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For The Golden Rule.

THE LAND O' BURNS.

BY GEORGE SANDERSON,

Chaplain of the Albany, N. Y., Penitentiary.

Here, land o' cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maiden Kirk to Johnnie Groat's,
If there 's a hole in a' your coa's,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel 's amang ye taking notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.
— Burns.

At the twilight hour of a charming August evening, after a day's weary travel from Paddington Station, London, I found myself on the west coast of Scotland, in the ancient borough of Ayr. After making provision for my welfare while a sojourner in the town, I sallied forth to visit some of the interesting objects which meet the eye at almost every turn in this spot so dear to the heart of every Scot. In 1202, William the Lion granted the charter constituting Ayr a royal borough, and it was there that Alexander III. frequently held his court. Four hundred years after the charter was granted, Cromwell, the Protector, erected the fort of Ayr, one tower of which still remains standing, and is now used as a private residence. It is not, however, because of its ancient history that Ayr is so dear to the native heart, but rather because within its boundaries in 1759, Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, first saw the light of day. So strong is the affection for the departed poet and his writings, that the very atmosphere of Ayr seems redolent with memories of Burns.

My evening's ramble through the "auld town" led me past a plain-looking, old-fashioned hostelry, which proved to be the veritable Tam o' Shanter inn, the haunt of Tam and the Souter, and whence the former started on the night of the eventful ride. A little farther along the street I came to the handsome tower erected by the people of Ayr to the memory of Sir William Wallace. It is a beautiful object, and looked stately and grand in the deepening shadows of the night. On the side facing the street is a niche in which rests a statue of the Deliverer of the North. Turning down a side street I came upon one of "the twa brigs." It was the new bridge, which replaces

the one which, with prophetic eye, the poet said the old bridge would see a "shapeless cairn." Originally built in 1788, a portion of it was swept away by heavy floods in 1877, when the remainder was taken down and this second "new bridge" was erected at a cost of about \$70,000. I crossed it in the gathering darkness, and walking up on the other side of the river, recrossed the stream on the narrow, roughly-paved "auld brig," and, thoroughly tired out with my evening's ramble, sought my inn, and was ushered upstairs and into the quaint but inviting little attic chamber where I passed the night in refreshing sleep.

Early the next morning found me on one of the roads leading out of Ayr to the cottage, three miles distant, where the poet was born. The sun was shining brightly from the clear blue sky above, and the birds in the trees skirting the roadside sang merrily as I strolled along. A moderate walk of three-quarters of an hour brought me to the door of the birthplace of the bard. The building is a long, one-story, partly thatched cottage, to which an L-shaped building has in recent years been added. With the exception of this addition, which in nowise has changed the condition or appearance of the original building, the cottage remains as it was when inhabited, over a hundred and thirty years ago, by the poet's father and mother, William Burns and Agnes Brown, his wife. The cottage proper consists of two apartments, the "kitchen" and the "room." Both rooms are very small, not larger than an ordinary bedroom, and are connected by a short passage-way of about three feet in length, from which there is a door leading into the road. The kitchen claimed my attention first. It is a bonny little room, with the ceiling so low that I can touch it with my hand. On the left-hand side of the room is the large open fireplace, with its swinging crane on one side and iron oven on the other, and before whose grate, no doubt, Dame Burns often sat on her low stool, and, with bellows in hand, blew the dying embers into life again. Along the rear walls are the racks containing the household china and delf. Near by stands an old chair, so frail now as to need the assistance of a cord to keep it together; an old mahogany clock, and two old tables, the latter bearing the marks made by many sharp-bladed penknives, wielded in the hands of numerous candidates for fame through the medium of their initials. But it was to the little recess in the corner to the right where my eyes instinctively turned, and a step or two brought me in front of the spot where Robert Burns was born. The bedstead on which his mother is said to have given him birth, is still standing in the quaint little corner, and the whole work bears about it an air of the nestling place of genius. And so in very truth it was. The second room contains nothing of interest excepting the spinning-wheel which was once the property of Burns's mother. In the addition many relics are exhibited, all of which are identified with Burns and his writings.

From the cottage I walked a little farther down the road, and climbed up the steps leading into the yard surrounding the old Alloway kirk. Almost the first objects to meet the visitor's vision are the gravestone and grave of William Burns. The kirk stands in the midst of the little enclosure, roofless and weather-beaten. In the front wall still hangs the old bell, while the rear wall is almost concealed with a thick growth of ivy. I rambled through the churchyard, and was interested in the quaint inscriptions found on many of the gravestones. I peered within the walls of the kirk, where the weird revellers were holding their midnight orgies when Tam o' Shanter sped by in his mad ride for life. Several tombs are to be seen, the most conspicuous being that of Lord Alloway.

Extending my walk farther along the road, passing the Burns Monument, I reached the "auld Brig o' Doon," I strolled across it, gazing over its sides into the purling stream beneath it. The hour was still early, and as the usual crowd of daily visitors had not begun to arrive on these historic grounds, I had the opportunity of enjoying without stint the quiet beauty of the landscape. Recross-

ing the bridge, I wandered along the grassy covered banks of the bonny Doon to the old mill beyond. To the lover of nature, the spot needs only to be seen to be admired.

Retracing my steps, I entered the monument. This structure was erected in 1820, and is a *fac simile* of the Burns Monument on Calton Hill, in Edinburgh, but, freed from the smoke of the city and surrounded with a beautiful flower garden, it presents a more attractive appearance than the latter. It is about sixty feet high. The base is triangular in shape, and is intended to represent the three districts of Ayrshire, Kyle, Carrick and Cunningham. In the centre is an apartment sixteen feet high by eighteen in diameter. Above the triangular part are nine Corinthian columns, surmounted by a cupola, and the whole crowned by a tripod. Within the apartment are preserved many mementoes of the poet, among the number being the Bibles presented by Burns to his Highland Mary.

Returning over the road by which I came until I reached a lane a little to the left of the Burns cottage, I turned from the main road and came out upon the coast road of the Bay of Ayr. From here on, back to the borough, the scene is one to delight the eye. To the right are beautiful villas and fertile fields. On the left, in the distance, are the Arran Hills, and looming up over the sea, and seeming to hang by a very slight tenure, stands Greenan Castle. The restless waters of the bay were covered with white caps, over which numerous vessels were gliding with majestic and graceful movements. Immediately in front of me, down the road, were many farm carts, filled with the products of the soil, and seated on the top of which were many lads and lassies returning from their morning's labors. They were a jolly lot, and their merry songs and cheery laughter added to the beautiful picture of Scottish rural life spread out before me. I was loath to part with the scene, and the inn was reached all too soon. Here I found a generous dinner awaiting me, after doing full justice to which I hurried away on my journey to Kilmarnock, and thence to Glasgow, feeling well repaid for my morning's tramp through the Land o' Burns.

For The Golden Rule.

AN OLD-TIME BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.

BY ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM.

THERE has always been a close connection between religion and etiquette, between morals and manners. In the history of Christianity every new development of the faith has been distinguished by its own code of etiquette. From time to time through the ages has sounded forth the cry to come out and be separate, not only in life and thought, but also in word and deed. The Methodists, the Quakers, the Puritans, the Protestants, have all in their beginnings been a peculiar people, marked by their dress and speech and habits. So, centuries ago, were the Christians distinguished.

Christ himself warned his disciples against the customs of the Pharisees. Large parts of Paul's epistles are devoted to the discussion of the conduct worthy of the Christians at Corinth and Rome and Ephesus. The teachers and preachers of the second and third centuries paid still greater attention to these details. Christianity was becoming a power in the world, the third and fourth generation of Christians by inheritance were spreading the new faith in new lands, and then as now Christians were the Bibles from which men read their Christianity. There was need of utmost discretion; and the men who bent their scholarly minds to the elucidation of the doctrine of the Trinity and the explanation of the atonement also gave instruction in the minutiae of conduct suitable for Christians in the streets, the market-places, and their own homes.

One of the profoundest theologians of the early church was Titus Flavius Clemens, generally known as Clemens Alexandrinus or Clement of Alexandria. None of

the details of his life have come down to us. From the internal evidence of his writings it is known that he wrote between the years 193 and 211. Of the conversion of this remarkable man we know only that he passed from heathenism to Christianity; but there is no means of fixing the date of the change. He was presbyter in the church of Alexandria and succeeded Pantaenus in the catechetical school of that place. Among his pupils were Origen and Alexander, afterwards bishop of Jerusalem. In those days, men thought and wrote of greater subjects than themselves; and these facts comprise all that is known of one of the most interesting figures in the history of early Christianity. For Clement was the first to bring the culture of the Greeks and the speculations of the Christian heretics to bear on Christianity. His education was the finest the times afforded. His knowledge of Greek literature was exhaustive, and his comprehension of the systems of the heretics was little less than marvellous.

Clement left ten books, of which four have come down to our times nearly complete. Of these, the *Paedagogus*, variously translated as the "Tutor," and the "Instructor," is divided into three parts, of which the first discusses the necessity for the *Paedagogus* and his true nature, and shows how Christ, as the Word, acted and acts as the *Paedagogus*; in the second and third parts Clement enters into particulars and explains how the Christian ought to behave in the various circumstances of life. The first part is philosophical; the last two are sternly and strictly practical. Many of the rules are found in slightly altered forms in the codes of etiquette in vogue to-day; others are but interesting reminders of customs long since obsolete; while all throw a strong light on the manners and habits of that early time when men and women were not far different from those of to-day. Clement had much to say about

Table Manners,

and most that he said is as applicable now as it was seventeen centuries ago. For instance,—

If any necessity arises, commanding the presence of married women [at feasts] let them be well clothed without, by raiment, within, by modesty. But as for such as are unmarried, it is the extreme scandal for them to be present at the banquet of men, especially men under the influence of wine. And let the men, fixing their eyes on the couch, and leaning without moving on their elbows, be present with their ears alone; and if they sit, let them not have their feet crossed, nor place one thigh on another, nor apply the hand to the chin. For it is vulgar not to bear one's self without support, and consequently a fault in a young man. And perpetually moving and changing one's position is a sign of frivolousness.

And again,—

Chirruping and whistling and sounds made through the fingers, by which domestics are called, being irrational signs, are to be given up by rational men. Frequent spitting, too, and violent clearing of the throat, and wiping one's nose at an entertainment, are to be shunned.

We are often told that Americans carry the rush and hurry of their business to the table with them. Could any leader of "the four hundred" give a more severe reproof to indecent haste in eating?

We are to drink without contortions of the face, not greedily grasping the cup, nor before drinking making the eyes roll with unseemly motion; nor from intemperance are we to drain the cup at a draught, nor besprinkle the chin, nor splash the garments while gulping down all the liquor at once,—our face all but filling the bowl, and drowned in it . . . Your drink is not being taken from you. It is given you, and waits you. Be not eager to burst, by draining it down with gaping throat.

Some of the most interesting of Clement's rules pertain to the care of the body. Here is one that throws a curious light on the physiological theories of the time:—

For a crown encircling the head cools the hair, both on account of its moisture and its coolness. Accordingly, physicians, determining by physiology that the brain is cold, approve of anointing the breast and the points of the nostrils, so that the warm exhalations passing gently through may salutarily warm the chill. A man ought not, therefore, to cool himself with flowers.

Like all sensible people, this worthy father of the church did not approve of trained gowns. He says:—

To drag one's clothes, letting them down to the soles of his feet, is a piece of consummate foppishness, impeding activity in walking, the garments sweeping the surface dirt of the ground like a broom.

It is a strange comment on the perversity of the feminine half of creation that, in spite of the most unanswerable arguments, continued through unnumbered centuries, women still walk abroad, like Bo-peep's sheep, a-dragging their tails behind them.

Again, like all sensible people, the Alexandrian objected to foppish men; but the ancient ideas of foppishness were evidently different from the modern, for Clement regarded with strong disfavor certain practices now considered the requisites of decency. Listen to this beautiful exclamation:—

For one who is a man to comb himself and shave himself with a razor, for the sake of fine effect, to arrange his hair at the looking-glass, to shave his cheeks, pluck hairs out of them, and smooth them, how womanly!

And in commenting on the bath he says,—

The bath is to be taken by women for cleanliness and health, by men for health alone (!) [But in some cases this

sanitary measure may be omitted, for] the gymnasium is sufficient for boys, even if a bath is within reach.

Clement upheld the supposedly modern doctrines of muscular Christianity and the

Dignity of Labor,

for he expressly stated:—

In the case of men, let some strip and engage in wrestling; let some play at the small ball, especially the game called Pheninda, in the sun. To others who walk into the country, or go down into the town, the walk is sufficient exercise. And were they to handle the hoe, this stroke of economy in agricultural labor would not be ungentlemanly.

He adds, however:—

But let not such athletic contests as we have allowed be undertaken for the sake of vainglory, but for the exuding of manly sweat.

What would he say, we wonder, to those exercises in which glory and "the exuding of manly sweat" are combined, as in athletic contests and gymnasium exhibitions?

That there may be no mistake about the dignity of labor, he reiterates:—

It is respectable for a man to draw water for himself and to cut billets of wood which he is to use himself.

Neither does he allow women to be idle, for he says:—

Nor are women to be deprived of bodily exercise. But they are not to be encouraged to engage in wrestling or running, but are to exercise themselves in spinning and weaving and superintending the cooking, if necessary. And they are with their own hand to fetch from the store what we require.

Here is an excellent piece of advice about the carriage in public places, ending with an odd reminder of an amusing custom:—

We must abandon a furious mode of walking, and choose a grave and leisurely, but not a lingering, step. Nor is one to swagger in the ways, nor throw back his head to look at those he meets, if they look at him, as if he were strutting on the stage and pointed at with the finger. Nor, when pushing up hill, are they to be shoved up by their domestics, as we see those who are more luxurious.

The salutation so frequently recommended in the Pauline epistles had fallen into discredit in these later times, and we find Clement giving sage counsel concerning the "holy kiss":—

Love is not proved by a kiss, but by kindly feeling. But there are those that do nothing but make the churches resound with a kiss, not having love within themselves. For this very thing, the shameless use of the kiss, which ought to be mystic, occasions foul suspicions and evil reports.

And again he sets forth the following advice, good now as then:—

I would counsel the married never to kiss their wives in the presence of their domestics.

Perhaps the best thing in all the *Paedagogus* is a quotation from a still earlier writer, Zeno the Cittizæan, concerning the "model maiden." It contains the sum of the teaching of modern physical culture, and, in addition, some counsel concerning the development of mind and soul worthy the consideration of the most advanced women of this enlightened age:—

Let her face be clean, her eyebrows not let down, nor her eyelids open nor turned back. Let her neck not be stretched back, nor the members of her body be loose; but let the parts that hang from the body look as if they were well strung. Let there be the keenness of a well-regulated mind for discourse, and retention of what has been rightly spoken. And let her attitudes and movements give no ground of hope to the licentious; but let there be the bloom of modesty, and an expression of firmness.

Lowell, Mass.

For The Golden Rule.

BOYHOOD.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

My grandson laughs, as on his eager mood
I drop some hint of more than threescore years,
Which to his free, untutored thought appears
More strange than fairy tale, nor half so good.
He cannot see fierce foes to be withstood;
On shining hills, this side the vale of tears;
The shouts of joy, from crest to crest, he hears,
And knows no charm so sweet to be pursued.

I would not, if I could, his happy sight
Cloud o'er with glooms and vapors from my past,
His bounding feet to check, to chill his joys.
Rather with these let my dulled heart grow bright;
And while my prayers around his steps I cast,
May I renew my childhood in the boy's.

For The Golden Rule.

HOW TO PLAY.

BY PROF. AMOS R. WELLS.

VI. Out of Doors.

Now it is only fair that I should tell you what I think the true sports are. By way of preface to the list, let me make the obvious suggestion that for a man or woman of sedentary work, out-of-door sports should predominate, while those whose work brings into play the muscles and the lungs may rest satisfied with a larger proportion of mental games. Yet it is not true that an author, for example, should do no reading for recreation, only that his physical sports should be in excess of his mental play; nor that a carpenter should not enjoy

his game of base ball, for example, only that he would be wise to take the greater part of his play with a book.

As I cannot name all sports, since there are so many, I shall be egotistical of necessity, and shall speak of the sports that I know best, because they form my own recreation. They will serve just as well for examples. And first, for out-door amusements.

At the head of my list of sports stands no game at all, only

Walking.

I bless God daily for a pair of feet cornless, bunionless, willing and strong; for a good shoemaker; for a pair of boots that covers the whole earth with leather; and for God's wide, wonderful world to which these blessings give me pleasant access. In walking I have an amusement that costs nothing but sole leather; which is dependent on no tools, mechanism or implements; which can be carried on in all weathers, all seasons, all times of day, with company or without, for a long time or short, slowly or rapidly, carelessly or thoughtfully; which fits my days of health or of sickness, of joy or gloom; an amusement that may be made to minister to a love for science, which may fill my geological cabinet or my insect cases, and my head as well; a recreation that puts me in most serene and delightful converse with kindly nature in all her witching changes; which cleanses and expands the cramped lungs, sends the gay blood bounding to the farthest capillary, hardens the muscles, and disciplines the will.

What a loss people permit themselves when they permit themselves the loss of their feet! I am sometimes half inclined to the opinion of Ruskin, who cursed all inventions, bicycle, railroad, electric engine, cable cars and what not, designed to supplant human feet on the earth God gave us to tread. Ruskin was not venting a cynical snarl at our modern civilization, but merely at that undoubted tendency of it to allow machinery to weaken men and enfeeble women.

To be sure, the steam horse can rattle me in an hour over a distance over which shank's horses could scarcely transport me in six hours; but it lands me less of a man than when I started, with quivering nerves, aching head, dust-filled eyes, disordered digestion, and thorny temper. Shank's horses land me more of a man than when I started, with clearer brain, more cheerful, exultant temper, stronger body, a firmer grasp on life, a livelier sense of this beautiful world, and a closer knowledge of God. That is what Ruskin means,—that machinery is dear at the cost of manhood.

What pleasures, too, are open to the walker, which the foot-tied must resign! He may see the sunset from the highest hilltops; he is the first to note the spring flowers, the changes wrought by the winter floods. He can watch the rarest birds in their shyest haunts.

If to his walking your pedestrian add the ability to trot smartly for a mile or two, he is well equipped indeed. If walking has not sent oxygen to the most distant nook of his lungs, running will. If walking has not drawn tense his muscles, running will. There are just two faults to find with it; for it might as well be acknowledged that there is no perfect sport, out-doors or in. One cannot talk much while one is running, nor indulge to any great extent in the contemplation of nature. Let it be acknowledged, too, that both walking and running, though they might well make a giant of a pigmy as to the matter of legs and feet, would leave him a pigmy still in regard to arms.

So the well-furnished player must have other sports at his disposal, not only to remedy these defects, but also for variety, which is the cinnamon and cloves and nutmeg of life. For just as one should have a vocation, to be sure, but also an avocation, so one should have not merely a recreation, but an ab-recreation, a side recreation, to which he can turn when the chief sport goes away. My ab-recreations are two, the bicycle and tennis.

The Bicycle.

The bicycle was hailed on its advent as furnishing the ideal exercise, equally, and without undue stress, developing all parts of the body; while at the same time, by its delightful motion through swiftly varying scenes, it furnished a constant fascination to the mind. But for the naturalist, who wishes to note the precise marking on the wing of that butterfly which just lit on the thistle yonder, who wants to pick up every slab of fossiliferous limestone to scan it for rare denizens, who is perpetually on the lookout for flowers, grasses, leaves, not yet in his herbarium,—for all such queer gentry the bicycle is a little too swift.

Furthermore, when two friends would like to converse, bicycles make very unsympathetic listeners. I have tried many topics of conversation while on the wheel, and the only topic that seems to agree with the fancy of that tricky creature is herself. Talk of cranks and pedals, bearings, gearings, tire, spoke, Columbia, and Victor, and the egotistic machine is all right and listens purring. Begin to discuss a book, the landscape, the latest scandals

Our Story.

For The Golden Rule.

WIDOW HERRICK'S ENDEAVOR.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"No, indeed!" said Widow Herrick, emphatically, in spite of the fact that she was talking to her honored pastor. "Why, I could n't never think of makin' sech an endeavor as that; it's out o' the question."

"There's no need of an immediate answer, Sister Herrick. I expect the people to take a little time to think the matter over, and make up their minds."

"But, dominie, mine's made up now all it ever will be, an' my answer is a decided No, beggin' your pardon. But I've paid up my mission money fair an' square, same's I always calculate to do, an' now I ain't a-goin' to turn my house into a home for the heathen themselves, as you've fairly owned that some of them children be."

"It's a prime chance for you to turn missionary yourself, Mis' Herrick," said Deacon Barrett, who was taking the minister around among the country people and helping him plead the cause of the Fresh Air Mission.

"I want to know! Well, I don't consider I was ever called to that work. Is your wife going to try it?"

"She's going to take some of the children; yes, she's quite pleased."

"She's welcome to 'em. If she was a lone woman like me, she'd be more savin' of her strength an' nerves."

"We must be going on," said the pastor. "And now, Sister Herrick, if you change your mind, let us know."

"Yes, you'll hear of it if I do; but I ain't one of the weather-vane kind."

"I told you it was n't of any use to call on her," said the deacon as they rode along over the pleasant country roads. "I've known Mis' Herrick longer than you have. She's a good woman, I do believe; but she's awful set in her own opinion, an' close as to money, very. You see, having to look out for herself on every side has made her a bit sharp in her manner, an' she suspects everybody of trying to overreach her."

"O, I'm not discouraged, my dear man. Sister Herrick is sure to take two, if not four, of our little waifs."

"Good land, dominie, where do you get any foundation for that hope? Why, she said, No, no, no! as plain as day."

"Granted, but just wait. In a week or less she'll say, Yes, yes, yes."

"Well, I must say your faith is great; an' how you will be disappointed!"

"I think not. She is a good woman as you say, and because she is good, her conscience will rise up and assert itself and finally win the day."

If the hopeful pastor could only have heard Sister Herrick talk to herself as she resumed her interrupted housework, he might have been less sanguine as to results.

"The idee! the idee, I say! to think of me takin' right into my house an' home some of them back-alley miser'ble little wretches, to run riot over everything; an' like as not they'd be furiners, an' not able to understand a word of American if I talked myself dumb; an' they always have diseases, so I've heard, an' ain't no more fit to have around than beasts, not so much; no, for my Peter's a king compared to 'em in neatness an' manners, too, if he is a cat. The dominie thought he was workin' on my feelin's when he brought in about their bein' somewhat like the heathens, an' so bein' I had a duty to do by 'em. I guess if he had to cook and clean in hot weather an' fly-time, he'd take a different view of things, an' would n't be so fast to missionary somebody. An' what good would it do anyhow? In a couple of weeks the young ones would have to go back to the slums they came from, an' they'd be still more discontented. Visitin' an' livin' on the fat of the land would n't be no lastin' benefit to 'em, an' the things they'd racket to pieces an' destroy could n't never be replaced. So the deacon's wife's goin' to take some! Well, it won't make so much difference to her for her house never is in order. Her own boys is always fussin' around, makin' kites or candy, or whittlin' or whistlin', or something. I should be clean crazy; but law, she don't seem to notice nothin' out of the way; nice woman, but slack, very. No, indeed! Dominie need n't be expectin' any different word from me, for he won't git it, not if I know myself."

But it seemed, after all, that she did not know herself, for when the list of kindly people who would entertain the "Fresh-air children" was finally made out, Widow Herrick's name was among them, booked for two.

"I don't fairly know how I come to do it," she said, in trying to explain the matter to a curious neighbor. "I did n't mean to, that's flat! but after the men had been here to see about it 'n' I said I would n't, I felt so sort of unhappy an' lonesome, an' I could n't seem to settle down to nothin'; did n't take no interest in my sewin' or

housework, an' I could n't sleep as I usual do nights, nor catch a nap in the daytime. An' I kept a-thinkin' so much about my dead-an'-gone folks, an' what was to become of me if I got old an' helpless an' no kin to look to; an' if I took my Bible up to read, I'd be sure to light on some place about receivin' the little children, an', turning away them that asks, an' where it says 'Inasmuch as ye did it not' an' so on, till I tell ye, Mis' Jay, I got re'ly afraid if I did n't change my mind an' take some of the young ones, an' do my level best for 'em, that something awful would happen to me. An' sech frightful dreams as I've had, too, an' I ain't no hand to dream neither; but ye see my mind was so distracted by daytime. An' then even my newspaper was full of it last week, verses an' stories both, an' then what the editor had to say of people's duty in the matter, too. But I must confess I dread it. I ain't used to children, an' I set sech store by some things I've got, an' I know they'll raise Cain; but there! I've been an' broke no less'n three dishes myself in less'n a week, so mebbe that was a sort o' judgment on me for even thinkin' on it."

A week later the children came, and Widow Herrick's consignment proved to be a puny lame boy and his sister. They were both wan and listless, and did not look able or desirous to ravage or destroy anything.

The good woman's heart melted within her, and she said kindly: "You poor little mites! you don't look fit for nothin' but bed this minute, an' there you can go as soon as you've had your suppers. I do hope you ain't goin' to be down sick; but if it's only that you're starved for food an' good air, as dominie says, why, then, I'll soon have you all right. Now set by, an' eat a good lot o' supper."

The children were decently dressed, and fairly clean, save for the soil of travel; and they were evidently not the wholly uncivilized beings that their hostess had so dreaded. They seemed shy and half afraid of her, however, but were perfectly delighted with Peter, who for his part was nearly stupefied with amazement at seeing children in his own peculiar province.

But they could not keep long awake in spite of the novelty and strangeness of their surroundings, and after they were asleep their entertainer went downstairs and about her supper-work with a heart more at rest than for some previous days.

"Law! I need n't been afraid of them poor little things stirrin' up a rumpus. I wish the little feller could scamper around instead of limp' like he does. Come, Peter, here's your milk. Now you must be a good cat an' kind o' sociable to the young ones, for they seem to take to you most amazin'. I do hope it'll be pleasant to-morrow so they can have some comfort out-of-doors."

It was a perfect summer morning, and after a bountiful breakfast the little visitors were eager to get out.

"Now you can go anywheres you want to near by, only into my flowers an' veg'tables. It's nice an' pretty under that apple-tree, an' here's a piece of carpet you can take to set on."

The girl took it over her arm, but ten minutes later they were both still standing on the gravel walk. They could not go over to the pretty tree; for there was grass in the way, and the only grass they had ever seen was made to keep off of, and not to be trodden underfoot by reckless people.

"For the pity's sake!" exclaimed the astonished country woman, as they explained the situation to her. "If grass was n't made to walk on, what is, I should like to know? Come right along! I guess I'll git John Collins to put you up a swing on one of these limbs."

Which in a few hours John Collins did, meanwhile questioning within himself what softening influence had come over "the widder," for, as long as he had worked her farm and lived next neighbor to her, never had he seen such a genial smile on her face, or heard such cheery tones to her voice as now.

"It's trooly a merrycle," said he to his wife. "If it was in revival times I should raly think the widder had got a fresh renewal of grace, but as it is, I can't account for it. There's them young ones feasin' on the fat of the land, an' I must say they look two to one better already to what they did when they come."

The children did respond very quickly to their new conditions of living, and proud and pleased indeed was their hostess when their cheeks grew round and tinted. John Collins had been instructed to let them ride with him wherever they could, and so even lame little Ned was able to explore the farm and pick berries to his heart's delight, while Widow Herrick rummaged her garret for long-stored dolls and picture-books and cast-off garments.

The allotted two weeks sped all too quickly, and when the children had gone back to the hot alleys, but with renewed vitality and happy memories to help them through the rest of the summer, then Widow Herrick told the minister: "Them children have re'ly been a blessin' to my poor soul."

Peekskill, N. Y.

and she runs into ruts, and develops portentous squeaks, and tries to climb over every stone in the road.

Yet further; to one who would be easy master of his sport, that it may attend him when and where he choose, the bicycle is a cumbrous servant. He must woo it ever with oil and monkey-wrench and cleaning cloth and spoke-tightener, watch rain and rust, make friends with the man that does repairing, that the bill may not bankrupt him; and with all his care, a lost nut, or a broken ball, or a bent pin, or a little rain or snow or dust may balk him of his fun.

But still, when all this is said, about the most imperial sensation mortal man may attain is felt by a good rider on a good wheel over a good road. All muscles are at pleasurable tension, the breeze whistles through his hat, the fence-posts sway in excitement as he flashes by, the trees wave their congratulations, and it seems the comical hope of Darius Green come true, the realization of the old Dædalian myth; and one has but to fear that, like the impatient Icarus, he may fly too near the sun, and melt off his rubber tire.

I can imagine no finer summer outing than a small party of wheelmen can contrive, with light suit, light baggage, light heart, a leap into the saddle, and off for the Smoky Mountains, for Canada, for the Mammoth Cave,—for any place you please to which roads lead. Halt where nightfall catches you, in queer country inn or farmhouse, and off in the morning early, with delightful uncertainty as to what will next turn up, lofty hill, blossoming meadows, cool ravine, or smoking factories; on through the long, bright day, past hurrahing boys, busy farms, housewives glancing up from the ironing-table; through fresh morning into wide-eyed noon and the sacred evening, and then to soundest and most refreshing slumber. A summer outing with the bicycle is one of the best care-dispellers and cheer-compellers man's brain ever invented.

Lawn Tennis.

My other ab-recreation, side-recreation, is lawn tennis. For this, also, perfection has been claimed, in that it exercises equally and moderately all portions of the body. But, as I said, there is no perfect game. Conversation, which is a possible joy of walking, is banished from lawn tennis, as from the bicycle; for you can hardly call conversation such beggarly elements as "Serve," "Ready," "You receive," "Out," and "Thirty all." Nor does tennis unroll before you a fair panorama of ever-varying scenes; it is a stationary game. Nor is tennis, either, a recreation independent of circumstances. You must have a friend, or better, three of them. Lines must be maintained against the rain, court be rolled or cut, nets repaired, a racket kept well strung; and lawn tennis, like cycling, is at the mercy of the clouds.

Yet, season and circumstances favoring, the game deserves its origin; it is a royal sport. It maintains one's interest unflagging, it calls for ever-increasing skill, it has possibilities of infinite variety and surprises, it finds place for the greatest strength and agility, and can be played with equal zest by the weak and clumsy. It is a social and jovial game. It develops gracefulness and pleasing courtesy, and is a valuable accession to the equipment of any man or woman.

Those are my out-door sports: walking, running, cycling, and tennis. But in naming these as samples of what I mean by rational physical amusement, I exhaust the list precisely as little as I would exhaust the list of eatables by naming my favorite dishes. There are scores of valuable recreations I have not even tasted, and those I have suggested, though probably the most useful and adaptable of all, might for many people be far from the best.

There is our national game, which, though the nation need not be exceedingly proud of it, is a good and healthy sport, if you play it and do not merely look on, and if you play it and do not change it into a profession. There is football, manly and vigorous, a matchless school for the temper, and an incomparable drill in disciplined activity. There is the little known lacrosse, less rude and violent, but requiring more skill and dexterous strength than either. There are cricket and boating; there are archery, and fishing, and skating, and bowling, and riding on horseback; and there are innumerable lesser sports, like throwing of quoits, old-time croquet, the mild-mannered bean-bag, and the countless school games, hare and hounds, wolf, and so on, *ad infinitum*. I have a catholic mind for all of these. I enjoy watching them zealously played, and so will any lover of hearty humanity. Choose out from the host of them two or three, and devote yourself to these, that your skill may become a pleasure and an assurance of zest and pride. Having chosen these two or three, suited to your age, employment, tastes and fancied dignity, put yourself on the best of terms with them, and use them through all your busy life as ministers of health and vigor and good cheer.

Yellow Springs, O.

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.
SEPTEMBER 20, 1891.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10: 1-16.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER, D. D.

GOLDEN TEXT. — The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. — *Psalms 23: 1.*

1. OUR Lord seized upon the most common forms of life to illustrate truth. The Pharisees had proved poor shepherds to the man who had been blind.

2. This was not the beginning of a new address, but the opening words were to call attention to the importance of a new truth. The truth disconnected with Christ is not Christian truth at all. A good life is not a Christian life unless it is lived in Christ. He who rejects the divinity and infallibility of Christ is not a Christian, and has no right to claim the name. They who seek to lead men to God in any other way than by personal faith in Christ are thieves and robbers. A sermon may be all true and yet not a gospel sermon because there is no Christ in it. All truth does not contain Christ, but Christ contains all truth.

3. The "porter" refers to the Spirit of God which honors the Christ and all work which is done in his name. The Spirit has not promised to honor the truth except as this holds up Christ.

4. (a) Those who are Christ's know his voice. The principal evidence that we are Christ's is that our souls hear his voice. (b) Christ calleth his own; he knoweth them. It shows the greatness of Christ's knowledge and love that each smallest soul is known and loved by him. (c) He leadeth his people. Christ does not ask us to go where he will not go, or to do or be what he has not done or been. (d) We are to follow Christ; to do only what he would do; and to go only where he would go. (e) Notice also that God's children do not run after teachers who reject Christ. We reveal whose we are by whom we follow. When one is running around after this new religion and that new religion, it is evident that he has never found the Christ. Young people who have found the Christ do not heed the voice of sinful pleasures.

5. Christ repeats the declaration that he is the door. They who enter the eternal life must do so through him. (a) There is but one gospel and one Christ, but one way of salvation. (b) Salvation is sure in Christ, sure to any man, sure to every man who enters in by Christ. (c) And they shall go in and out and find pasture; that is, they shall have liberty of soul, shall be free, and their hearts shall be fed — they shall be satisfied.

6. He teaches that all other teachers kill and destroy. All other ways but Christ's way end in death, for all other ways are false ways. When any one can bring me a better example than that of Christ, higher truth than Christ's Sermon on the Mount, or better prayer than the Lord's Prayer, or a higher manifestation of God's love than Christ, then he may ask me to believe something else; but until then he insults me who offers me any other religion, and I am a fool to take any other religion.

7. Christ came to give all who come to him life, new life here, new life evermore. Christ is a new life, a new love, a new motive, a new joy in the human soul.

8. Christ changes the figure and calls himself the good Shepherd, for he not only leads and watches over his sheep, but dies for them, loves them, suffers for them, sacrifices for them, atones for them. Christ stands by us even unto our own death and even unto his own death. Wicked men and the evil one forsake the sinner.

9. Christ and his people know each other. As God knows Christ and Christ

knows God, so Christ knows his people and his people know him; that is, as there is a heart sympathy between God and Christ so there is a heart sympathy between Christ and his people.

10. Christ teaches the atonement. He lays down his life for his sheep. He was not compelled to die, but he gave his life.

11. Christ had other sheep, — (a) Good people who lived before his death by faith in the Christ to come; (b) those who then knew him and came to him; (c) all who have accepted him since; (d) all who shall accept him in the ages to come; (e) all in heathen lands who would accept him if they knew him. All who yield to the Spirit of God in all lands and in all ages are of his fold and shall be one.

12. Have we chosen Christ? Are our hearts in sympathy with him? Then we shall need no urging to follow him, but we shall do this because we love him.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON FROM MANY SOURCES.

(Selected by Mrs. F. E. CLARK.)

WE must get rid of our American ideas of shepherding. This is the first requisite to the successful study of this allegory. Christ never likened himself to a Texan herdsman or to a Kansas ranchman. He likened himself to the Oriental shepherd, loves his flock and identifies himself with the interest of every sheep. When Jesus talked of the shepherd life, his words were sweetest music to his Judæan hearers. They struck tender chords, and awoke tender memories. His hearers felt themselves translated in thought to some mountain-top of Palestine, to Carmel's summit, or to one of the peaks of Lebanon, from which they could see the shepherds of the country, amid their clustering flocks, caring for them as a father would care for his children. A good shepherd was looked upon as one of the finest types of a man. He stood for the embodiment of sympathy and pity and tender-heartedness and self-sacrifice and courage. — *Gregg.*

He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep (v. 2). As yet Christ has made no application of the parable. Undoubtedly by the "thief" and the "robber" he meant the Pharisees, who professed to be the guides of the people, and were seeking to influence them to their hurt. But he left the application to be inferred. To the mind of Christ it was all plain enough. "But they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them." — *Rev. H. M. King, in History, Prophecy, and Gospel.*

Jesus takes a living, personal, peculiar interest in each redeemed soul; bending over it continually with infinite tenderness, watching each doubt, each fear, each trial, each temptation, each fall, each rising again, each conflict, each victory, each defeat, watching each and all with a solicitude as special and particular as if it were upon it that the exclusive regards of his loving heart were fixed. No vague, indefinite, indiscriminate superintendence is that which the great Good Shepherd still exercises over his flock, but a care that particularizes each separate member of it, and descends to the minutest incidents of their history. — *Hanna, in Peloubet's Notes.*

He . . . leadeth them out. . . . He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him (vs. 3, 4). The shepherd does not drive his sheep, but leads them wherever he wants to take them. At night he leads them into the fold for safety. In the morning he leads them out to pasture. So Christ never drives his people; he goes before them and leads them, and they follow him. Sheep need to be led. They have no such instinct for finding their own way as most other animals have. Christ's people are just like them. Sheep wander away, and a lost sheep never finds its way back. "All we like sheep have gone astray;" and we

never could find the way home again if the Good Shepherd did not seek us and lead us back. He never leads his sheep too fast. He takes them sometimes over rough and dangerous ways, but he never loses any of them. "Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." Christ leads his sheep to the pastures, and by the still waters. Sometimes he leads them over deserts and along thorny paths and through dark gorges, but he is always just before them, and where he is they are safe. At the last he leads them through the valley of shadows into the heavenly fold. There they shall be safe eternally, and blest in his love. — *Westminster Teacher.*

I am the door (v. 7). I do not think that any of us can begin to imagine the revolution that was made in the religious life of the disciples of Christ when they began to say, "Our Father in heaven," and began, though dimly, to understand that in all its tender and winning suggestions the word was not only true, but that it was far within the truth. It was as if they had been standing for a long time before the grim outer walls of some old castle which they had been summoned to enter, standing there and looking doubtfully at the forbidding granite battlements, with cannon and sentries, with suggestions of gloomy passages and dungeons within, when all at once a little door opened and they saw within the wall a pleasant garden with flowers and fountains, and caught a breath of the sweetest odors, and heard a burst of melody from singing birds and happy children playing in the sun. Such an opening into the very heart of God did this word "Father" make for all who had stood in the cold shadow of the old monarchical conception of his character. There was meaning in the word of the Master when he said, "I am the door." — *Washington Gladden.*

By me if any man enter in he shall be saved (v. 9). The only way to get into his happy fold is by the one door, which is Jesus himself. Some want it all explained before they will enter, want to see clearly all that is before them. You can no more do it than a sheep, standing outside the door and looking in, can realize what the shepherd does for the sheep or the plenty and care inside. But remember that a door is a dividing line; it separates that which is inside from that which is outside; it not only shuts in in safety, but shuts out of the happiness and safety within. A little Irish girl in my own class, after a lesson on the dangers without the fold, said to me, with a plaintive quaintness, "I felt all alone out in the wildness and the darkness, and I knew sure some of them very wolves you talked of had snapped at me. And I thought, 'Ah, but you're a foolish one, Katie!' And I just cried out, 'Jesus, if ye'll be good enough to take me in, sure and I'll never come out again.' And he took me right in to the brightness." — *The Baptist Teacher.*

Christ's flock was then small, but he saw it as it was going to be. So certain was he of adding to them that he said, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." They then were without fold and without pasturage, were not regarded as being under the Lord's shepherd-care. Peter was astonished to find in Cornelius one of the Lord's own sheep (Acts 10: 35). Upon Christ was a divine compulsion to bring in these un-folded wanderers. "Them also I must bring." He was under the coercion which a true shepherd feels over the sheep that is lost (Luke 15: 3-7). "They shall hear my voice." Here is divine confidence in the result, — faith in infinite love as a means of bringing men to God. "And they shall become one flock, one shepherd." Jew and Gentile are alike to be shepherded by Christ, and to dwell together in unity. There may be many folds, but there will be only one flock, as there is but one shepherd (Eph. 4: 4-6). — *Pilgrim Teacher.*

PRIMARY EXERCISE.

BY MRS. FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

WHEN you go out to play to-morrow, would you not like to make a sheepfold? I'll tell you how.

Four walls of stones, like the cellar of a house; leave a place for a door; on top of the walls pile bushes or sticks, to keep off the wolves, you know; across one corner build a flat roof, under which the sheep can creep when it rains. Now you want some pretty white stones for the sheep; a long stone for the shepherd, a shorter one for the "porter" or the "hireling," as the man is called who helps him; and a yellow stone for the dog. Now some sticks and stones to put across the door at night, and all is done. That is the kind of a fold the shepherds in Palestine used when Jesus was here.

But that, you know, was only for the night; in the day time they are out over the green hills with the shepherd.

Sometimes the wolves attack them by day; the poor sheep cannot fight, they can only run to the shepherd who fights for them, sometimes dies for them. Happy are they if the shepherd is there, for if he were away only for a little while, and the porter or hireling has them in charge, he may run, and they all be killed. Can you guess why the hireling would run to save his life, when the shepherd would not? Why does a mother do for her children what no one else could, or would? Oh, you have guessed it; she loves them, and the shepherd loves the sheep.

By how many names has Jesus been called since we began to study John's Gospel? I'll write them on the board as you tell them to me. "The Word," "The Light," "The Bread of Life," and "The Living Water."

In our lesson to-day he gives himself two new names, — you'll know them soon.

And now Jesus tells the people around him of a sheepfold; how at night, when only the hireling is left in care of the sleeping sheep, a thief comes up softly, tries to climb up over the wall. The hireling hears him, knows it is not the shepherd for he would come in by the door, and rushes to save the sheep.

When the shepherd returns, not only does the hireling know his voice outside the door, but the sheep also know it, and bound up to be led out by him.

This story Jesus told, but they did not understand it. "I am the door of the sheepfold," he tells them plainly. "All who pass into the sheepfold through me, shall come in and go out safely and have good care. The thief, who did not pass through the door, came only to kill the sheep. I am come to give them life, and a full rich life."

Do you understand what this new name of Jesus means? You say "For Jesus' sake" when you pray. Why? Because he is the door by which we come to God, his Father. "For Jesus' sake" God forgives, loves, takes us to him when we die.

"But I am more than the door to let the sheep in and out," said Jesus, "I am also the shepherd, the one who leads the sheep, loves them, feeds and protects them, the one who never runs, though the hireling may. The sheep are mine, and I lay down my life for them."

Did they understand these wonderful words? I am afraid not. But only a few months and they did know, — they even saw their Shepherd stretched on the cross laying down his life for them, — for his friends and his enemies.

And for you, too. He is your Shepherd also, and you are his sheep, whether you know it or not. Will you be of those who love the Shepherd, follow and obey him, or will you run from him, away from his care?

And now let us make our golden text, our prayer, Lord be my Shepherd.

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- Sept. 14. — Christ the Good Shepherd. John 10: 1-10.
" 15. — Christ the Good Shepherd. John 10: 11-16.
" 16. — False Shepherds. Ezek. 34: 1-6.
" 17. — Good Pasture. Ezek. 34: 11-16.
" 18. — Safety. Ezek. 34: 22-31.
" 19. — Seeking the Sheep. Matt. 18: 10-14.
" 20. — The Loving Shepherd. Isa. 40: 1-11.

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OF ASBURY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Christian Endeavor.

PRAYER MEETING.

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING SEPT. 20.

THE SHEPHERD LORD: HIS FAITHFULNESS, TENDERNESS, STRENGTH.

John 10: 27, 28; Isa. 40: 9-11.

[Editorial.]

It is not strange that Christ's comparison of himself with the good shepherd should have appealed with great force to the early church, and that it should have been a specially favorite subject in the art of the first Christian centuries. To a great extent it sums up the whole gospel; in a wonderful degree it expresses the love of Christ, which was so precious a comfort to those who were laying down their lives for his sake. For Christians in all ages, too, the "shepherd psalm" has been a great solace in sorrow, and on it many a dying head has been pillowed.

The picture is one for all the days of life, not alone for time of darkness or of joy; the confidence in the Lord's constant watchfulness is our stay. One dwells not merely on the strength given in the dark valley, nor on the delight of green pastures and the grateful vision of still waters; but deeper is the thought of the changeless love that provides for all times, of the cost to the shepherd of the sheep's peace. The youth who had faced the lion and the bear to keep his flock secure knew the devotion on the keeper's part required for the safety of his charge. The Good Shepherd proved his faithful love by laying down his life that his followers might have life.

Between the shepherd and his flock there is a tie of greater tenderness than that alone between the keeper and the kept. That is a suggestive touch by which the beloved apostle pictures the redeemed in heaven as led to fountains of waters of life by a shepherd who is himself "the Lamb." He can best be the sympathetic leader who has shared the lot of his followers, who in his own person and for their sakes has gained a knowledge of their needs, and who goes in advance of them, never asking them to go where he has not first trod, or to encounter any danger that he has not first faced.

As we look at a flock we lose sight of individuals. A soldier will by most devoted service express his appreciation of a commander who shows his unusual ability to recognize each by calling him by name. The Good Shepherd's tenderness is seen in that he has an intimate personal knowledge of each of his followers. That "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" may not be Scripture language; but it is only a weak phrasing of the truth that finds abundant utterance in the Bible, that the Lord has most careful regard for the condition of the humblest of his helpless servants, and will not suffer them to be tempted above what they are able to bear.

The Shepherd might be smitten and his life sacrificed, but that ensured the safety of the flock; it did not leave them to the mercy of the foe. The life laid down at will was taken again at will. The sacrifice freely made was pledge enough that omnipotence was swayed by love, and that no power would be allowed to pluck from the Lord's hand those whom he had called his own. In face of the roaring lion the weakest lamb may rest unfrighted with firm trust in the mighty arm of Him who has all power.

SLANT LIGHTS ON THE TOPIC.

BY REV. W. H. G. TEMPLE,

Pastor of the Phillips Church, South Boston.

The Shepherd's Faithfulness (John 10: 27, 28). The modern idea and occupation of a shepherd are so different from the Oriental type that we may almost conclude the original to be extinct. To-day the matter has taken a purely commercial turn. In the days of Christ, the shepherd was the constant guide and defender of the flock. The tenderest relationship existed between sheep and shepherd. They knew his voice and recognized their own names. He remained with them, leading them into the richest pasturage, and fighting off the wolves even to the forfeiture of his life. Now Christ took this relationship in its fulness when he said, "I am the good

shepherd." Oh, how faithful our divine Shepherd has been! Nothing was so dear to him as his sheep. The people tried to make a king of him, but he refused, because he was afraid the sheep might suffer. The wolves swooped down upon the flock and him, but he stood and bared his own breast that he might save the sheep. Angels in multitudes, poising on shining wings over the conflict, awaited his command, but he summoned them not, because his death only could rescue the flock. Is he not worth following? Can you afford to be listless when he speaks? Let his unceasing faithfulness incite in all his followers increased fidelity and consecration.

The Shepherd's Tenderness (Isa. 40: 11). One of the most beautiful examples of pastoral tenderness we have is in the parable of the lost sheep. The picture is true to life. The wounded sheep the shepherd carries on his shoulder to the fold, and the lambs nestle in his bosom. If there is one quality in Jesus' character that does shine out gloriously in the New Testament, it is his affection. Who ever had, who can have, such love? It showed itself in his compassion for the erring and in his regard for the "little ones." "Come unto me." "Suffer the children." If you have been a wandering sheep, return unto the Shepherd of your soul. He will receive you gladly. Ay, he has been long looking for you on the highways of life, in glittering saloons of infamy, in dark dens of crime, perhaps, — looking, calling your name, but you have not recognized his voice. Will you not hear him speaking from this page, and answer his tender invitation with your penitential faith?

The Shepherd's Strength (Isa. 40: 10). There is no bravery like that born of love. There is no strength like that which defends because of love. Jesus has not only the disposition but also the ability to protect his flock. When his strong hand is stretched out for your defence, you need not fear, Christian. Your contests are nothing to him, and with him at your side you are sure to be victor. As long as you have his certain strength to depend upon, never be willing for an instant to trust your own. If you needed no defender, there would have been no Calvary. God does not permit such a scene as that for nothing. Appreciate the fulness of that tragedy by faith, and you will soon be able to say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The Shepherd Lord

Seeks the lost. Have you been found?

Knows them that are his. Do you know him as your Saviour and eternal Friend?

Has a name for each of the flock. Have you heard him pronounce it? When he has called you near to him, have you come?

Chooses pasturage fitted for his sheep. Have you ever rebelled at his selection? If you have, have you not always found that you were mistaken? The very fact that he knows you thoroughly is a guarantee that his care of you will be the very best. Trust him.

A wandering sheep from thy pure fold,

A vagrant from thy tender care,
I rambled o'er the mountain cold,
Alone, in darkness and despair.
I heard thy voice, O winsome sound!
And realized the lost was found.

And now when thou dost speak my name,

I come in gladness to thy side;
To follow thee, who gladly came
As my soul's rescuer, crucified,
Shall all my faithfulness employ
Till I shall see thy face with joy.

ILLUSTRATIVE QUOTATIONS.

[Selected by L. ADELAIDE WALLINGFORD.]

Who is it that is your shepherd? The Lord! Oh, my friends, what a wonderful announcement. The Lord God of heaven and earth, the Almighty Creator of all things, he who holds the universe in his hand as though it were a very little thing, — he is your Shepherd, and has charged himself with the care and keeping of you, as a shepherd is charged with the care and keeping of his sheep. If your hearts could really take in this thought, you would never have a fear or a care again; for with such a shepherd, how could it be possible for you to ever want any good thing? — H. W. S.

The incarnate God himself honored this name shepherd by adopting it himself. . . . A sheep is an object of purchase; and therefore an object of peculiar care, because he is property. And so, man, in accepting the position of a sheep, comes into a peculiarly close relation with God. He forfeits all power over himself, but he becomes God's own property; God's valuable property, since God shows the value he sets upon him by the price at which he buys him. Every redeemed

soul in God's flock represents the blood of the only begotten Son of God. . . . Shall the love which proved itself by the payment of such a price stop at any minor gift? — M. R. Vincent, D. D.

I know not where the pastures of the Lord
Are swept by cool winds, tempered from
the heat;

Where his white flocks stray o'er the dewy
sward
Or lie at rest about the Shepherd's feet.

But this I know, that somewhere there is
rest,

And that the poor their heritage shall find;
The pure in heart shall lean upon his breast
'Midst views of matchless beauty for the
blind.

The gales of heaven drift us to that shore
Where stainless lilies fringe the waterside;
There, with the meek and lowly evermore,
We shall awaken rested, satisfied.

— O. R. Bellamy.

It is a pleasing sight to see a large number of well-trained and gratefully affectionate sheep quietly and steadily following their shepherd. Thus quietly and obediently ought we to follow the Saviour. He knows where to lead us, and what is the best path. . . . To the careless observer a number of sheep look much alike; but the loving shepherd observes them closely, and recognizes each one. Even if they become mingled with others, he knows which are his. So as to our Saviour, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." — J. A. Broadus, D. D.

One day the Shepherd passed, and, turning,
said,

"Come, follow me;"
What wonder that in haste I rose,
So kind was he!

From out no other eye has ever beamed
Such love on me;

Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow
Hard after thee.

— M. Fraser.

Here, then, is the beauty and glory of Christ, as a Redeemer and Saviour of lost men, that he goes before, always before, and never behind his flock. The works of love that he requires from us, in words, are preceded and illustrated by real deeds of love, to which he gave up all his mighty powers from day to day. He bore the cross himself that he commanded us to take up and bear after him. In all of which he is our Shepherd, calling, but never driving; bearing all the losses he calls us to bear; meeting all the dangers, suffering all the cruelties and pains which it is given us to suffer; and drawing us to follow where he leads. — Horace Bushnell, D. D.

The soul has caught a new idea of God's love when it has not only been fed but rescued by him. The sheep has a new conception of his shepherd's care when he has not merely been made "to lie down in green pastures," but also has heard the voice of him who had left the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness, and gone after that which had wandered astray until he found it. — Phillips Brooks, D. D.

Over the pathless wild

Do I not see him come?

Him who shall bear me back,

Him who shall lead me home?

Over me he is bending;

Now I can safely rest,

Found at the last, and clinging

Close to the Shepherd's breast;

So let me rest till the fold-bells

Sound on the homeward track,

And the rejoicing angels

Welcome us back.

— W. E. Littlewood.

Words of tender and affectionate warning, acts of help to keep the lambs in the track of the flock, encouragement to the timid, and kindly hints, "There is our Shepherd calling; do you not hear his voice?" — these, and such as these, are among the ways in which we can catch the spirit of the Good Shepherd, and work along with him. In so doing we cultivate catholicity. We are taken out of self and joined in holy bonds to the saints of God. We are cultivating holy sympathies, and, through his grace, being prepared for the everlasting communion of the one flock in heaven. — John Hall, D. D.

Have you sought for the sheep that have wandered

Far away on the dark mountains cold?

Have you gone, like the tender Shepherd,
To bring them again to the fold?

Have you followed their weary footsteps?
And the wild desert waste have you crossed,

Nor lingered, till safe home returning,
You have gathered the sheep that were lost?

— F. J. C.

Bible References: Ex. 13: 21, 22; 33: 14; Num. 27: 16, 17; Deut. 31: 8; Ps. 16: 11; 25: 9, 10; 32: 8; 36: 7, 8; 44: 22; 48: 14; 73: 24; 74: 1; 77: 20; 78: 52; 79: 13; 80: 1; 95: 7; 100: 3; 119: 176; 121: 3, 4; Prov. 8: 20; Cant. 1: 7; Isa. 43: 2; 49: 8-10; 53: 6; 63: 11-14; Jer. 23: 3, 4; 50: 6; Ezek. 34: 23-26, 31; 37: 24; Micah 2: 12, 13; Zeek. 9: 16; 11: 17; 13: 7-9; Matt. 10: 6; 15: 24; 25: 31-33; 26: 31, 32; Luke 12: 32; 15: 3-6; 19: 10; John 21: 15-17; Acts 20: 28; 2 Cor. 9: 8; Phil. 4: 19; Heb. 13: 20, 21; 1 Pet. 2: 21-25; 5: 2-4; Rev. 7: 16, 17.

Suggested Hymns.

"Thou art my Shepherd."

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare."

"Saviour, like a shepherd lead us."

"In the heavenly pastures fair."

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want."

"In heavenly love abiding."

"Turn thee, O lost one, careworn and weary."
"Tenderly the Shepherd, o'er the mountains cold."

DAILY READINGS.

First Day.—False shepherds. Ezek. 34: 1-6.
Second Day.—Good pasture. Ezek. 34: 11-16.
Third Day.—Seeking the sheep.

Matt. 18: 10-14.
Fourth Day.—The loving Shepherd.

Isa. 40: 1-11.
Fifth Day.—The shepherd psalm. Ps. 23.

Sixth Day.—The good Shepherd.
John 10: 1-10.

Seventh Day.—The Shepherd Lord: his faithfulness, tenderness, strength.

John 10: 27, 28; Isa. 40: 9-11.

Rheumatism

According to recent investigations is caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and causes the local manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

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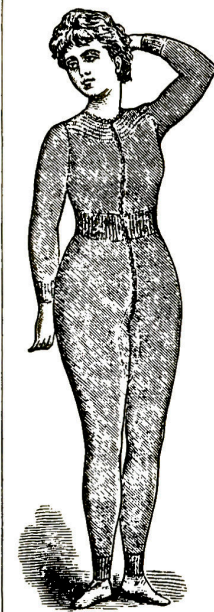
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What "They Say"

In Books, Papers and Magazines.

A HINT.

If you should frown and I should frown,
While walking out together,
The happy folks about the town
Would say, "The clouds are settling down,
In spite of pleasant weather."

If you should smile and I should smile,
While walking out together,
Sad folks would say, "Such looks beguile
The weariness of many a mile
In dark and dreary weather."
— St. Nicholas.

HOW \$100 GREW.

A SUCCESSFUL business man was heard to say, recently, that he advised his children to put money in the bank whenever they could, and then forget that it was there. Although not intentionally, the depositor in the following incident, taken from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, seems to have adopted this principle to such an extent that when he did remember and put in his claim for the money the result was amazingly satisfactory:—

Some years ago a man entered the Boatmen's Savings Bank on Second Street in St. Louis, with a somewhat diffident air, and looked inquiringly about him as one not quite positive of his bearings. He scrutinized the building closely, looked about the interior, and presently found his way to the cashier's desk.

"There used to be a bank here in the old times," he said, "called the Boatmen's Savings Institution. I suppose it is dead long ago; this bank, of course, has nothing to do with it."

"It is the same bank," replied the cashier, "only the name is a little changed."

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger, with surprise. "Well, when the old institution started, I was one of the first depositors, but I put in only \$100. I reckon, after so many ups and downs, that I must have been wiped out long ago."

"Who are you?" the cashier asked, "and what is your name?"

"My name is Jefferies."

"Thomas Jefferies?" cried the cashier. "Yes; they called me Tom then."

"Where have you been, Mr. Jefferies, these long years, and why haven't you written us?"

"In California, and of course I thought the \$100 was a dead duck, and it's only your sign that called me in now."

"Well, Mr. Jefferies, if you have been idle," said the cashier, taking down and opening a great folio, "your hundred dollars has not; here it is. Your check on this bank to-day is good for \$7,875. You have only to get some one to prove your identity and we will pay it over."

HOW THE TROUT WAS CAUGHT.

A UNIQUE method of catching the wary and easily frightened trout is found in an article on the "Ways and Whims of Fresh-water Fishes" in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Doubtless to the uninitiated this particular trout tasted just as delicious as if it had not been obtained in such an ignominious manner:—

One day a well-dressed man visited a certain hamlet, carrying the newest of fly-rods; he intended to fish for trout. Could any one give him information as to the best place for his day's sport? As he asked for it at the bar of the small inn of the hamlet, the information was soon forthcoming. One of the customers there told him he knew where there was a big one, and no mistake; he could show it to him, and then all he had to do was to catch it. The bait took.

After the tip of a shilling, away they started. He saw the fish, and for nearly the whole of a day he threshed that water hard enough to frighten all the trout that ever swam in it. But not even a fish the size of a sprat did he capture.

At the inn, before his train started, as he rested for an hour, his guide of the morning appeared and asked him what sport he had had.

"Not a single fish," replied he; adding, "I would give half-a-sov. if that trout lay in my basket, or give the same sum to any one who would put me up to getting it there."

Five minutes later the native whispered to him, "Did ye mean what ye said?"

The angler pulled out half a sovereign and showed it to him.

"Bide here a bit," said the man; "your train don't start yet." In less than half an hour the stranger was beckoned out of the bar to see the big trout, still alive and kicking vigorously, on some flags in a basket. He had a hook attached to a piece of broken gut in his upper lip; not a bruise or a mark was on him.

"Take him, basket an' all, fur what ye said," quoth the native; "he's a precious sight too big to go into that consarn o' yourn. And I be werry much obleedged to you for this 'ere half-sov'rin, and no mistake."

I was informed afterwards that the fish had been so frightened by the thrashing of that would-be angler, that he had retreated to the utmost limit of his hover under the bank, and there he had remained, as only a trout will remain. The cute rustic knew this would be so, and he had simply gone down to the spot, taken off his shoes, and tucked up his trousers, and "groped him out." This is how most of the great trout are captured, but I never saw one that had been groped for that was not shown with a hook in his mouth. A gut hook does not cost much, and it looks so very much better.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

AN instance of a justifiable practical joke, if such a joke may ever be called justifiable, is given in the *Wide Awake*. It was a rebuke well administered, and let us hope it aroused in the silly pate of the young man at least a grain of common sense:—

A young New Yorker who had been in Paris during the Exposition, thus meeting men of many nationalities, had also taken a run of a few days to Switzerland and into Italy. His air of foreign travel, an artificial accent of speech and manner, had amused his fellows coming over, which climaxed as the usual tug met the vessel outside of New York. A boy came aboard with papers and offered the young man one. "How much?" he asked.

"Nickel," answered the boy tersely.

"Nickel?" repeated the New Yorker with affected ignorance, "what's that? take it!" holding out a loose handful of German, French and Italian coins toward the boy. The lad took in the situation at a glance, and with one quick grab emptied the outstretched hand and darted into the crowd crying, "Times, Sun, 'Erald 'n World."

The onlookers shouted with laughter.

A PIN PAVEMENT.

A SUBSTANTIAL sidewalk is that described recently in one of our exchanges. The idea is this:—

Ansonia, Conn., will have almost a unique pavement if one of her citizens carries his ideas into execution. He is president of a brass pin company, and intends rebuilding the sidewalk in front of his home with pins. He has at the company's shop some twenty barrels of old and imperfect pins, the accumulation of years, and these he will utilize. Concerning the value and durability of this kind of sidewalk material, the *Ansonia Sentinel* says: "On the corner of Broad and Pine Streets, some years ago, several barrels of pin scraps were placed. The necessary factor in this style of sidewalks, corrosion, accomplished the rest, and now there exists a walk of solid iron. The hardness of the walk was tested recently, when the telephone men attempted to set a pole on that corner. By dint of much hard work, drilling and blasting with dynamite, they succeeded in penetrating the three or four inches of pins and corrosion, and set the pole. The walk will last forever, after once being laid, and neither travel nor storms will affect it."

POOR SPELLERS. WHY?

ON the principle that it is better not to do for the child what he can do for himself, mothers and older sisters are warned in the *Christian Advocate* of a new danger along this line:—

"I'm such a miserable speller," said one of the most intelligent girls we ever saw; "we are all miserable spellers, my brothers and sisters and I."

"Why, how is that?" we asked. "We have been read to so much that we know about a great many things, but we have n't seen the words ourselves, and we are miserable readers, and spellers, too. I sometimes think the advantages of having been read to before we could read ourselves

are more than balanced by the disadvantages."

"But don't you improve as the months go on, and you take pains to spell every word correctly?"

"No; I think I deprove. There are so many new words all the time in the text-books and the books we read that I can't keep up with them. My composition and exercise books are all marked up, and make me sick to go over them and count the misspelled words."

Now, we had thought the mother of that young girl a model, and that she was laying a good foundation for her children's education, but it would seem that if she had done less for her children in some respects, and required them to do more for themselves, they would have been the gainers. We have known more than one person made a bad speller by being read to in early life. In conversation these bad spellers are charming, fluent, and apt in the choice of words, but their written pages, — how shall we characterize them?

The printed and written word must be stamped as a picture on the child's mind, or he will never learn how to spell it correctly. A teacher of long experience once said: "Unless a child learns to spell by the time he is ten years old, he will never be a perfect speller." And doubtless there is a large measure of truth in this remark.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

SHE is pretty, she is witty; she can trill a dainty ditty
Like a lark high up in heaven when day has just begun;
She can guess your hardest riddle,
Play a jig upon the fiddle,
Knows every language living and every language dead,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She is charming (even alarming to an inexperienced swain),
With her silver, rippling laughter, and her fleeting glances bright;
She can flirt, though no one taught her
For she's Eve's own darling daughter;
She can fascinate and flatter, she can woo and she can wed,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She is handy with her racket, knows the dark horse and can back it;
She manipulates a mallet so croquet is well worth while,
Poses both as saint and sinner,
Designs menu cards for dinner,
And unravels social problems to the last long kinky thread,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She can drive a tandem flying, give a broker points on buying;
She can box and fence and bowl and row and ride and swim and walk;
She can sketch from nature nicely
In a gown that fits precisely,
Reads Tolstoi in the original, and Schopenhauer in — bed,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She's a graduate from college, a compendium of knowledge,
With the spirit of the hour and age she's everywhere in touch;
But if, without a warning,
The cook leaves in the morning,
In spite of all her learning, she will wish that she were dead,
For she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

— The Home-Maker.

BRIGHT AND BREEZY.

Sportsman (after missing his tenth rabbit): "I'll tell you what it is, Bagster, your rabbits are all two inches too short hereabouts!"

What can equal the regularity of the Brooklyn man who shoved the hands of his clock twenty-four hours ahead because it ran down the day before?

Reportah: "So poor Will was accidentally strangled to death. How did it happen?"

Flicker: "Got caught in a shower, and could n't unbutton the collar of his flannel shirt." — *Harper's Bazar*.

A story is told of a colored preacher whose church had become somewhat dilapidated. The minister succeeded at last in persuading his people to decorate the walls, but funds gave out and they left a large recess behind the pulpit unimproved. The patience of the preacher gave way before this evidence of want of proper respect for the church, and at the close of his sermon one Sunday morning he very solemnly announced, "Brethren, notice is hereby given, that the gospel will not be dispensed wif in dis church any moa until dis abscess behind the pulpit is fricasseed."



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Reviews.

Stories.

HER ASSOCIATE MEMBERS. By Pansy. 7½ x 5½, pp. 373; illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Cloth, \$1.50. It seems hardly necessary to tell our readers anything about this volume, save that the story which they have all followed in serial form with such interest can now be had in the attractive and convenient form in which this well-known publishing company always sends out its books. After a narrative has spoken for itself to the readers of England and America, it needs little detailed description. Christine Hollister Holmes, spending a winter in the South with her invalid husband, soon discovers sorrow and spiritual peril in the lives that are closest to her own in the boarding-house and community where she is staying. The story of her efforts to reach them is told as only Pansy can tell it. The boarding-house keeper and her shiftless and reckless son, the servant girl with seemingly hopeless silliness, the washerwoman and her drunken husband, the brilliant and sceptical physician, and yet others, move before us as those whom Mrs. Holmes pictures as "Associate Members" in the Endeavor society which she would like to organize. The tale of the winter's work ends delightfully in a closing chapter entitled, "She Loses Them All," in which each subject of her prayer and effort is discovered an active member of a real society. The processes by which these results are attained are full of suggestion for all Christian workers, and we do not wonder at the favor with which the installments of this story have been received, and we are sure the completed volume will be in great demand.

Poetry.

WORDSWORTH FOR THE YOUNG. By Cynthia Morgan St. John. 9 in. x 7, pp. 153; illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. This volume of selections is directly in the line of the recent encouraging movement in favor of restoring the works of standard authors to their place in the early training of the young. Much has been written on the subject, and some readers for schools have been issued with the especial aim to meet the new demand. This book would seem to be more adapted to home use, although it might be employed to good advantage for supplementary reading in school. While the merits of Wordsworth are still a subject for debate, the compiler in her preface vindicates the children's claim to an acquaintance with some of his simple narrative poems and poems descriptive of nature; and there is no reason why these should not be as attractive to the children of to-day as they were to those of an earlier generation. Other children will doubtless be as much pleased with the lines as was the little son of the compiler, all the more because of the illustrations selected and arranged by Mrs. St. John.

Magazines.

The list of contributors to *The Popular Science Monthly* for September contains a number of strong names. The opening article, by Prof. John Fiske, is on "The Doctrine of Evolution: its Scope and Influence," and cannot fail to give the general reader a better understanding of this great process. The essay by Herbert Spencer on "The Limits of State Duties" embodies a strong argument against attempts by governments to mould artificially the characters of citizens. Dr. Andrew D. White continues his "Warfare of Science" series, describing the displacement of fetishism by hygiene. Dr. Charles W. Pilgrim, of the Utica Asylum, tells what beneficial results have come from "Schools for the Insane." A decidedly novel subject is presented in "Views of Running Water," by J. Piccard, which describes and pictures the appearance of running and falling water. The sun-spot period, now nearing its maximum, gives occasion for a discussion of the question, "Can We Always Count upon the Sun?" by Garrett P. Serviss. R. Francheschini writes about "Musical Insects," describing the mechanisms by which insects produce sounds, with illustrations. John Murdoch contributes an interesting account of "Eskimo Boats in the Northwest." Dr. Karl Russ pleads for the lives of our feathered creatures under the title, "Take Care of the Birds." A sketch is given, with portrait, of the retiring president of the American Asso-

ciation, Prof. George Lincoln Goodale. The editor writes on "The Warfare of Science" and "Individuality for Woman."

In the September *Arena* we are impressed with an article by Will N. Harben, with a unique method and fairly successful execution. It is entitled "He Came and Went Again." It represents Jesus as returning to earth, and describes the reception he received while living in New York as he lived in Palestine. The sketch is written in a reverent spirit, and is well calculated to make professing Christians ask themselves who it is they are following and what right they have to the name of Christians. In marked contrast as regards theme is a paper contributed by Mr. Flower, entitled "Fashion's Slaves," showing the vagaries of fashion during the past three decades. He discusses the problem of woman's dress from artistic, hygienic, and ethical points of view, and pleads strongly for radical and rational dress reform. This paper is peculiarly timely, following the inauguration by such prominent women as Frances E. Willard and Frances E. Russell, of the movement for dress reform at Chautauqua. Hamlin Garland, whose new work, "Main-Travelled Roads," is creating such a sensation, contributes a delightful humorous Western sketch, entitled "An Evening at the Corner Grocery." Among the leading writers on thoughtful themes is Rev. George C. Lorimer, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number.

One of the most interesting magazines which comes to our table is *The New England Magazine*, which is filling its peculiar field with constantly increasing acceptableness. The most timely and interesting feature of the September number is a finely illustrated article on the late Edward Burgess and his boats. The writer is A. G. McVey, the yachting editor of the *Boston Herald*, who was for some years an intimate friend of the famous yacht designer and builder. Outline sketches and photogravures of his best known yachts, the winners of the international races, embellish a thoroughly well-written article. E. P. Powell, who is associated with W. O. McDowell, the leading spirit in the movement to draw the republics of the world into closer bonds, writes with fine enthusiasm on "A Pan-Republic Congress." This preparation of the world for democracy is, he thinks, the work of this nineteenth century, and a fitting gift of this generation to those who come after. Dr. Prosper Bender, in an article on "The French Canadian Peasantry," gives us an insight into the conduct of elections in French Canada, which is very entertaining and instructive. Himself a French Canadian, he does not hesitate to declare that there is almost universal corruption in French Canadian elections. The Editor's Table is always bright and suggestive.

In *Lippincott's* for September Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr takes up the cudgels in defence of the pretty girl in "A Plea for Helen." This article is in a measure a set-off to "A Plea for the Ugly Girls," a paper in a recent number of *Lippincott's* which excited much comment. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood writes of "Society in Different Cities," a topic upon which she is eminently well qualified to dilate. She compares the social life of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Chicago, and gives a good picture of the lives of the four hundred in each of these representative cities. In "Notes from an Engineer's Camp," Henry Collins tells of the camp-life of a corps of civil engineers, and presents some startling pictures of the rude "boarding-houses" for the common day-laborers who build our railroads. Everyone interested in the betterment of public roads and highways should read the article by John Gilmer Speed on "Country Roads and Highways." That we have very bad roads in this country is an accepted fact, but few realize how very bad they are in comparison with those of many foreign countries. Besides calling attention to the wretched condition of our roads, and telling what has been done in different States for their betterment, Mr. Speed offers some valuable suggestions, which ought to come to the notice of the responsible authorities in our country towns.

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NO. 50 BROMFIELD STREET.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1891.

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See Page 13.

Editorial.

THREE MATTERS OF PRACTICAL RELIGION.

THE GOLDEN RULE has an ambition always to show its readers the way in matters of practical religion. It has little to do with ecclesiasticism, and meddles not at all in politics; but, if it can point out new methods of applied Christianity by which the Master's kingdom may be advanced, especially by the youthful hosts, it will thank God for the opportunity.

During the new year, which for the religious journal as well as for the average church, begins with the first of September, we desire to lay especial stress upon three methods by which we believe the interests of Christ's church will be especially promoted. These methods relate to the *Sunday evening church service, the midweek church prayer meeting, and systematic and proportionate beneficence.*

We shall not cease to call upon all members of the Christian Endeavor societies to give special attention to these three matters during the coming year. We shall not, of course, confine our attention to these matters; but we believe in being definite and specific, in driving home and clinching one nail at a time.

The Sunday evening service. The young people of America can, if they will, revivify this service, which in so many places has fallen into "innocuous desuetude." They can in many places make it the most powerful evangelistic agency of the recurring Sabbath day.

Not to confine ourselves to good advice, but to make the matter very practical, The Golden Rule Company has prepared several series of very attractive Sunday evening services on "The Lord's Prayer," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Evenings with the Most Prominent Hymn Writers of the Church," etc., which, if introduced, will, we believe, do much to make these services interesting, attractive, and spiritually profitable. We speak of the matter here, not for the sake of advertising the services in this column, but that we may prove that our intention and desire to aid the often-discouraged pastor in this most difficult of his duties, has resulted in a practical effort and a definite plan. The societies of Christian Endeavor can in thousands of churches supply these services, aid greatly in the simple, congregational music involved in them, and by their presence and active interest vastly cheer their church and pastor.

As to the *midweek prayer meeting*, we shall do everything in our power to apply the Christian Endeavor prin-

ciple of attendance and participation on the part of the young people to every church prayer meeting where the young people are welcomed.

As to *systematic benevolence*, it should be one of the missions of THE GOLDEN RULE during the coming year to recommend in every way, and to secure so far as its influence goes, some wise plan of regular weekly offerings for the Lord's treasury. This principle of giving applies just as well to the schoolgirl, who has ten cents a week for pin-money, or to the clerk on a salary of ten dollars a week, as to the millionaire. We see no other way of filling the empty treasuries of the Lord's house. We see no other way of sending out the thousands of volunteers who are waiting to go to mission fields. We see no other way of reaping the white harvest fields, or of evangelizing the world.

We ask our readers especially to watch for hints on these most important subjects, and to put in practice, if possible without delay, the practical suggestions that experts in these matters will present in our columns.

THE SCHOOLROOM.

For the past two months it has been empty and silent. The flies have buzzed undisturbed upon its window-panes and the spiders have spun their webs undaunted by the janitor's broom. But now the stillness is broken by the thronging of restless feet over the thresholds and the renewed activities of youthful minds. For the next ten months, with but slight intermission, the schoolroom is to be the arena, battle-ground, race-course—whichever figure you prefer—for the future soldiers in the great contests of the world's life. From kindergarten to university lecture-room, in rude red hut on the remote country hillside and in spacious city structure, among rich and poor, brilliant and stupid, another period of student life is beginning, as August gives place to her successor in the sisterhood of the months.

To all occupants of schoolrooms, of whatever grade, THE GOLDEN RULE offers heartiest greetings and best wishes for the work of the coming weeks. With strengthened bodies and invigorated minds, the millions of teachers and scholars in our land approach their tasks. We wish for them, first of all, an appreciation of the worth of present opportunities and an earnest, carefully considered resolution to improve conscientiously those privileges. We hope that teachers may feel as never before the possibilities of influence before them. We trust that parents will give more sympathetic attention than ever before to the progress of work in these mental machine shops, whose products are so immeasurably more important than all the material manufactures of the land. Above all things, may the discipline of Jesus, the greatest of all teachers, everywhere predominate. In all things, success to the schoolroom!

OILERS WANTED.

ANY one who has travelled by ocean steamship will recall that important personage in the engine-room,—the oiler; how frequently and assiduously he drops the lubricating fluid upon the bearings. How careful he is to let no piston become dry and hot. In fact, how constantly the necessary friction of working machinery must be overcome by the contents of the oil-can. It would be as impossible to run a steam-engine without oil as without coal or water. The item of expense for lubricating oils is one of very considerable magnitude in every railway and steamship company. All of which is by way of a parable, and to call attention to the fact that more oilers are needed in the church and in all religious and philanthropic enterprises. Not more oily people, mind you, kind reader, but more oilers,—more wise and watchful people, who will keep an eye on the bearings, who will know where friction is likely to be generated, and how it can be overcome. There are frequently captains enough in the church, sometimes too many; usually there are plenty of engineers, firemen, and able-bodied seamen; but the supply of oilers is often wofully lacking, and more wrecks and loss to machinery, ship, and crew are caused for want of these important individuals than by reason of all other causes together. Sometimes there is a point of friction in the bearings between pulpit and pew; a few drops of excellent oil are all that are needed, but there is no one to apply them. Still more frequently, perhaps, the friction comes in between choir and congregation. How much a skilful oiler can do just here! Once in a while the relations between the older and the younger people become somewhat strained; but there need be no trouble, or even heat, if the gospel oiler, with his can of brotherliness and good-will, could find the unfortunate point of friction. Sometimes in the Sunday school, sometimes in the prayer room even, trouble is generated. The engineer puts on all steam, the fireman shovels on the coal, the pilot takes his bearings carefully and handles the wheel skilfully; but by reason of a little

friction, which is entirely preventable, the whole machinery of the church is disarranged and stopped, and its very existence endangered.

We commend the matter carefully to our readers. Is it not your mission to be an oiler, a friction-preventer, a peacemaker? You have aspired to be captain, perhaps, or at least chief engineer. A humbler, but possibly a more important, position is that of oiler. Who will not aspire to fill this post well, and apply at the right place in ecclesiastical machinery the same unguent of which the Psalmist speaks, the oil "that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garment"? "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

GOLDEN RULE CHARACTER SKETCHES.

In the Berry Pasture.

HAVE our readers ever noticed how many varieties of character are displayed in the berry pasture? Of course they have been berrying; we shall not admit as a possibility that the early education of any one of them has been so neglected that he has never bent low for the retiring strawberry in the meadow, or stripped the luscious blackberry from the prickly vine, or, better than all, filled a brimming pail with the toothsome black pellets which the luckleberry bush bears. Of course our readers have been berrying, and so we return to our original question and ask them once more, in memory of the August days just past, if they took notice of the different types of character displayed in the berry pasture.

Over there is one berry picker who was born tired. How languidly he moves from one spot to another! How long it takes him to cover the bottom of his cup! How slowly his hand moves from the loaded bush to that bugbear of the tariff reformer, the McKinley-taxed tin pail! We warrant that this typical individual whether student, clerk, editor or mechanic, will never more than earn his bread, without much butter on it either.

There, again, is the greedy picker. He knows the way to his mouth a good deal better than to his pail, and most of the berries he carries home will not find their way to the family supper-table. Such a person may be relied upon to look out for Number One, wherever he is, but, if he carries his characteristics out of the berry pasture, we prefer not to board at the same table or to live in the same house with him.

There, too, we see the unenterprising picker. He is patient and plodding, but he never discovers a fresh berry patch for himself. He always picks his own bush clean, and then moves on to the corner of the field from which the enthusiastic Ohs and Ahs declare that some other picker has found the loaded bushes waiting for him. Such men are not found among the ranks of the Edisons and the Columbuses of history. Still they have their place. There are not worlds enough for a host of explorers to discover, and on the whole we like this representative better than the hurrying, scurrying picker who flits from bush to bush grasping the easiest handful, and then off to another part of the field where he thinks the fruit may be more plentiful. He will be sure to go home with his pail half empty, and what a pitiful failure this berry picker will be likely to make in life, as he flits from occupation to occupation, tarrying only long enough anywhere to show his incapacity.

But there is our ideal picker. How steadily he keeps at it! How eagerly his eye scans the bushes just ahead of him for the blackest or bluest or reddest patch of berries, while the ground he is covering now is picked clean. How unerringly the berries fall into the pail by his side, instead of losing their way between busily crunching jaws! Why, almost before the others know it, his pail is brimming over, and he has time to help fill their empty dishes. That is the kind of a boy that shall have the next vacancy in our office. That is the kind of girl worth sending to Vassar or Wellesley. Yes, and if we were as young as once we were we should be tempted to grow sentimental and ask her to take "the long path" with us that leads sometimes through the summer pastures and sometimes over the wintry highway to life's very end.

Editorial Notes from the Wide Field.

OUR OPENING ARTICLE this week, by Chaplain Sanderson, gives a charming series of pictures of a famous spot in Scotland.—Miss Hanscom's researches in an "Old-fashioned Book of Etiquette" have yielded some excellent suggestions for the present day.—Professor Wells' articles are as good as the instalments of a serial story; each one increases our interest in the theme he is treating.—We hope many of our readers made "Widow Herrick's endeavor" with similar results.—The Familiar Letter treats a subject of vital importance to local unions.—Don't miss that "last word" from Mr. Fulton

on page ten. — The mere name of Miss Leitch on the next page is a guarantee that the columns following will be read, every word of them. When the extract is finished, remember that there is more of the original address in the Convention Report, to be ready now in a very few days.

FUTURE FEATURES.—The death of James Russell Lowell has called anew the thoughts of the English-speaking world to his genius, and we are glad to promise our readers a valuable article in next week's issue by one of our favorite contributors, analyzing and illustrating the great poet's genius. The announcement of the broadside on "How I Would Spend a Yearly Income of a Million Dollars" has brought in some very bright and interesting replies, which will be shared with our readers at an early date.

WHAT IS OUR NEW NAVY FOR?—To display its ships at summer watering places and allow its officers to attend grand balls given in their honor, and to spend the wintry months cruising under mild skies in foreign ports? If so, our new navy is a grand success. We have no disposition to deny any legitimate enjoyment and ease to our sailor-soldiers, but, in view of the tidings which come from our imperilled missionaries in China and the fact that only third-rate and scarcely seaworthy specimens of our naval architecture are to be found in Chinese ports, we think it might be appropriate to send one or two of the "white squadron" where American citizens are in real need of protection. In some way or other, we trust that our State Department at Washington will take vigorous precautions in advance of threatened outrages on our missionaries in other lands, as well as press those strangely neglected claims for damages done them in the past.

IN FULFILMENT OF A PROMISE in the leading editorial on the opposite page, we give in the next column an article which we desire specially to commend for its thorough and Scriptural treatment of one of the three lines of work to which we propose to give prominence. We hope Dr. Rogers's words will be studied and followed, as well as read with the interest which they must awaken.

LAWN TENNIS IS A FINE GAME, as Professor Wells indicates in his article on another page; but the curse of professionalism which has done much to injure base ball, may blight this more private game, unless certain tendencies of the present can be counteracted. The newspaper reporter in telling of a national tennis tournament last week was careful to give full accounts of the betting on different players, and stated that this species of gambling was widely prevalent among the spectators, the young ladies indulging freely, though their stakes were usually candy or some article of slight value. We hope the time will come when gambling, even in such innocent (?) forms as this, will stand forth in its true light, and lose the approbation it now receives in certain so-called fashionable circles. We allude to this not to condemn lawn tennis, which is admirable exercise, but to criticise as severely as we can the perilous parasite of gambling and its insidious work.

IS THIS NEWS? One of the enterprising daily papers of this city, feeling an apparent obligation to crowd its columns with some sort of stuff about an atrocious murderer recently captured in New Hampshire, said among other things:—

When the murderer was borne down from his fragrant clover bed in Andrew Warden's barn, he became at once the central feature of a triumphal procession which the return of a Roman general from the field of victorious battle never equalled.

The same sheet has published copious illustrations of nearly every thing imaginable connected with the tragedy, not omitting a kodak view of the pen with which the murderer had scribbled nauseating nonsense during his concealment. Why did it not also furnish a sketch of the last toothpick which the prisoner used? Is this news? No. It is fitly described by a term which is found in every newspaper office in the land characterizing useless matter, a term whose inelegance is here strictly appropriate,— "rot." It is nothing more or less than literary garbage.

THE ONLY SURE CURE.—From one of the worldly-wise paragraphs in a daily paper, who evidently supposes that he "knows it all":—

And now they are going to try a patent process for curing drunkenness in Washington. The only sure cure for this trouble is not patented, however. It is open to all the world, and it was never known to fail. It is likewise inexpensive and harmless. It simply consists of a rigid determination to stop drinking, and it works like a charm.

"Never known to fail!" It would be nearer the truth to say that the unaided exercise of the drunkard's will power was never known to succeed. It is true, however, that "the only sure cure for this trouble is not patented." It is the saving strength of Christ joined to the steady effort of the drunkard's will.

Applied Christianity.

For The Golden Rule.

HOW SHALL WE GIVE?

BY REV. JAMES E. ROGERS, D. D.

BENEVOLENCE is wishing well; beneficence is well working. The one sits vainly wishing for the welfare of the world; the other seeks the destitute, and labors vigorously to relieve their wants. Between these two words there is a radical difference, the destroying of which in actual usage has already been disadvantageous to the cause of Christ, and points to still greater disasters in Christian giving. In this case a looseness in words has led to a loss in work. Benevolence may wish others well, but nothing short of systematic beneficence will work well enough to pay God his dues. Proportionate giving is what is needed. This is the only method of giving, or, rather of paying God what we owe, that can stand in the light of investigation both as to the theory of systematic beneficence and also as to the actual results of practising it. Proportionate giving is best sustained by the history of this subject, and is most decidedly sanctioned by the uniform testimony of those who have adopted it as their rule in life.

The setting apart of a fixed percentage of income to the deities seems to have been as common among ancient nations as the practice of regarding a certain portion of time as sacred to the gods. This custom is mentioned as existing among the Phœnicians, Pelasgians, Arabians, and Greeks; and, in fact, generally among the people who cross our line of vision in the dim light of antiquity. This proportion of income thus given was as uniformly one-tenth as the portion of time was one-seventh. There can be but little doubt that this common usage of dedicating a fixed percentage of time and substance to the support of religion was a law given by the Creator to man in the very dawn of his existence.

How Much?

The proportionate giving has come to be known among us as "tithing", a word that connects it with Judaism, against which many people have a strong prejudice. The practice of "tithing", however, is neither Jewish nor Mosaic in its origin. It is older than the one, and much more extensive than the other. For Christian people to give universally one-tenth of their income to the Lord Jesus would in no way be a return to "Jewish legalism." This phrase is really nothing but a great "scarecrow" set up by some who are forever harping on the "liberty of the gospel" and "not under law but under grace." In the minds of most of this class "liberty" is looseness, and "grace" is gratifying "the flesh with the affections and lusts." Law can never exact more than love will give freely. To complain of law is to confess a lack of love for the lawmaker. That love which is ready to leave all, to give all, to risk all, and to suffer all, will never complain of "being bound."

Proportionate giving is God's own approved way of meeting the expenses of his worship and of winning the world for Christ. It is always wisest, most loyal, and best to adopt in our work those methods that God has approved and blessed. When we know God's way, and turn from it to follow our own methods, we displease him and bring disaster to our own cherished enterprises. Has God adopted and blessed proportionate giving? Yes, always. Under the Jewish economy God took the "tithing" system, and regulated it to suit the circumstances of his people. The law is plain and explicit on the details of this proportionate rule. One-tenth was to be devoted to the Levites, a second tenth was required for the festival services of the sanctuary, and every third year a third tenth was demanded for the poor. Read, study, and compare Lev. 27: 30, Num. 18: 21-29, and Deut. 14: 22-29. Aside from this fixed proportion, which was further increased by a poll-tax or "atonement money" and the giving of "first-fruits" to God, there was a system of "free-will" offerings. We Christians adopt the Jewish "free-will" plan, but abhor the pre-Mosaic proportionate rule as in some way a return to Judaism. By this legislation on this subject God clearly teaches us that he demands a fixed plan, covering a definite proportion that can be regularly counted upon for his service, and then he expects love to go still farther in its grateful gifts. One part is only a matter of debt, while the other is the expression of gratitude. Many are trying to be grateful to God who have not yet learned to be honest with him.

Furthermore, to us it seems just as evident that God has adopted this same rule of

Proportionate Giving under the Gospel Economy. This is all that 1 Cor. 16: 1, 2, can mean. To be sure, the percentage is not here given, but God, having settled the amount once in his word, would not be like himself to be

always repeating the details. Let us examine this passage in detail and see whether it does not cover the entire field of Christian systematic beneficence.

"Let every one of you." The rule there is universal in application, including the churches in Galatia and Corinth, and dealing with the members personally, "every one."

"As God has prospered him." It is proportionate. How much shall each one give? Just as God has prospered him. Giving is to be measured by getting. Outlay for God is proportioned by income from God. This is a basis of perfect "equality" for rich and poor alike, and God demands this equality. 2 Cor. 8: 12-14; also (verse 12) "what a man hath."

"That there be no gatherings when I come." Here God condemns all extra efforts to raise money by calling in distinguished speakers in every case of emergency. Paul was no doubt a "drawing card;" but he bases giving on the principle of grateful love, and not on the gush of excitement under a sensational appeal to men's sympathies. The withering curse of God is resting to-day upon such base methods. Witness the empty treasuries of the boards of all our churches.

How Often?

"Upon the first day of the week." This fixes the money-raising time on the holy day, and makes it a part of worship. Is there any Scripture for having deacons and solicitors canvass congregations to raise a subscription to be paid in quarterly or monthly or weekly assessments? People feel that that sort of work is "paying the preacher." Poor preacher! poor pay! and as for God, he never comes into the matter at all. The money it takes to run God's service is just as much worship as is the music. God does not want any "side-show" money. Feeding people on oyster soup, clam chowder, and watermelons to increase their gratitude to God! Is this to honor God with our substance? Here is God's own way with his promise: Deut. 26: 16, 17; Ps. 96: 8; Prov. 3: 9; Matt. 2: 11. Obedience is better than "suppers," 1 Sam. 15: 21, 22.

"Lay by him in store." That means individual and separate purses, and bank accounts, government bonds and railroad stock laid up for emergencies. These should be labelled God's, and not U. S., us.

Finally, reason unites with revelation, and says, Proportionate giving is the only business way of raising church money. God is the great proprietor of all things and the good giver of every gift. We are stewards of God, who has said to each of us "Occupy till I come." The capital we manage is God's. "Business is business," and the first and universal law of business is, that the proprietor has the best of all claims to a fixed percentage of the products of his property. This law covers man's relation to God. The people who acknowledge the basis of the law, but do not at all "observe to do" the law will be found guilty of robbing God. Mal. 3: 8. The one remedy for all our financial woes is proportionate giving by all God's people. Mal. 3: 7-10; Luke 6: 38. This does not mean spiritual blessing but material good.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

FACTS FIRST, PLANS AFTERWARD.

Our neighbor, *The Congregationalist*, gives its readers an account of "A Summer Sunday in Boston," containing a panoramic view of the way in which this old Puritan city keeps the Lord's Day in August. This is a fine bit of journalistic enterprise, and has yielded not only an exceedingly readable page, but also a collection of definite and reliable facts, whose consideration must underly any profitable discussion of Sunday observance in a great city.

There is given the attendance upon sixty-three Protestant and ten Catholic churches in the eleven wards of old Boston, with a population of 172,000. Twenty-two Protestant houses of worship were found closed, in connection with which should be mentioned the fact that along four miles of streets 710 dwelling-houses were found closed, with only 111 open and occupied. Nearly 10,000 Protestants and 40,000 Catholics attended morning worship, and about 12,000 Protestants and 4,000 Catholics attended religious services after 12 M. On the other hand, it was found that the railroads sent out about 200 Sunday trains and approximately 30,000 passengers; that probably 15,000 persons left the city by boat, and many thousands more by the street-cars, which collected on a given Sunday 350,000 fares. These figures of travel include, of course, the inhabitants of the entire city and some of its adjacent neighbors.

What shall be done to make Sunday a day of rest for all toilers and worship for everybody, under such conditions as these? This is a tremendous question. It waits for an answer. It demands the right answer. In order to give that answer we must have a complete knowledge of such facts as are compiled in the article to which we have referred.

Christian Endeavor.

"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are Brethren."

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor:		
	Societies.	Members.
In 1881	2	68
In 1882	7	481
In 1883	56	2,870
In 1884	156	8,905
In 1885	253	10,964
In 1886	850	50,000
In 1887	2,314	140,000
In 1888	4,879	310,000
In 1889	7,672	485,000
In 1890	11,013	600,000
In 1891 (on record July 1) 16,274		1,008,980

Familiar Letter from the President of the United Society.

BOSTON, AUGUST 24, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Who should compose the membership of Christian Endeavor unions, local, State, national or international? "Why, Christian Endeavor societies," you say; "what a needless question to ask!" Yet it is not so needless as it seems, for some good people with specious arguments are trying to make it appear that our unions should embrace any and every kind of young people's society or any other good organization that knocks for admittance.

The constitution of most unions asserts that they shall be composed of "all Christian Endeavor societies so called, which in their prayer-meeting obligations conform substantially to the 'Model Constitution.'" It seems to me that this is a just, reasonable, and generous requirement.

No Strict Uniformity

is demanded, no absolute sameness, but simply that the name be recognized as standing for certain great ideas in the religious world (in connection with any denominational name that may be desired, as is often explained), and that the fundamental thought of *pledged service* should not be overlooked.

"But why not take in every good cause and make them all a part of the Christian Endeavor union?" says some one. Simply because such a union would neither help the Christian Endeavor Society nor any other good cause. A Jack-at-all-trades is usually a master of none, and an omnibus union that advocates everything would be good at nothing.

A Christian Endeavor society exemplifies the value of certain special forms and methods of Christian work for young people. The mission of a Christian Endeavor union in town, State, or nation is to advocate the very same things. The Evangelical Alliance is a most excellent organization, and it exists for the very purpose of bringing together evangelical Christians who are engaged in all kinds of religious work. But there is no need of forming a second Evangelical Alliance, and that is just what these Christian Endeavor unions would amount to if this omnibus principle were adopted.

Principles, not Organizations.

There is nothing narrow about this policy, for every good cause *that has relations to the Christian Endeavor Society* has here an opportunity. Temperance, social purity, Bible study, good literature, the Sunday school, the missionary cause,—all have their relations to the Society through various committees, and all are represented at our union meetings; but it is the *principles* and not the *organizations* used to push these principles, with which Christian Endeavor unions have to do. There is a vital distinction here that ought to be carefully considered by every union.

But why not have a union of all denominational and undenominational young people's societies under the name Christian Endeavor? Because, in the first place, some churches have withdrawn their young people from our Society for the sake of withdrawing them from the fellowship.

Since this is so, they should be allowed their exclusiveness without anything being said, but chiefly, our unions should be composed of Christian Endeavor societies in *name* and *fact*, because the name is the only guarantee that we have of adherence to the principles that we profess. We do not want our unions made up of literary societies and musical societies and social clubs, but of societies that believe in the pledge and the consecration meeting and the committees that make these features effective, and the name "Christian Endeavor" is the only guarantee we have that these principles are held.

The Name and the Thing.

This name has come to stand for these things. The world has come to know what Christian Endeavor means. On this account it is of vital importance that we keep the Christian Endeavor name with the Christian Endeavor idea, and the idea with the name. This limitation of Christian Endeavor unions to Christian Endeavor societies is as liberal as it is necessary, for any evangelical church that desires can have a Christian Endeavor society, without any prefix or suffix, or it can, for the sake of being distinctive, unite its own denominational name with the Christian Endeavor name if it desire. It can form an Epworth Christian Endeavor League, as so many of our friends in Canada are doing, or a Baptist Christian Endeavor Union, if it is of that denomination, and it will be welcomed, I am sure, to our unions just as cordially as though it were a Christian Endeavor society pure and simple, for the name in any connection is a guarantee of the adoption of our principles. Thus our fellowship will be broad and strong at the same time. Let us never lower our standard in our unions any more than in our individual societies, and let us see to it that our unions consist of genuine Christian Endeavor societies that believe in fidelity, fellowship, and covenant obligations. Your friend,

Francis E. Clark.

Question Box.

Ques. 1. Some of our associate members, by their conduct outside of the meeting and in the meeting, bring reproach and disgrace upon the society. What shall be done with them?

2. We have some associate members who do not attend the meetings at all, and since joining have not attended a consecration meeting. What shall be done with such members?

3. One associate member has, since joining, united with the church, but attends none of the meetings. She has been spoken with, but does not join with us, although her name is yet on our list of associate members. According to the Constitution, ought she not to become an active member? A. D.

Ans. 1. After every kind and Christian means has been used to win them to a better way, if they still bring reproach upon the cause, they should be dropped from the rolls by vote of the society.

2. Reason with them kindly. Try to bring them in. If all efforts fail, drop their names.

3. Certainly she ought to be an active member; no professing Christian should remain an associate member.

Ques. Does Article III., Section 3 of the "Model Constitution" mean that any young person who considers himself a Christian, cannot be an associate member of a Christian Endeavor society? F. E. G.

Ans. Certainly it does. The active membership is the place, and the only place, for such a person.

Ques. What shall we do with an active member of our society who drinks, and seems in every way to be going to the bad? The lookout committee, the pastor, the president, and many others have talked with and prayed for him. He attends the meetings most of the time, but *never* takes part. The lookout committee, of which

the pastor's wife is a member, and fully half of the active members of the society think we had better drop his name; but the president and the rest of the active members think his name ought to be retained in hope that some good may be done him. D. E. W.

Ans. It depends upon whether he is wilfully and obstinately perverse, or whether he is simply overcome by a habit that he is struggling against. If the former, and every effort has been made to reclaim him, he should be dropped, we think.

A PARTING GREETING.

SECRETARY BAER has received a line from that honored friend of all Christian Endeavorers, Rev. A. A. Fulton, written from San Francisco, Aug. 12, on the eve of his return to his field of labor in China. Among other things he says: "Just going to the steamer for old China. 'God be with you till we meet again.' Ten years is a long pull in heathendom, and many times I shall think of our work together. It matters not so much *where* we are as *what* we are."

We are confident that the thousands of Endeavorers who have heard Mr. Fulton plead the cause so dear to his heart will gladly share this latest word from him, and will remember him as he goes back to his labors. Rarely, we believe, has a missionary used his vacation so magnificently as this servant of God. Eternity alone will show the outcome of his efforts to arouse enthusiasm and enlist systematic giving for the foreign work.

Let every society that possesses one of his books with the pledge of two cents per week, see to it that the money is faithfully collected and promptly forwarded to the *foreign missionary board of its own denomination*. Let those societies that have not yet adopted the plan, send at once to William Shaw, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, enclosing five cents in stamps to pay postage, and a pledge-book will be promptly sent. As one of our State presidents well said at a recent convention: "Let us work our plans, as well as plan our work."

DOCTRINAL INSTRUCTION.

Is this the chief object of the prayer meetings of an Endeavor society? We think not. We recently noticed a remark concerning such meetings to the effect that they failed to furnish general information about the Bible, and arguments for the Christian faith with which to meet sceptics. The fact as stated in that remark is very largely true; but is that a failure in Christian Endeavor prayer meetings which needs correcting? We think not. Young people need doctrinal instruction. They need to be equipped against attacks upon the authority of the Bible, the divinity and atoning work of Christ, and the awful reality of future punishment. But is the society meeting the best place for such equipment? Indirectly, of course, there are many incidental confirmations of truth in the testimonies of any well-conducted prayer meeting; but at such times it is always assumed that the Bible is true, just as much as the participants assume that the architect has made the floor of the prayer-meeting room secure. Furthermore, we think that one faithful, earnest, wide-awake Christian Endeavorer, living up to the letter and spirit of the pledge, is one of the best arguments against scepticism which the present day furnishes.

But we admit the need of instruction for young Christians in the foundations of faith, and would suggest that the pulpit, and not the prayer-meeting room is the place where such instruction should be given. If there are any members of your society or any young people connected with it, who are especially in need of help in those directions, your pastor will undoubtedly be glad to know of the fact, and will gladly offer some sermons or addresses

that will give the desired information. Ask him to plan a Sunday-evening series of discourses, starting with the corner stones of faith in the supernatural and biblical revelation, and ending with a statement of the doctrinal beliefs of your church, its distinctive tenets and form of government. See to it that these services are well advertised and attended by *every member of your society* and by all other young persons in any way connected with your congregation or Sunday school. In this way all your members will become rooted and grounded in the faith, and able to give to every one that asks, a reason for the hope that is in them.

POINTERS.

DID you have a good vacation?

Are you not glad to get back to work?

Carry all your renewed physical strength over into your religious work.

No, it is *not* too late to have a report of the Minneapolis Convention. We know of several societies and local unions that have waited for full ranks after vacation days are over, before hearing the reports from their delegates.

Rev. O. F. Gregory, D. D., pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church of Baltimore, and president of the Maryland Union, has lately looked in upon us at our office. He reports the organization of several new societies as a part of his vacation experiences. His own young people have asked him for a monthly pastor's meeting, for special instruction and help; and his theme at the opening service of the series will be, "Why are we Baptists?" An excellent plan, which societies and pastors of all denominations might well imitate.

Have you thought over those three topics for State convention and local union meetings recommended in the last familiar letter of the president of the United Society? The Society and the evening service; the Society and the mid-week prayer meeting; the Society and systematic and proportionate giving. Not only think them over and talk them over and discuss them at the union meeting or convention, but solve the problem as far as your church and society are concerned this very year. Make your Christian Endeavor practical during the next twelve months along these lines.

Zion's Advocate, the representative of the Baptist churches in Maine, urges a representation of all young people's societies in local associations in the next State anniversaries, and says that the committee of arrangements for the coming State gathering will give one session to the young people. In further urging the appointment of a Baptist Young People's Union secretary for Maine, the editor remarks, "This Baptist young people's movement does not in any way antagonize the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. We should be glad if there were a Society of Christian Endeavor connected with every Baptist church in Maine."

The editor of this paper has never advertised his residence or allowed personal items concerning himself to appear in these columns except in connection with the work of the Christian Endeavor Society. It may be well to say, however, since many misdirected letters are sent to him, that his residence is at Auburndale, Mass., and his business address 50 Bromfield Street, Boston. Every week letters are addressed to Dr. Clark at Portland, Me., though he has not lived there for eight years, and one has recently come which was forwarded from place to place by five different postmasters before it reached its destination. While speaking of this matter we will add that all sub-

scriptions and matters of business connected with the paper should be addressed to E. L. Pease, Business Manager of THE GOLDEN RULE, and all manuscripts, matters for publication, etc., simply to THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE, 50 Bromfield Street. If owing to the multiplicity of his duties the editor-in-chief is not able to examine them all, they will be none the less carefully considered, and will be accepted or returned strictly according to their merits and the present needs of the paper. Most of our contributors are very considerate in regard to this matter, and we are sure that all will be so when they remember the hundreds of manuscripts that are constantly being submitted for consideration, only a fraction of which could see the light of print even if all were of the highest literary merit.

And still the tidings come of ways in which the delightful fellowship of the great Convention is being kept up. Mr. W. W. Freeman, of the Cumberland Street Presbyterian Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., informs us that one party who became associated in the New York delegation are continuing the acquaintance by means of a "circulating letter"; Number One writes to Number Two, who reads and passes on to Number Three, enclosing an addition of his own writing; and finally the first letter comes back to its writer with additions from every member of the group. Various sections of the State are represented in the circle, and thus the tidings of work in different cities are helpfully interchanged. Yes, it is quite evident that the Minneapolis meeting is not yet wholly over.

Our Committees at Work.

OUR MISSIONARY EDUCATION.

WE are giving considerable space of late to a single committee in this department, but we have heard no complaints from our readers and believe that we are simply following out an emphasis unmistakably placed on this subject at Minneapolis. Some fundamental thoughts on this subject are so well stated in a paper read by Miss Harriet E. Savage at a district conference in Aurora, Ill., and afterward printed in *Our Church News*, published by the First Congregational Church, Elgin, Ill., that we give herewith a liberal extract from the same:—

Our own missionary education,—that is the first part of our work. How shall we manage it? Why, begin, I suppose, as in all processes of education, with the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears. An object lesson now and then is a fine thing. Just see what vividness is gained by the words of a missionary if he appears in the foreign dress which we may connect with his work. Missionary meetings, by all means; and I beg you not to think that they must be taken in a spirit of resignation. Dull? And is n't there all the romance which hangs like a mellow haze over other lands to make them attractive? And is n't there in missionary experience pathos unmeasured and humor without stint and tales of adventure and heroism and achievement unnumbered to pour into the ears of our girls and boys? Nothing is out of order which gains attention for the cause. We need to be stirred, if it requires a bomb to accomplish it.

There is a little secret which I would like to discuss with the missionary committee. It ought not to be generally understood, for no one likes to be the victim of artful managing if he knows it. But, my dear friends, you know, don't you? that an active part taken in missionary matters by an on-the-fence member may be the means of pulling him quite over to your side and making him an active champion for life.

I knew a young woman, once upon a time, who was unaccountably obstinate about admitting any missionary interest. All her bringing up had kept the cause in her sight. She would sometimes, on a Sunday evening, read stirring appeals, and, instead of sleeping thereafter, would spend an hour or two in cold shivers, fearing lest a missionary's fate should be hers. When her friends talked missions, she was cool and reserved. This young woman was cured of such nonsense, and the process began in writing and reading a missionary paper. Providence planned it for her to do, so that she dared not refuse, and, having once committed herself to the cause, there was nothing to do but to continue.

The moral for those who wish to interest others is this: Give them something to do.

The moral for those who wish to interest themselves is similar: Do something. Study missions. Is it too much to say that every Christian Endeavorer should make it a point to learn what his or her denomination is doing to give the gospel to the world, to know its special fields of work and their needs, to know as much as may be of the personality of the workers, how they work, what they have done, and what waits doing?

Christian Endeavorers should have something to do with missionary papers and magazines. Take them; circulate them; read them. Endeavorers should be posted upon the news of the kingdom. Knowing is being interested. Knowing is wanting to help. Only by knowing can one judge intelligently of what should be his part and where his niche.

THAT LITERATURE COMMITTEE.

HAS it a good chairman? working membership? wise plans? ample material? increasing success? We hope an affirmative answer can be given to each question. "Give heed to reading," wrote Paul to his young Christian friend, Timothy, in a day when books were scarce and other literature unknown. How much more would the apostle emphasize that command to-day, when good literature is so abundant! We intend to give our readers before long some more definite plans for the work of this committee, but offer the following suggestive item of news just for a "starter." We found it, some time since, in *Our Young People*, quoted from *Our Church Paper*, Fairmont, W. Va.:—

The literature committee are doing a good work, and are a good example to the rest of us in the way of doing their duty. We had quite a number of papers, magazines, etc., given us by different parties, for which we return thanks, and hope those who have them to spare will let us have them. We can always find a place for them. We sent a bundle of these papers to the Reform School at Pruntytown, W. Va. We are now collecting another such a package to go to the poor-house. We also have papers and other things for the Children's Home Hospitals in Pittsburg and Baltimore. We hope our friends will not neglect saving us reading matter that they can spare. We are now distributing THE GOLDEN RULE among the young people of Fairmont. This paper was secured for us by our pastor, he wishing them to read of the evils of popular amusements, such as the dance, the card-table, the theatre, etc. We hope all receiving a copy of this paper will read and study over the articles mentioned.

HAVE you seen all the helps for "Committees" really "at Work" which the United Society has recently published? Unless you want to be "behind the times," read carefully the advertisements found elsewhere. A word to the wise is sufficient.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

BY A. W. B.

THE following beautiful poem was written by a member of the Macclesfield (England) Society, was neatly printed by the society, and was distributed on the evening of May 9 as a souvenir of the second anniversary of the society and of "the visit of Dr. Clark, of Boston":—

"To-night!" "Two years ago!" Let us awhile Linger in calm reflection; let us weigh In Christ's true balances the two, and pray, That he may light our reasoning with his smile.

"Two years ago!" "To-night!" Between the twain Lies a fair space of time, and in God's ken There is no aching void; the lives of men Are told by seconds, each of loss or gain.

We never rest: either our heart distills A healthier life or falters in decline; Either our life draws nearer the divine Or the black death of self o'ercomes our wills.

"To-night!" "Two years ago!" "The time," we say, "Is very short;" and yet, to-night we stand Either with garnered sheaves within our hand, Or mourn ripe fields unreaped at close of day.

We raise a fair ideal; we will serve Our Saviour in the homestead's simple ways, And with love's ministry turn grief to praise; Calming with help the cares that else unnerve.

We will be brotherly, and cheer our kind With willing words of sympathy and deeds. And yet, O Saviour Christ, our brothers' needs Are hidden by our own, or we are blind

And heed them not. O thou whose name we take To sanctify Endeavor, in our strife May we not miss the Way, the Truth, the Life,— Thou who didst give thy life for our life's sake!

In our Endeavor to be Christians, Lord, Help us to keep thy life before our eyes; Give us more faith and larger sympathies; Build us in love till we with thee accord.

Chasten our will by thine eternal grace; Help us to climb to thee the hallowed steep Of sacrificial service, till we sleep To earth, and wake to see thee face to face.

THE YOUNG WOMAN AT WORK.

[Extracts from an address delivered by Miss Margaret W. Leitch, Jaffna, Ceylon, at the Minneapolis Convention, Sunday afternoon, July 12.]

I AM speaking this afternoon to a great army of young men and women who have signed the following pledge: "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise him that I will try to do whatever he would like to have me do." Dear Christian Endeavorers, are you willing to go anywhere that Jesus Christ would like to have you go, and to do any work that he would like to have you do? If the Lord Jesus were to stand by your supper table to-night, as he stood once by the side of his disciples in Jerusalem, and if he were to say to you as he said to them, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you," what would you say to him? Could you look up in his dear face and say, "Lord Jesus, I do desire to be in this world as thou wast in the world. I do desire to live the Christ life in this world. Make me more like thyself"? If the Lord Jesus were to speak to us, would he not say, "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd"? Your Jesus has some poor, lost, wandering sheep in India, in China, in Africa, on the dark mountains of heathenism. They have never heard of the Good Shepherd; they have never heard of the heavenly fold. If you love Jesus Christ, show how much you love him by the way in which you strive to keep his commandments, and by the way in which you go out after these lost ones until you find them. Do you realize that there are in the world to-day a thousand millions of heathen and Mohammedans? Only a fourth of the human race have the gospel; three-fourths are without the gospel, and two out of every three people in the world to-day have never heard the gospel. Here we are in this comfortable and beautiful hall singing and talking about the gospel and rejoicing in the gospel; but ought we not to make more earnest efforts to give the gospel to those who are without it?

What Are We Doing?

What is the Christian church doing at the present time, to give the gospel to the heathen? Out of every five thousand church members in Christian lands only one goes as a missionary to the heathen. And what is the Christian church giving to send the gospel to the heathen? The average giving of Christians in Christian lands to send the gospel to the millions in heathen lands is something like five cents a month per church-member. Is this the measure of our love to Christ? The measure of our obedience is the true measure of our love to him. It is not what we say or sing, but what we do that shows whether we love Christ or not.

Dr. Duff, that great missionary hero, used to say that the Christian church is just playing at missions, and it may be that we are only playing at Christianity. Some one has said that the evangelization of the world ought to be the great work of the church, and not merely a small branch of the church's work; and if it is true that it ought to be the great work of the church, then it ought to be the great work of every member of the church, and it ought to be your great work and mine. Think

of what might be done if people were only in earnest. Look at what the Moravians are doing,—a poor, humble, simple people. Do they send only one missionary out of every 5,000 of their church membership? No; they send to the foreign field one out of seventy. Do they give only five cents a month per church-member to the foreign missionary work? No; they give \$1.25 a month, or \$15 a year, on the average, per church-member. They send to the foreign field five missionaries to every minister at home. They say that their church exists for the purpose of giving the gospel to the world. And I want to ask you, For what do our churches exist? For what does the Y. P. S. C. E. exist? For what do you and I live? The Christian has only one business in the world,—to promote the coming of Christ's kingdom. That is our great work in the world. We have been redeemed—redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, redeemed from the love of self and the service of self, to the glorious service of our Lord Jesus Christ. Would that we might realize this, our "high calling," and go forth to the great work of our lives. St. Paul said a beautiful thing in the fourteenth verse of the sixth chapter of Galatians: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." I wish we might all say that,—that the world is crucified unto us and that we are dead to the world, dead to its honors, its pleasures, its emoluments, so that its praise cannot allure us and its blame cannot terrify us,—dead to the world, but alive forevermore unto Jesus Christ, alive to every cause that is dear to his heart, alive to the promotion of his kingdom. If it were so with each one of us, then I am sure that a great number from this large audience would rise up and follow the Lord Jesus Christ to give the gospel to the millions and millions of our brothers and sisters in heathen lands who are without it.

What Can We Do?

Dear friends, I should not like to ask you to give to the foreign missionary cause something that would be easy for you to give, something that would cost you no sacrifice. I should not like to ask you to give as I once heard a lady ask at a drawing-room meeting, who said, "I am coming around soon with my subscription paper for the missionary cause, and I want you each to give fifty cents or a dollar. You will never feel it." I thought, Is that the way to give to the foreign missionary cause,—a thousand millions of heathens and Mohammedans needing the gospel, and these people are being asked to give something that they will "never feel"? Is that what God asks from us? Is that the way in which God gave to us—giving something that he did not feel? No; he opened heaven and poured out his treasures; he gave his only begotten Son; he gave the best he had to give. Our hearts are glad this afternoon because God loved us so. Shall we not give back to him in a way to make his heart glad? Shall not fathers and mothers give their sons and daughters for the foreign missionary work? Shall not young men and young women give themselves to Christ for this great work, if he shall call them; and shall not every one of us pour out our treasures and show the Lord Jesus that we love him with our whole heart, soul, strength, and mind? Is not that what Christ asks of each one of us? Does he not say to us, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price"? If we do not even own ourselves, how can we own anything else besides? If we have given to God the greater gift of our hearts, how can we keep back from him the lesser gift of our possessions? Between his heart and ours there should be no "mine" and "thine;" it should all be "thine." Is not this what Christ means when he says, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple"? Does

he mean it? I used to think that he did not mean it, that he only said those words to the people who lived eighteen hundred years ago. But I think, in the presence of the opium traffic in China, in the presence of the slave trade in Africa, in the presence of the awful liquor traffic at home and abroad, in the presence of all the woes and sins and miseries which afflict humanity, — I think it is time that every Christian should be wholly consecrated to Jesus Christ. I think it is time that we should give up all that we have to him, to be at his disposal, to be used as he shall direct. I think Livingstone understood this truth when, in the early history of his missionary career, he made this resolve: "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given or kept, as by keeping or giving it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes, both for time and for eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this." And on the last birthday but one of his eventful life he wrote in his diary these words: "My Jesus, my Lord, my life, my all, I again dedicate my whole self to thee." Shall we say less than that, dear friends? We, redeemed by the blood of Christ, we, called to be his disciples, — shall we say less than that?

A VISITOR'S IMPRESSIONS.

It is always well to see ourselves as others see us; and views which fellow Endeavorers take of each others' efforts are usually delightful as well as instructive. One of Iowa's workers, Rev. J. W. Cowan, has been looking in upon a meeting of the St. Louis Union and telling some of his impressions in the *Tabor Beacon*, the local paper published in the village where he is a pastor. He first draws an interesting contrast between a city and a country local union: —

Of course the first impulse of a stranger at such a meeting is to compare it with similar meetings at home. In this case, as you may suppose, the visitor readily perceived some differences. The physical conditions of such a meeting in the city are different from what they are in the country. The union of Southwestern Iowa covers a territory equal to that of a small empire, and to go to a meeting is to undertake no small journey. Here the most distant society can be represented at the expense of an hour's ride and a street-car fare or two. Accordingly there is no meeting guests at trains and assigning them to lodging and all that kind of thing as with us. The meeting is only for an evening. The young people leave their homes at nightfall, come together for an hour or two, and go home again, and that is all there is of it. It is scarcely more of an undertaking than it is with us to go to prayer meeting.

He then goes on to mention the general characteristics of the meeting, together with a pleasant personal episode which the many friends of Mr. Graff in various sections of the country will surely appreciate.

It is a fearfully hot evening and a thunder storm is brewing, but the church—the Central Christian—is crowded, aisles filled with chairs, and the standing room in the rear and out into the vestibule crowded also, and when the meeting begins the stranger forgets to think of differences any more. Everything seems just as it does at home. They sing just as we do. They pray just as we do. They talk just as we do. There is the same spiritual earnestness—the same practical, straightforward unconventionality which distinguishes Endeavor meetings everywhere. The weather is hot, but the enthusiasm outdoes even the mercury, and no real Endeavorer could feel otherwise than at home in such surroundings. It is, I understand, the regular quarterly meeting, but the hour is given to reports from the Minneapolis Convention. A Baptist young man, a Congregationalist young lady and a Christian pastor are the chief reporters, followed by impromptu "impressions" from others of the two hundred and fifty who attended the Convention.

Then followed an exercise not in the programme. Perhaps you know that Mr. Graff, of St. Louis, has been called to the service of the United Society in Boston. Mr. Graff seems to be highly popular here, and some very flattering resolutions were passed with enthusiasm, after which the president of the union addressed him in a little speech, presenting him with a valuable watch charm, appropriately engraved. Mr. Graff was apparently surprised, but got out of the embarrassing predicament very neatly. He re-

marked, among other things, that he had attended many meetings of the union and always enjoyed them, but he found that this one had a charm for him which no preceding one had had.

One custom the St. Louis Union has which is suggestive. It is its method of calling the roll. Individuals are not named, but the roll of the societies is read, those present from each society rising when its name is called. They usually come in a body and sit together, and much interest attends the calling of the roll. An unusually fine delegation is sometimes greeted with applause. The roll last evening was long, and included societies of almost every denomination in existence, including some not known in our latitude. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Christians and Congregationalists were, however, the most numerous.

For The Golden Rule.

MORE EFFECTIVE.

BY R. H. STEARNS.

How shall we make our Society more effective? Progress alone gives assurance of life. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." This must be the watchword of each Endeavor society if it would not soon become a thing of history, merely. Unless it proposes to become ever more effective it might as well disband at once.

Christian Endeavor has two fields—within and without. Its two possible lines of effectiveness are edification and evangelization.

It was originally constituted with the former as its chief object—to develop and educate the spiritual life of the young within the church. As such it has accomplished marvellous results. The present generation of Christian workers is being equipped for service as no other has been in the history of the church of America. Yet there is room for progress along this line. In what ways? First, by a more faithful and literal application of its fundamental principles; by living up to its theory as laid down in the Model Constitution. Probably there is no society which would not find its power much enhanced by greater strictness in the interpretation of the pledge on the part of every one of its members; by a more careful sifting of the excuses which prevent attendance on, and participation in, the meetings; by a more business-like attention on the part of each committee to its specific duties. Nothing is easier than to fall away from a high standard by insensible degrees if the greatest watchfulness be not exercised.

But there is another possibility before the Society of Christian Endeavor. It has not yet gained the prominence that it might have. Is not this army of Christian workers, after the training of ten years ready for a great forward move in evangelization? If the life of our organization is to be healthful and strong must it not find an outlet in more aggressive effort for the ingathering of those who are without?

It might not be wise to add a new clause to our pledge to this effect: "I promise, relying upon the help of God, to make it the rule of my life to speak of Christ to all those who are not Christians, so far as I may come in contact with them, and also to lay aside regularly a certain proportion of my worldly means for the assistance of some form of missionary work." But it would give a very definite and practical meaning to our present vows if we all interpreted them to mean just this.

There has been too much of an impression that the duty to the Society was performed when the meeting was attended and some part taken in it. The time has come for a broader view of the Christian's calling than this. The missionary obligation must be laid on our members if they are to be trained up to the full standard of the Master's requirements. The result would be a great development of Christian character and the large extension of the kingdom of Christ. It will not do merely to have this understood in a general way as the duty of members; it must be definitely accepted as a form of service. We

must come up to the altar and say to God, "I promise," before we shall feel really bound to faithfulness in this as in other lines of Christian Endeavor.

No one can question that the greatest source of weakness to the church to-day is the lack of a sense of responsibility on the part of the average church-member for the aggressive work of the church for the gathering in of the lost in our own country and elsewhere. Christian Endeavor may change this if it be true to its opportunities for training its members in the spirit of Christ. To this end let this apostolic principle of evangelization be repeatedly held up before its members as the very essence of Christianity. If this be done, missionary societies and charitable agencies will not have to make special appeals for help on special days. Gifts and volunteers will come as a matter of course, as part of the ordinary working of the Society.

Yes, there remains a whole new world for us to conquer, and we are ready to enter upon it. The days of preparation are accomplished. Let us stand no longer merely on the defensive, fastening on the armor of God however carefully. Let us now take the sword of the Spirit and in the strength of the Lord go forth to attack the foe on his own ground. Let us take our stand before the world as an army organized not only for a home guard, but for invasion and conquest. And before an assault from such a host as Christian Endeavor can muster under its banners what stronghold of Satan shall not go down?

Charlton, N. Y.

HAVE you seen that four-page leaflet published by the United Society about "The Christian Life?" Just the thing to use among associate members who are thinking about active membership. Only fifty cents for one hundred copies.

NEWS ITEMS.

NEW MEXICO.

The Territorial superintendent, Rev. A. B. Cristy, Albuquerque, writes that it is hoped that a Territorial convention can be held at Albuquerque during the Territorial fair, in September. Mr. Cristy would be glad to hear from any of the societies in the Territory concerning their work, or in regard to Christian Endeavor matters of any kind.

COLORADO.

The San Luis Valley Union held its second annual convention, Aug. 14—16, at Del Norte, this meeting showing a great advance in numbers over last year. The convention included a delightful reception upon the first evening, at which refreshments were served. The early morning prayer meeting was full of spiritual interest, and the papers read and the addresses given were earnest and helpful. Rev. F. N. Palmer, an earnest worker in Alamosa, Rev. Messrs. Glick and Wilson and Goodell, Del Norte, Rev. N. Bascom, Monte Vista, and others were on the programme, Rev. R. G. Breckinridge, Monte Vista, reporting the Minneapolis Convention and Rev. John McLean, Saguache, preaching the sermon. At the closing evening session a missionary collection was taken and given to Mr. Manuel D. J. Sanchez for use among the Mexicans. Rev. Wm. Keiry, Monte Vista, gave the farewell address. The officers elected for the coming year were Mr. Geo. W. Reed, Del Norte, president; Mr. Geo. B. Boutwell, Monte Vista, secretary; and Mr. W. H. Terry, Mosca, treasurer. This is a progressive union, and is doing an earnest work for the young people all through this valley.

KANSAS.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the United Presbyterian Church of Topeka has organized a society with ten active and ten associate members in its Liberty Mission Sabbath School. The society promises to be such a power that a permanent mission will soon be established.

NEBRASKA.

Both the Plymouth and the First Christian Societies of Lincoln have committed the pledge to memory, and repeat it in concert when receiving new members into their respective societies.

The East Lincoln Christian Society reports: "We find that our Sunday-school committee is beginning a good work in trying to bring the children into school. This is done by visiting and giving special invitations. The calling committee reported forty-nine calls during July. Some of these were made on the sick and some on members of the church who were missed from their



Artists use Ivory Soap for a special purpose. All paintings get dusty and the colors seem to lose their brilliancy and tone. They should be restored with Ivory Soap, water and a soft brush. Scrub carefully, rub off first with a wet flannel and then with a dry one, and you will be surprised at the improvement. The colors reappear in all their original, fresh beauty.

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places in church. Much good has resulted from this branching out, and the committee intends to continue the work."

IOWA.

The Northern Iowa District Convention, held at Charles City, Aug. 18, 19, was a great success, both as a gospel meeting and in the way of planning for future work. President Rev. N. L. Packard, Iowa, was re-elected, and the meeting next year will be held at Mason City.

ILLINOIS.

The West Division of the Chicago Union held its annual "field day" and basket picnic at Garfield Park, Aug. 15. About 800 Endeavorers were present. Through the efforts of the reception committee each person was labelled with a tag bearing his own name and the name of his church, by which means the sociability and fellowship of the occasion were greatly promoted. The grounds were beautifully decorated. Games, boating, and social intercourse were enjoyed during the afternoon, and after the supper hour in the evening a short inspiring praise service was held; and, to the surprise of all, the committee of arrangements presented Rev. George H. Wells, D. D., of Montreal, who gave one of his inimitable, enthusiastic talks. Rev. J. A. Adams also spoke earnest words to the young people. The praise service extended out on to the lake in the evening, and the whole day was full of pleasure and profit.

MICHIGAN.

The Cass and St. Joseph district convention has necessarily been postponed to Sept. 9 and 10. This meeting will be held at Centreville.

OHIO.

The Cleveland delegates to Minneapolis are going out two at a time to report the Convention to the societies that could not send delegates. All seem anxious to hear, and large audiences are the rule. In some churches these meetings have taken the place of the regular Sunday evening services.

MARYLAND.

The Maryland Union will hold an open air assembly and reunion at Penmar Park, on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Sept. 24. A large gathering of Endeavorers from all over the State is expected. The day will be spent in enjoying the mountain air and scenery, a part of the time being also given up to music and addresses. Trains will leave Baltimore at 9.15 A. M. and 1.15 P. M.; returning, leave Penmar at 6 and 8.30 P. M. Officers of local societies can obtain tickets to sell and circulars from the State secretary, Mr. W. H. G. Belt, 28 Hopkins Place, Baltimore.

DELAWARE.

At the Brandywine Summit Methodist Camp Meeting, Thursday, Aug. 6, was observed as Christian Endeavor day, when an enthusiastic rally was held. By noon-time over a thousand persons were present, one large party having driven ten miles over a mountainous road to attend this annual meeting. A special feature of the day was a chorus choir, which rendered excellent music. Rev. R. H. Adams delivered one of his stirring sermons, and Rev. J. D. C. Hanna conducted the impressive consecration meeting before the evening service. Rev. Geo. M. Hickman and Rev. Chas. M. Boswell delivered eloquent addresses. The services of the day closed with an earnest revival service, in which much interest was manifested.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Under the New Jersey notes will be found an item of interest to many Pennsylvania Endeavorers, since many of the Philadelphia and other societies were interested in the Atlantic City meetings.

The Lancaster County Union enrolls sixteen societies at present, all actively at work, but three times that number are hoped for at its next annual convention. The convention this year will be held in the First Presbyterian Church, Lancaster, Sept. 7, Labor Day. The sessions will be held at 10 A. M. and at 2 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW JERSEY.

At Atlantic City three grand union meetings have been held during August, by the three Christian Endeavor societies of the city, which have done a glorious work this last year. The large number of summer visitors at this seaside resort that were interested in Christian Endeavor were cordially invited, and at the first rally, held Aug. 2, in the First Methodist Protestant Church, there was a good attendance. The next meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Aug. 6, at which there were forty-two societies represented, nineteen of them from Philadelphia. Reports from Minneapolis were given by Mr. J. Howard Breed, Pennsylvania State secretary, and Rev. Amos Johnson, of the Emmanuel Methodist Church, Philadelphia, Mr. A. D. Way, of the Philadelphia Union, presiding. There was an impressive consecration service at the close of this meeting. The last meeting of the season was held, Aug. 23, in the First Baptist Church, about 600 being present, representing ninety-three churches and societies. The singing was by a union choir directed by Mr. H. C. Lincoln, of Philadelphia. Addresses were made by President A. G. Patten, of the Germantown Union; Rev. William Bagley, Harrisburg; Miss M. A. Ford, Stamford, Ct.; Miss M. E. Reany, Atlantic City; and Rev. T. J. Cross. Mr. Rainey, of Philadelphia, conducted the consecration service.

NEW YORK.

Mr. M. A. Hudson, a member of the State executive committee and an indefatigable

Endeavorer, is the successful leader of a Sunday-school class of seventy-five young men in the First Baptist Church, Syracuse. In the new church building there are to be rooms on the first floor suitable for the work that is being done among these young men. These will include reading-rooms, to be open every afternoon and evening of the week. The social culture of this club, for such the class has become, includes two military companies among its members. And a wide-awake base-ball team, in all of which Mr. Hudson takes a wise and hearty interest.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Greenwich Street Free Baptist Y. P. S. C. E. of Providence is doing strong and excellent work. It has proved a source of great help in the development of the spiritual life of the young people. During August it has had charge of the regular Sunday evening church service. The meetings have been interesting and largely attended.

MASSACHUSETTS.

At the meeting of the Fitchburg Union, Sept. 8, General Secretary Baer will be present and make an address. All the societies of neighboring towns are cordially invited to be present.

NOTICES.

- Sept. 4.—Savannah Union First Anniversary, in the Christian Church, Savannah, Ga.
 Sept. 4.—North Central Ohio Union, in the Lutheran Church, Mansfield, O.
 Sept. 7.—Lancaster County Union Annual Conference, in the First Presbyterian Church, Lancaster, Penn. Three sessions.
 Sept. 8.—Western Hampshire County Union Meeting, in the Congregational Church, Worthington, Mass.
 Sept. 8.—Fitchburg Union Meeting, at Fitchburg, Mass.
 Sept. 9, 10.—Cass and St. Joseph District Union, at Centreville, Mich.
 Sept. 11.—Meriden, Conn., Union Meeting, in the Cheshire Congregational Church.
 Sept. 18.—Kansas City, Kan., Union Meeting, at the Argentine Congregational Church.
 Sept. 24.—Montreal Union Quarterly Meeting, 8 P. M.
 Sept. 24.—Maryland State Union Open Air Assembly and Reunion, at Penmar Park, Maryland.
 Sept. 24, 25.—Memphis District Convention, in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Huntingdon, Tenn.
 Sept. 29, 30.—New Hampshire State Convention, at Manchester, N. H.
 Sept. 30.—Housatonic Union Eleventh Meeting, at Washington, Conn.
 Oct. 5, 6.—Connecticut State Convention, at New Britain, Conn.
 Oct. 6-8.—Pennsylvania State Convention, at Williamsport, Penn.
 Oct. 20, 21.—New York State Convention, at Utica, N. Y.
 Oct. 21-23.—Ontario Provincial Convention, at Peterborough, Ont.
 Oct. 23-25.—Wisconsin State Convention, at Eau Claire, Wis.
 Oct. 23-25.—Missouri State Convention, at Springfield, Mo.
 Oct. 27-29.—Iowa State Convention, at Burlington, Io.
 Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—South Dakota State Convention at Mitchell, So. Dak.
 Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Minnesota State Convention at Mankato, Minn.
 Nov. 5-8.—Illinois State Convention at Peoria, Ill.

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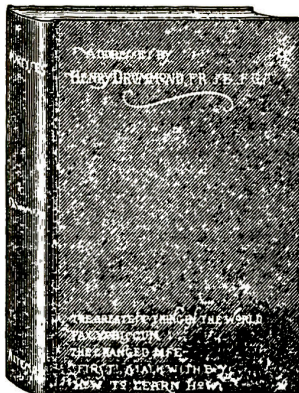
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Christian Endeavor.

JUNIOR SOCIETIES.

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING SEPT. 20.

THE SHEPHERD LORD. HIS FAITHFULNESS, TENDERNESS, STRENGTH.

John 10: 27, 28; Isa. 40: 9-11.

BY MRS. ALICE MAY SCUDDER.

VERSES to be marked in the Bibles, and learned each day by the children:—

Sunday.—Isa. 40: 11 (omit last clause).
Monday.—Ezek. 34: 5 (first clause).
Tuesday.—Ezek. 34: 11.
Wednesday.—John 10: 11.
Thursday.—John 10: 14.
Friday.—John 10: 27.
Saturday.—1 Pet. 2: 25.

Outline Talk.

Did you ever see an engraving where Christ is pictured as a shepherd? In it we see Jesus standing erect, with a lamb folded peacefully in his arms, and near at hand is the staff on which he leans while climbing here and there in search of stray sheep. It is a beautiful picture and a perfect symbol of the lesson before us.

Children in America may not understand the work of a shepherd. When we see large green pastures filled with sheep, we do not feel that they need any one to care for them; but we must remember that there are thousands of flocks raised on steep mountain sides where they need the continual care of a shepherd.

THE DUTIES OF A SHEPHERD.

1. To feed the sheep. We mean by that that the wise shepherd will lead them where the grass is greenest and most abundant. The little lambs, too, often require great care.

2. To bind up wounds and cure the sick. It is a strange fact that sheep like to seek their food in places difficult to reach, and as they are not as sure-footed as goats, they frequently meet with accidents. Then they require tender, loving care to nurse them back to health.

3. To lead their flocks. Sheep blindly follow the leading one of the flock, plunging on after this leader, sometimes even to death. What they need is to hear the shepherd's voice, to keep them from such folly.

4. To seek those who have wandered away. Every good shepherd knows his own sheep, and if any wander away, he searches until he finds them, and brings them back to the fold.

5. To keep away wild beasts. Wild animals hunt the tender little lambs, and unless the fold be carefully guarded, some of the flock will be missing.

CHRIST OUR SHEPHERD.

Let us look at Jesus as a shepherd. To make the picture plain, let us call all the world sheep, and see if Christ's work for us is that of a careful Shepherd.

1. Does Jesus feed his sheep? Matt. 5: 6. What command did he give? John 21: 15-17. How does he feed his sheep? He leads them into the green pastures of a happy Christian life, and lets them drink of the Water of Life.

2. Does he bind up the wounds and care for the sick? Jer. 30: 17 (first half).

3. Does Jesus lead his flock? The world has many unwise leaders, and to be safe we must go only as the true Shepherd calls. 2 Pet. 2: 1, 2.

4. Does Jesus seek those who have wandered away? The stray sheep are his special care. Luke 19: 10.

5. Does he guard us from wild animals? Satan is called in Scripture a roaring lion. John 10, 11.

The Junior Scrap Bag.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—I thought I would write you a letter because I like to read the little boys' and girls' letters so much.

We have a nice little Junior society here in Grahamville. There are twenty-two members, and we all enjoy our meetings very much. Next month we are going to give an entertainment in the church. We are going to have recitations and singing, and ice-cream and cake for refreshments, and we will take the money we make to buy curtains for our new church.

I am your little friend, NETTIE LISK.
Grahamville, Fla.

Dear Nettie, yours is the first letter from Florida that I have received. I am glad you are going to help make your church attrac-

tive. You know our motto is, "For Christ and the Church," and children can do a great deal in that way. I know some Juniors who paid over one hundred dollars towards a church debt.

My dear Mrs. Scudder:—Our society was organized last fall. At first we had about seventeen members. We now have between eighty and ninety. We have two pledges, one for the active members, those that are members of the church, and one for the associate members, those that do not feel that they are Christians.

We meet Sunday afternoon at half-past four.

Not long ago our pastor, Mr. Riley, received a letter from a friend in the far West, asking our church for two dollars to help his church pay a debt on their meeting-house. Mr. Riley asked the Junior society if they would not like to give it, and we said we would; so at our first social the money was collected. We had recitations, songs, a duet, and a dialogue on the letters J. S. C. E. Then refreshments were served; then we played games till five o'clock, when we all went home, tired, but happy. We had a lovely time. Yours affectionately,
Bloomington, Ill. HATTIE B. FAULK.

Dear Hattie, your letter tells about your sociables, and they must be very nice. We also have a little programme when our Junior society has a sociable. It is a good way to develop the different talents. Can you send me a copy of your dialogue on the letters J. S. C. E?

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—I am sure you will be pleased to hear from me, as I am a member of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, and like it very much, and am trying to do my best. I hope you will pray for us all that we may be faithful. Your little friend,
Washington, D. C. JOE MOLLERE.

Dear Joe, I was pleased to get your letter, and more pleased yet with the manly Christian spirit you show. I like boys who are "trying to do their best." They will make the grand men of our country. Let all the boys in our land have as their watchword, "Always do our best."

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—Our president, Miss Emma Kircher, appointed me to write to you. I am a member of the Second Presbyterian Society. We meet on Saturday afternoons from three to four o'clock. We organized last September, and have about thirty members, and they all take part in our meeting.

When our society first started, our president told us that the one that came three months and attended one church service once every month would receive a Junior badge. There were nine of us that received badges, and we all wear them.

The members bring clothing and different things, which are distributed among the poor by the relief committee of the senior society, and reading material is sent to the poorhouse and carried to the hospital.

Our lookout committee is quite active, and three of them usually go to visit different members that are not at the meetings.

I hope you will not be too busy or have too many letters to be able to answer mine.

Your little Endeavorer,
Nashville, Tenn. MONTA COLEMAN.

Dear Monta, your plan of receiving a reward is tried in our society, only the child who gets a reward must attend every church

service from the time we open in the fall until we discontinue our meetings in the spring. I think it is better to visit absentees than to send letters; but we cannot always do it, and then a postal-card reminder will do. I am afraid your patience has been tried, waiting for this reply, but you see it is here at last.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—I am a little girl eleven years old, and live in New London. Our minister's wife, Mrs. Blake, has a Junior Christian Endeavor society, to which I and many others belong. I think it has helped me very much, and I hope it will help others. I like the meetings very much. Mrs. W. S. Chappel, a member of the church, has a missionary meeting to which I belong, also, and in which I am very much interested.

I remain your friend,

FLORENCE ESTHER TERRY.

New London, Conn.

Dear Florence, I am glad that you feel that the Junior society has helped you. It has benefited hundreds of children, I am sure. I feel as if I were quite a near neighbor of yours. Our summer home is at Shelter Island, and we have two boats that pass by every day from New London.

311 Varick Street, Jersey City, N. J.

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For the Tired Brain
from over-exertion. Try it.

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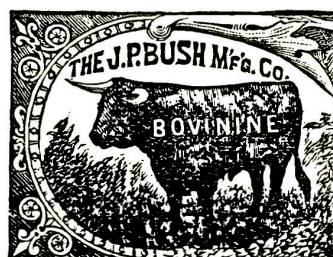
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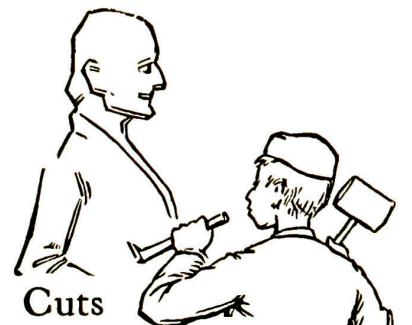
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a poor Figure
—the woman who doesn't use *Pearline*. She has much to do, and little to do it with. Her looks prove that washing is hard work; her work shows that washing makes wear and tear. *Pearline* saves the hardest part of all washing and cleaning. *Pearline* does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. What it does, is safe; what it doesn't do, is harm. 266 Beware of imitations. JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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from which the excess of oil has been removed, Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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The great chemist pronounced the well-known Liebig Company's Extract of Beef, made of the finest Platte River cattle, infinitely superior in flavor and quality to any made of cattle grown in Europe or elsewhere. He authorized the use of

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Senator INGALLS, Hon. R. P. C. WILSON, Ex-Gov. SILAS WOODSON, and many other prominent men, after investigation, have invested in the shares of the

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which is now constructing an extensive system of canals in UVALDE COUNTY, TEXAS. Capital, \$1,000,000, divided into 3,000 shares of 8 per cent PREFERRED cumulative stock, and 7,000 shares COMMON stock, par \$100.

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BEST in the world!

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TEN CENTS.

Series of 12 Beautiful Illus. Tidies from London and Paris. Inquire for them of your dealer, or send 10 cents for spool—500 yards. 5 cents for Single Tidy, or 60 cts. for 12 Tidy Patterns, including copy of Crocheting Book No. 2. **GLASGO LACE THREAD CO.,** Glasgow, Ct.

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Always keeps a broom dry and in shape. Every woman needs three or four. Hotels dozens. Agents make \$2.00 a day and upwards selling this and other household novelties. Sample Holder 15c.; 14 for \$1. Prepaid. M. F. KOENIG, Manager, HAZLETON, PA. **BROOM HOLDER**

In Doors and Out.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"A LESSON in geography,
With all the States to bound!"
My boys grew sober in a trice,
And shook their heads and frowned;
And this was in the nursery,
Where only smiles are found.

Then suddenly up jumped Boy Blue—
Youngest of all is he—
And stood erect beside my chair;
"Mamma," he said, "bound me!"
And all the other lads looked up
With faces full of glee.

I gravely touched his curly head;
"North, by a little pate
That's 'mixed' in 'mental' rithmetic,
And can't get fractions straight;
That never knows what time it is,
Nor where are books and slate.

"South, by two feet—two restless feet—
That never tire of play,
But never fail to gladly run
(Even on a holiday)
On others' errands willingly
In most obliging way.

"East, by a pocket stuffed and crammed
With, oh, so many things!
With tops and toys and bits of wood,
And pennies, knives, and strings;
And by a little fist that lacks
The glow that water brings.

"West, by the same, and well explored
The pocket by the fist;
The capital, two rosy lips
Already to be kissed.
And, darling, now I've bounded you,
The class may be dismissed."

—Selected.

TOMMY.

CECIL's papa, Dr. Temple, was only a boy when his father (the "old doctor") gave him the little white colt of long pedigree; and there were many funny times while the boy and the colt were learning their business in life.

Tommy is now twenty-one, but he will stand straight in the air and then fly away if the least sniff of fire-works meets his sensitive nostrils. He is still "coltish," and likes to kick up his heels in the pasture.

He is the family horse, and goes to church every Sunday. If for any reason he is driven past the church door on Sunday after the early bell has rung, he seems vexed.

He is fond of Cecil's mamma, and insists on walking carefully down every hill when she rides, and he neighs if he hears her voice. He is very happy when she comes to the pasture fence to pay him a call.

But Tommy does so love little girls! Cecil is a little girl. He likes to help her eat her pears and apples and Johnny-cake. Like other little girls, Cecil often runs about while she is eating an apple or a cookie, and sometimes Tommy takes off her hat to remind her that he likes what she eats; he even unties his halter and follows her.

When Cecil was five years old she wished to go in the wagon-shed to see the new kittens, but the horse and carriage stood across the entrance.

"I s'all come, Tommy," said she; and under him she went.

Tommy put his head down to watch her, but he stood quite still until she was out of danger; then he began to paw the ground.

Tommy knows if any strap is not right, and if ever anything is wrong about the carriage or harness he stops.

One day Cecil was leaning against his leg, chatting with a little cousin, when a frightened auntie saw that she accented her talk with little pinches of the shining black skin, and now and then a pull at a hair of the long tail. Tommy trembled a little, but he made no other motion.

Tommy even lets Periwinkle, the cat, use his legs for ladders, for nothing pleases the cat more than to sit on Tommy's back and watch for any mouse that may be hunting in the stall for a bit of grain. Periwinkle always sits up like a dog to Tommy and "asks" when about to run up Tommy's leg.

Tommy went to make a "professional call" one day. He grew tired of waiting for his master, and went off alone to the house of a very sick man. He stood awhile before the door, and then turned toward home. He met his master, and had to go back and make a second visit. Dr. Temple told the story to his patient, and the sick man laughed so hard that a longed-for perspiration appeared, and he got well. — *Our Little Men and Women.*

Stop Off at Cresson Springs on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

CRESSON SPRINGS, located on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is one of the most delightful mountain resorts in America. In addition to a magnificent hotel, the Mountain House, there are fine waters, romantic scenery, and pure air. One can with difficulty find a more attractive place for a few days' recreation. All the principal through trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad, including the Pennsylvania Limited, stop at the foot of the lawn, and all through tickets over the line admit of a stop-off at Cresson. This stop-off is limited in period only by the length of the season, or it may be for a day or two, at the pleasure of the holder. Western travellers, or residents of the West who after spending the summer in the East are returning home, will find this break in the journey a most pleasant experience.

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carbuncles,
scrofulous sores,
eczema, and all other
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It will
relieve and cure
dyspepsia, nervous
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Has Cured Others
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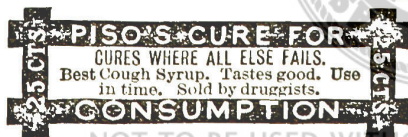


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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is the only Legitimate and Positive Remedy for those peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to women. Sold by all Druggists as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00.

Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.



The Daylight

A pine knot served the purpose once, but not after there was something better. Other lamps were good enough until the Daylight came, it's only folks that don't know about it who haven't it now.



Send for our A B C book on Lamps.

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The useful, instructive, and practical invention of an expert in the Elgin Watchworks. Requires no previous knowledge of typewriting to operate practically. Shipped by mail on receipt of price, 60 cents.

We award the first day of every month \$25 in premiums for best specimens of work done with our typewriter. Awards announced monthly in our ads. Premiums for July competition were awarded August 1, as follows:

First, \$10.00, Rev. N. A. Tisdale, West Exeter, N. Y.
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ESTABLISHED IN 1851. 22,000 SOLD AND IN USE. They combine ELEGANCE, DURABILITY, and MODERATE PRICES. Among the many other IMPROVEMENTS which they contain, are the PATENT REPEATING ACTION, producing a touch as delicate as that of a Concert Grand Piano; the CAPO D'ASTRO BAR, which sustains that beautiful singing quality of tone, so wanting in most Upright Pianos; the MOUSE PROOF PEDAL, which is an absolute protection against mice getting into pianos and making havoc with the felts. Sold on the most accommodating terms. Delivered in your house FREE OF EXPENSE and satisfaction guaranteed. Old instruments taken in exchange. Catalogues and full information mailed free.

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Christian Endeavor.

SOCIETIES ENROLLED LAST WEEK.

MAINE.—Harrison, Congregational; North New Portland.

CONNECTICUT.—West Hartford, First Congregational Junior.

NEW YORK.—Buffalo, Parkside Baptist; De Ruyter, Seventh Day Baptist; Le Roy, First Presbyterian; North Norwich.

NEW JERSEY.—Elwood; Stillwater, Presbyterian.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Arendtsville, Flohr's Lutheran; Dawson, Baptist; Follmer, Lutheran; Friedens, Lutheran; Lavansville, Lutheran; Lower Windsor, Lutheran; Meyersdale, Lutheran; Newville, Lutheran; Parnassus, Presbyterian; Philadelphia Memorial Evangelical Lutheran; Pleasant Unity, First Presbyterian; Reamstown, Evangelical; Unomata, Presbyterian; Uniontown, Cumberland Presbyterian.

MARYLAND.—Sparrow's Point, Presbyterian.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Washington, New York Avenue Presbyterian.

OHIO.—Akron, Trinity Lutheran; Clarks-ville, Friends; Dysen's, Lutheran; Goshen.

VIRGINIA.—Falmouth, Baptist.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Huntington, Congrega-tional.

TENNESSEE.—East Nashville, Baptist Jun-ior; Knoxville, Cumberland Presbyterian Junior; Lebanon Pike, Junior; Nashville Cottage, Presbyterian Junior.

ALABAMA.—Phoenix.

GEORGIA.—Cartersville, Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.

MICHIGAN.—Lawrence, First Congrega-tional; Olivet, First Congregational; Osseo, Free Will Baptist.

INDIANA.—Angola, Fairview Christian, Societies Settlement Christian; Carlisle.

ILLINOIS.—Anna, Lutheran; Boody, Mad-ison Cumberland Presbyterian; Chicago, Brighton Avenue Congregational, Raymond, Baptist Mission; Decatur, Cumberland Pres-byterian; Nora, Congregational.

WISCONSIN.—Hillsboro, Congregational.

MINNESOTA.—Beauford, United Brethren; Granville, Presbyterian; Hallock, Presbyte-rian; Marshall, Presbyterian; Minneapolis, Oak Park Congregational.

IOWA.—Hawthorne; Henderson, Christian; Wales.

MISSOURI.—Lamar, United Brethren.

OKLAHOMA.—Beaver, Presbyterian.

KANSAS.—Atchison, Lutheran; Indepen-dence, Presbyterian; Washington, First Pres-byterian.

NORTH DAKOTA.—Mandan, Methodist.

OREGON.—Aumsville.

CALIFORNIA.—Lompoc, Cumberland Pres-byterian; South Riverside, Congregational Junior; Traver, Christian.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—Charlottetown, Zion Presbyterian; Stanhope, Methodist.

ONTARIO.—Seven Bridge.

MANITOBA.—Pilot Mound, Knox Presby-terian.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says:

Kennedy's Medical Discov-ery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep-Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thun-der Humor and Cancer that has taken root. Price, \$1.50. Sold by every Drug-gist in the United States and Canada.

Harvest Excursions At LOW RATES via Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain Route.

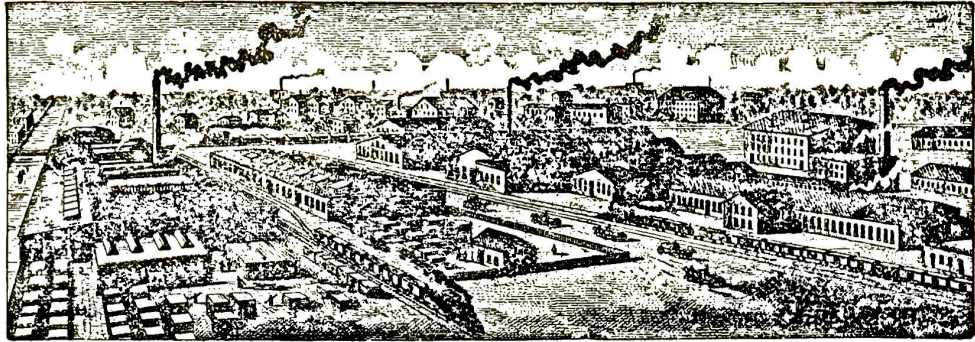
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That Convention Report! A marvel-ous storehouse of information for every Endeavorer who wants to do the best work. Buy it! Read it! Only twenty-five cents!

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for good health cures all chronic diseases.
Rev. A. Albro, D. D., Utica, N. Y., writes: "One of the greatest boons to mankind in modern days."
Indefinitely better than the Hall System. Half the price. See 1 for testimonials.
HEALTH SUPPLIES CO., 710 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HARVEY.



Portion of Manufacturing Town of Harvey, showing Factories East of Ill. Cent. R. R. only.

Every word IMPORTANT to those who have bought lots in Harvey, or who have friends there, or who expect to purchase lots in Harvey.

NOTICE FROM THE HARVEY LAND ASSOCIATION.

For the benefit of property owners in Harvey who have bought land of the Harvey Land Association, or who desire to buy lots of them, or lots they have sold.

WHEREAS, The Harvey Land Association have at great expense laid out the town, improved its streets with sewers and pavements, and have, for the benefit of the property and those who buy the same, located certain manufacturing industries that employ large numbers of men, and in order that said benefit may be lasting, and that it might not be wrongfully taken away from their said property, have contracted with these various manufacturers to give preference when employing help to parties living on the land laid out and improved by the Harvey Land Association; and

WHEREAS, Certain additions have been laid out and lots are being advertised that are outside the limits of Harvey, and outside the lands owned by the Harvey Land Association, and said parties represent that all who buy their lots will have the same opportunity to get work in the factories as they would if they lived on the land platted by the Harvey Land Association. In order to correct this mistake, we hereby certify that we have contracts with the following parties, which require that they give preference in hiring help to those who live on the land of the Harvey Land Association or their grantees, and said parties are both morally and legally bound to comply with said conditions:

Contract with THE HARVEY STEEL CAR CO.
" " CRAVER, STEEL & AUSTIN.
" " AUTOMATIC MOVER & MFG CO.
" " MIDDLETON CAR SPRING CO.

Contract with BUDA FOUNDRY AND MFG CO.
" " BELLAIRE STAMPING CO.
" " LAUGHLIN MANUFACTURING CO.
" " THE ATKINSON STEEL & SPRING WORKS.

[Signed]

THE HARVEY LAND ASSOCIATION,
By T. W. HARVEY.

FURTHERMORE:—The so-called additions to Harvey are not a part of the Harvey Land Association property, and they have no depot, no factories, no churches, no schools, no water-works, no electric cars, and no claim whatever upon the improvements in Harvey made by the Harvey Land Association.

Again; the so-called additions are not in the village of Harvey; and when so represented, it is only to deceive the people.

Parties who have bought property in Harvey have doubled, trebled, and in some cases sold for four times what it cost, especially in the business part, near the depot and factories.

The Harvey Land Association refers to any bank in Chicago, to all temperance workers who now live in Harvey proper, and to the managers and editors of all the temperance papers in America.

All communications from those who desire to get information, or pay notes, or purchase property of the Harvey Land Association should address the HARVEY LAND ASSOCIATION, 825 ROOKERY, CHICAGO. The Harvey Land Association do not now employ Walter Thomas Mills & Co. to sell its lots.

THE HARVEY LAND ASSOCIATION,

By T. W. HARVEY.

FINANCIAL.

INVESTORS

Should get information about our

GUARANTEED
Mortgages
GUARANTEED
Bonds 6%
SUGAR CO. PAYING 7½%
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WE HAVE HAD
20 Years' Experience

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In every instance Interest and Principal has been paid at maturity.

WE HAVE RETURNED TO INVESTORS

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We never handle any security that we do not absolutely control. The investments we now have are as secure as any we have ever offered, and pay more interest than any we have offered in the last ten years. We can refer to the leading banks in New York and to our 4,000 patrons. We are under the supervision of the Banking Department of New York State.

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8% FIRST MORTGAGE Loans on Tacoma
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OF ASBURY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE GOLDEN RULE

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For The Golden Rule.

TWO VOICES.

BY REV. JOHN E. TUTTLE.

"THERE is no God."

O life, how hard thy burdens press!
How long thy paths! how dark they be!
The light has fled; the day is dead;
The night wind sobs along the lea.
A toil,—and tears; a grave's distress.

"Lord, I believe."

O life, how sweet thy blessings are!
He walks thy paths! how light they be!
The day has come; the night is dumb;
The Christ-song hymns along the sea.
A work,—and wage; a heaven afar.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

For The Golden Rule.

BOYHOOD IN BERWICK ACADEMY.

BY J. E. RANKIN, LL. D.,

President of Howard University, Washington, D. C.

I LATELY attended the centennial of Berwick Academy, and wonder whether I have not some thoughts that will interest the boy readers of THE GOLDEN RULE. I entered that academy, well, not a hundred years ago, but when I was nine years of age. My father, Rev. Andrew Rankin, had never enjoyed the best of advantages as to schools. He had walked all the way from Littleton, N. H., to Andover, Mass., to get a chance to study in preparation for college. And all his life long he remembered the educational wants of his children. It was for this reason, among others, that he settled in South Berwick, as pastor of the Congregational Church. South Berwick had an academy, already distinguished, and at that time presided over by Stephen Chase, afterwards the eminent

professor of mathematics in Dartmouth College. It had, as I look at it now, an unusually fine class of citizens, typical people. From the family of Judge William Hayes, which was honorable in itself, and is honorable in all its descendants, and was the characteristic squire's family at the beautiful village, to that of Deacon Plummer, the pure-minded and Puritanic baker, who sent two of his children into the field of foreign missions, I remember that select circle well, and see its real worth and excellence. I can recall the whole congregation, as they gathered in the tall-spired, white meeting-house, with Academy Street on one side of it, and staring out upon Main Street. It stands there to-day, only it is not white, and has been moved a little to the rear.

The academy was on the hill, close by the spacious house and barns of Judge Hayes, still there, but unpeopled and silent. I speak of the barns, for many are the climbs and frolics that we used to have in those barns, just after the hay was gathered to scaffold and mow, with the sunbeams and the swallows shooting above our heads. And that playground of the academy,—every part of it is familiar to me. I have panted across it hundreds of times in the foot-ball race, keeping a little out of the crowded throng of big boys, ready to catch the ball and kick it in triumph home to the goal. In the academy, between the ages of nine and twelve, I had my first training in Latin and Greek. It seems preposterous, but I believe in it, still. Childhood is the period in which to acquire languages. And my English I came to know largely through a knowledge of the parent languages, so that to this day English words are not English alone, but in trailing clouds of Greek and Latin glory do they come.

It is amazing to me now how many people, whom I remember still, I came to know in that short period of from nine to twelve; how many places and pastimes and incidents, how much rewritten history of that beautiful South Berwick. There was the swimming-place, where I learned my first real stroke in the water, by venturing out beyond my depth, and then struggling for the other shore; the neck, as we used to call it, where, in the winter, was the best skating; the field, where every Saturday afternoon I used to parade, in command of a militia company of boys dressed in red sashes and paper cocked hats, and with such kettle-drum music! There is still the old Nealley tavern, whose earlier sign used to have the first landscape painting I ever saw, being a sketch of the factory from the water-side. I can still remember my admiration of the reflection of the brick structure in the smooth water. I miss the tanner's yard, where I used to watch the process of converting the undressed skin into various kinds of leather, and where we boys liked to run across the edge of the pits, at the risk of sometimes getting into an unoccupied one. I remember, too, some of the workmen, and their talk to me, and how shocked I was to hear the barbarous notion that well-dressed people of the aristocratic class were just as likely to be wicked as anybody else. There, too, I first met the typical city boy, precocious, smart, idle, with what seemed to me mints of money, and with a "Junior" that he was proud to write after his name.

There is the old aristocratic mansion, where my especial crony used to live, right opposite the pastor's house, but far more pretentious; now, alas! given up to the indiscriminate use of factory boarders. How many a game of checkers my friend and I have played together! How many a boyish misunderstanding and feud we used to have, each determined not to be the one to speak first! I stood by his grave a few years ago. He died at thirty-five. How often had I written his name, his initials! How strange it seemed to go back to those boyish days, and to wonder what to him had been the intervening years! I called to mind that for one whole year we had a falling out, doubtless for no reason at all, and did not speak to each other; and how, when our parents discovered it, I received an invitation to his home, conveyed by my father; and we sat down and played together a game of checkers, as though we had played a game the

very day before, while neither of us alluded to the twelve months of silence as deep as though we had been deaf mutes. I am not sure about his ancestry; but I know that mine were blue-blooded Scotch. I have long ago learned that the true heroism in misunderstandings is not dogged silence, but frank, open-hearted speech.

For The Golden Rule.

IMAGERY IN LOWELL'S POETRY.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

If ever a poet was gifted with double vision it was Lowell. Looking out upon the world, he first saw it as it really is, with the eye of prose, the eye of the practical man of affairs, and for that reason he could be a statesman and a scholar; but he was also endued with an inner sight, the eye of the poet which enabled him to see more than the surface of things and discern similitudes which are hidden to ordinary vision. It was the muse within him; it was that strange endowment which is born when the soul of the true poet is born, and which cannot be engendered by any act of human volition. Many a man has a faculty for rhyming, and scanning his lines correctly, but without this natural insight coupled with sight he cannot be a poet, or must, at most, browse only at the foot of Helicon. He can never reach the Pierian spring who was not born hard by that fountain. No; the poet is not made; he is born, created.

However, there is still comfort for those of us who were born mere makers of prose; some of us can catch glimpses of the poetically true and beautiful when the real bard limns it before our straining eyes, even though we may not be able to see it before. That Lowell was a true child of the Muses all of us who are capable of discerning inner beauty at second-hand must admit. He has the graphic touch of the artist and the keen insight of the seer.

The true poet must have spontaneity. His tropes must spring up like full-fledged birds of Paradise with no evidence of a straining for effect. Much of the imagery of a certain class of poets, both of our own day and the days that are gone, bear the sign manual upon them of laborious toil; they smack of grinding, and grating, and much measuring with the versifier's tape-line, and onerous counting of the fingers. Besides, many of their similitudes are so far-fetched or so vague that one must close his eyes with a painful effort to see them, and then catch only their shadowy outline.

In clearness of perception and expression and in liquidity of movement Lowell has few, if any, peers among American poets. Where Sidney Lanier, graceful poet though he was, halts and poses and cries "Lo!" melodramatically, Lowell tells the story as the brook flows. His metaphors are seldom vague; he sees too clearly for that. You follow him with ever-increasing delight as you pursue the flexuous stream that leads you at every turn to new and greater wonders. Reading his verse is a journey up the Rhine to the Alps. And now that he has laid down his pen forever, and has gone where earthly praise or blame are to him alike indifferent, we must make good our claim for his poetic worth, else what we have said will be naught but unmeaning eulogy.

He is lavish of his metaphors and figures, but never wearisome. One of the surest proofs that he was a true poet is that he lifts the commonplace above the realm of the commonplace. He paints a nimbus about everything he touches. Love is a theme that poets and romancists have worn threadbare; but Lowell pictured it in a new guise and made it lovelier than before, lifting it out of the bog of sentiment:—

"True love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world."

Our poet always has a message for the humble man who may become disheartened by the burden of his own

insignificance; and so he says of "the Seer" "who hath spoken with the unseen Lord":—

"He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices
In the star's anthem than the insect's hum."

And the same sentiment is expressed in the poem entitled "An Incident in a Railroad Car," in which he says:—

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century."

But he thinks there is something better far, and that is:—

"To write some earnest word or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart."

We have spoken of his power to transform the commonplace into something rare and beautiful, and this he does by that unique genius he has for using apt similitudes. The dandelion is no longer a "common flower" after he speaks of it as "fringing the dusty road with harmless gold," or describes it as "an Eldorado in the grass," or addresses it thus: "Thou art my tropics and mine Italy," and then adds: "To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime." No imagery is too rich to lavish on this flower, though, as he says:—

"Most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye."

No poet is richer in metaphor when describing scenes and events in nature. Indeed, nature was his home and his mother, and he never refers to her charms in a perfunctory way. All of us have seen the busy bee gathering her sweets from the hearts of the flowers, but only Lowell thought of calling her "the gold-cuirassed bee," and no other observer ever dreamed of her feeling "ravishment in the white lily's breezy tent." In his poem, "Under the Willows," he has limned the honey-gathering bee with a different trope; for he says that this insect—

"All dusty as a miller, takes his toll
Of powdery gold, and grumbles."

What a picture is photographed for the bird-lover when our bard exclaims: "Hush! 'Tis he! my oriole, my glance of summer fire!" or speaks of "the bluebird, shifting his light load of song from post to post along the cheerless fence," or of the bobolink as "sunshine winged and voiced" or as "June's bridesman, poet of the year;" or, in the provincial tongue of Hosea Biglow, of the

"Blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy congresses;"

or of the robin "plastering his house hard by." And how suggestive and pathetic is the line, "When birds and flowers and I were happy peers!" However, one of the most daring flights of tropical description is to be found in the last two lines of a stanza in the poem on "The Falcon":—

"For with a lark's heart he doth tower,
By a glorious upward instinct drawn;
No bee nestles deeper in the flower
Than he in the bursting rose of dawn."

And yet what could be more bewitching and sublime? Scarcely less tropical and picturesque is this:—

"O'erhead the balanced hen-hawk slides,
Twinned in the river's heaven below."

Perhaps, you, too, have stood in a field or marsh at midnight where the mists had gathered "like a tide of some enchanted ocean," and have seemed "to bear dim whispers and replies;" and as you looked you saw

"The fireflies o'er the meadow
In pulses come and go,
And the elm-trees' heavy shadow
Weigh on the grass below;"

but, I venture to say, you have never thought of describing the sights and sounds with each imagery. Quaint old Hosea Biglow sometimes breaks over the boundaries of prose and humorous dialect and political controversy, and depicts the rarest simile:—

"Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented."

Then he tells us that "snow-flakes comes whisperin' on the pane;" that Beaver (a mountain) "roars with meltin' snows, an' rattles di'mon's from his granite;" that his (the poet's) "eyes cloud up for rain;" that "half our May's so awfully like May'n't," but some day

"Our Spring gits everythin' in tune,
An' gives one leap from April into June;"

that the robin "goes to plast'rin his adobe house;" that the bobolink "climbs ag'inst the breeze with quiverin' wings," or "runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air," and that—

"There's times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone,
An' sort o' suffocate to be alone,—
I'm crowded jes' to think that folks is nigh,
An' can't bear nothin' closer than the sky."

I have spoken of the naturalness and spontaneity of Lowell's metaphors as one of the proofs of his true poetic genius, and I find no little unconscious self-analysis in the following sentiment voiced in the quaint dialect of

Hosea Biglow. It was written presumably in answer to a letter from the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* "requestin' me to please be funny":

"But when I can't, I can't, thet's all,
For Natur' won't put up with gullin',
Idees you hev to shove an' haul
Like a druv pig, ain't wuth a mullein;
Live thoughts ain't sent for; thru all rifts
O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts
Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin' sunwards."

In this odd phraseology we find the key that unlocks the temple of the Muses, but, alas! how few of us, even when we have found that key, are capable of turning the bolt and entering in! Some Lowell must be born with the vision of the seer to conduct us and become our interpreter in this inner temple of the beautiful.

For The Golden Rule.

AT ANCHOR.

BY LAURA C. CALHOUN.

THE fog comes creeping slowly on
Across the marsh, across the dawn,
And twilight gloom
Darkens the mid-day sun
And shuts us in at noon
To midnight phantasies.

The waves, with reverberant roar,
Break on the lonely shore;
The fog-horns boom
Like minute-guns, to ward
The sailor from the doom
Of treacherous rock or shoal.

The ships at anchor ride,
And wait till turn of tide.
With clearing skies
The fog, uplifting, flies,
And favoring breeze
Shall bear them safely home.

In times of dark unrest,
When doubts assail thy breast,
Then, O my soul, at anchor ride.
Wait on the Lord; whate'er betide,
His love shall through all danger guide,
And grace shall bring thee home.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

For The Golden Rule.

HOW TO PLAY.

BY PROF. AMOS R. WELLS.

VII.—In-doors.

BUT one must have in-door sports for the head as well as out-door sports for the body. I name as the chief in my theory what is far from the chief in my practice,—

Conversation.

The supreme mental delight of a thoughtful man or woman should be conversation; but conversation, you know, is one of the lost arts. Need it be? Thinking is not by any means one of the lost arts, nor is writing of books or of letters, nor is reading of both. But set two thoughtful, reading people down together, face to face, with absolutely nothing in the room, with curtains drawn to shut out exterior suggestions, and they will both sit there appalled by the conversational vacuity.

Can you imagine Columbus sitting down with one of his officers in their dark cabin after land had been sighted and a new world won,—sitting down, they two, with folded hands and mute or stammering tongues, at a loss for something to say? Can you fancy Stanley with his staff in mid-Africa grouped about the camp-fire in silence, embarrassed by lack of topics for conversation? We are living in a time when whole continents, entire worlds of thought and enterprise, of achievement and anticipation, are spread out in clear light or provoking half-revelation before every wide-awake mind. There is not a man or a woman with healthy brain who may not have wonders of discovery matching those of Columbus or Stanley. And that we should sit about our camp-fires, embarrassed for lack of something to talk about! That we should not meet as friends in a company of gold-hunters, to gloat over each rich find, each discovered treasure!

Our papers and magazines are crowded with announcements of inventions and scientific discoveries, and not alone in the realm of the physical is there wizardry at work. Every magazine you take up flashes to the seeing eye with glints of a great social and spiritual fire kindled anew in these modern days with sparks carried over from that first great century, fire of love to God and love to man, renovating our social order, making war on warfare, trying judicial systems in higher scales than theirs, remodelling governments, evangelizing the globe. We read carelessly the burning pages whose every line, five centuries ago, would have caused an intellectual earthquake, lay our fat finger on the page and pass it to our neighbor with a yawn. "Have you read that? That's the latest." Triumph of modern conversation!

For this keenest of all intellectual recreation but three things are necessary, all to be bought without money, yet

with price,—a mind wide awake, a friend like-minded, and an unselfish, unegotistic sympathy between you two. If you can gain those three things, you need never lack inspiring mental renewing.

Reading.

First in my practice, but second in my theory, among mental recreations, I place reading, and reading, to be permanently recreative, must be reading with a purpose,—reading with a purpose above recreation.

Who gets more enjoyment out of eating, the pampered millionaire, whose tongue is the wearied host for myriads of sugary, creamy, spicy guests, or the little daughter of the laborer, trotting about all the morning with helpful steps, who has come a long two miles with her father's dinner to eat it with him from a tin pail? And who gets the more pleasure out of reading, the satiated fiction-glutton, her brain crammed with disordered fragments of countless scenes of adventure, love, and tragedy, impatient of the same old situations, the familiar characters, the stale plots,—she or the girl who is fired with a love for history, say, who wants to know all about the grand old, queer old Socrates, and then about his friends, and then about the times in which he lived, and then about the way in which they all lived, then about the Socratic legacy to the ages? Why, will that girl ever be done with the feast? Can you not see, looking down on her joy with a blessing, the very Lord of the banquet, who has ordered all history and ordained that the truth he fashions shall be stranger always than the fictions man contrives?

Take the word of a man who has made full trial of both. Solid reading is as much more interesting and attractive than frivolous reading as solid living is more recreative than frivolous living. A full mind is never bored. It is only the frothy brain, honey-combed with fiction, tunnelled mischievously with hollow unrealities, that is really bored. The great books of science,—what poetry is so poetic, what romance so romantic as these to the mind unvitiated by artificial tastes? To enter into the treasures of the snow, the armories of the clouds, to gain admission to the council chambers of the elements, on the magic carpet of astronomy to travel to distant stars and more distant æons, to know the earth in its morning days, and see the flower hidden in the seed!

Or, if your reading must have more human interest, did ever hero of a novel live so wild a romance as Napoleon's? Was Henry Esmond or Colonel Newcome so lovable as Thackeray himself? Have Miss Alcott, Miss Locom, Mrs. Stowe, written anything as entertaining as their own biographies? Was ever a story of adventure so marvellous as the real experience of Stanley? In all fiction is there a heroine to compare with Joan of Arc?

Why, when I would rest from joys of the mind too intense, when I become even satiated with mental exhilaration and want mental commonplace, I flee from the fairy-land of the real to the sober country of fiction, and find in the dull imaginings of Scott or Dickens or Thackeray or Shakespeare or Milton a relief from the too brilliant thoughts of the Creator, only swiftly to return again from their weak platitudes to the exuberant marvels of God's creation.

Thus reading—reading methodical and serious and solid—I earnestly recommend as an unparalleled mental recreation. A few pennies nowadays will buy the books, or, in these times of free libraries, they may be had for the taking, simply and cheaply, as all great gifts should be.

Writing.

My third mental recreation should be writing. Do you know that you do not know yourself until you push yourself outside of yourself and look at yourself? That is one thing for which conversation is useful; it enables you in your utterances to get a fair impression of your mind, with all its brilliancy and dullness, its hastiness and painstaking, its flaws and its beauties. "As a small boy empties his pockets to see what is in them," says Dr. Holmes, "so I talk to see what is in my mind."

But writing sets out your very self before you in black and white. If your spirit stammers, stutters, is inaccurate, stupid, dull, so splutters your pen, and such dull lines stare up at you from the tell-tale paper. A life is doubled that is well written out in one's private journal. Its joys are greater, its pangs are softened. A life is quadrupled that is repeated in cordial, gay letters to one's friends. If one's life has attained the magic multiplying mirror of the printing-press, who can tell how many times it is magnified to the good of the world?

Nowadays, the editors tell us when they send back our manuscripts,—nowadays every one is writing. And that is well, even if literally true, because every one also is reading, and every one is getting to think. Those are the three R's, you know: reading, the receptive; 'rithmetic, the thoughtful; and 'riting, the expressive,—the three R's, the three recreations, that is.

Do you know what joys are the most permanent in this world, the blessings handed down through the ages as

most precious heirlooms when paintings and temples and jewels and thrones are resigned to dust? They are bits of recorded human life, fragments of human joys and sorrows embalmed in biographies, histories, poems, and stories, in journals and letters. What is the great joy of the world may be the great joy of the individual. Not that you should all turn authors in the technical sense of the term, but that we should all come to know what the fortunate few have hitherto understood.

That, then, is my list of mental amusements,—conversing, reading, writing. I do not despise

More Labored Indoor Sports.

I have a catholic taste for all of them, from music, checkers, chess, dominoes, crumbo, logomachy, proverbs, portrait authors, spello, halma, to the very latest nonsense, "Tiddledywinks." None are perfect; some are good for large groups, some for small, some for thoughtful people and some for the jovial, some for dexterity and some for wit, and some for ready knowledge. Lay up in your minds and houses a good supply of them, for they are rich treasures. And lay up in your minds these, my paring words:—

Recreation for mind and body is part of God's plan for our living, made necessary by constant waste of mind and body, which require constant renewal. Do not expect to have health and cheer for nothing; they are bought with a price, as are all best things. You must pay time for them, and thoughtful planning, and eager energy. But when you have won the art of playing, then, let me urge you finally, go on to the higher art, the art that is born of this,—the art of putting your play into your work. Vigorous body and active mind, sparkling eye and kindly jollity, brain and body thus re-created daily,—this, the end of sport, is worthily so only as it is the beginning of manly and womanly toil. Only as our muscles, renewed by exercise, are strengthened for the wielding of God's tools, only as our quickened brains are enlivened for God's thinking, only as our buoyed spirits are exalted for Christlike, helpful living, has recreation won its crown of entire success.

Yellow Springs, O.

For The Golden Rule.

SOME OLD TEXTS REREAD.

BY REV. J. W. WEDDELL.

No. VIII. A Misplaced Veil.

"And when Moses had done speaking with them, he put a veil on his face."—*Ex. 34: 33.*

THE common version says "till Moses had done speaking," which would make him to be veiled all the time he was delivering his message to the people, a most unnatural course. The Revision translating "when" gives us more nearly the sense. But the literal Hebrew is more graphic still: *And Moses finished speaking with them, and he put a veil on his face.* And as we read in the next verse "when Moses went in before the Lord to speak with him he took the veil off until he came out."

I get a new lesson as to the attitude of the minister of God, from this. Not that, as implied by the old translation, he is to be separated from the people and veiled from their sight; but that as he ministers holy things there are times when he is to be veiled from all else save God and the people. To each of them he speaks, as a mediator, face to face. Only the world and worldly thought is shut out. If only we could see the way from the closet to the pulpit thus oftener shut away from earthy distractions, we might oftener see the face shining with heaven's glow.

Chicago, Ill.

Our Story.

For The Golden Rule.

THE GOLDEN-ROD'S MISSION.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

THE church, small, plain, and white, stood where four roads met and parted. The roads were dusty, hilly, and rough with rolling stones, but they were slightly fringed with green. And now, in early September, all along their winding lengths the golden-rod waved its plumes, while on all the rocky hillsides, visible between the scattered dwellings, it grew as thickly.

On the church steps stood a little group of young people, lingering after Sunday school to compare library books, to perfect their plans for the evening and mid-week services, left, for that week, quite in their hands, and yet a little longer for no visible purpose at all.

"How bright and lovely it is!" said Marion Fay, as she looked off into the country, "the most cheerful

thing that grows, in Hillside, at least; the golden-rod, I mean."

"Yes," said Nellie Graves, "I voted for it long ago. One can't help loving it, if it is a weed."

"I'm glad to see it come and sorry to have it go," said Ida Willis. "It seems as if there must be gold underneath it; our barren soil could hardly produce it otherwise. And it is so cheery! I always save a lot for winter."

"Had n't you better ride, Nellie?"

It was a thin, tired voice that asked the question, and it belonged to a thin, tired-looking woman, who had just clambered into a high farm wagon, the last to leave the meeting-house.

"I'd much rather walk," said Nellie.

"But you'll have to, daughter, to-night."

"Well, then, good-by, all," and Nellie rode away, while Ida Willis said,—

"How wretchedly that woman looks! worse than usual, I believe, to-day."

"Do all your women look so?" inquired Edna Choate. "It seems to me every one I have seen, save the very young ones, looks quite worn out, though they keep on doing unheard of quantities of work. What did you say, Marion?"

"I was saying," twisting in her hand a spray of the golden-rod, "that we ought to have a golden-rod sociable."

"It would be lovely."

"Just the thing!"

"But it would have to be right away; the golden-rod's fading now."

"It's magnificent for decorations and lights up prettily, too."

"What a bright idea, Maidie!"

"For what object?" one of the boys inquired.

But Marion shook her head.

"It's not our benefit; at least, not the sociable I'm thinking of. That's to be free as the golden-rod, and, I hope, as gladdening."

"Your're planning for pleasure," said Ned Archer; "very good."

"Yes, for some other folks who don't have so much of it as we," she answered. "I was wondering whether we could n't give the older people one evening's enjoyment. I've noticed that for every sort of occasion the mothers have baked and brewed, garnished and given,—poor alliteration, but solid fact! They've baked cake and frosted it, made ice-cream and ladled it out for us, hulled berries and served them, and they've got up lovely picnic dinners and evening treats. They had a splendid basket meeting for missions, and they've filled a barrel lately, besides helping us make our mid-summer fair successful. One might truthfully say of each one of them, 'She touches nothing she does not adorn.' That's just the trouble; they're too willing. Some one ought to rest and relieve them a little, and I don't know to whom the duty comes more than to us girls and boys."

"But how can we?"

"My idea was," Marion went on, "to have one little affair when they should n't have one thing to do, that they should n't know anything about, only to come. I thought we could invite them and see that they came. They're likely not to, half of them, not being responsible for anything. Each of us can bring her folks and near neighbors."

"'Over against his own house,' as they did at Jerusalem," murmured somebody.

"Exactly. And if we don't help support the pillars of this Jerusalem, why, some of them won't stand much longer. My metaphors are getting mixed, but my ideas are clear. Well, as I was saying, we girls must bake every atom of cake, and cut and pass it after it's here, and make the coffee, if we have it, and stay behind the scenes and pour it, and wash the cups and saucers. All the older people will be our guests, you know. And we must have some little entertainment, music and reading, simple, but the best possible. I wish—Harry, you don't suppose your uncle, the professor, would bring his phonograph?"

"I might ask him," said Harry.

"Do; and if you don't get it, I'll try for a stereopticon. We'll appoint our committees Wednesday night, after meeting. I've got to go, and so have you all."

"I would n't talk about this on Sunday," she said to Ida, as they walked slowly away together, "but it's the only time some of the girls are here,—the Branch girls and Lucy Davenport,—and I could n't help noticing all summer how their mothers have worked. If the girls promised anything, it was always their mothers who did it,—cake or candy or fancy-work, or even arranging a bouquet. And it's so late now that the affair must be very soon."

"I'm afraid the city folks won't all stay to it now."

"Most of them will. The Tryons, and those at Mrs. Clem's,—I'm glad there's something to keep them, for

I know Mrs. Clem hates to have them go. I suppose she needs the money they pay. Some one must be sure to see that she goes to our sociable."

Hillside people, or the younger portion of them, were in an unwonted state of excitement for the week or two following this Sunday, while the older folks were in a corresponding state of mystification. And truly the preparations that were going forward were of a sort new to Hillside. It was something unusual for the young ladies to take on themselves both the care and the work pertaining to their festival, and this, moreover, without taking the time from their own accustomed tasks at home; for by a tacit understanding any encroachment upon home duties was felt to be contrary to the spirit of the affair, and so forbidden.

Mrs. Branch looked on in bewilderment while her daughters mixed and baked and frosted delicious loaves. Mrs. Davenport, returning one night from a day in the village, sat down in surprise when she found Lucy pressing a ham for sandwiches, with the flour already sifted for "a rising of bread." Mrs. Ames waited expectantly and vainly for an invitation to make the coffee or the ices, and Mrs. Young, whose garden was the pride of the village, and whose skill in the way of decorations was proverbial, was not requested to assist as usual.

All was explained, however, that Thursday evening, when they entered the little vestry, aglow as it was with light and color and cheerful faces. The modest chandelier was reinforced by Japanese lanterns, and was festooned with long pendent sprays of the golden-rod. The flowers hung also in festoons, blended with evergreen, around the desk. The blackboard was hidden by it. It draped the clock and the windows, was massed in a bank, like a just-opened gold mine, before the platform, and stood in vases here, there, and everywhere. There were no other flowers, save a great glass bowl of pond-lilies, and one bouquet of fragrant flowers on the piano. The young people flitted about with happily important faces, each wearing a bit of the blossom of the evening as regalia. And many of their guests displayed a similar adornment.

"How they have turned out, to be sure!" said Arthur Peyton, "I did n't think there'd be half so many here."

"All the old codgers are out," said Ned. "It must be the notice brought 'em. I thought they could n't resist that." And he stroked his chin complacently. He had prepared that notice.

But two or three girls behind him, thinking of the personal effort that had resulted in bringing together this various company, smiled at one another understandingly. There was music first,—tender ballads and sweet lyrics; then readings, and our friends had brought together what Ned called "the literature of the golden-rod." And if you do not know how numerous and beautiful are the poems inscribed to the flower or suggested by it, you had better look them up.

Then came the feature of the evening, in the exhibition of the phonograph and its capabilities. How pleased these farmers were! How curious the women! And how interested and intelligent their comments and questions! After this, the young people served refreshments, with the pleasant consciousness that the dainties they proffered were truly their own, and that they were in reality hosts and hostesses. The young men, it should be said, had insisted on bearing all the expenses of the supper.

The coffee was clear and odorous, the cream solid and smooth, the sandwiches toothsome, the tarts crisp, the cakes delicious; and fruit luscious and yellow—the girls would allow no other color—completed the substantial feast.

It was good to see how, relieved of responsibility and yielding to the influences of the hour, the tired faces grew less weary, the dull eyes bright, the sober lips smiling.

"I do believe Mrs. Leland's face has lost half-a-dozen wrinkles," said Ida; "and I never saw my mother look so happy."

"My mother looks years younger," said Nellie, "she's been growing old fearfully lately. If there's any sort of way to stop it, it's time we found it out."

"There is one way, maybe," said Ida.

"But we can't do it every day or every week. We've got an object lesson, though," Nellie rejoined thoughtfully. "Miss Fay has given it to us."

"It is n't I," said Marion, who chanced to be within hearing. "It's the golden-rod itself. Don't you know there's magic in it?" "But truly," she went on, "I do think sometimes when we seem to be doing our best in certain directions we violate the very spirit of discipleship by thoughtless, unconscious selfishness. We don't remember that love is the whole, and love's ministries to one another are almost all our service. We serve God himself through ministry to others. We all need a lesson once in a while, and it's well that the golden-rod, dear bonny flower, comes once a year to teach it."

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1891.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Proverbs 4: 13-19.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER, D. D.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.—*Prov. 4:14.*

THE idea of life has a fascination to the young. Its untold possibilities fill it full of temptation and excitement.

1. Notice the importance of instruction. Life is so full of delusions, wrong dresses itself so much in the garment of right, and one's own passions so blind the judgment, that every young person needs to heed the exhortation of this first verse. He who trusts to his own unaided judgment is sure to wreck his hopes. Young people confess this in mastering any trade, or profession, or art. Much more in the great art of life does one need to have an open mind for whatever wisdom the past has for him. We are to obtain instruction from those older and wiser than ourselves and from God's word. Men go into all forms of sin in spite of the most persistent warning, and in no other form of evil do men so constantly reject good advice as in this matter of temperance.

2. The young man in this age, who in defiance of the warnings of good people and those who love him best, and in spite of the wrecks made by intoxicating drinks which he sees all about him,—such a one who now forms the drink habit or the fashionable wine habit, deserves no pity from any one, but the severest condemnation. It is time we had done speaking of intemperate young men in tones of pity and sympathy as poor, unfortunate boys with a weakness. Rather let them be condemned as wilful self-destroyers. Drunkenness is not a weakness; it is a deliberately developed vice against one's self, a crime against one's friends, and a sin against God, and the young drunkard should no more be considered respectable than the young thief.

3. The warning of wisdom. It begins at the foundation. Do not go into society where evil men gather; keep out of bad company; keep away from bad and doubtful places; do not go where you will be tempted. No man knows how weak he is or what slumbering passions are in his nature; hence he cannot afford to expose himself. We all need not more temptations to resist, but more help to resist the temptations we have. The young man who exposes himself to temptation is a fool. When a perfectly temperate and clean young man mingles in intemperate and impure society, he not only exposes himself to temptation, but he is constantly deadening his own moral sensibilities and injuring his good name.

4. If we go into temptation we have no right to ask help to resist it. The going into temptation is disloyalty to God. When Providence calls us into places of temptation, then we may ask him to deliver us; but to go into temptation is to invite the devil and reject God.

5. We have in the sixteenth verse a good description of the saloon-keeper: "They sleep not except they have done mischief." The saloon is open late at night and usually on Sunday. The rum-seller, the wine-seller, is a restless destroyer of men, an angel of the devil, who tempts the innocent, and intensifies the passions of those already ruined, and gets rich upon other men's ruined characters and homes. Christian civilization should no more license the open bar than it should license the midnight robber.

6. Now comes the contrast: "The path of the righteous is as the light of dawn." The righteous are those who seek to be

right and do right, who follow the instruction of the wise and the Word of God. One who gives his heart to God and seeks to follow him may seem to start in the dark, but as he presses on the way will seem a little plainer and the light in his soul grow a little brighter until it is daylight, and then it will not cease, but keep on to perfection.

7. Notice the contrast again. The way of the wicked, the intemperate, the impure, the unbelieving, is always down, into darkness; instead of having more love or light or joy they constantly have less until hope goes out and joy turns to despair. On the other hand, many a poor boy has commenced a good life with but little light and few friends, but he has kept on, and the light and friends have increased until he has become a great strong man, full of usefulness and hope. Which shall it be with us?

POINTS FOR THE QUARTER.

[Selected by Mrs. F. E. CLARK.]

LESSON 1.

THERE is wonderful comfort and power in a divine Saviour, with all goodness, all knowledge, and all power.

That such a being should come from heaven to earth to save us shows the greatness and value of our salvation.

That such a being must die for us to save us from sin proves the deadly nature and terrible danger of sin.

The greatest privilege on earth is to become the children and heirs of God.

All true glory is of the same nature with that of Christ, the glory of goodness, of love, of self-denial, of doing good.—*Peloubet.*

LESSON 2.

John the Baptist points his pupils to Christ.

Jesus welcomes those who seek him.

They find delightful communion with the Lord.

Having found Christ, our first work is to bring others to him.

Bring our nearest friends first, as Andrew brought his brother Peter.

If one has doubts, urge that he "come and see" Christ.

Using the privileges we have, opens the way for greater ones to come to the soul. *People's Commentary.*

LESSON 3.

No marriage is perfect without the presence of Jesus. Let those, therefore, who enter into that state, never fail to invite him to be present.

Jesus sanctions innocent pleasures.

"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Thus said Mary to the servants, anticipating that he would work the miracle which he did immediately after. What a word is this for us, who are also his servants.—*Pentecost.*

LESSON 4.

No man's lofty station shuts him out from the need of being taught and led by Christ.

Jesus is indeed a teacher come from God. His works leave you without excuse in rejecting him.

Nothing can save you but the new birth; wealth, honor, learning, influence, power—none of these can avail.

It is hard for us to accept the humbling thought that all upon which we prided ourselves is nothing, that we, with all others, must tread the lowly pathway of the new birth.—*Standard Eclectic Commentary.*

LESSON 5.

We know nothing as to the lasting influence left upon this woman's character and life. We may think of her as still going daily to Jacob's well, and never without recalling that memorable conversation with the thirsty traveller. Perhaps it was through life a source of gladness to her to remember that she had held a cup of cold

water to those lips from which had issued a stream that broke and healed her hard heart.

We daily and unexpectedly meet men and women, and spend much time in commonplace talk with them. How may these occasions be wisely used? That is an important question. The life and example of Jesus will furnish us the highest motive and the perfect model in our efforts to answer it.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

LESSON 6.

Works of love are never a violation of the Lord's day.

Sin leads to rejection and hatred of Christ.

Christ's work is a pattern for ours.

Love has no concealments.

We honor God only as we honor his Son. Man's best friend is to be his judge.

There is a promise of resurrection written on every spring-time leaf.—*The Illustrator.*

LESSON 7.

Though we may not always know how "the Lord will provide," Jesus knows what he will do.

We should not permit thoughts of the greatness of the multitude of the unsaved to keep us from offering salvation to them.

We should bring whatever we have in hand to Jesus; with his blessing it may accomplish incalculable good.

Jesus calls upon us to receive the bread of life at his hands, and then to pass it on to the multitudes.—*The Bible Teacher.*

LESSON 8.

Seeking Jesus simply for "loaves and fishes" is a low motive.

If men fail to preach and teach what Jesus does for the soul, they miss the main thing.

I need such a Redeemer as Christ.

We should learn to love, not loathe, this bread from heaven.

We may misunderstand many lessons in the Old Testament intended to help us to know the New Testament.—*Sunday School World.*

LESSON 9.

If we do not seek Jesus when he may be found, we will seek him when he cannot be found.

True Christians are not so much like cisterns which take in only, but like fountains which give out.

Christ is the only water that can satisfy an undying thirst.

There is always a division of thought when truth is presented.—*Our Bible Teacher.*

LESSON 10.

Starting with Christ is not enough; we must abide with him unto the end if we would share his blessedness.

The truth of the gospel sets free those who receive it.

Those who live in sin imagine themselves to be the free ones of the earth.

Every sinner is a slave of the sins which he commits.—*Westminster Teacher.*

LESSON 11.

Blind Eyes Cannot See

Any beauty in the Bible.

How sin looks to God.

How God loves us.

What Jesus has done for us.

What Jesus is willing now to do.

What Opened Eyes See.

The wonders in the Bible.

The need of sin taken away.

A loving Saviour.

How sweet it is to love him.

His strong help.—*Baptist Teacher.*

LESSON 12.

That Christ's people know and obey his voice.

That Christ laid down his life for us.

That Jesus recognizes all those who hear his voice.

That Christian teachers who work merely for hire are not to be trusted.—*Sunday School Journal.*

PRIMARY EXERCISE.

BY MRS. FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

WOULD you believe that three months have passed since we began to study John's Gospel together? You know school was just out and vacation just beginning, when you learned, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Now school has begun again, the flowers are almost gone, the leaves are changing color. I wonder how you have changed in these three months. It was only one hour on Sunday for thirteen Sundays, that you were here in Sunday school. What could that little hour do for you?

One hour in a week is not much, but if you have used it well, you have learned much of Jesus in these thirteen hours, you have surely changed a little as well as the flowers and the trees.

I wonder if you know what I mean by using the hour well. You have used it well, John, when you have really tried not to play, not to laugh, as I'm afraid you sometimes do. You have used it well, Mary, when you have tried to sing your best and learn the text; you have used it well, Katie, when you try, as you so often do, to teach little sister her lesson; and you have all used it well when you carry home with you even one thing I tell you, and try to do and be what Jesus would have you do and be.

Please stand a moment. Oh yes! I knew you had changed. I can see your bodies have grown, and though I cannot see it, know your souls have grown, too. I wonder whether they have grown purer, or more sinful, for souls as well as bodies must grow.

And so, though one hour is not a very long time, I want you to remember that even in one hour much may be done. Each of you little children can decide to-day, in this hour, what he will do with his soul, and decide it for all his life.

Do you know what "decide" means? Many a child no older than you has said, "I will be a painter," or "I will be a teacher," or "I will be a traveller," and he has said it with all his heart and worked for it every day of his life. But while he seems to be studying only, or working or playing only, he is really preparing himself for what he wants to be in it all,—that is what "decide" means.

So you children can say to-day, now, "I will be a Christian, I will take God to be my Father, and Jesus his Son to be my Saviour." You need not be afraid to say it, for you will not say it alone; Jesus hears you say it, and he will help you to keep it in your thoughts, help you to be what you want to be.

But remember, the boy who would be a painter never forgets what he means to be; so you, in your study, in your play, in your work at home, can make it all help you. You can study to please Jesus. You can play as he played when he was six years old; you can help your mother as he helped his, and all this time you will be growing a stronger Christian, more like him you love.

This little flower from my garden has had a hard time in getting to be a flower. The seed was planted near stone, and it had to push out and around it to find the light; the soil was hard, the sun did not shine on that spot, but the little life in the flower struggled on and on and on, and see! I've brought it to show you what a beautiful flower it is, after all.

It is not easy to be a Christlike child; oh, so many times you will think, "It is no use for me to try!" but even if you do think so and feel so, keep trying, do not give it up. Jesus is near you, his spirit is within you. God is watching you with loving eyes, and by and by when your life is like this beautiful flower, he'll take you home to his heavenly garden to bloom for him forever.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

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Sept. 21.—The Word Made Flesh.

John 1: 1-14.

" 22.—Christ's First Disciples.

John 1: 35-42.

" 23.—Christ at Jacob's Well.

John 4: 1-15.

" 24.—Christ's Authority.

John 5: 10-23.

" 25.—The Five Thousand Fed.

John 6: 1-14.

" 26.—Christ the Bread of Life.

John 6: 28-40.

" 27.—Christ the Good Shepherd.

John 10: 1-16.

Christian Endeavor.

PRAYER MEETING.

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING SEPT. 27.

SOWING THE SEED.

Eccl. 11:6; Isa. 32:20; John 4:36.

[Editorial.]

THE harvest that rewards the husbandman's toil depends on many elements. Over some the farmer has no control; for others he is directly responsible. It makes much difference whether he shows good judgment in choosing the time and place for planting each crop, whether he prepares the soil with care, and watchfully guards against weeds. Success in gaining spiritual harvests is similarly affected by many causes, and there is occasion for unbounded tact and unwearying patience.

Yet it is certain that, however desirable it may be to have a wide acquaintance with the best methods and to exercise the utmost wisdom in following them, the one indispensable condition of a harvest is the planting. Very poor returns may reward bungling farming; but no returns at all will follow where no seed has fallen, no matter how well informed the farmer may be or what work he may have done besides planting. Favorable opportunities are to be seized when possible, but one who waits for ideal conditions will find but few satisfactory seasons in a decade. He who is too critical of wind or cloud in spring will not be laden with sheaves in autumn. Circumstances were far from promising when the wearied Saviour met at the well a solitary woman belonging to a hostile people; but the worker who is alert for opportunities such as the Lord improved may be blessed by seeing results as speedy and as great as those that followed that interview.

It may seem disheartening that in comparatively so few cases can we trace the growth from the seed that was sown. But what farmer expects to be able to account for each grain that he casts into the earth, or to understand the process by which it multiplies? He knows that much must be lost; he counts on it, and therefore sows the seed only the more lavishly. But he knows that, according to God's laws, what does spring into life will give him back many times what he has expended. Are not the results, even those that can be directly traced, in proportion to the efforts put forth, vastly greater in the spiritual than in the natural realm? And who can give an account of the seed carried in many ways to distant places, there to bring forth abundantly? To the farmer everything that scatters the seed beyond his field is an injury; to the Christian worker the more widely goes the influence of his efforts, the greater is the blessing.

The joy of seeing the ripening fields is great, but a symbol of the greatest rejoicing is the joy of harvest time. About the success of the final harvest there can be no doubt; the seed given the Christian sower is sure to accomplish its purpose, and he who scatters it broadcast shall rejoice over gathering fruit into garners of eternal life.

SLANT LIGHTS ON THE TOPIC.

BY REV. W. H. G. TEMPLE,

Pastor of the Phillips Church, South Boston.

Sow continually (Eccl. 11:6). The terms "morning" and "evening" in this reference may be used to represent early and late sowing. Just as soon as the frost is out of the ground it is safe for the farmer to sow peas, a little later, potatoes, then beans and corn, and when the season is well advanced and most crops are gathered, the farmer may be seen ploughing and preparing the soil for the rye that is to winter over. It is just so in our spiritual agriculture. There is always an opportunity to sow for some kind of crop. God has so much work for us all to do that some phase of it must be going on all the time. Moreover, it is not promised that we shall all reap. We may not live that long. But somebody shall. It is our place to keep on sowing. Scatter the seed, then, throughout your whole life. I do not say what seed; God knows best the kind of a crop you are best fitted to raise. You have a right to your preference according to your heaven-bestowed endowments. Only sow good seed, and let the sunrise find you at work, and let not the evening find you idle.

Sow everywhere (Isa. 32:20). "Beside all waters," says Isaiah. It was the custom to take advantage of the natural irrigation of the land, and sometimes seed was cast upon the surface of the retiring freshet, so that it might sink into the soft soil beneath and the more quickly germinate under the warm rays of the sun. By sowing beside all waters, an abundant pasturage was secured, over which the cattle might contentedly feed. This thought has its spiritual application. If a man cover a limited area, he will have a small crop. We must not only do well what we undertake, but we must undertake to the fullest extent of our ability. The father who has secured his family for Christ has done splendidly. If all the fathers in the land were Christians and could lead their households along the narrow way, the work of evangelization in this country would be done. It is because multitudes of fathers will not do this that many must go outside of their own homes to widen their influence for good. Some parents talk as though their work were completed because the children have been all gathered in. Not so. That man whose prayer was interpreted to mean "Bless me and my wife, John and his wife, us four and no more" needed a larger area to spread his efforts over. Sow the seed, which is the Word, in all directions. Speak for the Master, not only in the prayer meeting, but in the store, at the desk, on the street, on the vacation outing, in the seclusion of the quiet retreat. Sow the seed gladly, abundantly, discreetly, and in faith. Some of it will surely come to maturity. All your work will not fail. It may bear fruit in most unexpected places. Perhaps God will permit you to reap the harvest from your own sowing. Perhaps some other shall follow you and rejoice in your labors. That need not trouble you. You are looking for souls, not glory. It is not your sowing, not his reaping alone, but God's blessing upon both, that fills the heavenly garner.

Pre and Post.

Prepare the soil. An obdurate heart will need mellowing before the seed will become embedded in it.

Pray before you sow. A mistake on your part in the act itself may endanger the happy result you seek.

Watch the first evidence of germination. There will be plenty of enemies ready to destroy the young life. It is your duty to guard it against them.

Look out for the weeds. They have a way of coming up unbidden and without notice. A little daily cultivation will help your sown seed to grow.

Be ready to do some watering. The tender plant may be growing in a place devoid of religious influences. Bring them in abundance about it.

I stand and sadly look the whole field o'er,
Which I have planted with my golden grain.
Have I sown poorly? Must I sow again?
Too sparsely scattered, must I scatter more?
Why does my field appear as though it bore
But half my expectation? Copious rain
Has fallen graciously on all the plain,
And glorious sunshine in its bright downpour
Has warmed the heart of nature. Why
Should I
Stand thus disconsolate? My neighbor's field
Is whitened with its grain. O mystery,
That mine so parsimoniously should yield!
God knows the cause; perchance he'd have
me know
I cannot harvest till I've learned to sow.

ILLUSTRATIVE QUOTATIONS.

[Selected by L. ADELAIDE WALLINGFORD.]

As the seed is made for soil, and soil for seed, so the heart of man is made for God's Word, and God's Word for the heart of man. . . . We are sent into the world to sow, and not to destroy, — to sow the seed of heaven, and thus raise in it a heavenly produce foreign to it, impart to it a principle of spiritual life which by its growth will choke out old evils and make all things new. And let us remember that we must give our own life in the sowing, as the plant gives its life in the seed. The word of truth must have our own life shrouded in it, expressed by it, if it is to become the means of life to others. — *Hugh Macmillan, D. D.*

The time for sowing seed, it is wearin', wearin' dune;
An' the time for winnin' souls will be over verra sune.
Then lat us a' be active, if a fruitfu' sheaf we'd bring,
To adorn the royal table i' the palace o' the King.
— *William Mitchell.*

Be not deceived. Whatever any man soweth, at any time, anywhere, that shall he reap. This is a universal law which no man can evade, and which no man should wish to defeat. — The farmer would not want

the law abrogated in his domain. He would be at the end of his wits and work. . . . A universal law, just and right, and only terrible to those who get on the wrong side of it. To the sower of wheat it is full of blessing; for the sower of tares it is full of cursing. — *From "The Christian Standard."*

Yes, the Master 't is who tells me that some seed 'mid thorns will fall,
Some will wither in the sunlight, some the birds will swift devour,
Some on stony ground will perish, never growing up at all,
Some — I thank him for the promise — will be saved for harvest's hour.
And I bless him for the largeness of the hope his toilers share,
Thirty, sixty, yea, a hundred, after that a thousand fold,
Aye increasing, never ceasing, till the bending sheaves they bear,
'Mid the anthems of the ransomed, through the open gates of gold.
— *M. E. Sangster.*

Sow; while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.
— *Adelaide Procter.*

"If we neglect, how shall we escape?" It does not say anything about sowing, but about not sowing. It takes up the case of souls which are lying fallow. It does not say if we sow corruption we shall reap corruption. Perhaps we would not be so unwise, so regardless of ourselves, of public opinion, as to sow corruption. It does not say if we sow tares we shall reap tares. We might never do anything so foolish as sow tares. But if we sow nothing, it says, we shall reap nothing. If we put nothing into the field, we shall take nothing out. If we neglect to cultivate in summer, how shall we escape starving in winter? — *Professor Drummond.*

"I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is gold"?

I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.
— *James Russell Lowell.*

Simple steadfastness, patience, and hopefulness all through the tearful sowing-time. . . . That is the lesson, — very easy to state, but very, very hard to practise, — which you and I must carry out in our sowing-fields if we ever reap a harvest. If we can only get it rooted in our minds that the tears, and the barrenness, and the lack of promise, and the hard toil and drudgery, and the present disappointment, mean joyful reaping by and by, that these are really God's ways to a harvest, we shall have gained very much. . . . Not in spite of these, but by means of these, the harvest is to come; and if we shun the weeping, we shall miss the reaping. — *M. R. Vincent, D. D.*

We'll trust thy promise, Lord, and will not leave
Thy harvest-field until we hear thee call;
For though we stumble oft, we yet believe
We shall not faint, or, fainting, shall not fall.

And when at last to thee, O gracious Lord,
With trembling hearts, our little sheaves we bring,
If thou shouldst deem them worthy of reward,
Thy boundless grace for evermore we'll sing.
— *J. H. Dubbs, D. D.*

Bible References: Gen. 8:22; Job 4:8; Prov. 3:27; 6:16-19; 11:18, 24; 12:25; 15:23; 16:28; 22:8; Eccl. 11:4; Isa. 28:24-26; 50:4; 55:10, 11; Jer. 4:3; Hos. 8:7; Matt. 9:37, 38; 13:24-30, 36-43; 16:27; 21:28-30; Mark 4:14, 26-29; 13:34; 16:15; Luke 8:11-15; 13:18, 19; John 9:4; 12:24; 15:16; 17:17, 20, 21; Acts 10:34, 35; Rom. 10:8, 14, 15; 17:1; 1 Cor. 3:6-9; 15:36-38; 2 Cor. 6:1; Phil. 1:9-11; 4:19; Col. 3:16; 1 Thess. 2:13; 2 Thess. 2:16, 17; 3:11-13; 1 Tim. 5:17; 2 Tim. 2:15; 4:2; Heb. 4:2; 10:36; James 3:18; 1 Pet. 1:24, 25; 1 John 3:18; Rev. 14:13; 20:12, 13; 22:12.

Suggested Hymns.

"Sow in the morn thy seed."
"Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness."
"Are you sowing the seeds of mercy?"
"Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds."
"Let us gather up the sunbeams."
"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair."
"The harvest-dawn is near."
"He that goeth forth with weeping."

DAILY READINGS.

First Day. — We reap whatever we sow.
Gal. 6:7-10.
Second Day. — Sow bountifully.
2 Cor. 9:5-8.
Third Day. — Reaping with joy. Ps. 126:5, 6.
Fourth Day. — Trusting in God.
1 Tim. 6:17-19.
Fifth Day. — Sow always.
Eccl. 11:6.
Sixth Day. — In righteousness.
Hos. 10:12, 13.
Seventh Day. — Sowing the seed.
Eccl. 11:6; Isa. 32:20; John 4:36.

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What "They Say"

In Books, Papers and Magazines.

SEPTEMBER.

ALL golden in the autumn sun
The waving corn-fields shine;
Purple and full of ruddy juice
The grapes hang on the vine.

A blessing hovers in the air,
As Earth, from toil released,
Holds, with a hush upon her face,
Her sweet Communion feast.
—Lippincott's.

SCRAPING AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH LOWELL.

CHARLES FOLLEN LEE, in a recent *Our Country*, gives a few of his personal recollections of Lowell, which are of special interest to us now. Our article in the first of this issue tells of Lowell's imaginative, poetic nature. Here we have him represented in an every-day sort of mood, under the most prosaic circumstances. Mr. Lee says:—

In September, 1886, I boarded, at Liverpool, the *Pavonia* of the Cunard line, and had hardly taken possession of my quarters when I learned that one of my fellow-passengers was the Hon. James Russell Lowell, our late minister to Great Britain. This information was received with great satisfaction, for I had long been an admirer of the poet. "I shall now see Lowell for myself," I reflected. "I shall see him for whom I have so warm a regard, and yet have never seen, and perhaps—who knows?—I shall even enjoy the privilege of a brief conversation with him."

A conversation with Lowell! That would be something worth having. Yes; but how was it to be had? There was the rub. I was, and still am, no lion-hunter. I had no thought of rushing up to the poet and begging to become acquainted with him, and yet I did wish to exchange a few words with the poet.

But how was the coveted opportunity to be had? Revolving this question in mind, I concluded to trust to good fortune. "Something will turn up," whispered a Micawber-like voice within, "see if there don't."

The second day out from Liverpool found the *Pavonia* leaving the foggy Irish coast well behind her. I went up on deck, where I cast my eyes about me. While thus occupied, I chanced to notice a somewhat thickset gentleman in a greatcoat and comfortable travelling cap, ensconced in a steamer chair. Scanning him narrowly, I at once recognized the face from the excellent pictures of it with which I had become so familiar. It was Lowell without a doubt.

He looked hale and hearty, although somewhat older than in the pictures I had seen. His frank, intelligent face, which would have strongly impressed me had I not known who he was, showed some of the marks of slowly approaching age, and his fine russet beard was streaked with gray. It seemed to me, however, that many years must still be in store for him, and I congratulated myself with the thought that some of his best literary work might be done before we should be obliged to part with him.

By chance Mr. Lee was able to provide casually for the temporary comfort of Mr. Lowell, and in this way an acquaintance was formed, which resulted in several conversations in the course of the voyage. Mr. Lee remarks further:—

One of the subjects on which we talked was England. Mr. Lowell, as is well known by those who knew him best, was not an Anglomaniac, but he did love, next after his own country, the land of Shakespeare and Milton, and liked to speak of her. He recognized her faults, but he also recognized her many virtues and remembered with pride that she was the mother of our republic.

WANTED A FLOGGING.

An incident as amusing as it is rare is given in *Good Words*:—

One of the inmates of a military prison had in a rage threatened to strike a warder, and had insulted the governor. As he was a young soldier, the latter wished to deal with him himself, and not bring him before the visitors, who would have ordered him to be flogged for an offence so serious.

Discipline, however, had to be maintained, and as long as the man was ob-

stinate and refused to conform to the rules of the prison the governor could not spare him. So he sent for me, who then was chaplain of the prison, and said, "I don't want to get No. — a flogging, but it must be done unless he caves in and tells me that he is sorry for what has taken place. Perhaps you would go to him and ask him (it will come better from you than from me) not to make a fool of himself and bring the cat down on his back."

I talked to the man in his cell for about an hour, when at last he said: "The truth is, sir, I have a really awful temper. It has brought me into scrapes all my life, and I don't think there is anything for it but a flogging. It's what my father and mother should have given me, and now I am determined to have what is owed to me." Well, my philosophic friend took his punishment very pluckily, and when I visited him next day he said he thought it was the best thing he could have done, and that it might make a man of him.

HOW TO WALK.

THE wheel, the electric car, the wagonette, — none of the artificial methods of locomotion, are so useful, so healthful, or so little appreciated, it seems, as the natural mode, — that of walking. Why should not every boy and girl learn to walk easily and gracefully, as well as to talk or to write? In *Good Housekeeping* are the following capital suggestions:—

The chief purpose of the foot is to walk upon; yet how few people understand so simple and universal a process as that of walking, to the extent of walking well and easily.

Hark! There are two persons approaching. They are both young, strong, vigorous men, full of bodily energy and prowess. What a painful step that is in advance! Pound, pound, the heavy feet fall upon the walk, flat and jarring. No matter how great effort this pedestrian puts forth, with much swinging of arms and shortening of breath, his progress is slow and exhausting. He cannot walk rapidly, though he bends over and stamps his feet upon the ground with redoubled energy. He simply wears himself (and his shoes) out. Notice the other. Erect, easy in every movement, it is no task, but rather a relaxation, for him to walk several miles each day, and almost any distance when occasion requires. One foot is thrown forward, and its heel touches the pavement with an elastic impress, as the ball of the other foot gives a swinging push to the whole body. In an instant the momentum of the body carries it from the heel to the toes of the first foot, and the second has taken its place. It is the alternating motion of the rocker, swift, elastic, simple, and the pedestrian goes forward with the directness, and almost the speed, of an arrow. This man understands the philosophy of walking well and rapidly with the slightest possible tax to himself, and is justly proud of his accomplishment.

Unfortunately, the number of American women who can walk well is comparatively small. Occasionally one is seen with a queenly carriage, easy and graceful of movement, whose feet seem to rest upon the pavement just long enough to give it a coquettish little pressure; then she is speeding away, yards distant, while a score of delighted eyes follow her with admiration. Why are there so few of her, and so many of her fellow-women who go swaying, mincing, rolling, clumping along the streets or about the house, with arms akimbo, the body bent, the feet unwieldy and uncertain in their movements? Why?

A PRIVATE INTERVIEW.

THE "mistress of the house" who has been peremptorily summoned to the door some busy morning on what was supposed to be "important business" only to be invited to invest in a few rusty hairpins or some malodorous soap that had been carefully concealed until the proper time for their display had arrived, — such a housekeeper can easily understand the trials of the man of business who is lured from his den by similar important (?) calls. The *Youth's Companion* says:—

One may sometimes be made to see the uselessness of a foolish habit by being made the victim of similar behaviour on the part of another. Here is an example of being paid "in one's own coin."

A landlord in a country village was busily employed at his desk, when a farmer came to the door and asked to see him.

The man was asked his errand, but he persisted that he must see the hotel-keeper

alone. The latter stepped outside, when the farmer motioned him to follow and walked around to the rear of the hotel.

When they were well around the corner, the farmer stated that he wished to buy a cow and heard that the landlord had one to sell.

"Come on," said the other, and led the way through a garden, a patch of potatoes, and, after climbing a fence, through a muddy barnyard and into the hotel barn.

When they were inside, the landlord put his mouth near the other's ear and whispered, —

"Say, neighbor, I've sold my cow."

THE DEAD HOUSE.

HERE once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows a-dance on the ceiling,
Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair;
"This corner, you know, is your seat."
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender;
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah, me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,
The Present plucks rue for us men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered;
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'T is a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'T is his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one the home?

'T was just a womanly presence,
An influence unexpressed,
But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'T was a smile, 't was a garment's rustle,
'T was nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine, I would close the shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a house that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.
—James Russell Lowell.

THE TOMBOY.

FOR the earnest work of the world as well as its fun, wide-awake, hopeful, energetic minds are necessary, and we fully agree with the old gentleman quoted in the *New York Ledger* when he declares that it is not so much the romping and freedom of the tomboy life that has benefited our girls, as it is that these are the outer signs of an inner force that is most fortunate and desirable. He further adds:—

I venture the assertion that a genuine romp has, first of all, a fairly good disposition, and, secondly, a reasonably pleasant home.

I never knew a peevish, ill-tempered child who was a thorough romp or tomboy. And there is another point about this case. Such a condition of things almost certainly indicates kind, good-natured and sensible parents. It is true that there are exceptions, but the girls of this sort are, as a rule, children who have not had their natural dispositions spoiled by nagging. They are disposed to be frank, open-hearted, generous, and honest. The sneaking, sly, deceitful child is rarely a romp; neither is the canting, hypocritical one likely to be inclined that way. Such a one is much more likely to be somewhat bookish. But I never knew a real romp — a genuine fun-loving, mischievous tomboy — who was n't full of really good and noble possibilities. Such girls are overflowing with high spirits and usually with health,

and their actions are but the natural result of their mental and physical well-being.

I believe such indulgence should never be checked as long as it does not overstep the boundaries of decency or safety. Even an extreme may be overlooked rather than crush the enthusiastic feelings of a child who is full of pranks just because she is full of bounding health.

Therefore, I say, for the making of a really reliable, energetic, charming woman give me the most pronounced type of tomboy.

BRIGHT AND BREEZY.

Cycling Notes.—He: "Do you belong to the Psychological Society?"
She: "No; but I sometimes go out on my brother's machine!"—*Punch*.

Stern Policeman (to wandering minstrel): "You must accompany me, my good man."
Wandering Minstrel: "Certainly. What would you like to sing?"

A youth was heard to remark to a jolly and fat Teutonian: "Have n't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar."

"Is dot so?" said Hans. "When you get as old as me, your face will look familiar, too."

Penelope: "There, uncle, that makes two hundred and seventeen presents. Are n't they lovely?"

Her Uncle: "My dear, I think I now understand why we are told that in heaven there is to be no giving in marriage."

"How are you coming on at school?" asked an Austin (Texas) parent of his indolent son.

"I got kept in again to-day."

"What about?"

"About two hours and a half."

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said,
And then she pouted, blushed, and dropped her head;
"Forgive me for the words I spoke last night;
Your flowers have sweetly proved that you were right."
And then I took her hand within my own,
And I forgave her, called her all my own;
But as we wandered through the lamplit bowers,
I wondered who had really sent the flowers!
—Toronto Globe.

Father West, an old circuit preacher in Western Pennsylvania, was very popular with young people wishing to get married. On one occasion he found in a certain town several couples awaiting him. He was tired, and married them in a lot. After the ceremony two of the couples found they had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled as he took in the situation; but he instantly straightened up, and with a wave of his hand dispersed them. "I married ye all," he said. "Sort yourselves."

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Reviews.

Religious.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. 7½ in. x 5¼, pp. 319. New York: American Tract Society. Cloth, \$1.00. The present day is alert and eager for all light that can be given upon this theme, and we consider this book, while it is really a compilation of distinct essays, a real contribution to many of the biblical themes now under discussion. Not that the treatises here compiled are exclusively controversial in character; on the other hand, they are more largely calm, scholarly inquiries into the facts that underlie all well-founded conceptions of the Old Testament. Such names as Sayce, Blaikie, Cairns, and Chambers are good guaranties of the reliability of the writings that make up the book. Each essay has at its beginning a full argument or outline of its positions, which is a great help to the readers. We trust that such broad and thorough writings may find and help many of the countless students who are turning as never before with ever-increasing interest to whatever can help them to understand the Bible.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. 7½ in. x 5¼, pp. 323. New York: American Tract Society. Cloth, \$1.00. This book is a companion to the one just mentioned, and duplicates it in arrangement and method. It opens with a compilation of historical allusions and coincidences in the New Testament. As especially noteworthy and of popular interest we should name "The Christ of the Gospels" and "The Religious Value of the Doctrines of Christianity," not omitting special mention of the closing essay upon "The Evidential Value of the Observance of the Lord's Day." The Tract Society is keeping well up to its high standard in sending out such timely and useful volumes as these.

Biography.

DR. S. G. HOWE, the Philanthropist. By F. B. Sanborn. 7½ in. x 5½, pp. 370; with portrait. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Cloth, \$1.50. A rare combination of attractive qualities in the hero of this book has given its author an excellent opportunity, which he has well improved, of making a readable and valuable addition to the series of "American Reformers." The account of Dr. Howe's early and romantic career as a volunteer in behalf of Greek independence is entertaining reading, and the development of the youthful enthusiast into the mature philanthropist is a most interesting study. The book contains much information concerning the slow and toilsome process of educating the blind and feeble-minded. The story of Laura Bridgman is excellently told. Dr. Howe's sympathies with the abolition movement, and his part therein, find appreciative treatment from the author, as is to be expected.

LIFE OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. By Mrs. Alexander Ireland. 8½ in. x 6, pp. xvi, 329; with portrait and facsimile letter. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company. The literature that has appeared since the death of "the sage of Chelsea," and especially the correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle, has attracted much attention to the home-life of the famous author. Mrs. Ireland's volume will not much alter the judgments that have been already formed; but it presents an interesting study of the brilliant woman of genius, in whose veins gipsy blood mingled with that of William Wallace and John Knox, and whose light-hearted youth was followed by a life of such pathetic disappointment. Mrs. Ireland has not sought to extenuate, or to set down aught in malice, but her models paint their own portraits as well as each other's. Several hitherto unpublished letters are here given, and liberal use of correspondence already published has been allowed, so that the material at hand has been ample, and it has been well woven into a narrative describing a most unhappy life.

Miscellaneous.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES. By Rev. Howard MacQueary. 7½ in. x 5¼, pp. 238, 51. New York: United States Book Company. Cloth, \$1.00. This volume contains three distinct parts, which reproduce the author as a public lecturer, a preacher, and a defendant in a

heresy trial. We recognize in all these efforts an earnest man who undoubtedly is laboring, according to his light, to benefit his fellow-men. We are unable, however, to view with anything but regret and alarm his opinions concerning the Bible, and his exaltation of conduct above belief; therefore we cannot commend his sermons in so far as they are based upon what we consider a wrong and dangerous view of sacred Scripture; and we are not convinced by his defence of himself, or rather, his attack upon creeds, that he is still entitled to good and regular standing in the ministry of the church with which he has been connected. The addresses in the first part of the book are sympathetic, intelligent, and sometimes exceedingly keen discussions of the great sociological problems of the day.

Pamphlets.

Christian Science, by Rev. J. L. Brandt, arraigns the so-called science as neither Christian nor science, and sets forth some of its prominent characteristics. (Denver, Col. Price, 15 cents.)

The **Address of Miss Frances E. Willard at the Woman's National Council**, at which she presided, shows that eloquence and wide outlook over every movement bearing on the progress of woman that gives such interest and power to her public utterances.

The prospectus of **The University Marine Biological Association** outlines the aims of an enterprise that designs to accomplish much for the cause of science by maintaining laboratories and aquaria for the study of fishes and mollusks.

Magazines.

The September **Wide Awake** brings its usual ample bill of most delectable fare for youthful readers. The opening story of "The Red Lilies," by Clara Doty Bates, has a valuable lesson, taught in an admirable way. The most interesting article, beyond question, is Mrs. Goddard Orpen's account of the brief and sad life of Louis Napoleon, the Prince Imperial, with four interesting portraits of that ill-fated youth. The other articles well sustain the reputation of this periodical.

We do not wonder that **The Ladies' Home Journal** has so firm a hold upon so many feminine hearts all over our land. The variety, freshness, and timeliness of its contributed articles and the broad scope of its editorial departments fully warrant its rapidly increasing circulation. It is for the ladies, of course, that its pages are filled, and it is difficult to name anything that they could reasonably ask in the line of a periodical of this character that is not given. We imagine, however, that the masculine members of the homes where this publication comes are frequently attracted to its pages and find much that interests and profits them. The present number has, among other noteworthy features, a charming account of the wife of one of our well-known poets, Will Carleton, by the editor-in-chief, Mr. Edward W. Bok, an excellent discussion of "Educating our Daughters Abroad," by Mrs. A. G. Lewis, also some timely poems.

It is difficult to select any one of the many articles in **The Century** and assign to it a place of supremacy as regards interest and value. There is a wide range of subjects and great variety in treatment. The controversy over the treatment of prisoners at Camp Morton, in Indiana, during the war, consists of most positive and definite, but radically contradictory, statements on both sides. The Gold-hunting Series has an account of a journey to California in '49 via Old Mexico, just after the close of the Mexican War. This is fully up to preceding articles in this series in point of interest, though hardly as regards information imparted. "The Present Day Papers" offer a discussion of city government in the United States, by President Seth Low, an acknowledged authority upon that subject. Serial novels are continued, and two short stories, "Zeki'l" and "Elder Marston's Revival," are of more than ordinary strength and moral instructiveness. The "Topics of the Time" embrace "The Sub-treasury Cheap Money Plan," "Notable Civil Service Reform Gains," and "Progress of Ballot Reform."

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The whole thing is very bright. Then there are solid pages of keen sense pitifully put. — *Boston Post.* There is much solid practical sense in these brief epistles of Mossback, which it would be well for every one to appropriate. There is a dry humor pervading the whole which dulls the keen edge of his satire and the sharp point of his wit. — *Zion's Herald.*

The author is one of the few who can be funny without being spiteful or malicious. He can hit folly without stabbing the self-respect of the person whose weakness or vanity he satirizes. He is good nature personified, and belongs to a class of writers which might be numerically increased without any danger that the supply would exceed the demand. — *Public Opinion.*

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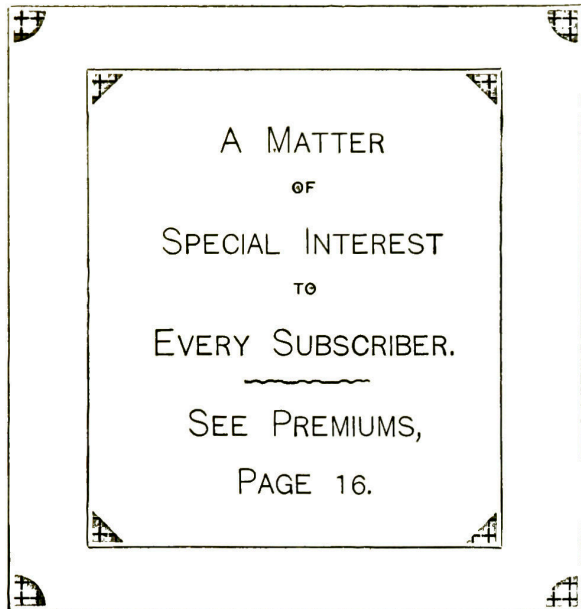
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Editorial.

A NEW YEAR.

WE are not in the habit of locating a New Year's Day in September, though it is not easy to say why it should not come then as well as at the beginning of the second month of winter. The selection of three hundred and sixty-five days, approximately, as the grand unit for measuring time is the work of nature, but the choice of January 1 as the initial point of that period is largely arbitrary. The Jews begin their year on a different date, the Chinese on still another. Yet whenever one year ends and another begins, we experience certain feelings and pass under certain influences which have an important bearing on the growth of our characters. One cannot hear the pendulum tick off the years without giving at least a passing thought to the timeless ages of eternity.

WE are becoming increasingly accustomed, in certain quarters, to the remark that the church year, especially in a city or large town partly depopulated by the summer vacation, begins in the autumn and ends in the spring. An earnest and notably successful pastor of Boston said to us, not long since, "Our work begins in September and ends in May; it is impossible to lengthen the church year much beyond these limits." In making that remark he did not advocate or desire the closing of church doors or the cessation of all pastoral activity during hot weather, but he was simply stating the facts incidental to the departure from parish limits of all his aggressive workers and of the great majority of those for whom they toil. Certainly for such a church as this the first Sunday that sees the scattered congregation once more together ought to be a kind of New Year's Day, devoted to thoughtful retrospect and earnest outlook.

The same thought applies in lesser degree to all churches and organizations that are seeking to advance the kingdom of Christ. Our benevolent societies have long ago learned to dread the shrinkage of gifts during those months that dry up streams of cash as well as the water-courses of the natural world. Accordingly, the months of fall and early winter must of necessity witness a renewed activity. The Sunday school, like the public school, makes a new start, and relies for future accomplishment very much upon the foresight, energy, and skill with which it takes up work. The Christian Endeavor society, whenever during the calendar year its birthday may come, should feel the full meaning of the

opening of a new and distinct period of activity. So to all who are finding in these days the beginnings of a new year we extend a word of cheer and offer our heartiest good wishes.

GIVING AND SHARING.

THE great poet who has recently left us, whose genius has been fittingly described elsewhere in this number of THE GOLDEN RULE, gave expression in one of his earliest productions to a grand and helpful truth, which may well inspire the young Christian in his service for others. In describing the experience of Sir Launfal in his quest for the Holy Grail, he draws two pictures. We see first the young knight, going forth from his castle in the glory of youth and under the impulse of a great ideal, encountering a loathsome leper, and throwing to him, almost with repugnance and contempt, a coin of gold. The second picture shows us the aged and impoverished pilgrim, returning in the chill of winter and life-long disappointment; again he finds the leper, and with humbled and enlightened soul he shares with him his crust of bread and offers him drink from his wooden bowl, when suddenly it is no longer a leper, but his glorified Lord, who stands before him, saying, —

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Here is the test of the truest and highest beneficence. Are we simply parting with something that we happen to have to-day, or are we sharing something that is a very part of ourselves? A poor woman in a tenement in a great city had received from charitable visitors a variety of donations of food and clothing and material comforts, but one day she said, in tones almost of complaint, "Don't give me any more things; give me folks." She uttered in that saying a deep and universal longing of the human heart. Sympathy, fellow-feeling, must be the hidden spring of all satisfying fountains of beneficence. We must feel first and do afterwards.

This truth finds perfect application when it comes to supplying the spiritual needs of hungering and thirsting souls. It is not enough to pass truth along by mechanical processes, as an elevator lifts its load from the ground to the higher floors of a building. One must first make the truth a part of himself, so that in giving it he is actually giving himself to others. We do not truly possess a truth until that truth possesses us, makes us its own, holds and controls us by its vital reality. Truth must be our master before it is rightfully our property. The disciple's own conviction and experience and joyous sense of possession must attend the giving of truth to his needy fellow-man, if either giver or receiver is to have the benediction of Him who first gave Himself for the hunger and thirst of a starving, dying world.

LIKING THE SERMON.

"WHAT a good sermon!" Did you ever hear that remark, while passing down the aisle? Did you ever make it? How much did it mean? Perhaps much, perhaps little, perhaps nothing at all. If you approved the preacher's effort simply because it came forth fluently and delighted you with its illustrations and incidents, its polish and rhetoric, your commendation meant very little either for yourself or for the preacher. If it was an essay, a treatment of some congenial theme in a brilliant style, a grouping of glittering generalities, you might express your liking for it without thereby betokening the reception of any good influence into your heart.

But another one remarks, with great energy and vigor, "That's the kind of sermon I like!" What has he been listening to? A plain, strong, perhaps peculiarly powerful, presentation of some great truth. Possibly it has been exceptionally pungent, controversial, sarcastic, even. It has laid hold of some great conception, and has treated it in a masterly way. You like it, do you? Yes. Why and how do you like it? Simply because you previously agreed with its positions, and enjoyed the discomfiture of an actual or imaginary theological antagonist. You have gained, while listening to it, no new thought. You held that belief which the preacher set forth just as firmly when you entered the sanctuary as now when you are leaving it. You have simply been listening to something that pleases you because you previously agreed with it, and have enjoyed and approved the preacher accordingly. This is a style of liking the sermon that is not to be condemned as wrong, but scarcely deserves any special praise for its meritoriousness.

And here is a third listener going home, thinking and possibly saying, "Thank God for that sermon!" Why? Not because it was wholly pleasant to listen to. Not because its views of truth were perfectly familiar, and perhaps identical with those which for years had been held. Some things in it cut deeply. Some of its sayings challenged

all past positions of thinking and doing. But it was a good sermon. Why? Because it sent at least one hearer home with a quickened conscience, a humbled pride, a firmer purpose to live nearer the mountain summits of duty and privilege. Because it opened up some new vein of truth in God's word, and set at least one heart to work mining out the ore that was disclosed, instead of fondly gazing upon past treasures long cherished.

Just how much do we mean when we say of the preacher's effort, "A good sermon"?

HELP WANTED.

JUST at the busiest hour of the morning, when the work in the sanctum is running at high pressure, an ominous ring on the electric bell above our desk gives forth its summons to the outer office. With extreme reluctance we crowd on the brakes to that train of thought which was just promising to get somewhere, and go forth to see what is wanted. A lady, robed in black, comes forward in search of some editorial representative of THE GOLDEN RULE. "Now we are in for it," is the first thought that arises, as we gaze into those features, with their stern and even beligerent expression. Can this be the one to whom we returned, with politest thanks, that spring poem which arrived just before the Fourth of July? Or has that correspondent appeared in person who wrote so scathingly of the papal tendencies of our paper, as conspicuously and unquestionably revealed by a soap advertisement casually mentioning the pope? The first words of our visitor bring a slight relief. "I called to see if you could give me some help," is her opening remark; "I think it is high time something was done." (Our thoughts went back to our desk and its waiting contents, and her words seemed surprisingly sagacious.) "What can we do for you?" In response to this invitation she launches forth, like the Ancient Mariner, with his glittering eye, upon the ocean of her woes. It seems that she once had a boarding-house on a certain street of the city. Said boarding-house was once prosperous, but is now nearly deserted. We grow at once sympathetic.

"What was the trouble?" Well, the liquor saloons and other vile establishments came in, and her boarders went out; and, for her part, she thought something ought to be done. The city, she declared, would do nothing to help her; there were some churches in that region, but they did not come to her assistance; and again she declared, with added emphasis, "I think something ought to be done." Of course we are as sorry as possible that old Boston will license rumholes, and we begin to remark upon the sad ravages of intemperance; but she quickly brings us back to her one theme of thought and words, that boarding-house. "But what can we do to help you, madam?" We thought possibly she was trying to fill up the vacant seats around her abandoned board; but no, her expectations of help had not begun to crystallize into anything so definite as this. After spending some more precious moments equally without avail, the interview ended by our backing away toward the sanctum, with assurances of sympathy, but inability to give aid, and her increasingly vehement declarations that "something ought to be done."

This is no fable, — would that it were! — but it has a moral. Do not ask for help until you have some idea of what you want and of how it can actually aid you; and spare the editor on his "busy day" such appeals, which at once draw exhaustingly upon his pity, his amazement, and his time.

Editorial Notes from the Wide Field.

THE DELIGHTFUL REMINISCENCES of the old-time New England academy from our friend, President Rankin, will specially interest all scholars returning to their work. — Mr. Keyser's analysis of Lowell's genius, with the finely chosen illustrative selections, is sure of a welcome from all lovers of the great poet. — Professor Wells brings his wise words about play to a close in the present number. We believe that they will prove good seed sown in good soil. — Why not try in your own church that experiment described in our story? The idea is not patented. — Dr. Adams hits several nails on their respective heads in his forceful talk about saving our great cities, found under "Applied Christianity." — Quite a variety in "Our Committees at Work" this time, is there not? We propose to have some rich feasts of plans and methods in those columns every week. — Are you cultivating that "Rich Field for Endeavor" in your church, of which Mr. Sleeper writes so pleasantly? Delays are dangerous. Satan sows tares when Christians fail to scatter wheat. Watch for more articles on this subject in future numbers. — That article by Mr. Riale should be read more than once, and its suggestions should

be carefully considered. — The first gun has been fired in the campaign of autumn State conventions, though Nova Scotia held her Provincial gathering even before Maine. "Down East" is all right for Christian Endeavor.

THAT BROADSIDE about spending a million dollars—of course our readers are getting impatient for it. Only seven days more of waiting. After you have read it, you will want to do some thinking about the duties it will suggest. Don't fail to note what Dr. Adams says about millionnaires, in his article in another column.—Mr. Hill—we beg pardon, Rev. Dr. (since last June) Hill—has put in our hands an account of what he calls the most interesting of all his European experiences this past summer, a Sunday spent in the St. Bernard Hospice. You shall have this treat as soon as possible.

A CAPITALIST AS A LABORING MAN.—The president of the street railway system of Boston has just had an interview with some representatives of his employees, who believe that they are unjustly treated in the matter of long hours. After distinctly and, as it seems to us, very properly, refusing to discuss matters with an outside committee of a labor union to which some of his men belong, and after giving assurance that any employee who had any complaint to make could come directly to him without fear of dismissal by subordinate superintendents, he promptly gave an affirmative answer to the request that he would spend an entire day on a street car, coming on when the driver and conductor began duty, and leaving it only when they left for their meals. This exhibition of "putting yourself in his place" illustrates a principle that will unshackle many a tangle in the lines that bind together labor and capital. If this process could be reversed, and the employee could sit for one day at his employer's desk and feel the force of his burdens and perplexities, it would be an excellent thing.

SOME VALUABLE ALLIES.—In the great campaign against the Louisiana lottery, concerning which we trust all our readers will keep posted, the women of that imperilled commonwealth have organized an Anti-Lottery League, and have issued an address to their sisters of other States, asking their sympathy and encouragement in every possible direction. We are sure that the call will be heeded, and many valuable allies added to the army that is seeking the destruction of the gambling monster in that Southern State.

NOWHERE ELSE TO GO?—The superintendent of police in a large manufacturing city near New York has recently begun an earnest effort to rescue young girls, operatives in factories, from the horrible surroundings that tempt them. A press despatch describes the situation thus:—

A large proportion of the inhabitants are laboring people, who work in the many mills and factories. There are thousands of young girls there who work all day, and have only their evenings for amusement. Their homes are in crowded tenements, and there is no fun indoors. They are practically driven upon the streets, where they meet young and old men whom they accompany to summer gardens and dance halls. These are numerous, and they are about the only resorts within the reach of their means. There are picnics every night in these places, and the girls dance and have good times. The law cannot close these resorts, but the superintendent of police believes he can put an end to the attendance of young girls of unquestionable morals, which is one of the incidental features.

A fearful condemnation of the churches is to be found in such statement, if it be true. Nowhere else to go than to these dens of infamy? Satan only offers "resorts within the reach of their means" to young girls under sixteen years of age who are still of unblemished character? If so, it is high time for the Christian workers of such cities to acknowledge their shameful defeat.

IS IT A GOOD INVESTMENT?—Pennsylvania has recently made its high license fee for rum-sellers twice as high as before. What do the rum-sellers think about it? *The Wine and Spirit Circular*, which is official authority in the matter, says:—

It is thought by some dealers that a \$1,000 license will have the effect of preventing any legislation detrimental to the interest of the wine and spirit trade in the future. It is to be hoped that such will be the case, and, if it should prove so, the extra \$500 will be the best investment the liquor interest has ever made.

How much longer will it take for every one to see the extreme thinness of the plea that raising the price of a license will reduce the sale of liquor?

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—That New Hampshire murderer, concerning whom the newspapers indulged in so much nauseating information, has suddenly dropped completely out of sight. How did it happen? It is said that the wife of the warden of the jail where this brute has been incarcerated feels that he has already had far too much flattery and notoriety, and has insisted that henceforth the public, including, very properly, the reporters, should be wholly kept out of his cell. Without in any way detracting from the credit due to the sensible hus-

band, we desire to express our satisfaction that the flood-gates of newspaper sensationalism have been so completely shut down that no solitary item trickles through to gratify the vanity of the prisoner and the morbid taste of some portions of the public. It is an excellent example for all to follow who have to deal with criminals, great or small.

A TENEMENT-HOUSE CENSUS is being taken in Boston, which will furnish some valuable statistics when it is completed. Questions relating to the size and surroundings of the tenements, their sanitary conditions, the number and nationality of the inmates, and rents paid, together with other inquiries, will furnish abundant material for study and doubtless some startling incentives to philanthropic action. If we only knew more about the lives of the "other half," we should lack little of motive or method for giving the needed relief.

Applied Christianity.

SAVING OUR CITIES.

THIS phase of home missionary work is gaining added emphasis each year, and unless our Christianity is immediately and successfully applied to this problem, there is danger that we shall after a time have very little effective Christianity left for application to our rural districts or to foreign lands. In a home missionary meeting at Saratoga last June an address upon this theme was given by Rev. George C. Adams, D. D., pastor of a flourishing Congregational church in St. Louis, Mo., which began less than ten years ago as a Sunday school in one of the poorer quarters of that city.

Because Dr. Adams speaks not from theory, but out of an actual and remarkably successful experience, we quote from the last *Home Missionary* some of the most striking portions of his address. He begins by saying:—

The answer to the question whether we can Christianize America depends on the answer to that other question, Can we Christianize the cities? When Nineveh and Babylon fell, the Assyrian and Babylonian and Medo-Persian empires were at an end. When Rome was conquered, old Italy had ceased to be. When we have conquered the great cities for Christ, this will be his land; and, as in the cases cited, they are the last points of systematic attack. It is a herculean task, but it must be done. Let us look at some of the reasons.

After touching upon the large and sure returns for financial investments in city work, and showing how the success of missionary work in rural districts depends upon the helpful influence of strong churches in urban centres, he continues:—

Another reason for putting our work into the great cities is that there the forces of evil are strongest. If we do not fight them there, we shall never conquer them at all. Those who come to us with pitiful stories of the missionaries on the frontier will excuse us if we who toil in cities do not grow enthusiastic at their recital. Every tale they tell us we can match with a stronger one from the heart of any city. Take a case in my own work. My church is in one of the best residence sections of a city of half a million people. A few days ago a lady came to my study to ask me to go and see a dying woman. I went, and found an old lady of seventy-three years, thin and pale, and evidently nigh unto death. I had just begun speaking a few words of comfort to her when her son rushed out of another room, the wretchedest looking specimen of humanity I have seen for many a year, his hair and whiskers tangled, one eye gone, his cheeks inflamed, his nose a rum-blossom. Making a vulgar remark to the women present, he burst out at me: "I know what you have come for; you are here to make a contract for her funeral, and you can never hold me by it." He cursed and raved until I threatened him if he did not stop, and then he dashed back into the other room and slammed the door. I read the fourteenth chapter of John, and then we sang "Jesus, lover of my soul." We had not finished the first line when he burst into the room again, ordering us to stop, raving and cursing and threatening us. We sang it through, and then he tried to argue. We started "Rock of Ages." During the first stanza he raved and swore; during the second he stood with his eye cast down; at the third he sank into a chair, and when we sang the fourth he joined in. We knelt to pray, and he dropped down beside us. That mother had been praying for years that he might be sober when she died. He was sober, for him, for three days. She died in his arms, and he has since been to church.

I am not going to enlarge on the horrors a pastor finds in his work in the city. The great cities are full of the spirit of evil. We grow enthusiastic over the thought of 2,500,000 people scattered all over Texas, where they are like needles in a hay-mow; the same number within six miles of the Bible House, without proper gospel privileges, do not attract so much sympathy; but they are the ones who most endanger our country. Some day we shall be horrified at the ghastly creatures, full of thirst for blood, that will pour out of the cellars, as they did during the draft riots. The newspapers are published in cities and thence go out the influences that are everywhere felt. If it be true that two-thirds of our population are still outside the cities, their thoughts are being shaped by the one-third that are in them.

In speaking of cities as possessing the financial resources for prosecuting missionary work, the speaker continued:—

The millionnaires of the future are to be found there, and only there can we train and hold them to Christian giving. In looking over the leading business houses of St. Louis recently we were surprised to find in how large a number it was true that the head of the firm was an earnest, helpful, giving Christian. God has blessed them because they have honored him. But the relation of most of the millionnaires to the churches is extremely shadowy. Occasionally one is giving grandly, but he is the exception; the greatest part of the giving is done by the great middle class; it always has

been, and probably always will be. Millionnaires, like all wild animals, must be caught young if you wish to tame them. A man who has made a million dollars and has not learned the joy of giving is a hopeless case.

We are paralyzed by these great aggregations of figures. They are so immense that we simply are amazed. I stood not many days ago in the sub-treasury vault in St. Louis. "Now," said my friend, the treasurer, "around and above you are \$23,000,000 in gold and silver coin." I could not grasp it. There was a pile of bright, clean, heavy, canvas bags, but these meant nothing to me. A few days later a lady called and laid on my desk a check for \$100 for Drury College. I found no difficulty whatever in grasping that. I had a definite relation to it that brought it within my comprehension. Most of those who write on this subject are bothered by a procession, that awful procession through Castle Garden, those processions in the cities with red flags and anarchist mottoes; but who is influenced by a procession, except to stand and stare at it? You recollect that down in what is now Windham County, Connecticut, a great many years ago, an old she-wolf committed depredations among the flocks. The people had many devices for stopping her, but always when she was out; or, we might say, in a procession. One night she destroyed sixty or seventy sheep for Israel Putnam, and the next day he visited her in her home, and the whole question was settled there.

In emphasizing the simplicity of the one successful method of doing this work, namely, that of individual work for individuals, Dr. Adams finely said:—

The Saviour never speaks of "the masses;" we do that, as if we could catch them as men seine mackerel; but he saw and spoke of the individual soul, and so must we. The only way to do this work is to do it. There is no problem about it; we have held the key to the situation all the time. When the Hoosac Tunnel was to be dug, years were wasted in efforts to devise some patent method to blow a hole through the mountain; but when at last they settled down to the idea that they must pound rock, they did it; in the easiest and best way they could, but they did it. For us the method of Scripture is all that is needed.

First, a man; sometimes, better, a woman; frequently, best, both. The individual soul seeking for other souls is effective now as it has always been, as effective in the city as in the country. We were lost at the thought of our 20,000 Bohemians. A graduate of the Bible Readers' School came to us. She went to the public school in the Bohemian district, and asked to see the register; it was placed before her, and she copied all the Bohemian names and numbers. Then she began calling. Doors that would have been shut against us were open to her, because she spoke their language. She called the children by name, and the mothers were delighted. The result is a Sunday school of over two hundred children, as bright as any you ever saw; and how they do love to sing! And men who call themselves infidels are ready to come to church and hear the gospel. A minister has just decided to come, and after a while we will tell you of our Bohemian Congregational Church.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE NEWSPAPER.

THERE is one factor in the progress of society with which we are all familiar. It is powerful and everywhere at work. The newspaper, daily and weekly,—into what home does it fail to come? What life is untouched by its influence? It is therefore plain that the newspaper, as a factor of modern life, has its relation to the transformation of modern life by Christianity, and the question of the Christian's use of the newspaper is one which needs more thoughtful treatment than it usually receives.

A sermon on this subject has recently been preached by Rev. A. H. Plumb, D. D., of Boston, and printed in the *Traveller*, a noteworthy example of an able daily sheet controlled by Christian men and—which is, we fear, not always the same thing—by Christian principles. The closing point of the discourse, that Christians should control the power of the newspaper, was emphatically stated as follows:—

Christians should control the power of the newspaper. They are perfectly able to do it; in time they will do it; they should do it now. Let us proceed to show how they can and ought to do it.

Of course all are familiar with the response often made to the arraignment of the Sunday newspaper as a demoralizing force,—the sneering response, "What are you going to do about it? The Sunday newspaper has come to stay." It has come to stay awhile. London, the finest city in the world, has none, never had one, save as an American for a little time tried in vain to foist one upon it. New York and Boston in turn will have none, Chicago and St. Louis, none. What are we going to do about it,—the Sunday newspaper? Abolish it! "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." What are we going to do about the abuse of power by a venal press? We are going to control it, to reform it, to use it for righteousness. How?

After mentioning, as ways of exercising this desired control, the exercise of independent judgment and fearless criticism, the two following points are added, which we commend to the thoughtful consideration of all our readers:—

Christians should control the power of the newspaper by avoiding all complicity with the abuse of that power. A patriotic citizen who sees the evil the Sunday newspaper is doing should carefully stand clear of all responsibility for aiding that harmful work. He never should admit it on Sunday into his home. He never should purchase it or read it, except occasionally for some special reason. Above all, he never should give it advertising patronage. Let him be careful also about bringing into his family any newspaper at any time that may prove to be a corrupting influence there.

Christians should control the power of the newspaper by giving their patronage as largely as possible and their earnest moral support to papers of the better class. Recognize character in a newspaper as well as in a man, and stand by it.

The newspaper, then, we conclude, is, like fire, a good servant but a bad master. Under wise control it will "well support our age." More and more widely may it reign, but only as vicegerent. The throne of influence belongs alone to a Christian public sentiment, enlightened and assertive. Make that supreme and all will go well with our beloved land.

Christian Endeavor.

"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are Brethren."

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor:	Societies.	Members.
In 1881	2	68
In 1882	7	481
In 1883	56	2,870
In 1884	156	8,905
In 1885	253	10,964
In 1886	850	50,000
In 1887	2,314	140,000
In 1888	4,879	310,000
In 1889	7,672	485,000
In 1890	11,013	660,000
In 1891 (on record July 1) 16,274		1,008,980

HAVE you seen all the helps for "Committees" really "at Work" which the United Society has recently published? Unless you want to be "behind the times," read carefully the advertisements found elsewhere. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Familiar Letter from the President of the United Society.

BOSTON, AUGUST 31, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I have sometimes been tempted to write a disquisition on conscience, the normal and the morbid variety. There is no doubt, I think, that our Christian Endeavor pledge has done much to stimulate the consciences of young Christians, and here is its greatest value. Not only has it led them to think more conscientiously of their duty in confessing Christ, but also of their duty in the matter of private devotion, support of the regular church services, and all questions of doubtful amusements.

Moreover, I have been rejoiced to see what a *healthy* as well as tender conscience has been developed. Christian common sense, "sanctified gumption," as some one has called it, is in the lead, and not a priggish, abnormal, introspective kind of a religious life.

Still, I sometimes find evidence of a slightly unhealthy variety of conscience. I sometimes have questions asking whether the games of authors or croquet or lawn tennis are wrong, or whether it is right for Christian Endeavorers to go on moonlight excursions, or whether a Christian young man should be seen drinking soda water at a public fountain, etc. Some even want to have prohibition of all amusement and entertainment put into the pledge.

Such questions and suggestions seem to me worse than useless. They are a tithing of mint and anise and cummin, and the person who makes them will be fortunate if he does not neglect the weightier matters of the law. The religion of Christ never was meant as a policeman, to stand at the door of every innocent pleasure, much less as a convenient wet blanket to throw over rational recreation. Is a moonlight excursion wrong? Why should it be, if conducted with Christian propriety, as every excursion should be, whether by daylight or moonlight? It is just as much God's moonlight as God's sunlight. Is a game of "authors" sinful? It may be, if played in an un-Christian way or spirit, just as it is wrong to eat your dinner in an un-Christian way.

An Infallible Rule.

But why raise the question when there are so many questions of real evil to face and fight? Above all, why ask the editor of THE GOLDEN RULE, or any one else, such questions, when you have an infallible way of settling them all? Can you not take Christ with you on a moonlight excursion, as well as upon a walk to school? If not, why not? Can you not ask his blessing upon a game of authors as well as upon an arithmetic lesson? If you cannot, then your question is answered, and you will not play the game. If you can, as I think you can, then surely

your question is answered; and you need not ask any editor who knows (to say the least) no more about the matter than you do yourself.

But do not substitute morbidness for tenderness; do not mistake an unhealthy, dyspeptic conscience for one that is easily grieved over sin.

A Remarkable Letter.

Here is a letter, which, though not directly upon the subject I have been treating, is yet allied to it; and it is so remarkable for its self-abnegation and humility, that I want to share it with you.

DEAR SIR:—Don't you think it would be all right for an active member, when she finds out that she is positively hurting her society by remaining a member, to quietly leave the society? I have just found out, though I have thought so for a long time, that I am the one discordant element in our Christian Endeavor; and I love it so much that I would do anything to make it go along all right, even to giving up my membership. The cause of such a condition of affairs is my own perverseness, I suppose, but, anyway, such is the case, and I want to know the right remedy. Which will be the right way to do, stay in, or go out? I want to do that which will be best for our society, and leave myself out of the question. If it will be the best for me to leave, how shall I do it?

I suspect that the author of this letter is not so much the cause of division and lack of harmony as she imagines. How any one could write such a letter, and mean it, and at the same time in any way promote discord I do not see; but it is very plain that if she thinks she ought to leave the society, she is at liberty to do so.

A Plain Case.

The vows of Christian Endeavor are not life-long. They are only binding so long as those who have taken them feel that in the society and through the society they can get and do the most for the Master. When any one feels that he is a hindrance to the society, or that he can do more good elsewhere, he can withdraw by notifying in due form the lookout committee. Let him first talk it over with his pastor, if possible. Let him be sure that he is acting wisely as well as conscientiously. One that shows such a spirit as does my correspondent quoted above, upon retirement from the active list should be made, I think, an honored honorary member.

Your friend,

Francis E. Clark.

Question Box.

Ques. 1. Does a leave of absence last fall hold good for one who is to be away at school again this fall?

2. What can we do to induce our active members to do as they promised, to take part in every prayer meeting? C. H. H.

Ans. 1. No; it should be renewed every time the active member leaves home.

2. Be very careful that all who join as active members know what they are doing. Impress in every way the solemnity of the obligation. Read the pledge at the beginning of every meeting for three months. If everything fails, re-organize the society on the strict pledge basis.

Ques. In view of the fact that July and August are largely devoted to vacation, and church work consequently interfered with, would it not be wise to have the semi-annual election of officers and appointment of committees the first of September, instead of the first of July? F. M. N.

Ans. We see no objection to this plan. It would doubtless require a change in the constitution, which could easily be made.

Ques. Is the response of a Scripture passage at the consecration meeting sufficient for the fulfilment of the pledge? E. S. L.

Ans. The pledge is not broken when only a verse is repeated, but it is much better to have added to the words of Scripture some personal expression of one's experience or desires. The mere recitation of a verse ought not to satisfy those who have been for any length of time connected

with the society. Each should aim and strive to do the most, rather than the least, possible.

WHAT AND WHY?

WHAT is a Christian Endeavor union, — State, Provincial, or local, — and why does it exist? The right answer to these questions is important and not always at hand. Some who approve the work of a society in a local church grow alarmed over these various unions of societies; and, through fear of imaginary perils, fail to accept the real blessings of the movement. It also sometimes happens that a local society fails to understand the scope and worth of a union with the neighboring societies. A recent number of *The Endeavor Herald*, one of our ablest and most welcome exchanges, published in Toronto, contains an article upon this subject from the pen of Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, B. D., pastor of the Galt (Ont.) Presbyterian Church and vice-president of the Ontario Union. It puts certain important points so clearly and truthfully that we give extensive quotations from it. Its positions concerning Provincial unions apply equally to State and local unions:—

1. *What is the Provincial union?* It is a voluntary association of Christian Endeavor societies. A Christian Endeavor society may exist apart from it, and be as true and as effective a Christian Endeavor society as if it were in the union. The union does not make or unmake a Christian Endeavor society. The Provincial union has no authority over the individual societies. It cannot control their action. It is a matter of choice, therefore, with each society as to whether it will belong to the union or not.

2. *What is the ground on which the union is formed?* Every union must have a platform or base, which is accepted by all, and that on which the Christian Endeavor Society is formed is the pledge. That represents what every true Christian Endeavor society holds to, and what all are striving to embody in their action. The same principles are the ground of union for individual members in societies, and for societies in the Provincial union. The union, therefore, is a homogeneous and not a heterogeneous association. Its interests do not conflict with those of the individual societies, but rather are those of the societies themselves. Both seek the same high ends.

The following statement of the objects of such a union seems to us at once a sufficient vindication of such bodies from any suspicion of harmfulness and a conclusive argument to induce every society to avail itself, when possible, of these advantages:

What are the objects of the union? The first is, *conference on matters of common interest*, that may help to quicken the life and broaden the sympathies of the individual societies. In this lies much blessing. How it awakens and enlarges the mind to see the work of the Society in a grander light! What an edge it puts on the thoughts—as iron sharpeneth iron! This conference goes to educate the societies in the character of the work they may do. It trains individual members who represent them to comprehensive views of the possibilities of the Christian Endeavor Society. The second is *mutual acquaintance*. Christian workers ought to know each other. In this age, when change of residence is so frequent and transit so easy, it is well that young Christians, engaged in the great work of the Lord, should see each others' faces and be comforted one of another. This opportunity the union affords by its annual meeting, or by district or local union meetings. The third is *the increase of Christian Endeavor societies*. This is done by giving information through the Christian Endeavor publications, tracts, etc., by sending fit persons to explain and organize, by employing talented men to address large gatherings, and by keeping alive the interest in Christian Endeavor work through the annual convention.

The Provincial union, though exercising no authority over the individual societies and interfering in no way with a society in its relation to its own church and pastor,—each society being subject alone to the authorities in its own church,—is yet a bond of union for all the societies.

WAITING TO BE USED.

In a recent number of *The Methodist Protestant* Rev. J. F. Cowan remarks, concerning the Christian Endeavor Society:—

I urge every minister to study the vital principles of this most wonderful movement. When understood, its simplicity is its power, and it is a power no pastor can afford to slight. I urge our secretaries and general officers to come into the closest contact with this movement they can. They cannot afford to be even novices in reference to it. Already it promises much for foreign missions, and

will do equally for home missions, while it will surely be the most fruitful source of recruiting our ministry and furnishing missionaries for home and foreign fields. But it must have leadership in the church and of the church. The recognized heads of the church must prove themselves competent for such leadership. There is no use disguising or ignoring the fact that new conditions of things and new and mightier agencies for the conquest of the world for Christ are dawning upon us, and we must be ready to grasp the situation or be pushed aside.

It was remarked by one of the speakers at Minneapolis: "The Christian Endeavor Society is not the brains of the church, but its hands." That is, it does not offer counsel as to how church work should be done, but it offers willing laborers who are ready to begin work at whatever the church wants done and in whatever way the church wants it done. These words which we have quoted accord fully with the views and desires of all true Christian Endeavorers. This movement, with its million members, desires leadership "in the church and of the church." It is here to be led, to be used in any line of service which pastors and church officers may devise. Give it work to do, plenty of it, and it will prove its usefulness and loyalty.

POINTERS.

"ONWARD, Christian soldiers!"

The watchword is, "Follow your leader!"

Leading a meeting does not mean carrying it, driving it, or running away with it.

"The Lord helps those who help themselves." Specially true when it comes to deeds of Christian duty.

Long-windedness is all right, of course, in the Christian race, but don't display that special quality in your prayer-meeting remarks.

How about those Sunday evening congregations? Are they filling up well? Are you there every time?

The first meeting of your executive committee after the vacation ought to be fully attended, full of prayer, and full of bright new plans.

The boys and girls are all rested and ready for the new school year. Now is a grand time to start that Junior society among them.

How about your Sunday-school class? Rather broken up during the summer? Has it come together promptly? Where are those missing scholars? Hunt them up at once.

That country schoolhouse,—what is the trouble with it for a prayer-meeting-room? "It is a long way out there." Yes, and it is just as far from there to the church. You can go out just as easily as the families in that district can come in.

The "Missionary Committee Methods" described by Miss Skillman in our issue of Aug. 27 should have been credited to the Tabernacle Congregational Church, of Jersey City, N. J., of which Rev. John L. Scudder is pastor.

The young people in the societies in Baptist churches seem to be responding heartily to the appeal for union along denominational lines without sacrificing their fellowship with fellow-workers in other bodies, in accordance with the principles laid down in the Chicago convention. We are pleased to observe the emphatic utterances of the officials of the national union, and of other leaders in that movement, to the effect that no hostility to Christian Endeavor is thought of. We are sure that this union of comprehension will prosper.

The State convention is coming. Are you going? From all parts of the United States and Canada we are hearing of earnest and painstaking preparations for these

important gatherings. Is your society to be represented in large or small numbers? The answer to that question will have an important bearing upon the success of the winter's campaign. Your devotion to Christ and to your own church will be deepened, and your sense of glorious interdenominational fellowship will be increased. Go! Go in large delegations!

* * *

The Northern Presbyterian gives the following item, which may possibly incite other societies to go and do likewise:—

The society of Simpson M. E. Church, Minneapolis, which has about sixty members, divides itself into two sections, these repairing to points a few blocks away, where open-air meetings are held with large attendance. At the close of the meetings the young people march back to the church for evening service, singing as they go, and are followed by such numbers as to fill the body of the church to its entire capacity.

This is an excellent way of heeding the command of Christ in the parable, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in, that my house may be filled."

Our Committees at Work.

CHURCH RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

WHAT is it, and what can it do? Here is one answer to the question, sent by S. R. Searle, a member of one of the Philadelphia societies:

The "church reception committee" of our society make themselves responsible for welcome given to strangers attending church, prayer meeting, or Sunday-school services. An invitation is given by this committee to repeat the visit and in every way make strangers feel that they have fallen among friends.

Here is another answer to the same question, from Miss D. May Bolton, the corresponding secretary of the Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church, Cleveland, Ohio. In this case one of the regular committees attends to this department of labor.

One of the chief features is the good vestibule work being done by the lookout committee. The cordial way in which they receive all at the door, with a pleasant smile and handshake, is noticed not only by the strangers, but especially by our older church people who have not heretofore been accustomed to this reception. The strangers also in many cases have been won to the Master, or at least have become interested in the church, owing to this warm reception. We believe as did one society at the Convention, in the gospel of a warm hand.

Who is doing this work in your church? Neither the sexton nor the ushers, of course. Their duties are different. Who is holding out the hand of welcome, and saying, "Come again"? No one? Ask your pastor what he thinks about the wisdom of organizing a "church reception committee."

LONG EVENINGS.

THEY are coming. They will be here before you know it. It is high time to plan for them. Do not let the question arise in the minds of the young folks, "What can we do with ourselves now that summer is over, and the long winter evenings are before us?" Satan always has an answer ready; let your society answer that question before it is asked. How? It is a great problem. Prayer meetings are all right, but young people do not want a prayer meeting every night in the week. How about a lecture course? If you are in a large centre where the Y. M. C. A. or some other association has a long-established and successful course, patronize it, and aid it to your utmost extent. But if not; if you are in a small village, with a large, scattered, outlying population; if there is "nothing going on;" if "people don't care anything about lectures," if "young folks never turn out for anything here but minstrel shows and dances,"—why, then the way of duty ought to open before you with noonday clearness. Let your society organize a lecture committee. What? Yes, a lecture committee. "But people don't want lectures." Are you sure? Try it and see.

Talk with your pastor, with some of the business men of the place, with any one who is specially interested in literary matters. Get a few kindred spirits enthusiastic over the matter. Get your plans laid and your preparations ready to make public before any dancing-master hires the village hall for his school. There are always some people ready to take hold of anything that promises to break the monotony of unoccupied winter evenings; enlist the interest of all such by securing their help in a lecture course before other schemes engross them. Plan wisely. Of course you cannot command such lecturers as Stanley; but an attractive course is not therefore an impossibility. Employ local talent when possible. Draw from the adjoining towns. Have a popular concert, a good stereopticon entertainment, a personal description of travels. Sell season tickets by thorough personal canvass, at low rates. Determine that there shall be a lecture course this coming fall and winter in your town, and then plan as carefully as possible. Finally, go ahead.

HOW TO LOOK OUT.

THOSE who listened to Rev. J. Z. Tyler, D. D., of Cincinnati, as he conducted one of the open conferences in the Minneapolis Convention, will especially enjoy the outline of an address delivered by him at a meeting of Indiana Endeavorers belonging to the Christian denomination, held last month at Bethany Park, Ind. In fact, all members of lookout committees will do well to master and practise the ideas brought out by him in the acrostical form which follows:—

LOOK OUT FOR NEW MEMBERS.

(By jotting down in a note-book names as they occur, before they slip the mind.)

OPEN THE WAY FOR THEIR RECEPTION.

(Explain everything to them, and present them to the society.)

OBSERVE THE CONDUCT OF THOSE RECEIVED.

(Take care that they keep the pledge.)

KEEP A PRIVATE RECORD.

(A written record of the activity of the members, with emphasis upon the word "private.")

OVERTAKE THE BACKSLIDERS.

(Keep a watchful eye, to overtake them when only a suspicion of backsliding appears, before they will have passed beyond the reach of the committee.)

UPHOLD THE WEAK.

(Cheerfully encourage and strengthen the timid and diffident.)

TALK TOGETHER FRIENDLY OF YOUR WORK.

(Not only at regular committee meetings, but whenever two or three may happen to meet.)

For The Golden Rule.

A RICH FIELD FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

BY REV. WM. W. SLEEPER.

THE Minneapolis Convention adopted by unanimous vote a recommendation urging every Endeavorer to do everything possible to encourage the formation and development of Junior societies. This recommendation was timely and must not be forgotten. We are laboring to bring souls to Christ. Why not seek at once the souls that have not gone far astray? It is harder to win a prodigal into genuine repentance than to influence a child to come to Christ. Why wait until the child becomes a prodigal before making him the object of Christian Endeavor? The best time to save a man is when he is a little boy. The work is far easier done then and usually with more thoroughness.

The Junior Endeavor Society seeks to enlist the boys and girls in the service of Christ before they are bound hand and foot by the fetters of sinful habit. Its field is the broadest, fairest, richest, and most easily cultivated in the whole world. This field is so near at hand that we are apt to overlook it. The fact that our own children, our younger brothers and sisters and their mates, belong to it should make it all the more attractive.

As an earnest and successful worker among the children has well said, the Junior

Society is the very seed of the whole Christian Endeavor movement, that shall bud, blossom, and bear fruit according to the manner in which it is cared for and in which the children are taught to hold sacred the promise made to the Lord Jesus Christ.

There are to-day about a thousand Junior societies; there is room in our Endeavor movement for many times that number. If all Endeavorers will do what they can for the younger boys and girls, the number of Junior societies will rapidly increase and a multitude of souls will become intensely interested in Christian service.

How Organize?

Hoping that in many places this question is soon to be earnestly asked, we offer the following suggestions:—

1. Send to the United Society, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, for free samples of Junior Endeavor literature. Among them you will find the Model Junior Constitution, Junior Pledge, etc. Particularly helpful and suggestive are President Clark's book entitled "The Children and the Church" (seventy-five cents), and Mrs. James L. Hill's "Meetings for Juniors and How To Conduct Them" (twelve cents).

2. Have the senior society appoint a committee, of which the pastor should be a member, on Junior Endeavor work, and let that committee find the best person in the parish to be superintendent of the new society, who may or may not be a member of the senior society. If the best person is unavailable, take the next best.

3. The members of the committee will pledge and give faithful support to the superintendent. They will help in the singing; they will be the mainspring of the various committees to be chosen; they will enlist the interest of new children and will look up those who drop out, and in many ways will be invaluable to the success of the new enterprise.

4. When plans are perfected, have notices given out in church and Sunday school, inviting all the boys and girls to meet and help form a Junior Endeavor society. Choose the time most convenient for the children. Some Junior societies meet directly after school on Monday or some other afternoon; others meet Sunday afternoon. Evening hours are unsuitable.

5. Open the meeting with singing and prayer, and read to them, article by article, the Model Constitution or the special constitution you have provided for your society, explaining carefully as you go along, and have the children adopt by show of hands each article, and finally the entire constitution. Then let the society choose the officers and committees which the constitution calls for, and the organization is complete. The superintendent may reserve the right to nominate the officers and chairmen of committees, in order to secure the most efficient leaders among the children.

The boys and girls will enter into this plan with immense enthusiasm. Children are very social by nature, and the idea of a society of their own is always attractive.

They will take great pride in their organization, and it is surprising how much the younger boys and girls can do under wise leadership.

Show the child that his work is helpful, and appreciate it, and the work becomes better than play.

For The Golden Rule.

KNOWLEDGE AS WELL AS GRACE.

BY REV. FRANK N. RIALE, PH. D.

THE thought ever uppermost in the mind of Paul, that "God-intoxicated man of Tarsus," was that we should grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. From the very beginning of the spread of the "good news," these have ever been considered the "twin

elements" of Christendom—each efficient, but neither alone sufficient for the bringing in of the faith that makes faithful. Knowledge without grace has ever seemed to the best of earth but labor lost; grace without a heavenly wisdom seemed little better than the most abject foolishness.

The Y. P. S. C. E. is nothing if it is not a most wonderful outpouring of Christ's grace upon the young. A more phenomenal awakening has seldom if ever been seen in the centuries of Christendom. Indeed it seems to have come into the kingdom for such a purpose as this, and is accomplishing the work most marvelously.

The 16,000 little groups of workers scattered all over the world, which include a million or more of the most devoted souls, breathe out a devotion, sincerity, and spiritual beauty far more wonderful than that of the Angelus.

Grand as the work has been and surely will long continue to be, many are feeling that the time has come when the other of the "twin elements" should be more fully recognized,—the intellectual one. They feel that this is a factor that has hitherto, perhaps, been too much overlooked, during the Society's rapid growth in spiritual things.

But to say just what this intellectual work should be is a far more difficult thing than to say that it should be. One thing is certain, however, and that is that it should not assume anything like the prominence that the devotional element does. It must ever aim to supplement and not supplant the spiritual side, that in the end it may intensify it. Knowledge here, as elsewhere in Christian growth, is but the engine of the better life, of which grace is the driving power. Perhaps Lotze's famous formula of the universe will express in a word the real relation these elements must always bear to each other, "Mechanism, though everywhere essential, is everywhere subordinate." So, surely, can it be said that the intellectual, though everywhere essential to the ideal unfolding of the Endeavor work, must be ever kept subordinate to the spiritual baptism from above. It would be daring indeed for any one to say now just what the intellectual awakening should be. Here, as elsewhere in life, experience must lead the way. Few things come to us, like Minerva from Jove, full-grown. The blade, the ear, and then the full corn in the ear, is the universal law.

From past experience and from the very nature of the work, many feel that portions of the Chautauqua course can provisionally be admirably used for the bringing out of the intellectual side of the Endeavor work and that they should be so used. The Chautauqua movement, as is well known, is also a child of the church, having come from it, still living by and for it. With a motto the noblest—"To study the words and works of God"—it ever aims to know more that we may the better live. With such a high ideal, it seems to be almost a perfect complement to the work of the Y. P. S. C. E. Besides, it ever makes its study from a religious point of view, thus often presenting a most valuable contrast to the "clod tendency" too often seen in the intellectual awakening of our young. The words of Canon Farrar express in a sentence the whole purpose for which it lives: "We desire to know not simply that we may know, for that is curiosity; we desire to know not simply that we may be known, for that is vanity; we seek to know not simply that we may sell our knowledge, for that is covetousness; we desire ever to know that we may be edified and edify those about us, for that is heavenly prudence."

The Chautauqua course for the coming year offers special advantages for systematic religious study. The study of our national life is always one to enlist the deepest interest of every thoughtful mind.

To see how God writes history—our history, cannot help making us want to play better our part on life's stage. To see how in the roaring loom of time, as the endless web of events is woven, each strand makes more and more clearly manifest the garments of the living God is one of the most soul-inspiring and heaven-uplifting things we can ever do. "God and our native land" is no unattractive theme. It thrilled Washington as he tried to find how the heavenly Father was working to will and to do of his good pleasure in the bringing forth of a people, the most peculiar in many ways that the world ever saw. Webster believed that not half the beauty of the divine providence had yet been made manifest in this people that heaven delighteth to honor. Lincoln felt even more keenly that the Almighty had great things in store for us, if only, guided by the light of experience, we should continue to do His will; and Garfield said, in the darkest hour of our national existence, that God reigns, and the government at Washington must still stand. Surely we shall catch a nobler and grander spirit of this "land of the free and home of the brave" when we think of it as these did. To take up the study now will, of course, be better than at almost any other time. The whole intellectual atmosphere of popular study and thought, for the next nine months, will be saturated with the theme, on account of the influence of the Chautauqua circles everywhere. American history will "be in the air," and the articles that will appear from time to time during the year will make even the dullest periods take on a new attractiveness and life. We shall see more fully how the "Power that makes for righteousness" has been most wonderfully exhibited in the land in which we live.

It is hoped that many Endeavor societies will feel the value of taking up this work each fortnight for the coming nine months. By adopting the course, they can avail themselves of the best of material that is to be prepared. Such a course of work will give continuity to the intellectual side of their Endeavor efforts, and thus be vastly more beneficial in the end than any course of "Author Nights" and similar work can possibly be. Surely it cannot but help to bring to all who undertake it a deeper love for Him who desires us ever to grow in our understanding of him in all his relation to past life, that we may better find how he is a help in our every-day needs.

Independence, Iowa.

For The Golden Rule.

"FOR THE CHURCH."

BY JESSIE M. SMITH.

THE second part of the Endeavorer's motto reminds him that all his work is to be for the interest and upbuilding of the church. To make this more definite, I wish to point out some of the ways in which we may help the church.

Faithfulness in attendance at all meetings of the church has been often urged; but the exhortation needs to be repeated until it has been put into practice by every Endeavorer. Let us not be satisfied, either, with mere attendance, but let us be ready to help make the meeting a success in every way in which we can. We can invite our friends and greet them when they come so cordially that they will want to come again. How many of the dull meetings, too, might be wonderfully brightened if only the young Christians, with their zeal and enthusiasm, would add their voices in testimony for their Saviour! Is there not a field of work here for the prayer-meeting committee? They might see that each evening several of the Christian Endeavor members came prepared to take some part in the meeting. Of course we all feel timid about this at first. It is a harder thing than to speak for Christ in the Endeavor meeting before our young friends; but one of the main

things that the young people's prayer meeting is for is to train us for just this thing, so that, being accustomed to the sound of our own voices there, we may not be so afraid to use our voices in the church prayer meeting.

Another thing that we want to remember is that there is a step in Christian Endeavor beyond active membership in the society, and that step is membership in the church. Are we ever contented to stop working for our friends when they become active members of the society? We should not rest there. Our work is not done until they are led not only to Christ, but into his church. Those active members who are not church members should have every possible influence thrown around them to prepare them for this step, and should be urged to take it as soon as they seem ready for it; and in no case are we to stop working for an active member until he is also a church member. The society is simply to be a stepping-stone to the church. In future years, also, where would our active members of to-day find Christian fellowship? For before many years they will think it best to withdraw from the Endeavor society, and leave the work to younger people. Let us, then, urge again and again upon all our members the duty and privilege of church membership.

Then let us make ourselves a power in the social life of the church. We want our churches to be such bright, cheery places that all who come will feel that it has been good to meet with us, and will be anxious to come again. Do we young people realize how much we can do to brighten the social atmosphere of the church? The older Christians can catch something of the youthful zeal; life will seem brighter to the sad and weary from seeing the happy faces, and hearing the cheery greetings, and receiving the cordial handclaps, of the young. So let us mingle with the older members of the church whenever we can, and show them by our actions that because of our society we care more for the church than ever, and are doing all that we can for it; and besides this, are reaching the young people and bringing them into the church, trained for work there. Here I want to give another oft-repeated piece of advice, and that is

Be Loyal to Your Pastor,

so that he may feel that in each member of the society he has a friend who is in cordial sympathy with his work, and that he may depend on us for all that it is in our power to do. Show him that you appreciate him by being at the church services and listening attentively to his sermons. You may be sure that he will preach the better for seeing an appreciative audience of young people. If he asks you to take some part in the prayer meeting, or to call on some member of the congregation, or to talk with some friends, do it cheerfully, so that he will not be afraid to ask you again. Make him feel that you are glad of an opportunity to help him in his work.

Another way in which we can work for our church is by teaching the young people the work that our missionaries are doing all over the world. If these missionary causes are to be supported in the future, it must be by the young people of to-day. As we, then, have them in our societies, shall we not educate them along these lines? Perhaps very few of them can give much now; but if they know of the work and how much good is being done, they will be ready and anxious to help it along when they can. And can there be any better way of strengthening the loyalty and love of the young people for the church than by telling them of the grand work it is doing? Let us have our young people learn of what is being done by the different missionary organizations of the church to which they belong.

But the Christian Endeavor Society has a duty toward the church of the future, as

well as toward the church of to-day. We are to train the young people in our societies in the various lines of Christian work, so that as the duties of the church fall more and more upon our shoulders, we may be ready for them. Let us see, then, that our members are faithful to their pledge, developing their Christian lives by Bible reading and prayer, that by taking part in our prayer meetings they learn to testify for Christ, and that they learn to speak to their friends of their spiritual life; that on the prayer-meeting committee they learn to plan for a helpful, inspiring prayer meeting; that on the social committee they bring their social gifts into Christ's service; and that on all the other committees they are trained in some line of Christian work. If we do this work faithfully, will not the church of the future be the stronger for it? and will it not say of the Christian Endeavor Society, "It is indeed 'for Christ and the church'?"

New Richmond, Wis.

For The Golden Rule.

THE MAINE STATE CONVENTION.

BY M. A. M.

BIDDEFORD and Saco entertained the Maine State Union, Aug. 26 and 27, and did it right royally. Delegates began to arrive on the afternoon of Tuesday, Aug. 25. That evening there was a union praise service held in the Free Baptist Church of Saco, and the house was filled with young people; some, it is true, were gray-haired, but their hearts were young, as their words and presence showed. The new hymn-book, the Christian Endeavor edition of "Gospel Hymns No. 6," was used, and many new pieces were tried under the successful leadership of Rev. Frank M. Lamb, who also sung two or three solos.

The meeting was a fit preparation for the convention proper, which opened the next morning at ten o'clock in the First Parish (Congregational) Church, Saco. The church was beautifully and richly decorated with flowers and plants. A large "C. E." monogram in gold on a crimson circular back-

ground, with a Greek cross below it, was prominent just back of the pulpit, and over it, arched in letters of green, "For Christ and the Church." On the front of the galleries were also mottoes,—"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." The State and county banners also added to the decorations about the pulpit platform. The invocation meeting was led by the pastor of the church, Rev. J. B. Carruthers, and the music by Rev. Mr. Lamb. Most cordial addresses of welcome were given by Rev. G. D. B. Pepper, D. D., of Saco, and Rev. Wm. Rader, of Biddeford, and were responded to by Mr. V. Richard Foss, of Portland, president of the State union.

The reports of the State and district secretaries showed a steady gain in numbers and interest throughout the State. The convention sermon, by Rev. Dr. Beckley, of Philadelphia, was a strong plea for our privilege, as well as our duty, to be not the victims, but the victors, of circumstances.

The afternoon addresses were intensely interesting. Rev. A. F. Dunnells, of Bath, spoke on "Motive," and Rev. G. D. Lindsay, of Bangor, on "Work." A solo by Mr. Lamb, "Surely, I come quickly," preceded the thrilling "Prophecy" by Rev. Leroy S. Bean, of South Windham, describing the great share that Christian Endeavor is to have in bringing about the domination of the Messiah's kingdom throughout the world. Rev. L. C. Barnes, of Newton Centre, Mass., gave such an appeal for missions as is seldom heard. A letter from our beloved President Clark was read by Brother Foss, also a telegram from the president of the Massachusetts State Union, with greetings to the Pine Tree State.

Floor, galleries, and aisles were filled when the evening session opened with a service of song, followed by a paper on "Music," by F. W. Davis, of Bangor, who pleaded earnestly for consecrated singing by all. After a hymn by a male quartette, greetings were received in five-minutes' addresses from Mr. L. G. March, secretary of the State association, for the Sunday school; Secretary T. E. McDonald, for the Y. M. C. A., and Miss Robinson, of Bangor, for the King's Daughters. The address of the evening was on "Bible Study," by Rev. A. E. Winship, of Boston, who held the close attention of the large audience while he showed the great



A GOOD SUGGESTION.

ECONOMY, as wise folks say,
Is wealth pronounced another way,
So while "hard times" the people cry,
The Toilet Soaps they should not buy.
Let all who buy such Soaps take care
To weigh the cake exact and fair,
And find they pay in figures round
A dollar, more or less per pound.

What course should people then pursue?
In short, the only thing to do,
Though rich in bonds, or worldly poor,
The "IVORY SOAP" they should procure,
Which may be bought from coast to coast.
At sixteen cents per pound at most,
And does more satisfaction grant
Than all the Toilet Soaps extant.

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OF ASBURY THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

need and benefit of conscientious Bible study, that we may be duty-doers, which is the hidden meaning of Endeavorers. The evening closed with "Rock of Ages," and the song was carried out into the night.

Some three hundred delegates gathered for that precious early prayer meeting without which no Christian Endeavor convention would now seem complete. It was good to be there.

At nine came the business session. The report of the nominating committee showed the following list of officers, who were duly elected: president, V. Richard Foss, Portland; vice-presidents: J. R. Townsend, Augusta; H. W. Rowe, Bangor; and H. W. Knight, Saco; secretary, J. W. Stevenson, Portland; assistant secretaries: C. E. Leach, Portland; and M. Alice Metcalf, Portland; treasurer, B. H. Winslow, Saco.

After the business Rev. W. C. Robinson, of Portland, gave an excellent address on "Sabbath Observance;" and Rev. A. T. Dunn, of Waterville, spoke on "Maine for Christ." Three papers each on the lookout, the prayer-meeting, and the social committees were read by nine of our earnest young people. The Junior societies had a noble advocate in Rev. W. W. Sleeper, of Stoneham, Mass., who closed the morning session.

The afternoon session opened with a devotional service led by Horace E. Day, of Auburn. Delegates had continued to come, in spite of the rain, so that more than six hundred were in attendance. Delegates were present from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Nebraska, South Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota, North Carolina, and Canada. Mr. Greig of Montreal gave cordial greetings from our cousins just across the line. Dr. W. S. Thompson, of Hallowell, gave many valuable points on the subject of temperance, from the medical and scientific point of view.

"Christian Endeavor and Citizenship" was ably presented by ex-president of the State Union, Rev. J. M. Frost; and President Small, of Colby University, showed the relation between religion and education. Secretary Baer opened the question box, and gave much help by his good answers.

An excursion had been planned to Old Orchard, but was given up on account of the rain; and, instead, a reception was held in the City Hall, and was a most enjoyable occasion in every respect.

Every seat in the house was filled as the evening session opened. Mr. Lamb told the story of "I am going to a city," and sung the hymn. General Secretary J. W. Baer then gave a stirring address, a mosaic, he called it, because of the many points he wished to emphasize. Then followed the farewell meeting, in which over fifty took "some part aside from singing," and in about twenty minutes. The active members' pledge was repeated in concert by all, standing; and "God be with you" was sung, closing with the Christian Endeavor benediction. President Foss gave a motto for the coming year that which had seemed to be the keynote of the convention,—"Maine for Christ."

NEWS ITEMS.

CALIFORNIA.

The Santa Cruz Endeavorers enjoyed the privilege of hearing from Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D., of Oakland, a vivid description of the Minneapolis Convention. His enthusiasm inspired his hearers with a new determination to do faithful work "for Christ and the church."

COLORADO.

The Capitol Avenue Presbyterian Society of Denver has provided each pew in the church with pencils and cards to be filled out by strangers, so that the pastor and others may know where to call upon them.

The society in the People's Tabernacle, at Denver, started last May with twelve members, and has taken up the support of the Olive Branch Mission of the Tabernacle. The twenty-seven members now connected with the society lately held a very pleasant social, with a lunch and literary and musical entertainment, as a means of forming a closer acquaintance with other young people attending the church. The pastor, Rev. Thomas A. Uzzell, has just returned from London.

NEBRASKA.

The First Congregational Society of Beatrice recently took charge of the Sunday evening church meeting, and the delegate to Minneapolis gave a part of her report, which was received with much interest.

ARKANSAS.

The enthusiasm carried home by the delegates to Minneapolis has given new life to the societies already existing in Arkansas, and has led to the organization of societies even in country places where no religious

services had been held. On Aug. 23, two young men from the Congregational Society at Rogers went to a country place about seven miles distant and talked to the young people about Christian Endeavor. As a result, a society was organized with seven active and twenty-five associate members, and fifteen conversions have followed. Never have the prospects in the State seemed more encouraging for the advance of Christian Endeavor work.

IOWA.

Two active Endeavorers, Rev. E. B. Haskell, of Oberlin, O., and Miss Martha H. Miller, of Cedar Falls, Io., were married at Cedar Falls, Aug. 25, and start for Bulgaria soon as missionaries of the American Board.

ILLINOIS.

Mr. F. E. Bowman, of Bloomington, has been chosen to fill the office of secretary and treasurer of the State union until the State convention at Peoria in November, and all correspondence may be addressed to him.

The society in the Presbyterian Church at Fulton is in a flourishing condition. The society sent its pastor as a delegate to the Minneapolis Convention, and was more than repaid by his excellent report. All the committees are earnestly at work, and four young ladies of the social committee act as ushers at the church services. A Junior society was recently organized, and, although the membership is small, the quality is exceptionally good.

The society in the West Side Church of Christ in Chicago has been enabled to do much service for the church during the four years of its existence. The church has lacked means to erect a new building, but will soon commence work on one. The society contributed \$400 towards it, and hopes to give a fine pipe-organ. The missionary committee has raised, this year, over \$100 for foreign missions, not by entertainments, but by pledges of a cent a day. The Sunday-school committee has been very efficient in securing teachers and in other ways. For nearly two years the society has published *The Endeavor*, a paper of twelve pages, which has been gratuitously distributed in more than two thousand homes, and has been of great assistance.

MICHIGAN.

The seventh quarterly conference of the Bay County Union was held, Aug. 18, in the First Baptist Church in Bay City. The union has extended its limits so as to include three counties adjacent to Bay County, and proposes to push the work vigorously until all are actively engaged. The union includes twelve societies, one being a Junior society, and has a membership of 450, the associate members numbering 123.

KENTUCKY.

From the First English Lutheran Society of Louisville, Mr. William Rilling, one of the most active members, has gone to Springfield, O., to study for the ministry, followed by the hearty Godspeed of the society.

The Broadway Methodist Society of Louisville has sustained the work during the summer with a good degree of interest, and, with additions to its membership, has a bright and hopeful outlook for the autumn and winter.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Miss Emma W. Cunningham, the secretary of the Presbyterian Society at Huntingdon, sailed on Aug. 22 as a missionary to Ning-po, China.

NEW JERSEY.

The Bridgeton Union, which has a membership of more than 900, held a very pleasant picnic, Aug. 27, closing with a fine boat-racing carnival.

NEW YORK.

A large and enthusiastic quarterly meeting of the Buffalo Assembly is expected for Sept. 15 in the Bethany Presbyterian Church. An address will be given by Rev. William Burnett Wright, of the La Fayette Street Presbyterian Church.

In spite of a storm on the evening of Aug. 27, the eleven societies of the Palisades Union were well represented at their second anniversary meeting, which was held in the Presbyterian Church at Nyack. An admirable address was given by Rev. Willard B. Thorp, the assistant pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York. His topic was "The Y. P. S. C. E. and the Working Church." He also conducted the closing consecration meeting.

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NOTICES.

- Sept. 11.—Meriden, Conn., Union Meeting, in the Cheshire Congregational Church.
Sept. 15.—Buffalo Assembly Quarterly Meeting in the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y. 7.45 P. M.
Sept. 18.—Kansas City, Kan., Union Meeting, at the Argentine Congregational Church.
Sept. 24.—Montreal Union Quarterly Meeting. 8 P. M.
Sept. 24.—Maryland State Union Open Air Assembly and Reunion, at Penmar Park, Maryland.
Sept. 24, 25.—Memphis District Convention, in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Huntingdon, Tenn.
Sept. 29, 30.—New Hampshire State Convention, at Manchester, N. H.
Sept. 30.—Housatonic Union Eleventh Meeting, at Washington, Conn.
Oct. 5, 6.—Connecticut State Convention, at New Britain, Conn.
Oct. 6-8.—Pennsylvania State Convention, at Williamsport, Penn.
Oct. 20, 21.—New York State Convention, at Utica, N. Y.
Oct. 21-23.—Ontario Provincial Convention, at Peterborough, Ont.
Oct. 23-25.—New Jersey State Convention in First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.
Oct. 23-25.—Wisconsin State Convention, at Eau Claire, Wis.
Oct. 23-25.—Missouri State Convention, at Springfield, Mo.
Oct. 27-29.—Iowa State Convention, at Burlington, Io.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—South Dakota State Convention at Mitchell, So. Dak.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Minnesota State Convention at Mankato, Minn.
Nov. 5-8.—Illinois State Convention at Peoria, Ill.
Nov. 13-15.—Indiana State Convention, at Kokomo, Ind.
Nov. 17, 18.—Massachusetts State Convention, at Springfield, Mass.



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First, \$10.00, Rev. W. C. Holt, New Carlisle, O.
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Third, 5.00, Rev. H. P. Wright, Donaldsonville, La.
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HAVE you seen that four-page leaflet published by the United Society about "The Christian Life?" Just the thing to use among associate members who are thinking about active membership. Only fifty cents for one hundred copies.

Christian Endeavor.

JUNIOR SOCIETIES.

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING SEPT. 27.

SOWING THE SEED.

Eccl. 11: 6, Isa. 32: 20; John 4: 36.

BY MRS. ALICE MAY SCUDDER.

VERSES to be marked in the Bibles, and learned each day by the children:—

Sunday.—Ps. 126: 6.
Monday.—Eccl. 11: 6.
Tuesday.—Is. 32: 20 (first clause).
Wednesday.—2 Cor. 9: 6.
Thursday.—Sol. 6: 7.
Friday.—Gal. 6: 9.
Saturday.—1 Pet. 1: 23.

Outline Talk.

Hold different varieties of seeds in your hand and ask the children what seeds are made for. Explain that though they may differ in size, in color, and kind, yet they are all made for one purpose, that of reproducing themselves.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Religious truths are the seeds we are to scatter, and they may be carried to all parts of the globe. Drop that black seed on a river's current and try to imagine where it will finally lodge and grow. You cannot, neither can you tell where that feathery little dandelion seed may spring up. Even so we know not where all the seeds of truth may be carried. They may stop near by, or they may be carried thousands of miles away. Gospel truths, like some seeds, are capable of great vitality. Hundreds of years after seeds have been put away from sight they have brought forth life, even so a religious truth will retain its life and will grow whenever the conditions are favorable.

IT IS ENCOURAGING TO SOW.

Probably the reason seeds are produced in such quantities is because some will fail to germinate. Therefore we should sow lavishly, early and late. A great many people had to sow their flower beds twice this summer, because the hot weather dried up the first seeds sown. Remember, then, that some of the religious seeds will fail to sprout, hence we must sow abundantly if we expect a harvest.

TWO WAYS OF SOWING SEED.

Hand sowing represents the work we do ourselves,—the efforts we make to place the truths about Jesus into the hearts of other boys and girls. Machine sowing stands for work that others do for us,—the money we give to charities or mission work, the part we contribute to the minister's salary, thus enabling him to scatter religious truth over more surface than we can.

SOW CAREFULLY.

Sow pure seeds. Cast nothing into the hearts of men but the holy teachings of Jesus. Deut. 22: 9. Mixed seeds will bring an unsatisfactory harvest.

"We can never be too careful
What the seeds our hands shall sow;
Truth from truth is sure to ripen
Doubt from doubt is sure to grow."

The Junior Scrap Bag.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—I am a member of the Little Pilgrim Junior Society in the primary room of the A. M. A. colored school. We hold our meetings Wednesday mornings, from 9 till 9:30. Our superintendent and president is Miss Inez B. Packard, the teacher.

We have had about one hundred members, and have eighty-one names on the roll now. We have good meetings; we learn verses, sing, have prayers, and usually diagrams on the blackboard. Only two of the present members are over twelve years old, and nearly all are under ten. The youngest is barely four. I am ten years old.

Part of the members are Congregationalists, part are Methodists, and part are Baptists. I am a member of a Baptist church, and in our church we are having a revival, and many are coming to Christ. I wish more would come. Your little friend,
Meriden, Miss. VIRGINIA S. PAYNE.

Dear Virginia, what a nice meeting you have; very much like the great meeting at Minneapolis, where there were Methodists and Congregationalists and Baptists, and many others besides. I hope you may have many who will give their hearts to Christ.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—I want to tell you of the Junior Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian Church of Peabody, Kan. I think it is a very nice society. Our society meets on Thursday afternoons at four o'clock. We open our meetings by

singing two hymns, after which two or three members lead in prayer; then we repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert. Then we sing again; after which we each repeat a passage from the Bible. Then the roll is called, then we have our lesson, which is about some certain subject from the Bible. After our lesson our leader gives us a motto for the following week, and a story to illustrate it, and then we sing another hymn, and close by saying the Christian Endeavor verse, which is "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

We have fifty-two members. Our leader is Miss Hawley, and Miss Nelson assists her. At the beginning of our society we learned the Commandments, the books of the Bible, and thirteen of us learned the "Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly," for which we received a beautiful Oxford Bible. We also learned many other things. We take up our collection the first Thursday in the month. The money which we get is used for missionary purposes. About two months ago the Christian Endeavor society of the Christian Church of this city, and the one of our church held a very pleasant anniversary.

Your little friend,
Peabody, Kan. FANNIE C. SLOCUMBE.

Dear Fannie, you must feel very happy to own an Oxford Bible. Do not put it away to keep it from being soiled, but use it carefully every day. Underline your favorite verses in red ink very carefully and neatly, with light lines, or if you prefer, one of your parents can do it for you. I hope your society marks the verses given in THE GOLDEN RULE for that purpose. You will learn more Scripture, and it will be better remembered, if underlined with red ink. Your society is well organized and managed.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—Having heard of your interest in the Junior societies, I thought I would write to you about our society of the Lake View Congregational Church. We meet every Monday afternoon at four o'clock. Our meeting lasts about three-quarters of an hour. We sing, have prayer, and read verses out of the Bible. Our subject for to-day is Promise.

We were organized about a week ago, and have ten members, but we hope to have more soon. Lake View is situated near Lake Quinsigamond, which is a very beautiful lake.

Mr. Perry, who is our pastor and a member of the senior society, assists us.

I hope there will be a great many more Junior Christian Endeavor societies all over the United States. Yours respectfully,
Lake View, Mass. B. A. H.

I know where your church is, for I used to live near your beautiful Lake Quinsigamond, myself. Your pastor is so enthusiastic that I am sure you will have a fine Junior society. There is need for you to let your Christian light shine for there are many wicked resorts along the lake, and it needs many Christians to overcome the evil. Try to fight sin from your earliest youth.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—I am a member of the Junior society of the Second Baptist Church, and wrote you a letter about eight months ago, and we've watched THE GOLDEN RULE, but our letter has not been in it, and I thought you did not receive it, so our leader Miss Clausen told me to write again.

We have a great many members. We had an attendance of seventy-two one day. We hold our meetings every Tuesday afternoon at half-past three o'clock. We are going to celebrate our first anniversary in September, when we hope to have you write us.

My brother takes THE GOLDEN RULE, so I am going to watch for my letter. We have Christian Endeavor pins for punctuality.

My two brothers and I have a silver pin, and we expect to get a gold one in September at our anniversary.

Your Christian Endeavor friend,
Hoboken, N. J. ALLIE NILSON.

Dear Allie, I am sorry you waited so long for a reply. Your letter was not dated and perhaps that caused the delay. I have answered them as rapidly as I could, but you see I have had nearly one hundred and fifty, and of course somebody must wait. I shall hope to see all our Hoboken Juniors at our "rally" this fall, but perhaps I shall see you before that, as you are near neighbors.

Dear Mrs. Scudder: We have twenty-four members in our society. Our pastor leads our meetings, which are very interesting. We have a subject at each meeting, and we learn verses to recite. We have lately organized.

We are now learning a hymn taken from THE GOLDEN RULE which was written by Dr. Cryer. We enjoy the meetings, and try to learn more at each meeting of the society. Yours respectfully, ROBERT COGSWELL, Sec. Chamberlain, So. Dak.

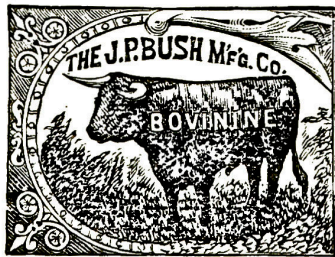
Dear Robert, that was a very good hymn to learn. We cannot memorize too many religious hymns. We should select those that will be the most helpful, for they may aid us greatly sometime when we are tempted. I am sure you appreciate your pastor's kindness in teaching you. Try to aid him in every way. Perhaps your pastor's aid committee can help him file papers or paste scrapbooks, or in some way make up the time to him that he gives you. Be sure to ask him if you can be of service to him.
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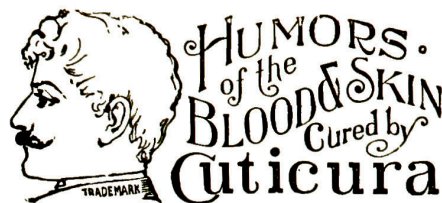
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In Doors and Out.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

QUEERNESS.

It's queer, when the world seems steady,
It really is whirling so;
It's queer that the plants get larger
When no one can see them grow.
It's queer that the fountain's water
Leaps high in the sunshine bright,
And queer that the moon can never
Fall out of the sky at night.

It's queer that one clover blossom
Is white and another red,
When the same black earth surrounds them,
The same rain waters their bed.
It's queer that of all these wonders
We take so little heed;
And that as for feeling thankful,
We seldom see the need.

We scold if the weather's chilly,
And fret in the hot sunlight,
Don't like to get up in the morning,
Hang back from the bed at night.
Yet, queerest of all the queerness
Are surely those girls and boys,
Who live in a world of beauty,
And rather see woes than joys.

—Treasure-Trove.

JOHNNY AND THE DOORSTEP.

"HUM," sighed Johnny to himself, as he settled down on the old stone doorstep and whipped out his blunt-edged Barlow for a whetting; "I s'pose you were n't made for a whetter, old stone, but you've got to give my blade a rub, and I'll see if you've got good grit, anyway."

"Good grit, ha-ha! I should think so," scraped and screamed the old stone under Johnny's vigorous rubbing. "I guess I can give you a rub, Johnny Adams; I've worn out two generations before you, and I expect to wear your father out and then sharpen knives for your children after you."

Johnny stopped rubbing in surprise and stared at the old hollowed stone, speechless.

"You wear them out?" he gasped at length. "I thought such things as you were made to be worn out, but I did n't know they ever wore anything out; boys do."

"But that's just where you're mistaken, Johnny Adams; I'm a little worn, it's true, but that's nothing to the people I've worn out. But what do you mean by grit, Johnny Adams?"

"Why, I mean the stuff that wears things out, of course," said Johnny.

"Well, that's just where you're mistaken; it's the stuff that keeps other things from wearing you out. Where do you suppose I'd been if I had n't had plenty of that kind of grit?"

Johnny was silent in amazement at what he thought he heard, and the doorstep went on:—

"People have been kicking at me and grinding me down and tramping over me for a hundred years, and they are all gone, or will be before I am. It's taken a good deal of grit to stand all that and not wear out myself. You see real grit is something to endure with and not to strike back with, Johnny Adams, and the more you have of it the more you can take and not be hurt; and it's the boot-heels that get the worst of it, and not the steps, you see. You can better afford to be kicked than to kick back. That's good Scripture, is n't it?"

"I don't think it is very," said Johnny, with just a touch of scorn in his tone; "leastwise, I never heard of any one in the Bible doing that." And he felt half glad in his heart that he had not, for he was thinking about how he had intended getting square with Bob Ellis for breaking his bat the other day.

"Ta-ta!" said the doorstep. "Maybe it was n't kicking, exactly; but you have n't forgotten about the One who, when he was struck, never struck back; and yet those who smote him were struck harder in the end than he who was struck? That's what I mean by grit, Johnny Adams; and now you've sharpened your knife on me,

and learned the only lesson the old doorstep has for you, run away and see that you use it."

And Johnny got up with a sigh; and he doesn't know to this day whether he was half-asleep and only dreamed something, or whether the doorstep was really talking. Anyway, his knife-blade was sharpened all on one side, and he had made up his mind not to whip Bob Ellis, or get so mad about little things, and see if the doorstep's idea about grit was right. What do you think? — Rev. J. F. Cowan, in *The S. S. Times*.

HOW GIANT DAN REASONED.

DAN is only a puppy, ten months old. Yet when he stands on his hind feet, his fore feet will easily lie upon his master's shoulders. He is a giant dog, but just as full of frolic as any little dog. His antics are so clumsy that his mistress dares not have him get excited in the kitchen, for fear that he will upset the oil-stove or sweep the dishes all off the kitchen table with his great flapping tail. He has gnawed the toes of his master's slippers to rags, playing with his feet in the morning when he comes down.

Dan is as obedient as a boy, — more so than some boys. He has been taught not to go beyond the dining-room door, and there at the breakfast and dinner hour he will sit, looking longingly in with eager eyes and big, drooping ears. Not even the most tempting tid-bit can induce him to disobey and step over the threshold. When told to beg for his breakfast, he will lift up his deep, gruff voice in a grumbling, rumbling roar till the silver and glass on the sideboard seem to echo and we clap our hands over our ears.

Dan is quite a reasoner, too.

There is another pet in the family, a big mottled-gray cat, Tom by name. He is much older than the puppy and highly resented his coming. Many a box on the head has poor Dan received from his savage claws.

One day, not long ago, Dan was in the deep enjoyment of gnawing a fine, savory bone in the kitchen. By some mischance it flew under the chair where Tom was sitting, making his morning toilet. Dan was greatly distressed at his loss, and from all sides tried to recover the bone, but Tom met him with savage growls and spits at every turn.

It was of no use, and Dan sat down a little distance off and seemed to try to think out some way of rescue. At last he hit upon a plan, and with a great whirl and roar he raced around into the back hall, seeming to shout to Tom, —

"Here's an enemy! Take care of yourself!" for Tom was awfully afraid of strange men.

Completely taken in, Tom flew out of the chair in terror and hid himself on the stairs, where he could peer down slyly through the banisters. But Dan, cunning Dan, no sooner saw Tom disappear up the stairway than he scurried back. Seizing his precious bone, he raced out under the pear-trees to gnaw it in safety.—*Our Little Ones*.

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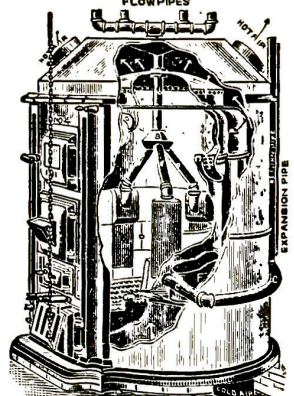
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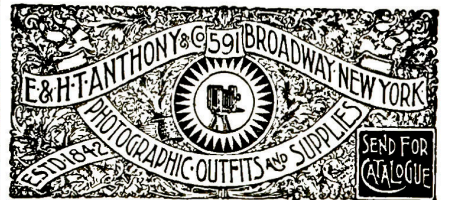
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OHIO.—Fowler's Mill.
SOUTH CAROLINA.—Wellford, Bower's Chapel Presbyterian.
KENTUCKY.—Burgin, Christian.
INDIANA.—Brownston, Presbyterian; Indianapolis, Second Baptist.
ILLINOIS.—Mount Hebron.
IOWA.—Dubuque, Immanuel Congregational; Northwood, Baptist; Volga, Presbyterian.
KANSAS.—Chanute, Presbyterian Junior; Topeka, Liberty Mission United Presbyterian.
NEBRASKA.—Cairo, Madison, Presbyterian; Winnebago Agency.
WASHINGTON.—West Ferndale, Congregational.
OREGON.—Annville, Christian; Coburg, Christian; Elmira, Christian; Hadleyville, Christian.
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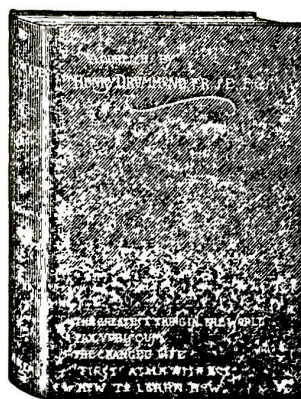
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TWO WEEKS IN A CANOE.

BY THE EDITOR.

DID you ever float lazily on the glassy waters of an inland lake, dear reader, rocked in that easiest of all cradles, a canvas canoe? Did you ever paddle for dear life for a lee shore against a head wind and huge waves that threaten to engulf you? Did you ever steer your frail bark into the very vortex and maelstrom of boiling rapids, and feel the exciting thrill of shaving by a hair's breadth a great bowlder that comes almost to the surface, only to go flying on the crest of the "high b'ilers" in a mad race for the smooth water below the "rips"? No? Then you have a fresh experience awaiting you, an experience full of any number of "thrills" for the jaded mind and the wearied body.

I am returning, on a prosaic express train, from just such a delightful fortnight's holiday in a canoe, and I feel moved to take the readers of THE GOLDEN RULE with me in imagination over the trackless watery path that we have just traversed. There is room for us all in our imaginary craft. Three hundred thousand of us will not sink her below the water line. Here we are, let us suppose, at that paradise of canoeists, Moosehead Lake. Our guides, Sike and Bill, the best canoeists in all the region, are waiting for us at the Mt. Kineo House with two brand-new canoes, whose sides and bottoms are as smooth as repeated coats of paint can make them. Our party consists of — well, we will call them the president, the pastor, and the editor; and all we need to say is, they are as congenial a company as ever slept under the same tent.

We will not stop for even a peep at the fashionable frivolity of the great hotel; for the trout and the caribou, the moose and the red deer, with their antlers lifted, and their white plumes erect, are beckoning us into the wilderness. Here is our camp kit all ready:—an A tent

for ourselves and another for the guides, a spider and a gridiron, a potato-kettle and a tin oven, and sundry buckets full of an assortment varied enough, if not ample enough, to set up a first-class grocery store. Our trout rod is in the bow, with a good assortment of Montreals and Parmachene Belles, "silver doctors," "professors," and brown hackles in our pockets.

Our seat is well forward in the canoe; the camp kit is in the middle, and our guide sits in the stern, where he can steer within a half-inch of destruction and miss it every time. He takes one paddle himself, and hands us another, which is a gentle intimation that we are to work our passage. This we very gladly essay to do, for paddling seems as easy as rolling off a log. (We are in the backwoods now, and such colloquial phrases, even though they are more expressive than elegant, seem natural.)

But what is this "crick" in our left shoulder and this ache in the muscle of our forearm? Paddling is not such easy work for a novice, after all, we conclude; and long before we come to the Northeast Carry we make up our minds that walking, as a mere means of relaxation, is far ahead of paddling. Here we leave the great Moosehead Lake, and three miles of a good carry bring us to the northeast branch of the Penobscot, a stream which even here, so near its source, gives promise of the mighty river it is to become. It is an ideal stream for a canoe. Sometimes it glides along, dark and deep and silent for miles, with an almost imperceptible current, and then it will dash madly down an incline as steep as the roof of a house, where the water boils and surges and gurgles and eddies, just as Southey declared it came down at Lodore; and your guide needs to keep all his wits about him, and to have his "setting-pole" within easy reach at the same time.

What glorious fun this is! Your blood leaps within your veins as the water leaps down the channel. After a little you come to have perfect confidence in your guide, and can abandon yourself to the pleasant intoxication of this poetry of motion, from which you awake to no evil effects of rum-soaked delirium.

"How is it, Sike?" cries Bill, the guide in the last canoe.

"High b'ilin'," answers Sike, who is standing up in the forward canoe, choosing a passage with his keen eye. "High b'ilin'; plenty of water running feather-white under the right bank."

"Right bank it is, then," shouts Bill; "give her a turn ahead." And on we go, spinning along like a shingle down a mill-race, and, before we know it, the canoe has glided safely out into the "dead water" below the rapids.

Now our guide paddles as stealthily as a moccasoned Indian treads. Not a splash, not a drop falls from a lifted paddle, not a creak from an unwary setting-pole is allowed, for we are approaching a deer meadow, and he thinks that there may be an antlered beauty for us to see browsing just beyond the alders that line the stream. He raises himself slowly and noiselessly from the seat, and peers over the bushes, but nothing is visible. However, there are "tracks" in the mud, and we will paddle up into that little lagoon (in guide vernacular, "logan") and wait. How still it is! The rippling rapids are but the echo of a song in the distance. A buzzing darning-needle makes an intrusive and impertinent whirring. A red squirrel chatters at us from that dead pine, as though he angrily resented our intrusion. Perhaps a crested kingfisher startles us with a sudden plunge, as he darts into the stream for an unwary trout. But all these noises are intermittent, and otherwise there is not a sound. We realize as never before what Cowper's "boundless contiguity of shade" means. The traditional falling pin would seem to make a racket should it drop just now. But hark! What is that sound of crunching through the bushes? We wait in breathless expectancy, and soon a great creature as big as a large horse pushes its way through the trees to the lagoon. And then another,

almost as large, and still another follows, only a hundred feet away. "Great Scott!" whispers the guide under his breath, "a cow moose and two yearlings!"

We forgive the gentle expletive, for even in these wilds of Maine such a sight is rare. Our hands instinctively clutch the rifle; but no, it is "close time" and against the law to shoot moose, and we will not rob the mother of her calves or the yearlings of their mother.

They do not see us at first, and approach still nearer, browsing for lily-pads. But soon they raise their heads and see us, and which party, the one in the canoe or the one among the lily-pads, is the more surprised it is hard to tell.

The moose evidently have never seen a man before, and cannot quite make us out. We might shoot them a dozen times over, but by and by they seem to conclude that the better part of valor is discretion, and move off into the woods again.

Twenty miles of the Penobscot, and then come the rough waters of Chesuncook Lake, for it has been blowing hard all the morning, and our canoe bobs like a cork on the yeasty waves. We are soon across the head of the lake, however, and now it is time to camp. Our guide chooses an eligible place, where boughs and firewood are plenty, and in an incredibly short time the tents are pitched, the fire is roaring, the fragrant coffee-pot is steaming, and the aromatic balsam boughs, eight inches thick, invite to such a night's sleep as only a tired canoeist enjoys.

Here we will leave our readers until next week, assuring them that they could not find a more lovely spot on either continent in which to spend the seven days that will pass before our next issue.

A MILLION DOLLARS.

How Would You Spend such a Yearly Income?

SOME weeks ago we proposed this question to our readers and offered our columns, under certain limitations, for their answers. Why? Because we wished, first of all, to stimulate earnest thought concerning the Christian's relations to money. It is time to emphasize the duty of stewardship. So far as we can reach the Christian youth of our land, we wish to help them early in their lives to take a right attitude toward wealth. We would have them look at it as a tool for building up God's kingdom on earth. We named a specific sum, which might be called imaginary, not to say visionary, in order to further call out the thoughts of our readers as to the most needy objects of almsgiving at the present day. Where are the sympathies of young Christians? What are the benevolent causes that most appeal to them? While all ages doubtless are represented in the symposium that follows, we know that the majority of replies come from young Christian Endeavorers. We regret that our space has allowed only the selection of a portion of the replies that have been received, and that many of these must appear in abbreviated form.

We give first the answer sent us by a young Massachusetts pastor, because it embodies certain

Fundamental Principles,

which seem to us well stated. He writes as follows:—

I do not know just how I should spend my million if I had it, for I do not know just how the actual possession of it would affect my purposes. I suspect it would be harder to be unselfish than it is to be generous now that I am making only imaginary gifts. But after especially beseeching the Lord to make me a faithful and wise steward, I should seek for two things: first, to give where immediate investment will be most likely to yield the largest future returns, and, second, to give in such a way as to stir others to increased giving and not to relieve them of the necessity for generosity. I should set apart \$200,000 for the evangelization of my country, to be expended in connection with actual church work. \$200,000 would next go to the foreign board of my church, to relieve its deficit and prevent a cut-down of work abroad. \$100,000 should go to aiding promising Christian academies and colleges. The remaining half of my income I

should expend under my own supervision in establishing and carrying on a genuine "people's church" in some great city, using the latest and most approved methods. Out of this half-million I would take what seemed needed for my personal support and gifts to needy friends.

From Fairport, N. Y., comes the following reply, which indicates that its author practically settled this question some time ago:—

When I first became a Christian, I resolved that it was my duty to lay aside one-tenth of my income for benevolence. I provided myself with a suitable box in which to deposit on the first of each month one-tenth of my salary, and on the first leaf of a book kept in the box for recording the disposition of the money I wrote,—

This is the Lord's money, and is on no account to be used for other than benevolent purposes.

Later, I wrote under the above,—

I promise the Lord as follows:—

Income	\$1,500,	for benevolence	10 per cent.
"	2,000,	"	" 12 "
"	3,000,	"	" 15 "
"	5,000,	"	" 20 "
"	10,000,	"	" 30 "
"	20,000,	"	" 50 "

If income exceeds \$20,000, will reserve \$10,000 and use the balance for benevolence as God gives me wisdom.

Having made the above covenant with the Lord, I should appropriate, say, \$500,000 for contributions to the six principal missionary and benevolent societies of my denomination, the disposition of the remaining \$490,000 to be determined according as God should bring to my notice special needs from time to time during the year.

It is worth noting that this writer, who signs himself "An Endeavorer," says in an accompanying letter, "The Lord has greatly blessed me in my consecration of my means to him, having more than doubled my income since my plan was first put in practice."

Let us next hear from one who is not a stranger to our readers, Mrs. Annie A. Preston, Willington, Conn. Her plan embraces a happy combination of

Country and City Evangelization.

Had I a yearly income of one million dollars, I would purchase forsaken and run-down New England farms. I would have the dwellings made neat and attractive and furnished with taste and comfort. I would stock the farms with horses, cows, and other domestic animals. My tenants I would get from the poor quarters in our cities, where there are huddled together families with children. I would renovate the schoolhouses and hire Christian teachers who would do as conscientious work in building up Christian character and inculcating habits of purity and industry as if they were in India or Burma. I would have house-to-house neighborhood prayer meetings organized and persuade all, old and young, to attend church and Sunday school, and all should study the Bible.

I would employ trained instructors to carry on all this work and to make happy and sweet the lives of as many children as I could get under my care. As they grew older, I would put them in the way of becoming useful and industrious members of society, who should be competent to help on the work of converting the world.

The country fairly bristles with opportunities, and a great deal might be done for a great deal less money.

Here is a plan, worked out in fuller detail, from Miss Rose Glen Webster, Columbia City, Ind.:—

- \$100,000 for foreign missionary work.
- 100,000 to educate the negroes of the South.
- 100,000 for maintaining homes in our large cities for the little waifs, and
- 25,000 to send them on a summer vacation to the country.
- 100,000 for a pleasant home for the homeless of my own sex.
- 100,000 to the city needing it most for the erection of comfortable tenement houses.
- 150,000 for a free resort for working women.
- 50,000 for gospel wagons.
- 50,000 for the invalids of our land.
- 50,000 for missions in our large cities.
- 50,000 for needy pastors and churches.
- 50,000 for boys and girls who are praying to go to college.
- 25,000 for GOLDEN RULES to be given to those Endeavorers who cannot afford to take it.
- 25,000 for industrial schools.
- 10,000 for a Christian Endeavor training-school.
- 10,000 to pay competent persons to carry out my plans for "spending a million."
- 3,000 for my own Endeavor society, to send every member to New York next summer.
- 1,000 to furnish good lectures for our profit and pleasure during the winter.
- 1,000 for my college and incidental expenses.

Here is another voice from Massachusetts, this time from West Newbury:—

I answer in two words; I should try to spend such an income for Christ. The particular department of his work to which I would give it is the home missionary field. How I wish I could give more to that work! But by God's help I will prove myself a worthy steward over what little I have, that I may, perchance, be trusted with more to use for him.

Let us next listen to one of Connecticut's Endeavorers. "Frances" has the following ideas on our subject:—

Telling what I would do with my income is almost equivalent to telling what I would be, for as, to a large extent, we have the power of determining our environment, so our environment does, to a great extent, determine not only what we are, but what we shall be.

Beginning with my home, I would have there the material elements of culture and comfort, and I would try to assimilate these elements, making of them living realities. Hospitality should be free, and I would try to combine high thinking with comfortably high living.

How a Christian Millionaire Would Have To Work for home and country, for Christ and the church, as a co-laborer with Christ! I would not sit down on the first of January and plan exactly how I would spend the year's income, for day by day we live our lives, and day by day He leads us. Yet the wise general plans his campaign, and then modifies it to meet the emergencies that arise, and at the end of the year my account might stand something like this:—

- \$10,000 for personal expenses and private charity.
- 10,000 to beautify and improve my native town.
- 10,000 for educational purposes.
- 10,000 for Y. M. C. A. work.
- 10,000 for Y. W. C. A. work.
- 20,000 for hospital work.
- 10,000 to country "outings" for the city poor.
- 10,000 for industrial training of poor children.
- 30,000 for miscellaneous purposes.
- 100,000 for temperance work.
- 600,000 to leading missionary societies.

The next answer to our question has a peculiar interest because coming from a widow whose husband fell a victim to alcohol. If its writer, "A. S. H.," should soon come into possession of her million, we should advise her to visit Mr. Woolley's "Rest Island," where her ideal is already in operation. Perhaps she would decide to expend some of her thousands there. Speaking out of her bitter experience, she says:—

I would first build in some inviting spot in the Green Mountains a spacious house and furnish it as attractively as possible. I would place in control a board of well-educated, earnest Christian physicians, and supply everything needed for rescuing inebriates. Such a rest, or home, is greatly needed. It should be free to a man whose will power seems almost gone and who has lost all earthly means of support. Let him remain in this home for a year, without worry over expenses, with provision made, if need be, for the support of his family. At the end of that time help him to find occupation and begin life anew, carefully following him with personal interest in his future life. I think it would take the greater part of a million dollars to accomplish such a year's work as this, but where could the money be better spent?

We will hear next from the secretary of a Christian Endeavor Society in Pittsburg, Penn. "L. H. W." writes:—

After reserving \$50,000 for my sister, brothers and mother, \$10,000 for myself, and \$40,000 for personal gifts to friends, I should give \$5,000 to my pastor, \$10,000 to my church, and \$10,000 for building a parsonage.

As I am a Presbyterian, I would give through the boards of that church, to home missions, foreign missions, freedmen, ministerial relief, publication, schools and colleges, Sabbath-school work, each \$50,000; to the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions \$25,000; to the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions \$25,000.

I would devote \$100,000 to building purposes, to be used the first year as follows: To build in our city for \$60,000 a home for self-supporting women, with pleasant bedrooms, parlor, library, music-room, and dining-room, where meals would be served at a low price, and rooms furnished to self-supporting women at a reasonable figure. I would donate \$15,000 to start this home in the work for the first year. With \$20,000 I would build several cottages at Chautauqua, and with the remaining \$5,000 I would send people there who could not afford to go otherwise, and pay the expense of running the cottages. It has been one of my pet fancies to be able to freshen some lives by having them enjoy the privileges at this haven of rest, and to broaden their ideas of life and its duties and pleasures.

To establish temperance houses and other branches of temperance work I would give \$50,000. I would have \$50,000 to be called my Christian Endeavor fund, to be used in furthering that work. I would have a fund of \$50,000 to be called my education fund, to help those who are struggling to get an education. My pleasure fund of \$25,000 should be to give pleasure and brighten the lives of people who have little sunshine in their daily routine. My charity fund of \$25,000 should be applied to those cases of actual need coming to my notice. Then, as one having such a large income would be constantly receiving pleas from all quarters, after giving \$50,000 to our city charities, hospitals, etc., I would reserve the remaining amount to be used for special, private, and public cases. With all of these donations, I would ask that God's blessing might accompany and bless the means to the good of both giver and recipient.

The next reply is evidently from one whose sympathies, like her life, are divided between city and country. Miss Alice E. Avery, of Washington, D. C., says:—

How to spend a million dollars so as to make a great many persons really and truly glad that they are living in this world, remembering that people do not so much need direct help as a way in which to help themselves. Shall we do anything for our

Poor Relations?

Certainly; who has them not? and not bad people, either; many of them are rich in patience and goodness of heart. Yes, \$100,000 must surely go to them, to lighten the burden, add comfort to the homes and sweetness to labor.

That little chapel near my country home—its bare walls, staring windows, and rickety foundations are not conducive to a worshipful state of mind. With \$10,000 a place so charming could be built that nothing could in-

duce the people from the surrounding farms to give up their privilege of going there on Sunday.

There are many young men and women in country districts with strong desires to fit themselves for useful citizenship. A permanent fund of \$200,000 would give an income sufficient to pay the yearly expenses of about twenty-five such persons at a State normal or industrial university. A useful library and reading-room for a factory and railroad town could be established with \$50,000. Many States and large cities have no industrial homes or schools to which girls growing up in crime can be sent for training. For this great need I would set apart \$500,000 of the million, and begin the good work in our national capital.

For my personal expenses \$50,000 would be sufficient.

It is time to give the men another chance to be heard; and we will make room next for some ideas from "Perley," a shoe manufacturer of Haverhill, Mass., who gives the following suggestions as to how he would spend his million, "for the first year, at any rate":—

1. Pay honest debts, and so "owe no man anything, but to love one another."
2. Provide for my family, and so be not "worse than an infidel."
3. Give a certain sum for personal benevolence, as, for instance, a paid-up endowment life insurance policy for my beloved pastor, maturing not too late to do him any good; a sum to aid worthy students both at home and abroad, struggling to secure an education that will enable them to do the best possible service as teachers and preachers of the gospel; another sum to alleviate poverty in deserving families.
4. Give a certain amount for educational endowments, aiding especially the preparatory schools, and so encouraging many to obtain an education to whom otherwise even a beginning would be an impossibility. This is especially true of our foreign mission schools.
5. An emergency fund to answer unexpected calls, which should appeal not in vain.
6. A large part divided among our denominational societies, under whose wise administration the funds can be expended more economically and satisfactorily than by any one man or woman, however gifted and experienced in giving.
7. A special sum for the distribution of THE GOLDEN RULE all over the world, so helping to usher in the day when we "all may be one."

The last word that our space will allow comes from a secretary of a denominational benevolent society, whose point of view gives special weight to his opinion:—

If I had an income of a million, I should probably have responsibilities that would take half of it. Of the rest I would reserve \$60,000 for private charities and put the balance into the regular benevolent societies of my denomination, assured that the organized wisdom of the whole denomination and its workers will secure larger results for Christ from my money than I myself could, and that others will give to independent charities. I would try to relieve the pressure at the points of newest difficulty in the societies, where there is most lost to the work for lack of money, but where others have not yet learned to give. This would vary in the different denominations, and in any one denomination as the years go.

For The Golden Rule.

SEPTEMBER DAYS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow, declining year,
All mildness, soothing loveliness, and peace."

I HAVE often thought it a pity that the city visitor should go home so early, before the advent of the golden September days. In the country there is no lovelier season than those thirty quiet days of our ninth calendar month. There is an idyllic charm about them that affects one touchingly. It is like a land of Beulah set down in the passing months for the delight of weary pilgrims. What can be more charming than a September afternoon? Fortunate is the rambler who lingers through the waning days, for he alone can realize the truth of Bryant's line,—

"With what a glory comes and goes the year!"

Dwellers in the country know that there is no weather like that of the mild, calm September. The sultry, capricious heats of midsummer have departed. There is a moderation in the temperature that insures against sudden showers and tempests, and a saunterer feels free to lay plans for a whole day's unbroken loitering, if he wishes. The grass is still soft and green, the vines are still hanging with full, rich clusters along the roadsides, while the autumn sun comes in aslant under the trees and lights up everything with a golden glow. The rounded hills are bathed in a soft violet haze and seem to turn toward the sun to bask in his beams. We stretch out our hands and try to grasp and hold this sunny warmth that has been gladdening the earth all summer long, ripening those wide fields, those leafy lanes, and the rich luxuriance of fruit.

It is a joy to live in these September days. When you open your window in the morning, what an Elysium lies before you! The sun shining on hill and valley, forest and stream, the soft air coming in full of freshness, the silver dew glistening on grass and leaves, the thin

mists floating up from the distant meadows, the upland slopes seeming to smoke in the morning light, and the lowing of cattle and the cheerful voices of passing people giving a life to the whole that makes one eager to be up and out of doors. In the early morning there is still a vernal freshness about the vegetation. The fields look as green as in May; the foliage is still full and vigorous; there is a fine haze cast over distant woods and bosky slopes, and every lofty and majestic tree is filled with a soft, shadowy twilight, which adds infinitely to their beauty. Later, when the sun is well up, the landscape presents an air of dryness and maturity. The eye roves over brown pasture lands or cornfields already ripe to harvest, or perhaps the stooks of harvested maize cluster all over the hillsides like miniature wigwams.

By and by, when the harvest moon hangs in the sky, the farmers' wains will transport these clustering stooks to the great barn, the ponderous doors will be swung wide open, and the broad floor will be converted into a festive hall. The husking parties are still popular in all the rural portions of New England, and are events of unalloyed festivity to the country youths and maidens. Lovers of Keats will recall his invocation at the harvest time as peculiarly applicable to the husbandman in any land:—

"Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow fast asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Sparcs the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hour by hour."

Cider-making is another of the episodes of farm life in September. All along the roadsides one will see piles of apples in red and yellow pyramids, which are thrown into the cart with a wooden shovel and conveyed to the cider-mill. The loiterer will find in nearly every one of these rural hamlets a weather-beaten old building, perhaps open on one side, and here, on one of these calm, sunny days, a horse will be seen turning the mill. Everything is creaky about the building. The press groans and strains, and around the door is strewn coarse pomace, from which emanates a mouldy odor, while half a dozen boys may be seen sucking the cider through straws. Boyhood is a time of quick susceptibilities, with a keenness of appreciation that must gradually be blunted. I have always pitied those unfortunates who have learned to like the country only when they have found leisure late in life. They miss the lingering fragrance of those early associations which sights and sounds and scents revive for the country-bred boy who has passed a busy working time in cities. To him the cawing of the crow or the call of a cuckoo, the first violet of the spring or the fragrance from the fresh hay-fields, will bring back a rush of happy memories.

Passing the cider-mill, the saunterer strolls on. Golden-rods, the same that peered over the stone-walls in August, still nod in the breeze, having climbed up higher in a thick tangle of greenness. Among the rushes and briars by the roadside the observing eye will detect a stumpy spike crowned with a pyramid of showy, milk-white berries. It is the white baneberry. Close beside it will be found the dwarf cornel, sometimes called bunch-berry, with its deep red seeds, each set, as the flower was, in a frame made by four or five oval leaves. The brilliant berries of the Solomon's seal greet you from their retreat among the ferns under the rough stone walls. These bright berries are among the September glories of meadow, hedge, and woodland. The clematis, too, is in its glory, with its flossy seed training over the fences and linking tree to tree along the highway. One can bring armfuls of it whenever he walks abroad, and it makes a pretty ornament for the walls of sitting-room or parlor, remaining fresh and beautiful for weeks. But the queen flower of the month is the fringed gentian. It is one of the latest and loveliest of the flowers, and its sky-blue corolla lights up many a slope by the hillside roads. Growing on a tall footstalk, with a calyx as long as its bell-shaped tube, out of which press its fringed edges, it looks up straight into the sky. But it is of a purpler tinge than the sky, though we call it sky-blue, and though Bryant says of it,—

"Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

In that part of the country where Bryant wrote his poem to the gentian this flower grows in profusion in the meadows and fields; and not far from his birthplace a fringed gentian was found of such peerless growth as to have one hundred and thirty-six blossoms upon a single stalk. This was a monarch among gentians, twenty or thirty blossoms being the usual number. Other varieties of the gentian abound, of which the soapwort gentian, sometimes called "barrel gentian," with its corolla closed at the mouth, is the most common.

How quick nature is to see her advantage, and to reclaim her old sway! Here is a hillside that was cleared last year. Scarcely can you get through the tangled masses of weeds, briars, and bushes. In a year or two, if undisturbed, it will be almost impassable. Not far away is a country road that was discontinued four or five years ago. The grass has grown up through the sand, and all kinds of wild things are growing with a reckless profusion that in time will obliterate the path. On the hill is a lone farmhouse that seems quite shut out from the world. The farmer, who is always belated, is raking the aftermath with as leisurely an air as though no early frost had tinged the leaves of the maples. The hamlet lies far below, and through the foliage just rustled by the south wind's breath we catch glimpses of the lovely river as it pursues its course through the low, broad intervals. Lulled by the tinkle of distant cowbells in the high pastures, we repose, half dreaming, on the grass. The deep blue sky, flecked with billowy clouds, smiles down upon us as softly as the skies of Italy. Nothing disturbs our dreams, save an occasional dropping of a nut upon the dry leaves, or the rush of a bird through the thicket. Even so might the chestnuts fall on the slopes of purple Apennines and the birds flash through the foliage in the vale of Vallombrosa.

As the sun goes down, the placid warmth lingers as if loath to leave; but when the shadows fall, a coolness seems to spring up from the very soil. We are conscious of the change, and take our homeward way over the rugged slopes and through the valleys flushed by the sunset. October's chill has not yet come, but it is in the air. The birds have ceased to sing long ago, but the crickets do not fail to concentrate all their cheerful power upon the faithful and ingenious performance of their high vocation. These insects are born serenaders; and as the season advances, we are favored with matinees. In Europe the people accommodate crickets with cages, as we do canary birds, so highly is their music prized. But in this country they are not so popular. It must be borne in mind, however, that the real house cricket is not found in America, and those that we hear in our garrets and chimneys are only interlopers from the field. They are merry insects, though I do not particularly admire their falsetto strains. When the frost comes, they usually disappear, unless they are fortunate enough to obtain engagements for parlor concerts. The poetical idea of the cricket on the hearth is more charming than the reality, to my thinking. Mrs. Clara Doty Bates seems to have valued truth above sentiment when she sung of these insects as

"The little things
That chant and squeak and chirrup and creak,
Like a choir of worn-out fiddle-strings."

Warner, N. H.

Our Story.

For The Golden Rule.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON, WILLINGTON, CONN.

"THE mail is in," said Miss Maria Howe to herself, for there was no one else within hearing of her voice, and, being confined to her couch with a broken ankle, she could not make herself heard by the members of the household, who were engaged in their various duties, for the domestic wheels could not come to a standstill even if Aunt Maria had a broken bone.

She was not neglected, however; everything went to show that. The large room was well cared for in every detail. The various little things that she might need were placed invitingly on a small stand within reach of her hand, and a bit of light work, with which she might occupy herself if she chose, was laid in a tiny basket beside her pillow. But, although she was quite well enough to read or write or sew a little, she had done nothing for the whole long afternoon but look out of the window and fret because some one did not call, because Martha did not take in the clothes, and because the minister's wife had gone for a drive. Indeed, Miss Maria was not bearing her misfortune at all in the right spirit.

"Yes, the mail is in," she went on, "and I know it is distributed, for there goes Anna Holton, and she's got a letter, and so has Carrie Priest. I may have a dozen letters and be none the wiser, for the people in this house are too busy to go regularly to the post-office, and there is no one living who cares to take an extra step for my comfort. I guess, if I ever get upon my two feet again, I shall know enough to appreciate the blessing."

"Here is a letter for you, Miss Maria," said a timid voice, and a small boy scudded swiftly across the room, and as swiftly disappeared.

"There! he's left the screen door ajar, and I did n't ask him where his mother had gone. Dear me!"

"Was she cross?" she heard another timid voice inquire, outside, upon the porch.

"Did n't stop to see, but she was scowling. 'T will be your turn to go in next time."

"Well, I hope her bone won't be aching. It must pain her dreadfully to make her act so. I don't mind her not saying, 'Thank you,' but it scares me to have her look at me in such a way, as if I was the worst bad boy she ever knew."

"Well, well," thought Miss Maria, "listeners never hear good of themselves. If that's the way I impress people, no wonder I have so few callers. I did n't thank him, and he brought me a letter. I was n't really expecting one. Oh, from Jane Grey!" and, opening it hastily, she read,—

"My dear, I do not forget that Saturday will be your birthday—"

"The third? Why, so it is. I had forgotten it myself and so had all the family, of course, but Jane always remembers everything; she is one of those who were foreordained from the beginning to be a blessing, while I—well, I indulge myself in being something of a bother."

Turning again to the clearly written sheet, she read on:—

"When I heard of your misfortune, I thought to send you Frances Havergal's poems as solace for your weary hours, but, failing to get the book, I send you a crumb of comfort in the way of a letter of loving sympathy."

"I don't believe you were ever confined to your room a day until this came to you, and I fancy you have never been very fond of calling upon people who were shut in for any cause. Knowing your disposition so well, I think you will hardly know at first how to behave under the circumstances, and I want to give you a bit of advice. Think about yourself and your discomfort just as little as possible, and make your room a pleasant, cheerful, restful place. You will have time to think of the needs of your friends, and can have a word of cheer, of faith, of hope, of courage and encouragement ready for all as they come to you. Every one at times needs comforting in some way or other. You have been absorbing all your life; you must give out now, and teach yourself as well as others

"How to make this life worth while
And heaven a surer heritage."

Miss Maria's really handsome face was made lovely by a smile as she put the letter back into its envelope, and the pleasant expression remained until her niece, Martha, came in with her supper. She entered with a nervous air, as if she expected a rebuke for her long absence, and almost dropped the tray with astonishment when she saw the smile, but managed to say:—

"I have brought you a 'spread,' because it is your birthday. Mrs. Clark sent the flowers and Mrs. Lee the cake, with compliments. Johnny bought the orange, I made the biscuit and custard, and mamma went away down in the field, herself, and picked the berries; and what you will like best of all—that beautiful honey—just look at it!—the minister's wife drove all the way to Cloverhill for it, and hurried back so that you might have it for tea."

"I had not thought that it was my birthday until I received this letter from Jane Grey," said Miss Maria, with a little sob; "such a kind letter! And now this supper surprises me so that I don't know what to say. I do not deserve it, and you should not have done it, any of you; and Saturday, too, when you are so tired!" and she pulled down the fresh young face and left a kiss upon it.

"I never knew such a sudden change to come over any one," confided Martha to her mother. "There was a pleasant smile on her face when I went into her room. I think her guardian angel must have come to her during her after-dinner nap and filled her cup with blessings for the year."

All the neighbors, even to the little children, noticed the change in her, and her callers increased so that she never had time to be lonely, even if the various things that now occupied her hands and mind had allowed her to be so. She mended and sewed for all the overworked mothers in the neighborhood. She wrote dozens of letters to long-neglected friends, and into every one went that sentiment of helpfulness and cheerfulness. Every week she sent by Martha a text and a little written message to the prayer meeting, and by finding courage to read these the timid young girl was soon able to speak to edification on her own account.

To her friend, Jane Grey, Miss Maria wrote:—

"I was so down-hearted that I dare say I never should have read a book, had you sent it, but the crumb of comfort has multiplied into loaves of blessing, and, thanks to your kind advice, I have learned a lesson during my weeks of enforced quiet that is helping me, through prayer, to practise the golden rule, and thus

"To make this life worth while
And heaven a surer heritage."

Be Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

OCTOBER 4, 1891.

CHRIST RAISING LAZARUS.

John 11:21-44.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER, D. D.

OLD TEXT.—Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.—*John 11:25.*

THE time when our hearts most go after the unseen and supernatural is our loved ones are taken from us by death. Then human words seem cold and lifeless. This longing after some communion from the other world has given rise to all the different branches of Spiritualism.

Martha had a sister's true affection. There is no truer and purer love than that of a sister for a brother. Rich is the sister who has it, and mean in heart is the sister who trifles with it. Every young man should honor his sister's devotion, and should honor every other young woman as would have every other young man honored his sister.

She exercised what faith she had. Faith is always the way to obtain more.

Christ at once told her the truth, but more than she was ready to receive, though just what her heart desired. Thus faith and her heart were in conflict. Frequently what we desire is more than we have faith for! In her lack of faith she puts a wrong meaning upon Christ's words and puts off their realization to the final resurrection. She was wrong in her head, but not in her heart. We are constantly doing the same thing, saying that which we think cannot be long time, when it is waiting for us.

By our lack of faith we fail to grasp the true meaning of our Lord's words.

Christ, in answer to the exercise of faith she had, revealed to her the truth about himself. So he always rewards by a further revelation.

Christ drew her thoughts away from herself unto him, that her soul might not dwell over her sorrow, but rest in him.

Christ revealed his true nature. He has power over death; yea, he declared himself to be the power of every one's resurrection, and that there is no death to the soul that believes. These are profane, worthless words if Christ was a man. The whole value of the New Testament rests upon the divine nature of Christ, that he was God manifest in flesh.

There is no death to the Christian, what we call death is as what David called "the valley of shadow." Christ lived at the resurrection before his own resurrection.

Martha confessed to the extent of her faith that he was the Christ, the Son of God. That was all that was required of her.

She gave the gospel proclamation: "The Master is here and calleth thee." We may say that now to every human soul. We should constantly be saying it to all living hearts.

Mary proved that her heart was right in responding to the call. The only evidence that we are desiring to be God's children is that we hear his call. Christ's words are, "My sheep hear my voice."

Mary also expressed anxious faith somehow Christ could have helped. We are all tempted to think of Christ might have done, rather than what he can do.

Jesus groaned; that is, was indignant at his heart, and was troubled, agitated at what he saw; not at the sisters' weeping out at the unloving Jews wailing as though they were in sorrow. Christ was not indignant at insincerity, and no action is much more shameful than unbelief and grief.

14. We come to the shortest verse in the Bible, but full of meaning: "Jesus wept." It teaches the true, deep sympathy of Christ for others. Our Saviour has a warm, true, human heart; he is the real brother of all his disciples. Tears of true sympathy are precious.

15. Jesus was again provoked at their criticising unbelief, and he groaned in spirit. Ah, how much sorrow unbelief causes him!

16. Christ had them roll away the stone; he did not do for them what they could do themselves. We should remember this and not ask him to do what we can do. Such is false faith.

17. Christ's word was enough. It had power, or was the sign of power. How much that means! He spake, and Lazarus came forth with new life. So now he speaks, and souls dead in sin come forth.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON FROM MANY SOURCES.

[Selected by Mrs. F. E. CLARK.]

THE story of this family is put upon record to beget like families. It shows us the possibilities of our homes. They may become the abiding-places of Jesus, and in this way they may become distinguished. Jesus made this home of Bethany his abiding-place, and this distinguished it and gave it mention in his immortal history. Of what other home in Bethany do we know anything? Christ distinguishes all who are connected with him, and gives every home a reputation which opens its doors to him; we should consider that every home has its character. It is the abode of something. If it will not admit religion and entertain it, then fashion and irreligion and pleasure will make their abode in it, and will mould and determine its reputation and destiny.—*Gregg.*

Although we read the story in the light of the whole event, learning from it why Jesus delayed his coming, and although we know that his heart was full of tender solicitude toward these stricken friends, we nevertheless respond with deep feeling to that exclamation of mingled surprise and sorrow with which first Martha, then Mary, greets him on his arrival.—*Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.* It is not an expression of unbelief, it is the cry of a wounded and disappointed faith. It would be unjust to bring the confidence of these women in Jesus to the test of our own. The result, which is to us the most obvious part of the story, was not to them as yet a fact or a dreamed-of possibility. They believe that Christ, if he had been in Bethany, could have prevented their brother's death. He was not there. Even when they summoned him, he did not hasten. The three "days of weeping" were over; the seven "days of lamentation," were just beginning. At this stage the delaying Master appears. The utterance of mingled faith and disappointment with which these sisters greet him is one of the best evidences that they are not the mere mouthpieces of an impossible piety. There is about their behavior a humanness that we readily appreciate.—*Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, in "History, Prophecy, and Gospel."*

Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again (v. 23). These words might mean that her brother would be brought back to life again now, or they might have been spoken for the purpose of giving her comfort in the assurance of immortal life through the resurrection, when she would meet her brother again. Jesus speaks thus to her that he may lead her to a higher faith, so that "when the desire of her heart is granted, it may not be an empty gift."—*Peloubet.*

Yea, Lord: I have believed that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, even he that cometh into the world (v. 27). She believed in Christ, not doubting his power, yet her answer shows that she had not penetrated to the heart of Christ's meaning. Poor,

unspiritual, unappreciative Martha is no worse than we. There are many uses made of these and like words of Christ which miss his real meanings in them, meanings wherewith they were intended to enrich our lives. These very words, "I am the resurrection and the life," we too thoughtlessly write over the portals to our cemeteries and upon our tombstones. They express our faith in Christ's power to raise the dead and to open the gates of immortality. But this is far from exhausting them. How stupidly we turn our back upon them as we come from the cemetery portal and go home to our sorrow! The most needful application of them to ourselves we thus miss. To grasp their significance would change for us the whole perspective of life and death. Christ stands before each of us, and says in spirit as he said to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believeth thou this?" May we not with as earnest a faith as she, and with an even larger preception of his meaning, say, Yea, Lord, I believe; help me to live thy life.—*Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, in "History, Prophecy, and Gospel."*

And she, when she heard it, arose quickly, and went unto him (v. 29). How characteristic this whole narrative is of the two sisters! Martha, active, practical, with an ear and eye, even in her grief, for what is passing, knows of the approach of Jesus, by messenger, and goes to meet him. The contemplative Mary, buried in her sorrow, knows nothing of what is passing till directly approached by her sister, but the moment she knows Jesus is here and willing to see her, rushes to meet him, and to pour her sorrow into his ear and heart.—*Standard Eclectic Commentary.*

His words at the grave, *Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me* (v. 41), show that he had made this miracle the subject of prayer, and that he knew his request had been granted. And this fact of his praying and receiving the answer, instead of weakening the conception of his divinity, was relied on by Christ to more firmly establish his Messiahship in men's minds, for he said, "And I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." He meant they should infer that all his life long he had lived in humble dependence upon his Father. They were to know that his other mighty works had been the result of the indwelling power of God. He passed from prayer to work, and from work back to prayer. Some of his great deeds were wrought after spending nights on mountains in communion with his Father.—*Rev. E. S. Tead, in "Monday Club Sermons."*

He that was dead came forth (v. 44). The dead man became alive at the command of Jesus, and he came forth in the wrappings wherewith his body had been embalmed, after the custom of the Jews. In the other cases of raising the dead the person had only just died. Even the widow's son at Nain could not have been dead more than a few hours, since burial there (not as with us) follows on the same day and very speedily after death. The appearance of Lazarus, a dead man coming forth alive from a tomb, filled all with amazement. They stood, motionless and speechless, gazing at the sight. It was needful for Jesus to give a further command to the friends to unwrap the man, loosen his limbs, and let him go. The silences of this part of the narrative are marked. It is not said how the sisters greeted their brother restored to life, nor what he said to them, whether he remembered anything of the unseen world beyond the grave, nor what he said to his divine Friend who brought him back to life. How the sisters expressed their gratitude to Jesus is not stated, nor is it said that those standing by obeyed Jesus and loosed the burial wrap-

pings. Tradition says that Lazarus lived thirty years after this, but no authentic history of that part of his life is recorded. This is the most sublime, the crown of miracles in the ministry of Jesus.—*People's Commentary.*

PRIMARY EXERCISE.

BY MRS. FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

THIS is the first Sunday of the last quarter of the year. How many of you will try to come to church and Sunday school each one of the thirteen Sundays before us?

There is one hard word in our golden text, "resurrection," that perhaps I can explain to you. If I plant this seed in the ground, part decays; but a life within, which you cannot see, lives, pushes up through the ground, and becomes a plant. When a child dies, its body is also put into the ground and decays; but a life within, which we cannot see, but which we call a soul, lives on. By and by, with the old body, which God will call back to it, or with a new body that he will make for it, it will stand with all other souls before God's throne. That will be the resurrection.

Jesus, who made the earth and all on it, had no home, no place to call his own. But he had friends, and Lazarus, Mary, and Martha were never so happy as when they saw the Master coming. Once, when he was away from them, Lazarus became sick, and grew worse so fast that the sisters sent in haste for Jesus.

It took a whole day to reach Jesus; do you not think he hurried to the sick man whom he loved? He did not; he went quietly on, healing, teaching, preaching. "Lazarus sleepeth," he said to his disciples when his work was at last done; "I go that I may awake him out of sleep;" but when they did not know what he meant, he said plainly, "Lazarus is dead."

It was the fourth day when Jesus drew near Bethany, where his three friends lived. Soon Martha heard of his coming, and, alone, hurried to meet him. "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died;" that was her first cry of grief; but one look at the loving and helpful face of Jesus drew from her another cry, which was a prayer. "But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

"Thy brother shall rise again," said Jesus; but she, thinking of that great day when the small and great shall stand before God, said, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Now the golden text comes in; tell me what Jesus answered. He meant, I am the one who brings life out of death, and who created life at the beginning. He who once believed in me, though he die, shall live again; and he who now liveth and believeth in me shall never really die. Believeth thou this?

And Martha answered, "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world," and then she hurried away to bring Mary.

"Where have ye laid him?" asked Jesus, and the sisters led him to the tomb where Lazarus had lain four days. When Jesus saw the sisters weeping, his tears, too, burst forth. He wept because he knew that all death was caused by sin, and that his death only could conquer sin and open the gates of death.

They took away the stone that served as a door to the tomb. Jesus prayed aloud to the Father, then in a strong voice called, "Lazarus, come forth." You know what happened, how the voice of Him who was the resurrection and the life called back from death the soul of the man who was dead. You can guess the happy going home.

But for us the best of it all is, Jesus is our resurrection and our life. If we love him, we need not fear death or the grave. If we are his now, his forever, it will not matter where we are.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

- Sept. 28.—Christ Raising Lazarus. John 11: 21-32.
 " 29.—Christ Raising Lazarus. John 11: 33-44.
 " 30.—The Sickness. John 11: 1-10.
 Oct. 1.—Death of Lazarus. John 11: 11-20.
 " 2.—"My Redeemer Liveth." Job 19: 23-27.
 " 3.—A Child Raised. Mark 5: 35-43.
 " 4.—A Sister's Gratitude. John 12: 1-9.

Christian Endeavor.

PRAYER MEETING.

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING OCT. 4.

"THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE."

2 Tim. 1: 8, 9; Rom. 1: 6; Eph. 4: 1.

(Editorial.)

MARTHA'S whispered message to Mary, which gives us our topic, refers to one whose call had an authority back of it. The very title that she gives him speaks of the teacher whose words had excited such a surprise because of the authority with which they were uttered, the teacher before whom the most learned had retired in confusion and officers of the law had quailed.

His call surely might come as a command, but it was not in that light that those who heard of it would be likely to regard it. Doubtless many persons looked with wonder at the intimate association with Jesus that was granted to this household of Bethany, and would have taken pride in receiving such a summons themselves.

Yet it was of neither command nor honor that Mary would be likely to think, but of the love of the Master. The very fact of his presence told of his leaving the work in which he was engaged, of his day's journey, and of his facing danger from the Jews, simply that he might show his sympathy for the mourners; for at that time they were far from expecting the miracle that followed.

Every call from Christ presents these different aspects; but the element that must ever be uppermost in the thought of one who receives the call is that He whose home is in the bosom of the Father walked the weary ways of earth and took the path that led through Gethsemane and to Calvary in order that he might call one to himself. That he has come is of itself enough to give force to his invitation.

To each the message sent is a personal one. The general invitation is broad enough, but no individual is left without the direct summons. He "calleth for thee." Often now, the Master sends a special message by another's hand. Is any one now cast down because you have forgotten to deliver a message that he has committed to you?

The sorrowing woman needed no urging to go at once; he whose faith is not so strong as hers can gain peace only by instantly responding to the Lord's bidding. He who abides in the house remains with his sorrow; only to him who goes to meet the Saviour do life and joy come forth from their tomb. Christ's call ever means comfort, salvation, close companionship, and, highest privilege of all, service that is an earnest of the joy to be realized when the Master shall come again to call to closer friendship and clearer knowledge.

SLANT LIGHTS ON THE TOPIC.

BY REV. W. H. G. TEMPLE,
Pastor of the Phillips Church, South Boston.

The Call (2 Tim. 1: 8, 9). While these words refer primarily to Timothy and his call to the ministry, they apply with equal force to every soul called from darkness into the marvellous light of God's pardoning love. The call is confined to no one nation. It was given to the Jews, but also to the Gentiles. It has been ringing all down the corridors of time. Abel heard it and offered his acceptable sacrifice. Enoch heard it and walked with God. Noah heard it and saved the race of man for the earth by his fidelity. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the patriarchs, heard it. Moses, the great lawgiver, Joshua, the intrepid warrior, and David, Solomon, Josiah, and Hezekiah, the best of kings, heard the glorious call. Simon and Andrew, James and John, left their nets when it sounded in their ears from the lips of the Christ. Matthew gave up his tax list and Luke his practice when they heard it. It came to Saul of Tarsus so loudly that it unhorsed him, and to Timothy so gently that it charmed him. Heroes, statesmen, scholars, millionaires, as well as peasants and paupers, profane swearers and prodigals, have heard it, and the call of God has summoned them not to condemnation, but to salvation. Has this call never appealed to you? In your sin have you not seen that it means reconciliation? In your sorrow have you not seen

that it means comfort? In your loneliness have you not seen that it means heavenly companionship? Analyze this call of God, dear sinner out of Christ, and, as you value your soul's immortal welfare, heed its simple and loving condition, and become a child of the Most High and an heir of glory.

The Caller (Rom. 1: 6). Who is this wonderful personage who thus invites us to share his glory with him? He must be rich, wise, powerful, good. Who is he? He who called himself the Master. Who? Jesus, the God-man. Can we refuse him? He shows us the wounds in his hands and feet. He pushes aside his glistening robe and discloses the gash in his side, and asks us to remember Calvary. That ear must be dull indeed that can hear no wonderful compassion in the call. That heart must be well-nigh insensible that, though oft invited by so regal a Saviour, makes no response. Surely the world forgets from whom the invitation comes, or it would have accepted long ago. Surely men must have forgotten what it cost the dear Lord to make that call possible, or they would have all surrendered to the persuasion of love. In the voice that pleads I not only hear the sweet tones of Him who taught the multitudes from the green slopes of Mt. Hattin, but I recognize the submissive prayer of Gethsemane and the dying agony of the cross. It is Jesus crucified who calls. Listen, oh, listen! He may not call again.

The Called (Eph. 4: 1). While all men are called to accept the terms of the gospel, only those are chosen who respond with faith in Christ. Having started in the good way, they are exhorted in this verse to walk worthily. Some people act as though salvation were sufficient. They seem to forget that sanctification is also required. A man might be saved at the last moment through fear. The soul that is grandly saved is redeemed in time to redeem others. Salvation apart from service is a selfish thing. The man who is anxious about his own soul only is a poor specimen of a penitent. Jesus is waiting to include in his intercessory prayer those who shall believe on him through the testimony of his disciples. Do not let us disappoint him in this regard. Let us so value the vocation wherewith we are called that we shall make it grandly successful in calling others.

Voices.

No sooner does the Master call than voices on every hand seem to repeat and enforce the blessed invitation. Our mercies speak; our sorrows plead; our trials press home the call.

It is well to remember that they who neglect to hear the call are throwing away all the riches of the offer. God is not rejecting them; they are rejecting God.

We are not invited to a high plane of living and then abandoned to our own resources. With all God's calls we may expect his sufficient grace in daily apportionments.

The Master calls. What answer, then, Shall I, a sinner, make to grace? Why should his boundless love to men, Oft unrequited, call again And offer me so high a place?

The Master calls. I can't refuse; I own his right to my poor soul. In every nail-print, blood-spot, bruise, I see the price he paid, and choose His glory for my daily goal.

ILLUSTRATIVE QUOTATIONS.

(Selected by L. ADELAIDE WALLINGFORD.)

MAY not the message that came to Mary come to us also, even to-day.—The Master is here, and calleth thee? Is there not for us even a deeper and higher meaning in such a message? . . . He is our Master in the sense that he knows us altogether—our nature, our needs, our longings, our possibilities, and is in full sympathy with us. . . . The Master is here, and calleth—thee. Do not say, he is calling this one or that one, but is not speaking to me. He is calling you. The call is definite, personal, unmistakable, unavoidable. "Thus saith the Lord, . . . I have called thee by thy name." He means you; he loves you apart from every one else. The Master is here, and calleth thee.—Rev. George R. Dickinson.

He is come to claim his throne, And to make thy life his own. Voices of this passing earth, Echoes of its praise or mirth, Reach not where the heart hath heard Golden music of his word. "All for Jesus" henceforth be; Live for him who died for thee. —F. R. Havergal.

Jesus Christ as a master is specially direct in laying his commands upon each individual whom he chooses. He knows the one he wants, and calls him by his name. Once he desired a child; and so he spoke out from

heaven, "Samuel, Samuel." Once also he wished for a new apostle; and again he called, "Saul, Saul." When the Magdalene did not recognize him, he recalled himself to her by only saying, "Mary." He chided the Bethany housekeeper by a name,—Martha, Martha." He warned a disciple by a name,—Simon, Simon.—C. S. Robinson, D.D.

Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wild,
By the shores of the beautiful sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes;
Before him the demons flee;
To the dead he sayeth, Arise;
To the living, Follow me.
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone
To the centuries that shall be.
—H. W. Longfellow.

God calls us through ability.—Anon.

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service.—James Martineau.

The Lord will have enlisted soldiers. The guerilla may be true and brave; he may fight well upon the mountains; none the less the Captain calls his followers by name into his column, that he may lead them as one man.—A. D. T. Whitney.

Be glad because he comes,
That his blest visits are of every day,
To sweeten toil, to give that toil reward;
And when the summons soundeth clear and low,
Let us rebuke our lagging souls, and say,
"It is—oh, wondrous thought!—it is the Lord

Who deigns to claim thy help and service so.
Be quick, my soul, nor mar thy high estate;
Thy Lord and Master calls, let him not wait."
—Susan Coolidge.

All through the early part of his three years' ministry this is his work,—calling, gathering, attracting, and inspiring. He is preparing a few men to do a certain thing. They have a special name, suited to what is going on,—disciples." After a while the name changes, because the work changes. They are not called, but sent; not gathered, but scattered; not only learners, but preachers and laborers. . . . They would have been insignificant to the end, and we should never have heard their names, if they had not answered each one to the Master's call, "Here am I; send me."—Bishop Huntington.

Oh, to have knelt at Jesus' feet
And to have learned his heavenly lore,
To have listened the gentle lessons he taught
On mountain, and sea, and shore,
While the rich and the mighty knew him not,
To have meekly done his will!
Hush! for the worldly reject him yet;
You can serve and love him still.
Time cannot silence his mighty words,
And, though ages have fled away,
His gentle accents of love divine
Speak to your soul to-day.
—Adelaide Proctor.

At the ascension, as the group of disciples gathered around Jesus with longings inexpressible, they must have desired to show their love to him. The Saviour knows it, and in the solemn moment of parting he confides his one great desire to those whom he deems worthy to fulfil the sacred trust. . . . As these first missionaries walked back to Jerusalem, did they discuss, What constitutes a call? Is each one of us included? or Where is the money to come from? Ah, no; these hearts were intent on their Master's orders. Obedience was simply a question of supreme love to Jesus.—G. E. Wilder, in "Student Volunteer Series."

Bible References: Ex. 3: 4; Judges 6: 11-14; 1 Sam. 3: 8-10; Ps. 50: 1; Prov. 1: 24; 8: 1-4; Isa. 41: 8, 9; 42: 6, 7; 43: 1; 45: 3, 4; 66: 4; Jer. 1: 15, 16; 35: 17; Matt. 18: 2; 20: 16; 22: 8-10; Mark 3: 13, 14; 6: 7; 10: 49; Luke 19: 15; John 1: 48; 10: 3; 15: 16; Acts 9: 15-17; 13: 2; 16: 10; 26: 19, 20; Rom. 1: 1; 8: 28-30; 11: 29; 1 Cor. 1: 1, 2, 26-29; 7: 20-24; Gal. 5: 13; Phil. 3: 13, 14; Col. 3: 15; 1 Thess. 4: 7; 5: 23, 24; 2 Thess. 2: 13, 14; 2 Tim. 1: 8, 9; Heb. 3: 1, 2; 5: 4; 9: 15; 11: 8; 1 Pet. 1: 15, 16; 2: 9, 20, 21; 3: 9; 5: 10; 2 Pet. 1: 2, 3, 10, 11; Jude 1, 2; Rev. 17: 14.

Suggested Hymns.

"O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you."
"Come, thou weary, Jesus calls thee."
"Jesus is tenderly calling thee home."
"While Jesus whispers to you."
"I hear thy welcome voice."
"Hark, the voice of Jesus crying."
"Lord, thou callest for the workers."

DAILY READINGS.

First Day.—Called to the fellowship of Jesus. 1 Cor. 1: 9, 10.
Second Day.—Called to his kingdom and glory. 1 Thess. 2: 12-14.
Third Day.—Called to holiness. 1 Thess. 4: 7-10.
Fourth Day.—Called to eternal life. 1 Tim. 6: 11-14.
Fifth Day.—Called to inherit a blessing. 1 Pet. 3: 9-12.
Sixth Day.—Called to the marriage supper. Rev. 19: 9.
Seventh Day.—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee." 2 Tim. 1: 8, 9; Rom. 1: 6; Eph. 4: 1.

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Prominent among the new manufacturing towns now springing up is the important Railroad junction called Griffith, which lies south of Hammond and east of Harvey. It is the junction of three Great Eastern Trunk-lines, the Michigan Central, the Grand Trunk, and the Chicago and Erie Railroads, and the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Outer Belt Line which encircles the city of Chicago and taps every railroad that enters it.

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In Books, Papers and Magazines.

WHAT SHE TOLD US AT THE SUMMER HOTEL.

She came last night. But now we know—
So fluent is her tongue and fain—
How packed the boat was, and how slow,
And how she wished she'd come by train;
And that the wind took off her hat
Three times. And that her appetite
Has not been good of late, but that
She's fond of clams. She came last night.

We know her street, her number; all
About her neighbors; and that she
Thinks some of moving in the fall.
We know her uncle's salary,
And how his house and barn are planned;
We know her husband's weight and height,
The number of his collars, and
Size of his shoes. She came last night.

We know about the cook she sent
Away; how near her aunt once came
To having small-pox, and what rent
They pay. We know her maiden name,
And how a friend of theirs was shot
In the left shoulder, and how tight
Her cousin wears her dresses. What
Shall we yet know? She came last night.
—Light.

EXPLANATIONS.

How the dear little tongues can wag!
Even if the tired mother does weary of
answering the never-ending string of
questions, yet how much the thoughtful
child learns just from the use of the in-
terrogation point! *Harper's Bazar* makes
a timely suggestion along this line.

Children's questions are frequently posers
to their elders. This is not always be-
cause the elder is ignorant of the matter
inquired about, although it must be con-
fessed that we would have to be pretty
well posted on every subject on earth to
answer all the questions of some young peo-
ple. But it is often difficult to give ex-
planations which children will understand
any better than they do the thing they ask
an explanation of.

This is most true with regard to defining
words. For instance, if it is suddenly de-
manded of us by a child of ten: "What
does 'impression' mean?" "What does
'influence' mean?" "What does 'ap-
preciate' mean?" the difficulty of putting
a proper idea of the thought into the child's
mind will be seen at once. His experience
is so limited that many of the words we
use have to him no meaning whatever.
There are other words which we commonly
use in a sense altogether different from
that in which a child uses them; sometimes
in a different sense from the original mean-
ing of the word. Bright children will see
this, and sometimes turn the tables sudden-
ly, by taking the word used in a meaning
entirely opposite to our intention.

To illustrate this: a child of six, while
being read to, insisted on turning the leaves
the wrong way, making the mother read
the end of each story before the beginning.
"That is not right, Harry; you are turn-
ing the leaves backward."

"No, mamma." He turned the leaves
quickly the other way, showing the back
cover of the book. "That's backward."

While answering the questions of a fam-
ily of questioners, one naturally gains expe-
rience in the business. Here is one method
of explaining words which has been found
effective. When a child asks the meaning
of a word, do not be foolish enough to
make him look it up in the dictionary, as
some strong-minded parents do, fondly
imagining he will remember better that
way. Give a definition in as plain words
as possible, in words he is accustomed to
use, and then give an illustration drawn
from his own experience, making your
point so that he can apply the word himself,
and so easily grasp the meaning. Children
never forget such explanations as that, and
they will understand quicker and better
than you would suppose possible. If the
explanation makes him laugh, so much the
better. He will think about it; perhaps
repeat it. Only let it be prompt and apt.

"What does 'periodical' mean?" asked
one young question-asker.
"It means happening regularly, at cer-
tain times. For instance, you come down
periodically to breakfast."
The little maid, who loved to be lazy,
caught the spirit at once. "I don't al-
ways," she said, with a twinkle of her
eye.
"No; that is true," replied the explain-
er, severely. "But you should. If break-
fast is ready periodically, you should come
down periodically to eat it."

The small listener looked solemn. But
though apparently unconvinced, she is not
likely to forget what "periodically" means.

"What does 'dispensing' mean?" she
asked, after a minute's pause. "'Dispens-
ing with the machine'?"

"That means 'doing without for a time.'
We can dispense with that paper, I think,
while you eat your luncheon."

"Oh no, mamma, please! I want to fin-
ish this story."

Now those explanations are there to stay.
She knows what the words mean, and un-
derstands them more clearly than all the
dictionary definitions in the world could
teach her.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S APOLOGY.

DAVID KERR tells this good story, which
is one sample of the *amende honorable*:—

During one of Nelson's cruising voyages
in the South Atlantic, a reckless young
midshipman of the squadron was taken to
task for some slight fault by the fourth
lieutenant of his ship, who abused him
vehemently as "a clumsy young bear."

"Well," retorted the youngster, defiant-
ly, "if I'm a bear, you're not fit to carry
bunnies to a bear, anyhow."

"Hollo!" cried the indignant lieutenant;
"is that how you talk to your superior
officer, you young whelp? We'll soon see
if that sort of thing is to be allowed aboard
an English man-of-war."

And he went straight to the captain to
report the offence. The captain—who was
a "regular Turk" of the old disciplinarian
school, and would have put his own father
under arrest for a much less matter—no
sooner heard what had happened than he
called up the offending midshipman, and
ordered him to apologize instantly, on pain
of the severest punishment that could be
dealt out to him.

The middy promptly took off his hat,
made a bow worthy of a dancing-master,
and turning to the offended lieutenant,
said, with perfect gravity: "Mr. Groves, I
observed just now that you were not fit to
carry bunnies to a bear; I was wrong, and
apologize with pleasure, for I am convinced
that you are fit to carry them."

"Sir," began the captain, in a voice like
the growl of distant thunder.

"O, Captain L—," interrupted the
lieutenant, whose wits were not very bright,
"pray don't be hard on the young gentle-
man. If he sees his error, and retracts his
words, I am satisfied."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, and
turned away to hide the laughter which he
could no longer restrain. But from that
time forth, whenever the crew had occa-
sion to grumble at bad food or unwhole-
some water, they always said that it was
"like a midshipman's apology,—worse
than none at all."

A SONG FOR MOTHERS.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON.

O, WEARY mothers mixing dough,
Don't you wish that food would grow?
Your lips would smile, I know, to see
A cooky bush or a pancake-tree.

No hurry or worry or boiling pot;
No waiting to get the oven hot;
But you could send your child to see
If the pies had baked on the cherry-tree.

A beef-steak bush would be quite fine;
Bread be plucked from its tender vine;
A sponge-cake plant our pet would be;
We'd read and sew 'neath the muffin-tree.
—The Household.

MARGINS.

In this age, when every one is in a per-
petual hurry, there is a peculiar force and
timeliness in the conversation and com-
ments that follow:—

"I remember you made a promise last
year, which you have not kept; I have not
bothered you, for I knew you were busy;
but I want to know now when you are
going to keep it."

"Not this summer. Do not ask me to
do it; I have not the time."

"What you need to learn is how to keep
a margin."

This conversation occurred recently be-
tween two women on their way out of
church.

"What you need to learn is how to keep
a margin." The words kept ringing over
and over in the hearer's head. What would
it be to have a margin? It would mean
liberty, the ability to choose what she
would do. Was she not making one of the
greatest mistakes a human being could
make in the system she had adopted of
living with every minute mortgaged? Was
it not living in debt? What was the dif-
ference between assigning a use for every
dollar of income and filling every minute
of time, using physical strength up to its

limit, leaving no margin for the emer-
gencies that come almost daily into every
life? These questions, like Banquo's ghost,
would not down.

Every intelligent woman would resent
the accusation that she lived up to the
limit of her income. But is not the crime
against society and herself as deeply dyed
if she leave no margin of time or strength
to meet the unexpected demands that are
constantly being made? If she is forced to
turn from pressing need because of an empty
purse, or from indifference born of ener-
gies exhausted, or because there is no time
to give? Is there not a poverty of soul
that is due to the exhaustion of mind and
body, which limits growth as much as
does poverty of purse? And we all know
that poverty of purse means limit of power.

WE HAVE ALL BEEN THERE.

THE swift-tongued, thick-lipped orator
of the bill of fare—who has not sat
abashed before him? Let us console our-
selves with the thought that he met his
match in the following incident given by
the *Kansas City Times*:—

Col. Charles R. Berry, assistant general
freight agent of the Maple Leaf, is a vor-
acious pie-eater. In the pursuance of that
delightful American occupation, Mr. Berry
had occasion in a down-town restaurant
yesterday to have an experience with the
impertinent waiter, whose kind is all too
numerous here.

"What kind of pie have you?" inquired
Mr. Berry.

"Apple, peach, pumpkin, apricot, black-
berry, cranberry, raspberry, strawberry,
cream, custard, lemon, grape, squash,
sweet potato,"—and so on to the end of
the waiter's list.

Every man who ever ordered pie in a
restaurant knows how the waiter answers.
He sticks his head up in the air and talks
faster than chain lightning, and as indis-
tinctly as possible. About all that Mr.
Berry heard was "peach," and when the
waiter had rattled off the list, he said, "A
piece of peach."

Away dashed the waiter, and after an
almost interminable wait he came back
with a whole trayful of pie, and with a bill
for sixty cents. He said that Mr. Berry
had ordered "a piece of each."

This story reminds me, by the way, of
the time that I once got the best of a
waiter. It was the only time, and conse-
quently the memory of it lingers with me.
The restaurant wasn't a very high-class
one, and there was no bill of fare.

"What you got?" I asked, as I sat
down.

The waiter broke loose, and all I could
gather, listen as I would, was, "Um—ost
—negs—cof—per—ie—steak—toes—
um—er—liv—"

I stopped trying to catch anything else
then. When he finished I turned my head
away and began to order, "Um—er—ost
—vegots—cof—per—ie—"

About that time the waiter walked
around on the other side of me.

"What did you say?" he asked, as plain
as plain could be.

"What did you say?" I asked. Then
we had it again. But before I ordered the
waiter was talking in a tone of voice dis-
tinctly audible, with a pronunciation very
correct, and it was no trouble at all to un-
derstand that he had, "Milk toast, ham and
eggs, coffee, pie, steak, potatoes, etc., etc."

COURTSHIP.

PRACTICAL hints on this universally in-
teresting subject are always acceptable.
Far and Near gives these few points, which
are worth noting:—

We once came across a chapter on court-
ship that struck us as exceedingly naive.
Any young man who might be contemplat-
ing a proposal of marriage was urged
strongly to select with care and due fore-
thought the proper time and place for such
proposal. For instance, he should never
propose to a young woman while out boat-
ing, for if she should happen to refuse him,
it would be difficult to reach shore immedi-
ately, and the situation would obviously
be awkward. On the other hand, if she
should accept him, the situation would be
equally undesirable, since too close a prox-
imity and certain attitudes incident to the
circumstances are known to threaten the
safety of a boat.

Also, said young man was advised never
to propose to a young woman just before
dinner. Having been without eating for
some hours, she would doubtless be in a
less amiable frame of mind than usual,
and might, under these conditions, refuse
an offer which at another time would seem

desirable. This last suggestion we enjoy
much. The compiler of that code of eti-
quette probably relegated the heart to the
same position as does Vernon Lee, who
describes it as "merely an organ for pump-
ing blood to the extremities."

This old-fashioned book of etiquette
seemed to us hopelessly absurd once, but
on reflection we are prepared to pronounce
it quite as sensible as certain extracts of a
similar nature we have recently had occa-
sion to read.

BRIGHT AND BREEZY.

Editor: "The country is ruined. The
people of this town will live in ignorance."
Assistant: "What's the matter now?"
Editor: "I've lost my scissors."—*Bos-
ton Post*.

At a young ladies' seminary, during an
examination in history, one of the pupils
was interrogated thus:

"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural
death?"

"No," was the reply; "He was excom-
municated by a bull."

Thad Butler, editor of the *Huntington*
(Ind.) *Herald*, announced his marriage as
follows: "Married, in Wabash, Ind., Tues-
day, April 4, at five o'clock P. M., at the
residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Thad
Butler (that's us) and Miss Kate E. Sivey
(that's more of us)."

A Professor Lecturing.—"In conclusion
I would instance mental aberration—a
mania to which the learned are frequently
subject, and occasionally make themselves
ridiculous without knowing it." (After
saying which the professor took, instead of
his hat, the lamp-shade off the bracket, put
it on his head, and walked out.)

Mrs. Tessau: "You don't know how
much I am enjoying Prof. Watervliet's lec-
tures on Herculeum. So clear and con-
cise, they're positive revelations!"

Mrs. Rolly: "Let me see; who was Her-
culeum, my dear?"

Mrs. Tessau: "I have n't quite made out
yet, but he was either one of those Roman-
esques or a Gaul, or something of that
kind. There's another lecture to-morrow
afternoon."

One of the troubles of life is
the breaking of lamp-chimneys.
Needless. Macbeth's "pearl
top" and "pearl glass" are
tough against heat.

You will save nine-tenths of
your chimney-money by using
them,

"Pearl top" fits most of
the little lamps; "pearl glass"
is for "Rochester," "Pitts-
burgh," "Duplex," etc.

We make a great many sizes
and shapes, all of tough glass.
You can get the right ones.
Talk with your dealer about it.
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We have for the coming season two new patents on our
Union Undergarments.



This new cut represents the
style and fit, and points of
interest are there delineated
which give a fulness not
found in any other make.
Any lady who will give it a
little study will discover
that what she has com-
plained of in all other makes
has been obviated by our
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They are

Faultless in Fit,

and, as made to-day, is a
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best dealers, send stamp
direct to us for catalogue
and price-list, and we will
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part of the country, and
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109 Kingston St.,
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Reviews.

Religious.

THE PROGRESS OF DOCTRINE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Thomas Dehany Bernard, M. A. 8 in. x 5½, pp. xxiii, 258. New York: American Tract Society. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.00. During the more than a hundred years that have passed since the foundation of the Bampton lectureship, the volumes containing the various courses of lectures have been recognized as valuable additions to theological literature; and for more than a score of years the work of Mr. Bernard has been accorded an honorable place in the series. The lapse of time has not lessened its usefulness. It is still a fault often noted in our Bible study that there is a failure to obtain a comprehensive grasp of the separate books of the Bible as a whole and to see the steady unfolding of the divine plan that binds them all in one. A study of the New Testament along the lines marked out in these pages will do much to remedy this fault and to open new meanings to the eyes of any young person who traces the teachings of Christ in the Gospels, the presentation of his work in the Acts, the teaching given in the epistles to those already in Christ, and the final consummation of a corporate life realizing the ideal for the race as pictured in Revelation.

Biography.

DAVID BRAINERD. The Apostle to the North American Indians. By Jesse Page. 7½ in. x 5, pp. 160; illustrated. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, 75 cents. A place in the series of "Popular Missionary Biographies" assuredly belongs to him who was one of the pioneer American missionaries at a time when home and foreign missions here were one. Even had his own work been insignificant, recognition would be due to him whose life was the inspiration that gave Henry Martyn to the missionary cause. Not simply for its association with missions, but for the unreserved consecration that it displayed, should the career of Brainerd be studied by every Christian. Especially strongly to young Christians should come the appeal from the noble character of one whose years numbered less than thirty. The melancholy that inevitably tinged his experiences does not lessen the stimulus to be gained from studying the career of this noble young Christian hero of a century ago. In no other pages than his own can he be better seen, and this brief biography will have done good service if it calls new attention to Brainerd's own writings. Mr. Page has given some facts that will enable one to read more intelligently the fuller narrative, and has shown well the connection of Brainerd's labors with some of the earlier and later work among the Indians.

Music.

SONGS FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH. Compiled by Rev. W. F. McCauley, assisted by Rev. H. P. Welton, D. D., and Elizabeth Wishard. E. S. Lorenz, musical editor. 7½ in. x 5, pp. 180. Dayton, O.: Lorenz & Company. Boards, 30 cents; \$25.00 a hundred. We find here an admirable collection of songs for the use of Christian Endeavor societies, Sunday schools, and various church services. The very names on the title-page are a guarantee of its adaptability for Christian Endeavor meetings, for Dr. Welton and Miss Wishard are well known in Endeavor circles, the former being the ex-president of the Michigan State Union, and the latter now holding the secretaryship of the Indiana Union. There is no striving for new and startling effects in this work, yet it proves upon examination to be not only what it so modestly claims for itself, — a "collection," and a discriminating one, — but an introducer, as well, of several pleasing and stirring hymns that will at once capture the ears, and the hearts, too, we are persuaded, of the young people. Two of the songs that will at once find favor are the "Church Rallying Song" and "Shoulder to Shoulder." A page full of helpful suggestions, entitled "What to Sing and How," at the beginning of the book, is worthy of special mention.

Miscellaneous.

MERRILL'S WORD AND SENTENCE BOOK. Compiled by Teachers. 7½ in. x 5½, pp. 176; illustrated. New York: Charles E. Merrill & Company. Boards, 24 cents. The subtitle

defines this book as "a practical speller, designed to teach the form, pronunciation, meaning, and use of common words," and this surely does not state too broadly the field that is covered. The book is designed especially not for oral exercises, but to familiarize the scholar with the written and printed word. The words are classified largely by their meaning. An effort is made to give training in the proper use of synonyms, and the presentation of homonyms is good. Selections for dictation are well made from standard authors and with a view to imparting information on many and varied subjects. The progressive character of the instruction requires the introduction of related subjects in different connections, but an index brings together the different paragraphs on kindred topics, and in the hands of a wise teacher the book can be made to furnish a great variety of useful exercises.

Pretty bookmarks in celluloid and silk, after designs especially appropriate for various seasons and purposes are issued by J. L. Spicer, 8 and 10 Bible House, New York.

Booklets.

A brief but striking experience is that described in *The Last Pages of an Officer's Diary*, and one well adapted to help many who are seeking for the way of life. (New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 25 cents.)

In *How to Become a Christian* Dr. Lyman Abbott gives five simple talks to young people, describing the Christian life in five aspects, — as a disciple, a believer, a follower, one of the brethren, and a saint. The subject is so presented and illustrated as to make it very plain, even to the youngest. (New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell. Price, 20 cents.)

The Four Men is an excellent address lately given to the students of Yale University by Rev. James Stalker, D. D., the author of the well-known "Life of Jesus Christ." It tells of the four persons to be found in each man, — "the man the world sees," "the man seen by the person who knows him best," "the man seen by himself," "the man whom God sees;" it points out the shallow, the manly, and the apostolic way of regarding these different judgments; and it makes an appeal for lives lived ever in view of God's judgment. (New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 20 cents.)

Educational.

The *Twenty-ninth Annual Circular of Allen Academy* describes the curriculum of this school for boys, in the preparatory, academic, and Latin-English courses.

Pamphlets.

Some *Vacation Memories* of a "holiness camp-meeting" in the Green Mountain State preserve reminiscences of delightful and profitable hours. (New York: American Sunday-School Union; J. L. Spicer, agent.)

The *Nineteenth Annual Statement of the Bethany Institute for Woman's Christian Work* presents an interesting review of the work done by this institution for the training of missionaries for the home or foreign field or for city work. (From Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Ruliffson, 105 East Seventeenth Street, New York.)

Magazines.

The political situation in Europe and the dire events that would follow the death of Francis Joseph are outlined in a striking article by De Blowitz in *Harper's*. Another feature of the number is some hitherto unpublished letters of Dickens to Wilkie Collins. Comments by Andrew Lang and illustrations by Abbey present vividly many scenes from "Much Ado about Nothing." Articles on "The New York Chamber of Commerce" and "Chinese Secret Societies" are also of interest.

The tropical seas are the chief scene of the steamship article in *Scribner's*, and a city of Ceylon furnishes the theme of an entertaining paper by James Ricalton. One must have a wide experience to have seen all the "Odd American Homes" that are pictured, and to read about them is better than to spend a summer in most of them. Descriptions of "Browning's Asolo" and of some rare china in New England, and Professor Royce's discussion of ideals of American universities will appeal strongly each to a different class of readers.

Russia is a land about which many are seeking information to-day, and the survey that is furnished in *The Chautauquan's* leading article will be widely read. The recent meeting of the American Association for Advancement of Science and the late Chilean war make articles on those topics especially welcome. Illustrated articles appear on "The Social Side of Artist Life" and on Marblehead, Mass., as "A Poet's Town."

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There is much solid practical sense in these brief epistles of Mossback, which it would be well for every one to appropriate. There is a dry humor pervading the whole which dulls the keen edge of his satire and the sharp point of his wit. — *Zion's Herald*.

The author is one of the few who can be funny without being spiteful or malicious. He can hit folly without stabbing the self-respect of the person whose weakness or vanity he satirizes. He is good nature personified, and belongs to a class of writers which might be numerically increased without any danger that the supply would exceed the demand. — *Public Opinion*.

DANGER SIGNALS. pp. 192. Price, 75 cents. Advice to young people from one hundred Boston merchants.

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NO. 50 BROMFIELD STREET.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1891.

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Editorial.

SPENDING A MILLION DOLLARS.

It is easy to intimate that views on the disposition of imaginary wealth, like those given in the broadside on another page, are of little practical value. It is true, as one of the contributors says, that the coming into possession of a fortune may wholly change the purposes of its possessor. Too many cases are on record where the sudden gaining of wealth has been at the expense of former generous impulses and the sadly swift development of intense and unreasoning selfishness. Yet we cannot feel that it has been a waste of mental effort for our contributors to ponder the question of the wisest and most Christlike expenditure of the sum named above, nor do we believe that the perusal of their various answers will be fruitful only in gratifying a passing curiosity. It is hardly sufficient to fall back on that saying of Jesus, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," and to fail to recognize that faithfulness to the much demands special thought and peculiar sagacity. There are certain conditions involved in effectively using large sums, which do not enter into the disposition of little amounts; a man may arrange a single flower-bed in good taste, who could do nothing with landscape gardening in a park.

As a nation, we have made marvellous progress, during the last few decades, in learning how to make millions; it is high time that we began to turn our attention to the best way in which to use them when made.

We do not know that any one who contributed to the symposium on our first and second pages will ever be called upon to do actually what he has done theoretically; but we have no doubt that some of the young Christians who read this copy of THE GOLDEN RULE will be millionaires before they die; and we think it will do them no harm to settle early in life the principles on which they will administer large trusts, should these be given them hereafter, and even to single out specific objects for future gifts. We believe that Mr. Fayerweather, who gave his millions to educational institutions, early formed the purpose of making such donations, and was doubtless aided in his accumulations by the high motive of his life.

A word of comment is perhaps in order on the answers given to the question proposed. As we expected, the missionary societies of the various denominations easily hold the first place in the affections and judgment of the writers. Beyond this, there is manifested a strong desire to aid in social and moral reform by establishing permanent institutions, all of which may do much to prepare the way for the utterance and reception of the gospel. Without expressing detailed opinion on the various ideas of our contributors, we deem them worthy of general commendation, and heartily wish that their words might be read by any who already have both the income of a million dollars and a mind open to suggestions about spending it.

WINTER EVENINGS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

To many of our readers, daylight and leisure rarely come together. The father must be busy from sunrise to sunset earning the living of his family; the mother finds little break in her home duties; and, after the children have reached school age, study and necessary exercise ought to occupy most of their waking moments, save what are spent in the dining-room. For the millions of clerks and operatives, artisans and farmers of our land, evening is the only portion of the day where they have much choice as to occupation.

During the summer months, twilight lingers well toward a worker's bedtime. Winter brings the long evenings. It also brings the question, How shall we spend them? The answer may be left to a careless and random decision, made day by day. "What are you going to do this evening?" may call forth only the unthinking answer, "I don't know; what's going on?" A conscientious follower of the Master has no right to make such a reply as this. He recognizes time, like all other gifts, as a trust for which the Christian steward must give scrupulous account. This question ought not to be dismissed without prayerful thought, and much of it. One should choose deliberately what use shall be made of the winter evenings, instead of drifting daily with the strength of momentary currents and eddies in the stream of life. It is a broad question, How ought I to plan the use of my evenings during the coming winter? It includes many subordinate inquiries. How much time shall I give to reading and study, to increasing my literary capital? How much time shall I devote to church services and church work? and in what departments of the church's winter work had I best take part? How many of these quiet evening hours shall I spend at home, and how many shall be given to outside interests?

This is a question which needs only to be stated in order that it may appear in its real importance. The danger is that it will not be considered at all, rather than that it will be answered unwisely. It is always easier to drift than to steer, to let our evening occupations be decided by incidental occurrences, instead of by sound principles. We believe that this question deserves the thoughtful attention of our readers; and as is elsewhere indicated, we hope to offer them further light upon its answer.

SHALL RIGHTEOUSNESS RULE?

This is the real question, recently discussed before the World's Fair commissioners in Chicago, by Colonel Shepard, president of the American Sabbath Union, and the able and distinguished men who accompanied him. It is not a question of expediency or policy, of perpetuating old customs or introducing new ones, though these elements enter into it. Reduced to its lowest terms, the problem is, Shall righteousness or mammon rule in the conduct of the World's Fair? It is impossible to lose sight of the strong mercenary motive that underlies the whole affair. The contest for the location of the Exposition was intensified chiefly by the prospect of the money that could be made out of it. The citizens of Chicago are putting their private millions into the fair, because they confidently expect to get them all back, multiplied many times. This motive is legitimate, and is the only one sufficient for encouraging so colossal an enterprise; but when the money-making spirit seeks to sacrifice the American Sabbath it

is time to call a halt. The issue is clearly joined. The moral sense of a vast majority of respectable citizens in our land demands Sunday closing, because that course alone is right. The vicious elements of the community, enforced by those whose consciences are controlled by their bank accounts, call for the breaking down of all semblance of Sunday observance, or else craftily suggest a compromise, which will surely lead to the same end. Let us not lose sight of the real question, Shall the almighty dollar or the law of God rule the coming exposition?

THE GOLDEN RULE SKETCH BOOK.

Pictures from Real Life.

OUR MUSICAL VISITORS.

As we sit in the sanctum, three flights up from the crowded sidewalk and busy street, we are somewhat removed from immediate contact with the waves of the tide of humanity that ebbs and flows through the city thoroughfare. Those who wish to see us personally have no trouble in stepping upon the elevator and being swiftly shot up to our rooms, but there is another type of visitors who succeed in reaching us far more quickly. They need no elevator save the breezes, which bear all sorts of sounds upward to our open windows. These visitors neither present their faces nor send in their cards, but they arrive here "just the same." They are the street musicians who take their positions beneath our windows and favor (?) us with their varied efforts.

First of all, of course, comes the hand-organ grinder. There is no need to describe him to our readers; who has not seen him? We do not, indeed, gaze upon him, for nothing less than a brass band riding in a barge and advertising a ball game can persuade us to extend our heads out of the window, and no monkey has ever yet scaled to the fourth story. But the plaintive tones of the instrument always reach us, and that is all. We never are really impressed, exhilarated, until the hurdy-gurdy arrives. This seems to be the favorite instrument for classic and cultured Boston, and has well-nigh driven its humbler relative, the barrel-organ, from the business streets of the city, doubtless because its cheerful, rollicking jingle rises superior to the steady rumble of drays and horse-cars, and sends a ripple of lightness over the heavy monotone of the city sounds. We plead guilty to a weakness for the brilliant melodies of this curious combination of wheelbarrow and piano; the medley of marches, national hymns, and familiar airs, together with the marvellous variations, runs, and trills, is quite inspiring at certain times. But the cornetist! When he arrives, takes his stand on the opposite sidewalk, elevates his instrument of torture till it is aimed straight for the ceiling over our desk, and then proceeds to emit some tones almost piercing enough to wake the sleepers in the old burying-ground less than a block away, and keeps at it through his entire repertoire, why, then—really we are unable to do much but wonder how soon he will be blown out. It is positively refreshing, after he has gone, to hear the classic chords of "Annie Rooney" dolefully escaping from an organette as if they were dying of mortification.

Our musical visitors,—we wonder whence they come and whither they go and why they come at all. We never return their calls, but they stand not upon ceremony, and we expect them all again to-morrow.

After all, the street musician has his uses. He is not the worthless member of society that some persons would have us believe. He pleases the children, sets the baby to crowing, and many little feet to galloping. He cheers the tired toiler (when not too near) and furnishes a free concert for many whose pocketbooks will never allow them to hear Patti or Thomas. He increases the vivacity, if not the melody, of the world. So we forgive his ear-piercing tones, and count him among the humble benefactors of the race.

Editorial Notes from the Wide Field.

OUR TABLE OF CONTENTS this week offers what we trust will prove a valuable and acceptable variety to our readers. All will eagerly follow that canoe voyage in the wilds of Maine, and will impatiently await the second instalment, to appear next week.—"Spending a Million,"—surely every present or future millionaire will find ample suggestion in our broadside on that subject.—"September Days" are capitally described by Mr. Colby, and Mrs. Preston's story ought to start many of us out to distribute similar "crumbs of comfort."—That "Great Question" about the unsaved young people who are outside our meetings,—be sure to read thoughtfully and send us early replies.—Gen. Anderson's service on charity is a good example of a specially arranged meeting.—Line upon line is needed to impress the most impor-

tant truths; so be sure to follow carefully Miss McKean's words about "Pledges." — Last, but by no means least, we call special attention to Dr. Beckley's report of "Christian Endeavor in the Maritime Provinces."

IN OUR NEXT NUMBER will appear another of those delightful "Chapel Talks" given by President Gates of Iowa College to the young men and women in that institution, on the subject, "I Have Got My Lessons;" a talk with girls by that prime favorite of theirs, Margaret Sidney, and many other good things. — Keep your eyes open for the promised good things in our paper for the coming months.

HOW SHALL WE USE OUR WINTER EVENINGS? — We want our readers to tell one another the way to answer this question, and we are ready to receive a large number of pointed and practical replies, minus preamble and peroration, keeping strictly within the limit of a hundred words. We expect the answers to come from the point of view of a consecrated Christian, who purposes to live not for self-indulgence, but for Christ, during evening hours as well as by daylight. Send on your best thoughts at once.

OUR PROSPECTUS for the coming year is nearly completed; and it is not too much to say that it is the most attractive literary bill of fare ever offered by THE GOLDEN RULE, and one of the most interesting ever offered by any paper. A mere reading of it will show that THE GOLDEN RULE means to keep at the head, and we believe that its performance will exceed its promise. We have a dozen capital broadsides in view, on topics of especial interest to Christian young people; a series of interviews with the great men of the day on great topics of the day, a feature in which THE GOLDEN RULE has largely led the way among religious papers; many bright stories, and scores of articles of exceptional interest from some of the best writers in the country. Watch for the full prospectus.

DOUBLING UP AT THE WRONG END.—We are ashamed to confess that from the port of Boston, during the year ending July 1, 1891, just about twice as much rum was exported to Africa as in the year preceding. We have not yet noticed any item to the effect that the missionaries to Africa have been doubled in number during the same period. Perhaps it will be wisest and best, however, to keep some of them at home for a few years, and try to convert some of the pagans in the immediate suburbs of this city, where all this rum is manufactured.

LARGE ADDITIONS.—We rejoice to note the very large additions to the Presbyterian churches upon profession of faith the past year. If we are not mistaken, this is a larger number than has been added in any previous twelve months, and nearly twice as many as in some recent years. It is more than a coincidence, we believe, that the majority of Presbyterian churches now have societies of Christian Endeavor. How many young people who would not otherwise have been reached have been brought into the church through this agency we do not know, but we believe they are numbered by thousands.

RECKLESSNESS, NOT COURAGE.—Incited by the iniquitous example of the foolhardy mariners who attempted to cross the Atlantic in dories, two youths from Far Rockaway have attempted to sail from New York to Boston in a little cockle-shell in which a cat ought not to risk its life. If these lads reach port by any happy accident, they ought to be arrested for attempted suicide, and be put under bonds to preserve their own lives. No possible gain can come from such recklessness; and success is even worse than failure, for it incites others to the same foolhardiness. The only mitigating circumstance is that lives thus put in jeopardy for no good and worthy cause cannot be of the greatest value to the world, even if disaster should overtake the voyagers.

A CAPITAL IDEA,—that of the College Young Men's Christian Associations whose members meet the freshmen and other newcomers at the station, show them the way to their rooms, look after their baggage, and introduce them to classmates and other college friends. This is a decided improvement over the tin-horn serenades, cold-water baths under the spout of the college pump, "smoking out," and other accompaniments of "bloody Monday" of the olden time. Truly, the college "world do move." It is moving in the right direction, too.

THOSE PETITIONS FOR SUNDAY CLOSING. — A communication from Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts to *The Chicago News* of recent date gives some interesting, though not entirely gratifying, facts concerning the efforts thus far made by petitioners for the proper observance of the Lord's Day at the Columbian Exposition. It appears that up to the

middle of last July, only about thirteen hundred petitions had reached the proper authorities. It is evident, as Mr. Crafts remarks, that the clerks and secretaries of many religious bodies and other organizations must have failed to send in statements of action that has been taken. We trust that this means of aiding a right decision of so important a question will not be neglected. We notice with pleasure that Christian Endeavor societies lead all other organizations in the number of petitions sent in.

AT LAST the report of the Minneapolis meeting has come through press and bindery, and is being sent to expectant readers throughout the land. We have been as impatient as any to see it, and can assure our friends that in its publication all possible haste has been made, consistent with accuracy and the excellent typographical appearance of which the contents are worthy. Read it, tell others about it, and use its wealth of inspiring thought in the immediate improvement of individual and collective Endeavorers for Christ and the church.

Applied Christianity.

THE STRANGER IN OUR CITIES.

OUR great cities are magnets, whose field of force extends to remote rural homes, and whose drawing power increases, rather than diminishes, with distance. At the beginning of this century, only one-thirtieth of our population lived in cities of 8,000 or more inhabitants; now nearly one-third are found there, and the drift in this direction has been greatly accelerated during the last decade.

It is well understood that an important element in this urban growth is the incoming of young people from isolated farms and small villages in the country. We are inclined to think this the greatest source of growth in our cities, if we include among "young people" all under thirty years of age, married as well as single. If we follow these as they pass from country solitudes into the density of city life, we shall observe one or two points that peculiarly emphasize the call for aggressive Christian work for them. Usually, or, at least, frequently, they come from previous associations with some church, and are favorably predisposed to continuing such connection. Again, the vast multitudes among which they mingle make them feel shy and lonely. Where can one be more solitary than on a crowded city street when the jostling throngs bring not a single familiar face? And once more, let it be remembered that evil influences and dangerous places are numerous and are constantly inviting the stranger, whereas the churches have been too apt to wait to be sought, rather than to go in search.

Among other agencies for helping and saving men, the Christian Endeavor Society has here a great opportunity, and we are glad to record, with expressions of our heartiest approval and good wishes, a plan for practical work in this direction, which has been begun by the Chicago Christian Endeavor Union, and has since been taken up by the Philadelphia Union. It is the organization of what is called a correspondence committee, described in a circular that we herewith print in full:—

What the Committee Is.

The committee consists of one hundred and sixty members, — the president, vice-president, and secretary of the union, and one member from each of the one hundred and fifty-seven societies composing the union. The president, vice-president, and secretary compose the executive committee of the correspondence committee.

What the Committee Hopes To Do.

The committee hopes to provide a Christian welcome and a church home of his own denominational choice for every newcomer to Chicago, to extend the greeting of Christ's love to men and women before they are met by the almost overpowering temptations of our city life. Thousands of young men and many young women come to Chicago to make their way in business, not knowing, when they come, a single person in the city, — no one from whom to get advice, help, sympathy, or a single bit of the home love that helps so many of us to keep right, or which comforts and restores us after a fall. To them, eager for companionship and for a little happiness, the saloons, theatres, concert halls, billiard rooms, race tracks, open wide arms of welcome. Shall Christ's church not go out into the by-ways and hedges and bring them in?

How We Hope To Do This.

We shall advertise ourselves in every paper in the United States and Canada that will give us space. We advertise the plan to you by means of this circular. THE GOLDEN RULE will carry our plan to every Christian Endeavor society in the world. And we shall say this: If the corresponding secretary of any Christian Endeavor society, or any member of any such society, or any Christian in the world, knows any one who is coming or has come to Chicago, whom he wishes to have surrounded by Christian influence, welcomed by Christians into Christ's church, or helped in any way, let him write a letter to the secretary of the Christian Endeavor correspondence committee, 148 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. In this letter let him give the full name, the Chicago address, a description of the person to be welcomed, the denomination which the person prefers, and any particulars which would guide us. The secretary will send the letter to the member of the society of the same denomination as the newcomer nearest the address given,

and that member will immediately call on the newcomer and extend to him all Christian courtesy and every privilege his particular branch of Christ's church can offer.

This is the plan. Will you pray that God will make it fruitful for good and make every member of the committee faithful? Will you help by spreading information and by sending us names of those who, like us, need Christ's love and help and care?

This circular has been reproduced with unessential changes by the Philadelphia Union, whose chairman, to whom letters should be addressed, is Thomas R. Patton, Jr., 752 South Eighteenth Street.

It may be said that this kind of work is already undertaken by the Y. M. C. A. and by individual churches. This in no way renders the present scheme needless. There is little danger of overdoing the matter of inviting strangers to the church of Christ. There can be no possible reason for collision, but rather the certainty of delightful co-operation with other agencies in the working of these correspondence committees. We call special attention to the care with which the denominational preferences of strangers are regarded. We shall hope to give some reports of the results of this work.

HINTS ON WORK AND FELLOWSHIP.

We have received from Rev. H. N. Kinney, of Winsted, Conn., a printed report of the committee on work and fellowship of the General Conference of Congregational Churches in that State, of which committee he is secretary. Some of the ideas and plans are so timely and universally applicable that we quote extracts.

Under the general subject of "Christian Work," the report speaks as follows:—

There is gradually formulating itself in our churches an ideal of the work of the local church as follows:—

1. The work of the church tends more and more to organized, persistent, personal effort.
 2. It aims to save the whole man.
 3. It includes a change of environment, as well as a change of heart.
 4. It concerns the individual, — classes more than masses.
 5. The church has its every-day business clothes on. It is no longer a Sunday church with only a Sunday suit.
 6. The church edifice is becoming more than an auditorium solely; it is becoming a workshop, a home, a magazine, and distributing point for social forces.
 7. The church is not in the church edifice simply, where the grown people and stained-glass windows are; it is where its members are, — "the church in thy house," the school-house, perhaps.
 8. The church is a solidarity; it has no branches. Sunday school, Y. P. S. C. E., mission circle, infant class, — all are the church.
 9. The work of the church to-day demands, under business management, many workers, male and female, young and old.
 10. These demands are being met. There is a readiness for service.
- The millennium is not yet here, but there are signs of the times that are not discouraging.

After discussing in detail specific measures and their various results, the report concludes with the following "Questions for Consideration," which may well be asked by churches of every denomination all over our land:—

The facts, so far as reported, suggest the following related questions:—

1. Are our churches clearly aware of the great variety of classes in their parishes needing special attention?
2. Has the local church in its own reawakened membership the conditions for the solution of existing parishes problems?
3. Do we need a revival of ethical standards in and out of the church?
4. Are we over-organized?
5. Is the family relegating too much to the organization the Christian functions of the home?
6. Is the prevailing form of church activity enlisting the sympathies of men, as of women and children?
7. Is the church caring sufficiently for its own baptized children?
8. Is it practicable for country churches to employ assistant ministers?
9. What more can the local church do to raise up ministers and missionaries?
10. Is the prayer meeting the only "thermometer" of church life?
11. Shall rural churches fit up the basement or spare rooms of older church edifices for the young people for social purposes during the week?
12. Can our city churches do the work of the Y. M. C. A. in their own parish houses?

Their report of the standing committee on Sunday schools, presented at the same meeting of the Conference, has the following suggestive words from its secretary, Rev. Joel S. Ives, of Stratford, concerning the harmonious work of the two hands of so many local bodies of Christ's church:—

There is also cheer in the organization, growth, and work of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, in its relation to the church and the Sunday school, both in their separate responsibilities and as together making up the church. The university idea gives greater efficiency to each department, while it magnifies the whole united institution. The church in its distinctive work, the Sunday school, and the Christian Endeavor Society are each more effective because of their organic relation one to the other, while the church in its general name and work is thereby advanced. The definiteness and personal character of the Christian Endeavor method especially help the Sunday school. It is a most effective agency through which to do the work for which the Sunday school is organized. The Endeavor Society is not only a most excellent means of introduction to the Sunday school, but it stands as a bridge between the Sunday school and the church. The definite pledge of loyalty and service is far on toward full membership in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Christian Endeavor.

"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are Brethren."

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor:

	Societies.	Members.
In 1881	2	68
In 1882	7	481
In 1883	56	2,870
In 1884	156	8,905
In 1885	253	10,964
In 1886	850	50,000
In 1887	2,314	140,000
In 1888	4,879	310,000
In 1889	7,672	485,000
In 1890	11,013	660,000
In 1891 (on record July 1) 16,274		1,008,980

Familiar Letter from the President of the United Society.

A Voice from the Pine Woods.

My DEAR FRIENDS:—I find that it is sometimes a good thing to get far enough away from our work to view it in perspective. When we are close to a building we can see its details well enough. If a window is broken, or if a bit of the paint is worn off of the weather side, or if the door-plate is brightly polished, we are sure to see it; but we have to step across the street to see the house as a whole, to note its general symmetry and proportions, and to decide for what it was designed, whether a dwelling-house, factory, or store, and how many people it would probably accommodate.

So, when we are close to our daily occupation, going through with its regular routine, contriving ways and means and methods for to-morrow before we have time to wash our hands of the grime of today's toil, it is difficult to get a comprehensive view of our whole lives and of our work.

What Is It All For?

What does it all amount to? Why am I living? These are questions that it does us good to ask and answer once in a while, and I know of no better time than a quiet vacation Sunday in which to ask and answer them.

Such a Sunday I have just had in the green stillness of the Maine forest. There is no church, so far as I know, within a hundred miles, only one squatter's log-cabin within a radius of forty miles. I went away for a few hours even from the two or three friends and guides of the party with which I was, and tried to look at the Christian Endeavor cause from the point of view of that lake-lapped hillside in the heart of the Maine forest rather than from the point of view of the office desk at 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, with its perpetual pile of unanswered letters and half-finished manuscripts.

I found the outlook from that point of view very helpful. What is our Society for? Not to glorify a name. Not to laud a method. Not to exalt a machine. Not even to bring together great masses of young people in mass meetings. What then? To make young people Christlike. There it is in five words. Our pledge—that is its sole object. It is not worth the cardboard on which it is printed if it fails of this. Because ten years of history has proved that the tendency of the pledge is to make young people Christlike, we believe in it. Our consecration meeting, our roll-call, our lookout committees, our social gatherings, our local unions, our great conventions—what are they for? Just this, and only this, and always this: to make young people Christlike.

The Great End.

This great end sanctifies every little means used to attain it, always provided that the means, as well as the end, is a worthy one. It makes this prayer-meeting vow not a fetch, a talisman, but a method used by God for transforming the young soul into the image of Christ.

This great object will make us careful who come into our Society as active members, lest the drones and the laggards

lower our standards and make all less Christlike. On the other hand, it will prevent our Society from becoming a little select religious club; it will make us anxious to reach and influence in some way every young person in all the community, so that he may feel the Master's touch.

It Ennobles Everything.

This great purpose will give the lookout committee an exalted idea of their work. Oh, how vastly important is their task! since their faithfulness or unfaithfulness is so vitally connected with the Christlikeness or un-Christlikeness of every member of their society. And the prayer-meeting committee—this purpose will dominate their choice of leaders and the very printing of the topic-cards. Shall we have a specially attractive card, a sentence of invitation on it, a pleasing variety in the method of the meeting? Shall we take an increased interest in unfaithful ones and delinquents? Is it worth while to take this additional pains? Worth while? The question is not asked before it is answered, since every little thing is done to make our members Christlike, and whatever conduces to this end is a thousand times worth while. And the social committee—that sociable it is planning for the opening of the fall campaign, that humorous song, that comical dialogue, even the ice-cream and cake of the refreshments, are all ennobled and made worthy means to the great end of saving young people and making them Christlike. And so with those whose special work during the next six months is for temperance, or missions, or for the Sunday school, or the music of the society. There is nothing trivial, nothing unimportant, if the end is borne in mind.

Another Whisper from the Pine-Trees.

Then, as I sat under the trees, I said to myself, How insignificant is every worker in comparison with the work! How unworthy are selfish ambitions, how ignominious are rivalries, how silly is conceit and large-headed puffiness in connection with this work! From all these things, good Lord, deliver us.

These were some of my thoughts under the huge and solemn pine-trees during that vacation Sunday in the trackless forest of Maine.

They were worth something to me, dear Endeavorers, whether or not they are to any one else. I am glad that I could stand off and look at the work from a little distance. Perhaps some of you will find help in the same plan. You do not need to go a hundred miles into the forest; but on some quiet Sunday at the beginning of this year of church work ask yourself, What am I doing? Why am I doing it? What is the masterful purpose that dominates my work? The answer that I hope you will hear will glorify every trivial task, every tiresome round of duty, every promise and every pledge; for all will be done for Him, and in Him, and by His strength. Your friend,

Francis E. Clark.

Question Box.

Ques. 1. Is it unconstitutional or in any way a violation of the proper functions of a Christian Endeavor society for a local union to adopt a system of aggressive Christian work, such as chartering a wagon and holding gospel services in the poorer districts of a large city, and to raise money to carry out this plan?

2. Do you think such action advisable when there is a good field for this work?

W. W. F.

Ans. The field of a Christian Endeavor society is in its own church, the same as with a Sunday school. The local union is for fellowship and for the inspiration that comes from public gatherings, and as a rule, we think, cannot to any great extent wisely take up union missionary work. If, however, the pastors and churches of the

societies belonging to the union all unite in desiring that the work should be done, we see no reason why it might not be carried out. The societies would then be observing the Christian Endeavor principle of doing only what their churches desire to have done.

Ques. Can a member of the Christian Endeavor Society at the same time be a member of the King's Daughters?

Ans. Certainly. Why not?

Ques. How is it possible to keep the Christian Endeavor pledge to the letter, since it is impossible always to do what ought to be done? I refer to the clause, "I promise to be true to all my duties."

I. M. S.

Ans. It is never impossible to do what ought to be done. Impossibilities are never duties, and duties are never impossible. Twice in our pledge occurs the qualification, "unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Saviour."

A GREAT QUESTION.

It came to us a few days since on a postal card, with the request that it be answered in the "Question Box." Impossible. It is too big. Here it is: "What is the best method of bringing those that do not know Christ, especially the young people, to our Y. P. S. C. E. meetings?" No question box that we have thus far found room for in these columns could hold a satisfactory answer. We propose to discuss this question a little, and then ask our readers to give such replies as their judgment and experience may suggest.

"How bring unconverted young people to our society meetings?" There are several things to be said on this inquiry, before we try to give it a definite answer.

1. It is a good question. It touches a most important matter. It comes right to the point where Christian work must succeed, or fail at every point. Unless a factory has raw material, it cannot send out finished products. Unless a church or Christian Endeavor society has the material at hand on which to work, it can do little besides keeping the empty machinery running. We all want to know how to get hold of the material for manufacturing Christian character, and therefore this question is a good one.

2. It is an old question. The church has always been asking it. Indeed, we may say with all reverence that Jesus himself asked it, in its essence, as he looked out upon the multitudes in Judea and Galilee, and thought of the truth that he wished them to hear. Under a changed form that old question repeats itself to-day; How shall we persuade people to come where we can speak to them God's truth? It may encourage us, if we have some trouble in answering it, to remember that it is not a new problem.

3. It is a complicated question. It involves several other questions. First of all, it requires us to ask, What sort of a meeting do we have? Is it alive during every second of every minute? Does it grow better from week to week? How about the time and place of the meeting? Is it at an hour when unconverted young people are most likely to attend? Is the room accessible for those who will make their first visit largely through curiosity, or because they see others going in, or because they have nothing else to do? And our main question divides into certain others along this line: What have you already done to get these persons into the meetings? Do you really want them? Do you want them enough to work hard to get them? Are you willing to try any plan that seems to have reasonable promise of success?

When you come to walk all around this question, and look it all over, it begins to look large, does it not? also very important. We must get the answer to it; yes, as many answers as possible. Where are these answers to come from? We want

them to come from societies all over the land, wherever our members have had any success in bringing the unsaved youth of their vicinity into their meetings. Let us have a free Parliament in print. Send on your answers, and we will give them to our readers, confident that they will be well worth a careful perusal.

N. B. There was once a time, as the story goes, when every one in the world was to give, at a certain moment, a shout. The moment came, and the hush of a deep silence settled everywhere. Why? Because every one kept still in order to hear his neighbors shout. Moral: do not wait to read of other's success, and fail to write what your society has accomplished, and how it has done it.

"COUSIN ENDEAVORERS."

WE have received a letter from England so full of good cheer that we should like to share it all with our readers, but here are a few nuggets.

The society is at Smethwick, near Birmingham; and our correspondent is the energetic secretary, Mr. C. H. Pott.

One result of the society has been the starting of open-air meetings by some of the members. . . .

One of the deacons expresses the opinion that the society is the grandest work of the church. . . .

"Our pastor is our president and a thoroughly conscientious active member." Mr. Clark met several of the members when in Birmingham last spring and the letter is full of affectionate personal greetings and remembrances; and the writer hopes that the letter will be taken as an earnest of the intense sympathy that exists in our hearts with our "cousin Endeavorers in your great country." Cousin Endeavorers, indeed! we are nothing less than brother and sister Endeavorers. All hail to you, brothers of Smethwick, and God bless your noble efforts!

POINTERS.

WHAT a grand showing for Nova Scotia in that item in Dr. Beckley's article,—a year ago, one missionary committee, to-day twenty-five! Let the good work go on.

You have had a week in which to think over Mr. Riale's suggestions about a course of study for the coming season. The more you consider it, the better it seems, does it not? If so, why not decide at once to go at it, and through it make some grand intellectual attainments during the coming months?

Here was a church (Congregational, Waltham, Mass.) that was to be closed on a given Sunday in August, the pastor and choir being away on vacations. The Christian Endeavor society was on hand, took the responsibility for the services of the day, organized a good chorus choir, and secured an acceptable preacher. Good! There ought to be more of that sort of work another summer, wherever it will be acceptable to the pastor and the church.

From the West Side Church of Christ, Chicago:—

Our Sunday-school committee will take charge of mid-week prayer meeting soon, and will endeavor then to more deeply interest the older people in the work of teaching the children. The superintendent has always experienced great difficulty in securing substitute teachers, a difficulty that has been overcome by the committee. They found sixteen persons who pledged themselves to come one Sunday each month prepared to teach a class. Four are assigned for each Sunday, and are notified beforehand to be on hand ready for duty. We recommend the plan to all Sunday-school committees.

So do we.

The president of the First Congregational Society in Stamford, Conn., has arranged that the second Monday of every month shall be committee night, when the committees are expected to meet; the third Monday evening is set apart for an

executive committee meeting, and the fourth Monday evening for a business meeting and sociable. This regularity and system is greatly liked by the members of the society. "Let all things be done . . . in order."

Our Committees at Work.

THOSE ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

How much longer are they to continue such? Are some of them almost persuaded to transfer their names to the ranks of outspoken soldiers of Christ? You really do not know? Have not asked them about it? Do not quite know how to introduce the subject wisely? We thought likely that was your case, fellow-laborers on lookout and prayer-meeting committees. Here is a helpful hint for you. It comes from the society in the First Congregational Church, Concord, N. H. It is a neatly printed letter, reading as follows:—

Dear Friend:—You have signed the constitution of the Endeavor society as an associate member. You have attended the meetings with us for many months. Are you satisfied to remain an associate member?

Down deep in your heart is there not a craving for something better? Do you think of the source of the blessings which daily surround you without a desire to repay, in some measure, the Giver of every good and perfect gift? Will you not resolve to accept Christ as yours and become an active member of the society?

Next Sunday we have our consecration service. The subject will be, "Our privileges: are we using them aright?" (Luke 19: 20-27.)

Will you not make an especial effort to be present, and in a true spirit of consecration, that we may all band together in a more earnest Christian service, remembering our new motto, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren?"

Sincerely yours,
PRAYER-MEETING COMMITTEE.

Such a letter might come with equal effect from the lookout committee; and in the case of small societies where the number of associate members is small, and the treasury not overburdened, such letters might be written instead of printed. In this case they would gain an added personal nature, which is somewhat lessened when one's words pass through the printing-press. We hope that many societies, both large and small ones, will try this plan, adapting it as wisely as possible to their individual circumstances.

For The Golden Rule.

THREE DEPARTMENTS OF TEMPERANCE WORK.

BY REV. WILLIAM C. CORT,

Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Ill.

THE temperance work of a Christian Endeavor Society should be more in the line of prevention and education than of reformation. Few of a society's members or attendants have acquired the drinking habit; but surrounded as most are by the open pitfalls, they need to be warned of their danger and to understand the effects of this "beverage of hell."

An ounce of mother is better than a ton of anything else in inculcating temperance principles; but, as many mothers are incompetent or indifferent, this ton of training should be given in some other way. The day school, the Sunday school, the Christian Endeavor Society, and the church can do it if they are willing to do the necessary work. Is not such work necessary, yea, is it not an imperative duty resting upon all to engage in it? This all must admit, but the method is the great question for our consideration.

Three departments may be undertaken by a Christian Endeavor society, led by the temperance committee.

1. The educational. The ignorance of the effect of alcoholic beverages and tobacco upon the system, the extent and evils of intemperance, and its immense cost to the nation and individual, are much greater than one would suppose, in

this age of the world. Experience and observation have taught me that the majority of young people do not know the A B C's of this subject. The great work, then, of this committee is to see that the society is led in some way to acquire a knowledge of these facts. A half-hour once a month may be given to this subject in the prayer meetings of the society. When this time comes, it should be made most interesting. Get the pastor, or better, a Christian doctor or a school-teacher, or some other competent person, to give a course of ten-minute talks upon the effects of these poisons upon the system, followed by members reading or giving short and pithy extracts and facts, gathered from books, papers, or observation upon any phase of the subject. Try, if possible, to get a reformed person briefly to relate his experience. Probably the committee will have to depend mainly upon the reading of extracts, and so they need to be constantly on the lookout to gather them, copying them carefully so that they can be easily read, and then taking great pains to put them into the hands of persons who will read them so that they can be heard by all. It is only by observing the minute details that a successful and interesting meeting can be held, and without life and interest in this meeting it had better not be held. By these or similar methods an efficient temperance committee can in two to five years do a great work in informing every member of their society.

2. The temperance literature work. Try to induce the Sunday school of your church to take one or more of the young people's and children's temperance papers published by the National Temperance Society, and have some of their best books put into its library. Also make it the duty of the committee to take subscriptions for temperance papers, and start a small temperance circulating library, by each willing member's buying a book or two and lending it to others. Nothing is better to impart knowledge and create interest than the printed page. Use it constantly.

3. The sympathetic and reformatory work. In almost every community we find the needy and unfortunate victims of the drink habit. Let us ever keep in mind that the slave to drink needs help and sympathy in his misery. A kind Christian heart will suggest the best methods of work here. It is a difficult thing to rescue a drunkard; but it is a blessed work, not only for the man himself, but for his family. But it is the family, the wife and children of the drunkard, that need help and sympathy as much or more than he, and here is where the work will accomplish the most and will be the most appreciated.

Temperance committees, give your hand, your head, and your heart to this work, and you will soon find that you are the most necessary and useful committee in your society.

For The Golden Rule.

A SERVICE ON CHARITY.

BY REV. EDWARD ANDERSON,
Past-Chaplain-in-Chief, G. A. R.

VOLUNTARY.

ANTHEM: "Sing, O Heavens."

HYMN: "Rock of Ages" (Congregation).

RECITATION:—

"O thou, who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love,
Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They but will raise their people there;
Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find;
Oh, bless the shepherd and the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one,—
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done."

—Neale.

HYMN: "How firm a foundation" (Congregation).

HYMN: "If God is mine," *Northfield* (Choir).

HYMN: "O Master, let me walk with thee" (Congregation).

1.

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?"

RESPONSES: 2 Cor. 9: 7; Ps. 51: 17; Prov. 19: 17; 28: 27.

2.

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door."

RESPONSES: Ps. 81: 16; Luke 12: 24.

3.

"How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And sheltered from the cold."

RESPONSES: Luke 12: 27; Matt. 6: 30.

4.

"While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell
And rest upon my bed."

RESPONSES: Prov. 1: 33; 2 Cor. 5: 1.

5.

"While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear
And do thy holy will."

RESPONSES: 1 Tim. 4: 12; Ps. 51: 10.

6.

"Are these thy favors day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they
And try to serve thee best."

RESPONSES: Ps. 19: 14; 139: 23, 24.

HYMN: "We give thee but thine own" (Congregation).

PRAYER BY PASTOR (Response by choir).

HYMN: "Is thy cruse of comfort failing?" (Congregation.)

SOLO OR DUET.

7.

Let this the ambition of all of us be,
To aim for the praise of the Blessed; and He
Whose love is eternal, and honest, and true
Shall give joy enough here; and though very few
May know of our deeds and accord to us
praise,
We'll live in the love of the poor we may
raise,
And trust that in heaven at last we may find
That the richest of praise comes to him who
is kind.

HYMN: "How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight" (Congregation).

ANTHEM.

READING: 1 Cor. 13.

General recitation of verses.

SHORT ADDRESSES by leader and pastor.

HYMN: "When he cometh to make up his jewels" (Class).

HYMN: "When, his salvation bringing" (Choir).

BENEDICTION.

Danielsonville, Conn.

For The Golden Rule.

PLEDGES AND THEIR USES.

BY MAY FIELD MCKEAN.

"I do not believe in the Society of Christian Endeavor, because I do not believe in pledged work. That which we do for Christ should be a free-will offering, and not the fulfilment of a pledge. I am opposed to the whole plan. I will neither give a pledge myself, nor exact one from any of my people."

Thus spoke a rather prominent pastor, not long ago; and it is to be feared that others, not so outspoken as he, are also tainted with this form of what they are pleased to call "religious freedom."

Let us look at the facts of the case. How largely do pledges enter into every transaction in life? Do pledges affect our free will? Are we not, as Christians, pledged already, even though not belonging to a Christian Endeavor society? By way of answer let us suggest a few cases.

Suppose that Mr. A. has been paying his addresses for some time to Miss B., and at last asks her to become his wife. But she holds opinions similar to those expressed by the pastor quoted, and so she says: "I

quite appreciate your feelings, Mr. A., and respond to them; but I am opposed to pledges. I cannot promise to marry you. I cannot place myself in a position where the enactment of what should be the greatest joy of my life would be only the fulfilment of a pledge instead of a free-will offering. Therefore you will excuse me from pledging myself to you." Is comment necessary?

Take another case. Mr. C. owes Mr. D. one hundred dollars. Wishing for some security, Mr. D. asks a note of Mr. C. But the debtor replies, "I don't believe in pledges. I have said I would pay this money, and that ought to be enough. I will not put my hand to a note." Would not the creditor be quite excusable for doubting that debtor's honesty as well as his common sense in business principles?

Or suppose that that pastor who did not believe in pledges, when called to the charge of a church should ask what salary he was to receive, and was to hear as his answer: "Well, we are a people who don't believe in pledges. We think a laborer is worthy of his hire, and so we don't intend to see you suffer for any of the necessities of life; but we can't pledge you any stated salary, because we are opposed to the whole system of pledges, and we know you would rather receive our gifts as free-will offerings than as the mere fulfilment of a pledge." We fancy that there would be a sudden change in his opinion, at least in regard to some pledges.

Almost all our relations in life,—political, business, social, religious,—are based upon some sort of a pledge, and that, too, a pledge that no one thinks of calling in question, a pledge that no one supposes affects either our free will in its fulfilment or our responsibility already existing. This must be the case with right pledges; and wrong pledges we have no business to make.

Brother, sister, you who are in Christ, what did you promise the Lord on that day when you became his child? Perhaps you did not put it in definite words, even to your own heart, but after all, what were the terms upon which you accepted his gracious salvation, were adopted into the family of the redeemed, and so became a child of the King and an heir of heavenly life? Was it not that you submitted your will to his, and with the inspiration of his life as your example, promised to follow in his way unto the perfection of truth and life? Suppose you do refuse the pledge of the Y. P. S. C. E., are you therefore released from your obligation? We take it that the same remark made about the debtor already mentioned may be applied to you, if your refusal has been after due deliberation.

But some one will ask, "If I am already pledged, what is the use of this additional pledge?" We take it that there are several benefits to be derived from it.

Upon the same principle that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," we are very apt to feel that a broad and general obligation ash few or no specific applications. The Christian Endeavor pledge specifies certain Christian duties and works that all can do, and the conscientious doing of which will certainly lead to the upbuilding of the whole Christian character. It changes that which in too many minds is held only in the abstract, into the concrete. It weds practice to theory. It awakens, not creates, responsibility, and then assists in the specific discharge of it.

In the second place, it gives the same benefit that is received from our memoranda of social or business engagements, only in another sphere. We need often to stir up our pure minds by way of remembrance, even in regard to "the things which we know and the truths in which we are established." Matthew Henry says, "He who has no times for prayer, will presently have no time for prayer," and the thought holds true in many directions.

It is easy for us to let slip those things to which we do not give the most earnest heed.

Perhaps a third benefit might be added in that "in union there is strength," and in this grand work there is the inspiration of numbers. Yes, there is a helpfulness in the thought that all over the land there are young Christian hearts reaching forward to the same definite end to which I would attain.

I believe that the Christian Endeavor pledge has helped us all to a deeper understanding of Drummond's suggestive translation, "We all with unveiled face reflecting in a mirror the character of the Lord, are changed into the same image from character to character," through its simple phrase, "Whatever he would like to have me do."

For The Golden Rule.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

BY REV. J. T. BECKLEY, D. D.,
Pastor Beth Eden Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Penn.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR in the Provinces throbs with the same vigorous life that marks its growth elsewhere. It has more than doubled within a year. Twelve months ago there were 106 societies. To-day there are 147, with 10,374 members. Last year there was one missionary committee; now there are twenty-five. The largest society is in Sackville. It has 103 active, and fifty-three associate members. Prof. Andrews is its inspiring leader.

John S. Smith, a merchant of Halifax, is the efficient president of the union of the Provinces. He carries in his pocket with his Testament a little book in which is recorded the name of every society and its night of meeting. He makes missionary tours. He comes in personal contact with the young people. His enthusiasm is one of the forces in the increasing momentum of Christian Endeavor.

This part of the Dominion presents its own special problems. The work is unique. It differs widely from that of metropolitan centres. There is less of crowded assemblies; there is more of lonely struggle and personal enterprise. There are thirty places where there would be no worship except for the work of the Endeavor societies. In Newfoundland, "England's oldest colony," which is not politically one of the provinces of the Dominion, but directly under the Imperial government, a land that, like Ireland, has no snakes, there are four societies. One of these last year saved a church from destruction. You wonder why in the list of societies Trinidad should be called, lying three thousand miles away in the Caribbean Sea. A member went out from a Halifax society, and among the coolies in that island indentured to the sugar planters, formed a society. In ten years the coolies go back to India; and they go back to carry the gospel under the shadow of the Himalayas. So Christian Endeavor advances.

At the closing consecration meeting of the recent convention, one hundred and forty spoke in the Music Hall in Yarmouth. That was a memorable hour. We had heard such words before. Here they seemed to weigh heavier. There was a massive strength of character behind them, character that had been slowly and quietly compacting far from the rush of metropolitan life. It belonged to the soil. You stand face to face with a type of character primitive and apostolic. In these beautiful valleys is a race of Christians closer to the New Testament model than can be found elsewhere in all the world. And why not? The sanctity of the Lord's Day and reverence for the Bible are the bulwarks of religion. The Sunday of Nova Scotia is a revelation to an American. After seeing it you feel that in your own land the day is not going, but gone. In the churches every man, woman, and child opens a Bible, yet even here we are told that the Christian Endeavor move-

ment has advanced Bible reading and Bible study immensely.

From Yarmouth you pass through the beautiful Annapolis valley. You will stop, of course, at Grand Pré. You will look in vain for the forest primeval, but you will dream a moment by the well where in the tranquil evenings of summer Evangeline stood, while from the belfry softly the Angelus sounded; you will look across the dikes, across the Basin of Minas to Blomidon. You will gaze into the valley of the Gaspereaux, fascinated, and yet startled, by its supernatural quietude; the veil seems lifted, and you are looking into the land of eternal peace. You go back to your hotel, and find no fastening to your door.

"Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows."

You know that you are in Acadia.

In Halifax I addressed the local union in Chalmers Hall. Many ministers were present; most of them were sympathetic; some were opposed to separating the young people for special work. At the close of the address there was a conference in which all freely participated.

Sixty-one miles from Halifax is Truro, on an arm of the Basin of Minas. Here the convention of the Y. M. C. A. of the Maritime Provinces was in session, a noble body of young men. I was asked to speak on personal work in soul-winning, and on Sunday evening on Christian unity, after preaching in the Presbyterian and Baptist churches.

From Truro you sweep on eastward to the Gut of Canso in a palace car, free from all the hardships of travel that make Mr. Warner's story so interesting. You do not have to hold on to the seat of a wagon, praying that the harness may not break, while you give constant expression to your wonder and delight. You are in the little island of Cape Breton, "invaded by the jealous ocean and anchored to the continent only by the cable." You set sail on the famous Bras d'Or Lake. "The most electric American, heir of all the nervous diseases of all the ages, could not but find peace in this scene of tranquil beauty and sail on into a great and deepening contentment."

In Baddeck, in the "double-barrelled" church which has been made conspicuous by the New England humorist, there is a strong Christian Endeavor society. A bright young woman of that society, quoting the humorist's words, said to me, "Congregational singing is good, when the congregation can sing. We cannot sing, but we can grind the Psalms of David powerfully." At the second service, however, the Gaelic, there rises a wild, weird Highland wail. A friend of mine, a globe-trotter who had seen and heard everything, said, "I would go a thousand miles to hear that singing."

At the end of beautiful Cape Breton is Sidney. On Sunday night all the churches of the place came together in the large and handsome meeting-house of old St. Andrews. Rev. Mr. Farquaharson, whose Gaelic sermon held me entranced earlier in the day, although I could not understand a word, presided. He is a warm Christian Endeavorer. Again I showed what the past had wrought and pressed upon this great company the possibilities of the movement. Rev. John Robbins made the significant statement that five years ago there was nothing for the young people in the Presbyterian churches to do but to sing the Psalms and paraphrases. If they went into a prayer meeting the older people only prayed. Now there is a band of earnest workers from the Atlantic to Vancouver.

Leaving Sidney in the morning, the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific, which is unsurpassed for train service on the continent, brought us to St. John, N. B., at midnight. The ride along the bold shore of the Bay of Fundy in the morning, and the sight of the spot made

holy by the heroic struggle of the noble Lady La Tour, of whom Whittier sings, came like a benediction.

Christian Endeavor has a strong hold in the commercial metropolis of New Brunswick. At night the local union with a large audience gathered in the Germain Street Baptist Church. Here the first society was formed. The Rev. G. O. Gates, pastor of the church and president of the local union, presided. Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, at the head of the Boys' Brigade of Canada and of the movement for higher biblical instruction, Rev. Mr. Shore, Macfarland, and Prof. Kiersted, of Acadia College, were present. It was a pleasure to meet Dr. Saunders, and to know that in the *Messenger and Visitor*, with Dr. Black, its editor, the young people have so warm and sympathetic an ally.

From St. John I turned and went a day's journey into the wilderness. Armed with my bamboo rod, I said with the apostle, "I go a-fishing." I would like to tell it,—how we reeled them in, two at a cast,—but "that's another story." Camping that night by a lonely lake far in the depths of the woods, I watched the moonbeams playing upon the water, and thought of the noble men and women that wear the C. E. badge. God bless them!

HAVE you any ideas concerning the two questions: How shall we spend our winter evenings? How shall we bring unconverted young people to our society meetings? If so, let us hear from you for our coming broadsides on these subjects.



THE MANAGEMENT OF DOGS.

Editor *American Sportsman*:

I was much pleased and greatly interested in the article on the dog and their management that appeared in the *SPORTSMAN* from the pen of Mr. Hugh Dalziel. To advance the growth and beautify the coat, he advises the use of cocoanut oil. Right. But do your many readers and lovers of the dog know that there is within their reach a more simple and easier obtained article and at far less expense, that answers the same purpose of the oil. This is nothing more nor less than Ivory Soap, manufactured by The Procter and Gamble Co., of Cincinnati. I have used it for many years and find it for all practical purposes far superior to anything I have ever used in my kennel. For washing setters I have never found its equal. Its healing properties are wonderful, and for sores and eruptions of any kind invaluable. It leaves the skin soft and clear, furnishes life to the coat, produces a beautiful growth of feather, and leaves it smooth and glossy and free from harshness. I use it with lukewarm rain water, which I find is the best. This forms a rich, oily lather, and helps loosen all stubborn scales and blotches of the skin. To those putting dogs in condition for show purposes it is first-class, and does away with the use of oils, eggs, etc. I have no purpose in advising the use of the soap only for the good of the dog. I have no interest, directly or indirectly, have never met, nor do I know any of the manufacturers. But I must give them credit for giving us the best soap for kennel purposes I have ever used.

JOHN BOLUS,

Kilbuck Kennels, Wooster, Ohio.

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anticipates his little cramp or pain, or cold or chill, and has SANFORD'S GINGER handy; but the fool heeds not until cholera morbus clutches his vitals at the midnight hour, when the GINGER bottle is empty and the doctor is far away.

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FACULTY: Professors Gulliver (assigned to literary work), Smyth, Tucker, Taylor, Churchill, Harris, Hincks, Ryder, Moore. Rev. W. L. Ropes, Librarian.

LECTURERS: F. F. Ellinwood, D. D. (Comparative Religion), Prof. N. S. Shaler, S. D. (Modern Science and Religious Beliefs), A. H. Bradford, D. D. (English Congregationalism).

COURSES OF STUDY:—PRESCRIBED: Hebrew, N. T. Greek, Biblical History, N. T. Biblical Theology, Systematic Theology, Homiletics, Pastoral Theology, Church History, Elocution; ELECTIVE: O. T. Biblical Theology, N. T. Exegesis, N. T. Introduction, Philosophy of Religion, Social Economics; OPTIONAL: German, Greek, Arabic, Aramaic, Philosophy. O. T. Electives are open to entrants who have competent knowledge of Hebrew.

For catalogue, or further information, apply to EGBERT C. SMYTH, President of the Faculty.

C. C. E. R. C.

WHAT do those cabalistic letters stand for? Why, "Chautauqua Christian Endeavor Reading Course," with Miss Grace Livingston as president. That sounds attractive, does it not? It is proposed to confine the course for the first year to American history and institutions and one book of religious reading recommended by the representative of each denomination. Bishop Vincent, Dr. Barrows, Dr. Harper, Dr. Clark, and Dr. Hurlbut are suggested as among the counsellors of the new course. This idea originated at Chautauqua with the Chautauqua Christian Endeavor Society; and the course is so simple that it cannot possibly interfere with the religious aims of the Society, to which everything else must always be kept subordinate.

Fuller particulars may be expected later.

NEWS ITEMS.

CALIFORNIA.

The eleventh quarterly convention for Alameda County was held in the First Presbyterian Church at Berkeley, Sept. 1. Rev. William H. Hill gave a report of the Minneapolis Convention. The topic for discussion was "The Social Side of Christian Endeavor." One-minute suggestions from representatives of each society touched upon the value of personal, written invitations, badges, and the principle of "one for one."

NEBRASKA.

The mission Sunday school of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in Lincoln is in a prosperous condition. There is an average attendance of ninety-five, and the school is self-supporting.

ILLINOIS.

The seventh semi-annual meeting, at Abingdon, Aug. 21-23, was the largest and one of the best ever held by the Galesburg Union. Helpful addresses were delivered by Rev. A. H. Dean, D.D., of Monmouth, Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, D.D., of Galesburg, Rev. H. G. Smead, of Chicago, Rev. W. W. Smith, of Macomb, Prof. L. S. Pratt, and others. One of the most interesting papers was by Miss Eva Huey, of Monmouth, on "The Pledge, the Backbone of Christian Endeavor." Among the special features of the conference were the singing, under the leadership of Prof. Zartman, of Monmouth, the hearty co-operation of pastors, the uplifting seasons of prayer, and the inspiring consecration meeting at the close.

INDIANA.

A number of Hamilton County Endeavorers met at the Westfield Methodist Episcopal Church, Sept. 1, and, after an interesting prayer service, formed a county union, and elected officers, who will make preparations for a convention at an early date.

We have already spoken of Dr. Rondthaler's splendid sermon on the Minneapolis Convention. The Tabernacle Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E. of Indianapolis, which has printed this admirable leaflet, will supply their friends with it at the rate of five cents a copy. Address Willis P. Hume, 355 North Alabama Street, Indianapolis.

OHIO.

The North Central Ohio Union held its first annual meeting at Mansfield, Sept. 4. The afternoon session was held in the First Lutheran Church, and the evening session in the Baptist Church. Reports of the State and Minneapolis conventions were received with much interest. The chief features of the meeting were the addresses on "How To Work," by Prof. Amos R. Wells, of Antioch College, and on "Christian Endeavor and Foreign Missions," by Irving Street, of Lexington.

MARYLAND.

The third quarterly meeting of the Cecil County Union was held at the Rock Presbyterian Church, Aug. 26. The afternoon session was occupied with a prayer meeting on the topic for the week, and a discussion of "The Pledge." After a bountiful supper came the evening session, at which the address by the president, Mr. John W. McCullough, was followed by devotional exercises. Addresses were given by Mr. William Levy, of Baltimore, on "The Spirit that Should Actuate Endeavorers," and on "The Responsibility of Endeavorers," by Mr. Charles Anderson, of Baltimore, who also sang several times. A stirring address on "The Power and Usefulness of the Endeavor Society," was also given by Mr. Thomas Potts, ex-secretary of the Maryland Union.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The society in the First Presbyterian Church of West Chester invited the other societies of the town to a meeting, Sept. 1, at which reports from the Minneapolis Convention were given by Mr. Percy Sill, of Media, and Mr. Morton Paul, of Wallingford. After the meeting a very enjoyable sociable was held, at which refreshments were served. The society that acted as host feels that it has been greatly benefited by a prayer meeting held for fifteen minutes before the regular Sunday evening meeting, at which time the associate members are made especially the subject of prayer.

Every society in the Adams County Union was represented at an open-air convention of great inspiration, held Sept. 3, at Round Top

Park, on the Gettysburg battle-field. Addresses were given on "Our Motto, the Expression of Loyalty to Our Church," by Rev. Joel Swartz, D.D., of the Lutheran Church, Gettysburg; "The Requisites of a Good Prayer Meeting," by Rev. Robert McClain, of the Presbyterian Church, Bloomsburg; "How Can a Christian Endeavor Society Be Made a Success in a Country Church?" by Rev. H. M. Heilman, of the Lutheran Church, Mt. Joy; "Why I Should Help Support a Foreign Missionary," by Mr. C. K. Swartz, of the St. James Lutheran Society, Gettysburg.

NEW JERSEY.

The local union of Paterson and vicinity met with the Preakness Reformed Society, Sept. 3, and heard reports from Minneapolis, and papers on "Preparation for the Prayer Meeting" and "Difficulties in Testifying."

The New Jersey Central Union had its third annual picnic in Wigwam Grove, Jamesburg, Sept. 2. Addresses were given by Rev. Thomas Tyack, Rev. George H. Ingraham, and Rev. F. B. Everitt. Rev. Mr. Everitt also led the service of song. A consecration meeting was held at the close.

NEW YORK.

The United Presbyterian societies of the Albany Presbytery held a convention at West Charlton, Aug. 25. Deep interest in the cause was manifested during the three sessions, and a permanent organization was effected.

The United Presbyterian Society at West Charlton is in a prosperous condition, with an active membership of about thirty-five, well-sustained meetings, and working committees. Several pleasant entertainments during the summer have been arranged by the social committee.

The Danby Congregational Society celebrated its second anniversary with interesting exercises, including recitations, remarks by the pastor, a poem, music, and a history of the society. Refreshments were served on the church lawn. The society is flourishing, having nearly doubled in membership during the year; and all gained inspiration for better work.

On Sept. 5 the society in the De Witt Memorial Church, of New York, held a farewell meeting for Miss A. M. Jefferson, who has been chairman of the lookout committee, and Miss E. T. Minor, who has been president of the Junior society. After a very touching meeting, about one hundred friends accompanied the two on board the steamship, *City of Rome*, on which they were to start for their mission field in India; and "God be with you till we meet again" was sung on parting.

CONNECTICUT.

The twenty-third meeting of the Enfield Union was held at West Suffield, Aug. 18. The topic was the object of the union,—to stimulate an interest in societies of Christian Endeavor and to promote their usefulness as factors in Christian life and church work. The societies briefly reported their needs, and Rev. Charles B. Strong, of West Suffield, offered some "medicine and magnetism" for local needs from what he had seen and heard at Minneapolis. The meeting was preceded by a sociable and collation.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A rousing meeting of the Fitchburg Union was held in the Baptist Church, Sept. 8. An excellent address of welcome was made by Rev. Frank Rector, the pastor. Rev. H. E. Bray, of North Leominster, made his report as delegate to Minneapolis, and General Secretary J. W. Baer admirably presented various "Practical Christian Endeavor Themes."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

About three hundred representatives of twenty-two societies connected with the Nashua River and Merrimack Valley Unions were present at a meeting at Hollis, Aug. 26. Unusually interesting papers were presented, and practical addresses were given by Rev. Charles F. Crathern, of Mason, and Rev. Addison P. Foster, D.D., of Boston, on "Prayer as a Factor in Christian Work," and on "The Sanctity of Obligations." The question box was in charge of Rev. George L. Todd, of Brookline.



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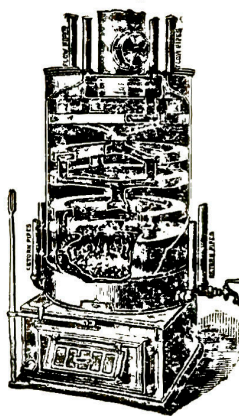
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NOTICES.

- Sept. 18.—Kansas City, Kan., Union Meeting, at the Argentine Congregational Church.
Sept. 24.—Montreal Union Quarterly Meeting. 8 P. M.
Sept. 24.—Maryland State Union Open Air Assembly and Reunion, at Penmar Park, Maryland.
Sept. 24, 25.—Memphis District Convention, in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Huntingdon, Tenn.
Sept. 30.—Housatonic Union Eleventh Meeting, at Washington, Conn.
Sept. 30, Oct. 1.—New Hampshire State Convention, at Manchester, N. H.
Oct. 5, 6.—Connecticut State Convention, at New Britain, Conn.
Oct. 6-8.—Pennsylvania State Convention, at Williamsport, Penn.
Oct. 10.—Orange County Union Meeting at Anaheim, Cal.
Oct. 20, 21.—New York State Convention, at Utica, N. Y.
Oct. 21-23.—Ontario Provincial Convention, at Peterborough, Ont.
Oct. 23, 24.—Worcester North Union Meeting at Winchendon, Mass.
Oct. 23-25.—New Jersey State Convention in First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.
Oct. 23-25.—Wisconsin State Convention, at Eau Claire, Wis.
Oct. 23-25.—Missouri State Convention, at Springfield, Mo.
Oct. 27-29.—Iowa State Convention, at Burlington, Io.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—South Dakota State Convention at Mitchell, So. Dak.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Minnesota State Convention at Mankato, Minn.
Nov. 5-8.—Illinois State Convention at Peoria, Ill.
Nov. 10-12.—Nebraska State Convention at Kearney.
Nov. 13-15.—Indiana State Convention, at Kokomo, Ind.
Nov. 17, 18.—Massachusetts State Convention, at Springfield, Mass.

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INFORMATION

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We have just received from the mill the first invoice of **CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR STATIONERY**, manufactured expressly for us. The accompanying design, embossed in gold leaf, forms the beautiful and appropriate heading.

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FOR HOME USE. The Active Membership Pledge (revised). To hang in member's room. Size 10 x 12. Printed in two colors. Every active member should have one.

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Extra heavy gilt bevel-edge card, 25 cents each. In lots of 25 or more, 20 cents each.

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Christian Endeavor.

JUNIOR SOCIETIES.

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING OCT. 4.

"THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE."

2 Tim. 1:8, 9; Rom. 1:6; Eph. 4:1.

BY MRS. ALICE MAY SCUDDER.

VERSES to be marked in the Bibles, and learned each day by the children:—

Sunday.—1 Sam. 3:4.
Monday.—Prov. 8:4.
Tuesday.—John 11:28 (last clause).
Wednesday.—Acts 2:39.
Thursday.—Phil. 3:14.
Friday.—1 Thess. 5:24.
Saturday.—1 Tim. 6:12 (first half).

Outline Talk.

Did you ever hear a mother call and call to her child and get no answer? Was it not very impolite to hear and not to answer? But people are often rude in this way to God. He calls lovingly, and yet no word of response comes to his tender appeals. Prov. 1:24 (first half).

There is a dear good child spoken of in the Old Testament who is an excellent pattern. Hear his prompt reply, "Here am I," when God calls him. Who is this boy? Read in unison the story of Samuel. (1 Sam. 3:1-20.) This story shows us that children, as well as grown people, can be called of God.

WHY ARE WE CALLED OF GOD?

When mamma calls it is because she wants you for some special purpose. It may be time to prepare for school, or she may wish you to do an errand, or she may have a gift for you. Even so God has a purpose in calling us. It may be that he has benefits to bestow, or it may be that he has some work for us to do.

FOR WHAT DOES GOD CALL US?

God calls us to be holy. (1 Thess. 4:7.) The gods of the heathen often represent that which is vile and low, and of course their believers try to imitate them in thought and deed; hence the people must be degraded. See to what heights of purity and holiness God calls us. (Matt. 5:8; Heb. 12:14; Lev. 11:44 [first half].) Speak of the great sin it is for any who are called of God to use impure speech. It must be constantly impressed on the children who are Christians that they must set good examples to their companions.

God calls us to praise him. (1 Pet. 2:9.) Our heavenly Father wishes us to appreciate the blessings he has given us, just as our earthly father frequently tells us about what he wants to do for us.

God calls us to work for him. (Matt. 5:16; John 15:5.) The most beautiful and satisfactory trees are such as are filled with beautiful blossoms in the spring, and later bend beneath a weight of delicious fruit. Christians are expected to be more than shade trees; they are called to bear fruit, which means to abound in good works. (Col. 1:10.)

BLACKBOARD.

The Master } to { Be holy,
calls you } to { Praise him,
 } to { Bear fruit.

The Junior Scrap Bag.

My dear Mrs. Scudder:—I am a member of the Junior Society of the Presbyterian Church in this city. Rev. H. S. Jordan is our pastor. At our meetings we have very interesting times. Nearly every Sunday some one reads a story or talks to us. Last Sunday a lady from the senior society read us a story from THE GOLDEN RULE, and our superintendent, Mrs. Sherman, thought it would be nice for our society to write a letter to you.

We have about ninety-one members altogether, though all of them do not come every Sunday.

The society has been organized about a year. When we first began we had about twenty-four or twenty-five members.

We also have pledge-cards, which we sign, where we promise to read the Bible each day. We each have verses, and we either read or recite them. Sincerely yours,

LUCILE M. CHIEVER.

Lansing, Mich.

Dear Lucile, stories are very helpful if we listen expecting to profit by them. Try to keep your pledges faithfully. I hope your society may increase in numbers and be a great power in the community where you live. Remember that the meetings are not

simply for personal profit, but to gather spiritual power that shall be felt by all who meet us.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—Our society meets every Friday at 4 P. M. First we read verses concerning the text; then our teacher, Miss Lundborg, explains the lesson and asks us questions. She gives the text for our next meeting, and then we have prayer. We have twenty-three members. There are two committees, a lookout and a flower committee. I think this society is as pleasant as my Sabbath school.

One of your little Endeavorers,
Walden, N. Y. MARGARET REED.

Dear Margaret, your letter gave me much pleasure. I received one, too, from your leader which also pleased me. She writes that "this work among children is so pleasant. It would warm your heart towards these little ones here if you could see how eagerly they listen for your answers to the letters, read to them every week from THE GOLDEN RULE. They compare every society with their own, anxious to make theirs the best." With such earnest efforts to succeed, you cannot fail to have an ideal society. I am sure the children cannot love me more than I do them, and I am always feeling sorry that I cannot answer all the letters at once.

My dear Mrs. Scudder:—I am a member of the Junior Society. We hold our meetings every Sunday afternoon in the Congregational Church.

We have twenty-one members. About every Sunday a minister comes to talk to us. I am on the social committee. We begin at three o'clock and stay till four o'clock. We are talking of having a concert, which we hope will be very nice.

We all enjoy meeting at the church. I hope you will publish this letter as soon as you can. Goodby, from
Orono, Me. NELLIE B. WHITE.

Dear Nellie, I hope you take great pains to have every child feel at home in your meetings. I suppose you have the care, with the rest of your committee, of furnishing the refreshments for your sociables. If you do, and have occasion to borrow plates or glasses, or any other things, from any one else, be sure that you return them immediately and in perfect order. I know of a society that borrowed from a Ladies' Aid Society and left some of the dishes unwashed, and tumblers that were broken were not replaced. All social committees should be careful to be neat, orderly, and business-like, keeping a list of all borrowed things and returning them the night of the sociable.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—We have not read a letter from St. Joseph, so we thought we would write you.

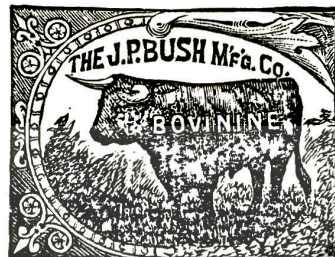
We are members of the Junior Christian Endeavor society, and like it very much. We intend to get badges to help us remember our pledge.

Miss Blanchard is the president and Miss Elfred the secretary of the society, and we all love them.

We have been drawing the map of Palestine and learning of the cities Christ visited while on earth.

Most of the members have little books to keep the texts of the sermon in every Sunday morning. Hoping to hear from you real soon, Yours in Christian Endeavor,
HELEN MOSMAN and LEONA LILLEY.
St. Joseph, Mo.

Dear Helen and Leona, I am sorry I could not write "real soon," but every one has to wait his turn. I had no idea the dear children would have had to exercise so much patience, but we know that patience is a great virtue and ought to be possessed by all our Juniors. It is good to draw maps and study places where Christ worked. Some societies have little slates to use for such exercises.



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Anything is good to use that makes Jesus seem near and dear to the children.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—At the request of one of our lady managers, I thought I would write you a few lines.

I belong to the Junior Society. We meet every Sunday evening. We have forty members, and there are more joining at every meeting.

A few weeks ago, through the efforts of Mrs. A. D. Morgan, our nice little society was organized. She selected a lady from every church to direct us in our meetings. We spend a part of our time in singing from Gospel Hymns, for our thoughtful friend, Mrs. M. E. Pratt, has just given us a nice new set of books. One of our lady managers reads us an interesting story at each meeting. We all join in sentence prayers. We have a lookout committee, a social committee, and a prayer-meeting committee. We hope to hear from you sometime.

Your little friend, MAMIE E. MIMS.
Prattville, Ala.

Dear Mamie, I think it helps a Junior society to have little talks from members of other Christian Endeavor societies. If the leaders look about, they can find here and there enthusiastic people who will give a five-minute talk to the children, which will be very helpful. Be sure that they do not make long speeches, and that they are bright and cheery. All such efforts tend to extend the Christian Endeavor spirit of fellowship.

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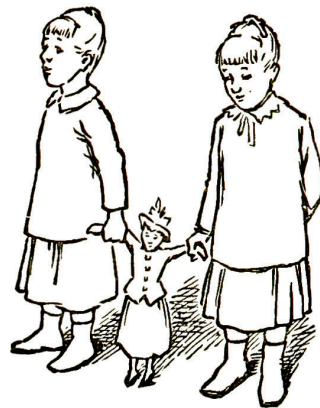
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In Doors and Out.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

POETIC JUSTICE.

"FATHER, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley, at the tea-table.

"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson to-day, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said we should see how many of us could find out for ourselves and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice that reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, that, I think, will furnish the illustration you are after."

"I recall a summer afternoon, a good many years ago, when I was not as large as I am now. Two other boys and myself were blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us, and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch-basket he capered for joy and trotted along at our side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and, boy-like, tried to find out how much he knew, and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it and drag it back to us. Fences, ditches, and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all."

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wanderings I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw,—and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and hung low, almost touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill, and as I scampered up the latter I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't know why the dog and the hornets' nest should have connected themselves in my mind, but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union."

"'Rob! Will!' I called to the other boys; 'come here; we'll have some fun.'"

"They came promptly, and I explained my villainous project. I pointed out the hornets' nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it and send Rover after the stone. 'And, oh cracky! won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?' I cried, in conclusion. They agreed that it would be awfully funny. We selected a good-sized, round stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start we turned the dog loose, and the poor fellow, never suspecting our treachery, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim, and as the ground was smooth the stone went true to its mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. In less than a minute the furious insects had swarmed out and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay fulfilled our anticipations, and we had just begun to double ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when, with frenzied yelps of agony, he came tearing up the hill toward us, followed closely by all the hornets."

"'Run!' I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled, like a black,

avenging cloud, all over us, and the scene that followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scratched, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony, till the meadow was, for the time being, turned into a pandemonium."

"I have never known just how long the torture lasted, but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we, too, were in distress, and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream that flowed through the meadow not far away, and, plunging in, dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream and looked at each other dolefully through our swollen, purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover."

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and, creeping up to me, licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me."

"'Boys,' I said, 'we've had an awful time, but, I tell you what, it served us right.'"

"Neither of them contradicted me, and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward with Rover at our heels."

"That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley, in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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Twenty-one Years,
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Christian Endeavor.

SOCIETIES ENROLLED LAST WEEK.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Dudley, Congregational Junior.
 CONNECTICUT.—Preston, Brewster Neck.
 NEW YORK.—Brockport, Methodist Junior; Norwalk.
 NEW JERSEY.—Elwood, Brainard Presbyterian; Morristown, South Street Presbyterian; Trenton, Messiah Advent; Westville, Methodist Protestant; Woodbridge, Presbyterian; Woodside, Presbyterian; Yorktown, Baptist.
 PENNSYLVANIA.—Bangor, Congregational; Lebanon, Evangelical; McAlisterville, Trinity Evangelical; Mount Carmel, Evangelical; Parnassus, Methodist, Reformed Presbyterian, United Presbyterian; Shamokin, Evangelical; Shenandoah, Evangelical; Tremont, Methodist; Williamsburg, Presbyterian.
 OHIO.—Findlay, Trinity Lutheran.
 NORTH CAROLINA.—Centre.
 TENNESSEE.—Atwood, Cumberland Presbyterian; Greenfield, Cumberland Presbyterian; Nashville, Edgefield Baptist Junior.
 GEORGIA.—East Rome, Wyatt's Chapel.
 FLORIDA.—Anona, Methodist South.
 MICHIGAN.—Cadillac, Presbyterian; Grand Haven, Presbyterian Junior; Mancelona, Congregational Junior; Riverdale.
 ILLINOIS.—Elmhurst, Congregational; Fulton, Presbyterian Junior; Kempton, Christian; Kenney, Christian.
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 IOWA.—Batavia, Church of God.
 MISSOURI.—Ash Grove, Christian; Kirksville, Cumberland Presbyterian Junior.
 ARKANSAS.—Clarendon, Cumberland Presbyterian; Gainesville, Lamberton, Valley Grove Cumberland Presbyterian; Little Rock, First Presbyterian Junior.
 TEXAS.—Helena.
 OKLAHOMA.—Choctaw City, Congregational; Guthrie, Methodist South Junior; Oklahoma City, Presbyterian; Payne, Stillwater, Presbyterian.
 KANSAS.—Beloit, Methodist; Hepler, Christian.
 NEBRASKA.—Harvard, Christian.
 SOUTH DAKOTA.—Powell City, Congregational.
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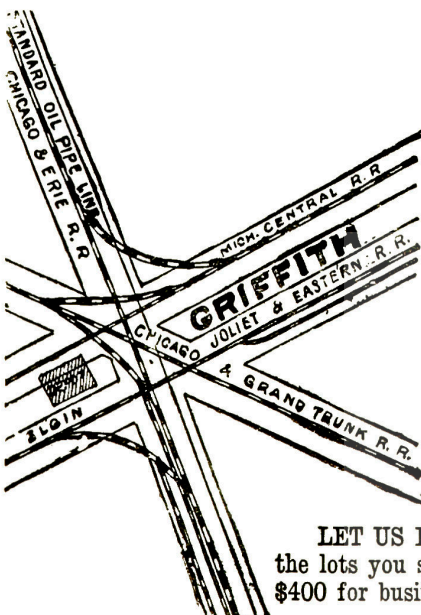
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"For Christ and the Church"

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TWO WEEKS IN A CANOE.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Concluded from last week.]

WE left our readers, last week, at the head of Lake Chesuncook, with fragrant coffee and savory trout awaiting their repast and a spicy bed of balsam boughs awaiting their repose. Was there ever anything so toothsome as this camp fare? Talk about the table at Young's or Delmonico's, the Palmer House or the Palace Hotel! There is not a ten-thousand-dollar chef that caters for any one of them who knows how to make flapjacks like those of our guide, Bill; and as for fried trout and scrambled eggs and johnny-cakes, talk to us not of Parisian cooks. They are not to be mentioned on the same day of the week. And the balsam beds, well boughed (for it is quite an art to "bough" a bed well), are as much more luxurious than an ordinary hair mattress as a good, healthy, muscular weariness brought on by a day's paddling is a better preparation for sleep than the fagged-out wretchedness of a hard day of mental toil. Perhaps, after all, our enthusiasm for Bill's cooking and Sike's bed may be due in part to hunger sauce and exercise opiate, the very best of their kind, let me assure you, my reader.

It is "early to bed and early to rise" in our camp, for one of the articles in a guide's creed is to get a good start in the morning. The early hours are likely to be less windy than those in the afternoon, and the lakes are likely to be smoother, an item of no little importance in connection with a heavily laden canoe. So in the gray dawn we eat our breakfast, strike our tents, pack up our camp equipment, and stow ourselves and luggage in our buoyant little craft again.

A long, winding, sluggish stream, the Caucomgomoc, leads from Chesuncook to Umbazookskus Lake, and then come the horrors of the famous, or, rather, infamous Mud Pond carry. However, all mundane things come to an end at last, and so do the two miles of Mud Pond carry, and when Mud Pond is once reached, there are no more carries of any difficulty between us and the city of Fred-

erickton. Next comes a lake with a most unpronounceable Indian name, or, if you cannot get your tongue around the Penobscot word, you call it Chamberlain Lake, as the atlases do.

By the way, Maine is as full of jaw-cracking names as it is of lovely lakes. Some one has woven them together in the following astounding rhymes:—

"Upper Kennebec comes down to where the Androscoggin is,
Where sportsmen fish along the Molechuckamunk and
Chesuncook,
And joke and talk of politics, and maybe catch a mess and
cook.
Our partisans were under arms at Wallagosaquegamook,
At Pataquongomis, Squaw Lake, Piscataquis and Pegga-
mook.
And still they come from Macknaquack, Seabaticook, and
Kennebunk,
From Lake Moosetoomaguntic, Sebec, and Pasadumkeag,
Wiscasset, and Sagadahoc, as far as Mattawamkeag."

However, by whatever name you call it, Chamberlain Lake is a noble sheet of water. Then come Eagle Lake, nearly as large, and Churchill, adjoining Eagle, and then Long Lake, affording in all fully twenty-five miles more of water-way through the heart of the forest. Clothed to the very wavelets' brink with verdure, the hills encircle all these beautiful lakes with loving arms. The waters are as clear as crystal drops can be, and the charm of paddling along their shores is never ending. The winding banks usually enable you to see ahead but a little way at a time, and every opening vista of lake and forest, hill and meadow, is an ever-fresh surprise.

We are right in the heart of the game country of the Northeast while upon these lakes, and the sportsman's instinct is on the *qui vive* as we strain our eyes to make out whether that object in the distance is a weather-beaten stump with projecting branches or an antlered caribou, and whether that dim reddish patch under the distant cliff is a withered spruce branch or a red deer. And look! look sharp! Crouching on top of that bare rock, which juts out into the lake, is a lucivee. In the natural-history book he will be dignified as a loup-cervier. He is the wild cat, catamount, or lynx, of the American forest, as big as four or five pussies of the hearth-rug, but he slinks off in the same silent, feline way, when he sees our canoe, as our friend "Thomas" does when we throw a bootjack at him from our window on a moonlight night. On that high shore is the spot where a shambling bear has climbed the steep bank, digging his toe-nails into the hard clay at every step. I suspect, if we should search among the wild raspberry bushes on top of the bank, we should find Bruin himself, for a bear likes berries as a cat likes cream.

Most of our wild companions of the lake and the forest are as silent as the trees themselves. The moose and the caribou, the deer and the lucivee, usually give no audible sign of their presence. There are some exceptions, however. The loon is a noisy fellow enough. He seems to be always mocking the unsuccessful sportsman's luck. A peculiarly fiendish laugh he has, which seems to say, "Ha-ha-ha-ha; shoot me if you can; ha-ha-ha-ha." This mocking laugh he varies with an unearthly yell, to express which printer's type is entirely inadequate, but no one who has spent a lonely night on the banks of a Maine lake (for every lake has at least one pair of loons) will ever forget it. The kingfisher, too, is a noisy, not to say impudent, bird, with his "chirr," and on a still day you can hear the sheldrakes going through the water, half a mile away. A fleet of small paddle-wheel steamers would scarcely make more noise than a flock of these ducks when, surprised by the gunner's advent, they scuttle out of harm's way with an intense eagerness that is exceedingly comical. The State does not need to protect them with a "close season;" they are perfectly able to look after themselves.

Now listen once more. What is that snorting sound on the right bank? Our guide pauses with lifted paddle, and whispers to us that it is a deer "blowing." A peculiar "whew, whew, whew," very emphatically and distinctly uttered, as though, standing behind his green rampart of bushes, he entirely disapproved of our presence. Doubtless this is the case. If we keep perfectly still, he may continue this snorting for twenty minutes before he concludes to make off into the forest.

With these sights and sounds to entrance us, the beautiful summer's day glides swiftly away. In fact, a whole week of such experiences seems but a lovely dream, and here it is Saturday night, and our Sunday camp is made.

My space is nearly occupied, and the editor must not set a bad example to his contributors in the length of his articles. Otherwise I would like to give a column to that delightful Sabbath of rest and introduce you to the "president" and the "pastor" with whom the editor joined in worship, and, better still, would I attempt to write of the unspoken and unspeakable thoughts of God's goodness, power, and love that come to one as he sits by himself under the spreading fir-tree and listens to the softly lapping water on the pebbly beach. There is the place for a true consecration service all by one's self, a place for resolves for Christian endeavor such as have never before been made.

Thus pass these rare days. One or two more of them, and the last of the long series of lakes gives way to the rushing, turbulent Allagash, and forty miles of its "strong water" brings us to the stately St. John and the New Brunswick shore. Of all rivers, perhaps the St. John was especially made for the canoeist. Rapid and broad, with plenty of exciting "rips" and enough water to run them, one is thoroughly sorry when, twelve days' journey from Moosehead Lake, he sees the first locomotive and is awakened by its shrill scream to a realization that his vacation days are over, and that his canoe trip of two hundred miles is a delightful memory of the past.

For The Golden Rule.

"I HAVE GOT MY LESSONS."

BY REV. GEORGE A. GATES,
President of Iowa College, Grinnell, Io.

A "Chapel Talk" to Young Men and Women.

A FEW days ago a young lady asked permission to spend the evening away from home. Upon the suggestion's being made that the time might better be put on her books, she replied, "Why, I have got my lessons."

Let me elucidate that text, "I have got my lessons," by an illustration. Not long ago I was looking over one of the great saw-mills on the Mississippi River in company with the superintendent of the mill. As we came to one room he said, "I want you to notice the boys in this room, and I will tell you about them afterward." There were some half-dozen boys at work on saws, with various machines, some broadening the points of the teeth, some sharpening them, some cutting the slots deeper. There was one lad standing leaning against a bench, apparently trying to do nothing and succeeding. After we had passed out of the room the superintendent said to me: "That room is my sieve. The fine boys go through that sieve to higher uses and higher pay. The coarse boys remain in the sieve, and are thrown out as refuse, so far as this mill is concerned." Then he explained what he meant. "I pick up a boy who wants to work in the mill, and give him the job of keeping the men in all parts of the mill and yard supplied with drinking-water. That is the lowest position, and draws the least pay, for the reason, of course, that there is the least head-work required. Then I say to that boy: 'When you have nothing else to do, go into this room, and then I shall know where to find you when I want you.' But there is a much more important reason why I send him there. In a business like this, hands are constantly changing. A good deal of the work, as you will see by watching the machines and those that manipulate them, requires a high degree of attention, energy, and good judgment. In the close competition of modern business life, whether this great mill runs at a margin of profit or loss will sometimes depend upon the one man who runs the gang-saw. Consequently, I must be looking out for the best men to put into these responsible positions which draw the largest pay. Now I put the water-boy into this room where there are several kinds of work being done. There are pieces of broken saws lying about and some of the tools that are used on them. I watch that boy. If he goes to handling those broken

saws, looking them over, trying them, practising on them with the tools there, busies himself watching the other boys at their machines, asks questions about how the work is done, and is constantly occupied in some way or another in his leisure moments, why that is the kind of boy that is very soon promoted to work on the machines, and is pushed ahead just as rapidly as opportunity offers. He soon goes to a better position and better pay, and I get a new water-boy. He has gone *through* the sieve. But there is another kind of boy. When he has time off duty, he occupies himself in that room doing nothing. He stares listlessly about, leans up against the benches, crosses one leg over the other, puts in a good deal of time whistling, stares about out of the window, evidently wishing he were out there, watches the clock to see how soon he can quit work. If he talks with the boys who are at work, it is not to ask questions, but to bother them with some nonsense or other. I often do all I can to help such a boy. I push the tools around under his nose. I ask him questions about them. I talk with him about his future prospects. I do all that I can to crowd him into some sort of decent physical or intellectual energy. If the boy has any wake-up in him, well and good. If he has not, he is simply refuse matter. I don't want such a boy in this mill, even as a water-boy."

You may smile at the simplicity of my illustration, but I believe it tells a great truth. The college is that room for the young men and women that come to it. The mill is the universe. You are put

In the Midst of Opportunities.

More eyes than you think are watching to see what you do with them. You are thrown into a live, intellectual atmosphere. It is a "little world" of books, of discovery, of knowledge in many departments. All, faculty and students, are learning and growing. When a new student comes, the question at once up for decision is, Is it going to be possible for him to catch the spirit that is in the air all about him, or is he going forever to remain in a position of "getting lessons" and nothing more?

"I have got my lessons." Is that the best that the influence of an institution of collegiate learning can do for you? Does that remark sound the depth of your soul's capacity? Is that all that you are good for, or are ever going to be good for in this world, to "get lessons" that some one else has given out for you to "get"? There are some students whose only idea of study is to get through something disagreeable as quickly as possible. Watch such a one. He buries his nose in a book with a scowl, and grinds, and digs, and frets, and hurries to get through with what is to him a burdensome task, in order that he may then be free to do nothing. Why, "getting lessons" in such a way seems to me to be the veriest drudgery on earth. Lessons are to be got indeed, and the more industriously one works at them and the quicker one is through with them the better; but not in order to be free to do nothing, but in order rather to get at this, that, and the other of ten thousand things to be investigated, read up, studied, thought about, and, as opportunity offers, talked about with glowing enthusiasm and large plans and hopes, with classmates and friends.

"Get lessons" indeed! What are you going to do when you get older and there will be no one to give out your lessons? Show me what a young man does with his leisure, and I will tell you all you need to know about his character and outlook in life. This test always finds application when young people are thrown amid new surroundings and freed from former restraints. Such a testing time is one's first absence from home, in business, or at school or college. But the test is confined to no time or place. It is always applicable and always applied.

But finally you may ask: "What would you have us do? Please be more explicit." Ah! that might be simply giving out another lesson. The point is for you to hunt up your own lessons, give them to yourselves, and study them. There are thousands of volumes in the library begging to be used. There are tools thrust before your attention. Your instructors are doing their utmost to stir up in you an interest in this great mill which is the universe; but you must do the rest. If you want to get on in this, God's mill, you must get yourselves on. It ultimately comes to that. Take this fresh word from one of the venerable, able, and beloved educators of America, Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, a leaf from his own experience: "My avocation helped me in my vocation. I did more and better work in my proper calling for the large amount of work I did out of it. Nor do I suppose that my experience in this matter is, and it certainly ought not to be, peculiar. As no man is fit to be a specialist who has not a broad culture independent of his specialty, so no man can perform the best intellectual labor in his own department who does not extend his labors beyond it, making forays into new countries, whence he will always return laden with spoils which he

can utilize in his own proper sphere of service." One phrase here is all I care to give you by way of explicit suggestion. The great secret of a growing life is "making forays into new countries." Not only intellectual countries, but may the Spirit of truth and righteousness inspire you to make forays into the realm of highest godliness.

For The Golden Rule.

TALKS TO MY GIRLS.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

School Life.

WHEN one approaches the girls with a longing to help them to a better solution of some of life's problems, there must ever go with it the strong, living memory of what it was to be a young person one's self. Else there is no "arming and equipping" for the task, and the girls will need plenty of sympathy and the adviser will be doomed to chagrin and defeat.

It seems to me, in looking back over a singularly happy girlhood, that one thing stands out very distinctly, — how very strong and happy the comradeship was between the educator and the student. That is, how more than willing was the school-teacher and professor to receive the friendship and confidence of the half-formed creature, the growing schoolboy or schoolgirl, in order to help forward all intellectual strivings in the quickest and best way. The teachers were ready to pause and explain all the many things so locked away from crude understandings, and were patient enough to take time for such close acquaintance to grow. I never thought any friendship of schoolgirl, no matter how it appealed to my romantic fancy, so dear to my heart of hearts as were the

Friendships of My Teachers.

to whom I turned with as free an air and nearly as whole-souled a confidence as that breathed in the family circle.

"How do you dare to run up to Mrs. F——'s room as you do, and tell her things?" asked one of my schoolgirl chums one day. "She sets those stiff gray curls at me and looks me through and through with her sharp eyes. I'm frightened to death just to recite to her."

"Oh, those dear, sweet, gray curls!" I cried. "How can you talk so? I just love them; and I would n't have eyes like washed blueberries for anything. They must be able to snap to suit me." And I ran more than ever to Mrs. F——'s room with my questions and my confidences.

Now, in looking back, I see what she did for me more plainly than it could by any possibility have entered my mind then. How sweet and patient she was! No wonder I loved my geometry lessons and looked forward to the three-quarters of an hour with her each day. How she laughed and entered into all my fun as I "rattled it off" to her unconcernedly in that dear old square room! She was as good company as the veriest frolic of a school-girl, and a deal more worth cultivating. I never realized what I owed to my dear Mrs. F——, that overworked head teacher in our big "select seminary for young ladies," until long years afterward, when she had gone to her rest and I could not tell her.

But I can tell the girls, and I delight to. And here is just what I should say: "Girls, dears, do get into the way of thinking of your teachers as beings who are made of flesh and blood like yourselves, with just the same cravings for appreciation as you have, and do not regard them as private detectives set over you to see how you work, and trying to get just so much out of you to send home in the school account; but remember that they are longing for your especial love and confidence. And also note this: They generally have the elements of 'good fun' in them, and you will be perfectly surprised, if you cultivate them, to see how much enjoyment you get out of them."

Now it is the beginning of the school year, and to the ordinary schoolgirl (and what I have to say to the girls will not be bad reading for the boys) the first thought that occurs, after she has looked up her last season's text-books and decided what new classes she is going into, is of the meeting with the "old girls" and the possible chances of friendships with the "new set" that the fresh school year is to bring. That is all well enough, and, oh! how it stirs the blood in my old veins as I write to you, sitting "under the pines" on this early September day, to recall my schoolgirl days and to bring up the rosy plans and the delight in the work and the delicious going back after the long vacation "to be with the girls again."

Twenty-Five-Year Friendships

are mine, made in those days, sweetened by life's discipline and varied experiences of joy and sorrow, bridged by long, loving letters and some dearer meetings. Money could not be piled up high enough to buy these from me. So it will be with you when your time comes to grow old and to look back to your schoolgirl days.

Now I am not going to preach at you. I remember too well, in looking back to my girlhood, how I disliked to be talked at. But I do want to say some home-y words, just as if you and I were in a corner by ourselves and everybody else had not noticed that we were off there, but were all attending to their own affairs. You know how it often is in a big roomful, with music in full progress and a buzz of all sorts of voices on all sorts of topics, and in a quiet nook or two there is a chance for many a friendly talk, much deeper than the chat born of the music out in the middle of the room. So it is in life, I often think; quiet corners may be ours, aside from the crowded thoroughfares, where we can think and listen and talk and help each other up to strength. Well, now, "just supposing," as the children say, that you girls and I were in our snug corner and launched into our good talk. I think I should begin something like this: "Girls, dears, whatever you do, don't make that schoolroom a hard place for the dear teacher."

No doubt your blue and gray eyes would view me a little curiously, and perhaps not so lovingly, thinking I might much better speak of your trials and give a hint how to soften them. But you see, girls, I have always found that if one is more intent on looking out to keep annoyance from one who is loved, personal discomfort is forgotten. So I am really giving you a good suggestion, though you do not recognize it at once. And in looking out for your instructors' peace of mind you will surely learn to respect, then to love. After that point is reached in your school career, golden days indeed are yours.

You are fresh now from vacation, and change of scene and a good deal of play have not been bad for you. Now make up your minds to go back to school with your hearts free from any little dim spots that may have concealed the true, loyal, noble girl's animus, and brush away the cobwebs that may have gathered from forgetfulness of all except your own interests, and let your best self come forth. Let these September days call you to beauty of living. Let the schoolroom be to you God's temple; where you may hear his voice, as earnestly as on the Sabbath he appeals to you. Dear girls, he goes there with you; see to it that you realize this fact.

For The Golden Rule.

MODERN MASTERS AND THE ONE MASTER.

BY REV. FRANCIS E. MARSTEN, D. D.,

Pastor of the Broad Street Presbyterian Church, Columbus, O.

CARLYLE.

FOR purposes of comparison we have chosen four masters of modern thought, and of world-wide fame and influence. Two are Englishmen and two Americans. The first master whose leading traits we will set over against the one Master, is Carlyle, thinker, moralist, writer, and guide. Carlyle had a great soul and a giant intellect. Thirty years ago he was an inspirer of thinking, educated young men. The flash of his genius wove a tremendous spell over his generation. When a young man, his faith in the reality of truth, beauty, and goodness sprang from his grasp of a personal God. Here was the secret of his power. We find him waging relentless war against materialism and conventionalism in all their forms. It was with the hammer of Thor and the heart of an Ajax that he fought and his white plume of Navarre flashed in the van of progress. As we read his earlier works, he opposes to doubt and denial faith in the unseen and eternal realities. To him the unseen was eternal.

This was the Carlyle of the morning. He believed that he had a message and confidently expected that men would hear and heed it. Hear him cry: "In this God's world dost thou think there is no justice? My friend, if thou hast all the artillery of Woolwich at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory in behalf of it, I would advise thee to call, Halt, to fling down thy baton, and in God's name say, No. Thy success, poor devil, what will thy success amount to? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark. What kind of success is that? Await the issue. In all battles, if thou await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right."

Again, we hear him say, "Falter not, the cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, precisely so far, and no farther, is sure of victory."

Would that he had held these sentiments bravely to the end. But a change came over him. He began with this great faith, but passed to the worship of mere sincerity. The sincere man became his hero. Earnestness was enough. Truth above us, sincerity within us. Then he became a self-worshipper. From the unseen, he passed to the seen and temporal.

From the worship of sincerity, he takes another step downward, he comes to worship mere will in man. Cromwell is his hero. Here more properly begins his hero

worship. "The king," Carlyle repeats, "is the man who can." He talks too eloquently, at this period, of work, not the gospel.

In the fourth place, he makes a more fatal misstep. It is downward, ever downward. He takes it in his "Frederick the Great." Here his teaching is that force is the true god of the world. Might makes right. It is intellectual ability that he is led to admire in the great king. There is nothing else to admire. What made the wide gap between the Carlyle of youth and age, the man of the dawn and the man of the twilight? His iron will and youthful enthusiasm expected sought success. His countrymen, for the most part, turned a deaf ear to his message. Determined to lead, he abandoned one defence after another in the hope of finding assured leadership and an impregnable position in the eye of the age.

He failed. Like many another prophet, he called, but they heard him not. When too late, he saw and felt his failure. It embittered him. His heart was gnawed with ruthless contempt and scorn for all men and things around him. The good self-worshiper becomes a good hater of his fellows. His influence waned. His works have lost their hold on living men. Bunyan is fresh to-day, and is exerting a mightier influence than when he wrote his sublime allegory.

How different the master among men from that one Master, who, though he was reviled, reviled not again! He too came in the dewy freshness of his youth, bearing a message of truth and love. He sought to win the leadership and paramount love of all mankind. In his purpose he never faltered. His standard he never lowered. He is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. How in his greatness of soul and self-abnegation this Master towers above the man of giant intellect, whose self-worship brooked not the indifference of his fellow-men, but, losing love, paid them with scorn and hate.

For The Golden Rule.
CHILDHOOD IN TURKEY.

BY REV. G. H. KRIKORIAN.

ORIENTALS rejoice exceedingly over the birth of a son, for he is not only to perpetuate the memory of his father, but is expected to be the support and defence of his mother and of the rest of the family. The same feeling existed among the Hebrews. So Hagar despised her mistress as soon as she found herself the mother of a son, and hated Leah rejoiced at the birth of her sons.

As soon as the babe is born, it is washed and salted and swathed in a long bandage or swaddling-cloth, which is firmly wound around the child from the neck downwards, including the arms, so that it can stir neither hand nor foot. This is done with the idea of keeping the tender bones motionless in a proper position until they acquire sufficient strength to be allowed to move about. It is, moreover, easier for the mother to carry the little one when thus swathed. The baby is tightly bound in its cradle day and night, being taken out once or twice in the twenty-four hours. Its mother hushes its cries by incessant rocking, while lying in her bed, which is spread upon the floor by the cradle. She never lets the cradle-string go.

A word is appropriate as regards baptism. There is a back room in every church, called the baptistery, where the rite is performed. The child is first plunged to its neck into the tepid water in the baptismal pool. As it is thus held by the deacon, the priest takes water with both hands and pours it upon the child's head, repeating the names of the Trinity. After the child is taken out of the water, it is anointed with the holy oil of consecration. In adult baptism the candidate is made to stand in the baptismal font, and the priest, standing at the edge of the font, baptizes him into the name of the Trinity by pouring water ten times over his head.

The dress of the child consists of a shirt, a kaftan, and a girdle. The poor, having only a blue shirt girded up with a piece of rope for girdle, go about barefooted. The kaftan is a loose garment reaching to the ankles, and has three sleeves. By the overlapping of two of these in front two natural pockets are formed in the bosom as the girdle is tied up around the waist. In these bosom-pockets children carry almost everything; for example, books, when they go to school, food, fruit, etc. It is most convenient to thrust the hand into this bosom-pocket when it is chilly. The children who are most favored often pride themselves on a kaftan of bright colors made for them by their parents as a sign of special regard. My mother made me one of these kaftans of her own weaving, in which all colors of the rainbow were represented, and attractive enough to arouse my brother's jealousy.

But home has no attractions for the boy; he therefore soon turns out-doors, to his plays and wild practices. The plays of childhood are generally reproductions of the most common and impressive scenes of life. Whatever is most seen and makes most impression upon the child's mind is soon reproduced in his games and plays.

Thus, as wedding processions and funerals are the most common scenes in Oriental life, they are reproduced in the games of children. Christ may have reference to such games in Matt. 11:17. In a neighboring valley we used to play in the mud, making horses, donkeys, birds, etc., of clay, representing animal life. These were the innocent games of my childhood, in which even our Lord is reported by tradition to have engaged during his childhood, the only difference being that the traditions add that the birds he made of clay took wings and flew away. But besides these plays we have had our wild practices and exercises. Wrestling is most common, and much practised. A kind of javelin exercise is played between two parties. The use of the sling is another common sport that is practised in various ways. Every boy in my town has a sling, and while away his time by throwing pebbles, and such skill do they often attain as not to miss a hair's breadth in taking aim. I have manufactured many slings, and am a left-handed Benjamite at it. Beside these common sports in the town, we used on Sundays to have sport with our slings outside the town. We had it in the form of a regular battle, having generals and lower officers to command and lead the armies. We drew up as in battle, and a terrible fight began, and before it ended many were injured. Some have their heads bleeding, some have their noses bleeding; some get a lame leg or a lame arm, and the battle continues until one side gives way in flight. Then the victorious army pursues, treading down any whom they may overtake. Some hide themselves in caves and dens, and some cast themselves into dry cisterns, while others succeed in finding refuge under their father's roofs. These battles of Satan we carried on almost every Sunday, having no Sunday school to shelter us in its peaceful walls.

Yozghad, Turkey.

For The Golden Rule.
HEARING HIM.

BY REV. EDWARD N. POMEROY.

ON Hermon with the Saviour's prayer
At holy hush of even,
The splendor came of dazzling flame
That makes the light of heaven.

The fashion of his countenance
Was altered as he prayed;
His raiment shone like sunlight o'er
The mount's majestic head.

There two, with faces like the snow,
Held intercourse with him;
One, God had buried long ago
Beneath Mount Abarim;

The other, freed from mortal needs
And ties of earth-desire,
Had swept to glory with the steeds
And chariot of fire.

All other themes neglected were
For that most dear to them;
He spake with these of his decease
Soon at Jerusalem.

And lo, a voice from God came down
Before the light grew dim;
"This is my Son; this is my own
Beloved; hear ye him."

O infinite, eternal love,
That would not be denied,
Of him, the Life and Light above,
Who came to earth and died;

Who bore our sins, our sorrows bore,
Nor faltered 'neath the load,
Though all alone through depths unknown
He walked the weary road.

And now the five together live
Where Jesus dwells with them.
Thy endless days repeat his praise,
O dear Jerusalem.

Nor sweeter word than this is heard
Where never light grows dim:—
"Behold my Son; my will is done;
The world is hearing him."

Wellesley, Mass.

Our Story.

For The Golden Rule.
THE TRUEMAN'S WAY OF GIVING.

BY JULIA D. PECK.

"HERE is the money Fred Cole paid me for the cattle I sold him last week,—just a hundred dollars," said Farmer Trueman, laying a roll of bills upon the table. "You can take out the 'tenth money' and divide the rest into equal parts for you and me." For Farmer Trueman believed that the wife who made his home so bright and comfortable earned as much of the income as he did.

Mrs. Trueman looked at the roll of bills thoughtfully. "Hasn't this been an unusually prosperous year, John?" she asked.

"Well, yes," admitted her husband, "I don't know but it has. You know I lost one of my best cows in

the spring, and five or six of the sheep got poisoned eating laurel, then the potato crop is rather short. But, on the whole, the year has been a good one for farmers."

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Trueman, "that we might make a special offering to the Lord; a tenth seems so small, and there is so much need of money in the mission field."

"Well, I don't know," said the farmer. "Ten dollars seems quite a sum, when there are so many expenses. I want a pair of light harnesses for the gray span, and my overcoat is growing rusty. Then the sleigh will need painting."

"O there are ways enough to spend every dollar," said Mrs. Trueman. "I need a new cloak, and a set of china, and rugs for the parlor, where the carpet is growing thin."

"Well, I must go and help Jean get up the cattle," said Mr. Trueman. "We will decide about the matter later."

When her husband had gone, Mrs. Trueman sat for some time, thinking over her blessings. "John is one of the kindest husbands in the world," she told herself; "and it would be hard to find four healthier, happier children than ours. We have a comfortable home and all that we need to make our lives full and happy. God has been very good to us."

Her musings were interrupted by the sound of eager feet, and four rosy-faced children rushed in, each eager for mamma's first kiss.

There was little danger that these boys and girls would seek amusement in questionable places, for their home was the pleasantest place that they knew. Papa and mamma were always interested in whatever interested them, and often played games with them in the evening. Then there was reading and music; and after a short prayer for God's blessing and forgiveness, the family went early to rest.

In the night following the day on which Mrs. Trueman thought over her blessings, she awoke from a troubled sleep. A slight irritation in her throat caused her to cough.

"Let me bring you a glass of water," said her husband. As he passed the window he glanced out.

"It's a black night," he said. "I think we shall have rain to-morrow. Why, there is a light in the barn!"

It was the work of a moment to dress and hurry to the barn. Before he reached it he saw a dark figure rush out and disappear in the darkness. It was the tramp, who had been awakened by the fire that his lighted pipe, left carelessly on the haymow, had started.

As the farmer pushed open the door, he was met by a sheet of flame, and the smoke nearly drove him back. For a moment he thought it useless to try to combat the fire. But water was handy, and he was soon joined by his wife and the hired man; and after a fierce fight of an hour every spark was extinguished, and with thankful hearts they returned to the house.

"If you had not had that spell of coughing in the night, Ruth," said Mr. Trueman, as they talked it over the next day, "all of our buildings would have been in ashes; and God only knows whether we should have escaped with our lives. Such mercies call for special offerings of thanksgiving, don't they?"

"Indeed, they do!" said Mrs. Trueman, heartily. "And, John, it was not a 'happening' that my throat troubled me in the night so that I could not sleep; but it was a kind Providence who was watching over us. We certainly must give a thank-offering to the Lord, for his goodness in sparing our home. My cloak will do very well another year, and I do not really need any new china."

"We certainly do not need a set of light harnesses," said Farmer Trueman. "That was only a suggestion of Satan to foster my pride. And we shall ride as comfortably in the sleigh, I dare say, if it is not freshened up with a new coat of paint and varnish. Shall we give half of the cattle money?"

"O John," said his wife, looking at him reprovingly. "I am sure you are not in earnest. I did not think you would divide with the Lord. Do you prize your home so lightly?"

Mr. Trueman laughed.

"I thought you would say that," he said. "I have no wish to keep back any of it, and I am sure I never gave a gift more willingly."

So it came to pass that the contribution box of the little church of Deerfield was laden, the next Sabbath, with a hundred dollars besides the usual offerings. Deacon Hawes, who passed the box, could not conceal his astonishment at the gift, and it was soon rumored about town that the "Truemans had had a large fortune left them."

But the hard-worked pastor of the missionary church in Oregon, when he received promptly his quarter's salary, thanked God and took courage.

Shelburne, Mass.

The Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

OCTOBER 11, 1891.

CHRIST FORETELLING HIS DEATH.

John 12:20-36.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER, D. D.

(GOLDEN TEXT.—And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—John 12:32.)

1. THESE words were spoken in the court of the Gentiles at Jerusalem, possibly on the evening of what we call April 4, 30 A. D., between the triumphal entry and the last supper.

2. "Certain Greeks," Jewish proselytes. There were among the Gentiles many thoughtful, serious minds who were seeking greater light in Judaism. These persons were not the same as the Jews who had learned to speak Greek who are mentioned in Acts 6:1. The honest hearts, having found some light, desired more light, and hence came to Philip, desiring to see Jesus. This is always the way with souls seeking God; a little light prepares the mind and quickens the heart for more light. He who desires above all things to follow God will find Christ on the way.

These men were from the west. At his birth Gentiles came to Christ from the east; at his death they came from the west.

3. Why they came to Philip is not known, nor why Philip went to Andrew, unless because Andrew was used to introducing strangers to Christ. Ah, what a gift that is! and it becomes more and more of a gift the longer one exercises it.

4. Christ at once calls their attention to a more important thing, that of the completion of his mission. We sometimes take narrow views of work, and think our little mission is larger than it is. We should always consider our special field in its connection with the whole kingdom.

5. He teaches that the path to glorification is by death or sacrifice. Just as a seed does not attain its glory till it dies and comes up a blooming flower, so the glory of Christ's mission could not be attained without his death upon the cross. So a beautiful Christian character in this life cannot be attained till we die to sin, and our souls cannot reach their perfection till they pass out of these bodies through death.

6. The condition of being honored with Christ is following Christ and becoming willing to give up this life rather than to sin,—willing to give up our lives for the good of others; then we shall become partakers with Christ in the glory of the future life. God will honor those who thus follow Christ.

7. He would pray. He offered two kinds of prayer: (a) One for strength. "Father, save me from this hour" does not mean that he should not have the burden,—Christ shrank from no burden,—but that he might be brought out of it and through it. We are not to pray that no burdens and sorrows shall come upon us, but that we may have strength to bear them; that they may not crush us. (b) The prayer of submission, as much as to say: "O Father, give me grace to endure, and then send all that thy glory demands."

8. Christ's prayer was answered by a voice from heaven, so plain that others than Christ understood it, and so wonderful that it seemed like the thunder. It was the voice that was real, not the thunder.

9. Jesus told them why the voice came, not for his sake, for he had an inward assurance, but for their sakes, that they might believe. So God bestows blessings that others may believe.

10. Christ by his faith speaks with certainty about the future as though it had already come, as one standing upon a high mountain could speak of the victory of a battle as already won, while it might be

doubtful to those fighting in the valley. By faith we are to rejoice in the future triumphs of Christ's kingdom.

"I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving."

Justice will come, and the devil will be conquered.

11. Christ next refers to the fact and manner of his own death: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." (a) Christ knew and saw his crucifixion as near at hand. (b) It is the crucifixion that is the central fact in his work,—the heart of the atonement. All revolves about the blood of Christ. (c) Preaching the cross, the blood of Christ, is the power that draws men. Not his example, perfect as it was, not his teachings, pure as they were, but his cross, is the power of his gospel that reaches men. (d) We have the promise that the world will be drawn to Christ by the preaching of the cross.

12. Jesus warns them to improve what light they have while they have it; not to spend their time in foolish discussion, but follow the light, for it will be with them but a little while, and when the darkness comes they will be led they know not where. He who follows the greatest light he has, shall have more light, for the path of the just grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. We all have more light than we improve.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON FROM MANY SOURCES.

[Selected by Mrs. F. E. CLARK.]

THE interview of the Greeks with Jesus and the conversation and teaching growing out of it is the one solitary incident referred to by John during the Passion Week. All the events recorded by the other evangelists, which crowded into that holy week, are assumed by John as being already well known. He seized on this one incident further to set forth his particular purpose of showing Jesus as the Christ of God, the divine "Logos" (or Word) and Son of man, giving his life for the world. It is probable that this event occurred toward the close of this last solemn week, and perhaps was the last incident in the life of our Lord prior to the celebration of the last supper with his disciples and the scene in Gethsemane. The whole incident is fraught with deepest lessons, and, as it is related by John, suggests almost as much as it directly teaches.—*Pentecost.*

These therefore came to Philip (v. 21). The recent words of Jesus and the Lazarus miracle and the palm procession seem to have conspired to bring them to the determination to have a personal interview with Jesus. They saw Philip. Philip and Andrew were the only Greek names among the apostles. These Greeks may have learned that, or the Greek lineage may have shown itself in the face of Philip; or perhaps they discerned spiritually that he was the man to whom such request might be trustfully presented. They made known their desire very courteously; they would not intrude upon the great Teacher. Nor would Philip be rash in carrying their requests to his Master, who might not desire to have another straw added to the load he was already carrying. But upon consultation with Andrew, it was determined that they could not take the responsibility of withholding this request. They told Jesus. They enjoyed the blessedness of bringing others to Jesus, and they immortalized themselves in history. "We wish to see Jesus." The desire of the nations is to know a Jesus. He who dies without seeing Jesus misses the best sight of heaven and earth.—*Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D.*

We would see Jesus (v. 21). This should be the desire of every heart. We should see him as he is, as divine, as the atoning Saviour, as our teacher, as our example, as our Lord, as always ready to forgive and to help. Seeing Jesus will attract our

hearts to him, and away from the world. If the world would see Jesus, their prejudices against religion would be removed.—*Peloubet.*

Jesus answered them (v. 23). The answer was addressed directly to the two disciples. But it would be true to Oriental life for the Greeks to follow the two and be there to hear the answer. The request of the Greeks impresses afresh upon the mind of Jesus that the crisis has come, the hour when the character and supreme purpose of his mission to earth must be manifested. He must be glorified through suffering. The period of this glorification is now to begin by his crucifixion and resurrection, and to be completed by his ascension to the right hand of the Father.—*People's Commentary.*

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone (v. 24). We cannot but admire the wisdom by which he introduces the subject of his death. They had seen his triumph. They supposed he was about to establish his kingdom. And he told them that the time had come in which he was to be glorified, but not in the manner in which they expected. It was to be by his death. But as they would not at once see how this could be, as it would appear to dash their hopes, he takes occasion to illustrate it by a beautiful comparison. All the beauty and richness of the harvest results from the fact that the grain had died. If it had not died, it would never have germinated or produced the glory of the yellow harvest. So with him. By this he still keeps before them the truth that he was to be glorified, but he delicately and beautifully introduces the idea still that he must die.—*Barnes.*

He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal (v. 25). That was his reply. You desire to see me, to learn about my kingdom; you think of becoming my disciples; I tell you to count the cost. You saw the people to-day strewing palms in my path, and crying Hosanna, but that is not the way in which I am to be glorified; I am to die, to die a death of shame; moreover, the anguish which I shall bear will come also, in some degree, upon my followers. Is it such a king that you wish to serve? On such terms are you willing to be my disciples? That is the one challenge pressed upon inquirers everywhere in the Scriptures. In all the trials, great and small, which darken the Christian life, this is the high mark of faithfulness,—submission, cheerful and entire, to the will of the heavenly Father.—*Rev. T. J. Holmes, in "Monday Club Sermons."*

And I, if I be lifted up (v. 32). Upon the cross, as explained in the next verse. It was by the lifting up upon the cross that Jesus was exalted to be Prince and Saviour. Will draw all men unto me. Or towards me. Christ crucified was and is the attractive power, drawing men to himself. All men. Not merely all nations, people of all ages, but all men. It does not mean that every one would become a Christian; for the facts at that very time refute such an idea: but he was attractive to human nature; even those who are opposed were drawn. They hated the light, but they could not help looking at it. And in the end the whole world will be drawn to Christ.—*Peloubet.*

These then are some of the lessons which our Saviour taught: Death is the way to glory, the cross draws the world to God, men seeking Jesus must count the cost. "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."—*Rev. T. J. Holmes, in "Monday Club Sermons."*

The light among you (v. 35). So the Revised Version reads. He does not answer their question except by indirection. The response is a warning. You now have the light among you, and will have it for a

little while only. While you have it, or as, and in the measure that you have it, walk, that darkness overtake you not. You ask who is this Son of man? If you use the light properly you will see who he is, and understand how he can be lifted up, and yet abide forever.—*People's Commentary.*

PRIMARY EXERCISE.

BY MRS. FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

ONE day, when Jesus was in Jerusalem, some strangers, Greeks, who had heard of him, came, wishing to see him. They were almost too late, because in three days he was to die.

Jesus came to preach to the Jews, to the Jews only, his disciples thought. If he had only a little while more to live, ought he not to give all that time to them, fill it full of words and works which should help his own people?

But when he heard that these "Gentiles," as they were called, wished to see him, he gladly welcomed them. He had come to save the whole world, and the wonderful words that he spoke next he spoke to us and to all men, also.

Jesus had ridden into the city with crowds about him crying, "Hosanna!" His friends hoped he would soon call himself king, and would drive out the Roman soldiers who ruled the land. So when he said, "The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified," perhaps they thought the glory was the glory of a king and that they should share in it.

But his next word told them what he truly meant. He told them that a grain of wheat that fell into soft ground died, but the life within it sprang up and bore much fruit. He told them also of a grain that was not buried and never bore fruit. And while the men about him were wondering what he wanted them to understand by this, he told them plainly, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

Perhaps they began to guess now that Jesus meant that his life must be given away that the souls of the men he loved so well might be saved. While they tremble at the thought of his death, he speaks other words that startle them still more: "If any man serve me, let him follow me." Why should that frighten them, those disciples, those strangers who wanted to know him?

I have heard of a general who, pointing ahead into the thickest of the fight, cried, "Death and destruction are waiting for us there. Follow me!" So Jesus, saying, "I must suffer, die," adds, "Follow me."

Sometimes Jesus calls himself the Son of God, sometimes the Son of man. As the Son of God he had power over life and death, over wind and water; as the Son of man he was hungry, tired, sick, sad.

Then his soul trembled, and he tells aloud his trouble: "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Shall my prayer be, 'Father, save me from this hour?'"

How could Jesus pray that, children, when he had left heaven for that very purpose, that he might die for man?

So he prays, "Father, glorify thy name," and God answered him out of heaven, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

Now tell me the golden text. When Jesus spoke these words, do you think his friends knew what he meant?

You and I might not understand, but they did, for hardly a day passed but what some poor man was lifted up on a cross to die.

Like the general who pointed out the danger before he said "Follow me," so Jesus told them plainly that his death was sure, and that, if they followed him, suffering and death waited for them. What did they do, follow or forsake him? Which will you do?

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

- Oct. 5.—Christ Foretelling His Death. John 12:20-28.
- " 6.—Christ Foretelling His Death. John 12:29-36.
- " 7.—Prophecy To Be Fulfilled. Luke 18:28-34.
- " 8.—Christ's Foreknowledge. John 14:25-31.
- " 9.—Submission to the Father. Luke 22:39-46.
- " 10.—The Disciples Perplexed. John 16:16-20.
- " 11.—A True Follower. Matt. 16:21-28.

Christian Endeavor.

PRAYER MEETING.

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING OCT. 11.

WALKING AS CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

(Temperance Meeting Optional.)

John 12: 35, 36; 8: 12; Matt. 5: 14-16.

[Editorial.]

CLIMATE is of no little significance in its effects on the physical, mental, and moral traits of a nation, and life in a narrow and dark valley is very different from life where the light of heaven can freely come. Even when the facts are reduced to figures, it is found that the number of hours during which sunshine prevails makes a marked difference in many ways affecting a people's welfare. It ought, then, to be apparent from our conduct whether or not we have been living in the light of God's love.

With darkness we connect sleep and inactivity. Under some conditions it may be necessary to toil in the darkness, but work so done costs a greater effort, while the light of day seems of itself to give an impulse to exertion. A child of the light ought to be known by the diligence with which he works and by the energy with which he takes hold of everything that his hand finds to do.

The light reveals things as they are and enables one to distinguish between the true and the false. With the knowledge thus gained comes confidence as to the right path; if we are willing to look at things fairly, there is no occasion for hesitation or groping after the right course. With this knowledge, also, vanishes all excuse for choosing the bad when the good is placed before us and when we are fully informed as to the result of choosing each. With the understanding of the things without us comes also the understanding of self, for only as one comes into the light does one know one's true nature and how it appears in God's sight. Under cover of the darkness evil may be hidden, but in the light everything becomes revealed to one's self and to others. The child of light should be recognized by his knowledge of truth and of himself, and by the consequent sincerity of his character.

Every one knows the cheer and joy that comes with the light, the depression and gloom that falls from a clouded sky. The dawn may disclose danger before unknown, yet the day is welcome. He who walks in the light should reflect the sunlight from his face.

We cannot control the heavenly bodies or the clouds, and we may stumble when the sun is hidden. Our surroundings may be largely made for us, but for light on the path of life we are not dependent on the things about us, since it is ours to have the light within us and in our measure to give to others the blessing of the light that may go forth from us.

SLANT LIGHTS ON THE TOPIC.

BY REV. W. H. G. TEMPLE,
Pastor of the Phillips Church, South Boston.

In the Light (John 12: 35, 36). Jesus is here using natural light as a symbol of spiritual illumination. Daytime is the period of work. With the declining sun come the hours of relaxation and repose. They who are idle during the day are generally throwing away their opportunities. It was spiritual daytime wherever Jesus was, and he urged his followers that they make the best of their luminous privileges. We had better take the hint. If we prefer this glowing gospel light to the darkness of sin and the gray twilight of indifference, we had better show our appreciation of our blessings by industriously using them. Do you enjoy your Christianity, brother? Do you improve it? Would anybody think, without your telling it in so many words, that you revelled in the light of God? Stand out and uplift your face, and let this divine radiance beautify it. Let the whole world know that you are not only not afraid of the scrutiny it affords, but that you rejoice in being called one of the children of the light.

The True Light (John 8: 12). How egotistic that statement would have been, coming from the lips of any other man! Not so when Jesus uttered it. He had long ago kindled the fires of the natural sun. The maker must always be greater than his creation. He who

was co-equal with the Father was but accommodating himself to the little mind of man when he condescended to compare himself with the sun. All symbols fail when applied to Jesus. His being is horizonless. Like the sun he is the source of light. Without him the world is shrouded in midnight darkness. What, then, shall we say of them who would reduce his radiance by denying his divinity, and put out the last star of hope by rejecting his cross? Like the sun he encourages growth. If you want to kill your plants, shut them up in the dark. They who dwell in perpetual shadow make no spiritual progress. Get out into the light of God in Christ, and the buds will start. Like the sun Christ beautifies. That character is always the most attractive which basks oftenest in the radiance that streams from Calvary.

Reflecting the Light (Matt. 5: 14-16). Jesus condescendingly calls the light ours in this passage. He says, "Let your light so shine." I wonder how much any of us would shine unless kindled by him. About as much as that lamp on our table before we touched a match to the wick. It seems to me we are reflectors rather than lamps. Jesus is constantly streaming into our lives the light of his wonderful love, and we are shedding it forth again marked with our own individuality. Let not the individuality be so evident that the true light shall be forgotten. It is a sad thing when a Christian makes himself more conspicuous than his Lord. Children of the light will soon be obliged to surrender their name if they are endeavoring to glorify themselves instead of their Father who is in heaven. Be reflectors well polished by grace. Be prisms, and Jesus shining through you will transfigure with rainbow tints everything he illumines.

Beams.

Christians should brighten all the society in which they move. If you leave a gloomy impression upon those with whom you mingle, you had better touch up your reflector with a little earnestness of prayer.

Let the shining be steady. Revolving flash lights may have their purpose on the coast, but God's lamps should send forth a continuous gleam.

Don't be a lighthouse one day and a tallow dip the next. They who do not always do their best will soon be outdone by mere mediocrity. Where human souls are concerned we can never run the risk of putting out less than all our power.

They who shine best here will shine best hereafter. Death cannot extinguish the torch. The lives of God's saints go on blessing the world long after all that is material about them has crumbled in decay. O, get kindled.

O glorious light, flood thou my soul
With beams of love divine;
That everywhere my highest joy
Shall be for Him to shine
Who called himself the world's true Light,
And made that blessing mine.

"A child of light." I hail the name,
And glory in the thought;
No wealth of earth could purchase it,
That name has been blood-bought,
And so, dear Lord, I'd keep it pure,
And serve thee as I ought.

ILLUSTRATIVE QUOTATIONS.

[Selected by L. ADELAIDE WALLINGFORD.]

DRAWING near to Christ by repentance and faith, depending on him for salvation from sin, loving him as the ransomed captive loves his deliverer from a dark dungeon, following on to know him more and more in this life by spiritual communion with him, to be crowned in glory afterward in life eternal—this is to know the light shining in darkness.—O. T. Lanphear, D. D.

"From glory unto glory!" Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely march along.

Abiding in his presence, and walking in the light,
And seeking to do always what is pleasing in his sight,
We look to him to keep us "all glorious within,"
Because the blood of Christ is cleansing from all sin.
—F. R. Havergal.

He says of himself, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." His followers must also become that by means of him and his indwelling. They are not only to have light, and to be continually permitting him to bestow it, not merely to distribute and kindle it, but they are to be light in their entire personality. . . . We ought to let our firm faith, our love and friendliness, shine out in our entire personality in such a winning way that it will im-

press people with God's love for sinners in Christ so that they will experience a breath of it and give our Father in heaven the praise and the glory.—Theodor Christlieb, D. D.

We are forgetting that the mightiest power in the world, next only to the Spirit of God himself, is the power of Christlike character. It were well, therefore, that the voices among us were less noisy and the deeds were more pronounced. Better a star than a meteor; better a beacon that is steady than a marsh fire that is flickering and changeable. Life is more potent than words. By life, "without a word," things will be accomplished which could not be secured even by the most glowing words without the life.—W. M. Taylor, D. D.

Ah! who can tell all the sunlight did,
Through that glorious summer day;
Or how the earth became cold and dark
When the last streak died away?
But let us ask, Do we also shine
With glory from Christ our Sun?
Will aught we do in the world for him
Be missed when life is done?
—Charlotte Murray.

A Christian cannot and may not be said to walk in the darkness—the territory of the undivine; but he still has sin. There is still within him a territory which is constantly receiving some kind of admixture from the territory of darkness. He is no longer in sin, but sin is in him. The degrees, indeed, are infinitely different, and adjusted to the degree of cleansing and growth of the inner man.—Braune.

Do live bright lives for Jesus,
That through them, unaware,
His light may shine with wider power
Than warmest words can bear.
Make every service loyal;
And daily you shall see
How bright in sunshine or in cloud
A Christian's life may be.
—M. D. Bateham.

We must advance, with Him who is light, more and more into the light. "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked." Progress, growth in grace—this is an instant duty. How exquisite the figure! Step by step, like the beautiful rhythm of a soldier's march behind his commander. "I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of," said old Standfast, in the Pilgrim's story, as he stopped half way across the river of Death; "and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there have I coveted to set my foot too; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way."—C. S. Robinson, D. D.

God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and straight the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.—F. W. Faber.

A sense of mutual relationship ought to pervade the whole membership of the family of the redeemed. And if the full light of God's truth shines into our hearts, and shines about us on those who are our fellow-members in that great family, we shall see so much that they and we have in common, that we shall lose sight of minor differences, and we shall have fellowship with them in spirit and in service. True Christian fellowship is not to be secured by any formal intermingling of denominations, but by having the light of God and walking in it.—H. C. Trumbull, D. D.

What can we do, o'er whom the unbeheldden
Hangs in a night with which we cannot cope?
What but look sunward, and with faces
golden
Speak to each other softly of a hope?
—F. W. H. Myers.

Bible References: Gen. 5: 24; 17: 1, 2; Deut. 5: 33; 10: 12; Josh. 22: 5; 1 Kings 9: 4, 5; 2 Kings 20: 3; Job 24: 13, 17; Ps. 56: 13; 86: 11; 89: 15; 119: 105; 143: 8; Prov. 3: 21-23; 4: 18, 19; 6: 23; Isa. 40: 31; Jer. 7: 23; 13: 16; Luke 1: 5, 6; 16: 8; John 1: 4-9; 3: 18-21; 9: 4, 5; 11: 9, 10; 12: 46; 13: 15, 16; Acts 26: 17, 18; Rom. 6: 4; 8: 1, 4, 14; 13: 12-14; 2 Cor. 4: 6, 7; 5: 6, 7; 6: 14; Gal. 5: 14, 16; Eph. 2: 10; 4: 1-3; Phil. 1: 27; 2: 14-16; 4: 8; Col. 1: 10, 11; 2: 6, 7; 1 Thess. 2: 12; 4: 1; Heb. 11: 1, 2, 13, 14; 1 John 1: 5-7; 2: 6, 8-11; 2 John 6; Rev. 3: 4; 21: 23, 24.

Suggested Hymns.

"Light of the world, we hail thee."
"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."
"Walk in the light; so shalt thou know."
"Christ, whose glory fills the skies."
"Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light."
"Take time to be holy."
"Rejoice, rejoice, believers, and let your lights appear."
"Brightly gleams our banner."

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DAILY READINGS.

First Day.—"Light in the Lord." Eph. 5: 8-11.
Second Day.—"Children of the day." 1 Thess. 5: 4-8.
Third Day.—"Out of Darkness." 1 Pet. 2: 9-12.
Fourth Day.—"The light of the Lord." Isa. 2: 5-10.
Fifth Day.—"Arise, shine." Isa. 60: 1-4.
Sixth Day.—"Light dwelleth with him." Dan. 2: 19-23.
Seventh Day.—Walking as children of light. John 12: 35, 36; 8: 12; Matt. 5: 14-16.

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TRUE BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment for moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those which go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowly ways, if God wills it so.
—Churchman's Magazine.

WHERE WOMAN HAS HER RIGHTS— SOME OF THEM.

FROM that "other half of the world" of which we know so little comes the following information in *The Fortnightly Review*, as to social customs in New Guinea. In spite of the privileges of the fair sex in that land, we presume few of America's daughters will care to emigrate.

Every foot of land with the cocoanut or mammy-apple or banana-tree upon it belongs exclusively to some individual of the tribe, either male or female, is jealously guarded, and poaching is promptly punished, women's rights being recognized and protected strictly.

In fact, in many ways the woman is a more fortunate and valued personage than the man. For instance, a young man courts his sweetheart, and must be approved by her before he attempts matrimonial negotiations. After this is settled he has to offer her parents compensation for her loss as a member of the household, which is generally a little over the equivalent of what she takes away with her. Husband and wife thus join a kind of life-partnership, in which it is strictly understood that what property she has brought with her remains hers, as his own property remains his, during their lifetime, or while they agree to live together; for they have separations and divorces also, at times, in New Guinea, in which case, if the woman goes back to her parents, they have to refund her compensation to the disappointed husband, unless she can prove ill usage, in which case it is confiscated, and the man has no redress.

If the couple live and die together and have children, their joint property is equally divided among the survivors. There is no eldest-son system among the Papuans, so far as property is concerned.

They are an industrious race, and male and female have each their own allotted portions of work, and do not vary it in any way. For instance, perhaps half a dozen tribes are allies, one tribe devoting all its energies to market-gardening; that is, the inland tribes are mostly gardeners, while the sea-coast tribes may be pot-makers, boat-builders, net, and mat-makers, or fishers; so they hold markets and barter their different wares among each other.

Each tribe owns its own war-canoe, which has been purchased equally by every property-holder in the tribe, so that, although the chief may be captain while on the waters, he has no greater right to the Lakatoi than any one else; and if it is lost, all the partners suffer in the same proportion.

HEALTHY GIRLS.

ANYTHING on this subject, especially when said so well as in the following paragraphs from the pen of M. B. B. in *The Examiner*, is sure to attract our readers' attention:—

The time has happily passed when sickness is supposed by anybody to add to anybody's charms. There was a period when some specially silly girl ate chalk and pickles to secure an interesting pallor, and if attacked with vulgar hunger, she ate on the sly in the pantry, lest she should, as Byron says, "smell of bread and butter." It is even on record that one phenomenally foolish miss so yearned to add consumption to her attractions that she walked barefoot on the snow to accomplish her end! But these are as traditions of the Dark Ages—dark, indeed, compared with the floods of wholesome daylight shed upon such subjects in this year of grace.

We like our houses firmly built, with perfect plumbing, good windows, and safe flues. Still more, we like the house our soul lives in to be sound, to have good digestion, a good nervous system, serviceable eyes, and so on. We would not abuse or neglect our houses; far less should we either overwork or let run to indolent waste our wonderful bodies.

Hebe is become our ideal of maidenly beauty,—Hebe, straight of form, broad of

chest, with elastic step, blooming cheeks, clear eyes, and cheery voice. The sensible young man, in theory at least, chooses for his wife one who will be able to keep his house, to be the mother of sturdy children, one who will of all things meet life's experiences with a sweet temper. It is impossible to imagine a pleasant home with a cross wife, mother, or sister, as its presiding genius. And it is a rule, with exceptions, that good appetite and sound sleep induce amiability. If, with these advantages, a girl or woman, boy or man, is still snappish or surly, why it must be due to her or his total depravity. But as yet this soundness of body is one of the things to be aimed at and striven for, and the young girl, very conscious—as she should not be—of back, and throat, and head, and nerves, wishes she knew how to be beautifully healthy. Some things she should not do; she should not dose herself, or study up her case, or plunge suddenly into vigorous exercise. Moderation is a safe rule to begin with, and, indeed, to keep on with. Moderation in study, in work, in exercise, in everything except fresh air, good, simple food, and sleep. Few people have too much of these. The average girl at home can find no more sanitary gymnastics than in doing part of the lighter housework. This sort of exercise has object, and interest, and use, which raises it above mere drill. Add to this a merry romp with younger brothers and sisters, a brisk daily walk, the use for a few moments twice a day of dumb-bells in a cool, airy room, and it is safe to predict a steady advance towards that ideal state of being in which we forget our bodies and just enjoy ourselves.

THE GIRL TO BE AVOIDED.

HAVE you ever met her? It is well to know her, in order to keep away from her company. Ruth Ashmore, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, thus introduces her to us:—

She is the girl who takes you off in one corner, and tells you things that you would not repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party, which is to be "a dead secret;" and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine; and you don't know, and possibly she does not, that many of the sinners of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care for and love your own, to help mother and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows and the people, is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as "a gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And, of all others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided.

THAT MISSING LETTER.

You often have wondered why your friend failed to get it? You have roundly berated "Uncle Sam"? Does the following information suggest any possible explanation of the mystery?

Between ten and fifteen thousand misdirected, unstamped, not addressed, and otherwise unmailable letters are sent to Washington every Friday from the New York post-office. Hundreds of letters are stamped, but not directed; as many more are not stamped. Every one who writes a letter should be careful to make the address plain and easy to read. Of course it is much easier for those who sort and send letters to have legible inscriptions to read; but it is far more important to the sender than to any one else that the letters should go, not be detained by a puzzling superscription. Does any one make a small a

and o very much alike? Then such a one should not use the abbreviations for California and Colorado, but write out the whole word. The same rule applies to the abbreviations "Me." and "Mo.," "Miss." and "Mass.," "Penn." and "Tenn.," "Pa." and "Va.," "Ct." and "Vt.," "N. C.," "D. C.," and others. To be considerate to others and try to help instead of hinder their work is a mark of good breeding; but in this case carefulness is necessary to one's own convenience.

AS THE MOMENTS FLY.

WHAT are you doing from day to day
As the precious moments slip away?

Oh, use them for some good endeavor,
For moments gone are gone forever.

Like pearls that slip from a broken clasp
Life's moments slip from our careless grasp.

Gather them up as gems of beauty,
In words of love and acts of duty.

Silently, swiftly, the moments fly,
Waiting for no one to rest or sigh.

Nothing can make them pause or delay,
Ceaselessly moving, they hasten away.

Hasten away on their endless flight,
With the boundless sea of the past to unite.

Blossoms fade, and are gone from earth,
But come again at the springtime birth;

The snowflakes melt and vanish away,
And fall again at some future day;

But time flows by like a ceaseless river,
And moments gone are gone forever.

—Selected.

A LIBERAL TRANSLATION.

WE are slightly suspicious about the genuineness of this reputed inscription, though possibly some of the Latin scholars among our readers can make sense out of it. It requires little classical knowledge, however, to appreciate the appended translation.

Many years ago, while some excavations were going on near an ancient church in the northern part of Ireland, a large stone was uncovered, bearing a queer inscription in Latin. The church had been dedicated to a saint and missionary known by the simple name of Nucas Ambulans. The inscription was as follows:—

I Sabilli Hæres ago.
Fortibus es im. Aro
Nosces Mari the be trux
Votis innum. * * pes an dux.

Some wit who saw the stone observed that though not versed in antiquarian lore, he could give a translation. In sound it is ridiculously like the Latin words.

"I say, Billy, here's a go:
Forty 'busses in a row."
"No," says Mary; "they be trucks."
"What is in 'em?"
"Pease and ducks!"

ENGLISH AS SHE ONCE WAS UNDERSTOOD.

Two centuries and more make some striking changes in the commonly accepted meaning of words, as is well illustrated in the following account of an old-time dictionary:—

Many of the definitions in the English dictionary of 1626 are amusing, and some of them are ludicrously absurd. The "pole" is described as "the end of the axle-tree whereon the heavens do move," a very primitive explanation. The "Hebri-dean wave" seems rather a poetical substitute for the Irish Sea, and a "badger" is a still more extraordinary equivalent for a corn merchant,—"one that buys corne or other victual in one place to sell it in another." Still funnier are some of the natural-history definitions. A "baboon" is said to be "a beast like an ape, but farre bigger;" a "lynx" is a "spotted beast; it hath a most perfect sight, insomuch as it is said that it can see thorow a wall." The account of the "salamander" reads like an elaborate joke,—"a small, venomous beast with foure feet and a short taile; it lives in the fire, and at length, by his extreme cold, puts out the fire."

Turning to more general topics, we have the "alphabet" defined as "the cross rowe of letters," and "abecedarian" is "one who teaches the cross rowe." According to Cockeram, "an idiotie" is "an unlearned asse;" a "labourer" is a "swinker;" and "a heretick" is sketched more roundly, but with a clear assertion of the right of private opinion, as "he which maketh choice of himselfe what poynts of religion he will believe and what he will not." Then, from classic times, the "Olympic games" are "solemn games of activ-

ity," and "Amphitrite" is not, as usual, the goddess of the sea, but the "sea" itself. "Mathematicks" and "mathematicians" are hardly dealt with. The latter means a "soothsayer;" and the science, as defined, includes nearly all knowledge,— "the arts of arithmetic, musick, geographie, geometrie, astronomy, astrology, cosmography," reminding one of the trivium and quadrivium of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. "Actresse" has a very literal and interesting signification,—"a woman doer;" but at this decade of the seventeenth century there were no actresses in the modern sense of the term, the female parts being then taken by boys and young men.

RAPID PROGRESS.

WE trust that the aspiring youth described in the following paragraph will soon arrive at his desired destination:—

Uncle Stevenson, an old negro, had come to cut the grass in the front yard; and as Col. Winter started out to his office, he stopped to greet the old man.

"Well, Stephen," said the colonel, "I hear that you intend to give your son an education."

"Dat's what I does, sah. I knows what 'tis ter struggle along widout larnin', an' I 'terminated dat my son sha' n't trabble bar-foot ober de same hard road dat I did."

"A noble resolution, Stephen. I wish all fathers felt so. Is your boy learning rapidly?"

"Ez fast ez er horse can trot, sah. Why, last week he wrote a letter to his aunt dat libs mo' dan twenty miles from yere, an' after a while he gwine ter write to his udder aunt dat libs fifty mile away."

"Why does n't he write to her now?"

"O, he kain't write so fur yit. He ken write twenty miles first rate, but I told him not to try to write fifty mile till he got stronger wid his pen. But he's gwine to get dar, I tell you. Won't be more'n er year fo' dat boy ken set down at one eend de gumbromment an' write er letter cl'ar to de udder end."

BRIGHT AND BREEZY.

An exchange asks: "What is the hottest place in the United States?" Without the slightest hesitation, a hornet's nest.

They were talking about trees. "My favorite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite?"

"Yew," he replied.

The five-year-old boy had seen his first wedding, and naturally the family asked him what he thought of it. "Pooh!" he said, disdainfully, "it's nothing but a prayer meeting with a sociable after it." —*Boston Times*.

A little innocent misunderstanding is sometimes very useful in helping one over a hard place. "Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell 'kitten.'" "K-double-i-t-e-n," said Mabel. "Kitten has two i's, then, has it?" "Yes, ma'am; our kitten has." —*Chicago Herald*.

First Baggage - Smasher: "Say, Jake, I'm thinkin' it 'ud be money in our pockets if we begin handlin' trunks more kearful."

Jake: "Why wud it?"

First Baggage-Smasher: "Because the more we smash 'em, the bigger and stronger and heavier they make 'em. I've struck three this mornin' made out o' reg'lar boiler iron. Me back's most broke." —*Good News*.

Do you know that you can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it?

Do you know that Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" is that chimney?

You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

Pittsburg.

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Reviews.

Religious.

THE RIGHT ROAD. A Handbook for Parents and Teachers. By John W. Kramer. 7½ in. x 5½, pp. viii, 282. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Cloth, \$1.25. This book, as the author announces, "is an elementary treatment of Christian morality." The table of contents shows the logical and systematic plan on which it is constructed, while the style of treatment brings the lessons within reach of the understanding of the youngest children and will render the book very useful for those in charge of children. An abundance of well-chosen illustrative anecdotes and stories prevents the treatise from becoming abstract and makes the applications of the teaching perfectly plain. These stories are by no means all new; it was not necessary, nor was it intended that they should be. Many of them are the better for being standard old ones, while for many young pupils they will not lack the charm of novelty. The subject treated is truly, as it is called, *Christian morality*, and the necessary connection between religion and morality is properly observed and touched upon.

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE. By J. R. Miller, D. D. 6½ in. x 4½, pp. vi, 275. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company. This is a volume of essays of rich quality upon religious subjects. They are of the same style and excellence as those of earlier volumes by the same author. Dr. Miller's gifts lie in the line of such work as this book supplies. Few publications are so well fitted for the sitting-room table or short book-shelf as is this, both as regards matter and appearance. The cover is pretty, the type open and inviting, and the titles and contents of the essays attractive. As a presentation volume where a book of a religious character is desired, "Making the Most of Life" would have few superiors. The chapters are written with the purpose of stimulating those who read them to worthy and earnest living.

Biography.

FAMOUS ENGLISH STATESMEN OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. By Sarah Knowles Bolton. 7½ in. x 5½, pp. 460, with portraits. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company. Cloth, \$1.50. Readers of *THE GOLDEN RULE* have learned for themselves the excellence of Mrs. Bolton's biographical sketches, and in this latest book from her pen they will recognize some friends to whom she has already introduced them. The subjects of the sketches are Peel, Palmerston, Shaftesbury, Bright, Forster, Beaconsfield, Fawcett, and Gladstone. The period with which these men are connected gives unity to the collection, and makes it to a considerable extent a history of our times. Most of these statesmen, too, were so closely identified with prominent movements that an account of their lives is necessarily a history of those movements also. It is difficult for one to gain accurate knowledge of the career of those whose prominence in our day has made their names most familiar. Extended biographies may be lacking, and the events with which the men are always associated in the minds of older persons are little understood by the rising generation, because they belong to history as yet, for the most part, unwritten. At the same time, these men are the very ones about whom information is most desired. Mrs. Bolton's volume, therefore, is especially happy in its choice of subjects, and it gains in interest by the addition of the portraits of the men described and by the fact that the author has been personally acquainted with not a few of her heroes.

Stories.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 7½ in. x 5½, pp. 66; illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, 50 cents. Here is a book that cannot fail to interest boys and girls, old folks and young folks. It will cause many a hearty laugh, and few can finish the simple story without moistened eyes. The youngest daughter in a wealthy home, born on Christmas day, receives the name of Carol and grows up to an inheritance of bodily weakness and pain, from which she is quietly released by death on her eleventh birthday. The influence of this young life in the Bird household is beautifully told. The sadness of the narrative is relieved by a delightful sketch of "the Ruggleses in the

rear," a poor family with nine children, whose invitation to a Christmas dinner and tree in Carol's home opens the way for some exceedingly funny doings and sayings. It is a book that one always wishes to reread at intervals not too far apart. Without a suggestion of "preaching," it teaches beautifully and powerfully some most valuable lessons.

Miscellaneous.

THE ANNUAL STATISTICS OF MANUFACTURES. 1890. 9½ in. x 6½, pp. xxv, 405. This volume is one of the documents issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, and contains a summary of the most important facts relating to the manufactures in Massachusetts during the past year, with tables for the purpose of comparing these returns with those for the preceding year. The tables, classified by industries, take up the matters of "Partners and Stockholders," "Capital Invested," "Stock Used," "Goods Made," "Persons Employed," "Wages Paid," "Proportion of Business Done," and the analysis of the figures sums up the conclusions reached, which will be of interest to students of social conditions. A useful appendix presents concisely the chief events of the year in Massachusetts industrial circles.

Pamphlets.

The Bible Key, by Rev. M. P. Hayden, gives a general classification of the contents of the Bible, with directions for the study of the Scriptures. (Cincinnati, O.: Standard Publishing Company.)

Grateful Praise is No. 20 in the excellent "Pilgrim Series of Children's Services," and is intended as a Thanksgiving service. (Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Price, 5 cents; \$4.00 a hundred.)

The Annual Report of the Directors of the American Peace Society for 1890-91 reviews the events of the year bearing upon the society's work and alludes to the Peace Congress proposed as a feature of the Columbian Exposition. The society also issues *The Coming Peace*, the oration delivered by Josiah Quincy in Boston on the Fourth of July. (1 Somerset Street, Boston.)

Magazines.

The names of John Fiske, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Bradford Torrey, John Burroughs, and Octave Thanet, with others, as contributors to *The Atlantic Monthly* give assurance of attractive contents. Rudyard Kipling furnishes the opening story, and there is an interesting study as to communication between man and animals.

"The Denominations and Christian Endeavor" by Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., is reprinted from *The Examiner* in *The Magazine of Christian Literature*. Other articles deal with the relation of the government to Catholic schools among the Indians, the assistance to be derived from Roman law in interpreting the writings of Paul, and the history of the Millerite movement.

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The whole thing is very bright. Then there are solid pages of keen sense pitifully put.—*Boston Post*. There is much solid practical sense in these brief epistles of Mossback, which it would be well for every one to appropriate. There is a dry humor pervading the whole which dulls the keen edge of his satire and the sharp point of his wit.—*Zion's Herald*. The author is one of the few who can hit folly without being spiteful or malicious. He can hit folly without stalling the self-respect of the person whose weakness or vanity he satirizes. He is good nature personified, and belongs to a class of writers which might be numerically increased without any danger that the supply would exceed the demand.—*Public Opinion*.

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BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1891.

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OUR PROSPECTUS, as printed elsewhere, and fail to see that The Golden Rule for the coming months is to surpass anything in its previous history?

REMEMBER that the various topics there mentioned will be treated by the ablest religious writers of our land.

Here are a few of the names:

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Rev. J. L. Hill, D. D.,	Rev. C. A. Dickinson,
Prof. Amos R. Wells,	President George A. Gates,
Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D.	
and many others equally well known.	

Do not fail to read the full Prospectus on Page 16. Every line of it is worth studying.

Editorial.

FORTS AND OPEN FIELDS.

A FORT usually represents some military position that it is important to guard and hold. It may be some Gibraltar, with towering precipice, a spot of slight value in itself, but of untold importance because of what its guns can command. It may be some base of supplies from which an army can go forth on an active campaign. Whatever its location or design, a fort is something that needs to be garrisoned and well defended.

In the progress of a campaign, however, there is something else to be thought of than simply holding a fort. If the foe are moving towards its ramparts, there is indeed but one duty for the hour. The invader must be beaten back and the position held. But supposing the enemy is actively engaged in ravaging some district of the country where there is no fort? Will it do simply to stay behind stone walls and be satisfied with tranquil inaction? By no means. The troops must take the field. The fort must be garrisoned, but the bulk of the army must advance to where the enemy is.

This truth, so patent in military operations, needs to be as fully accepted in the conduct of the army of Christ. Every church edifice is, in a certain true sense, a fort. It is important to maintain its commanding influence in the locality where it has become a landmark; it is needful to use it as a source of spiritual supplies, as a base of operations from which troops may go forth. But is it enough simply to "hold the fort"? Is it enough that pulpit and choir-loft give forth their accustomed tones, and that hearers occupy the pews in sufficient numbers to maintain the stated services of the weeks and months? No. The time has come when the army of Christ must also take the open field. Why? In order to find the enemy. No matter how excellent the ammunition, no matter how deadly the Mannlicher rifle, the foe will not suffer unless they are within range. But in too many cases to-day those who need to be won for Christ keep wholly out of reach of that elegant piece of black walnut furniture, with its plush upholstery and ponderous, gilt-edged copy of God's Word, which we call "the pulpit." What then? Shall we be satisfied with performing the time-honored evolutions of a religious campaign? God forbid. We must go forth into the open field. We must indeed maintain with

utmost faithfulness the preaching of a bold, strong gospel in every pulpit; we must rally as never before in the pews. But we must do more than hold our present possessions; we must go to those who do not come. Out into the highways, fellow-soldiers! If Jesus Christ came to New York or Chicago to-day, can we imagine him confining his words to church interiors? It is time for an advance all along the line.

SOME UNITED STATES HEATHEN.

THERE are two places where the United States heathen exist: in the slums of our great cities, and in the more remote settlements away from any line of travel. In the cities there are so many of them that the task of evangelizing them seems hopeless; in the remote country districts the population is sparse, and the difficulties of reaching the people so great that the task sometimes seems equally hopeless.

It is this latter class that we have upon our hearts just now. We have recently seen some of them, stalwart, vigorous sons of the soil, of sturdy New England stock, but as destitute of gospel privileges and of religious desires as though they lived in central Africa. Scattered through the backwoods of Maine, for instance, are hundreds of families living on the interlacing waterways, and in the heart of the forest that re-echoes only to the sportsman's gun in the summer and to the lumberman's axe in the winter.

Some of these families have not heard a gospel sermon for years; in some of them children have been born and grown up that have seen no house save the log hut of their fathers, children who are as ignorant of God and Christ, of the ten commandments and of the eleventh commandment of love, as the Esquimaux or the Digger Indians.

Doubtless there are many other families in similar circumstances, who have not forgotten the faith of their fathers, who live godly and devout lives and maintain family religion; but the temptation to relapse into semi-heathenism when living for a whole generation away from the restraints and influences of a church is fearful. We believe that what we have seen in the backwoods of Maine could be duplicated in these New England States, and even more largely in the newer States of the Union, whose forests have not yet been tamed, and whose wild land has not been subdued.

What can be done for these United States heathen? Just what is done for the African heathen. Send the gospel to them. Churches cannot be maintained among them, perhaps. In many cases neighbors are too distant one from another to admit of the thought of assembling together in a church. But a missionary might be employed to visit just such families. If he could not go in a carriage, he could go on horseback; if not on horseback, he could go in a canoe; if not in a canoe, he could walk.

Self-denying, consecrated men, we are confident, could be found who would go from log cabin to log cabin, carrying the glad tidings. Money could easily be raised to send such men. We commend the matter to the home missionary societies of our various States. It is worth considering.

DEBTORS OR CREDITORS?

SOME people go through life with the impression that they are creditors, as regards the entire universe. They start out with the theory that the world "owes them a living," though just when the world contracted that debt they are unable to inform us. They are constantly thinking about what is due them in the matter of honors, compliments, benefactions. They are so absorbed in getting that they have no time or strength for giving. For them, life's ledger has but one page, and all its items are charged to self as the sole creditor.

There is another kind of people who take the exactly opposite outlook upon life. They are striving to imitate the great apostle of the Gentiles, whose growing experience emancipated him from the narrowing bonds of a Pharisee's life, and turned his broadening sympathies over all the ancient world, until he could say, by deed as well as word, "I am debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish." We all know how Paul tried to pay that debt, by giving the gospel that had saved him to as many others as possible. We can never think of him, save as the nearest and closest imitator of Him who spent his life going "about doing good," and whose death made all mankind infinitely indebted to him.

How are we living? What is our thought of the relation between ourselves and our fellow-men? Do we feel, like Paul, that we are debtors? Does the possession of salvation seem to us something that came as a matter of course, which we indeed ought to prize for its preciousness; or is it something that makes us feel increasingly

a debt that we ought to pay? The man who is indifferent to his financial obligations is sooner or later despised by all right-minded persons. Is any better fate in store for a professed Christian who thinks chiefly of the things due him from others, and scarce at all of the things due to others from him? When every follower of Christ can say in sincerity, like Paul, "I am debtor," we are sure that missions at home and abroad will come to the fullness of achievement, and the perfected kingdom of heaven will speedily appear.

GOLDEN RULE ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE following "ads," which our advertising manager considers hardly appropriate to the columns allotted to his use, are given this conspicuous place (no extra charge for position) in order that no reader of THE GOLDEN RULE for whom they are meant may neglect to read them.

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Editorial Notes from the Wide Field.

THIS WEEK.—That canoe voyage comes to an end, and we are taken half-way across the continent to a college chapel in Iowa, where President Gates gives us all one of his common-sense talks.—The author of "Five Little Peppers" has something to say to her girls.—Dr. Marsten compares Carlyle and Christ, and Mr. Krikorian gives a glimpse of child-life in a remote part of the world.—How about Farmer Trueman's way of giving?—"Applied Christianity" this week gives some details of the class-room work of one of the most successful primary teachers in the country.—Does any part of that "Still Another Field," described on page ten, lie within reach of your help?—Among the variety of things in "Our Committees at Work," we must call special attention to the opening editorial appeal.—A Western pastor tells "how we did it." Can you not go and do likewise?—Mr. Sleeper contributes some striking testimony about Junior work.—The action of the trustees of the United Society, as given on our last page, will be read with interest.—That prospectus—but it speaks for itself.

NEXT WEEK will bring Dr. Hill's promised article on a Sunday at the St. Bernard Hospice, and something of special interest to all who are wondering what to do with that Sunday evening service.

A CONTRAST.—"Great panic in a French theatre, the audience being left in darkness on account of the failure of electric lights. One man killed, and many injured," was the news that the cable brought us one day last week. We remember that a few weeks ago another audience—a far larger one—was left in total darkness by reason of a like failure of electric lights, but there was no panic. Instead, the whole audience took up the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." No one moved from his seat, no one fainted, no one screamed. That is the difference between an audience of Christian young people at Minneapolis and a theatrical audience in Paris.

THE EDITORIAL SCAPEGOAT.—It is well known that in every well-regulated newspaper office there is "an office cat" that is responsible for all mistakes or infelicities. To this feline must be ascribed some words of praise concerning the editor's article on canoeing that

slipped into last week's paper during his absence from the office. Some of our readers have thought that this same animal was responsible for an allusion to cider-making in "September Days." They will notice, however, that this article was simply descriptive of things as they are, and was not commendatory of the cider mill, whose evil results we abhor, as our readers do. To speak in all seriousness: This number completes Volume 5 of the new series of *THE GOLDEN RULE*. This volume has contained 842 pages, about a third of a million lines, and about three millions of words. This is no small army to marshal exactly right, since every column, sentence, line, and word must be scanned and weighed most critically. We do not claim infallibility of judgment, but we can assure our readers that no conscientious effort has been omitted to make *THE GOLDEN RULE* truthful, stimulating, attractive, and helpful.

A HAPPY THOUGHT,—the idea of a united religious exhibit of missionary and benevolent organizations, Bible societies, Young Men's Christian Associations, Christian Endeavor societies, etc., at the Columbian Exposition. A committee representing different denominations, and headed by Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., of the Evangelical Alliance, has the further consideration of the matter in charge. We most heartily commend the plan. What a glorious object lesson on the active religious life of America such an exhibit might be made! Success to it.

A TRUER WORD was never spoken than that uttered by the Attorney-General of the United States when, in defending the constitutionality of the law against lotteries, he said:—

Much stress is laid on the fact that Louis XIV., George Washington, and even preachers of the gospel have in time past believed in and profited by lotteries. It might have been added that persons no less illustrious and worthy, contemporaries of these same men, in France, England, and in this country believed in and encouraged the use of Holy Inquisition and the burning of heretics, Quakers, and witches, in the interest of "pure and undefiled religion." Yet it will hardly do to insist that the Government of the United States would therefore be found to lend its aid to such practices, in the interest of constitutional liberty, if an attempt were made to revive them now.

The time has about gone by when a gigantic evil can be bolstered by quoting the hoary iniquities of the unenlightened past. In this way polygamy, child-murder, and almost every nameless abomination could be defended. The Attorney-General pricked the bubble with a sharp pen.

THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS.—It is sometimes sweepingly said that our statesmen and politicians are either in sympathy with the liquor traffic, or else afraid to say or do anything really injurious to it. Such a charge cannot rightly include such a man as Senator Frye of Maine, whose stirring temperance talk in the city of Lewiston in that State is before us in the columns of the daily press. There is no uncertain sound to these words of his:—

No one in this audience will differ with me relative to the evils of this Moloch monster, intemperance, unless perhaps it be the rumrunner, and I ask: Is he entitled to an opinion? Is his opinion worth anything? My deliberate judgment is, and I measure my words, that there is no worse man to be found than the rumrunner, and so far from his opinion being worth anything in this question as to whether liquor shall be sold freely over the bar to whosoever wishes to purchase, I say that if every rumrunner in the country were in jail to-day the country would be ten thousand times better off than it now is.

IT IS KNOWN TO MANY OF OUR READERS that the great army of "White Ribboners" all over the world join in observing the noon hour as an hour of prayer for God's blessing on all who need his help. It has been suggested that young people of the Christian Endeavor Society add their petitions at the same time. Yes, and why may not every Christian, young or old, man or woman, as the clock strikes the hour of full noon, wherever he may be, offer a silent prayer for the destitute, and for the advancement of Christ's kingdom? "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything." Ah, yes, but supposing ten millions of us were agreed as touching this one thing?

A BACK-HANDED BOYCOTT.—The working girls and women of New York have found some friends who have been moved by the cruel injustice with which the toilers have often been treated; and there is a movement to prepare a "white list" of merchants and manufacturers, including only those who are willing to treat their female help with fairness and humaneness. If this plan is carried out wisely and extensively, it may indirectly diminish some of the profits of those merciless employers who abuse their timid and hitherto helpless employees.

LET THIS EXAMPLE BE FOLLOWED.—A most interesting solution of the parochial school question seems to have been reached in a city in Minnesota, where the Catholic priest, according to a correspondent of *The Christian Union*, has unreservedly turned over the parochial school building to the uses of the local board

of education, with the understanding that the children of Catholic parents are to be scattered among the public schools according to residence. The object of this move, as stated by the priest himself, is that the children now in the parochial school "may receive the benefits that result from an American training in all that the term implies." It is said that this action has been stimulated by dislike of the German and other foreign parish schools in the West, and that Archbishop Ireland is in sympathy with this course. If this policy is to prevail in Minnesota, it is to be hoped that it may prove contagious and spread throughout the land. It is the only solution of the parochial school controversy that America can ever safely sanction.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S WORKS.—From one source we have a kindly word of exhortation against offering Professor Drummond's works as premiums for *THE GOLDEN RULE*. We are somewhat surprised at this; for if there is any man in the world who is welcomed in evangelical circles personally and through his works, it is Professor Henry Drummond. A co-laborer with Mr. Moody and other great evangelists, his name has gone everywhere as a synonym for simple faith in Jesus Christ and earnest religious service. We do not necessarily indorse everything that he may have written; but the books which we have offered as premiums are, we believe, beyond all question elevating in their influence. We are glad to have our readers look narrowly at such matters, and assure them that the utmost care is taken to present only such books as are spiritually helpful and thoroughly loyal to the truth.

Applied Christianity.

AN HOUR IN A MODEL PRIMARY CLASS.

BY J. L. S.

"Good morning, children!" says a voice full of sunshine and love. "Good morning, Miss Harlow!" comes in prompt, glad chorus from considerably more than a hundred voices; and without command or exhortation, without the touch of bell or appeal for "perfect quiet," the primary class has begun its work.

The scene is one of more than ordinary interest. On the ground floor of the commodious First Congregational Church in Lowell, Mass., whose former pastor still furnishes the lesson notes for the Sunday-school department of *THE GOLDEN RULE*, is a bright, pleasant room, which a throng of children, from four years old up to ten, pack to overflowing under the most favorable circumstances, and fairly fill under adverse conditions, as on the first Sunday of last July, when the weather was hot, vacation had begun, and the high carnival of Independence Day was scarcely over. The little chairs seemed to have few empty gaps among them, and interested visitors, as is frequently the case, filled all the seats assigned to guests, and crowded the standing-room at the entrances.

"How many of you went to church this morning?" comes briskly from their leader, as soon as the chorus of salutation has ceased. Hands are promptly raised. "Pretty good for the day after the Fourth!" is the teacher's commendatory remark, with a smile that was reward enough for sitting through any church service. "How many of you had a good time yesterday?" Wildly waving hands unanimously answer. "How many of you are tired to-day?" Those who do not vote yes proclaim the fact on their faces. "Are you too tired to sing?" O no; and the opening stanza of a hymn of praise fills the room with its volume of fresh, clear tones. But the singing evidently is not quite up to the mark; and the leader says, "Did any of you hear a bunch of fire-crackers go off yesterday, one after the other?" Hands go up in abundance. "Well, your singing went just a little like that. Now try once more, all together." The second stanza comes, with much improved effect. "Just right! Now shall we have the birthdays? How many in the class have had

A Birthday

since last Sunday? Ah! there's Clarence; yes, and I know of two others who are not in the city to-day. Come right up here to the platform, Clarence. How many years old? Eight? And the pennies? Sure enough, you have them." Turning to the blackboard just behind her, the teacher wrote out, in large capital letters, the boy's name, and then asked, "Now let us see how well we can remember our alphabet verses; who will give us the one beginning with C?" A score of hands went up, and at the teacher's nod a little girl rose and repeated, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." "L?" This time a small tot of a boy recited slowly and distinctly, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." "Now let us all together give A;" and a concert of voices was heard, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good

unto all men." And so on through the various letters of the boy's name went the ready memories of the scholars. "Now we are going to pray," says Miss Harlow; and pausing a moment she continues, "Yes, that was very good; almost all remembered to put their hymn cards behind them in their chairs, and to sit up straight." By this time every one had taken the hint. "Now shall we repeat in concert that little hymn?" and together they recite,

"Before our words of prayer are said
We'll close the eyes and bow the head;
We'll try to think to whom we pray,
And try to mean the words we say."

Then follows a prayer, so simple, so childlike, yet so far reaching that I give each phrase of it, as it came first from the teacher's lips and then was repeated word for word by all the little folks.

"Our dear heavenly Father, we thank thee for the care that has been round about us the last week. We thank thee that so many of us are well and able to be here. Now we thank thee for this day, the Sabbath day, thy day. Help us to keep it holy. We thank thee for our church, our Sunday school, our superintendent and teachers; wilt thou bless them all. We thank thee for our homes, for our fathers and mothers, for our food and clothing. Not more than others do we deserve, but thou hast given us more. Help us to be better boys and girls; forgive us our sins, and make our hearts clean and white. We seek thy blessing on these who are entering a new year. We thank thee for the years that are past, and ask thy blessing on the year to come. Bless the money which we bring to thee; bless the home in China which we are helping build. All this we ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

A light chord on the organ, and all chanted in perfect unison the Lord's Prayer; and then the boxes go the rounds, and the pennies jingle an accompaniment to the hymn, "Give," said the little stream, as it hurried down the hill."

So far perfect order has prevailed; but now comes the trying part of the hour,—

The Teaching

to these little ones the meaning of those wondrous opening verses of John's Gospel, whose profound meaning is deeper than earth's wisest philosophers can fathom. Can these little folks understand about that Word that was God? Let us listen.

"Children, there is something I want to tell you very much. Do you know what it is?" Vigorous shaking of heads. "Can any of you think how you will find out?" A few seconds of silence. "Do you know yet?" "No." "Well, Jennie, how can you find out what I want to tell you?" "By listening." "Very good." Another pause; "Now have you found out? Well, Etta, what is it? Must wait until I tell you? Yes; and how can I tell you? By words? That's it; let us write it out;" and TELL and WORDS appear on the blackboard. "Now I will tell you two things that I want you to know. First—it would n't be good manners for two to talk at once, so I'll wait till you are done," turning to two little people who were whispering—"first, all of you who are here next Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock can have a barge ride, and you may ask your mothers to come too. Now how many of you would like to see Dr. Baker?" Waving hands go up like corks out of pop-guns. "Well, Sunday after next he is to preach here; can you all remember?" Little doubt of that. "Now, children, how did you find out what was in my mind?" pointing to the printing on the board. "You told us with your words." "That's it. Now God has something that he wants to tell us; and I am going to show you how he went to work to make us know what was in his mind." Next follows the lesson picture of the nativity, with the text, "The Word was made flesh;" and soon every child in the room has learned that "the Word" is one name for the Babe in the manger; the whole story in Luke's Gospel is quickly and skilfully connected with the glory of the Word, which "we beheld;" and these children have mastered the great thought that God wanted this world to know what was in his mind, and that Jesus was the Word by which he told us his great thought.

And so with mingled songs and picture-talks and blackboard sketches the moments swiftly passed; the lesson-papers are distributed by the leader's six assistants; all bow in stillness for one word more of prayer, and go forth with many a loving good-by from their teacher.

"How many are there in the entire class?" I ask of one of the assistants. "Nearly two hundred," is the answer. "How can their teacher remember all their names and faces?" "She visits them all in their homes, being employed by the church to give her entire time as a pastor's assistant. Besides that"—and here is surely one secret of this model primary department—"she prays for every one by name every Sunday morning before she comes to her class."

Christian Endeavor.

"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are Brethren."

OUR GROWTH.

Membership of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor:

	Societies.	Members.
In 1881	2	68
In 1882	7	481
In 1883	56	2,870
In 1884	156	8,905
In 1885	253	10,964
In 1886	350	50,000
In 1887	2,314	140,000
In 1888	4,879	310,000
In 1889	7,672	485,000
In 1890	11,013	660,000
In 1891 (on record July 1) 16,274		1,008,980

Familiar Letter from the President of the United Society.

BOSTON, SEPT. 12, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—When this week's message reaches you, it will be the twenty-fourth day of September. The schools have begun, business has started up, our churches are all open once more, our Sunday schools are developing new vigor after the summer interregnum, and of course our Christian Endeavor societies are ready for the fall campaign. There are no more important weeks in all the year than these opening weeks of the fall. They set the tune by which we shall march for a good many months. And first I would say,

Get Started.

Do not drift through the year as an empty boat drifts down stream. Take up an oar and row, gather up the tiller ropes, steer for some definite point; in other words, plan not only in a general way to have a good society; plan to have it good for something. There is no such time in all the year for instituting a new movement, for getting rid of encumbrances, for turning our backs on past mistakes and our faces to future victories. Every society should have a meeting of all its committees with the pastor, if possible; and each committee should meet by itself to plan definitely and prayerfully for specific service. There is no society in the country so good that it cannot be improved; there is none so poor that it cannot just now take the first step in the right direction.

This is the time of year at which to strengthen the weak spots; to adopt the revised pledge, if you have not already adopted it; to persuade the Christians who unhappily have dropped into the ranks of the associate membership to get into their right places as active members; to get out of unfortunate ruts in the prayer meeting; to plan some way of making the consecration service more solemn and effective than it has been; to enlist more fully the sympathy of your pastor and older people. Each one of you, doubtless, who has the welfare of his own society at heart can put his finger on the weak spot in your local work. This is, of all times, the season not only to point out the weakness, but to remedy it. While you make the best of things as they are, never be satisfied with any thing less than the ideally best. Do not so make the best of things as to forget to make them better.

While avoiding a fussy, critical, fault-finding spirit in righting wrongs, let us equally avoid the easy complacency with the poor or the mediocre, simply because it is easier to go on in a dull routine than to make an effort to change for the better.

Aggressive Work.

But it is not enough simply to strengthen our weak places and to perfect our organization; no society ought to be satisfied to let these fall months go by without planning some aggressive work for the new year. Consult your pastor in regard to this, if you are at a loss to know what most needs to be done. If I know anything about him, there is some one thing, perhaps ten things, that he is "aching" to have you do. The knowledge that you

are ready and anxious to do it will give him courage for a whole twelvemonth. From my point of view I can suggest nothing better than the three lines of work of which I have already spoken in a previous Familiar Letter: the midweek church prayer meeting, the Sunday evening service, and some plan of systematic beneficence.

The midweek prayer meeting—canvass all your members and see whether they are conscientiously supporting it, keep a record of all the Christian Endeavorers at each of these services, and report the matter once in a while to the society; stir up neglecters by way of remembrance. If there is unwillingness to take part, appoint a certain number (say ten or fifteen) to have at least a verse of Scripture, if nothing more, to repeat in each church prayer-meeting.

The Sunday Evening Service.

See what your pastor would best like to have done in regard to that. Perhaps a Christian Endeavor choir would help it. Possibly the introduction of printed responsive services, which as a society you can pay for and distribute, would largely increase the interest. Perhaps you can distribute on the street flyers inviting to the service, or can post notices at hotels, etc., in regard to the matter. At any rate, you can make a special point to see that all your members are present habitually and regularly.

Certainly, plans for systematic beneficence can be taken up if they are not already in good working order. No society should be satisfied until every member is giving at least two cents a week for missionary purposes, and I hope you will get much more than this. All that you need to start this plan is the necessary pledge-cards and envelopes, and a little enterprise and push on the part of some few individuals. There is no reason that I can conceive why every society should not adopt at least this plan at the beginning of this year of work.

There are, of course, countless other plans for aggressive work that might be suggested, and which you will find out by studying your local needs. I only suggest the above because they are applicable everywhere, and because I believe that no society will do its whole duty this coming year if it does not make a special effort along these lines. May God grant that this opening year of the new Christian Endeavor decade may be more fruitful than all that have gone before. Do not you join me in this prayer? Then let us help answer it in our societies.

Your friend,

Francis E. Clark.

Question Box.

Ques. An active member desires to remain connected with a society from which he has been obliged to withdraw on account of his removal from the place. Should he be placed on the affiliated list, or should there be a special membership list for such persons? L. G.

Ans. He can remain an "honorary member" by special vote of the society. A society in Massachusetts has recently made its former president, who has lately gone as a missionary to Japan, an honorary member for life.

Ques. There are two societies in our vicinity, and I belong to one; but I am not interested in it as I should be, and feel myself out of place there. Would it be doing as an Endeavorer should, to leave my own and join the other? Or could I belong to both?

Ans. An Endeavorer should stay in his own society and try to make it better. He should make up his mind to be at home in it. That is part of his duty. Of course, we are speaking of ordinary cases, and not of possible exceptions.

STILL ANOTHER FIELD.

THE Christian Endeavor Society, is as all knows, designed for the local church, and only in connection with such a body can it fulfil its entire mission. Yet it has come about, in the providential extension of this movement, that the seed-thought of pledged service to Christ has dropped into good soil in unexpected places and has grown and borne fruit many-fold. Societies in penitentiaries, in deaf-mute institutions, and on board of vessels are illustrations of what we mean. And now it would seem that still another field is opening to the same good work, as will appear in the following extracts from a letter received from Mr. W. E. Bridges, a member of the Summit Street Methodist Episcopal Society of Kansas City, Mo.:—

A number of Christian men with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad on the division from Kansas City to Chicago are forming a society for Christian fellowship and work. It is our desire and object to shine for the Lord in railway train, shops, office, or work, where we may be. The nature of our vocation does not admit of regular weekly or stated meetings for worship and praise of God. However, occasional meetings will be held under the auspices of our society at central points.

By wire, train, and otherwise railroad men are in close communication. The same modes of communication will keep us in close Christian fellowship, although the members of our society are scattered over six hundred miles of territory. A Christian telegrapher in the woods of Missouri feels the fellowship of Christian love as he talks with a brother four hundred miles away, on the prairies of Illinois. A Christian engineer leans out of his cab to shake hands with his brother in Christ, the pumper at a wayside station, perhaps. The Christian young man leaving a Christian home to enter the railway service will have support, and not feel that all railroad men are ungodly and that he must needs hide his light and go back to the beggarly elements of the world to live among them.

We must have our wives, sisters, daughters, and sons with us in this work, and this is a reason why the Society of Christian Endeavor commends itself to us. Another reason is that the Y. P. S. C. E. is not confined to any one denomination. Our members come from various churches, and to unite under the banner of the Y. P. S. C. E. will cause no friction. We want the help of the one million Christian Endeavorers in this, our endeavor to win the railroad men of America for Christ. It is likely that the founder of the Y. P. S. C. E. never contemplated a work in this direction, but the need is great, and in weakness, recognizing God as our strength, we knock at the door of the Y. P. S. C. E. for admission to be known as the railway branch of the Y. P. S. C. E.

The railroad employees of our land are a vast army. How shall they be enlisted under the banner of Christ? In many cases the nature of their work makes it difficult to exert a continuous influence upon them at any one locality. It seems to us that there is an urgent need and an excellent opportunity to extend the fellowship of our Society to this large class of men, most of whom are young. Such a branch of the Y. P. S. C. E. might be developed, which would in no way conflict with any agencies now at work in this field, but rather supplement and strengthen them. Success to the plan!

A BEAUTIFUL GREETING.

THERE are no members of his congregation who have a warmer feeling for the beloved pastor as he returns from his summer vacation than the workers in his Endeavor society. But it is not always that they succeed in showing it so beautifully and appropriately as in an instance recently coming to our notice. When Rev. Charles M. Southgate, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Worcester, Mass., came into the meeting of his society on the first Sunday after vacation, all the members rose and sung together "Blest be the tie that binds," and a brief prayer was offered. The society then recited in unison the following Scriptural greeting:—

"Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. We give thanks to God always for you, making mention of you in our prayers; remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father." "For we have great joy and consolation in thy love." "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand

in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation." "Wherefore also we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power." "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel." "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

It is perhaps a little late to offer this as a model for immediate use, though it will not be out of date after next summer's vacation is over; but it illustrates a duty that we are anxious to urge strongly upon all our readers. Express to your pastor your gratitude for the help that he has given you and your interest in his prosperous work. Of course you feel it; make him feel it also. You always remember him in your daily private petitions? Remember him also in every prayer meeting of the society. Be sure that he knows and feels, through your outspoken expression, the kind wishes that are in your hearts for him.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

NEVER did the fall months open with such good cheer for Christian Endeavor societies all over the world. From Australia and from New Zealand, from Samoa and from Ceylon, come the same glad tidings. A South Australian Christian Endeavor Union has been successfully formed. There are over twenty societies in that province, while in Victoria there are more than seventy, with over 3,500 members. In New South Wales the cause is also most prosperous. The Victorian Union holds its second annual convention on September 24, and the meeting promises to be full of interest. An earnest appeal has been sent to Dr. Clark to attend a United Australian Convention in '92. "An Australian welcome in its fullest sense will await you," writes Mr. Jackson, the honorary secretary of the Victorian union; and "by that time we shall have fully five hundred societies in Australia with quite twenty thousand members."

POINTERS.

LOYALTY should be an every-day matter.

That approaching consecration meeting—how are you preparing for it?

Did you pray for your pastor this morning? for the Sunday school? for fellow-Endeavorers?

Who were those strangers in the seat with you last Sunday evening? You don't know? Why not?

"We would see Jesus." Those associate members are perhaps thinking, if not saying this. Can they see Christ in your life?

Let that missionary committee get to work at once. "The whole world for Christ," is what Christian Endeavor is seeking.

"To do good and to communicate, forget not." Here is one interpretation of that verse: answer by actual work in your society some of the practical questions asked in another column, and write to us, telling how you did it.

What are you doing to help the unsaved to a decision for Christ? You who are to lead the next meeting, can you not plan some place in the programme where the opportunity will come for the "almost persuaded" to choose now?

"Those delightful meetings brought me so near to the Saviour that I dared not go unless I went in the spirit to meet him." So wrote an English Endeavorer from a hospital where she had been confined for

some weeks. There is wonderful significance in that phrase "dared not." Are your meetings so spiritual in their type that members dare not come with a frivolous, worldly spirit?

What do you do with your GOLDEN RULE after reading it? If it is not permanently kept, why not hand it to that new member who has just joined? Perhaps that may mean one new subscriber, and consequently, an increased, intelligent interest in all Christian Endeavor work.

"They do say," if the old family Bible is to be believed, that the president of the United Society completed his fortieth year on Sept. 12. Dr. Clark was reminded of this fact, among other ways, by a hearty cablegram of "congratulations" from the Society of Christian Endeavor in Birkenhead, England, and by a beautiful black walnut study chair from the young people of THE GOLDEN RULE and Christian Endeavor offices.

"Societies are being formed right and left in Victoria," writes an Australian correspondent. "All the denominational bodies have emphatically indorsed the leading features of the movement." "The Church of England, usually the most conservative in such matters, has for once departed from her usual policy. There are now three Christian Endeavor societies in that denomination, and they are in connection with us."

Another good word from England:—

"I like the paper better every week; the current copy is ragged and jagged all over, through my having shown it to so many people. It has been used, and no mistake."

Our English subscribers tell us that they very much appreciate the placing of the exposition of the prayer-meeting and Sunday-school topics one week in advance for their benefit. Mr. Waters writes, under date of August 18, that one hundred and forty-one societies have been registered up to date, a gain of nearly one-third in four months.

From H. D. Jackson's last *Every Other Week* letter to district secretaries in New York:—

Are we all looking forward to our convention, expecting a blessing? Are we all praying for this gathering? "According to your faith be it unto you." As we prepare our hearts to receive a blessing, in just that measure we shall experience it. If we expect to be in attendance, let us pray that we may feel its influence to such an extent that we shall bring it back home to our friends. If we are unable to go, let us pray that God will bless the meetings to those who will be permitted to attend.

We pass these questions along to Endeavorers in every State and Province with heartiest indorsement of their wisdom.

DO you advertise your meetings in hotels and other public places? The Y. P. S. C. E. Directory Cards are just the things for that purpose. Send for price-list to the U. S. C. E., 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Our Committees at Work.

WHAT WE WANT AND MUST HAVE.

YOUR latest and best experiences and ideas on the work of our committees. We are receiving gratifying expressions from many readers as to the helpfulness of "Our Committees at Work" during the weeks in which this department has been conducted in its present form. We are sure that when its suggestions have been faithfully and prayerfully adopted, with wise regard to local conditions, good results have followed. But we want still more of the experience of individual societies made available for all our readers. The seventeen thousand organizations that are laboring together in all parts of our land and the world are accumulating, month by month, valuable stores of tested knowledge about

Christian work. The brightest, keenest, most ingenious young Christians of to-day find large representation in our ranks. We want to emphasize the duty of telling others about those lessons that we are being taught by actual experience, while toiling prayerfully and under the guidance of the Spirit.

In order to give point to the material that comes for these columns, we suggest certain definite questions, to which we invite definite replies. For example:—

What can the prayer-meeting committee do to help the leader, before and during the meeting?

Have you successfully employed any special methods to promote faithfulness to the pledge?

How can we secure a speedy graduation from that "verse-readers' class" into the higher grades of prayer-meeting participation?

How shall we secure variety in the way of conducting our meetings?

What new features have proved useful in consecration meetings?

How can we bring about the revival spirit in our societies?

We give these as definite illustrations of the information we are after. Send it to us at once. One society can throw light on one or two of these questions, and needs help on the other topics of inquiry. Give us from what you have, and we think you may be recompensed by receiving help in those directions where you desire it.

"Finally, brethren," write. At once. Briefly. Pointedly. This department of our paper is yours, fellow-Endeavorers who read it. We count on you to make it better and better every month. Will you see to it that we are not disappointed?

THAT LETTER.

"HERE is what our lookout committee sent out last week," said one of the bright, keen Endeavorers of "the Hub" to us yesterday.

"What is it?"

"O, it's a letter, stirring us all up and telling us to be on hand. You see, we had a sort of vacation during the hot months; kept things going, you know, but the meetings went a little hard, and our committees—well, it was hot weather, and our minister was in Europe. But you ought to have been at our meeting last night. That letter brought out a big attendance, and a fellow just had to jump to get a chance to take part."

"Yes," we replied, glancing through the neat hectograph sheet, "we mentioned something of this kind in the paper a few weeks ago."

"O yes, that is where we got the idea; we always watch out sharp for those things."

"How is that good-literature committee of yours getting along?"

"Well, we have n't seemed to get in much work this summer, but in a month or two you shall hear from us."

When we hear, all our readers shall hear, too.

GLEANINGS FROM A FRUITFUL FIELD.

ONE of the oldest societies in our land is connected with the Pilgrim Congregational Church, St. Louis, Mo. From a semi-annual report of their work, in which the various methods of the different committees are fully described, we glean a few helpful hints.

The prayer-meeting committee, "furnishes to the leader, to aid him in preparing himself, a copy of THE GOLDEN RULE containing the subject for the prayer meeting." "Unites with the lookout committee in a Sunday morning prayer meeting just prior to the morning services, the leader of the evening meeting being present." "Endeavors to turn to profit the fifteen minutes social time at the close of our meeting [before the Sunday evening

preaching service] by keeping the trend of talk as far as possible on spiritual and helpful topics instead of mere commonplaces."

The calling committee's "distinctive work is to find out such persons as have recently come into our midst, to become interested in them, to call on them, and in every way make them feel that they are welcome to the church and society." "They act with the pastor, and lend him helpful aid in his efforts to give a church home to strangers."

The church committee, "which is so little heard from because of the private and unobtrusive character of their work, teach a lesson of loyalty to duty by the faithfulness and regularity with which they are found in their places. They make themselves useful in distributing the church papers and programmes, and by taking charge of umbrellas, and in the numberless little things which must be done about the sanctuary, but from which too many of us shrink."

A UNIQUE CONSECRATION MEETING.

THE following letter, sent out by the president and secretary of the Woodlawn Avenue Presbyterian Society, Cleveland, O., illustrates how two committees can co-operate with excellent results. Why not send out a similar letter in your society, and have a consecration service that shall yield tangible tokens of your inner spirit and purposes?

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold."

We are about to come together at our fourth consecration meeting. Have we consecrated ourselves so entirely to our Master that we are willing to give our substance, our time, yea, our all, to his service?

It is requested by the prayer-meeting and missionary committees that each one bring something as a gift consecrated to missions. This shall be anything you may desire to give, such as an article of clothing, provisions, books, or anything which you will consecrate to the Master we are serving. This will be taken charge of by the missionary committee and distributed to those in need. Baskets will be placed at the door to receive your contributions. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

UNION COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

"IN the multitude of counsellors there is safety." So think the societies in the West Division of the Chicago Local Union. Their last reported plan is the arrangement for union committee meetings. First, all the lookout committees in the societies are to meet on a Tuesday evening in one of the churches, and under a competent leader are to have a "free parliament," for the exchange of plans and methods. On successive Tuesday evenings the following committees hold similar conferences at different churches,—the prayer-meeting, pastor's aid, social, visiting, missionary, and Sunday-school, with one general meeting of the local union in the course of the series. Neat cards, giving the date, place, and leader of each conference, are distributed by mail to the corresponding secretaries with a letter, from which we must quote a few extracts, because the spirit is so excellent an illustration of the true way in which to plan for work:—

The fall campaign for Christian Endeavor work is now upon us. Let us put forth every effort and use every advantage that may be gained through our union work for the benefit of our home society, that we may become more useful in working for the Master through our own particular branch of his church.

The executive committee has prayerfully arranged for these union committee meetings, feeling sure that great good may result therefrom, if all will take hold with a determination to get something helpful out of them. If you have found a plan that has worked well in your society, will you not come and tell it to others? They, in return, may have something for you.

Here is a plan easily put into effect wherever several societies are near each other in a city or large town. If only half a dozen committees having a common work can come together for an evening's conference, good must come out of it. Intro-

duce this plan at the next meeting of your city local union. How would it do to devote one entire session of a country union, where the societies are scattered over a wide area, to a succession of these "free parliaments"? Will the first one to try it please report promptly through our columns?

For The Golden Rule.

HOW WE DID IT.

BY A. D. W.

DID what? somebody asks. Why, how we had our anniversary celebration. But you must know something about what goes before.

We belong to a Christian Endeavor society in a Presbyterian church out West,—never mind just where. Our pastor, Mr. Augustus, is more enthusiastic about it than all the rest, and he likes to see the work go ahead with vim. But not all the members have been used to doing their full share of the work; and then we have a good deal to learn, for we are only just two years old. Then there are a good many who do not care, and some who do not try, and a few who do care and try, and who feel the responsibility on their small shoulders. It's a little heavy sometimes, and we think how finely the society would prosper if only everybody would do his share of work.

Well, it came about in this manner. The social committee, of which Mrs. Augustus is chairman, met at the parsonage to talk about a sociable. There had not been one in a long time, and the committee wanted to get up one that would astonish everybody. While they were talking, Mr. Augustus came out of the study, with the programme of an anniversary in another church, and showed it to us. It looked real nice; we all said so; and the chairman spoke right up, "Why can't we have an anniversary?"

"What!" came from the president, "with speeches and toasts like this?"

"Yes," was the answer, and then was a little space of thoughtfulness. We never had done anything of the kind, and did not know much about it. I thought it would be very nice; but then it meant lots of work, and I said so. But Mrs. Augustus said that it could be managed easily if everybody only thought so.

"Well," said the president, "would you have a supper and invite all the society?"

"Certainly," answered the pastor, "make it just as fine a time as you can."

"But where should we get the eatables?" was the next query. Now that was a little queer, seeing that we are in a farming country where the people are all well-to-do; still, it was a point of importance.

"Why," said the chairman, "ask the members to contribute."

"But there are some whom I should not want to ask," insisted the president; "there is Sally Rickets, whose mother is poor; and there is Jim Wilkinson, who lives way out in the country, and Elsie Leonard, who has been a member of the society for only a week. It does not seem as if they ought to be asked." And that was the way we had always felt about that sort of thing. But the pastor said that if we omitted to ask some, they would have a right to feel neglected, and that each member of the society would doubtless feel glad to contribute to the feast in proportion to ability. That sounded well, even if we had never done things in that way.

But the president was not through yet. There seemed to be mountains on her mind. "Don't you think," she continued, "that we ought to invite everybody in the church, so as to get as many members as we can?" Now that was the way I felt;

but Mr. Augustus said that there ought to be a meeting where the society met as a society, and appreciated the bond of fellowship, and enjoyed an evening as a society.

Will Burton took up that thought right away. "Yes," and he came out heartily

with it, "yes, I believe that such a meeting would do a good deal for the society; I know there are a good many members that I don't know."

But I felt in the lazy mood that evening, and spoke right out. "That would make lots of work," I said.

"Very well," said the pastor, "suit yourselves;" and he went back to the study. He was not pleased, I am sure. He likes to see things go ahead with vigor, and it annoys him a good deal when we think that we cannot do some little thing.

He never likes to force his Christian Endeavor committees to anything, either, and I believe that we could do more if we would throw less cold water on the plans that he suggests.

After he had gone, we kept on talking; and the more we talked, the more feasible did the anniversary appear. We figured that there would not be more than three dozen present. And we should need plenty of biscuits and cold meat, and cocoa, and cake, lemonade, and crackers.

But who would furnish the stuff? Well, when we came to sit right down and talk about it, we found that the mountains were very small. Sally Rickets could send some biscuit, in all probability; and Elsie Leonard would be pleased if asked to provide a cake. As for Jim Wilkinson, who lived in the country, he had turkeys, if we could only get one. And the chairman volunteered to ask him, because, she said, "We shall be no worse off if he refuses than if we had not asked." We thought of lots of the girls who could bring cake; there never is any lack of that. But, then, what should the boys do? Just here, Mr. Augustus, who seems to have wonderfully sharp ears, came quietly back, and sat down with us. Cris Murdock spoke up: "Let the boys furnish the fruit." Of course that would be just the thing; and we could have oranges and bananas, and there were ten of them to "chip in" and bear the expense.

[Concluded next week.]

For The Golden Rule.

THE JUNIOR SOCIETY AS A SOUL-WINNER.

BY REV. WILLIAM W. SLEEPER.

THE true object of a Junior Endeavor society is to help boys and girls to become earnest Christians, and to show them how they can "walk as children of the light." Singing, recreation, entertainment, instruction in useful matters, are important adjuncts; but the main purpose must not be lost sight of. It will encourage those who are considering the matter of organizing Junior societies to know that they are proving in many cases to be actual soul-winners. Here are some interesting facts that have lately come into my hands in regard to this most vital point.

In a Junior Society in Manchester, N. H., a large number of the members have expressed their purpose to live a Christian life; seven have been received into the church from the Junior branch, and others after graduating into the senior branch.

From a Junior society in Spencer, Mass., comes the word, "There isn't a child in the society but feels that he or she loves Jesus." Four of those Juniors have recently confessed Christ by uniting with the church, and others have professed their love for him.

A Junior society in Hornellsville, N. Y., is proving itself a soul-winner by pressing upon the members the necessity of becoming child Christians immediately, and by urging them to labor for others.

A society in New York City is trying to be a soul-winner by teaching its young members to do personal Christian work among unconverted children.

From Wellington, Kan., comes the testimony that "this Junior work is the most promising feature of our church. It is certainly helping the children to be little

Christians, and preparing them for more usefulness in the future."

A Junior society in St. Joseph, Mo., "interests the children in Christian life and work, makes religion popular and pleasant among them, develops their faculties in the line of service for others and readiness to do anything to help in Christian activity. Junior Endeavorers are always ready when called on."

A society in Minneapolis has proved a soul-winner, indeed, "for out of our small membership of about fifteen boys and girls, ten have been won for Christ and have united with the church. Now they are working to bring in others."

Many more testimonies might be gathered, but these are sufficient to show that the Junior society may be made a most efficient agency for the highest spiritual good. Writing of personal work for Christ among the children, a Massachusetts pastor says: "It is work, genuine work; but nothing pays such large percentage. Catch them young, tame them young; they will thank you, the church will thank you, God will fill you with overflowing thankfulness and humble joy."

NEWS ITEMS.

NEBRASKA.

The Second Presbyterian Society of Lincoln holds monthly missionary meetings, which are proving increasingly interesting. This society has decided to take a scholarship (possibly two) in some mission school in foreign fields. It is in a most prosperous condition as shown by the reports at the recent business meeting.

KANSAS.

The Wichita Union held a largely attended social, Sept. 9, at the Mayflower Congregational Church. A musical and literary programme of unusual merit was listened to by the audience of young people with great pleasure, and the rest of the evening was passed in social intercourse.

MISSOURI.

An unusually interesting programme is being arranged for the coming State convention, at Springfield, Oct. 23-25. This will probably be the best and the most largely attended of any of the Missouri conventions, and no efforts are being spared to make it a success in every way. One of the special attractions will be a lecture by Rev. J. W. Ford, D. D., pastor of the St. Louis Second Baptist Church, on "The Life and Times of the Patriarchs." This will be illustrated by the stereopticon and will be found helpful as well as interesting.

IOWA.

The executive committee of the South-western Iowa Union has planned to make the fifth annual convention, to be held in Red Oak, Oct. 2-4, most helpful and interesting, and solicits the co-operation of all the local societies in that part of the State.

ILLINOIS.

Will County held a district convention at Wilmington, Sept. 8 and 9. Encouraging reports of the work were given, and plans were made for the next year's campaign.

The Hope Chapel branch of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Central Presbyterian Church of Joliet has just formed itself into a separate society, starting out with a membership of about thirty, and under the most favorable auspices.

The Kendall Street Christian Society of Chicago recently celebrated its first anniversary. During the year the membership has increased threefold, and a grand work has been done. Nine of the associate members have united with the church.

The Bunker Hill Congregational Society recently celebrated their seventh anniversary. The occasion was made especially enjoyable by the presence of Rev. J. O. Emerson, who organized the society and was for five years the pastor. He gave a most earnest address on "The Place and Value of the Christian Endeavor Society." A full report of the Minneapolis Convention was given by Miss Etta Gibbs. During the past year sixteen associate members have become active, and twelve of the number have united with the church; a very promising Junior society has been formed, and all are making greater efforts to do whatever Christ would like to have them do.

INDIANA.

The Junior society of Grace Lutheran Church, Columbia City, held most delightful anniversary exercises in the church auditorium, Sunday evening, Sept. 6. The large number of parents and friends present were much interested in the work of the children as presented by themselves, and one of the Juniors himself writes, "We feel much strengthened ourselves in the service of our Master by this meeting."

MICHIGAN.

The Christian Endeavor societies of Lake Superior Presbytery held a convention in

connection with the meeting of that body at Ishpeming, Sept. 10. The larger number of the churches were represented, and a presbyterial union was organized. The exercises were interesting throughout. In the evening an address was given by Dr. Marshall of Chicago, field secretary of the foreign mission board, and an earnest consecration meeting closed this first meeting of the Lake Superior Presbyterial Union.

The third convention of the Cass and St. Joseph District Union was held in the Reformed Church, Centerville, Sept. 9 and 10. Wednesday evening an enjoyable social and praise service was held in the church parlors. Thursday morning Rev. L. C. Rautzahn, Three Rivers, presided and Rev. A. P. Peeke gave the address of welcome. Rev. Samuel Streng, Kalamazoo, and Miss Margery Turner, Sturgis, spoke on social work. In the afternoon the "fall and winter campaign" was practically discussed by Mr. Frank M. Fisk, Edwardsburg; Mr. A. D. Himebaugh, Burr Oak, and Rev. W. L. Munger, Cassopolis. Mr. H. V. S. Peeke, Nagasaki, Japan, gave an inspiring account of the work in that country. The Minneapolis Convention was reported by Miss Carrie M. Griffin, Edwardsburg, and the convention closed in the evening with an impressive consecration service led by Mr. J. G. Matthews. The reports from the societies were very gratifying, and it was decided to hold the next meeting at Sturgis.

OHIO.

Rev. W. F. McCauley, president of the State union, is making a two weeks' Christian Endeavor tour through Ohio towns and cities, looking towards the securing of a thousand and more societies in the State.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Junior society of the Simpson Memorial Methodist Church of Philadelphia is being greatly prospered spiritually. At a recent meeting seven of the children rose for prayers.

The second annual conference of Lancaster County was held, Sept. 7, in the First Presbyterian Church of Lancaster City. The morning and afternoon were both filled with earnest discussions of practical subjects, the names of many prominent workers appearing on the programme, among whom are found Rev. G. Wells Ely and Rev. W. S. Hinman, of Columbia, Dr. H. M. Alexander, Rev. J. Max Hook, Miss A. V. Groost, and Miss L. G. Gable. In the evening addresses were made by Dr. Cooper, St. Louis, Mo., Rev. J. F. Meredith, Philadelphia, and Dr. Mitchell. The evening session was largely attended, and the whole convention was one of great interest and profit. The next meeting will be held at Millersville. Mr. H. Burd Cassel, Marietta, was elected president; Mr. E. L. Watts, Terre Hill, vice-president, Mr. C. B. Hershey, Mt. Joy, secretary; and Mr. F. A. Duttonhofer, Columbia, treasurer.



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NEW YORK.

During its first year of work, ten of the associate members of the Presbyterian Society of Circleville were received into the church. At its first anniversary, helpful addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Park, by Rev. David Beattie, Rev. J. L. Stillwell, Mrs. Rice, of Brooklyn, and by Rev. E. O. Moffatt. This society includes earnest, consecrated workers for the Master's cause.

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport Union held its twenty-third meeting, Sept. 7, in the North Congregational Church. There was a fine attendance, and the "Minneapolis Convention Echoes" proved stirring and instructive. Five five-minute and six six-minute speakers were listened to with much interest.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Endeavorers of Providence and vicinity are looking forward to what promises to be a most enjoyable meeting with the Chestnut Street Methodist Society, Sept. 29. Impressions of the Minneapolis Convention, with incidents of the trip, are to be given, and it is expected that Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., will be present and address the meeting.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The second annual meeting of the New Bedford Union was held in the North Congregational Church, Sept. 11. The main feature of the evening was the report of the Minneapolis delegate, Miss Louise Crocker, which was listened to with the closest attention by the large audience present. Much of the convention music was rendered in an interesting way. Mr. Jno. N. Ryder was elected president for the ensuing year.

Western Hampshire County Union held its fall convention at Worthington, Sept. 8. The afternoon service was devoted to discussion of the practical work of the union. In the evening Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., made an address. The inspiration of this meeting will long be felt. The outlook for the union is very encouraging. One new society has been organized since June, and two more are soon to be formed.

WE want you to read one-half of page 16 of this issue of The Golden Rule with special care. Turn to it, and you will know which half of the page we have in mind. What do you think of it?

NOTICES.

- Sept. 29.—Providence, R. I., Union Meeting, in the Chestnut Street Methodist Church.
 Sept. 30.—Housatonic Union Eleventh Meeting, at Washington, Conn.
 Sept. 30, Oct. 1.—New Hampshire State Convention, at Manchester, N. H.
 Oct. 2-4.—Fifth Annual Convention of the Southwestern Iowa Union, at Red Oak, Iowa.
 Oct. 5, 6.—Connecticut State Convention, at New Britain, Conn.
 Oct. 6-8.—Pennsylvania State Convention, at Williamsport, Penn.
 Oct. 9, 10.—Centralia District Third Annual Convention, at Carlyle, Ill.
 Oct. 10.—Orange County Union Meeting at Anaheim, Cal.
 Oct. 20, 21.—New York State Convention, at Utica, N. Y.
 Oct. 21-23.—Ontario Provincial Convention, at Peterborough, Ont.
 Oct. 23, 24.—Worcester North Union Meeting at Winchendon, Mass.
 Oct. 23-25.—New Jersey State Convention in First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.
 Oct. 23-25.—Wisconsin State Convention, at Eau Claire, Wis.
 Oct. 23-25.—Missouri State Convention, at Springfield, Mo.
 Oct. 27, 28.—Vermont State Convention at Brattleborough, Vt.
 Oct. 27-29.—Iowa State Convention, at Burlington, Io.
 Oct. 30, 31.—District Convention at Athens, Penn., for the purpose of forming a Bi-county Union.
 Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—South Dakota State Convention at Mitchell, So. Dak.
 Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Minnesota State Convention at Mankato, Minn.
 Nov. 3, 4.—North Dakota State Convention at Lisbon, No. Dak.
 Nov. 5-8.—Illinois State Convention at Peoria, Ill.
 Nov. 10-12.—Nebraska State Convention at Kearney, Neb.
 Nov. 13-15.—Indiana State Convention, at Kokomo, Ind.
 Nov. 17, 18.—Massachusetts State Convention, at Springfield, Mass.

A Mammoth Flag.

On Friday, Sept. 11, the Overman Wheel Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., flung to the breeze one of the largest United States' flags ever made (and possibly the largest), the dimensions being 41 x 71 feet. This monster flag was stretched from the top of two five-story factories, and gathered within the folds were numerous flowers, which fell into the crowd below when unfurled. The Mayor of Chicopee, the Overman Wheel Co. Band, and a large concourse of spectators witnessed the event. The flag is without advertising of any kind, being merely a national flag.

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SEEN ON WASHINGTON STREET.

A LARGE and animated crowd is now daily to be encountered on Washington Street, between Winter and Temple Place. The cause of this unusual gathering is the remarkable display of musical instruments in the great front windows of Oliver Ditson Company's store. Perhaps it is not too much to say that such a window exhibition has never been seen in this city. The windows have a frontage of 75 feet, and contain three of the finest Decker Bros. pianos, two of the celebrated Conover pianos, two Shoninger pianos, and two of the wonderful self-playing Symphonies (or the automatic organs) of the Wilcox & White Organ Company. Grouped around these ten great instruments are numerous smaller musical pieces—violins, guitars, banjos, mandolins, etc.—from the extensive warerooms of John C. Haynes & Co., on the third floor. The piano warerooms are located on the second floor of the building, and are well worthy of a special visit.

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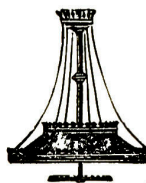
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1817.

That was 74 years ago. Boston looked far different then. Its population was only about 40,000. It was not yet a city. Oil lamps feebly glimmered in the streets o' nights, and hand-engines raced with one another to the occasional fires. Houses were not numbered, and streets bore no signs for the wayfarer's guidance. The Beacon Street Mall of the Common was but just laid out, and the Public Garden and Bunker Hill Monument, too, were of the dim future. Of course there were no street railroads or steam cars, and as for telegraphs, telephones, and electric lights —

Yet an event of some consequence happened in 1817. It was the advent into the mercantile life of Boston of the firm now known as JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO. Our books bear the names of the children, the grandchildren, and even the great grandchildren of some of our original customers,—names known and honored in city, state, and nation. We are proud of the fact. It means a great deal.

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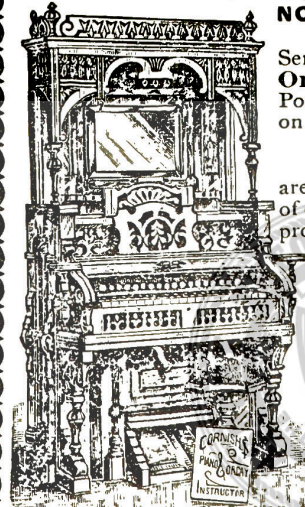
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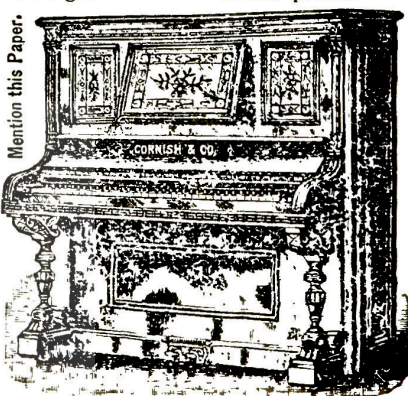
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JUNIOR SOCIETIES.

TOPIC FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING OCT. 11.

WALKING AS CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

John 12:35, 36; 8:12; Matt. 5:14-16.

(Temperance Meeting Optional.)

BY MRS. ALICE MAY SCUDDER.

VERSES to be marked in the Bibles, and learned each day by the children:—

Sunday.—Isa. 9:2 (first half).

Monday.—Isa. 60:19.

Tuesday.—Matt. 5:14.

Wednesday.—Matt. 5:16.

Thursday.—Acts 13:47.

Friday.—Eph. 5:8.

Saturday.—1 Thess. 5:5.

Suggestive Questions.

What is light given us for? In order that we may see.

Do light and darkness exist together? No; when we let in the light, then darkness is gone.

Has light any other use? Yes; light is to give life and health to animals and plants.

If we should lose our sun, the source of light, what would happen? We should all die.

Does the Bible speak of life and light as going together? John 1:4.

May light be transferred from one object to another? Yes; our moon borrows her light from the sun.

Who is called the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world? Jesus.

Can we borrow his light and walk as children of light? Yes. (Eph. 5:8.)

Are we as Christians appointed to drive out the darkness? Acts 26:17, 18; 13:47.

When is most of the evil done? In the night.

Are the ways of sinners often likened to darkness? Yes. (Prov. 2:13; 4:19; John 1:5; Eph. 5:11.)

How does a person walk who is in the dark? He gropes about in a most uncertain manner.

Does it look well to see Christians taking uncertain steps? No; children of the light should walk "worthy of the Lord," who gives them light. (1 John 1:5, 6.)

How does Isaiah speak of those in his day who lived in darkness? Isa. 59:8-10.

The Junior Scrap-Bag.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—I am a member of the Junior society of the Richmond Presbyterian Church, and we have very interesting meetings.

Our society was organized in January, 1891. The girls' was organized at the same time, and is getting along very nicely. Some of the members read the letters in THE GOLDEN RULE every Sunday. Our superintendent, Mr. Destler, said you would be glad to hear from our society, so I thought I would write to you.

Our meetings are conducted by members appointed by our superintendent. Our leader reads a chapter of Scripture relating to the topic of the week, followed by verses from the members. We then have sentence prayers, in which the members take part. We have certain words given by our superintendent every Sunday, and we try to see who can find the greatest number of verses containing that word for our next meeting. For missionary Sunday Mr. Destler has arranged to have curios (idols, etc.) from foreign lands. Each member tells what he knows about these countries, and we hope it will be very interesting.

Our society consists of twenty-two boys. We are raising flowers to give to the sick of our neighborhood.

Yours in Christian Endeavor,
Philadelphia, Penn. WM. CRAIG, Sec.

Dear William, such missionary meetings must be very interesting. Did you ever see a Chinese shoe? Do you not feel sorry when you see such ugly idols, and know that they are taking the place of our true God in the hearts of the heathen? Your flower garden is a grand idea. I believe God made flowers to brighten the sick-room. How much more valuable they will seem to you when they become messengers of love to others. When one can, it is nicer to raise flowers than to buy them. A great many Juniors might have a garden for this purpose, using some flowers for church decorations. What an immense committee our flower committee would be if all that could did this!

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—Our society is very glad you have charge of the Junior work, making it so interesting for us every week. Of course you would like to know on what

plan we do our work. Our meetings are conducted by four members from the senior society, each in turn having charge of the different departments of work. Great pains are taken with our business meetings, having for leader a former president of the older society. We think a great deal of all our leaders. Some one of our number is supposed to preside over each meeting under the older leader. Every member is pledged to give a certain amount each week to use in benevolent work. In this way, you see, our treasury is never empty. With best wishes for all the other Junior societies, we remain very lovingly your little friends in Natick,

MABEL STURGIS

and

FANNIE W. AMBLER,

Of the Junior Society of the Congregational Church,
Natick, Mass.

Dear Mabel and Fannie, I think your society is truly a Christian Endeavor one; with leaders from the Young People's Society, you are linked together in exactly the right way. I hope Christian Endeavorers all over this land will feel their obligations to the dear little Juniors. I like your idea of giving each week. Children can just as well learn to save a portion of their spending money as can older people; and if you give nothing when young, you will do very little when older, unless there is a great change of heart.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—We meet every Sabbath afternoon at the Presbyterian Church at 3.30. We have quite a few members. Our organist is a girl twelve years old. Our president is also twelve years old. Mr. Blackman is our leader. Different girls or boys lead us every Sunday. We have a consecration meeting every month, and a missionary meeting at which we take up a collection. When we have a certain subject each one tries to find something bearing on it. We have a social every once in a while at girls' houses and have refreshments.

EDITH DAVIS, President,
MARY AUSTIN, Assistant.

Lawrence, Kan.

Dear Juniors of the Presbyterian Church of Lawrence, you have a very helpful society. I like your idea of having one of the children play for the singing; it is a good preparation for your organist when older. If children practise and try to do well, they can keep up the time and play as well as older ones. The sociables are a very important part of our work, and ought not to be omitted by any of our societies.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—We have just organized a Junior society of Christian Endeavor. We commenced with thirteen members and we now have seventeen, which takes about all the little girls and boys in this place, as the village is very small. Our superintendent is our pastor's wife, Mrs. Smith. We are all very much interested. From
Troy, Vt. MILDRED HOUSTON.

Dear Mildred, I think your society deserves great praise, for very few societies take in all the boys and girls of the place. I was thinking that by and by, if these children stayed and grew up in Troy, everybody in the village would be a Christian. Would not God be delighted with a place in which every one loved him and served him?

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—I have been reading some of the letters in THE GOLDEN RULE, and your letter asking the boys and girls to write to you, so I thought I would write. Our society of the Oakland Baptist Church has not been organized very long, but we have very nice meetings. Our superintendent is Miss Morgan, and I like her very much. We have our meetings every Wednesday, from half past three till about half past four. Our pastor comes very often, and other members of the large Y. P. S. C. E. I am nine years old, and am secretary.

Yours truly, VIOLET ROHRICH.

Oakland, Cal.

Dear Violet, you have a very nice society, and I am glad your pastor attends. If you are secretary, you must write your book carefully. The duties of a secretary are to keep records of all the meetings, have a complete list of members ready for reference, and to write anything that the president may desire. The secretary is to make an annual or semi-annual report when desired; and, in fact, be ready to use the pen at a moment's notice.

Dear Mrs. Scudder:—We have just started a Presbyterian Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, and I am secretary.

We have forty-four members, and we held our first meeting last Sunday, after Sunday school.

Two girls are collecting pieces from the members for the scrap-bag you are making. I will send the pieces as soon as they are collected.

Three ladies help us with our meetings, and do all the hard work.

I hope our society will be a success, and I think it will be, because all are interested in it.
Yours truly, ANNA MOORE.
Clayton, N. J.

Dear Anna, I thank you and all the other Juniors for the pieces for my scrap-bag. Shall I tell you about this wonderful bag?

I know the children will like to hear about the pieces I have received. There were of plain red, 45; plain blue, 31; crushed straw-berry, 3; plain brown, 15; green, 7; black, 6; gray, 1; white, 2; yellow, 1; pink, 2; fancy patterns, 23; plaids, 37; heavy cloths, 7; velvet, 20; silk, 16. Most of the work, except the embroidery, is done, and soon it will be entirely completed. I shall prize it most highly and keep it for a lifetime. Not more valuable, however, will it be than the good letters written by the Juniors, who are trying so hard to serve Jesus.

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The monthly awards for August in Elgin Typewriter competition have been awarded Sept. 1, as follows:

First, \$10.00, Rev. W. C. Helt, New Carlisle, O.
Second, 6.00, Mrs. G. W. Solley, Bethel, Conn.
Third, 5.00, Rev. H. P. Wright, Donaldsonville, La.
Fourth, 4.00, Rev. Walter Marks, Jeddo, St. Clair Co., Michigan.

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PIANOS

In Doors and Out.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A MUSICALE.

BY M. E. B.

ONCE on a time were monkeys four:
One was a Chimpanzee,
One was a long-tailed Sapajou,
And a Capuchin, one was he,
One was a grig of a young Baboon—
A simpering pert coquette;
They learned to play from a Kangaroo
And went as a male quartette.

The first had a banjo out of tune,
The second a querulous fife,
The third two rickety cymbals played
With clash as sharp as a knife,
The fourth chimed in on a wheezy reed,
You could hear it from this to Basle!
And each one played a separate air,
And called it a Musicale.

Once on a time were four white cats
As proud as the House of Lords;
Two sang up on the sharps and flats
Of the softest vocal chords;
Two sang down on the deepest notes
Like rumbling old bassoons;
And each of these had the queerest knack
Of pitching on different tunes.

If you have tears prepare them now!
All met one day in a group
And signed their names, I never knew how,
As a Tyrolean concert troupe.
And since, from huts of the Eskimo
To dingy Hottentot kraals,
They travel away by night and day
Giving their Musicales!

—Wide Awake.

A LESSON ON LETTERS.

BY DEBORAH BLOSSOM.

"MAMMA," said Harry Monroe, rushing into the sewing-room, "will you sew this button on my coat?"

Mrs. Monroe made no move to take the coat, but kept quietly rocking, and said: "It has cleared off nicely now. I only hope the rain has n't spoiled the tomatoes."

"Mamma," repeated Harry, coming nearer, "will you please put this button on for me?"

But Mrs. Monroe only looked at him pleasantly, and said: "Susie Johnson's baby sister has two teeth, and little Roy has the measles."

"Mamma," said Harry for the third time, now thoroughly frightened, "what is the matter with you? Are you sick? Don't you hear me?"

"Yes, I heard you," said Mrs. Monroe, drawing Harry to a seat beside her; "I was only giving you an illustration of the way in which you answered my letters while you were at Uncle John's this summer. There are many grown people who write letters in just that way, but it is very aggravating to those who receive them, and for that reason I want you to learn the right way while you are young."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Harry, in surprise, "I spent an awful lot of time writing to you, and told you everything I could think of."

"Yes, I know that; I was interested in what you wrote. But suppose that when you come to ask me a question, I, without answering the question, should tell you all the news of the neighborhood, what would you think?"

"I should think you were crazy. Do you know, mamma, I was almost afraid for a minute that you were crazy just now."

"Well, my dear, when two persons write to each other, it should be just as near like a talk as possible. That is what letter-writing is to take the place of. When friends are too far away to talk face to face, they talk on paper. Now, when you were away, I wrote you that your father would spend Sunday with you the next week, and I said, 'If there is anything you need, tell me, and he will bring it in his satchel.' I asked you several questions, told you of our goings and comings at home, and sent the letter. In a few days I received a letter from you, but not one of my questions was answered, and you did n't even say you had received the letter. You did n't speak of needing anything, but you did write me of what you had done, and

of the health of the different members of Uncle John's family, all of which I was glad to hear."

"I thought I did it right," said Harry, almost ready to cry. "What was wrong?"

"Wait till I tell you what happened. When your father reached Uncle John's, you began at once: 'Papa, I must have some new shoes, and most of my pants have holes in them.' When he came home, I had to make up an express package to send you, which cost me fifty cents, that need not have been spent if you had answered my letter."

"O," said Harry, beginning to see his mistake; "I ought to have read your letter over."

"Just so. When you sit down to write a letter, the first thing to do is to read the letter you are answering and answer any questions there may be in it. If it contains good news, tell your friend that you are glad; and if it tells of some misfortune, express your sympathy. In short, answer the letter first, just as you would in talking reply to a question that was asked before telling anything you might wish to make known. Then, after this is done, you may write whatever you think will be of interest to the one to whom you are writing. If you learn to write letters in this way, you will be a good correspondent, which is something more than a letter-writer."

"That's easier than my way," said Harry. "I shall be sure to do it after this, because it's always so hard to think what to write about."

"No," said Mrs. Monroe, "it is not easier; for when you begin answering letters, you must n't stop writing them. It would be very stupid for your friends if you only replied to what they write without telling any news of yourself. You must do both."

"Yes'm," said Harry, soberly, "I'll try; and now, mamma, will you sew this button on?"

As the needle flew in and out, Mrs. Monroe asked: "What will you think of, Harry, when you see this button?"

"I shall think, first answer the letter, then write one; and I won't have to chew the pen-handle up trying to think what to write in the first part, when I write to you, for you always ask so many questions."

"I wasted paper and ink, then, this summer; for you never answered one." Then, seeing Harry's face lengthen, she added, "But you are not the only one who ignores questions. I have asked a lady friend of mine one question in three different letters, and it is n't answered yet."

"Well, I shan't do that way when I grow up," laughed Harry. "I guess that lady didn't have such a mother as you are."—*The Christian Advocate.*

OLD GENERAL.

JOHNNIE and his mother once spent a few weeks at a hotel in a Western city, which was opposite an engine-house.

Nothing could have pleased Johnnie more, and he soon became very much interested in all the movements of the firemen. I am afraid he was n't as sorry as he should have been when there was an alarm of fire, because he loved so well to watch the men and horses spring to their places and go rattling down the street.

Sometimes his mamma allowed him to go down and talk with the firemen. He was so pleasant and gentlemanly that they enjoyed telling him about the engine, and gave him the names of the horses. They also showed him the wonderful way by which the touching of an electric button threw open the great doors, unfastened the horses, jumped the men out of bed, and set everything ready to spring to the fire.

"Old General," one of the horses, soon learned to whinny for the lump of sugar Johnnie was sure to bring him, and he loved to have Johnnie sit on his back and pat his great head.

But one night, at a fire, Old General was hurt. Not seriously hurt, but enough

to make him quite lame, so it was thought best to have another horse to use in his place for a time.

A large dray-horse was brought in and harnessed ready for the call. But when the call was made, he did not know what to do, and was very slow and awkward. This made Old General furious. He broke from his stall, rushed upon the poor dray-horse, biting and striking him. Seizing him by the mane, he shook him as a terrier would a rat. The men had to interfere to save the life of the poor dray-horse. Was it not strange that gentle Old General should be so angry to see another horse in his place?—*Our Little Ones.*

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Twenty-one Years,

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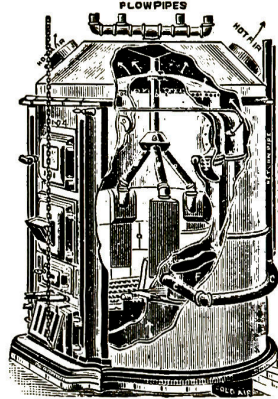
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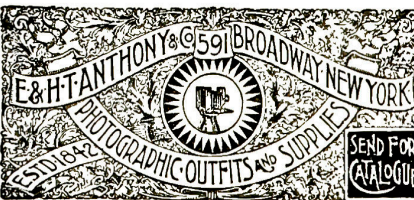
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Christian Endeavor.

MEETING OF TRUSTEES.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the U. S. C. E. was held Sept. 16. After the devotional meeting the president, secretary, and treasurer presented their reports for the quarter. Notwithstanding the fact that the summer months are considered times when less interest and activity is noticed in church circles, a large growth in the enrolment of societies was reported. At Minneapolis 16,274 were numbered, Sept. 16 the enrolment showed 17,513 local societies, with a membership of 1,050, 780.

The most important business transacted was the unanimous indorsement of the following resolution:—

Whereas, there have come to the Trustees of the United Society from Australia and various other foreign countries, and from missionaries in heathen lands, urgent and repeated requests for a visit from President Clark to present and explain the workings of the Christian Endeavor Society, and

Whereas, the desire to recognize in this way the international feature of Christian Endeavor has found wide expression in our land, and in a marked way at the Convention in Minneapolis; therefore,

Resolved, That the Board of Trustees, in view of these requests and of the importance of the work of Christian Endeavor abroad, request President Clark to make, after the International Convention in New York, a journey around the world in the interests of Christian Endeavor.

This, it will be seen, is different from the plan that was so enthusiastically indorsed by the delegates at the Minneapolis Convention, when Mr. Fulton proposed that a collection should be taken up for this end. It was promptly revoked, and wisely, for it was contrary to Christian Endeavor principles. No money will be asked from local societies to defray the expenses of this journey of Dr. Clark's in case he is able to carry out the suggestion. His expenses will be met by the United Society, and in part by friends in Australia who have asked for his presence. Dr. Clark has not yet given a decisive answer to the Trustees, but will be able, probably within a week or two, to tell the readers of THE GOLDEN RULE whether other duties will allow him to make the journey.

All the reports presented at the meeting pointed to a greater activity on the part of all the young people throughout the land, and showed that they have entered upon their fall and winter work with great earnestness and hope.

SOCIETIES ENROLLED LAST WEEK.

NEW YORK.—Clear Creek, Congregational; Otisco, Congregational.

NEW JERSEY.—South Branch, Reformed.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Banksville, Baptist; Big Bend, Presbyterian; Clarksburg, Presbyterian; Fairview, Methodist Protestant; Farno, Clinton Baptist; Jefferson, United Presbyterian; Knoxville, Methodist; McKee's Rocks, Presbyterian; Meshoppen; Morrisville, Methodist Protestant; Pittsburg, Wylie Avenue United Presbyterian Junior; Reynolds, Baptist; Sharpsburg, Baptist.

MARYLAND.—Oxford, Methodist Protestant.

OHIO.—Ada, Grace Reformed; Hubbard, Presbyterian; Norwood, Presbyterian; Sidney, First Presbyterian Junior.

TENNESSEE.—McKenzie, Cumberland Presbyterian Junior; Trezeranth, Cumberland Presbyterian.

INDIANA.—Attica, Christian; Jeffersonville, Baptist, Christian, Methodist South; La Paz.

ILLINOIS.—Chicago, First German Reformed; Woodstock, First Presbyterian.

IOWA.—Burlington, Christian; Des Moines, Bethany, Presbyterian; Dubuque, Summit Congregational; Houghton; Wilsonville.

MISSOURI.—St. Louis, Central Christian Junior.

ARKANSAS.—Washington, First Presbyterian.

TEXAS.—Gainesville, Cumberland Presbyterian; Paris, Cumberland Presbyterian Junior.

OKLAHOMA.—Orlando.

MONTANA.—White Sulphur Springs, First Presbyterian.

COLORADO.—Fort Collins, Presbyterian.

IDAHO.—Payette, Congregational.

QUEBEC.—Ormslow, Saint Louis-de-Gonzague.

ENGLAND.—Aylesbury; Huddersfield, Baptist; Killamash, Congregational; Lockwood, Baptist; Manchester, Lees Street Congregational; New Barnet, Congregational; North Walsham, Congregational; Oldham,

Waterhead Congregational; Poplar and Bromley, Tabernacle Baptist; Portsea, Kent Street Baptist; South Croydon, Congregational; Stroud, Bedford Street Congregational; Sunderland, St. James Presbyterian Wincanton, Congregational.

PERSIA.—Teheran, Presbyterian.
NEW SOUTH WALES.—Woollahra, Ocean Street Congregational.



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Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c. 4.

DO you show your colors by wearing the Christian Endeavor badge? Every member should have one. They are made in solid gold and silver, and range in price from 20 cents to \$1. Send to the U. S. C. E. for price-list.

THAT ENTERTAINMENT!

AUNT DINAH'S HUSKING BEE

has been given in nearly every State in the Union with such unparalleled success that we have issued a new edition. Full directions 50c. Send for circular.

S. N. DUQUETTE, Lockport, N. Y.

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The most grateful and comforting of all warning stomachics is SANFORD'S GINGER. A stomach without a bottle of SANFORD'S at this season is a stomach exposed to many and serious dangers.

Sanford's Ginger

containing, among its ingredients, the best of imported and the purest of medicinal gingers, instantly relieves cholera morbus, cramps and pains, and every summer ill, prevents indigestion, destroys disease germs in water drunk, creates perspiration, breaks up colds, chills and simple fevers, overcomes exhaustion, allays nervousness, promotes sleep, and wards off malarial, contagious, and epidemic influences. No household or traveller is safe at this season without it.

BEWARE of cheap, worthless, and often dangerous gingers, which are urged as substitutes. Ask for SANFORD'S GINGER, with Owl Trademark on the wrapper, and take no other.

Sanford's Ginger

Is sold by all druggists and grocers.

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We never handle any security that we do not absolutely control. The investments we now have are as secure as any we have ever offered, and pay more interest than any we have offered in the last ten years. We can refer to the leading banks in New York, and to our 4,000 patrons. We are under the supervision of the Banking Department of New York State.

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THE GOLDEN RULE.

THE PAPER FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

OUR MOTTO — EXCELSIOR!

OUR AIM — To make a paper invaluable to Christian young men and women, and to advance, in every way, the Christian Endeavor Movement.

OUR PURPOSE — That The Golden Rule in the coming months shall make a greater advance than ever before in the quality of the literary feasts it offers.

THE BEST WRITERS OF THE DAY WILL CONTRIBUTE TO OUR COLUMNS.

The General Literary Department

Will contain a greater variety of articles than in any previous year of the paper's history. Here are a few of the many themes to be treated:—

THE PRIVATE DEVOTIONAL LIFE: PRAYER; WHEN AND HOW? THE WAY TO MAKE THE MOST OF DAILY BIBLE READING. WHAT DEVOTIONAL BOOKS TO CHOOSE. HISTORY, Travel, Biography, Science, Authors, and Books will be treated.

YOUNG FOLKS IN GERMANY. PROF. CHARLES D. ADAMS, PH. D., will tell of FRITZ AT SCHOOL, GRETCHEN AT SCHOOL, FRITZ AND GRETCHEN AT CONFIRMATION, CHRISTMAS IN A GERMAN HOME.

MARGARET SIDNEY, the well-known author of books for young people, will tell How TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS, and will give TALKS with MY GIRLS.

HOW TO WORK. Every one wants to know. PROF. AMOS R. WELLS will tell us in another of his capital series of articles on this theme.

ODD CORNERS IN EUROPE. REV. H. B. GROSE is soon to explore some, and will tell our readers about them.

HOW PEOPLE ARE MARRIED IN OTHER LANDS. To be described by some of our friends abroad. These are only samples of scores of equally interesting articles.

The Broadside

Is a feature of THE GOLDEN RULE that has come to stay. Here are a few that are coming: AT WHAT AGE MAY CHILDREN COME TO CHRIST AND JOIN THE CHURCH? WHAT QUALIFICATIONS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONARY SERVICE SHOULD YOUNG PEOPLE POSSESS? To be answered by the secretaries of the various foreign missionary boards. HELPFUL HINTS ABOUT SOUL WINNING, from successful evangelists. GAMBLING IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS. WHAT ARE THE BOOKS THAT HAVE DONE MOST TO MOULD CHARACTER?

Three questions to be answered by our readers: WHAT BOOKS AND WRITERS HAVE HELPED YOU MOST? WHAT, IN YOUR JUDGMENT, IS THE GREATEST EXHIBITION OF MORAL COURAGE IN ANCIENT OR MODERN TIMES? WHAT DEED OR UTTERANCE HAS DONE MOST TO HELP ON GOD'S KINGDOM IN THE WORLD? AND WHY?

Our Stories

Are to receive special attention during the coming year, and will be more numerous, and, if possible, even more interesting. Some special attractions in this line are soon to be announced.

The Prayer Meeting and Sunday School.

These departments are receiving such hearty and universal commendation that we shall continue them in their latest and completest form under the same competent writers.

A New Departure.

Beginning Oct. 1, only the choicest books and those of special interest to young people will receive notice in our book review columns. We intend to make this department a guide to the best literary productions of the coming months. Our Magazine Table will refer our readers to the best, and only the best, things for them in current literature.

The Editorial Interview.

A feature of religious journalism largely original with THE GOLDEN RULE, will in the near future give to our readers many of the best thoughts of leading religious men in various parts of the country. "J. L. S." will describe, in a series of articles:—

HOW THE GOLDEN RULE IS MADE; telling of THE EDITOR'S WORKSHOP, THE COMPOSING-ROOM, ELECTROTYPING, PRINTING, AND MAILING; A BISHOP'S CONSECRATION IN TRINITY CHURCH; AN HOUR IN A SALVATION ARMY MEETING; A FAMOUS PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Applied Christianity

Will receive even larger attention in our columns, if possible, than heretofore. Hundreds of our readers are earnestly desiring practical help in the matter of winning souls for Christ. To meet this desire, we have secured from Rev. S. P. Cook, Mr. D. L. Moody's pastor at Northfield, Mass., a series of studies, entitled HINTS AND HELPS FOR PERSONAL WORK IN SOUL WINNING.

We intend to furnish graphic descriptions of FAMOUS MISSION ENTERPRISES IN OUR GREAT CITIES. We have in mind some account of PEOPLE'S CHURCHES: WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND HOW THEY ARE DOING IT.

The great problems of social science, such as THE TENEMENT HOUSE, PAUPERISM, AND POVERTY, OUR JAILS AND PRISONS, and various other matters connected with helping the world's "other half," will be treated by well-qualified writers.

All reforms of the day, such as Temperance and Sunday Observance, will find in our columns most earnest support and full discussion.

Of Special Moment:

The Sunday Evening Service, The Midweek Prayer Meeting, Systematic Giving to God.

These are three of the topics that will especially engage the attention of thousands of Christian Endeavor societies the coming year. THE GOLDEN RULE hopes to lead the way with helpful practical suggestions along these lines. Watch for them each week.

Although every page is edited with the wants of the Christian Endeavorer in mind, we call attention to the invaluable pages devoted exclusively to the work of the Christian Endeavor societies.

A Familiar Letter from the president of the United Society will appear every week. The Question Box will be always open. We hope to make our Pointers sufficiently pointed to stick.

Our Committees at Work

Is to be made simply indispensable to every working committee in a Christian Endeavor society. Special questions are to be discussed through Postal-card Parliaments.

We have some capital Christian Endeavor Stories on hand, and shall devote special attention to this feature.

Junior Endeavor.

The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor is rapidly coming to the front, and we shall continue the present department and give from time to time the latest and best helps for this most promising and important part of our work.

Christian Endeavor News.

We propose to make our readers acquainted with the Work and Workers in the wide world in a series of letters from correspondents in various parts of the globe.

The Editorial Pages

Will continue to discuss all questions of special interest to young Christians with freedom and fulness. The Character Sketches, Legends, etc., which have been so unique a feature, will be continued, and Mr. Mossback is expected to contribute again to these columns.

This is only an abbreviated outline. If you wish to know the whole of it, read the eight hundred and more pages of the coming volume of THE GOLDEN RULE.

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