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THE ENDEAVOR HERALD

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Vol. X]

Toronto, June, 1898

[No. 6

Evening.

By Isabelle E. Mackay.

SO fades the day! The long, long day,
Where shadows arch the sunlit way,
And checkered cloud and sunshine play—
A life's long day.

A life's long day! The shadows creep
Near and more near. Strange breezes sweep
As from an unknown river deep.
Gone is the day.

Gone is the day—its hopes and fears,
Its happy hours of work-filled years,
Its sorrow, sin, and wasted tears—
Farewell, bright day!

Farewell, bright day! The night is here.
Hark, how the river rushes near!
All shuddering I stand and fear—
Courage, O soul!

Courage, O soul! O heart of mine
Now dawn on yonder shore doth shine;
One stands and waits with smile divine.
Welcome, sweet day!

Woodstock, Ont.

EVERY spark of mercy in us is from God's
hearth.

THE softest pillow for human pain is "God
knows."

EVERY evil habit conquered is a step toward
heaven.

BETTER a diamond with a flaw than a pebble
without one.

THE Lord may lead you around, but He will
lead you right.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when its
chords are touched by kindness.

BE more anxious to make your profession good
than to make a good profession.

ONE of the best proofs that a man has got true
religion is the fact that it does not sour with age.

THERE is one individual that always goes away
empty from God's door—the man who cannot
forgive an injury.

The Best Method.

ANYTHING that is worth doing at all, is
worth doing methodically. Things done in
a haphazard manner are usually but poorly
done. And in the exercise of the important grace
of Christian beneficence one cannot afford to be
careless and unsystematic. Yet it is a fact that
the majority of Christians discharge this duty in
the most fortuitous way.

Dr. A. T. Pierson has classified the methods
of giving as follows:

1. The Careless way; giving to every cause
without enquiring into its merits.
2. The Impulsive way; giving as pity and
sensibility prompt.
3. The Lazy way; offering to earn money by
fairs, festivals, socials, etc.
4. The Self-Denying way; saving the cost of
luxuries and devoting it to charity.
5. The Systematic way; devoting a definite
portion of our gains to religion.
6. The Equal way; giving to religion as much
as we spend on ourselves.

7. The Heroic way; limiting our own expend-
iture to a certain sum and giving God all the rest.

If we examine these, we will see that the first
three must be ruled out by all earnest Christians.
The Bible knows nothing about giving carelessly,
impulsively, or lazily. As for the others, they
may all be embraced under the head of system-
atic giving. The self-denying, the equal, and
the heroic methods are but special and note-
worthy applications of system in contributing for
the Lord's cause.

The Tenth Legion is comprised of those who
give *at least one-tenth* of their income for religious
purposes. It is not designed to teach that one's
obligations are discharged when he has devoted
his tenth to God. Since love is the supreme

motive in the Christian life, the question of whether one shall give one-tenth, or one-fifth, or one-half, or more, must be left to the individual conscience to determine. That many who belong to the Tenth Legion are contributing more than one-tenth, we are satisfied. But if all could be prevailed upon to practice the lower proportion, it is certain that many, through the blessings received, would be led to adopt a yet higher proportion.

The following four cases mentioned in an English paper should certainly be classed as heroic givers:

First case.—A governess, out of the £100 that she earns, keeps £50 and gives the other £50 away. Like Zacchæus, she says, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." *Second case.*—"One whose income is £2000, lives on £200 and gives £1800 away," thus parting with not only one-tenth but with nine-tenths of what is received. *Third case.*—"Another, who earns £1500 a year, lives on £100 and gives £1400 away," and thus £14 out of every £15 are devoted to the claims of religion and charity. *Fourth case.*—"Another, whose income is £8000, lives on £250, and gives the balance away." What a balance to part with, £31 given back to God out of every £32 received from Him.

If we are to consider the mathematics of the Jewish tithe at all, it must be as the *minimum* standard. The Jewish Church had no world-wide mission work. Their concern was merely self-support. To-day the church looks out upon the whitening harvest field of the world. The Macedonian cry comes from a thousand millions in heathen lands. The Christian church must realize that its obligations are greater than those of the ancient Jews, and it would seem that there should be a corresponding increase in benefactions. But whatever the proportion, whether the gift be large or small, let it be systematic. That is the respectful way, the business-like way, the Scriptural way.

Just a Little Thing.

TO do good one does not need great wealth and large opportunities. Dr. J. R. Miller tells of a gentleman of his acquaintance who makes it a practice to give the newsboy an extra penny every time he buys a paper, to pay double price to the bootblack, and to carry in his pocket frequently a package of candies for the children that he meets. He declares that these are his most satisfactory philanthropies, although they cost him almost nothing. It is not often that he is thanked in words; the recipients of his trifling favors are usually too surprised for that. At times the boys will refute the proffered sweets, thinking he is only in jest, or they will grab the gift and run away for fear that he will change his mind! But always the pleasure of the little ones is so great and so much out of proportion to the benefit bestowed, that the donor finds great satisfaction in his little gifts. We are all prone

to undervalue the importance of little things. The cheery word, the cordial smile, the kindly courtesy—these, like mercy, are twice blessed, and the world would be a surnier spot if they were but oftener bestowed.

Show Your Colors.

IF one is a Christian, his life will tell the story. The servant, like the Master, cannot be hid. But the light that shines from character and conduct is not usually observed until opportunity has been afforded for its manifestation. It is here that the value of the Christian Endeavor pin is apparent. It immediately declares the profession of the wearer. It invites the approach of those who are members of the society or are interested in its work, and prepares the way for Christian conversation. Now that the vacation days have come and the members of our societies are scattered abroad, we would recommend the use of the Christian Endeavor pin. It is only a small thing. But it requires courage to wear it. It will show what side you are on; it will lead to many an interesting and profitable conversation; and it will often open the door for doing personal work for the Master.

The Home Department.

A NUMBER of live societies have recently reported that they are taking charge of the Home Department of the Sunday-school with most gratifying results. This is a field of Christian effort that we would earnestly urge other societies to enter. The Sunday-school and the Christian Endeavor society are closely related, and a large proportion of the members of our societies are actively engaged in Sunday-school work.

In the Home Department there is a specially inviting sphere for consecrated service. No recent development of the Sunday-school movement is so full of promise. It touches life at its most effective point—the home. The plan of the department is briefly this: In every community there are large numbers of people who are not connected with any Sunday-school, and who for various reasons are unable to attend. Many of these would study the International lessons in their homes, if they were provided with helps and if regular visitation were made in the interests of the work. The purpose of the Home Department is to keep a register of such persons, furnish literature, and give all needed oversight. Full information and helpful suggestions may be had by making request to the secretary of the Sabbath School Association of Ontario, Miss Jessie Munro, 28 King St. West, Toronto.

The study of the Bible in the home is essential to its highest welfare. Any movement that leads to this desired end should be eagerly welcomed and earnestly supported. The satisfactory results that have already followed the use of the Home

Department in scores of congregations yield rich encouragement for its wider adoption and more vigorous prosecution. Blessed are those that sow beside all waters. The harvest will be rich and sure.

The Prohibition Plebiscite.

THE vote will probably be taken in October. There are only four months in which to prepare for one of the most important reform campaigns that has ever been fought.

The deliverance of our land from the blight of the drink curse is an object so noble and inspiring that every patriot should lend his most earnest efforts and influence to secure it.

Every member of every society should endeavor to be mustered into the brigade of temperance workers that will uphold the standard of righteousness in the campaign.

The first thing required is organization. Every municipality should be thoroughly organized at once. If it has not been undertaken in your municipality, will you do what you can to have the work hastened? Organize!

Meetings should be planned for every church and hall in your district. Get the very best speakers available to present the cause of prohibition. Bright, stirring music is an important point to remember in planning for enthusiastic meetings. Get the best singers together and form "prohibition choirs" for the practice of suitable music.

Printers' ink will play a leading part in securing a victory for reform. What is needed is the circulation of information in every home in the land. Facts tell. Make use of every local paper. Sow your neighborhood broadcast with prohibition literature. Facts are the fuel of temperance as well as of all other fires.

Send a delegate to the convention of temperance workers which will be held in the Pavilion, Toronto, on Tuesday, July 5th, at 9 a.m. Mr. F. S. Spence, Toronto, will send full particulars on request. The information and the enthusiasm which the delegate will bring home to the society will be invaluable in getting the work properly under way.

New Readers.

AS the circulation of the HERALD grows wider with the passing months, it is our privilege to enter new societies and speak to new members. From the warm words of commendation we are daily receiving, we know that our visits are appreciated. Some article, or story, or poem, or editorial, lifts the cloud, or strengthens faith, or leads to more consecrated service for the Master. This is what our paper exists for. We would have little interest in it otherwise. But we wish to extend our sphere of usefulness still further. There are thousands of Endeavorers in Canada who do not yet enjoy the privilege of our monthly visits. We depend upon our readers to

make the HERALD known. We want your help in the matter. Will you not seek to secure a new subscriber for us? Just one. Among your friends there are many who would be delighted with the HERALD, if they only had an opportunity of reading it and subscribing for it. If you care to get up a club, our Business Manager will be glad to hear from you and offer you special inducements to take up the work. In aiding the HERALD you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping every one whom you induce to subscribe, strengthening your society, and extending the movement throughout the Dominion.

Cigarettes have Done It.

THE raising of the volunteer army in the United States has led to some interesting revelations. The authorities have not been pleased at the slow progress that has been made. Now it appears that the delay has been largely due to the number of volunteers rejected, and the rejections have been mainly caused by the disastrous effects of the deadly cigarette. The physicians report that outside of the ranks of the smokers the number rejected is even fewer than in the days of the Civil War, but that among the habitual users of cigarettes the rejections are about ninety per cent. These have weak hearts or lack the vitality necessary to make good soldiers. This is strong testimony. It only confirms what physicians and scientists have all along been declaring, that the cigarette habit leads unerringly to physical and mental decay.

The Nashville Programme.

THE provisional programme for the Seventeenth International Christian Endeavor Convention has just appeared. It is full of good things. The topics are of a practical character, and the speakers among the ablest and most eloquent on the continent. Nashville '98 will be a great occasion.

The convention opens with ten simultaneous meetings in ten churches, on Wednesday evening, July 6. The topic to be considered at each of these meetings is "The Enduement with Power." Each service will close with a "Quiet Hour."

The convention choruses will be under the direction of Mr. E. O. Excell, of Chicago, and Mr. Percy S. Foster, of Washington. These names guarantee inspiring singing of a high order.

The daily "Quiet Hour," under the direction of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., of Philadelphia, from 8.30 to 9.30 will bring thousands of young people face to face with the deep things of the Christian life.

In the denominational rallies this year, the Canadian churches will unite with those of the United States.

We are glad to notice upon the programme a large number of workers' conferences. These always prove among the liveliest and most profitable meetings of the convention.

The Knoxville Male Quartette and the famous Fisk Jubilee Singers will give a number of selections at the meetings of the convention.

Here are a few of the general topics and speakers: "With the Colors," Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., Boston; "True Patriotism," Rev. Sam. Jones, Cartersville, Ga.; "Christian Heroism," Commander Ballington Booth, New York; "The Sabbath in Twentieth-Century Cities," Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D., Washington; "The Conquest of the World," Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., Chicago.

The convention sermons at the closing meetings will be preached by Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., of Boston, and by Rev. Z. T. Sweeney, D.D., of Richmond. The consecration meetings will be conducted by President Clark and Dr. Chapman.

These are but a few glimpses of the good things that have been provided for the throng of young people who will have the privilege of attending the great convention in the Sunny South next month. We do not think there has ever been so strong a programme at an International convention. Are you going? It is worth much self-sacrifice to enjoy these services and participate in the blessings that accompany them. Pray for the convention, for the workers, the speakers, the delegates, that it may be greatly blessed for the quickening of Christians and the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

Christian Endeavor Chat.

By Kerux.

I SUPPOSE I have no right to trespass upon the preserves of my esteemed friend, the Ontario Excursion Manager, but really, with all eyes turned toward Nashville, and the coming convention the topic of every one's conversation, I cannot help talking a little about it. A feature of our trip this year that is certainly new and original is the taking of a Junior with us as special C. E. news agent. Master Charley Eggett, of Broadview Avenue Congregational church, has been chosen for this most responsible position, and I am confident will fill it with the remarkable ability which he manifests in all his undertakings. A fact that lends additional value to his appointment is the musical talent he possesses, and gladly puts at the disposal of all whom it may help and please. I am told that Master Eggett will take his violin with him on

the excursion, and those who are going may look forward to many happy moments of melody and song on the journey south and home again.

I AM informed that the author of the Junior exercise, "H. M. S. Junior Endeavor," that was presented with such a fair measure of success at the Massey Hall in Toronto last month, has had correspondence with the United Society about its publication when elaborated with new choruses and music, and that he has been encouraged to go on with the work of preparing the copy. I am sure that those who saw the exercise will approve of this effort to make it of permanent usefulness for other societies, and those who have not seen it will look forward with keen interest to its probable production at the Junior Rally in Hamilton next fall.

THE big church courts have been holding their annual gatherings, and there has been from most of them an unusual absence of any action or discussion vitally affecting the young people's movement. I suppose in many ways this is a very favorable symptom of the progress being made. It at least indicates that the movement is beginning to assume its proper place as a legitimate and necessary factor in the work of the church, and is ceasing to be the special and pet mark for criticism, debate, amendment, and the venting of dissatisfaction with things in general. The tendency to make the young people's society the bearer of every burden, and the scapegoat for every fault and failing, is gradually being overcome as something entirely unreasonable and indeed unchristian. This is good; it tends to peace and progress and that family cohesion which should be characteristic of all the many factors and auxiliaries engaged in service for the Kingdom. Now then let us turn round and, with renewed energy, throw our whole hearts into helping pastor and quarterly board, session and managers, learning from the apostle Peter to put our critics to silence "with well doing" (1 Pet. 2: 15).

AMONG the Canadians on the Nashville programme will be found the Rev. Wm. Patterson (could there be a convention without him?), Mr. G. T. Fergusson, of the Canadian Council, who will in two minutes respond to the address of welcome on the behalf of Canada, and Mr. C. J. Atkinson, our perennial excursion manager, of whom the poet wrote:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever,"

and who will speak on the "Boy Problem," which, by the way, he has said on previous occasions does not exist. No doubt, "there are others" also, but these names will leave no room for doubt on the part of our readers that Canada will be ably represented in the councils of the great assembly.

"Tis nobleness to serve;
Help him who cannot help again."

Great Britain's Greatest Commoner

By An Admirer

IN the great muster-roll of Britain's famous sons no name shines out with brighter lustre than does that of him whose ashes were laid away with those of the nation's illustrious dead in the crypt of old Westminster Abbey on the afternoon of May 28th—he to whose plain name, William Ewart Gladstone, earth's glittering titles could add no further glory. His death was not the loss of Britain alone, but throughout the civilized world wherever a heart was burning for freedom, or a soul was reaching out for light and knowledge, or wherever there was a lover of his fellows, there was found a mourner over the bier of this noble man. I feel quite safe in asserting that no death ever occurred in the world which caused such universal sorrow, for he belonged to the whole human race. No profounder scholar, no more powerful orator, no more conscientious statesman, no sincerer Christian, ever graced the floor of any legislative hall, for in him were combined more graces and talents than usually fall to the lot of any one man. His life was a better evidence of the reality and power of the Christian religion than all the books ever written.

And his death was worthy of, and a fitting complement to his remarkable life. As I read of his stately departure—like a well-laden ship under full sail sweeping with an abundant entrance into the sheltering harbor—I said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." With his head pillowed upon the "Rock of ages" of which he so fondly loved to sing, he passed triumphantly home, and so shall he be forever with the Lord.

But he is not dead; the great never die. He lifted the plane of political life nearer the ideal than it ever was before, and his example as an upright, conscientious, patriotic politician will continue to inspire and prompt men years upon

years after his bones have crumbled into dust. William Ewart Gladstone still lives, and while Truth and Righteousness and Fairplay require champions and while Error and Oppression and Dishonesty remain to be combated he will continue to live in the noble army of worthy successors in the struggle for liberty and reform.

From the host of appreciative utterances regarding Mr. Gladstone with which the press has been flooded I give the following beautiful tribute which appeared in *Christian Endeavour* from the pen of Mr. Andrew Melrose:

So many and so eloquent have been the tributes paid to the great statesman who has passed away, that one has a certain timidity in approaching the subject, and a feeling that what has been done already so well need not be added to by us. Yet every man who has given thoughtful consideration to the illustrious life of William E. Gladstone, crowded as it was with chivalrous enterprises and noble work—not only on behalf of his own countrymen, but of every nationality—affording as it does the supreme example of religion applied to public life, and constant Christian endeavor, must feel a certain obligation upon him to express his appreciation of that life, al-



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

though it may be in poor and ineffective fashion.

From the first Mr. Gladstone was of the reforming instinct. It is true that his training was in the midst of Conservative influences, and his education in that world of Conservatism and "home of lost causes," the University of Oxford. It is true also that when he stepped into public life, he did so as a Tory candidate, and for years was the rising hope of Conservatism. But his nature was essentially a progressive one; his principles were based upon the loftiest of all types; and he had an earnestness of conviction that made him a doubtful acquisition to a party whose

leading principle was "the letting of things alone."

Thus it was that Mr. Gladstone found himself after a few years of political life practically a Liberal in politics, while nominally attached to the Conservative party. And thus it was that finally, "driven by the slow but resistless forces of conviction," he threw in his lot with the party of Reform, and embarked on that splendid career as a statesman of Liberal principles that has made him for half a century the darling of the British people, and one of the most commanding figures in European politics.

Fortunately for Mr. Gladstone, he had never the temptation to become an office seeker for the sake of the emoluments which office brings; but we cannot believe that even if this temptation had come to him it would have found him other than loftily scornful of any meaner ends than truth and justice, the principles which he has throughout his life followed, with unswerving and passionate devotion. Of course Mr. Gladstone has not always been in the right, but what made his wrong actions justifiable was that he had an intense belief in them. He has been distinctly the greatest example of moral earnestness that the public life of this century has afforded. As a champion of the oppressed, as an eloquent denunciator of wrong and injustice, Mr. Gladstone has earned a reputation and established a claim for regard, far beyond the limits of the British isles. A statesman, he performed every duty of his political life as a Christian man. An author, his pen was never employed but for the loftiest purposes. A landlord and master, his relations to his tenants and employees were ever dictated by the knowledge that he himself was under the great Taskmaster's eye. The revered and honored head of his own household, Mr. Gladstone has left to every Briton an example of a noble life whose equal it would be hard to find in contemporary history.

As Mr. Gladstone lived, so he died. There was no clouding of his simple faith, no despair during the months of painful illness that preceded his death, to give occasion for an enemy to scoff, or to indicate that his religion was hopeless to stay him in the swellings of Jordan. His great contemporary, Lord Beaconsfield, in dying, was heard to say, "I am overwhelmed!" Of Mr. Gladstone, one of his family wrote a few days before his death, "Underneath all the pain his soul rests firm on the Rock of Ages." There could not be a more striking contrast.

However political views may vary, however widely some of us may differ from the political principles to which Mr. Gladstone's life was devoted, we venture to believe that there is not a thoughtful man in these Islands to-day who will deny that Mr. Gladstone has made the country richer by his life, and has supplied a lasting stimulus for moral earnestness, without which all public life would speedily become ignoble.

It has been said with justice, and we have already referred to this feature of his character—that Mr. Gladstone was distinguished among

public men, and especially contemporary statesmen, by his intense power of believing. What he believed, he believed in whole-hearted fashion. There was nothing of the trifler about his mental attitude towards any question, as there was nothing of the *dilettante* in his manner of performing his work. It was doubtless owing to his intense beliefs that his speech was generally associated with a certain ring of passion which had a curiously convincing effect upon the hearers. And it is certain that on the religious side the strength of his faith, and his unwavering loyalty to Jesus Christ, touched every speech made in a noble cause with flame, and removed it far above the ordinary fulmination of the political opportunist.

Many a man has gone to the grave covered with eulogiums called forth by the life he had lived in the public eye; and not until the records of his private relations with his family were made known, was it realized how imperfect the life had really been. It is a matter of thankfulness that no such disillusion can possibly take place in the case of Mr. Gladstone. For sixty years he has lived a public life, for half a century he has been one of the most prominent statesmen of our time; living in the "fierce light" that beats upon those who occupy great positions. And it is therefore certain that whatever may be the judgment of posterity upon the political measures which are associated with the name of Mr. Gladstone, his marvellous intellectual ability, range of sympathies, high moral purpose, and wonderful achievement, will insure his being a name whose lustre shall not wane with the years, but grow as the mists of time gather about his great figure.



Grace and Glory.

By Amy Parkinson.

WHO lean upon Thine arm, Lord, cannot fall,
Strengthless although they be;
Who choose Thy paths to tread, yet all
unknown,
Are blessed continually.

Though skies may lower and winds tempestuous
wail,

While life grows sad and drear,
Not direst woe the souls can overwhelm
Who feel Thy presence near.

Bright gleams in deepest gloom, and gladness e'en —
Where griefs do most abound;
Peace, though by wildest storm encompassed,
There will with Thee be found;—

For Thou hast power and wisdom, joy and light,
And quietude most sweet;
Sufficient for all ills art Thou, in Whom
All compensations meet.

Then closely, closely, let me cling to Thee
In this, my feebleness;
Be all my choosing only as Thine own,
Who chooseth but to bless.

Open mine eyes, that, in the darkness, I
Thy cheering beams may see;

And make my heart, with sorrows though weighed
down,
Yet to be glad in Thee.

Grant me repose while still earth's storms surround,
Beneath Thy sheltering wing,
Assured that Thou, ere long, to rest with Thee
In heaven's own calm wilt bring,

Where, strengthened with Thy might for evermore,
Knowing, as I am known,
The all-wise love that time's dark course ordained,
I shall, rejoicing, own—

And, through eternity's unshadowed years,—
While I with Thee abide,
With praise-filled soul I shall the grace extol
That did to glory guide.
Toronto, Ont.

An Object Lesson in Temperance.

By T. Darley Allen.

FACTS afford a far better argument than any amount of speculative reasoning; and the following extract from a short article by H. L. Hastings, in a recent issue of the *Boston Christian*, presents facts concerning two well-known towns in Massachusetts, which well illustrate the benefits of prohibition: "For fifteen years Quincy has been saloonless, but Newburyport continues the license system. In the former the population has increased ninety-one per cent., while the expense for the support of the poor has decreased forty-six per cent. In the latter, although the population is one-third less, the arrests and poor expenses are much more than double the figures for Quincy."

Love.

Thoughts for the "Quiet Hour" from Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E.

WHERE Love is, God is. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God. God is Love. Therefore *love*. Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, love.

He who loves will rejoice in the truth; not in this church's doctrine or in that, but "in the truth." He will accept only what is real; he will strive to get at facts; he will search for truth with an humble and unbiassed mind, and cherish whatever he finds at any sacrifice.

I wonder why it is we are not kinder than we are! How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered, how superabundantly it pays itself back—for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable as Love.

The final test of religion at that great day is not religiousness, but Love; not what I have done, nor what I have believed, not what I have

achieved, but how I have discharged the common charities of life.

The immortal soul must give itself to something that is immortal. And the only immortal things are these: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love."

Love puts a seal upon the lips and forgets what it has done. After it has stolen out into the world and done its beautiful work, it goes back into the shade again and says nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.

The supreme work to which we need to address ourselves in this world is to learn Love. Is life not full of opportunities? Every man and woman every day has a thousand of them. The world is not a playground; it is a schoolroom. Life is not a holiday, but an education. And the one eternal lesson for us all is *how better we can love*. What makes a man a good cricketer? Practice. What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What makes a man a good man? Practice. Nothing else. There is nothing capricious about religion. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no biceps muscles; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre, or beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character—the Christlike nature in its fullest development.

Love is an *effect*. And only as we fulfil the right condition can we have the effect produced. Shall I tell you what the *cause* is? If you turn to the Revised Version of the First Epistle of John you will find these words: "We love because He first loved us." "We love," not "We love *Him*," that is the way the old version has it, and it is quite wrong. "*We love—because He first loved us.*" Look at that word "because." It is the *cause* of which I have spoken. "*Because he first loved us,*" the effect follows that we love, we love Him, we love all men. We cannot help it. Our heart is slowly changed. Contemplate the love of Christ and you will love. Stand before that mirror, reflect Christ's character, and you will be changed into the same image from tenderness to tenderness. Love begets love. There is no other way.

It is said that 15,000 Jews have been led to Christ by reading Dr. Delitzsch's Hebrew translation of the New Testament.

THE Tenth Legion of the United Society of Christian Endeavor now numbers over 9,499. This is an enrolment of all Christian Endeavorers that make it a practice, in return for God's goodness to them, to give to His work one-tenth of their income. Are you a member?

"There is a Lad Here"

By Louise M. Morrison

IT was early morning in a lumber camp which was picturesquely settled upon the sloping side of a spruce-capped, rock-strewn hill in a remote corner of Ontario's great northern pine region. It was "blue Monday," too.

The men in their rough, working clothes, blue shirts, red scarfs, and variegated long stockings, were hustling and bustling noisily about the camp in preparation for a good day's work. Everybody seemed to be in bad humor. Of course, the cook was to blame for it all—the steak was tough, the pork too fat, and the baked beans resembled "rock meal," as one of the men stoutly affirmed. But the cook was not the meekest man in the camp and loud and strong, were the stings and retorts given and taken around the dingy breakfast table that morning.

The minister, an elderly man who had walked over twenty miles the day before to hold service at the "Loggings," rubbed his hands nervously, and looked (and felt, too) as if he was in uncongenial company—something like a forlorn crow in the centre of a flock of chattering cat-hawks. The men made a feeble effort to restrain themselves and not swear too boldly before the "parson," but it was evident that they wished him far away, and he—good man though he was—inwardly echoed their wish.

And yet, after breakfast, as he stood waiting for "Old Lucy," the engine, to take him as far as the crossing, he folded the robe of charity around their words and actions as he realized how hard their life was and how many their temptations. Poor fellows! their work was severe, the pay but poor, and the food uninviting, and yet how noble they were in their rough way. By common consent he had had the best bunk, the choicest food, and the warmest corner of the

camp, and his kindly heart went out in yearning love to these rough, big-hearted fellows.

He had passed a restless night amid the grimy grey blankets, and he wondered—surrounded as he was by snoring comrades, the coarse, drying socks and footwear of the men, the black oil-clothed tables—as he thought of the tin dishes and the plain food, that there was so much of divine pity and honest, off-hand charity amongst them. A great longing to do them some lasting good welled up in his soul; the desire came upon him to say some word that would linger long after he and his quiet sermon had been forgotten. Oh, if he could tell but one of them of the treasures beyond, of the riches and grandeur of the Kingdom, of the life hidden with Christ in God!

But the time seemed most inopportune. The foreman was swearing about a broken chain, the teamster was furious about his lame horse, and the cook and the blacksmith were only kept from fist exercise by the presence of the mild little man in black.

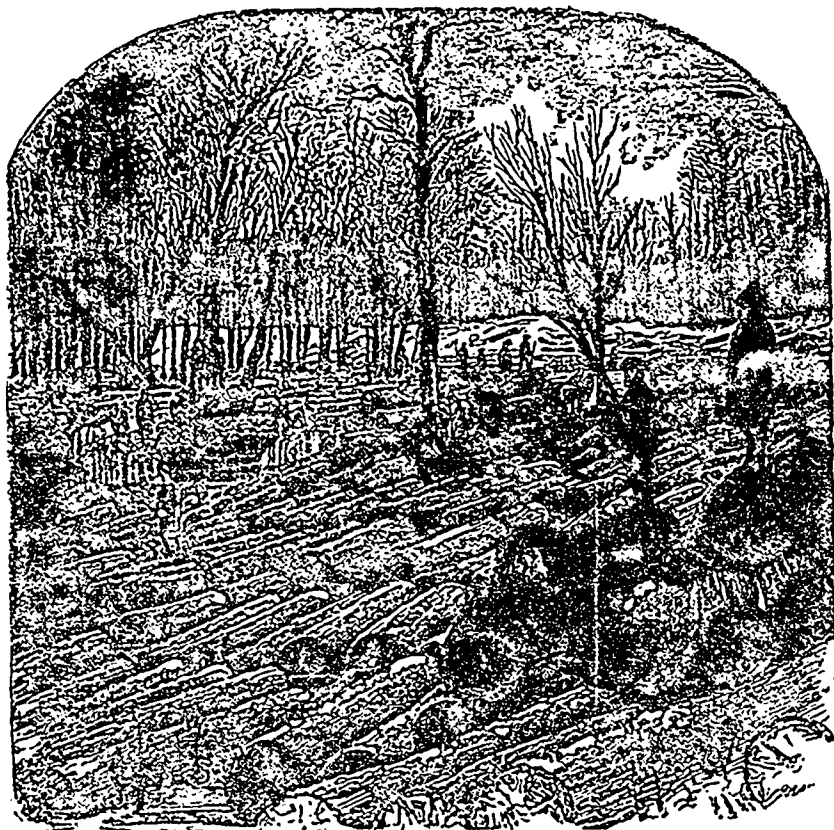
No, it would never do to speak just then. There was a boy there, however, whistling merrily. He was not in a temper, and certainly he was not in a hurry, for the potatoes he was peeling fell with great deliberation into a tub of water at his feet. He was not a good boy by any means—he belonged to the lumber camp, and could swear and fight as readily as he could whistle. But there was a sunny something about his bright, open face, with its crown of red hair and its innumerable freckles, that attracted the older man's attention, and he walked over to where the boy was working.

"Like peeling potatoes?" he asked cheerfully.

"Huh?" grunted the boy, with a broad stare from his big blue eyes.

"Do you like doing that work?"

The boy grinned knowingly, but went on peeling a potato, and then whistled louder than ever.



IN A LUMBER CAMP—THE DUMP

"You make me think of a boy in the Bible," said the minister presently.

"Me? Guess not, mister. I aint no Bible boy, I aint."

"Yes, the Lord wanted to feed a lot of men, and He saw a boy that had a few fish. I guess the boy 'd been fishing, eh? and I guess he was a-whistling, don't you?"

"Huh?" grunted the boy, but he was evidently interested.

"You make me think of him."

"Jiminy, guess y' don't know me; I aint no Bible boy."

"But you may be. God loves you, and you are just the one to tell these men something."

"Sech 's what?"

"Well, He'd like you to sometimes tell them that God loves them, and wants them to believe in Him."

"Say, mister, y' don't know much if y' think them fellers 'd lissen t' me," and the boy laughed merrily and then went on whistling.

"You're a good whistler, my boy," said the minister; "how would you like a mouth organ?"

"Now yer talkin'. I'd give me ears fur one."

"V'ell now, I'll send you one, a prime one, if you'll promise to say every morning until I come again, 'Lord Jesus, make me good and use me.' Will you, can you, remember that?"

"Guess so; 't aint much."

"Will you say it every day?"

"Guess so—a real good mouth organ."

"Yes, the very best I can get. Will you promise me?"

"Guess so. Yes, I will."

"Lord Jesus, make this lad Thy minister," silently prayed the good man, and as "Old Lucy" just then whistled, he took the boy's wet hand into his own for a moment and then was gone.

The boy kept his promise, and so did the minister. If the boy did not understand the short prayer he repeated it, and great was his delight to receive by the next mail an elegant mouth organ, which, greatly to the disgust of the men, he played every available minute of his time, and whistled the rest. The boy was a bit of God's sunshine in the camp, and the men knew it, although they grumbled at his constant attempts at music.

He gave the poor cook but little peace during the next few days, asking questions and commenting on the answers. Little by little he gathered half-forgotten bits of Bible lore from the puzzled cook, and these, added to some faint memories of his younger days, gave him food for many strange thoughts. Yes, sometimes when he was fairly trembling with his violent organ exercise, or whistling on the fiercest notes, he was thinking, thinking his own crude thoughts, and puzzling out strange meanings for his simple prayer or all he could remember of the minister's sermon.

Again it was Sabbath evening. The rain was coming down heavily. In that lonely forest home, the camp, a bright young life was passing into

the shadow of the valley. There had been an accident at the skidway, and a crushed and broken form was carried tenderly back to the camp to die.

Only those who know something of shanty-men can imagine the rough bravery, the woman-like tenderness, and the compassionate devotion which characterize their actions at a time like this. No soldier can die more heroically than can one of these forest children, and no accompaniment of reversed guns, and martial music, and shrouding flag, could enable these men to show more pity, honor, and respect for a fallen comrade.

"What can we do fur y', Tom? This is a bad go, old feller."

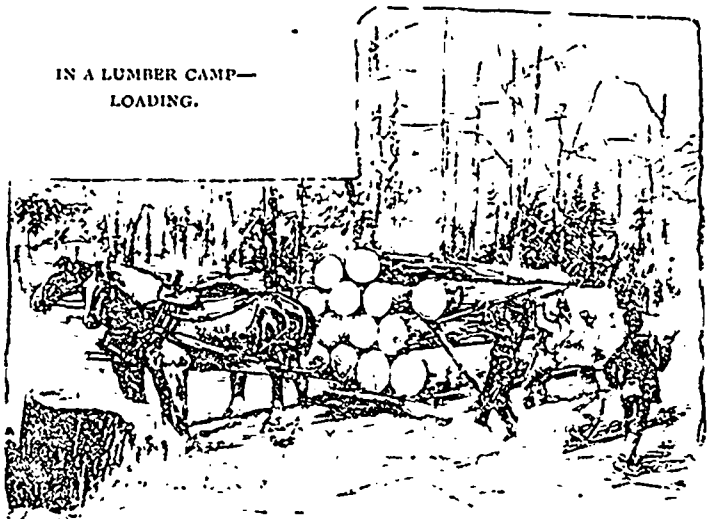
"No, Jim, don't; I can't take yer hash, old boy. I guess I'm a goner, eh?"

"Never, Tom. Take this soup; it's prime."

"Can't; it chokes me; I'm hurt inside."

"Cheer up, Tom, the doctor 'll soon fix y' up, 'nd y'll be singin 'I'm a shanty boy' to-morry—can we help y', Tom?"

IN A LUMBER CAMP—
LOADING.



"I'd like to see the priest," whispers the dying man.

"So you shall, Tom; so y' shall."

It is twenty miles to where a priest may be found, but that is nothing to shanty-men, and, regardless of the storm, two men start at once on a dory down the line. They know it is useless, for they are aware he is dying, but it will relieve their feelings to do something for their stricken comrade.

The boy has stopped whistling and has put away his mouth organ for almost the first time since he got it, and is now sitting silently near the bed. His sunny face is clouded, and bears a look of fear and wonder. Tom—gay, happy Tom—is going away, away never to come back again; it is awful. He gently touches the limp hand lying on the grey blanket, and at last he whispers, "Say, Tom!"

"Eh?"

"Don't y'mind what th'parson said—the organ man—las' Sunday 'bout 'Father 'ch art 'n 'even' bein' here in th' camp all th' time?"

"What's that, bub? Father what?"

"'Ch art 'n 'even,' he called 'im."

The dying man looked up eagerly. "Who is He, boy?"

"I don' know, but y' mind what he said."

"No, I don't, bub; I never listened."

"He said He'd forgive us quicker 'n a priest, 'nd He's here all the time."

"Who do y' mean? tell me quick."

"I guess he means the Lord, Tom. He means our Father in heaven," said the cook gently.

"Oh, yes, tell me 'bout Him. What else did th' man say? I forget."

"I don't know, Tom, only he told me to say every morning, 'Lord Jesus, make me good,' 'nd cook says that's 'Father 'ch art 'n 'even.'"

"Yes, I mind somethin' now. I'd like to say a prayer 'fore I go—you say it, cook."

The cook hesitated and shook his head, but the boy leaned eagerly forward and said, "Say it you, Tom; I'll tell y' how."

The poor fellow's mind wandered, and he muttered: "Slew her 'round, Bill, and let's away to the dump—nasty night—I'm cold 'nd starved—come on, it's pay day, I want to see th' boss."

The night wears away. The boy sits gently chaffing the limp hand of his friend, and the cook tries to press a teaspoonful of broth between the white lips, and again they both watch and listen. The rain pours down steadily, and the wind moans amongst the trees, while the sick man wanders fitfully: "Throw off the chains now, Jack—them's fine fellers, them logs—let's 'way back to camp, cook 'll have a good supper, and I'm starvin'—'Old Lucy' 's the stuff; see her climb that grade—there we go—," and then, as the grey winter twilight deepens into day he is conscious again. The cook and the boy are still watching eagerly and helplessly.

"What d' y' say, bub, 'bout the Lord, Father—I ust t' know long ago—Father—"

"Father in heaven," prompts the cook quickly.

"Oh, yes; tell Him I'm sorry 'bout—"

"Tell Him ye'self, Tom; He'll hear y'," whispers the boy, shivering with cold and fear.

"Father in heaven, I'm sorry."

"He loves y', Tom; the parson said so, 'nd He won't forget—the parson did n't forget 'bout the organ."

"No, that's so; d' y' think He'll hear, cook?"

"Yes," said the cook, reverently; "He will hear."

Then the dying man clasped his rough, pitch-stained hands and asked humbly for pardon in the name of Jesus. There was a sigh, a gasp, and one more dimly-lighted soul passed into the presence of its Maker—a jewel saved as by fire, a brand plucked from the burning.

Parry Harbor, Ont.

An Unforgotten Sermon.

AN English clergyman of eminence was asked by a group of London friends whose was the best sermon he had ever heard.

"If you mean," he answered, "the sermon

which has influenced me most directly and never been forgotten, I can tell you at once. It was preached in the streets of Boston many years ago by a blind man."

He had been preaching, he said, in Phillips Brooks' church, and had started to walk back to the house where he was staying. Being a stranger to Boston, he became confused, and turning to a man who was behind him, asked to be directed to the house.

"Why, it is the preacher!" exclaimed his companion. "I know you by your voice, for I was in the church and heard you preach. I am blind, but I can show you the way. I can take you to the door."

The clergyman protested that he could not think of troubling the blind man, and that he could find his way by himself.

"Surely," said his new acquaintance, "you will not refuse me the pleasure of conducting you. I am not a beggar. Every one is so kind to me, and it is seldom indeed that I can render any one a service."

So the two men went on arm in arm, and in ten minutes they were at the right door and had parted. During that short walk the best sermon which the clergyman had ever heard was preached.

"It was simply," he said to his English friends, "the story of a man blind from his birth, whose face was shining with contentment and peace, and whose heart was thrilled with a sense of his mercies and blessings. His parents had sent him to a school for the blind where he had been taught to read by raised letters, and they had left him a small income which sufficed for his wants. He lived alone, but could go about the streets without a guide. He told me that he considered that he ought to be thankful for being born blind, because he had so much leisure for quiet thought. There would be time enough in another world for him to see everything. I have never forgotten that sermon. His example of contentment and serenity of mind has never ceased to be helpful to me."

A Missionary Prayer.

This missionary prayer is found in the litany of the Moravian Church, and is used every Sunday in the morning service: "Thou Light and Desire of all nations, watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea; prosper the endeavors of all Thy servants to spread Thy Gospel among heathen nations; accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement with demonstration of the Spirit and of power; bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen; keep them as the apple of Thine eye; Have mercy on Thy ancient covenant people, the Jews; deliver them from their blindness, and bring all nations to the saving knowledge of Thee; let the seed of Israel praise the Lord; yea, let all the nations praise Him; Give to Thy people open doors to preach the Gospel, and set them to Thy praise on earth. Amen."

Flotsam and Jetsam

The Last Word.

IF you and I were but estranged,
We might make up another day;
Our hearts, still patient and unchanged,
Would surely, surely, find the way;
But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

If I had loved you all in vain,
Or your dear love had taken wings,
Why, love that went might come again,
And life is long for righting things;
But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

If I might see you in the street
To-day, or any day to come
(Sometimes on faces that I meet
A look of you will strike me dumb)—
But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

If any day I woke from sleep
Might bring a letter with your name,
My heart its patient hope would keep,
Although your footsteps never came;
But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

If we but breathed the same world's air,
And saw the self-same moon and sun;
If you were living anywhere!
The rank grass hides your tall gravestone.
And seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said.

—Katherine Tynan.

Five Cent Prayers.

REV. HOMER S. THRALL, who died a few years ago in San Antonio, was one of the pioneers of Methodism in Texas. He went there when it was an independent republic, and threw himself with zeal into the work of the ministry. As preacher, organizer, writer, his influence was felt in all the wide field. Many reminiscences of his work have been told. Here is one from the *Epworth Era*:

In company with a number of itinerants, who were on the way to conference, he stopped to spend the night with an old farmer. It was the custom then to settle the bill at night, so that they might rise about three o'clock in the morning and ride a good way before breakfast, and lay by in the heat of the day. Dr. Thrall, acting as spokesman of the party, after supper said to the old farmer, "We are a company of Methodist preachers going to conference. If you will get the family together we will have prayers with you." After prayers one by one settled his bill. Dr. Thrall's turn came, he asked his bill. The old farmer replied, "Well, pa'son, I charged the rest 25 cents, but bein' as you prayed for us so good, I won't charge you but 20 cents." The brethren had the laugh on Dr. Thrall.

That old farmer was not by himself. He lived on a Texas prairie, but we have seen people very near akin to him who lived in cities. A nickel is their measure. They put a very low estimate on religion. We fear this penurious old farmer left some of his sort behind him in Texas. The Lord have mercy on them.

Washing the Tiger.

A GOOD story has been copied in the papers from *La France du Nord* concerning a Cossack, ignorant of the French language and equally ignorant of fear, who was hired at Moscow by the lion-tamer, Pezon, to clean the cages of his wild beasts. Their understanding or misunderstanding was arranged by means of dumb show and gestures, as that unfortunate Tower of Babel hindered intelligible speech between the Frenchman and the Cossack; and Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do.

The next morning the Tartar began his new duties by entering with bucket, sponge, and broom, not the cage of a tame beast as his master had done, but of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and, unterrified, to approach the tiger.

At this moment Pezon appeared upon the scene, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion upon his part would intensify the danger of the situation, by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance. The Tartar, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and, perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, and, purring, offered every part of its body to the Cossack, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert, had not Pezon drawn him off with difficulty.

Sunny Lives.

CHRIST is the Light of the world, and those who walk with Him walk in the sunshine. There is nothing commendable about a religion of gloom. What Christ brought into the world, and what the world needs, is a religion that shines. One of the best evidences of true Christianity is a sunny soul. One of the brightest of these was Billy Bray, the homely little Cornish miner, who toiled in the tin mines for daily bread, yet who, by his personal exertions, built no less

than five chapels in needy districts, gathered congregations, and helped to provide for preachers. Concerning this happy Christian Dr. George C. Needham writes:

Billy says that once he felt the joy of the Lord coming upon him two hundred and fifty feet below grass. "What," said he, "was the joy of the lame man healed at the Gate Beautiful in comparison with mine? True, he leaped and walked and praised God, but," he quaintly remarks, "my joy was so great I could leap four feet to his two!"

Billy had many trials, his environment was poverty and narrow quarters. When referring to his afflictions, he said he had been taking vinegar and honey, "but praise the Lord, while I've had the vinegar with a spoon, I had the honey with a ladle."

The joy of this humble brother was perpetually overflowing. He had never succeeded in choking down his spiritual emotions, nor in freezing the fount of tears which welled up out of a glad heart. No straight-jacket of modern propriety was ever worn by Billy Bray.

"If you were to imprison me in a barrel," said he, "I would shout 'Glory' through the bung-hole." And why not?

Alas, that our modern refined Christianity has dried up the juices of our life. To shout for joy nowadays is madness, and to praise God aloud the mark of vulgar breeding. But Billy Bray cared not for such criticism. He scorned the world's interference, and rebuked the icy Christian who threw the ashes of propriety upon his fire. Nor did this humble believer respect learning if it bred doubts or darkened faith. Poor Peggy Mitchell was to him the greatest scholar in the parish, because she could "read her title clear to mansions in the skies."

And this little pilgrim who walked with God and is now in heaven feared no one. He bravely, yet kindly, denounced wrong-doing. True, there was no ill in his rebuke. When asked to speak against the fashion of artificial flowers, then the rage, and with which so many women professing godliness adorned themselves, he remarked in a sermon, "I wouldn't mind you having a wagon load of them on your heads, if that would do you any good; but you know it wouldn't; and everybody knows that flowers can only grow in soft places."

A Word in Season.

WINNING souls is a work that demands consummate skill. Nothing in the whole range of human effort is so worthy of our endeavor or so remunerative in results. And yet the average Christian is slow and reluctant in embracing the opportunities which each day affords. The *Congregationalist* relates the following incident which gives at once an illustration of Christian faithfulness and of the potency of an appropriate word in season:

One winter, several years ago, there was a

great deal of religious interest in a certain western town, and among those who joined the church was Allie Forsythe, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow, and had removed, four years before, from their home in Vermont to this town in Wisconsin. On the evening of the Sabbath when he joined the church, Allie was sitting in the twilight with his mother, and presently she said to him:

"Allie, tell me what led you to be a Christian. Was it your home teachings, your lessons in the Sunday-school, the regular preaching of our pastor, or has it all come through the influence of the revival meetings?"

Looking up into his mother's face he replied: "Mamma, it was none of these. But do you remember when we were coming from St. Albans to live here, that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me, till the conductor, whom you knew well, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that I was just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor car with you."

His mother assured him that she remembered the circumstances very well.

"Then," continued Allie, "you allowed me to ride on the engine, where I was to stay until you or the conductor came after me. When about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down for just a little bit, and then got up and started his locomotive.

"I asked him many questions about its different parts and about the places which we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again just a moment before we started. As he did this often, I tried to see what he was doing, and, finally, after we had passed a good many stations, I made up my mind to ask him. He looked at me very earnestly, and said, 'My little lad, do you pray?'

"I replied, 'O, yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening.'

"Well, my dear boy," said he, "God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are, perhaps, 200 lives now on this train entrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little inattention to signals, might send all or many of these 200 souls into eternity. So at every station, I kneel just a short while, and ask the Master to help me, and to keep from all harm until I reach the next station the many lives He has put into my hands. All the years I have been on this engine He has helped me, and not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident."

"I have never before mentioned what he said, but almost daily I have thought about him, and resolved that I would be a Christian, too."

For four years the life and words of this praying engineer had been constantly present with this lad, and became at length the means of leading him into a Christian life.

Suggested Methods

A Graduate Department of Christian Endeavor.

WE clip from a recent issue of the *C. E. World* the following suggestions for the latest advance step in Christian Endeavor work. We give the idea in its general outline our heartiest approval and pass it on for the consideration of our readers:

Greatly to be desired is some well-understood and universally-adopted mode of handing over to the full service of the church the force trained in the Christian Endeavor society.

The young people are splendidly trained; no one doubts that. They are drilled in committee work; they become skillful in the conduct of prayer meetings and in participation in them; they have learned much about practical methods of Christian work. Now the purpose of the society would be thwarted if these trained workers should always remain in the young people's society, making no progress themselves, because its work has become easy for them, and hindering the progress of the young members upon whom the strengthening responsibility should be thrust. In the majority of cases they should, at some time, leave the young people's society and transfer to the church prayer meeting, church committees, church services of all kinds, the spirit of the Christian Endeavor pledge.

Our Goal.

If we are to complete our work, it must not fail at this point. As graduation is the goal of the Junior, so as surely, sooner or later, it must be the goal of the older Endeavorer.

In some churches the Endeavorer is reluctant to graduate. He has come to love the spirit and buoyancy of his society, its brightness and life, the closeness of its comradeship, the definiteness of its tasks, the sprightliness of its meetings, its clear-cut pledge, its splendid conventions, its fellowship with Christians of other names. So far as these characteristic Christian Endeavor elements are present in his church, the Endeavorer finds graduation easy; in proportion as they are lacking, he finds it hard.

Now the entire problem will be solved when all our societies provide in their organic structure for graduation, and our churches are willing to accept and use this provision. To this end we suggest the formation of graduate departments in the young people's societies. Let us explain what we mean:

The graduate department would be a constituent part of the young people's society. Its members would still be "regular Endeavorers" in full standing.

They would call themselves "Graduate Endeavorers," and not "Senior Endeavorers."

There would be no age test whatever.

Who should Graduate.

The only test would be willingness and fitness to transfer the Christian Endeavor pledge to the older prayer meeting of the church, and to undertake, with Christian Endeavor zeal, all kinds of church-work in which the member should engage. Graduate membership is to be considered not a retirement on half pay, but a promotion to larger labors and broader usefulness. None are to be made "graduates" that do not heartily assent to this test and requirement.

The following outline of a new article for the society constitution will explain more clearly and concisely than anything we could say, the purpose and *modus operandi* of this new step forward.

Article—The Graduate Department.

Section I.—Members. The graduate department shall consist of all active members of the young people's society that subscribe to the following pledge and, on recommendation by the pastor and the Look-out Committee, are transferred to this department by a majority-vote of the society at a regular business meeting. No one will be transferred to the graduate membership that is not willing to take up, with the thoroughness and heartiness of Christian Endeavor, all church work that appeals to him for his services.

Section II.—Pledge. "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and read the Bible every day, and to support my own church in every way, especially by attending her regular Sunday and mid-week services, unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Saviour; and that, just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As a graduate member, I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at, and to take some part, aside from singing, in every church prayer-meeting,* unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting of the Christian Endeavor society, I will, if possible, send at least a verse of Scripture to be read in response to my name at the roll-call."

Section III.—Purpose. It is the object of the department to aid all the church work and services in every way, especially the church prayer-meeting, by regular participation ourselves, and by encouraging others to take part; to help our pastor in his work, and as he may direct; and to watch over and promote the interests of the Christian Endeavor societies of the church.

Section IV.—Officers and Committees. The executive officer of the department shall be a superintendent, who shall be elected by the department once a year. A secretary shall also be chosen at the same time and for the same period, and other officers and committees may be added as is thought proper. The superintendent shall be a member of the Executive Committee of the young people's society of Christian Endeavor.

Section V.—Meetings. The regular meetings of the department shall be the regular church services, the prayer-meetings for which we make promise of

participation, the monthly consecration meetings of the Christian Endeavor society, and department meetings to be held once a month or once in two months, for the purpose of considering the aims herein set forth, and of devising means for furthering them.

*Pastors and churches that disapprove of this provision, "in every prayer meeting," will, of course, modify it to meet their views.

That is the outline.

And now, will our readers tell us what they think of it?

We make an urgent appeal to the practical, working Endeavorers that read this paper—workers in the State and local unions and in the local societies, and, above all, to the pastors. Will you not give us your opinion on this most important matter?

We look for replies; and, that the correspondence may not burden you to write, and may be easily tabulated by us, we propose the following questions for your answers:

Four Queries.

1. Do you agree with us in thinking that there is need of some organization to promote graduation from the Christian Endeavor society?
2. On the whole, does the plan of the graduate department commend itself to you?
3. Have you any unfavorable criticism to pass upon it?
4. Have you any suggestion to make for its betterment?

It will be several weeks, of course, before we can report upon this page regarding the replies, but we confidently expect a large and earnest discussion, and we look for definite results. May we not hear from you?



Worthy of a Trial.

Several Plans.

The Missionary Intelligencer gives some devices to Christian Endeavor Missionary committees, these among others:

Save all clippings that would be profitable to read in the meetings.

Make a missionary scrap-book to send to those who desire it.

Keep a little note-book and write in it the names of all the missionaries and their fields, and any interesting facts about them that may come to your knowledge.

Talk about missions to your friends on all convenient and proper occasions.

Commit to memory verses from the Bible relating to missions.

It Worked.

In a Chicago Presbyterian society the Missionary Committee adopted a desperate but effective expedient for calling attention to the missionary library. The shelves were encased in deep mourning, and below was hung this explanatory placard:

IN MOURNING
BECAUSE OF
YOUR NEGLECT
OF THESE
MISSIONARY BOOKS.
If you decide to turn over a new leaf,
consult the missionary librarian.

Committee Conferences.

The Methodist Protestant Endeavorers of Amity, Penn., devote the latter part of their monthly business meetings to specific lines of society work. Interest is thus aroused and attendance increased. "The Lookout Committee" was the topic for their last meeting. Short addresses were made on different phases of this committee work. A Lookout Committee story was told. Each member had been requested to bring a suggestion for the Lookout Committee. The reading of these suggestions, and the open parliament that followed, were interesting features of the meeting. The Good Literature Committee aided much by collecting and distributing, beforehand, Lookout Committee literature.

A Working Society.

The reports of the committees of the Christian Endeavor society furnished the basis of a Sunday evening address by the pastor, Rev. Louis Malvern, at the First Free Baptist Church, of Portland, Me., recently. Among the society's eleven working committees are a Jail Committee, which holds services in the jail every third Sunday, and a Hospital Committee, which holds services in every ward of a hospital once a month. By systematic pledges and the efforts of the Missionary Committee, \$341 was raised last year. During six months, the Good Literature Committee has distributed 3,000 papers and magazines, and the Missionary Committee has packed a Christmas box for their India missionaries. There have been 116 calls for books during the six months from the fine missionary library of 86 books. The society holds the State missionary banner for the most aggressive missionary work last year.



Missionary Gleanings

A Telling Parable.

MANY years have passed since the work of giving Christian instruction to the girls of India was commenced, and yet, with all that has been accomplished, only 350,000 of the 39,000,000 of Hindoo girls under fifteen years of age are receiving religious training. Rev. Wm. Carey, an earnest missionary and enthusiastic Endeavorer, has set the facts before us in an

interesting parable which was read in the Hall of the Free Church of Scotland, Edinburgh.

"Once there were thirty-nine millions of gold sovereigns in the Bank of Bengal. They were there for the Work of God and the beautifying of His Temple the Church. Notice had been given that all this money was available and could be drawn in larger or smaller sums within a limited time. Finally, whatever remained would revert to another account. Of course, at first, there were doubtful whispers, but one by one the leaders of the churches came forward and with many deferential observances presented their little cheques. And the bank honored them all. By degrees the public gained confidence and more calls were made, but all of them mere nibblings that left the enormous hoard almost just as it was.

"Then the bank issued another notice, but, even so, failed to stir the holy cupidity of the church. There were little piques and prejudices and points of etiquette which prevented many from presenting their cheques after they had signed them. And there were earlier difficulties, the cheque-books for instance. They could not always be had. Some of them came out from home. Some were spoilt in the making, and all of them had to be paid for in advance. Each cheque book had a separate colour, according to that section of the church for which it was made, and this created serious blocks and delays. It was noticeable that when in use, however, they all assumed the same work-a-day hue. Chief of all, there were difficulties connected with the stewardship of the money. It was a question of space and book-keeping and inevitable anxiety of mind. So it came to pass that few cheques were presented and these for insignificant sums. No one ventured on large demands. Not all the leaders together once dreamed of claiming the entire amount. Yet it *could* have been drawn, for the bank honoured every draft signed in the name of the King.

"And all this while the set time was slipping away.

"At last came a startling announcement! On a certain day the gold would all be exhibited and a last opportunity given for presenting claims.

"PLACE:—*The Streets of Calcutta.*

"TIME:—*High noon.*

"When the day arrived soldiers stood guard from the bank doors all along the track of the trams on either side of the road to the terminus at Park Street. For hours in the early morning coolies were bringing camp tables from Bow Bazar. These were counted out (1,950 in all) and placed across the tram lines one behind the other—two yards apart—the whole length of the way. Meanwhile, down Dharamtala the roofs of the houses, and the windows and the balconies, and the sidewalks were thronged with spectators eager for the sight of the gold.

"Promptly at twelve o'clock the procession began. It streamed out of the Bank, and along the *Strand*, and up *Hare Street*, and past the

Great Eastern and around by the *Esplanade*—to *Dharamtala* and *Wellington Square* and *Park Street*. It was a procession of men carrying money bags. They dumped them down on the tables with a merry chink till *every table had twenty bags, and in each bag lurked £1,000!*

"Just at the last, between this Hall and the end, the number of bags failing—*seventeen tables* were left with nothing upon them. Someone explained that these represented the total amount of the deposit previously drawn from the Bank. What a speck in the long, straggling line!

"Then ensued a scene of the wildest excitement. The bags were going to be opened!

"At a given signal men standing at each table leaned over and loosened the necks of the bags. In another moment there was a glittering shower of gold! Thousands on thousands of bright coins clinked and flashed in the sun as they dropped or rolled to the ground, and the main thoroughfare of the city became a yellow river full of tinkling music and sparkling beams!

"*Fellow Endeavourers*—that is the wealth of the Zenanas. Win it for Jesus Christ. Press forward and present your cheques. Claim these coins for the King. Each one is a child—a Hindu or Mahomedan girl under fifteen years of age. What a countless host! and all ours if we have faith and earnestness enough to write the cheque. Oh! for the eyes that see that great things can be done, and the spirit to rise up straightway and to do them in the strength of God.

"All these shining coins wait to be claimed. The few we have gathered—the girls under Christian instruction—are represented by the empty tables at the end of the line. Yet the Zenanas are open as well as full. Nothing proves this more plainly than the Zenana School."

.....
REV. CHAS. E. EWING, a missionary at Peking, in a private letter gives the following interesting information about the Chinese Emperor:

"Over a week ago a man came to the American Bible Society's bookstore, next door to our street chapel, with a written order so worded that there could be no doubt it was from the emperor, as the messenger himself admitted. It was an order for 160 books, many of them books of western science and learning, but 30 of them distinctly Christian. This was an unexpected order, and it strengthens the faith and makes glad the hearts of our church members who have been praying so earnestly for the blessing of God on the emperor. Last Thursday the same messenger came again, saying that he wanted copies of all Christian books that have been printed. On Friday morning we selected from our mission book-room 400 volumes of 73 different books to fill this order as far as we are able. These books are probably not for the emperor, but for those influential men who live in the palace, the emperor's personal suite."

THE song we might have sung is always sweetest.

The Prayer Meeting

Notes and Suggestions on the Uniform Topics.

By S. J. Duncan-Clark.

Honoring Parents.

July 3.—Honoring father and mother. Eph. 6: 1-4; Prov. 17: 6, 21, 25.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Command with promise, Ex. 20: 12-17. Tuesday: Honoring by obedience, Prov. 1: 7-19. Wednesday: By upright living, Prov. 23: 19-25. Thursday: Joseph's faithfulness, Gen. 45: 1-13. Friday: Absalom's disloyalty, 2 Sam. 15: 1-13. Saturday: Christ's example, Luke 2: 51, 52; Jno. 19: 25-27.

A Talk with the Leader.

You have a topic that at first sight may not seem as interesting and helpful as some. This then is your opportunity to show what you can do.

Get some one to speak on the example of Christ in His treatment of His mother. Have some one else hunt up the testimony of great men to the influence exerted on their lives by a godly parentage.

Put on the blackboard the question, "What do we owe our parents?" Invite answers, and write them down.

Have one of the parents connected with your own church speak on the topic briefly.

Suggested Hymns.

"I am now a child of God," "Hushed was the evening hymn," "Abide with me," "Let us gather up the sunbeams," "More love to Thee, O Christ," "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

The Command with Promise.

He who honors his parents honors himself.

Next to God thy paren's; next them the magistrate.—*Wm. Penn.*

The Chinese teach that the greatest of virtues is filial respect and affection.

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.—*Sacretelle.*

The voice of parents is the voice of gods, for to their children they are heaven's lieutenants. *Shakespeare.*

If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.—*Lord Langdale.*

Even He that died upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought,—the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven.—*Longfellow.*

I've pored o'er many a yellow page

Of ancient wisdom, and have won

Perchance a scholar's name—but sage

Or bard have never taught thy son

Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,

As those his mother's faith shed on his youth.

—*George W. Bethune.*

What is there like a father to a son?

A father quick in love, wakeful in care,

Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,

Severe in honor, perfect in example,

Stamp'd with authority.—*Sheridan Knowles.*

The Child's Rebuke.

The story is told of an aged man who bequeathed

his estate to an only son. When the boy grew up he treated his father cruelly, and at last turned him out upon the street to die, without food or covering. The old man called to his son's child, "Go and fetch the blanket from my bed, that I may wrap myself in it, and sitting by the wayside, beg." So the little boy ran and getting the blanket took it to his father saying, "Father, here cut the blanket in two; half will be enough for grandpa, and I shall keep the other half for the time when I grow up and turn you out of the house to beg." The words of the child struck home to his heart, and he went out to his father, asked his forgiveness, and cared tenderly for him until the day of his death.

Young Havelock's Obedience.

An interesting incident is related concerning the son of the godly General Havelock. During the general's stay in London one evening while entertaining a friend, Mrs. Havelock turned to her husband and enquired, "My dear, where is Henry?" referring to her son whom she had not seen since morning. The general jumped up hastily, exclaiming, "Well, poor fellow! he's standing on London Bridge, under this cold too! I told him to wait for me there until I arrived, and in the pressure of business I quite forgot the appointment!" It was then about seven o'clock in the evening. The general had a cab summoned at once, and as he excused himself on his errand he turned to his guest and said, "You see, sir, that is the discipline of a soldier's family." In the course of an hour he returned with poor Harry, who seemed to have borne the afternoon's experience with good-hearted cheerfulness.

A Practical Comment.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who had come to visit the school, "I believe the children know the catechism word for word." "But do they understand it? that is the question," said the clergyman. The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother"; and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little fellow, with blushing face, said almost in a whisper, "Yesterday, sir, I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet; and the gentlemen saw them bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either; and I thought I could go barefooted better than she." There were tears in the clergyman's eyes, as the boy finished his comment on the commandment, but there were also shoes on the boy's feet before many days were past.



Consecrated Ability.

July 10.—The consecration of ability. Hag. 2: 1-9; Mark 12: 29-31.

(Prayer for the International Christian Endeavor Convention.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Consecrated possessions, 1 Chron. 29: 1-9. Tuesday: Consecrated labor, Ex. 35: 25, 26, 30-35. Wednesday: Consecrated learning, Isa. 50: 4-11. Thursday: Disused ability, Matt. 25: 24-30. Friday: A consecrated life, Acts 26: 4-19. Saturday: A consecrated will, John 4: 31-38.

A Talk with the Leader.

This meeting will have to be a consecration meeting whether it is a regular one or not.

For your opening talk use the blackboard. Represent life as a mighty wall of rock to be tunneled by your ability pictured as a drill. Show how helpless the drill is of itself to do the work. Link it to the dynamo of Divine Omnipotence, and press home the truth thus illustrated. Again, represent the abilities of your members as so many little trickling streams, running away and losing themselves in the sands of time. Bring them together in the channel of divine grace; flow them over the wheel of God's purpose, and emphasize this other side of the truth.

Song Service.

"My spirit, soul, and body," "Take my life and let it be," "Thy life was given for me," "A Christian band from far and near," "Trusting in the Lord thy God," "Army of Endeavor, hear the trumpet call," "Work, for the night is coming."

Penetrative Points.

Consecrated ability—"I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me."

What are you able to do? You may do double if you will give it to God.

Would you have your talents tell? Link them to the Divine dynamo and they will become irresistible.

Ability is what God enables you to do. The greater your obedience, the mightier will be His enabling.

All for Jesus.

Never was there so much available power in the world as there is to-day. Never was there so much of it running to waste. Popular education has developed latent talents and ability that in days gone by lay dormant in the breasts of the masses who were compelled to regard mental culture as an attainment utterly beyond their reach. And yet it must be recorded as a sad fact that the proportionate gain to the church of Jesus Christ has not been in keeping with the gain to its indifferent and aggressive opponents. In the world of art, science, literature, mechanics, commerce, politics, the gain has been immense; but Jesus Christ has not had His proper share of it. Much of the years of college preparation, of travel and study and effort, remind me of the elaborate arrangements sometimes made for a pyrotechnic display; after all has been done there is an hour of fizz and fire with the total result at the end simply smoke and a bad smell. So many lives, after years of toil, have a brilliant course in the eyes of an admiring world, and then go suddenly out into utter darkness. It has all been for time, without thought of eternity. I cannot imagine a sadder conception than this. But it is not so with the lives of those whose abilities have been consecrated to Jesus Christ. With them the end of time is just the beginning of their real usefulness. This life is, in its entirety, merely a preparatory course for the eternity which lies beyond. They have chosen the way that leads to the most certain triumph and the truest ultimate success; for they have aligned their lives with the Divine will; they have put themselves in the channel of Omnipotent energy; they have yielded their talents to the control of Omniscience. It cannot be but that in the long run their consecration will tell against the reservation of those who have chosen their own path and are living for any less purpose than God's best for them. To the one will come the crown of God's approval and an endless life of ceaseless progress and achievement; to the others will come simply an end without a goal, a day when there is nothing more but mere emptiness. Behind they will see the glare of the footlights

upon a life lived at high pressure amid canvas scenery and tinselled honors; before them just darkness, nothingness, vacancy; in their ears the mocking laugh of the tempter—"Ye have sold yourselves for nought!" Which life will be yours?

"Whose I Am and Whom I Serve."

Take me, my God, and all I own,
My little strength of mind and limb;
I give it for the sake of Him
Who, for my sake, resigned His throne.

Whatever talent I possess
I owe it to Thy wealth of grace;
I cannot then refuse the place
Where Thou canst find it usefulness.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should spend
Whatever gift I have from Thee
On pleasing self; but set me free
To use it for the highest end.

Forbid that I should dissipate
My little strength on many things,
However good; that service brings
The most where efforts concentrate.

But show me, Master, in Thy field,
The special corner for my care;
Give present grace to labor there;
I trust Thee for the future yield.

—S.J.D.-C.

What Nashville Means.

It is asked that the great Nashville convention should be much on your hearts during this meeting. The topic is in harmony with the significance of our annual gathering. It is a question if there can be found anywhere a greater demonstration of consecrated ability than that given at an International C. E. convention. The flower of a continent's youthful intelligence and vigor assembled in the name of Jesus Christ to crown Him King, so far at least as their own lives are concerned, is surely a scene for inspiration and praise. Each heart in that multitude represents a storage battery of divine energy with unlimited possibilities for glorifying God. Try to imagine each of those tens of thousands fully yielded to the control of the Holy Ghost in spirit, soul, and body. Their brains His, their money His, their time His, all His, at His disposal and impelled by His power! What a mighty blessing would result wherever such living embodiments of Divine grace should go. Will we not pray earnestly that this may indeed be the outcome of Nashville '98?



Christianity.

July 17.—Christianity compared with other religions.
Acts 17: 22-31.
(A missionary topic.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: A religion of righteousness, Isa. 32: 1, 13-18. Tuesday: A religion of freedom, John 8: 31-36. Wednesday: A religion of love, 1 Cor. 13: 1-13. Thursday: A religion of joy, Isa. 35: 1-10. Friday: A religion of peace, Isa. 2: 1-5. Saturday: A religion for all men, 1 Tim. 2: 1-7.

A Talk with the Leader.

This is indeed a most interesting topic, but it will need more careful preparation than some. If you are to compare Christianity with other religions, you must of course know something about the other religions. I would recommend you to get and read Principal Grant's little book, "Religions of the World," the HERALD will send it you on receipt of price (about 35c. I think). If you have not time for

this get your pastor or some well read member of the congregation to deal with this phase of the topic.

A study of missionary books will give you many illustrations of the superiority of Christianity. Here are some points which may be used for short papers: "A comparison of home life," "A comparison of woman's condition," "A comparison of moral standards," "A comparison of conceptions of future life."

Missionary Music.

"All hail the power," "The morning light is breaking," "We have heard the joyful sound," "Jesus shall reign," "Sowing in the morning," "Ho, reapers of life's harvest," "Hark, the voice of Jesus crying."

God's Word to Man.

Christianity *i.e.*, Christ-I-and-it (the world.) Christianity; not an idea but a person; not so much a creed as a life. Christianity is as much greater than other religions, as God is greater than man.

"Follow with reverent steps the Great Example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide world seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude."

From God.

The superiority of Christianity consists in its divine origin. All other religions are the effects and expressions of the human heart Godward; the attempts of a lost race to get back to fellowship with its maker. But Christianity is the effort and expression of the heart of God manward; the perfect plan by which a loving Father makes it possible for His erring children to return. In the one we have, at their best, man seeking God; in the other we have God in marvellous condescension seeking man. Herein lies the power and efficacy of Christianity. It does not involve, as do all other religions, the satisfaction of an angry deity by the sinner's own effort before fellowship can be had; but it comes with the glad message that satisfaction has been made by the voluntary act of the injured One Himself, and now all that is necessary is the acceptance on the part of the sinner of the provision that has been made.

One has only to contrast the condition of affairs existing where the religion of Christ prevails with conditions under heathen religions to see how this theoretical superiority becomes immediately evident in the most practical matters of everyday life. The Christian home compared with that of the heathen forms a most notable illustration of this fact. The condition of women in Christian and non-Christian lands is another point of interesting and instructive comparison. The value set upon human life under Christian sway is in striking contrast with the carelessness concerning it displayed by other systems.

Christianity is superior to all other religions in the revelations it makes of the nature of God, and His purpose for men. No other system makes it possible for man to be the friend of God, and God to be the constant indwelling companion of man. Christianity excels all other faiths in that it not only furnishes man with a code of ethics unapproachable by any other philosophy, except such as are based upon it, but it also supplies man with the power to make the code a part of his daily life. Christianity outranks its competitors, if indeed such they may be called, in that it solves problems and unravels mysteries that others do not even dare to touch. In a word Christianity satisfies every need of man's nature, and no other religion does.

The Carpenter.

The true spirit of Christianity is breathed in the words of the following beautiful poem:

That evening, when the Carpenter swept out
The fragment shavings from the workshop floor,
And placed the tools in order, and shut to
And barred for the last time the humble door,
And going on His way to save the world,
Turned from the laborer's lot for evermore,
I wonder, was He glad?

That morning, when the Carpenter walked forth
From Joseph's cottage, in the glimmering light,
And bade His holy mother long farewell;
And through the skies of dawn, all pearly bright,
Saw glooming the dark shadow of a cross,
Yet, seeing, set His feet toward Calvary's height,
I wonder, was He sad?

Ah! when the Carpenter went on His way,
He thought not for Himself of good or ill.
His path was one through shop or thronging men,
Craving His help, e'en to the cross-crowned hill,
In toiling, healing, loving, suffering,—all
His joy and life to do His Father's will;
And earth and heaven are glad.

—S. Alice Ranlett.



A Happy Home.

July 24.—How to have a happy home. Job 29: 1-20; Deut. 6: 6-9.

DAILY READINGS — Monday: Christ in the home, Mark 11: 29-34. Tuesday: The Bible in the home, Deut. 6: 1-9. Wednesday: Godliness in the home, Ps. 101: 1-8. Thursday: Ungodliness in the home, 1 Sam. 3: 11-18. Friday: Mutual forbearance, Eph. 6: 1-10. Saturday: Home hindrances, Matt. 10: 34-39.

A Talk with the Leader.

Surely a practical topic with which you must have some experimental acquaintance. Yet it is a very important topic, too. I am sometimes inclined to fear that the home life does not receive its full share of attention in these busy days. This is a good opportunity to emphasize it. You might speak in opening about Christ in the home, illustrating by the various accounts given in the sacred records of His visits to the homes of Palestine. Get some one to sing the dear old song, "Home, sweet home," as a solo. Bring your meeting to a close with a little "Home social," such as we described a month or so ago, for the entertainment of strangers and young people of whom you want to get hold.

Home Songs.

"Let us gather up the sunbeams," "Home, sweet home," "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," "Sun of my soul," "I will sing you a song," "Blest be the tie," "My heavenly home is bright and fair."

Home, Sweet Home.

Home—one of the sweetest fruits of Christianity. The happiness of a home depends much upon what you take into it.

Home is what you make it for yourself, not what others make it for you.

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—*Goethe*.

The home is where God purposes to give His children a little foretaste of heaven.

The strength of a nation is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

There is no happiness in life, there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions that consecrate or desecrate a home.—*Chapin*.

There is a magic in that little word,—it is a mystic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits.—*Southey*.

Christ in the Home.

We have said elsewhere that the happiness of a home depends much upon what you take into it. We would repeat that statement and give it further force by saying that the happiness of a home may be forever made sure by taking Christ into it. Have you ever thought of this in a practical way? What place does Christ occupy in your home? Run over its various rooms in your mind; think of their many uses, and then again ask yourself the question, Is Christ chief guest in my home? There is the parlor, where you receive and entertain your friends, where merry talk and game are often indulged. Does the Master share in all such gatherings? or is the conversation sometimes too strongly flavored with the essence of gossip and uncharitable comment to be pleasing to His refined sense of love and tenderness? Are the amusements engaged in of the questionable kind that necessitate His withdrawal from the social circle? If these things are so, you have not yet experienced the excess of happiness which the intercourse of that room may bring you when Christ is honored and deferred to in it. So let your thought go through the home. How about the books in your library? the dresses in your wardrobe? the food on your table? But perhaps you will say, "I have but a little space in the home, and these matters are in other hands than mine." Well, let the corner that is peculiarly yours be sacred to Him. Make Him ever welcome there, and take Him with you into every room of the house you enter. It will not be long before the others also will recognize the presence of the unseen Guest, and give Him the homage that is His due.

Home.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Fill'd with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and rooms,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us!

—*Charles Swain*.

For Others.

Do you want another little hint as to how your home may be made happier? Then here it is. Make it a home for others. There are so many who do not know what a home is, or who have only a recollection of tasting a little of its joy before the day came when circumstances turned them out into the world to shift for themselves. Seek them out in the stores and places of business in your city, watch for them in your churches, and take them home with you and treat them as your guests. Let each and all of them be introduced to Jesus Christ before they leave, as the real host in your home, and send them away feeling that they have found a place where they can turn aside for a little while when the burden becomes very heavy and the way more than

usually hard to travel, where there will be a cheery welcome and an opportunity to rest and forget for a time the toils and cares of life's battle.

Trifles that Tell.

The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things—
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.

—*Hannah More*.

"Nor need we power or splendor—
Wide hall or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender—
These form the wealth of home."



Covetousness.

July 31.—The evils of covetousness. Ex. 20: 17: Luke 12: 13-21.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Achan's covetousness, Josh. 7: 19-26. Tuesday: Ahab's covetousness, 1 Kings 21: 1-16. Wednesday: Gehazi's covetousness, 2 Kings 5: 20-27. Thursday: Without covetousness, Heb. 13: 1-6. Friday: First the kingdom of God, Matt. 6: 28-34. Saturday: Godliness with contentment, 1 Tim. 6: 1, 2, 6-10.

A Talk with the Leader.

Perhaps you think this is a somewhat difficult and unnecessary subject for a C.E. prayer meeting; if so I fear you are mistaken. One of the commonest sins of to-day is covetousness, and that among Christian people. This is a time for heart-searching. Begin the meeting with earnest prayer that if the spirit of covetousness is present in any heart, God will convict and give power to overcome. Have several prepared to speak on such topics as "Evils that grow from the seed of coveteousness," "Covetousness in Christian work," "The cure for covetousness."

Bits of Song.

"When I survey," "I am coming to the cross," "Is thy cruse of comfort failing?" "Oh, for a heart to praise my God," "Sitting by the gateway," "Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise."

The Sin of Achan.

Covetousness, which is idolatry.—*Bible*.

He deservedly loses his own property who covets that of another.—*Phædius*.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Those who give not till they die show that they would not then, could they keep it any longer.—*Bishop Hall*.

The covetous man pines in plenty, like Tantalus, up to the chin in water and yet thirsty.—*Rev. T. Adams*.

Covetousness, like a candle ill made, smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease.—*F. Osborne*.

Why are we so blind? That which we improve we have, that which we hoard is not for ourselves.—*Madame Deluzy*.

Where necessity ends, desire and curiosity begin; and no sooner are we supplied with everything nature can demand than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—*Johnson*.

Of covetousness we may truly say that it makes both the Alpha and Omega in the devil's alphabet, and it is the first vice in corrupt nature which moves, and the last which dies.—*South*.

It was with good reason that God commanded

through Moses that the vineyard and harvest were not to be gleaned to the last grape and grain; but something to be left for the poor. For covetousness is never satisfied; the more it has the more it wants. Such insatiable ones injure themselves, and transform God's blessings into evil.—*Luther.*

Pointed Paragraphs on the Guilt of Greed.

There is a fable of a covetous man, who chanced to find his way one moonlight night into a fairy's palace. There he saw bars, apparently of pure gold, strewn on every side; and he was permitted to take away as many as he could carry. In the morning, when the sun rose on his imaginary treasure, borne home with so much toil, behold! there was only a bundle of sticks; and invisible beings filled the air around him with scornful laughter. Such shall be the confusion of many a man who died in this world worth his thousands, and wakes up in the next world not only "miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," but in the presence of a heap of fuel stored up against the great day of burning.

Diodorus Seculus relates, that the forest of the Pyrenean mountains being set on fire, and the heat penetrating to the soil, a pure stream of silver gushed forth from the bosom of the earth, and revealed for the first time the existence of those rich lodes, afterwards so celebrated. Covetousness yields up of its pelf for sacred uses as unwillingly as if it were appointed to succeed the earth in the office of holding and concealing it; but let the fire of the Gospel be kindled in the Christian church, and its ample stores will be seen flowing forth from their hidden recesses, and becoming "the fine gold of the sanctuary."

M. Foscue, the French millionaire miser, in order to make sure of his treasures, dug a cave in his wine cellar so large and deep as to need a ladder to descend. At the entrance was a door with a spring lock, which, on shutting, would fasten of itself. After a time he was missing. Search was made for him but to no purpose. At last his house was sold. The purchaser, beginning to rebuild it, discovered a door in this cellar, and, going down, found him lying dead on the ground with a candlestick near him, and on searching farther, discovered the vast wealth which he had amassed. He went into the cave, and the door, by some accident, shutting after him, he perished for lack of food. He had eaten the candle and gnawed the flesh off both his arms. Thus died this avaricious wretch in the midst of the treasure which he had heaped together. Well did Paul write to the Colossians, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

From the Poets.

O life misspent! O foulest waste of time!
No time has he his grovelling mind to store
With history's truths or philosophic lore.
No charm for him has God's all-blooming earth;
His only question this, "What are they worth?"
Art, nature, wisdom, are not match for gain;
And e'en religion bids him pause in vain.—*Ward.*

Woe to the worldly man, whose covetous
Ambition labours to join house to house,
Add field to field, till their enclosure edge
The plain, girdling a country with one hedge:
They leave no place unbought, no piece of earth
Which they will not engross; making a dearth
Of all inhabitants; until they stand
Unneighbor'd as unblest within the land.—*King.*

Has the spring resurrection touched *you* yet?

Ingenuity in Christian Work.

THERE are said to be three classes of people in the world—first, those who never do a good thing; second, those who are ready to do a good thing when it is pointed out and the plan of doing it is provided by some one else; and third, the ingenious people who are continually inventing new ways of doing good.

Christian Endeavorers, of course, do not belong to the first-class, and none should belong to the second class. It is to the third class that all should belong. Where there's a will there's a way. And when one is intensely in earnest to do service for Christ, there will be no trouble in devising ways and means to accomplish it.

The workers in our societies have been singularly successful in inventing new methods of work. But the field has scarcely been touched. That is the reason we hear so much about "ruts" in carrying on meetings and in committee work. A rut simply announces a failure—a failure to adapt the means to the end, a failure to change the plan to meet the changed circumstances. A plan that works well at one time may be valueless at another. When interest in any method has ceased it is as worthless as last year's nest from which the bird has fled. "Love is ingenious," and quick to discover ways of manifesting itself, and we should seek new and wise plans of bringing the blessings of the gospel to those who are without them.

At the York County Convention held in Newmarket on May 17th and 18th, Miss Jessie I. Carruthers, of Toronto, read an admirable paper on "The Associate Member: How to Get and How to Get Rid of." She called attention to a point that is frequently overlooked, that associate members while not decidedly professing themselves Christians, yet profess a desire after a Christian life: "This being the understanding with which the associate enters, it may fairly be expected that he not only believes in the Christian religion, but means to be a Christian sometime, to accept the character of Christ as his ideal, and to endeavor faithfully and prayerfully to conform his life to that ideal. Unless he does intend to become a Christian and an active member, he has no place in the associate ranks."

MERRY little sunbeams
Flitting here and there;
Joyous little sunbeams
Dancing everywhere;
Come they with the morning light
And chase away the gloomy night.
Kind words are like sunbeams
That sparkle as they fall,
And loving smiles are sunbeams
A light of joy to all,
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

LIGHT-HOUSES don't ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining. They just shine.

The Sunday School

Crumbs Swept Up.

A PRAYING teacher is a practising teacher.

WHILE paying great attention to the lambs of your flock, do not neglect the sheep.

SUPERINTENDENTS—like children at table—should always be seen but seldom heard.

REFORM or dismiss that tobacco-using superintendent—he is a living contradiction.

"THE school for the church and all the church in the school" is one of our mottoes.

THE best way to learn to love that bad scholar in your class is to begin to pray for him by name each day.

PRAY for God's richest blessing to rest upon the World's Sunday-school Convention which meets in old London in July.

THREE things we should aim to secure from each scholar every Sunday: an offering, a studied lesson, and the bringing of his own Bible.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL *Stupidintender* is one who intends to start a Normal Class and a Home Department some time, but never is quite ready.

READER, you say as an excuse for not working in the Sunday-school, "I haven't time," when there are twenty-four hours in each day for you as well as for everyone else.

ONE of the best ways to keep up the attendance of the intermediate section during the summer months is to send home to the parents a monthly report of each scholar's attendance, conduct, and offering.

A Suggestive List of "Ads."

A RECENT number of *The Awakener* contained the following bright "hits" from the pen of Mr. C. D. Meigs:

WANTED,
AND WANTED BAD.

"I want to find the editor of this paper," exclaimed a mad-looking individual, with danger in his tone, as he burst into the room of the business manager.

"Try an ad. in our 'want column,'" replied the manager, without looking up from his desk.

The Awakener opens a "want column" this month, and admits some other notices of a similar nature.

WANTED—Information as to how I can keep the boys in my Sunday-school class from knowing that

I use tobacco. They all asked me for a cigar last Sunday just as we began the lesson, and really it almost embarrassed me, as I hadn't enough to go round.

Address, Mr. I. Will Sticktotheweed,
99 Indulgence Ave.

WANTED—Some one to take my Sunday-school class for the summer, as I have bought a new wheel and am too busy to ride much on week days. Doctor says I need exercise.

Address (Miss) May B. Allwrong,
No. 1 Backslider's Row.

LOST—My interest in the Home Department, as I find it takes real work to keep it up. I don't mind *talking* religion, but *walking* it is tiresome. The superintendent is requested to please get another visitor for my district.

Address, Mrs. Wantrest,
Cor. Saymuch and Doolittle Aves.

FOUND—Why it is that our Sunday-school has no teachers' meeting—*We don't want one.*

Signed: Pastor and Superintendent,
Saints' Rest Sunday School,
Corner Haven'ttime and
Don'tcaremuch Boulevards.

STRAYED—One of the elders and two of the deacons of our church have strayed out of the Sunday-school. As their influence and presence are badly needed by the school, I insert this advertisement in the hope that it will fetch them back. One of them promised six months ago that he would come, but thus far he has been able to "prove an alibi" every Sunday.

Signed: I. Needhelp,
Supt. Uphill Sunday School,
Corner Mudlane and
Stickfast Aves.

Notes and Suggestions on the International Lessons.

By Rev. Wray R. Smith.

LESSON 1.—JULY 3, 1898.

The Kingdom Divided.

(Lesson Text: 1 Kings 12: 16-25. Memory Verses: 16-19.)
(Read 1 Kings 12: 1 to 14: 20.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."—*Prov. 15: 1.*

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: 1 Kings 12: 1-11. Tuesday: 1 Kings 12: 12-25. Wednesday: 1 Kings 12: 26-33. Thursday: 1 Kings 11: 28-40. Friday: *Prov. 15: 1-14.* Saturday: *Zech. 7: 8-14.* Sunday: *Prov. 16: 16-33.*

The Heart of the Lesson.

It is well to form a Biblical acquaintance with Rehoboam and Jeroboam, the leaders of the civil strife that permanently divided the kingdom of

Solomon. There was no difficulty about the succession; by divine command the throne belonged to David. Rehoboam had no rival in his family, as had been the case at his father's accession. Solomon's reign has been, not inaptly called, "the golden age" of Israel. Endowed with the divine gift of wisdom, he set himself to cultivate the arts or peace. Education, agriculture, and trade were encouraged; the temple was built and the royal palace was erected; vast commerce inaugurated, so that his fleet brought to his kingdom cargoes of merchandise and treasures from every known land. But Solomon, in old age, became little better than a heathen. He broke three special commands given (Deut. 17: 16-17): "He shall not multiply horses to himself; neither shall he multiply wives to himself; neither shall he greatly multiply to himself silver and gold." But we are told (1 Kings 4: 26). "Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots and twelve thousand horsemen." "And he had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines." "And the king made silver and gold at Jerusalem as plenteous as stones" (2 Chron. 1: 15).

A corrupt king makes a corrupt court, and a corrupt court makes a corrupt people. Indulgence in sin is fatal to either the individual or the nation. Rehoboam, in temper and disposition, was the true product of such perversion of the truth. Son of an apostate father and a heathen mother, he had a strong, hereditary bias toward wrong, and was heir to an accumulation of evils, the result of his father's godless extravagance. On his accession Rehoboam met the heads of the nation at the fine old city of Shechem, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, then the metropolis of the tribe of Ephraim. David was made king at Hebron, and Solomon was crowned at Jerusalem. The change was ominous. It showed that the northern tribes were determined to stand for their rights. There was a bitter rivalry between Judah and Ephraim of long standing.

After the death of Saul there had been a separation under different kings (2 Sam. 2: 4-10). After seven years the revolted tribes went over to David (2 Sam. 5: 1-3). When King David removed his court from Shechem, transferring the tabernacle and centre of divine worship from Shiloh to Jerusalem, the Ephraimites and other northern tribes considered themselves slighted. Absalom, knowing this, used the circumstance to seduce them from allegiance to his father. Now the deflection breaks out anew. Jeroboam, a distinguished officer, and at one time a personal friend of Solomon, was called from Egypt, to which he had been banished for treason. By force of his own character he soon became the leader of the movement, demanding certain reforms. He had been informed by a prophet that he was to rule over five-sixths of the kingdom (1 Kings 11: 29-37). Crafty and unscrupulous, he either forgot God or ignored Him. He seems never to have consulted Him in any matter. He had forgotten the lesson Jacob had learned at Penuel—"the strength of man is in God."

A crisis, political and religious, was at hand, requiring a wise head and a kind heart; unfortunately, that was what Rehoboam did not possess. When Jeroboam addressed him—"Thy father made our yoke grievous; now, therefore, make thou the grievous service of thy father lighter, and we will serve thee." This was Rehoboam's opportunity. He had a chance for continuous power and popularity, but he procrastinated in the face of danger; irresolute, he craved time.

Every man's character is discovered by the way he meets the emergencies which arise in his life.

Rehoboam consulted with the old men which had been his father's counsellors, but rejected their wise advice and turned to the young men who had "grown up with him." They fed his vanity and pride, and he belittled himself by becoming their echo.

A religiously inclined youth enquired of his pastor, "Do you think it would be wrong for me to study the noble art of self-defence?" "Certainly not," answered the minister; "I learned it in youth myself." "Indeed, sir! Did you learn Sullivan's or the old English system?" "Neither. I learned Solomon's system." "Solomon's system?" "Yes. You will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs—'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defence of which I have any knowledge." It would have been well for Rehoboam if he had remembered his father's proverb and practiced its spirit in defending himself and his kingdom, instead of fulfilling his prediction, "A companion of fools will be destroyed." His haughty, scornful words were like a spark to the fuel of discontent, and started it into a blaze of rebellion. "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth." The insulting reply to their request was never forgiven nor forgotten by the ten tribes. The covenant nation was divided, followed by a succession of events, as sad as the history of our race records. Rehoboam continued his folly to the end of his life. His character and conduct are set before us, not for an example, but for our warning.

Jeroboam earned one of the worst epithets that was ever applied to man: "Jeroboam—who made Israel to sin."

Gibbon wrote of the religions of the Roman Empire, "They were all considered by the people as equally true, by the learned as equally false, and by the rulers as equally useful." The latter was Jeroboam's conception of religion.

LESSON 2.—JULY 10, 1898.

Elijah, the Prophet.

(Lesson Text. 1 Kings 17: 1-16. Memory Verses: 2-6)
(Read the whole chapter.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord."—1 Kings 17: 16.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: 1 Kings 16: 25-33. Tuesday: 1 Kings 17: 1-7. Wednesday: 1 Kings 17: 8-16. Thursday: 1 Kings 17: 17-24. Friday: 1 Kings 18: 1-16. Saturday: James 5: 13-20. Sunday: Psalm 37: 12-24.

The Heart of the Lesson.

Elijah, the prophet of solitude and malediction, came into view as suddenly as if he had just alighted from the chariot which was to await unseen, until, having fulfilled his course, it should bear him from earth to heaven.

We know something of the youth and young manhood of Moses as foster-son of Pharaoh's daughter in the Egyptian court, and we have a glimpse of Samuel's early training under Eli in the tabernacle at Shiloh. But Elijah's early life is unknown. He was the Melchizadeck among the prophets, "without father, without mother," having neither beginning of days nor end of life, without a cradle or a grave.

If Israel never had so impious a ruler as Ahab, she never had so peerless a prophet as Elijah. He was evidently not from the lap of luxury, or the home of affluence; he was certainly from obscurity, possibly from penury; a Nazarite unshorn, with rough garments and speech.

The bending spars that carry the white wings of

the ships that sail the ocean were not grown under sunny skies, but on Norwegian bluff, Siberian steep, or Canadian slope, where the frosty air cuts like steel and the storm-blast sways them until they struggle like giants in a revel; but it toughens their fibre and fits them for service.

The country of one's youth has something to do with the formation of the man. The patient endurance of the Scotch Highlander seems to match the heather-clad, granite mountains of his homeland. Elijah, the greatest prophet, came out of the meanest province in the land. As an inhabitant of Gilead, he has been called "the highlander of Israel."

When God has a work to do He always has the man for the occasion. Luther, Knox, Wesley (sometimes the man is a woman), Miss Willard. Elijah was the man for the times. With the living God at his side he was more than a match for the host that bowed before dead idols. The Word of the Lord made him fearless as, with his blunt *thee's* and *thou's*, he struck terror into the heart of Ahab.

Baal and Ashtoreth were worshipped as representing the productive powers of nature. This famine was to prove that the powers symbolized by these gods were only effective by the will of Jehovah. Jehovah foresaw how terrible the famine would be, what importunity for rain would come upon Elijah, what danger to his life from the king, so he provided for his safety in a wild ravine, where the heated rays of the sun were kept at bay by the sheltering rocks and overhanging verdure. Fed by ravens and drinking from the brook he was God's ward. His fare did not extend to the luxuries but to the necessities of life. Elijah was as truly serving God in the exercise of caution in retirement as he had been in his public declamation against the godlessness of his times. Sampson tore down the pillars of the Temple of Dagon and perished with the Philistines. And when "the brook dried up," it seemed as if Elijah would perish with the famine-stricken. But God is never at a loss for expedients; so He commands him (v. 9). Elijah was timed to meet his hostess, although he had no previous arrangement with her. The right connection never fails when God conducts the excursion. The widow woman was there. Elijah's first request showed why he left Cherith, "Fetch me a little water." Water was a scarce article in those days, and she might have been excused if she had refused his request. As she was going to fetch it he called, "Bring me a morsel of bread in thine hand." The prophet had been used to roughing it and could take his fare in a plain way.

To find his hostess Elijah had not a specific, but only a very general address, a "widow woman," "Zarepath." But he was not mistaken in her identity (vs. 13, 14). This was true reciprocity. It is God's plan. "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

Chrysostom said, "A man does not become rich by laying *up* abundance, but by laying *out* abundance." This widow had to give up her limited *all* before she could possess the miraculous *more*. "Make me a little cake first." She closed with God's offer and God did as He had promised (v. 16). His meal and His mercy were kept in full supply. She gave the prophet a meal and the Lord sustained her and her son for two years. She realized God's interest on her investment "a thousand-fold in this world."

The darkest hour is often just before the dawn. Not until the brook dried up did God make further provision for Elijah. And the widow was preparing her last meal when the prophet met her, apparently an additional burden, but in reality a real helper. It is a sad thing to be in perplexity with no God to fall

back upon. You have God's sure word of promise as certainly as Elijah and the widow woman, if like them you trust and do good.

"Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain,
Can its ceaseless longing still.
Is thy heart a living power?
Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow."



LESSON 3.—JULY 17, 1898.

Elijah on Carmel.

(Lesson Text: 1 Kings 18: 30-39. Memory Verses: 36-39.)
(Read chap. 17: 17 to 18: 46.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces, and they said, 'The Lord, He is the God, the Lord, He is the God.'"—1 Kings 18: 39.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: 1 Kings 18: 17-20. Tuesday: 1 Kings 18: 30-39. Wednesday: 1 Kings 18: 40-46. Thursday: Deut. 30: 19-20. Friday: Josh. 24: 14-24. Saturday: 2 Tim. 1: 6-13. Sunday: Rev. 3: 7-13.

The Heart of the Lesson.

There are few more impressive scenes recorded in history than this one on Mount Carmel. The hero of the occasion is the long-haired, skin-clad prophet, faithful and fearless, surrounded by a countless multitude. "All Israel." There were the four hundred and fifty black-robed priests of Baal, and four hundred prophets of the grove, a profligate crew who ate at Jezebel's table. There also was the king and his court officers. They had been summoned together by Ahab, at the bidding of Elijah, to settle the question as to whom they should worship.

People are interested now in any case where there are two claimants to a property, and the false has to be distinguished from the true, though the matter does not personally concern many who eagerly watch the proceedings. But the question to be decided on Mount Carmel concerned humanity everywhere, for all time. Elijah commands the occasion. His words are aimed, not at their apostacy, their idolatry, but at their hesitancy and miserable indecision. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" In the presence of the king, his court, and the priests, the people dare not declare for Jehovah; and in the presence of God's messenger, their past history, and their own conscience, they dare not declare for Baal. Pitiful attitude! They were in a strait betwixt two; they were silent. If the people had answered then, the trial by fire would have been needless. Elijah had calculated on this and was prepared for it. He was prepared by one grand demonstration to force upon them the impotency of their idol, and to compel them to acknowledge the supremacy of Jehovah. Elijah addressed the people, not the priests nor the king, they might shirk the issue. The point of the prophet lay in this, that fire was the element over which Baal was believed by his followers to have peculiar power. The sign of Baal was a burnished disc, representing the sun. The prophet made a bold offer, candid, fair, and honest, and "all the people answered and said it is well spoken." The priests of Baal dared not object, and hoped to retain the allegiance of the people. Perhaps, like Saul of Tarsus, they were sincere though in error; but sincere belief in error can't make the false true, nor prevent its evil results.

The prophets of Baal began early in the morning. Their's was the popular religion. They were in the great majority; but Elijah gave them the winning

chance. With frantic energy, wild din, and vain repetitions, they increase their cry until noon, the hour of the sun's greatest power, but not a single ray was shot to light their sacrifice. The Lord's prophet witnessing their abortive efforts lashed them with ironical mockery (v. 27). The sarcasm stung them to redoubled effort, but all in vain. At eventide "there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded." One-half of the question had been decided. The claims of Baal could not hold good; he could neither answer by water nor by fire. Jezebel's priests had lost their opportunity, but Elijah's opportunity had come.

At the call of Elijah the people came near to him, and with minute regularity he rebuilt the altar, taking twelve stones, according to the number of tribes. To demonstrate the reality of the miracle, twelve barrels of water were poured on the sacrifice and on the wood. Elijah was in no hurry; he had a certainty before him, and could afford to be careful about details. It was the time of evening sacrifice when he began to pray (vs. 36, 37). No sooner had the prayer been uttered than the heavens were rent, and from the cloudless sky the fire of the Lord fell visibly down upon the altar in such devouring energy that even the stones were consumed and the water licked up from the trench. The effect was irresistible. The judgment was not only heard and seen, but it impressed every faculty of sense. Every knee smote the dust and every face sought the ground, and one loud cry went up from the people, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God." But the priests of Baal, the enemies of God, the troublers of Israel, refusing submission, were ripe for destruction, and were slain according to the law governing such cases (Deut. 6: 14, 15).

Decision for and against God is still insisted upon. "No man can serve two masters." From the law of God working in spiritual affairs, it is clear that the balance of power does not depend on numbers. The monarchs of earthly empires form alliances, offensive and defensive, by which each pledges the whole force of his kingdom to the support of the other. But the true man of God has allies more imperial than winds and waters or human forces. "The battle is not ours but God's." The world, the Baal of to-day, can do nothing for man in his extremity. God only can kindle the holy, purifying fire of a genuine, religious experience. Fire was God's ancient sign. Fire from heaven converted apostate Israel in Elijah's day, and pentecostal fire began the conversion of Israel and other nations in the Apostles' day. God has lots of that same fire left and will give it to those who, like Elijah, can say, "I have done all these things at Thy word."



LESSON 4.—JULY 24, 1898.

Elijah's Flight and Encouragement.

(Lesson Text: 1 Kings 19: 1-16. Memory Verses: 9-12.)
(Read the chapter.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—Psalm 37: 7.

DAILY READINGS. Monday: 1 Kings 19: 1-8. Tuesday: 1 Kings 19: 9-18. Wednesday: Psa. 55: 1-8. Thursday: Psalm 42. Friday: Exod. 33: 12-23. Saturday: Psa. 56. Sunday: Psa. 120, 121.

The Heart of the Lesson.

Strong and straight as the pine on a Canadian slope before a thunderstorm, stood Elijah at the summit of his majesty on Carmel in the midst of the Baal worshippers. But Elijah had his panic times, his moments of depression. Of a sanguine tempera-

ment, exhilarated by success, the excitement of the contest sustained him for a time; but reaction followed the nervous tension and the strong man became weak. "Elijah was a man of like passions with us." It is not in human nature to be as great continuously as Elijah was occasionally. The boldness of God's servants have had such seasons of depression. Because a man has been brave in one emergency is not a guarantee that he will be equally brave in the next. And because a man seems cowardly at one time, it is not fair to suppose that he would never act courageously. There is a lesson of warning here, a lesson of charity in the judgment of others. We need fresh strength for every new duty, and a man never needs the grace of God more than when he has just had phenomenal success. Defeat at Ai is apt to follow a Jericho victory in every life. Elated by success on Carmel, the prophet ran ahead of Ahab's chariot to the gates of the city of Jezreel, a distance of seventeen miles. Here he found no general uprising, such as he had expected. Baal was still supreme. The impression made upon the fickle people was transient. Ahab was unchanged; and his wife with heart as hard as a nether millstone, convinced that she could accomplish her purpose, fixed the date for Elijah's execution. Hence, in sudden consternation, forgetting all about God's care in the past, he stole away in the darkness and "went for his life." God had sent him to Cherith, to Zarepath, to meet Ahab, but this time he impulsively selected his own course under the counsel of fear, rather than the guidance of faith. A servant of God should not leave his work on account of danger till God points the way. The first halt in Elijah's flight was at Beersheba, where he left his servant while he went a day's journey into the wilderness where, weary in body, baffled, disheartened, humiliated, and cross-tempered, he flung himself under the shade of a juniper tree and wished to die. God does not give up a man simply because he has made a mistake. Men turn from us coldly when we fail to accomplish what is expected; but the Lord restores Peter, and decrees that Elijah's grave shall not be under the tree in the wilderness. "The bruised reed He will not break." The ravens and the widow had been his caterers during the famine. Now, twice God's angels spread his table, and, refreshed, he "went in the strength of that meat forty days."

We next see him at Horeb, the ancient haunt of his forefathers, where Moses saw the burning bush, where Aaron and Hur held up his hands, where the rock was smitten and the water gushed out. It is significant that the history of Israel should once more touch this sacred spot. Now to be associated with the name of the restorer of the law, as it had been with the name of the founder of the law, both peculiar in their departure from this world and both standing afterwards with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration. At Horeb, the prophet found refuge in a cave, perhaps the cleft in which God hid Moses (Ex. 22: 22). Here the Word of the Lord came to him (v. 9), and he answered (v. 10). He was too hasty in drawing his conclusions. He was wrong in his arithmetic (v. 18). To this complaint the Lord made answer by calling Elijah to the mouth of the cave. Then there was a revelation of God, recalling that granted to Moses (Ex. 24: 17). The wind roaring wildly, the earthquake making the mountains tremble, the fire, forked and flashing, lighting up each pinnacle and cavernous depth, and then the still, small voice. Elijah's ministry began with judgment and stern retribution and, perhaps, this phenomena was to show the superiority of another class of work, represented in the sound of

the gentle stillness, to be exemplified in the person and ministry of Elisha.

He was taught that God's kingdom was to be spread not by the hurricane and earthquake of opinions and strife, or the thunder and lightning of human passion, but by the gentler agency of conviction and love in the heart leading to true reformation. It was the same lesson Moses learned when he said, "The Lord is a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth."

Elijah was recommissioned for further service. Three commandments were laid upon him; three changes were to be made (v. 15, 16). God was preparing His instruments already to punish the house of Ahab. He showed Elijah that the visible fruit of the labor of God's servants is but a small part of the result, and henceforth the lonely prophet was to have Elisha as his companion and servant in training and preparation as his successor.



LESSON 5.—JULY 31, 1898.

Naboth's Vineyard.

(Lesson Text: 1 Kings 21: 4-16. Memory Verses: 4-6.)
(Read chaps. 21 and 22.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house."
—Exod. 20: 17.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: 1 Kings 21: 1-6. Tuesday: 1 Kings 21: 7-10. Wednesday: Lev. 25: 18-28. Thursday: Eccl. 2: 1-11. Friday: Micah 2: 1-10. Saturday: Josh. 7: 10-15, 19-26. Sunday: Luke 12: 13-21.

The Heart of the Lesson.

Since we last met Ahab, God had given him two such signal victories over Benhadad, king of Assyria, that there could be no doubt of the divine and supernatural interposition in his behalf. The goodness of God, however, did not lead him to repentance; it was marked by no note of thanksgiving, no expression of gratitude. Ahab returned a conqueror to his capital, puffed up with the pride of conquest. He had much to make life pleasant for him. He had great opportunities for usefulness, but he improved none of them. He did not even enjoy his palace and gardens at Jezreel.

Haman, the haughty Persian at Sushan, could not enjoy his riches, promotion, and royal favor, because there was one stiff-backed Jewish porter at the gate of the king's palace who refused obeisance to him. This must ever be the case with the man whose happiness depends on "the things which are seen and temporal," and not on "the things which are unseen but eternal."

Ahab had a fly in his pot of ointment; his honey had turned to gall. Naboth, his neighbor, had refused to sell him his vineyard. Contentment rests on what God has given us to enjoy; covetousness makes us wretched no matter how much we possess. Because of one vineyard which he could not obtain, all the kingdom which he had counted for nothing in his mind. He had lost nothing; he was simply unable to get something more. It has been said the lion is carnivorous, and wants flesh, the ox is graminivorous, and wants grass, but that man is omnivorous and wants everything. First, a man wants a living, then a competency, then superfluity, then more. Selfishness grows monstrous by indulgence; and in an oriental despot like Ahab, everything tended to increase it.

The ground of Naboth's refusal was, "he feared the Lord." The favor of God was more to him than the king's coin. The Israelites held their land by a peculiar tenure. Jehovah was the real owner. "The land shall not be sold for ever; for the land is mine." Had Naboth been in debt, his vineyard might have

been claimed by clamorous creditors; but even then the reversion of the property to his family would be insisted upon at the year of jubilee.

Ahab was wicked, but he evidently had no thought of violently wresting the coveted property from its owner. He had enough conscience left to restrain him from that sin. Ahab was weak, so stubborn, and, in the sulks like a pettish child, he threw himself on his bed. Hezekiah, in affliction, "turned his face to the wall" and communed with God; in answer to prayer, his life was prolonged. Ahab "turned away his face and would eat no bread," because he could not have what was not his.

English history tells how Queen Eleanor sucked the poison out of her husband's wounds; and in a moral and spiritual sense that is what every true-hearted wife seeks to do for the husband who is wounded in the conflicts of life. A true wife would have found a remedy for this childishness on the part of Ahab. But, alas! if Ahab was wicked and weak he had made an unholy alliance with the heathen princess, Jezebel, who was wicked and strong. By refined irony, hypocrisy, abuse of power, hatred, false-witness, and murder, she proceeded to secure the coveted plot. The elders of Jezreel slavishly obeyed her orders, and Naboth, falsely accused of blaspheming God and the king, was stoned to death with his sons, and his vineyard, as belonging to a criminal, became the property of the crown. It seemed as if high-handed villainy had triumphed. There are times when God apparently allows the wicked to triumph and the cause of the righteous to go unvindicated, and we are ready to say with Asaph, "Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain and washed my hands in innocency."

Without a word of horror or any hesitation, Ahab proceeded at once to take possession of the vineyard and enjoy the fruits of the crime at which he had connived but dared not himself perform. The will to receive the coveted vineyard loaded him with the guilt of the getter—he was a murderer. This murder had both a genesis and a pedigree. Coveting beget anger, anger beget falsehood, and falsehood beget murder. This murder was also to have a posterity. "Though a sinner do evil a hundred times and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him, but it shall not be well with the wicked."

Suddenly and unexpectedly Elijah's grim figure, like an embodied conscience, confronted Ahab. His sin had found him out, and he heard the denunciation of his crime and the prediction of his punishment—"The dogs shall lick thy blood where they licked Naboth's;" "The dogs shall eat Jezebel;" and "I will cut off thy posterity."

God frequently punishes evil doers in a similar way to what they have done to others. Jacob deceived his father Isaac, and was himself deceived by his own sons. Adonibezek, king of Canaan, when taken prisoner, had his thumbs and great toes cut off. He then said, "Three score and ten kings, having thumbs and great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table. As I have done, so God hath required me." If God is our enemy, it is because we have made Him so by our sins. We reap in kind as we have sown.



It isn't the number of joys we have
That make us happy and gay;
But the number we share with our little friends,
Oh! that is the secret, they say!

With the Juniors

Mabel Watson's First Junior Meeting.

By Vida Alden.

MABEL WATSON was on a visit to her friend Tessie Wilson. From the time of her arrival Mabel had seen and felt a new element in Tessie's character—an element that drew out her love for her more strongly than ever. Thus it was that Tessie gained Mabel's consent to attend the Christian Endeavor Mission Band that afternoon, though she declared she knew it would be "a dull, pokey old time of it!"

The Juniors held their weekly meetings in the pleasant sitting-room of their superintendent, Mrs. Mayne, who believed that being near together, and seeing each other's faces, went far towards making a good, hearty meeting. She was always ready with a kind smile and a warm handshake to welcome each Junior, and gladly greeted Mabel with Tessie.

Mabel's eyes were wide open to see what could make Tessie so delight in Junior meetings. She saw a number of children, most of them younger than Tessie and herself, gathering with bright, expectant faces, and eyes shining with happiness, leaving hats and books—for school was just "let out"—in the hall as they entered. While they were coming in, a bright, well-known hymn was sung, thus preparing their thoughts for the meeting by preventing chatting.

Imagine Mabel's surprise when, promptly at the time appointed, a little girl of eleven years, who sat beside Mrs. Mayne, rose and said, "We will begin our meeting by singing No. 3, 'I am so glad.'" A child leading a meeting! And Mrs. Mayne there, too! She was still more surprised, however, when, after the hymn was sung, Winnie said, "Let us pray," and they all knelt while she asked God to "please bless us all here in this meeting, and may we all get some good here; and bless all the members that could not come to-day; and help us to keep our pledge better this week than we did last week; for Jesus' sake, amen."

Mabel had never heard a child pray before others, except "saying prayers," and she wondered how Winnie could do it. There was little danger of her finding the meeting "dull and pokey."

Winnie then read from her programme, "We will sing the two first verses of No. 374, 'My Jesus, I love thee,'" and the ringing gladness of the fresh young voices showed they meant what they sang.

"We will now have our Bible acrostics," said Winnie. A child arose and said, "Ask, and ye shall receive, Matt. 7:7; My son, give me thine heart, Prov. 22:26; Yea, the Lord will give that which is good, Psalm 85:12." She was followed by the others, with part or whole acrostics upon their names.

Mrs. Mayne, glancing at Winnie's programme, now spoke. "If we could see Jesus," said she, "as His disciples did in the long-ago times, I wonder what we would say to Him this afternoon? What would we thank Him for? What would we ask Him to give us? What faults and sins would we tell Him about and ask Him to forgive?" When she had received answers to each question, she said, "Well, we know He is here as really as the air is here; and we want to pray our thanks and wants and sins to Him. Different ones would like to speak to Him about different things. He is lovingly waiting to hear us now."

Winnie asked, "Will two or three please offer prayer." Again all knelt. Mabel was startled as Tessie's voice, close beside her, at once led in thanksgiving. Somehow, that prayer made her feel as if Tessie were so close to Jesus, speaking to Him with a heart full of loving trust, while she herself was left outside alone. And with that feeling came a great longing to have Him for her own friend and Saviour. She had been well taught in Bible truth, and knew her need; and had decided that sometime she would become a Christian. But there was greater intensity in the present desire than ever before. The Holy Spirit was moving upon her heart. Would she yield to Him?

After Tessie others prayed, confessing, "We have done a great many wrong things; we have had bad thoughts in our hearts, and we have said cross words, and we haven't always told all the truth; we were often selfish and kept the best for ourselves, and we forgot to do what we promised. O Lord, please to make our hearts clean, and forgive us all our sins for Jesus' sake." "We didn't do the best we could, and we got angry when folks teased us, and we didn't mind our mothers cheerfully, and O Lord, please to help us not to get cross, and, and amen." "O Lord, take care of us, and bless the poor Armenians, and make the wicked people not hurt them any more, and take care of the missionaries, and don't let them get discouraged, and make the heathens learn to love Thee, and make me good and make me a missionary sometime."

After the prayers, Winnie asked, "Who has a hymn?" Two hands were raised. "Well, Fay?" "Jesus bids us shine," replied Fay.

"We will next have the slips read. Fanny, please begin."

Fanny read from her paper: "Saturday, I read about Joseph, cried out loud when his brothers were there; Sunday, read the 23rd Psalm; Tuesday, about Paul let down in a basket out of a window and got safe away from some wicked folks that wanted to kill him; Wednesday, I forgot to write it down; Thursday, about Peter seeing a great sheet full of live things come down from heaven; to-day, was about a woman that asked Jesus for some water."

It took quite a while to hear all the slips read, but there was no lack of interest. The smaller children had no slips—they were learning from others what wonderful things were told in the Bible. Then all joined in singing, "My precious Bible."

"Roy will now take up the offering." The youngest member present took the basket to all, and received from each a cent or more of their own earnings or savings to give to missions.

"Who would like to give this money to Jesus in prayer?" asked Winnie. Several hands were raised. "Grace will, and then we will join her in our offering verse." "O Lord Jesus, please to accept this money; it is not very much, but may it do some good in saving the heathen; and show us how to earn some more for Thee, amen," prayed Grace, as all stood with her; then softly and reverently, with closed eyes, they sang:

"Accept the offering that we bring,
With earnest, loving hearts to Thee;
Thou art our Saviour and our King;
May we Thy faithful followers be."

The "minutes of the last meeting" were called for, read, and "approved." "The leader for next meeting" was "moved" and "seconded" and the duty accepted without any delay. The report of the Lookout Committee was given, and as two members were sick they were prayed for by a little boy.

"Is there any other business?" the leader asked. Mrs. Mayne said, "For memory verses at next meeting, those who have not yet finished their acrostics may do so; those who have, may get Bible verses that teach us we should be polite. Instead of slips telling what you read each day, I have a new plan for you. You have brought slips telling the bad weeds you want to root out of your heart-gardens, and the good seeds you want to grow there. If we sow seeds, we want blossoms and fruit. Now, unless our good thoughts and wishes bear beautiful words and looks and deeds, they will die, and hinder the growth of other good seeds. Let us, this coming week, see how much we can help the good seeds bear fruit—deeds of kindness. To help us remember better, let us each night write down at least one thing that we have done, or borne patiently, for Jesus' sake. We will not tell any one, nor show the slips; they are for Him, not that others may praise us. Writing them down will make us more watchful for ways to help. At our next meeting we will put the slips, without any names on them, on my table. Then I will read them aloud; not to boast of our doings, but to help each other find ways to please Him. Do not wait for great things to do; we can best show our love in little every-day things. If you give to another the apple you want yourself; if you do not 'pay back' any unkindness; if you take care of baby cheerfully when you want to finish a lovely story; if you see that mother has plenty of wood and water ready for her; if you are polite in giving a seat or opening a door unasked; anything done with the thought, 'I will

do this for Jesus, to help the seeds of gentleness, love, patience, neatness,' will please Him, and He will love to stay in your sweet heart-garden. Pray about it every day, and thank Him for helping you."

After singing a verse, standing, Winnie said, "We will now have our mission talk by Mrs. Mayne." Everyone looked eagerly at Mrs. Mayne as she began. She had been giving them vivid word-pictures of the wonderful life and work of Rev. Dr. Mackay, gleaned from his thrilling book, "From Far Formosa," omitting everything beyond the comprehension of the younger members. Mabel had always thought that missionary books and addresses were "all alike, full of horrid things," and she rarely came in the way of learning any better. But as Mrs. Mayne reviewed previous talks for about three minutes, just touching upon the different points, she found herself getting interested, and wanted to know all about this and that. But the ten or fifteen minutes allowed for the talk would not permit of a long review. Before the talk was finished, she had made up her mind: "I'll get that book just as soon as I go home."

The meeting was closed by singing "God be with you till we meet again," as they stood with clasped hands forming a chain; and the Lord's Prayer was offered, each sentence being given by a different member, so that those who had not prayed earlier in the meeting did so in this way.

Then the children bade Mrs. Mayne a loving good-bye, and went away with hearts made stronger for life's joys and pleasures as well as its duties and temptations by the hour spent together in the Junior meeting. As Mrs. Mayne bade Mabel good-bye, she held her hand a moment, and looking tenderly into her face, she asked, "Are you His friend, dear?" A quick rush of tears to Mabel's eyes, and her trembling lips, showed she could not answer in words. "He loves you so!" was all that Mrs. Mayne added aloud, but she silently prayed that Mabel might be led to accept His love. Tessie was in the hall, speaking to some friends, and so Mabel had time to recover herself before she joined her. She was unwilling for Tessie to know how very deeply she had been moved by the earnest atmosphere of that children's meeting.

The last hymn they sang that night was "I have a Saviour." The two girls went up the stairs with their arms about each other. At Mabel's door Tessie held her very close as she kissed her good-night, and looking at her with yearning love she whispered, "But oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too." Then she passed on to her own room to pray for Mabel. She seemed almost a Christian the past evening, but "almost is but to fail," and Tessie found comfort only by taking her case to the Master, and leaving it there.

Mabel entered her pretty little room, now filled with the bright moonlight, closed her door, and crossed the floor to her window with the longing cry, "Oh, I do want Him! How can I find

Him? How can I get rid of this hard, wicked heart? Oh, how unloving and ungrateful I have been! I should think He would just hate me!" "He loves you!" came back the words of Mrs. Mayne. And Mabel's soul went out in a great gush of love to the compassionate Saviour who had redeemed her, and as she knelt down to pray as she had never prayed before, her heart was filled with the peace that passeth all understanding, and the love of her Jesus seemed to enfold her like a garment. Her last thought as she fell asleep was "He loves me, and I am His!"

Old Barns, N.S.

Hamilton '98.

CONCERNING our plans for the Juniors! They are growing rapidly. We are planning for the best Junior Sunrise Prayer-meeting you ever attended. The bright enthusiastic Juniors of Hamilton are going to conduct a truly model meeting. Then will come our "Junior Breakfast," which has become so enjoyable a feature to our Junior workers—and there will be some "after-breakfast" speeches—"Snapshots in Child-Study." A Junior School of Methods will be conducted, from which you may carry home thoughts, *new and old*, with spiritual enthusiasm to lead the girls and boys to higher planes of service.

The Junior Rally programme will have to be kept for another time. Sufficient to say that we are going to have an exercise specially written and prepared for the occasion, "Her Majesty's Ship Junior Endeavor."

Junior Superintendents are urged to remember the "Junior Workshop," and *now* is the time to be preparing for it. Your loving thought and prayers will help the convention and our important work.

Yours in service,

LOTTIE E. WIGGINS.

Bright Suggestions.

A Sunshine Hour

A SUGGESTION for summer meetings might not be amiss. Have the Juniors meet before the regular hour of service on the lawn; and make some fancy or useful article. Call this hour the "Sunshine Hour, and follow it with a bright prayer meeting.

The Song Service.

Occasionally let some special committee select the hymns, and allow each member of that committee to give out the hymn of his choice. The committee should meet before the meeting and plan so that their service may be harmonious. The Juniors will enjoy this innovation and feel a responsibility about its success.

Temperance Literature.

For the next few weeks, temperance literature is to be widely scattered in the interests of our plebis-

cite campaign. The Juniors will make faithful workers to distribute this literature and will do it, with care, when given their directions by those in charge of this important educational force.

Prayer and Advice.

Many Junior societies have a custom of celebrating, in some way or other, the birthdays of their members. The Juniors are expected to bring in as many pennies as they are years old, and it is always best that special prayers should be offered for those who have entered upon a new year of their life, and the superintendent may well give a word of loving advice as to how this new year shall be spent.

Notes on the Junior Topics.

By Lily M. Scott.

Honoring Parents.

July 3.—How are we to honor father and mother? Eph. 6: 1-4; Prov. 17: 6, 25.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Command with promise. Ex. 20: 12. Tuesday: Honoring by obedience. Prov. 1: 7, 8. Wednesday: By upright living. Prov. 23, 24. Thursday: Joseph's faithfulness. Gen. 45: 9-11. Friday: Absalom's disloyalty. 2 Sam. 15: 6, 13. Saturday: Christ's example. Luke 2: 51.

The best reading lesson for this meeting will be the story of Joseph. Select, not only the part given in one of the Daily Readings, but various other little sketches of his life, such as: Gen. 37: 3-11, 37: 13-36, 39: 2-6, 39: 20-33, 40: 2-15, etc., etc. It might be well to select those of the Juniors who read wisely and have them give these, or other selections, as readings; then have Gen. 45: 9-11, also Gen. 46: 29-30, read by the Juniors in concert.

Refer to the commandment with a promise attached to it. Christ Himself set us an example in honoring our parents (Luke 2: 51). In contrast, a short sketch of the life of Absalom may be given by some Junior who is clever at writing. This, of course, should be prepared beforehand.

One of the main objects of the Junior meetings is to stimulate, as much as possible, a *desire* for a knowledge of the Bible and its characters. Then, too, in talking with children, it is well to be explicit. Remind the Juniors of the spirit of the old nursery rhyme, which began, "I love my mother," said little John," but he left her the water and the wood to bring. Emphasize the fact that a child's first duty to a parent is obedience. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."

Samuel.

July 10.—Lessons from the life of Samuel. 1 Sam. 3: 1-10.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Consecrated to the Lord. 1 Sam. 1: 24-28. Tuesday: Favor with God and men. 1 Sam. 2: 18, 19, 26. Wednesday: A prophet of the Lord. 1 Sam. 3: 19-21. Thursday: A faithful judge. 1 Sam. 12: 1-5. Friday: Reproving the king. 1 Sam. 15: 22-29. Saturday: Sorrowing for the king. 1 Sam. 15: 34, 35.

Each month brings to us the study of some Bible hero. Last month it was a soldier; this month a prophet. One charm of this story is that it begins with the childhood of Samuel. Connect the last topic with this by speaking of the great benefit and influence of a praying mother. Those Juniors who have such, have a double duty of honor to parents. As for those who are not so happy, tell them that God is our Father, He will lift up the beggars from

the dust, and set them among princes, and make them inherit the throne of glory.

Explain the meaning of his name. Samuel, "heard of God." When very small, he was taken to serve in the temple (1 Sam. 2: 18). Tell the story of the crest and motto of the Black Prince, which has been used by every Prince of Wales since his time—"I serve." Every Junior may have that for his motto, and, like Samuel, "minister before the Lord. Though in comparative obscurity, Samuel has been steadfastly moving on according to the purpose of God. "All Israel, from Dan to Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord."

Select some of the prominent incidents in Samuel's life, and dwell upon them. The place where the people said, "Make us a king to judge us like all the nations." In his trouble, where did Samuel go for counsel? Then, where Samuel anointed Saul, and "God gave him another heart." Also Samuel's bearing when he retired from his great position (1 Sam. 12). Teach the Juniors the beauty of humility. Blessed is he who can say, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Again Samuel comes into prominence when the Lord calls upon him to anoint the son of Jesse as king. Other scenes may be selected if preferred. The chief lessons to be learned are, the advantages of early piety, the beauty of humility, and the value of absolute reliance upon God. Refer to where the sons of Jesse passed before Samuel, and where he would have made a mistake in his selection, had not God told him to look not alone on the outward appearance.

Winning Others.

July 17.—Why and how should we try to make others Christians? Acts 26: 22-29.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: God's love for them, John 3: 16. Tuesday: Their danger, 1 John 5: 12. Wednesday: Our responsibility, Ezek. 33: 8, 9. Thursday: Tell them of Jesus, John 1: 40-42. Friday: Tell Jesus of them, John 12: 20-22. Saturday: Read the Bible with them, Acts 8: 27-35.

Most Juniors have studied grammar. Refer them to the noun and adjective formed from the verb "win"—"winsomeness" and "winsome." He who would win others must himself be winsome.

As it is the summer season why not make this meeting take the form of a flower celebration, a picnic, or some other gathering, which brings the children together outside. As it is to be a missionary meeting have it of such a nature that it may bring pleasure to those outside the circle of Juniors. There may be other young people whom the Juniors wish to have as members of their circle. Invite them to this gathering, and make it so pleasant for them that they will see the beauty and "winsomeness" of a thoroughly healthy religion; or, perhaps, there are old people who would be glad of a visit from the Juniors and a few flowers and ferns, the trophies of their outing.

It may be pleasant and profitable to have this meeting one where the Juniors may write and read little papers on the Bird and Plant life of their own country. Teach the Juniors to love and study nature. Encourage them to follow Ruskin's advice—go out and lie down on the green grass, making our bed on it; before we have to lay our bodies under it, using it as a covering.

If we have had a dreadful illness, and some means of healing had been offered us, which, when tried, at once restored us to health, would we not be anxious to give it to others similarly afflicted? So it was with Paul. Read Acts 26: 22. We are even commanded to warn others (Ezek. 23: 8-9).

"An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless—
The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they are all!"

Our religion should charm and attract. It should show itself in a pleasant face—a cheerful smile, gentle tones, courteous manners. It should be kindly and thoughtful for the comfort of others—willing to serve, slow to push personal claims, quick to sympathize and help.

A Happy Home.

July 24.—How may we have a happy home? Deut. 6: 3-9.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Jesus in the home, Mark 1: 29-31. Tuesday: The Bible in the home, Deut. 6: 6-9. Wednesday: Godliness in the home, Ps. 101: 36, 37. Thursday: Obedience in the home, Eph. 6: 1, 2. Friday: Kind words in the home, Prov. 12: 25. Saturday: Christ supreme, Matt. 10: 36, 37.

Ask, at the previous meeting, that each Junior may bring a definition of a home. It is surprising the various ideas given on this subject. From the definitions given, an idea can often be formed as to the personal feeling for home of the Junior himself, the ruling spirit of the home, and the general rules which govern the life of that home.

Having taken the ideas of home, select the best points, write them on the blackboard, and from them get the definition of an ideal home. Then find out what is the Junior's part in creating or rather forming a part of such a home. Select as reading lessons for meeting Deut. 6: 3-9. Of what do we talk the most? Usually of that which most occupies our thoughts.

Strive to excel in making our homes happy, as in doing other things. Let the failure of to-day help to make to-morrow better. An artist when asked, "What is your best picture?" answered, "My next." Teach the Juniors the value of gentle tones. They help greatly to preserve peace when there is danger of friction.

Covetousness.

July 31.—Why are we not to covet? Ex. 20: 17, Luke 12: 13-21.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Achan's covetousness, Josh. 7: 20, 21. Tuesday: Ahab's covetousness, 1 Kings 21: 4, 15, 16. Wednesday: Gehazi's covetousness, 2 Kings 5: 20-24. Thursday: Without covetousness, Heb. 13: 5. Friday: First the kingdom of God, Matt. 6: 33. Saturday: Godliness with contentment, 1 Tim. 6: 6.

Explain to the Juniors that this word is formed from an old Latin word which means to desire. Have the Juniors tell just wherein the sin of covetousness lies. It so often leads to other sins, such as theft or murder. Read at the meeting the stories of Achan, Ahab, and Gehazi, which are given in the Daily Readings.

God must have seen how liable people were to this sin, for it is given special mention in one of the commandments. Every person in the Old Testament who committed this sin received a severe punishment, in order that people might know wherein lay the danger. Contrast covetousness with contentment. Which brings the most happiness (1 Tim. 6: 6)? Show that where there is a covetous feeling, there can be no real content. All sorts of ugly feelings creep in—anger, envy, malice. There is one place in the Bible where Paul urges us to covet. Take for motto for next week, "Covet earnestly the best gifts" (1 Cor. 12: 31).

Books and Periodicals

New Books.

A Successful Canadian Book.

MR. F. Clifford Smith, of Montreal, has had the gratifying distinction—rare as it is with our Canadian authors—of having a third edition of his first book placed on the market. Such is the good fortune of his "A Lover in Homespun and Other Stories," published by William Briggs, and which first appeared less than two years ago. Mr. Smith has no reason to complain either of his reception by the reading public or of his treatment by the reviewers. The London *Literary World* declares the stories "compare favorably with similar selections in which Scotch, Welsh, and Irish rural life have been exploited." The success of his first venture certainly must be encouraging to this young Canadian writer, from whom we may confidently expect great things in the future. We notice that the new edition has as frontispiece an excellent portrait of the author.

The Girl at Cobhurst.

There is a flavor about Frank R. Stockton's work that is inimitable. This new story of his is possessed of that same quality that has made "Rudder Grange" and "The Lady or the Tiger" famous. He has the happy faculty of throwing into relief the salient features of ordinary mortals so that they become interesting individuals indeed, while his quiet humor flows through the whole course of the story, sparkling as it flows. Ralph Haverley is a young man who comes into a large inheritance. Two Matrimonial Schemers,—Miss Panney, a most eccentric old lady, and La Fleur, an artful French cook, undertake to provide him with a suitable helpmeet. The interest of the story, as one or the other gains an advantage and the tide of love ebbs to and fro, is always kept at the highest point. When we say that this is one of Mr. Stockton's most characteristic stories, we do not need to use higher terms of appreciation. It is a charming love story. [Toronto: Copp Clark Co.]

The Victor's Crowns.

There is no name that stands higher as a preacher than that of Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester. For method, freshness, scholarship and literary finish he is unexcelled. A volume of sermons from his pen never disappoints. Indeed Dr. Maclaren seems to be steadily improving upon himself, and it is a question if he has ever published anything quite so good as the series of sermons in the volume before us. The title is drawn from the series of seven discourses from the second and third chapters of Revelations with which the volume begins. There are thirty-two sermons in all; and what impresses one in reading them is their uniform high excellence. There is no padding. There are no dull passages. This great preacher is a genius as an expositor. Under his treatment the Scriptures glow with fresh light and glory. He is never drawn away from God's Word in choosing his themes. The Bible is to him an inexhaustible mine, and he is continually surprising you with the treasures which he uncovers. Like all great preachers, Dr. Maclaren has a lively fancy. He is quick to discern resemblances in things, and is a master in the art of speech. His pages

glisten with pictures and emblems, with descriptions and comparisons—windows through which the truth flashes in myriad forms. After reading these sermons, one does not wonder that for over thirty years the people have thronged to listen to this eminent divine. He has always a message, and such a message as human hearts everywhere are hungry to hear. [Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.; 316 pages, \$1.25.]

Periodicals.

OUTING for June is a delightful number, filled with the breezy freshness of these fair June days. The bicycle is very prominent, and yachting has more than the usual space. All other departments are generously treated, and the illustrations are up to the usual high standard. The contents are as follows: "Through the Shenandoah Valley Awheel," by Daniel F. Gay; "A June Day on Egg Island, Alaska," by Geo. C. Cantwell; "Bicycling in the Black Forest," by Anson P. Atterbury; "Canadian Golf," by John P. Roche; "A People's Playground," by Ed. W. Sandys; "A Maiden Effort," by the late Kathleen Sullivan; "Black Bars on the Orange Watershed," by Llewellyn H. Johnston; "Bluefishing off Montauk"; and the usual editorials, poems, and records.

While conserving its general literary interests, *McClure's Magazine* for June makes good its title of a War Number. Beginning with an effective patriotic cover and a frontispiece portrait of the commander of the armies, General Miles, the special character of the number is continued by an article by General Fitzhugh Lee, giving the observations and impressions gathered by him as Consul-General of Havana on Cuba, and its people and government, and the war for freedom. This is fully illustrated with portraits of Cuban rulers and leaders and pictures of Cuban scenes and incidents. Stephen Bonsal, writing from Admiral Sampson's flagship, the very centre of operations, tells the story of the movements and adventures of the blockading fleet, and his article is illustrated from photographs taken by him aboard the flagship. L. A. Coolidge tells some heroic stories of Dewey, Sampson, and the other fighting leaders. Joseph Earle Stevens writes of Manila out of his own experience as a resident there. There is still other war matter in the number, and there are an interesting instalment of Anthony Hope's novel, an excellent short story by Octave Thanet, and Charles A. Dana's recollections of his own connection with the Secret Service and of an historic visit to General Sheridan.

"Torpedoes and Torpedo Boats" is the subject of the leading illustrated paper in the June number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. B. B. Croffut tells the history and progress of these little engines of destruction, and describes their manufacture, cost and manipulation. "The Working of a Modern Mine," by Jas. Harold Thompson, tells of the life of the miners at work, and is well illustrated. A pretty piece of music is contributed by John Philip Sousa, the "March King," the words to which were written by Hunter MacCulloch. The Disciples of Christ are described by Rev. S. T. Willis, with many good pictures. Henry Clay Colver has an interesting account of the resources of Seattle, Wash., which is illustrated with views of the principal buildings and points of interest. There are numerous other good things, including several short stories, the department for boys and girls, etc.

As its opening feature the June *Ladies Home Journal* interestingly presents a series of characteristic anecdotes of Mrs. Cleveland, illustrated with photographs made especially for the article. With the concluding letters of the series giving "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife" in Washington the authorship is disclosed and much curious interest gratified. The poetic romance of the Brownings is related by Clifford Howard, in an article on "The Most Beautiful Love Story in Literature," and the Shaker community of Mount Lebanon is described by Madeline S. Bridges. Edward Bok has a vigorous editorial page, while Lillian Bell has crossed the Russian frontier, and writes of her journey, her experiences, and of the people she met in Poland. Mrs. S. T. Rorer writes on soups and on fruits, and the *Journal* architect presents plans for three small churches. Four special pages are devoted to women's gowns, and there are articles on needlework, and nearly every feature of home life is touched upon.

AFRICA is the inexhaustible subject chiefly treated in *The Missionary Review of the World* for June. Frederic Perry Noble, Secretary of the Chicago Congress on Africa, gives an able condensed history of the progress of "Protestant Christianity in

Africa." A more readable and scarcely less valuable article is contributed by Mr. John L. Dube, a native Christian Zulu, on "Zululand and the Zulus." This is exceedingly interesting and instructive, and is amply illustrated from unique and characteristic photographs. "The Future of the American Negro," by Principal Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee Institute, deals ably with the problems of the colored race in America. The Editor-in-Chief discusses the subject of the "Development of Independent Missions" in a way which is sure to attract attention. The Missionary Digest contains articles by President Francis E. Clark on "Do Foreign Missions Pay?" and on the "Funeral of George Muller," the Patriarch and Prophet of Bristol. In the International Department there is a striking sketch of Dr. Guido F. Verbeck, the "Man without a Country," who so long and faithfully served Christ in Japan, and whose name is held in such high honor by all in the Island Empire.

The *Atlantic* for June gives the place of honor to an editorial discussion and summary, patriotic but judicial, of the War with Spain and After. Ira Nelson Hollis, Professor of Engineering in Harvard University, follows with a graphic article upon "The Uncertain Factors in Naval Conflicts," in which he discusses and explains the points most generally unknown as to the nature and elements which make up the fighting powers of a modern navy vessel and the provisions for resistance to attack and injury. The issue is equally strong as an educational number, and Professor C. Hanford Henderson's "New Programme in Education," with its revolutionary proposal to overturn all accepted traditions and methods for the early training of children; Frederic Burk's "Normal Schools and the Training of Teachers," with its pungent criticism of the present systems of pedagogics; and D. S. Sanford's "High School Extension" with its sensible and practical suggestions for home and post-school culture, each is his own way,—will challenge the attention of every educator and every parent. The *Atlantic* series of Western sketches is brilliantly continued in "The Montanians" by Rev. Rolin Lynde Hartt, who presents a vivid picture of the rise, growth, and decadence of land, mining and ranching booms in the Northwest, together with lively descriptions of life and character therein. Important essays and reviews are a "Successful Bachelor" (a sketch of the life of Henry Crabb Robinson) by Leon H. Vincent, "A New Estimate of Cromwell" by James Ford Rhodes, and careful articles upon Bodley's France and Henry George's "Political Economy."

The table of contents for *The Chautauquan* for June is replete with literary matter of timely interest, designed to attract the public eye. "The Navy of the United States," written by Henry W. Raymond and illustrated with reproductions of the different kinds of war vessels, is an important feature. The well-known writer, F. Schuyler Mathews, tells of "The Beauty of Early Wild Flowers" in his inimitable style, and the illustrations are drawings from his own pen. Anna Botsford Comstock, professor of Entomology in Cornell University, presents an abundance of interesting facts in her "Insect Domestic Economy," illustrated by her own drawings. Apropos of the coming vacation time Dora M. Morrell writes a practical paper on "A Trip Abroad for Light Pocket-Books." This issue is made notable in a literary way by a number of scholarly papers, among which are "The Newspaper and Periodical Press of Germany" by Thomas B. Preston; a remarkably well-written article by Prof. William Cranston Lawton, of Adelphi College, entitled "The Influence of Latin Upon English"; the exciting incidents of a ballooning trip taken by Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, now of the Smithsonian Institution, during the Civil War, related by William Jones Rhees.



"Nashville '98"—Final.

BEFORE this issue of the HERALD reaches its readers, our illustrated folder, re Canadian excursion to "Nashville '98," will be in the hands of all who have sent their addresses. The folder contains, in detail, particulars respecting

route, hours of departure and rates from various points in Ontario and Quebec, billleting arrangements, what to bring with you, etc. The intention has been to anticipate every inquiry, thus saving correspondence and delay. If you have not received a copy, drop a post-card and one will be sent by return mail.

To secure a place with our Canadian party, application must be made on a blank form sent out with the folder, accompanied by a deposit for sleeping-car berth, not later than June 30th—earlier the better.

A Canadian National Rally will be held at Nashville on Friday morning, arranged by the Canadian Council of Christian Endeavor, with Mr. G. Tower Fergusson, chairman of the C.C.C.E., presiding.

The Canadian badge, decorations, etc., will be unique, announcing Canada as the "Land of Gold"—golden grain and golden nuggets—and all the decorations will be in keeping. The idea is being carefully worked out. Suggestions are solicited. Badges, etc., will be for sale on the train by Master Chas. Eggett, a Junior from the Broadview Ave. Congregational society, Toronto, who has been chosen as "Canadian excursion news agent."



SUPPER IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

You will, of course, send for the folder, but remember that even *it* does not enumerate all the good things in store for those who accompany the Canadian party. Many surprises are being planned.

Last call! Decide to go to Nashville, or regret it when too late.

Yours for the delegation from Canada, "The Land of Gold."

C. J. ATKINSON,
26 Langley Ave., Toronto.

THE Chinese believe that a man has three souls—one remains with the corpse, one with the ancestral tablet, and one goes into the spirit world. When a member of the family is very ill they think one soul has left the body. They then go out and wail, loudly and piteously pleading for the spirit to come back, at the same time, if at night, holding a lantern to show it how to return. These mournful cries are often heard in the night, and are really heart-rending. One tells of the children in one family going out and begging a little brother to return, crying, "Little b-r-o-th-er! little b-r-o-th-er!" until others were moved to tears.

The Societies at Work

Our News Department.

TO stimulate interest in this part of the HERALD, and to encourage our readers to write, a reward was offered by me last month for the best written item of news, not to exceed 60 words. This reward goes to J. R., Picton, Ont.

OFFER FOR JULY.

For the best written and most interesting item of news (not more than 60 words) received by me before July 17th I will give a copy of "Ben Hur" Address. "The News Editor, Endeavor Herald, Toronto. I would especially like to hear from societies outside of Ontario.

Kindly allow me to suggest a few classes of news that I especially desire to receive:

1. Any unusual accession to your church from the associate membership
2. Any special work undertaken by your society.
3. Money granted to mission work, noting briefly how it was raised.
4. Anything of general interest developed in any meeting of your society.
5. New methods of committee work, that have proved successful.
6. Ways of helping your church and pastor that have been found useful.
7. Very brief accounts of local, county, and denominational union meetings.
8. One good point from an address or a paper read before the society. In fact anything of a Christian Endeavor nature that is practical, original, and helpful.

Yours in the work.

THE NEWS EDITOR.

From the Ontario Treasurer.

I desire to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following pledges to the work of the Provincial Union for May, 1898:—
Northcote Presby'n 35c., 10th Kincardine Union 50c., Brantford, Sydenham E.L. of C. E., \$1.00, Strathroy, St. Andrews Pres 1.00, London, Southern Cong'l. 1.00, Trenton, Grace Ch. E.L. of C. E., 1.00, Kincardine Knox Ch., 1.00, Brantford, Brant Ave., 2.00, Newburgh, Pres., 1.00, Toronto, Erskine, 1.00, Nanticoke E.L. of C. E., 1.00, Fonthill E. L. of C. E., 1.00, Holstein E.L. of C. E., 1.50, Dromore 1.00, Bridgenorth, Gilmore 1.00, Tiverton Pres., 50, Kingston, Queen St. 1.00, Kingston 1st Bapt. 50, Newbridge E.L. of C. E. 1.00, Odessa Meth., 50, Kimmount 1.00, Braeside 1.00, Canfield Meth. 1.00, Eden Grove 1.00, Perth, Knox Pres., 1.00, Goderich Union Pres. 1.00, Waterdown Pres. 1.00, Wallaceburg, 1.00, Crown Hill .50, Blenheim .60, Arnou, Chalmers, 1.00, Hagersville 1.00, Glanford, 1.00.

Will the societies which have not as yet redeemed their pledges for the year closing June 30th, 1898, please do so without any further delay.

W. J. DOHERTY,

London, Ont. Treasurer.

Hamilton Notes.

THE Junior Union held its semi-annual rally in Wesley Church on the evening of Friday, June 3rd. Before the time appointed for the commencement of the pro-

gramme, standing room only could be secured. The church was beautifully decorated. Tall palms fenced in the platform, and the choir gallery seemed like a large basket of flowers, so tastefully were the plants arranged. Though space will not allow us to mention all those who assisted, we feel that special praise is due the president, Mr. Stewart, and his two faithful helpers, Misses Stevenson and Harrison, who took so much pains to make the surroundings beautiful. Mr. Jas. Stewart was chairman, and after the opening devotional exercises, led by Rev. J. F. Barker and Miss J. Binney, he made a few remarks, referring to the Union and its work. Mr. Barker then addressed the gathering, speaking of the young people's work, and, in his characteristic style, booming the '98 convention.

The programme was then proceeded with, the first number and the principal feature of the rally being the cantata, entitled "The Junior Garden," as given at San Francisco and also at St. Thomas. Fifty-nine of our Juniors took part, each society representing some part of the garden and the work in connection with it.

After the cantata a splendid programme of music and recitations was given by the Juniors. It consisted of a duet by Miss Ruby Newcombe and Master Wm. Buscombe; a chorus by the Lock St. society; solo, Miss Flossie Kinrade; reading, Ida Carpenter; chorus, Simcoe St. society; solo, Master Robbie Symmers; reading, Miss Marion Murray, and a beautiful fancy drill by sixteen Zion Tabernacle Juniors.

Mr. C. McLeod then, on behalf of the Union, presented the banners to the six societies having the largest percentage of their members present during the past six months. They were: Erskine, Lock St., First Congregational, Wesley, Centenary, and the Waterdown society.

It is the intention of the Union to give the banners in November to the six societies having the largest percentage taking part at each meeting. The meeting closed with the singing of the national anthem.

THE regular monthly business meeting of our Union, held on Friday, May 27th, was in many respects the best meeting our Union has ever enjoyed. At the previous meeting a resolution had been adopted to send special invitations to the pastors to attend our business meetings. The secretary conformed with this,

and the result was a larger turnout of advisers, for such they are considered by our Union. Dr. Beavis addressed the meeting after the usual reports had been received, in the course of his remarks enjoining the members to more consecrated service. He referred to the last sermon he had listened to, delivered by the late Rev. J. Van Wyck, the theme of which was "Saved to Serve." He also eulogized on the life and death of the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone. This meeting proved a deep blessing to a large number of representatives.

IMMANUEL CONG'L SOCIETY gave a book social in the early part of May. Some of Hamilton's good singers took part in the programme. Refreshments were served and a nice evening spent. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Watson, presided.

THE '98 Convention Committee is hard at work. They are meeting with great encouragement. Plans are taking more definite proportions and we will soon be able to tell you more about the preparations.

Territorial Convention.

Seventh Annual Gathering held at Moosomin, N. W. T., April 7 and 8.

THE best convention we have yet held," was the general opinion expressed by those who were fortunate enough to have attended this inspiring rally of western Endeavorers. On the afternoon of April 7th, after opening devotional exercises, three five-minute papers were read: "The Tenth Legion," by Miss Danard; "The New Society," by Mrs. Mennie; "Systematic Study of the Bible," by Miss Hastings. Each paper was followed by full and free discussion.

This was followed by a "Pastors' Hour," participated in by a large number of pastors.

A very fine paper on "The Quiet Hour" was read by Miss Carrie Bray. This was a beautiful and strong plea for more meditation on the part of Endeavorers, and an earnest exhortation to a higher spiritual life.

Miss Allie Tillen received commendation for a well-prepared paper on "Sabbath Observance."

A bright paper on "The Place of Christian Endeavor in Canada's National Development" was given by Mr. W. T. Hamilton.

Two of the best addresses ever delivered at a western convention were those given by Rev. Hugh Pedley on "The New Protestantism" and "The Mission of the Church." Mr. Pedley is a splendid speaker, a close reasoner, has a charming voice, and, in addition, is possessed of an earnestness that freights his words with deep meaning.

Officers for next year are as follows: President, A. H. Smith, B.A., Moosomin; 1st vice-president, R. A. Magee, Wolseley; 2nd vice-president, Miss A. Tillen, Moose Jaw; secretary-treasurer, J. Buchanan, Moosomin; Junior supt., Miss Aggie Cameron, Moosomin; directors, J. Dobbin, Regina, Mr. McKee, Moose Jaw, Miss C. Bray, Grenfell, J. Dalgleish, Moosomin, A. M. Fraser, Indian Head, H. E. Dill, Moosomin.

From the secretary's report are gleaned the following facts: There are now 77 societies on the roll, with a membership of 1133 active and 616 associate. The denominational standing of these societies is as follows: Union, 31; Methodist, 22; Presbyterian, 19; Baptist, 5. There are 7 Junior societies. Of the societies reporting, 13 have given to missions, \$257.40; 97 persons have joined the church.

The Junior rally was—as is generally the case at a C. E. convention—a most interesting time. A splendid miscellaneous programme was rendered by about sixty bright Juniors, who marched into the church singing "Our Junior band is marching on."

The annual address by President Fraser was an able *resumé* of C. E. principles and work, and elicited warm applause. The '99 convention will be held at Moose Jaw.

Manitoba Christian Endeavor Convention.

Annual Gathering at Portage La Prairie, May 21-24.

Saturday, May 21.—The town was taken possession of to-day by the Christian Endeavor delegates and their friends to the number of about 200, for the annual provincial convention. They were met at the stations by the reception committees and escorted to the Methodist church, where an address of welcome was tendered on behalf of the town by Mayor Garland, and on behalf of the local C. E. by W. W. Millar, which were responded to by Mr. Clements, of Brandon, and Mr. Stewart, of Winnipeg.

Sunday, May 22.—There was a large turn out at the early prayer service of the Christian Endeavor

convention in the Baptist church. It was led by Miss Lina B. DuVal, of Winnipeg.

The congregations of the various churches were augmented by the addition of many delegates. In the Methodist church the morning service was taken by Mr. C. N. Hunt, of Minneapolis, the pastor, Rev. C. W. Dean, being too ill to preach. Mr. Hunt took his text, Hebrews, 2nd chapter, 3rd verse: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation," and preached a masterful sermon. Mr. Hunt is an earnest and fluent speaker.

The Sabbath schools were attended by a large number. At the mass meeting for ladies in the Methodist church at 4 o'clock there was an unusually large number and great interest taken in the addresses by Mrs. (Dr.) Lane, Mrs. Russell and Miss Russell.

At the Baptist church a meeting for men, in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., was held and addressed by R. C. Horn, of Winnipeg.

The pulpit of the Methodist church was occupied in the evening by Mr. W. H. Thomson, assistant secretary of the Manitoba C. E. Union. The meeting took the shape of platform addresses by S. E. Clement, of Brandon, and J. Frazer Cocks, of St. Andrews North.

The meetings culminated in an immense mass meeting in the Presbyterian church, which was packed to the doors, and standing room at a premium, many having to be turned away for lack of space. Mr. C. N. Hunt, of Minneapolis, led the meeting. His subject was "Unconditional Surrender." He gave a powerful address on the text, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God."

Monday, May 23.—The morning prayer meeting of the convention to-day was led by W. A. Fairly, and devotional exercises conducted by Rev. McRae. The cash on hand is \$203.83.

The president's address at the provincial Christian Endeavor convention to-day was lengthy and exhaustive and dealt with the growth of the society for the last seven years, or since organization. While there were many drawbacks, yet there was a continual progress each year. Owing to quite a few of the societies not reporting in the proper time they had to approximate to a great extent. The outlook for the future was very hopeful.

The secretary's report gave the statistics for the year. He reported the Union to be composed of the following denominations. Metho-

dist, 45; Presbyterians, 43; Episcopalians, 1; Disciples, 1; Congregational, 1; Union Societies, 27; total, 118; Junior C. E.'s, 41, grand total 159. There are 2876 active members, 1511 associate, and 243 honorary.

The treasurer presented a balance sheet, showing a balance on hand to start the year of \$203.83.

The time devoted to reports from delegates was fully taken up by one-minute reports, all showing a very cheering and hopeful feeling existing in the province.

The afternoon meeting was opened with P. McPherson, of Portage la Prairie, as a chairman. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. A. Lewis. "The Endeavorer in the Home" was ably presented by Miss Morrison, of Boissevain. "The Endeavorer in the Church" was dealt with by J. Frazer Cocks in a ten minutes' address. "The Endeavorer in the World" by Miss Barbara Thynne, of Souris, was a very neat address and presented a great number of new thoughts which tended to show that this talented young lady has a keen insight into human nature.

A discussion on the above addresses was participated in by a large number of delegates.

"The Pastors' Conference," led by Rev. F. B. Du Val, was the treat of the afternoon session. The instructive remarks made by the various pastors were listened to with marked attention and judging from the notes taken will be of great use for future reference.

The hour before adjournment was taken up by Mr. Chas. N. Hunt, who in a masterly address dealt with the "Quiet Hour."

A feature of the evening session was the singing, led by a choir of forty voices, drilled by Mr. C. B. Burley. Rev. Jos. Hogg captivated the audience by his address, "What does Christian Endeavor Stand for?"

Mr. Chas. N. Hunt then gave his address on "Good Citizenship" and in eloquent language portrayed the different types of men as citizens, showing the grave, the pleasing, and the ludicrous sides of human nature.

Tuesday, May 24.—The early morning prayer meeting at the Christian Endeavor convention to-day was led by Mrs. (Rev.) J. J. Roy, and was largely attended. The devotional services were led by Rev. D. G. Macdonald.

The committee on nominations reported the officers elected for the ensuing year as following:

President, W. H. Thomson, Winnipeg; first vice, S. E. Clements, Brandon; second vice, Rev. W.

M. Rochester, Rat Portage; third vice, Miss M. Murdock, Winnipeg; secretary, N. J. Matthews, Winnipeg; assistant secretary, J. W. W. Stewart, Winnipeg; treasurer, J. T. Williams, Winnipeg; Junior superintendent, Mrs. (Dr.) Lane, Winnipeg; directors, Miss Keith, Winnipeg; Luella Rook, Minnedosa; A. E. Parsons, Portage la Prairie; J. M. Rogers, G. D. S., Carman; T. J. Nixon, Winnipeg; Rev. J. H. Morgan, Winnipeg.

Rev. H. M. Rochester's patriotic address was listened to in rapt attention and evoked frequent bursts of applause. The reverend gentleman waxed eloquent at times over his theme.

The greetings to Her Majesty were ordered to be at once transmitted. The grand Junior rally was largely attended by the young people. The conference was led by Mrs. (Rev.) Lane, who in a pleasing and feeling address urged the claims of the Juniors. Mrs. Lane, as she claimed, was filled with enthusiasm for the Junior work, and is a most pleasing and magnetic speaker. Mr. Chas. N. Hunt also gave a ten minute address.

At the afternoon session, A. M. Anderson in the chair, devotional exercises were conducted by F. H. Davidson, of Winnipeg.

The address by Rev. J. H. Rid-dell, of Wesley College, "Western needs and how to meet them," was a masterpiece, and was something to be remembered and cherished. "Medical missions, their efficiency," was given by J. A. Hall, B.A., M.D., Birtle.

The tenth session, conducted by T. J. Nixon, was a faithful exposition of this part of Christian work; he urged the claims of the church to a tenth of our increase.

An hour was devoted to "The sphere of the society": "Duties to be done," Mrs. George Scales, Winnipeg; "Dangers to be encountered," E. L. Taylor; "Encouragements to be given," Miss Luella Rooke, Minnedosa; "Results to be aimed at," H. W. Baker, Portage la Prairie, were all well given and a discussion on each theme was entered into, which was most instructive and profitable. The meeting was then thrown open for a reception to delegates and was taken advantage of to get better acquainted.

Mr. Chas. N. Hunt at this juncture presided over a question drawer.

The closing services of the convention held in the evening were most largely attended, notwithstanding the large crowds who were at the stations to see visitors off.

The address, "The Spirit Filled Life," by Chas. N. Hunt, although

the last of his addresses was not the least by any means, and was listened to with close attention by the large audience, as he pleaded for the best for Christ.

The song service during the evening was of a special nature, several solos, duets, etc., being rendered by the choir. Mr. Burley is deserving of the greatest praise for his painstaking work in this connection. The closing hour was devoted to consecration services and was fully taken advantage of by those present. All then joined in singing the closing hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." The audience was then dismissed with the Mizpah benediction, and the seventh annual convention of the Manitoba Union of Christian Endeavor was ended.

From the Capital.

Mr. Quayle, President of the Local Union, was in Montreal early in the month.

The members of Knox church Y. P.S.C.E. have organized a bicycle club.

A "Klondyke social" was given by the members of the society in connection with the West End Methodist. The affair proved quite interesting.

The Y.P.S.C.E. of the Congregational church had a "Letter Night" a short time ago. Interesting letters were read from persons who were formerly members of this society, and several of these also sent their photographs. Some of the letters came from England and the United States. The members enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Mr. McVeen, President of Erskine church society, is recovering from his recent serious illness. The Endeavorers of the city wish him a speedy recovery.

The Endeavor society of the Reformed Episcopal church has been admitted to the Local Union.

Mr. Chisnall, chairman of the Lookout Committee of the Union, is at present off on his holidays.

The Sunday afternoon meetings in the Home of the Aged on Bank St., are conducted this month by Erskine church C. E. society.

Dominion church E. L. of C. E. held a very profitable meeting on the evening of the 6th inst., under the direction of the Missionary department. Mr. R. G. Knox presided. Mrs. Halkett addressed the young people on the special work of women in missions. Mrs. Halkett's address proved exceptionally interesting and practical. Mr. Sturrocks' solo was also inspiring. A quartette was given by members of the

League. This is the largest young people's society in the Capital and it is also doing excellent work. This society supports a native missionary in Japan at \$100 per year. The membership of this society is 115. Mr. Geo. Cram is president.

A number of clergymen who took an interest in Endeavor work have left for new fields of labor, and among these we mention the Revs. Mr. Winter, Dr. Saunders and Dr. Elliott.

The Rev. R. E. Knowles, now of Galt, and a member of the Ontario Union, preached anniversary sermons to his former congregation here on the 12th inst.

The Executive of the Local Union met on the 9th inst., with a good attendance. A special committee was appointed to ascertain and make arrangements for running an excursion to Cornwall on the New York railway on Dominion Day. If arrangements can be made for such an excursion, it is likely that it will be well patronized.—H. M. McG.

Toronto News.

Eastern District.

A most successful picnic was held on May 24 at High Park by the Broadview Ave. Cong. Y.P.S.C.E. About thirty of the young people gathered at the church in the morning, and reached the park just in time for luncheon, which was highly appreciated after the long ride. In the afternoon, however, many more arrived, and various games were indulged in until tea-time. After tea the games were resumed and kept up merrily. The success of the day's outing was quite beyond the expectations of the prime movers in the matter, the weather being perfect, and the society having turned out well; while the expressions of pleasure and delight from all who attended cheered the hearts of those who had worked hard to make it a success.

Bits of News.

STRATFORD.—At our last consecration service instead of one person taking the topic, which was "Little Ways of Bettering the World," each one in response to roll-call gave something on the topic, and every member present, active and associate, responded in this way. We have a missionary meeting once a month and give two-fifths of all the money raised to missions. The Missionary Committee also conducts cottage prayer meetings at the homes of those un-

able to attend church, and gives occasionally, socials at the House of Refuge.—IDA FENTON.

WALKERTON.—Among the officers of Knox church C. E. society for the present term are: President, Mr. A. Robertson; secretary, Miss A. Morris. We have an average attendance of about 65 members. The meetings are held on Friday evening, and conducted throughout by one member. They are very interesting. Our membership is gradually increasing and altogether our society is very favorably progressing, although we miss the assistance and encouragement of a pastor in our work, the church at present being without one.—M. STEWART.

MIDLAND.—The Presby'n congregation, under the faithful pastorate of Rev. J. J. Elliott, on the evening of May 2nd organized a Y. P. S. C. E., with a membership of twelve active and ten associate. Mr. A. Carruthers was made president, with J. B. Roebuck as secretary-treasurer. The prospects are bright for a strong society, and we trust the Lord's blessing will abide richly upon them.

PARRY SOUND.—The E.L. of C. E. of the Methodist church held their semi-annual business meeting the other night for the election of officers for the coming term. Among those elected were: President, Mr. Ferris; cor.-sec., Miss E. Walden.

PICTON.—The Local Union met in Main street Methodist church on June 6th. The president, Mr. Whattam, presided. A very forcible paper on "How to spoil the consecration meeting" was read by Mr. Marsh. This was followed by the roll-call of the three societies. There was a fair representation from each society and the meeting was a success.—J. R.

KINGSTON.—I have a word of encouragement for societies that still keep the "Back Number" Committee on their list (as I heard it very improperly called at a District convention once). I refer to the Sabbath School Committee in connection with Cook's church C. E. of this city when informed recently that the library of the S. S. was sadly in need of additional books, got to work and arranged for a "Book Reception" by which 100 copies were contributed. They also arranged for and held a concert by which the sum of \$20 was realized for the purchase of new books, and so successful was the concert that the committee has been requested to repeat it, proceeds to go to library fund as before. They have consented to do so.—D. A. SHAW.

Lake St. John and the Saguenay.

WHO has not heard of the furore created amongst tourists and sportsmen by the recent opening up of a new and fascinating route to the far-famed Saguenay river in northern Canada by way of Quebec and Lake St. John? One of the most romantic round trips ever planned for a summer outing consists of a triangular trail—if we may be pardoned the paradox—from Quebec to Lake St. John by a railway that crosses the Canadian Adirondacks for 190 miles;—from Lake St. John to Chicoutimi, at the head of navigation on the Saguenay, by the last completed link of this railway, and back to Quebec by steamer through the deep rift cleft in the massive mountains of the Saguenay by the dark majestic river of the same name on its way to the sea. From the mouth of the Saguenay at Tadousac, the steamer's route to Quebec in its ascent of the noble St. Lawrence lies past the fashionable Canadian watering places of Cacouna, River du Loup, and Murray Bay, the miracle-working shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne and the lovely Isle of Orleans; the most magnificent view obtainable of rock-girt, citadel-crowned Quebec, being that to be had from the deck of the approaching steamer. But what shall we say of the ever-changing panorama of precipitous mountains towering overhead, of yawning chasms deep below, of the scores of fish-laden lakes, and the miles of rapturous-river rapids which unfolds itself to the tourist as the train follows the serpentine course of the new iron road that invades the wilderness home of the bear, the moose, the caribou, the beaver, and the aboriginal Montagnais Indian? What ideal camping sites for the artist, the angler, or the hunter! What a palatial summer hotel, and what home-like comforts at Roberval, overlooking the great inland sea, whose opposite shore is veiled from view by intervening space! This lake St. John is the source of the Saguenay and the home of the famous ouananiche or fresh-water salmon, the greatest game fish in existence. The anglers, loudest in its praises, are those who have crossed the Atlantic or come from the Southern States to give it fight in the rapid waters of the great lake's discharge, or in its mighty tributaries, some of which are over a mile wide at their mouths and hundreds of miles in length. Here the comfort and safety of the tourist or angler are looked after by the

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Odds and Ends.

Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, told to the members of the Quill Club the other evening a story of Dr. McCosh. The venerable President of Princeton on one occasion was in a company where the proposition was made to have the Apostles Creed read. "No! no!" he exclaimed emphatically. "I'll not 'descend into hell' with the Episcopalians." "Not that he really feared they were going there," added Prof. Wilson, when he could be heard above the general laughter.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

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The new village minister was making a round of calls on his bicycle among the farmers belong-

ing to his church and living in the outlying country districts. As he wheeled into one dooryard, his parishioner came out to greet him with hands extended, and exclaimed, as his pastor dismounted: "Why don't you get one of them tantrums so your wife can ride?"

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT." —These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

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Mother (to her boy sliding down the balusters): "Willie, what are you doing there?" Willie: "Making trousers for orphan boys."

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