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THE ENDEAVOR HERALD

FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

Vol. XI]

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[No. 6

The Land of Life.

By Amy Parkinson.

WHERE the west wind ever bloweth,
Where the land no shadow knoweth,
Where each sound in music floweth,
There I long to be;
Where fresh flowers each day are springing,
Where the air is full of singing,
There my thoughts are ever winging,
There friends wait for me;
Where the River clear is flowing,
And God's wondrous Tree is growing,
To that land of Life I'm going—
Friends will follow me.

Where no treachery can harm us,
Where no terrors will alarm us;
Where each day new scenes shall charm us
'Neath the cloudless dome,
Where the Lord of Life is dwelling,
Where from loving hearts are welling
Praises far beyond our telling,
Is my happy home.
Where the glad light shines so clearly
In the land I love so dearly,
Jesus, Saviour, have I nearly,
Nearly reached my home?

Toronto, Ont.

Editorial Talk.

THE highest spiritual attainments are never noisily demonstrative. The holiest are always the humblest. Grace in its most exalted moods is ever unconscious of its own

Unconscious Shining.

radiance. Trust in its truest form thinks not of its trusting nor love in its purest form of its loving. It is only in its decline that one's spirituality becomes self-conscious. Any one who boasts of the heights to which he has attained, in the same breath proclaims how far short he is from the heights to which he ought to attain. The lark that sings at heaven's gate builds on the earth her lowly nest. The apostle who followed the Master so closely thus explains his position: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect. But I follow after."

It is related that Dr. Andrew Bonar was out in Mr. Moody's garden at Northfield one early morning talking with his host. A band of happy students came along, who shouted out. "We've been having an all-night prayer meeting. Can't you see our faces shine?"

Dr. Bonar turned to them and said, with a shake of the head and a quiet smile: "Moses wist not that his face shone."

That apt reply strikes at a characteristic that is all too frequent in our day. We need to get away from the "little Jack Horner" stage of self-conscious excellence which affirms "What a good boy am I!" It is better to shine than to shout. The lighthouse does not need a bell to call attention to its shining; neither does a holy life.

In the naming of our society the supreme emphasis was never meant to be placed upon "Endeavor." Being is of greater importance than doing. If "Endeavor"

Are We Going Too Far?

calls attention to the objective side of the movement, "Christian" should stand for the subjective side. Zeal in outward activities may so fully occupy attention that the needs of the inner life may be overlooked. In a recent article in *Forward*, William T. Ellis asks if we are not going too far in the present day in calling for deeds, and if we should not put increased emphasis upon Christian character.

All Christian endeavors are not for all Christian Endeavorers. The Christian Endeavor Society is not a knight errant commissioned to right all the world's wrongs and to do all its good deeds. Neither is it an omnibus to carry all the good causes and commendable enterprises that earnest hearts have conceived.

There are limits to Christian Endeavor's field and to the duty of the individual Endeavorer. These young people are not called to do everything. In many instances it is seriously to be doubted if they are called to even the specific work that zealous leaders have planned for them. There is grave danger that in the running hither and yon in the performance of a multitude of endeavors the young disciple will have no time for developing in himself a deep-rooted, broad, and natural Christian life.

Christian Endeavor is surely of God, and its work is undoubtedly praiseworthy. But it is not fair to load upon these willing young Christians, who are training themselves to assume the responsibility of Church and State, so many burdens that they have neither time nor strength for the quiet, careful, and essential development of personal religious life. A life is more than a deed. The Endeavorer is more than the en-

deavor. Tasks need doing, certainly, but far more than it needs the performance of certain good tasks, this world needs robust, reliable men and women.

LONGED for results are not usually secured by talking about them. Results presuppose causes, and to meet the conditions is the sure and logical method of attaining results.

A Working Philosophy.

This is a point interestingly illustrated by a writer in *The Homiletic Review*. He tells how his preaching was revolutionized. "Desiring that my people should be more penitent," he says, "I chose the text, 'Not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance,' and prepared a theological lecture upon repentance. The more I considered it the more I was persuaded that no hearer would become penitent under its delivery. It came to me thus that speaking about any desired end was not calculated to produce it. In my distress as the Sabbath drew on apace I took another look at my text in hope of light, and found it. Is it possible, if I lodge this truth, the goodness of God, in my hearers' minds, and say not one word about repentance, will it cause them to be penitent? The text declares it, and I determined to try it that way. My labored lecture was laid away forever, and I brought to them a plain and tender address on the goodness of God our Father and Saviour. My sole attention and entire effort was to lodge this truth sympathetically in their minds. Result, scarcely a dry eye in the house at the close of the sermon. Then was I sure that a certain truth will produce a certain effect according to the laws that govern truths in the human mind. My determination was fixed—if I preach intelligently I must know what truth produces any given result."

This discovery is of value not only to pastors but all Christian workers. Much effort is uselessly expended because a study has not been made first of the conditions that are necessary to produce the desired results. There lies in this pastor's experience a philosophy which it would be well for all earnest workers to meditate upon and acquire.

THE quantity of spiritual power exhibited by any society is always dependent upon the private life of the members. A meeting in which the Spirit of God is manifestly present is never a fortuitous occurrence. It requires the upper room to explain Pentecost. A grand concert cannot be brought about except by a great deal of individual practice on the part of the musicians. It is the private rehearsals that tell when the concert is in progress. What is so effective took weeks and months to acquire.

The Private Rehearsal.

A story is told of a Scotch soldier who was arrested for being found in the woods near a camp. Brought before his superior, a severe,

stern, but honest man, he was asked why he went to that spot. "To pray," was the calm reply. "Then," thundered the officer, "kneel and pray now, for you never had greater need of it." He did so, realizing the peril of his position. As his prayer proceeded the place became as solemn as the chamber of death; and at the close the officer, strangely moved, said: "You may go, my man. I believe what you told me. No man could do so well on parade that was not often at drill."

It is always the private preparation that produces the powerful meetings. The glow that sends every one away saying, "What a splendid meeting!" came from the embers that were kindled by the Holy Spirit on individual hearts—altars in the quiet of the closet. It is not the bringing together of dead brands but of living souls that makes a spiritual summer. In such a place the fruits of grace will grow and the old cry of Pentecost will gladden every heart and heaven's bells will ring for joy.

In an address at the Congregational Council meetings in Brantford, the Rev. J. K. Unsworth raised the "young man question." He evidently

The Young Man

Question.

has not seen very satisfactory results in Christian Endeavor societies, judging from the following statements:

"The question was recently asked at the C. E. Convention at Hamilton, 'Why are the earnest, clever young men not members of the societies?' We have all noticed that the list of officers of the C. E. societies as published, for example in *The Congregationalist*, are—and may every woman pardon me—monotonously feminine. Georgina infinitely outnumbers George. Desperate efforts are apparently made to obtain one man on each committee. The question may be fairly raised in some C. E. societies whether, as far as young men are concerned, the society has not reached the summit of its usefulness, and whether a radical departure in spirit and in method should not be made."

No one would pretend that our society is doing all it ought to do for young men, but to say that "Georgina infinitely outnumbers George" will be recognized as an uncommendable exaggeration. Taking all the societies in the Dominion, not less than one-third of the membership will be found to be young men. It is safe to say that no organization has done as much for young men as has the Christian Endeavor society. And instead of the society having reached the limit of its usefulness in this direction, we feel assured that it is just beginning to do the work which it is destined to accomplish in its efforts for Christ and the Church.

Brevities.

GENERAL BOOTH says in the *Christian Endeavor World*: "It is to me a continual torture to contrast, in travelling, the amount of energy

displayed in the sale of soap, pills, and whiskey, with the slow, sleepy, once-a-week style of gossiping so largely prevalent among the followers of Jesus Christ."

At some military academies it is the custom for every cadet daily to salute the flag. The practice is designed to promote patriotism. In the daily quiet hour Endeavorers are called upon to salute the cross. It is a practice that will surely result in a mighty impulse toward holiness and personal loyalty to Jesus Christ.

THERE is a sentiment that we saw recently in an exchange that is worthy of being repeated: "If you take the name, you must take the responsibility." The name "Christian Endeavor" stands for something definite. To bear it means the acceptance of certain obligations. With the name do you take the responsibility?

HENRY DRUMMOND as a lad was familiar with the Bible. At a Sunday-school service the church was so crowded that he and his class sat on the pulpit stairs. The minister began his sermon by saying that the Bible is like a tree, each book a branch, each chapter a twig, and each verse a leaf. "My text is on the thirty-ninth branch, the third twig, and seventeenth leaf. Try and find it for me." Henry arose at once and said: "Malachi, third chapter, seventeenth verse."

Now that the Detroit convention is over, the thoughts of Canadian Endeavorers will be turned toward the great national rally at Montreal. The date has been fixed for October 5-9, and preparations are already well under way. The Canadian Council has been busy for months upon the programme, and when it is issued, it will be found practical, inspiring, spiritual, and patriotic. No convention deserves a larger attendance than "Montreal '99," and we expect to see the expectations of the workers fully realized.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR does not exist for itself, but for the church. Its supreme object is to train up workers for the various departments of congregational activity. The proof of the success of the society is its ability to do this work. The "throughout my whole life" phrase of the pledge does not mean that one should be always a member of the society. There must come a time when it is the duty of the older members of the society to prove the value of the society by leaving its membership and entering upon the wider sphere of service in the church.

THE great convention at Detroit will have passed into history by the time this issue of the HERALD reaches our readers. On the eve of the great gathering we feel assured that it will be in many respects the most practical, the most spiritually-uplifting convention that has ever been held. Our representatives will be on hand to report the convention, and furnish the cream of the addresses for those unable to be present. The August number will contain such a store of

information and inspiration that every Christian Endeavorer should possess it. Those societies desiring extra copies would do well to order at once.

It is one of the spheres of effort in Christian Endeavor to reveal the practical character of the religion of Christ. It is the habit of many to think and speak of religion as a thing of dreams and sentiments, having no reference to the trials and toils of this work-a-day world. A young man once sought the advice of Phillips Brooks in a matter about which he was greatly perplexed. The great preacher commended him to seek divine guidance. The young man hinted that his difficulty was *practical* and that he wanted practical help. "I have always been under the impression," said the famous divine, "that Jesus Christ was an eminently practical man."

GEORGE ELIOT on one occasion incisively characterized a certain type of religion as "other worldliness." It is so busy in its concern for the life that is to come that it has no time to consider the claims of the life that now is. As a matter of fact the Bible has very little to say about the future; its main concern is the present life. No one can pray intelligently, "Thy kingdom come," who ignores his individual responsibility for the social, civic, and political welfare of the community and nation. To labor for the advancement of righteousness and to fight against evil in all its forms is the duty of every Christian. Especially do young people need to study social conditions and prepare for the struggle of right against wrong in public life. The Duke of Wellington, when the fate of Europe was trembling in the balance at Waterloo, said, "We want young soldiers." So does the church and nation need young warriors, adequately trained and equipped, to fight the battles of the Lord.

EVERYONE has heard the story of the prayer meeting on the deck of the "Texas" after the destruction of Cervera's fleet. Rear-Admiral Philip, after much persuasion, gave the following modest version of the occurrence: "Well, it was this way. I—that is—it was—there, if you drop your hat on the street and some one picks it up for you, you say 'Thank you'; or if you fall down on the street and some one helps you up, you say, 'Thanks.' There was that boat, with a storm of iron and shot going on one side and then on the other. Then they would fall in the water all around us, and then there would be a perfect cloud of them pass over our heads, and yet we were not struck. When the fight was over, and I made a hasty inventory and found we were not hurt, it seemed to me no more than fair that we should say 'Thank you'; so I had the crew called on deck and told them so. Every man took off his cap, and you could have heard a pin drop on that deck; and, after it was over and I walked past that crew, I saw tears on the face of many an old sailor that I supposed did not know how to cry."

The Canadian Poets and the Maple

By Edward S. Caswell



THE poets of Canada, a gifted and numerous band of singers, are and have ever been ardent lovers of Nature; and when to their admiring eyes the generous mother has spread visions so delightful as the varied panorama of forest and lake, hill and valley of Canada affords, it is but natural that these various manifestations should stimulate the fancy and find expression in verse.

Who that has travelled through this noble Dominion of ours but has beheld with delight the splendor of the forests that fill her spreading valleys, clothe her rounded hillsides, and scale her lofty mountain heights. Fairest among the daughters of the Canadian forest must we own the Maple, with her wide-spreading boughs, gracefully-rounded form, and changeful foliage.



MRS. TRAILL.

Listen to the venerable Mrs. Traill, who has delighted successive generations of English and Canadian readers, as she describes the Spring garb of this noble tree in her delightful book, "Pearls and Pebbles": "What a sight those maples present just now! The leaves are only beginning to burst from their brown winter sheathing, but the tassels of pale yellow flowers hang pendent from every spray, dancing in the warm, light air. Every breath sets the delicate, thready stalks in motion, and the sunbeams brighten the flowers to gold against the blue of the May-day sky." Mrs. Traill, now in her ninety-eighth year, in her quiet home at Lakefield, keeps unabated her love for the flowers and ferns and forests amid which upwards of sixty years of her life have been spent in Canada.

But lovely as is the maple in the virgin green of Spring, its crowning glory is found in the héctic glow of Autumn. What more vivid picture

of a Canadian forest on an October day could be found than these lines of our own Alexander McLachlan:

"See how the grand old forest vies
With all the glory of the skies,
In streaks without a name;
And leagues on leagues of scarlet spires,
And temples lit with crimson fires,
And palaces of flame!
And domes on domes that gleam afar
Through many a gold and crimson bar,
With azure overhead;
While forts with towers on towers arise
As if they meant to scale the skies
With banners bloody red."

The same poet, whose pen did so much to glorify the natural beauties of this favored land, elsewhere writes:

"Yon very maple feels the hush—
That trance of wonder that doth rush
Through nature everywhere;
And meek and saint-like, there she stands
With upturned eye and folded hands,
As if in silent prayer."

Before levying upon our later and better known poets I should like to quote from some whose names are not so familiar, it may be, to most of the readers of the present day. A noble band they are, of whom any country might be proud—Sangster, McLachlan, Susanna Moodie, Darnell, Isidore G. Ascher and others, now long sleeping under the quiet turf, covered by the leaves of the forests they loved so well.

Familiar to those whose early schooling, like my own, was done in the old Ryerson readers, were the lines of H. F. Darnell's noble poem on "The Maple," which I give with a protest against the necessity of omitting some stanzas:

"All hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
With her fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness;
Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
Her graceful form is seen,
Her wide, umbrageous branches
The sun-burnt reapers screen;
'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
Her livelier colors shine,
Like the dawn of a brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill top,
Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
O'er the streets of our busy towns;
She gladdens the aching eye-ball,
Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
On the graves of the silent dead."

When sweet-voiced Spring, soft-breathing,
Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
And the forest boughs are swaying
Like the green waves of the deep;
In her fair and budding beauty,
A fitting emblem she
Of this our land of promise,
Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
Droop silently and fall,
Like drops of life-blood welling
From a warrior brave and tall,
They tell how fast and freely
Would her children's blood be shed,
Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
Should echo a foeman's tread."

Amongst those who have enriched the poetic literature of Canada, I believe the first place is still due to Charles Sangster. A pity and a shame it is that his poems, so rich, so varied, and so splendidly descriptive, have been allowed to remain for these many years out of print. A taste of the beauty and the descriptive power of Sangster's muse is had in the following verses taken from his fine poem "Evening Scene":

"And down behind the forest trees, the sun,
Arrayed in burning splendors, slowly rolled,
Like to some sacrificial urn, o'errun
With flaming hues of crimson, blue, and gold.

And round about him, fold on fold, the clouds,
Steeped in some rainbow essence, lightly fell,
Draped in the living glory that enshrouds
His mighty entrance to his ocean shell.

The woods were flashing back his gorgeous light,
The waters glowed beneath the varied green,
Ev'n to the softened shadows, all was bright,
Heaven's smile was blending with the view
terrene.

The lofty woods, in summer sheen arrayed,
The trembling poplar with its silver leaf,
The stately walnut rising o'er the glade,
The willow bending with its load of grief;

The graceful elm, the energetic oak,
The red-leaved maple, and the slender pine,
The grove of firs, half hidden by the smoke
From the white cottage clothed with jessamine;

On these the parting Day poured down a stream
Of radiant, unimaginable light,
Like as in some celestial spirit-dream
A thousand rainbows melt upon the sight,

Setting the calm horizon all ablaze
With splendors stolen from the crypts of heaven,
Dissolving, with their magic heat the maze
Of clouds that nestle to the breast of Even.

And down on tiptoe came the gradual Night,
A gentle twilight first, with silver wings,
And still from out the darkening infinite
Came shadowy forms, like deep imaginings.

There was no light in all the brooding air,
There was no darkness yet to blind the eyes,
But through the space interminable, there
Nature and Silence passed in solemn guise."

In Isidore G. Ascher's "Indian Summer" I catch this happy reference:

"And grand old maples upward gaze
Like sentinels upon the road,
As if they mused of nature's God,
Who crowns them with a myriad rays."

Another of our Canadian poets far too little known at the present day is Mrs. Moodie, one of the gifted family of Strickland sisters who contributed so largely to English literature in the earlier years of this century. Mrs. Moodie gave us a noble poem on "The Maple Tree" from which I quote the following stanzas:

"Hail to the pride of the forest—hail
To the maple, tall and green!
It yields a treasure which ne'er shall fail
While leaves on its boughs are seen.
When the moon shines bright,
On the wintry night,
And silvers the frozen snow;
And echo dwells
On the jingling bells
As the sleigh darts to and fro;
Then it brightens the mirth
Of the social hearth
With its red and cheery glow.



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Afar, 'mid the bosky forest shades,
It lifts its tall head on high;
When the crimson-tinted evening fades
From the glowing saffron sky;
When the sun's last beams
Light up woods and streams,
And brighten the gloom below;
And the deer springs by
With its flashing eye,
And the shy, swift-footed doe;
And the sad winds chide
In the branches wide,
With a tender plaint of woe.

The Indian leans on its rugged trunk,
With the bow in his red right hand,
And mourns that his race, like a stream, has
From the glorious forest land [sunk

But, blithe and free,
The maple tree,
Still tosses to sun and air
Its thousand arms,
While in countless swarms
The wild bee revels there;
But soon not a trace
Of the red-man's race
Shall be found in the landscape fair."

Pre-eminent among our poets for the full, joyous love of nature was the late Archibald Lampman, whose gifted pen was laid by all too soon. This passion is ever present in his verse, and almost every poem tempts to quotation. The closing stanza of Mr. Lampman's "Comfort of the Fields" shows where his heart's affection lay:

"Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,
The murmur of cool streams, the forest's gloom,
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers:
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,
And cool, fair fingers radiantly divine,
The mighty mother brings us in her hand,
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched and wan,
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine:
Drink, and be filled, and ye shall understand!"



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Loving Nature thus we do not wonder that the lovely maple should come in for its meed of attention from this gentle poet. In his poem on "April" occur the following lines:

"In the warm noon the south-wind creeps and cools
Where the red-budded stems of maples throw
Still tangled etchings on the amber pools,
Quite silent now, forgetful of the slow
Drip of the taps, the troughs, and trampled snow,
The keen March mornings and the silvering rime,
And mirthful labor of the sugar prime."

He also gives us this beautiful sonnet:

"The thoughts of all the maples who shall name,
When the sad landscape turns to cold and gray?
Yet some for very ruth and sad dismay,

Hearing the Northwind pipe the Winter's name,
Have fired the hills with beaconing clouds of flame;
And some with softer woe that day by day,
So sweet and brief, should go the westward way,
Have yearned upon the sunset with such shame,
That all their cheeks have turned to tremulous rose;
Others for wrath have turned a rusty red,
And some that knew not either grief or dread,
Ere the old year should find its iron close,
Have gathered down the sun's last smiles a cold,
Deep, deep into their luminous hearts of gold."

Charles G. D. Roberts, who has been called the Canadian poet-laureate, and who well deserves the title, has a fine poem entitled "The Maple," from which I quote these lines:

"Let who will sing of the hawthorn in Spring,
Of the late-leaved linden in Summer;
There's a word may be for the locust-tree,
That delicate, strange new-comer;
But the maple, it grows with the tint of the rose
When pale are the spring-time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made
Than its summer canopy sifted,
And many a day, as beneath it I lay,
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
Leading over a fresh green hill,
Where a maple stood, just clear of the wood,--
And oh, to be near it still!"

William Wilfred Campbell, our "poet of the lakes," whose muse seems equally happy away from his "blue waves rolling on," gives us, in a poem entitled "Indian Summer," these fine stanzas:

"Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the bluejay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brooks the maple leans,
With all its glory spread;
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now, by the great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south."

Bliss Carman, Canada's ballad writer *par excellence*, pays his tribute to our tree. From "The Eavesdropper" I quote:

"Outside, a yellow maple tree,
Shifting upon the silvery blue,
With small innumerable sound
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

That livelong day the elvish leaves
Danced with their shadows on the floor;
And the lost children of the wind
Went straying homeward by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon
We watched the great deliberate sun
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,
Counting his hilltops one by one."

William P. McKishnie, a poet less known than his talented sister, Jean Blewett, gives us this very pretty descriptive bit:

"The maple leaf fades slowly out,
Reluctance beams in each bright fold,
And, blushing crimson red, she throws
A parting kiss of yellow gold.

Verdant in spring-time infancy,
And golden red in weeping fall,
Is not our tender maple leaf
The fairest emblem of them all?"

In a fine poem by the late Mrs. Yule, entitled "The Beautiful Artist," that gifted lady pays a pretty tribute to the maple in the following lines:

"As I walked abroad yestere'en what time
The sunset was fairest to see,
I saw her wonderful brush had been
Over a maple tree—half of it green—
And the faintest coloring that ever was seen
She had left on that maple tree.

There was red of every possible hue,
There was yellow of every dye,
From the faintest straw tint to orange bright,
Fluttering, waving, flashing in light,
With the delicate green leaves still in sight,
Peeping out at the sunset sky."

In preparing this I fear rather fragmentary article I have been embarrassed by the wealth of material at hand rather than put to straits to gather suitable selections. It has been a pleasant task. I can wish for the true lover of Nature no richer enjoyment, apart from companionship with the great mother herself, than a few hours spent in the company of our poets as they sing in musical numbers the marvellous handiwork of the Creator as seen in the varied beauties of the Canadian forest.

The transitory nature of these earthly glories, these short-lived beauties that so soon fade away and are gone, is finely expressed by Mr. Roberts in lines that form a fitting close to these pages:

"Lightly He blows, and at His breath they fall,
The perishing kindreds of the leaves; they drift,
Spent flames of scarlet, gold aerial,
Across the hollow year, noiseless and swift.
Lightly He blows, and countless as the falling
Of snow by night upon a solemn sea,
The ages circle down beyond recalling,
To strew the hollows of eternity.
He sees them drifting through the spaces dim,
And leaves of ages are as one to Him."

Toronto, Ont.

How to Kill a Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting.

By Annie Kay Smith.

THE killing of an Endeavor meeting depends directly and indirectly upon three different things: (1) outside circumstances; (2) the leader; (3) the members.

Outward Circumstances.

Now, you ask, what is meant by outward circumstances, and what have they to do with the Endeavor prayer meeting. By this is meant the condition of the room in which the meeting is held. If a real live prayer meeting be desired, the room must be comfortable, for Endeavor

members are exceedingly fastidious—especially those who are not the most active; an overly-warmed or stuffy room makes them sleepy and indifferent, or else they devote themselves so entirely to their fans and to inward vows never to come again if it's "so hot," that they lose the benefit of the leader's remarks and do not feel like taking part themselves. The zeal of a great many people in Christian work melts at a low temperature.

On the other hand, the room must not be cold or draughty; if it is, expect the meeting to be proportionately cool in its ardor, for these inactive members are very susceptible to draughts and colds. If they have the slightest occasion to lift their feet off the floor, rub their fingers, or button the top coat-buttons, they must not be expected to take much interest in the meeting, much less to take much part in the open meeting—in such a cool atmosphere the words almost freeze on their lips, and they freeze at a very high temperature.

A poorly-lighted room is an important help in killing the Endeavor meeting. Let the lamps be leaky or smoky or too few, and any extra degree of enthusiasm the members might have felt before entering the room will quickly disappear. A bright sunny day tends to lighten the spirits; the sun peeping out after the rain whispers hope and joy to sad hearts; and in the same way a brilliantly-lighted room speaks brightness and cheer. The brilliance of the light of the saloons is to attract people to them; if the prayer meeting room is bright it will win also. For a live, active meeting by all means "let there be light."

A squeaky door is a useful agent in the death of the meeting—especially when it is accompanied with a liberal supply of back seats. The back-seat Endeavorer generally comes late, and if the door squeaks so every one will turn around to see who is coming, and if they only stare long enough and disapprovingly enough, he will be as much ashamed as he ought to be and will meekly drop into the first back seat standing accommodatingly near and forget all about the resolve he had made to get at least one or two seats from the back. But these back seats are generally pretty well appropriated and not altogether by late-comers. It has been said that one must come early to get a back seat at a church prayer meeting, and the same is true of the Endeavor prayer meeting in many cases. Just why so many people like to get as far away from the speaker as possible, is hard to explain. Possibly they think it a charity to thus give him an opportunity to display his vocal powers, but it is safe to conjecture that not one in five of them could give a satisfactory reason, suffice it to say the front seat is always left vacant, presumably on account of its having the idea associated with it that it is only for penitents.

The Leader.

But enough for outward circumstances. What has the leader to do with killing the meeting?—it is a queer leader who has that point in view!

No leader has that aim, we may safely say, but still a great deal depends upon him. A leader, for instance, who takes all the time allotted to him and also something over half of what should be occupied by the members, is a leader who does much to spoil the meeting. On the other hand, he must not be too brief, so that the members have more time than they can occupy, for then the meeting will drag, and there will be long and ominous silences—presaging the death of the meeting.

The same leader should not be chosen too often, for, as variety is the spice of life so it also is the spice of the Endeavor meeting. Especially should an extremely good leader or an extremely poor one not lead too frequently. By a good leader is meant one capable of giving an able address. If this leader speaks very often, the shy, less capable members get the idea that because they cannot do as well they cannot do anything at all, and so will not take part. As for the poor leader—who can say but little and stumbles nervously over the little he does say—the audience grows tired and nervous also, fearing his breakdown. God knows how great his struggle is and marks the effort and the love prompting it, but the audience is not often overburdened with sympathy and grows very restless.

The Members.

Last, but most important, are the members themselves; they have more to do with the success or failure of the meeting than anything else. To be properly prepared for the Endeavor meeting they should come feeling that they are ready to help in the meeting. This will not be the case if the topic is not prepared at home by study and prayer. If the members know nothing and care less about the topic or meeting it will be killed without doubt. No merit of the leader can avail when the members are indifferent, and these very members are the ones to blame the leader if the meeting is not as bright and lively as it should be. A successful meeting is one in which anybody and everybody takes part. If the members do not know how to answer questions or take part in a discussion they have yet much to learn, and have missed the greatest brightness of the meeting.

Then the harsh criticism by the members, one of another and of the leader, is strongly conducive to the death of the Endeavor meeting. This sort of criticism looks through the wrong end of the telescope at the merits of others; and as the mean little remarks seldom fail to reach and sting the one criticised, it is no wonder he does not willingly try again. Members should look far ahead in this matter, and if they *must* criticise let them remember to "tread softly, for the echoes of our footsteps shall resound throughout all eternity." No real Christian would purposely say things to hurt another, but "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart." Judge not, O critic, that ye be not judged, "for with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Because the tongue may be

faltering and the grammar not perfect is no valid reason why you should find fault. If your members are not afraid of the criticism of their fellows they will be more willing to take part.

Let the members fail of brotherly love and any good that might have come from the meeting will not be felt. Let the members say spiteful things about each other before the meeting begins and it will be killed without fail. Solon, the ancient Greek, passed a decree making it a punishable crime to speak evil of anyone, and his countrymen esteemed him as one of their wise men. Only let one of our legislators suggest such a law, and—alas for him! Saying mean things, one of another, has done wonders in killing Endeavor meetings. Yet some people seem to delight in it!

Still another way in which to kill your prayer meeting is to always sing the same hymns, and to sing them as if you didn't care what you sung or how you sung it; or the same result can be attained by every now and again singing two or three new pieces to tunes only one or two know, accompanying them with a poor, squeaky organ or none at all.

In conclusion, I may say that the meeting will certainly be killed unless the hearts of the members are full of their pledge, their work, and their God; but if this is their happy condition, then the prayer meeting will live and flourish, true brotherly love will abound, and the blessing of God will rest upon all the society's efforts.

Columbus, Ont.

To Canada: A Birthday Ode.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

O H, dearest land of mine take heed!
Amid the glory of these days
That bring thee universal praise,
For wealth, and worth and well wrought deed.

God's heaven smiled upon thy face,
And lo! thy hills have caught her smile,
And prisoned it in gold—the while
'Tis grasped for by an eager race.

God's sun hath kissed thy fertile fields,
God's showers have satisfied thy plains,
And lo! a wealth of golden grains,
Responsively thy bosom yields.

God's grace hath blessed thy stalwart youth
With strength of limb and virile mind,
So they may never come behind
In test of might, and search for truth.

God's heart hath filled thy maidens' hearts
With love for purity and good,
So that from noblest womanhood
The life-spring of thy people starts.

So 'mid the nations of the earth—
Young though thou art—thy place is proud,
And thine the plaudits of the crowd
For well wrought deed and wealth and worth.

But dearest land of mine take heed!
Amid the glory of these days
That bring thee universal praise,
Let God receive His rightful meed!

His Majesty Baby

A Winsome Tale of Conquest, by Ian Maclaren in "The British Weekly"

UNTIL the 'bus stopped and the old gentleman entered we had been a contented and genial company, travelling from a suburb into the city in high good fellowship, and our absolute monarch was Baby. His mother was evidently the wife of a well-doing artisan, a wise-looking, capable, bonnie young woman; and Baby was not a marvel of attire, nor could he be called beautiful. He was dressed after a careful, tidy, comfortable fashion, and he was a clear-skinned, healthy child; that is all you would have noticed had you met the two on the street.

In a 'bus where there is nothing to do for forty minutes except stare into one another's faces, a baby has the great chance of his life, and this baby was made to seize it. He was not hungry, and there were no pins about his clothes, and nobody had made him afraid, and he was by nature a human soul. So he took us in hand one by one till he had reduced us all to a state of delighted subjection, to the pretended scandal and secret pride of his mother.

His first conquest was easy, and might have been discounted, for against such an onset there was no power of resistance in the elderly woman opposite—one of the lower middles, fearfully stout, and of course a grandmother. He simply looked at her—if he smiled, that was thrown in—for, without her knowledge, her arms had begun to shape for his reception—so often had children lain on that ample resting-place. "Bless 'is little 'eart; it do me good to see 'im." No one cared to criticise the words, and we remarked to ourselves how the expression changes the countenance. Not heavy and red, far less dull, the proper adjective for that face is motherly.

The next passenger, just above Grannie, is a lady, young and pretty, and a mother? Of course; did you not see her look Baby over, as an expert at her sharpest? The mother is conscious of inspection, and adjusts a ribbon His Majesty had tossed aside, and then she meekly awaited approval. For a moment we were anxious, but that was our foolishness, for in half a minute the lady's face relaxed, and she passed Baby. She leaned forward and asked questions, and we overheard scraps of technical detail: "My first . . . fourteen months . . . six teeth . . . always well." One was a lady, the other a working woman; they had not met before, they were not likely to meet again, but they had forgotten strangeness and differences in the common bonds of motherhood. Opposite me a priest was sitting and saying his office, but at this point his eye fell on the mothers, and I thought his lips shaped the words "Sancta Maria" before he went on with the appointed portion.

Baby had wearied of inaction and had begun another campaign, and my heart sank, for this time he courted defeat. On the other side of

Grannie and within Baby's sphere of influence was a man about whose profession there could be little doubt, even if he had not a bag on his knee and were not reading from a parchment document. After a long and serious consideration of the lawyer's clear-cut, clean-shaven, and bloodless face, Baby leaned forward and tapped gently on the deed, and then, when the keen face looked up in keen enquiry, Baby replied with a smile of roguish intelligence, as if to say, "By the way, that parchment would make an excellent drum; do you mind me—? A tune has just come into my head."

The lawyer, of course, drew away the deed, and frowned at the insolence of the thing. No, he did not—there is a soul in lawyers if you know how to find it. He smiled. Well, it was not a first-rate smile, but it was genuine, and



"HIS MAJESTY."

the next time he did it better, and afterwards it spread all over his face and lighted up his eyes. He had never been exposed in such a genial, irresistible way before, and so he held the drum, and Baby played a variation on "Rule Britannia" with much spirit, while Grannie appealed for applause: "If he don't play as well as the band in 'yde Park of a Sunday."

After a well-deserved rest of forty seconds, during which we wagged our heads in wonder, Baby turned his attention to his right-hand neighbor, and, for the balance of the minute, examined her with compassion. An old maid without question, with her disposition written on the thin lips, and the hard grey eyes. None of us would care to trifle with her. Will he dare! If he has not! That was his chief stroke of genius, and it deserved success—when, with an expression of unaffected pity, he put out his soft,

dimpled hand and gently stroked her cheek, acting as if to say, "Poor thing, all alone, 'lone, 'lone. I'm so solly, solly, solly, so velly, velly, velly solly." Did I say that her eyes were tender and true enough to win a man's heart and keep it, and that her lips spoke of patience and gentleness? If I did not, I repair my neglect. She must have been a beautiful woman in her youth—no, no, to-day, just when she inclines her head, and Baby strokes her cheek again, and coos, "Pretty, pretty, pretty, and so velly, velly, velly good." Was not that a lovely flush on her cheek?—oh, the fool of a man who might have had that love! She opens a neat little bag, and as this is public affairs we watched without shame. Quite so; she is to be away all day, and has got a frugal luncheon, and—it's all she can do in return. Perhaps he cannot eat it. I don't know, nor does she. Baby-ways are a mystery to her; but would he refuse that biscuit? Not he; he makes an immense to-do over it, and shows it to his mother and all his loyal subjects, and he was ready to be kissed, but she did not like to kiss him. Peace be with thy shy, modest soul, the Christ child come into thy heart!

Two passengers on Baby's left had endured these escapades with patient and suffering dignity. When a boy is profoundly conscious that he is—well, a man, and yet a blind and unfeeling world conspires to treat him as—well, a child—he must protect himself and assert his position. Which he does, to the delight of everybody with any sense of humor, by refusing indignantly to be kissed by his mother or sisters in public, by severely checking any natural tendency to enthusiasm about anything except sport, by allowing it to be understood that he has exhausted the last remaining pleasure and is fairly burnt out. Dear boy, and all the time ready to run a mile to see a cavalry regiment drill, and tormented by a secret hankering after the Zoological Gardens. These two had been nice little chaps two years ago, and would be manly fellows two years hence. Meanwhile they were provoking, and required chastisement or regeneration. Baby was to them a "kid," to be treated with contempt; and when in the paroxysm of delight over that folly of a law paper he had tilted one of the young men's hats, that blase ancient replaced it in position with a bored and weary air. How Baby had taken in the situation I cannot guess, but he had his mind on the lads, and suddenly, while they were sustaining an elaborate unconcern, he flung himself back and crowed—yes, joyfully crowed—with rosy, jocund countenance in the whites of the eyes of the two solemnities. One raised his eyebrows, and the other looked at the roof in despair; but I had hopes, for who could resist this bubbling, chortling mirth? One laughs a glad, boyish chuckle, and the other tickles Baby just at the right spot below the chin—has a baby at home after all, and loves it—declaring aloud that he is a "jolly little beggar." Those boys are all right; there is a sound heart below the little affectations, and they are going to be men.

This outburst of His Majesty cheered us all mightily, and a young woman at the top of the 'bus, catching his eye, waved her hand to him, with a happy smile. Brown glove, size six and a quarter, perhaps six, much worn, and jacket also not of yesterday; but everything is well made, and in perfect taste. Milk-white teeth, hazel eyes, Grecian profile—what a winsome girl!—and let me see, she takes off a glove—yes, is wearing an engagement ring; a lucky fellow, for she must be good with those eyes and that merry smile. A teacher, one guesses, and to-day off duty, going to meet her fiance in the city, and then the three—her mother, that dear woman with hair turning grey—will go upon the river, and come home in the sweet summer evening, full of content. As soon as he gets a rise in the office they will marry, and she will also have her gift, as every woman should. But where am I now?—let that Baby bear the blame.

We had one vacant place, and that was how he intruded on our peace; but let me make one excuse for him. It is aggravating to stand on the edge of the pavement and wave your umbrella ostentatiously to a 'bus which passes you and draws up fifteen yards ahead, to make your dangerous way along a slippery street with hansoms bent upon your life, to be ordered to "hurry up" by the impatient conductor and ignominiously hauled on to a moving 'bus. For an elderly gentleman of military appearance and short temper it was not soothing, and he might have been excused a word or two, but he distinctly exceeded.

He insisted in language of great directness and simplicity that the conductor had seen him all the time, that if he didn't he ought to have been looking, that he—the Colonel—was not a fox-terrier to run after a 'bus in the mud, that the conductor was an impertinent scoundrel, and that he would have him dismissed, with other things and words unworthy even of a retired Anglo-Indian. The sympathy of the 'bus did not go out to him, and when he forced himself in between the lawyer and Grannie, and, leaning forward with his hands on his cane, glared at us impartially—relations were strained. A cut on his left cheek and a bristly, white moustache half hiding, half concealing, a cruel mouth, did not commend the new passenger to a peaceable company. Baby regarded the old man with sad attention, and at last he indicated that his fancy is to examine the silver head of the Colonel's cane. The Colonel, after two moments' hesitation, removes his hands and gives full liberty. On second thoughts, he must have got that cut in some stiff fight; wonder whether he is a V.C. Baby moves the cane back and forwards to a march of his own devising, the Colonel actively assisting. Now that I see it in a proper light, his moustache is soft and sets off the face excellently. Had it not been for the cut puckering the corner of the upper lip, that would have been a very sweet mouth for a man, or even for a woman. Baby is not lifted above all human weaknesses—preserve us from perfect people!—

and he indicates a desire to taste as well as handle that silver head. The Colonel is quite agreeable—the most good-natured man you could meet in a day's journey—but Baby's guardian objects, and history warns us of the dangers which beset a collision between an absolute monarch and his faithful Commons. We were all concerned, but the crisis is safe in the Colonel's hands. He thrusts his hand within the tightly-buttoned frock-coat and produces a gold hunting watch—crested, did you notice, and . . . yes, just what every father has done for his baby since watches were invented—he blew, the lid flew open. Baby blew, and the lid flew open faster and faster. "Reminds me of my boy at that age . . . killed on frontier last year." Is much ashamed of this confidence, and we all look unconscious. What a fine, simple old fellow he is!

"Saved up, has he," the Colonel is speaking to the mother, "to give Baby and you a week at Ramsgate? He's the right sort, your husband. . . . It's for Baby, not for you, to get him some fol-de-rol, you know . . . he's done a lot of good to a crusty old chap,"—and he passes something from his pocket into the mother's hand.

The conductor has taken in the scene with huge delight, and closes it just at the right point. "Your club, General; just wait till the 'bus stops. Can ye get near the curb, Bill? Now, that's right, take care, sir, plenty of time."

The Colonel was standing on the broad top step of the "Veterans," smiling and waving his hand; the 'bus waved back, the conductor touched his cap, and Baby danced for sheer joy, since there is no victory like Love.

The Bible and the Sceptics.

AND even sceptics in their candid moments often admit the marvellous power and excellence of this sacred Book. Thus Professor Huxley, to whom agnostics are indebted for the name they bear, writes:

"I have been seriously perplexed to know how the religious feeling, which is the essential base of conduct, can be kept up without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and color, and even the noble stoic, Marcus Aurelius, is too high and refined for an ordinary child. For three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history. It forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past stretching back to the farthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a temporary interspace in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its efforts to do good and hate evil."

So in a lecture on "Style in the English Prose," delivered in Oxford, and published in the *Nineteenth Century*, for June, 1898, the author, Frederic Harrison, a sceptic, after advising his hearers to read various eminent English authors, says:

"I need hardly tell you to read another and a better book. The book which 'got English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English literature. . . . If you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple, noble prose work, learn and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue."

Said the German sceptic Heine, speaking of the Bible: "What a Book! Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up behind the blue secrets of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all in this Book."

Trust, in Suffering.

By Wm. Hamilton.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons."

IN the blessed days of health—days of vigor and of wealth,—

What a thrill of true enjoyment brings the praises to our lips;
And we thank the Lord of all, for His blessings great and small,

With the thankfulness the bee has for the nectar while he sips.

In the sterner days of stress—strife and struggle in excess,—

When the heart grows faint and weary, and the heavens seem of brass;
If our thankfulness be less, 'tis not that He fails to bless;

'Tis our eyes that fail in seeing richest blessings as they pass.

Hear we then His cheering voice, calling us to aye rejoice,

To endure the hand of chastening, as a badge of deepest love,

To look unto Him who, faint, yet endured without complaint,

For the joy that lay before Him in His Father's house above.

If we to His call respond, we shall pierce the dim beyond

With a vision brighter, clearer—with a faith that clasps His hand:

If He smile, or hide His face, we will trust for keeping grace,

For He loves with love infinite, and will give us strength to stand.

Let's remember midst the pain, if we suffer we shall reign—

If we suffer in His service, or endure it for His sake.

May He mould us to His will, with His love our bosoms fill:

If here fashioned in His likeness, in His likeness we'll awake.

Parkdale, Ont.

“Thy Kingdom Come”

How Faithful Missionaries of the Cross are Helping to Answer this Prayer

Miss Taylor and Thibet.

OF all the missionaries who have succeeded in entering Thibet, Miss Annie R. Taylor is the most distinguished. Her parents lived in London, England, and here she was born and reared. They were very wealthy and worldly, and doubtless had many plans laid out for her. She was given a good education, but very little special religious training. Nevertheless, God did not fail to talk to her heart, and she was converted at fourteen years of age, while attending school. She attentively listened to an address on Africa, given by Dr. Moffat's son, and a missionary fire was then implanted in her heart which never died out. A call was given for young men who would devote their lives to the salvation of the heathen. She almost wished that she were a boy so that she might go at once. She read all the missionary literature she could get, and pondered the theme constantly. She read of Thibet, the great closed land, and her heart went out to it. For several years she practiced nursing and also studied dentistry, during which time she received a definite call for the foreign field. Her parents did not encourage her going, and consented reluctantly, but God had chosen and anointed this handmaiden for a special work.

In 1884 she went to China under the China Inland Mission, learned the Chinese language and donned their dress. She afterwards settled on the Thibetan frontier, learning that language and becoming familiar with the people.

We cannot here relate even a tenth of the experiences through which Miss Taylor passed and the journeys which she made into this hostile land from both the India and China sides, but a few glimpses might be interesting.

On one journey, in which she was endeavoring to reach the capital, she was forbidden to go any further by the authorities, and after much persuasion and threatening she promised them to go back, not by the road she came but by a way which took her through a wide portion of the province of Sikkim on the Indian frontier of Thibet. The most of that fearful journey, sometimes in rain or snow, and often intense cold, especially at night, was made on foot. She often travelled twenty and even thirty miles a day, without a fire at night to dry the wet clothing or warm her chilled frame, sleeping in a hole dug in the ground (sometimes a layer of frozen ice underneath), and often without food at the close of a long day's tramp. Yet He who feeds the sparrows never failed to send something sooner or later to His child when she cried to Him. Her breath was one continual prayer going up to heaven; every place the sole of her foot trod in Thibet she claimed for God.

On one of Miss Taylor's journeys she was within three days' travelling of Lhassa, the capital, but the authorities were told of it and sent out men to stop her, as they are very averse to foreigners entering their land. Her life was spared, as they reverence woman in Thibet; her medical skill, also, helped her much. The women sometimes hid food in their garments and brought it to her secretly when forbidden to sell it to her, and at other times they would strew popped corn along the roadside, and she would pick it up like the birds, with a thankful heart for the needed supply.

Her first-fruit from that land was a young man named Pontso. He had been travelling in the mountains and had hurt his feet. He was led to Miss Taylor, who bound them up, and then took the opportunity to let the Gospel light in on his darkened soul. It won his heart, for he saw there was something real in the religion of Jesus Christ. He became her faithful servant, and stood by her in many of the perilous experiences through which she passed.

Miss Taylor on one of her journeys was twenty nights in the open air, sleeping on the ground, snow falling all the time, and neither tent nor house to be found. The horses were almost starved, the snow covering everything. The poor animals ate woollen clothing when they got the chance. A small ration of cheese, mixed with tea and butter, was often all that could be spared for them. Having lost her money, Miss Taylor could not buy a goat. Raw goat's flesh is an emergency food for horses in Thibet, and they like it. Owing to the scarcity of grass, Thibetan horses will eat almost anything.

Miss Taylor was the first English lady and messenger of the Cross to penetrate to the heart of Thibet. Her experiences have awakened a world-wide interest in Thibet, and the Thibetan Pioneer Mission has been started for its evangelization. The Moravians have missions at Leh and Poo on its western border, and the Wesleyans have one on the Indian frontier. One of these missionaries met another who had been trying for thirty-six years to get into Thibet but had failed to get a foothold in that country. This missionary says:

“He brought and laid in my lap the fruit of twenty years' toil—a Thibetan Latin dictionary of seven hundred pages of manuscript in his own handwriting, saying this was the fifth and final revision. He was now going to Hong-Kong to put the book through the press. But best of all, he had also in manuscript a perfected translation of the Gospel of John, which he had been putting into such clear and idiomatic language as to be understood by all the people; and this he was going to immediately print, so that if he could not go into Thibet himself, he could send Gospels.”

Told in Brief.

THE Baptist Missionary Society of England received an income of over \$350,000 during last year. It is maintaining missionaries in China, in India, in Africa, the West Indies, Palestine, Italy, and Brittany. In India it has 200 European and native missionaries and evangelists, in Ceylon 24, in China 104, on the Congo 31, and in the West Indies 187. The Baptist Union of Jamaica numbers 177 churches and over 34,000 members.

.....
 THE *Mission Record* says: "In March, 1837, the women of the Church of Scotland decided to send out their first missionary to India. Then there was not a single zenana open to a white woman; to-day our missionaries visit 157. Then the one missionary that we sent out started the first girls' school; to-day we have 49 schools, with over 3000 pupils in them. Our one missionary has increased to 36, and there are 1084 women in zenanas under instruction."

.....
 ONE of the most interesting careers in the history of Ceylon is that of Miss Agnew. Led as a young woman to offer herself for service, she came to Ceylon and lived there forty-three years without returning home. She taught in her boarding-school over 1000 girls. The people called her "mother," the "mother of a thousand daughters." More than 600 girls of that school made profession of their faith in Christ. More than 40 Bible women who were taught by Miss Agnew are now at work in Ceylon.

.....
 In Austria the secessions from the Roman Catholic Church continue. The *Ostdeutsche Rundschau* affirms that 8,300 persons have joined the Reformed Church during the last few months. In Sombor, 1600 Catholics were to join the Greek Church at Easter; and, at the same time, 10,000 Bohemians in the district of Reichenberg intended to enter the Protestant Church. The Roman Catholic journal of Vienna, the *Vaterland*, says that the movement has crossed the frontier and reached the Catholic populations of South Germany.

.....
 THE work of the Bechuana mission in South Africa is progressing with great rapidity. One of the missionaries of the Hermannsburg Society reports in regard to baptismal services of unusual proportions which he conducted last December. One day he baptized 96 adults, converts from heathenism, and the following day 58 children. In June he had baptized 63 children and in July and September 49 adults. These are not hasty baptisms and superficial ceremonies, but with great care and thoroughness candidates for baptism are instructed in the Word of God.

.....
 BISHOP Foss, with President Goucher, of Baltimore, returning after a visit to India and Malaya, has made a report on Bishop Thoburn's (Methodist Episcopal) administration, comparing the record for ten years. During that time the

number of communicants has risen from 7940 to 77,963; the number of baptisms during the year from 1959 to 29,396, while the entire Christian community now numbers 109,489 instead of 11,000. The number of native preachers has increased from 168 to 635; teachers from 308 to 1078; day-schools from 545, with 16,412 scholars, to 1259, with 31,879 scholars. Sunday-schools have grown from 703, with an attendance of 26,585, to 2485, with an attendance of 83,229.—*Missionary Review of the World*.

.....
 MISS M. COPPING, writing of the medical work in Fez, Morocco, says: "A country child of about ten years was carried to us badly burned. The first day she did not speak, but on the second day she put her dirty little arm around my neck and said, 'My sister, the fire took from me my only garment, and this is not kind to my skin,' meaning the old sack in which she was wrapped. I was so thankful to be able to go to my room and bring her a soft garment. This poor child died after much suffering. The last time, as I changed the lint on her burnt chest and back, she kept whispering, 'The Lord is kind, the Lord is gentle.' Poor little one! how did she know? It was just this: she felt the comfort of cool lint and clean soft garments, and she accepted them as from the Lord Himself."

.....
 LAST year missionary inspector Schreiber, of the Rhenish Society, Germany, made a visitation of their mission field in Sumatra, where he had labored as missionary twenty-five years ago. With much emotion he writes of the striking changes that came under his observation. Certain districts ruled by Mohammedan influence were not only inaccessible to the Gospel then, but seemed to be impregnable strongholds against the light of Divine truth. Those very districts are now made radiant by the light of Christianity, and the reception accorded Mr. Schreiber was most cordial and enthusiastic. When he reached the central station of his former labors, he was rejoiced to see a number of familiar faces, and to be able to call some of his former pupils and parishioners by name.

.....
 I HAVE been asked, "What is the most beautiful thing you have seen in Japan?" The grandest vision is the scenery, but the prettiest thing to be seen is a Japanese lady riding in a jinrikisha and shaded by a paper umbrella. The whole effect of such a picture is bewitchingly artistic. But if I were asked, "What is the most impressive thing I have seen?" I reply without hesitation, it is the faces of the Christian women of Japan, especially those who have been trained in Christian schools. There is an expression in their faces, revealing a character and a purpose in life, which one misses so much in the majority of faces, and one can tell, with a fair degree of certainty, from the face alone, what Christianity has done for women through its schools, placing its seal of nobility on what is otherwise but a vanity fair.—*Rev. F. S. Scudder*.

Summer Fruit

Ripe, Refreshing—Plucked from Other Trees than Ours

A Minister Hero.

AMONG the heroes of the steamer "Stella," wrecked on the Casquette Rocks, was the Rev. G. W. Clutterbuck, a Wesleyan minister who had spent many years in India. He was on his way to preach Good Friday and Easter Sunday sermons in the Channel Islands. A survivor testifies to the calm, unselfish spirit manifested by Mr. Clutterbuck, who, the moment the appalling crash came and its inevitable consequences were partially realized, was conspicuous by bringing up life-belts and fixing them on the women and children. Then he was observed quietly but resolutely rendering efficient help in connection with the lowering of the boats. He was calmly going about saving others, though himself he did not save. As the boat sank he was observed to be on his knees, praying earnestly, with a great many passengers assembled around him.

Influence of Good Mothers.

THE world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protract-
edness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and in the world. The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of this nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. Everybody talks about the dissipation of modern society and how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse one hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our Revolutionary War wrote, in 1772, in his "Book of American Women," saying: "They are tall and well-proportioned; their features are generally regular; their complexions are generally fair and without color. But at twenty-nine years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book, entitled "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women one hundred years ago and their style of dress, makes us wonder how they ever got their breath.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than these, there was a glorious race of godly women seventy and one hundred years ago, who held the world from sin

and lifted it toward virtue; and without their exalted and sanctified influence, before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth.

The mothers of the last century are to-day, in the person of their descendants, in the senates, the parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been thinking about the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all time.

The mother's influence is as a great river of power rolling on and rolling forever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mothers better be intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be elevating their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat?

If a mother tell a child if he is not good some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that he finds there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and have expired. If a mother promise a child a reward for good behavior, and after the good behavior forget to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years farther on. If a mother cultivate a child's vanity, and eulogize his curls, and extol the night-black or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes, and call out in his presence the admiration of spectators, pride and arrogance may be prolonged after half a dozen family records have been obliterated. If a mother express doubt about some statement of the Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after the gates of this historical era have closed and the gates of another era have opened the result may be seen in a champion blasphemer.

But, on the other hand, if a mother walking with a child see a suffering one by the wayside and say, "My child, give that ten-cent piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century in some George Muller building a whole village of orphanages. If a mother sit almost every evening by the trundle-bed of a child and teach it lessons of a Saviour's love and a Saviour's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie, and

the virtues of industry and kindness and self-sacrifice, long after the mother has gone, and the lettering on both the tombstones shall have been washed out by the storms of innumerable winters, there may be standing as a result of those trundle-bed lessons flaming evangels, world-moving reformers, seraphic Summerfields, weeping Paysons, thundering Whitefields, emancipating Washingtons.—*Talmage*.



How Much We Talk.

FEW of us ever think seriously about the amount of talking we do in a day, and yet how large a factor mere talk is in the life of the world for both good and evil. It has been estimated that a public speaker utters in one hour, on an average, what if printed would occupy fifteen octavo pages. Ordinary conversation is even more prolific. Let us suppose, says *The Watchman*, that all the talk of one day be estimated as equivalent to four hours' consecutive speaking, in a single week the amount would make what, if printed, would be an octavo of three hundred and twenty pages. In a year he would complete fifty-two such volumes; and in thirty years he would have accumulated a library of one thousand five hundred and sixty volumes of his own talk. What value would most of us place on such a library? How many of us could endure to read it? How many would feel satisfied to have such books go on the market? It is related of Dean Swift that at an evening party, on one occasion, he retired to a corner of the room and commenced noting down the talk of the company. Being asked what he was doing he produced a verbatim report of the conversation which had just taken place. Most of the speakers, it is added, felt no small humiliation over the superficial and trifling character of their utterances when confronted with them.



England's Most Precious Relic.

THE most precious relic in all England is an old Gothic chair which stands in the Chapel of St. Edward, in Westminster Abbey. It is made of black oak, in the Gothic style, and the back is covered with carved inscriptions, including the initials of many famous men. The feet are four lions. The seat is a large stone, about thirty inches long by eighteen wide and twelve thick, and all the sovereigns of England for the last eight hundred years have sat upon it when they were crowned. The chair is known as the Coronation Chair, and the stone is claimed to be the same which Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, used as a pillow when he lay down to sleep on the starlit plains of Judah.

It is claimed that the kings of Israel were crowned upon this stone from the time that they ruled the nation—Saul, David, Solomon, and the rest.

The story goes that five hundred and eighty

years before Christ, at the time of the Babylonian captivity, Circa, daughter of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, arrived in Ireland, and was married at Tara to Heremon, a prince of the Tuatha de Danan—which is said to be the Celtic name of the tribe of Dan. The traditions relate that this princess went originally to Egypt in charge of the prophet Jeremiah, her guardian, and the palace Tahpanhes, in which they resided there, was discovered in 1886 by Dr. Petrie, the archaeologist. They went thence to Ireland, and from Circa and Heremon Queen Victoria traces her descent, through James I., who placed the lion of the tribe of Judah upon the British flag.

Jeremiah is said to have concealed this sacred stone at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem and the captivity of the Jews, and to have brought it, "the stone of the testimony," Bethel, the only witness of the compact between Jehovah and Israel, to Ireland, where it was known as the *lia phail*—"stone wonderful." It was carried to Scotland by Fergus I., and thence to London in the year 1200; and has been used at the coronation of every king and queen of England from Edward I. down to the time of Victoria.



Ministers' Sons.

THE March number of *The Sunday Magazine*, under the topic, "Some Notable Sons of the Clergy," gives a long list of illustrious names of public men in England who were sons of clergymen, either of the established or dissenting churches. They include Lord Charles Beresford, the famous admiral; Sir Evelyn Wood, Adjutant-General of the British Army; Lord Curzon, the new Viceroy of India; Cecil Rhodes, the most famous man in South Africa; Lord Herschell, of the British-American Joint High Commission, who died recently; and in literature and journalism such men as W. T. Stead, Anthony Hope, R. D. Blackmore, Henry James, Prof. Marcus Dods, Robertson Nicoll, and Grant Allen; and as daughters of clergymen such women as Olive Schreiner and Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop. These names surely belie the musty adage about ministers' children turning out badly.



How to Cure the Blues.

HOWARD, the philanthropist, in the early part of his manhood was much disposed to gloom and despondency. He gained habitual cheerfulness only by doing good. He said: "Set about doing good. Put on your hat and go and visit the sick and poor in your neighborhood; inquire into their wants and minister to them; seek out the desolate and the oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion.

"I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart."

A Good Prescription.

WHEN times are bad and folks are sad
 An' gloomy day by day,
 Just try your best at lookin' glad,
 An' whistle 'em away!
 Don't mind how troubles bristle;
 Just take a rose or thistle;
 Hold your own
 And change your tone,
 An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

A song is worth a world o' sighs;
 When red the lightnings play,
 Look for the rainbow in the skies
 An' whistle 'em away!
 Don't mind how troubles bristle;
 The rose comes with the thistle;
 Hold your own
 An' change your tone,
 An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

Each day comes with a life that's new—
 A strange, continued story;
 But still, beneath a bend o' blue,
 The world rolls on to glory!
 Don't mind how troubles bristle;
 Just take a rose or thistle;
 Hold your own
 An' change your tone,
 An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Adversity Our Best Teacher.

CULTURE and character come only through suffering, writes Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Life is God's university; happiness is the graduating point, but trouble and adversity are among the chosen teachers. The world is built for joy, but man comes to his full estate through the tutelage of sorrow. If man washes his eyes in tears and makes his garments white with blood, he, too, is promised the throne and sceptre of the higher manhood. Suffering is an alchemist refining coarseness and transmuting bad into good, selfishness into sympathy. Steel is iron plus fire. Tools are steel plus gashing axes. Statues are marble plus the chisel, whose every stroke makes sparks fly. Manhood is nature plus the temptations that chisel out character. Bronze doors of old cathedrals are all of beaten handiwork, and character is hammered out on the anvil of adversity; wine comes through crushing of grapes, and joy is a fine spirit oft distilled from bruised affections. Sin and selfishness dig great furrows in the face, so suffering is sent in to iron the lines out smooth again. From Paul to Livingstone, what heroic leader hath worn soft raiment? What Luther or Lincoln was reared in kings' palaces? It is wrestling against opposing winds that works toughness into trees and gianthood into men. If the poet's vision is ever fulfilled and we judge the angels doing easy duty at home, we must first, as veterans of the old guard, achieve our scars and hold our tattered flags in fierce battles upon a far-off frontier. Optimists always, let us not "make believe" and

play there are no troubles. One form of folly is always to drag the corpse into the banquet; another is to try and triumph over tragedies by averting our eyes.

Mark Twain on the Bible.

THE following incident relating to the great humorist is told in a recent number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*:

He sat in his little library at Chelsea, London, when a friend called who noticed an open Bible on his table, and inquired if he had taken to the study of the Holy Book.

"That's a great book," said Twain. "That's about the most interesting book I can read. Joe Twitchell, a parson over in Connecticut, recommended it to me, and I have been more interested in it than any book I have read for a long time. You better read it yourself. It beats any novel or history or work of science that I ever tackled. It is full of good stories and philosophy. It suggests lots of ideas, and there's news in it. I find things that I never heard of before. Did you ever know that the English people were mentioned in the Bible?"

"Why, yes, there is a theory that the lost ten tribes of Israel migrated over this way, and settled the British Islands."

"Oh, I don't mean that. I discovered to-day that Christ spoke of the British people in the 'Sermon on the Mount.'" And reaching over for the book he read: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Flattered Too Soon.

RECENTLY a venerable, white-haired minister preached in the parish of a friend. He had hardly got back from the church when the door-bell rang, and a charming young miss of fifteen asked to see him. He received her. They talked about the sermon and other things, until finally she asked diffidently, "O won't you please give me a lock of your hair?"

"Certainly, my child," said the old gentleman, flattered at the request. "I'll send it to you, to-morrow." And he did.

On his return to his own home he had five more requests of the same kind, and he proudly boasted to his wife that he was glad to see that he had not yet lost his power to please. All went well until his wife received this note:

"Dear Mrs. ———: Won't you please ask your husband to send me just a *little* lock of his hair? We have all been taking lessons in making hair flowers. So many of the other girls asked him, and he sent it to them, that I thought I would rather ask you to get it for me. Won't you please do this for me? It is so hard to get nice white hair for lilies-of-the-valley."

This was a terrible blow; and the less now said about locks of hair in that old gentleman's presence, the better.

The Endeavor Armory

Weapons for the King's Soldiers in Their Fight for the Kingdom

Funny and Serious.

Fans are sent out with flowers to the sick of the congregation and to the hospitals by the Endeavorers of Phillips church, South Boston, Mass. These fans are cheap, costing only two cents apiece, but are rendered valuable by collections of clippings pasted upon them. One side contains nothing but funny clippings, and the other side contains more serious and thought-provoking extracts.

Lookout Committee Lines.

Members of the Lookout Committee dread above all other duties that of reminding others that they are negligent. If you are afraid to speak to them about the matter, why not write to them? A letter written in a kindly spirit is sure of the best of attention, and then the next time you meet the Endeavorer you can introduce the subject easily by saying, "Did you get my letter? And what do you think of it?"

For no committee are regular meetings so necessary as for the Lookout Committee. Twice a month is none too often.

It is a good plan occasionally to assign for a month some special duty to each member of the committee—one to obtain new members, one to encourage the timid members, another to see that the pledge is better kept, another to record attendance and participation, etc.

Do not hesitate, if a member has got a good training in the society and is no longer essential to its successful work, to urge him to graduate from the society into the full church activities. The graduation of old members is as important as the getting in of new ones.

If the abominable spirit of caste exists in your society, the Lookout Committee is the one to break it up. Make a special effort to induce servant girls to join, and to make them feel at home after they have joined.

Set the members themselves to seeking for new members. Divide the society into groups, and excite a little rivalry to see which group can most rapidly add to its numbers.

Make especial effort to induce the associate members to become active. Let each member of the Lookout Committee "adopt" some one associate or more, and seek to win him to active membership.

Before you propose a new member, have him go over the pledge with the committee, sentence by sentence. Make the reception service as earnest as possible. Lightly won, lightly lost.

Do not use every opportunity to find fault, but do use every opportunity to praise. Fill your reports with praise, and make it some one's especial business to speak to every one that does well in the meeting.—*Amos R. Wells.*

A Seven Social.

The Endeavorers of Weybridge, Vt., found it interesting to base a social upon the number seven. It was held upon the seventh day of the month, seven cents admission fee was charged, and there were seven numbers on the program. Most of these exercises pertained to the number seven, upon which an essay was read. Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times Seven" was recited, together with Wordsworth's "We Are Seven." Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man" was read, and illustrated with tableaux. After this program had been rendered, seven little tables were set. They were attended by seven waiters attired in mortar-board caps made of white paper, each adorned on the front with a red figure seven. The waiters wore also white aprons fancifully trimmed with seven red cloth sevens. The menu cards were figure sevens cut from bristol board, with a dainty knot of red ribbon tied at the angle. There were seven items on the bill of fare, and the price for the whole assortment of eatables was twice seven cents.

Crisp Patriotic Meetings.

A "Union Jack" meeting, with an account of the history of the flag, the different kinds of flags, the stirring scenes in which it has figured, recitations bearing on the flag, a flag salute, possibly a flag drill, a talk by some old soldier.

A bird's-eye meeting, to get some comprehensive notion of the size, resources, population, and other elements of greatness of our country, together with some feeling of responsibility for its welfare. Use a variety of illustrations.

A biographical meeting, to study some of the nation's heroes, with anecdotes, pictures, poems, quotations, and the like.

A great moments' meeting, in which each Endeavorer will describe some great moment in Canadian history, drawing some lesson from it.

An evening spent with the patriots of the Bible, one being assigned to each member, with instructions to discover from his hero some lesson for modern patriots.

Patriotic sharpshooting, for which each Endeavorer will furnish three things: one fact about Canada, with possibly a comment on it; one pertinent quotation from some great Canadian; one expression of a wish for Canada. Set apart three different times in the evening for these three classes of contributions.

A quotations meeting is easily prepared, and is very effective. Give each member some quotation bearing on Christian citizenship, and ask him to read it at the meeting, with comment.

At an appreciation meeting, each Endeavorer tells why he is proud of his country, illustrating what he says, by some fact, incident, or poem.

A duty meeting is carried on by giving each member a slip of paper containing some hint of the duty owed our country,—such as "vote,"—which he is to develop in a few words.

Pledge Points.

If the society is getting lax in the matter of pledge-observance, why not have at each meeting for a while, a five-minute paper on some section of the pledge?

Whenever new members are received, speak before the whole society about the importance of pledge-keeping.

At some business meeting have a question-box to answer questions regarding pledge-keeping.

The pledge is not made to the society, but to Christ. Any interpretation of it that He will permit, the Endeavorer must be satisfied with.

Cultivate a heroic spirit. Not how little you can make it out that your pledge means, but how much meaning you can put into it.

The secret of faithful pledge-keeping lies, after all, in something that comes before the pledge is signed, in the Lookout Committee, who should go over the pledge carefully with each candidate, making sure he understands all its requirements.

Don't think that your society can be lax in one point of pledge-observance, and not be lax in all points. Unfaithfulness spreads.

Do not hesitate to require your society to sign the pledge again in order to weed out the unfaithful members. Of course those that are still faithful will be perfectly willing to sign the pledge as many times as they are asked.

Sometimes devote a meeting to the pledge. A good plan for such a meeting is to ask the chairman of each committee to tell how the pledge bears upon his committee work.

A study of what the Bible has to say about covenants would prove stimulating to pledge-keeping. Spend half of some meeting in this study, assigning various suitable verses to different Endeavorers.

At one point in some meeting have silent prayer, asking each Endeavorer to carry his pledge to God, asking Him if he is keeping his pledge in all points as he should. — *Endeavorer's Daily Companion*.

Businesslike Business Meetings.

Every Endeavorer should be familiar with the leading points in parliamentary practice; but do not waste time in your business meetings with haggling over rules of procedure. Make common sense your guide, and remember that all rules have for their only object the carrying out of the will of the majority. When that is evident, never fight it by sharp parliamentary practice.

Get a bit of spice, if possible, into every report, and close each report with some earnest and practical suggestion that can be debated.

Every business meeting should be two things: a record of what has been done, praising all worthy effort; and an incentive to some definite work for the future.

An essay—no more than five minutes long—on some practical line of Christian service might well be read at every business meeting. This essay should be in harmony with the advance step to be taken at the meeting.

This forward step may be a great one, such as the adoption of some system of private Bible study, or it may be a little one, such as taking front seats at the prayer meetings. Whatever it is, make it the first business of the month to carry it out.

To bring out the members to the business meeting and awaken the interest of each, propose to the society some question to which all are asked to bring a one-sentence answer. The question should bear on the society work, such as: "How can we have better prayer meetings?" "What new idea can you suggest to the Social Committee?"

Much of the success of the business meeting will depend on the vigor of the president.

While it is perfectly right to hold on Sunday a properly conducted Christian Endeavor business meeting, whose sole purpose is to advance religious work, yet you will get much more done, and, even though your attendance may be smaller, your meeting will have greater effect on the society, if it is held on a week night. — *Amos R. Wells*.

How to Tithe My Income.

"What constitutes my net income?" If you are a farmer, it is all the money you receive for the products of your farm, the cash value of all your family consumes, and also the fair cash value of all you obtain by barter or exchange. From this gross amount it is fair to deduct, before tithing, all money paid for necessary hired help, and also whatever interest you pay or balance due on your farm, but not fair to deduct interest on anything else you may owe.

If you are a professional man, it is your entire income.

If you work on a salary, whether by day or year, it is your entire income.

If you are in business, it is your entire income less your business expenses only, not your personal or family expenses.

"Should I deduct insurance from my gross income before tithing it?"

If upon your property, no. If upon your goods or stock in business, yes, as that comes under the head of business expenses. If on your life, no.

"Taxes?" No. "House rent?" If for your business house, yes; if for your dwelling, no. "Interest?" If on money borrowed in your business to enable you to produce income, yes; if a personal matter, or on old debts, or anything aside from your income-producing business, no.

"Should I tithe my capital?" No. Whether your capital is in money, or property, or in brains, or in hands, or in all these, it is that from which you produce income. Pay proportionately from your income only.

Warm Weather Workers

News of Summer Season Service in Many Societies

JUNE and July are not fruitful months for news, and our department is somewhat smaller than usual as a result. But the work that is done in the hot season is good work, because it is done by the most earnest workers; so that you will find nothing but what is worth reading if you begin here and go right through to the last item.

Quality if not Quantity.

A Small but Good Meeting of The Toronto Union.

THERE was a small attendance of delegates at the meeting of this Union in the school-room of Central Presbyterian church on Saturday evening, June 17th, and half the officers were absent; only about forty persons were present altogether. In the absence of the president, the press editor conducted the opening devotional exercises; and Mr. James Hales, Good Citizenship superintendent, acted as chairman for the remainder of the meeting.

A motion to invite the International Convention to meet in Toronto in 1901 was the first matter discussed. The Business Committee was in favor of extending an invitation; and had approached Mr. Tower Fergusson, the chairman of the Canadian C. E. Council, to ascertain if that body would be likely to join. That gentleman, in a communication which was read, said that the council would support any well-considered plan looking to the holding of an International Convention in a Canadian city; but he feared that it was useless to invite the Convention for 1901 to Toronto, because much work would be necessary in the way of securing guarantees of financial support from business men. All the speakers favored the idea of having an International Convention in Toronto; but some thought that the Union was rather late in taking the matter up at this time, that more enthusiasm would require to be manifested, and that it would be better to talk and work it up for a later year. On being put to the vote, the motion was declared lost.

Miss Carrie Morgan, a member of the Central Presbyterian church society, sang with fine taste and spirit

a solo entitled "Companionship with Jesus."

In response to a request from Detroit, it was agreed to make up a small party of delegates going from Toronto to take part in the evangelistic meetings at noon during each day of the International Convention. The Missionary superintendent was appointed to look after this.

The treasurer reported that \$9.50 had been received since last meeting, and this sum was voted to partially reduce the amount owing the Endeavor Herald Company.

It was intimated that the Rev. Henry Tressider, chairman of the Hospitalities Committee for the International Convention in London, England, next year, will be in Toronto from July 11th to the 18th, and he will be glad of the opportunity to address any of the local C. E. societies during his stay. Societies can arrange for meetings through Mr. S. J. Duncan-Clark of the ENDEAVOR HERALD. Mr. Tressider would be pleased to speak at a children's gathering on Sunday, July 16th.

The next regular meeting of the Union will take place on the third Saturday in September.

Some Interesting Facts.

The Epworth League of C. E. of the Metropolitan church, Toronto, reports the following for the year just ended: Number on the roll, 152. Meetings held during the year, 45. Average attendance, 90. Money raised for all purposes, \$280, as follows: Students' Volunteer Movement, \$75; Woman's Missionary Society, \$75; furnishing room in new Deaconess Home, \$45; to help build church in Rainy River District, \$8; for all local purposes, \$77. The following are the officers: Honorary president, Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D.; president, J. H. W. Mackie; vice-presidents, W. E. Dyer, Miss K. Westman, C. H. Moore, Miss C. Williams; secretary, W. G. Hough; treasurer, Miss Jean Williams; pianist, Fred. Beatty; corresponding-secretary, Miss F. Cuthbertson.

At the last monthly missionary meeting of the Northern Congregational Y. P. S. C. E., one of our members, Miss Rutherford, who is shortly to leave for work in China, gave a very interesting address on the call of Isaiah. This society is still holding cottage prayer meetings.

The eastern district of the Toronto C. E. Union held a very successful picnic on Saturday, June 17th, at Reservoir Park; sixty persons were present representing eight societies. Mr. Galbraith, of Galbraith & Lucas, was present with his camera, and took a photo of the gathering.

Flashes from Victoria County.

Sunday and Monday, June 25th and 26th, were observed as C. E. days by the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Cambridge Street Methodist church, Lindsay. Rev. R. N. Burns, B.A., of Orillia, gave two inspiring addresses on Sunday. He possesses good C. E. vim. The edifice was nicely decorated with bunting, monograms, and flowers. The monogram made of marguerites and surrounded by ferns was very attractive. The aged people from the Home attended the morning service and enjoyed it. Here are some of the kernels picked from the evening discourse: "I warn you against over-organization, or allowing organization to dwarf your individuality; degeneration—forgetting the primal and supreme purpose, that of lifting up Christ to the world as the great attraction, and descending to a minor purpose." "I would emphasize the object of C. E.: to break down narrow sectarianism. Have no sympathy with it, nor even the extreme, the latitudinarian disposition." "The bond that unites to the church universal is the link that binds you to your own church." "Christian culture is another object. The most important means are Bible study, historical study of your own church and that of other churches. Sociability, or social helpfulness was another object. Your very character shines forth in your hand shake. Shake hands as if you meant something. Missionary and temperance work are other great objects. Greatest of all was spiritual aggression, which gave strength and vitality to the work. Combine the two mottoes, 'Look up and Lift up,' 'For Christ and the Church.' One was the purpose, the other the motive."

The Monday evening service was conducted by Mr. W. W. Staples, president. There was a good re-

presentation of the societies. The following papers were read: "The Rise and Growth of C. E.," by Mr. Geo. Webster, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian society; "The Relation of the C. E. to the Church," by Miss I. Matthews, president Baptist society; "The Influence of C. E. on National Life," by Miss Ella Haygarth, president Queen Street Methodist E. L. of C. E., all bright, interesting, and well prepared. The meeting closed with a profitable consecration service and prayer by the pastor, Rev. T. Manning, B. A.

A Meeting at Maitland.

The Maitland Local Union of Christian Endeavor held a meeting in the Congregational church at Lower Selma on Thursday evening, June 1st. The president, Rev. H. H. McNeil, of the Methodist circuit, was in the chair and conducted the opening exercises of "prayer and praise." A full programme was carried out as follows: A paper by Mr. Wm. O'Brien, on "Old Methods of Service in the Master's Work"; an address by Rev. H. H. McNeil, on "The Spirit of Service"; an address by Rev. S. J. McArthur, on "Example." The meeting closed with a consecration service led by Rev. J. W. Cox, Lower Selma.

The Maitland Local Union of C. E. consists of seven young people's and three Junior societies, and has had a prosperous existence since 1894.

Busy Brantford.

Items From the Telephone City.

The officers of the Brantford and Brant County Local Union received an invitation from the St. George friends to come out and meet with them, to consider the matter of forming a Local Union in their fair town. The invitation was accepted, and after an address from Mr. Hendry who spoke ably on the subject, the matter was well discussed by the members of the different denominations, and a committee consisting of two from every society was appointed, to meet at the call of the vice-president of that district, and elect officers. It is needless to say every one felt encouraged over the meeting, and we are glad to say St. George has many earnest C. E. workers.

A most enjoyable social was given in Brant Ave. Methodist church recently by the members of the

young people's society. There was an excellent attendance and a choice programme. Mr. T. H. Preston acted as chairman, and the other items were as follows: Piano duett, Miss Ella Crompton, and Mr. Jordan; solo, Mr. Burt; reading (encored) Miss Schell; cornet solo, Miss Darwin; solo, Mr. Ogilvie. A most agreeable surprise was given Rev. G. W. Kerby, when Mr. W. Brewster, the president of the young people's society, stepped forward, and, on behalf of the society, presented the pastor with a handsomely framed engraving of "Priscilla," by way of marking their appreciation of his interest in the society and his trip to the haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers last summer. Notwithstanding that he was completely caught, Mr. Kerby made a very good reply. Refreshments were afterwards served.

Halifax Heard From.

A Certain Sound From a Sound City.

Shakespeare says, "It is the empty vessel which makes the greatest sound"; but this insinuation does not apply to Halifax. Our "city by the sea" has sound, yea, volumes of sound, but it is by no means "empty." Our Endeavorers are working quietly and unostentatiously in this corner of the Master's vineyard, in full assurance that their labor will not be in vain in the Lord. We are proud of our city, with its many attractions, its fine harbor, its red-coats, and strong fortifications, but we have more to boast of than these, for an army smaller in numbers than those serving under the flag of our beloved Queen, but wielding even greater power—power not only for time but for eternity—has taken possession of the city, and is rapidly enlisting the young people in its ranks under the Captain of our salvation,—Christ Jesus.

Our Local Christian Endeavor army now consists of twenty companies, with a corps of about 1,100, who are valiantly fighting for the right. Its officers are fully consecrated men and women, wholly devoted to the cause they represent. The monthly rallies of officials and representatives are seasons of great refreshment, and much encouragement has been received from the free discussion of such topics as "Consecration," "Duties of the Prayer Meeting Committee," etc.

The Local Union is now undertaking the support of the "Mizpah" mission, a work among the boys in

the neglected portions of our city. A superintendent will be secured, and \$1,000 per annum will be required to carry out the scheme as suggested.

Many of our Christian Endeavor companies have the true missionary spirit, especially those in connection with Chalmers and Fort Massey churches, both donating large sums to the work in foreign lands. Chalmers society has one member at work in Labrador, two in Corea, and another preparing for the same field.

Then there is our Junior Local Union, second to none in the provinces, for our Senior societies are realizing the necessity of winning the children for Christ in their early days. We could write volumes of our self-denial week, our interesting Junior rallies, our monthly meetings for "Child-study," in which we are joined by the Primary Sunday-school teachers of the city. Suffice it to say that we are mustering our forces, and gathering ammunition in the shape of earnest, consecrated superintendents, and systematic plans, and will soon, with the great Captain at our head, advance to victory.—*Lena Woodhill in C. E. World.*

A Big Rally.

Christian Endeavorers at Paris Hold a Most Successful Meeting.

A most successful Endeavor rally was held in Paris recently under the auspices of the Local Union of that town, and a large number of people went up from Brantford. The president, Mr. T. Hendry, the secretary, Miss Davidson, and T. F. Best, vice-president, of the city of Brantford, attended. Letters of regret were read from vice-presidents Kelly of Burford, and Gundy of Scotland. The Visiting and Organizing Committee reported the organization of a Local Union in St. George. A letter was read from the Hamilton Local Union stating that an excursion was being run to Detroit, leaving Hamilton on the morning of July 5. They wished the Brantford and Paris Endeavorers to join with them. Miss Davidson, corresponding secretary of the Local Union, was appointed as a representative of Brantford. The matter of an excursion from here was also talked of, and was left to the committee to report. An excursion to Toronto on Civic Holiday seems to be in favor.

President Shutter, of the Paris Local Union, was in the chair, and, needless to say, he made an ideal occupant. The speaker of the even-

ing, Rev. W. F. McGregor, gave a rousing address on "What it Means to be a Christian Endeavorer." Mr. Best also spoke.

Moulton's Methods.

Moulton, Ont., E. L. of C. E. writes: "Our League has done a successful year's work, the membership being increased to forty. We have three departments, Christian Endeavor, Missionary, and Literary, and each in the past year has performed its duties faithfully. We have been much assisted by our pastor, Rev. G. W. Barker, who takes a great interest in our work, and we feel that, besides, proving a blessing to our young people, our League has also aroused many of the older members to a more vigorous activity. We held a very interesting service at the first anniversary of our society, at which we elected the officers for the present year."

Toronto Junction.

News From Annette Street Society

One of the officers writes: "In our Epworth League of Christian Endeavor here there has been a marked development during the last two or three years. We have found in our admirable constitution a workable plan for bringing together the somewhat scattered interests of young people's work. As a further result numbers have been enlisted and trained in our work, our actual working force having more than quadrupled during the time stated. During the past six months while giving the Christian Endeavor department with its Bible study, lookout, and consecration work special prominence, missionary intelligence and interest has increased, thirty dollars having been raised by the cent per week plan for our district missionary. In the literary work, by taking our reading course as a foundation for all our programmes, we have succeeded in interesting those who have the books as well as the more than average attendance of those who have not. In social work our aim has been to provide that each weekly meeting should be as sociable as possible. Junior League is being reorganized for the ensuing six months. The year starts with a first-class Executive and membership from whom excellent reports will be forthcoming of good work accomplished for our Christ and His church."

Down in Alabama.

A few mornings ago we came into our office and found on the desk a visiting card with the name of the editor of the *Alabama Endeavorer* upon it. He had called on the previous Saturday afternoon, and of course we were taking our regular half holiday so missed the pleasure of meeting with our brother scribe. He refers thus kindly to his visit in a recent issue of his paper:

"The editor called last week at the office of the Toronto HERALD, one of the largest and certainly one of the most interesting of all C. E. papers. As it was Saturday, a half holiday in Canada, we missed seeing the editor, much to our regret."

You see he agrees with Peter Pushem as to the value of the HERALD. We find this item in the same issue of his paper:

"The C. E. society at Toronto is the largest in the world, having a membership of six hundred. Its meetings are held in six sections, at different times, owing to its immense size. Would there were more like it."

Would it be news to our Alabama friends that we have over fifty young people's societies, and nearly sixty Junior societies in Toronto? Cooke's church Y. P. S. C. E., to which this item refers, is but one of the many—but the biggest one.

Christian Endeavor in South America.

We take the two items following from *Our Young People*, published in Santiago, Chili, a very bright and well edited monthly of thirty pages. It is good to see the cause of Christ thus taking hold upon the Neglected Continent:

The Society of Christian Endeavor of the Chilean church of Santiago has at present twenty-eight active members, and 19 associate members. It holds its meetings on Sundays at 6.45 p.m., immediately before the evening service. The first Sunday of each month is the consecration meeting, and on the first Monday is held the regular business meeting. The members attend with regularity and all take part at every meeting. The attendance numbers sixty or more, being much larger than in previous years. A better spirit is also noted.

A correspondent from Valparaiso sends the following item relating to the Spanish Christian Endeavor society of the Port: Number of

active members, sixty-one, average attendance at each meeting, thirty-nine. In all there is to be seen a sincere spirit of conversion, and, through the efforts of some of its members, preaching services in private houses have been held for some time in four different parts of the city, resulting in the conversion to Christ of many souls who were ignorant of the truth. This was the first Spanish C. E. society in Chile and was founded by Mrs. J. F. Garvin.

Japan's Jubilee.

An Infant, but Alive and Lusty.—Interesting Convention Innovations.

IT is still the day of small things with Christian Endeavor in Japan, but the little band that met in Kyoto a week ago was made up of young men and women who are thoroughly in earnest in their Christian life and work, and who will bear with them through the year President Harada's exhortation to prove themselves active, worthy Endeavorers in their own places by doing little things faithfully and earnestly, and thus showing to others the value of the society.

Friday evening, May 12th, a free parliament was held for discussion of the question, "What is your ideal Christian Endeavor society?"

President Harada well pronounced this session an ideal Christian Endeavor meeting, for it was packed with brief, pointed speeches, emphasizing the pledge, prayer, steadfastness, and the necessity of being filled with the Spirit of God.

The consecration meeting, Saturday morning, was full of suggestive testimony, based always on some word from the Book, and of definite, direct prayers.

We think sometimes that the Japanese language requires a great deal of circumlocution, but from beginning to end of the convention there was little of it. We were all too much in earnest.

Mr. Miyake, secretary and treasurer of the Union, and editor of the *Christian Endeavor Magazine*, told us how he once asked his teacher why God created Satan. The teacher inquired, "What should you do if a burglar entered your house?"

"I should strike him down, of course," was the quick reply.

The teacher, smiling said, "Satan is here,—your duty is to beat him down, rather than to ask why God made him."

Thus it is the duty of the Christian Endeavor society,—to fight Satan, and to destroy his work.

A Japanese pastor from Formosa told us of his work there for the last three years, of his church of fifty-two members, which has recently become self-supporting, and where he has usually about thirty seekers after Christ, and of the open doors and the woeful need of Christ among the Japanese who have recently gone to that island, as well as among the natives.

One interesting report came from the First Church of Kobe,—the first Kumiai (Congregational) church organized in Japan, of which President Harada is pastor again, after several years of work in other parts of the field, and which has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Saturday afternoon brought the social hour, and the photograph taking, without which no Japanese convention would be complete. Strips of paper, rolled like lamp-lighters, were distributed to all present. On each paper was written a number and a sort of conundrum, whose answer was the name of an article marked with the same number, in a big basket. From time to time the numbers were called, and the corresponding articles, which were very inexpensive and usually amusing, were given out. One paper asked, "What should be said to a rascal?" And the present was four postage stamps,—"*kittle shi mai*," which might also mean "Our intercourse is at an end."

A large part of the entertainment consisted of famous old stories, told and partly acted by men wearing an ancient style of dress, quite unfamiliar to the younger generation.

The next convention is to be held in Kobe, and we are already planning to make it a great success, and are looking forward eagerly to Dr. Clark's promised visit at that time.

Our officers were re-elected, with the exception of two or three changes on the Executive Committee. President Harada and editor Miyake are the men for their positions, but they are also *the* men for so many other places of like importance that they are in danger of being overwhelmed by the multitude of claims. Mr. Miyake has just been chosen president of the Japan Home Missionary Society, as if his pastorate and the principalship of a school were not enough to keep him busy, and it is rumored that Mr. Harada has added editorial work to his other duties.—*Endeavor World*.

Don't fail to read Peter Pushem's page this issue. Inside back cover.

Odds and Ends.

On the brink of a creek in Ireland there is—or used to be—a little stone containing a carving of this inscription, intended to help travellers: "When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river."

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat, lungs, and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

"Why, Freddy," exclaimed the mother of a precocious five-year-old, "aren't you ashamed to call auntie stupid? Go to her at once and tell her you are very sorry." "Auntie," said the little fellow a few minutes later, "I'm awful sorry you are so stupid."

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes MR. J. W. BROWN, Chicago.

Papa—"See the spider, my boy, spinning his web, is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?" Johnny—"What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?"

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

A colored driver of a hack of Norfolk, Va., was asked his name. "Gawge Washington," was the answer. "Ah," said the gentleman, "I've heard that name before." "That's not unlikely, boss; I's been a-drivin' hack in these parts nigh on twenty yeahs."

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

"How do you always manage to have such delicious meats?" asked one housekeeper of another. "Well, I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him." "You mean that you give him all your trade?"

"No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."

PREVENT DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

A recent discussion at a dinner table, whether "gotten" or "got" were the preferable participle, received a practical solution, at least for the telegraphic service, from the experience related of a college professor who preferred "gotten." He had telegraphed to his wife, "Have gotten tickets for the opera to-night, meet me there." The telegraph operator rendered this into, "Have got ten tickets," etc. Mrs. Professor was delighted with the opportunity of entertaining her friends, and accordingly made up a party of eight besides herself, whose greetings to the professor at the rendezvous were probably more cordial than his feelings, until matters were explained. He now makes an exception to his customary use of "gotten."

DO NOT DELAY.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Irish Barrister (addressing the Bench)—"Your honor, I shall first absolutely prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed it. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi."

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

The Prayer Meeting

Notes and Suggestions on the Uniform Topics.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

Drifting.

Aug. 6.—Drifting. Eph. 4: 14; Jas. 1: 1-8.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Drifting in worship, 1 Kings 12: 25-33; 13: 33-34. Tuesday: Steps well-nigh slipped, Ps. 73: 1-28. Wednesday: Lest we drift, Heb. 2: 1-4. Thursday: Repentance and steadfastness, Job 11: 14-20. Friday: His heart is fixed, Ps. 112: 1-10. Saturday: Be steadfast, unmoveable, 1 Cor. 15: 50-58.

With the Stream.

"That we no longer be infants—billow-tossed and shifted round with every wind of teaching—in the craft of men, in knavery suited to the artifice of error." Eph. 4: 14 (Rotherham's translation).

"If any of you is coming short of wisdom let him be asking of God, who giveth unto all freely and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him; but let him be asking in faith nothing doubting, for he that doubteth is like a wave of the sea, wind-driven and storm-tossed—for let not that man think that he shall receive anything from the Lord—a two-souled man, unstable in all his ways." Jas. 1: 5-8 (Rotherham).

These two apostolic injunctions form a needed warning to those who are living amid the strong currents of modern thought and teaching. We are glad that they have been set apart for the study of our young people throughout the world. The danger of drifting to-day cannot be overstated. Never in the history of the world were there so many mighty influences at work to carry the soul unmoored to an unforeseen but ultimate and absolute destruction. The devil, knowing that he has but short time left in which to deceive the world, has set with fiendish ingenuity a thousand traps to catch the unwary whose ignorance of God's Word makes them too often his helplessly easy prey.

The Holy Spirit in dictating the New Testament to its writers kept in view these latter days when error would be prevalent and the very elect themselves threatened with a spiritual blinding and departure from the faith. He has accordingly warned us in specific language of these dangers, and I do not know that I could do better than quote something of what He has, with divine prescience, recorded concerning these days in which we live. The words of the Master to His disciples, in that memorable discourse concerning the last things, have their solemn message for present needs. "There will arise," He said, "false Christs and false prophets—and they will show great signs and wonders, so that if possible even the chosen should be deceived." Thus we may expect claimants to our confidence and allegiance who will base their right upon the performance of seeming miracles. Christian Science, with its pretensions to heal disease, proves nothing thereby beyond the fact that it is included in this sweeping condemnation and warning of the true Christ. Passing on to the epistles we find Paul thus warning Timothy (1 Tim. 4: 12):

"Howbeit the Spirit expressly saith, that in later seasons some will revolt from the faith, giving heed unto seducing spirits and unto teachings of demons; in hypocrisy speaking falsehood." Again in 2 Tim. 3: 1-5, we find these significant words, "But of this be taking note, —that in last days there will set in perilous seasons; for men will be—fond of themselves, fond of money, ostentatious, arrogant, defamers, to parents unyielding, unthankful, unkind, without natural affection, accepting no truce, given to intrigue, without self-control, uncivilized, unfriendly to good men, traitors, reckless, beclouded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but the power thereof denying!" What an indictment against modern conditions! Surely here we have a picture of the selfishness, materialism, irreverence, and unrestricted love of pleasure so characteristic of our age, that professes a form of godliness, but in life and conduct denies its power.

These two passages from Paul's letters to Timothy indicate the drift of the times along two main streams whose outlet is at the mouth of the Abyss. The first is that which appeals to the emotional nature, lovers of the occult and the visionary who listen to the lies of seducing spirits and doctrines of demons clothed often in Christian phraseology, in hypocrisy speaking falsehood. Under this heading come such vagaries as Christian Science, an atheistic system denying the personality of the Trinity, the divinity of Jesus, and the need of the atonement, professing to heal disease and working its miracles by Satanic co-operation; Theosophy, a westernized Buddhism, a travesty on the truth of regeneration, with no word of hope for the sinner; and Spiritualism, the demon worship of to day, the slate-writing, table-tipping burlesque of spiritual religion as taught by Jesus Christ. The second appeals to the more materialistic type of mind. It is of the earth, earthy. Its hopes and ambitions are bound up in mundane real estate. It would rob the church of its riches in the heavenlies, and limit its inheritance to a terrestrial triumph for the achievement of which it has many panaceas not known to the apostles. From the drift of these strong currents the only safety is the exaltation of the written and Incarnate Word. A Bible, inspired, divine, authoritative, inerrant; we must cling to this with all the tenacity of a God-given faith. A Christ, the Son of God, personal, coming in the flesh, suffering vicariously on Calvary in substitution for the sinner, rising bodily from the tomb, ascending to the Father and coming again in person as He went, to receive His waiting church; on this Rock of Ages will we alone be able to stand secure in the midst of the gathering storm of the last apostasy. God grant that Christian Endeavor may never drift from this anchorage.

Against the Current.

There are always breakers ahead for the ship that drifts.

To successfully oppose the current of the world, yield yourself up to the current of God's will.

There are three classes of young people—the lifting, the sifting, and the drifting. To which do you belong?

LIVE for something. Have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel
Thou canst ne'er to self be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.—*Selected.*

Holdfast Hymns.

"Standing by a purpose," "Stand up, stand up,"
"Lead me to the rock," "Do you see the Hebrew
captive," "Firmly stand for God," "What can
wash," "Keep step with the Master."

God's Promises.

Aug. 13.—A service of promises. John 14: 1-14.
DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Not slack concerning his promises, 2 Pet. 3: 1-9. Tuesday: Joshua's testimony, Josh. 23: 1-16. Wednesday: Solomon's testimony, 1 Kings 8: 54-61. Thursday: Nehemiah's testimony, Neh. 9: 19-25. Friday: Mary's testimony, Luke 1: 45-55. Saturday: Paul's testimony, Acts 27: 21-26, 44, 2 Cor. 12: 7-10.

A God Who Believes in Pledges.

It has always been more or less of a puzzle to me how any Christian could be sceptical upon the question of pledges—their propriety, scripturalness, and value. The opposition shown by many to the Christian Endeavor pledge is, I believe, in nine cases out of ten, prompted by a wish to evade the direct and specific responsibility which a pledge involves. The tenth case is sincere in opposition from some reason that is yet to be discovered. The Christian religion is a religion of pledges essentially. The very names we give to the two great divisions of our Bible imply this fact—The Old Covenant and the New Covenant. A man cannot very well believe in the Bible and not believe in pledges—unless he is of a Higher Critical type, believing only what suits his own ideas.

I am prepared to go further and say that a man cannot be a Christian who does not believe in pledges; for our salvation depends on the pledged Word of God; and discipleship involves a pledged allegiance to Jesus Christ. Nay, more, the man who does not believe in pledges is not a safe member of society, for the whole of family, social, commercial, and national life is built upon and held together by the principle of pledges. The man who calls himself a Christian, or in other words a disciple of Jesus Christ, has taken a pledge which for solemnity of meaning, severity of requirement and strength of expression falls in no degree short of what has been mis-called the "cast-iron pledge of Christian Endeavor." Put your hand and seal to the essential conditions of discipleship as laid down by the Master in Luke 14: 26-33, and then cavil if you will at the Christian Endeavor pledge as an unreasonable obligation, and one that should not be taken because so few really keep it. O, thou strainer at gnats and swallower of camels, thinkest thou that because thy Christian duty is not printed on a card above thy signature, that thou art indeed free from any of the obligation that rests upon us who have, "trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength," with written pledge given Him allegiance?

But perhaps some one asks, "Is not this aside from the topic?" Well, perhaps it is a little; but it is all leading up to a point I want to make which bears directly on the topic, viz.: that our pledges are only of real value as we appropriate God's pledges to us. Our Christian Endeavor pledge

all hangs upon the trust we express in its opening clause, that, according to promise, "His strength will be made perfect in weakness." If it were not that Jesus Christ has pledged to us sufficient grace for every need, we dare not thus assure Him of our purpose to yield unswerving loyalty. So it is the Divine promise that gives value to the human. What we may be and do is only so because of what God is. The sooner we learn this lesson, the sooner our Christian life will begin to know less about defeat and more about victory. Truly we must "work out our own salvation," but we can do so only because "God works in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure." The life and strength of our every promise to God, must be found in God's promises to us.

There is a passage of rare significance in 2 Pet. 1: 4, which reads, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." There is a mighty secret of holy living in these words for some of us to discover if we will. The promises are channels by which the nature of God is communicated to us: through their means He puts Himself and His inexhaustible resources in our power; but we are slow to realize the truth of it all, and to appropriate for our personal blessing and spiritual advantage the wealth of grace thus put at our disposal. It is simply banking on God's promises that constitutes the faith life. He who takes God at His word, and accepts His engagements at their face value, is forever freed from care.

Our topic passage is a gold mine of precious promises. It opens with the glorious announcement by the Master of a Father's home in which are many abiding-places, whither He will go to prepare a place for His loved ones. The anticipation of the heavenly mansions is intensified a hundred-fold by the promise made by the Heavenly Friend, that He would return and take to Himself His waiting bride. Need I emphasize the thought that Christ meant His personal coming when He gave this pledge? It is the hope of believers and the world to-day. There is nothing for the race, outside of the return of Jesus, but disappointment and defeat. In the closing verses of the selected passage we have two wonderful promises, the fullness of which the longest lifetime would fail to measure. The one is the doing of greater works than the Master, and the other is His unfailing response to the request of His disciples. If we but believed and acted upon these two with all our hearts, how different our lives would be? God, teach us to test the full value of Thy promises in a yielded life of service for Thy glory! Amen.

Promise Praise.

"Jesus, I am resting," "On Thee my heart,"
"Our willing service," "God will take care," "We
know in whom," "I know not why," "Precious
promise," "Jesus, I will trust."

Rainbow Hues.

Tarry at a promise till God meets you there. He always returns by way of His promises.

THE promises of God are certain, but they do not mature in ninety days.—*A. J. Gordon, D.D.*

EVERY promise is a staff, able, if we have faith to lean upon it, to bear our whole weight of sin and care and trouble.—*Rev. C. Bridges.*

It is not to him who sees Christ brightly that the promises are made, but to him who looks. A bright

view may minister comfort, but it is looking to Christ which ministers safety.—*Chalmers.*

FEAREST sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken;
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

—From *The Shadow of the Rock.*

As the deep blue of heaven brightens into stars,
So God's great love shines forth in promises,
Which, falling softly on our prison bars,
Dim not our eyes, but with their soft light bless;
Ladders of light God sets against the skies,
Upon whose golden rungs we step by step arise,
Until we tread the halls of Paradise.

—*A. E. Hamilton.*

THE whole creation rests, as to its exemption from a second deluge, on the eternal stability of God's covenant, of which the bow is the token; and it is happy to bear in mind, that when the bow appears, the eye of God rests upon it; and man is cast, not upon his own imperfect and most uncertain memory, but upon God's. "I," says God, "will remember." How sweet to think of what God will, and what He will not, remember! He will remember His own covenant, but He will not remember His people's sins. The cross, which ratifies the former, puts away the latter.—*C. H. McIntosh.*



Spread of the Kingdom.

Aug. 20. The leaven and the meal. Matt. 13:33;
Dan. 2:31-35, 45. (A missionary meeting.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Like unto mustard seed, Matt. 13:31, 32. Tuesday: Uttermost parts for possession, Ps. 2:1-12. Wednesday: All nations shall flow unto it, Micah 4:1-7. Thursday: The little one, a thousand, Isa. 60:1-12, 22. Friday: No end to increase, Isa. 9:6, 7. Saturday: An everlasting kingdom, Dan. 7:9-27.

A Contrary View.

BEFORE you read further, friend, be warned; for the comments that follow will take a very contrary view of the topic and passages set for our study to that intended by those who chose them. You see, there are two great schools of thought in the church of Christ to-day that differ radically in their teaching concerning the kingdom, and their interpretation of these as well as other scriptures. The majority of Christians belong to what is known as the post-millennialist school, and I imagine the brethren who choose the topics belong to the majority. But a large and growing minority belong to what is called the pre-millennialist school, and, as it happens, the writer of these notes is one of the minority. The former school look for the world's conversion prior to the return of Christ at His second advent. The latter expect the coming of the Master in person at any moment, and do not believe the work of the church to be the conversion of the world, but rather a faithful testimony to its Lord in His absence. If you are not afraid to study these two passages from this standpoint, your earnest and prayerful attention is invited to what follows.

For the views here expressed the writer, whose name appears at the head of this department, is alone responsible. So far as he knows he is solitary in his belief among the HERALD staff; but he is free to say what he thinks, and without apology is constrained to declare his conviction that the thought here presented is scriptural beyond refutation. The

first of the two passages appointed for our study is in that wonderful parable chapter, the thirteenth of Matthew's Gospel. Seven parables in this chapter deal with the kingdom of heaven. Four are delivered in public to the multitude, and three in private to the disciples alone. The first four deal with the kingdom in its general relation to the world from which it is evolved. The latter three with the kingdom in its more specific relation to those who compose it. The parable of the leaven is the last of the first group, and presents the condition of the unmanifested kingdom at the close of the age, immediately prior to that glorious revelation of which the Master speaks in verse 43. Now the common interpretation of this parable runs thus: The three measures of meal represent this present evil world; the leaven represents the gospel truth hidden in the world by the woman who is the church, and left until the meal is entirely permeated by its potent influence, that is to say until the world is converted. The less common, but, to the writer's mind, the more commonsense and scriptural interpretation is as follows: The meal represents the wholesome truth of the Gospel, the leaven the corrupting principle of error, the woman the faithless church who with her own hand mingles error with truth until the whole teaching of the church is more or less tainted by its presence.

The reasonableness and force of this interpretation will not be readily apparent to those who have been taught since childhood to anticipate the world's conversion through the agency of the church, an expectation entirely unsupported by the Bible. It will appear revolutionary, pessimistic, and unattractive. But Bible truth is often revolutionary to human conceptions, and attractiveness is not a safe test to apply to the Word of God. Let us lay aside prejudice and seek the significance of the parable with open mind. Parable teaching is by symbols, in which truth is pictured through the incidents and things of every-day life. We may judge of what a symbol stands for, on either or both of two principles: (1) By a natural analogy existing between object and truth; a method which may lead to error, since analogy depends very largely upon the mind of the individual. (2) By finding if the symbol is used elsewhere in Scripture with an unmistakable significance attached to it. This is the safest method, since thus you get the mind of the Holy Spirit in the use of the symbol, and one can hardly imagine that He would give a definite interpretation to a symbol in several passages, and then use the same symbol in another, uninterpreted but intending that it should stand for an exactly opposite idea. If both methods applied lead to the same interpretation then it is a moral certainty you have arrived at the truth of it.

Now let us apply these principles to this parable, using the second and safest, first. What teaching have we elsewhere concerning the symbolic significance of the meal? In the Old Testament type teaching of the sacrifices, wherever meal or flour is found it stands for that which is good, and true, and wholesome. Passing over other Scriptures we find in the chapter before us that in two parables the wheat, from which meal is made, is used as symbol of the Word and the children of the kingdom. Are we justified then in saying when we come to this parable that all previous teaching is reversed, and that here meal stands for this present evil world? Now take the principle of analogy. Does not meal suggest to our minds what is pure,

clean, wholesome, good. Is it not much more analogous to God's truth for a hungry world, than to the evil world itself? We can have no two opinions. Aside then from prejudice, and resisting the temptation to read our pre-conceived ideas into the parable, what conclusion must we reach? Surely that the meal stands for God's truth.

Next take the leaven. It is a frequent symbol in Scripture: but from Genesis to Revelation there is not a single passage where it is used to signify anything but evil, and evil of the most corrupting kind, unless this passage be an exception, the existence of which would destroy the possibility of reliable interpretation. The Master Himself uses leaven on other occasions as a symbol of the erroneous teaching of Pharisees and Sadducees, and the malice of the Herodians. Is He likely to use it now as a symbol of Gospel truth? Apply the principle of analogy. Leaven has a pervasive power, but from what derived? From the principle of corruption. It spreads by a process of decay or putrefaction. Dough from which the leaven has not been expelled by heat, soon becomes sour, uneatable, and poisonous. Is this more analogous to the spread of truth or error? An honest answer says, error. Thus again the one principle confirms the other, and unprejudiced reasoning must conclude that leaven represents the work of error and evil in the wholesome meal of gospel truth. What then of the woman? Here we agree. She is the church visible, the agency through which the leaven is hidden in the meal. What we see around us in the church to-day bears out the truth of this interpretation. Unless one regards the outlook through glasses of some peculiar make, revealing only what his heart desires to see, it is impossible to be unaware of a widespread apostasy among the leaders of professed Christendom from the doctrine once delivered to the saints. This is more noticeable in the Old World and the United States than here; but as the days go by we too shall feel the effect of it more and more markedly. It is an emasculated gospel that is preached in scores of pulpits to-day. The Bible is calmly criticised as though simply a product of human skill; sin and evil are regarded as mere incidents in the process of spiritual and moral evolution, or "lesser good" as some would say; the death of Christ is only an example of self-sacrifice for others which men following will be saved. The devil is a mythical hobgoblin, and hell is a hideous tradition of the dark ages. Smooth things are preached, and vital, saving truth ignored. In the Old Country ritualism and priestcraft continue to threaten the national church with disruption. Truly the leaven is working in the meal. But there remains something to be said concerning the second passage chosen to illustrate the spread of the kingdom, Dan. 2: 31-35, 45. It is the vision of the great image seen by Nebuchadnezzar, with head of gold, breasts of silver, loins of brass, legs of iron and clay mingled. Concerning the meaning of this image there is a general consensus of opinion on the part of both schools up to a certain point, where a divergence takes place. The golden head represents the Babylonish empire, the silver portion the Medo-Persian, the brass the Grecian, the iron legs the Roman in its eastern and western division, the feet of clay and iron the present condition of mixed democracy and autocracy that characterizes the nations of the earth. The complete image is type of the world-power destroyed by the little stone cut from the mountain without hands. So far there is agreement; but concerning the little stone we

differ. The ordinary view maintains that the stone is the kingdom of Christ, that, ushered in by His birth, gradually grows, and in its growth slowly overcomes the world power pictured by the image. The less common belief is that the little stone is Christ Himself, who by His personal return accomplishes instantly the destruction of the world power, and establishes His millennial reign filling the whole earth with His glory. This interpretation is in harmony with the rest of Scripture, for Christ is not infrequently spoken of as the rock or stone. It is also in closer harmony with the wording of the passage than the other. You will find by referring to verses 34, 35, that the stone smote the image on its feet (a period subsequent to the Roman empire in which Christ was born) and brake them to pieces, the top-heavy image tumbling over and crashing into atoms that are carried away by the wind. This is no gradual process, but an instantaneous act. You will note also that the growth of the stone to be a great mountain is subsequent to the destruction of the image, and not the cause of it, as the former interpretation would require one to believe.

And now this lengthy exposition of views that will perhaps seem novel and even incredible to some of my readers, must terminate with a brief reference to the wording of the topic. "The spread of the kingdom," do I believe in it? Some of you, no doubt, will be inclined to question and to answer "no." But I say—yes. I believe with all my heart that a time is coming when the rule of Jesus will be acknowledged from pole to pole, and from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof. When the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and no man shall say unto his neighbor "know the Lord," for all shall know Him from the least unto the greatest. I would not want to live if I did not believe this; but I believe that this same Jesus is coming first in like manner as He departed. I believe this present age is hastening on to a day of doom and judgment from which the church will be caught away for a short time to return later with Christ and inaugurate the day of peace and world-wide prosperity for which we pray. Others, who hold widely different religious views, look for a coming crisis, a social revolution, an upheaval of the masses. Students of modern conditions think it is unavoidable; and from the debris of the old they expect there will arise a man to reconstruct a new social order wherein dwelleth righteousness. Of the approaching cataclysm there can be no doubt; but the coming man will be no survivor of the wreck, no new Napoleon rising from the mob. He will be from above, God's man, Christ Jesus. This is the hope of the church that in the midst of a drifting and apostate age faithfully upholds the torch of truth and proclaims in unflinching tones a full gospel. The spread of the kingdom? Amen! But first the coming of the King.

Any readers of the HERALD interested further in these views will receive a glad and ready response to enquiries they may wish to make by addressing them to me at this office.

Hymns of Hope.

"The gospel bells are ringing," "Our Lord is now," "We are watching," "Look, ye saints," "Thou art coming," "Soon shall we see," "It may be at morn," "Oh, hear my cry," "Jesus is coming."



The Christian's Pleasures.

Aug. 27.—Green pastures: the Christian's pleasures. Ps. 23: 1-6.

DAILY READINGS. - Monday. Ways of pie. sanctness, Prov. 3: 13-18. Tuesday. Delight in God's law, Ps. 119: 1-3; 119: 161-168. Wednesday: Pleasures of obedience, Ps. 119: 1-10. Thursday: Pleasures of service, Luke 15: 3-7; Rev. 22: 1-5. Friday: The river of God's pleasures, Ps. 36: 1-12. Saturday. Pleasures forevermore, Ps. 16: 1-11.

Pleasures Forevermore.

"The Christian's pleasures," so runs the title of our topic, and the emphasis, friends, is on the second word. It is a truth, sometimes overlooked I fear, that there are distinct pleasures and sources of enjoyment for the Christian which are available to him alone and in no degree partake of the kind that so delight the unconverted. No greater calumny can be spoken against the religion of Jesus Christ than to suggest that its adherents are dependent for their recreation and enjoyment upon the world's devices to amuse: the dance, the card table, and the theatre. The Christian who is ever asking in what measure he may safely join the worldling's hopeless pursuit of happiness, testifies that he has not entered into full possession of what is his in Christ by faith, and leads the enemies of Christ to say that He cannot fully satisfy the desires of those who follow Him.

.....

A lacking sense of security is one of the most certain destroyers of pleasure. Like a canker worm it eats into the heart of the world's sweet fruits of delight and leaves a trail of corroding slime on all it touches. Hundreds of the votaries of fashion and amusement, burning the incense of self-indulgence before the altars of mammon, are haunted day and night with a dread of coming evil. The Spectre of an Unforgiven Past stands ever at their side and whispers of a Relentless Avenger constantly drawing nearer as the days go by. In the mad whirl of gaiety, and sensual intoxication, for a time they may drown the hollow voice of warning, but as they turn with a smile from the object of their pleasure the spectre's mocking grin meets their gaze and a look of angry despair chases the smile from their lips. In all their hours of merriment that strange apprehensive feeling hangs in the atmosphere, and strikes chill to their hearts. The first words of our topic-passage free the Christian's pleasures from this fatal element. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters." Here then we have in the first place, security. Provision is made for every need. The past is forgiven, the future guaranteed. The world as it thinks of God, can only say, "God is my Judge." The Christian says, "The Lord is my Shepherd." For them, nothing but "a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation"; for us, as Moody says, it is glory all the way. "He that feareth is not made perfect in love, for fear hath torment; but perfect love casteth out fear"; so where the love of the Shepherd is fully realized there can be no fear, no apprehension of evil; only sweet security. The highest pleasure of the Christian is to be found in doing the will of God. Heaven is of all places the happiest. There delight reaches climax, and enjoyment becomes rapturous ecstasy. The philosophy of heaven's happiness lies in the fact that all who dwell within its borders dwell in perfect harmony with the divine will. Thus to have one's life in line with the purposes of God is to know something of the joy of those who are ceaselessly in His presence. The philosophy of pain, suffering, grief, is disturbance of soul harmony; therefore the cure for these, and the source of highest delight, is to be obtained by a restoration of

right soul relationship to God. The religion of Jesus Christ alone makes such relationship possible. The agony of Calvary struck the last note of the gamut of suffering, and merged its vibrant tones into the major key of triumph song that in a harmonized universe will ring throughout the ages. To get in tune with this eternal music now, is our privilege and joy. You remember that passage in Zeph. 3: 7, where God is spoken of as joying over His people with singing. I have sometimes thought how sweet it would be to have all about us so silenced in our lives for a little while, that we might catch the melody of that song, and tuning our hearts to it, keep time to its music all the long journey home.

One of the greatest pleasures of the Christian life is the ability and opportunity to give. As children of a King, it is ours to deal generously with a needy world. The wealth of heaven is ours that we may bestow its bounty upon others. We have been blessed that we may in turn become a blessing. To fully enjoy this privilege of giving we must realize and enter into possession of the vast resources we possess in Christ. Prayer and the Promise Book are the avenues by which our wealth comes. The happiest Christians, those who get greatest pleasure out of their religion, are the Christians who know how to pray prevailingly for others, and how to appropriate the blessings pledged to them in the Word for their daily needs. Yes, there is pleasure in religion, such pleasure as can be found nowhere else, "pleasures forevermore," lasting, eternal, and that leave no bad taste in the mouth, no aching heads, no broken hearts. Pleasures of such inexhaustible delight as to require the ages of ages for their full appreciation. Pleasures that are unselfish, that extend their joyous influence to all, that reach their climax when they make the greatest number happy. God has made full provision in His plan for a healthy love of pleasure, and if Christians enjoyed their religion more than many seem to, there would be fewer young people frightened away from Jesus Christ to seek enjoyment in the beguiling enticements of the world.

Joy Songs.

"Whosoever heareth," "I've found a joy," "Ring the bells of heaven," "O happy day," "Joy-bells ringing," "In a world where," "There comes to my," "My joyful heart is filled," "Blessed assurance."

Joy Bells.

THE sweetest joy is the joy to give
Of the best our lives afford,
And just to trust, each day we live,
In the fulness of the Lord.

No one can get joy by merely asking for it. It is one of the ripest fruits of the Christian life, and, like all fruit, it must be grown.—*Ruskin*.

HITHERTO have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.—*John 16: 22, 24*.

God wants our life to be a song. He has written the music for us in His Word and in the duties that come to us in our places and relations in life. The things we ought to do are the notes set upon the staff. To make our life beautiful music we must be obedient and submissive. Any disobedience is the singing of a false note and yields discord.—*J. R. Miller*.

With the Juniors

The Junior Superintendent and the Meeting.

- Never absent for trivial reasons.
- Always on time.
- Does not do most of the talking herself.
- Plans with the Junior leader.
- Makes *one* point in each meeting.
- Always ready to fill a gap.
- Keeps the pledge as one of the first thoughts.
- Touches with sympathetic touch the life of every Junior, so as to lead all the Juniors to Christ the King.
- Do *you* live up to it?

Suggestions for Superintendents.

The Coming Workers.

THE Young People's Society should be in close touch with the Junior society for it is from the Junior society the trained workers are to come in the near future. The years roll by so quickly, and ere long the Juniors will be the leaders in young people's work. As the older workers are anxious for the perpetuity of the work they should seek to strengthen the work among the Juniors.

Summer Work.

Make the work of the society harmonize with the outdoor thoughts of the glad summer time. Under the shade of the trees, they might do some practical work in sewing or making scrap-books, while the superintendent tells some interesting story. Be sure to have some appropriate singing, and prayerful thought in harmony with the work and season.

How To Begin.

Too often the beginning of the meeting is formal. Don't have the hymn first always. Sometimes it might be silent prayer, other times the repetition of the Lord's prayer. We should not get into a rut in the beginning, as that at times helps to keep us there.

The Pledge.

Before allowing the Juniors to sign the pledge, be very certain that they understand the nature of the promise they make, and to whom. I interview them privately, and talk the matter over earnestly, having a work of prayer about the step the Junior is about to take.

Sunshine at Home.

The hardest place to act as a Sunshine Committee of one is sometimes at home. It is none the less important that the Juniors should be trained to make home as happy a place as kindness, love,

helpfulness, and unselfishness can make it. How often home is spoiled by peevish, fretful, hasty words! These things the Juniors must conquer, and plant in their stead, kind and tender words.

Reports.

At the business meetings, the chairman of each committee should present a report of the work done by that committee. The superintendent or the assistant should look over the reports, so as to guide the Juniors to prepare their reports in a proper business-like way. These reports should always be written, and should be kept on file.

Cheerful Systematic Givers.

Train the Juniors to *give*, and give cheerfully. Don't belittle the giving, for the silver and the gold belong to the King, and in accordance with your wealth you ought to give. The girls and boys ought to give some of their very own money, which they might have spent in candy or chewing-gum.

Junior Literature.

You cannot get along without the Junior C. E. Song Book,—and then there is a library of leaflets, with hints and suggestions, some of which are: "A Live Junior Society," by Rev. W. W. Sleeper; "Junior Christian Endeavor, its Field and Work," by Miss Kate H. Haus; and "Some Junior Suggestions," by the same writer. Dr. F. E. Clark has written a helpful line in the "Junior Society Leaflet."

Of course you cannot do without the regular arrival of *The Christian Endeavor World*, *The Junior Christian Endeavor World*, and last but not least, the bright Canadian organ, the ENDEAVOR HERALD. Then there are exercises for special occasions which are object lessons of the work, and the preparation of which will deepen thought in the Juniors. "What the Junior committees are doing," is an excellent outline of the active work, and there is no finer exercise than "The Junior Garden." There are many others, but these are suggestive of the things *you* ought to have if you expect to succeed.

Talking With Chalk.

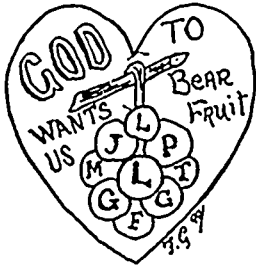
Practical Papers on Blackboard Work for Junior Workers Who Can't Draw.

By S. J. Duncan-Clark.

No. 3.

WE were crowded out of last issue. We had not even space enough to announce the winner of our prize offered in the May HERALD. Several competing designs were received, and after being carefully compared the award was made to a sketch sent in by a Michigan Endeavorer

who has recently become a reader of the HERALD. Her design possesses all the strength of simplicity, and well illustrates the truth of the topic chosen. The adjoining cut has been made from the winning design, and is accompanied by the following explanation: "God has given us all things (have some of His gifts enumerated) and in return He wants us to give Him our hearts and lives (draw heart and



print 'God wants us'). He does not want us to do evil, but to be useful or fruitful (add 'To Be Fruitful,' and sketch a cluster of nine grapes, putting on each the initial letter of the nine varieties of the fruit of the Spirit. If there is room the whole word can be

filled in.") The idea here worked out is excellent; but personally, even if there were room, I would not fill in the rest of the words after the initials. I think the use of the initials alone will serve to stimulate the thought and memory of the Juniors.

This is our national holiday issue, and I have been trying to think out a chalk-talk that will be suitable to the occasion. I think I should take for my text a flag-staff. It is easily drawn. Use the side of the chalk, drawing it down the board, making a broad, perpendicular line tapering a little toward the top. Put a little button on top of it, and drop a rope down to near the bottom, fastening it off around the pole. Meanwhile, as you draw, you are announcing and emphasizing your text. There is one thing about a flag-staff you like, and that is that it stands for something. You have very little use for things or people that don't stand for something definite. You especially dislike boys and girls who have not as much character as a flag-pole even—of whom you are never certain; who might as well sit down as stand, because they don't stand for anything. Of course all flag-poles don't stand for the same thing, any more than all people. Some fly one flag, some another, and we know what they stand for by the flag they fly. And so we judge of people. The expression of their faces, the tone of their voices, the words they use, the things they do: these are the flags that tell us what they are. Some flags represent good things; others, like the black flag of the pirate boat, bad. So on some faces you can read purity, kindness, truth; while on other faces you will see greed, deceit, and intemperance plainly written. Of course flag-poles may sometimes fly false colors and pretend to stand for something that they don't really represent at all; and so do some people, but if you watch them long enough you are sure to see the false flag come down, and their real flag go up. Let us be careful then of what flag we fly. Now I am going to run a flag up on this flag-pole. What flag do you love best of all? (Canadian Juniors will say, "The

Union Jack!" of course. You will have ready two red crosses, and the necessary blue pieces cut out of paper to pin on the board in making the flag.



First make the outline in chalk, then either with a sheet of white paper or the chalk, make a white background in the upper left hand quarter of the flag on which to fasten the colored portions.) Now a word or two about the colors of our flag: red, white, and blue. Red is the color of conflict. It was only after many battles that England became the world's mistress. It is good to fight sometimes. Paul says, "Fight the good fight of faith." We must be ready to do battle with sin, temptation, and self if we too would

be great. We must have some red in our flag. White is the color of purity and peace. It is no coward's white in the Union Jack, and it must not be in ours. It will stand for a clean life, and a love of the peace that belongs to the man who has fought with wrong and conquered. Blue is the color of loyalty; true-blue, we call it; we shall put it in our flag too, and let it stand for a loyal life, true to ourselves, true to our neighbors, true to our pledge, true to Christ. Then there are the emblems in the flag. The four crosses, St. George, St. Andrew, St. David, and St. Patrick; they represent great and good men whose lives are an example and inspiration to us. But the crosses of these men are only worth thinking about, because of the cross of another Man,—the Man Christ Jesus. We shall put His cross in our flag too, for only by what it stands for can we hope to be all that we have already pictured in the colors. Now see what a flag we shall have for ourselves; the only flag we shall ever allow to float above the Union Jack: the red, white, and blue flag of King Jesus. Boys and girls, let us always keep it waving. Let no one dare to haul it down, or float any other colors over our lives.

Next month I shall gather up some of the black-board suggestions at Detroit and reproduce them for you. Meanwhile I shall be glad to receive designs for the topic of Sept. 17, "How can we honor Christ?" A marked New Testament for the best. Send before July 20th.

WHEREVER love has been, there joy will surely be. Do the act, and the feeling will come. Love anything, any one, and joy will follow. You never loved but it brought you happiness. The happiest hour in your life is the hour when you loved most.

For Juniors Only!

Peter Pushem by Special Permission Addresses
Them in Their Own Corner.

LAST month the editor set aside a corner in this department for Juniors only. No sooner did I, Peter Pushem, learn of it than my request was filed to be allowed to vacate my own pulpit long enough to talk to you in yours. I usually get what I ask for, and with some coaxing was granted my desire, so here I am. I tried an experiment with the May HERALD which has proved a success. I sent a bundle of fifteen copies to Barrie to be sold by a Junior there for five cents each, the Junior keeping two cents and sending me the balance. As I expected, he sold all the papers, making thirty cents for himself on the transaction, and sent an order for twenty more HERALDS. What that Junior did, hundreds of others can do in the many towns and villages throughout Canada. Why should not you put a little money in your pocket, or the mission box, by selling HERALDS? Your society might take up the work and raise much of its missionary money in this way. Now I want to hear from a thousand enterprising Juniors who will follow the lead of Barrie and enter energetically into a campaign under the direction of General Peter Pushem, Commander-in-chief of the army of HERALD hustlers.

It will be first come first served. I shall be careful not to appoint too many Juniors in one place, so as to give plenty of room to all for good work. If you want to enlist under my banner, send me your name and address with a few lines from your pastor or superintendent "as a guarantee of good faith," to quote the newspapers. Then I shall enroll your name in my army, send you a ribbon to wear in your hat or cap and a little drill-book with instructions for the campaign. If you prove a faithful soldier I may have some more work for you to do by-and-by. Month by month I shall print the record of the best workers, and, if I can get it, the picture of the Junior who leads in the fight.

Sit down and write to me now!

Boys Who Succeed.

Thirty years ago Mr. H—, a nursery man in New York state, left home for a day or two. In his absence, a customer arrived from a distance and went into the kitchen of a farmhouse, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H— at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger stopped and followed him

through the nursery, examining the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with \$300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, but is still a poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, and with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle are now numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the state.

"I might have done like Jim," his brother said lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it; there's not enough yeast in it." The retort, though disagreeable, was truth. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character is partly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open and act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—*Springfield Republican.*

Notes on the Junior Topics.

By Lily M. Scott.

Conquering Sin.

Aug. 6.—How can we conquer our sins? Heb. 12:1-7.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Deceitfulness of sin, Heb. 3:12. Tuesday: Servants of sin, Rom. 6:16-18. Wednesday: Wages of sin, Rom. 6:21-23. Thursday: A Saviour from sin, Matt. 1:21. Friday: Dead to sin, Rom. 6:11. Saturday: "More than conquerors," Rom. 8:37.

It has been suggested that, for this meeting, the sins be divided into four classes: School sins, home sins, recreation sins, and solitude sins.

Under the first head could be named cheating, lying, quarrelling, bullying, etc.; under the second, disobedience, disrespect, anger, idleness, etc.; under the third, bad companions, bad words, bad books, bad habits, etc.; and under the fourth, envy, pride, selfishness, hatred, unkindness. With a little help, the Juniors can fill these in themselves.

Do any of these sins belong to us? If so, how can we conquer them? Alone, we cannot, but God is able to "deliver us from all evil." Repeat the Lord's prayer, then the pledge, which says we must trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength.

If we persist in our sins what is our final reward? Read Rom. 6:21-23. But if we conquer our sins, we must remember through whose help we have gotten the victory.

Read to the Juniors part of Andrew Rykman's prayer, by Whittier.

Blackboard Suggestion.

Let Jesus in.
He will shut out sin.

Saviour from
in
elf
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Caring for the Weak.

Aug. 13.—How to care for the weak. Rom. 14: 17-21; 15: 1-3. (A temperance topic.)

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: In the spirit of meekness, Gal. 6: 1. Tuesday: Gaining the weak, 1 Cor. 9: 22. Wednesday: Strengthening the weak, Isa. 35: 3, 4. Thursday: Our liberty a stumbling-block, 1 Cor. 8: 9. Friday: Self-denial for the weak, 1 Cor. 8: 13. Saturday: Not to live to ourselves, Rom. 14: 7, 13.

The last three verses of the Scripture lesson should be memorized by the Juniors.

This lesson is intended for a temperance lesson, but, of course, the Juniors understand that there is temperance in other directions as well as in abstaining from intoxicating drinks. Explain carefully the difference in the times,—how the Jews were very careful not to partake of any meat that had been offered to idols. Many of the habits or customs, which we consider perfectly harmless, were very sinful in their eyes. Apply the warning against the eating of the meat to something in our time.

Paul says if a person thinks it is wrong to eat meat, we must not only keep from tempting him, but we must abstain from tempting him by eating it ourselves.

Have the Juniors name a number of things which may cause a "weak brother" to fall. Illustrate our influence by comparing it to the circles caused by the throwing of a pebble into the water, which spread out, growing larger and larger, till they reach the shore. Our influence is like that; one little wave of wrong may spread and spread until it touches a large circle of our friends, and all are affected by it. So we must watch our little acts, more for the sake of the weak brother than for our own sake.

The following acrostic has been suggested for a blackboard exercise:

I will
Never
Fail to
Lift a fallen brother, and
Use my influence
Every day to make of my
Neighbors
Christian
Endeavorers.

Louisa M. Alcott says, "That is what we are put into the world for—to help one another. You can pass on the kindness by serving my good friends, who, in return, will do their best for you."

Blackboard Suggestion.

BE A THE WEAK

Love
Instruct
Forgive
Trust
Encourage
Restore

The Life of Christ. VIII.

Aug. 20.—What encouragement may we get from the story of Zaccheus? Luke 19: 1-10.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: The great supper, Luke 14: 15-24. Tuesday: Cost of discipleship, Luke 14: 25-33. Wednesday: The lost sheep, the lost coin, the lost son, Luke 15: 3, 32. Thurs-

day: The raising of Lazarus, John 11: 1-44. Friday: Ten lepers cleansed, Luke 17: 11-19. Saturday: Pharisee and publican, Luke 18: 9-14.

A great many important events come in, in the life of Christ, between our last lesson and this one.

A few of them are: The tribute money miraculously provided, the sending forth, and later on, the return of the seventy, Jesus at the Feast of Tabernacle, ten lepers cleansed, several of the parables are spoken, raising of Lazarus from the dead.

Select at least two of the important incidents for Bible readings at the meetings. Explain how it was that Jesus was in this particular place, also why there was such a crowd. Describe the duties of the tax-gatherers, and tell why the people so hated them. Often they were very rich, for they used to cheat and oppress the people.

Tell how Zaccheus answered the appeal to his hospitality, then, at the conclusion of the meal, how he declared his firm belief in what Jesus taught. How generous and how humble has this little man become! Publicly he asks that any man whom he has cheated may come forward, and be paid four times over. Jesus was pleased with him, and said, "To-day hath salvation come to this house." We must remember from this lesson, not to judge any one harshly, on account of his business, for in this publican Jesus saw a good heart and a struggling soul, and a man worthy of His friendship.

Blackboard Suggestion.

Need
Ambitions
Jesus knows our Methods
Everything about us.
To-day He will abide in YOUR heart
if you let Him.

God Sees Us.

Aug. 27.—God sees us: how should we live? Prov. 15: 3, 8, 9, 18, 26, 29.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: No hiding from God, Ps. 139: 11, 12, 23, 24. Tuesday: Not as man sees, 1 Sam. 16: 7. Wednesday: Live righteously, 1 Pet. 3: 12. Thursday: Live humbly, Micah 6: 8. Friday: Live truly, 2 Chron. 16: 9. Saturday: "I will guide thee with mine eye," Ps. 32: 8.

The Juniors will readily understand that we have no objection to being watched by loving eyes. If we are doing right, it is a comfort to us to remember that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good."

The Daily Readings are all so good, and are so short that all could be read at the meeting.

We must watch all through the day, and not get angry or quarrel, or make wicked plans, but please our heavenly Father with pure words and deeds, so that the eyes of God may see nothing amiss.

The eyes of God are just as watchful at night as in the day time. When we lay ourselves down we know we may sleep in peace, for God watches over us.

George Macdonald says: "I find the doing of the will of God leaves no time for disputing about His plans."

Blackboard Suggestion.

What does God see in my heart?

Sin
Envy
Lust
Falsehood

OR

Contrition
Humility
Reverence
I surrendered
Self-sacrifice
Truth

The Sunday School

Our Bible School.

Notes and Suggestions on the International Lessons.

By S. John Duncan-Clark.

IN the series of lessons we studied together last month we were given a striking picture of the conflict between truth and error in the Assyrian capital. It is a picture that has its lessons for all the ages, and in the attitude of Daniel and his three companions reveals the position that must be occupied by the friends of God against His enemy the world, as well to-day as in the days gone by. No compromise of light with darkness, no bending of knees, no giving of homage to the golden gods of modern materialism is consistent with the name of Christian. After all, Daniel the Hebrew captive in Babylon was the freest man in the empire of Assyria; and the Christian who to-day recognizes no law but God's, and no claims but the claims of Christ, has the widest liberty to live and act of any man that walks the earth.

The next three lessons for our study are taken from the prophecy of Ezekiel, and contain a portion of God's message of rebuke and encouragement to His exiled people. These words, spoken during the period of captivity, are specifically intended for Judah in its peculiar circumstances and needs; but they have application to the requirements of all God's people, in all ages, who are strangers in a strange world, arrayed in opposition against the powers of darkness. The fourth lesson for August deals with the close of the captivity and the return of Judah to their own land. Before going on to the study of the appointed passages, a few words concerning Ezekiel and his prophecy may prove helpful.

Ezekiel.

The Dante of Old Testament Literature.

Ezekiel was carried captive to Babylon about B.C. 597, at the time of Jerusalem's destruction. He was probably about thirty years of age (1:1) at the time and his prophecy extended over a period of twenty-two years, from B.C. 592-570. In the neighborhood of Babylon he seems to have taken up his dwelling at Tel-abid by the river Chebar, possibly one of the great canals near the imperial city. Here he proclaimed the messages of God to His captive people, denouncing the sin that had resulted in their overthrow, and depicting the glorious future that waited upon their repentance and return.

His style is peculiar to himself among the Old Testament writers. Professor Moulton gives it the descriptive term of "emblem prophecy." Ezekiel followed the plan of using some objective symbol as text for a discourse. It is important to remember this in the interpretation of his prophecies, lest the attention be confined to the symbol more closely than is wise, and the prophet's own elaboration of it be overlooked. Ezekiel has been called the Dante of Old Testament literature, in contrast to Isaiah who is compared with Milton. A careful perusal of Macaulay's "Essay on Dante" is recommended by high authority as the best preparation for a study of Ezekiel's style.

Another distinctive characteristic of our prophet is the elaborate arrangement of his book. Professor Moulton divides the prophecy into seven books, each further subdivided, except the central book, into seven discourses. He finds, also, that some of the final discourses are of a seven-fold structure, and have a tendency to climax. This symmetrical arrangement does not imply anything artificial in method, but merely a habit of thinking in numerical divisions, which is no uncommon literary characteristic. Professor Moulton's divisions of the prophecy are as follows:

Book I.—The Opening of the Message, 1: 1—11: 25.

Book II.—The Seven-fold Token, 12: 1—14: 23.

Book III.—The Seven-fold Parable, 15: 1—19: 14.

Book IV.—Judgment of the Enquiring Elders, 20: 1-44.

Book V.—Seven Last Words, 20: 45—24: 27.

Book VI.—Dooms of the Nations, 25: 1—32: 32.

Book VII.—The Fall and the Restoration to Come, 33: 1—end.

The three passages for our study all belong to this last division. The first of these falls on the third subdivision of book seven concerning Mount Seir and the Mountains of Israel, and is entitled

The New Heart.

(Lesson for August 6, 1899.)

To appreciate the full significance of this passage, the immediate context should be read beginning with 35: 1. Parallel passages will be found in Ezek. 11: 14-25, Jer. 31: 31-34. A study of these in their environment will make clear that the prophet, contemplating the downfall of his people and the desolation of their land, describes from amid the evidences of ruin and disaster a coming day when the barren hills will be rich with verdure, and wasted fields luxuriant with corn and wine. The depopulated towns and cities will be crowded again with the busy feet of men and women; prosperity shall return and dwell within her borders. Still more he sees in the unfolding vision of the future. Not only shall there be a revival of material wealth, but there shall be a mighty spiritual revival. Not only a clean land, but a clean people to dwell in it, find a place in the Divine purpose as revealed to the prophet. The portion of this prophecy referring to the land is

EVEN NOW BEING FULFILLED

in Palestine. Within the last twenty-five years a most remarkable change has taken place in the appearance of the country. The mountain sides have begun to assume an appearance of cultivation. Vineyards spread their luxuriant verdure over the sunny slopes of Judea's hills, and the once deserted villages echo again to the quaint song of the women at their work, or the laughter of the children playing in the streets. The process of prophetic fulfillment has reached the verse immediately preceding that with which our lesson passage begins (ver. 24), "For I will take you from among the nations, and gather you out of all countries and will bring you into your own land." The present mighty movement on the part of Israel toward the land of their fathers, which forms one of the most significant

political factors in the international problems that confront the dawning century, is a wonderful testimony to the truth of God's Word. Soon the day must come when the process of ingathering being complete, the verses that form our lesson will have fulfillment also, and the power of God will work a spiritual renewal in the hearts of Israel, and a nation will be born again in a day!

LET US STUDY THE PROCESS

by which this national regeneration, following upon national repatriation, is to be accomplished; we shall find in our study a message for to-day, a clue to the solution of many problems that are baffling our modern philosophy. The first step in the process is *cleansing* (ver. 25). The sprinkling of clean water refers to the old Mosaic ceremonial with which the people were so familiar. But one cannot help feeling that the efficacy of the sprinkling lies more in the one who does it than in the medium used. In other words, the emphasis must be on the personal pronoun, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean." God is the only cleanser from sin. Personal or social filthiness can only be removed through the cleansing work of God. No amount of legislation or reformation will purge a people of inherent impurity. Again, God's cleansing is complete. When God purifies, no suggestion of uncleanness remains to mar His perfect work. Cleansing from idols is not a need peculiar to Israel of old. The people of God to-day require it as much as ever. Conventionality, social custom, tradition, wealth, rank, human affection, there are few hearts in which one or more of these may not be found enthroned, holding a place of regard which hinders God's right of way in the life. Following upon the cleansing comes the gift of a new heart and a new spirit, even the Spirit of God.

INTO A CLEANSED TEMPLE

the Almighty introduces a throne upon which His Holy Vicegerent shall sit and bear unquestioned sway. It is here that we find the answer to many soul questionings of dissatisfied Christians who long for an experience richer, fuller, more victorious than any they have yet possessed. In the full indwelling of God's Holy Spirit this experience will be found, not temporary, evanescent, fleeting, but permanent and persisting in spite of temptation and trial. But God cannot fill a filthy temple with His Spirit. The cleansing must come first; and it is here that so many falter. The cleansing means rooting things up and out of our hearts that by years of cherishing have become firmly imbedded there. It is often a painful process, but it is a necessary one. Let the thought be again emphasized—God cannot dwell in an unclean temple.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Spirit-filled life is beautifully portrayed in ver. 27. Whereas the natural heart seeking to please God finds conformity to His will demands a constant effort and conflict such as the flesh cannot sustain; the heart Spirit-filled finds that walking in God's statutes and keeping His judgments is as natural now as it was contrary to nature before. Now the law is within him, controlling and actuating thought and word and deed. It is his motive power, his energy, his life.

GOD'S MOTIVE IN ALL THIS

is set forth in ver. 32, at least negatively. It is not for their sakes that this work of national regeneration is to be accomplished. Man can claim no merit or share in his own salvation, not even to

supplying a motive for its accomplishment. God saves men for His own glory. It is the purpose which shapes all God's work, the one aim toward which all His activities tend.

The concluding verses of our lesson deal with the prosperity that shall mark the settlement of the cleansed nation in a clean land. If our modern social reformers would find a solution to the problems vexing them; would learn God's method, the only method, for the wiping out of wrong, and vice, and oppression, and the inbringing of righteousness, peace, and prosperity, let them give their thought to these words of Ezekiel. A new heart and a new spirit for every individual of the human race will alonesuffice; and the old Gospel of cleansing through the blood of Christ and regeneration by the Holy Spirit for every man, woman, and child is the only panacea that can reach the root of the matter—but it can!



Ezekiel's Great Vision.

(Lesson for August 13, 1899.)

As we have already noted, our three studies in Ezekiel are taken from the seventh division of his book dealing with the restoration that was some day to come to God's afflicted people. In the last lesson we learned the conditions essential to restoration, the need of cleansing both for the land and its inhabitants. That this promised renewal of spiritual life and material prosperity has not yet been experienced by Israel, all history, since the days of Ezekiel, eloquently testifies; but that does not justify us in appropriating the blessing foretold to the exclusive benefit of the church, and regarding Israel as set aside or supplanted. God has His earthly people, Israel; and His heavenly people, the church. For each He has distinct blessings prepared and reserved against the day of bestowal. For Israel the Old Testament prophecies are the catalogue of their future riches. For the church, the epistles contain some estimate of its inexhaustible wealth in Christ Jesus. The glory of Israel is to be terrestrial; the glory of the church, celestial. Palestine, Jerusalem, the temple, these are all identified with the prospective blessing of the former; heaven, the city of God, the many mansions, are the joyful expectation of the latter. Inasmuch, however, as

THE CHURCH IS HEIR TO THE AGES

what is spoken with primary and literal significance for Israel has a secondary and spiritual meaning for us. Thus the lesson of to-day, vividly portraying a coming national resurrection for Israel, the evidences of which are manifest already in the world, has its deep teaching for the church of Jesus Christ.

Ezekiel felt the hand of God laid upon him in constraining power, and under the divine inspiration found himself in the midst of a great valley strewn with dry bones. It was a veritable charnel house, a national cemetery; it represented the nation of Israel dead and scattered beyond the hope of human help. The prophet in his vision passed amid the ghastly heaps and derived a vivid conception of the awful condition so strikingly symbolized. "Son of man, can these bones live?" came the startling inquiry to the wondering seer; and the answer, "O Lord God, Thou knowest!" expresses Ezekiel's confidence in the Divine ability to perform His own pleasure. Ezekiel did not pause to question whether it would be in harmony with natural law to give life

to an army of dismembered skeletons, as some of our modern preachers no doubt would do. He was content to be ignorant on some points; content that God should know more than he, a condition of mind that is not so common to-day as it was some years ago. So when the command came to prophesy to the dry bones there was no hesitation, no questioning as to the utility of such a proceeding, simply obedience. "So I prophesied as I was commanded," the prophet says. Some of us have spoken to most discouraging audiences, but

A CONGREGATION OF DRY BONES

must call for extra grace on the part of the preacher. I think there are not a few such assemblies in our land, but unfortunately the man in the pulpit is often as dry a bone as the folks in the pews. However, there is cheer in this lesson for the down-hearted pastors and teachers who have been faithfully presenting the truth to unresponsive people and classes. God is the breath giver; you can do no more than bear His message to the lifeless multitude, and invoke for them the coming of the Breath. But have you yourself been breathed upon? Do you recognize the need of the Holy Spirit as the inspirer and energizer of your service, and rely upon His indwelling and infilling to fit you for bearing the message? If not you are but as one of the bones, helpless to help either yourself or others. This is the great truth of the lesson for to-day; there can be no life without the Spirit of God bestows it by His indwelling presence. You may have a magnificent church in up-to-date architectural appointment, in organization of membership, in facilities for young people's and Sabbath-school work; but unless those who compose it are filled with the Spirit of God, the sound of its services will be but the clatter of dry bones. Teacher, before you go to your class with this solemn lesson, will you not seek the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit that the life of God may be in the message you carry to your scholars? "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon the great Sunday-school army that they may live!"



The River of Salvation.

(Lesson for August 20, 1899.)

We have read of the preparation of both land and people for the bestowal of God's blessing in full restoration to a spiritual and material glory unprecedented in the history of nations. The prospect is indeed an inspiring one to contemplate. The way may be long and fraught with suffering, but at the end awaits the assurance of peace and prosperity. Ezekiel concludes the first six sections of his seventh book with the last great conflict precipitated by the invasion of Gog, in which victory rests upon the armies of Israel and seven months are required for the burial of their fallen foes. This division of the book closes with the Divine promise to Israel, "I will not hide My face any more from them: for I have poured out My Spirit upon the house of Israel, saith the Lord God." (39: 29.)

An interval of silence follows; years pass before Ezekiel again opens his lips to declare the Divine purpose, and then he adds to his prophecy its final, and perhaps, most remarkable vision, that of the restored city and temple in the days of coming glory. This vision begins with the fortieth chapter and should be carefully studied, since our present lesson is a portion of it, and cannot be rightly understood except in its relation to the whole. The description is of the most detailed character, and includes, with

the architectural design for the temple, a plan for the symmetrical division of the land among the twelve tribes. There is much difference of opinion concerning the literalness or otherwise of this vision in its interpretation. I personally believe that some day, not so very far away, just such a condition of things as is here set forth will exist in Palestine. Even now the preparations for the new temple are being made by the Jews in Europe, and it is but wanting that they should secure the site so its erection may begin.

UNDER ANGELIC DIRECTION

Ezekiel visits the restored house of God, witnesses its measurement and is fully instructed as to its arrangement and laws. He is also shown the altar, and taught concerning the sacrifices and offerings which are to be made. Then with the heavenly guide he returns to the door of the house and is given the vision of the healing waters which forms our special study. From beneath the threshold of the house issued a river which flowed eastward into the Arabah, the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, extending south to the Red Sea, and carrying healing, life, and verdure wherever its waters touched. The Angel measured the river a thousand cubits at a time, and each time the waters grew deeper from ankles to knees, from knees to loins, and from loins to a depth greater than the prophet could sound, a mighty stream, symbol of the fullness of blessing yet to be bestowed upon Israel. All this I believe will yet find literal fulfillment in the future history of Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Few studies in prophetic truth could be more fascinating than the new geography of the millennial Palestine, but we have not space for it here. For the present we are more concerned with the beautiful spiritual significance of the passage in its application to ourselves. No more beautiful symbol of Divine grace can be found in Scripture than that of this wonderful river.

GOD IS THE SOURCE OF LIFE;

such is the first great truth we learn from meditation upon the passage. Forth from the place of His abode flows the vitalizing influence, healing the spiritual diseases of mankind, and making richly productive all that comes within its touch. It is "grace for grace" and "life more abundant," that the river typifies. Ankle deep, knee deep, waist deep, and waters to swim in; it is the progressive experience of many a Christian life—only some never get beyond their ankles, and only too few learn to swim and are willing to trust themselves beyond their depth. But it is in the deep water that the life of strength and delight can alone be lived. Those who have bathed in lake or sea know how miserable a thing it is to be wandering about knee deep on the uncertain stony bottom near the shore. How those who cannot swim envy the man who, having learned to trust the water, strikes far out and lies peacefully floating on its surface, borne above all stones and snags and weeds in perfect confidence and enjoyment. Thus it is with the man who has learned the buoyant power of Divine grace. For him there shall be no more bruising of feet, no more stumbling and shivering in shallow waters; the soundless depths of God's bounty, the limitless ocean of God's love, are his. Come, brothers, let us push out into the deeps. We have played on the shores long enough. Like children skimming stones seaward, we too have cast our little pebbles of half-questioning faith out over the boundless waters, and have watched them sink beneath the surface send-

ing back the ripples of response, the infinite moved by the finite. But now it is time to plunge in ourselves. To feel the healing waters close around us; now floating quietly on the surface, and anon swimming with strong, bold stroke, ever out, and out, and out, to greater breadth and greater depth, even unto all the fullness of God.

Prophecy Partially Fulfilled.

Returning From Captivity.

(Lesson for August 27, 1899.)

All our lessons so far this month have pointed towards the coming day of national repatriation and regeneration. I have tried to emphasize the truth that these prophecies, so glowing, so vivid, so limitless in their promises, have never yet had in any measure adequate fulfillment. In so far as God's promises are limited by the weakness of human phraseology, God is always greater than His promises when the time comes for their realization. So there must be yet awaiting Israel a fulfillment of these prophecies that will far outshine the partial fulfillment reached at the time and subsequent to the return from the captivity with which much of our future study deals.

In our last historical study we stood by the den of lions with King Darius, the viceroy of Cyrus in Babylon, and saw Daniel come forth uninjured. Very soon after this incident the Persian monarch issued his proclamation recorded by Ezra in the opening verses of the present lesson. Ezra was a Levite, descendant of Aaron and the High Priest Hilkiah who found the Book of the Law in the temple in the days of Josiah, and is credited with having produced the books of 2 Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah. Nearly eighty years after the partial return under Zerubbabel described in this lesson, he brought to Jerusalem another company of Jewish exiles. At a ripe old age, tradition says, he died in the sacred city.

THE DAY DAWN IN BABYLON.

How thrilling must have been the morn which gave voice to the proclamation of Cyrus, and brought the message of hope to the ears of the desponding exiles. At last the hopes of seventy years were to be fulfilled; there was to be a rebuilt city and a new temple; the prospect was inspiring in the extreme. It was to be the fulfillment of Jeremiah's prophecy (Jer. 25: 12, 29: 10) and a foretaste of the future glory in the time of God's final triumph in His people. The manner in which the return was accomplished contains a suggestion for present conditions and the possibilities of the immediate future. God stirred up the spirit of Cyrus to make the proclamation. No doubt the Holy Spirit prepared the heart of the Persian ruler for the suggestion that in all probability was made by Daniel, still high in authority and privileged to enjoy the royal confidence. The Hebrew prince, knowing the prophecy of the seventy years and realizing that they were drawing to a close, might well use his God-given influence to make the mind of the king favorable to Israel's return. So to-day, as the revived national spirit of Judaism yearns for the home land and the days of their dispersion seem drawing to a close, need we be surprised if God stirs up the spirit of the Sultan of Turkey to make similar proclamation to that of Cyrus? The heart of the modern monarch is no harder for God to move than that of the ancient autocrat; and even as Daniel held place in the Persian Court, so there are

Jews not a few who have the ear of the Sultan and will use it to further their national ambition. Some such development as this will soon startle the world if all the indications are to be depended upon.

The return was to be a voluntary one. Many whose lives had become, through matrimonial or business alliances, entangled with the life of Babylon, chose to remain behind. Some of them no doubt derided the movement as quixotic and unpractical, as do some the Zionist movement of to-day. But preparations went on apace, until at last a troop of 50,000 joyous exiles set out on the homeward pilgrimage. It is calculated that this number is not more than one-seventh of all the Jews in Babylon, and it does not equal the number of Jews who within the last quarter century have taken up their dwelling in Jerusalem alone, not to speak of the multitudes who are colonizing other portions of the Holy Land. Truly the greater restoration has begun. May God hasten its completion.

The Lessons Applied.

LESSON 6.—AUGUST 6, 1899.

The New Heart.

(Lesson Text Ezek. 36: 25-36. Commit to Memory Verses 25-27.)
(Read Ezek. 11: 14-25 and Jer. 31: 31-34.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"A new heart also will I give you"—Ezek. 36: 26.

DAILY READINGS Monday: Ezek. 36: 22-30. Tuesday: Ezek. 36: 31-38. Wednesday: Ezek. 11: 14-21. Thursday: Jer. 31: 31-34. Friday: Jer. 32: 36-44. Saturday: Jer. 24: 1-7. Sunday: Titus 3: 1-8.

These points and questions are intended to open up the lesson for the teacher, rather than for use in the class.

CENTRAL TRUTH—Cleansing. (1) *Its need*, Gen. 6: 5, 8: 21, Psa. 95: 10, Isa. 44: 20, Jer. 17: 9, Eccl. 9: 3. (2) *How accomplished*, Psa. 26: 6, 51: 7, Isa. 1: 18, 1 John 1: 7.

SUGGESTIVE POINTS.—Nothing can be right until the heart is right.—The Spirit of God can dwell only in a clean heart.—The loathing of self is a first step to the life of holiness.—Fruitfulness is the natural outcome of the new life.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.—What teaching of Jesus corresponds to that about the new heart? Are men naturally children of God? Can they be educated or cultured into being God's children? What is the promise of the New Testament concerning the Holy Spirit? To whom is He given?

LESSON 7.—AUGUST 13, 1899.

Ezekiel's Great Vision.

(Lesson Text Ezek. 37: 1-14. Commit to Memory Verses 5, 6.)
(Read John 3: 1-18.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I will put my spirit within you."—Ezek. 37: 27.

DAILY READINGS—Monday: Ezek. 37: 1-14. Tuesday: Ezek. 37: 20-28. Wednesday: Ezek. 22: 27-31. Thursday: Isa. 1: 1-9. Friday: Deut. 8: 11-20. Saturday: Rom. 8: 1-11. Sunday: Eph. 2: 1-10.

CENTRAL TRUTH—Life through the Spirit of God. (1) *Spiritual death*, Isa. 9: 2, Rom. 6: 13, 8: 6, Eph. 2: 1, 5, 4: 18. (2) *Spiritual life*, Jno. 5: 21, 25, Rom. 8: 9-13, 2 Cor. 3: 6, Gal. 2: 19, 5: 25, Col. 3: 3.

SUGGESTIVE POINTS.—Addison says, "Every worthless man is a dead man." God says, "Every natural man is a dead man."—Every conversion is a resurrection.—The saved man lives only by the breath of God.—The blood of Christ is the basis of the new life, and the Spirit of God is the source of it.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.—How do we know that the Holy Spirit is a person? What work does He do in conversion? What relation should He hold to the believer? What is necessary that we may be filled with the Spirit? What is the fruit of the Spirit?



LESSON 8.—AUGUST 20, 1899.

The River of Salvation.

(Lesson Text. Ezek. 47: 1-12. Commit to Memory Verse 12.)
(Compare Zech. 13: 1 and 14: 8, 9, and Matt. 13: 31-33; also Rev. 22: 1-5.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Ezek. 47: 1-12. Tuesday: Isa. 35. Wednesday: 2 Kings 3: 9-20. Thursday: Zech. 14: 4-11. Friday: Psalm 65. Saturday: Rev. 21: 1-7. Sunday: Rev. 22: 1-7.

CENTRAL TRUTH—Grace abounding, Psa. 84: 11, Zech. 12: 10, Jno. 1: 14, 17, Rom. 5: 15, Eph. 1: 6, 2: 7, Heb. 4: 16, 1 Pet. 4: 10.

SUGGESTIVE POINTS.—As the mountain gives freely of its waters, so God of His overflowing grace.—There is no better name for God than Giver.—Let us learn more and more to be receivers.—If you would swim you must learn to trust the water.—If you would make progress in grace you must learn to trust God.—The grace of God is the greatest fertilizer of human hearts.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.—Where in the New Testament do we read of a similar river? What promise did Christ make concerning living waters? What modern examples have we of the fertilizing power of grace? Where are Arabah, (R.V.) Engedi, and En-gehlaim?



LESSON 9.—AUGUST 27, 1899.

Returning From Captivity.

(Lesson Text. Ezra 1: 1-11. Commit to Memory Verses 2-4.)
(Read Ezra 2: 61-70.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."—Psa. 126: 3.

DAILY READINGS.—Monday: Ezra 1. Tuesday: Ezra 2: 1 and 61-70. Wednesday: Jer. 29: 10-14. Thursday: Isa. 44: 21-28. Friday: Isa. 61. Saturday: Isa. 51: 9-16. Sunday: Psa. 107: 1-15.

CENTRAL TRUTH—God rules, Psa. 2: 6, 24: 7-10, 89: 27, Zech. 14: 9, Isa. 49: 7, 1 Cor. 15: 25, Rev. 11: 5, 17: 14.

SUGGESTIVE POINTS.—The hearts of kings are in the hands of God.—God reaches men through their spirits; the Devil reaches them through their bodies.—It is a wise king who recognizes the control of God.—God is never behind time. When the seventieth year ended, He took His people out of Babylon.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.—Whom probably did God use to suggest to Cyrus the making of this proclamation? How were the people led to respond to it? Who led the returning exiles? How many returned?



Periodicals.

THE *Treasury of Religious Thought* for June brings into foremost place the Collegiate Reformed Church of New York, which dates from the foundation of the city by the Dutch, and Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, the eloquent young pastor. Dr. Mackay's portrait makes the frontispiece of this number, and his sermon on "The Power of Conviction" gives some idea of the quality of one of the prominent preachers of New York. An interesting article on Korea, with fresh illustrations, is furnished by Dr. S. H. Chester, of the Southern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Sermons and parts of sermons are given by Rev. J. P. Gerrie, secretary of the Congregational Union of Canada; Bishop Samuel Fallows, of the Reformed

Episcopal Church; Rev. Cornelius Woeltkin, the eloquent Brooklyn pastor, and others; and Rev. R. T. Cross, of York, Nebraska, gives an able and scholarly introduction to the Epistle to the Galatians. Among the Names of Note, besides Dr. Mackay, appear Speaker Thomas B. Reed, Mayor Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo, Governor Hazen S. Pingree, of Michigan, and President Seth Low, of Columbia, now of the Peace Commission at the Hague. Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, of Rochester Theological Seminary, contributes an able sociological article on "Social Ideas in the New Testament." Other interesting and able matter includes Dr. G. B. F. Hallock's Prayer Meeting Topics, Prof. Chas. H. Small's "Movements Among the Churches."

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Outing for July is like a glance at green woods and a gleam of smiling waters. It covers every legitimate sport and pastime, and its fiction and travel departments are charming features. Many beautiful illustrations adorn *Outing's* pleasant pages. Notable features of a most satisfactory number include: "On a Pennsylvania Trout Stream," by Ed. W. Sandys; "Hunting Alaskan White Sheep," by Dal De Weese; "The Golf Clubs of Chicago," by A. J. Colman; "Remote Norway," by Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Launch of Columbia," by Capt. A. J. Kenecaly. The complete story is "A Surrender at Discretion," by Kent Warfield. The editorial and record departments are up to the usual high standard.

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DR. PIERSON'S article on "Ramabai and the Women of India," in the July number of *The Missionary Review of the World*, is one of thrilling interest and deserves a prominent place among the Miracles of Missions. It is profusely and uniquely illustrated from original photographs, and contains a great deal of information not contained elsewhere. Another timely article is that by Miss Belle M. Brain, "A Record of Fifty Years," giving the history of the Hermannsburg Mission, which was founded just half a century ago by Pastor Louis Harms. This also is well illustrated and well worth reading. The wonderful story of Metlakahle, an ideal missionary station among the Indians in Alaska, is told by Rev. Edward Marsden, an educated Christian Indian, and by Mr. William Duncan, the founder and director of the work. This village is a model settlement and is well pictured by pen and camera. The other articles in this number of the *Review* are scarcely less interesting and important. Rev. Arthur H. Smith and others write of "Recent Reform Movements in China." Egerton R. Young tells the thrilling story of "The Red Man's Search for the White Man's Book"; and Dr. Gracey gleams many helpful and striking facts from the life of George Muller.

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WITH its infinite variety of excellencies, the *July Ladies' Home Journal* appeals to every taste and touches upon every interest. It opens with "The Most Famous Little Town in America," which pictures many interesting spots in historic and literary Concord. A series of almost incredible narratives in "The Moonlight King" tells of the follies and eccentricities of Ludwig II. of Bavaria. Ian Maclaren discusses the pulpit and the pew in an article on "How to Make the Most of your Minister." The fiction of the *July Journal* includes a continuation of Anthony Hope's serial, "Captain Dieppe," the conclusion of "A College Courtship," the second of "Ol Peckham's Opinions," and a humorous portrayal of "The Valor of Brimley," by John Kendrick Bangs. "Entertaining in the Country," "How to be Pretty though Plain," "What it Means to be a Dressmaker," "Birthdays Parties," are seasonable, practical features. Mrs. S. T. Rorer writes on "Hasty Eating and Hurried Meals" and "Cooking Over All Sorts of Fuel," and Maria Parloa describes and pictures new and effective labor-saving devices for the home. "Pretty Stuffs for Midsummer Frocks" are described.

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PROFESSOR WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, of Cambridge, England, opens the *July Atlantic* with a valuable paper on "English Imperialism, in which he shows the gradual development of English policy from the nationalism of a hundred years ago (which meant the exploiting of all colonies and possessions for the benefit of the mother country), to the cosmopolitanism of the present day, which seeks the greatest good of all through fair play and equal treatment to all men and all nations. Jacob A. Riis continues his Tenement House studies with a paper on "Curing the Blight," showing how, by persistent endeavor, the most recalcitrant landlords have been "driven into decency," and detailing the changes for the better, and the improved conditions that have resulted from sustained and intelligent effort. Charles Johnston discusses "The True American Spirit in Literature," analyzing and comparing the work of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Cable, Miss Wilkins. Prince Kropotkin continues his Autobiography and treats of his experiences and sufferings in the terrible fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and describes its character and its awful history, and relates in the most thrilling and exciting manner the means and methods by which he made his remarkable and fortunate escape therefrom. The Lanier-Taylor Letters continue with undiminished interest and value. Miss Johnston's vivid and brilliant new story, "To Have and to Hold," rapidly develops its exciting plot. Will Payne, Francis Lynde, and Elizabeth Washburn contribute lively stories and sketches, and Agnes Repplier adds a life-like picture of Revolutionary times, taken from the contemporary diary of a Philadelphia Quaker lady.