

# The CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

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## The Golden Milestones

LIFE is so long when one is young! It stretches away ahead through golden miles that seem to have no end, and there looks to be so much time for the joys and the pleasures that are to come, and so much opportunity for the doing of the fine, splendid, wonderful things that are to be later on. And who would willingly shorten that marvelous prospect by even one mile, or make it seem one little bit less flower-strewn and inviting! But time has a habit of shortening it all too rapidly, and the years sometimes make flower-strewn roads look rather rough and rugged. Almost before the boy becomes a man the road begins to take in a little, and soon glorious prospects and opportunities hardly seem so near and easy and inevitable. And one day the man makes the somewhat startling discovery that life isn't long at all, that its opportunities for fine achievements have a way of slipping by easily if one isn't watching to pick them up, and that even joys and pleasures sometimes easily elude the hand that is not laid upon them in gentle firmness and insistence. Happy indeed is he who makes this discovery before it is too late, while there is still time for real joy and happiness and fine achievement in life. How often it is that we let the miles slip by so thoughtlessly and carelessly that all the fine enjoyable things that were to be are still to be realized as the end draws on! Is there anything in the world that we are so prodigal of as of life and its opportunities?

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### Mostly About Ourselves

Editors and publishers are always extremely modest men, as all the world knows; but even they will occasionally allow other folks to say nice things about them and their work. Here is a brief item from the *Continent* of last week, written by Frederick F. Shannon, and referring to religious papers:

"They are the salt of our journalistic earth. Most of them are published at financial loss; a few perhaps with a slender margin of profit. Let this be said to our shame! Without the inspiring tides of idealism constantly poured into the world's life by our

# The Christian Guardian

ESTABLISHED 1829

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Christian editors, we should suffer untold loss in our politics, schools, homes and churches. They are solvents of civilization. They clear the atmosphere. They lift discussions out of partisan muck up to the prophetic mountains. I think every man who reads his partisan daily would greatly profit by seriously reading some one of the fine and definitely Christian weeklies. They are an antidote to rabid nationalism; they are an offset to violent partisanship; they foster an atmosphere of brotherhood and world-vision."

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with girls, is an evidence of its practical usefulness. While it is linked up rather closely with the C.G.I.T. plan it will be helpful for any body of girls anywhere. A most effective feature is a book list giving suggestions for the reading of girls of all ages. Several illustrations of C.G.I.T. activities add interest. 236 pages, in stiff paper covers; \$1.00. By mail, \$1.10

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## THE WORLD OUTLOOK

### The Evanston Conference

THE Conference on Christianity and the Economic Order which was held at Evanston, May 23-25, under the auspices of the Methodist Federation for Social Service was simply a conference for discussion. There were seven sessions, and but one stated address was given at each session, the rest of the time being occupied with questions and discussion. The conference issued no findings and passed no resolutions. Prof. John H. Gray, of Carleton College, and Prof. Richard T. Ely, of Wisconsin, each delivered an address, and their economic points of view were widely different. Rev. Don. F. Diefendorf, of East Orange, N.J., emphasized the fact that the Christian ideal of service should become the driving power in our economic system, rather than the lower ideals of self-love and private gain. Robert W. Binere, of New York, dealt with the means of controlling the competitive impulse. W. P. Hapgood, of Indianapolis, described the experiment which his company has been trying for five years in having the management vested in the workers themselves. Basil W. Manly, of Washington, D.C., talked on "Income." He declared that for 1918 the national income was about \$61,000,000,000, which meant an average income of about \$2,900 for every family in the Republic. Prof. H. F. Rall, of Garrett Biblical Institute, and Paul Hutchinson, a missionary to China, discussed the methods of propagating the social message of the gospel. Mr. Hutchinson thought that the Methodist ministers themselves should set the pace by casting aside the competitive system which now controls ministerial salaries. He said, "I want to tell you that you have become calloused to a spirit-sapping, vision-destroying, unchristian economic competition at the time of your own Annual Conference sessions, and that if the Annual Conference is to remain an agency of the kingdom of God, we must find the way to cut this accursed thing out!" Mr. Hutchinson called for the working out of a standard of pastoral salary based on living requirements for full service, but not based on position. "The thing can be done," he cried. "It must be done. We can begin in our several Conferences, and within a quadrennium, we should be able to carry it to a General Conference. Then we can stand as equals in this economic order, with the profit motive eliminated from our own lives. And when that happens we shall awake to find ourselves in possession of an authority that will carry us a long way from this starting point!" It isn't on record that any Methodist Conference so far has done this, although in earlier days we approximated it. The Conference at least presented both sides of the question, and the *New York Christian Advocate* says, "It is encouraging to observe a tendency of the Federation—which has come in at times for sharp criticism for a certain narrow and intolerant spirit—to broaden its sympathies and soften its asperities." This in itself is no small gain.

### Appointment of Justice Adamson

IT is not often in Canada that the appointment of a man to a judgeship of the King's Bench is challenged, and this has attracted all the wider attention to the circumstances surrounding the appointment of Mr. J. E. Adamson, of Winnipeg, to a judgeship of the King's Bench in the province of Manitoba. We were surprised at the challenge and have sought to make sure of our facts before giving them to our people, but it seems that Mr. Adamson was anti-conscription candidate in Winnipeg in the election of 1917, and he was also president of the Irish Self-Determination League in Winnipeg during the war. We do not know what the Winnipeg unit of this Irish League was like, but the leading feature in the League's activity in Ontario seemed to

be hatred of Britain. Under the circumstances we are not surprised that the Winnipeg army and navy veterans have protested against the appointment. We have no warrant to speak for the Methodists of Canada, but we cannot but feel that every loyal minister and every loyal layman who sent a son to the war will feel this appointment to be a personal blow. The new judge, we understand, is an Anglican in religion, and it seems a most singular fact that all the judges in Manitoba but one belong either to the Anglican or the Roman Catholic churches. So far as we can learn no Methodist lawyer has ever been called to the bench in the province of Manitoba during fifty years. Yet according to the census of 1911, Manitoba had 86,578 Anglicans, 73,994 Roman Catholics, 103,621 Presbyterians, and 65,897 Methodists. We do not think a judge should be chosen because of his religion, but on the other hand, it does seem strange that all the judges save one should belong to two denominations which number just about 160,000, and 169,000 Presbyterians and Methodists should not be represented at all. We do not often call attention to such facts, yet it is well that our people should know them.

### Canada's Uncultivated Areas

WE received the other day from the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, a map of the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, which shows the total number of quarter-sections of Crown land still available in each township, and also the total number of quarter-sections of uncultivated and uncultivated land held in private ownership, but purchasable from the non-resident owner. As a supplement to the map the Department has had compiled for each district, lists containing information as to price, nature of soil, and other data of the nature desired by prospective purchasers. The map also shows roughly, how far each section is from a railway. For intending settlers the map is invaluable, but it is also the most striking object lesson we have ever seen, of the amount of uncultivated and uncultivated land in those three great provinces. As one looks carefully into the map the amazing fact is brought home to him with striking power, that there is scarcely a township which has not its quota of land that the plough has never yet touched. Sometimes in the more thickly settled regions, the number of uncultivated quarter-sections is only one or two, and probably these are not really good land; but making all allowance for this, there is still an enormous area of uncultivated land in the west waiting for the tardy settler. Some of this may be held at exorbitant prices, and if so, the tax should be proportionate to the value set on the land by its absentee owner. But there is evidently still room for hundreds of thousands of progressive farmers in Canada's three great prairie provinces.

### United States Crime Statistics

JUDGE W. N. GEMMILL, of Chicago, has been collecting some statistics concerning crime in the United States, and he recently gave these to the Committee on Law Enforcement of the American Bar Association. Some of the figures are startling. The city of St. Louis led all the cities in murders and homicides, with a total for last year of four hundred and twenty-six, or fifty-three per 100,000 population. New York, which is commonly supposed to be a very wicked city is high up on the honor roll so far as murder is concerned, St. Paul alone having fewer arrests for murder, while Chicago ranks third, Cincinnati fourth, Buffalo fifth, and New Orleans sixth. Los Angeles has three times as many murders in proportion to population as New York and two and a half times as many as Chicago. Washington has three times as many murders as New York, and

Detroit has over twice as many per 100,000 population. What is true of murder is partly true of other crimes. Los Angeles so far this year leads all the other cities in burglaries and housebreaking, while Chicago comes next, followed closely by Washington, Baltimore, Buffalo, St. Louis, San Francisco, Boston, St. Paul, Cleveland, New York, New Orleans, Denver, Cincinnati and Louisville. Boston leads in arrests for intoxication, but Chicago refuses to list her cases. Judge Gemmill contrasts these figures with those of Britain. About 600,000 persons are arrested annually in England and Wales. For every arrest for murder in England and Wales in 1920, Chicago had eight and a half, New York six and three quarters, and St. Louis too many to count. The Judge points out that one reason for this remarkable difference is the lax law enforcement of the United States. The reason why crime is rarer in England than in the United States is because in England the law is enforced and there is no undue delay and no respect of persons. Judge Gemmill also points out that England still applies the lash, while Delaware is the only state in the Union where flogging is applied as a punishment for crime. The Judge does not stress the fact that the United States is a new country with a heterogeneous population, and this, while it no doubt contributes to crime, yet makes all the more imperative that law enforcement should be carried out in every state—even more strictly than in England, with its comparatively homogeneous population.

### Harvard and Jewish Students

IT is reported that Harvard University proposes to place some restriction upon the number of Jewish students admitted to its halls. This report has called forth a good deal of vigorous language from some of the leading Jewish citizens, and President Lowell has felt it necessary to explain that the intention is not to discriminate against the Jews but to help them. In a letter to a Jewish graduate, the President says:—"There is, most unfortunately, a rapidly-growing anti-Semitic following in this country, causing—and no doubt in part caused by—a strong race feeling on the part of the Jews themselves. In many cities of the country, Gentile clubs are excluding Jews altogether, who are forming separate clubs of their own. Private schools are excluding Jews, I believe, and so, we know, are hotels. The question, for those of us who deplore such a state of things is how it can be combated, and, especially for those of us who are connected with colleges, how it can be combated here. The anti-Semitic feeling among the students is increasing, and it grows in proportion to the increase in the number of Jews. If their number should become forty per cent. of the student body, the race feeling would become intense. If every college in the country would take a limited proportion of Jews, I suspect we should go a long way toward eliminating race feeling among the students. This question is with us. We cannot solve it by forgetting or ignoring it." That this prejudice exists, it would be idle to deny, and it seems to increase wherever the number of Jews increases. Only the other day a Jewish friend told us of an apartment which he tried to rent, but in vain; the house would not admit a Jew. At present, in the University of Toronto, there are a number of Jewish students, and there appears to be no active propaganda against them, but it is hard to say whether we should be any better than Harvard, if the number of Jewish students were to reach say forty per cent. Henry Ford's propaganda is blamed by some for part of the ill feeling, but the prejudice existed long before Henry Ford was heard of. One reason, undoubtedly, is the fact that the Jew refuses to coalesce with the Gentile, his religion and his racial pride alike forbidding it.

# Our Hope in Christ for This Life

By J. W. MAGWOOD



In this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." 1 Cor. 15: 19.

Read in the light of their context and as part of the Apostle's argument for immortality, the meaning, or significance of the above words is most obvious. But if we separate them from their context, and regard them as a bare and bald statement, they convey a meaning against which St. Paul himself would most probably be the first to protest. Future hope has undoubtedly kept the fires burning on many otherwise cold and cheerless hearths; has kept many hearts strong and courageous with an irrepressible optimism, and has sent forth many men, with long springy strides, to the performance of hard and discouraging tasks. And yet how sad would be our condition, how intolerably uninviting our lot, and sunless and cheerless our lives, if we had no hope in Christ for this life.

Is it not most gloriously true, that even when we restrict the reach of our faith and hope to this present sphere of human activity and achievement, that we have something most substantial and inspiring left—enough left to lift us out from the despairing and the "most miserable?" If we could but glimpse the central and vital spring of human life to-day, would we not discover that the great preponderating majority of men and women, are kept buoyant and active by the alluring prospects of immediate achievements, rather than of future hopes? Whatever the verdict of past generations may have been, we believe that the men and women of this age, judging by the wide sweep of their programmes and the spirit and intensity of their devotion, have developed an unwavering and unfailing conviction that Christ will not play them false in their unselfish endeavors for a stronger, purer, and more prevailing manhood, and for more satisfactory life conditions. "Hope," even for this life, "springs eternal in the human breast."

Therefore, in this hour of great world unrest, an hour in which so many distressing and disconcerting influences are at work, might we not do well to analyse the content, appraise the value, and metre the driving force of our present hopes in Christ?

And, first of all, there is the hope we cherish for ourselves. Perhaps there is no other single content of our hope which has in it such sustaining and driving force. Our present realizations and satisfactions are much and many, and yet the language of our hearts is "Not as though we had already attained or were already perfect, but we follow after." It is the insatiable thirst we have for the unrealized, but realizable, experiences and achievements which gives to each new day a new meaning, and keeps the rich, red blood of perpetual youth surging through the veins and arteries of our life in Christ.

Many of us devoutly thank God that we can see to-day, more clearly than ever before that our conversion was not an end, but a beginning; not so much a consummation as an initiation—an initiation into a life of expanding outlook and outreach; adding cubit after cubit to our moral stature, gradually entering upon larger achievements, and realizing the deeper and more abiding satisfactions of the children of God. Our progress has been slow, and yet without boasting, save as we boast the love and grace of Christ, we are humbly and joyously conscious that there has been progress.

Some of us can remember when, as probationers

for the ministry, we were asked if we were going on to perfection, and if we expected to be made perfect in love in this life, and how hesitant we were to answer in the affirmative. But now, looking backward, how we rejoice that we are able to testify that we have made a little progress in the direction of perfection and perfect love. We are at least a little less self-willed, a little less selfish, a little slower in passing judgment upon others, and a little more willing to acknowledge the Lordship of Jesus in our lives. And, thank God, our hopes are not yet exhausted—"still guides the heavenly vision." Out on the distant horizon, Hope's hands are still beckoning us onward, and the voice of Hope is still ringing down from the distant hills, challenging us to higher attainment, and to more staggering undertakings for Christ.

In the second place, what is our hope in Christ for the world? That we have some hope for the world is most obvious. The peoples of the civilized world are planning, acting, giving, and spending as though they really believed that this world can be made other and better than it is. If we have no hope for the world, it is very hard to see how we can defend ourselves against the charge of insanity. There may be some who are insane all the time, and probably all of us are insane part of the time, but if the charge of insanity be preferred against the civilized world as a whole, I should like to be the lawyer for the defence. For if the civilized peoples of the world are insane in their programmes, sacrifices, and expenditures for a cleaner, saner and more wholesome world, then Jesus Christ, too, was insane when he chose the *Via Dolorosa* and the cross as the means of the world's salvation.

There may be some, doubtless there are some, who have not identified their hopes for a better world with Christ, and yet, consciously or unconsciously, the people of the civilized world have become, in a large and growing measure, imbued with the spirit of Christ, and are concentrating their thought and energies upon the great problem of working out the ideals and principles of Christ in the individual and social life of humanity. So obsessed and inspired indeed are we with our hopes for a better world, that there is no price we will not pay, no hardships which we will not endure, and no sacrifices which we will not make to achieve their fullest realization. The large and growing army of missionaries and social workers; the great forward movement of the churches, in which streams of consecrated treasure are being turned in upon the turbines which propel the machinery of human amelioration and uplift, and the expenditure of blood and treasure in the recent world-war, to mention no others, is convincing evidence of this fact.

We have hopes—hopes which are pregnant with the promise of realization—for the sweetening of the streams and improving the conditions of life. Christ's ministry of healing is being achieved to-day on a larger scale than His immediate followers ever dreamed of. And it is being achieved, not by visiting shrines and imploring the gods to work miracles, but by brawny and resolute efforts to wipe out of existence the pest-holes and breeding-grounds of disease.

An enlightened and aroused public conscience has already issued its ultimatum that we must cease creating city slums and undertake the salu-

tary task of building habitations in which decent and wholesome home life may be a practical possibility. And then, too, programmes are being drawn up, and express trains are being equipped for carrying out to remote dwellers, isolated settlers, and the denizens of heathen lands, the conveniences, necessities, and good cheer essential to the well-being and happiness of men, women, and children, who, to no less a degree than we ourselves, are the redeemed sons and daughters of our All-Father, God.

And, again, we have the well-defined hope—a hope which has already passed into a conviction—that we are going to establish here, on this earthly footstool of God, the universal brotherhood of man. Making the world into one great neighborhood is no longer considered a big enough job, and as an ideal is not alluring enough to satisfy the inspired and consecrated followers of the Nazarene. We have passed beyond that and are resolved to convert the world into one great brotherhood.

And we are already well under way with our new task. The recent war may have been a crude and blundering way of going about it, and yet, basic in that war, there was the recognition of our new and inspiring ideal. And the exacting deliberations and the resolute determination of the "Peace Conference" to abolish the provocations of war; the great missionary propagandas of the Christian Church; the efforts of great leaders, employers and employees, to abolish the gulf which so long has divided the industrial world into opposing and hostile camps; the deliberate efforts of national leaders to place the privileges for mental development and human efficiency at the front door of the poorest, as well as of the richest; and the humane and well-directed efforts of a growing body of trained social workers, to heal the contagious and open sores of human life, constitute a body of evidence which proves that we are taking our new task most seriously.

And then, finally, we have another hope—the hope of so presenting, revealing, and interpreting the living, perennial Christ to the world that mankind universal will see that their only hope of emancipation, fullest development, and highest achievement lies in the salvation which He has provided and in the leadership which He volunteers.

This is the most staggering of all our hopes, and may appeal to some as an impossibility. But as someone has said, "The only difference between the difficult and the impossible is that the impossible takes a little longer time." But difficult as this hope may be of realization, it lies at the very heart of Christian faith and enterprise. And when we note that however men may sneer at professing Christians, and even at the Church, they seldom, if ever, curl the lip on mention of the name of Jesus. And when too, we see leading business and professional men, giving themselves as enthusiastically to a great inter-Church propaganda, as they did to the prosecution of the war, putting "victory loans" over the top, and other great business and national undertakings, and in their clubs and boards of trade see them stand, utterly unabashed and unashamed, declaring that the only man who can solve the vital and exacting problems of this troubled age, is the "Man of Nazareth," we surely ought to recognize that a new day is dawning and that our "hope of Christ" for this life—is most substantial, and not to be ignored, however much our hearts may thrill with the hope of a life which is to come.

## Law of the Jungle versus the Law of Christ



BROADLY speaking, two great laws have operated to produce what is known as modern civilization. These are the law of the jungle, and the law of Christ. And these two laws are contrary the one to the other. Up to the present, the law of the jungle has exerted far greater influence than the law of Christ in determining all that is known as civilization.

What is the law of the jungle? The very term takes the mind to Nature, and the constant struggle

By JONAS E. COLLINS

for supremacy and survival that goes on there. Tennyson has familiarized us with the fact that Nature is "red in tooth and claw." Modern evolutionists have introduced us anew to the spectacle of continuous warfare waged in Nature, to the complete elimination of the weaker. There before us is this grim fact of the unrelenting struggle for existence, with its only one possible result. The dove is smitten down by the hawk; the deer lies bleeding

beneath the stroke of the lion; the little fish is engulfed in the jaws of the sea-monster.

To what extent does this law apply to human life and society? This question was asked of a professor of biology, who in replying said, "We must, of course, make some allowance for Christian ethics." "But," he commented significantly, "there is so much hypocrisy in society."

The law of the jungle may be traced in society wherever the desire for dominance and exploitation predominates. Wherever men gain at the expense of others, or lord it over others for mercenary



and selfish ends, there this law operates and is supreme. It can therefore be easily seen, that the law of the jungle has been predominant in the creation of what is known as civilization, inasmuch as the history of human society has been one of struggle for supremacy and gain between tribes, nations, and races. In the more primitive conditions of society, men fought each other for gain and supremacy, and this conflict has persisted down to the present, but with this difference, that the range of operations, and nature of weapons employed have become more extensive, expert, and subtle, than in the "brave days of old."

That famous cartoonist Raemaker, hit off this fact in a cartoon that appeared during the Great War. He pictured a gigantic primitive man, of ape-like proportions, with a huge club in his hand, looking at a modern gun. At the same time he scratches his head, while he smilingly compares his club to the cannon, as if to say—What's the difference? The truth is that the whole conception of empire and imperialism, as well as the governing motives in organized industry, have reflected primarily the law of the jungle. And for this obvious reason that dominance over others, gain, exploitation—a programme richly calculated to encourage the strong to prey upon the weak—have been basic methods and motives underlying imperialism in trade and government. If it is the proud boast of Anglo Saxons that the British Empire is the most benign that the world has seen—which is perfectly true—nevertheless, one cannot be blind to the fact that the past rises up to condemn for the many approved rapacious methods of empire-building that have dimmed the glory of the past. And as one follows to-day the sociological expert, as he traces the track of big business, one sees clearly that the predatory instinct has been a little refined, but by no means eliminated in man.

Our modern civilization is almost exclusively a competitive order, and only one agency has saved

modern society from falling apart into ruins, and that is the heaven of genuine Christianity that is at work in the world. There is of course, much dimness of vision, and hypocrisy in the world—yet the heaven of true religion is at work, and it has been the means of holding together that which would otherwise have fallen apart. The law of Christ has been counteracting the law of the jungle, to our social salvation.

Now how may the law of Christ be defined? How may this law be contrasted with the law of the jungle?

Whereas the law of the jungle exists among men in obedience to the instinct for domination and exploitation, the law of Christ substitutes for this the action of reason and an enlightened conscience. So Jesus taught: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Man is a creature of selfish, strong, acquisitive instincts, which would wreck all organized life, if not controlled. Instinct must not be trusted. Reason and enlightened conscience must take its place. The Golden Rule must prevail.

The law of Christ also places in the forefront of life, self-sacrificing service for others. The basic law of Christian living is self-sacrificing service for others. All Christian living must be vicarious. This is why the cross is the symbol of Christianity. According to Christ, "it is more blessed to give than to receive"—a precept that called forth the unstinted eulogy of such a critic as Renan. The aristocracy of the earth are to be composed of the "servers." He who is greatest must be the servant of all, said Jesus. Has the modern world taken Christ seriously at this point? Or are we not decidedly pre-Christian and Oriental in our ideas of greatness?

The law of Christ places human salvation first before all earthly considerations. By human salvation must be understood all that promotes the emancipation of man—all that liberates him from

that which crushes his personality, and keeps him a slave. Has modern civilization caught the sweep and full human intensity of Christ's first message concerning Himself, to His own townsmen, when He said: "I am come to heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty the captives, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord?" He gave His life a "liberating price" for man—thus setting an example of the spirit that should enter into the recesses of all our living. In order to be Christian we must appreciate, as Jesus did, the supreme worth of human life, in comparison of which mere things fade away into insignificance. There is nothing really worth living for but humanity.

The need of the world is for Christianity, and more of it; more of it in home, school, church, industry and government; more of it as the "master-light of all our seeing." The eternal Father has sent to the world the "Light of Life" in whose rays may be seen the way out of our entanglements and distresses. In this light men must walk, if hope, joy, and a sense of victory are to crown human life. Christianity must be trusted as a practical emancipating force in the economic, as well as soul, life of man. And men of the twentieth century must work and think to realize, as never before, the present-world ideal of Jesus and His great interpreters in the New Testament, when they held out before the human vision, as life's *summum bonum*, the Realm of God, the New Earth, and the City of God.

"Wherever vision of the Light  
Disturbs the sleeping souls of men,  
Night trails away its shadowy flight—  
And Christ is born again.

"Where one foul thing is purged away,  
And life delivered of one stain,  
Love rims with gold the coming day—  
And Christ is born again."

# The Iron Mine in Your Back Yard



HEN the Man-of-the-House developed stomach trouble, and the doctor talked about low blood-pressure, anemia, lack of iron, and several such things; it didn't sound at all reasonable to me. Why should he lack iron in his make-up? There was plenty in his will. His food had been the same as that we had always had, with plenty of vegetables, and it began to seem like an excuse for more medicine. The doctor mentioned an iron tonic, or hypodermic injections of iron. Realizing from previous experience that that same doctor had rather hazy notions of the number of calories in a cubic inch of different substances, I decided to do a little research for myself, with most amazing results.

First of all, I wanted to find out how much iron is really needed, and why. Iron was classed with other minerals to a certain extent, the fact being true of all of them that their actual weight in foods is small, but their value is out of all proportion to this quantity. Of iron, the amount required per day per man, is .006 gram to .012 gram, under normal conditions. In one respect, however, iron differs from the other minerals needed by the body, in that there is a reserve supply of calcium and phosphorus in the bones, which can be drawn upon in emergency. There is no such reserve supply of iron, however, which means that every bit of iron needed must

By Alvara P. Williams

be supplied from day to day, or the body simply has to get along without that element.

What are the consequences of getting along without iron? That depends upon what this mineral does in the body. All the minerals are necessary in the blood, where they are dissolved in the liquid part, the plasma, and regulate its weight and specific gravity, so that the blood corpuscles floating in it retain their proper size and shape. If there is too little mineral food, this liquid becomes too light; and the corpuscles lose their shape. Of these mineral foods, iron is the oxygen carrier. All the energy-yielding processes of body depend upon the supply of oxygen in the blood, hence upon the cor-

puscles, hence upon minerals, and especially iron. As simple as "the House that Jack built," when you know how.

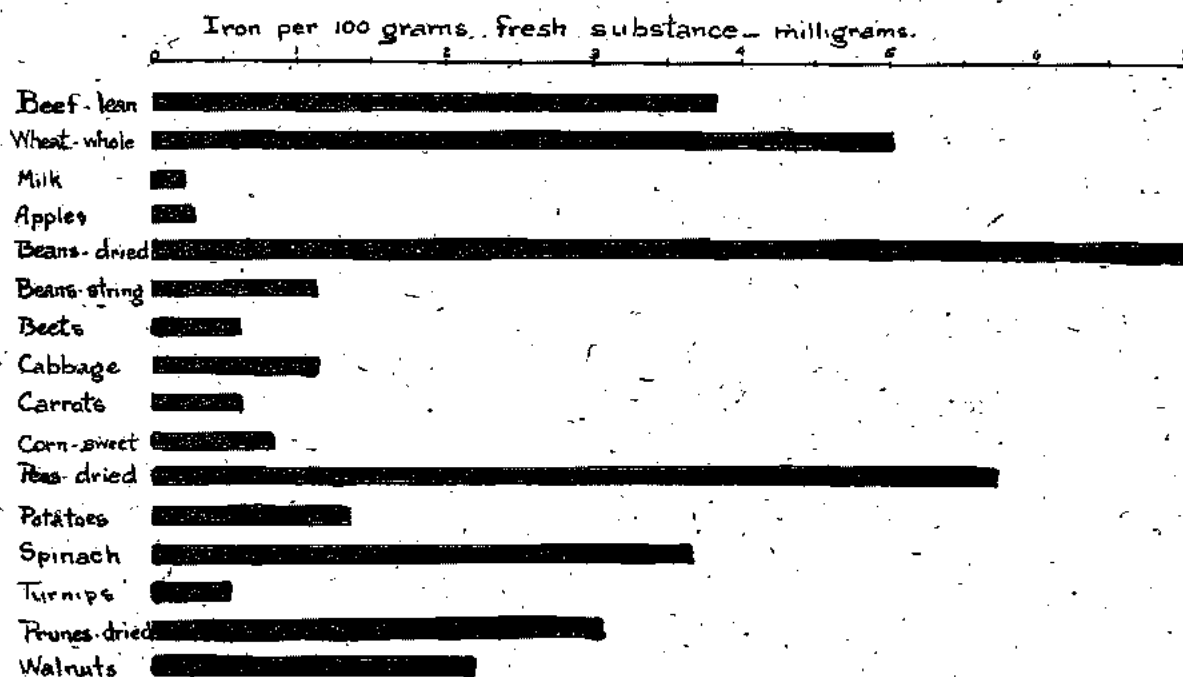
The next puzzling question was, why this particular man didn't have enough iron, when the rest of us didn't show the lack of it. Of course, the fact that some of the digestive functions were disturbed might account for it. The only other possibility was that unwittingly, he had been getting food that was lacking in that element, and the continued lack was just beginning to show. A diagram showing the amount of iron in different foods would show me what to add to our diet. In working out this diagram, I found several tables of constituents in different foods, but all based on the ash constituents. Sherman, in "Chemistry of Foods and Nutrition," claims that the weight of fresh substance is

more accurate, as the ash constituents are often overweight in the case of minerals. The accompanying diagram is based on figures obtained from this work, therefore figures are for weight of fresh substance.

This list upset some of my previous ideas about iron. Milk, for instance, has very little iron. The doctor had said carrots were strong in iron, and here they were, only .6 milligram per hundred grams of fresh carrots. Lettuce I had always supposed strong in iron, because it "rusts" so readily when exposed to the air, yet it has only a little more iron than carrots. Foods richest in iron were found

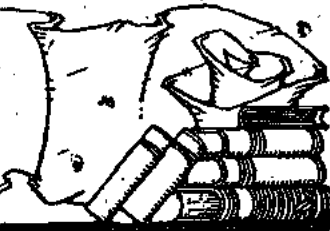
(Continued on page 15.)

Iron in typical food materials





# EDITORIAL



## What Made America Go Dry

**T**HE fact that the United States and the greater part of Canada has banished the liquor traffic, a traffic which had seemingly incorporated itself so into the social habits and commercial life of the nations as to be regarded as a vital necessity, is so significant and of such importance as to call for a careful inquiry into the forces which produced this tremendous overturn. Who or what was it which was strong enough to defy the liquor traffic to mortal combat and to win the fight? Dr. Frank Crane undertakes to answer this question in the June number of *Current Opinion*.

He first points out some forces which did not do it: "The Big Six" he calls them, and he enumerates them as the Press, Society, the Intellectuals, the Church, the Politicians, and the Labor organizations. Dr. Crane points out that the Press did not lead in the prohibition fight, and even to-day some of the big metropolitan dailies are frankly out of sympathy with the prohibitory law. It is true, however, that the rural press did in many cases put up a valiant fight for prohibition, and we think they deserve a little more credit than Dr. Crane is disposed to award them. And yet there is force in Dr. Crane's contention that "Prohibition was suggested, fomented, and finally adopted by the common people of the United States, and the public press, which is supposed to be so influential, not only had nothing to do with it, but distinctly opposed it."

Society has always been opposed to anything which would curtail its pleasures and it is frankly derisive of the common crowd; and from the beginning prohibition had nothing to hope for from the select few who lead the fashions, crowd the gatherings of the elite, and plume themselves upon the fact that they are really the nation. From this class nothing was either expected or received.

The Intellectuals are a different class and from them the prohibition movement had a right to expect a leadership, which unfortunately they failed to provide. By Intellectuals Dr. Crane means what Chicago calls the "Highbrows" and Moscow terms the "Intelligentsia." To this superior class prohibition was, and is, a movement of the vulgar herd, who have no proper idea of personal liberty, and who do not possess sufficient intelligence to order their lives sanely and wisely. To this select few, this would-be intellectual aristocracy, this collection of superior intelligences, the prohibition movement is an insult and a piece of vulgar and intolerable tyranny which has been made possible only by the most unseemly and regrettable fanaticism.

In classing the Church as one of the forces which did not assist prohibition, Dr. Crane makes a distinction. Again as in Society and the Intellectuals, he masses the church, which is spelled with a capital C, and he includes the Roman Catholic and the Episcopalian Churches. He declares that, to say the least, these churches with all their respectability, their wealth of tradition, and their venerable records, have not been over friendly to the prohibition movement. Whether they were right or wrong is not the question. They may have been right, but at least the fact that America went dry was not due to them.

And the Politicians did not put prohibition over. The great political parties at times coquetted with the movement, but the opposing forces were too strong to be lightly defied, and so the great political parties side-stepped prohibition wherever possible, and steadfastly and to the very last refused to make it a political issue. In Canada we have had exceptions to this in the provincial parties, but the great Dominion parties did not either desire or assist prohibition.

And probably the most singular fact of all is that prohibition has been made law without the help, and indeed in defiance of, the forces of Organized Labor, the Socialists, and all others who are supposed exclusively to control the votes of the proletariat.

And yet the United States and the greater part

of Canada has gone dry. Who is it that has done this great thing? Dr. Crane declares, and we think he is right, that the agency which has been chiefly responsible for the marvellous achievement, is the Little Church on Main Street. Main Street, he says, is America. Main Street stands for the very essence of democracy, and from it comes every force that has made America what it is. Main Street stands for the great middle class, and the Little Church on Main Street alone has made prohibition possible. This Little Church, Dr. Crane argues, is the most utterly characteristic institution on Main Street, and it is this Church which is moulding the nation of the future. Society scoffs at it, Intellectualism despises it, politicians fear it; but it is really the one force, in the nation which is making for moral and spiritual progress. It is not only democratic; it is democracy. It is the voice of the common conscience, the moral dynamo of the crowd, the heart of the nation.

Some of our readers may take exception to the sweeping character of Dr. Crane's generalizations, and some may object to his laudation of the Little Church, yet we cannot but feel that he has voiced some great facts which it is well to bear in mind. The Little Church on Main Street is not a cipher, and its work will abide.

## Painted Windows

**W**E have just finished reading the third volume by "A Gentleman With a Duster," to which he gives the above significant title. "The Mirrors of Downing Street," dealt with the outstanding political leaders of Great Britain; "The Glass of Fashion," dealt with the great social leaders, and "Painted Windows" completes the task by giving us a most interesting and significant study of a small group of outstanding religious leaders of England. And unhesitatingly we say that the last book of the three is by all odds the best contribution of the three to the thought and progress of the times. Not only does it deal with as great personalities as the other two volumes did, but the issues connected with those personalities are larger and more vital than was the case in the other two books. And we cannot but feel, too, that the author is here more sincere and honest-purposed than he was when writing the other volumes. In them he frequently gave evidence of a desire to be merely clever and entertaining, while in the present volume there seems to us to be downright sincerity on every page.

The author frankly admits that he is strongly convinced of the moral impotence of the Church of to-day. He doesn't think that the situation is hopeless, for he sees infinite possibilities ahead, but he does believe that the outlook is very, very serious. And his reason for writing these studies, is that he thinks that much of the failure of organized religion to-day is to be traced to the religious leaders themselves. And though his setting forth of these is often rather unsparing, the reader will not be able to take much comfort out of the fact that another is censured rather than himself; for the author has a way of laying the responsibility down upon classes and groups, rather than upon individuals, and not many of us will be able altogether to escape the searching criticism of these pages.

A great catholicity of interest marks the selection of leaders dealt with—varying as they do from the very High Church Anglican to the head of the Salvation Army. Indeed, one of the most interesting studies in the book is that of General Booth, and it is not much more interesting than is the study of Father Knox, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith from High Anglicanism. The pages devoted to Miss Royden, late of the City Temple, London, are also very illuminating and full of interest. It is significant, perhaps, that there is not a single Methodist leader among those dealt with.

What is the author's suggestion as to the remedy for the situation which he deplors? A few pages of conclusion to his volume hints at the way of salvation and progress which he sees. He believes

that the time has more than come when the Church should absolutely throw off all those long and hopeless controversies of theology, concerning the Person of Christ, and direct its thought toward the good news of Jesus as the revelation of a strange and mighty power that would bless and save the world. Here is a pregnant sentence, perhaps open to misinterpretation when taken from its context, but surely with a real message for our time:

"Is it not possible that the Church might see the trivial unimportance of all those matters which at present dismember her, if she saw the supreme importance of Christ as a Teacher? Might she not come to behold a glory in that teaching, greater even than that which she has so heroically, but so unavailingly endeavored to make the world behold in the crucified sacrifice and propitiation for its sins."

We hope that "Painted Windows" will have a wide and an intelligent and earnest reading. It will make us feel and think deeply, and without that on the part of the leaders of the Church we do not see how there is any way for her up out of the trough of the wave in which she now lies.

## Light and Lightning

**T**HERE is some relation between light and lightning, but there is also marked dissimilarity. The Light of the World shines noiselessly and steadily. Christ's gospel makes its appeal to men in a thousand silent ministries, and its helpful healing power is streaming forth and functioning where men least suspect it. The usual course of soul-illumination seems to be that of the silent operation of the Spirit of God in the deep hidden recesses of the human soul. And sometimes because we see it not, and hear it not, we say God is not working. But God's ways are not our ways, and He never rests from His labors.

Some of us seem to imagine that the Spirit of God can only function in a spiritual thunderstorm, with wildest winds and loudest accompaniment of heaven's artillery. But this is not so. It is true that God does work in the storm, but it is not true that the storm is His chief or specially-chosen method. The lightning is just as much God's work as the light, but on the other hand, the light is just as truly God's work as the lightning.

The lightning is intermittent; the light is steady and continuous. Some people seem to imagine that religion consists of alternate bands of vivid light and intense darkness; but the truer conception is that it is like "the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." It may be that the quiet dawning will not compare in spectacular grandeur with the intense-vivid glare of the lightning, but it is very much commoner, and much more effective.

## Well Done

**T**O some of us it is very hard to say "well done" of anything. The critical faculty is so strong and the appreciative faculty is so weak, that we seldom or never feel like saying "well done" to anyone; and when we do feel like it, we refrain for fear of being misunderstood, or for fear of causing undue elation in the one whom we praise. And in certain cases a word of appreciation is so rare that when it comes we know that it is but the prelude to some favor which the speaker desires and for which he is seeking to pave the way, not by a word of honest appreciation, but by a little judicious flattery. And this spirit has become so prevalent in certain quarters, that we have learned to look askance at any attempt at praise.

This should not be. When men do well we surely have a right to say so, and we have a right to say so even when the imperfections of the work are everywhere manifest. For well done does not mean perfection; it does not mean that it could not be bettered; it does not

mean that the work is equal to or superior to some one else's; it simply means that considering the worker's ability, and taking into account the difficulties of the task, and all the special hindrances to it, the worker has really done well. The man who earned two talents was not equal to the man who earned five, but he also had done well.

A little judicious praise is a stimulus to better work, and it is worth while to use it. It must be sincere and honest, but it should take into account the difficulties of the task and the worker's handicap, just as much as it does the excellence of the finished product. It is well for parents, and teachers, and all workers to learn the value of an honest and hearty "Well done."

## Strength of Understatement

**W**HEN a man feels keenly upon any subject he is apt, unintentionally of course, to overestimate the importance of that subject and in his speeches and writings he is apt to resort to the strongest language which his Christian vocabulary will permit. And if he makes a hobby of the subject, and follows up the study for years, his whole mental horizon will often become filled with it, and his hobby will ride him sometimes with very undesirable results.

One thing that contributes to this result is the applause of those who are like-minded with him, and whose appreciation of his arguments is in direct proportion to their knock-down character. This seems characteristic of most reforms, of politics, and of religious controversies. The crowd is never satisfied until the blood begins to flow, and the man who would fight fairly and never make an overstatement, is not likely to be a popular favorite. There is no doubt that it is popular to "go for" one's opponent with all our strength.

Yet it remains forever true that "wisdom is justified of her children," and the man who is always reasonable, always fair, always more eager to deal justly with his opponent than to win an argument, always willing to give his opponents credit for all the good there is in them, will find that in the end he will be respected alike by friends and enemies, and his words will carry a weight that is never given to those of the man who is less careful of his facts and less courteous to his opponents. The fair fighter is the only fighter who has a right to expect a decent victory, and the victory which is won by unfair tactics always carries dishonor with it.

Most of us have to contend at times and to contend earnestly, and it is no easy lesson to learn to fight fairly; yet we shall find that the man who chooses to understate his cause rather than to overstate it, will acquire an influence with reasonable men that may prove to be invaluable to the cause which he is advocating.

## Humor in the Pulpit

**T**HERE are a good many people who cherish the belief that somehow or other religion and humor cannot be made to agree. To them religion and solemnity are almost synonymous. There is a very close relationship between these people and the old lady who is reputed to have arisen at a camp-meeting and said, "I think I must have religion, for I feel powerful solemn." But this lady, if she ever existed, which we are inclined to doubt, was not much farther astray than are some of those who to-day insist that the Church is desecrated, and the pulpit disgraced, by the use of humor. It is useless to plead that there may be such a thing as sanctified humor, for with these people such a thing is about as reasonable as sanctified sin. They do not believe that a congregation can laugh and retain its sense of the presence of God.

This idea harks back to the far-distant past when life was a most strenuous thing and any relaxation, either in the shape of recreation or mirth was held to be sinful. But while life is still strenuous enough, we have learned that it has a proper place for both recreation and amusement. Medical sciences to-day is a unit upon the value of recreation to the bodies and minds of men, and the religious thinkers of to-day, and the majority of evangelistic workers, are coming to see that humor has a distinct value in the delivering of the message of the gospel.

One of the greatest defects in the presentation of the gospel is the making it unnaturally solemn, and there seems to be a distinct, and very healthful, recoil amongst our people from the conception of

a religion that is too good for anything but church, and a church that is too good for anything but the utmost solemnity. The instincts of the race are truer than the ecclesiastical instinct, and they demand a very human Christianity, one that is not too good for daily life, nor too hallowed for the use of common humanity. And humor, wisely used, helps to make the multitude feel at home with the speaker and serves to introduce his message to them as one that is blessedly human. It surprises some men to discover that it is not a sin to laugh, and they are delighted to find that the religion of Jesus does not consist chiefly in singing solemn psalms and making long prayers. And the preacher who has a keen sense of humor should be thankful for it and should consecrate it to the service of his Master.

But there is the other side to this. If the preacher forgets his chief message and aims merely at amusing the people, his usefulness as a preacher of the gospel will not last long, and this is specially

true if he has no native humor, but simply the forced kind. Only last week we read of one such who, at the end of his second year was asked to resign, and when he protested and wanted to know the reason, the spokesman of the committee, which had waited upon him, told him that they "were sick and tired of the old almanac stories" he had been giving them, and they wanted a change. They appreciated humor, but not that kind of humor. And yet we suppose it would be exceedingly difficult to show that brother just wherein his humor differed from the acceptable and useful kind. In any case it hindered his message and the use of such humor should be abandoned.

But while we recognize this we should not allow it to deter us from approving the genial, homely, yet effective humor which relieves tension, places the speaker in close touch with his audience, helps them to feel that the preacher is speaking to them on a familiar plane, and makes them much more ready to receive the truth at his hand.



## EDITORIAL IN BRIEF



**THE NORTH POLE** is wobbling. It has not only one, but two distinct wobbles, one completed in a year and one in fourteen months. But while there is a distinct southward drift of the Pole, it only amounts to about six inches a year. This means that we are really drifting northward, but as it will take about 10,000 years to move a mile we need not worry overmuch. And yet if anyone wants something to worry over, this wobbling of the Pole may be just as good as something else.

**THE** state of Illinois has held its congressional primaries, and the indications are that out of twenty-seven congressmen, nineteen will be dry, while the next Illinois Legislature will be as dry as the last. The wets are fighting hard but the country is not with them. They sound their trumpets bravely, but the people do not flock to their banners. Even Chicago can't make Illinois wet.

**THE RICHMOND CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE** recently published a letter from M. J. Rodrigues, telling how Methodists were treated in the township of Guerycema, in the State of Minas Geraes, in Brazil. The Methodists had just dedicated their church, and a band of fanatics, led by Father Belchoir, priest of Guerycema, attempted to destroy the house of Rev. Antonio Ferreiro Sardao. But the Methodists had received an intimation of the intended assault and were prepared, so Father Belchoir drew off from the house, but proceeded with dynamite and pickaxe to destroy the church. Evidently even in Brazil the Roman hierarchy does not love the Methodists very much. Nor in Rome either!

**M. MAURICE DONNAY**, French academician and author, who recently visited this continent in connection with the celebrations of the Molière tercentenary, has returned to France with a strong impression of the value of the English language. He says, "When one sets foot in America, he is confounded by the fact that our country has not yet comprehended how indispensable it is to study the English language." The French language, he points out, is no longer a "second" tongue to civilized men the world over, and the undeniable fact that English is the speech of two-thirds of civilization makes it incumbent on all good Frenchmen to acquaint themselves with English. "We must learn English," he warns his countrymen. "It is imperative, and a patriotic necessity."

This is rather a new note, and yet we are persuaded that it is one which we shall hear more often during the coming years.

**THE** startling difference in point of view between Roman Catholics and Protestants is illustrated by the story President Roosevelt told of his visit to Rome some years ago. "The chief point of interest," he says, "in this talk (between Mr. O'Laughlin, his press representative, and Cardinal Merry

del Val) was that Merry del Val told him that if I would secretly agree not to visit the Methodists, he was quite willing that it should be publicly announced that I had made no agreement. It never occurred to him, cardinal and prince of the Church as he was, that this was an invitation to me to take part in a piece of discreditable double dealing and deception, and it shows the curious moral callousness of his type that later, to justify himself, and to show how conciliatory he had been, he actually himself made public the fact that he had made the proposition, evidently having no idea that anyone would find it reprehensible. Why, a Tammany boodle alderman would have been ashamed to make such a proposal!"

**THE** world is growing smaller. Wireless has made it just one-tenth of a second wide, according to *World's Work*. "Man has touched the ether waves with the perturbations of his restless spirit and in the winking of an eye, by man-made receptive nerves, at the Antipodes his brothers hear his speech." The wireless has done it. Closer and closer are coming the east and the west, and the results are as yet unimaginable to us.

**NOT** a few Protestants seem somewhat uneasy over the growth of the Roman Catholic Church, but current history declares that from 1906 to 1916, while the Roman Catholics increased from 14,210,755 to 15,721,815 or 10.6 per cent., the Protestants increased from 20,025,014 to 25,025,990, or about twenty-five per cent. And out of a total of 96,238,096, who are counted as adherents of religious bodies, 74,795,225 are numbered as Protestants. Rome cannot hold her own even in France and Italy, and she is certainly not doing it in the United States.

**THE** premillennialists are inclined to overrate their influence and their numbers. But in the theological seminaries they have but scant footing. Out of two hundred and thirty-six members of college faculties in eight denominations, only eight are premillennialists. This is certainly a poor showing for the future.

**WE** are told that new Canadians form one-eighth of the entire population of Canada, and in large sections of the West one half of the population and two-thirds of the children of school age are of non-British stock. This is no cause for alarm, but it certainly should cause us serious thought.

**WE** are sorry to learn that considerable damage was done to church property in Portage la Prairie and district by the tornado, which passed over the county on June 23rd. The loss to many of the farmers in the district was also very severe. It may be necessary for outside help to be given to some of the churches in the affected area.





## A Belated House-warming

By FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

**T**HE cozy and comfortable church parlor was filled with women, who were moving about from place to place as their work called them; and the sound of voices, earnest, merry and kindly, rang out through the open doors, telling the passers-by that the Ladies' Aid Society was having its weekly meeting.

This meeting was an unusually important one, for beside the work of getting ready a box of clothing and books for a poor Sunday school out in the "wilds," there was to be a business meeting and, as so often does not happen, nearly all the members were there.

Contrary to the usual conception of these meetings by outsiders, it was not what is so often termed "a talk-feast" or a "gossip meeting," for there was no gossip, no unkind criticism of absent members or of the town-folk in general, neither did the little wife of the pastor come in for censure for being unavoidably absent. Gossip was taboo in this society, and each member was in reality a working and not an honorary member.

Mrs. Dick, plump and placid, was showing little Mrs. Ralph West just how to finish a garment that was to be packed in the box; Mrs. Schofield was darning a tiny hole in a small stocking, while initiating her neighbor, Celeste Jordan, in the mysteries of laying a hem straight on a sheet; while several more were supervising the lunch that was to be served after awhile, and to which the husbands were invited.

"Did you know the Presbyterians gave their pastor a house-warming last evening?" and Mrs. Dean turned to her neighbor, Mrs. Moorland, as she spoke.

"A house-warming? No, I didn't hear of it. But I think that was lovely, though. It always seems to me as if going into a new town and a new church must be rather trying, and a good, hearty welcome at the first is a great help in making the pastor and family feel thoroughly at home."

"I wonder why we didn't think of that when our pastor came here! But, then, I forgot. Of course that was just the time when everybody was sick with the flu, and there was no one able even to go and greet the family. I always have felt badly over that, you know."

Mrs. Stevenson stopped her work of fitting a sleeve into a pretty gingham apron, holding that garment suspended in mid-air as she spoke excitedly, "Well, it's not too late yet, is it? Why not give him a house-warming some time soon? What say, everybody?" looking around, her eyes shining.

For a minute there was silence as the proposition was considered. Then

Grandma Dent spoke hesitatingly, the pink flooding the thin, wrinkled cheeks, the eyes dropping in shyness, as she hesitated at her boldness.

"I wonder how it would be to give Brother Mitchell and his wife a heart-warming? It is rather late, now, for the customary house-warming, as they have been with us six months."

She choked as she finished, for Grandma was a most diffident little lady, always putting her own opinions in the back-ground, yet the varied experiences of her long and eventful life qualified her for giving helpful advice.

"A heart-warming!" and several voices joined in surprised exclamation. "Why, Grandma Dent, just what do you mean?" As Grandma hesitated, looking up shyly, Mrs. Dean patted the thin hand that was nervously picking at the folds of her dress.

"Now, Grandma Dent, you know you have something up your sleeve, as the saying is, so just out with it. What do you mean by a heart-warming? Surely we treat our pastor well, don't we?"

A light came into the soft, blue eyes. "Yes, my dear, I think we do, and yet—" again that appealing look, as she noted that all work had stopped, and that she had the floor, so to speak.

"Come, Grandma, that's a good girl, tell us just what you mean by that 'yet'! See how excited we all are," and Allie Burton smiled into the face that was lifted to her own. Allie was her own grand-daughter, and therefore she could take liberties with Grandma. "Come, now, or it's a good shaking for you, you know."

The little old lady saw that she had said too much to be allowed to stop without explanations.

"Well," again her fingers sought the folds of her black dress, "you know I am a great gadabout—" every one laughed, for Grandma was a veritable home mouse—"and in my wanderings I happened to stop in the parsonage. I had been there but once since our new minister came, for you know I have been ill nearly all the time since. But last week, when I just felt that I must run in for a little while, and wondered if I could manage the walk, Allie came with her car and in a minute I was in the parsonage and waiting for Sister Mitchell to come from the room where she was putting the baby to sleep."

"She came in a few minutes, greeted me so warmly I felt ashamed of myself for not going there before, and she chatted about one thing and another until I felt perfectly at ease, as if I had known her all my life. But as I watched her, I could see the sure signs of tears. Oh, yes, my dears, I know them perfectly, for

you must not forget I was once the wife of a young minister, and I assure you I shed many tears in my loneliness in new places."

"Well, as was natural, I found myself asking her how she liked the town, and if she were becoming well acquainted. You know," smiling whimsically, "that is the stock question that is always asked of newcomers. For a second, the eyes shadowed, the lips quivered, then the little lady answered, 'Why, I have met some of the dearest people, both in our church and out, but for some reason, I have had but few callers from our own congregation. Of course, I know how busy every one is with his own work, especially at this season of the year, but I do get so lonely at times, and wish more of the church friends would remember me.' She smiled such a pitiful smile as she spoke, and her eyes were filled with tears."

"You see," she went on, "I am hundreds of miles from any of my own people, the first time I have ever been so far away; and although I do try to be very brave, yet the loneliness affects me, as it does my husband. I really feel that he is not doing his best work and am so afraid the dear people of his congregation will judge him harshly if he fails to satisfy them. You see," and she smiled, "ministers and their wives are very much like other people, and I fear we both, perhaps, are too sensitive, and wonder sometimes if we are not disappointing the church people in some way. I do wish they would tell us wherein we fail, for we are so anxious to meet their expectations." Grandma paused, and the rest waited.

"Well, you may be sure I hastened to assure her that the neglect was just due to thoughtlessness and to the selfishness that is a part of us all, in putting ourselves and our own business first, and that the church was united in love and appreciation of their pastor and his wife and of their work."

"Then what do you think she did? Just dropped her head on the table and cried. She is such a young little wife, you see, and I realized the tears

were those of relief. As I left, hearing Allie's car at the door, she flung her arm about me, saying, 'I am glad—so glad you came, and now I can tell Howard something that will so encourage him; for do you know I believe he is really a greater baby than I am, only I can cry it all out and he can't. He will work harder than ever, now,' laughing with a little choke in her voice. Then I left, but that visit has haunted me ever since," sighing softly.

"And I let Grandma go there alone, when I could just as well have gone with her as not. But I had promised to run in and see Louise a little while, because she was so lonely—having had no guests for three days. You know Louise is never happy unless she has a houseful around her," and Allie Burton stood straight with flushed cheeks as she spoke.

Then, as the silence told its own tale of thoughts "too deep for utterance," Allie stood up before the entire crowd, her eyes shining, her cheeks flushing and paling with her earnestness.

"I, Allie Jean Burton, am guilty of gross negligence that is really nothing better than cruelty. That little lady is just about my age, and she is supposed to be not only wife to a busy man and mother to a lovely boy, but she feels that she ought to take the burdens of the entire church and congregation on her shoulders. And I—why, I am busy hunting something to do to amuse myself. Next!" and she looked very stern as she spoke.

Right then and there were mutual confessions, with a proffering of excuses that as Allie declared judiciously, "didn't work." And it was agreed that the next Tuesday night there would be a belated house-warming that would be a heart-warming also, and this was to be followed in the future by little calls, "runnings-in," with longer visits from those who preferred that, to the little lady of the parsonage and her husband, as visible tokens of their love and appreciation of their pastor and his work, as well as of the wife who shared his labors and anxieties.

## Great Friendships

By C. E. H. and H. M. R.

### Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell

**T**HANK you for your letter," Charlotte Brontë wrote to Mrs. Gaskell in 1853. "It was as pleasant as a quiet chat, as welcome as spring showers, as reviving as a friend's visit; in short it was very like a page of 'Cranford.'"

Just as the letters of Mrs. Gaskell, the author of "Cranford," were an antidote to some of the dark moods of Charlotte Brontë, so was her bright

personality, utterly immune as it was from morbidness, a wholesome stay to the shy, sensitive, shrinking nature of the author of "Jane Eyre."

Fame had come to Charlotte Brontë when she met Elizabeth Gaskell, but she had lost nearly everything that was dearest to her in the world. Her two sisters, who had shared with her an intellectual comradeship, had died in swift succe-



sion, and she was left with her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, at the bleak parsonage at Haworth. She had longed for the wider contacts that fame would bring to her, but when they came she was unable fully to enjoy them. Long habits of self-suppression and seclusion had bred in her a nervous fear of strangers. She had thirsted for the living waters of human comradeship, but when the sparkling cup was offered to her she could not do more than taste of it. The years of servitude to which she and her sisters had been subjected as governesses in the houses of those who could not, and did not, trouble to understand them, had left their brand upon her. All the fame in the world could not rob Charlotte Brontë of diffidence.

How different was the temperament of Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell! Coming of a good family, she had married well and happily. Nature had been kind to her in the matter of physical endowment. She is described as being a very beautiful young woman, with a well-shaped head, regular features, and a mien bright and almost joyous. No less kind to her had been Nature in the bestowal of mental gifts. In spite of her wonderful imaginative faculty and powers of intuition, she had balance and practicality of character. She was not in the least addicted to self-pity or introspection. Where Charlotte Brontë looked in and was intensely subjective, Mrs. Gaskell looked out and was so objective that in her greatest book of all, the life of her friend Charlotte, her own personality is almost entirely obliterated. It was to keep herself from brooding over the death of her only son that she began to write the series of novels that stand among the finest in literature: "North and South," "Cranford," and "Wives and Daughters." When she met Charlotte Brontë she at once looked far beneath the unpretending appearance of the writer and gauged the true worth of the woman. She has described that first meeting in the pages of her "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

"Dark when I got to Windermere station," she says; "a drive along the level road to Lowwood; then a stoppage at a pretty house, and then a pretty drawing-room in which were Sir James and Lady Kay Shuttleworth, and a little lady in a black-silk gown, whom I could not see at first for the dazzle in the room; she came up and shook hands with me at once. I went up to unbonnet, etc.; came down to tea; the little lady worked away and hardly spoke, but I had time for a good look at her. She is (as she calls herself) undeveloped, thin, and more than half a head shorter than I am; soft brown hair, not very dark; eyes (very good and expressive, looking straight and open at you) of the same color as her hair; a large mouth; the forehead square, broad, and rather overhanging. She has a very sweet voice; rather hesitates in choosing her expressions; but when chosen they seem without an effort admirable, and just befitting the occasion; there is nothing overstrained, but perfectly simple. . . . She is more like Miss

than any one in her ways, if you can fancy Miss — to have gone through suffering enough to have taken out every spark of merriment, and to be shy and silent from the habit of extreme, intense solitude."

On this occasion Miss Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell discovered that they had many literary tastes in common. Charlotte opened up her heart to the

woman who appealed directly to her essential self. After they parted they began a correspondence that was stimulating and helpful to each. Charlotte visited Mrs. Gaskell in Manchester, at the comfortable home whose hospitable doors were always thrown wide open to a large circle of friends, and Mrs. Gaskell visited her friend in Haworth, at the grey stone parsonage, whose doors and windows opened on a crowded graveyard, set against a background of bleak moor.

"I don't know that I ever saw a spot more exquisitely clean; the most dainty place for that I ever saw," wrote Mrs. Gaskell of one of her visits to Miss Brontë. "To be sure, the life is like clock-work. No one comes to the house; nothing disturbs the deep repose; hardly a voice is heard; you catch the ticking of the clock in the kitchen, or the buzzing of a fly in the parlour, all over the house."

When the two friends met they had much to discuss. "We were so happy together," says Mrs. Gaskell in her "Life." "we were so full of interest in each other's subjects. The

appointment were to be the lot of some on earth. It was better to acknowledge this and face out the truth in a religious faith."

It was the intention of the friends to renew very frequently the pleasure they had in being together. "We agreed that when she wanted bustle, or when I wanted quiet, we were to let each other know." Charlotte Brontë had received an offer of marriage from one of her father's curates—one of the very curates whom she had ridiculed in "Shirley." Her father had strongly opposed the marriage, and Charlotte, unselfish as usual, had deferred to his wishes. Mr. Nicolls, the curate, had given up his work at Haworth, but one day soon after Mrs. Gaskell had returned home, he paid his old vicar a visit. On the subject of that visit, Charlotte wrote illuminatingly to a friend: "As the result of a visit Mr. Nicolls paid here about a week ago, it was agreed that he was to resume the curacy of Haworth, as soon as papa's present assistant is provided with a situation, and in due course of time he is to be received as an inmate into this house. . . . It is Mr. Nicoll's wish that the marriage should take place this summer; he urges the month of July, but that seems very soon."

Three visits Charlotte Brontë paid just previous to her marriage, and the first was to her friend Mrs. Gaskell. After that "the sacred doors of

home were closed upon her married life."

"We, her loving friends, standing outside, caught occasional glimpses of brightness, and pleasant peaceful murmurs of sound, telling of the gladness within," writes Mrs. Gaskell; "and we looked at each other, and gently said, 'After a hard and long struggle—after many cares and many bitter sorrows—she is tasting happiness now!' We thought of the slight astringencies of her character, and how they would turn to full ripe sweetness in that calm sunshine of domestic peace. We remembered her trials, and were glad in the idea that God had seen fit to wipe away the tears from her eyes. Those who saw her, saw an outward change in her look, telling of inward things. And we thought, and we hoped, and we prophesied, in our great love and reverence. . . . But God's ways are not as our ways!"

Within a year after her marriage, she who "as a pale white bride" had seemed to be entering on a new life of happiness, was laid in her grave.

But how she lives to-day!—lives in her novels, so full of vital life, lives in the glamour that her personality has had for those who never saw her face, and lives, perhaps most of all, in that great classic that her friend, Mrs. Gaskell, wrought in her memory, "The Life of Charlotte Brontë!"

## Slumber Song

CONSTANCE I. DAVIES

Come, my little one, close thine eyes;  
The cloud-lambs hasten across the skies,  
Seeking their fold, for the day grows old;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep!

Each little bird is now at rest;  
The flow'rs are nodding on Mother Earth's breast,  
And sleepily sigh, as the wind goes by;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep!

The dream-ship rocks on the blue dream-sea,  
And hark! dream-babies call to thee.  
Then haste, make haste, lest the ship sail on!  
Sleep, my little one, sleep!

To the land of magic far away,  
Where the fairies dwell, and dream-babies play,  
The dream-ship goes, when the night-wind blows.  
Sleep, my little one, sleep!

day seemed only too short for what we had to say and to hear."

One of their discussions reflects in a typical way their different attitudes towards life. "We talked about the different courses through which life ran," says Mrs. Gaskell. "She said, in her own composed manner, as if she had accepted the theory as a fact, that she believed some were appointed beforehand to sorrow and much disappointment; that it did not fall to the lot of all—as Scripture told us—to have their lines fall in pleasant places; that it was well for those who had rougher paths, to perceive that such was God's will concerning them, and try to moderate their expectations, leaving hope to those of a different doom, and seeking patience and resignation as the virtues they were to cultivate. I took a different view: I thought that human lots were more equal than she imagined; that to some happiness and sorrow came in strong patches of light and shadow, (so to speak) while in the lives of others they were pretty equally blended throughout. She smiled and shook her head, and said she was trying to school herself against ever anticipating any pleasure; that it was better to be brave and submit faithfully; there was some good reason, which we should know in time, why sorrow and dis-

## The World of Wee Wonders

'By BERTHA E. GREEN

### The Bubble Gatherer

THESE was the bright sunshine and the soft, fragrant breeze of the morning calling to Dick, the little boy who found such happiness among the Little People of the great outdoors.

There were the chirpings of the birds among the branches of the trees, too, and all seemed to be telling him of some new secret yet to find.

He was soon on his way across the fields toward the woods, walking along a little, narrow footpath, which wound around little trees and over mossy plots, until he reached Willow Pond. Here it was cooler, and he took off his hat and sat down close to the water's edge. He had no boots on, and so he let his feet play with the water, enjoying the touch of coolness the water gave to his sunburnt legs.

There were ever so many of the little swimmers of the pond—about, and Dolo, the Raftsman spider, was busier than Dick had seen him for a long time. He made ever so many trips across the pond, and always alone.

Dick was wondering why Dolo was so busy, when he heard a loud: "Hullo, Boy Dick! What are you dreaming about now?"

"Why, Hullo, Hep!" called Dick, a smile of welcome overspreading his face. "I never saw you until this very minute. Where were you?"

"Right here," answered Hep, the Little Green Man. "Right here on Grandfather Gurr's lily-pad all the time. But I know better than to let my toes stay too long in the water,

for Master Gyro, the water-spider, is very hungry, and is looking everywhere for something to eat."

"Is that why Dolo, the Raftsman, is making so many trips?" inquired Dick.

"I suppose so, but I'm not sure," said Hep. "Come and sit beside me, Boy Dick, and meet Master Gyro."

So Dick waded out till he could reach the Little Green Man's hand, and, taking hold of one of his little fingers, Dick wished he was one of the Little People. The lily-pad was such a broad one that Dick found himself seated comfortably beside the Little Green Man, and was about to ask a question, when the Little Green Man said:

"There he is, Boy Dick! He has gone down beneath the surface of the pond again. He has been doing that ever so often."

"Let us ask him what he is doing?" suggested Dick.

So the Little Green Man leaned over the edge of the lily-pad, and called down:

"Master Gyro, what are you making so many trips to your home for? Does something frighten you when you come up to the surface?"

"I'm not frightened," came the answer, "but I have been very busy getting air for our home."

The speaker had come to the surface, and was climbing up on a small lily-pad, right beside the one Dick and Hep were on.

Dick could see him plainly. There were two parts to him, which were joined together by a slender waist.

The first part was made up of head and chest, the other was the abdomen. The water-spider looked like all other spiders, for it had four pairs of legs, and its eyes were in little clusters set in the front of his head.

"How can you gather air?" asked Dick. "I thought you must be frightened when you went so quickly down under the water."

"Frightened! Not me," answered Gyro, eyeing Dick suspiciously. "I have a fine house down there. It is all made of silk, and is just the shape of a dome. I fastened it by means of silk threads to some water-plants, and the opening looks downward. It was quite a lot of work, but it is done now, and I have the air in, too."

"Good for you!" called out the Little Green Man.

"But I don't understand about the air," said Dick. "Won't you tell me about it?"

"When I come up to the top of

the water, I stick the tip of my abdomen out, then, with my hindermost legs I quickly take a bubble of air, hold it tight between my limbs and hairy body, and go down to my home. Then I thrust the point of my abdomen just under the edge of my dome-house and let the bubble free. The air from the bubble is now in my cell-home, and I gather and gather bubbles of air until I have all I need."

"What do you eat?" asked Dick.

"I eat insects that live in the water, but I always bring them home first. When my dinner is finished, I rest with my head downward, exposing my abdomen to the air, and, at the same time, keeping a close watch over our home."

"Have you a family?" asked Dick.

"I expect to have," answered Gyro. "The eggs are laid in a silken cocoon at the top of my dome-house, and when they hatch out, the little ones, about a hundred, will stay there until

they are old enough to build houses of their own. But I am so hungry!" and he looked across at Dick and the Little Green Man.

"We had better go," whispered Hep, "He looks so hungry, he might want us."

"But we're not insects," said Dick. "Safety first!" said Hep, and he wriggled uneasily on the lily-pad.

Looking toward the other lily-pad, Dick saw Master Gyro, the water-spider getting ready to visit them.

Then it was that he remembered, and, wishing himself big again, he found himself, not on the lily-pad, but close to it, the water up to his knees. He waded to shore, and following close behind was Gyro, the hungry water-spider.

Hep, the Little Green Man, had disappeared, and in his place sat Grandfather Gurk, the bull-frog, nodding sleepily in the warmth of the sunlight.

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what these touches stand for, we who were pioneers here in the days of adventure know! And it is fine in these times of depression—when too many are dropping out of the ranks of "fighting men"—to witness such visible expressions of faith and trust in the "Heavenly Power" as the erection of these little buildings displays. Was it not Abraham Lincoln—like to that other Abraham in being "the friend of God"—who said, "God must have loved the common people, for He made so many of them?" And their sturdy faith that June Sunday was a very real comfort to one passer-by.

As we pulled into the smaller stations, often the shrill little song or call of happy birds could be heard. They have not much time for singing now, with the little ones to be provided for, but occasionally—in spite of tired wings and bodies—the tireless little spirit bursts out in a rapture full of the very joy of living and loving.

"The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Attil like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being over-run  
With the deluge of summer it receives."  
—Lowell.

"All these beautiful things became mine as I journeyed along—mine 'without money and without price'—sunshine, music, gems of landscapes—for:

"No price is set on the lavish summer:  
June may be had by the poorest corner."  
And while we "live, and move, and have our being," these wonders are ours for the taking!

"'Tis Heaven alone that is given away:  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

### A New Book

—The Simple Gospel. By Rev. H. S. Brewster. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$1.65.  
An exposition and application of the Sermon on the Mount. The author believes that it should be literally interpreted and lived up to, and he regrets the spiritualizing and toning down, which he thinks he sees in the teaching of many Christian people. For the most part we believe the position is sound, though it may be judged extreme by some. Occasionally the point of view can hardly be sustained. For instance, in speaking of the commonwealth of God, Dr. Brewster says: "Nominal Christian believers, as a rule, it must be admitted, do not believe that it is practicable in this world; but non-Christian social enthusiasts believe not only that the more difficult parts of the programme for that commonwealth can be put into actual operation, but also that they must and shall be tried." That these so-called non-Christian social enthusiasts are any more eager for the carrying out of Jesus' programme in its totality than are the nominal Christian believers, we are by no means convinced. This author, however, reminds us of many things that many of us forget and overlook all too easily.



"Nature ever yields rewards  
To him who seeks and loves her best"

## In the Land of Out-of-Doors

### A Day in June

By C. E. SHELDON WILLIAMS

"Once more the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And dimes the red-ploughed fields  
With loving blue;  
The blackbirds have their will,  
The throats too."  
—Tennyson.

**I**O the undercurrent of rhythm caused by the persistent hammering of iron wheels on the shining rails, the lines sang themselves over and over in my brain as the prairies unfolded itself in a series of pictures flashing past the train in the summer sunshine of a perfect June day—a Sunday, too, with all that the word recalls to those whose childhood "Days of Rest" were spent among the "green pastures" and beside the "still waters" of those lands which we still call "Home".

First came a pasture, dotted with sheep revelling in the young green grass; the merry little lambs—bodies balanced on their ungainly legs as if on stilts—racing madly and purposelessly here and there. One had the temerity to "gallop" with our train—the last glimpse showed him still in the race! To him had come discovery of that "rapture of pursuing" which is "the prize the vanquished gain." No "playing safe" for that little lamb! His the spirit which in mankind has given us our great statesmen, our great explorers, for

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a Heaven for?"

Then on past a marshy, grass-grown ditch close to the track, the feeding-ground of a drove of cheerful pigs, who were having a per-

fectly heavenly time "squishing" in the mud—some of them even refraining from eating in order to en-

### What the Toad Says

I'm a brown little toad that lives all alone  
By the side of the wall 'neath a gray mossy stone.  
And there I have lived for many a day  
In comfort and peace. Please don't drive me away.

I blink at the stars and I wink at the moon,  
I squint at the sun in the heat of the noon,  
And when the soft rain gently drips on the ground,  
I love to come out and hop around and around.

I am homely, I know, but my dark, ugly skin  
Is just a protection to wrap myself in;  
And I do not make wars, I no magic possess,  
I'm only a toad in a little brown dress.

Did you notice the cutworms that bit off your greens?  
Or the about army worms that were eating your beans?  
Did you see your rose-bushes all covered with bugs,  
And the pretty green ferns that were eaten with slugs?

Those insects are gone, but they tasted so good  
I'd eat them again, ev'ry one, if I could;  
For I am not harmful to gardens, you see,  
Though I know what so often you've thought about me.

So if you'd be kind, I will be just as good  
In my own quiet way as any toad could;  
And eat all the bad, harmful bugs that I see,  
Though they're bad for the plants, they are dainties to me.

And here in your garden, content and alone  
By the side of the wall, 'neath the gray mossy stone,  
I will quietly live year by year, day by day,  
Little boy, little girl, please don't drive me away.

—Irene S. Woodcock, in *Our Dumb Animals*

joy the sensation of working their feet up and down in the delicious mass of ooze and tender rootlets. One felt anew sympathy for the

small boy with his cry, "Ma, can I go barefoot?" How seldom we get the touch of dear Mother Earth on our hands even—let alone on our tired feet—so tired, because with most of us the road winds "uphill all the way."

As far as the eye could reach on either side of the track stretched the beautiful land where once again "the Heavenly Power" was making "all things new." The eager little young growing things were reaching up and up, looking to the source of their strength and growth; one could almost hear them calling:

"Lo, the winter is past;  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds is come!"

Can we not emulate them in looking up? It is only so that one grows in spiritual and mental height. Have you ever noticed the many you meet whose heads have the pathetic downward droop? Is your head carried high, and do you belong to that great company of "gentlemen unafraid?"

"Lift up thine eyes unto the hills  
From whence cometh thy help."

As we neared villages and towns, many were the visible signs that the spirit of "home-making" was abroad in the land. One rarely saw anything big that was new; but to little cottages and bungalows verandahs were being added; or a summer kitchen, rapidly taking form, showed thought for the comfort of some over-worked mother or wife. And

## The Rural Problem and the Guelph Summer School

**N**ATIVELY dressed in my new Conference suit, I stood chatting with a dear brother just on the outskirts of the lobby. A cultured old gentleman approached, extended his hand, and said, "Your name, please. Ah, yes, yes," he replied, "I remember, I remember, you wrote a letter some time ago to the GUARDIAN." My pride was stirred that such a distinguished-looking old gentleman should remember a letter written by my hand, for four years. Somewhere I must have reached a high altitude. "Yes, yes, I remember," he said. "You wrote a letter about your old pig."

The fact was, I had written to the GUARDIAN about the fine work of the School for Rural Leaders at Guelph, and as a relief from the mention of some quite abstruse findings, I had spoken of my pig, which rejoiced in the very dainty sobriquet of "Priscilla."

I wish to write again of the Summer School at Guelph, soon to be held. Judging from the tenacity with which Priscilla's memory stuck, I could discern no better starting point than she.

Summer schools that have to do with the farmer and his church may still be quite in the shadow of things urban. It will not be denied, however, that they are quite fundamental, neither will it be denied that however little the matter has affected the Church, in affairs of state the rural problem is very real, and has at this moment the brows of our urban politicians pretty well "sickled over with the pale cast of thought."

There are very many and varied ways in which this increasingly popular Summer School has given great inspiration.

There is, for example, the complaint *urbanitus* so prevalent among all preachers, and which militates so noticeably against the rural church. The old days when the circuit rider astride his mount waited at the door of the Conference church and received his sealed orders from the Stationing Committee are gone. Now the city board sallies forth to the country with a Willys-Knight, looks over the younger men in the rural ministry, and selects the man that appeals.

What hope has the country church in bidding against the city for the best leadership? The school at Guelph is sowing the seed for a new type of country preacher, a new type of college to train him, and a new church polity which may effect the very wholesome diminution of urban ascendancy. There is the matter of social stimuli. The Guelph school is teaching us how to play. At my out appointment, young men and maidens, old men and women are organized for play—they are on the grounds at six o'clock, sharp, every Friday evening. The Guelph school helped me to inspire my people to play—a means of salvation not mentioned in the thirty-nine articles.

Again—the better education of "concession line folks"—the *pros* and *cons* of the consolidated school—the right kind of dancing. Last summer I had the delight of dancing with an ex-president of Conference. He did remarkably well.

Better farming: what effective points of contact some of us preachers have gained through hearing Prof. Toole on "Animal Husbandry," Prof. Graham on "Poultry," and many of the others. Speaking of poultry, I



have gathered so many, and useful hints on my visits to the Guelph School that my dozen "bred-to-lays" are surely thriving. Last winter when eggs were one dollar a dozen, I was getting eight a day, and for the investment of ten minutes of my time each day, was being *pro rata* rendered \$10,000 per year. Some inducement to a man on the minimum salary.

The Guelph School will be held this year from July 25th, to August 4th. The programme will be fully up to the high standard of former years. Very much more might be said of its fine service, its hopes, and aims. To men interested in rural work, attendance, even at a great sacrifice, will be a good investment.

H. S. LOVERING.

Beeton, Ont.

### Mr. Black and the Bible

To Editor of Christian Guardian:—Dear Sir,—In Mr. Black's Bible Class talk in your issue of May 24th, I find the following: "In our day there is a tendency to over-emphasize the Bible, the written Word, to make religion centre around a book rather than a life. We forget that Jesus never wrote a line, nor commanded His disciples to write, etc." Also this: "Christianity did live without a book for many years, etc."

I humbly submit that it would be difficult to write three sentences with less truth in them than the three just quoted.

The "tendency" is certainly not to "over-emphasize," but to *underrate* the value and authority of the Word which Jesus the Great Teacher recommended, quoted from and emphatically endorsed, and declared that "the Scriptures cannot be broken," and that not one jot or tittle of the law shall fail.

Allow me to ask Mr. Black, how could religion centre around a life without the portrayal of that life? St. John plainly declares his purpose in writing a life of Christ was that we might believe Him to be the Christ, and that believing we might have life through His name. Could anything be more clear and decisive?

No, we do not "forget," as Mr. Black says, for, saying nothing of what Jesus wrote with His finger in the ground, we do not forget that He promised the Spirit to bring all things to their remembrance that He had said unto them; and that He commanded His beloved disciple to write in a book the things he saw and heard.

Mr. Black's statement that Christianity did live many years without a book is shockingly and ridiculously untrue. It never lived a moment without a book. Christ, its founder, was foretold in a book; He read that book and declared it was fulfilled in Him. Our love for and faith in Christ, and our love for and our faith in His Word are inseparable.

JAMES LAWSON,

Verona, June 8th, 1922.

(Possibly Mr. Black left too much to the intelligence of his readers. What we understood him to mean was that there was "a tendency to over-emphasize the Book," "Christ never wrote a line of our New Testament, nor while on earth commanded

his disciples to write," and "Christianity lived for many years without the New Testament." We think that Bro. Lawson, as a Christian gentleman will on maturer thought regret characterizing Mr. Black's statements as shockingly and ridiculously untrue.—EDITOR.)

### Proud of the Superannuation Fund

To Editor of Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—Quite often some of us laymen read articles in the GUARDIAN from other laymen, containing in many instances statements to which we are unable to subscribe. Such was a fact as concerns the letter of "An Average Layman," re the Superannuation Fund. Doubtless the ordinary layman read it, saw how inadequately informed the writer was, and decided to ignore it. It is a fact, unfortunately, that many a well-thought out letter of protest fails to reach the "Forum," and probably silence on the part of the laymen may be wrongly interpreted. My judgment is that a very large proportion of laymen are rightly proud of this fund of our Church—glad to know it has reached the level it has—pleased to be able to advance its interests, appreciating at the same time the able administration in connection therewith.

Yours very truly,

EDMUND A. SMITH.

Halifax, U.S.

### Too Critical of Ministers

To Editor of Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—Are not church members and members of church boards too critical of their ministers? Are they not lacking in charity of that quality that caused the Master to say those wondrous words of charity, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone?" Is our Christianity practical? Are we living enough of the Golden Rule with reference to our ministers, and all those who help the Church to advance? Do we whisper a word of kindly appreciation whenever we can, or do we criticize their work and sermons—to someone else. God bless the minister and his wife and all those who give them kindly assistance. They are all men who have the ability to earn up to five times the amount they obtain as ministers, yet they have sacrificed their opportunity for all that—just to preach the gospel for a mere livelihood and be criticized and even told "not wanted."

We expect the minister to do too much and the members of the boards, as a general rule, do not do their share. It is not all the fault of the minister if the church goes down. The board and congregation have as much to do with it as the preacher. If we, the people, really went to church "to worship," to get near to God, to receive a blessing, and with a prayer in our hearts for the benediction of the Almighty on the service, on the minister and on ourselves, we would receive a blessing. The pastor would "feel" our prayers for him and would be thereby helped in giving his message, for mind you a speaker can feel the attitude of his audience whether

criticizing or charitable and prayerful, and can be depressed or inspired accordingly.

In closing I would like to appeal to the membership of the Great Methodist Church for a closer union, for charity, and a greater loyalty to the ministers, and teach others, *always remembering to use others as you would like them to use you.*

A BUSINESS MAN.

### Immigrants to Canada

Editor of the Christian Guardian:

My dear Brother,—I read with interest your splendid editorial entitled, "Our Empire," published in THE GUARDIAN, May 24th. I certainly find myself in hearty accord with the thoughts and sentiments expressed therein. No man admires the Empire more than your correspondent, and I would resent any attack made upon British institutions. But I must take exception to a statement made in the last paragraph of your editorial. The whole paragraph reads as follows: "In Canada there is a very manifest difficulty in bringing the tens of thousands of non-British immigrants to realize the value to us of British connection. It is useless to expect that men whose fathers were born in Bulgaria, or Ukrainia, or Italy, or Scandinavia, or Germany, will ever look upon Britain as their homeland. This certainly cannot be, but at least we can show them that the Empire stands for equal opportunity, for fair play, for freedom, and for the rights of all men, until they also shall learn to honor and respect the flag which is at once a pledge and guarantee to them of rights and privileges superior to anything their fathers enjoyed."

Now, I agree most cordially to all this, excepting the last words: "superior to anything their fathers enjoyed," and I would agree to this also, had not the word "Scandinavia" appeared previously in the paragraph. We have nothing superior "to offer the immigrants from Scandinavia except greater economic opportunities. Nowhere in the world do people enjoy more freedom than in those countries. In fact I believe they are leaders of democracy. The Scandinavian countries are small and their geographical position is extremely unstrategic and for that reason they are little known to the world; but those who are acquainted with their national life know that it is superior to any other politically, educationally and religiously. It is my firm conviction that the Anglo-Saxon race owes to a great extent its spirit of freedom and many other good qualities to the Scandinavian strain in their character.

A METHODIST MINISTER.

(We agree with all the kind things said about Scandinavia. Our thought was rather that this land would be to them a land of greater privileges than Scandinavia had ever afforded, and we think our Scandinavian friends and all others will agree that Canada does offer, and will continue to afford, greater privileges than their fathers ever enjoyed.—Editor.)

"What is the population of Boston, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"748,061," replied Johnny.

"The book says 748,060."

"I know, but my little brother was born since the last census."



# New Brunswick's Old Government House

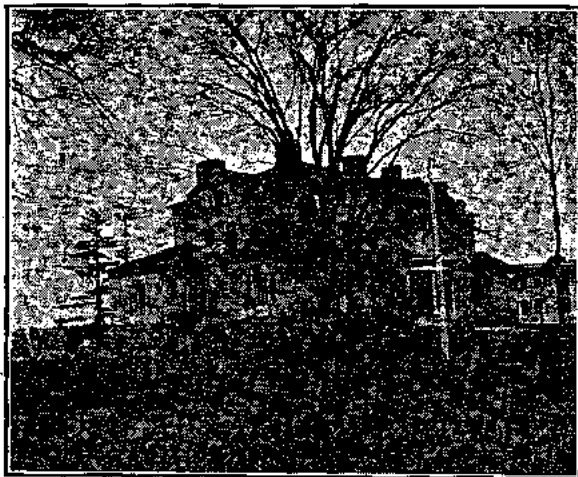
By GRETA G. BIDLAKE

**O**N the Woodstock Road, above the city of Fredericton, there stands an historic stone mansion about which hangs an air of spaciousness, of past palatial splendor, that never fails to appeal to the passer-by. This building is known as the "Old Government House" all through the province, and for nearly a century has been the landmark of many a political and social scene of no small interest. It is situated in the midst of pleasing grounds, grounds that were at the time of its establishment even more beautiful than now, near some historic places which go back still farther into the early annals of our province than it does. The site of the Indian village of Okpaak was above here, facing Savage Island, and the old burying ground used by its inhabitants was just above here, while Villebon's fort of Acadian days, long since vanished.

a large wooden building with two wings standing on sloping lawns and surrounded by beautiful groves of trees. It was roomy and palatial enough to meet the need of the times.

Sir Thomas purchased a tract of land on the Woodstock Road, the same on which Government House now stands, and there, at the other end of the city from the "old coffee house" or "King's Provision Store," where the legislatures held in Fredericton met for the first twelve years or so, he built himself a residence—to do with the change, and perhaps, residents of the Celestial City cannot be much censured if they think that had everything to do with it.

When Sir Thomas Carleton was giving way to his successor, the Honorable George Stracey Smythe, the provincial Government passed an Act of Legislature, enabling them to purchase the house and extensive grounds



NEW BRUNSWICK'S OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

The need of an official residence for our governors arose, when in 1784, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were made separate provinces, and Sir Thomas Carleton was appointed the first Governor of our newly-erected territory. Saint John, or Parrtown as it was then called (after General Parr) was the capital, and there Sir Thomas with his wife and infant daughter landed one Sunday morning in November, to the salute of seventeen guns, roaring out a welcome from the battery at Lower Cove. He was housed in the residence of the Honorable George Leonard, since no other house suited to the purpose could be found. This building stood on the south side of Union Street, near where Dock enters it. The new Governor afterwards bought himself a house for one thousand pounds, but in 1787, Sir Thomas having visited it in the meantime, Ste. Anne's Point, farther up the river in the centre of the province, became the capital under the new name of Fredericton, in honor of a son of George the Third. It was argued that being some eighty miles or so up the river, it was remote from military attack and so forth; but it had not a single natural defense; and fortifications, if any, were of the most slender kind; whereas Saint John stood facing the sea on solid hills of rock, mounted with guns and possessed old fortifications as well as strategic positions for additional ones. No doubt the visit of Sir Thomas to the pleasant and lovely location above had something

about it as an official residence for the governors of the province, and three thousand six hundred and fifty pounds was the sum fixed for payment. This house stood till 1825, when it was burned in the Great Miramichi Fire, which swept the heart of the country and is said to have destroyed one third of the capital itself. Sir Howard was absent at the time, but Lady Douglas had the presence of mind to save his important papers, and neighbors helped take out some of the furniture. The Governor and his lady then removed down town, to what was called Drake's Corner, and later built themselves a home on King Street, not far from there, where they lived while a Government House, the building now standing, was in the course of construction.

The new edifice was planned by Barrack Master Woolard, who drew on his knowledge of a similar mansion in Jamaica for the design. It was of solid brown sandstone, quarried from the Hanwell district, a few miles away, and is a fine example of dignified Colonial architecture. It was divided into fifty-two rooms. The kitchens were in the basement store; the reception, dining room and ballrooms above, opened at the back on a balcony railed by wrought iron-work; the sleeping apartments occupied the second floor, while the third was given over to the servant's quarters. There was a large glass conservatory at the lower end of the building, which has since been demolished, and a number of shaded

benches and arbors placed under the trees in the rear, overlooking the broad maternal waters of Saint John. It was opened on New Year's Eve, 1828, when Sir Howard and Lady Douglas gave a ball, at which every possession of the king's North American dominions was represented. The year after, however, Sir Howard was called to England to prepare evidence for Britain's side of the case in the boundary dispute, then a cause of trouble between Maine and New Brunswick. Sir Archibald Campbell succeeded him.

Government House was occupied by our governors one after another, until 1890, when Sir Leonard Tilley announced that he found the allowance for its upkeep inadequate, and he would remain in his own residence in Saint John, except during sessions of the Assembly or when other affairs of the province should call him to the capital. The Government seems to have received this calmly enough and allowed him to do so; though they could not have been insensible to the loss in dignity which the province sustained through their failure to act. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that Government House was a magnificent residence for a small province at that time, and its maintenance was somewhat of a problem. Since Sir Leonard's time all our Lieutenant-Governors have followed his example, and Government House has been moved hither and thither across the province with the selection of each new governor. The Honorable Doctor Pugsley lives at Rothesay and ex-Governor Wood, who was his immediate predecessor, lived at Sackville.

The furniture from Government House was sold by public auction some time after and many of the pieces, as well as some of its old china, are to be seen here and there in some of the charming homes of

the capital to-day. A few of the chairs are in the provincial library. The building was used as a deaf and dumb school for a few years some time after its abandonment; but it stood empty except for occasional balls, dances and fetes, until it was used as a military hospital during the war. A recreation hall was built to the left of it, while diet kitchens and the hospital buildings were tacked to it at the right. Hundreds of wounded soldiers were cared for here, but they have now deserted it also, and the lordly old piece of architecture stands upright among the hastily thrown together barracks of concrete with a distinction, even amid untidy grounds and debris, that shames its desolation. The building and the adjacent grounds have been taken over by the Dominion Government, which is wise enough to have planned an accumulating trust fund for us to be used in supporting a Provincial Government House in, let us hope, the near future.

A visitor's book at the Government House, had one been kept, would show us many distinguished guests. The Prince of Wales (King Edward) was a guest here on his Canadian tour; his sister, the Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, knew its hospitality later; the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Aberdeen are others who were sheltered beneath its roof. Among our governors to live there were:—Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, Sir John Harvey, Sir William Colebrooke, the Honorable Manners, Sutton (Viscount of Canterbury), and our own Canadian statesman: Sir John A. Macdonald visited here; while Lemuel Allan Wilmot, the first New Brunswick man to be lieutenant-governor of the province lived in it, as did a number of others.

## A Letter from Old London

By "NOMAD"

**P**EOPLE usually talk the most about that which they feel about the most. It would therefore be safe to assert that the weather was the most widely-discussed topic of the week, for the public have felt it in a very literal sense. Everyone admits that the weather has been trying, and judging from effects one is inclined to conclude that it has been trying a little too hard. So far as heat is concerned, London has been quite as bad (or as good) as any Canadian city at this date, and many wonder whether this heat-wave presages another summer like that of last year. On Sunday the temperature was 84 in the shade; on the next three days the thermometer reached 88, while in the sun it fluctuated between 123 and 129. The air was humid and the populace felt the heat intensely, being handicapped by civilization and convention. Nights were so hot that many sat by open doors and windows until the early hours. Quite a few slept on the lawns where, cats permitting, a reasonable rest could be obtained. On several occasions slight thunder showers damped the enthusiasm of these amateur campers, but it was not until Thursday that a storm brought relief. Hail then fell heavily in parts of the city, and at Highbury a church was struck by lightning.

Each day a number of persons collapsed from the heat, and several

animals died. Still the hot spell was not in vain. Excessive perspiration is apt to produce defiance of etiquette even in London, and in the down-town section, where two decades ago, a man dare scarcely venture without a silk topper, men have removed their coats and vests, and some daring individuals, their collars.

There are no bubbling fountains at the street corners here. Occasionally one does come across a tap, around which a perspiring crowd await their turn to ply the one tin cup, which is chained thereto, *pro bono publico*.

Iced drinks are something which appear only in fiction. Attempts have been made to popularize ice-cream, but ices are hard to get and when procured are not worth having. I have had but two and they were only congealed custard and barely cold at that.

There has been real suffering. In the congested areas, where the soiled children languidly play in the gutters, the air is fetid. Indeed there scarcely seems to be any air at all, its place having been usurped by the blended odours of asphalt, garbage and beer.

On Sunday over two million people utilized the buses to convey themselves to the country, and at Farnborough, Kent, when night fell, there were still nine hundred persons

waiting to return after the last bus had left. A number of Guards, sweltering beneath their heavy busbies, were compelled to fall out when on parade. It has been the hottest May for forty years—one paper says since 1806. I am prepared to believe it.

In spite of the heat thousands of collectors thronged the streets on Empire Day to raise money for the hospitals. Many students in costume participated, and by evening over £50,000 had been realized.

The greatest event of Empire Day was the start of the three British airmen on their round-the-world flight. They left Croydon aerodrome shortly after three in the afternoon, followed by the "God-speeds" of a host of well-wishers. "Three gallant English gentlemen" they had been called by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and they took the admiration of the nation with them. Mascots by the dozen were showered upon them, and amongst these was a four-leafed clover from Canada.

The United Committee on Methodist Union, met at Westminster Hall on Wednesday. In spite of strong opposition from anti-unionists, there was an overwhelming majority in favor of the amalgamating of the Wesleyan, United and Primitive Methodist churches.

Rev. John Hornabrook (Manchester), ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, moved the resolution which was submitted in three parts. The first part, which was carried by a vote of one hundred and twenty to five, was that:

"The Committee, after careful consideration, extending over four years, during which ample opportunity has been given for mutual consideration, is convinced that neither on doctrinal or financial grounds nor on questions of church government are there any obstacles to Methodist union, which, with good will, cannot be overcome.

"The constitution which has been framed, affords conclusive evidence of the fact that a remarkable consensus of opinion has been reached, and that the committee have every confidence in presenting this scheme to the several Conferences.

"The committee, however, recognizes that no scheme of union could ultimately succeed apart from the goodwill of the members and adherents of the three Churches concerned."

The second part, which was carried by a vote of one hundred and twenty-three to seven, recommended that the three Conferences should submit the scheme to the December quarterly meetings for consideration, on the distinct understanding that the question as to whether or not Methodist Union is to be carried into effect, should not be submitted to the local courts until after the Conference of 1923.

The tragic fate of the P. and O. liner *Egypt* with the resulting loss of life, has cast a gloom over the city. There has been so much said too, about some of the Lascar crew trying to rush the boats, that an official investigation has been ordered to clear up this point.

As for the actual accident—it was the seaman's oldest and most dreaded enemy, fog, which was responsible. Just a mist on the sea and a mighty ship is doomed. It seems to speak of man's frailty. And yet, this very week another liner was launched—which seems to speak of man's strength.

Canadians may hear more often from their friends in England now, for after Monday letters will cost

three half pence instead of two pence.

The Prime Minister's statement in the House of Commons on the Genoa Conference, as was expected, did not satisfy his opponents' but a host of his admirers yesterday tendered him a "Welcome Banquet" at the Hotel Cecil. Mr. Lloyd George, in his speech, sounded a grave note. One terse utterance is much quoted: "Britain is not out of danger. The world is not out of danger. Humanity is not out of danger."

"I do not pretend," said the Prime Minister speaking of the Conference, "that this task has been completed. It has been begun, and having been begun, it is going through to the end."

"Our casualties were 3,266,000. That was why Britain went to Genoa

—to see that the millions who fought and fell had not fought and fallen in vain."

Yesterday a war memorial window was unveiled in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the officers and men of the British Flying Service who fell in the war.

The strange vicissitudes which characterize life do not, it appears, exclude horses. The two beautiful animals which so short a time ago acted as wheelers in the coach which carried Princess Mary to the Abbey on the occasion of her marriage, have been sold by the Royal Mews. They have been bought by a firm of Yorkshire undertakers and now grace a Huddersfield hearse.

London, May 27th.

## A Reminiscent Letter from Dr. Hugh Johnston

Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—On a recent visit to my daughter, Mrs. W. A. Firstbrook, on the fifty-fifth anniversary of our wedding, I was introduced to the Toronto Conference, and I thought of the faces I had loved long since and lost awhile. I was struck with the fact, that, to live is to outlive. Only Dr. W. Briggs, John N. Lake and Peter Addison, who was recommended to the Conference at the same time and place with me, and a few others of my generation survive. I saw the faces of youngsters like Drs. Tovell, Burns, Manning, Chown, Terryberry and Turk, but they do not belong to that "other world, we call the past." The friendships of life are an inestimable blessing, and I was reminded of the friends of earlier years who have influenced my entire life and character. While climbing the white summit—the Mount Blanc of four-score years and two—I have met a great many worth-while people, who have played their part in the great movements of the world; but there are none whom I more tenderly venerate than the fathers and brethren of this Canadian Church.

There were giants in those days: men of supreme intellectual and spiritual attainments. Take my early educators, like Nelles, Burwash, and Reynar; my early superintendents on circuits, like Savage, Howard, John A. Williams, George Douglas and Alexander Sutherland; my early guides and counsellors, like Drs. Rose and Green, Wood and Taylor, Rice and Jones, Ryerson and Punshon; my early companions in the pastorate, like John Potts, William and Samuel J. Hunter, Ezra A. Stafford and Marly Benson, George Cochran and Alexander Langford, Donald G. Sutherland and John S. Lanceley, W. V. Smith, the two Sparlings, and others I might name who loom up like mountain-peaks above the level surface of the plain.

I have lived under two flags, although but one in tradition and ideals; in two countries, though but one race and one language; for—"What do they know of England, Who only England know?"

We, too, are heirs of Runnymede and Shakespeare's fame, and Cromwell's deed.

Palsied be the tongue that would sow discord between these two nations! A great statesman has just said: "Those who, under the guise

of patriotism, utter diatribes and enmities against a neighbor nation should be regarded, first as enemies of their own countries." Any conflict between Great Britain and the United States would be a death-blow to civilization, from which the whole race would never recover. United they will secure and guard the amity and progress of humanity, until the whole earth shall wear like a garment the beauty of the morning.

It has been my happiness to have helped a little to soften the asperities between these two nations occasioned by a little unpleasantness that occurred during the eighteenth century. I had the privilege of preaching, in Toronto, a sermon on the golden jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign; and the privilege of preaching in Washington on the diamond jubilee of her illustrious reign, before the President of the United States and members of his Cabinet, and offering prayer in the Senate on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne. A wonderful change has come over the spirit of the American people, and in spite of German and Irish propaganda, they must, and will, remain one in purpose and effort for the pacification and reconstruction of the world. I have also had the pri-

vilage of serving, in a small way, two Methodisms, yet one in spirit and organization. I was for five years pastor of the National Metropolitan Church, Washington, the church which, through Dr. Punshon, gave the name to the stately Metropolitan Church of Toronto; and since the time-limit has been taken off, I have been for twenty-four years connected with the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, first, as sole pastor and now as associate pastor. This church is the lineal descendant of the Lovely Lane Meeting House, where the Christmas Conference of 1784 was held, and the Methodist Episcopal Church organized, which has sent its heroic and conquering teachers to the ends of the earth. In the memorial windows, under the head of "Our Pastors," appear the names of Francis Asbury and Robert Strawbridge, 1778; and in 1774 George Shadford, whom Mr. Wesley sent out with the commission: "I let you loose, George, on the vast continent of America. Publish your message in the open face of the sun, and do all the good you can."

I rejoiced to see such a conspicuous body of laymen (among them, Mr. Justice MacLaren, who was at our wedding in 1867), as members of the Toronto Conference. It was not so in my earlier days. When Methodist Union was under discussion at a great dinner, Dr. Nelles propounded the conundrum "Why is the Wesleyan Conference like an empty hen-roost?" and when all gave it up, he answered, "Because it is lacking the lay-element." "Ah, Dr. Nelles," exclaimed Dr. Punshon, the president, "that is a foul aspersion."

I trust that the greater union, so long under way, will soon be happily consummated. It will not only be a great object lesson for the Christian world, but under the influence of this powerful, united Church, the Dominion of Canada will increasingly rise like a sun in the firmament of nations; a rock to withstand the surge of centuries; a palace of beauty filling the world with its splendor, and sheltering millions under its arches.

Yours sincerely,  
HUGH JOHNSTON.

## The League of Indians of Canada

### An Historical Gathering

By REV. ROY C. TAYLOR, B.A.

ALL roads lead to Hobbema, Alberta," was literally true when delegates from all the Reserves of Alberta and Saskatchewan began to arrive for the "Great Council" of the League of Indians of Canada.

Once again the old campfires were alight in many a familiar spot along the trails frequented by those who many moons prior, had trekked across the prairies in search of buffalo. Now, with pathetic reminiscence, they complain of the barbed-wire fences upon which they and their horses sometimes come to grief.

Although the date set for the Convention was June 21st, visitors began to arrive as early as June 19th. On Wednesday morning, in a huge Council Chamber erected by the

Samson Indians, a great chief from the Mohawk tribe of the Grand River Six Nations' Indians arose to address the most representative gathering of Indians ever recorded. There were upwards of 1,200 Indians in the huge encampment. Chiefs from the Cree of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and from the four Blackfoot tribes of Southern Alberta, Stonies from Morley and Wabamun were also present.

In the inner circle were seated some twenty-five chiefs, together with the minor chiefs and the missionaries of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, while the great audience crowded around the outside, eagerly listening to what was being said.

It was the writer's privilege to  
Continued on page 15

# Youth and Service

## Epworth League Topics

Senior Topic for July 30th

### The Unrecognized Christ

John 20: 11-18.

By Rev. T. H. Ferguson

IT is one of the tragic features of the life of the Son of Man, that few recognized Him as Christ. "He was in the world, and the world knew Him not." The Hebrew people had long expected a Messiah, but when He came they did not recognize Him. The religious leaders of the day would have none of Him. Even His friend and introducer, John the Baptist, had his misgivings at one time whether he had not been mistaken about Him.

His own disciples, too, sometimes failed to recognize Him. Mary the Magdalene, her heart breaking that they had crucified the One whose purity had conquered her impurity and given her a new life, was first at the open tomb on the resurrection morning. She had been much forgiven and she loved and sorrowed much; and when she wept most bitterly that even His beloved body had been taken away, behold He stood before her speaking comforting words. But she did not recognize Him for weeping. So near is the Comforter to all sorrowing disciples, and so often, our tears prevent our seeing Him.

One night a group of disciples, suffering heart-breaking remorse at the memory of their infidelity to the Master in the hour of His betrayal, go out on the lake to spend the sleepless night at their old occupation of fishing. But the night yields neither fish nor soul satisfaction. In the dim dawn a lonely watcher is seen on the shore. He calls to enquire for their luck and makes a suggestion that leads to a great haul of fish. Only then do they recognize that the Watcher on the shore is the Master. What would it mean to us when in deep waters of sorrow or haunting memory of failure if we could always recognize the Watcher! Ours is a living Christ, "the same, yesterday, to-day and forever," but we will need clarified spiritual sight if we are not to fail to recognize Him just when we need Him most. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "The God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not."

### Picnic

Junior Topic for July 30th

A PIONIC! It never fails to arouse a lively interest and a keen joy in the hearts of our young. The superintendent is greeted with such questions as, "Could I bring a new girl. Please, she's just moved on our street and I think she'll join the League next Sunday?" and over the telephone a fond mother asks, "Would you please keep an eye on Johnny, and will it be all right if he brings his chum?"

On July 16th, at the close of the meeting, the date of the picnic should be announced and a meeting of the executive called to discuss plans. Besides the opportunity for play, which is essential to a normal development, a picnic gives scope for responsibility and growth on the part of the leaguers.

At the executive meeting several things will be decided.

#### 1. Place to hold picnic.

Two possible places may be chosen and proposed by two executive members at the next meeting, thus giving the whole organization the chance to decide. Aim for democracy as far as possible.

#### 2. Refreshment Committee.

Appoint a convenor of this committee, giving her power to choose her own staff. She will report at the next meeting, stating what she requires from the members.

#### 3. Programme Committee.

Appoint a committee of two boys and two girls to plan the games and races. The boys will undoubtedly want a baseball team organized, and the older girls will be a part of the team. The juniors will be very suggestive as to games and will much prefer their own favorites to any suggested by the leader.

These committees will work on plans and then submit them to the superintendent for final discussion. To watch the energy and to guide the activities of these young people is most refreshing. The money spent on prizes for the races will be left to the leader. When all these details have been carefully worked out, the success of the picnic is assured.

Unexpected happenings there will be, but the entire group will be most happy in shouting "Three Cheers" for those members who worked so hard to make the event a happy one.

### Youth

His song of dawn outsoars the joyful bird,

Swift on the weary road his footfall comes;

The dusty air that by his stride is stirred

Beats with a buoyant march of fairy drums.

"Awake, O earth! thine ancient slumber break;

To the new day, O slumbrous earth, awake!"

Yet long ago that merry march began,

His feet are older than the path they tread;

His music is the morning-song of man,

His stride the stride of all the valiant dead;

His youngest hopes are memories, and his eyes

Deep with the old, old dream that never dies.—From *Poems New and Old* (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Henry Newbolt.

### My Evening Prayer

If I have wounded any soul to-day,  
If I have caused one foot to go astray,

If I have walked in my own wilful way—

Good Lord, forgive!

If I have uttered idle words or vain,  
If I have turned aside from want or pain,

Lest I myself should suffer through the strain—

Good Lord, forgive!

If I have craved for joys that are not mine,

If I have let my wayward heart repine,

Dwelling on things of earth, not things divine—

Good Lord, forgive!

If I have been perverse, or hard or cold,

If I have longed for shelter in the fold

When Thou hast given me some part to hold—

Good Lord, forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee,

Forgive the secret sins I do not see,  
That which I know not, Father, teach

Thou me—  
Help me to live.

—C. Maude Battersby, in *Indianapolis News*.

### Unemployed

Only last week he viewed the hopeless ones

With pity in his heart for such as they—

Pity and scorn—for surely (so he mused)

There must be, at the bottom, reason for it;

Surely no able man need want for work;

The World cries out for hands to do her tasks—

For brains to solve the problems facing her;

The War's grim wreckage must be cleared away:

The starving nations look to us for food:

Two blades of wheat must grow in place of one;

So much—so much to do!

And yet to-day

He looks around him, with bewildered eyes,

For he is one of these! They recognize

His kinship by his furtive, frightened air;

Self-confidence is gone—he fears the worst!

How empty seem the streets he used to know

Alive with workers on their daily march!

Last week he stepped out boldly with the rest,

Ready to meet his fellows with a smile;

But now he shuns them—goes his doubting way,

Down unfrequented streets, afraid lest one

Should ask him "what he does there at that hour."

Last week the universe was on his side;

But now each human face looks sinister;

Cosmos is Chaos; he is unemployed!

—*Florence Van Cleave in the New York Times*.

### Open the Door

Open the door, let in the air;

The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.

Joy is abroad in the world to-day;

If our door is wide it may come this way.

Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;

He hath a smile for everyone.

He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems.

He may change our tears to diadems.

Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in

Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.

They will grow and bloom with grace divine,

And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in

Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.

It will make the halls of the heart so fair

That angels may enter unawares.

Open the door!

—*British Weekly*.

### The Power of Dreams

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven

Truths that outface the burning sun;

The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven

Time; space; and linked all lands in one!

Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers

Have knit the world with threads of steel.

Till no remotest island lingers

Outside the world's great Commonwealth!

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,

Or thrust the dawn back for one hour.

Truth, Love and Justice, if ye slay them,

Return with more than earthly power!

—By Alfred Noyes.

A traveller who was renowned for his tall stories, on being asked out to dinner, made arrangements with his friends, who were to accompany him, that they should kick him if he began to go too far.

Quite early in the evening he started off.

"That reminds me," he said to the hostess, "of a friend of mine who had a rose garden over ten miles long,

and"—he felt a kick—"and two inches wide."—*Methodist Protestant*.



## The League of Indians of Canada

(Continued from page 13)

entertain Chief Loft, President of the League of Indians, whose western Indian name is "Eagle-Shield," one of nature's nobility. With a spirit which is beyond criticism, he is championing the cause of the Red men from coast to coast. For three long days, he addressed and was addressed by the chiefs and others; and through it all the keynote of his remarks was loyalty to the Great Chief of the Indians of Canada, His Majesty the King, and faithful observance of the laws of our land which make possible good citizenship.

Father Beaudry, a broad-minded, splendid fellow, was, as vice-president, master of ceremonies; and together with Robert B. Steinhauer, B.A., and Rev. Roy C. Taylor, B.A., Methodist missionaries, ably interpreted for Mr. Loft, and in turn for the Indians to Mr. Loft.

We may have our schools of oratory—they have their place—but I was thrilled by the children of the forest and plain in a way that beggars description. What more splendid remark could be made than this by one of the chiefs? Speaking to his erstwhile enemies, the Blackfeet, his old weather-scarred face alight with love, he said, "You killed my father, a Cree chief, but I love you to-day," and he dramatically held out his hand and shook hands with an old battle-scarred Blackfoot chief. Then he challenged us all to a deeper, grander brotherhood, and he longed, he said, to see a greater cordiality between the Protestant and Catholic missionaries. On the impulse of the moment, I reached across and grasped Father Beaudry by the hand; and the applause of the Indians was loud and long.

But what can I say as to the psychological significance of this great get-together movement of the Indians? May I, at the risk of being thought a would-be prophet, say that the Indian has already entered upon a new era. He has passed forever his adolescent stage—he is no longer a child, and we will treat him as such to our own undoing. As I sat for three days listening—not to Bolshevik utterances—far from it—but to grievances which I believe are genuine—my heart was sore to feel that those of my own race were responsible to a degree, for these monstrosities.

The spirit of independence manifested by each and all of the speakers was admirable. There was none of the spirit of dependency which the spirit of wardship fosters. The Indian simply wants a square deal. He wants liberation from anything that savors of autocracy. In his figurative language, he argues for the privilege of the "grown up." A chance to control his own business is surely not an unreasonable demand! There was evident a general dissatisfaction with government employees, such as agents, farming instructors, etc.

Mr. Loft very clearly and forcefully pointed out to his hearers the great necessity of education along the lines of good citizenship, and urged the people to make the fullest possible use of the schools provided by the Department of Indian Affairs. He made a strong point in stating that union of the Indian people throughout Canada, would result in an investigation of conditions and the redress of wrongs which appear to

be universal amongst the Indians.

The Indian is clinging tenaciously to the small portion of land that is now his, and the wishes of the people as to the disposition of land must determine the future policy of the Government with regard to the surrender of lands.

To conclude this report may I say that the League of Indians of Canada is destined to play a great and controlling part in the enlightenment and material prosperity of the Indians. It will be the one topic of discussion around the fires in the wigwams of the Red men, and from

## The Men of Our Camps

By REV. E. GILMOUR SMITH

**N**OT many people living in the older or settled parts of Canada realize how great is the army of men who habitually live in our camps. They are found in the newer mining centres, where home life has not had time to get under way; they throng to works of construction, such as railroad building and works of electrical development; they are out every summer on extra gangs, to keep the road-beds in repair; and greater in number than all are the armies of men who spend their winters in the lumber camps.

From coast to coast, they are found, mostly in districts far removed from civilization. They are not a settled crowd but are for ever on the move, seeking a change of work, or an improvement in the bill of fare. Their knowledge of our northland is oftentimes simply amazing. One meets Polacks, Russians, Ukrainians, who have been on all types of camps from Halifax to Vancouver, and know Cochrane, Timmins, LePas, or Crow's Nest, equally well.

It is this army of camp followers who help to swell the passenger business of our struggling national railways. Not that they buy passage in the ordinary way, but scarcely a train rumbles by without its half-dozen or more wanderers, contentedly viewing the scenery from their side-door Pullman, and beguiling the journey with yarns of cantankerous bosses and the shortcomings of ex-army cooks.

This wandering life exercises a strange fascination. It brings a man into touch with all manner of places. For a few weeks, he may be working among the crystal glories of a pine woods in winter, when every sparkling sunbeam and every jingle of sleigh-bells make one feel that it is good to be alive. Or he may be digging coal with some great mountain-towering in glory behind his bunk-house. Or it may be that his camp is pitched by some magnificent cataract, which lulls him to rest with its ceaseless roar. But joy of life and beauty is not all there is in the programme of the wanderer. Perhaps in some weak moment he has taken a job with a survey party which will lead him into muskegs and barrens where mosquitoes and black flies put the most even temper on edge, as they swarm around the man at work, and sing their plaintive lullaby to him in the darkness.

Of all classes of workmen in this country the camp man is least concerned to solve industrial problems or the relations of capital and labor. If conditions of work or pay or eats seem unreasonably bad, he does not stay to fight out the situation. He is

such deliberations, there will issue a veritable avalanche of requests to Chief Loft, the great "Eagle-Shield"—who, as one old warrior so aptly said, is as "a shield and a hiding-place" from those who would plunder or oppress the Indian. It is for us to pass legislation wisely and well, and delete from our Indian Act that which is obsolete, if we are to measure up to the demands made upon us, of a people who, are just emerging into the light of day "craving earnestly a chance for themselves and their children to realize their manhood and womanhood."

not tied down to a definite place or occupation like his home-loving brother. With only himself to look after, the simplest and easiest way to secure what he wants is to shoulder his pack-sack, hie him to the nearest railway, and wait there for the first freight that comes along. The new place may be no better; but it will at least be a change.

Men who habitually spend their lives in camps develop an individuality all their own. They are among the most companionable and open-hearted men in the world. Bunk-house life has taught them the great lesson of how to live together. Their wealth of affection goes out to a chum or a group of mess-mates, which in ordinary life would be entwined in the lives of wife and children. Few of these men have, or ever will have, a home, and there is about them in certain quiet moments, a wistful yearning, "the gnawing hunger of lonely men for a home and all that it means."

It is this lack of home ties which accounts for certain other of their characteristics. They are proverbially spendthrifts, saving their money only until they can get into a town or city for a big blow-out. "One crowded hour of glorious life" is their motto, and then back again for another six months to the friendly camp. But why should they keep it? Their own needs are few; their grub and bunk and blankets are supplied, and all they require is a few dollars for tobacco and two percent. Work may be scarce in a few months, and many a time the slack may have to be taken out of the belt, but there are always means of eking out a hard winter.

Gambling is almost an inveterate habit. After pay-day the men gather around some bunk or in some secluded shelter and "roll the bones" or play stud poker. Oftentimes the man's remuneration for two weeks hard work of grubbing in the mud or swinging an axe will disappear in a few throws. But sometimes his paltry fifteen or twenty dollars will swell to a hundred or a thousand before the luck turns.

Most of these men have been out of touch with religion for years. It is seldom that they are in church-going communities, and unfortunately it is almost as seldom that religious services are brought to them. Our Church has done much by sending missionaries into these great camp communities. And some of them are great. Cameron Falls, on the Nipigon River had eight hundred men for three years, and now a great electrical development is opening up on the Winnipeg River, where two thousand men will be employed.

Down on the Welland and the Chippawa canals, from five to ten thousand men live in bunk-houses, and north of LePas and Sudbury, thousands of men are scattered in the various mining centres. The great lumber companies of British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick send great armies of men into the woods for the long winter months. It is to these men that our missionaries have gone seeking to restore in their lives a place for religion and God.

The Shantymen's Christian Association and the Frontier College men are doing a magnificent work, but taking the situation all in all there is no doubt that great opportunities for mission work are not met. These camps are mostly temporary, the men are continually changing, and it is not possible, however faithful the worker may be, to build up strong or permanent Christian churches. But our work is not primarily that of building churches, but reaching men. Men are worth while, and no work is vain which touches and lifts human lives.

Canada owes a great debt to these drifting camp men. It is they, who forsaking civilization and home-life, have gone out into the wild-stretches of our Dominion to fell our forests, mine our mineral wealth, build our railways, and provide for our use the rich treasures and commercial facilities which we need.

Rainy River, Ont.

## The Iron Mine in Your Back Yard

(Continued from page 5)

to be in the order named, egg yolk, dried beans and peas, whole wheat foods, spinach, raisins, oatmeal and beef. Whole wheat flour has about four times as much iron as white flour. Fish, dates, and nuts also have a great deal of iron.

I readily saw what was wrong with our diet. We had been using white flour for bread; Grandma was proud of her skill as a pastry cook, and had given us cakes, pies and cookies until we had all rather tired of them. During the winter we had had practically no fresh vegetables and beans and peas had been taboo, as supposedly not for a person with stomach trouble. That threw us almost entirely upon the morning cereal for the entire supply of iron. What an easy mistake to make! How natural to wait for spring to get your dose of iron in the spring greens!

Why not patch it up with an iron tonic, then? In my reading I had found some surprising facts, which it seems too bad the general public doesn't know. These facts are based on chemistry, which is perhaps why some people shy at them. There are two kinds of mineral compounds in food, called organic and inorganic. Briefly, inorganic compounds are metallic; by this I mean derived from the metal itself. Organic compounds are derived from something living—a plant or an animal. Inorganic iron is iron such as is found in mineral springs, in medicine, in hypodermic injections. Organic iron is found in foodstuffs.

The chief difference between these two is the way in which they are handled by the body. Organic minerals are taken up by ordinary processes of digestion; and are used in bony tissue and blood. Inorganic iron is not assimilated or taken up

Continued on page 17

—*The Spirit of America*. By Henry Van Dyke, Professor of English at Princeton University; Hyde Lecturer, University of Paris. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$2.25.

Dr. Van Dyke was the Harvard University Exchange Professor at the University of Paris, during the years 1908-1909, and this volume is made up of some of the lectures given under that foundation, and afterwards repeated in some of the other French universities. The author's purpose is, of course, to help the Frenchman to understand and appreciate the United States spirit and ideals. As we would expect, Dr. Van Dyke undertakes such a task in a reasonably-thorough-going way; he incorporates into his study much carefully-collected historical data, and he is reasonably modest in the picture that he draws of the "Spirit of America." His book isn't a mere eulogy, but has real value as history and delineation.

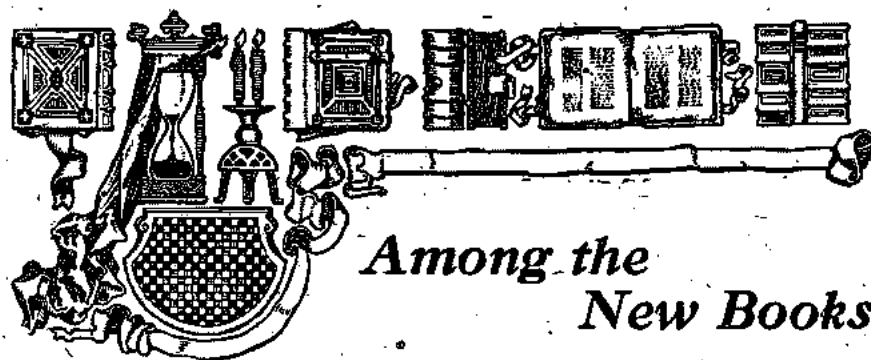
—*The Tears of Jesus*. By L. R. Scarborough, B.A., D.D., President and Professor of Evangelism in the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$1.25 net.

—*Prepare to Meet God*. Sermons making the way to Christ plain. By L. R. Scarborough. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$1.25 net.

Two series of evangelistic addresses, delivered in connection with various campaigns that the author has taken part in. The publishers speak of the sermons as soul-stirring and forceful, but they do not so appeal to us. The appeal to become a Christian is for the most part ineffective because it is grossly materialistic and unchristlike, and is backed up by illustrations and experiences supposed to be related to the author's own life, but which we do not think in most cases at all illustrate God's ways of dealing with men. Of all monstrosities that have survived from a cruder day in religious teaching a certain type of evangelist's story, often vouched for as out of his own experience, is about the most diabolical and unchristian.

—*Sunny San*. By Onoto Watanna. (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.)

In this novel by Onoto Watanna—in private life Mrs. Francis F. Reeve, of Calgary, Alta, author of sixteen novels and hundreds of short stories—interest centres in Sunny San, the little daughter of a Japanese dancer, who has been deserted by her American husband. Rescued from the Japanese tea-garden, where she is being trained to take her mother's place, and where on the night of her mother's death, she is forced to dance for the patrons of the garden, little Sunny is placed in the care of a missionary by her rescuers, a chivalrous quartette of young American students. The students return to America and it is only when Sunny San, still little more than a child, suddenly appears on the threshold of Jerry Hammond's flat in New York, that the young Americans find themselves involved in a series of perplexing situations. From this point on Mrs. Reeve's story is a delightful interpretation of the charm, naivete, and delicate humor of the lovable little Sunny, who without any effort on her part, but simply through the magic of her quaint personality, wins the hearts of everyone with whom she comes in touch; and who finally finds in America that which her own heart seeks.



## Among the New Books

—*The Community Daily Vacation Bible School*. By E. G. Knapp, General Secretary Inland Empire S. S. Association. Introduction by Marion Lawrance. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.) \$1.00 net.

An excellent little book on Daily Vacation Bible Schools, showing how they can be successfully run, by one who has had long experience in doing it and has been judged highly successful. Of course, the volume is full of suggestiveness for any ordinary teacher of little folks, for scholars in Daily Vacation Bible schools do not differ greatly from the normal.

—*The Use of Art in Religious Education*. By Albert Edward Bailey, Professor of Religious Art and Archaeology, Boston University. (New York: The Abingdon Press.) \$1.35.

A very carefully prepared handbook in the Community Training School Series, edited by Norman E. Richardson. There are a few pages of historical study, showing what has been done in past ages to make art the handmaid of religion, but the most of the volume is devoted to the practical effort to make art function in the effort of the present-day teacher of the young. And that is the strong feature of the book, it is never "up in the air" or indulging in generalities that it would be very difficult to relate to the matter in hand.

—*Peacemakers—Blessed and Otherwise*. Observations, Reflections and Irritations at an International Conference. By Ida M. Tarbell. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$1.80.

Miss Tarbell gives us a most readable and informing story of the Washington Conference, on the limitation of armament. It is not a detailed story, either of the deliberations or the results of the Conference, but rather a gossip, intimate account, dealing at some length with personalities, showing the spirit and attitude of the different delegations, pointing out strikingly the difficulties in the way of the ideal success of the Conference, and briefly outlining in a very general way the worth-while results. It is just such a story as the average reader will be glad to have, and is written with discernment and aims to do justice all round. One chapter is devoted to the Paris Conference, and in it Miss Tarbell gives in a few sentences, one of the great difficulties in the way of the finest success of that gathering. Her words are worth quoting and worth remembering: "One of the banes of the Paris Peace Conference was that there were so many men and women on the field under contract to write, to produce so many words every day or every week. There was no contract that these words should add something to the knowledge of the many things about which it was necessary for men and women to learn—no contract that they should contribute by

ever so little to the great need of control on every side, that they should comfort, soften hates, stimulate common sense. Writers covered up their ignorance of things done by prophecies, by shrieks of despair, by poses of intimacy with the great, by elaborately spun-out theories. And they built up superstitions. They created things—absolutely created superstitions that may never be dispelled from the minds of those who read them back home." We do not think these words over-state the situation. And unfortunately, what was the case in the Paris Conference has often been the case in similar international gatherings. Certain loud-mouthed and highly imaginative press men at the Washington Conference almost succeeded in robbing it of the measure of good that it was able to accomplish.

—*The Carpenter and His Kingdom*. By Alexander Irvine. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) \$1.75.

This is a remarkable book by a remarkable man. The author was born in Ireland, and has been newsboy, day laborer, coal-miner, Yale student, chaplain of labor unions, lecturer in colleges, and publicist; and he aims to tell the story of Christ in vivid and dramatic style. That he does tell it in reverent, interesting and instructive fashion all his readers will probably agree.

—*The Expositor*. (June) Edited by the Rev. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, C.H., D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Contents.—"The So-called Popular Religion of Israel," Rev. Prof. Ed. König, D.D.; "A Ruling from 'First Peter,'" Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.; "Paul the Pagan," Rev. Maurice Jones, D.D.; "Nazareth," Prof. Rendel Harris, LL.D., Litt.D.; "St. Paul and the Resurrection of the Body," Rev. W. Spicer Wood, M.A.; "Perfect Tense Ignored in Matthew 16: 19, 18: 18, and John 20: 23," Prof. J. R. Mantey, Ph.D.

Titles and Indexes for Volume XXIII.

—*Sermons for the Great Days of the Year*. By Russell H. Conwell. (New York: G. H. Doran Co.) \$1.50 net.

Dr. Conwell needs no introduction to the readers of this continent. His ministry at the Temple, Philadelphia, has been a memorable one, and his eloquent discourses have been widely printed. The present volume is a collection of these sermons delivered upon special days, such as New Year's, Easter, Mothers' Day, Harvest Home, Rally Day, etc. The sermons are practical and heart-stirring.

—*Old Joe and Other Vesper Stories*. By Shepherd Knapp. (New York: The Abingdon Press.) \$2.00 net.

For a number of years the author of this book has been accustomed to tell his congregation a story at the

Sunday evening service. These stories awakened a good deal of interest at the time of their telling, and the author has now retold them, so that a much wider audience may listen to their lessons, for naturally each one has its own lesson. Such stories are not usually the highest type of literary art, and these are no exception, but they are readable and interesting.

—*Builders of the Kingdom*. By Howard M. Le Sourd. (New York: The Methodist Book Concern.) 80c. postpaid.

This is a study of present-day opportunities for life service. It is intended for young folks and it is made as interesting as possible; and it is intended for use and hence is made as practical as possible. Just the book for a class of young folk to study under competent leadership.

—*J. W. Thinks Black*. By Jay S. Stowell. (New York: The Methodist Book Concern.) Cloth 75 cents, Paper 50 cents.

This is as the author says, "An introduction to some aspects of the race problem in America and to the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church among American negroes." The story is told simply, but effectively, and no one can read this book without getting into sympathetic touch with the work of the Methodist Church in preaching the gospel to the colored race in the United States.

—*Rangy Pete*. By Guy Morton. (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.) \$1.75.

A first long novel by a Canadian author. A typically Wild-West story, with plenty of shooting and excitement, and the usual love element. The hero is quite a character, with considerable infectious humor.

—*Types of Preachers in the New Testament*. By A. T. Robertson, M.A. D.D., LL.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation, Southern Baptist Seminary. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$1.60 net.

Dr. Robertson has again put New Testament students under a deep sense of gratitude by the publication of this carefully-written, suggestive and very readable little book. It reveals all the fine scholarship that has given Prof. Robertson such a prominent place among New Testament interpreters, and it is written with real charm. The titles to the chapters reveal to some degree the line of treatment. "Apollos, the Minister with Insufficient Preparation," "Barnabas, the Young Preacher's Friend," "James, the Man of Poise," "Philemon, the Man with a Social Problem," "Silas, the Comrade," etc. Most of the chapters in the book have already appeared in various publications, where they have had a warm welcome.

—*America Faces the Future*. By Durant Drake, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy at Vassar College. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$2.75.

Dr. Drake makes an earnest appeal to his countrymen to live up to their own highest ideals, in social, industrial, and national life. He writes under the five heads, Liberty, Equality, Democracy, Efficiency and Patriotism, and he does not waste too much time in self-congratulation, but shows that what has been attained and achieved can only be retained as it is improved upon and made the starting point for finer things. The chapter on Patriotism is excellent.

## The Iron Mine in Your Back Yard

(Continued from page 15)

in this way, but is almost entirely eliminated from the body. Extensive experiments show that the only use of medicinal iron then, is to act as a stimulus to the iron obtained from food, or to prevent its loss through the digestive process. A person who has been starving for iron then, cannot supply it to suit the occasion by taking an iron tonic, but can merely help out what he is taking as food.

The logical question then, seems to be, why not supply plenty of iron in food?—why not use the iron mine in your back yard instead of in a drug store? From the list of foods, these are easily raised and easily put into such form that they will keep all winter: beans, peas, potatoes, beets, spinach, carrots, cabbage. Of these, I made a mental note to can little new beets and carrots, so that they will be eaten freely all winter, instead of allowing the family to become tired of them when they begin to wither and taste "old."

Sweet corn contains more iron if dried, and our family has found that the flavor of corn cut from the cob and dried in the sun or in the oven, is an agreeable change from canned corn. Peas and beans are easily kept dry, and we liked baked peas better than beans—treated exactly the same as beans. Prunes, which were so popular with some people before the war, are worth buying even at the present advanced price, for the iron they contain. Spinach, especially if home canned, is usable once in a while all winter. Nuts are worth using more freely than most families do. Fish I had neglected because it was inconvenient to obtain. And I resolved to use more beef and less of other meats.

With these suggestions I am setting about the business of ironizing the Man-of-the-House largely by the change in flour and the addition of much material from our own garden. One sentence from the book already quoted is worth leaving with the average family. "Apparently the typical dietary does not contain any such surplus of iron as would justify the practice of leaving the supply of this element entirely to chance."

## Hungry for Fresh Air

There are more ways than one of being hungry. When people are hungry for food all the neighborly folks get busy and give of their substance to keep the wolf from the door. But sometimes we forget the other kinds of hunger and don't help out all we might.

Just at this time of the year there are lots of little children in our great city who are hungry for fresh air. They have been cramped up in crowded rooms all winter, and now, when the out-of-doors is calling they feel they must get away from the heat and din of the city. But there isn't any place to go. The sun beats down on the glaring pavements, the little patch of grass in front of the house is grey with dust, there simply isn't any coolness or quiet anywhere. And so they grow thin and pale and listless, and lose all the fun and laughter that is their birthright.

Isn't it up to all of us who are lucky enough to live in the country, to be neighborly too, and relieve that hunger. If all the people in the villages and on the farms who can

spare the room and the little extra food would only open their hearts and homes and invite two children for two weeks' holiday, there wouldn't be any of these starved kiddies to drag out a weary existence all the long summer through; for think of all the joy and anticipation, the excitement of getting ready, and all the happy memories that would be stored up. Isn't it well worth while?

If you can help, will you write now to Mr. F. N. Stapleford, General Secretary, Neighborhood Workers Association, 71 Grosvenor Street, Toronto, giving particulars as to the age and sex of the children you would prefer, and the most convenient time for you to take them. It is preferable to the Exchange to have the children go in pairs and for a two-weeks period.

If you can't invite the children, perhaps you could send a subscription towards the cost of the camps and do your bit that way instead.

## Deaconess Work, Montreal

Th reports from the various departments of our work read at the Annual Meeting revealed the fact, that, most energetic and faithful work had been accomplished during the year, not only on the part of Mrs. Coulson, the Superintendent, and Deaconesses, but, also, by the members of the Deaconess Aid Society.

The fact that the Deaconess Home is becoming more and more a centre of great usefulness and Christian philanthropy is shown by the great increase in the distribution of clothing, fuel, and food, to those in need.

A number of families where there were small children were supplied regularly with milk and bread during the winter months. Soup was made and distributed twice weekly; the meat being supplied by the various Methodist Churches in turn.

We consider that the past year has been one of the best, both spiritually and materially, of all in the history of the Home.

Hospitality is frequently extended by our superintendent to deaconesses from other Conferences who may be passing through and are strangers to the city, as well as to young girls whom our Travellers' Aids wish to look after over night while on their way to their destinations. All of the above is lending a "helping hand" to those who need it; perhaps not so much financially as from a sense of loneliness while in a large city unprotected.

We have at present seven deaconesses working in the city, as follows: Miss Moffitt, St. James'; Miss Irwin, Mountain Street; Miss Shier, Delorimier Avenue; Miss Carr, Italian School; Misses Bechtel, Kerr, and Simon, as Travellers' Aids.

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ELIZABETH MYERS,  
Corresponding Secretary.

# At the Capital

BY CANDIDUS

MR. CRERAR is the leader who comes out of the session of Parliament with most honors to his credit. This is due, in part, to certain tactical elements in the situation which made to his advantage; but it is due also to the skill with which he played his game.

The Progressive leader does not place his reliance in talk chiefly. He can, and does make an excellent speech occasionally. But he is fond of playing the game of political checkers in silence. He is by nature close-lipped; and at times he gets out of patience with some of his followers who talk more than he thinks discreet.

Mr. Crerar goes back to the West with two very satisfactory Acts of Parliament in his pocket—the wheat board and the Crow's Nest rates on grain and flour. These victories were both won behind the closed doors of committees, during what are known "as executive sessions," when the press is excluded. It is natural enough that there should be such secret sessions when a committee is drafting its report; and it is likely that the closed doors were an advantage to the opponents of Mr. Crerar, rather than to himself. Nevertheless, under these circumstances he played his game and won—won chiefly by the movement of the checkers of political influence. There was argument involved too; but it was the kind of argument that appeals to politicians who must later justify their stand before the public. This argument, laid bare, in the case of the railway rates at least, the dangerous campaign which his opponents would have to meet before the electorate if they did not accept his proposals.

In playing these successful games of checkers, Mr. Crerar had, of course, the benefit of assistance from able lieutenants. This was strikingly true in the railway rates committee, where he relied much on Hon. A. B. Hudson. Curiously enough Mr. Hudson was elected as an "independent Liberal," though he "played" with the Progressive chieftain from beginning to end. Indeed, so close was the association, that at the opening of the railway rates committee, when it was a question of appointing a sub-committee to consider the scope of the inquiry, Mr. Crerar suggested that Mr. Hudson might take his place on that sub-committee. Now Mr. Hudson, in addition to being one of the leaders of the Manitoba bar, had the advantage of having as law partner, Mr. H. J. Symington, K.C., who has acted for the prairie provinces in many a railway rate case. Mr. Hudson, consequently, was in a position to know the ground on which he was fighting, and his cross-examination of railway witnesses, though brief, was directed to vulnerable points. It is safe to say that he was consulted

too, in regard to the political tactics of the campaign.

It would not be fair, however, to leave the Premier out of account in explaining the causes of Mr. Crerar's success during the session. Ever since he was given, the largest following in the House, at the election of December 8th last, Mr. King has been steadily seeking for opportunities to draw the Progressives closer to him. He had poor success in his overtures prior to the formation of his Cabinet and he had, therefore, to fall back on Sir Lomer Gouin. But he has never given up the hope of bringing the Progressives, or part of them, into the fold.

Two opportunities to accomplish his aim he found in the wheat board and the railway rates reductions. He made overtures too, during the budget debate, though the gestures at that time were rather inconclusive. On the budget, however, he did gain his object of securing enough to put the Government proposals through; and he did it while at the same time avoiding any annoyance to the protectionist elements behind him. On the wheat board and the railway rates questions, Mr. King was again successful in attracting Progressive support—in fact much more successful than on the budget—but in these instances he got that support by adopting the Progressive policy. The budget was a victory for Liberal finesse; the wheat board and the Crow's Nest rates on grain and flour were victories for Progressive insistence and tactics.

The probability is that, as a result of these approaches to the Progressives, Mr. King feels himself quite a bit safer in the saddle than he did when the session opened. There is no doubt, of course, that if the Liberal Premier is prepared to pay the price, he can get Progressive support. But that "price" is likely to be a big one—it already has been big in regard to railway rates—for the Progressives will not grant their backing, unless the Government is prepared to go a long way in the adoption of the Progressive platform. As I have already remarked, next session will be the testing time. Redistribution, the budget and the new railway management will all be crucial questions; and the revision of the bank Act will be hardly less so. Besides, as soon as a redistribution bill is through, there will be a vital change in the situation. This last session no party has wanted an election—though on some issues the Government would have liked to be "forced" into a campaign—but after redistribution an election would furnish an almost certain chance to the Progressives to add to their numbers in the West.

While the Premier has been angling for Progressive support and Mr. Crerar has been playing for the

acceptance of Progressive policies, the leader of the official Opposition has been appearing in a rather less aggressive role than had been expected. Perhaps the character which he has assumed on more occasions than any other, is that of the consistent politician. Again and again the walls of the House have heard the declaration that, while the Government was throwing its pledges to the winds, the Conservatives in opposition were true to the policies they had espoused in office. There is something noble about this attitude; but by itself it is not likely to get a party very far. It is true that one does not expect policies to be laid down by an Opposition leader; but one does expect substantial criticism, even if of a destructive kind. But of this there was little from the Conservative benches during the session which has just closed. Too much time was spent in proving the inconsistencies of the Liberals—a case which might have been accepted as proven after the debate on the address.

Of course, Mr. Meighen had a great handicap in the relations existing between the three main groups in the House. He is opposed to the Liberals, but he is even more opposed to the Progressives. It was extremely difficult for him, therefore, to attract the only group to which he had any chance of appealing. Whether, and when, this peculiarity of the situation will be removed, is a question which it would require a prophet to answer. The logical thing is for the Conservatives and the conservative section of the Liberals to coalesce; but the logical thing does not always happen. The Liberals may become the moderate party, holding the balance between a more conservative right and a more radical left. This is indeed the position which Mr. Mackenzie King now seems to be striving to occupy, a position which has parallels in the parliaments of Europe.

The likeness to European legislatures, as it has developed in the Canadian House of Commons, is much strengthened by the existence of the Labor party at the extreme left, politically speaking. Messrs. Woodworth and Irvine are the extreme radicals of the Canadian House. They, have, however, conducted themselves with great moderation and have drawn a good deal of support from both Progressives and Liberals. This came out strikingly in the committee which reported upon the Woodworth Bill to restore the sedition laws to the state in which they stood before the Winnipeg strike. At that time several amendments were made in a state of panic, and one of them actually took away the protection which the Criminal Code then contained for those who desired to bring about reforms by constitutional means. When the subject came before a committee, the Liberals and the Progressives voted together against the Conservatives, and Mr. Woodworth's proposals were all carried. It was too late for them to be discussed again in the House; but the incident showed sharply the relations of the groups in Parliament and supplied evidence that moderate advocacy of the claims of labor can get a hearing from the larger parties.

Two bills which were outside the ordinary party or group politics of Parliament deserve notice in even a brief review of the session. These are the amendments to the Narcotic Drug Act and to the Canada Temperance Act. The outstanding change made in the anti-drug law, was the

adoption of the lash as a penalty for supplying drugs to minors; this suggestion came from British Columbia Conservatives, the evil being very intense in that province.

Two main amendments were proposed to the Canada Temperance Act. The first was the prohibition of the export of liquor (except by brewers and distillers) from provinces having prohibitory laws; this was sought chiefly by Saskatchewan and it became law. The second was the prohibition of import by private parties into provinces having Government

control of the liquor traffic, either directly as in British Columbia, or by a commission as in Quebec. Curiously enough it was this proposal, designed to make a success of moderation in handling the liquor problem, which fell under the displeasure of the Senate, where it was slaughtered in the name of individual liberty. Over this prohibitionists do not need to worry. It is but another sample of the unreason of those who champion the inalienable right of the individual to tittle.

## The Conferences

### TORONTO

*Cochrane, United Church.*—On Monday evening the Congregation of the "United Church" met in the Sixth Avenue Church and tendered a farewell to the retiring pastor and his wife, the Rev. Geo. C. Coulter and Mrs. Coulter.

After the opening exercises Mr. W. B. Way, the chairman, made a few remarks referring to the splendid work done by Mr. Coulter during his three years' pastorate in the "United Church" at Cochrane, and afterwards Mr. Way read an address, and Mr. J. Drinkwater presented the pastor with a well filled purse, a gift of the congregation; while Mrs. W. Warrell read an address to Mrs. Coulter, and Mrs. Dempsey presented Mrs. Coulter with a beautiful pearl necklace, a gift of the Ladies' Circle. Mr. Coulter thanked the congregation for their continued kindnesses to him, and for the liberal support he had received from the board and congregation during his pastorate at Cochrane. On behalf of Mrs. Coulter, he thanked the Ladies' Aid for their kindness in remembering her on this occasion.

### HAMILTON

*Port Colborne.*—At the morning service, Sunday, June 25, a new piano, placed in the church as a memorial to the late organist, Miss Merle Knoll, was unveiled and handed to the trustees. The piano was the gift of the parents of Miss Knoll and the Ladies' Aid. At the evening service, the retiring pastor, Rev. C. Hackett, gave his closing message to a crowded church. The Presbyterians and Baptists had closed their churches to enable their members to be present, the two pastors assisting Mr. Hackett in the service. The congregation expressed their good wishes to the pastor and family in different ways. Mr. Hackett was the recipient of a valuable gold watch and chain, suitably inscribed. The ladies of the congregation gave Mrs. Hackett a handsome china dinner service, and their two sons were remembered by the young people. The four years of Mr. Hackett's pastorate have been years of progress and there was general regret in the community that the associations must now be broken. The Rev. I. M. Moyer, of Acton, succeeds and has the promise of a very successful term.

### MONTREAL

*Magog, Quebec.*—The Sunday-school room and parlors of the Ma-

gog Methodist Church was the scene of an event which will be long remembered by the many who attended, as it was the occasion of the gathering together of the members, adherents and friends of the church to bid farewell to Rev. and Mrs. S. W. Boyd, who have terminated their five years' sojourn on this field of labor and are leaving for Sutton where a new sphere of activity awaits them. For the past twenty years this circuit has grown steadily. The cumulative effect of the work of the preceding pastors has been continually added to by the work of the present pastor, so that as a result the last five years, which represent Mr. and Mrs. Boyd's term, have seen the long cherished desire for church extension and a pipe organ materialized. The Sunday school, the Ladies' Aid, the Woman's Missionary Society have also shared in this steady advancement until now the church stands well up in the front rank of churches in that part universally known as the Eastern Townships. While the event was informal in character there were one or two items worthy of mention in that they served to show in a tangible way the esteem in which the pastor and his wife were held by the people of Magog. Mrs. A. K. Manning, on behalf of the members of the Ladies' Aid and Woman's Missionary Society, presented Mrs. Boyd with a handbag containing among other things, a purse of money, and Mr. Henry Chamberlin, Recording Secretary, on behalf of the men presented Mr. Boyd with a gold watch and a Masonic ring, and Mr. H. D. Roberts, on behalf of the choir of the church, presented Mrs. Boyd with a pearl set lavalier and Eastern Star ring. The serving of refreshments brought the evening to a close.

"Our romance began at the beach. Fact is, the girl who is now my wife saved me from drowning. She's a magnificent swimmer."

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"You bet. You see, I don't know that she would save me again."

The taxi jolted and skidded along the street. The old lady was glad when she reached her destination. "You frightened me," she said. "It's the first time I've ridden in one of these taxis." "You have my sympathy, mum," said the driver. "It's the first time I've ever driven one."

—Chicago Gas Gazette.

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## New Churches for Old

"What is practically necessary is this: Let your religion be the practical acknowledgment of the Spirit of the Universal and Beloved Community. This is the sufficient and practical faith. All else about religion is the accident of your special race or nation or form of worship or training, or accidental personal opinion, or devout mystical experience. The core, the centre of the faith, is not the person of the individual founder, and is not any other individual man. Nor is this core to be found in the sayings of the founder. The core of the faith is the spirit, the Beloved Community. There is nothing else under heaven whereby men have been saved or can be saved."—*Jonah Royce.*

A VERY great deal, both wise and foolish, has been said for and against the community movement. There is a class of individual that seems to be impervious to any ripple of new suggestiveness not contained in the catechism. Principally, the opposition to the community church and the community movement is due to a misconception of what the Church is for, and what their real place in the Church should be. Stated in its simplest terms, the phrase "Kingdom of God" means an experiment in social righteousness. Like so many of our fine terms, it has been lost in a bewildering whirl of words, words, words. Now if the kingdom of God is not the reign of God on earth, we need worry little about it, and while it will do little harm, and about the same amount of good, to sing about it noisily in the church on Sunday, we can forget it during the week. In the words of a daily cartoonist, "It doesn't mean anything."

But it does mean something—something so tremendously great and magnificent that it is not to be wondered at that some people have difficulty in appreciating the beauty and the scope of it. What finer idea can anyone have as a goal of their endeavor than that of writing the family large into a universal community?

Of course it seems like a waste of time to pause and speak a good word for the community idea. It has caught like wildfire and has swept around the world. More than that, it has been found to work. In Canada, some successful experiments have been made, which have convinced a not inconsiderable group of laymen in all the Churches that this ought to be made a real and important part of the work of the Church. What the laymen insist on, and what a steadily increasing element of the clergy demand equipment for, will not be long delayed.

No one need remain long in the dark as to the meaning of the movement and to its wider implications. The literature on the subject is vast. Some classics have been published which every minister on a rural, or in a city church field ought in all honor to possess. I mean this in the sense that there are avenues of advance possible, a mobilization of hands and hearts, and all resources possible, which will revolutionize his share in the kingdom's work, if he will open his eyes. But you say that the work of the Church lies in other directions. Yes! A church that does not in this day extend its frontiers into the thought, business, recreation, home, social and religious life of

the community, will find that it soon will become an isolated example of incompetence, and that the only line left for it to take, is that in the direction of the cemetery.

One of the greatest, bravest and most fertile spirits in this movement has been John Haynes Holmes, of the Community Church, New York. This is an experiment with a city church, but many of the principles are applicable to all parishes. Read his "New Churches for Old."

In the first chapter, he speaks of the collapse of the churches and asks the reason why. It has come as a sort of Day of Judgment which no number of revivals, no sporadic efforts, no amount of sermonizing, or picnics could wave away. Men thought that a spiritual renaissance following the war would save us. The aftermath of the war has rather added to the collapse and disintegration. The fine old churches set among the trees, all but empty, is an awful indictment. No amount of linking up of the Churches will ever stop this tendency: Readjustment in the denominational machine will not help any. Shorter sermons might help some, but very little. Theology? Nobody worries about theology until they are antagonized by some bull-baiting preacher. People's minds are about made up, and the theology of the conscientious man of the street, is not so very far out. Why are Masonic Lodges, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, even Farmers' Clubs, taking men and women the church cannot get. Why are so many circuits "fens of stagnant waters?" Holmes replies in part that the collapse is due to the sepulchre-like interior of many of the churches, their antediluvian mannerisms, their archaic terminology, their squeaky "order of service," and many other items which indicate an out-of-jointness with the present, and its thoughts and needs. In other words, there is a total lack of immediateness, of imperious necessity and urgency in the offices of the Church. While the Church is on the one hand interested in matters that interest the ordinary man not at all, on the other hand, it is not interested in concerns which are the very life of the individual who should be the church member.

Now it is not because religion is degenerating. So long as a man lives and loves, there will be religion, the "centre and core of every sphere." But the fact is that man's expression of religion is going to change just as rapidly as his ideas change and his experiences change; just as rapidly as denominationalism is giving place to democracy. A church that is so lost in its creeds, and sacraments, and sermons, and dignity, that it cannot "get down on the floor and play," that it cannot sacrifice a little of its frock-coated frozen piety in the name of an all-round community ministry, is to be pitied and its champions ignored.

May I urge every minister and lay leader to secure a copy of this book? There are chapters which one wishes might be read some Sunday instead of the sermon, e.g., "Religion Inside the Churches," "Religion Outside the

Churches," "The new Basis of Religion," "Sacred and Secular," "Theology and Sociology," etc. Then the author closes with definite and practical suggestions for organizing a community church, its message and work. The day has already come when Protestantism is decreasing in importance. I mean, of course, that negative, restrictive, repressive, thou-shalt-not type of faith which contents itself with an unlimited exercise of the veto, but which has yet to exemplify a positive leadership. Men are weary of being told what not to do. Now they want to be shown what they may do; and the church that is to attract men and feed them, and inspire them in the days to come is the community church, the church that serves every strata of life and every variety of interest and need. This is the church that will find its walls filled with the sounds of praise and the hum of godly industry. But it means a leadership—brave, wise and loving. It means that we shall have to send out the call for great men—the greatest that life and the universities can give. It means that we shall have to give them freedom to think boldly and act boldly; and even though these things were not done when you joined the Church, they are the means God will use in this day—is using and blessing. Wells is right. There has been no Reformation. There was an attempt—one that drove a wedge between men, one that built up a politico-religious feudal battlement; but the real reformation is going on! It is necessary work. It is God's work. It is a community work. It is the great "divine human enterprise."

"New Churches for Old," John Haynes Holmes; "The Community Church," H. E. Jackson; "Rural Community Organization," E. L. Earp.

Pamphlets from the Department of Evangelism and Social Service will be sent upon request.

## Recent Publications

—*Graded Bible Stories.* By William James Mutch, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy and Religion in Ripon College. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$1.25 a volume.

Dr. Mutch has prepared the first two volumes of a series of four of graded Bible stories for use among the children. The aim of the author is to make the great fund of story material contained in the Bible available to the teacher, and put in such a way that it may be suited to the need of every age and mentality. And the purpose has been well achieved. The work is excellently done and the series should have very extensive use.

—*The Promise of His Coming.* By Chester C. McCown, Ph.D. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$2.25.

This is a scholarly study of a very live and very vexed question by the professor of New Testament Religion in the Pacific School of Religion. The author recognizes the existence of the apocalyptic element in oriental thought in early days, and he relates the teaching of Christ to this element in a non-dogmatic way, yet showing clearly where the author's sympathies lie. The professor does not believe in the literal physical return of Christ as the premillennialists do, but he argues that return is to be regarded in the true light of a social-spiritual point of view.



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## Our Lord's Coming

Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir: With many of your readers I have read carefully the four chapters issued by the "Department of Evangelism and Social Service" on the much discussed question of the "Second Coming of Christ." I must confess I have little sympathy with the viewpoint of the writer. I acknowledge his ability in research into data, and his clear presentation of the subject from his viewpoint. But—is he right? Has he presented to his readers the teaching of the New Testament on this very precious truth so dear to every Christian heart that looks for this "Glorious Appearance?" May I suggest one or two points. I would like to explain the use of the terms—there are three of them: 1. Apokalypsis, which means Revelation; 2. Epiphaneia, which means Appearance; 3. Parousia, which means Coming or Presence. When these terms, "Epiphaneia and Parousia" personal subsistence, they cannot possibly denote anything less than a personal Revelation, Appearance, Coming or Presence. In St. Paul's Second Thess. 2:8, two of these terms, "Epiphaneia and Parousia" are conjoined and rendered in our authorized version "The brightness of His coming," to express the glorious manifestation in which we believe; and if neither of these terms taken singly can denote anything less than a personal appearance or coming, and if either of them alone is sufficient to express that idea when applied to any other personality, what different sense can be

attached to them as thus connected? (See 1 Cor. 1: 7.) It is only by perverting what is plain, obscuring what is clear, mystifying what is obvious, and interpreting figuratively what is intended to be taken literally, that any intelligent Christian can cheat himself and rob his brethren of the precious hope of his Lord's return in "propria persona" to the earth which he has ransomed by suffering and consecrated with blood; and he who receives the statements of the Holy Spirit as they stand in the prophetic scriptures, uninfluenced by previous theory or prevalent opinion; he who believes the word of God to be the word of truth, intended for the instruction and guidance of the Church, and not for her mystification and delusion; he who admits, without question or cavil, that revelation means revelation, that appearance means appearance, that coming means coming, that presence means presence, and nothing more, and nothing less, and nothing different to the purpose of the Holy Spirit, will be forced to confess the real corporeal personality of the glorious manifestation of our Lord for which the Apostles, taught by Christ himself, exhort the Church to watch and wait.

Yours truly,  
W. G. BRADFORD.

## The Epworth League in the Summer

Many Leagues, particularly those in the towns and cities, close during

the summer months. Why? Cannot get anybody out to meetings? Many of the leaguers away on holidays?

Mr. Local League President, did you ever stop to consider how much easier it is for young people to "drift" while they have not the helpful influences of the league around them? And now, honest to goodness, do you really know that, as a result of a "check up" by our General Conference Officers, it has been found that only four per cent. of the young people are away at any one time?

Here is a plan that was successfully worked out by a good sized League from a town in the Bay of Quinte Conference. This League had always closed during July and August heretofore. The meetings of the "Summer Series" were held every two weeks as follows.

1. Meeting held on the church lawn. The lantern and hymn slides were used to good effect outside, and a minister from an adjoining circuit gave the address.
2. Motor launch party to a light-house some three miles from the shore, where the meeting was held.
3. Motor truck party to a good sandy beach, some five miles distant, where a huge bonfire provided light for the meeting after which group games were played.
4. Corn roast and programme of games.

By this time it was the first of September and everybody was back on the job. Try it; it is worth while.

## Evangelism in the Penitentiary

This title may cause your mind to think of St. Paul at Rome, but I have a different story to tell.

Many years ago, when I was a student at Wesley College, Winnipeg, I learned to hold in high respect another student named S. W. L. Stewart. He was always strong and earnest, a lover of men. Our ways parted. I have not often seen him since college days, but I have followed his course with interest. A number of years ago he was appointed Chaplain of the Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Man. Such a position could never mean a formal round of duties to a man like Stewart. Last year there came to Young Church, Winnipeg, the Rev. Dr. J. W. Aikens, probably Canadian Methodism's most striking example of a successful pastor-evangelist. These two men got together and plans were laid for a series of special services among the Protestant prisoners. These meetings were held every day for a week. The results can be better stated in the words of Dr. Aikens than by anything I can write; therefore I am quoting from a letter which he wrote at the request of the Warden of the Penitentiary, Col. Cooper.

"Viewed from the standpoint of a preacher of the gospel, the visible results were beyond any other mission that I have ever held. The deep interest manifested by the men, their penitence for wrong-doing and their sincere determination to seek divine help in leading a new life, were to

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## Tried and Delivered

WE have previously referred to the fact that the Book of Daniel was written in the second century B.C., in the days of the persecution that preceded the Maccabean revolt, its purpose being to hearten and strengthen the Jewish people in the trial of their faith. The story of Daniel in the den of lions is really a picture of the Jewish nation in the midst of persecution. For the persecution was a terrible one which might well be likened to the ravaging of lions. Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria, was determined to uproot the Jewish religion. He desecrated the temple altar and set up heathen worship in the sacred place. All forms of Jewish worship were proscribed. There was to be no more distinction of meats, every one must eat of the victims of the heathen feasts, even of the swine's flesh from the sacrificial feast. No mother might have her child circumcised on pain of being cast headlong from the wall together with the babe. The Sabbath was not to be observed.

The records of the persecution have come down to us, brave tales of the torments undergone by faithful Jews for conscience sake. There is the story of the old man Eleazar, "one of the principal scribes," and the mother with the seven sons, who "from weakness were made strong" to defy the oppressor. The account of them may be read in 2 Maccabees, chapters 6 and 7; Hebrews 11: 34-38 contains also a reference to the persecution. The example of these martyrs kindled a spirit of resistance which swept the oppressor away. Thus was preserved to the world the great truths of the Jewish faith.

The best things in our own life come to us only out of struggle. A traveller in Africa happened to notice one of the large brilliant butterflies of the tropics just as it was about to emerge from its cocoon. Pitying the anguish of its struggles to free itself, he resolved to help it. He took out his penknife and cut the ligament at which it was straining, and it came out safely and easily, only—all its brilliant coloring was gone! It had needed the struggle and anguish to develop that. Paul says, "I take pleasure in weaknesses, in injuries, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong." It is in the den of lions we find ourselves. It is there God's power "is made perfect." It is there we come to deeper wisdom, nobler love, and stronger hope. "The trying of a man is the crowning of a man."

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 23rd—Daniel and the Lions, Daniel 6: 1-28. Golden Text—Hebrews 11: 33. Home Readings—July 17. M. Dan. 6: 4-10. Daniel and the King's Decree. July 18. T. Dan. 6: 16-23. Daniel and the Lions. July 19. W. Dan. 1: 8-21. Daniel's First Test. July 20. T. Gen. 22: 1-8; 16-19. Abraham's Trial. July 21. F. 1 Kings 18: 30-40. Elijah on Mount Carmel. July 22. S. Heb. 11: 32-40. Faith Triumphant. July 23. S. Rom. 8: 31-39. Conquerors through Christ.

All that is best in our civilization and religion was won for us by the suffering of others. The early Christian martyrs died rather than deny their faith. Our right to worship without intervention of priest is ours because men dared to face the fire and the stake. The privilege we have of reading the sacred scriptures in our own tongue and by our own firesides—how hardly was that won for us! Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, laid for us through struggle the foundations of our democratic government of to-day. The story of Daniel tells us how a nation, amid the fires of affliction, held to the faith of the one true and living God. To their faithfulness we owe it that that belief is an essential part of our Christian religion.

What kept the Jewish nation amid persecution, what preserved Daniel in the den of lions, was belief in a living God. Their bodies might perish but their souls would "go marching on." "The King of the world," they boldly stated to their persecutors, "shall raise up us, who have died for His laws, unto an eternal renewal of life." That is the secret of strength amid trial. God is living and working. Truth and righteousness must prevail. They must, for God Himself is true and righteous. The man with that belief, the nation with that hope, can go calmly and fearlessly into the lions' den.

## Evangelism in the Penitentiary

(Continued from page 21)

me a gratifying revelation of the fact that the Saviour of mankind, is now, as He was in the days of His flesh—'The Friend of sinners.' Judging by the interviews that I conducted, the great majority of the men were sincere in what they did when seeking for evidence of a real change. I received such replies as the following: 'If staying here will atone for the past, I am willing to stay.' 'I am a changed man, because I am contented and happy.' 'I feel in my heart that my sins are forgiven.' 'I have failed many times, but I am going to make one more big try.' 'I have quit swearing and cigarette smoking.' 'I am not concerned so much about myself, as those dependent on me on the outside.' As you know, I preached the gospel of loving-kindness and tender mercy. No one stands outside of the compassion of the Saviour, and their hearts opened out in response as the flowers to the sunlight. They are not monsters of iniquity, but men with strong natures, who, somehow, missed God and got on the wrong path. The same ground that grows rank weeds can grow good wheat, and I believe they will become good men. To have eighty-eight men receive the Sacrament, out of a possible 123, was surely an indication that divine favor rested on the effort. Of course, the circumstances were favorable, owing to the fact that the chaplain had prepared the ground and that

you did all that any man in your position could do to make the meetings a success. Personally, I am thankful for the experience; it was the greatest week of my life."

### Golden Wedding

Rev. Robert Davey and Mrs. Davey, of 560 King Street East, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, on Tuesday, June 27th, 1922.

Mr. Davey, who is a native of Cornwall, England, came to Canada in early manhood. His bride of fifty years ago is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Peter H. Swartz, of Jerseyville, Ontario, where the marriage ceremony was solemnized.

In the year of his marriage (1872), Rev. Mr. Davey was ordained into the Methodist ministry, at Montreal, by the late Rev. Morley Pucheson. He had served a total of thirty-seven years, before superannuating, about seventeen years ago. Prior to coming to Canada, he had served as a local preacher in England for three or four years, and during his probation in this country, he spent one year at each of the following places:—Baltimore, Sterling, Dundas and Glanford; and his work during the following years covered the appointments of Brussels, (Londesboro'), Duncannon, Bervie, Lucan, Georgetown, Markdale, Chesley, (where he was Chairman of the Warton District) Stoney Creek, Waterford and Port Dover. During the intervening years, Rev. Mr. Davey has done much supply work, and even yet, in his seventy-ninth year, occasionally responds to a call to supply some of the pulpits in the city or surrounding country. For a few years following superannuation, Mr. and Mrs. Davey lived at Beamsville, coming to Hamilton to reside about eleven years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Davey have a family of five children, and fourteen grandchildren. The children are:—Lt.-Col. J. E. Davey, D.S.O., medical inspector of Hamilton public schools; R. H. Davey, publisher of the *Haldimand Advocate*, Cayuga; S. R. Davey, druggist, Chesley; T. J. W. Davey, with the Mercantile Trust Company, Hamilton; and Mrs. Geo. W. Ritchie, wife of Alderman Ritchie, of the Ritchie Cut Stone Company, Hamilton.

A public reception was held at the home, on Tuesday, when the happy

couple were the recipients of many kindly greetings, from hosts of friends, a unique feature being the presence of three of the guests who were at the wedding of half a century ago. They were:—Mrs. G. H. Palmer, of Toronto, Mrs. Davey's sister, who was her bridesmaid; Mrs. Copeman, another sister, who resides in Hamilton; and Mrs. Biggs, mother of Hon. F. C. Biggs, minister of highways for Ontario.

On Saturday, July 1st, a family reunion was held at the home of their daughter, Mrs. G. W. Ritchie, Blake Street, where, among many other testimonials of love and esteem, they were the recipients of a purse of gold, accompanied by the sincere desire of all, that now, in the evening of their lives, they may continue to enjoy a goodly measure of health, and the contentment which comes from the steadfast faith which has been theirs through all the years. In the Great Architect of the Universe.

### Wedding Anniversary

On June 1st, 1922, Mr. and Mrs. David W. Phillips, of Sudbury, Ont., celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day. They were married in 1867, at Pithole, Pa. They have resided in Canada for many years, but have lived only six years in Sudbury. Mr. Phillips is caretaker of the College St. Public School, and at seventy-seven years of age is still a most efficient workman.

### Personals

Rev. Hugh J. Fair, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the board of Holmesville circuit, to supply the work until the arrival of the new minister, in September. Mr. Fair is well known to the people, his daughter being the wife of Rev. J. W. Johnson, who has just completed his term of three years on this charge.

The Rev. John and Mrs. Lewis, of the Saskatchewan Conference, passed through Toronto last week on their way home after a three months sojourn in the British Isles. They announce a most wonderful time during their visit and are in excellent health and spirits.

Prominent among those ministers who have this year entered the ranks of the superannuates, is the Rev. Dr. George W. Henderson, who is just retiring from the pastorate of Central Church, St. Thomas, after an active ministry of forty-seven years. Dr. Henderson has a host of friends all over Canada, who will wish for him all the joys, and comforts, and satisfactions possible in his new relationship.

### Methodist National Campaign Collections to June 28th, 1922

Conference	Amount Remitted	Percentage
Toronto	\$1,111,078 08	88.8
London	513,210 75	88.9
Hamilton	680,427 02	90.4
Bay of Quinte	358,477 23	91.5
Montreal	502,355 02	83.0
Nova Scotia	158,570 29	82.8
N.B. and P.E.I.	160,948 29	93.6
Newfoundland	28,624 58	70.6
Manitoba	215,842 79	62.5
Saskatchewan	171,816 86	67.3
Alberta	72,095 80	70.6
British Columbia	107,794 68	75.4
	\$9,981,886 44	82.3

Total collection since March 1st, 1922 \$100,171.86

### The Late Mrs. Samuel Mills

The sudden call that came to Mrs. Mills was a great shock and loss to her family and deeply mourned by all her friends. In the full promise of mature life the call came to her, but it is a joy and comfort to know that her daily life was one continual act of faith, so she was not unprepared for the summons thus suddenly given. Born and reared in the midst of Christian surroundings and family piety, she was early identified with the Methodist Church and continued throughout her life to use all her time and energy to extend and deepen the work of the Kingdom of Christ wherever she lived. While in Toronto she was actively identified with the work of Woman's Christian Temperance Union. To visit her home was to enter a spot where the atmosphere was wholesome and the fellowship one of delight to the Christian. That spirit which makes the service of Christ attractive and stimulating was always manifest in the home life of the family. She will be greatly missed in St. Clair Ave. Methodist Church, and her associates and friends here extend to Mr. Mills and his two daughters their sincere sympathy. She was always interested in the work of the Woman's Missionary Society and the Sunday school and when health permitted was found in the class meeting on Sunday morning.

W. H. G.

### Births, Marriages, Deaths

Notices under these headings will be charged for at two cents per word. Minimum charge of fifty cents per insertion.

**BIRTWISTE**—Born on June 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Birtwistle, Jr., of Rockdale, Sask., a son, Frank Etherington.

**MORTON**—Mr. William Morton, Sr., died at his home, at Olive, Alta., on May 16th, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born in the Township of Marlborough, Carleton County, Ontario. In 1872 he was united in marriage to Jane Searlet. They celebrated their golden wedding last New Year. He moved West in 1892 and settled in Lacombe, later at Olive. He was a member of the Methodist Church and one of its loyal supporters. His minister was always welcome in his home. He loved his Quakerism. No work of the church was nearer his heart than the young people's. They have lost a true friend. A group of C.G.I.T. girls sang at the funeral service which was held at the Methodist Church, Olive. Mr. Morton leaves to mourn his loss, besides his widow, one brother, Henry (since deceased) and a sister, Mrs. Suffice, Kemptville, Ont. Interment took place at the Lacombe Cemetery. —T. E. A.

### Recent Publications

—*Black Gold*. By Albert Payson Terhune. Author of "Lad, A Dog," etc. (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.) \$1.75.

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—*Sermons for Special Days*. By Rev. Frederick D. Kershner, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Christian Doctrine in Drake University. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$1.50 net.

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## Ex-Officio Members of General Conference

To the Editor of Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—At the present time the General Conference elects a General Superintendent for eight years, and he is thus automatically a member with full powers in the next succeeding two General Conferences; and to this no one has taken objection, and I can conceive of no reasonable man ever doing so. Could not this system be extended a little further?

I believe every executive officer elected by General Conference for a period of four years, should automatically be a member of the next succeeding quadrennium Conference. There can be only one objection reasonably raised against it, which is that the General Conference should be composed of elected representatives only. That argument would have more weight were members of General Conference elected by the direct vote of the people for definite constituencies; but it is not so. It is a case of representatives at a lower court electing from the membership of the Church, other representatives for a higher court.

It would be known that the election of the secretary of Evangelism or Education or any other department carried with it membership in the next quadrennium Conference, which would surely be an advantage.

If there were any fear that the ex officio members would outnumber the elected ones, there would be an objection, but we are not approaching that danger.

One great benefit would be that each Annual Conference would be free to elect more members from the active pastorate than is now possible.

I don't believe, Mr. Editor, you could preach this doctrine, as it involves your position as well, but I feel the principle herein suggested is worthy of consideration by the General Conference.

Yours truly,  
W. G. HUNT.

Calgary, Alta.



Minister (to one of his members, a venerable old gardener): "You have reached a great age, John." John: "Deed ha'e I, for gin I leevie till the eleventh of next month, I'll be an octogenerianum."

The first time a monoplane, like a great dragonfly, sailed over a certain sleepy little Scotch town, a couple of old toppers got the scare of their lives.

"Lord save us, Sandy!" cried one, gazing upward in terror.

"Weel! Weel! And can ye see it, too, Tammas?" returned the other aghast.

"Ah'm seen 'it verra plain."

Sandy breathed a sigh of relief.

"Ah'd no like to see it by mysel'," he observed.

"What tak ye it to be, Sandy?"

"I ken weel it's a sign."

"An' what kind o' a sign, Sandy?"

"What kind o' a sign, mon? dinna ye ken? Sure it's a sign you and me, Tammas, must cut out th' whuskey."

A negro lad had been brought into a Virginia police court for the fifth time, charged with stealing chickens.

The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken-stealing, that I'm quite tired of seeing him here."

"I don't blame you, jedge," said the parent, "an' I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him de right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, jedge; he always gets caught."

—Lawyer and Banker.

The student who wrote that the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country to build an insane asylum in the wilderness, was as near right as the other student who wrote in his examination papers that "Martin Luther did not die a natural death, but was excommunicated by a bull." "Richard II" is not the only one "said to have been murdered by some historians." Haven't Napoleon and Caesar just had that experience with H. G. Wells? The student whose examination papers had it that "People go to Africa to hunt rhinoceroses," and that "A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off," can occupy the entire sofa by himself; he "takes the bakery." And yet we must admit into the company of student omniscience the three hopefuls who answered their questions thus: "Lloyd George is the Prime Mixture of England;" "The strength of the British Constitution lies in the fact that the Lords and Commons give each other mutual cheek;" and that "Julius Caesar was renowned for his strength; he threw a bridge across the Rhine."

"But surely," said the haughty woman, "if I pay fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?" "Of course, madam," the guard replied, politely, "provided he does not put his feet on it."—Pearson's Magazine.

A southern boy, who had often seen the convict laborers of his state, was visiting a relative in Cincinnati. One day he was taken by his uncle to the zoo, and was particularly struck by the appearance of the zebra. "Look, Uncle Jim," he said, pointing to the queer beast—"look at that convict mule!"

Professor—"What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?"

Senior—"Why, er—r—"

Professor—"Correct. Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?"

Senior—"The what sir?"

Professor—"That will do; very good."—Stevens Stone Mill.

An old woman who kept a pig that did not fatten as fast as she thought it should, took the case to her physician.

"You must see the vet," the physician told her.

"Oh, doctor," was her answer, "I have no confidence in him; he is so thin himself."

"Mother," said her little five-year-old daughter, "I think Bobby is awful lazy."

"Why, dear?"

"He waits until I have finished my prayers and then just says 'Amen.'"



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