of patriotic poems, singing of "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf," "Red, White and Blue." Supply Juniors with small flags. Have everybody sit on grass together in a circle for tea or at a table large enough to accommodate all. Have three-minute speeches from parents on patriotism. Some of the fathers might be asked to sing a patriotic song. Have a grand march, using the small flags and singing choruses. At the Sunday service the Juniors themselves might bring information concerning Confederation, questions having been handed to them for home-work a week or two before the meeting, and when called upon could give the answers. A recitation would not be out of place either. While, of course, the subject of patriotism as relates to our country may be emphasized, do not forget to impress upon the Juniors that they all may be patriots in following out the truths of the lessons taught by parents and teachers, as given in the teachings of Jesus.

The Highest Patriotism: Loyalty

A Talk with the Juniors by the Editor

The weekly topic in the Junior League for the first meeting in July, is stated in the heading to this "talk" with our boys and girls. The story on which the topic is based (1 Sam. 24: 1-7), shows how David had a good chance to "get even" with his most bitter enemy, and did not kill him as he would have expected him to have done. It does not matter so much to you and me, what Saul and David were at "loggerheads" about; but the principal lesson is that instead of getting rid of his foe when he had the chance, David showed his fine spirit by sparing his life.

Saul was king, and David honored his position even if he had good cause for disliking the man. Here is a lesson in Loyalty to our Sovereign. We have good reason for thanking God that the Crowned Heads of the British nation as far as any of us living have known either Queen or King, have been good, God-fearing persons. Queen Victoria was a shining example to all her subjects of what a truly good woman ought to be, as well as being a wise and sagacious Ruler. Her son, King Edward VII, gained the name of "The Peacemaker" because of his kind spirit and disposition, and in his rule over the British Empire showed much of his illustrious mother's wisdom and goodness. And the present king, the one that our boys and girls will know the best, is proving worthy of his great ancestry, and we may well pray that he, great king as he must be, may be first of all and always a man of God. Let us cherish a spirit of Loyalty to the king, and show it by constant obedience to all righteous law, and the laws of Britain and all her Dominions are universally admitted to be founded in and based on Righteousness as taught in the Scriptures.

But Saul was a man as well as a king, and David might have forgotten his official position as king in thinking over the wrongs the man had done him, and so have killed him in retaliation. According to the laws of war then prevailing, he would have been quite justified in doing this; but he showed his magnanimity and generous kindness of heart when he spared his enemy and afterwards would

not permit his soldiers to do him injury. This is a lesson in the larger Loyalty we should all cultivate to our fellow men. Boys and girls know how easy it is to hold spite against another, and to try to "get even" when the chance arises. Many a cruel act has been performed by this spirit of revenge. David was away ahead of his times when he acted as he did, but in these days when the teachings of the New Testament are all abroad throughout the earth, it ought to be an ordinary thing to "return good for evil." How do we feel when some one does us an injury? How do we think, or speak, or act, toward or even about that one? It is this that tells whether or not we have the spirit of Jesus in our hearts. The true Loyalty comes from a good spirit within us, not from fear of the law if we do wrong and are caught in the act. A man may be just as loyal as the law compels him to be, but if he would do wrong to another were the penalty of the law removed, he is not really loyal at all. We must keep God's commands, honor the king, obey the laws of our country, do good to our fellows, and in every way show forth the spirit of kindness, out of love, not fear. It is this kind of Loyalty that makes the best citizens, and only this will make and keep Canada truly great.

We want boys who will not only be willing to die for their country in times of danger, but who learn how to live for it and keep it out of danger. It is good to have brave men who in times of peril are willing to go forth to give their lives for their country, on the battle-fields, but it is better to have good boys growing into strong men who will give their best thought, and their most devoted service for their country in building it up in righteousness and strength. Loyalty to God and Right must come first, and then in every walk of life, men and women will bring both strength and grace to the land in which they live. Let us be true, kind, forgiving, cherishing only thoughts of helpfulness to all, and we shall show the highest patriotism, the noblest Loyalty.

JULY 14.—SELF-CONTROL A MARK OF STRENGTH. Prov. 16: 32.

Central Thought.—It is easier to do great deeds than to control our own thoughts and impulses.

Approach.—In the days of the early rulers of Israel the people were surrounded with enemies. No sooner was one tribe conquered than another would arise to harass the Hebrews. Even the Ark of the covenant at one time was carried away by the Philistines.

When Saul was made king he was very brave. Scarcely had he been chosen when he was met by messengers who told him of a shameful slavery that was being put upon a part of his people.

Quickly rallying the frightened Israelites, he went before them against the enemy and won a great victory, so that we are told of the Ammonites that "they that remained were scattered, so that not two of them were left together." And all Israel rejoiced greatly. (1 Sam. 11: 1-11.)

This great king met his downfall from his jealousy of the young captain, David. David's loyalty to his king never wavered, but because he was brave, Saul was jealous of him and endeavored to kill him. From that time on the king grew evil in his ways until he lost favor with God and his kingdom was taken from him. *Lesson.*—The words of the prophets were written by the son of that same captain, David, who was made king after Saul. David was a brave and a great man who tried to control himself as well as his people, and who died an old man beloved of everyone.

Solomon inherited the kingdom of Israel when it was at its highest glory; his prayer at his coronation was for wisdom to guide it well. He wrote the words of our lesson text and many others of great truth; and it was he who built the great temple. Yet this great king was led aside by his wives after idols. Though he did not worship them himself he was not strong enough to say "No." God was displeased, and at his death the kingdom was divided.

Zeal Trail.—It would be easier for many men to rescue another from drowning or burning than to refuse an invitation to drink a glass of liquor. It is easier to thrash a boy who is insulting than to hold one's tongue and walk off. It is easier to do a long day's work helping mother than to keep one's temper when a cherished picture, doll or vase is broken. But God said through Solomon—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—*Junior Worker's Quarterly.*

Gen. Baden-Powell gave his experience in smoking to a meeting of the International Anti-Cigarette League at Leeds. He had learned to smoke when he was young and foolish, but he gave it up when he went in for rifle shooting. After giving it up, he became a very fair shot. When he went to the West Coast of Africa, the most unhealthy climate in the world, he was advised to smoke at night to keep away the mosquitoes. But after the third night he "chucked" away his pipe and went through the campaign without tobacco, and so far as he knew he was the only one out of over three thousand men who did not get fever. On the campaign in Matabeleland he learned that scouts did not smoke because it destroyed the power of smell and injured the eyesight. Smoking is not necessary for men, but it is very bad for boys. No boy ever takes to smoking because he likes it, but because he wants to look like a man. Instead, said the general, he simply looks like a little fool, and when he smokes for fear of other fellows laughing at him, he shows that he is a little coward as well."

The Wesley Guild of British Wesleyan Methodism

Through the kindness of the General Secretary, Rev. W. B. Fitzgerald, we are able to present the accompanying account of the young people's work in the Wesleyan Church. Though this article did not reach our readers in time for the last meeting in March, it will be of interest not only in itself but as affording a good opportunity for a comparative study of our Epworth League constitution and methods of work.—Ed.

The Wesley Guild is one of the youngest of the modern Young People's Societies. It was founded in 1895, and its progress during the last sixteen years has been encouraging. The ten years ending with the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1911 illustrate its progress. When the Twentieth Century came in there were 1,298 Branches of the Guild, and 83,499 members. Now we have 2,678 Branches and 174,577 members. In other words, the numbers have more than doubled in a decade. During this period the Junior Guild has come into existence, and promises to be an educational agency of untold good. The Guild has also taken deep root in the Foreign Field, where it has been adapted to the requirements of young Methodists of all colors.

The leading characteristic of the Wesley Guild is *Comprehensiveness*. It touches all sides of young life. By means of its four departments—Devotional, Literary, Christian Service and Social and Recreative—it endeavors to bring all the interests of youth under the control of religion. The rotation of meetings corresponds to the Departments named above, and an earnest spiritual purpose permeates them all.

The monthly Devotional Meeting has become quite a spiritual power in the Church. Its keynote is Consecration, and it is, as a rule, more largely attended than any other. The mayor of one of our industrial towns in the North of England kept in town by civic duties during the hot weeks of July, and he crossed to his church one brilliant Monday evening, to encourage, as he said, "the few faithful young folk who might turn up on the Devotional Night." He found a room full, one hundred and fifty strong. A minister in a Lancashire cotton town stated recently that he averaged two hundred members present at his Guild Devotional. An interesting Book of Topics and Programmes is issued every year, and is usually based upon some helpful devotional text-book.

Evangelistic work has been one of the striking points of the movement from the beginning. In many circuits the town Guilds form cycle corps for the purpose of visiting the villages during the summer months. Many a flagging cause has been stirred to new life by these efforts. In one case, typical of hundreds, the congregation had almost reached a vanishing point in a chapel holding a hundred people. There was no society class, no prayer meeting, no Sunday School. The energetic, prayerful efforts of a small group of Guilders completely altered the state of affairs. To-day the chapel is full, a hearty society class has been started, there is a Band of Hope of seven elderly children, and the Guild is the life and soul of everything.

The Wesley Guild sets before its members the definite aim of getting into touch with every young man and woman, every boy and girl, in congregation, school, and neighborhood. Some Branches have attained phenomenal success. One at Luton has raised its membership to over seven hundred; another at Leigh reports five hundred; while Branches from two to three hundred members are fairly common. When it is remembered

that Guild membership carries with it adherence to pledges which involve both loyalty and sacrifice, these facts are very significant.

Missionary enthusiasm has been one of the keynote of the movement from the very commencement. It is amazing how much is done by our Guilds in aid of local efforts, and now, over and above all this, the Guild as a whole has made itself responsible for the maintenance of a medical, missionary and hospital in West Africa, where, up to the present, no hospital exists.

The Wesley Guild has its magazine, called "The Guild," issued monthly. It has a large and growing circulation, and steadily gains in popularity. Another department of work is known as the Travel Club, which arranges holidays for young people during the summer months, both in Great Britain, and in Switzerland and Norway. These holidays have done a great deal to deepen and strengthen the comradeship of the movement.

The Wesley Guild Charter, which is presented to every newly-formed Guild, expresses very tersely the aims and ideals of the movement. It reads as follows:—

The Wesley Guild Central Council certifies the enrolment of the..... Branch as a fully accredited and affiliated Guild.

We welcome you into a great Comradeship intended to include all Young Methodists at Home or Over the Seas.

We invite you to a whole-hearted consecration of Body, Soul and Spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ.

We also most earnestly urge you to the diligent culture of the mind, so that you may give to God thoughtful and intelligent service.

And thus united in spirit and purpose, we ask you to give yourselves heartily to that holy crusade of Christian Service, which is the supreme aim of the Guild, and which includes the enrolment of every young Methodist in our membership.

The strengthening and advancement of the Wesleyan Methodist Church; and sincere and vigorous co-operation with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in the endeavour to bring about the speedy evangelisation of the world.

Signed *President of Conference.*
Concessional Secretary.

While it would be too much to affirm that all Guilds reach this high level, yet a lofty standard is maintained, and an earnest desire to be loyal to it is evidenced by an overwhelming majority of our workers.

The Saloon Bar

A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well;
A bar to manliness and health,
A door to want and to ill-health;
A bar to honor, pride, and fame,
A door to want and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to woe and that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.

The "Titanic" Tragedy: The Sea's Toll

L. BEASLEY, M.A., CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

THE voyage from Queenstown had been quite uneventful; very fine weather was experienced, and the sea was quite calm. The wind had been westerly to south-westerly the whole way, but very cold, particularly the last day; in fact, after dinner on Sunday evening, it was almost too cold to be out on deck at all. I had been in my berth for about ten minutes when, at about 11.15 p.m., I felt a slight jar, and then soon after a second one, but not sufficiently large to cause any anxiety to anyone, however nervous he may have been. The engine stopped immediately afterward, and my first thought was, "She has lost a propeller.

NO SENSE OF DANGER.

I went up on the top deck in a dressing gown, and found only a few people there, who had come up specially to inquire why we had stopped, but there was no sort of anxiety in the minds of anyone.

We saw through the smoking-room window a game of cards going on, and went in to inquire if the players knew anything; it seems they felt more of the jar, and, looking through the window, had seen a huge iceberg go by close to the side of the boat. They thought we had just grazed it with a glancing blow, and the engines had been stopped to see if any damage had been done. No one, of course, had any conception that she had been pierced below by part of the submerged iceberg.

The game went on without any thought of disaster, and I retired to my cabin to read until we went on again. I never saw any of the players or the on-lookers again. A little later, hearing people going upstairs, I went out again and found everyone wanting to know why the engines had stopped.

No doubt many were awakened from sleep by the sudden stopping of a vibration to which they had become accustomed during the four days we had been on board. Naturally, with such powerful engines as the "Titanic" carried, the vibration was very noticeable all the time, and the sudden stopping had something the same effect as the stopping of a loud-ticking grandfather's clock in a room.

THE FIRST ALARM.

On going on deck again I saw that there was an undoubted list downward from stern to bows, but knowing nothing of what had happened, concluded some of the front compartments had filled and weighed her down. I went down again to put on warmer clothing, and as I dressed heard an order shouted: "All passengers on deck with life belts on."

We walked slowly up with them tied on over our clothing, but even then presumed this was a wise precaution the captain was taking, and that we should return in a short time and retire to bed.

There was a total absence of any panic or any expressions of alarm, and I suppose this can be accounted for by the exceedingly calm night and the absence of any signs of the accident.

The ship was absolutely still, and I don't think one of the persons in ten would have noticed at that time, no signs of the approaching disaster were visible. She lay just as if she were waiting the order to go on again when some trifling matter had been adjusted. But in a few moments we saw the covers lifted from the boats and the crew allotted to them standing by and curling up the ropes which were to lower them by the pulley blocks into the water.

GATHERING SENSE OF PERIL.

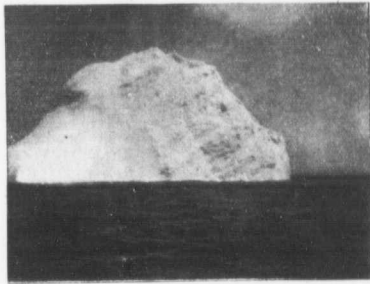
We then began to realize it was more serious than had been supposed, and my first thought was to go down and get more clothing and some money, but seeing people pouring up the stairs decided it was better to cause no confusion to people coming up by doing so.

Presently we heard the order:

"All men stand back away from the boats and all ladies retire to next deck below"—the smoking room deck or B deck. The men all stood away and remained in absolute silence, leaning against the end railings of the deck or pacing slowly up and down.

The boats were swung out and lowered from A deck. When they were to the level of B deck, where all the ladies were collected, the ladies got in quietly, with the exception of some who refused to leave their husbands. In some cases they were torn from them and pushed into the boats, but in many instances they were allowed to remain because there was no one to insist they should go.

Looking over the side one saw boats from aft already in the water, slipping quietly away into the darkness, and presently the boats near to me were lowered



ONE OF THE TERRORS OF THE DEEP.

and with much creaking as the new ropes slipped through the pulley blocks down the ninety feet which separated them from the water. An officer in uniform came up as one boat went down and shouted: "When you are afloat, row round to the companion ladder and stand by with the other boats for orders."

"Aye, aye, sir," came up the reply, but I don't think any boat was able to obey the order. When they were afloat and had the oars at work the condition of the rapidly settling boat was so much more a sight for alarm for those in the boats than those on board that in common prudence the sailors saw they could no nothing but row from the sinking ship to save at any rate some lives. They no doubt anticipated that suction from such an enormous vessel would be more than usually dangerous to a crowded boat mostly filled with women.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE SEA.

All this time there was no trace of any disorder, panic, or rush to the boats, and no scenes of women sobbing hysterically, such as one generally pictures as happening at such times; everyone seemed to realize so slowly that there was imminent danger.

When it was realized that we might all be presently in the sea, with nothing but our life belts to support us until we were picked up by passing steamers, it

was extraordinary how calm everyone was and how completely self-controlled. One by one the boats were filled with women and children, lowered and rowed away into the night. Presently the word went round among the men, "The men are to be put in boats on the starboard side." I was on the port side, and most of the men walked across the deck to see if this was the case.

I remained where I was and presently heard the call:

"Any more ladies?" Looking over the side of the ship, I saw the boat, number thirteen, swinging level with B deck, half full of ladies.

Again the call was repeated:

"Any more ladies?"

I saw none come on and then one of the crew looked up and said: "Any ladies on your deck, sir?"

"No," I replied.

"Then you had better jump."

I dropped in and fell in the bottom, as they cried, "Lower away." As the boat began to descend two ladies were pushed hurriedly through the crowd on B deck and heaved over into the boat, and a baby of ten months passed down after them. Down we went, the crew calling to us as lowering which end to keep her level, "Aft," "Stern," "Both together," until we were some ten feet from the water, and here occurred the only anxious moment we had during the whole of our experience from leaving the deck to reaching the

"Carpenter."

Immediately below our boat was the exhaust of the condensers, a huge

stream of water pouring all the time from the ship's side just above the water line. It was plain we ought to be smart away from this not to be swamped by it when we touched water.

We had no officer aboard, nor petty officer, nor member of the crew to take charge. So one of the stokers shouted: "Someone find the pin which releases the boat from the ropes and pull it up."

No one knew where

it was. We felt as well as we could on the floor and sides, but found nothing and it was hard to move among so many people—we had sixty or seventy on board.

A PERILOUS MOMENT.

Down we went and presently floated with our ropes still holding us, the exhaust washing us away from the side of the vessel and the swell of the sea urging us back against the side again.

The resultant of all these forces was an impetus which carried us parallel to the ship's side and directly under boat fourteen, which had filled rapidly with men and was coming down on us in a way that threatened to submerge our boat.

"Stop lowering fourteen," our crew shouted and the crew of number fourteen now only twenty feet above, shouted the same. But the distance to the top was some seventy feet and the creaking pulleys must have denuded all sound to those above, for down it came—fifteen feet, ten feet, five feet, and a stoker and I reached up and touched her swinging above our heads. The next drop would have brought it on our heads, but just before it dropped another stoker sprang to the ropes with his knife.

"One," I heard him say, "two," as his knife cut through the pulley ropes, and the next moment the exhaust stream had carried us clear while boat fourteen

dropped into the water into the space we had the moment before occupied, our gunwales almost touching.

We drifted away easily as the oars were got out and headed directly away from the ship. The crew seemed to me to be mostly cooks in white jackets, two to an oar, with a stoker at the tiller. There was a certain amount of shouting from one end of the boat to the other and discussion as to which way we should go, but finally it was decided to elect the stoker who was asserting captain, and for all to obey his orders.

He set to work at once to get into touch with the other boats, calling to them and getting as close as seemed wise so that when the search boats came in the morning to look for us there would be more chance for all to be rescued by keeping together.

THE SERENE HEAVEN.

It was now about 1 a. m.; a beautiful starlight night with no moon and so not very light. The sea was as calm as a pond, just a gentle heave as the boat dipped up and down in the swell; an ideal night except for the bitter cold for anyone who had to be out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in an open boat, and if ever there was a time when such a night was needed surely it was now with hundreds of people, mostly women and children, afloat hundreds of miles from land.

The captain stoker told us that he had been at sea twenty-six years and had never yet seen such a calm night on the Atlantic.

As we rowed away from the "Titanic" we looked back from time to time to watch it, and a more striking spectacle it was not possible for anyone to see.

In the distance the "Titanic" looked an enormous length, its great bulk outlined in black against the starry sky, every porthole and saloon blazing with light. It was impossible to think anything could be wrong with such a levitation were it not for that ominous tilt downward in the bows, where the water was by now up to the lowest row of portholes.

Presently about 2 a. m., as near as I can remember, we observed it settling rapidly, with the bows and the bridge completely under water, and concluded it was now only a question of minutes before it went; and so it proved.

HOW THE END CAME.

The "Titanic" slowly tilted straight on end with the stern vertically upward, and as it did the lights in the cabins and saloons, which had not flickered for a moment since we left, died out, came on again for a single flash, and finally went out altogether.

At the same time the machinery roared down through the vessel with a rattle and a groaning that could be heard for miles, the weirdest sound surely that could be heard in the middle of the ocean, a thousand miles away from land. But this was not yet quite the end.

To our amazement it remained in that upright position for a time which I estimate as five minutes; others in the boat say less, but it was certainly some minutes, while we watched at least one hundred and fifty feet of the "Titanic" towering above the level of the sea and looming against the sky.

Then with a quiet, slanting dive it disappeared beneath the waters, and our eyes had looked for the last time on the gigantic vessel we had set out on from Southampton last Wednesday.

And there was left to us the gently heaving sea, the boat filled to standing room with men and women in every conceivable condition of dress and undress, above the perfect sky of brilliant stars with not a cloud in the sky, all tempered

with a bitter cold that made us all long to be one of the crew who toiled away with the oars and kept themselves warm thereby—a curious, deadening, bitter cold unlike anything we had felt before.

A TRAGIC MEMORY.

And then with all these, there fell on the ear the most appalling noise that human being ever listened to—the cries of hundreds of our fellow being struggling

will be one of the things the rescued will find it difficult to efface from memory. We are all trying hard not to think of it.

We kept a lookout for lights, and several times it was shouted that steamers' lights were seen, but they turned out to be either a light from another small boat or a star low down on the horizon.

About 3 a. m. we saw faint lights showing on the sky and all rejoiced to see

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

Lines on the loss of the steamship "Titanic," with sixteen hundred souls on board.

FRED CLARE BALDWIN, D.D.

Who was to blame?

Pray, do not charge this monstrous tragedy to God.

He made the icebergs? Well, what then?

He also made the human mind;

And He hath taught our ever curious ken

How best the ways of safety we may find,

And how to shun the paths by danger trod—

God will not take the blame!

Who was to blame?

His head the captain cannot raise

To answer us or shield his name

From censure or from praise.

Beneath two miles of ocean depth he sleeps

With that grave throng for whom the world's world weeps.

Great names adorned that good bark's list;

Great deeds relieve that sickening mist;

Great men were there; when came the time

That human nature shows its best or worst,

They measured up to all that greatness durst

Expect of them—in death all were sublime.

Who was to blame?

In part the spirit of this prideful age—

Our blind, insatiate lust of luxury;

Our false disdain of all simplicity;

Our wild and senseless rage for speed;

Our maddening haste

That will not pause to reckon up the waste;

Nor least of all—our gluttonous greed!

Where were the lifeboats? Answer ye

Who cannot forfeit for a single hour

The warm and genial hospitality

Of palace life. What though the treacherous sea

Stands ready to reveal its ruthless power—

The Public was to blame!

So ancient Rome went down—

And other empires of renown!

And so, God grant we may not do,

And will not if our sodden ears will hear

The message these calamities make clear—

We must return again to simpler ways—

And be content oftentimes to sacrifice

Our self-indulgent pleasures and our ease,

Or earth will lose what heaven has learned to prize;

And we shall surely fall on darker days—

Yea, darker days than these!

—In *Christian Advocate*.

gling in the icy cold water, crying for help with a cry that we knew could not be answered. We longed to return and pick up some of those swimming, but this would have meant swamping our boat, and, further, loss of the lives of all of us.

We tried to sing to keep the women from hearing the cries, and rowed hard to get away from the scene of the wreck, but I think the memory of those sounds

what we expected was the coming dawn, but after watching for half an hour and seeing no change in the intensity of the light, realized that it was the Northern Lights.

DELIVERANCE AT HAND.

Presently low down on the horizon we saw a light which slowly resolved itself

(Continued on page 143.)

Africa and Some Men who have Worked for Her Redemption

MRS. F. C. STEPHENSON, TORONTO.

AFRICA is a country of enormous extent, of complex problems, of missionary opportunity, of pagan darkness, of Mohammedan error, of vast commercial possibilities, of oldest history and of newest discovery.

In extent Africa is about 11,500,000 square miles, equal to the combined areas of Europe, India, China, United States, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Of the continents, Asia only is larger, having 16,000,000 square miles.

The Economical Conference, held in Edinburgh in 1910, places the population of Africa at 180,000,000. This gives only about an average of fifteen persons to the square mile, while in China the average is over two hundred and sixty.

The history of the discovery of Africa is a fascinating one. Before the Christian era accurate knowledge existed regarding the regions along the Mediterranean and Red Sea coast, Egypt, the Nile, the Great Desert and the territory adjacent to the Upper Nile. Nothing of importance in the way of exploration seems to have been attempted until Henry of Portugal in 1415 despatched his first expedition to trace the West Coast.

While in Morocco, where he had been defeated in a campaign against the Moors, Prince Henry had heard of a mysterious prince—Prester John—said to rule over a great, Christian kingdom, hidden in the heart of Africa.

Henry had been told of the gold and wealth of merchandise of the regions beyond. He determined to find Prester John and enlist him in the Christian Crusade to plant the Portuguese flag on African soil and to extend the Holy Faith. One of his day-dreams was that by the west coast of Africa a new route to India and China might be discovered.

Henry's purpose was not so much to open trade as to convert the natives to Christianity, and every year from 1415 until his death in 1460 he sent a ship to Africa, and every ship carried Franciscan and Dominican missionaries.

This prince of royal blood was a hero—great-hearted and resolute—the pioneer of those missionary explorers who opened Darkest Africa to the West four hundred years later, and through whose efforts daybreak has come into the Dark Continent.

The sailors and agents of the missionary prince thought more of riches than of religion, and their love of gain led to the beginning of the African Slave Trade, which down through the years grew to such cruel proportions, that at last Christendom called itself to account for the traffic in human lives, and not only abolished the traffic in their Governments, but stood for freedom for the African.

Although Prince Henry did not live to see his dream realized regarding a new route to India, in 1497 De Gama sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, found the new way to India, and made known the outline of the Great Continent. Africa, during the past one hundred years, has really been discovered. Maps of a century ago showed a few scattered coast settlements, Cape Colony, the old lands of the northern portions, and vast, unnamed, unexplored regions.

From the map of Africa to-day, we can almost read the history of the readjustment of its territory, for it has become an appanage of Europe. The self-governing Union of South Africa under the British flag, the Republic of Liberia, and the Kingdoms of Abyssinia and Morocco are the only independent states, and these do

not constitute one-twentieth of Africa's area.

Railways, steamboats and good roads are being built. The Cape to Cairo Railway is opening up the continent from north to south. Modern transportation has made mission work easier in a degree, but it is yet true that the greater part of the unevangelized territory must be reached by the lonely trail.

The religions of Africa may be broadly divided into Christian (the Coptic Church), Islam and Fetichism. The map of the prevailing religions of Africa shows all north of the Equator under the rule of Islam, and all south of the Equator, with the exception of Cape Colony, and here and there scattered Christian enclaves, as pagan.

It would take a volume to tell of all the needs of non-Christian Africa. Summed up in a few words, Africa's need has been and still is a Christian African civilization.

Perhaps no mission field has called for more heroic service than the Dark Continent. From the days of Raymond Lull, missionary to the Moslems, who was stoned to death at Burgis in 1315, down to our own day, the redemption of Africa has been bought with the price of precious lives.

To the Moravian Church is the honor of sending the first missionaries of modern times. George Schmidt landed at Cape Town in 1737, and five years later John Schwalber followed. The opposition by the English and Dutch settlers to the Dutch East India Company prohibited the continuance of the work.

In addition to the attempt of the Moravians towards the end of the eighteenth century, the London, Scottish and Wesleyan Societies had begun work in Sierra Leone, Liberia and South Africa; but the workers were few and the conditions among which they worked made progress almost impossible.

The nineteenth century ushered in a new missionary era. William Carey, who had consecrated his life to Africa, sent forth a call to Christendom to "attempt great things for God and expect great things from God." Although Carey was sent to India, his plea for Africa was an important factor in arousing Protestant Christendom to its obligation to hearken Africa.

There are some outstanding workers, who have given their lives for Africa, to whom the world owes a debt, not only for their missionary service, but also for their valuable contribution to science, discovery and government.

When we think of Africa, we must think of Livingstone; and Livingstone's call to service takes us back to Robert Moffat, who was sent to Bechuanaland by the London Missionary Society in 1817. Moffat's fifty-three years of service is a record of heroism, faith, work and achievement. When in his homeland on furlough, Moffat met Livingstone and talked with him of Africa's needs. Moffat wrote to a friend, "of the vast plain to the north where I had some times seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been." That was Livingstone's call. He was sent out by the London Missionary Society as a medical missionary, and arrived in Cape Town in 1841. There is no more fascinating story than the life of David Livingstone. From a mill boy he became one of the world's greatest missionaries and explorers, but although honors were showered upon him upon his return to England, he declared,

"the end of exploration was the beginning of missionary enterprise." In an address to the students of Cambridge University, just as he was returning to Africa in charge of a Government expedition to explore East Central Africa, he said, "I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry on the work I have begun. I leave it with you."

Livingstone's missionary purpose never left him, although he was so successful as an explorer his lifework and consecration were missions. When Livingstone was lost in the depths of Africa, the *New York Herald* sent Henry M. Stanley to find him and bring him home. Stanley was successful in his search, but Livingstone met all his entreaties to return with the same answer, "I must finish my work." A few days after Stanley left, Livingstone wrote, "Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

Henry Drummond said, "A score of 'Forward Movements' might be traced to Livingstone, while five great African Missions are directly the result of his work."

Stanley's appeal for Africa in a newspaper article led Alexander Mackay, a clever young Scotch engineer, to give his life for Africa. Through Mackay's efforts the Uganda Mission was established. The old saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church" is true of the history of Uganda. Bishop Hannington, Mackay, and many others, laid down their lives for what to-day is one of the most notable results of missionary work.

In 1841, when Livingstone reached Africa, there were no missions, no churches, no Christian life in Africa. To-day there are two thousand native preachers, seventy thousand church members, over three hundred thousand adherents, and about two thousand church and school buildings. Bishop Tucker (now Bishop of Uganda) looks to the native Church as the means by which the surrounding tribes will be evangelized.

While East, Central and Southern Africa have been the scenes of the heroic work of some of the world's best-known missionaries, the West Coast has demanded and produced men who stand equal with any—Crowthier, the slave boy who became Bishop of the Niger; Grenfell, the hero of the Congo; Melville Cox, who, in dying, said: "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up," and sent a call to which many responded.

"The Christian is assailed by the number of pagans and Mohammedens but as sure as God gave His Son that men might have life and have it more abundantly, as sure as Christ came to reveal the Father, and as sure as Christ commissioned His disciples, so sure shall Africa be redeemed."

Cannington District

The Epworth League Annual Convention of Cannington District was held in Woodville on Tuesday, April 30th. It was a great day—blue sky overhead and warmth and sunshine everywhere, and a goodly number of delegates were present. The programme was practical, and the interest and enthusiasm were abundant. The papers on the Pledge, the Citizenship Department, and Look-Out work prepared and read by local members were most excellent. The presence of a goodly number of delegates from the District, and their apt questions and remarks, testified to the continued interest that many of our pastors are taking in the young people's work. One of the most interesting parts of the programme was the reading of a number of sacred solos by Master Wilfrid Switzer, of Wil-

frid, while most helpful addresses were delivered by Rev. R. McAnnand, of China, and Rev. J. L. Farrell, Field Secretary, during the afternoon and evening.

A special feature of the afternoon session was the reports given by the representatives of the various Leagues. Some of the terse remarks made were the following: "Our Junior League is head and shoulders above the Senior League;" "We're small, but never mind; we're good stuff;" "They (the members) seem to think the train can't come in unless they see it;" "There are plenty about for a Junior League, but it's neglected;" "We are few in number, but, thank God, we have some workers who are thoroughly consecrated;" "We have the Epworth Era, we find it is very helpful to us;" "We transferred two Associate members to the Active list;" "It has its ups and downs, mostly downs;" "We have a large proportion of young men in our League;" and so on. These and many similar statements revealed the hopes, and fears, and aspirations and determinations of an aggressive body of young people as ever gathered at a district convention. The evening president, Rev. J. O. Totten, handled the convention splendidly. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. Pres., Rev. W. Lambert; Pres., Wm. Newman; 1st Vice, Rev. W. H. Clarke; 2nd Vice, Miss Emma Brandon; 3rd Vice, Mrs. C. J. Gall; 4th Vice, Rev. W. H. Archer; 5th Vice, Miss A. Metherell; Sec'y, Miss M. F. Davey; Treasurer, Miss King.

The old and new executive met during the refreshment hour and outlined a policy of aggressive work along the lines of organization of new societies, citizenship, Junior work, visitation, and institute work to be carried out during the current year.

The Durham Junior League, County Grey, with Mrs. J. M. Benton as Superintendent, was reorganized last February, and has now a membership of 125, which includes Cradle Roll members. The meetings are held at 4.15 on three fine Friday afternoons in the month, the remaining Monday the League meets at 7 p.m., thus obtaining the co-operation and attendance of parents and guardians of all Juniors from every home. The average attendance is 75.

From College Avenue Epworth League, Woodstock, comes the report of a satisfactory year's work. The membership is at present \$5, an increase during the year of thirteen members. Twenty-two joined during the term, but nine moved to other places. For Missions the sum of \$105 was raised, an increase of \$5 over last year.

THE "TITANIC" TRAGEDY.

(Continued from page 141.)

Into a double light, and we watched eagerly to see if the two lights would separate and so prove to be only two of our boats or whether they would remain together, in which case we should expect them to be the masthead light and a deck light below of a rescuing steamer.

To our joy they moved as one and round we swung the boat and headed for it. The steersman shouted: "Now, boys, sing," and for the first time the boat broke into song with "For the Shore, Boys," and for the first time tears came to the eyes of all as we realized that safety was at hand.

The song was sung, but it was a poor imitation for the real thing, for quavering voices make poor songs. A cheer was given next, and that was better—you keep in tune for a cheer.

Just then day broke, a beautiful, quiet dawn with faint pink clouds just above the horizon, and a new moon whose crescent just touched the waters.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Vancouver District League

The Vancouver District League Executive held a very successful meeting on Tuesday, April 16th. The President, Mr. W. C. Findlay, occupied the chair, and after opening exercises called for reports from the Vice-Presidents in charge of the various departments. The first Vice, Mr. LeDrew, reports that the members of the Christian Endeavor Department, are doing all they can to promote a strong spiritual atmosphere among the young people of the various Leagues throughout the City. A week of prayer was organized and carried through successfully during the first week in the New Year, and we believe that many of the young people were born again through the influence thus brought to bear. Sunday morning prayer and fellowship classes among the young people have also been organized in a number of the churches and are doing good work. The Missionary Department, under the leadership of Mr. Wesley Stewart is aiming to raise this year \$1,800, this amount being needed to carry out the plan laid down by that Department

at the beginning of the season, viz, the support of our Waterways Missionary, Mr. Ganton, and the payment of some outstanding debts on the Waterways Mission boat *Homespun*, which was wrecked some time ago. Mr. Stewart reports that the various local Leagues are taking hold of the work in a very enthusiastic manner, and by the end of the season they expect to be in a position to report the full amount raised. Our Junior League Department, under the leadership of Deaconess Collins is also doing good work, and we now have quite a number of Juniors in training for the Senior Leagues of to-morrow. We are planning to have a rally of all the young people on May 6th, as we find Bros. Westman and Ganton will be in the city at that time, and a good time is anticipated.

H. T. Browns,

Secretary Vancouver District League.

The League at Spencerville reports that they have found the topics interesting and instructive, and that the Era is a great help in their work.

The Worker and His Work Series

A PRACTICAL AND USEFUL TEACHER-TRAINING LIBRARY FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1. THE WORKER AND HIS BIBLE.
2. " ELEMENTARY WORKER AND HIS WORK.
3. " JUNIOR WORKER AND HIS WORK.
4. " INTERMEDIATE WORKER AND HIS WORK.
5. " SENIOR WORKER AND HIS WORK.
6. " ADULT WORKER AND HIS WORK.
7. " SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS WORK.
8. " WORKER AND HIS CHURCH.

PRICE 55c. EACH, POSTPAID

NATURAL QUESTIONS ANSWERED RIGHT SELF AND SEX SERIES

WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW.....	\$1.00
" GIRL " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.00
" MAN " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.00
" WOMAN " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.00
" HUSBAND " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.00
" WIFE " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.00
" MAN OF 45 " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.00
" WOMAN OF 45 " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.00
HUSBAND, WIFE AND HOME	1.00
HERSELF	1.00
LETTERS OF A PHYSICIAN TO HIS DAUGHTER50
By F. A. RUPP, M.D.	
TRUTHS: TALKS WITH A BOY CONCERNING HIMSELF ..50	
By EDITH B. LOWRY, M.D.	
CONFIDENCES. TALKS WITH A YOUNG GIRL CONCERNING HERSELF. By EDITH B. LOWRY, M.D.50
POSTPAID AT THE ABOVE PRICES	

The Bible a Missionary Book

By ROBERT F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.
Price, 35c., postpaid.

A Junior Congregation

By JAMES M. FARRAR, D.D.
Price, \$1.20 net, postpaid.

Little Talks to Little People

By JAMES M. FARRAR, D.D.
Price, \$1.20 net, postpaid.

Memoir and Remains of R. M. McCheyne

By REV. ANDREW A. BONAAR, D.D.
Price, \$1.95, postpaid.

Financial Secretaries, Attention!

A useful Financial Secretary's Receipt Book, indispensable for use by Secretaries in relation to the Conventional Funds of the Methodist Church. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

William Briggs PUBLISHER Toronto
29-37 RICHMOND ST. WEST

THE
Canadian Epworth Era

Published Monthly in the interests of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies of the Methodist Church.

Subscription Price: 50 cents a year. A Club of six, \$2.50. The Paper will not be sent after term of subscription expires.

Advertisements should always be sent to the Publisher, WILLIAM BRASS, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Ont. All other matters concerning the Paper should be sent to the Editor, Rev. S. T. BARTLEY, 35 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

OFFICERS OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

The General Superintendents.
General Secretary: Rev. S. T. BARTLEY, 35 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

Field Secretaries. For the Conferences of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Rev. J. R. CURTIS, B.A., Sackville, N.B. For the Conferences of Montreal, Bay of Quinte, Toronto, Hamilton and London, Rev. F. L. FARWELL, B.A., 35 Richmond St. West, Toronto. For the Conferences of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, Rev. J. A. DOTY, Regina, Sask. For the Conferences of Alberta, and British Columbia, Rev. J. P. WYEMAN, Calgary, Alta.

DR. W. E. WILMOTT, General Treasurer.

Smiles

"John," asked the lawyer's wife, who had recently taken up the health-culture fad, "is it best to lie on the right side or the left side?"

"My dear," replied the legal luminary, "if one is on the right side, it isn't usually necessary to lie at all!"

An Irish woman once had twin boys who looked so very much alike that the people who knew the family often wondered how their parents told them apart.

After church one day the minister was admiring the boys.

"But, sister," was his objection, "I don't see how you can tell them apart."

"Ah," answered the mother proudly, "that's easy. I just whip Mulligan, and if he cries, it's Hooligan."—*National Monthly.*

Abraham Lincoln was exceedingly astonished one day as he was inspecting the prison in Washington by a prisoner exclaiming, "How are you, Mr. President? I am glad to see you. I believe that you and I have been in every goal in the Union."

"This and the goal in Springfield are the only ones I was ever in in my life," replied Lincoln.

"Very likely," responded the "jail bird," "but I've been in all the rest."

Walter Christie, with his racing car, the Blue Flyer, was talking to a French chauffeur on the Cape May beach.

"Eet makes warm," said the Frenchman, wiping his brow.

"You mean, it is warm—not it makes warm," said Mr. Christie, laughing. "You remind me of the Frenchman at the English Alpine Club."

"This Frenchman said, enthusiastically, to a red-faced, stout Englishman, with calves as big as barrels:

"Ah, you have climb ge Matterhorn? It is a foot to be proud of."

"Pardon me," the Englishman returned. "You don't mean foot. You mean feat."

"Ah," said the Frenchman, 'you have climb her more zen often, hein?'—*Epworth Herald*

THE FUNNIEST PAPER ON EARTH

The Mars Planet tells about unexplored lands on the Planet of Mars, and what this world will be two hundred years from now. Side-splitting through-out. AGENTS WANTED. Sample copy. **15c**

STERLING SUPPLY CO., Toronto, Can.

Total Abstainers

Do you desire to get your life insurance at the price it should cost you? If so you won't pay the usual premiums, but will purchase your insurance on the very favorable terms offered by the

Equity Life Assurance Company of Canada

which is the only aggressive total abstinence company in Canada. It offers better terms to total abstinence than any other company offers. It has an unexcelled record for the seven years it has been in business. Any desired information gladly given.

H. SUTHERLAND, President
Confederation Building, TORONTO

SEE THOSE STUDS

YOUR GUARANTEE FOR SAFETY MILEAGE & COMFORT

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

THE NEW DUNLOP SPECIAL BICYCLE TIRE

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER

THE Alexander Engraving Co.

16 Adelaide Street West
TORONTO

Will supply Churches, Leagues and Sunday Schools with Cuts for Illustrating Programmes, Church Reports, Topic Cards, etc. First-class work at moderate prices.

A HIGH CLASS SCHOOL

ELLIOTT
Business College
TORONTO, ONT.

Gives its students a training that carries with it the stamp of "superiority." Write to-day for large catalogue. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal, Yonge and Alexander Sts.

MANY YOUNG LADIES

(the number increases every year) and that

ALMA COLLEGE

is just the kind of school they have been looking for. It is NOT ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE schools, but it is ONE OF THE BEST. It stands for health, inspiration, refinement, vigor, sincerity and good sense in the education of girls and young women.

For CATALOGUE address—

PRINCIPAL WARNER, St. Thomas, Ont.

Albert College,

School of Finance **Belleville, Ont.**

is one of the leading schools of practical education in Canada. Attendance doubled in the last three years. \$40.00 pays Board, Room (Tuition, Electric Light, use of Baths, Gymnasium, all but books and laundry, for twelve weeks—longer period at reduced prices. \$30.00 pays Tuition alone for the entire scholastic year.

A staff of experienced specialists give individual instruction in five distinct courses. An evening class FREE for all registered students in this department. Graduates holding the best positions. Candidates prepared yearly for the examinations held by the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ontario and for Commercial Specialties.

Special attention given to Matriculation, Teachers' Courses in Education, Fine Art, Physical Culture.

For Illustrated Calendar, address—

PRINCIPAL DEER, M.A., D.D.



Ontario Ladies' College

and Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art, Whitby, Ont.

Ideal home life in a beautiful castle, modelled after one of the palatial homes of English aristocracy.

The latest and best equipment in every department, backed up by the largest and strongest staff of specialists to be found in any similar college in Canada. Sufficiently near the city to enjoy its advantages in concerts, etc. and yet away from its distractions, in an atmosphere and environment most conducive to mental, moral and physical stamina. Send for new illustrated calendar to—

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal.

3½%

ALLOWED ON

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

We especially Solicit Accounts with Out-of-Town Clients, offering special facilities for Depositing by Mail.

CENTRAL

LOAN & SAVINGS COY.
26 KING ST. E., TORONTO