## LOVE COUNTETH NOT THE COST.

There is an ancient story, simply told,
As ever were the holy things of old,
Of one who served through many a toiling year
To earn at last the joy he held most dear;
A weary term, to others, strangely lost.
What mattered it? Love counteth not the cost.

Yet not alone beneath far Eastern skies
The faithful life hath, patient, won its prize;
Whenever hearts beat high and brave hopes swell
The soul, some Rachel waits beside the well;
For her the load is borne, the desert crossed.
What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

This then of man—and what, dear Lord, of Thee,
Bowed in the midnight of Gethsemane—
Come from those regions infinite with peace,
To buy with such a price the world's release?
Thy voice descends, through ages tempest-tossed.
"What matters it? Love counteth not the cost."

O Christ, Redeemer, Master! I who stand
Beneath the pressure of Thy gracious hand—
What is the service Thou would'st have from me?
What is the burden to be borne for Thee?
I, too, would say, though care and fear exhaust,
"What matters it? Love counteth not the cost."

—(Girl's Friendly Magazine.

## SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

**For Boys and Girls in Canada.**

*Dear Girls and Boys:* Westward from Bimli, ten miles, through the twilight, then the dusk, then the darkness, over bridges, under great trees, past out-door fires, where travellers are cooking their evening meal, our wheels had rolled their cheerful way, and we have taken up our abode, by permission of the manager, in the end of an Indigo factory.

After a good night's rest, we arise to find ourselves encircled by fold on fold of rugged hills. To the north is a round lofty mount, green with shrubbery up to its shoulders and crowned with iron grey rock, like the locks of a grand old age after a noble heroic manhood and a pure and Christlike youth. To the south of us, like a camel with high hump, crouching for his load, is another that keeps guard over a large village that slumbers at its feet. The streaks of morning breaks in their indescribable glory over another shrubby mountain, which hides the rising sun from the hamlet nestled at its base. After his day's journey through the burning sky the fiery orb, which men in India dread, descends behind a confused mass of hills, like a crowd of giants staring over one another's shoulders.

Here in this amphitheatre of hills, how vividly do we recall the couplet of the "sweet singer of Israel." "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people." The name of this place is Soontam, and I grasp at the Psalmist's picture of God's presence, singing to myself: "As the hills are round about Soontam, so the Lord is round about His missionaries."

It is now late in the afternoon, and we are crossing a field of grain to the village under Camel Hill. As we wend our zigzag way along the footpath on top of the little dikes, the grain in some places is up to our chins, and the roots are a foot below our feet.

Here we fain would tarry, enraptured, gazing over the broad, green acres, grateful in the soft light of the descending cloud-screened sun, while we are hidden in its rustling tresses as if we were bathing in a rippling emerald sea. Added to all this the prospect of the encircling hills, radiant with the glory of departing day, makes our hearts burn within us. "O India! India! God is here! Look above or beneath; we behold as in a mirror the beauty of His feet! Why do you not love Him? Why will you not listen to His voice?

We enter the village and essay to go to the public square in the centre, but come upon a group of people who seem ready to listen, and we stay with them and preach to them in their door yard. Here is a clever looking girl of about five summers with her father's shoes on. Each shoe is nothing but a flat piece of board, cut out in the shape of a foot; and it has two heels—one under the heel and one under the ball. A strand of tough bark for a string winds around the instep and passing down between the big toe and its neighbor is tied to the sole to keep the shoe and the man together. Here Miss Five-year-old stands, locks down over eyes and ears, the shoes projecting out behind far enough to make room for her brothers and sisters. But all forgetful of her borrowed dignity, she is lost in pondering, the faces of the strangers. The talking about Jesus goes on. After a while we look down again and Miss is sitting on one shoe and has lent the other to a friend for a seat. A boy about two years old toddles up to them. She very politely sits over and invites him to sit down beside her. Another little girl has invited him to sit on her lap; but Miss Five-year-old pats on the half of her shoe and says: "Sit down side of me! Sit down side of me!" Thus these children try to do what father does, and love the society of other children just as boys and girls do at home. They all need to learn of Jesus at once and every day. But there are so many of them that we cannot teach them all, and I feel sometimes as if my heart would break. Pray that we may give ourselves up to Jesus as the disciples gave the loaves, that He may bless us, and break us, and feed us to the multitude.

This is another evening and we are in the same village again, this time in the heart of it. Appalaswamy and I are sitting on pieces of scantling, which a carpenter has kindly placed for us, and over seventy men, women and children are around us, some standing, some sitting on their heels, and some on the ground. They listen earnestly and ask many questions. A Brahman opposes and argues, but he is beaten and invites us to come again. We feel that we ought to stay here a fortnight until the picture of Jesus and His love is branded on their consciences and burned into their hearts. Yet there must be over a hundred villages on Bimli field which I have not yet seen. It is hard to leave a village when the people seem so ready to hear; it is hard to stay when so many others are lying in darkness.

On the other side of that hill to the north-west, which looks like a saddle with its high pommel, are two villages. This hill, I think, must be like the mountain that hides the setting sun from the Sea of Galilee, and on which many believe our Saviour preached His great Sermon on the Mount. Therefore I have named this saddle-like hill after that Galilean mount and have called it Kurn Hattin (Horns of Hattin).

It is the dawn of day, and crossing a brook to the north we are winding our way through a pass between the hills around Kurn Hattin. Here we burst into another plain of palms, surrounded by a hundred hills. We pass through a village, tell the people we are coming back soon, and press on to a more distant hamlet.

We pass a man with a large fan in his hand like a large dust pan. With this he is vigorously fahning a heap of grain, stirring it up with the other hand and blowing away the chaff. This fan is his winnowing machine, and this hard packed earth is his threshing floor. This is a common scene here, and it was to such a scene, no doubt, that John the Baptist referred when he said: "One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose, . . . whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor; and He will gather the wheat into His garner; but the chaff He will burn with fire unquenchable." It was also some such an outdoor threshing floor as this that David bought of Araunah the Jebusite, upon which to build an altar. (2 Sam. 24: 16–25).

We bied our way on to the village in the distance, talked with the people and came back to the village through which we had passed on our way. Here we sat down under a tree in a public square. To the east, over the leaf roof of a house close by, the high craggy pommel of Kurn Hattin towered to the torrid blue. Soon over 80 of the villagers were around us, sitting on the rocks or looking over one another's shoulders. "Sit down there!" they called out to a boy who stood up on a rock, so that those behind him could not see the speaker. One high caste man began to argue while Appalaswamy was preaching. But Appalaswamy was clear-headed for him, and he went away ashamed. The crowd listened to us for an hour. Then we gave booklets to those who could read and came away, convinced that here was another village, which we should visit often.

We have been here now three and a half days and have visited eight villages. There are half a dozen more to visit before we change our place. Then we go forth to explore new regions in this great wilderness of the lost.

Yours truly,
L. D. Morse.

Bimlipatam, India, Nov. 8 93.

## Baptist Doings in England.

MUSIC AND SINGING—BAPTIST CHURCHES.

In my last letter I remarked on the somewhat slow progress of the Baptist denomination in Great Britain. As compared with the United States this is very noticeable. But the conditions of growth in the two countries are very different. In the old country there are no new territories, no new cities, and very few new towns. A great many of the villages and some of the towns are decreasing in population, and not a few are stationary as to population and enterprise. Then, every parish, however small, in both town and country, has a church already built, an episcopally ordained minister appointed, with a "living" of some kind secured. The non-church-goers, the undecided of all classes, and the families of attached members are the principal sources of increase open to the Baptists. With reference to the non-church-goers, it is always difficult to attract and attach them. I am reminded of a recipe for cooking a hare, which I remember to have read, which ran thus: "First, catch your hare." Experience proves this to be the most difficult part of the business. Our chapels, or, if you please, churches, are becoming less and less attractive to the masses. They are too fine, too respectable. Whether they attract the better-off classes is a question, and perhaps not a question either, for, commonly, those who want such attractions respond, if they respond at all, to greater attractions elsewhere.

This leads to another subject which recently occupied the attention of the "London Baptist Social Union" at the inaugural meeting of the winter session, Colonel Griffin being the re-elected president for the current year. Ostensibly, the subject for discussion was "The service of praise," but in the free talk that followed an address on that subject by Mr. E. Minshall, until recently organist at the City Temple (Dr. Parker's church), other matters were introduced.

The speeches varied in character and tone. Mr. Minshall is not a Baptist, and his sympathies are, doubtless, more in line with the advanced party among Congregationalists. He wishes to have one hymn and praise book for the two denominations, having a few hymns fitted for the baptism of believers. He and some other speakers advocated a musical service as fitted to attract outsiders, and keep our own musical young people away from Ritualistic churches.

A gentleman, who is the head of the firm who are solicitors to the Baptist Union, credited the late Mr. Spurgeon with being the cause of the backward state of singing in public worship, alleging that many of the men trained in the Pastor's College follow the lead of their venerated president. Now the congregational singing at the Metropolitan Tabernacle is always hearty, if not scientific. The people, almost to a man,

"Stand up and bless the Lord;"

and thus the end is secured—

"To worship the Lord with prayer and with praise."

Other large congregations are managed, controlled, and led to the same end; some with, and some without, an organ. The gentleman, whose father was a staunch Baptist, and who is, perhaps, himself a Baptist up to a certain point, spoke without knowing the facts of the case, when he said that the Pastors' College men follow the founder of their college in renouncing organs and all instrumental music in public worship, for the contrary is the fact. Dr. J. A. Spurgeon has a fine organ in his church at Croyden, and Rev. Charles Spurgeon has a similar instrument in his church at Greenwhich.

As an instance of the zeal of this gentleman in urging a more elaborate musical service in our Baptist churches, to prevent our young people straying away to the Church of England, he "confessed that he himself went to the Church of England very often on Sunday evening to hear the beautiful music." This announcement was met with laughter. But, on reflection, there is certainly much to grieve over. Things are, indeed, on the "downgrade" when such things can be tolerated in a Baptist assembly..

No one can wish to go back to the state of things that was common, in country churches especially, forty or fifty years ago; but we may be assured that if the preaching of the gospel of Christ in simplicity and with faithfulness does not attract the hearer, neither the big drum and coarse music of the adherents of the so-called "General" Booth, nor the sweeter and more refined strains of scientific performers, will have that desired effect. Good singing, that in which the people join, has often been the means of attracting outsiders to enter the sanctuary, where they have heard the Word, and received the same with the Holy Ghost and with power to the salvation of their souls.

Let us have good singing, then; singing in which all can join, heart and voice, with as little as possible of the mere professional element; and let not the Baptists on either side of the ocean be behind other denominations in all that ministers to edification, in all that subserves divine worship, in all that lifts the heart in praise to God for His gospel. His salvation, His truth, His love, His faithfulness, and the assured hope of life everlasting. To reach these ends there must be some amount of training, and each church must do its best, that all things be done in order and becomingly. May God, the Holy Spirit, kindle the fire of divine love on the altar of every heart, young and old, which shall glow with inward devotion, and send up increasing incense of praise to Him, of whom, through whom, and to whom are all things; to whom be glory forevermore!—*Dr. R. Shindler, in the Examiner.*

## The Atlanta Baptist Congress.

The Baptist Congress of the United States, which was held in 1892 in Philadelphia, has been held this year in Atlanta, Ga.; the first meeting being on the evening of December 5. A good many of the Southern Baptists are rather ultra in their beliefs and practices, as compared with Northern standards, and are inclined to look upon the Baptists of the North as more or less heretical. Some of the Southern Baptist papers had expressed in vigorous terms their decided disapproval of the Congress, and the Baltimore *Baptist* had even denounced it as "a child of the devil." There was, accordingly, as the Boston *Watchman* intimates, some apprehension that the Congress in Atlanta might prove to be "an occasion of unusual delicacy and difficulty." But if any reasonable grounds existed for such apprehension, they happily were not realised, and according to the authority above quoted, the Congress was an unqualified success. "Those who went farthest to attend it were abundantly repaid by the stimulating papers and the delightful fellowship of the meetings. The delegates from the north were charmed by the cordial and graceful southern hospitality, and the southern brethren, perhaps learned that the northerners were not such heretics or ogres as they might have been led to believe they were." Thanks to the genial Georgia climate, as well as Southern hospitality, there was no danger of any good feelings the delegates brought with them being congealed in their own bosoms. "After passing through a snow storm in the Carolinas," they "came to weather in Augusta, which reminded one of a warm day of New England spring, just before the buds have begun to start." Governor Northen, of Georgia, was president of the Congress, and the delegates from the North were again surprised and delighted to find the governor taking so active and cordial an interest in the meetings. They had not been accustomed to Northern State governors presiding at such meetings, session after session, following the discussions with close attention and leading the singing. But "this is what Gov. Northen did throughout the three days session." The topics discussed by the Congress were: "The Church and the Money Power;" "Emotionalism in Religion;" "Shall our Young People be Organised for Christian Work?" "Forensic *versus* Legal Conceptions of Salvation;" "Valid Baptism;" "The Indwelling Christ;" and among the principal speakers were Rev. W. H. P. Faunce; Dr. Lipscomb Johnson, of Mississippi; Dr. A. K. Gessler, of New York; Mr. H. C. Vedder, of the New York *Examiner*; Dr. Gambrell, of Mercer University; Rev. G. S. Gardner, of Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. R. G. Boville, of Ontario; Rev. Geo. E. Hoar, of the *Watchman*; Rev. W. Rauschenbusch, of New York; Rev. E. B. Pollard, of Virginia; Rev. C. H. Jones, of Kentucky; and Dr. Lauring Burrows, of Augusta, Ga.

After the meetings, the members of the Congress were, for an afternoon, the guests of the officers of the Georgia State Exposition, and after that again, they were banqueted by the citizens of Augusta at the beautiful hotel, Bon Air, on the Sand Hills, above the city. The report was exceptionally "sumptuous," and as to the speeches that followed, the editor of the *Watchman* "never heard so many speeches that were on so high a level of wit and eloquence, expressing the emotions of patriotism, good fellowship and religion." The *Watchman* does not appear to feel confident that the victory of the Northern Baptists so completely captivated the hearts of their Southern brethren as to remove all their prejudices in reference to the Congress, but at least the Atlanta meetings were highly enjoyed, and the people of that city showed that they knew how to entertain their brethren and their friends in royal style.

—"A snake in the grass" is all the more dangerous from being unsuspected. So are many of the blood medicines offered the public. To avoid all risk, ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also for Ayer's Almanac, which is just out for the new year.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

## Baptist Temperance

was pretty well voiced in the last two reports to Convention. Every committee and Board, I take it, is appointed to work during the interim and report results to the next meeting of the Body. The report of 1892 gave statements of work and good progress; that of '93 made eight or nine suggestions and the Convention voted to carry the same into effect. At next Convention we will have statements giving the success of these suggestions. The temperance committee must be vigilant through the year, or there will be less to report next August.

There is a phase of our temperance question that public bodies and newspapers have hardly touched as yet, that is the peculiar decisions given by many of our law courts in liquor suits. In old times every judge on the Bench used liquor and consequently sympathized down in his heart with the "traffic." Before the county courts were established in Nova Scotia nearly all the liquor convictions appealed from the magistrate's courts were quashed on the most trivial grounds, and often for reasons so silly that they were laughed at, even by the rummies. How have the appeals and certiorari's fared in these later years? somewhat better. But there are remarks made in public yet by judges that show unmistakeably where their sympathies lie. And not in court, or on the street nor in the press could reply, covering the truth, be given for fear of being taken "by the heels" and fined or lodged a month or two in jail for contempt of court. Such is possible; the judges claim such power, which nobody can deny.

Now comes a query. If most of the judges, lawyers, doctors, merchants, government officials and leading men in the land, together with a respectable minority (in number and position) of the clergymen, drink wine, cider or other liquors, can we as sensible business people expect prohibition? Instead of pitching, so tremendously, big speeches and resolutions, into the traffic and the politicians, would it not be better and wiser to go for the aforesaid dignitaries and church members?

If all the church members of every creed in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, were total abstainers we could have prohibition with the laws now on the statute book! Then who is to blame and who should be abused? The rumseller and the politician, of course!

A Judge on the Bench not long ago said the Nova Scotia liquor license act if applied to general affairs would be considered horrible. The reply was, that it was made to repress a horrible traffic. But that did not change the judge's sympathy. The common people and the middle class having been burnt by the traffic in the past have pretty well got their eyes open and are strongly determined to get rid of the evil. What Manitoba and P. E. Island have said at the polls can or as well said in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick if our Legislators will give us the opportunity, so at the next meetings of the Local Houses some two members—one on each side of politics—must move that the question of prohibition be submitted to the electors. The best and cheapest them is at the general local election. At such election every voter should deposit his ballot *for* or *against* prohibition as his heart and judgment advise.

Let all the argument and agitation possible take place from now till the polls close on election day, but let those who want some liquor occasionally, if it is even for sacramental purposes, vote "No," and thus count against prohibition. It would be a good thing if our clergymen would take into their confidence some friend who drinks, and from him or her learn what proportion of the community (in numbers and influence) still lean towards strong drink. The temperance success has been a wonder—in the minority from the first, we have made wonderful advances, and in the minority yet as to voters, the total abstainers have waged aggressive warfare, enacted more and more stringent laws, and slowly but surely have changed public opinion. And now it looks as if we will vote prohibition, then secure its enactment, and afterwards enforce it. Prohibition means doing away with wine and cider as well as rum and rye. If churches insist on having alcoholic liquor on the communion table there can be no force in their desire to keep it away from private tables. The Koran comes out positively against the use of liquor; the Bible does not; it condemns the excessive use of strong drink. The Bible could have been made as prohibitive as the Koran; for good cause the principles are taught and our higher sanctified intelligence must decide the details. This is one of the great problems.

J. Parsons.

Halifax, Dec. 20, 1893.

## Christ Leading His Flock.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when He hath put forth His own, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice." The pathway, too, is often one of His own appointing. Our divine Shepherd has never promised us an easy road or such an one as our selfishness might select. He never allows the flock to decide as to the lot in which they shall be pastured, or over what cliffs He may conduct them, or through what vales of the death-shadow they shall walk, listening to His loving voice through the darkness. More than once weakness stumbles and falls, but He lifts us up and His grace sets us on our feet again. Sometimes we cry out in anguish over some lost treasure of our heart or home, but His calm reply is, Your treasure I will take care of; *follow Me.*

Strange as it seems to our ideas of things, chastening is a proof of Christ's *love*, and the sharpness of the discipline is often proportioned by the depth of the love. Pruning knives were made to cut. The trial that tests graces and purifies character must be something more than a pin scratch. It must *try* us; it must cut keenly, or it does not deserve the name of trial. It is hard to be poor while some others are pocketing a large income; it is hard to lie on a sick bed and suffer while godless mirth goes laughing past our door; it is hard to lose our one wee lamb while our neighbor's table is surrounded by a group of rosy-cheeked children; it is hard to drink the very cup that we prayed might pass from us; but the Good Shepherd comes very near us at such times and puts His arm about us and says: "I know My sheep and am known of Mine. I am with you always. Follow Me. If thy feet are sore, the green pastures will be all the softer by-and-bye. If thy cross is heavy, I have borne a heavier one. Shall the disciple be above his Master, or the servant greater than his Lord?"

Observe, too, that the Shepherd does not go behind us driving a reluctant herd; He goeth before us, calling and drawing us onward. He offers to guide us if we will but hear his voice and follow Him. If he never promises smooth paths. He always conducts us into *safe* ones. When we obey Him, we may often be called to stern self-denials and difficult duties; to encounter difficult opposition and to perform services of love to some very unlovable and ungrateful person; but we are never called to sacrifice conscience or to do evil even that good may possibly come of it. Our holy Shepherd will never lead us toward any precipice of error, or land us in a quagmire of self-reproach and disgrace. He will never conduct us into the enchanted field of sensual temptations, or up dizzy heights of vainglory. If we follow Him, we may find that the steepest climb renews our graces, and the lowliest vale of humiliation is a highway to holiness. Jesus Christ does not guide us through such a world as this just to make us comfortable. As Miss Fletcher of Glasgow (who spent her noble life in saving outcasts) well observed, "It is the devil that employs his gardeners to keep the religious pathway smooth. For Christians, the rough path of sorrow is not an untrodden path."

Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
No one into His kingdom comes,
But through His open door.

Fellow Christians, we may have some hard pulls and tough climbing yet before we reach yonder streets of shining gold. Let us keep close to the Shepherd and take short views. Let us not be content to walk in a path only wide enough for one, but try to take some poor sinners to heaven with us. If we are only sure that our Shepherd is watching us and interceding for us and listening to every prayer that we heave upward to Him, then the peace that passeth all understanding shall fill our souls like a river until it is lost in the ocean of Christ's eternal love.—*Evangelist.*

## Stillness in Suffering.

BY E. S. ELLIOTT.

We remember some years ago, when attending a lecture on "Flame," writes Mr. Elliott in his tenderly thoughtful essay on "Suffering," being struck with an experiment which has since frequently presented itself in illustration of this subject. After explaining that the taper form of every flame is a consequence of the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere, the lecturer proceeded to show that in the centre of each flame there is a hollow, a place of entire stillness, around which its fire is a mere wall. In proof of his assertion he introduced into the centre of a jet of flame a minute and carefully-shielded charge of explosive powder. The protection was removed. No explosion followed. The hollow of the flame was a place of safety; and, again shielded, the charge was withdrawn undisturbed. The experiment was repeated, the protecting metal again removed, and for a moment all was still. Then there was an agitation of the hand; the central security was lost; and an immediate explosion told the result. Is it not thus with the fire of affliction? When there is entire resignation, a complete yielding of the will of God, the flame of His afflictive providences cannot really bring hurt to the soul, but becomes rather as a wall of fire round about. As has been beautifully written, "He that fully consents to endure and to suffer all the will of God; he that finds amid these central fires deep content, as his spirit lies down in the centre of God's will and is still, is permanently at peace with God, and, as a consequence, is fully prepared to be kept as permanently by 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.'" Shall not this be our experience, when, it may be, from the activities, and the enjoyments, and successes of Christian work, we are taken into the secret place of suffering? Shall it not be our constant prayer that no struggling regrets, no tremble of unrest, shall enter into the fiery sanctuary, wherein our God would have us find an unfolding of perfect peace? Oh, to be kept, kept in that unspeakable stillness which belongs to the "secret place of the Most High." Struggle, rebellion, and there will be scorching and anguish. On the other hand, "In the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee": "In the midst of the fire they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of God": "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Out of the peace of an accepted sorrow there is full often developed, according to God's wondrous spiritual alchemy, deepest spiritual joy.—*Watchman.*

## The Honest Man.

To the Editor of the Messenger and Visitor:

Please inform your readers that I will mail free to all sufferers the means by which I was restored to health and manly vigor after years of suffering from nervous weakness. I was robbed and swindled by quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thanks to heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong. I have nothing to sell and no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever, but being desirous to make this certain cure known to all, I will send free and confidential to anyone full particulars of just how I was cured. Address with stamps:

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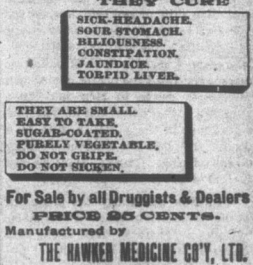


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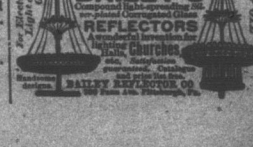





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The unification of Baptist young people's societies; their stimulation to service; their edification in scriptural knowledge; their instruction in Baptist history, and their instruction in Baptist history, and through existing denominational institutions.

OUR FELLOWSHIP

All Young People's Societies of whatever name in Baptist churches, and Baptist church organizations are entitled to representation. Our fellowship depends for our unity not upon any rigid system or method. Our common bond is the New Testament, in the full affirmation of whose teachings we are one people with one aim.

(Correspondents to this Department should address their communications to J. J. Baker, St. John, N. B.

For the Week beginning January 14.

Topic: "Beginning with Jesus."

Scripture: Luke 5: 27–28.

time of beginnings. The schools will study the Book of Beginnings. Many may be beginning low out new plans in the beginning of a new year. What a good time with Jesus. Our Scripture tells Matthew's beginning to follow.

Levi began by hearing Jesus tion. Jesus calls; yes, He calls "Follow Me." We must hear Listen now. His invitations are to-day.

Begin by leaving some things could not follow Jesus and receipt of custom He "left begin right we must leave all the do offend. Let go old self, old "old things." He rose up and We have a good many negativities in this world. They well, they forsake very many but they don't rise up and follow very much determination. Let to follow.

SOME THINGS TO BEGIN TO DO AT GINNING OF THE YEAR.

— Begin to refuse every engagement that conflicts with any service church.

— Begin to take your part regularly in the services.

— Begin to speak a word for your friend whom you meet day.

— Begin to show your colors ing your religion all the time.

— Begin being a soul-winner

— Begin being an all-through all-the-way-round Christian.

— "Purse-and-all consecration way a very prominent religious spells personal consecration. you like it? No doubt in this Christmas time will deny that we have this kind of con to our friends. How about the the Master? Did the Christmas ents you made cost more than gave for a whole year to help good news to the regions beyond paid $5 for that gold or silver for your friend, and you put into the offering that was made the news of Jesus' dying love perishing. Did you think Spell it *purse-and-all consecration*

—The International Convention July 19–22, is to be held in the Music Hall, Toronto. This now in course of erection, the first of its kind in the Dominion will be capable of seating persons There will be stage about 500. Besides the there are a number of smaller which may be used for meetings ous kinds. A $20,000 organ the items of furniture for the

—*The Golden Thorn* is a wide plucky little monthly publication West" at Vallejo, Cal., in the of Baptist young people's Northern and Central California of its sharpest spines are four *Blunt Thorn's* column. The Rev. W. L. Gaston, seems how." Some of his thorns are

Wild Galatians.—In the Young people's Union of the 18th ult. unique and impressive "Bible man" by Rev. J. J. Baker of N. B. It is full of practical points are helpful and interesting, but a most ludicrous typographical He intends to quote Gal. 5-7—run well who did hinder you, etc." the typo made him say, "Ye wild who did hinder, etc." W rendering is not critically correct cording to the text, it is, new very appropriate when applied bicycle beginner, such as B was describing.—*The Golden*

### Not for Ourselves Alone.

No one lives to himself alone attitudes and relationships to fellow men are not only a part of his life, but of all life. It is not easy for one to see bearings, or to see his own setting among other lives. stands on a mountain side may have a fair outlook upon roundings; but some parts of below are hidden from view, peaks screen those that them. If the observer would something of this present place, he must move to a new knoll, and see what his real have been. This is, indeed, scenes and strange peoples. Eminent preacher has said: times to get away from our companions, actions, work—measure it and ascertain our it." One who finds himself new set of persons finds that views of things he had not He finds that the little world is not the only world for ought to live. The small neighborhood becomes more It almost fades from sight, it gives place to other kinds talk, its very contraction world bigger, and helps to outlook that is narrowed by ed to one spot. Each one understanding his position, relations and feelings, as Bishop says, "in some degree that longs to his race, and that gives him He gives him for —*S. S. Times.*

— Dr. Wood's Norway Pine cures coughs, colds, asthma, and all throat and lung troubles.

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT DYSPEPSIA