

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

Established 1829

Paying Our Debts



MOST of us would be just a little offended if any one were to suggest that there was anything of the dead-beat about us, but this matter of paying our debts is, in reality, a bigger and more difficult task than we imagine sometimes, and it is just possible that we do not always do it as well and as carefully as we think we do. The man that we owe a few dollars to is not the biggest creditor we have. We can pay him, though that frequently is hard enough, but when that is done there are a whole host of debts still left upon our hands. There has been a great crowd of people, even before we ever came into this world and certainly ever since, who have been doing a great many things for us and we haven't even begun to pay them back adequately yet. Whether we think of our home, the community, the Church, the nation, or that great thing we call civilization which surrounds and enfolds us all, everywhere we see men and women toiling and sacrificing, and much of the fruit of it all drops into our lap unpaid for by us. It doesn't do to talk too glibly about paying our debts.

Toronto, October 8th, 1919

HOW TO WIN

BY ONE WHO KNOWS

DR. FRED B. FISHER, author of "How to Win," was Campaign Director to Dr. S. Earl Taylor in the Centenary Movement. On Dr. Taylor's advice we brought him from New York for a two-day conference with the staff and Executive of the Methodist National Campaign. This is what he says :

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2. Organized to secure its spiritual aims and financial objectives **?**

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"There never has been a Church campaign where such a programme of Prayer, Christian Stewardship, Evangelism and Life Service was faithfully carried through to success, and the finances failed—and there never will be."

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The first battle may decide the Campaign. Don't worry about February. Win the October battle of prayer.

Has your District Committee personally presented the Campaign to every congregation and Official Board ? If not, get busy.

METHODIST NATIONAL CAMPAIGN, 299 Queen St. West, Toronto

The Christian Guardian

(Established 1829)

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY

Published under the authority of the Methodist Church

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A Christmas Carol Contest CAN YOU WRITE POETRY?

The Christian Guardian announces a Christmas Carol Contest open to anyone who cares to participate. This contest will be in two parts, the first part ending Tuesday, Oct 28th, which will be for verses only, and the second part ending Tuesday, Nov. 25th, which will be for suitable musical settings of the prize poems among the verses submitted.

Contestants will please bear in mind that it will be useless to submit music until the second part of the contest has been called for and further details concerning it announced.

The Guardian will publish in its issue of Wednesday, Nov. 5th, the first three poems chosen by the judges as the best. The opening of second part of contest will then be announced and a request made for suitable musical settings for first prize poem.

For the best set of verses, the following prizes will be given:

FIRST PRIZE . \$20.00 IN CASH
SECOND PRIZE \$10.00 IN CASH
THIRD PRIZE . \$ 5.00 IN CASH

The following judges have consented to act as adjudicators in the contest:

Dr. A. Gandier, Principal Knox College, Toronto.
Dr. James L. Hughes, Ontario's Prominent Educationist.

Mrs. Jean Blewett, one of Canada's best known writers.

The rules governing the contest are as follows:

- All poems must reach The Guardian office not later than Tuesday, Oct. 28th, 1919.
- No employee of the Methodist Book and Publishing House may participate in the contest.
- Manuscript must be written on one side of the page only and must be original.
- The poems submitted must contain pictorial reference to at least some phase or phases of the matter contained in Matthew 2: 1-11, or Luke 2: 7-20, or both passages.
- Your poem must take either of the three following forms: Three verses of eight lines each, or four verses of six lines each, or five verses of four lines each.
- No reference to other matter may be enclosed in the same envelope with your poem.
- All prize poems and music will remain the property of The Christian Guardian.

Judging will be based under the following heads:

- Beauty of Diction,
- Devotional Spirit of the Verse.
- Structural Form (Rhythmic Regularity).
- Picturesqueness.

For your guidance look over hymns 118, 119, 122, 124, 125 and 126 in our New Methodist Hymn Book. These will give you an idea of the kind of verse suitable for Xmas carols.

Be sure to write your name and address on your manuscript and enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish poem returned if entry is unsuccessful.

Address all communications to

The Christmas Carol Contest Department
Care of The Christian Guardian
Toronto, Ont.

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The Book Steward's Corner

"IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE." By
Jeffs, author of "The Art of Exposition"
and "The Art of Sermon Illustration."
Price, \$1.50. See GUARDIAN of Sept. 24th
for announcement of reading course of six
books at special price.

We hope all our ministers will somehow get hands upon at least one of the books named in the reading course announced in the last GUARDIAN. I am sure many will find it a real inspiration. It deals with a matter which is fundamental. All of our work will be both irksome and unsuccessful until we get our bearings in the conduct of public worship, and we will be grateful to Mr. Jeffs for the help afforded in his book, "In the Father's House."

A glance at the table of contents will sell the book to anyone who realizes the importance of the church service and appreciates its opportunities: Worship, Objective and Subjective; Implications of Public Worship; The Minister; The Bible; Prayer; The Sermon; The Hymns; The Benediction; The Offertory; these are some of the topics treated, and always in a way sympathetic with the minister and the churches.

In many churches the minister finds an atmosphere positively uncongenial to real worship. The prayer and choral service are simply "preliminaries," something necessary, of course, but to be hurried over that the great feature, the sermon, may be reached. Sometimes the minister gives very little attention to the pulpit prayer, the selection of hymns, or the careful reading of the Scripture lesson, and so induces or encourages the condition noted above. Occasionally the effect of a badly-chosen hymn is discordant and disconcerting. Some time ago I heard a strong appeal which was quite spoiled by the last hymn. The sermon, and the brief prayer following, had brought us into a frame of mind where we were ready for one of the fine hymns of aspiration in our new book, when the pastor announced number three hundred and ninety-one, "Work, for the night is coming." The result was disastrous; that is not too strong a word. We were plunged without notice into the bustle of the downtown, the rattle of rivetting hammers, the rush of a busy afternoon trying to overtake the day's work. The only explanation I could think of was that someone had selected the hymns who knew nothing of the sermon except the text in which occurred the word "work."



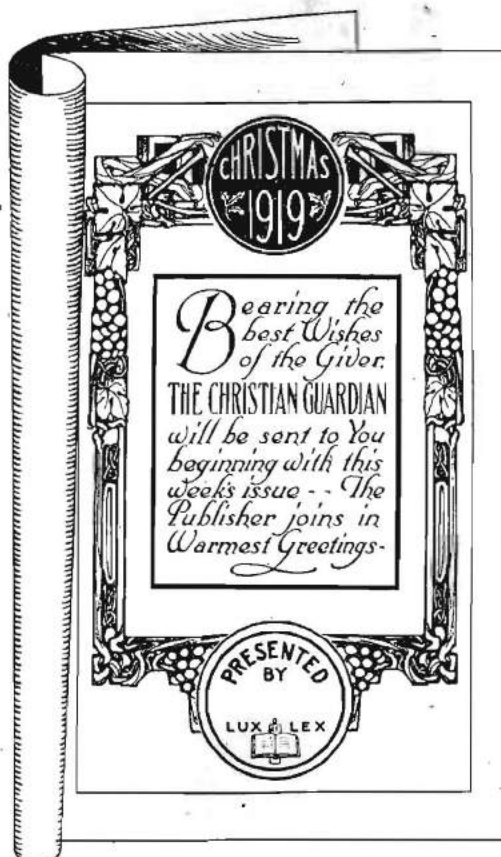
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Correspondence Confidential

Christian Guardian

Established 1829

Men Needed for China

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found advertisements asking for two experienced builders and one experienced printer for the work of the West China Mission. These helpers are very badly needed, and we hope that the response to Dr. Endicott's appeal will be immediate and satisfactory. At present much of the work of building must be undertaken by the doctors, preachers and teachers in connection with the mission, and the sending out of experienced builders would relieve these men for the work for which they are specially trained. Readers of this paper are asked to bring this matter to the attention of anyone who in their thought might be suitable to fill these positions. An experienced printer is also required for the same mission field. He would be asked to take out and instal a cylinder press in the printing plant at Chengtu, and would need to have had considerable experience.

Distrust of Japan

ON his return from Paris to Tokyo, Marquis Saionji, head of the Japanese peace mission to Versailles, in response to an address of welcome from the citizens of Tokyo took occasion to refer to the way in which Japan is now regarded by the world. He pointed out the unwelcome fact that Japan, by its course, has created amongst other nations a general feeling of distrust, and he insisted that its one great duty is so to shape its future policy as to overcome this distrust. Here is one paragraph from his speech. He said: "That Japan should be made the object of distrust and misunderstanding is immensely injurious to Japan, and not less unfortunate for the foreign nations whose policy in the Far East is influenced by this erroneous estimate. It is of paramount importance that Japan should correct this mistaken judgment abroad, while the people of Japan should exercise the utmost care in all their domestic and international undertakings to demonstrate the real national ideals of Japan, which are entirely opposed to militarism or aggression." It cannot be denied that there is a widespread belief that Japan has certain military ambitions which may easily endanger the peace of the world, and it can hardly be disputed that this belief is founded upon certain indications that seem only too clearly to demonstrate that Japan, like European nations, has her Jingoism. But that Japan will allow them to mould her policy permanently we cannot believe. Japan is just as much interested in world peace as we are.

The King and Queen of Belgium

IT is to be hoped that the royal visitors from Belgium will be able to spend at least a few days on Canadian soil during their visit to the American continent. It goes without saying that there are many hundreds of thousands of Canadian people who would warmly welcome the opportunity that such a visit would afford to express their undying appreciation of the Belgian King and Queen, and of the unforgettable service rendered by the Belgian nation in the great struggle. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that numbers of our Canadian soldiers while at the front happened to be thrown in with a rather inferior class of Belgians, and that from observation and association they might not be inclined to rate the Belgian people very highly. But they know, as we all do, that there are good and bad in Belgium as else-

where, and nothing will be able to dim in the Canadian eyes the lustre of the fine achievement of Belgium, especially in the earlier days of the war, or to detract from the splendid heroism and enduring courage shown by its King and Queen during the whole period of the struggle. The names that have been glorified by the bravery of our Canadian soldiers have been for the most part Belgian names, and the Canadian people, therefore, are not making any unreasonable claim when they say that Canada should be included in the American itinerary of the Belgian King and Queen.

Registration at Victoria

DURING the past few years the registration at Victoria College, Toronto—as indeed at all Canadian colleges, for that matter—has fallen off considerably, and especially the registration of men students. The students, more than any other class, perhaps, answered their country's call. The office at Victoria one day last week would indicate, however, that all this is a thing of the past. It was a busy place, crowded with students, freshmen predominating. On Friday last there were 397 students registered, with 145 freshmen, as compared with 444 of a registration, with 112 freshmen, in Victoria's biggest year just before the war. Of course more registrations are expected. When asked as to the number of returned men enrolled, Prof. Langford, the registrar, said that he was not able yet to give the exact number, but that there were many scattered throughout all the years. The two new members of the faculty are on hand at the opening of the session—Prof. J. W. McMillan, late of Manitoba College, and a member of the Minimum Wage Board of Manitoba, as professor of sociology; and Prof. F. W. Langford, as associate professor of religious pedagogy, a new department in the college. Altogether the coming year promises to be a very bright one in the history of Victoria.

Poor Ireland

ON Sunday morning, Sept. 7th, a party of sixteen men of the Shropshire Light Infantry were about to enter the Methodist church at Fermoy, County of Cork, for public worship, when suddenly about twenty Sinn Feiners, armed with revolvers and bludgeons, set upon them. One private was shot dead, and three others were more or less seriously wounded. The soldiers were overpowered, and their rifles were seized by the Sinn Feiners, who then made off. An inquest was held in Fermoy the next day, and the jury called the incident a "terrible and appalling outrage," but they did not call it murder, as they did not think the Sinn Feiners intended to kill anyone. Following their verdict a party of soldiers appeared on the streets of Fermoy, armed with hammers and pieces of iron, and by smashing windows indiscriminately proceeded to show their displeasure at the verdict which had been given. Father O'Donoghue said he had received a letter from his bishop condemning the outrage, but it is evident that the people generally are either in sympathy with these things or afraid to condemn them. It may be that this is Ireland's only road to self-government, but it is a sad and much-to-be-regretted path. And we cannot conceive any British Government being willing to hand over the government of Ulster to these red-handed murderers. That Ulster should ever submit to live under Sinn Fein rule seems to be a thing which has become more and more impossible.

Britain's Great Railway Strike

WHAT the British Premier calls an "anarchist conspiracy" with "sinister purposes," and "an attack upon the life of the people"; and what the railway men call a fight against "a conspiracy to lower wages," is just now in progress in England. The British railways are being operated by the British Government, and the railway unions which have gone out on strike and have tied up the British railways are therefore fighting against the Government. The men claim that a minimum wage of about \$15 a week should be paid, while the Government claims that a \$10 minimum is all it can afford. The Government suspects the men of

seeking to control the Government by intimidation, and insists that revolution and not fair wages is the real object of the strike; while the men, facing the fact that there are eighty railway directors in the British Houses of Parliament, and finding that the wage schedule under which they have been working really means a decrease instead of an increase of wages, suspect the Government, which is certainly not a radical one, of conspiring to lower wages. So far as we can discover

the increase over the pre-war wage rate has been about 50 per cent., while the cost of living has risen over 100 per cent. An attempt at negotiation made last week failed, but no doubt other attempts will be made, and will, we trust, be more successful. One great surprise has been the Government's success in handling the traffic by means of motor lorries and the use of volunteer labor. If the strike continues long there will be greatest distress, and the strikers' families will no doubt suffer severely. There is a possibility that other unions may join in a sympathetic strike, but this hardly seems probable just now. There seems to be a widespread feeling in England and elsewhere that we have had enough strikes for the present, and in many cases they can only result in increasing the cost of production, and so increasing the cost of living. This conviction of the uselessness of strikes seems to be gaining ground, and remedies for present evils will probably be sought in change of Government rather than in industrial war.

Reform in India

THE Indian Reform Bill of 1919, which was introduced into the British Parliament by Mr. Montagu, has aroused a good deal of interest. The British Government is determined to extend local self-government in India as fast and as far as it seems wise and safe to proceed. But the difficulties are not small. One Indian, not a Brahmin, writes to the *Methodist Recorder* commending the Government's reform programme, but calling attention to the fact that if the additional powers to be conferred upon the Indians are granted solely to the Brahmins—the limited priestly class—it will mean that the great masses of the Indian people will receive but small benefit from the well-meant effort of the British Government. He insists that political independence is only possible to a people free from the caste system. "When custom holds its sway over its votaries and sanctifies even obnoxious deeds, when the caste system is sapping the vitals of the nation and placing one community on a pedestal

as the gods on earth, when a selfish priesthood is tyrannizing over the lower classes with their bulls of excommunication, when the weaker sex are shut up in the zenana, when slender girls below the age of ten and even five are forced into a life of perpetual widowhood, and when certain communities are not allowed even to take water in public wells and tanks and use public highways, how can people yearn for political liberty? As long as certain communities are made to feel and think by their philosophy, religious tenets and social customs that they should be eternal bondsmen, it is impossible for them to assert their liberty in political matters." In the Madras province there are 1,250,000

Brahmins and 28,000,000 non-Brahmins, and at present almost all power and influence is centred in the one small class—the Brahmins. The writer urges, in view of these facts, that political advances should be not only gradual, but cautious, and he insists that "it is highly necessary to provide safeguards for the adequate representation of the people, as distinguished from the aristocracy of divine birth, to prevent the establishment of a Brahmin oligarchy." The problem of self-govern-

ment for India is by no means a simple one, and needs careful and sympathetic treatment.

Sir Adam Beck an Independent

A PECULIAR thing has happened in London. Sir Adam Beck, long identified with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, is in the field for re-election to the Ontario Legislature, but he appeals to his constituents, not as a Conservative, but as an independent. He insists that to him the Hydro interests are paramount, and he proposes to devote himself to them, and to eschew party politics. This certainly creates a peculiar situation; and yet we think the communities interested in the Hydro and its development will readily see the advantages of Sir Adam's course. The Hydro should not be in politics. It is a business enterprise, and political pull should not be allowed to enter it. It stands to reason, however, that if the province backs it, and in its proposed developments it must back it more largely than ever, then the province must certainly have some effective control over the far-reaching schemes which are now proposed. One peculiar feature of the case is that while there seems to be very general satisfaction throughout the province with Sir Adam Beck's management of the Hydro, his bitterest opponents are found in his own constituency. It is claimed that Sir Adam is altogether too autocratic, and possibly this may be founded in fact, but the great probability is that if Sir Adam had been less autocratic and more plastic, the story of the Hydro would have been altogether different, and its tragic failure might be serving as a warning to other communities not to experiment with public ownership. From what we hear the Hydro has needed, and sometimes badly needed, all of Sir Adam's autocratic behavior to save it from its enemies. Despite his enemies, and they are neither few nor silent, we believe there are few men in public life who are trusted more by the people at large than Sir Adam Beck. We trust he will remain at the head of Ontario's great and growing Hydro-Electric system.



SIR ROBERT STEVENSON HORNE, British Minister of Labor, who is in charge of the negotiations with the striking Railway men.



J. H. THOMAS, Secretary of the British Railway Men's Union, and Head of the 600,000 striking British Railway workers.

THE LEADERS IN THE STRIFE.

A BIG PROHIBITION PROGRAMME

THERE was a gathering of Anti-Saloon Leaguers in Chicago, Sept. 17-18, and the matters of law enforcement, education of the people, the Americanization of foreign-born residents and their children, and the attainment of world-wide prohibition were squarely faced, and it was unanimously decided that the necessities of the case demanded that the sum of \$25,000,000 be raised for State, national and world work, and an additional \$25,000,000 be raised in the Americanization of foreigners and in the world campaign against intoxicants. Five years is to be allowed for the raising of these amounts, but the campaign will begin at once.

There are few people who realize just what it means to have a nation of 100,000,000 people go suddenly dry, and unless the dry laws are enforced prohibition will be discredited. This the Anti-Saloon League intends to prevent, if possible. And it is recognized that a special education campaign will be needed amongst foreigners to get them to understand the real value of prohibition. In regard to the campaign for world prohibition there are already six United States temperance workers in Europe, and more will go as the demand increases. There is to be no attempt to force prohibition upon anyone, but simply to give the world the facts. This is a programme which is big enough to command attention.

In view of such a programme, perhaps the temperance leaders of Canada ought to begin to plan after a bigger and more far-seeing way. The man who thinks that booze is dead on this continent, with no possibility of a resurrection, forgets some of the hard facts of history.

LIQUOR NOT A CURE FOR "FLU"

ONE of the long persistent errors, designedly and persistently propagated by the liquor trade, is that liquor is really a valuable medicine, and its healing virtue is efficacious in everything from the bite of a rattlesnake to typhoid fever, and especially is it a specific for the much-dreaded "flu." And only the other day a good lady, writing to a city paper, laid the blame of her daughter's death at the door of the temperance fanatics who had made it impossible for her to get liquor except on a doctor's certificate. We would just like to say here that any woman who presumes to doctor her own daughter for the "flu" is running a terrible risk, either with or without whiskey. And moreover, it does seem strange, if the good sister had such faith in the curative power of whiskey, that she had not a bottle laid by for emergencies. Whiskey will keep for years—if the bottle is not disturbed.

But no matter how honest our belief, nor how firm, there are facts that jolt it very roughly. For instance, while Toronto lost 2,059 cases of "flu," Montreal lost 3,341, which was certainly a heavier death-rate in comparison with its larger population. And the Academy of Medicine, Toronto, and the American Association of Physicians, and the Toronto Board of Health, and even the New York Board of Health, declare against the use of alcohol either as a preventive or cure of the "flu." This belief in alcohol as a cure for disease is common in Canada, especially amongst our foreign population, but it has no backing in scientific circles, and carefully ascertained facts are all against it.

THE ONE GREAT ISSUE

THERE is only one great and paramount issue before the electors of the Province of Ontario as they go to the polls on Oct. 20th, and that issue is the question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic within the province. Undoubtedly that question has its two aspects—first, shall we continue in the province the prohibitory legislation at present in force; and second, shall we elect men to the Legislature who give no uncertain sound on this issue and who shall try to continue and improve upon the enforcement of a prohibitory law.

Concerning the first aspect of this question, it is scarcely necessary that anything more be said to the readers of this paper. Surely without any exception they are all convinced that Ontario, from every point of view, ought to continue her prohibitory law, and will vote four ringing *No's* on the polling days.

But the other matter of the personnel of the next Legislature remains, and it is a vastly important one to every voter who puts this question of prohibition in its proper place of importance.

If we do not have in the next Ontario Parliament a majority of men who are convinced prohibitionists no prohibitory measure will have a fair chance, and we know from experience that the reaction against a poorly enforced law of this kind is usually swift and sure.

But, even so, the situation may not be a plain and simple one to every voter, and there may be, and undoubtedly will be, many conscientious temperance men faced with a real problem in their constituency. For instance, they may believe that in regard to the leaders of the two parties the choice all lies one way, and yet the candidate of that party in their own constituency may not be as satisfactory from the temperance point of view as the candidate of the other party. And thus, though the question as to who shall be Premier in Ontario may seem important to them, the other question as to who shall represent them in the next Legislature may seem very important also.

Which ought to be considered the most important must, in the very nature of the case, be left to the individual man in his individual circumstances to decide. We have no offhand advice to give. But what we do urge is that every voter will not for a moment forget that the prohibition issue is, for every conscientious citizen of Ontario, the one great and vital issue at the polls on Oct. 20th, and every other issue should be made subservient.

THE HISTORY OF BEER

FOR many years beer has been a favorite drink in England, and its use has at times been encouraged as a substitute for whiskey drinking. In 1825 England reduced the duty on strong alcoholic drinks from twelve shillings a gallon to seven shillings, and the immediate increase in the consumption of whiskey, brandy and rum was so great as to alarm English statesmen. It was then decided that the most effective way of dealing with the evil of increased spirit drinking was by giving England cheaper beer, and so in 1830 an act was passed allowing beer to be sold without a license. The result, as told by Rev. Sydney Smith, who himself had favored the bill, was that, to use his own language, "everybody is drunk. Those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state." Another writer declares that these greatly multiplied beer shops had made many drunkards who were formerly sober and industrious, and drunkenness amongst women became exceedingly common.

Then the tide turned. The press assailed the act most bitterly, declaring that it had proved exceedingly injurious to peace and order, especially in rural England. A committee of the House of Commons condemned it, and Magistrate G. F. Drury said that it had done more to "brutalize the English laborer than almost any measure that could have been devised." It had "furnished victims for the jails, the hulks and the gallows," and had frightfully extended the evils of pauperism and moral debasement." And a committee of the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury declared, in 1869, "that free beer diminishes drunkenness may be logic, but it isn't fact." Evidently beer was then an intoxicating drink.

But now the Liberty League comes forward and, deliberately ignoring all past history, declares that beer is *not* an intoxicating drink. Unfortunately for them, however, we have the experience of Montreal city in regard to this very matter, and an experience which does not go back a generation, but covers the past few months from May, 1919, to August, 1919. The record is printed in the Montreal *Herald*, and the facts are provided by Police Chief Belanger.

It will be remembered that last spring in Quebec, when the province seemed face to face with prohibition, the liquor advocates pleaded, and pleaded successfully, for the privilege of selling wine and beer. They recognized the evil of the traffic, they were bitterly opposed to all kinds of excess, and especially they abhorred drunkenness; but if they were allowed to sell only wine and beer all would be well. There would be liquor selling, and incidentally liquor profits, but there would be no drunkenness, as it was the whiskey that was to blame for all the drunkenness. And so the whiskey was outlawed, and wine and beer were permitted—and there was to be an end of drunkenness.

Now Chief Belanger tells us that whereas last year during the period May-August there were 1,767 drunken persons arrested, this year during the same period the arrests reached 1,809. Moreover, at many of the licensed establishments there was no diffi-

culty whatever in obtaining all the hard liquor desired. In others there was a pretence of observing the law by securing physicians' prescription certificates, but the purchaser signed the certificate himself in the liquor shop. And while the law prescribes the strength of the beer to be sold, the dealers supply beer with twice the permitted amount of alcohol. Not only so, but the *Herald* declares that drunkenness is much more noticeable on the streets than it was before.

When Montreal decided to stay wet, the "drys" predicted just such a state of affairs; and, with the rest of the continent dry, Montreal will soon become a Mecca for thirsty individuals, and incidentally, it is probable, a byword to other dry cities. Evidently the sale of beer and wine is no cure for the liquor evil, and the Liberty League, in pleading for it, is simply pleading for the liberty to get drunk.

THANKSGIVING DAY

A GAIN Canadians are called upon to celebrate our national Thanksgiving; and again we look back over a year of great mercies. One year ago the great war was still raging, and although victory was in sight, and Bulgaria and Turkey were really out of the war, the German foe was fighting a desperate, if losing, battle. But now the cruel war is over, and our soldiers are mostly with us again—those of them that the war has spared. But we are still close enough to the dreadful conflict to feel that its cessation should be one of the chief causes for thanksgiving. For a thousand years to come the world will be glad that in the great world-struggle the forces of freedom and democracy triumphed, and triumphed so signally. And Christian men who reckon with unseen factors as well as with cannon and armies will never cease to thank God for the victory.

And now we are facing all the troublesome aftermath of war. Readjustments of every kind are the order of the day, and promise to be for years to come. Some of us have grown tired, very tired, of strikes and rumors of strikes, of high and yet higher prices, of business perplexities such as neither our fathers nor we ever faced before, of strange and upsetting doctrines, of social upheavals that never seem to end; and we wish, possibly, that we could "fly away and be at rest." But the world is in travail, and we cannot predict just what the future will see, only it seems inevitable that the present should be a period of great unrest.

And yet we thank God for it all, for it promises to usher in a better day. Long ago we read that the Spirit of God brooded over a great chaos which was to become a world, and out of the chaos came order, out of the darkness day, out of the bewildering and inextricable mingling of elements came peerless beauty and marvellous grandeur. And in our social, and economic, and international chaos the same omnipotent Spirit is working to-day, and our steadfast faith is that there shall come forth sooner or later a new world, richer, grander, sweeter and more beautiful than anything mankind has known in all the past. We are headed towards, not away from, the Golden Age. And for this faith we thank our God.

And we are thankful for all the blessings of harvest, the yearly miracle of the loaves. It is true that in certain sections the crops have not been as good as in some other years, and in some sections they have been almost a failure; but as a country we have not only enough for our own need, but to spare.

And for the most marvellous temperance advance in all the history of our dealings with the liquor traffic we give thanks to God. That forty-five out of forty-eight States in the Union should vote for constitutional prohibition seems almost like the vision of an impossible happening, and yet we have witnessed this become a fact. And only one province in all Canada is now wet. Surely this continent has profoundest reason to give thanks.

As a Church we have reason for devout thanksgiving. Despite the stress and strain of war our people have given us the largest missionary income by far in the history of our Church, and as we enter upon a great forward campaign we do so with the faith that we shall surely succeed. Our people, thank God, have never failed us yet, and we do not think they ever will. If as ministers we provide sane and adequate leadership, we do not question, we cannot doubt, but that our people will respond most heartily to our appeals. For a most loyal, progressive and intelligent people we thank our God.

And for a world with every door swung wide open to the message of Jesus Christ, for the removal of century-old restric-

tions and the opening up of rich harvest fields to the ministers of Jesus Christ, for the increased accessibility of many nations, and the promise that lies in the greatly broadened vision of world brotherhood, for all the stars of hope that brighten the sky of the world, and for all the visions of new heavens and new earths that are vouchsafed to men, we earnestly and devoutly give thanks unto God. Surely this is a day of magnificent promise, second to none in all the history of the world.

OUR SOLDIER PROBATIONERS

A MONG all our Canadian soldiers none were more ready, more efficient, more heroic, than the probationers for the ministry of the Methodist Church. They proved themselves equal to the challenge, and never once failed of their duty.

Now they are home again, and while their war experiences will be helpful in their work, we must assure them the necessary education for their efficient ministry. It is our rejoicing that our probationers desire to pursue and complete their college courses. Their experience overseas emphasizes the need of every minister being well trained for the great work of the ministry.

While every man desires to pursue a complete course of study, the need of finances is the obstacle. The soldiers' pay was small, and the calls upon Christian men's pocket-books were many. Many soldier probationers are absolutely unable to meet the financial obligation consequent upon a course at college.

The Army and Navy Board has already investigated a number of cases, and is earnestly anxious to help every soldier probationer in regard to his course. The following resolutions were adopted by the board: "We recommend that every minister and probationer who has been in military service pursue some course of study, and, where necessary, that the Army and Navy Board, from the special fund to be raised, undertake to render financial assistance to at least fifty per cent. of their maintenance expense during their college course."

Now that the colleges have opened, opportunities to help needy cases are appearing every day. Will our Methodist people help to meet these expenses? We need at least \$5,000. All contributions should be sent to Rev. T. Albert Moore, 518 Wesley Buildings, Toronto, the treasurer of the fund. Every cent of each contribution will be spent for the object named, and each contribution will be counted as part of the current revenue of the board in the Methodist National Campaign.

THE VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN

WE trust that the readers of this paper will be deeply interested, as they have been on the two previous occasions, in the Victory Loan about to be floated throughout our Dominion. It has been our proud boast that Canada has no more truly patriotic people than those who are to be found within our Church. And the appeal which this new Victory Loan makes is a patriotic appeal, and we would prefer to present it from that point of view rather than from any other.

The money that the new loan will bring is needed by our Government, first, to complete war and demobilization expenses. It is estimated that \$200,000,000 of the new loan will be used for these purposes. In this item must be included, not only the bringing home of the remainder of our troops and their maintenance until discharged, but also the caring for the wounded and the upkeep of hospitals and medical and nursing staffs.

Then the Government must have ample money to discharge the war-incurred debt to our soldiers. Under this head is included all the work of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, the effort after vocational training, and the working out of the Soldiers' Land Settlement Act. In this connection it is also estimated that over sixty million dollars of the new loan will be expended in soldiers' gratuities, to complete the \$120,000,000 authorized by Parliament for this purpose.

And then, of course, the Government will need a large sum for a national working capital. It is not necessary to enlarge upon this aspect of the situation, for it will be clear to everyone how imperative it is that great reconstructive work be carried on at home, and that credits abroad be maintained.

Indeed, the argument in favor of the third Canadian Victory Loan is just as strong as it was for either of the other two, and we know that it will make a very strong appeal to every reader of this paper.

John Wesley in Georgia

By
Adeline M. Teskey

COMING home from Florida in early spring, after spending a winter in that balmy clime, my travelling companion and I decided to spend some days in Savannah, Georgia, as we had been told that it was one of the oldest and most interesting cities of the South.

Arriving at our destination, we were directed by the "traveller's aid" to the Hotel Royal. On entering my room at the hotel I noticed that across the street, almost opposite one of my front windows, was an interesting looking edifice, quaint and hoary-looking because of its style of architecture and the mellow tint of its masonry. I judged that the building was a church, because a large cross was formed in the masonry just above the front entrance. Some hours later the wife of the hotel proprietor told me that it was a very old church, "two hundred years old," she said. This was all she seemed to know about it, except that it was an "Episcopal" church.

Three days after our arrival in Savannah the bell on the old church sent out a sonorous call to Palm Sunday service. "I am going to attend service in this church right beside us," I said to my companion. "I know of no other, and I want to see the inside of the old church." So at the end of the bell's tolling I stepped across the narrow street, particularly narrow in that quarter, which indicated its ancient layout, and entered the church. Dropping into a pew near the door—although I was kindly invited to a set farther forward—I was at once interested by seeing a brass plate on the arm of the pew, on which was inscribed the information that a certain Martha Webster, if I remember the name correctly, had, in the year 1737, presented this pew to the church, to be held for all time as a "free pew." It was finely upholstered in brown leather, so I concluded that the donor had also left to the church a fund to keep the pew in first-class order.

At the close of an unusually fine sermon, as the congregation was passing out of the church, an usher standing at the door handed each person a small folder. I did not look at mine until I reached my hotel, but when I did so I read, much to my astonishment and interest, that I had been worshipping in the oldest church in the State of Georgia, "Christ Church." And that "the Rev. John Wesley assumed charge in 1736, and started a Sunday school which is still in existence. . . . This is believed to be the oldest Sunday school in the world. During his stay his residence was on a lot in the rear of the church." Then I read further that "the Rev. George Whitefield succeeded John Wesley in charge of the church the two years immediately following the latter's retirement."

I decided to go back and have another look at the old church, and as soon as the congregation had all scattered I again

crossed the street, ascended the wide steps, and stood in front of the open door. This time my eye caught sight of a bronze plate in the wall on the left of the main entrance, on which was inscribed the following:

"To the glory of God and the memory



JOHN WESLEY'S GEORGIA CHURCH.

of John Wesley, priest of the Church of England, and minister to this church in the years 1736 and 1737. Erected by the diocese of Georgia."

On the right side of the entrance was a similar tablet: "To the glory of God and the memory of George Whitefield."

The following week I sought an interview with the rector of Christ Church, to make inquiries about the career of John Wesley in Georgia at first hand, so to speak. The rector had left the city for the week, but one of his flock advised me to go to the library of the Georgia Historical Society, which was situated in Savannah and was open every afternoon to visitors. I went



OGLETHORPE MONUMENT, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

to this library, and spent about half a day reading about the activities of John Wesley while he was a resident of the then infant town of Savannah.

In November, 1732, the good ship *Ann* sailed from Gravesend, on the Thames, with colonists, under command of General James Edward Oglethorpe, going to establish the colony of Georgia, so called after the reigning British Sovereign, George II. On one of General Oglethorpe's visits back home, a few years after his first venture to the New World, he met John and Charles Wesley, and as a result of that meeting he took back with him the two young men—John as a missionary, and Charles as a private secretary to himself. Oglethorpe was a staunch friend to the youths. They held meetings and conducted divine service on the outgoing voyage. These were jeered at by some of Oglethorpe's companions until he authoritatively remarked, "These are my friends; anyone who insults them insults me." After that the Wesleys were treated with great respect. Apparently John did not hesitate to preach a direct gospel to his patron and supporter. The biographer states that on one occasion, after he was installed in the church in Georgia, he came into the presence of the general, to find him

in a rage because he had discovered that his negro servant had been drinking some of his rare old wine that he had brought from England for his own use. The servant stood before his master, trembling and declaring that he would "never do it again"; but Oglethorpe, turning to John Wesley, said, "I have ordered this fellow put in chains, for I never forgive." The young Anglican priest said quietly, in reply, "You never forgive? Then it is to be hoped that you never sin." Oglethorpe paused an instant; then, shoving his hand into his pocket, he drew out a bunch of keys, threw them at the negro, and said, "Go and lock up the rest of that wine."

In those early days John Wesley was a great ritualist, had Communion every week in his church, and excommunicated all who would not regularly attend. He firmly refused to baptize Dissenters' children. The biographer gave with great frankness an account of his only "love affair"; but he sagely remarked at the close that if John Wesley had married that Georgia girl he would have probably settled down to be an ordinary missionary to the Indians in Georgia, and would never have gone back to do the great work he afterwards accomplished in England and become a world-renowned man.

The question of admitting slavery into the Constitution of Georgia came up in the time of John Wesley's residence there. He was much opposed to the introduction of slaves into the colony. Whitefield, however, was in favor of it, because he believed it would be the means of doing the negroes good. His side proved the stronger, and African slavery prevailed in Georgia.

Georgia not only honored John Wesley, but has erected a monument to General
(Continued on page 12.)

Appealing the Foreign Vote—Some Interesting Discoveries

By
A. W. Hone

IN the course of appealing against a number of names of foreigners which were entered upon the voters' list, the Referendum Committee of a Northern Ontario municipality unearthed some facts of great interest to those who are studying Canada's foreign problem.

While making a careful scrutiny of the voters' list, the committee's suspicion was aroused at the considerable number of foreign names found thereon. This suspicion was further strengthened by an examination of some fourteen notices of application for naturalization, which were exposed to publicity in the post-office. It was found that these notices represented no less than eight names upon the voters list. As the applications will not go before a judge until next December, manifestly the applicants are not yet British subjects, and the names of none of them should be upon the list of voters. In diversity of population New Ontario rivals the west, for those fourteen notices bear the signatures of citizens of Russia, Poland, Norway, Sweden, Holland, France, Finland, Austria and Italy.

With the aid of two foreign-born citizens, who know well the general status of most of the foreign population, further information was secured. This information was to the effect that few of the Italians, Finns or Polocks were naturalized, and that it would be well to protest the names of all such. It was found that the Syrians are nearly all naturalized. All whose names were upon the voters' list were. The Syrians have a splendid record in this regard, as they strive to secure naturalization as soon as possible, which is in striking contrast to the attitude of some other nationalities.

After some deliberation it was decided to protest every name concerning which there was the slightest suspicion, even though such action might enable the Liberty League to charge the committee with persecuting a lot of "poor, innocent foreigners," which charge was made in due course. Leaving aside the fact that the great majority of the foreign-born are opposed to prohibition, there are other good reasons why every foreign-born person should be challenged if there is any doubt as to his British citizenship. These people should be taught that if they would enjoy the privileges of citizenship they must become citizens in fact, and assume the responsibilities of citizenship. They are all exceedingly anxious to vote upon the coming referendum; this very anxiety may be turned to good purpose in making them realize that it is a valuable privilege to

exercise the franchise, and that this privilege cannot be secured excepting through the proper course of action. During the war many of these foreigners refused to help patriotic enterprises, on the ground that they were not British subjects. Having refused to assist in the defence of the country, surely they should be made to realize that unless they become responsible citizens they may not have any say in the government of the country. On the other hand, there were foreign-born who had be-

lessened. Laxity in law enforcement has made the foreigner very contemptuous of our laws in many districts. There are lawyers who seem to delight in discovering some loophole through which their foreign clients may escape the consequences of glaring infractions of our laws.

Having decided to appeal against the foreign names, the complaints were filed with the Clerk of the Court of Revision, and the notices were delivered to the persons complained of. It fell to the lot of the writer to serve several of the notices, which fact afforded not a little excitement, and much amusement. It also provided valuable knowledge concerning the ways of the foreigner—and some who are not foreigners.

Owing to the haste with which the work had to be done there were some cases of mistaken identity, and at least one loyal son of Yorkshire received the information that his name was being protested, on the ground that he was not a British subject. A neighbor reported that this Englishman's indignation was fearful to behold—and hear, and boded ill for any member of the Referendum Committee who might cross his pathway.

Several Italians frankly admitted that they were not naturalized, though some had voted in previous elections. They were strong for beer and wine, and were greatly annoyed at the prospect of losing their votes therefor. One man ground the notice beneath his heel and cursed the Referendum Committee roundly.

When the full import of the notice dawned upon a certain Russian Jew he waxed furious. Wildly waving his cobbler's hammer, he threatened all sorts of things. Then he tried persuasive eloquence to the effect that he was a "beeg boss," and very "reech," owning a vast amount of real estate in Toronto. Surely so important a citizen might vote for "wheesky" without anyone raising objections. Finally he tried bribery, and offered a handsome sum providing his name were left upon the list.

Another Russian Jewish merchant anxiously inquired as to how long it would be after Ontario voted wet before he might secure some "viskey." It was pointed out to him that money spent for booze could not be spent in his store for clothing, and therefore booze was bad for business. This argument struck home in a vital spot, and he promised to think seriously over the matter. Said he: "If I tink it bad for beeziness, I sure vote for dry."

Several of the foreigners viewed the notice with strong misgivings. Evidently they thought it was a warrant for their arrest. They would not touch it even,

¶ Pastors are requested to send in at once to the Circulation Manager for any supplies needed for the Ladies' Aid Circulation Campaign.

¶ Sample Guardians in any desired quantity will be sent you on request. A postcard will bring them. See that your ground is organized now.

come naturalized before the war, who, when registering a year ago last June, declared they were aliens, for fear they would be called upon to fight. Now these people want to vote; when it comes to having their say about whiskey, they are full-fledged British subjects. The party politician has not been above "swearing in" alien votes, on the chance that after the election is over no action will be taken. If the vote could be slipped in without the "swearing" process, so much the better. This is one reason why all suspicious names should be eliminated at the Court of Revision. A timid scrutineer will sometimes permit the foreigner to vote without swearing him.

Another sufficient reason for appealing the foreign vote is that the foreigner may learn respect for Canadian law. If the law says he must not vote unless he has become naturalized, and he manages to evade the law, his respect for the law is greatly

much less take hold of it. Sometimes they denied all knowledge of the party concerned. In one instance a woman strenuously denied ever knowing such a person, and then eventually claimed him as her husband. There was a little trick that worked splendidly with such persons. To such the writer would say, "Oh, well, if there is no such person, then, of course, he will not be able to vote for whiskey." The change would be instantaneous. The magic words "vote" and "whiskey" proved a marvellous stimulant of the faculty of memory.

Some interesting cases came to light where British-born women had married aliens, and thus had forfeited their British citizenship. These women were much chagrined at this. This working of the Naturalization Act scarcely seems fair to the women.

To sum up the information secured in the course of appealing these names: Why were the names of these foreigners entered upon the voters' list, when the parties were obviously foreign-born, and, in most cases, made no attempt to conceal the fact that they were not British subjects? They readily admitted it when questioned by one who had no authority to do other than simply ask the question. The enumerator had power to examine the papers and administer an oath. It was found that a large percentage of the foreign-born, even those who had been in the country for years and were established in business, had not troubled to become British subjects. It was confirmed that the average foreigner is a menace to our national life because of his attitude towards moral questions. It was found that many foreigners have a hazy notion of requirements for British citizenship. Some think that United States papers are good anywhere on the American continent, and entitle the holder to privileges of Canadian citizenship. Others believe that the registration card secured during the war is all that is necessary. It was established that unnaturalized foreigners have voted upon parliamentary elections for years past. This is perhaps the fault of the politician. Then, too, the word and even the oath of the average foreigner is almost worthless without strong corroborative evidence. The ballot boxes must be carefully guarded, and all cases of known perjury relentlessly prosecuted if the foreigner is to have the proper respect for Canadian law.

And the worst has been kept for the last. When the appeals came before the Court of Revision, a lawyer representing one of the political parties raised a technical point concerning the notices delivered to the protested persons, and the whole of the appeals were thrown out. Therefore, though positive and convincing evidence was produced concerning many of the names, and only two of those notified put in any defence, the names of these non-British subjects stand upon the voters' list. Unless they are held up at the ballot box, these allies of the Personal Liberty League will vote for whiskey and beer. Is it not strange that the ultra-loyal Liberty Leaguers are hand in glove with the alien upon the question of prohibition? Certainly the Referendum Committee's work was an education for those concerned.

A Young Man's Challenge

By E. Ryerson Young, B.A.

A GAIN the Church is calling for her children to arise and do great things. Who are going to respond and perform the tasks? Men and money are wanted. Consecration and sacrifice are the terms set before us. To what extent will the people respond? To what extent will they give of their wealth to the cause?

When men, young men of grace, gifts and glorious consecration come forward and tell of the impelling love of God in their hearts and wish to go to persuade their needy fellows to accept the glad tidings of salvation, we find our souls thrilled. We pat them on their backs, tell them they know their duty, and we send them out with our well wishes. Truly they have invested their all for the good of humanity and for the glory of God. But when we see a man coming with great gifts and placing the same upon the altar we find our souls flustered, we are filled with awe. We are not ready to say, as we did to the young man who gave his all, "This is right; this is your duty." When the rich dare to give their all, there are neighbors to declare, "He is robbing his business; he is robbing his children; he is a fool to give his money away." In the greatest height of patriotism no rich man has been known to empty his money bags into the needy coffers of his country; yet the young men, who have emptied their blood cheerfully, passionately, voluntarily, can be numbered by thousands—yea, by hundreds of thousands. Yet to this day the men who gave money receive more praise and profit from their country than the men who gave their blood. In the Church of Jesus Christ are we going to be forever in the same class? Anyway, are the men of means going to be surpassed in consecration by the glorious youth of the Church that are coming forward and giving themselves, humbly, unquestioningly, Isaiah-like, but loyally, whole-heartedly, lovingly, to the great task of lifting the world out of sin and the bondage of sin into the liberty of free men, the sons of God?

The Church people picked on one young man especially. He taught a class in the Sunday school, and had a wonderful spiritual grip upon them. His addresses in League and Sunday school showed ability as a public speaker. His prayers were short, but full of feeling and aptly-quoted Scripture promises. He was the son of a widow, a clerk in a shop. It was known that he was taking up medical work in the evenings, looking forward to the time when he had saved up the means of finishing his work in some medical school. Towards this young man the Church people had directed their attention and prayers, and at last they appointed one of their number to take up the matter directly with him urging him to invest his life in missionary service for Christ and the Church. The layman took up his task gladly, and shortly afterward found his opportunity of dealing personally and privately with the young man.

"Well, George, how old are you now?"

"Twenty-one."

"Your mother is well and in comfortable circumstances?"

"Yes, father left mother all right. With care she can manage nicely. I am taking up night work in medicine, and hope soon to have enough to put me through a medical college."

"That's right. There is nothing like ambition. But, George, is there anything better than the service of Christ, especially on the mission field to-day? Think of the great work you could do, the investment of your life there? Here you are, twenty-one years of age, and with no real ties binding you to stay home. George, let the love of Christ plead with you the call of the needy. Is not that where duty calls you?"

George thought for some time and then spoke: "What were you when you were my age?"

"I was clerking in a store, just as you are, for fifteen dollars a week. I married when I was just past twenty-one. We soon had a business of our own, and we have been very happy; successful, you might say, every way—in love and business and in children. My three daughters are now married and doing well. I have to-day one of the best businesses in town."

"Not all your money is invested in this business?"

"Oh, no. I've about a hundred thousand in stocks and bonds beside. A nice little nest-egg."

"Is your life insured?"

"Yes, oh yes, a man should carry some insurance, you know. I carry fifteen thousand."

"Your business is able to keep you and your wife in comfort and pay the insurance premiums?"

"Oh, yes. Even without the hundred thousand we could live in comfort, and if I died my wife would have my life insurance and be assured of every comfort all her days."

"If I leave my home and mother, and everything dear to me, and go out to the mission field; if I forego the prospects of happy home conditions and business prosperity, and go out into loneliness, privation, foreign company, meeting superstitions, misunderstandings; if I go and face all this for Christ, the Church and humanity, will you also invest that hundred thousand dollars in the same cause?"

"Oh—ah—well—er—I am generously helping this work. I am the largest subscriber to missions in this church. Last year I gave one hundred dollars."

"You have a hundred-thousand-dollar nest-egg, piling up its interest. You have a big business and carry fifteen thousand insurance. The gift of a hundred dollars is as nothing to such as you."

"Why, I am the most generous man in this town, and there is not a good thing that I do not give to."

"Have you deprived yourself of any comfort to do so? Has your giving interfered with the heating or lighting of your house, or caused you to forego the society of

your friends in any of your clubs, or lodges, or church?"

"No, I pay all my dues and enjoy them all thoroughly."

"You have never been exposed to cold or hunger through want of food or clothing?"

"You are rather impertinent and personal. I came to talk to you about your glorious opportunity of investing your life in Christ's service, and here you are asking me questions about my finances, whether I have fuel enough to keep me warm and clothes enough to wear."

"I am sure that I did not intend to be impertinent. I did not begin this conversation. You asked me first about my private affairs. You led me to think that nothing was too private a possession when we consider the demands of Christ. We have both learned to love Jesus Christ. You have often expounded it to us young fellows. It should be, according to your own words, the dearest thing to us and call for the supremest sacrifice, especially at this time of crisis in our world. In my short survey of Christian work I find that many of our noblest workers have suffered for want of warm clothing, their work has been cramped by want of proper equipment, such as money can give. Surely before God idle wealth is as guilty as unconsecrated youth. Hoarded money in the coffers of our Church people is as offensive to God as wilful selfishness in our young people. You suggested my giving myself, my all, and all I hope to have and be; while I have suggested that you give that hundred thousand dollars which you have over and above what means a life of comfort to you and yours. Come, now, let us make a bargain. I will take your advice and give my life to the Church, and you give that hundred thousand dollars to see that our ministers and missionaries are properly equipped to do their best work, and help the cause that we both love to prosper in the way that Christ intended that it should."

"Impertinent! You are impertinent and asking a preposterous thing. There is no

comparison of gifts. I will not think of doing it."

"What? Do you mean to insinuate that life is less precious than gold? Do you mean to say that my gift of life and soul are not to be compared with your surplus fortune?"

"The Lord never demanded such a thing."

"But the Lord is demanding such things. He has demanded them from the beginning. The same God who is calling us to give our lives is surely at work in the hearts of men of means, calling them to consecrate their wealth. Unless there is something radically wrong with our order of society, it is up to the men who have the money to show their Christianity by consecrating their wealth as freely, heartily and nobly as they ask young recruits to give their lives to the ministry of Christ."

"You are perfectly preposterous in your statements. I'll not listen to you any longer. You'll upset my faith in Christ and the Church."

"Your faith in Christ and the Church! Your faith would reach me, a widow's son. Your faith would rob her of her son's company, precious to her above all things on earth. Your faith would take that son's life and send him to do Christ's work, cramped, handicapped and beggared. Your faith has removed many mountains even in my own heart, but it has not touched your surplus wealth."

The layman picked up his hat and flung himself out of George's presence in high dudgeon.

George was deeply pained at the unmannerly action of the man whom he had learned to highly respect. Then he turned into his own room and, pacing up and down, prayed: "Oh, Lord, what shall I do? The world needs Thee, and I would tell of Thee. But who will arise and send Thy servant? Every earthly campaign costs—costs in earthly things as well as in spiritual things; costs in treasure as well as in life."

Eventide

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

SUNSET flooded the sandbar with crimson and gold—the fiery sunball slipping behind the point, densely wooded with pine. The fisherman's hut—sole habitation of the island of tangled thicket—threw a fantastic shadow across the rippling waters of Georgian Bay. The paddles of a drifting canoe dipped into the sea of flame.

Over all breathed the hush of the wild, broken only by the call of the whip-poor-will and the voice of the aged servant of God sitting on the twilight porch crooning sweet, old-time hymns, the quavering, broken notes symbolic of the eventide of life.

The shadows deepened, the crimson and gold of sky and sea mellowing into the afterglow. The "lamps of the angels" twinkled in myriad numbers, and Venus, the wonder evening star, shed a stream of light—a bar of silver shimmering with

glorified radiance on the blue waters. In the distance the blue hills merged into a hazy rim at the horizon, the harbor light luminous as a star.

Darkness, pregnant with a thousand whisperings, the night wind singing through the pines, the silver birches and "the weeds of the forest," fell upon the beach of silver sands. Over the hillocks of juniper vine and bracken sounded the tinkle of a bell—the children's curfew—then the swift patter of childish feet running across the sand and the murmuring of drowsy, mystical laughter.

The campers resting in the doorway of the tent smiled understandingly, and listened intently to the crooning of the hymns.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me."

"The end of a perfect day," murmured Youth, adding meditatively, "only a day

altogether glorious with invigorating sunshine and gladness could leave so wonderful an afterglow."

"And the eventide of life, must it not have been the goodly days so fraught with consecrated service for the Master, so bounteous with the dispensing of love and comfort and toil, that is infusing the eventide of this servant of God with such glory?" questioned the woman of the camp.

"Why, it is the afterglow of his life of service," Youth responded eagerly. "The afterglow of this sunset will linger long in our memory, and the afterglow of the aged minister's years of enriching, consecrated service will linger long in the memory of the people blest and uplifted and comforted."

"An inspiration to us to so live that those who linger beyond the sunset of our years may realize a benediction in the afterglow," whispered the woman camper softly.

The quavering notes of the hymn died huskily. The evening star gleamed with majestic radiance piercing the purple dusk. The fragrance of the night, borne on the night wind, swept through the dense woods and across the beach of silver sands.

The wail of the loon, a startling weird note in the silence; then the sob of the waves lapping the pebbles, and the echo of the seagull's lullaby across the waters lulling the campers to drowsiness.

John Wesley in Georgia

(Continued from page 9.)

Oglethorpe, the Britisher who established the colony of Georgia. One of the most beautiful of monuments in a city of great statues is the one which honors General Oglethorpe. It is a bronze statue of heroic size of the general, with sword and cocked hat. It stands on a white marble pedestal, and at each of the four corners of the latter is a rampant lion, emblem of Great Britain.

There is also to be seen in Savannah a "Colonial Cemetery," where many British dead are buried, their epitaphs dating back to 1736 and earlier. This cemetery is kept in great beauty, and, to their honor be it said, the people of the city are evidently proud of their British ancestors.

Just a newspaper heading, but what memories it brought back! Miles away in a second, hearing again the children conning their lessons in a pretty rural school-house on the road leading to Grand Pre, Nova Scotia. The literature class was in session, and the lesson "The Courtship of Miles Standish." I can recall the expression on the face of the teacher, the shuffling of boys' feet and the suppressed giggling of the girls, as the courtship scene was studied. Every now and then during the day we would hear, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" That one line of the lesson was well learned.

To-day we read that Miss Hester Leavenworth Trumbell, descendant of Priscilla Mullens and John Alden, was married to Miles Standish, Jr. Evidently this twentieth century Miles Standish did not delegate a John Alden to do his wooing, but attended to the matter himself.



THE HOME FIRESIDE



Mrs. Jewell's Syrian Star

A True Story

Mrs. Jewell moved busily about her kitchen, which was filled with the fragrant odor of baking bread. As she worked she was singing an old hymn, "Will there be any stars in my crown?" The kettle added a merry accompaniment, giving, as a singing kettle has a way of doing, a note of cheerfulness and hominess to the atmosphere.

One look at Mrs. Jewell, however, would have assured you that her kettle would always sing, just from the joy of living in her kitchen. To be sure, she was somewhat overweight, and rather plain, not in the least prepossessing, but the smile that lighted her face and the light that shone in her eyes made your heart respond to her instantly.

Just now she was peeling potatoes, with an anxious eye on the clock. Her husband would be home soon for dinner, and as he had but a short time at noon, she prided herself on always being ready. Days that she baked, though, it was hard to keep everything running smoothly and make the clock and the dinner meet in the end. Today, if she hurried, she could just manage it.

"Will there be any stars—" she hummed. "I wonder," she mused, as she finished the last potato, "if there will be any in mine."

That instant she heard a knock at the front door, so faint that it seemed like a child's touch. She stopped just long enough to pour water over the potatoes and set them on the stove. Then, wiping her hands on her apron, she went to the door.

When she opened it the chill November wind blew on her perspiring face. In the warmth of the kitchen she had forgotten that the weather outside was cold and wintry. So, even as she realized with sinking heart that the lad before her was a peddler, she held her door wide open and begged him to come in out of the cold.

He was a foreigner, a Syrian. His two large packs rested heavily on his slight shoulders. As he slipped them off to the floor Mrs. Jewell noticed that his hands were remarkably clean and white, with well-cared-for nails. When he spoke, his teeth gleamed white and even.

"Don't undo them," Mrs. Jewell said. "I haven't any money; I can't buy a thing. But you sit here and rest, and get warm. How long have you been in this country?"

"Just one week," he responded.

"One week! But how did you learn our language so well in that time?"

"Oh, I knew it before I came. I learned it in Dr. Jessup's school."

Mrs. Jewell's knowledge of missions was so extensive that Dr. Jessup was no new name to her. She questioned the boy, and he told her a great deal about his life before he came to America, especially his work in the mission school.

In the midst of the conversation she chanced to look at the clock. Potatoes, dinner, everything, had been forgotten in the face of this new interest. Now they crowded upon her memory with startling reality.

"My stars!" she gasped. "Twelve o'clock! You stay here and make yourself at home. I'll have to tend to things in the

were of no avail. The ship was doomed. Frank had made a desperate struggle for life. All about him in the water were floating the boxes that had been cast overboard. Clinging to one of these, he rode the waves valiantly.

"I was the captain of my ship," he told Mrs. Jewell.

After a long time a ship came by and picked him up. It took him, he said, to a wonderful country, such as he had never seen before—a living fairyland. Here he had waited until he could get passage for America. And at last he was started again on his journey.

Mr. Jewell lingered till the very limit of his time, then tore himself reluctantly away. After he had gone Mrs. Jewell found out more of the boy's history—that he was living with Syrian cousins in the city; that neither he nor they were Christians. She thought quickly.

"My Sunday-school class of boys, just your age," she told him, "is studying the geography of Palestine now. It would make it very interesting and real to them if you could come and tell us about it. Geography is hard to teach. You could help me if you would come."

Frank's eyes sparkled with pleasure. He promised to go. So Mrs. Jewell explained to him just how to reach the church. He was overwhelmed with gratitude for all she had done, and insisted that she take something for the dinner. She protested.

"Yes," he pleaded. "Something from my pack. See!" and he held up filmy laces, handkerchiefs, linens, for her selection.

Mrs. Jewell hesitated. She really wanted nothing for the dinner, but perhaps the moral effect on the boy would be better if she selected something. In the bottom of the pack she

saw that he had various notions, so she took a paper of pins. Then Frank, thanking her for her kindness, shouldered his packs and went out into the cold November day.

When he had gone, and Mrs. Jewell, over the dishpan, was rehearsing it all in her mind, her conscience began to trouble her. Here he was, a student from Dr. Jessup's school. Ought he not, then, to go to a Presbyterian church rather than to the Lutheran, where she belonged? Her sense of the fitness of things answered yes.

As soon as she had finished the dishes she went to the telephone and called up Mrs. Kinney, the president of the missionary society of that presbytery. To her she related Frank's story, and asked her if she would like his address.

"Oh, Mrs. Jewell," came the response

The Guardian's Christmas
Carol Contest announcement may be found on
page 3. Look it over
and submit your poem.

kitchen. You're going to stay to dinner."

The midday meal of the Jewells was a wondrous affair that day. Not the food—that was simple, though appetizing—but after all food does not always make the meal. Eating was almost forgotten as they listened to Frank Naser relating adventures that seemed almost like a fairy tale.

He told them how, working hard in his native land, he had at last earned enough for his passage to America. Then, finally started on his journey, the ship was wrecked. In a desperate effort to keep the boat from sinking, every unnecessary thing had been flung overboard. His precious box, that contained everything he owned in the world, even his savings, had had to go with the rest. But these drastic measures

over the wire, "if you haven't had any experience with those foreigners you don't know how discouraging it is. They tell these wonderful stories, and most of the time they're made up of whole cloth. Really, they just are not worth bothering about. I don't see how I've got the time."

"All right, Mrs. Kinney. "I just thought you might like to know. Perhaps I can get him to come to my class," and Mrs. Jewell hung up the receiver, half exasperated, half glad, for now her conscience was free to ask Frank to her own church.

By Sunday the weather had moderated. The sun shone, and the air, though crisp, was not biting as it had been during the week. Mrs. Jewell felt confident that Frank would keep his promise. But the time for the opening exercises arrived and he had not appeared, nor had he come by the time she was ready to begin the lesson.

Till the end of the session she did not give up hope. But when the school was finally dismissed and he had not come, she was almost inclined to believe that Mrs. Kinney was right. Immediately she was ashamed of herself.

"No, sir," she declared to herself. "That boy told the truth; I know he did. Something happened to prevent his coming, that's all."

On Tuesday the postman left a small, queer-looking envelope for Mrs. Jewell. On opening it she read:

"Dear Mrs. Jewell,—I tried to find the church Sunday, but I went wrong.

"FRANK NASER."

And as she worked happily in the kitchen that morning it seemed as if the tea-kettle put on extra steam and sang more merrily than ever.

The next Sunday the Syrian boy was at Sunday school on time, his hands and nails so clean they shone, his teeth gleaming white. The Sunday after that he was in his place, and the next, and the next, until Mrs. Jewell knew that he was a fixture and could be depended on.

The following spring Mr. Jewell's business took the family to another city. Frank wrote his Sunday-school teacher regularly for a time; then the letters came with less frequency, and finally stopped. So wholly did the things immediately at hand fill her life that Mrs. Jewell thought seldom of him, only occasionally wondering how he was getting along, or what had become of him.

Several years passed. One Saturday evening Mrs. Jewell was reading the paper, glancing over the church notices. There, to her amazement, she read that on the morrow Frank Naser, a student of Rockwell Seminary and a native of Syria, would speak at the Asbury church.

She put down the paper in great excitement. Frank, a student in Rockwell Seminary, a few miles distant! It did not seem possible. Why, it seemed only a few days ago that he was taking dinner with her, a stranger in a strange land!

As you may readily imagine, Mrs. Jewell's place in the Lutheran church was vacant the next morning. Instead, she occupied a seat as far front as possible in the Methodist church. When the minister entered, Frank followed.

He had grown taller and more mature, and for this special occasion was dressed in his Oriental costume. When it came time for him to speak he told practically the same story that he had related to Mrs. Jewell that cold November morning.

"Wonderful story, indeed!" sniffed Mrs. Jewell, thinking of Mrs. Kinney's words. "I guess anyone couldn't tell the same wonderful story twice and have it all hang together so well."

Frank went on to tell how, one evening when out on a peddling trip, he had stopped in a town where the Methodist church was holding special meetings.

"I went to the meeting that night," he said, "and was truly converted. And let me tell you, my dear friends, that it was all due to a dear lady of the Lutheran Church. When I first came to America she took me in and looked after me, and got me interested in her Sunday school, and it is because of her influence that I stand before you as a messenger of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Mrs. Jewell's heart nearly stopped beating, then began to pound wildly. Something in her intent gaze must have attracted his attention, for that instant, for the first time, his eyes met hers. A great joy flashed over his face. His voice rang out clearly with his gladness.

"And she's here to-day! She's here to-day!" he cried.

When the service was over they had a wonderful reunion in front of the pulpit. There Mrs. Jewell learned that after his conversion Frank had heard of Rockwell

A New Song

BY CAMILLA SANDBERSON.

Oh sing the new song He hath bidden us sing,

Song of world-peace at a price never told. The hosts of the Lord are the heralds that bring

His banner of vict'ry lettered in gold. Sing praises to God in whose arm was our might— Glad anthems of praise for the triumph of right.

Oh sing a new song of the vision that wrought

Union of nations to combat the foe. Sing of the wonderful soul-force that sought Ever the demon of hate to overthrow. The thrones of the lawless to ruin are hurled, Sing of men's brotherhood circling the world.

Sing of the wounded, the dying, the dead. Valiantly fought they to win the world's peace.

Sing not of heart-breaking anguish; instead, Sing of brave souls, who were granted release.

Sing of the Christ-love now finding new birth, God's bow of promise re-arching the earth.

Seminary, and had determined to go there, and that when he had finished his course he intended to go back to Syria to work as a missionary among his own people.

"I've never forgotten," he said, as he grasped her hand at parting, "all your kindness and goodness. And I never shall."

Curiously enough, as she walked toward home the words of that old hymn came to Mrs. Jewell's mind, "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

"I wonder," she thought, "if perhaps there won't be one, after all."—*Nina Grace Barrows, in "The Epworth Herald."*

Women and Prohibition

It was with some surprise that I learned that there are more women voters than men in Toronto for the coming referendum. If only they could all be relied upon to cast their ballots and, more important still, to vote the right way. Rev. Peter Bryce, organizer for the Toronto branch of the Referendum Committee, says that eighty-five per cent. of the English-speaking women in Toronto are going to vote for the continuance of prohibition. The majority of what men's votes there are against prohibition are going to be neutralized by their wives' votes. If we are to win this fight it is necessary that every vote be polled.

Now that Germany has had time to consider foreign matters she is going to try and regain her trade. Are we going to allow her to do so? In Paris the women have banded themselves together, and should a German merchant open a store in Paris, immediately in front of it will appear a woman dressed in black, who will walk up and down and do all she can to keep customers from entering the store. The society will so arrange that at no time will the store be left without a sentinel. In this way the women of France will protest against the giving of any trade to Germany.



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TORONTO

The Significance of the Home

BY ALEX. LOUIS FRASER.

Careful students of social conditions tell us that the home is passing away. We boast of our modern improvements, industrial prosperity, national assets; but what signify these if the home is vanishing? It used to be a great school of training. In that respect it should be the best, for it has the advantage of an early beginning, and more continuous operation. But alas! too often it provides, to use Horace Bushnell's phrase, no more than "ostrich nurture."

Modern house-building takes, I fear, but little thought of the child. There are houses going up in all our cities that have no room, literally speaking, for children, and often the landlord refuses to let his house to a man with children. *A dog may be kept!*

There is a tendency, fraught with danger, nowadays to hand over to the Church what the home should do and only it can do. Parents sometimes say, "We support our Church and we have a Sunday school. It is their business to look after the religious training of our children." What thoughtless procedure that is. If a child attended Sunday school every Sunday afternoon, from five years of age till fifteen, that would mean, if he never missed a Sunday all that time, *only one month's religious training.* What would that amount to in music? What in ordinary school life?

There are parts of two verses (Exodus 2: 2, 3) which often appeal to me as among the most pathetic in the Bible. One is, "They hid him three months"; the other, "And when they could hide him no longer." They deal with two sets of conditions. The first verse tells of that stage in human parenthood when they can hide their children. The world does not know even their names. Their playground is their world. You know they are in such and such a room. The door is shut between them and the world. What a commentary on that line in the "Idylls of the King"—"Sweet were the days when I was all unknown."

But the time comes when they can be hidden no longer. The boy comes home some day and speaks in world terms. He finds the road that leads to the far country.

Most of the lads who went to the war were, twenty years ago, little fellows whose world was bound by the hills around home, or confined to the town or city where they lived.

George Eliot has a pathetic poem, "Two Lovers," delineating the history of a home, in a series of pictures. The last is two aged people drawing their chairs together again; the children are all gone.

"They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said
'Once more!
O memories!
O past that is.'"

Jochebed, Moses' mother, got her boy back and trained him so that all the world's coarse thumb could do availed not to rub out what she wrote on his heart and mind. He heard of the traditions and dreams of his race, and all the glitter of Pharaoh's court could not blind his eyes.

Did we see that the world was coquetting with our children; that soon they would be over the hills and far away, out from the sheltering valley, possibly we would spend more time with them in a worth-while way. Do we ignore the world? Walter Bagshot shows, in his essay on Cowper, how young Cowper decided to ignore the world and live a quiet, retired life; but the essayist says very wisely, "The difficulty is, in truth, the existence of the world." The world was there, and is there as a stubborn fact yet, with its cigarette, its often inadequately censored picture show and coarse boxing bout. When we can hide them no longer, that is the world they must face. Are we getting them ready for it? The transition may be a catastrophe. The thought of home saved the Prodigal Son, and returned men have told me that the memory of home was the strongest anchor they had—the one that kept them from drifting.

Are we not often looking at and talking about things in the end of the earth, while our fundamental problem is here? Our battle is fought, won or lost, here. If the home, which Ruskin says constitutes the greatest national memorial of a people, passes, taking with it the old-fashioned mother whose energies were not dissipated in a hundred meaningless ways, then God pity us, for all our machinery put together can never take its place.

Halifax, N.S.

Women Mother Whole World

When God saw that the world needed mothering He did not, in His infinite wisdom, attempt to domesticate an angel from the shining fold—He made a woman. And, wisely or unwisely, according to her light, she has gone on mothering the world ever since.

In this issue now at hand the womanhood of our country is being weighed in the balance, since the fight for a sober Canada grew out of the mother instinct that

craves the very best for her children—a sane and sober world for loyal sons and daughters to grow up in.

A word with you, sister women, as the decisive day draws near—the day when we cast our ballots for a sober Canada. Let not one of us fail. Temperance has many enemies, all of them instant in season and out of season, subtle and powerful; but the enemy it needs to fear more than all others put together is that weariness in well-doing which dulls our loyalty, quenches our zeal and leaves us lukewarm and indifferent.

It is only the selfish woman who will neglect to vote. "This is not my business, this seeing that temperance prevails," said one. "I'm not vitally interested. Liquor has never hurt me or mine."

Never hurt you or yours! Get down upon your knees to thank high heaven, and, while still kneeling, pray for grace—saving grace—to feel for the lives that drink has wasted, the homes it has disrupted, the hearts it has broken. If any of us should be selfish enough to remain at home on voting day would not the trembling hands of mothers who have seen their sons grow into sots, of wives who have watched the ruin of home and husband, the pleading little hands of children defrauded by drink of the love and care God means them to have, all of these would draw us forth out of pure pity, if nothing else?

Selfishness is the sin against others. When our sympathies are big and broad we rise above the littleness that limits our sphere of service.

It is the day of battle, and every good soldier must be ready if we are to go over the top. Be practical, be prompt, get others to the polls. Throw your whole energy into winning, use your influence, your business ability, and that fortitude which has never yet failed you as workers.

Not one of us but is housekeeper enough to know past doubting that the task we leave undone to-day is doubly hard to do to-morrow. And while winning the land we love for temperance and truth is God's work, it is also your work and mine.

—Jean Blewett, in the "Globe."



Walker House

WHAT is where Mama and I stay when we go to Toronto. Mama says she always likes to stay there because they give us such splendid attention. She says it is just like being home only it's better 'cause it's a change.

Oh, yes I like it too, 'cause everyone seems to notice me and Mama says even if papa is not along we receive the attention just the same.

The Little Girl is Right.

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FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



Miss Busy Bee

Miss Busy Bee for many hours
Had labored in the field
Collecting sweetness for the hive
That summer blossoms yield.

At length, grown weary of her task
Amid the clover deep,
She stopped a moment's rest to take
And soon was lost in sleep.

When she awoke at dawn next day
And saw the rising sun,
With smarting conscience she exclaimed,
"Alas! what have I done?"

She hastened to the hive to meet
Her sisters, fresh and bright,
All questioning with eager voice
How she had spent the night.

And then the queen with royal scales
Her action strictly weighed—
And said, "For such a crime as this
A penance must be paid.

"And thus, our order is that you
Remain a month at home
And in the kitchen closely stay
At work on bread and comb."

And so Miss Busy Bee was taught
To keep her watch on time—
(But I could never think that nap
Deserved the name of crime).

—M. E. N. Hatheway, in "The Christian Register."

The Japanese Night Picture Game

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Charles Woodworth. Charles was a little over seven years old, but he was still afraid of the dark. He would not go through the hallway alone from the living-room to the library if the hall light was not burning. The hallway was not dark, not very—only shadowy—because the library light came out part way into the hall, and the light from the living-room came out part way on that side, and the two little paths of light almost met, so there was but a narrow strip of dark left.

Charles said the ends of the hall were dark anyway, and he was afraid; though what he was afraid of no one could tell, not even he himself. Dark never hurt anyone. To be sure one can run against things in the dark, and get bumps, but dark itself never hurt anyone.

One day Aunt Rose came to spend the summer. She was a jolly aunt, and had travelled so much about the world that she had a story for every minute of the day, and many more stories besides.

Aunt Rose saw right away that Charles was afraid of the dark, so one warm summer evening, soon after supper, she said: "Charles, will you come into my room? I have a Japanese story to tell you, and the picture I want to show you is on my dressing table."

Up they went together, and Aunt Rose took from her table a Japanese picture all blues and shadowy purples and indigo, or deep-sea blue, and black. The picture

showed a lonely marsh with a bit of seashore, and some black woods against a grey-black mountain. Upon the seashore was the figure of a little boy alone. In the sky was a large, round moon, rising.

"Look," said Aunt Rose. "Look till you can remember how everything in the picture looks, and then let us go downstairs into the big hall where it is cool, and I'll tell you the story of the picture."

Charles looked long at the picture, and when he closed his eyes a minute and named correctly the things he had seen in it, and the colors, Aunt Rose saw that he had the picture clearly in his mind. Then they went into the hall.

The rest of the family had gone away for the evening, so Aunt Rose and Charles were alone.

"The real moon is rising large and round like the moon in the picture," said Aunt Rose, "so I am going to turn out the lights, and we can see the story here in the hall."

Out went the electric lights, and the moonlight came into the open doorway and make a pathway down the hall.

"I am going to be the story-teller away off in the black woods," said Aunt Rose. "The library is the darkest room, so I shall sit in here and you shall stay in the moonlight in the hall, which is the strip of seashore. On the other side, let us pretend the dark living-room is the deep blue ocean, shadowy in the night. You are the little

Japanese boy named Toyo, and always you have been afraid of the marshes at night. Now come into the dark woods with me for a few minutes."

Charles was not afraid of the dark library when anyone was with him, so he went willingly.

"Back of us this wall, which we can see dimly, is the great mountain of the picture," went on Aunt Rose. "Listen. Let us pretend we hear the night wind in the trees, and do you hear the night insects over by yonder Scrap-basket Hollow?"

Charles laughed, and began to think this a fine game.

"Yes," he said, "and down in that darkest corner of the bushes by the bubbling spring I think I hear a Japanese owl."

"I think I do, too," said Aunt Rose. "Now, little Toyo, it is the darkest hour of the woods upon the lonely mountain. The moon has not yet risen. To prove that you are brave, I am going to leave you alone in these dark woods and slip through the garden window. When I have disappeared in the black-grey-purple shadows I shall not speak again until you have gone alone through the woods to the lonely marshes, into the moonlight. Are you brave enough for that, Toyo?"

Charles did not like to let Aunt Rose know he was afraid, so he said he would make that trip alone. She stole out, and

In the "Christian Guardian" of the 24th September appeared the following letter:

Dear Sir:

The "Guardian" has been a most successful medium for advertisement for me. An announcement for a good, practical house-keeper brought fifteen replies from all parts of Ontario. They were from a very superior class of people. They were all, or nearly all, members of the Methodist Church and readers of the "Guardian." Many a hard pressed home might be helped out of household difficulties through the "Guardian" Ad. Column.

Faithfully yours,

ALBERT G. HUDSON.

Are You in Want of Help in the House?

If so do you not think from Mr. Hudson's testimony that you would most likely obtain the right kind of assistance from an advertisement in the "Guardian"? You will notice that we classify these small advertisements and that answers can be sent to care of the Guardian office, should you so desire.

Our charges in the Classified Want Department are only TWO CENTS A WORD and we give four insertions for the price of three. A form for your use is given on page 27.

N.B.—Please note the instructions on page 35 before sending in your advertisement.

he was alone with the darkest dark he had been in for a long time. He nearly called to her once, but began to think of little Toyo in the picture, and the pretty black, blue, purple shadows, and before he knew it he had passed the dark Scrap-basket Hollow and the place where the little owl hooted, and had come to the Hallway Marshes without one shiver, and there stood dear Aunt Rose, laughing in the moon-lighted doorway of the front hall!

Never since playing the Japanese Night Picture Game has Charles been afraid of the dark, for now he sees the pretty blue shadows and the black, grey, purple ones, and dark is to him just a beautiful game. —*Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in "The Christian Register."*

The Proud Little Bantam Hen

Once there was a proud little bantam hen. She was not much larger than a nice plump robin, but she had pride enough for a full-grown ostrich! She was proud of her own trim little figure, in its gold-spangled dress; she was proud of her handsome husband, with his fine red comb and high-arched, flowing tail; she was proud of her specks of chickens, which popped out of the shell looking like little brown pompons, and grew to look just like their pretty mother or handsome father. Yes, she was a most uncommonly proud little hen.

It would seem as though she should have been perfectly contented with things just as they were. But one day, as she was strolling around among the currant bushes, she found two brown eggs—such fine large eggs, three or four times as large as her own! She turned to her husband. "I shall sit on those eggs," she said firmly, "and I shall hatch them! Then we shall see if Madame Buff Cochin will roll up her silly eyes at the smallness of my chickens!"

So Madame Bantam did that very thing. When Madame Buff Cochin came around to lay another egg in the nest in the currant bushes Madame Bantam flew at her so energetically that the good-natured, fat old creature ran away as fast as her stout legs could carry her, helped by her sturdy wings!

Monsieur Bantam looked a bit doubtful at times when he took a turn at hovering the eggs while his wife took the air. But his duty-periods were very short, because she was so anxious to hurry those eggs along and have it done just right; so he did not complain or criticize. He knew it would be of no use, anyway, her heart was so entirely set on hatching those eggs and having some mammoth chickens.

At last one day she would not come off to take the air at all, and she looked very important and worried, and was almost cross at monsieur when he came to take his turn. Presently, when he came back with an extra nice worm, she was too happy and excited to eat it, for there were her two chickens—such fine, big yellow creatures they were, looking, in their airy fluff coats, almost as large as their mother—or was she their stepmother? I confess I can't say!

How they did grow! And how proud madame was! Monsieur still seemed a trifle doubtful, though he did his share in caring for the family, as usual. It was

suspected that he did not quite like the idea of having sons larger than himself. For both were young roosters, and in less time than you would ever think possible their feathers were sprouting, and they were losing their baby-coat of fluff. Such tail-feathers, too!

Oh, how hard Madame Bantam had to work to hover them! For a little while she succeeded, but soon there was always a long, lanky leg sticking out somewhere! She did not mind it; but Monsieur Bantam acted very sheepish when anyone caught him gallantly doing his bit, with those legs, so much longer and larger than his own, sticking out in all directions! After a while he was never seen doing it. But madame kept right on, and how her poor little wings must have ached, bent up at such an uncomfortable angle, with a big, foolish-looking Buff Cochin rooster partly covered by each one! But her pride kept her up; and never, never would she have acted tired one minute, or stopped strutting about, flirting her tail at old Madame Buff Cochin, who had no family at all that summer! But still she got thinner and thinner, and her bright coat grew dull; she had to work so hard, and got so hungry, giving her greedy sons first place at the dough-dish, and every worm and bug she could rake and scrape.

One day those two big sons disappeared! Madame Bantam had not heard the mistress of the house say, "It's a shame the way Bantie is working herself to death, even if she is having such a good time feeling proud! Those two creatures are big enough for broilers, and broilers they shall be, this very day!" And broilers they were that very day—very fine broilers indeed!

Madame Bantam was having a perfectly tired-out nap under the currant bushes when they were kidnapped, so quietly and skilfully that she never knew what had happened. She searched, and called, all the rest of the day, but after that she went to eating her own worms again, and Monsieur Bantam's, too, and grew fat and glossy as ever, before the cold autumn days came.

No one can say positively that she had had quite enough of raising big chickens,

even if they were chickens to be proud of. But this is certainly true. Never again did little proud Madame Bantam sit on any eggs but her own!—*Minnie Leona Upton, in "Christian Register."*

The International Girls' Camp Conference is held every year at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and here about 230 girls from the different States and provinces meet for two weeks' study and recreation. It is called "The Camp of the Four-Fold Life," and all four sides of character are developed. To the State or province whose representation proves itself to measure up to the best goes the State trophy. This year Ontario had a representation of fifteen girls and three leaders, and they brought back with them the trophy. Good work, Ontario girls; keep it up!

Thanksgiving

BY GEORGIA M. COOK.

Thanks for the life Thy love has guarded still;
Thanks for the loves that all the glad days fill;
Thanks for the joys which brighten all the way,
Thanks for the homes, the friends of every day.
For every daily gift for daily need;
For hopes renewed by many a kindly deed,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For pain that teaches us to sympathize,
For every tear that dims our aching eyes,
For hopes deferred, for disappointments keen,
That lead our faith to One we have not seen;
For faith to walk the darkest, hardest road,
For needed strength to bear life's daily load,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For cloud and sunshine, calm, or wind and rain,
For wildest storm that leads to calm again;
For silent, silver moon—for stars that glow;
For summers verdure, and for winter's snow;
For all of nature, life and living things,
For death, and that new life that dying brings,
We thank Thee, Lord.

FIRE PREVENTION DAY, OCTOBER 9th

Prevent Fires

IN YOUR HOME

By Removing all Rubbish and Litter. Have your furnace and stove pipes in proper condition. Properly installed Lightning Rods are more than 99% efficient.

IN YOUR SCHOOL

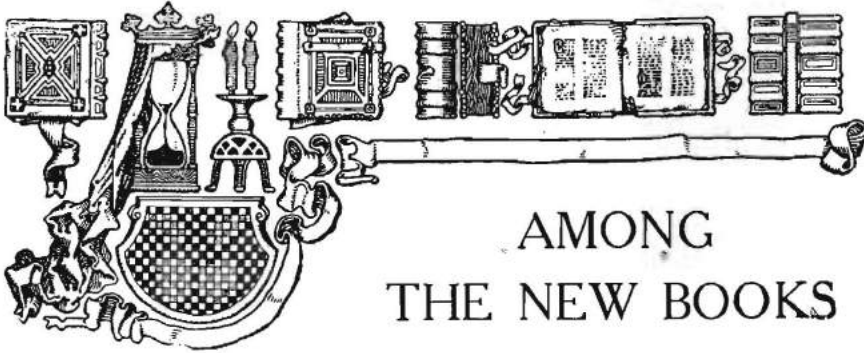
By teaching the children the danger of FIRE. Before leaving each night see that there can be no overheated stoves or furnace. Teach the children not to play with matches.

IN YOUR CHURCH

Have chimneys properly cleaned out before starting your furnace. Never put on an extra fire except when someone is on hand to attend to it.

ONTARIO FIRE PREVENTION LEAGUE, Inc.

Affiliated with Ontario Fire Marshal's Office, Department of Attorney-General,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto



AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

—**HOW TO TEACH RELIGION.** Principles and Methods. By George Herbert Betts, Professor of Religious Education, North-western University. (New York: Abingdon Press.) \$1.00 net.

This useful book gathers into concise statement the fundamental conclusion of the last few years as regards the principles and means of teaching religious knowledge. The chapters on "Religious Attitudes to be Cultivated" and "Life and Conduct" will be very fruitful reading for every parent, as well as for those engaged in Sunday-school or day-school teaching. It is a most readable book, and exhaustive enough to win a place on any pastor's shelf. It is practical and it is timely.

—**EVANGELISM IN THE RE-MAKING OF THE WORLD.** By Bishop Adna Wright Lebnard. (New York: The Methodist Book Concern.) \$1.00 net.

This is a strong and plain-spoken book by Bishop Leonard, and it will be sure of a wide reading. He stresses the old ideas in evangelism while striving to develop the newer points of view. He pays his respects to "educational evangelism" by saying, "So far as I have been able to discover, the theory of educational evangelism makes no provision for the work of the Holy Spirit in conversion." As might be expected, the good bishop seems utterly to ignore the fact that there are thousands of our young people who have grown up in Christian homes and become loyal followers of Jesus Christ without passing through any marked crises in religious experience. The bishop, apparently, holds that these young folks are not Christians; at least, this is the impression left upon the reader. But, apart from this criticism, the author deals very fairly, logically and conclusively with his subject.

—**THE BIRTHRIGHT.** A Search for the Canadian Canadian and the Larger Loyalty. By Arthur Hawkes. With Introduction by Lt.-Col. J. Z. Fraser and Mrs. G. A. Brodie. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.) \$3.00.

We are grateful for Mr. Hawkes' volume, not because it answers all the questions that crowd themselves upon us in this vital day in Canadian life, or solves all the problems that confront us, but because it does make an honest and fearless attempt to face the real situation, and it will have the effect of stirring up some over-complacent people among us to see and to think for themselves. Canadian problems are not insoluble, but their solution will not come lightly and easily, and will never come only at the price of honest and hard thinking, and loyal sacrifice and devotion. Mr. Hawkes is right. What we need to-day in Canada more than anything else is a true-hearted, high-visioned Canadian spirit. Only such a spirit will enable us to take the plume we ought to take in the great, throbbing world-movements of our time. Of course we know that all readers will not agree with some things Mr. Hawkes has to say about the French-English matter in Canada, and educational problems of various sorts, but to our mind he is sufficiently convincing on all these matters to set anyone who disagrees with him to the task of searching over again the ground of the faith that is in him. And the man who thinks Mr. Hawkes is guilty of pessimism will admit that he does succeed in giving some little justification for any jour-

neying that he does along that bleak and dispiriting way. After all, if a man has a clear vision of the goal in the far distance, he can afford to look rather steadily at the things that stand in the way of his reaching it.

—**THOMAS SPURGEON.** A Biography. By W. Y. Fullerton. (London and Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.) \$1.50.

Thomas Spurgeon was his father's son in many ways, though lacking his genius as a preacher. He was much more the flaming evangelist than was C. H. Spurgeon, though he exercised a ministry of truly abiding fruitfulness. The story of his life is a stirring and stimulating one. It tells not only of great campaigns, of midnight marches through the streets of London to draw the outcast crowds to the great meeting, of triumphs of faith in Australia and New Zealand as well as in London, but it gives us also the life-like picture of a man of transparent goodness and honesty and consecration, who did much for the building up of the kingdom of God among men. Of course such a volume as this could scarcely be written without very frequent reference to the elder Spurgeon, but this does not detract any from the interest of the story.

—**JUST JEMIMA.** By J. J. Bell, author of "Wee MacGregor." (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.) \$1.00 net.

A Scotch story, of course; very dour and very amusing, with just a little touch of love and patriotism mixed with it. Jemima is a maid-of-all-work at "Seaview House." She has a keen tongue, the somewhat thraven spirit of a true Scot, but a very kind and human heart. There is much dry and very genuine humor in the book.

—**BULLDOG CARNEY.** By W. A. Fraser, author of "The Three Sapphires." etc. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$1.50 net.

An adventure story of the great Canadian North-West, picturing the border line of civilization, with its wild, rough life; its Indians, half-breeds, Mounted Police, etc. There is a horse race most vividly described, a murder mystery, some love and chivalry, much wildness and thrill and adventure, the whole being wholesome enough in its way.

—**CHRISTIANITY IN THE NEW AGE.** By E. Herman. (London: Cassell and Co.) 7s. 6d.

This is a book for the times, with a strong, forceful message alike for the pulpit and the pew. It is a clarion call for "times like these," and a challenge to the Christian Church to measure up to her responsibility and opportunity to save the world. The fact that this stirring volume is from the pen of a woman does not detract one iota from the power and virility of its message; on the contrary, it rather strengthens its context and meaning. Mrs. Herman, in plain, pointed phraseology, shows not only the weakness of the Church and wherein she has failed, but very clearly and convincingly points out the way to safety and blessing. It is when we make the cross of Christ the law of our lives and the sacrificial spirit of Calvary is carried forward into the lives of Christ's followers. In short, the Christianity of the new age must bear in its body the stig-

mata of the Lord Jesus. The chapters, "The Highway of the Cross" and "The Call for an Adventurous Discipleship," are particularly stimulating and strong. We venture to predict that "Christianity in the New Age" will provoke even greater interest than did a former volume from the same gifted writer, viz., "The Meaning and Value of Mysticism." We strongly commend it to our readers. F.

—**THE MIST OF MORNING.** By Isabel Eccleston Mackay. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$1.50 net.

One could wish that Mrs. Mackay had more to say about the children, David and Rose, for she is undoubtedly at her best with the little folk. The opening chapter, where we hear the fairy story of the mist of the morning, and watch the pirates, is one of the most charming in the book. The

The Uttermost Star And Other Gleams of Fancy

By F. W. BOREHAM
Author of "The Silver Shadow," etc.

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Peace is Not Assured

UNLESS the rising generation is well informed as to the causes, the course, and the consequences of the war. It is our duty then to see that they are well instructed in these matters.

WE must not "leave it to the teacher," but co-operate with the school by having in our own homes a permanent record of the war that our children can read with interest and understanding.

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of the
War"

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THE price of each volume is \$1.50 (the complete set is \$15.00 postpaid). If your bookseller cannot show you the volumes we should be glad to send a specimen on approval.

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grown-up David is an inventor, who, with the help of John Baird, perfects an engine suitable for airplanes. The scene is Toronto, "before the war." The story revolves around the attempt of Herr Stumpf, the German agent, to capture the plans of the engine. As usual, the Hun stops at nothing. The characters are for the most part human and, therefore, interesting. Towards the end we hear the rumble of the approaching storm, and then the war cloud breaks.

—MISS EMELINE'S KITH AND KIN. By Winnifred Arnold. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.) \$1.25 net.

A story of New England village life. Miss Emeline is a maiden lady of sixty who lives alone and worships her ancestors. Under a somewhat crusty exterior she hides a heart of gold, but it takes little Mary Christie and Emily Parlow, a missionary, to bring out her good points. Family reunions become the fad in the village, and Miss Emeline, having no near relatives of her own, invites as her kith and kin all those in the neighborhood who are outsiders.

—SCARLET NEST. By Ellis Lloyd. (Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.) \$1.35.

This is a well-written story of Welsh Non-conformist life, and gives one pleasure to read the descriptions of Welsh scenery. One imagines himself gazing from the top of Snowdon over those wild bits of landscape peculiar to Wales. Gwilym Howell, is the young minister at a small village in South Wales, whose head deacon is Hezekiah Williams, a man of very narrow views. Scarlet Nest is a "theatre" woman of old Welsh family, who possesses a charming voice and sprightly temperament. She wins the heart of the young pastor, much to the dislike of Williams, who has a daughter, Gwennllian, a beautiful character. Owen John is the man that we find among the working classes looking for a real brotherhood of man. Nest's renunciation of Gwilym for Gwennllian, that the minister might make good, together with her tragic end, lifts the book out of the ordinary.

—THE INDIVIDUAL GOSPEL and Other Essays. By Andrew Gillies. (New York: The Methodist Book Concern.) \$1.10 net.

This author says some good things, and says them well; but he is in a rather too controversial mood, and has too much to say about the wrongness of some other person's way of looking at things to suit our taste. It is a case of wrong emphasis rather than of wrong ideas.

—THE LAMP IN THE DESERT. By Ethel M. Dell. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$1.75.

The garrison life of India in depicted, with its petty intrigues and its pleasures, with an occasional native uprising. The hero, Everard Monck, is a very forceful character, determined to have his own way, and yet capable of going to extremes of self-sacrifice in order to protect the honor of the woman he loves. There are several outstanding characters. Tommy, the sunny subaltern, and Tessa, a ten-year-old harum-scarum, with Peter the Great, are perhaps the best-liked in this new book by the author of "The Way of an Eagle."

—THE EXPOSITOR (September). Edited by Rev. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Contents:—"The Slave and the Workman in the Greek New Testament," Prof. Frank Granger, Litt.D.; "Cyprion on the Lord's Prayer," Rev. Prof. James Moffatt, D.D., Litt.D.; "The War and New Testament Criticism," Rev. R. L. Marshall, M.A., LL.D.; "The Fifth Chapter of the Book of Judges," Rev. G. Margoliouth, M.A.; "The Meaning and Function of the 'Church' in Matthew 18: 15 ff," Prof. Vacher Burch.

We are pleased to note that Rev. Herbert E. Thomas, Sackville, N.B., president of the Conference of the Methodist Church of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, has been awarded second prize in the competition for the best manuscript on the "Twentieth Century Minister," announced by the Forward Movement Committee of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. There were 187 manuscripts submitted, and the judges experienced great difficulty in coming to a decision. The prize manuscripts will be published in the near future.

OUR CHURCH WORSHIP

Do we lay too much emphasis on the "sermon part" of the service? Here is a new book which covers the matter helpfully and practically.

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Author of "The Art of Exposition," "The Art of Sermon Illustration," etc. "Treats of the worship of the sanctuary, and makes valuable practical suggestions for the enrichment of the service." Cloth, 275 pages, \$1.50.

INDIA'S SILENT REVOLUTION. By Fred. B. Fisher.

Anyone who ever heard big human, analytical Fred. B. Fisher talk about missions will want this book on India, the result of Mr. Fisher's considerable study. It is written from an American viewpoint, and presents the economic, social, political and religious situation. Cloth, 192 pages, \$1.50.

THE EVOLUTION OF LATIN CHRISTIANITY. By Jas. Heron, D.D.

The author, who is Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Assembly's College, Belfast, gives the benefit of a lifetime of study in this book. It is a comprehensive picture of the matter naturally following under the title, given with an authority infrequently met with. Cloth, 370 pages, \$3.25.

RELIGION AND INTELLECT. By David Graham.

Sub-titled, "A New Critique of Theology." This book has been prepared with a view to separating the intrinsic and holy in Christian theology from the false, extrinsic and profane. A T. and T. Clark book. Cloth, 156 pages, \$2.25.

A NEGLECTED SACRAMENT. By James Hope Moulton, D.D.

While titled as above, this book is really a series of studies and ten addresses which will furnish splendid material for sermons. The writer's reputation is so well-known that nothing more needs to be said regarding the book. Cloth, 156 pages, \$1.50.

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Ontario Temperance Act

A Great Benefit to Province

THE Ontario Temperance Act has reduced crime by over one-third and drunkenness in public has practically disappeared.

Alcoholic insanity has disappeared.

Gold cures and alcoholic institutes for treating alcoholism have been closed for lack of patients.

Ontario has been saved an annual drink bill of \$36,000,000, enough to pay our share of interest on the War Debt.

Many victims of alcohol three years ago, thank God to-day for the Ontario Temperance Act.

To repeal the Ontario Temperance Act would be a calamity. The amendments would make it practically worthless. To every question on the Referendum vote NO.



Abraham Lincoln

"The Liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive but will aggravate the evil. It must be eradicated—not a root must be left behind."

Drink is a Cancer

Doctors, Alienists, Criminologists, Insurance Actuaries, Statesmen, Generals, Big Business Men, and Social Workers agree that alcohol as a beverage is a racial poison and a national curse.

British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Quebec (excepting beer and wine), New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince

Edward Island and Newfoundland have enacted prohibition.

The United States is permanently "dry."

France has abolished absinthe, Scotland has now a local option law, England is initiating a great campaign for temperance reform. The movement is world wide.

Ontario must go forward, or be left behind, but be careful

Mark Four X's

(One X under each NO)

Ontario Referendum Committee

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MOSTLY ABOUT PEOPLE

The Hon. H. J. Cody, LL.D., Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario, gave a most interesting address at a luncheon in Burwash Hall, Victoria College, a few days ago; but to us the most interesting sentence in it was that with which the address closed, which was as follows: "By education I mean a sound body, a trained intelligence and a reverent spirit, which in combination will make our youths in due time efficient and God-fearing citizens." That sentence seems to indicate both a sensible and a high ideal.

As an illustration of the thoroughness of much modern missionary effort an item reported last week might be mentioned. Dr. George Hamlin Washburn, son of George Washburn, a former president of Robert College, Constantinople, has been sent to Turkey to superintend the erection of not less than fifteen hospitals, the cost of which will run into nearly a million dollars. These are to be located at strategic points from the Sea of Marmora to the Persian frontier. Dr. Washburn, who was born in Constantinople and spent his boyhood there, is a graduate of Harvard, has been professor of obstetrics in Tufts College Medical School, and is a physician of large experience and ripe knowledge. He will be accompanied by many doctors and nurses.

The American continent is to have still another illustrious English visitor this fall in the person of Mr. A. G. Gardiner, who has lately retired from the editorship of the London *Daily News*, and who is perhaps best known on this continent as the author of those two illustrious books, "Prophets, Priests and Kings," and "The War Lords." Mr. Gardiner has been editor of the *News* for the past eighteen years, and to say that his tenure of office was a brilliant success is not putting the situation too strongly. Besides his work on the *News*, Mr. Gardiner has been writing in the *Star* regularly for years, under the pen name of "Alpha of the Plough," brief essays on all sorts of themes that have made most delightful reading.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, after thirty-seven years of successful leadership of the Salvation Army in India, is retiring, owing to failing health. Before taking up the work of the army in India, Mr. Booth-Tucker was in the Civil Service in that country. In the beginning of his work his decision to preach in native dress was regarded as a very dangerous experiment. He suffered a month's imprisonment in Bombay for being guilty of open-air preaching. Under his leadership the Salvation Army in India is almost entirely native, fully nine-tenths of the three thousand officers being so. Mr. Booth-Tucker's first wife was a daughter of General Booth, the founder of the army.

Edward W. Bok, editor-in-chief of the *Ladies' Home Journal* since 1889, is to relinquish his active connection with that journal at the first of the year, retaining a connection with the paper only as a vice-president and director of the Curtis Publishing Co. Mr. Bok was born in the Netherlands in 1863, and came to the United States as a boy of six. He has been in newspaper work practically all his life. His wife is a daughter of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the founder of the Curtis Co.

Mr. J. Edgar Middleton, late of the Toronto *News*, has accepted the management of the publicity work in connection with the Canadian Inter-Church Forward Movement. Mr. Middleton is widely and favorably known, is a newspaper man of long experience, and the Movement is to be congratulated on securing his services. He is the son of the Rev. Eli Middleton, of the London Conference, at present living in East

Toronto. "Jess" has a gift for poetry, and published a book of war verse which has been well received. He was editor of "On the Side," the very original "Funny Column" of the *News*, for many years. He does not think, however, that his new job is going to be any joke.

General Sir F. Milne, commander-in-chief of Constantinople and formerly British military leader in the Balkan army, has received his due meed of praise for important and very difficult services rendered during the war, having received the highest awards



GENERAL SIR F. MILNE.

bestowed upon any army officer, including decorations from King George, the Khedive of Egypt, the King of Italy, the King of Serbia, the President of France, and from Roumania, Greece and Russia. He is the type of the Englishman at his best.

President Howard Bliss, of the Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, is in the United States, trying to secure financial and other help to enable him to meet the wonderfully enlarging opportunities of his institution following the war. He states that from

Egypt alone there have come no less than five hundred applications from young men for enrollment in the college next year. Though under the greatest stress and difficulty, the college has been kept open during the whole period of the war. Though missionary in its character and spirit, it is open to the students of any faith. Dr. Bliss was born at Mt. Lebanon, Syria, in 1860, his father being a missionary there, later founding the institution over which his son has presided since 1902. He is most hopeful and enthusiastic about his work, and says he envies any man who is five minutes younger than himself. Dr. Bliss attended the Peace Conference in Paris, and had an audience with the "Big Ten" touching the question of the overlordship of Syria.

Perhaps it would simplify matters considerably if the leaders in the Church of England who occasionally talk on the subject of church union would do as the editor of the *New York Churchman* suggests. Here is the honest way he puts it: "We are confronted in this matter of unity with a situation that demands of us a clean-cut, frank assertion of certain fundamental principles. Do we exclude by our definition Christians of every name who do not hold to apostolic succession? If we make such a definition we must bear the consequences of our decision. Let us hereafter in every discussion of church unity into which we enter with Christians of other communions say whether the unity which we propose is the absorption of other bodies into our own and their unconditional surrender as penitent schismatics." It might seem impertinent to some, but would it not be straightforward to put the situation just as the *Churchman's* editor does. And the answer would not be an affirmative one in every instance certainly, for we note that the rector of Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, says that "none but the ecclesiastical cave man believes any longer in the apostolic succession."

Miss Minnie Garrett, missionary to West China, sailed from Vancouver last week, returning to her work. She is followed by the warm wishes and earnest prayers of many friends.

"I told you," said the merchant, "to mark this box 'Handle with care.' What's this gibberish you've scrawled on it?" "That," replied the college graduate, "is Latin for 'Handle with care.'" "Huh! How do you expect a baggage man to understand that?" "He won't, and therefore he won't get mad and smash the box."—*Boston Transcript*.

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For 1919 - - Now Ready

Copies of the Year Book have been forwarded to Superintendents of Circuits and Lay Delegates to all the Annual Conferences, as provided by last General Conference.

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The Campaign Is On

In a campaign every incident and every agency must be regarded just as a stage in one movement achieving a decisive result. The result in our case is to be a permanent impact of Christian thought and temper upon Canadian life. It is time to make sure that no man can possibly say that the Church does not count. No man in any walk of life, wealthy or lowly, scholar or plain man of common sense, can be allowed to live without feeling that he is definitely and forcibly challenged on behalf of the Christian way of living. The campaign seeks to make supreme and unavoidable this issue. Is Christian life itself worth while? This does not mean that Christian life is to be lived, so far as it can be lived, without seriously disturbing anything. To be worth while means that it very seriously disturbs many things. Jesus meant to disturb every plan of life by drastic demands which would destroy many habits of thought and action. "It was to scatter fire on the earth that I came, and oh! that the fire was already kindled." Thousands of earnest men ache with the same yearning. "Oh! that it were already kindled."

The Campaign Means Fighting

General Currie says, "You cannot have war without fighting." But the fight in our case is not of man against man, but of the god-like in every man against all habits of thought and action which withstand the domination of Jesus in every relation and activity of life. The temper of the fight is different from that of the stock market. Soldiers received many comforts through tag days. But we are seeking to make soldiers, not taggers. It is a campaign, not a tag day.

The Army Fights on Its Knees

A field army fights on its stomach, and cannot advance beyond its food transport. This campaign has its first fight on its knees. Not more prayer-meetings, but more praying people are needed. Christian people cannot awaken in others the feeling for God unless they are themselves alive with the feeling for God. This needs cultivation. Without deepening the feeling for God and ennobling our thought of God we can do nothing.

BUSY MEN AND WOMEN! Snatch time every day for praying.

HOME-MAKERS! Centre the home life in united remembrance of God.

EMPLOYERS! Start each day with determination to aid God in making the most of every human life.

WORKERS! Set out each day to help God to make His world.

Campaign Consciousness Required

No man must be allowed to escape the challenge of the campaign as a whole. Nothing but disaster awaits us if many people think they can respond merely by signing large cheques, while they decline to be active in praying or evade the fundamental decision to interpret all life and wealth as held in trust. It is futile to pay for the evangelizing of China unless the life of the giver be opened to the absolute sway of Jesus, whatever that sway may involve. Any minister who fails to present this campaign as one vital endeavor to make life Christian imperils the whole campaign. Any Church which fails to realize its whole task tends to break the line. Many ministers and churches did not start on time—zero hour was Rally Day. They must be the more urgent now in getting into the field with fullness of purpose. For the moment the whole campaign centres in getting the whole Church and every member obsessed with the feeling of God's presence in all life. No wealth counts just now but that which is rich towards God.

The campaign has two phases:

1. Until the end of the year—enlisting, training and inspiring every member of the local church to extend the rule of Jesus both as regards the number of lives and the range of activities in each life. This calls for the activity of every official member in some phase of the spiritual work of the Church. Officers do not cease to be men; church officials should not become honorary members of the Church. There are no honorary ranks in the army of Jesus; all are called to be combatants.

2. After the New Year—the flinging of the United Church in one mighty impact upon the world's life. This attack will be along five lines:

(a) Evangelism and Social Service—Christianizing Canadian life.

(b) Production of spiritual leaders through colleges free from debt.

(c) Provision for officers on the retired list, by endowing the Superannuation Fund.

(d) The extension of the Church in every part of Canada—Home Missions.

(e) The extension of the Church in foreign fields.

THE CAMPAIGN IS NOW ON. ARE YOU?

CAMPAIGN NOTES

The Red Man is the Path Finder.

'Twas an Indian missionary gave the first bold answer to the challenge. Hear him. "No matter what difficulties there are in the way, we must press this campaign on to success. I speak for the Indian people, and say that the challenge must be made to them. . . . the Superintendent of Indian Missions must go to all our native people and tell them the needs. They will respond. . . . In one place the local missionary had already gone ahead and set the campaign objective, and the aim was set forth on a blackboard in the church. . . . The first collection was taken the Sunday before the arrival of the Superintendent." How's that for the Rev. W. H. Pierce, of Port Essington, B.C.? Next, please!

Well done, Hamilton!

Hamilton Conference is first with its definite plans for the November district conferences for the training of workers. President Fitzpatrick puts punch into the drive effort. Hear his call: "It is up to the chairman and his cabinet. Their push will mean everything in success. People require information given with fervor. If what we are getting is a sample, they will get the right material in print. But the living voice must bring the fervor. Every district cabinet ought to plan enthusiastic and able deputations to visit each circuit and appointment. Laymen must be pressed into service. . . . Emphasis is everywhere laid on the spiritual, and we must keep it there. If our giving is as spiritual as our praying, we are on the verge of a modern revival." Go to it, Bro. Fitzpatrick; men will follow the lead.

Saskatchewan Reports Revival Started.

Rev. R. H. Whiteside reports a glorious revival on Seaman's circuit. "It looks as though the community were going to be won." He asks for a supply of cards for new membership. That's right. Every circuit is right on to its job, with or without an 'outside evangelist! The community must be won anyhow.

Minute Men and Women.

What's this new thing—minute men? Not mi-nute, but minute men. Time short, message big, a call goes out for a host of men and women volunteers to speak on every possible occasion on the claims of the campaign. To link this on with the Ontario Referendum Campaign, we offered our minute men to that service, and seven hundred names were in in two days. Come on into the fight, the rest of you. Things are beginning to move. Women, too, as well as men. Report at once to your pastor, and tell him to report to headquarters. Bulletins will be issued periodically for the use of these minute men and women. We want two thousand more at once.

National Rally of Leaders.

Some of our General Boards are meeting this month in Toronto, and the day which is free in between—Oct. 8th—has been set apart for a big rally and conference of leaders from every part of the country. This is not to take counsel whether we will do the thing or not—that is settled. It is to tell how it is being done and how better to do it. Divided counsels are past. The time is for united incentive and untied action.

Hello! Is Your Local Situation Peculiar?

Perhaps it is. You have some church anniversary coming on, or some local church debts to carry, or some sluggish Christianity hindering progress, or an exodus of oozing of the people to some other place. Your situation is peculiar. Every other place is just the same, only the peculiarity varies. Everywhere people are moving out; there will be vacancies unless we move people into the kingdom; and they need mighty immediate moving.

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350 positions filled last year by competent students. Students may enter at any time.

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MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

A Unique Guest

The lesson for to-day links itself closely to that of last week. The next Sabbath day after the call of the four fishermen to permanent discipleship, which we discussed last week, was the wonderful Sabbath of to-day's lesson. And we may be sure that that first Sabbath of their intimate association with Him was a day that they never forgot, a day of rich experiences and of very precious memory. On it they had listened to their Master teach in the synagogue probably for the first time, and that teaching must have been a revelation both of His spirit and of the truth that He had to give. They had seen Him cure the poor maniac that had interrupted the service and restore him to health and sanity. They had gone with Him to Peter's home, had seen His sympathetic hand go out in healing toward Peter's mother-in-law, and then they had spent the long afternoon in intimate fellowship with Him in the quiet of Peter's home. And as sunset came on and the Sabbath day was really over according to their way of reckoning, they had watched the sick and distressed of all sorts brought to Him by their friends, that He might heal and cure them all. Yes, it must have seemed a wonderful day to them, a day both of revelation and of inspiration.

But evidently the part of that wonderful day's experiences that we are supposed to think most about to-day is the hours that were spent in the home of His newly-found disciple. "Jesus in Peter's home" is our lesson's title. That He was there and what He did there are supposed to be the significant things for us just at this time.

Of course in one way of looking at it there is nothing remarkable in the fact that Jesus went to Peter's house and spent a few hours in friendly and helpful intercourse with those who called it home, as well as with some others who were visitors like Himself. And yet from another point of view it was a very significant thing. Apparently Jesus soon got into the habit of going to Peter's home as opportunity offered, and of making it a friendly stopping place, something as the home in Bethany also became. And the Jesus who would do that and who would be a welcomed and joyously-received guest, no matter when He might come, would scarcely be the kind of Jesus that some people have pictured. A well-known Sunday-school publication from across the line has recently very severely criticized a book that tells a story of life in Palestine in the first century and makes Jesus one of the characters in the story. Now the ground of this criticism does not seem to be that the story is untrue to the life and conditions of the time, or at fault in the way it presents the man of Nazareth to its readers, save in this particular, that it makes Him a little too intimate and human. And this the paper

in question seems to judge a terrible and heinous sin.

But is it not a fact that the Jesus who went to Peter's house and Lazarus' house, and was ever a welcome guest, was in reality very intimate and very human? And was not this wonderful and beautiful thing about Him the thing that we ought to remember, for it is our guarantee that He is still ready and willing to be a guest in our humble homes, and a companion and friend even to just ordinary people as we are.

And Jesus in Peter's home was not only a kindly companion and friend; he was as well a helper, one who brought something with him of great and permanent and abiding blessing. The shadow of sickness was lifted because He came, and joy and gladness took the place of anxiety and apprehension. It is still true, the happy, sunshiny, heartsome homes are the homes into which the Son of Man comes and within whose walls His Spirit reigns and His ideals and principles are operative. There are many reasons for unhappy homes, but the fact that the home was truly Christian has never yet been one of them. And we do not think it is possible for the home to be really happy if it is not essentially and truly a Christian home.

The picture of Peter's wife's aged mother ministering to the little company is one that we like to dwell upon. In her great joy and gratitude for the relief and cure that had come to her she felt that she could not do enough for the Master and those who were with Him. You can so easily picture her going around with beaming face and lavish hands heaping upon the family's visitors everything that the household afforded for their comfort and satisfaction. And grateful love finds many ways of serving. To her dying day, we are sure, the old lady never forgot that day, and we are sure, too, she never forgot to be

kind and helpful to everyone she met for the sake of the one who had done so much for her.

That is why the Christian home is the happy home, because gratitude and the desire to serve are instinctive in it. And that is why unhappy homes are unhappy, because the spirit of selfishness and thoughtlessness and self-seeking rules. It is the atmosphere that makes the happy home, and there cannot but be an atmosphere of considerateness and kindness and willingness to help wherever the real spirit of Jesus has right of way.

Is it too much to say that where Jesus comes more and more into the home the home becomes more and more healthy, as well as happy. The growth of Christianity means the increasing of health and the crowding out of disease and everything that disease brings. Peter's home seems to have been in a malarial district; but real, intelligent Christianity is not content to have malarial districts undrained. It is eminently worth while, just for the physical well-being that will result, to take Jesus into the home and into the community, and give His great ideas and principles a chance to make all life clean and sweet and sound.

William Black

HELPING HALIFAX

The following telegram has been received by the Rev. Dr. Chown. It indicates the good-will between the Methodist Episcopal Church and our own, and a strong, common purpose to advance and strengthen Methodism on this continent.

"Board Home Mission and Church Extension of our Church has made an appropriation of ten thousand to help to meet your great emergency in connection with disaster at Halifax. A letter will follow.

"D. D. FORSYTH,

"Corresponding Secretary.

"BISHOP JOS. F. BERRY,

"President of Board."

The Rev. H. Arthur Barton, who has been doing evangelistic work in Alberta for the last three years, expects to continue his work as evangelist during the present season. He is now conducting a union series of services in Calgary. Ministers who wish to arrange with Mr. Barton for meetings should address him at once to his permanent address: Y.M.C.A., Calgary, Alta.

IF YOU RECEIVE GOOD RESULTS FROM YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE GUARDIAN, PLEASE LET US KNOW. IT WILL GREATLY ASSIST US IN OUR ATTEMPT TO MAKE THIS DEPARTMENT OF REAL SERVICE TO ALL OUR READERS.

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B575

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Q An energetic pastor tells us that eighteen of his ladies have "chosen sides" and are making a contest out of The Guardian's Circulation Campaign. That pastor and those ladies show the right spirit. It must be a good church to attend--that. The Guardian Campaign should bring them a bountiful financial harvest.

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S. W. Fallis, Book Steward

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The Guardian's Ladies' Aid Circulation Campaign

— October 11th to November 11th —

The Conferences

HAMILTON

Wesley Church, Brantford; pastor, Rev. S. E. Marshall, B.A., B.D.—A permanent honor roll was unveiled on a recent Sunday evening in Wesley Church, in a most impressive service and before a crowded congregation. It contained the 110 names of

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—Samuel Smiles, "Thrift."

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the men who had gone overseas, eleven of whom paid the supreme sacrifice. The roll was made of quartered oak, with three columns of names chiselled permanently thereon, and makes a handsome and worthy memorial. After the pastor read the names of those who had given their lives, the congregation standing, the honor roll was fittingly unveiled by Mrs. A. Betts, who had lost two sons in the war. Addresses were given by Mr. Geo. Wedlake, the Sunday-school superintendent; and Capt. T. F. Best, the Y.M.C.A. secretary. Mr. Geo. H. Williamson and Capt. Norval Luck, whose name was on the roll and who had just returned home, also took part. Besides the choir, the Wesley Male Quartette and Mr. Geo. N. Crooker rendered suitable and excellent selections. A fine souvenir programme, which contained the 110 names, was highly appreciated by the congregation.

Mount Forest; Rev. David Wren, M.A., B.D., pastor.—At a recent meeting of the Quarterly Official Board of the Mount Forest Methodist Church very encouraging and optimistic reports were received, and an aggressive programme launched for the present Conference year. The past year was considered one of the most successful in the history of the church. A splendid evangelistic committee was appointed to assist the pastor in promoting the work of evangelism during the fall and winter months. The boys' work and the girls' work have been placed under carefully-trained leadership, and this department of the church's work is to receive very careful consideration during the year. The Trustee Board very graciously offered to assist the Northern Summer School Executive in making the church the home of the school for this next year. The finances of the church are in splendid condition, and the church enjoys a marked degree of prosperity under the leadership of their present pastor. The board unanimously voted, as a mark of appreciation of the pastor's service and to meet the high cost of living, an increase of \$200 in salary, making the salary for the coming year \$1,600.—W. J. G.

LONDON

The officials of the First Methodist Church, St. Thomas, have increased the salary of their pastor, Rev. Geo. A. King, to \$2,000. The church is also considering plans for re-seating the gallery, complete new heating system and beautifying the interior of the church, at a cost of \$10,000.

Wroxeter Circuit; Rev. F. Stride, pastor.—The forty-first anniversary services of our church at Belmore were held on Sept. 28th and 29th. Sermons were preached, morning and evening, by Rev. D. Rogers, of St. Thomas, to large and attentive congregations. On Monday evening Mr. Rogers gave us a most helpful and entertaining address on "The Bright Side of Things." It was fitting that Mr. and Mrs. Rogers should be at the anniversary. The latter was a teacher in the Sunday school and organist of the church for some years, and Mr. Rogers informed us that he was present at the laying of the cornerstone in 1878, and assisted the pastor, Rev. E. Fessant, in a most extensive revival held the winter after the opening of the church. Mr. Rogers retains the fluency and fervency of former years, and preached and lectured without the use of a note. The offerings and lecture proceeds were beyond our objectives.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN'S GRAVE

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian. Dear Sir,—I was pleased with your note in the issue of Sept. 17th on "The Grave of Joseph Scriven." I felt ashamed of myself that I knew nothing of this man who wrote that beautiful and well-known hymn, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." It is a hymn of which Watts or Charles Wesley might be proud; yet these men we have known from our youth; but to this

man, buried on our own soil, we never gave a thought.

Thank you for shedding light on the career of one of our own men. Give us more detail and more matter on more Canadians. If Joseph Scriven had been buried in the United States or Great Britain we would all know his life's history. Give us more of our own history—not a little more, but much more. Yours, etc.,

OLIVER TWIST.

Those of our readers who live in the country should always turn to the Classified Want Department on page 35. It is there that their town cousins talk to them of what they want. Remember you are both Guardian readers, and therefore you can have confidence in these advertisements.

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MUSIC



GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

(1685-1759)

The name Handel, to the average reader associates itself at once with the oratorio, "The Messiah," that wonderful musical setting of the promises of God, and their glorious fulfilment in the life, death and resurrection of our Saviour. Born in Saxony, in 1685, Handel showed early signs of musical genius. At the age of eighteen we find him a professional violinist, just finishing his first pretentious musical work. He served as chapel master to the Elector of Hanover, afterwards following the latter to England during the Elector's reign as George the First. Handel spent forty-seven years of his life in England, and composed there his works of greatest importance, dying in London at the age of seventy-four.

The following hymns in our Methodist Hymn Book are adapted from Handel's works: "Antioch" (Hymn No. 60), arranged from "The Messiah"; "Samson" (Hymn No. 366), adapted from the oratorio "Samson." Also the tunes "Thatcher" and "Christmas," the settings prescribed for hymns 374 and 553 respectively, are his. Some authorities claim that the tune "St. Thomas" (Hymn 267), ascribed to Aaron Williams, is from Handel's pen.



PROGRAMME FOR A SUNDAY EVENING

By "His Master's Voice" Records

PART 1.

- (a) "Shall We Gather at the River" Haydn Quartette
- (b) "Ave Maria" (Gounod) Alda-Elman
- (c) "The Lost Chord".... Gluck-Zimbalist
- (d) "Onward, Christian Soldiers" Westminster Choir

PART 2.

- (e) "In the Garden" Rodeheaver
- (f) "The Crucifix" Caruso-Journet
- (g) "Rock of Ages" Gluck-Homer
- (h) "The Holy City"..... MacDonough

MORE GOOD ANTHEMS

Some Interesting Scores

Four delightful anthems have been passed in to the Music Editor this week to be reviewed.

"God so Loved the World," by Marks, is a number breathing a distinctly devotional atmosphere. The melody is appealing, the parts are beautifully harmonized, and there is ample opportunity for shading. "Style" is written all over this delightful score, and the GUARDIAN heartily commends it to any choir having balanced sections.

"I Lay My Sins on Jesus," by F. W. Wegenast, is one of several interesting anthems by this talented tenor. The number opens with a solo for soprano or tenor, followed by a duet for soprano or tenor and alto. Then follow in four parts the lines—

"I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares."

The soloist next sings a couple of lines, after which the full chorus finish the number. The ending is particularly pleasing, an exquisite bit of pianissimo writing following a vigorous double forte passage.

"God Shall Wipe Away All Tears," by Adamson, is strongly reminiscent of bits of Gaul's "Holy City"; not that the GUARDIAN has any thought of Mr. Adamson having plagiarized the beautiful cantata mentioned. He has, however, been able to breathe into this lovely anthem the same reverential spirit that Gaul has instilled into many parts of the "Holy City."

The anthem opens with a quiet, comforting passage, followed by a bit of three bars of choral recitative. Next in order is an interesting unison passage, against which a fine organ score has been written. The number concludes in the spirit of the opening passage, the final seven bars expressing beautifully the thought suggested by the words, "There shall be no more pain, neither sorrow, nor crying."

Another fine item is Neidlinger's setting of Warrington's "Guard While I Sleep." The song form of this number has been well known for many years to Canadian lovers of music. To be rendered properly it requires a well-balanced chorus, and will amply repay careful study by any group of singers.

Sample copies of any of the above will be gladly forwarded by Whaley, Royce and Co., Department "A," Toronto, Ontario.

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HINTS FOR THE CONDUCTOR

Notes on Sunday School Singing

It is a good plan to "play up" the boys against the girls occasionally in the singing of a hymn, by giving each alternate verses to sing and adding a word of spicy comment to spur each along. Be sure and have the last verse and chorus sung by the entire school.

A quiet hymn of the "prayer" type may sometimes be prefaced with a request that the last verse be sung with heads bowed and with eyes closed. This makes an ideal condition from which to enter upon the study of the lesson. Have the last verse sung very softly.

It is good policy to have the larger classes, on successive Sundays, sing as a choir, leading the music of the Sunday school. If this is bestowed as a mark of honor for good behavior, heartiness in singing, or good standing in class reports, you will have achieved something really worth while.

In learning a new hymn, always begin with the chorus, it being the typical part of the song, and, therefore, most easily remembered. Sing it over for the children a couple of times, when you will find them eager to try it and usually entirely capable of carrying it through. The verses may then be learned at leisure.

Give each child, where at all possible, a song book to himself. They are used to this at public school, and resent having to "look on" at Sabbath school. It is in small matters such as this that a child begins to form a derogatory opinion of his Sunday school and its surroundings. Another question that may come to a bright chap's mind is—why a live boy should have to go to Sunday school in a cellar (which is what so many church basements really are), when he has all week long cheery, bright, high-ceilinged rooms in which to study.

WERE YOU THERE ?

The Music Man Has a Good Time

The Rambler started this little chat in order that you might share two or three interesting secrets with him. Secret number one is that he went to church one Sunday morning recently; secret number two that he didn't reach the church he started for; and the third and most deadly of all is that he was glad he didn't.

Ten fifty-eight o'clock found him herded into a densely packed carload of perspiring humanity, with little apparent prospect of reaching the port of his desire. The car halted suddenly before a cosy looking church, people began to disembark and he and his'n decided to follow the crowd. They were glad they did.

Now the Rambler has his own ideas about things churchly, and, like the rest of his ilk, is oftener critical than creative. To tell the truth, he sometimes misses a spiritual feast by paying too much attention to non-essentials, such as how the choir behaved, the probable cost of the organ, the whence-ness of the preacher and the whitherness of his predecessor.

The Rambler's chance port turned out to be a haven of delights. His welcome at the door was genuine, the church had a "homey," restful interior, and he and his'n settled down to enjoy themselves.

The organist was playing just the kind of thing to make one forget the hustle and excitement of Exhibition time and attune one to his surroundings. The Rambler peeped into the mirror above the organist's head, and was amazed to find a young slip of a miss "carrying on" with all the confidence and competence of an A.E.C.O. She played well, but what pleased the Rambler most was the way she handled the hymns. He had found artistry, plenty of it, in the hymn-playing of various performers since the inauguration of the new hymn book,

but he found himself on this occasion able to join in with the singing of the second verse of a new hymn without feeling like an oasis in a musical desert. When will our men of the keyboard observe the futility of "nuances" in the learning of a new tune? We had good support from the little organist, and we had a fine "sing."

Speaking of youth reminds one that the average age of the choristers must have been below that of the usual choir by considerable. Lucky the choirmaster who can gather such a group of youthful enthusiasts about him. They were enthusiastic, and no mistake. The big Haydn chorus went with a swing and a dash that proved infectious, this, despite the fact that but thirty-three singers took part. It was an ambitious feat for a Sunday morning, but was fine, nevertheless. There seems to be a mighty competent chap at the head of things musical in that church.

Even the calendar of this cosy church radiated cheer, welcome and enthusiasm. Kindly advice and cheery messages peeped down from the top, or up from the bottom, or out from the middle of it. It was a thing of life, with a fresh handshake at each perusal.

One wonders if the prevailing custom of the prayer of thanksgiving offered in so many of our Methodist Churches at the close of the taking of the offering might not better be supplanted by a prayer of consecration of ourselves and our goods to the Master's use, offered before the collection is taken. The Rambler invariably loses most of his self-esteem when he sees thanks returned over an offering he hasn't taken much part in.

A soprano solo, voicing the feeling of Thanksgiving, was well sung and greatly enjoyed. For that matter the whole service

was a series of treats, mental and spiritual. The pastor reminisced over his holiday, and took God's outdoors for his text, although he used a couple of verses from Psalm 19 for a "taking-off place." Outdoor subjects seem to grip one's interest more readily, as a rule, than almost anything else. Christ found telling themes in the bird, the weed, the seed and the frisking lamb. The speaker explained at the outset that his sermon was planned for the children. Right well he knew that sermons that strike home to the mind of the little people, will certainly bring down any bigger game in the neighborhood. By a series of fine word-pictures, deftly drawn and skilfully colored, he brought out the lessons to be learned of the Creator and his goodness to his children. It was one of those rarest of things, an all too brief sermon. It might have lasted five minutes or forty-five for aught the Rambler knew or cared. As our friend, David Grayson, he of the winding road and the homely adventure, might say: "It was an hour of pleasant bread."

One cannot leave the theme without commending the fine "team work" of pastor and choirman. The service bore evidence at every point of careful collaboration, and the results were extremely gratifying. A special Thanksgiving Sunday service of praise is to take place at this church soon, according to gossip overheard by the Rambler. Here's success to it.

It would have made angels weep, and it appeared on the programme of a well-known local church not long ago. Poor Rossini, how his ghost must haunt a certain printer these days! Instead of reading "Inflamatus," from "Stabat Mater," the last two words read "Starboard Martyr." Suggests "Pirates" and "Walking the plank," doesn't it?

ADELINA PATTI

Some Notes on Her Life Work

The death of the great Adelina Patti was recently announced. She was the legitimate successor to the great Jenny Lind, just as Madame Galli-Curci is the natural successor to Madame Patti.

Madame Patti was a Spaniard, and was seventy-six years old when she died. She emigrated with her father to the United States when she was ten years old, and Signor Patti became a musical manager in Chamber Street, New York. Patti made her operatic debut in New York at the age of sixteen, in "Lucia," and enjoyed a tremendous success. Her further career was a wonderful one, and the mere recital of her triumphs would fill a volume. No other singer was ever so successful in preserving an unimpaired voice.

She has made a number of His Master's Voice Records, principal of which are the old songs which have delighted many of her hearers in past years. Quite incidentally, Madame Patti shares, with Tamagno, also deceased, the privilege of having her records sold at the highest price of any records in the world.

People who are surprised that Paderewski, a pianist, should be elected Premier of Poland, forget that music and politics are often found together. There has not been a musician made statesman before, perhaps; but many a statesman is a devoted music lover. Arthur Balfour, the British Foreign Minister, is an excellent musician. David Lloyd George may not be a musician, but he loves music. "Marse" Henry Waterson, the American editor and politician, recently revealed his love of music to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*; and, among American business men, Charles M. Schwab and the late Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan have loved music.

"Many a hard pressed home might be helped out of household difficulties through the 'Guardian' ad. column."—(Vide letter on p. 16.)

SMALL ADVERTISEMENT ORDER FORM

(See page 35)

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The Woman's Missionary Society

Thirty-Eighth Annual Meeting of Board of Managers

They were a bright and cheery band of women, the officers and delegates of the Board of Managers of the Methodist Woman's Missionary Society, who assembled in the thirty-eighth annual meeting in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on Sept. 23rd. A short but inspiring thanksgiving service marked the opening of the sessions. But there was a sense of sadness when Mrs. E. S. Strachan, having charge of the in memoriam service, read the names of

several who had been pioneer workers and had in all the years been loyal and indefatigable standard bearers—Mrs. Wm. Briggs, Mrs. George Kerr and Mrs. Joseph Bascom, all of Toronto; Mrs. Levi Massey, of the Bay of Quinte branch; and Miss Mary Totten Smith, a retired missionary nurse in China.

Mrs. W. B. Coulthard read the following statistical report: Total auxiliary membership, 50,226; Circle membership, 13,594;

Band membership, 25,762; and associate members, 2,265; making a total membership of 91,848.

Mrs. McCulloch, treasurer of Rest Fund, told of \$5,299.57 received from twelve branches, an increase of \$629.97 over last year. With a bequest of \$1,000 from the estate of Mrs. Susan Trick and an income of \$4,330.65 from an annuity fund, investments and assessments of missionaries, there was an increase of \$645.15.

The Secretary, Mrs. Geo. J. Bishop, reported 234 Auxiliaries, 57 Circles and 44 Bands contributing toward special objects. Amount contributed by these through the treasurer of the General Fund, \$20,527.32, an increase of \$3,428.04.

The report of the General Treasurer, Mrs.

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Montreal	26,543 00	4,802
Nova Scotia	12,250 00	1,150
New Brunswick & P. E. I.	17,400 00	2,700
Newfoundland	8,118 53	2,788
Mantioba	22,250 00	4,425
Saskatchewan	12,875 00	2,815
Alberta	9,100 00	1,854
British Columbia ..	10,500 00	1,630

Total from the twelve branches, \$259,808. Total amount received from all sources, including Rest Fund, 1918-1919, \$319,770.58, being an increase over the previous year of \$63,398.91.

Mrs. Alfred W. Briggs brought the annual interesting report from the Supply Committee. Since last September over 150 Auxiliaries, Circles and Bands have supplied bedding and clothing worth over \$6,000 to thirty-five missions, beside several hundred jars of fruit to the Deaconess Home and Fred Victor Mission. The influenza epidemic was costly in lives and money, and left poverty and distress in its wake. The appeals from Indian missions have been very touching. A most pathetic letter from a missionary on an Indian mission who had supplied between \$250 and \$300 while the people were sick—"most of which I shall never see. I do not pity the men so much; but the widows and orphans, of which there are quite a number, must suffer." This appeal was answered by several fine large bales.

Hospital supplies have been a feature of the work this year. At one hospital they were so short of linen they were using all they had all the time. It is situations of this kind that the committee is able to alleviate, and a good supply of linen and other necessities was forwarded.

Very many little children, Indians and foreigners, would have no Christmas treat if the missionary did not provide it. Rev. Mr. Raley was able to send presents for thirty-nine children in the lighthouses along the British Columbia coast, taken by the mission steamer, *Thomas Crosby*, on the last trip before Christmas. For Japan, China and Canada, from secretaries and missionaries, came earnest and emphatic pleas.

In Japan now is the golden opportunity. Five years hence it will be too late to make any impression. The effect of the war upon the country had been to stimulate commerce and create riches, but under a comely exterior lurks every form of sin. Immorality is rampant. Fifty thousand new geisha girls have sprung up since the war. Social and slum conditions are terrible, and disease and crime abound in the slum districts. Japan is surely in need of evangelism. The Government does not realize the importance of higher education for women, though for men it is generously provided. Leaders for girls' schools are an absolute necessity, especially kindergarten. There are only two trained kindergarten teachers in the Canadian Methodist Missions.

China.—The call from this wonderful land is also imperative, and earnest pleas for the women of that country were made. Business interests are advancing, and there is a planned campaign for the future, and it is up to the Methodist Church to go forward also. Thousands of sisters will not receive the light unless we give it them. Girls' school are overcrowded, and girls everywhere are seeking Western learning; but it is a sad fact that every department of the missionary work is under-manned. More workers is the constant request coming from the Council in China. A cheering forward movement is two Chinese young women ambitious to become medical doctors, accompanied one of our missionaries from Chengtu to Pekin, to take up studies in that city. A third was also of the party—a

nurse who is to take a post-graduate course. One of the above three, on being urged to be married, refused the offer, saying, "No, I am going to be an old maid, which was one of the products of Christianity." There are none permitted in non-Christian lands.

Canada.—For the Christian Church to act at once is the need of the present hour if the foreign peoples are to be made Christian citizens of the great west. In Saskatchewan and Manitoba alone there are 125,000 Ruthenians. To reach them is an immense undertaking. They have brought their own religion with them, relic of the Middle Ages, which is fast losing its hold on the people. They have no respect for their own priests. "Only money priests after; holy pictures their gods, no religion, no God," children will argue, and quote from "Paine's Age of Reason." But there are some encouragements also. Little Mike, not noticeable while in the school for being particularly bright or interested, brought some thirteen boys, who had walked seven miles, to the mission, saying, "These boys want Bibles."

But our report would be incomplete without making special mention of the president's address on anniversary evening, which, as usual, proved an inspiration to officers, delegates and friends alike. She said:

"For the year's work we are thankful, happy, and a little bit proud; but not at all satisfied. I am no pessimist. We will round out the twenty, twenty, twenty, with God's help and will on the part of the membership. To the Church and missionary societies the world owes more than it acknowledges. Intellectuals in France say, 'Found social life on laws of reason.' We say on reason and love. True, the war has ceased, but the crisis is not passed. It is the business of the Church to keep not only its membership up, but the whole of Canada to the sacrificial spirit. One of the gains of the war is a sense of the unity of the human race and the unity of the British Empire. If the British Empire could develop a common Christian conscience, what could not be accomplished? We have been thrilled by the Inter-Church World Movement and the plans made by the leaders of the movement in Canada. The Woman's Missionary Society should surely share in the spiritual and educational part of the work, though it does not partake in the financial side.

"That woman has come to her own is now on the lips of everyone. What does it mean? Can we give expression to the spiritual thought of life? If we fail, better it had not been given. I think we ought to stand beside our brother and help him to see straight, and encourage him to act as he thinks right."

Referring to the referendum, Mrs. Ross strongly urged upon the women the duty of getting out to the polls and voting on Oct. 20th. If the manufacture and exportation of liquor could be stopped, half the missionaries' troubles would cease. The women of the East are waking up, and the men who have gone far afield during the war say, "What our wives have missed our daughters must have." Who is to lead them? We are.

In Japan, Miss Allen is much interested in the factory worker, and asked for \$10,000, that a building might be erected; but the board had to say "No; wait." The President suggested the possibility of having this building erected as a memorial to

the late Rev. James Allen, father of our Miss Allen, who was home secretary of the General Society.

What we need is unity of purpose, unity of prayer and unity of action. These three will form a trinity which, before the end of the year, will become a league of victory.

The board was favored by a visit from Rev. Dr. T. Albert Moore, General Secretary of Evangelism and Social Service. The Woman's Missionary Society has been interested in social service work at Truro, N.S., and Calgary, Alta., which is under the direction of Dr. Moore's department. His report was listened to with sympathetic interest, and financial help is to be continued.

Dr. A. N. Powell, of Toronto, and Dr. C. W. Service, who has spent some fifteen years in China, also honored the board by their presence. Dr. Service is in Canada to raise a fund of at least \$100,000 from doctors, dentists and nurses, in order to build a medical wing for the Union University in West China. The university is an interdenominational institution, and has already a number of buildings necessary for work preliminary to the medical course.

The daily "quiet hour" added much to the pleasure and profit of the entire meeting, many carrying away with them new views and lessons from that wonderful book, the Bible, which were presented from day to day, strengthened as they were by prayer.

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Saskatchewan Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

This great movement is at last well under way in this Conference. Dr. Stapleford is busy sending out instructions and letters of directions to chairmen of districts and others, and generally things are beginning to hum. The provincial executive (the Methodist end) meets on Oct. 13th, and the Conference Special Committee on the 14th. Meanwhile ministers are asked to go on with the work of spreading information about the movement and inaugurating it throughout the province. Speakers like Rev. Charles Endicott, Rev. J. A. Doyle, Rev. Dr. Stapleford and others have been attending the district meetings, and report that, despite bad crop conditions, their message has been enthusiastically received and support pledged wherever they have gone. Rev. Charles Endicott has proved already a tower of strength to the movement. He has attended gatherings in various Manitoba centres, and in our Conference has been present at the Arcola, Weyburn, Rouleau, Moose Jaw and Oxbow district meetings. The correspondent can write best of what comes under his own observation, and knows that on the Oxbow district Mr. Endicott made most stirring addresses that deeply impressed and moved the people. At both Carievale and Carnduff his meetings were described as "revivals" by old-timers, and in spiritual power and effectiveness they were. The spiritual objectives were most fervently presented, and the circuits stirred to gain them; then the financial objectives will have a greater chance. Judging by the visit of Mr. Endicott to the Oxbow district the Conference will gain beyond measure, whether the financial objective is reached or not. And likely it will be if all do what is possible.

BLAINE LAKE ADVANCES.

They have been doing things at Blaine Lake. On Aug. 17th a new church was dedicated. It is about five miles north of the town, and is a neat structure. Rev. J. C. Hartley, chairman of the Battleford district, officiated at the dedicatory services and preached a most suitable and helpful sermon to an overflowing congregation on "And the Lord added to the church daily such as were being saved." The new church is named Mount Olive, and is, as the name suggests, on a hill overlooking fine country, for to the south-west is Blaine Lake, shining in amongst the hills and trees. The church was opened nearly free from debt, only about \$300 remaining on the entire building.

In the town church improvements are being made with the church. A basement has been dug and a furnace placed therein. New pews are being put in, and electric lights, along with general repair and fixing up, making a comfortable and cosy sanctuary. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Singleton, and people have now a good plant for their work. The work was well begun in the time of Mr. Singleton's predecessor.

THE HONORED DEAD.

The correspondent has received particulars of the death of two honored and worthy members of our Church in the province. Mrs. A. H. Nichol, of Nokomis, passed away in Chicago, on Aug. 28th, after a severe operation. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Nokomis, and was under the care of Rev. W. P. McHaffie. The church was packed to the doors, many being unable to gain admittance. Rev. Dr. Stapleford, of Regina College, gave a most fitting and impressive address. With

Forward, CANADA!

THROUGH sacrifice, Canada has gained the respect and admiration of all people.

The years of War that deprived Canada of so many of her bravest sons, have given her greater self-reliance and wider vision. The world has come to expect great things of Canada.

Our army has set us the highest example—to persevere and to succeed.

Canada has the fundamentals of success—strong, virile men, resolute and devoted women, and unbounded resources. In the readjustment of Canada's affairs, as in the affairs of the world, money plays a leading part.

The transition from War to Peace is long, tedious, costly; it takes money, time and effort to beat swords into plowshares. Men cannot drop their arms and return immediately to their former occupations.

War has left Canada a heritage of obligations.

War has left Canada—and the world—face to face with problems that are new and gigantic.

Money is required to discharge these obligations and to solve these problems.

Canada therefore is about to ask her citizens once more to lend their money to enable her to fulfil her obligations to her soldiers and to maintain the country in prosperity.

Canada can, if Canada will, march straight on to her glorious destiny.

VICTORY LOAN 1919

him on the platform were Rev. Mr. Russell, of the Nokomis Presbyterian church; Rev. W. R. Tanton, North Battleford; Rev. H. B. Vessey, Milden; Rev. E. C. Evans, Watrous; and Rev. A. B. Johnstone, from Heward; while in the audience were Rev. W. H. Bone, of Lockwood Presbyterian church; Rev. I. B. Naylor, of Lanigan; Rev. A. J. T. Lewis, Anglican clergyman, Nokomis; and Rev. W. J. Wilson, of Govan. The local paper gives a very extended and

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fine tribute to Mrs. Nichol, who was a Christian deservedly held in high repute in the neighborhood. She was practically a lifelong member of the Methodist Church, and every phase of church work has found in her a ready and helpful supporter. "She was the true friend of all. Without respect to nationality, class or creed her open hand ministered to all. The children all knew and loved her, and were loved by her in return. Few women were as widely known and as universally respected," so says the local paper.

At Flaxcombe, on Aug. 1st, there was buried William MacKenzie, a Methodist layman of a very fine type of character and a Sunday-school superintendent for years. The funeral was one of the largest the district has ever seen, and was conducted by Revs. A. S. Oliver and A. G. Johnson. A memorial service was held on Aug. 24th, and was conducted by Rev. James Semple, an old friend of the family. The church was filled to capacity, and Mr. Semple's message was appropriate and arresting. At the close of the sermon a tablet was unveiled in his honor. Mr. MacKenzie leaves a wife and two young sons.

The Saskatchewan correspondent joins in the expression of sympathy to the bereaved ones.

SUCCESSFUL ANNIVERSARY.

The Alexander appointment of the Sinteluta circuit, of which Rev. H. Whiteley is pastor, is the first place to report its anniversary services. And this was a great success, so it set a good pace for the rest. Here is the report as given in the Sinteluta Times: "Large congregations gathered at the anniversary services at the Alexander Church last Sunday morning and evening. Eloquent and inspiring sermons were preached by the Rev. O. Darwin, D.D., of Winnipeg. The Sinteluta choir, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. D. Anderson and Mr. Jordan, led the singing. The annual offering for missionary work was taken, and the congregation subscribed \$700 for this all-important work, an increase of \$100 over last year." The report is dated Sept. 4th.

SHORTER ITEMS.

The correspondent must make acknowledgment of the fact that he failed to mention Lake Manitou in his list of Saskatchewan holiday resorts, and has been taken playfully to task by certain ministers who favor that resort. He here and now begs Lake Manitou's pardon, and won't do it again.

Rev. H. Wilding is now stationed on the Belle Plaine circuit. Rev. Mr. Hodgins, formerly of Belle Plaine, has resigned from the ministry. Bro. Hodgins was looked upon as one of the most promising of the younger men in the ministry, and his resignation means a loss to the work.

Rev. W. H. Bone has resigned from our ranks, and is now minister of a Presbyterian co-operative charge in Saskatchewan.

Miss Kathleen McArthur, who was appointed to work in Japan by the Saskatchewan W.M.S., has left for Japan on the *Empress of Asia*. Before leaving Miss McArthur was presented with several tokens from societies and individuals.

The Eston church board has increased the salary of their minister to the goodly sum of \$1,950. Rev. James Semple pays the following tribute to his board: "You cannot beat the Eston church board for seeing that their minister is paid a decent salary."

Capt. J. W. Graves, a minister of our Conference serving with the forces in Siberia, has an instructive and entertaining article in *Canadian Manhood*, the Y.M.C.A. organ, on "The Canuck Cafe," a working model of the League of Nations. Evidently Graves is busy.

The correspondent regrets that this letter is late and some items will seem belated, but he has been too busy otherwise to write a Saskatchewan Letter recently. He will try to do better. H. D. R.

Carievale, Sept. 23rd.

THE BOOK IN A PLAYHOUSE

BY J. K. SMITH.

In out-of-the-way parts of our western cities, in hidden, down-town sections, or on the far edges of the suburbs, stand innocent-looking groups of unpainted shacks that are seldom visited by anyone but the foreigners who inhabit them. They generally stand within easy walking distance of some factory, mill, or mine, and give shelter to the brawny men who supply all the muscles and some of the brains for the working of these industries.

Who these men are, what they think and feel, hope and fear few people know or care till the day of the all-prevalent "strike." Then suddenly everyone learns that the inhabitants of the clustered shacks have immense power in their hands, power to move or stop the wheels of industry, to supply the land with fuel, or to deny it, in short, to give or withhold a hundred things necessary to the very life of the nation.

It was in one of these groups of unvisited houses that I came upon a curious building hidden in a thick grove of poplar trees. It was about five feet square, boarded halfway up the walls, then in-

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closed with screening to the roof. It proved to be a playhouse, and had just room enough inside for a small card table in the centre, with benches around it. Four men were busy at a game of cards, and puffing clouds of smoke up, to be carried out through the screening.

I watched the game and the men till one of them became curious enough to ask my business. And when in answer to his kind question the card-strewn table was covered with Testaments and tracts, the little house appealed strongly to a missionary's imagination as a place not really built for cards, but for a service better than the builders knew, and such as it immediately entered upon.

One man bought a Testament and at once began to read aloud to his companions. He began slowly, with a somewhat puzzled look, at the first verse of Matthew. But, gaining tone and speed as he went on through the genealogical verses and into the story of the birth of Jesus, he held his companions in rapt attention. All cards were down. Every man's cigarette went smokeless in his hand. The little table was

beautiful with the Scriptures; the air became clear; the reader's voice seemed fit for a pulpit, and his audience listened as to some strange new story.

The service was still going on when I had said good-bye, and I was glad to leave the company under the spell of the best of all missionaries, the Book which, in good Queen Victoria's words, was the "secret of England's greatness"; the Book which is the source and safeguard of our constitutional liberty, the hope also of the stranger in Canada and the hope of Canada so full of strangers; the Book which is making the foreigner as the home-born, and the home-born as he ought to be, creating homes to supply leaders for the people and ensuring the solution of every national problem.

That quaint little playhouse is the first of its kind I have seen, but the earnest people are found everywhere. They throng our cities, they frequent every village, and cover our western land in vast colonies with the proportions of nations. They all know something of the ways of labor unions, but few indeed have met the Book.

The General Board of Missions

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church in Canada and Newfoundland is somewhat ancient in regard to age, as it is now in its ninety-fifth year, and yet it has the satisfaction of reporting that last year was, financially, the best year in all its history, the current income reaching \$959,446.73, which shows an increase over last year of no less than \$168,226.18. Evidently the society has just begun to grow. The General Board meeting last week in Toronto was full of enthusiastic expectancy for the future, and it seemed as though no programme of missionary advance was big enough to daunt them. There is a wonderful difference between now and the days when deficits were all too common. Thank God for this.

Some discussion took place over a proposal to amalgamate the *Canadian* and the *Ranok*, the Methodist and Presbyterian Ukrainian papers, but while the advantages of the union were clearly perceived, its disadvantages were not lost sight of, and the matter was finally relegated to a small committee, which will report to the executive, and the latter will have power to act.

The matter of sending men to Austria to prepare for work amongst the Ruthenians by getting into touch with Ruthenian life in Europe was up for discussion. This proposal has been discussed considerably, but the board was not prepared to take action without further knowledge of the facts, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter and report next year.

The board endorsed the principle of school homes, but left it to a committee, which will report to the missionary executive for final action.

A grant of \$1,000 for urgent repairs to Lamont Hospital was recommended. At Smoky Lake, in the heart of the great Ukrainian colony, there is a dance hall, pool rooms and moving picture show; but no place that our missionaries could use to counteract the possible evil effects of these places, and the Board of Missions voted \$4,440 for the building of an institute at this place, to carry on work similar to Y.M.C.A. work. The building will not be very large, only fifty-two by twenty-eight, with a basement; but it will be a beginning.

The Turner Institute, Vancouver, B.C., including a church and parsonage, was taken over by the board, the board becoming responsible for the debt of about \$20,000.

In considering the work in Japan, probably one of the most interesting items was the proposal to develop the Kwansai Gakuin into a commercial university, which will be affiliated with the projected Union Christian University. The proposed Christian university is intended to take its place alongside Japan's great universities, and it will teach

literature, religion and philosophy, law and politics. Japan itself is expected to raise about \$300,000 for the site, and the buildings and endowment will be provided by the United States, Britain and Canada. A revenue of \$80,000 a year is to be raised by the mission boards, and Canadian Methodism's share is to be \$5,000. Without hesitation the board decided that Canada would do her share—and more if necessary.

In connection with the Central Tabernacle, Tokyo, it was decided to establish a lectureship, in which every year some distinguished Christian scholar would deal with philosophical, scientific, literary, or sociological subjects. The advantage of the plan to young Japan was very clear, and the board voted \$1,000 a year for this purpose.

A second missionary, who is a specialist in religious education, is to be appointed to the Tabernacle, to take charge of the Bible-class work.

On the recommendation of the Mission Council it was decided to establish a travelling scholarship, which would enable some of the young Japanese pastors and graduates to attend some Canadian Methodist college. We have already one such scholarship for Chinese students, and now the Japanese are to share its advantages. Incidentally probably our Canadian students will learn more from the students from the Orient than the latter will from them.

The board also decided to establish an institutional church in East Tokyo, where it is greatly needed, and men have already been secured for this work.

Furloughs are granted Dr. and Mrs. Coates for 1920.

The Rev. G. St. Patterson, who left Japan

to take active service in the army, has resigned from our work to enter the Y.M.C.A., where he expects to devote himself to work amongst boys.

Revs. Dr. S. D. Chown and Dr. Jas. Endicott, with Mr. W. G. Watson, were re-appointed upon the Japan Union Commission, and also upon the Joint Educational Commission re Kwansai Gakuin; and Rev. Dr. D. R. McKenzie was reappointed secretary-treasurer of the Japan Mission.

Rev. B. Surtees and Rev. T. W. Bateman were continued on furlough until the next meeting of the executive.

Mr. H. D. Robertson, who has been overseas with the Chinese Labor Battalion, is now, with the consent of the board, to work with the Students' Volunteer Movement.

Rev. A. J. Elson remains on furlough, and Revs. G. R. Jones and Homer G. Brown return to China.

The China Mission Council notified the board that it believed that the missionary work would be advantaged if the wives of the missionaries were accorded the standing and privileges of missionaries, with the understanding, of course, that this did not affect salaries in any way. The request is probably a reasonable one, but it has its difficulties, and the board recognized very clearly that it had no power whatever to deal with the matter. So the women will remain, until next General Conference anyway, as at present.

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RECENT DEATHS

Items under this heading will be inserted for \$1.00 each, up to a limit of 150 words. For those over that limit a charge of a cent a word for all extra words will be made.

REDMAN.—Mrs. S. L. Redman was born in Megantic county, Que., in the year 1842, and after living in her native county for twenty-nine years, she moved to St. Thomas, and subsequently to Oil City, where she spent many happy years as a zealous worker in the Methodist Church. She then moved to Calgary, where she spent fifteen years, but, on account of failing health, she returned to St. Thomas, where she purposed spending her declining years with her sister, Mrs. L. J. Trott, but three weeks after her arrival, on August 7th, 1919, she was translated to her eternal home. The deceased was converted to God in her teens and lived a consistent life all her days. Her home was invariably open to the preachers, who received nothing but kindness and love. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. S. Smith, Milan, Mich., assisted by Rev. J. A. Snell, a former pastor. Interment in St. Thomas cemetery. She leaves to mourn, a husband and three sisters, Mrs. J. Keough, Pueblo, Colorado; Mrs. S. Robinson, Megantic Co.; and Mrs. L. Trott, St. Thomas. Her last words were, "All is well, all is well." Truly a great and good woman is gone to her everlasting reward. J. A. Snell.

ELTOM.—Rev. William Eltom was born at Woodstock, Ontario, in 1873. He entered the ministry in 1898, and was stationed on the Port Arthur District, under the Rev. O. Darwin, who was the Chairman of the District. He had the distinction of being the first settled preacher on what is now the Soo Line. He attended Wesley College and completed his course, being received into full connection and ordained at the Conference of 1903. He served in the following fields—Welwyn, Earl Grey, Norkomis, Abernethy, Osage and Lanigan, where he rendered excellent service. In 1915 he was elected secretary of Conference, and no man ever did more faithful work. He was a master of detail, and the



GOLDEN WEDDING—MR. AND MRS. R. H. McBRIDE.

officials working with him speak with pleasure of his untiring efforts. He was taken ill while attending the District meeting at Cupar on May 27th, and returned to his home, where he passed away on Sunday, June 1st. The funeral service was held in the Union Church, Welwyn, on Wednesday, June 4th. The Rev. O. Darwin, D.D., who was President of the Conference when Brother Eltom was ordained, presided, and paid a fine tribute to Brother Eltom's character and work. He was assisted in the service by Revs. H. Godfrey, H. Heathfield, and J. W. Robinson, pastor of the Union Church. Brother Eltom's outstand-

ing characteristics were unselfishness and devotion to duty. He never sought the easy path, but with a clear vision of duty, enthusiastically responded to the call of service and followed in the footsteps of Him "who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." We believe now that his earthly task is ended, he has heard the Master's approval: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Widespread and heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mrs. Eltom and her three children in their heavy bereavement. Mrs. Eltom and her family will reside in Welwyn.

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GOLDEN WEDDING.

Recently, at 92 Lyall Avenue, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McBride, formerly of Bond Street, celebrated their golden wedding.

It was a beautiful day and many friends and relatives came to wish them more years of future happiness.

They have five children and nine grandchildren—the daughters being Mrs. Dan Scott, Mrs. Leslie Clogg and Miss Ethel and the sons Wm. E. and Albert H. McBride. Mr. and Mrs. McBride have been life-long Methodists and are now members of Carlton Street Church, where Mr. McBride still teaches a Bible class.

Besides a purse of money from the children, they received gold and presents from relatives and friends.

Their bridesmaid, Mrs. McBride's sister, Mrs. James Hawken, received with them.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Briggs, the officiating minister, was unfortunately unable to be present.

THE LATE LIEUT. L. L. McFAUL.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

One cannot but be impressed with this thought by the wonderful way in which the facts were revealed to Dr. and Mrs. J. H. McFaul of the death and burial of their beloved son, Lieut. L. L. McFaul, R.A.F. Mrs. McFaul met a French gentleman, a delegate to the W.C.T.U. convention held in Willard Hall last June, and took the opportunity of asking him to enquire about her boy on his return to France. Leonard had been reported missing, and after months of anxiety word had been received that he was dead and buried. This kind friend, true to his word, made the promised enquiries and sent the following letter to Mrs. McFaul, which will no doubt be interesting to the many friends of the bereaved family: Madam:

If it may be some comfort for a mother in tears to know where her beloved son is buried, its corpse being not confounded in the anonymous horrors of the missed on the battlefield, I hope you will have this consolation through following lines. I have been favored in finding the exact place where your glorious son has effectively been buried. It has taken some long time to enquire, because the indication as it had been given to you and from you to me was

a less solacing detail. The German officers took off from their victim not only his notebook, but also his clock, ring, little jewels, in short, all what they found in his garments. The mayor rose a protest; but the Germans answered that they were only collecting souvenirs to send those to the family of the killed flyer.

I do not suppose they did it to you. The mayor will surely be able to give to you some indications about those officers, regiment, company, perhaps the names.

In case you will send something for the grave, the name of the mayor is Mr. Jourdain Devaurain, and of the schoolmaster, Mr. Pruvot. I do not know the name of the priest, nor of the girl who preserves the grave, but you can write directly to the first as Mr. le Cure de Camphin en Pevele. As to the second, you can address to her through the mayor.

If you come to France to make a painful pilgrimage, please do not forget that in the grand Paris we will do the best we can for your mother's heart in sorrow.

Respectfully yours,
Jean Le Tort.

Leonard was a member of Centennial Methodist Church, and attended the Sabbath school. Although he is sadly missed, it is a comfort to know he did not suffer and that he died while bravely doing his duty for God and country.

"Say not the boy is dead, but rather he's but a little farther on the way."

Lieut. McFaul was a grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Barron, well known in Carlton street Methodist Church, Mr. Barron being class-leader and member of the official board for many years, and Mrs. Barron an earnest Christian worker, both beloved by all who knew them.

What do you Want?

Is it to Buy, Sell, Rent, or Do Something?

Do you want Help in the House or on the Farm?

Meet the readers of THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN in our

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OUR charges are only 2 cents a word, and we give four insertions for the price of three.

CLASSIFIED WANTS.

Notices under this heading cost two cents each word, including initials and address. Four insertions are given for the price of three. When answers are sent care "Christian Guardian" five words extra should be counted to include key number. Answers will be held until called for unless stamps are sent for forwarding. No advertisement accepted for less than fifty cents. Cash must accompany orders.

PULPIT SUPPLY.

NOTICE—Evangelist Rev. P. A. Scott, Ph.B., is open for supply work. Address, Napanee, Ont.

FOR SALE.

IN Gore Bay, undertaking business; good 8-room house in connection; good garden; easy terms on good security. Mrs. R. T. Hall, Gore Bay, Ont.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANT for country or village church, perfect condition, big capacity, unusual bargain, \$250, less than half original cost. Price includes some bulbs. E. A. Bartholomew, Woodstock, Ontario.

MODERN Semi-Circular Polished Ash Pews. (Numbered). 24—15ft. long; 3—9 ft. long; 6—6 ft. long; 24—6 ft. in length, straight; also fine toned Bell, estimated to weigh about 1,400 lbs. E. C. Garbutt, Picton, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Rooming and boarding houses, by Big Sister Association, for business girls, where women only are taken. Address, Big Sister Association, City Hall, Toronto, Ont.

PRIVATE NURSES earn \$15 to \$30 a week. Learn without leaving home. Descriptive booklet sent free.—Royal College of Science, Dept. 44, Toronto, Canada.

POSITIONS WANTED.

LADY wishes position as housekeeper to gentleman or gentleman's club. Box No. 9, Christian Guardian, Queen St. West, Toronto.

HELP WANTED.

HOUSEMAIDS and Hallmaids required, wages \$30.00 per month, with room and board. Apply by letter or personally to Mr. George Wright, Walker House, Toronto.

DINING ROOM GIRLS wanted, wages \$35 per month, with room and board; \$40 with board, rooming out. Apply Chief Steward, Walker House, Toronto.

WANTED, by a Toronto family of three, a reliable young woman to do general housework. A comfortable, permanent home and good wages offered. Please give references. Write, Box 14, Christian Guardian, Toronto.

COOK HOUSEKEEPER, will be assisted, good home and good wages. Mrs. C. V. Harding, 6 High Park Blvd., Toronto.

EXPERIENCED HOUSEMAID for family of two. Miss Janes, 155 Heath St. W., Toronto.

WANTED at once, a parlor maid, intelligent. Apply, Annesley Hall, Queen's Park, Toronto.

COOK, GENERAL, WANTED. Apply, 214 Russell Hill Road, Toronto. Telephone Hillcrest 839.

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HOUSEMAID, experienced, with references. Apply Lady Gibson, Ravenscliffe, Hamilton, Ont.

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PRINTER WANTED, for the West China Mission. Experience with cylinder and job presses. Communicate with Dr. James Endicott, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.



LIEUT. L. L. McFAUL.

not exact. Champion en Piville does not exist. The place is Camphin en Pevele, par Baisieux (Nord). Here lies the noble flyer, Lieut. L. L. McFaul, in the cemetery of the village, its grave, which bears No. 10, being very carefully preserved by a French girl. Your son had an heroic death. I have been told that he was fighting in the sky when, at nine o'clock in the morning, on the 10th of July, 1918, he was killed by a bullet in the head. Its flying-engine began to whirl and fell down near from the castle of Camphin.

The mayor of the village, which was in the zone occupied by the Germans, ran to the place and saw the dead officer, and ordered for him noble funerals, which took place the same day, at seven in the evening.

The entire population asked for the privilege of following the corpse to the cemetery. Before the coffin were the priest and the school boys and girls bearing crowns of flowers. Behind the corpse came the mayor and all the aldermen.

The priest said the prayers, after which the schoolmaster pronounced a motionful speech.

I have been asked to send to you the sincere condolences of the inhabitants of Camphin en Pevele: "last tribute to the valiant flyer who has given his life for our common cause."

Now excuse if I have to let you know

The Christian Guardian

(Established 1829)

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A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY

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Births, Marriages, Deaths

Notices under these headings will be charged for at 50c. for each insertion. Memorial notices without poetry, 50c., and 25c. additional for each verse of poetry.

BIRTH.

STUTT.—In Weyburn General Hospital, Sept. 27th, to Rev. R. L. and Mrs. Stutt, of Colfax, a daughter, Joan Margaret.

MARRIAGES.

CUNNINGHAM-FINDLAY.—At Provost, Alta., August 26th, by Rev. Alfred Thompson, assisted by Rev. Charles Rogers, Ethel Alice, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Findlay, formerly of Toronto and Kincardine, to George M. Cunningham, of Moose Jaw, son of the late Rev. Andrew Cunningham, and of Mrs. Cunningham, Toronto.

KNOX-SCARLETT.—At the Methodist church, Portage la Prairie, Man., by Rev. (Capt.) R. A. Scarlett, uncle of the bride, on Saturday, Sept. 13th, 1919, Mary Gertrude Scarlett, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Scarlett, of Eston, Sask., to John Knox, of Winnipeg, formerly of Virgil, Ont.

SUTHERLAND-FULLER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Fuller, Arkona, on Wednesday, Sept. 24th, by the Rev. J. Ball, Maud Arletta Fuller, to Lieutenant Donald A. Sutherland, B.A., M.C.

DEATHS.

CHADWICK.—At Toronto, Sept. 24, 1919, Charles William Chadwick, aged 65 years. The funeral service was held at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. G. B. King, Dundas St., Islington. Interment in Prospect Cemetery, Toronto.

FREAS.—At Spring Creek, on Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1919, entered into eternal rest. Wm. Freas, aged 84 years 4 months and 6 days.

IN MEMORIAM.

HONEY.—Lieut. S. L. Honey, M.M., D.C.M., V.C., who died of wounds Sept. 30th, 1918, at Bourlon Wood. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

Those who loved him at 4 Thomas Street, St. Catharines, Ont.

NEIL.—In loving memory of mother, Mrs. Richard Neil, who passed away on Sept. 30, 1914, at West McGillivray.

Five years have passed, our hearts still sore;

As time goes on we miss her more;
One of the dearest, one of the best,
We miss her most who loved her best.
Ofttimes we sit and think of her

When we are all alone;
For memory is the only thing
That grief can call its own.

Some day we hope to meet;
Some day, we know not when,
We shall clasp her hand in a better land,
And never part again.

Husband, Son and Daughters.

WESTGATE.—In proud and affectionate memory of Corp. S. C. (Charlie) Westgate, who was killed in action Sept. 30th, 1918, at Cambrai. Bow City friends.

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Connexional Notices

BOOK COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee of the Central Section of the Book Committee will meet in the Board Room, Wesley Buildings, 299 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont., on Wednesday, the 19th of November, 1919, at 2 p.m.

BAY OF QUINTE CONFERENCE Y.P.S. CONVENTION.

The fourteenth Biennial Convention of the Epworth League and Young People's Societies of the Bay of Quinte Conference will be held in the Methodist church, Port Hope, during the week end, Friday noon to Sunday night, October 24th to 26th. This postponed date was necessary on account of the Referendum campaign. A strong, helpful programme has been prepared for the direction and encouragement of all Epworth League, Young People's Society, organized S. S. class and any other through-the-week activities. Every such society or organized class in the Conference is asked to send delegates. A registration fee of \$1.50 will be asked for, and free bed and breakfast will be provided on the Harvard plan. The printed programme will be sent out in a few days. Port Hope Methodism promises a cordial welcome. Come with us and we will do thee good. Automobiles provided for. A. H. Foster, President.
H. W. Foley, Secretary.

Wise and Otherwise

A laundry company's announcement on the advertisement screen of a provincial music-hall:

"WHY KILL THE WIFE?
LET US DO YOUR DIRTY WORK."

—Punch.

The pastor: "So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly!" Dolly (brightly): "Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from. I heard daddy say so."—Tit-Bits.

A doctor came up to a patient in a lunatic asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folk that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new." The patient went off gaily to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but as he was about to affix the stamp the latter slipped through his fingers to the floor, alighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach. What he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor, and following a crooked trail up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor. "Two weeks!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."—Tit-Bits.

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Yours sincerely,

HIRAM HULL.