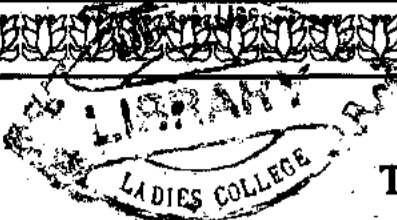


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TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1922

The CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

Settled by the
C. J. Lee
11 E. 22 St.
Toronto, Ont.

The Joy in the Morning

WE are scarcely fair to Providence, now, are we? We speak so often as if the disagreeable, sorrowful, tragic things had a greater facility for happening than the other kinds—but history does not at all bear us out. If we would look over our own lives with any care we would soon see how mistaken our point of view was. Not only have we had many more really pleasant, enjoyable, cheering things happen to us during our lifetime, but even many of those unpleasant, disagreeable, and sad things that came to us had such a way of turning out better than we expected that often we would almost be compelled to count them among our joys rather than among our sorrows. Did you ever really think of the wonderful way that a kindly Providence has of making up to us for the things we have to suffer, and of turning the sharp edge of our sorrow, or even of giving us through it a joy that we could not have in any other way? We have seen people whose care and trouble was so heavy upon them that they seemed to feel that they could never smile again, but it was not so very long till the old smile was back, with just a little added sweetness to it because of what they had been through. No, the days of gloom do not come so very often, and do not last so very long, for the sun has a wonderful way of breaking through in a most unexpected fashion. The winter is soon over; sorrow soon passes; joy cometh in the morning. Yes, we should be fairer to Providence than we are.

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Mostly About Ourselves

This is Conference time and the Conference reports have right of way in our paper and for some weeks these reports will bulk large in our pages. A few of our readers are inclined to object to this, and to declare that they have read fuller and spicier reports of their special Conference in their own local papers, and this is true; but the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN is not a local paper, and every Conference has a right to be reported in it, so that the Church at large may know what each Conference in Canada and Newfoundland has been doing.

We have wished, and our correspondents no doubt have wished, that they could make these reports a trifle more interesting for the general reader; but there is necessarily

considerable matter that should be reported, and yet which does not make interesting reading to the general public. There is one consolation, and that but a poor one, that one need not read what he doesn't wish to read.

Perhaps there may be something suggestive, however in the experience of one of our highly respected ministerial brethren, who assures us that whenever he cannot sleep at night he picks up the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN and turns to the editorial page and that nearly always results in a most refreshing slumber. We throw out the hint to any who are troubled with sleeplessness. It is surely worth a trial. And if you have any friend similarly afflicted make him a subscriber to the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN. We cannot guarantee a cure, but we shall do our best.

New Ideas in Bright New Books

Something in this week's list to interest everybody, from the Preacher looking for new Suggestions to the Boy or Girl who just wants "Something Good to Read."

THERE ARE SERMONS IN BOOKS

By William L. Stidger

Here is an idea for the preacher working out something of the plan that Dr. Trevor Davies, of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, did a couple of years ago in getting sermons out of books. Dr. Stidger has followed the plan for years for his Sunday evening services, latterly in one of the largest Methodist churches in Detroit, and finds that without being in any way sensational he can attract and hold large congregations and can leave with them the lesson he wants to. The Foreword tells how he works out the plan in which, by the way, he uses good fiction like "If Winter Comes," Tolstoi's "The Resurrection," Ernest Poole's "Beggars' Gold," Edwin Markham's "The Juggler of Touraine," and others similar. The book is divided into four sections, "Sermons in Poetry," "Sermons in Fiction," "Sermons in Non-Fiction Literature," and "Helpful Sermon Outlines." The first three parts give eleven actual book sermons as used by the author, covering the books mentioned and others. - But the fourth gives 500 suggestions for Book Sermons, many of these based on books in any preacher's library. To the man who wants some new ideas for summer preaching or wants to start out along a new line for fall, this book will give some exceedingly valuable suggestions. 232 pages, cloth: \$1.50

STANDING ROOM ONLY

By William L. Stidger

This, published last year, by the same author, is an outline of Dr. Stidger's methods. When it is known that he preaches to 5,000 people each Sunday, has mid-week Prayer Meetings of 500, and takes in fifty new members monthly, it will be seen that he knows at least how to gather in the people. His methods are

JUST ISSUED

Canadian Girls in Training

This book, announced in advance some time ago, and which is really the handbook of the C. G. I. T. made in Canada, is now ready. It is a splendid volume of 236 pages dealing with the girl at home, in school and in her various religious and social organizations, and going on to outline the organization and work of the C. G. I. T. group. There are fourteen chapters of helpful, practical, suggestive letterpress, and several pages of interesting engravings illustrating girls' activities. In stiff paper covers.

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not sensational but utilize modern advertising and ideas. 170 pages, cloth: \$1.50

LIVES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES—FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By Jeanne M. Serrell

If you want your children to be enthusiastic about missionaries and missionary work, whether you are speaking to them from the pulpit, or whether as father and mother you are teaching them good things at home, get this book. It puts such missionary

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heroes and heroines as David Livingstone, Mary Slessor, John G. Paton and a dozen or so others in the finest kind of story form, so that it will be read by the children like a magazine and still provides for the inculcating of a whole lot of information and religious influence in the stories. It really makes the missionary idea human for the boys and girls. 200 pages, cloth: \$1.35

WHAT'S BEST WORTH SAYING

By Richard Roberts, D.D.

This new book from the brain of the well-known minister of the American Presbyterian church of Montreal, comprises ten addresses delivered for the most part to College students last summer, covering subjects as follows:

1. On Creeds.
2. Of Faith.
3. Of Evil.
4. Of the Cross.
5. Of Jesus.
6. Of God Above and God Within.
7. Of God as a Society.
8. Of Spiritual Freedom.
9. Of the Joy of Life.
10. Of "Love Among the Ruins".

THE UNTRIED DOOR

By Richard Roberts

Another book by the same author which, put briefly by the author, is "an endeavour to discover the mind of Jesus and to see how far it shows us a way out of the intolerable confusion into which life has fallen." The book was published last year and has already required two extra editions. 174 pages, cloth: \$1.50

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VOLUME XXIII.

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1922

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX

THE WORLD OUTLOOK

The Tariff Debate

WHEN the election campaign was on last fall, the Hon. Mr. Meighen challenged Mr. King to declare himself in regard to the Liberal platform in so far as it dealt with the tariff. Mr. King, of course, declared that he accepted the platform, but as an ideal towards which the party would strive. But now the actual Liberal tariff is before Parliament, and we have the Hon. Mr. Fielding declaring very plainly that he never voted for the Liberal tariff plank and was never in favor of it. And we have the Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin frankly declaring himself a protectionist, and we presume that his attitude is probably that of the Liberal bloc from Quebec. After this it will be rather difficult for the Liberal party to do more than quietly ignore the platform upon which it was supposed to be elected. No doubt there are some tariff reformers in the Liberal party, but it is very evident that they are at present a negligible factor. But suppose the Progressives had been called to govern the country, would that have meant a great and radical lowering of the tariff? Of course, most of our Progressive friends believe that it would, and that the Progressive party in power would have carried out to the letter the pledges given when in opposition. But some of us have our doubts. It is easy for an opposition to tell a government what it ought to do; but when the Opposition becomes the government, the grave responsibilities which it assumes usually prevents any ill-considered, hasty, and violent attempts at reform. Despite all the objections which may be urged against the new tariff, it is apparently an honest attempt to raise the necessary revenue without undue dislocation of business.

From Portugal to Brazil

CAPTAINS Sacadura and Coutinho, two Portuguese naval aviators, have crossed the broad Atlantic in an airship, and bridged the great gulf between Portugal and Brazil. The Portuguese trip was not quite so dangerous, nor quite so dramatic as the successful crossing of the North Atlantic, yet still it was a memorable feat. The distance between Lisbon and Pernambuco is more than 4,000 miles, but there are a number of convenient stopping places. The aviators left Lisbon early in April and flew to the Canary Islands. From there they flew to the Cape Verde Islands. The next stage was the most dangerous, from Cape Verde to St. Paul Rock, about 800 miles from Brazil. In trying to effect a landing here, the aviators smashed their hydroplane and were compelled to wait until the Government sent them another machine from Portugal. From St. Paul Rock they flew to Fernando Noronha, and from thence to Pernambuco, but before they reached the last place they had to have another new machine. But finally they landed in Pernambuco, having successfully crossed the broad stretch of 4,000 miles of water. They lost two machines in the trip, but they themselves experienced no hurt. Well done! little Portugal!

The Mormon Menace

THERE is a tendency at times to over-estimate the extent of evils which we deplore, and the growth of the Mormon Church has been magnified unduly by those who feared it. Only a little while ago one of our religious journals said that there were 1,600,000 Mormons in the United States. The real figures are 587,918. The Utah Mormons report an increase this year of 22,479, and Iowa and Missouri report 6,000 more, but only 7,113 of these totals were converts, and as there are about 1,800 Mormon missionaries in the field all the time, it just figures at about four converts per annum for each missionary. Take some other facts. In 1870, there was not in Utah one solitary non-Mormon church or organization;

now there are non-Mormon church-buildings, hospitals, and schools which have cost over \$2,000,000. Then in 1870, there were 86,000 people in Utah, of whom 80,000 at least were Mormons. To-day Utah has 450,000 people and of these only about 330,000 are Mormons; that is, there are four times as many Mormons as in 1870, but there are over twenty times as many non-Mormons; and at least 130,000 of the 330,000 Utah Mormons have little connection or interest with the Mormon church as a religious organization. In 1897, of fifteen men who constituted the highest quorum of the Mormon church, all but one were polygamists; now of this same quorum all save two or three are monogamists. The Mormon church is a shrewd and successful business organization and its missionary activities are very pronounced, yet its total growth during the later years of its existence seems to offer sufficient proof that it is now a waning power.

Investigate the Coal Industry

THE Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has a Commission on the Church and Social Service, and the Research Department of this Commission had been at work for some months prior to the coal strike, securing all available information as to the right and wrong of the coal situation. But some of the essential facts could not be secured without a Federal inquiry, and so the Commission sent a committee to Washington to urge Congress to take action to secure such an investigation as would place the public in possession of all essential facts. Naturally, this action was not very favorably regarded by some of the coal operators, and the Commission has now addressed a pastoral letter to the churches, explaining its reasons for seeking an investigation of the whole situation. This pastoral letter claims that the coal industry, as at present conducted, has violated the principles of brotherhood and service, and is now as a result "disorganized, wasteful of human life and economic goods, and is endangering the peace of the community." The Commission claims that in normal times the coal industry employs at least 100,000 more men than it can provide with regular work, and there are an excessive number of mines. Again in the bituminous coal fields, there has been a sudden abandonment of the machinery of conference and agreement, and as a result, these fields have been in a state of bitter conflict and virtually open war. For these reasons the Commission urges that there should be a searching Federal investigation of the whole situation. The general public cannot admit the right either of the miners or the operators, or of both, to deal with the situation as they please, for the public is very intimately concerned in the matter; and it seems clear that public policy demands either that the present contending parties adjust their differences and keep them adjusted, or else that the Government of the country take over the entire industry and operate it as a public utility.

Passing of the Twelve Hour Day

THE steel companies of this continent have for many years fought hard and persistently for the retention of the twelve-hour day in the prosecution of this basic industry. The claim was that the work must be continuous, as the works could not close down at all during the production of iron and steel. This meant that the employees must work continuously either in twelve-hour, eight-hour, or six-hour shifts, and it was argued that the twelve-hour shift was the only one which was commercially possible. Not only so, but it was stated that these twelve-hour shifts were really not of continuous labor, but that the men could actually sleep part of the time. But the country at large was not satisfied

with this explanation, and a short time ago President Harding called the leading steel men together, and told them that in anticipation of a speedy revival in business he thought it might be wise to make the change to an eight-hour day. Judge E. H. Gary and Charles M. Schwab are reported to have agreed with the President and a committee of five has been appointed to investigate the matter and to report to the steel companies. It is claimed that the change from a twelve-hour to an eight-hour shift will add only twenty-one cents to \$46 a ton for steel ingots. It seems to be taken for granted that the great steel companies have now submitted to the principle of the eight-hour day, and the long twelve-hour day, seven days in the week, will soon be a thing of the past. The world moves all too slowly; and yet it moves.

The Cost of Indecency

IT pays men and states to be decent, and sometimes it is brought home to them in rather startling fashion that indecency comes terribly high. The little State of Panama had an experience recently, which it will probably remember for some time. A rumor, possibly true, had gone out that the United States fleet was to spend a month or two on the Canal Zone. At once cabaret owners in Panama got busy and went to certain United States cities and purchased disused saloon outfits, and they left orders with procurers to send as many girls as they could get to Cristobal. Some of the girls happened to be on the ship which was carrying Rev. H. B. Fisher to his new church at Cristobal. He sized up the situation and got busy, and when Cristobal was reached, the quarantine officer forced five of these women to return to the United States. Then the Church authorities got in touch with the American Association of Social Hygiene and the Federal Council of the Churches, and other welfare agencies. A committee visited the high officials of the Panama Government and urged a cleaning-up. But the Government officials argued that the Government of Panama could not exist if it were not for the revenues derived from the liquor traffic, prostitution, and the lottery; and they could not afford to clean up. And then the Navy Department of the United States got busy, and it was announced that on account of the coal supply or something of that kind, the fleet would not go to the Canal Zone, but to Gustava, Mo. And now the Panamans are wondering if indecency is really as profitable as they had thought it to be.

Filipino Independence

THE Philippine Legislature recently appointed a commission to proceed to the United States in order to obtain from the people and Government of the United States the immediate recognition of the absolute and complete independence of the Islands. It is doubtful if either the Commission or the Legislature which appointed it, expected to secure what they are demanding, and the fact that the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, and the Governor of the Philippines are all opposed to granting immediate independence is almost a guarantee that the United States Government will not for a moment entertain the demand of the Philippine Legislature. The Philippines were taken over in 1898, and the United States claims to be holding the islands only until the Filipinos are capable of self-government, but those who look squarely at the matter are beginning to be doubtful of the Filipinos ever becoming independent except under the protection of the United States. The Islands would be a valuable prize to any nation in the Eastern Seas, and the Filipinos would be no match militarily for some of their eastern neighbors.

An Adventure in Books By Nebo



A small library was acquired when books were cheap. Those were days when there was romance in book-buying. The reasonable margin between one's income and the cost of living made possible many a delightful excursion into the fields of literature. Gaily we sallied forth with our few shekels, and still more gaily returned with our arms full of treasures. With what pleasure we opened them up again, and how tenderly we bestowed them in the vacant places on our shelves! Books were incredibly cheap then. Money was master and could readily command the services of the best and greatest. Moreover, the reprints of famous works and the easy accessibility of "publishers' remainders," put the best of books within the reach of all.

But the war came; and everything—the incomes of the professional classes excepted—was knocked sky-high. Those delightful excursions were cut short. Instead of roaming into new pastures, tempted by luscious bits of grazing, we had, perforce, to take our enjoyment second-hand or else chew the cud of past-grazing. Money was no longer master. No longer could it pronounce the "Sesame" at which magic doors flew open. The comfortable margin between income and expenditure was reduced and, in some cases, obliterated. Like a spring tide flowing in upon the shore, swamping everything, the high cost of living swallowed up the margin on which, and by which, the delightful literary excursions of the past were possible.

If book-buying was a romance in pre-war days, it is an adventure now. It has its thrills; it has its excitements; it has its lure; it may even have its hair-breadth escapes. The huntsman, tracking the tiger through the jungle is no more intent on the chase than the genuine bookman tracking a favorite through a forest of "announcements," eager to convert his solitary five-dollar bill into literature. Or, to change the simile, the low price of money and the high price of books together afford the impecunious buyer some of the thrills of a plunger on the stock market.

I have just passed through one of these adventures. An unexpected drop in the price of other commodities left me with two or three dollars to invest in books. The catalogues were duly consulted. (You should see my catalogues! They are a study in hieroglyphic disfiguration. They are hopelessly starred and crossed and scored. Asterisks indicate the books I would buy if I could—and asterisks abound; stars, those I will buy when I can—and there are stars enough for a New Milky Way; and crosses, those I did buy in the dreamy past—like four-leaved clovers for profusion!) Reviews were carefully reviewed and "notices" noticed. Naturally I was embarrassed by the wealth of choice afforded me, for never did there seem to be a greater literary output than at the present time.

Of making many books—good books too—there is certainly no end.

Happily, at this juncture, *The Times Literary Supplement*—the big Christmas issue—came to hand and narrowed the scope of my problem for me. Narrowed it, but intensified it. To run down its columns was to make inevitable decisions, only to have these decisions negated by some more inevitable choice as fresh wonders loomed forth. Just the very thing one wanted, was advertised, or reviewed on nearly every page. And what a rich display! Who that is human could skip the references to Lord Rosebery's "Miscellanies," or who, at any rate, that had ever read his "Pitt," "Napoleon—the Last Phase," or any other, in his characteristic, nervous English? But, then, I had only two or three dollars; the reviews must satisfy me. I scan those columns again and catch sight of an old friend—Professor L. P. Jacks. A new book by him means a new joy to me. I learnt to know him and to love him, first of all, in *The Hibbert Journal*. "But to know him is to love him." No man of our day has made philosophy more readable, or suffused it with a kindlier humor. His healthy, sane philosophy of common-sense provides the very antidote we need to the bewildering abstractions of the metaphysician. Well, here is Professor Jacks with a new book, "The Legends of Smokeover." That, I must have; it comes within my limits, too. One feels happy in having reached a decision, as though an obligation to one's self had been discharged. But, what's this! Three works by Jean Henri Fabre—the Fabre whose naturalist writings I have longed for for years—throwing out all kinds of hints to my friends at gift-giving times, which they never seem to have understood! Fabre, the veteran French naturalist, whose intimate descriptions have endowed the insects with personalities and the insect world with an irresistible charm! There's a fascination about his very titles: "The Wonderland of Science," "The Social Life of the Insects," "Hunting Wasps," "The Wonders of Instinct." What vistas into a world of delight! That decision for "Smokeover" will have to be held in abeyance awhile and take its chance with Fabre. Who will deny me the name of "Adventure" when thrills like this attend the quest? The choice would have been difficult had these been the only alternatives, but a host of others came trooping into the field, challenging consideration. As a compromise—though not only as a compromise—I had all but settled the matter by selecting Baron von Hugel's "Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion." Indeed, I had my order all ready to despatch. Not that I know anything of the Baron's writings; I only know that he is a Roman Catholic mystic, acknowledged by the best and greatest of our day as in the van of broad theologic and philosophic thought. My interest was aroused by two reviews, both enthusiastically commendatory. The very fact that his works were unknown to me acted as an additional inducement; they offered

fresh fields for conquest. Still, old friends must not be abandoned for new. Jacks and Fabre have their claims, and it would be base ingratitude, in regard to the former, to treat them cavalierly. Yet—Oh, well! that order can lie on my desk awhile. Meanwhile the burly Chesterton shows up, and I am one of those who cannot be indifferent to him. His "Orthodoxy" grappled me to him with hoops of steel; it was such a delightfully-unorthodox way of establishing orthodox positions. Some dub him a trifier in paradoxes. I feel that he is vigorously on the side of the angels. When he sets out to "abolish the inevitable" you soon recognize that it is the inevitable thing to do. He's here, in these *Times* columns, too; pulling as hard as any of them. Time would fail me to tell of W. H. Hudson's "Traveller in Little Things," Lord Frederick Hamilton's "Here, There and Everywhere," of John Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell" and "Mary Stuart," and an endless host of others, each one of which seemed to make an appeal equal to any other. Luckily, Well's "Outline of History" did not complicate the problem. Good fortune had bestowed it upon me previously. "The Mirrors of Downing Street," "The Mirrors of Washington," "Great Men and Great Days," by Stephen Lauzanne, "Uncensored Celebrities" and "Portraits of the Nineties," by E. T. Raymond, "From Gladstone to Lloyd George," by Alexander Mackintosh—all these, and several others like them, I had succeeded in borrowing, so that I could coldly disregard the appeal of their publishers. But the others—only a few of which I have mentioned; they were claimant, insistent. They urged, pleaded, threatened, persuaded; they vociferated their claims in boldest type. What could I do?

In one of his works, William James speaks of an interesting and easily-observed psychological phenomenon—"an absence of conflicting notions in the mind," when the course we had been debating, without any prospect of reaching an issue, suddenly and involuntarily decides itself. He illustrates the principle by reference to a person, in a warm bed on a freezing morning, being torn between the inclination to stay and enjoy the warmth a little longer, on the one hand, and the stern challenge of duty, on the other. How does he ever get up, under such circumstances? A fortunate lapse of consciousness occurs; warmth and cold are forgotten; he falls into a reverie connected with the day's life, in the course of which the idea flashes across him "Hullo! I must stay here no longer"—and up he gets. Somewhat similar must the case have been with me. After the wrangle and jangle of contending claims came a lull—a truce. Jacks, Fabre, Chesterton, Von Hugel, Hudson, Drinkwater and the host of others who had contended against them and against each other in this melee—all were forgotten. And the result? Well; in a moment of superior illumination, (or was it something else?) I borrowed three dollars more and sent away for the one-volume edition of Kipling's verse.

Keeping in the Ruts By "Hesperus"



HAVE always had a horror of getting in a rut. But last summer I learned that there are some ruts that are good things to keep and hold fast to. And this is how it came about.

I was preaching for a minister who was away on his vacation, and I had only one service ahead of me, and that was in the evening. I was at the Sunday school in the morning, when I was approached by a lay brother, a local preacher, who said to me, "You'll preach for me at S—, in the afternoon, won't you?" Now, there was something about this brother, for that was the only name you could call him, that commanded your confidence at once, whether it came from his rotund figure, or his beaming countenance that radiated good nature and goodness, I can't tell, but he was one of those men for whom you are willing to do almost anything. He was growing old gracefully and the spirit of his Master shone out from his eyes and

spoke through his every word. So it happened that afternoon that my friend was driving his "Ford" toward S—, and as we went along he confided to me that he had been lying awake that morning, for he had been settling between two texts, and when he couldn't decide he turned over and thought, "Well, the Lord will arrange it all right." So I, evidently, was the Providential arrangement.

There may be someone some day who will adequately describe an August afternoon in Saskatchewan, so that one who has not had the pleasure of this experience may get some idea of what it is like. Above is the blue vault, flecked here and there with clouds, and so vast is the expanse that you can see rain clouds, far away on the horizon, discharging their contents on the thirsty land. Then there is the white sunshine, the persistent wind making the heads of grain nod and bend in the fields as you pass, and the great grain fields stretching away in every direction to the distant horizon, giving promise of an abundant yield; and along the road are wild sunflowers, gaillardias, and

other yellow flowers, interspersed here and there with purple blooms.

As we went on through coulees and along the level road, over the seventeen miles of our journey, my friend told me how he had traversed this same road ten or fifteen years before, then only a winding trail, as he had gone to preach to the scattered settlers in the schoolhouses; the "Ford" was an immense improvement on the horse and buckboard of those earlier days.

On our return there was a black cloud behind us, for one of those distant rain-clouds was approaching, and my friend made his trusty "Ford" do its best as we sped back over the smooth roads. However, when we were about two miles from our destination where the road was not as good, we suddenly noticed that the road was wet and muddy. That rain-cloud from the north had cut across in a south-easterly direction, and in our absence there had been a heavy shower, and we found that the farther we went, the muddier it became. Now the little "Ford" had to stick to the middle of the road

for fear of slipping into the ditch, for my friend had said he didn't like to put the chains on unless he had to, and he didn't think it was necessary yet. But I noticed he was sticking closely to the ruts, and it was then he said, "You see there are times when it is a good thing to stick to the ruts." When he reached the town, he left the main road and the friendly rut to take a short cut, and it was then we came to grief, within two blocks of home. We had got into a pond of water, caused by the recent shower, and no matter how much that hind wheel spun round, we remained still or settled down deeper into the mud. Finally I got out, pulled at the front wheel and with the assistance of a man in waders, we at last reached solid ground, put on the chains and soon reached home.

After we reached my friend's hospitable home, and had washed our hands, he said, "I have got a new idea to-day, it's sometimes best to stick to the ruts, to the old paths." And as he told me some incidents of his life, I realized that it was best to stick to certain ruts at any rate, for by keeping to

those ruts, he had become the power for good in that community that he was.

He was a justice of the peace and instead of settling cases by process of law, he had settled them as often as possible out of court. There was the couple who had lived like cats and dogs five or six years ago; he would get drunk and she would not try to make home pleasant for him. Finally they had a terrible row and she brought her husband to court. My friend described how he told the man his faults and what a mean cur he was; and then in just as stern a manner he had rebuked the woman, and told them both to go home and start over again. Possibly no other man but one who had such ruts of goodness in his life could have effected what he did, for from that day to this they have had no quarrel, and are useful members of the community.

My friend also told me of a young lawyer of the town, who used to work with him in his court cases and second his efforts. But now he had given up

his flourishing law practice and was, with his young wife, living in a community of new Canadians, incidentally teaching school, but really teaching them how to live. Yes, there is the rut of service, too.

We are told that habits are formed when the will acts on the motor nerves so frequently; that what might be called a groove is formed, and the action in time becomes almost involuntary. So there may be certain ruts, shall I call them, in character, in which if we move we can never go wrong. And this is what Socrates calls wisdom, when we see the rut we ought to follow and at once and automatically we go in it, without thought of self-interest or any other consideration.

Yes, it was a good Sunday for me, and when after the church service, Harry R—— came with the Willys-Knight to take me to the hospitable home on the hill, three miles from town; where I was to spend the night, I noticed that even with his fine car he drove very slowly and carefully kept to the ruts.

The Individual and Society

By Albert D. Belden



THE full expression of character demands a suitable enviroing society. The individual and society are mutually necessary to each other, and it is idle to attempt the perfection of the one without the other. Take away all individuals, and there can be

no society. Take away the rest of society, and the individual life does not merely fail of sufficient scope, it becomes impossible. The human infant could not live one day without a society protecting and nourishing its fragile life. The story of Robinson Crusoe is often supposed to be the story of a lonely man on an uninhabited island, but study the story carefully, and you will find that even that redoubtable hero could not get very far without the rest of the world. In the first place, but for society he would never have been there. In the second place, the wrecked ship gave him his rough stock-in-trade of tools and food, all products of society. An absolutely isolated human being has never yet been known; man is made to fulfil his being in the society of mankind. There is a perfection of sound, a quality which belongs to a note of music in its isolated individual condition. *Doh, rah, me*, have each their individual value and beauty. But they have also a greater perfection, a finer quality, which is theirs only when you find them set in an orchestral piece, or sounded in the comprehensive oratorio. It is then you get the full cadence of the note in contrast with tones above and tones below. It takes the perfect piece of music to reveal the perfect individual note.

The other day I was helping my little boy to put together a picture made of bricks. You know the kind of thing. As one looked at each brick and saw the section it represented, the dog's head, the horse's legs, the man's face, each section had its own perfection; but it gained fuller meaning and value, it was clothed in greater beauty, as it was slipped into its appointed place—and it took every brick to make the complete picture.

Go to the quarry and mark the newly-hewn and chiselled stones. Each one has its value and individual beauty, but a grander beauty adorns it as it reached its place in the great cathedral.

Or think of a man's hand. There is a perfection to it, all its own. Severed from the body it has a fascination for the artist and the physiologist. It is a wonder—a perfect creation. But its perfection in that condition is as nothing to the grander being it realizes when, joined to the body, it throbs and moves with the body's common life and will.

Think of the soldier and the army. There is his individual perfection. He has been thoroughly trained and is the perfect finished article of the military schools. Yet his strength is but as weakness, his value as valueless, so long as he remains alone. Drop him into his place in the line in the army of the king and he is tenfold the man—his perfection achieves the fulness of its promise. It is as Man that men will at last reach their best.

Perhaps the most convincing illustration of all to show that the most perfect character is conditioned by the society about it, is the story of our Lord. We call the character of Jesus perfect, be-

cause it so far outshines all other human nature. But, compared to the possibilities that lay open to Jesus, the character He was able to manifest must have seemed at times disappointing to Himself. Think, for example, of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, and how the hypocrisy of the Pharisees compelled Christ to fierce indignation. How the necessity for such a temper of mind must have grieved the gentle spirit of Jesus! Think of His scourging the money-changers from the Temple. Must we not believe that Jesus was deeply saddened by the need of such violent action being thrust upon Him, by the faulty society He found about Him? Indeed, we have such expressions of His grief, "O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I bear with you?" Read also that passionate wail of grief that closes Matthew XXIII. Even our blessed Lord could not shine with the unrestrained effulgence of unclouded love, because of the sin of those about Him. He certainly reacted perfectly to all others, but again and again He had perforce to choose, for their good, the reaction of love's righteous anger instead of the reaction of love's gentleness. If this is, true of Jesus, how much more true it must be of you and me. Be man ever so perfect, then, much of his perfection must lie dormant and unexpressed, or find inferior forms of expression till he finds the perfect enviroing society. Mark the emphasis this truth flings upon the fellowship and unity of mankind.

There is no good in life that can be long retained by mere individualism; whether in business, in art, in politics, or in religion, individualism as an end sufficient in itself is doomed. Christ spelt that doom. The Church is appointed to achieve it. Co-operation, fellowship, the League of Nations, the United States of the World, the Parliament of Man, the New Jerusalem, the City which God hath prepared, these are the true watchwords of the Christian era and consummation. They come to us straight from the New Testament; they are the marrow of the gospel. The social gospel is the only gospel in the last analysis, for only in that does the individual gospel mature and realize itself. The writer of the Hebrews was surely thinking of this when he wrote those remarkable words: "And these all received not the promise, God having provided some better thing, that they without us should not be made perfect."

We cannot receive God's greatest gift, His "better thing" in isolation from our kind. Knowing the nature He has given you and me, God has so arranged life that we must pull together, or fail of our consummated bliss and salvation.



He might have made us simply perfect in ourselves, and rested content with that, as so many of us unhappily might be content with it, having no ministry, no usefulness, no vital interest in the saving and perfecting of others. But that would have been to give us less than His best. We should have lost the supreme joy of life and being, namely, *fellowship*. In spite of all our human selfishness and snobbishness, most of us find in others the reason, value, dignity, delight of our own life. The mother lives for her child, the father for his son, the wife for her husband, the friend for his friend, and loneliness is death in life. People have often thought of religion as just getting to heaven themselves, but the great question for the truly awakened heart is not merely, "Shall I achieve heaven?" but "Shall I find there those that are dearer to me than my own life?" "Will these sacred loves which have come to our hearts from the Sacred Heart be disappointed or consummated?" God's answer is in those words we have just quoted from Hebrews. The writer there gives us a picture of the generations of those who have won the great victory waiting for us to catch them up, to reach the same high peak on which they stand, until step by step, and shoulder by shoulder "streams through the countless host."

Underlying that picture of one generation of heroes awaiting the ingathering of other generations before entering into the final perfection of their own lives, there is the majestic necessity of love.

There is a great meaning after all in that old story of the barbarian chieftain, who enquired whether his ancestors were in hell or in heaven, and being told "in hell," refused thereupon to be baptized, preferring hell with his fathers rather than heaven without them. There you have a picture of love's determination to achieve the perfect victory over sin. Is that love from God, or from men?

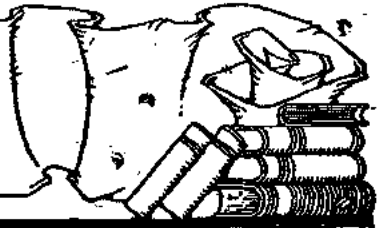
Think of the generations linked together. Every father somebody's son, every son somebody's father, or brother or friend. As the street song sings, "Everybody is loved by someone." Therefore can one not be saved alone. Only in company with one's fellows, can one find the perfect character and its perfect expression, and since one's fellows are a different company for every soul, *only in the total race*, in its united and complete return to God, can salvation come to any of us. The race through history, and all over the earth, is indissolubly, one. Sin is the attempt to deny it. Goodness is its affirmation at all costs. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Humanity is no mere collection of fragmentary individuals, it is one great heart, one mighty being.

We belong to a race of which we have absolute need, and which has absolute need of us. This is why the Son of Man came to seek and to save the lost—to save God's holy sublime purpose, His better thing, from the failure with which sin and selfishness threaten it.

"Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are."



EDITORIAL



Jewish Intolerance

IF centuries of suffering from persecution could teach patience and tolerance, then surely the Jews should be the most tolerant of all men. There has been no land where the Jew has not suffered, no age in which he has not been under the harrow. And now when at last the clouds of persecution seem to have lifted, in English lands at least, one would expect to find him the most tolerant of all men. But unfortunately this does not seem to be the case.

One of the acid tests of a religion is the treatment it accords to those who forsake it. Recently there was a gathering in Toronto of converted Jews, of those who call themselves "Hebrew Christians," and over his own signature Barnett R. Brickner writes in the *Canadian Jewish Review* concerning these Jews, who have forsaken Judaism to follow Christ. Naturally he does not like these people very much, but we confess we were surprised at the bitterness of his words. He says, "In the annals of apostates there is no character more despicable than the religious renegade, who having turned his back on his own religion most often for monetary consideration, puts on the mantle of piety and endeavors to mislead his own people. In the whole tradition of the Jew no one is more despised and loathed, no one more suspected and shunned, than the mishnaim. In Russia these yellow creatures were the talebearers and informers for the Government, concerning their own brethren." He thinks that most of these "Christians" have turned Christian "for monetary consideration," but he makes no distinction whatever between these and those who have become followers of Christ because reason and conscience pointed that way. Apparently he loathes and hates all of these "religious renegades" with all his heart and without discrimination.

We read not long ago a little pamphlet by a former Jewish rabbi, who had forsaken the faith of his fathers and become a Christian, and we were surprised to read how his own family had turned against him and how his own son had knocked him down and shamefully treated him. The ex-rabbi, however, had nothing but words of love for those who had ill-used him, and we thought that possibly he had somehow exaggerated his persecutions. But after reading Rabbi Brickner's bitter words we begin to understand the Jewish nature a little better. The Rabbi does not believe that his people would persecute Christians, but his own words seem to offer clear evidence to the contrary. If a cultured man like the Rabbi feels and speaks so strongly in a country like Canada, what would be said and done in old Jewry, or even in modern Judea, if our Jewish brethren held the reins of power! We fear that Paul would fare but little better at the hands of his brethren to-day than he did nineteen centuries ago. And this intolerance is all the harder to deal with because it claims the sanction of religion, just as Christ told his disciples "The hour cometh when whosoever killeth you shall think that he doeth service to God." Evidently we have still a long way to go yet before we reach the point where we can tolerate those who abandon our faith.

Respect for Law

IN the United States, complaint is made that in the large cities there is shameless defiance of the prohibitory law at certain formal dinners in clubs and hotels, and this is not by "ne'er-do-weels," but by men of reputation, who by every canon of good breeding and patriotism should be law-abiding citizens. At a recent affair of this sort in New York, even an officer of President Harding's Cabinet was present and made no protest. And in Toronto, and possibly other Canadian cities, there have been gatherings which could only be described as "drunken orgies," the details of which our newspapers refused to print. And some of the highest in the land are reported to have been present.

It is not for us to draw aside the veil, but we

protest with all our energy at such disgraceful exhibitions. No matter what a man may think of the Prohibitory Acts which obtain in most of our provinces, no matter how he may regard the spirit which resulted in the passing of the laws forbidding intoxicants, the truth is that the laws are there; and for men high in public life deliberately to break these laws, or even to sit silent while these laws are openly violated, is to set an example which can only result in evil to the state. Our civilization rests upon respect for law and we have a right not only to ask, but to demand that those who occupy high positions in the state should pay obedience to its laws.

If we are to obey simply the laws which suit us we shall land the state in anarchy; and we shall find that respect for law is not only a desirable thing but an absolutely essential thing, if civilization is to be preserved. We have a right to agitate for a repeal of obnoxious laws, but so long as they are laws they should command our obedience.

God Serving Men

WE have heard a good many sermons upon the duty of men serving God, but we have not heard nearly so many upon the fact that God is mankind's greatest servant. And yet this fact is plain upon every page of human experience, and it is one that deserves all the emphasis we can give it. When we call men to serve God, we are only asking them to do a little to show their appreciation of the service which He is ever rendering, without interruption, without diminution, without waiting for thanks, and even without regard to the worthiness or unworthiness of the one who is served. And when Christ came amongst us "as one that serveth," he was only following the example of his Father and ours. If God should cease to serve us, we should cease to be.

God is the world's great food provider. "Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." The infinite variety of food and its inexhaustible supply are alike owing to His wisdom and His power. It is conceivable that God might easily have restricted that supply to a much narrower range, but in His kindness He has provided such changes as help to make life much more worth living. Man is not restricted to one grain, but has the choice of many; he gathers nuts from a score of trees; he digs healthful tubers out of the ground; he gathers berries and picks fruit in greatest variety; the sea furnishes fish, the land provides game, the air supplies birds; and every part of creation provides some fresh lure to tempt human appetite and help to keep in health the body of man. Christ said, "I go to prepare a place for you," and this is just what our God did before man came to this earth. He prepared the earth for man and His preparation lacked nothing in either variety or abundance.

And God is the greatest servant man ever had in the food which He supplies for our aesthetic nature. We build picture galleries to house the priceless treasures of human art, but God paints His pictures upon the illimitable canvas of the skies, or scatters them half-way across a continent, or even limns them upon a stagnant pool where His water-lilies bloom in fragrant beauty. There is only one "Greek Slave" in sculptured stone, but God had sculptured tens of thousands in living flesh long centuries before. We build our music halls, and with infinite pains fashion our stringed and wind instruments to delight our ears with human melodies, but God's fingers touch unknown keys and from the sparrow's or the thrush's throat the song bursts in liquid music, and every little stream sounds its own sweet note, and the tempest, the thunder, and the roaring cataract provide the deeper tones of God's great orchestra; and His music is free to all the world. God is the Infinite Musician who alone never strikes a jarring or discordant note.

And God serves man best by providing a world of conflict, by insisting that man win his spurs in

the great battle of life, by letting loose against him myriads of forces that challenge his supremacy, and even his life, and that compel him to develop his powers by constant and hardest mental, and spiritual wrestle. Not without incalculable heat and unimaginable upheaval, are new worlds born. And yet the new birth is worth all that it costs. And when the last page of man's earthly history comes to be written, we are persuaded that it will bear the record, forever ineffaceable, that the ascent of man has been worth all the pain and the struggle which it has demanded. God, not chance or fate, is pointing man's stormy way to higher life and better service.

And God, the great servant, never fails. He never goes on strike. He never refuses to serve. In His great plans are included Gethsemane and Calvary, and yet He never turns back. A thousand Calvaries would not blot out divine love, or cause our God to forget the children of men. For back of all His service lies infinite love. Despised and rejected of men may be the Christ of God, but even Calvary's dark hours could not make that Christ for one moment despise or reject men. In God's great plan, love always wins, and so service is eternal.

The Township Mind

A RETURNED missionary who had spent years in India and elsewhere in the East, commenting upon the difficulty of awakening public interest in mission work, declared, "The trouble is that these people are afflicted with the township mind." To them the world is really the unimportant thing and the chief thing is their little township. We think we have made decided progress in recent years, and yet it is still all too true that our vision is often restricted to our own city, town, township, or even our own backyard. Of course, it is all right to emphasize our own community and its needs, and the man who isn't alive to his next-door neighbors' needs will not usually be alive to the needs of antipodean neighbors; but men should aim to cultivate a wider outlook and to develop a more far-reaching sympathy.

One of the best cures for the township mind is travel. To visit with open eyes other regions, to meet with those whose needs are greater than ours, to face a thousand hard facts in human life of which we were before in ignorance, and to find out at first hand how other folks live is a liberal education, and one of the surest cures for narrow and petty vision.

But it is not given to many to travel very far afield, as most of us have neither the time nor the money which travel demands; and our travelling must be done by proxy. Fortunately this has been made, to most of us, exceedingly easy and remarkably cheap. It may not be ours to visit the Sunrise Kingdom, nor to tread the narrow streets of Canton or Peking; but right to our door come men and women who have been there, and they bring the East to the very heart of the West. And what these may fail to do, books—those marvellous communicators of knowledge—will easily accomplish. The man who wants to know has to-day no excuse for his ignorance; for books of all kinds, bearing all the world's stores of knowledge garnered from the farthest past and the most recent of to-day's busy happenings, are prepared to supply his need.

There may be a few men to whom the great world beyond is of little interest, but to the mentally awakened all knowledge seems welcome. The wide-awake mind stretches out toward the farthest bounds of the universe, and back toward the dawn of creation and seeks to know, or at least to wonder, what lies beyond its ken. There is a mental satisfaction in scaling every Chinese wall and treading paths which our feet have never trodden before. The mind seeks to know, and in its seeking it develops into broader life and grander sympathy. There is nothing in God's world which is not somehow in relation to us, and the narrow sympathy of the township mind, has no place in this world of progress.

Do It Yourself

THERE is a shiftless streak in most of us which, under favorable conditions, may develop into a really marked disinclination to tackle anything which looks like a hard job, and which will lead us definitely to refuse to do anything outside of the routine for which we have learned to hold ourselves responsible. "Let George do it!" is heard on every side, and a thousand mud-puddles, a thousand loose-hanging boards, a thousand little jobs crying out to be done and remaining undone, while thousands of hands near by might easily do them, are the direct result. We have become experts at evading responsibility, "passing the buck," being the classical term. In church work, in the shop, on the farm, in the home, we are inconvenienced, annoyed, endangered, by the fact that we and our friends are too willing to let some one else tackle nobody's job. Of course, when anything happens someone is to blame, and we are not slow to blame him, but that someone is never ourselves. The undone job looks at us reproachfully for a year and we keep on saying, "Someone ought to look after that," but it is always someone else. We are too busy, we say, and yet we possibly waste every week more time than the job would take. It isn't our business, we say, and yet probably we are suffering from it, and possibly it is as much our business as anyone else's.

How long will this last? In some cases it may have lasted for years already. The old gate needed a screw, but it never got it. Soon it needed two screws; and then one hinge gave way. And then the old gate grew discouraged, and refused to swing at all. And finally there was no gate. And it has taken more time and cost more to keep the cattle out, than it would have taken to build three gates. What about that old cemetery? What about the leak in the roof? What about the leak in the Sunday school and church? What about a hundred little things? Let us quit shirking, roll up our sleeves, and tackle the job! It may not be our job, but no one else wants it, and the thing has simply got to be done. Let us do it!

Seekers After Truth

SINCE the world began there have always been those who in their own way have responded to the inward prompting, and have steadily and persistently sought to find the truth. And until the end of time, there will always be this earnest body of spiritual pioneers pressing forward wistfully and eagerly into the ever-widening horizon in the eternal quest after truth. And at heart almost the whole world is keenly interested in the search. There are few, if any, tribes of men who are without a religion, and when we strip religion of all its accretions of error and greed, we reach a solid basis of truth, more or less clearly grasped, and at least some intimation that far back in prehistoric times, even the most primitive of men had begun to seek after truth.

And even the heresies of the ages, even the egregious errors of the past, bear eloquent tribute to the fact that men have ever been trying to find the undiscovered truth. And it has happened not once, but many times, that the thing one age cast out as error has been glorified by the next as truth. The martyr of to-day is sometimes the saint of tomorrow. Even the Man of Nazareth died on the cross.

It seems inevitable in this search after truth that different truths should come into seeming conflict. This has been particularly noticeable in the numerous conflicts between science and religion, so-called. The theologian has usually been suspicious of the scientist. In days that are past he seemed to fear that somehow the scientist might unearth some fact that might prove fatal to religion, and he felt in duty bound to resist any such truth to the bitter end. To-day this fear has largely passed away, and the scientist may probe the rocks or the stars to his heart's content without fear of incurring ecclesiastical censure. And the biologist may seek to establish the truth of spontaneous generation, or the reverse, without running any risk of being sent to jail for his attack upon revealed truth.

The fact is that there is not, there never has been, and there never can be, any conflict between different truths. All truth is of God and all truth is one. It may be that our conception of a truth is not in harmony with some other truth, but that simply means that we have erred. We are but human and our perceptions are so often clouded

by prejudice and sin that it seems almost impossible for us to grasp the truth; but the age is coming to realize that whenever truths seem to conflict the trouble lies in human error. God never contradicts Himself. What He has written on the rock foundations of earth, and what He has written upon leaf, or man, or star, agrees in every minutest line with what He has written in the soul of man and in all the revelations He has made.

And having settled this fact—that truth never contradicts itself—we must learn to accept the other fact that often those who disagree with us, those who assert most vehemently that we are all wrong, are just as honest and sincere as we are. And while there is a possibility that they are wrong,

there is also a possibility that we are wrong, and there is a possibility that we shall never in this life settle clearly where the error lies, but each will live and die in the profound conviction that the other man is in the wrong.

This is the more possible because of the fact that truth is many sided, and we in our circumscribed humanity find it difficult to comprehend this fact. To us the truth is what we know; to our fellow the truth is what he knows; in reality the truth is what he knows, plus what we know, and also plus a great deal which neither of us knows. The recognition of this ungrasped mass of truth should be a guard against bigotry and a stimulus to humility and teachableness.



EDITORIAL IN BRIEF

THE demand for short sermons is not a recent invention, nor is it wholly plebeian. Sir Henry Irving tells of a young preacher whom Disraeli had appointed as one of the curates at Windsor. The day came when the young man had to preach before her Majesty, and in distress the curate sought Disraeli for a little advice. Disraeli said, "If you preach thirty minutes her Majesty will be bored. If you preach fifteen minutes her Majesty will be pleased. If you preach ten minutes her Majesty will be delighted." "But," said the embarrassed curate, "my Lord, what can a preacher possibly say in only ten minutes?" "That," replied the distinguished diplomat, "will be a matter of indifference to her Majesty." Few of our preachers ever faced such a situation as that, for which let us be thankful.

IT seems strange to many of us to see how some who oppose prohibition, but who still profess a strong desire to see the law enforced, complain so bitterly of the "unethical" methods of enforcement. They hate to see lawbreaking on the part of government officials, and they hate it so much that they cannot refrain from harping upon it incessantly, yet at the same time they seem singularly silent over the vastly greater number of bootleggers, rum-runners, and even wholesalers who persistently and defiantly break the law. The law-breaking of the bootlegger seems to be a venial thing, but the law-breaking of a "spotter" is an unspeakable enormity. It is difficult to believe that men with such a slant are really desirous of seeing the prohibitory law enforced.

IT is surprising how regular weekly offerings help church finances. Two hundred and seventy-four congregations of the United Free Church of Scotland had an income in 1917 of \$892,345. They adopted the weekly offering system, and in 1921 the income had increased to \$1,408,840. This increase occurred both in rural and urban churches. Systematic giving makes giving easier, and it certainly increases the church income.

THE CHICAGO DAILY JOURNAL has been conducting a "straw vote" on the manufacture and sale of beer, and big majorities were being rolled up for light wines and beer. Then the State Medical Society held its sessions in the Congress Hotel, Chicago, and the reporters thought it would be a fine thing to show that the doctors also favored light wines and beer. So they took a vote of the doctors, and the vote stood eighty-seven dry, and eleven wet. The wets were not greatly elated over the result.

THEY tell us that owing to the war there are now 25,000,000 more women than men in Europe. Before the war the excess was 9,000,000. This means probably 16,000,000 more lonely women and 16,000,000 fewer homes. And yet men still speak lightly of war.

THE editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Chicago, was so impressed one day with the courtesy of a bus conductor, that he sat down and wrote the bus company telling them about him. The company thanked the editor and raised the conductor's pay forty cents a day. Most of us are

so much inclined to find fault that we forget to praise, and yet a little well-earned commendation helps all round.

IT is interesting to note the percentage of city dwellers who own their homes. Here are a few of our Canadian cities. London has 14,000 residences, eighty per cent. occupied by owners; Hamilton 24,000, with sixty per cent.; Calgary, 13,500, with sixty per cent.; Toronto 86,693, with fifty-five per cent.; Halifax 8,225, with fifty-one per cent.; Vancouver 22,129, with forty-six per cent.; Edmonton 12,000, with forty-five per cent.; Winnipeg 29,325, with forty-four per cent.; Ottawa 19,947, with forty per cent.; Montreal 134,645, with five per cent. It almost looks as though there must be some mistake as to Montreal, for with the exception of Halifax and Edmonton there are fewer home owners in Montreal than in any other of these cities of Canada. Only one out of twenty residences occupied by the owner; this is surely a bad record.

WE read the other day of a recent experience in Africa, which shows that Africa is still in dire need of Christian workers. The witch-doctor's son was dying. The witch-doctor and her associates all agreed as to this. And the drums were beaten, the coffin made, the black cloth laid out, the vessel filled with beer, the goats ready for roasting, and all the folks summoned for the after-death dance. And then the old grandmother called in the missionary doctor. He gave three injections of quinine for the malaria, and the boy got better. And the witch-doctor is not quite so sure now, that there is nothing in the religion of Jesus. Surely the missionary doctor is a genuine apostle of his Lord, and by healing the bodies of men, he helps to lift up Christ to them.

BRITISH COLUMBIA and Quebec are selling liquor "at a profit," but not all their citizens believe that it is a profitable business. According to a Vancouver paper, Judge Grant recently said some very plain things about B.C. liquor selling. He scored the B.C. Government for selling liquor and for "advertising in the press that liquor should be in every home." He said, "Prisons are full, and scores and hundreds of persons in the city of Vancouver are never brought before the courts because there is no place to keep them. Hundreds of young men are heading straight for ruin. I certainly hope that those who voted for this serious state of affairs will take it into consideration." Rev. L. M. England, of Hudson, Québec, writes to the *Globe*. "We are being made the bar-room for the continent. Large plants that are out of commission in the United States are following up the gambling fraternity which has been outlawed by Uncle Sam. The churches in and around Montreal have been appealed to during the last winter for clothes and groceries for the poor, while the drink bill boasted of by Mr. Taschereau will exceed \$1,000,000 a month for the license year. The aim of the law is not retrenchment, but increased traffic and increased revenue. It is hoped the Cabinet will realize its error before the whole public suffer the penalty."



Great Friendships

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

Frances E. Willard, Anna A. Gordon and Lady Henry Somerset

IT is a little difficult in the case of Frances E. Willard to select from the wealth of material the salient friendships in a life that was singularly blessed with life-long and intimate personal relationships the record of any one of which might add a glowing page to the annals of friendships—but perhaps two stand out with special radiance. One of these friendships began in New England and lasted for twenty-one years, through a period of storm and stress and many vicissitudes, down to the day of death. The other originated in Old England and proved that differences of training and tradition counted as nothing when pitted against the true affinity of souls that cherished a common devotion to the cause of the down-trodden and the oppressed.

Every one knows how Frances E. Willard, the woman of culture and learning, Dean of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, and Professor of Aesthetics, resigned from her post, and putting behind her the promise of a brilliant academic career, flung herself into the then very unpopular cause of temperance. But there were recesses in Miss Willard's nature that could not be penetrated by merely intellectual pursuits. A singularly happy home life, (blessed with an almost perfect relationship between herself and the members of her family) had given her an ideal of the home which made her very jealous for its sanctity; and she saw in the prevalent intemperance that which, more than anything else, threatened to violate this sanctity and to disintegrate the home. Abandoning, then, the paths of learning, she began to tread the dusty highways and byways of the cause she had at heart, entering saloons with little bands of women, and in an atmosphere reeking with alcoholic fumes, singing "with tender confidence, "Rock of Ages," or kneeling on the sawdust-strewn floor, praying with fervor among a crowd of rough, unkempt, drinking men. Often in the early days, she did not have the "prerequisite nickel for car fare," and sometimes as she went about the streets of Chicago, searching for the friendless and forgotten, she would say to herself, "I am a better friend than you dream. I know more about you than you think; for, bless God, I am hungry, too." But, with her outstanding gifts, recognition was swift and sure. In less than five years after joining the movement, she became the national president of the recently-formed Woman's Christian Temperance

Union. Before her lay many years of difficulty, arising in part from misunderstanding, especially as her horizon widened, and she came to see that what had begun as a "one-sided movement," had ramifications that probed into every walk of life, making it impossible to ignore political and social conditions. In due time there was included in the movement a woman's suffrage plank, and under the triune standard of Prohibition,

Miss Gordon was a New England woman, who became her private secretary and associated with every intimate interest of her life. For twenty-one years she gave to Miss Willard, in the words of a living witness, "the devotion of a sister, daughter, and lover, and made it possible for her to achieve the very best for womanhood and the strongest, highest type of leadership." The best record of this friendship is found in "The Beautiful Life of Frances E. Willard" written by Miss Gordon. To read this book is to read the noble tribute of a loyal mind to one whose wide horizon of life was gauged by the sympathetic and loving insight of a related soul.

The other friendship had its genesis in the mysterious influence that a little book written by Frances E. Willard exercised upon the mind of

her personality. "Who of us can tell the unseen influences that guide the lives of those who stand in the forefront of the battle," she says, "and who may know the counsels that determine when those bound in heart shall clasp hands in high endeavor?" It happened that shortly after the reading of this book, Lady Henry was persuaded to accept the presidency of the British Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and from that time the desire of the leaders of the American and British organizations to meet "was mutual." At last the meeting was compassed in 1891, just prior to the first World's Convention held in Boston. Upon arriving in America, to take part in the convention, Lady Henry went at once to the "Mecca of White-Ribbons," Miss Willard's home in Evanston, Illinois. There, standing upon the platform of that "classic town," was the "delicate, fragile figure" of the national president, who greeted her, "not as a stranger but as a sister beloved." "From that hour I felt that we were friends," declared Lady Henry; "friends not alone to joy in each other's companionship, but in that truer sense that binds souls, only to form a new link in the lengthening chain of love and loyalty that holds humanity to God."

A year later "bowed down with grief at the loss of her mother," Miss Willard found a quiet retreat in the home of Lady Henry in England, where in communion of soul the two friends strengthened the bonds that were to last between them during the strenuous years of the ever-widening field of the sphere of influence of the temperance movement—bonds that symbolized the international movement that welded together the forces of the old and new countries. The last six years of Miss Willard's life were divided about equally between America and Europe, and nowhere was she greeted with more enthusiasm than in England. Through Lady Henry, she met the leading minds of the day, and won them by her own unalloyed earnestness and eloquence. In speaking of the "most beautiful friendship that ever blessed any life," Lady Henry declared that in her twenty years of work, Frances Willard had gathered round her, "Not the sympathies of her own land only, but the admiration and good will of the whole English-speaking race." And the symbol of that wonderful good will lay surely in the personal relationship that existed, unspoiled for so many years, between the American and the English woman.

When Frances Willard lay, in that "sad hour selected from all the years" when her soul

"Began to beckon like a star From the abode where the eternal are,"

it was the daily message of love sent to her from over the seas by Lady Henry that helped to fortify her soul. "Has my cable come?" she asked at the approach of the "sad hour." "Oh, how I want it to come;" and when a

A Woman's Gift

By IDA M. THOMAS

One gave to the world of his wisdom and knowledge,
And patiently studied and delved and wrought,
That those who were destined to walk in his footsteps
Should reap the reward of his toil and thought;
And long ages hence, when his voice is forgotten
And memory of face and of form has grown dim,
Out from the years that have passed into silence,
The work of his brain shall speak for him.

One sang a song to give the world pleasure,
In a voice so true and exquisitely sweet;
Its echoes were heard for centuries after
The heart of the singer had ceased to beat.
It sang itself into the lives of the people,
The notes of the lingering glad refrain—
A song that will never grow old but be ever
Repeating its mission again and again.

And one gave abundantly out of his riches
Till his generous giving brought him fame;
And still may be noted the wonderful structures
That have long been erected in his name.
We cannot tell what to him has befallen,
Since he journeyed beyond our earthly ken,
But this we do know; amongst us mortals,
He's revered now as he was then.

And I—I have no wealth I can leave behind me,
Nor have I knowledge or talent to give,
But I'm glad and proud of the gift that I offer—
The world shall be richer because I live.
And when I have passed through the misty portals
And ended my efforts and striving shall be,
Though I am silent, out, out in the future,
My three children shall answer for me!

Woman's Liberation and Labor's Uplift, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union marched on in the battle for social righteousness and progress.

But it was in those years, when the sky was often dark and troubled, that the two bright particular stars of friendship in the life of Frances E. Willard shone out brightly. Death had taken from her most of the members of her own family, but when she met Miss Anna A. Gordon she still had with her, her beloved mother.

one, Lady Henry Somerset, in her home at Eastnor Castle, England. On a rainy Sunday afternoon, as Lady Henry relates herself, she picked up in her housekeeper's room a little blue book called "Nineteen Beautiful Years," and sitting down by the fire she became so engrossed in it, that she did not move from the place until she finished it. Until that day the name of Frances Willard had been but "a vague outline" in her mind, but from the hour that she read the book, she felt the spell of

few moments later, the faithful Anna Gordon placed in her hand the message that never failed, she cried, "Read it; oh, read it quickly—what does it say?" and as Anna read the precious words she murmured, "Oh, how sweet; oh, how lovely; good—good!"

"Quietly as a babe in its mother's arms she now fell asleep," relates Miss Gordon. "Only once again did she speak, and her words, like the lovely and pathetic strain from an æolian harp on which heavenly zephyrs were breathing," were, "How beautiful it is to be with God!"

At the commemorative services of Frances E. Willard, it was a man, who, among others, paid an eloquent tribute to the two friendships that stand out with such particular radiance in the life of this great woman. In speaking of the close

intimacies in the circle of her home life, he said, "The providences which ended those close associations opened the way to two others. One of these began in New England twenty-one years ago. Through all these years, amid many vicissitudes, it has never failed to strengthen and deepen. It is worthy of a place among the few great friendships of history. The other friendship belongs to Old England, and is associated with scenes of romantic beauty. . . . When we consider the labors, the sacrifices and the sorrow which Miss Willard endured, it is comforting to consider the sources of light and joy she had in these two radiant friendships. In both there was that absolute confidence, unflinching affection and utter self-bestowal which make such devotion between man and man, or woman and woman, shine with a radiance little less than divine."

three-quarters of an inch, but the wings were lined and banded in such arrangement of design and soft coloring that Dick knew of none of the large moths who could compare with it in beauty.

A curved dark marking stood out boldly across part of the spread wings—"perhaps this is the china mark," thought Dick.

"Is it true that you were once a water caterpillar?" asked Dick of the moth.

"Of course," replied the China Mark. "First an egg, then a caterpillar and then a China Mark."

Dick turned to speak to the Little

Green Man who at the same time shouted: "Run, Boy Dick! Needles the mosquito, has found you out again."

Dick ran across the duckweed toward the shore with the hum of the pursuing mosquito sounding loudly behind him.

He was not more than a foot from the land when he remembered and in a moment had wished himself out of the World of Wee Wonders.

The Little Green Man had disappeared from the duckweed patch but Dick could still hear the angry hum of a mosquito's wings unpleasantly close to his left ear.

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The World of Wee Wonders

By BERTHA E. GREEN

The Mark on the Duck-weed

It was a cloudy day in summer, but not rainy, so Dick walked the long way across the old pasture field down to Willow Pond. He knew very well what he was doing and that a cloudy day with little wind would bring most of the Little People out of their hiding places.

When he reached the stunted trees that gave the pond its name, he soon became unpleasantly aware that the mosquito family had seen him coming and were ready with a noisy and warm welcome. They were so annoying that Dick kept his battered straw hat moving quite briskly to keep the little fliers with the singing wings at a distance. He had taken a step toward the pond's edge, when a cheery voice hailed him: "Hullo, Boy Dick, every one seems to be glad to see you this morning."

It was Hep, the Little Green Man, standing with his feet wide apart on a floating, growing patch of duckweed that stretched out from the shore for a distance of several feet.

"Come up here with me, Boy Dick, where the mosquitos won't bother you," said Hep.

"A good idea," said Dick, and stepping close to the water's edge, he wished himself one of the Little People. The flat, green, floating leaves of the duckweed made a safe and easy pathway over which Dick walked quickly to join the Little Green Man.

"I've something new to show you this morning," said Hep. "It's a water caterpillar."

"A what?" exclaimed Dick. "It's not a what, it's a caterpillar," said Hep. "It is the only one I know that likes being wet."

"Where is it?" asked Dick, "and where are we going to see it?"

"If you hadn't your boots on it would tickle your toes," said Hep, laughing. "It is feeding on the under side of one of the duckweed leaves that you are standing on."

"Then I won't be able to see it at all," said Dick in a disappointed tone.

"Never mind about that," said the

Little Green Man. "What this caterpillar does is more interesting than how he looks."

"Before you tell me any more about him I wish that you'd answer this question," said Dick. "How does the caterpillar breathe under water?"

"It hasn't breathing tubes like the woolly bear or the loopers or other caterpillars that you know that live on land. Instead of such tubes, it has a fringe of threadlike filaments through which it gathers the air or that part of it that is mixed with the surrounding water."

"I wonder that some fish hasn't caught that caterpillar before this," said Dick, "It must be in plain sight below."

"This caterpillar is too cute a fellow to be caught that way," said Hep. "He builds a little case from part of the duckweed leaves and uses it to hide in. He does not need to take as much trouble building his shelter as the caddis-fly grubs, but he is quite as safe."

"You haven't told me who he is," said Dick, "nor who he is going to be." "I know that caterpillars always change into something else."

"You would think this one would be a water beetle or one which lives in the pond most of its life. But excepting for its strange liking for the water when it is a caterpillar, it lives much the same as do other moths."

"You're just joking, Hep," said Dick. "You don't expect me to believe that the water caterpillar changes into a moth."

"It is hard to believe," said the Little Green Man seriously, "But it is true that every China Mark moth was once a water caterpillar. If you won't believe me, ask the China Mark moth himself."

Even as the Little Green Man spoke, a beautiful moth flew down and alighted on the duckweed near by. It closed its wings very slowly and Dick recognised it as one of many he had often seen in the neighborhood of Willow Pond. In reality it was a small moth with a wing spread of little more than



The Liar

By ETHEL A. MACNISH

"Davy!" "Yes, Gran." "Where going?"

"Over to the pot-hole field, Gran." Davy turned a patient face to the eternal questioning of the crippled old woman.

"What's to do over there to-day?" "Turnips to hoe. Don't you mind, Gran! There's turnips over there this year, next the barley."

"Oh, aye!" Gran turned her parchment-like, thousand-wrinkled face toward him, lit with its two living sparks of eyes. "Well, I'll have dinner ready by yer back."

Davy could feel the eyes following him as he set off from the house with the hoe. To Davy, they were as inexorable as Fate. He could feel them questioning, burrowing, eating into his innermost thoughts, although he could not see them. They were the one thing Davy Poiret feared in the world. They had been the one thing that had silenced his six-year-old whimper into a terrified dumbness that day when old Père Poiret had brought him over from the Corners to live with his mother's folk.

She had brought the line of the MacIntoshes to an end in the thin little mound on the hill by the Church of Our Lady of Good Help. Against the grey background of his years with Gran MacIntosh that day by the church was painted in vivid splashes of color on his brain. He could always shut his eyes as he did now, and see again the bright green of that grass, the acres of daisies stretching to the sky, and the blue, blue sky above the great trees. There was, too, the yellow mound where his mother lay so quiet in the grey box. The murmur of the voices and the wind were one, and there was again the scarlet tanager that he turned to look at when they put her away. Davy had cried his heart out on old Père Poiret's homestead should. But the memory had never faded.

Nor had the memory dulled of his first day at his mother's home. Père Poiret had set him down gently on the stone door-sill. "I'd gladly keep the child," he said sternly to the old woman, "but I promised Christine after Raoul died that if anything happened to her, I'd send her son back to his grandmother. We love

the little one. He is a delicate soul. Be good to him. Christine used to say, 'He'll make a MacIntosh.' Poor Christine!" And Davy recalled the physical nausea that had swept over him when old Poiret had turned and left him in a strange world of silence and keen eyes.

So young Davy with the sore heart and the tagging memories had striven to please his gran. But in spite of poor Christine's prophecy, Davy had never made a MacIntosh. Alone with his grandmother and the hired man, his speech had failed him. Who could talk of things they loved to eyes like hers? Only once he said what he had so often heard his French uncles say, "Pauvre Christine!" and like a tumbling avalanche speech had descended in a tumult on his head. Speech of loud sounds and words that meant naught to him, but always above the words, flaming eyes in a passionate face. Young Davy did not know what it was all about, but out of the storm he drew the knowledge that one must not say, "Pauvre Christine!" to Gran.

Gran indeed thought him a poor tool—quiet, slow, hesitating, inefficient—"a regular parrot—a good name for ye." She was very bitter at the overthrow of her ambitions for Christine. At school Davy had been brilliant at his books, but shrinking and timid. A favorite with the girls and little boys, but—"Parrot can't fight anybody"—the big boys disposed of him.

Young Davy had grown to be an older Davy—twenty years had been added to the six, and still the haunting fear of Gran's eyes and tongue were as keen as ever. Gran was still the mistress of her farm; keen of brain, shrewd of foresight, and successful in her business. Davy only obeyed orders, and Gran still gave the orders as to a dependant.

This summer morning Davy swung along toward the pot-hole field with free strides. It was a lonely field, bordered by woods and divided from Grant's farm by the pebbly channel of a stream, and a tumbled corner of berry patch. To its farthest corner Davy walked, turned along a beaten track, and into a sheltered hollow. Turnips! The whole slope was ablaze with great red peonies! They flaunted themselves lavishly in their glory. Davy flung himself down on

the ground, drew their blushing coolness to his face and fondled their shining leaves. His speech came unfettered—heritage of his French father. He was transformed; his eyes sparkled. "My beauties!" he breathed, "My jewels! My treasures!" Upon the shrine of their loveliness he offered up the incense of his praise. So accustomed to his solitariness was he, and so absorbed, that he did not hear the rustling of parting leaves, nor see a girl's face framed in a pink sunbonnet. She dropped startled eyes upon the scene before her, and crept back unheard.

"Goin' to meetin' to-night, Davy?"

"Yes, Gran."

"Put on your grey alpaca coat. It's gey hot."

"Yes, Gran."

"I only wish I could go. 'Tis the first special meetin' I've ever missed in Beulah Church in sixty year."

"I'll hitch up Nancy, Gran, if you like—"

"No, indeed. If I can't walk even-in's and let the poor horses rest, I'll stay home."

"But, it's three miles, Gran, an' you eighty-two, and your rheumatism—"

"You'd like well enough to ride." Her wizened face puckered in suspicion. "Trust a Parret to take things easy. No, I'll stay home!"

Davy did not answer. He was well schooled. He put on the grey alpaca and set out on the dusty three miles to Beulah Church. It was hot. Ben Davis, the evangelist, spoke long and fervently, but Davy was thinking of his pinies. Suddenly a sentence caught and smote him, "Oh, wicked soul," it said, "Why dost thou hide the thing from all men, and forgettest that one eye can see!" Davy felt a spasm of fear jump at his throat. "Gran," "Did she indeed know?" "Why dost thou lie to cover and conceal the wrong? Confess thy sin! God knowest thy hypocrisy and thy lying! God hateth a lie. There shall nothing enter into God's white heaven that is smirched with a lie! Lift up thy face and repent before God, and confess before men!"

"Never! never," murmured Davy, while he knelt with the rest and prayed his own petition. "O, Lord, don't let Gran find out my pinies! Don't let her find my flowers! Forgive me for lyin', dear Lord, but I love them so!"

He opened his eyes to find Agnes Grant's resting on him. Large, brown, sympathetic, they were, but to Davy they held accusation. He waited until the last hymn was sung, and slipped wretchedly home.

His garret room was close, his bed poor; but neither accounted for his sleepless night. The words of the evangelist rang in his ears. "God hateth a lie!" was burned on every spot where his eyes fell. "I did not lie," he argued to himself for the thousandth time. "There are turnips in the pot-hole field. I didn't lie last year either! Besides, God made my pinies. If He made them so pretty is it wrong to let them grow? I did not lie!" But he did not convince himself. His grandmother's training had been too thorough for that. "No, No! I let her think there was nothing but turnips there." "Repent! repent! Confess!" swept the warning through his brain. But "I can't! I can't. He doesn't know Gran MacIntosh like I do," said poor Davy, quite simply.

He got up at last, his eyes burning, his head like lead. It was July, but his feet were cold and his teeth

chattered. He wrapped a patchwork quilt around him and crouched on the floor, with his arms on the sill of the tiny window. Out there how peaceful everything was! And how lovely! Poor Davy! It was a relief to see the woods and the fields and the neighboring roofs under the white moonlight. How softly the stars shone overhead.

Davy was usually so tired that he fell asleep until day woke him. To be sure if he had begged or borrowed a new book he sat late enough with it; but he had no eyes for the sky. He reached out his hand now to touch some of his favorite books on the little hanging shelves. There they were—Shakespeare's plays, The Elements of Chemistry, Milton's Paradise Lost, Self Help, Greek Fairy Tales—none of them seemed to have any meaning to him to-night. They were like food suddenly flavorless. His hand fell limp. He did not want a book!

Up through the pallid years the memory of Père Poirret's caresses suddenly surged up through Davy's heart. He could almost feel the roughness of the old flannel shirt. Davy's head went down on the window. He wanted a hand to clasp, he wanted some one to talk to. Agnes Grant's face flashed before him. If he dared—if he could—

But such thoughts were wild. He was not fit to touch Agnes' hand. If he confessed his sin in the meeting, would things be the same again? But why must he confess? Give up his flowers? A liar! a liar! His pinies were so lovely. He wanted them. He couldn't give them up! Ought he? Wearily he debated the question to and fro till he was heart-sick. Daylight found him stubborn.

"It's gettin' late, Davy."

"Yes, Gran, I know."

"Why ain't ye off to the meetin'? The milkin's done long since."

"I ain't goin'."

"Why ain't ye? Are ye sick?"

"No, I ain't sick."

"Davy," sharply.

"Yes?"

"Put on your alpaca and go over to Beulah Church! To think that after all my bringin' up, and tryin' to do my best by ye! To think a grandson o' mine would stop from special meetin's when nothin' ever kept me, nor your grandfather home—but of course—bein' a Parret—!"

"That'll do, Gran! I'll go."

Surprise at the rebuff kept Gran MacIntosh silent till Davy was out of earshot. The boy felt that to hear his mother and his Père Poirret harshly spoken of at that moment would have snapped all restraint.

Rebelliously he kicked the heavy white dust, his alpaca coat on his arm, and angrily he tramped everything ahead of him. "Yes," he was thinking bitterly, "lying and now cheating! I'm not goin' to Beulah Church. Ben Davis was right. First lie, and then the rest is easy. You have fallen, Davy Poirret. Lie and lie to Gran, and try to say it's the only lie you ever told. Now see how easy it comes. Lie about the pinies, lie about the meetin', lie about anything! If Père Poirret knew I'd turned out a liar! Christine's boy!"

Brooding thus he sat on a pile of rails by the roadside. Underneath the fierce acknowledgment of his fault lay the other unshaken conviction that he would keep his scarlet sin still. The road was quiet—all the neighbors had gone. He would slip home by and by, and—yes—he would have to lie again if Gran asked him about the meeting.

"O, Davy! I'm glad you're late

too." Agnes Grant's voice fluttered into his ears. "Let's go in together. It doesn't seem so bad for two to go in late as for one alone. Do you think so?"

Davy's face crimsoned, as mumbling some reply, he crushed his arms into his coat. "Quick, let's hurry. I hear them singing. Isn't it still, to-night?" she chattered on, Davy walking beside her, too stupid and miserable to plan an escape.

But his anticipated torture was not realized. The sermon was on heaven. Davy forgot his still untangled web of lies, in the golden vision of the New Jerusalem—Agnes sitting beside him.

Agnes and Tom and Harvey Grant all walked home with him. Their young nonsense filled some aching corner of his being, and he went in to meet Gran's keen-edged tongue more indifferently than ever he had done. The comradeship and neighborliness, Agnes' steady eyes and her warm handclasp, braced him like a tonic. He knelt again by the window before he lay down to sleep, and looked toward the Grant homestead. "I wish—" he began—"I could tell Gran, I believe, if Agnes was along."

Some influence must have touched his neighbors, too. Agnes Grant's deliberate wait by the pot-hole field was rewarded on the second day. She saw Davy come swiftly along, and ere she could make her presence known he had fallen upon his knees in a torrent of foolish fondness for his flowers—so secure Davy thought him-

self. Then for a space he was silent. Then "O, Lord God," he prayed suddenly, lifting up his face to the windswept sky, "it is the truth. I am a liar and no man. Fear of another has sealed my lips, and sinful self-indulgence in this waste of beauty has made me weak. I have sinned. I have slain the truth. Forgive me, O Lord God, and help me to destroy this thing that would destroy me. Help me to repent and confess, and give me peace!"

Agnes waited a chance to slip away unobserved. Then she gasped. Davy had risen. With long, swift slashes of his sickle he drove right and left, and proud crimson heads fell at his blows. "Oh, Davy! Davy! Don't!" cried the girl, forgetting everything, and running toward him over the hillock. With uplifted arm and a face of exaltation, Davy looked at the apparition. "Davy, don't spoil your garden! it said. "They are too lovely. Let me gather them."

"They are a curse," said Davy, tersely.

"No, Davy, no!" God made them. He made beautiful things for us to love and enjoy. How could they be a curse?" Her arms were full of glowing color, her eyes on his.

"They made me lie to Gran," Davy confessed. "So I said I would destroy them."

Agnes held out her hand. "Come we will tell Gran about them, but—" she smiled shyly, "I think we will always keep them in the pot-hole field, Davy."

The Closing of the Elm Street Methodist Church

By ALBERT R. HASSARD

A FEW days ago, Elm Street Methodist Church, after over half a century of religious activity, closed its doors for ever as a church expounding the tenets of Methodism. Although that church edifice is referred to as having enjoyed a much longer existence than fifty years, it is not commonly known that the building itself, as it now stands, is exactly fifty years old this very month. In the year 1872, the previous Elm Street Church building was torn down, all except the western wall, and the new building as it now imposingly stands, was erected in place of its predecessor. Consequently, the opening and the closing of the present pile are exactly half a century apart.

There are many interesting memories, which it is to be hoped may not be permitted to perish, which circle around that church. The greatest pulpit orator that Canadian Methodism has ever known, the Rev. Dr. Douglas, the possessor of a wealth of eloquence and an unparalleled oratorical voice, was one of its earliest pastors. So, too, was that genial Irishman, with honeyed lips of choice and rare eloquence, Dr. John Potts, who subsequently became educational secretary of Methodism in Canada, and who is said to have raised more money during his domination over that office than ever has been raised in a similar period since then. And the years of Dr. Potts' tenure of office were among the leanest years Canada has ever known.

A most picturesque figure in that Church about the year 1890 to about 1893, was the Rev. J. Edward Starr. As a youth it was one of the delights of my life to listen to his preaching.

He gathered around him an array of young people who felt, that as an orator, he had few superiors in Toronto. Mr. Starr would announce his text, close the Bible, and then proceed to deliver a sermon filled with as ornate passages as are to be found in some of the great masters of British eloquence. During his pastorate of Elm Street Church, the building was almost invariably crowded at both morning and evening services. A few years ago I asked of Mrs. Starr if it were possible to have some of his sermons published, but she said that she had gone over them, only to find that her late husband had altered them so much, in aiming constantly at a more perfect finish, that it was really impossible to resuscitate them from the mass of interlineations and corrections which they contained.

The Rev. Mr. Starr was one of the first preachers in Toronto to inaugurate the system of delivering special sermons to children on one Sunday morning in the month. On one occasion while he was preaching to the little ones, a small tot in the front seat held up her little hand, and waved it vigorously.

"Well, my little one, what can I do for you?" Mr. Starr inquired kindly.

"Oh, Mr. Starr," was the surprising response, "there is a little speck of dust on one of your boots."

The pastor laughed heartily, thanked the child, then brushed away the offending speck of dust, and proceeded with his address, which, no doubt was more effective in the child's mind, once the objectionable spot was removed.

Continued on page 21



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

In the Land of Out-of-Doors

Canada's Wonder Spot

By FLORENCE IDEACON BLACK

SOMETIMES the wonders close at hand are not wonders to us. All the far-away world comes to see, but we stay unenraptured at home.

Lord Dufferin, an Englishman, when Governor-General of Canada, saw with the observant eyes of a visitor, the magnificent heritage we had in Niagara Falls. He urged the people of Ontario, as well as of New York State to procure and beautify the land that bordered the Niagara River; and two years later the Marquis of Lorne, also impressed with this need, seconded his efforts.

Ontario said it was the concern of the Federal Government, but as the latter did nothing, Ontario finally appointed a commission in 1887, which purchased 154 acres immediately surrounding Horseshoe Falls. It is only since the big rentals from the Power Company have come in, however, that the Commission have been able, financially, to carry out their plans in a big way. They now control fifteen hundred acres along the Niagara River, and anyone who has not visited Niagara Falls for ten years, will be delighted when they see the transformation that has been made. An American viewing the wonderful scenery along what is known as the River Drive, between the Falls and Fort Erie, a distance of about twenty-two miles, exclaimed regretfully: "We have nothing like this." Had it not been for the foresight of Lord Dufferin and of those fathers of our country, who enacted the law reserving for the people of Canada sixty-six feet depth of shore along all rivers and lakes, Canadians might not have had that driveway either. This Chain Reserve, as it is called, has been added to, a fine roadbed of macadam and tarvia built, and on either side the well-known boulevards have been planted with trees and shrubs.

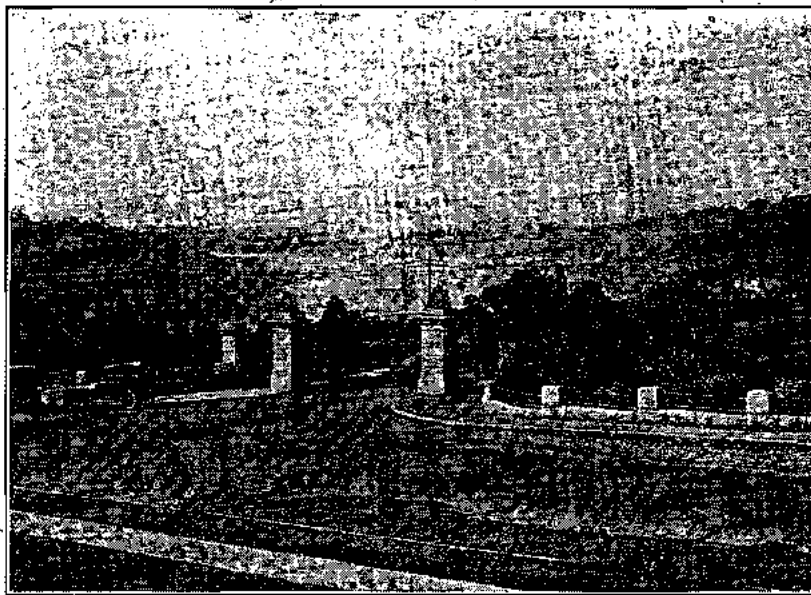
Driving along this road, one sees Navy Island, which was leased to an American citizen for one hundred years—it is hard to understand how Canada could have done such a reckless thing—the lease having expired in 1920. The island is covered with almost unbroken woods, and is reminiscent of the days when William Lyon Mackenzie hid there, during the rebellion of 1837. Grand Island, belonging to the United States, divides the river for many miles south of Navy Island. Beyond it, one may see the town of La Salle, and then the smoking chimneys of Buffalo. The drive ends in a park at Fort Erie, where, as in all the parks provided by the Commission, picnickers find a pa-

vilion and other arrangements for their comfort. The old walls of the Fort are being restored, and within them is a very fine monument to those fallen in the war of 1812.

Northwards, along the river to Niagara-on-the-Lake, the drive is

300 feet in depth. During his visit to Canada the Prince of Wales made a trip in this aerocar.

If teachers could take their pupils to the Niagara Frontier for a day's lesson in history, that lesson would never be forgotten. The



MOWAT GATE (Horseshoe Falls in background) QUEEN VICTORIA PARK, NIAGARA FALLS

more spectacular, the road skirting the precipice of the Niagara Gorge. One passes the stations on either side of the Whirlpool of the Spanish Aerocar that carries the venturist in a sort of street-car, hung on cables two hundred feet above the whirlpool, where the water below is estimated to be between 200 and

Lundy's Lane burying-ground on which stands Laura Secord's monument, near that commemorating one hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States, the familiar names of Chippawa, Brock, Fort George, Usher's Creek, become realities, geographical position being fixed in



GOLDFISH POND, QUEEN VICTORIA PARK, NIAGARA FALLS

the mind. One sees where Brock died and the spot at Fort George marked by a stone where his body lay until 1824, when it was moved to Queenston Heights, and a splendid monument built. One sees the house where Laura Secord lived when she was teaching school and where she died. It is surprising how little otherwise well-read Canadians definitely know of the events of history that have taken place on the Niagara Frontier; but seeing these places stimulates an interest that means future reading. Niagara-on-the-Lake, the former Newark, and first capital of Upper Canada, contains romantic associations enough for a whole day. It is the hope of the Commission, that some time motor busses and competent guides may be provided for the whole district.

When one has viewed all the relics of human events and the grandeurs of scenery above the earth, there are still left many wonders at Niagara. Two hundred feet below the green grass, exists a fairy palace, more marvellous than that Aladdin found or lovely Proserpina. Long, round corridors, glittering white, cut out of the solid rock and brilliantly lighted, lead to vast machines whirling with a mighty roar, making electric power. It is all a mysterious business, for though man may make electricity, no man knows what it is.

Coming up to earth again, one descends in other elevators to other long tunnels—but these are dripping with water, and visitors must be clothed in oilskins. The tunnels lead under the great falls, where, at last, one stands on a little platform behind that tremendous downpouring. Here the flow is about two feet in thickness. In the centre of the Horseshoe it is from fifteen to twenty feet.

At all hours and seasons, Niagara Falls are beautiful and impressive, the spray forming lovely clouds about them. They centralize a whole district of exceptional natural beauty which looks its best perhaps, at the time of lilacs and peach bloom. Flowers luxuriate in all this region and birds in splendid varieties of color nest here. It is a place for all Canadians to know.

Value of Education to National Life

On the importance of education generally we may remark, it is as necessary as the light—it should be as common as water, and as free as air. Education among the people is the best security of a good government and constitutional liberty. It yields a steady, unbending support to the former, and effectually protects the latter. An educated people are always a loyal people to good government, and the first object of a wise government should be the education of the people. An educated people are always enterprising in all kinds of general and local improvements. An ignorant population are equally fit for, and are liable to be, slaves of despots and the dupes of demagogues; sometimes, like the unsettled ocean, they can be thrown into uncontrollable agitation by every wind that blows; at other times, like the uncomplaining ass, they tamely submit to the most unreasonable burdens.—Editorial by Dr. Ryerson, Ontario, in the Christian Guardian of April, 1831.

CHURCH UNION

By REV. S. D. CHOWN, D.D.

THE question most frequently asked me as I journey about the country is this, "When will Church Union take place?" to which, through no fault of mine, I am compelled to reply, "I do not know."

The next question usually is, "Will it ever take place?"

Since I have rather strongly supported and advanced Church Union, I feel that I am put upon my defence by such questions, and my usual reply is that the three Churches concerned have in various ways so committed themselves, each to the others, that to me it is inconceivable that it should not take place, unless prevented by an impossible legal barrier. My confidence in its certainty rests, among other things, upon my belief in the good faith of the Churches concerned.

If we look at the ethical obligations under which the Churches have placed themselves, it will give us an answer to the question, "Will Union ever come to pass?"

We will begin with the Presbyterian Church, since the movement was instituted from that source. Methodism cannot claim the honor or the responsibility of initiating the negotiations. It was in the year 1902, at our own General Conference, in Winnipeg, that proposals were made by the representatives of the Presbyterian Church to the Methodist Church to appoint a committee for the purpose of negotiating terms of Union between the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches and ourselves. In 1904 the first meeting to arrive at these terms was held in Old Knox Church, Toronto, with the Rev. Dr. Warden in the chair.

In the year 1913, the General Assembly expressed itself as fully realizing that the Presbyterian Church had its share of responsibility in the present movement, and *unanimously* desired that the spirit of unity might be conserved and deepened, and asked the other Churches to continue the negotiations, in the hope that Union might be consummated with no unnecessary delay.

In 1914, the movement having moved very slowly, I suggested to a leading member of the General Assembly that I should advise the General Conference to cease negotiations, and that as Methodists, we should say to the Presbyterians that our work was being hampered and limited by uncertainty; but that we would be ready to resume negotiations just as soon as they were ready to make a definite advance. I was informed that the result of such a proceeding would be that those in the Presbyterian Church who were strongly in favor of Union, would find it impossible thereafter to obtain a favorable vote in the Assembly; and under that persuasion, not willing to undertake the responsibility of jeopardizing a movement I believed to be providential, I recommended our General Conference to reappoint its Church Union Committee, and that was done.

In 1915 a majority of the Presbyterians, voting under the "Barrier Act," determined in favor of Union.

In 1916 the General Assembly resolved to unite with the Methodist Church of Canada and the Congregational Churches of Canada, to constitute "The United Church of Canada," on the basis of Union, approved by the General Assembly of 1915; and by the majority of Presbyterians consulted under the "Barrier Act." It decided formally to announce this decision to the Methodists and Con-

gregationalists, and to appoint a committee to carry out the policy of the Assembly in obtaining the necessary legal advice, and in taking such steps as might be deemed proper to prepare for making application to the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures for such legislation as might be necessary to secure the conveyance of property to the United Church.

In July, 1916, the Presbyterian Committee on Union appointed a sub-committee on law and legislation, and expressed a desire that the committees of the three Churches should have conferences frequently, and as intimate as possible.

In 1917, a Joint Committee, authoritatively representing the three Churches, launched a scheme for the formation of Co-operative and Local Union Churches, especially in the North-west. It was clearly understood that such movements were "authorized 'pending Union,'" that expression being printed on the first page of each document by unanimous consent, and I think we can fairly say that such arrangements would not have been made at all had we not had full expectation of Church Union taking place. According to reports given in October, 1921, there are five hundred and ninety-seven charges of a Local Union nature organized on the basis of Union in advance of the general movement, and all pledged to come into the Union when that takes place.

In 1921, the action of the Assembly in regard to Union was briefly as follows:

"Therefore be it resolved that this Assembly take such steps as may be deemed best to consummate organic union with the above named Churches as expeditiously as possible."

These historic facts show the extent to which the Presbyterian Church through its General Assembly has committed itself to organic union.

The Congregational and Methodist Churches have been mutually animated throughout these years of negotiation by a similar spirit, but being more familiar with the definite commitments of Methodism, I shall speak only of them. How far then has the Methodist Church obligated itself to enter the United Church of Canada?

In 1902, in answer to the appeal of the Presbyterian representatives, the General Conference appointed a committee to negotiate a basis of Church Union with the Congregationalists and Presbyterians.

In 1904, we entered heartily upon such negotiations. In 1910, the Methodist General Conference declared its approval of the documents agreed upon by the Joint Committee, as a basis upon which the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist Churches might unite.

In 1912, a favorable vote of the Methodist people having been taken in the meantime, the General Conference Special Committee declared itself "satisfied that the Methodist Church is now prepared to proceed toward the union of the three negotiating Churches on the basis of Union heretofore agreed upon."

In 1917, the representatives of our Church united with those of the others, in preparing a constitution for "Co-operation" and "Local Union Churches," with a full understand-

ing that these measures were arranged *pending Union*, and a depending upon Union.

In 1918, the General Conference uttered itself in the following language:

"In token of the whole-hearted purpose of the Methodist Church to consummate organic union at the earliest possible time with the other negotiating Churches, and with the Local Union Churches, the General Conference hereby reappoints the Committee on Church Union for the ensuing quadrennium."

These facts taken together may not have sufficient definiteness to carry conviction to every mind that a contract between the parties was thus formed, but they have always been considered by the Methodist Church as carrying a moral obligation to consummate organic union, and to put an end to debate upon the main issue. Holding that conviction, we have always assumed that, though somewhat delayed, organic union was certain to be consummated as expeditiously as possible. We think we were justified in doing that by the character of the parties negotiating.

That is our position to-day, and we think it is one which carries with it the assent of all unprejudiced people, either within or outside of our Church.

We are all well aware that there is opposition within the Presbyterian Church. We do not claim any right to interfere in the domestic concerns of that body. In our judgment, however, there are limits of propriety that should be observed in the activities of the opposition. From our point of view it seems that they have a right to withdraw from any arrangements made to carry out the will of the General Assembly, but not to block the consummation of its declared purpose. To admit the propriety of doing that, would be to consent to the right of a minority to nullify any corporate action, and would put an end to all confidence in corporate responsibility. I am sure that no one of the negotiating Churches would consider such a departure for a moment. Delay may be inevitable, but while it may dampen enthusiasm for Union, it does not displace the duty to proceed as soon as possible to its consummation.

Improvements in the basis of Union are still open for negotiation, but inasmuch as it has been mutually accepted by all the contracting parties, such changes should be adopted only by mutual consent. It is quite evident also that many details of organization can be made perfect only by the aid of experience after organic union is consummated; and therefore imperfections of detail which do not affect the major conditions of the basis, should be left for consideration by the General Council of the United Church of Canada. If the negotiating bodies have not sufficient confidence in the good faith of each other to act fairly after Union, the sooner the suspense is ended the better. It can never be truthfully said, however, that the Methodist Church has not played the game fairly.

Before passing from the historical aspects of this great question, I had better bring its history down to date, particularly as it is sometimes asked in rather blunt fashion, "Is not the

Union all off?" Judge for yourselves.

At the last meeting of the Joint Church Union Committee on October 21st, 1921, upon a motion made by myself, it was resolved:

"That a standing committee on law and legislation be appointed to consider and report on the legislation necessary to give effect to the Union of the negotiating Churches, and to have prepared copies of all proposed bills to be submitted to the Parliament of Canada, and such other legislative bodies as may be necessary in the premises, to be submitted to a further meeting of this Committee, and thereafter to the Supreme Courts of the negotiating Churches; and further that the law and legislation committee have power to secure the necessary legal assistance."

At the close of that day the Law and Legislation Committee met and appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Mr. John T. Field, for the Congregationalists, Mr. Angus McMurchy, K.C., for the Presbyterians, and Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C., for the Methodists. These gentlemen were empowered to retain the services of a competent legal firm to draft the necessary legislation.

This Committee met the next morning and decided to request that each Church involved should send a "brief" covering the legislation at present affecting the different organization, their powers, and the different methods under which property is held by them, either for individual congregations or for the Church as a whole in Canada and elsewhere.

In a short time we had prepared the brief representing the Methodist position, and placed it in the hands of the convener of the Law and Legislation Committee. Since then both the Congregationalists and Presbyterians have completed a similar task, and the sub-committee has appointed as the counsel to prepare the Act of Incorporation. This blank is due to the fact that the Presbyterian representative sub-committee did not wish to consent to the appointment of such counsel until he had conferred with his own committee, which it appears cannot be got together until June 7th, in Winnipeg.

The draft Act therefore will not be ready for consideration by the General Assembly now about to convene; but the sub-committee is under strong pressure to have it ready for consideration by our next General Conference to be held in September and October next; and it is understood that this will be done. Should this not be the case, I fear that a very grave situation will arise, inasmuch as our General Conference will not meet again for four years thereafter, and it is not at all likely that that body would remit to any inferior court of the Church the settlement of an issue of such far-reaching consequences. Unnecessary delay now is full of jeopardy, for it would be folly to overlook the possibility (should I not say the probability) of the sentiment for this Church Union falling into desuetude and decay amongst our own people under the influence of home deferred.

As far back as June, 1918, the Saskatchewan Conference memorialized our General Conference as follows:

"That whereas negotiations for Union have now been going on for fifteen years; and whereas the local union movement is spreading rapidly and we believe that the Church should lead rather than be led; and whereas the Methodist Church is really the Union Church, ever con-

sistently standing for union, and therefore should claim the place of leadership.

We, therefore, recommend (1) that the General Conference notify the Presbyterian Church that, believing that the time is more than ripe to recognize the demand for union, it is our intention in June, 1920, to adopt the basis of Union, inviting all existing Union Churches and any other evangelical bodies wishing to join with us in organizing the United Church of Canada, and calling the General Council of that Church to meet at that date; and (2) that the General Conference should suggest very earnestly to the Presbyterian Church that the acute situation, especially in the West, and the swift movements going on, call for a reconsideration of the policy adopted by that Church."

(The policy referred to is that of silence and inaction adopted by the General Assembly in 1917.)

There was much to justify the action of the Saskatchewan Conference, but the General Conference of 1918 adopted the report of its Union Committee as follows:

"In view of the action taken by the General Assembly in 1917, and in harmony therewith, its refraining from reference to the subject at the General Assembly in 1918; and with reference to the Saskatchewan memorial, we recommend the following:

"The General Conference does not deem it fitting to suggest to the Presbyterian Church a reconsideration of the policy adopted by that Church; but while recognizing the acute situation resulting from long delay, the General Conference would counsel patience, a wise and Christian endeavor to meet pressing local situations by co-operation, a cordial spirit towards those local Methodist and Presbyterian congregations that have with good intent anticipated the consummation of organic union, and always a loyal devotion to the work of Christ committed to our Church."

And further, "in token of the whole-hearted purpose of the Methodist Church to consummate organic union at the earliest possible time with the other negotiating Churches, and with the local union churches, the General Conference hereby reappoints the committee on Church Union for the ensuing quadrennium."

Again lately, the suggestion has come from very influential sources, that the next General Conference should do practically what the Saskatchewan Conference desired to be done in 1918. I do not wish now to argue that suggestion on its merits, but I do not wonder it has been made, and should it come again to the General Conference, it would occasion no surprise if it received much serious and not unfavorable consideration, unless the prospect of an early union soon becomes brighter.

One of the consequences of delay is that the whole movement may become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," (some say it has already done so) and may lose the name of action by swinging discussion into an estimate of petty temperamental differences and preferences, and losing sight of the great convictions, which inspired the movement at its beginning, and which alone can sustain it with that breadth of Christian outlook, and maintain that dignity of procedure which is germane to this great issue. There is so much at this stage to provoke a pettiness of feeling, which our Church has never hitherto shown,

that I deem it advisable to set forth a brief résumé of the motives which led the Methodist Church to accept the invitation of the Presbyterian Church in the first instance—motives which I think none of us feel have lost any of their native force or significance during these years of suspense.

I call you to witness that we have never been moved by shallow or selfish considerations. We have never thought of what we could get by going into Union, but constantly of what we could give. We were actuated by a desire to fulfil the prayer of Christ that "they all may be one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." We believe that the unity Christ prayed for must be visible—that the world must actually see it, and that so far in the history of the Church Christian leaders have not been able to devise any means of demonstrating this unity so effective, convincing and complete, as the organic union of the Churches of Jesus Christ. Certainly we can never get so close together in visible organization as to go beyond the meaning of the passionate prayer of Christ.

I do not pretend to be able to see, and I do not think that any man has yet been born who can visualize as Christ did the volume of blessing which would come to the world through the visible unity of the Christian Church. I believe Christ, and I have faith in His vision. It is sufficient for me to know that praying for it so earnestly in the last legacy of prayer he left His disciples, He saw that faith in His divine mission, would follow the unity of His people. This has been to me a steady and continuous inspiration through all the weary years of waiting and negotiation.

We cannot get a united world with a spiritually-divided and broken Christendom. We saw very clearly during the Great War that a divided Christendom could not speak to the warring passions of men in the name of the Prince of Peace with any moral authority. If the Church could have done so, it might have prevented the war, or checked its most terrible exhibitions of savagery; but it failed.

We are now entering into a new age in the world's history, and we ask with trepidation—"Shall the Church fail again?"

The League of Nations is intended to be the outward symbol in international life of the spirit of unity. When the League of Nations is fully organized and gets down to work, it will not only prevent war, but it will advance in many ways the life of backward nations, and prepare a high moral programme for the uplift of the world. But the League of Nations will be only a body without a soul, unless its decisions are reinforced by a greater degree of righteousness and a richer brotherly love than now exists. This is where the work of the Church of Christ comes in.

But if a divided Church could not speak with moral influence to a divided world, how can a divided Church speak with good effect to a future united world? It would seem an impertinence that the professed followers of Christ who could not submerge their differences sufficiently to present a united front, should presume to teach peace and good-will among nations that might be tempted to fall apart to pursue some selfish interest. If the Church of Christ as a whole does not move more swiftly toward union, the nations of

the world now united in the League will lack the moral backing they should have, and their efforts come to naught. If so, the Church will lose an opportunity freighted with infinite consequences for the welfare of humanity. It will be responsible for the barbarism of war—a barbarism all the more devastating and complete through the devilish discoveries of the very science which her universities have nurtured and developed.

This great world programme rests upon my heart as one of the very pertinent reasons why union should be consummated in Canada as soon as possible.

We should be moved by the hope that Canada may set an example which would affect the whole future of Protestantism, both on this Continent and the world at large. If we can demonstrate the possibility of different branches of the Church of Christ, hitherto accepting diverse creeds, and conducted under forms of government differing quite widely, yet living in peace and making progress, we shall make a contribution to the unity of Christendom beyond computation. A Church with a united outlook, united policy, united message, could do something magnificent in uniting the world in Christ.

Already by the formation of about 600 Local Union charges, numbering about 1,300 congregations, we have demonstrated that the united congregations are more numerous than the two were when separated, that religion has become a more influential factor in the community where such churches exist, that men and money can be saved, and that ministers can face their task with a feeling that they are doing a man's job, worthy of the investment of their best powers.

Then let me say it was never so apparent in Canada as it is to-day, that if Protestantism cannot unite to speak with one voice, the future is not only dark—it is dismal, distracting and distressing. One does not like to stir up religious controversy, and I will not trade with religious bigotry, but if I may venture to prophesy, I would say with all conviction that if the major Churches of Protestantism cannot unite, the battle which is going on now so definitely for the religious control of our country, will be lost within the next few years. I do not refer to the school question alone, but to the whole movement within Canada in the religio-political realm. I can only wonder at the extreme shortsightedness which makes of denominational prejudices or preferences a barrier to Church Union. It is because of these convictions that I have not wearied in hope and prayer, and work, for this long-delayed Church Union, but we cannot wait indefinitely.

Finally, we can each recall how on one of those rare mornings when we rose early from our downy couch to greet the coming of the king of day, we saw him slowly rise from his fleecy bed, as though gravely deliberating whether he would grant our old world another new day, then quickly parting the clouds which long obscured his coming, he burst into sudden splendor, and the whole earth was bathed in a sheen of unexampled glory, while the morning stars sang together in celebration of another victory.

Somewhat similar has been our experience in the Church Union movement in Canada. The day seemed about to break in full glory years ago,

but clouds of uncertainty gathered in the sky; and still the dawn lingers; but shall we not join our prayers with that of Christ in faith that the clouds will break and the true glory of the Church of God, now dimmed and distracted by many divisions, may shine forth upon the world; for surely this is the will of God.

Victoria College Reunion

Former students of Victoria College are being asked to reserve September 8, 9 and 10 for a reunion, to be held in the college under the auspices of the alumni and alumnae associations. The combined executives have arranged a programme which will provide ample opportunity for all to renew old friendships in the city as well as on the campus. The residences will be available at the time.

The date has been selected primarily with a view to enabling those who live in the far corners of the continent to attend. Former students who are living in Ontario will have the advantage of Canadian National Exhibition rates on the railways. All will be able to combine sightseeing and the reunion.

At present efforts are being centred on notifying all who are eligible to attend. All former students of Victoria, whether graduate or non-graduate, are being asked to come and bring their husbands or wives. Secretaries of the various classes are being asked to send in their names and addresses to the reunion secretary, W. J. Little, Victoria College, Toronto.

The tentative programme provides for registration on Thursday night, September 7th, and Friday morning, September 8th. On the Friday afternoon an old-fashioned picnic will be staged inside the quadrangle. That night the annual dinner of the alumni association will be held in Burwash Hall. Saturday morning will be free. That afternoon a garden party is to be held. On Sunday there will be held one event, quite worthy of Victoria traditions.

As this is the first reunion on any general scale to be attempted since the departure from Cobourg a generation ago, the committees are anxious that every item on the programme be made suitable to the occasion and that as many as possible arrange to attend. Reunions of classes are being postponed till reunion time on request of the general committee.

"Well," said the happy bridegroom to the minister at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?"

"Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the reply. "You can better estimate the value of the service rendered."

"Suppose we postpone settlement then—say for a year. By that time I shall know whether I ought to give you \$100 or nothing."

"No, no," said the clergyman, who was a married man himself, "make it \$5 now."

"You sold me a car about two weeks ago."

"So I did," replied the automobile salesman. "How do you like it?"

"That's just the point. I want you to tell me everything you said about that car all over again. I'm getting discouraged!"—*Birmingham Herald.*

Youth and Service

Epworth League Topics

Senior Topic for July 16th

"Worshipful Giving"

Mark 12: 41-44.

By Rev. H. T. Ferguson

REAL love has this mark, that distinguishes it from all counterfeit—*that it delights to give.* The highest expression of religion is love, so said Jesus, and so echoed John and Paul and Peter. It follows then, surely, that any religious experience that is not marked by its love of giving is, by that fact, accused of unreality. Jesus was always giving. The greatest cynic that ever read the New Testament never thought of accusing Jesus of being out for what he could get. He gave, gave, gave. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

One day, according to our lesson, He was sitting in the temple, near the "treasury" box, in which the people placed their gifts, for the maintenance of God's work. Some of the rich Jews who passed through, made relatively large gifts; but presently a widow, whose appearance indicated that she belonged to the extremely poor, passed through, and devoutly placed in the treasury two of the smallest coins in circulation—together of the value of about one-third of a cent. Maybe a smile was noticed on the face of some rich Jew, as he mentally compared this gift with his own. The heart of the Master was stirred. He called his disciples. Here was a lesson in real giving not to be overlooked: "She hath given more than they all." In that word Jesus made clear that gifts to His kingdom were not measured by money's worth, so much as by love's worth.

This commendation has often been quoted as an excuse for making a trifling gift when much more might have been given. The lesson is exactly the reverse. The widow illustrated whole-hearted abandon in the giving of all that she had. Giving in this spirit is real worship, holy in the sight of God as the observance of a sacrament.

Hon. George Brown

GEORGE BROWN was born in Scotland on November 29th, 1818. In 1838, reverses in business led the father and son to seek their fortunes in America. In New York Peter Brown turned to journalism, and became one of the staunchest defenders of British freedom and institutions. In December 1842, the Browns established in New York, the *British Chronicle*, and in an effort to promote Canadian circulation, George Brown came to Canada early in 1843.

There is on record an interesting pen-picture of George Brown as he appeared at this time. The writer is

Samuel Thompson, editor of the *Colonist*. "It was, I think, somewhere about the month of May, 1843, that there walked into my office on Nelson Street a young man of twenty-five years, tall, broad-shouldered, somewhat lantern-jawed and emphatically Scottish, who introduced himself to me as the travelling agent of the *New York British Chronicle*, published by his father. This was George Brown, afterwards editor and publisher of the *Globe* newspaper. He was a very pleasant-mannered, courteous, gentlemanly young fellow, and impressed me favorably."

As a result of George Brown's survey of the Canadian field, the publication of the *British Chronicle* in New York ceased, and the Browns removed to Toronto, where they established the *Banner*, a weekly paper, championing the cause of government by the people. It was in November, 1843, that the resignation of Metcalfe's ministers created a crisis which soon absorbed the energy of the Browns, and eventually led to the establishment on March 5th, 1844, of the *Globe*, for the advocacy of responsible government.

We cannot here trace the struggle for responsible government which took place—nor outline the prominent place which George Brown occupied in leadership. Readers will find this well described in "The Makers of Canada," volume 10, "Confederation and Expansion"—which volume will be found in most good libraries.

The following incident is evidence of the passion roused by the contest, and the courage and zeal of George Brown: "At a dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, Toronto, the president proposed the health of Lord Metcalfe, eulogized his Canadian policy and insisted that he be not recalled, as certain persons have most impudently and untruly assumed and set forth." Brown refused to drink the toast, and asked to be heard, asserting that he had been publicly insulted from the chair. After a scene of uproar, he managed to obtain a hearing, and said, addressing the chairman: "I understand your allusions, sir, and your epithet of impertinence as applied to myself. I throw it back on you with contempt, and will content myself with saying that your using such language and dragging such matters before the society was highly improper. Lord Metcalfe, sir, has been recalled, and it may yet be seen that it was done by an enlightened British Government for cause. The toast which you have given, too, and the manner in which it was introduced, are highly improper. This is not the place to discuss Lord Metcalfe's administration. There is a wide difference of opinion as to it. But I refrain from saying one word as to his conduct in this province. This is not a political, but a benevolent society, composed of persons of

varied political sentiments, and such a toast ought never to have been brought here. Lord Metcalfe is not now Governor-General of Canada, and I had a right to refuse to do honor to him or not as I saw fit, and that without any disparagement to his conduct as a gentleman, even though the person who is president of this society thinks otherwise."

From this time on George Brown occupied an increasingly important place in the life of the country.

In 1854, he entered the Canadian Parliament as a member for Kent County. Though given at first a modified support to the Reform Government, he soon broke with it and became leader of the Radical or "Clear Grit" party. Largely owing to his attacks, the clergy reserves were secularized in 1854. He championed the complete laicization of the schools in Ontario, but unsuccessfully—the Roman Catholic Church maintaining its right to separate schools. He also fought for the representation by population of the two provinces in parliament, the Act of Union, (1841) having granted an equal number of representatives to each. This principle of "Rep. by Pop." was conceded by the British North American Act (1867). In 1853, Brown became premier of "The Short Administration," which was defeated and compelled to resign after an existence of two days. He was one of the earliest advocates of a federation of the British colonies in North America, and in 1864, to accomplish this end, entered into a coalition with his bitter personal and political opponent, Sir John A. Macdonald. Largely owing to Brown's efforts, Federation was carried through the House, but on the 21st of December, 1865, he resigned from the Coalition Government, though continuing to support its Federation policy, and in 1867 he was defeated in South Ontario and never again sat in the House. In great measure owing to his energy, and in spite of much concealed opposition from the French-Canadians, the north-west territories were purchased by the new Dominion. In December, 1873, he was called to the Canadian Senate, and in 1874 was appointed by the Imperial Government joint plenipotentiary with Sir Edward Thornton to negotiate a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States. The negotiations were successful, but the draft treaty failed to pass the United States Senate. Soon afterwards, Brown refused the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario, and on two subsequent occasions the offer of knighthood, devoting himself to the *Globe* and to a model farm at Bow Park, near Brantford. On the 25th March, 1880, he was shot by a discharged employee and died on the 9th of May.

The following appeared in the *CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN* for May, 1880: "Men of all creeds and parties feel that one of the mighty men of the land has fallen, and they sincerely mourn his death as a national loss. It is safe to say that no man has exerted a greater influence in moulding the destinies of our young coun-

try; and the impartial historian of the future will inscribe the name of George Brown on the nation's roll of honor."

"During his public life, Mr. Brown's unflinching loyalty to his own convictions sometimes made the impression that he was intolerant of the views of others; but now that the heat of strife has passed away, all admit that his firm maintenance of what he conceived to be right was a noble quality, worthy of imitation. All the great political, religious, and social reforms that have agitated the country, since 1848, received his vigorous and very effective advocacy. A man of indomitable energy, of unswerving fidelity to right principles, of unsullied life, of truly Christian character, the memory of George Brown will be an inspiration to the youth of the present and future generations."

Parables From Nature No. 1

Treasure Storing—Matt. 22: 37-39.

Junior Topic for July 16th

PARABLES from Nature," by Mrs. Gatty, are permeated by a spirit of love for all the small, helpless things of nature. With a background of scientific fact, she gives conversation to the bees, the spiders, the kittens and the birds. These conversations have imbedded within them spiritual truths such as the lesson of faith, hope and truth. They are well written.

"A Lesson of Faith," will be the topic for to-day. This can be used very beautifully as an Easter lesson as well. It is the story of a butterfly and a caterpillar.

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a butterfly to a quiet caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage leaf.

"See these little eggs," continued the butterfly; "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies, when I am gone? But you must mind what you give them to eat. Dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage leaf! Still, you will be kind to my little ones, Caterpillar? How dizzy I am!"

And the butterfly closed her eyes and died.

There follows the story of the despair of the caterpillar, when it realizes the responsibility of a family. The lark came to the rescue with advice and with wonderful news, which the caterpillar refused to believe. "You will one day be a butterfly yourself," cried the lark. "Impossible!" said the caterpillar. "Oh, Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call anything impossible. Take what comes

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TORONTO

After a delightful holiday last year in Orillia, where the Conference was royally welcomed, its presence felt and appreciated, its delegates most courteously entertained and its sessions thronged with visitors, the Toronto Conference returned this year to the city of Toronto, where the average citizen knew not of its existence, the delegates could find their own places of entertainment, and the most distinguished men of the Church were permitted to talk to weary delegates or to empty seats.

As is quite the rule, this, the Conference just preceding the General Conference, was crowded with resolutions to be forwarded to that higher court. These resolutions came in abundance from the districts and the Toronto Ministerial Association sent up a revision of doctrinal statement and Church ritual that was a fair-sized booklet in itself. The spirit of criticism was abroad and nothing seemed to escape attention, from the tobacco-habit and the givings of our people up to the number and management of the General Church Offices, and the theology taught in our colleges. Not even the magnificent presentations of encouraging reports could save the connexional officers from criticism and their very "house allowances" were called in question. "Centralization," "Economy," "Efficiency," seemed to be favorite catch-words of the Conference, that went so far as to seriously consider the amalgamation of the Finance and Superannuation Fund Departments, the Social Service with the Home Mission Department, and the Religious Education work with the Educational Society.

The popular and energetic Superintendent of Home Missions and Conference President, the Rev. F. L. Brown, B.A., took the chair on Thursday morning, June 8th, in the Central Methodist Church, Toronto, and the thirty-ninth session of Toronto Conference came into being. After the preliminaries, when three hundred and twenty members of Conference were declared present, votes for the new president were taken. Rev. Isaac G. Bowles, B.A., B.D., was elected by one of the largest votes ever given to a president. Rev. A. J. Paul, B.A., B.D., was second in the race and Rev. E. B. Lancel, D.D., came third.

The New President

On assuming his office Mr. Bowles spoke feelingly of his indebtedness to the Methodist Church and a godly home-circle. He then dealt strongly with the present needs of the Church, the consecration of the ministry to its first true work, that of preaching the gospel, and the necessity of clean, holy, Christ-inspired living. Sensational preachers, ministers seeking work outside the pastorate and filthy habits came in for severe condemnation. The ringing notes of faith, godliness and aggressive Christianity in the address of the new president were greatly appreciated by the Conference and heartily applauded. Rev. W. J. Smith, B.A., was re-elected secretary, and the Conference settled down to business. The General Superintendent, Dr. Chown, not being able to be present, sent a letter to the Conference full of expressions of love, encouragement and inspiration. He said in part:

"The Church of Christ as a whole is under heavy fire, and the Methodist Church in particular is singled out for the hatred of evil men, since in their opinion she supplies the 'shock troops' of moral reform,

Annual Conferences

and signally interferes with the success of their wicked devices.

"But to the vision of faith, the world is in a divine crucible; and is experiencing a repetition in the human sphere of the glacial grind of prehistoric ages in the formation of the world.

"No nation or race is free from this turbulent ferment. Yet this is the day of the Church's supreme opportunity. It has come to the Kingdom for such a time as this, and if it cannot rise to this great occasion, it will sink into desuetude, despair and dissolution."

Splendid Reports

Methodism is not as generous in providing funds for church extension as are some other churches, declared Rev. S. Wesley Dean, in reporting for the Finance Department: especially for the Church and Parsonage Fund. Some churches have set apart a million or more for this vital and important part of the Church's aggressive work. No money is lost here. Four hundred places have been helped, but a thousand could and should be, but there are not enough available funds. The importance of the Insurance Work was revealed. There were sections of the county where there were no insurance agents, and the property of the Church was inadequately protected, a matter that should be brought home to every pastor and every official board.

Rev. Dr. Fred Stephenson spoke of the importance of cultivating the home-base in missionary propaganda, and gave a demonstration to the Conference of the pictures, lanterns, books and "travelling book room" that were at the service of aggressive workers.

Rev. T. W. Neal, as Conference delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London last year, made his report and told of the great gathering of Methodists from all parts of the world, a family now whose members are thirty-six millions in number. When Wesley began his work, Anglican clergymen hired mobs to drive him away, but this Conference was welcomed to London by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the British Premier, Hon. Lloyd George.

A splendid, businesslike report of the Superannuation Fund was presented by the Rev. R. J. D. Simpson, the secretary-treasurer of the fund. He pointed out the careful management of the funds placed at their disposal and the excellent returns; and declared that the Methodist Church had the best superannuation plan on the continent. He was acquainted with tragedies in our parsonages; now the management of this fund brought him into contact with tragedies in families that had once served in the parsonages. He found hardships patiently, heroically and quietly borne, but he was glad that the Methodist Church had made it possible for him to relieve many of these. He thanked the Church for the splendid way in which they had manifested their loyalty and fulfilled their pledges to care for their ministers in their declining years.

Splendid reports of the work in their departments were given by Rev. Dr. Graham for the Educational Society; Rev. C. E. Manning, D.D., for Missions; Rev. F. L. Brown, B.A.,

for the Work of Co-operation; Rev. T. W. Neal on City Missions and Church Extension; Rev. John Coburn for Evangelization and Social Service, and Rev. Manson Doyle for Sunday school and Young People's work. Rev. Hiram Hull and Sister Saunders reported for the Deaconess work; Mrs. E. Ryerson Young, Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society, reported for that flourishing organization, and Mrs. Alex Mills and Mrs. Gray told of the good work done by the Toronto district organizations of the Ladies' Aid. All these representatives were most heartily thanked by the Conference for the splendid addresses and encouraging reports they had given, and the Conference pledged to them its best support.

As the business of the Conference was pressing, a resolution was presented by Messrs. E. S. Caswell and W. J. Fawcett, to dispense with all resolutions of congratulation regarding departments and colleges, and adopted.

The good work done in our schools and colleges was brought before the Conference in addresses by Rev. Dr. E. N. Baker, of Albert College, Belleville; Dr. W. C. Graham, of Wesleyan College, Montreal, and Chancellor Bowles, of Victoria College, Toronto. Expansion is the story of Albert, happy co-operation with other denominational faculties is the boast of Wesleyan, and pre-war glory is the joy of Victoria.

Lively Debates

One of the liveliest debates in Conference was precipitated by the report of a commission appointed by last Conference to ascertain the number and occupations of ministers of the Conference who are serving outside of the pastorate. The report said that "the gift of the Conference," the privilege to be left without a station and to engage in other work than the pastorate, "had been abused," and a list was presented to Conference, including connexional officers, secretaries appointed to Bible societies and to reform work, etc., as well as those who were "without a station at their own request." It was declared that the vows of the ministry did not lightly allow men to step aside for any other kind of work. Chancellor Bowles said that there was a peculiar training in the ministry that prepared men to be leaders in social reform and similar good work. It was in the ministry that such men were to be found and often nowhere else. Though young men looked to some special field, he invariably advised them to enter the ministry, for he felt that they received here the training and fashioning of their spirit that prepared them for their life's work. Those who criticized these ministers did not know the age in which they were living. Rev. W. E. Wilson did not agree with the Chancellor. He did not mind men who had special abilities doing special work, but he did mind them doing it in the name of some other institution when the work and training and fashioning of the Church was both ignored and forgotten. These men may be doing good work—even the Church's work—but the world does not give the Church credit for it. The Church is blamed for not doing this and that.

He did not object to the Rev. Peter Bryce, for instance, with his special gifts, doing the work he is doing, but the Church that trained him and advanced him, gets no credit for what she has done either for Mr. Bryce, or what she is doing now through him. The glory of his special gifts should shine through the Church and the men who are so quick to condemn the Church should know where and whence come the most useful men who serve the world to-day. And the Church must awake to give these specialists full opportunities to use their special gifts.

The report of the Commission was sent back for revision, but it was finally recommended that all special cases for exemption from pastoral work should come before the Stationing Committee and the Ministerial Session of Conference.

The report of the Committee on Evangelism and Social Service proved to be another storm centre. The cigaret-habit, race-track and other forms of gambling and all forms of vice were condemned; the Hon. Messrs. Drury and Raney were commended for their brave battle against unrighteousness and the laws on immigration were asked to be strengthened. Rev. J. C. Cochrane regretted that so much emphasis was placed upon the money held by the immigrant. When his father came to this country he did not have more than twenty-five cents. Some of the most industrious, thrifty and useful citizens that we have to-day had little or nothing when they landed. What we want in immigrants is character rather than money, and the Government should be told so. The tobacco habit was condemned in unsparring terms by Rev. John F. G. Morris, of Alton. The action of the Department of Agriculture in encouraging farmers to grow tobacco was deplored. The matter of tobacco-using was brought up again by the Memorials Committee, reported by Mr. Alex Mills, K.C. This memorial referred to the fact that while probationers were called upon to abstain from using tobacco, the professors, who taught them in the colleges, were not; and General Conference was asked to require a similar pledge of the professors as it does of its students. Chancellor Bowles feared that the Conference was in danger of dying "of sheer grandmotherliness," and condemned the picking on small things that should be left to a man's own conscience, while larger things were forgotten. When I hear men burdened on these things I feel sad about it—I feel that they are not touching the big issues of life, the vital and important things. This will touch other colleges than Victoria and arts men as well as theological students. You do not go to the quarterly boards with such a resolution. At any rate smoking had been on the decrease around the college since the war." Rev. John F. G. Morris said that he had been overseas and had seen how the tobacco habit had cursed the soldiers. Rev. E. E. Pugsley said that he had also been overseas but did not consider that he had done any reprehensible thing when he handed out cigarettes to men who had little else to steady their nerves when fighting. Rev. R. Duke said that smoking had an ill effect upon Christian service, and many a soul had been offended and Christian work undone because of the smell and use of tobacco. The motion was finally withdrawn but there was applause when the President, Rev. I. G. Bowles, said, "Though the motion is withdrawn

I think the feeling of the Conference is evident."

A memorial was brought in to ask the General Conference to provide parsonages for the general church officers so that they might be on a par with the pastors and do away with house-allowances and bonuses. The financial situation in the Missionary Society, when people were earnestly urged to increase their givings and to weather a grave crisis, some thought did not warrant the giving of a thousand dollars for house-allowance. Mr. E. S. Caswell was most emphatic in his declaration that the situation that permitted the payment of such shamefully-small salaries to the Church's chief officers must retain the bonus system and granting of house-allowances. Rev. John Coburn would welcome the provision of a parsonage for connexional officers. They would then be better housed, it would relieve the men of much anxious worry, but it would cost the Church far more than she is paying now. Besides the demands upon the men in statesmanship and efficiency there were other expenses that ate up their salaries. Rev. J. C. Cochrane was glad that this discussion, though painful to some, had taken place; for it would remove from the minds of the younger men in the pastorate any conception that the men at the head offices were unduly compensated.

Conference Statistics and Finances

Rev. J. Albert Leece, B.A., B.D., presented the statistical report. We have in this Conference 72,351 members, an increase of 1,071. For Missions we raised \$284,927, an increase of \$3,686. For the W.M.S., \$70,015, an increase of \$3,269. For Education, \$18,441; for Evangelism and Social Service, \$7,879; for Sustentation Fund, \$8,482; for Church Extension and City Missions, \$34,338; for Methodist National Campaign this year, \$210,722. Mr. Leece, having been head of this work for eleven years, resigned. He was most heartily thanked by the Conference for his faithful and painstaking work. Rev. Harold O. Hutchison, M.A., B.D., was appointed in his place.

Mr. T. W. Duggan reported for the Methodist National Campaign and showed that Toronto Conference had paid to date, \$1,110,368—83.7 per cent. of the amount the Conference had subscribed.

Mr. R. G. Kirby presented the report of the Sustentation Fund Committee. While he was delighted that the fund had been so well sustained he was sorry to state that the claims were so much greater, owing to circuits failing, that there would be a ten per cent. decrease in salaries of men now on the fund. Rev. S. G. Bland, D.D., thought that the Conference should do something to make this up. If the allotments of the Toronto districts had only been fully paid, they might have done so.

Rev. J. G. Rogers reported for the Annual Conference Fund which had raised \$4,046 and disbursed \$3,889. The wiping out of the Contingent Fund had left the claims of over a thousand dollars for special cases of distress unmet—a matter that was deeply regretted by those who know of the suffering in many of our ministers' homes during the past year.

Rev. W. E. Hassard, B.A., addressed the Conference in the interests of the Bible Society, and told of the good work done by that great organization, the right hand of the missionary societies of the world.

The Society has been issuing the Bible in a new tongue, on an average of one a month for some years. The Conference was also privileged to look into the faces and hear addresses from Rev. A. T. Wilkinson, B.A., our distinguished missionary from Japan, and the veteran and former president of the Conference, the Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., now in Baltimore. Rev. James Endicott, D.D., just home from the great Missionary Conference in China, was also present ere the Conference rose.

Honoring the Veterans

A delightful hour was spent with the veterans. Rev. Messrs. W. Kettlewell, Robert Burns, Dr. I. Tovell, J. E. Moore, S. Sellery, W. R. Barker, G. H. Copeland, Dr. A. B. Chambers, G. M. Brown, Joseph Young, W. W. Ryan, G. Robinson, P. Addison and James Awde were called to the platform and the Conference delighted to honor these men who had served the Church for fifty years, some of them for a great deal more. Most of these men addressed the Conference, and their words were full of wit and grace and fire, and rich in historical memories. Rev. C. W. Watch and Dr. W. H. Hincks felicitated them in the name of the Conference and wished these veterans many years of happiness and service ere God called them to Himself.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 7th, a special memorial service was held in honor of the seven ministers who had died during the year. Rev. N. Wellwood read the obituary of the Rev. Robert McKee; Rev. T. M. Campbell that of the Rev. Samuel Sing; Rev. R. N. Powell that of the Rev. Thomas W. Glover; Rev. E. B. Lanceley, D.D., that of the Rev. Edmund E. Scott; Rev. E. R. Young, B.A., that of the Rev. Peter Campbell; Rev. C. W. Reynolds, that of the Rev. James W. Wilkinson and Rev. F. L. Brown, B.A., that of the Rev. John J. Wheatley. After these papers had been read, many tender and loving tributes were borne by the brethren to the heroic sacrifices and fidelity to high ideals of these fallen heroes.

The Recruits

Conference is always delighted to honor her veterans of the Cross and with them, to review the triumphs of the past; but the Conference is equally, if not more eager, to join with her oncoming recruits and to endeavor to gain a view of the "visions" that are inspiring and leading them onward. There was a goodly attendance at the reception service, when seven young men were presented to the president to be received into full connection: Wesley Clifford Lundy; Ivan E. Kennedy, B.A., B.D.; and George H. Pogson, B.A., were received and ordered to be ordained on Sunday, along with Charles Leslie Taylor, M.A., B.D., for the Saskatchewan Conference. The following young men, who had been previously ordained, were also received into full connection: Edward M. Burgess, Kenneth J. Beaton and Allan E. Duffield. The motion for their reception was formally moved by Rev. W. J. Smith, B.A., the Secretary of the Conference, and it was seconded by the Rev. S. Wesley Dean, in a splendid address, full of counsel and noble inspiration. The motion was unanimously carried by the Conference, and in conveying this expression of confidence of the Conference to the young men, the President charged them: "Having put your hand to the plow, turn not

aside. May your greatest reward be the joy of saving souls for Jesus Christ."

The solemn dedication of these young men to the ministry took place on Sunday morning after the Rev. G. R. Turk had preached a very helpful sermon on "The Ministry of Reconciliation," from 2 Cor. 5: 19.

Young People and the Church

The most largely attended meeting of the session of Conference took place on Monday evening, the night of the Young People's rally. An unusual item on the programme was an oratorical contest. Three young men; champions of Toronto districts, contended for a silver cup, the gift of Mr. Charles Conquergood. F. J. Ewins represented Toronto Central, F. C. Dynes, Toronto East, and Charles Bower, Toronto West district. The subject allotted to these young men was "Young People and the Church," and each was allowed fifteen minutes. Each young man gave an excellent address and the judges had considerable difficulty in selecting the best. Mr. G. H. Clarke, of Orillia, on behalf of the judges, presented the prize to Mr. Dynes, of Toronto East district, and most eloquently congratulated all the contestants on their promising manhood, their ability, and the splendid ideals and spirit set forth in their addresses.

Rev. Manson Doyle delivered a unique and inspiring address, which he entitled "The Bitter Sweet." He pleaded for an all-round Christian life for the young people and fullest sympathy on the part of the older Christians.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Long was chairman of this interesting session and he was assisted by Mr. Charles Conquergood and Mr. F. T. Grafton. Mrs. Bates and Miss Snyder provided special music, which was thoroughly appreciated.

Inspirational Addresses

Delightful and helpful inspirational addresses were given to the Conference by four of our own younger men. Rev. J. J. Coulter gave an address upon "The Soul of the Conference," which delightfully prepared the hearts of the members of Conference for the beautiful, but solemn sacramental service. Rev. C. Elmer Kenny, B.A., spoke on the necessity of men dealing alone with God. In the "Quiet Hour" one's soul not only found consolation, but strength and inspiration. Rev. Herbert Lee warned the members against the debilitating effects of worry. Vision and hope and love must be cultivated to maintain the minister's own efficiency. Rev. A. E. Black, B.A., reminded the ministers of the "Discouraged Fishermen" and the happy results that followed, not only their persistence, but the presence of the Master and obedience to His directions. All these addresses were replete with rich inspiration and were thoroughly appreciated.

The Laymen's Association

The Laymen's Association held several interesting sessions. At the first one the retiring president, Magistrate G. H. Clarke, of Orillia, delivered a splendid address. He thought that the present spirit of unrest was preventing the people from fully appreciating the benefits of prohibition. Many of his excellent ideas were incorporated in resolutions and presented to the whole Conference. The laymen defended the Sabbath, urged the adoption of the budget system in church finance and did not wish the present ministerial

term extended. Mr. Stephen Syer was elected President of the Laymen's Association; Mr. T. H. Graham, of Inglewood, first vice-president; Controller W. W. Hiltz; second vice-president; Mrs. A. O. Rutherford, third vice-president and Mr. F. A. Magee, secretary-treasurer. The election of Mrs. Rutherford to an office in the Association is unique. Mrs. Rutherford was also honored by the Association by being elected a delegate to the General Conference. The other lay delegates of Toronto Conference are: A. W. Briggs, K.C., Port Credit; G. H. Clarke, Orillia; E. S. Caswell, Toronto; Hon. E. C. Drury, Barrie; T. W. Duggan, Brampton; Hon. E. J. Davis, Brantford; Oliver Hezzelwood, Controller, W. W. Hiltz, R. G. Kirby, Alex. Mills, K.C., Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C., Stephen Syer, W. J. Fawcett, G. K. Quarrington, Sir Joseph Flavelle, Mr. Justice J. J. MacLaren, F. A. Magee, L. E. Annis, C. E. Edmonds, all of Toronto; D. Robertson, Sault Ste. Marie; Mrs. S. S. Sharpe, Uxbridge; S. H. Bishop, Toronto; Jas. Mayor, Toronto and T. H. Graham, Inglewood, Reserve delegate; W. G. Watson, Toronto. Alternate delegates; F. S. Coombes, Brampton; Dr. Harper, A. M. Featherston, T. A. Ingram, and J. E. Carson, all of Toronto.

Delegates to General Conference

The ministerial delegates to General Conference are: Rev. I. G. Bowles, B.A., B.D.; Rev. R. P. Bowles, D.D., Chancellor of Victoria College; Rev. F. L. Brown, B.A., Superintendent of Home Missions; Rev. J. C. Cochrane; Rev. Henry Harper, M.A.; Rev. C. Elmer Kenny, B.A.; Rev. T. W. Neal; Rev. A. J. Paul, B.A., B.D.; Rev. E. J. Adams; Rev. W. R. Young, D.D.; Rev. R. J. D. Simpson; Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, B.D., Professor of Victoria College; Rev. S. W. Dean; Rev. A. A. Wall; Rev. H. L. Partridge, B.A.; Rev. C. W. Watch; Rev. C. E. Manning, D.D.; Rev. S. G. Bland, D.D.; Rev. W. E. Wilson; Rev. W. J. Smith, B.A.; Rev. W. B. Smith, B.A.; Rev. E. Crossley Hunter, B.A.; Rev. G. N. Grey; Rev. A. E. Black, B.A.; Rev. J. A. Long, Ph.D., and Rev. P. M. Peacock. Reserve: Rev. A. P. Addison.

Rev. J. Bruce Hunter, B.A., B.D., pastor of the Central Methodist Church, his trustees and choir, were thanked for the use of their church for the Conference session, and for their attention, help and co-operation.

At a late hour on Wednesday evening, June 14th, this long Conference was brought to a close. The final draft of stations was read and the election of chairmen took place. The new chairmen this year are: J. R. Patterson, of Orillia, who became head of the Barrie district; Rev. C. A. Belfry, of Huntsville, has the chair of Bracebridge district; Rev. R. A. Spencer of Haileybury is placed in charge of the New Liskeard district and Rev. Edward B. Baker, of Cochrane, has charge of that district. Rev. Herbert Lee, who had charge of Uxbridge district, is now stationed at Parry Sound and is placed over that district, while Rev. C. W. Watch, of Uxbridge, has charge of his district.

On invitation from the pastor, Rev. John J. Ferguson, B.A., and trustees of the Carlton Street Methodist Church, Toronto, the Conference session next year will, D. V., be held in that Church.

E. RYERSON YOUNG.

LONDON

The thirty-ninth annual session of London Conference began on Thursday morning, June 1st, 1922, in Centennial Methodist Church, London. After the message of Rev. Dr. Elliott, of New York, the Conference sacramental service was held. Sometimes in former years the sacramental service has been held on Sunday evening, but that arrangement was not always satisfactory. This opening service was exceedingly well attended by both ministers and laymen. After the sacrament had been dispensed, Rev. Dr. Chown, the General Superintendent, took the chair and organized the Conference. On the second ballot, Rev. J. E. J. Millyard, of Central Church, Sarnia, was elected president. He was introduced by the retiring president, Rev. J. W. Hibbert. The president-elect made a very neat speech, both humorous and serious. He made one touching reference to his father, who twelve years before had been President of London Conference, and who had died during the year. The thought stirred the hearts of many of the older members of the Conference as well as that of the speaker. It is a unique circumstance. Rev. R. Millyard, twelve years ago lead the General Conference delegation and now his son has been elected to a like position.

Rev. G. A. Barnard was elected secretary to take the place of Rev. L. W. Kilpatrick, whose services had been appreciated during the year. Rev. Barnard thanked the Conference for their confidence in him.

Before proceeding with the routine business of the day, Rev. Dr. Chown made his deliverance. The address was read and dealt almost entirely with Church Union. It was serious in tone, guarded in utterance and hopeful in outlook. Dr. Chown did not undertake to prophesy but he had by no means given the matter up in despair.

In the afternoon, Rev. W. R. McIntosh, of King St. Presbyterian Church, London, and Col. Graham, of London, who had been appointed to bring greetings from the Presbyterian Synod, of London and Hamilton, were present and were introduced to the Conference. In view of Dr. Chown's deliverance in the morning, these speakers could scarcely avoid the subject of Church Union. Both speakers evidently felt that the onus of the matter was on the Presbyterian Church. Rev. McIntosh is personally in favor of Union and has been co-operating with Rev. A. E. M. Thomson, of Centennial Methodist Church. His utterances were very guarded and very diplomatic. He did not prophesy as to what might take place. Col. Graham also spoke on Church Union. He was less guarded and more enthusiastic about the matter. He thought Church Union ought to come. These were two of the best fraternal speeches we have had in years.

Reports of Colleges

Rev. Dr. Graham was present and made his statement regarding the work of the department of education of our Church. He was enthusiastic about it.

Rev. Dr. Barber was present, representing Victoria College, and Prof. W. C. Graham presented the report of Wesleyan College, Montreal. These men all reminded us of the great work our colleges are doing. The most significant report was that of Alma College, St. Thomas,

given by Principal Dobson. His report involved more than a complimentary resolution. He first outlined the course of study summarized under four heads, viz.—1. English; 2. Physical Culture; 3. Health and Home Nursing; 4. Graded Course in Bible Study. We are glad to note that Bible study has been made a real part of the course and not always supplementary. But the significant part of the report was about repairs, equipment and money. For some time, Alma College has needed renovation, extra equipment and some enlargement. Much of this work was postponed by the war, but a beginning has already been made. Principal Dobson proposed what is known and sanctioned by the Alma College Board, as the "Alma College Progressive Fund." Already nearly \$20,000 has been raised by St. Thomas, and he proposed that London Conference raise \$25,000 more, allotting that amount over the eleven districts of the Conference. The matter was discussed and a resolution was passed adopting the proposal.

Dr. Elliott's Addresses

These addresses or sermons cannot very well be reported in a brief space, if indeed they can be reported at all on paper. They are written however, not on paper, but on many human hearts. Those morning talks on prayer fed us. We were made to feel that after all our great organization counted for little and prayer counted for much. In these days when we are all so busy it went home to our hearts when he said, "Martin Luther had so much to do that he had to take two hours a day to talk with the Lord." He also said, "People who save time by neglecting family prayer are losing time." With many such striking sentences, he drove the truth home and yet in it all there was a kindness and spiritual quality that made us all love him, and wish we could hear him again. He will carry away with him the good wishes of the Conference for his work as editor of the *Methodist Review* in New York.

Missionary Report

This report was awaited with some interest, and it was interesting. Thirty years ago our Church had only eight missionaries and now we have two hundred. It is significant that we have at least two families, the Hartwells and the McKenzies, who have second generation missionaries in the foreign field. In China and Japan, we have 3,000 church members, 10,000 Sunday-school pupils and 6,000 day-school pupils.

During the last four years the increase in givings to missions has been wonderful, being an increase of fifty-four per cent., without the National Campaign. Counting the givings to missions through that Campaign, the increase has been ninety-six per cent. in four years. London Conference has an increase this year of \$3,288, or six and a half per cent. This is below our aim which was twenty-five per cent. The Missionary Society this year faces a serious deficit. It is too bad when the need is so great.

The Department of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies

The work of this department was reported by Rev. Manson Doyle, the Assistant General Secretary. He spoke in very high terms of Rev. F. H. Langford, the General Secretary, showing the high place he holds in

the work of the International Lesson Committee and the general work of Sunday schools on the American continent. This ought to be a great satisfaction to London Conference seeing that the General Secretary spent his boyhood in this Conference and began his ministry here.

The W.M.S. Report

Mrs. Gordon Wright, President of the Conference, W.M.S., reported for the 4,789 members of the London Conference. This year a new work is to be opened up in the border cities by the W.M.S. Last year the givings were \$25,000 more than the previous year but the total of \$56,000 for this year, is \$2,411 less than last. This decrease, however, is not cause for despair. W.M.S. reports have almost always shown increasing contributions.

Jubilee Service

Five ministers this year completed fifty years in the ministry. Rev. Walter Fansher, Rev. John Ball, Rev. Dr. Daniel were present at the service. Rev. Thos. Snowden and Rev. Jas. D. Kestle were unable to be present and sent regrets. Rev. Walter Fansher has finished sixty years, so this year was his diamond jubilee. He is nearly eighty-four years of age but as he spoke with such vigour, it seemed hard to think that he is so old. Rev. John Ball also spoke. He is still in the active work, and is hale and hearty. He has a great record of work behind him. Dr. Daniel is superannuating this year, so he has preached the full fifty years. He also spoke with great vigour. It would seem almost as if he could preach another fifty years. It seems too bad to dismiss the addresses of these preachers of fifty years' standing with a paragraph, but lack of space makes it necessary.

Memorial Service

Our Conference has lost heavily this year. Obituaries were read making reference to Revs. Wm. Sparling, W. J. Ford, W. J. Ashton, C. W. Baker, and the funeral of Rev. Walter Rigsby was held on Saturday, June 3rd, in Dundas St. Centre Church. Instead of impromptu references to the departed brethren by friends, as has been done other years, one address was given by Rev. D. N. McCamus, in which he spoke for all of the brethren. It is doubtful if anyone could have been chosen who could have done it better.

Reception Service

This is always one of the important services of the Conference. The following young men briefly told their religious experience and call to the ministry—John W. Button, R. B. Cumming, Thos. W. Hazelwood, Richard S. Hosking, O. Gerald Lawson, Arthur J. Love, Wallace Moss, Stanley M. Sweetman. They have completed their course and have been received into full connection as ministers of the Methodist Church. The address of the evening was given by Rev. Dr. Daniel. It reflected the experience of fifty years and was helpful to all who heard it.

Ordination Service

On Sunday morning, the ordination sermon was preached by the retiring president, Rev. J. W. Hibbert. Then followed the ordination service in charge of the President, Rev. J. E. J. Millyard. The following were ordained—R. B. Cumming, B.A., B.D., Stanley M. Sweetman,

R. S. Hosking, B.A., F. Maines, B.A., Wallace Moss, M.A., O. Gerald Lawson, B.A. F. Maines, B.A., was ordained at the request of another Conference. John W. Button, Thos. W. Hazelwood, B.A., and Arthur J. Love had been previously ordained.

General Conference Delegations

Many ballots had to be taken to elect the representatives to General Conference. The following ministers were elected—J. E. J. Millyard, J. W. Hibbert, A. E. M. Thomson, Robt. Hicks, H. J. Uren, Dr. J. W. Graham, D. N. McCamus, W. E. Millson, J. A. Agnew, W. L. Hiles, G. W. Rivers, R. A. Miller, I. W. Kilpatrick, W. K. Hager, E. W. Edwards, W. A. Walden, A. E. Jones, G. N. Hazen, R. H. Barnby, T. E. Sawyer. Reserve—E. F. Armstrong. Alternates—Geo. Jewett, B. H. Robinson, Dr. W. B. Creighton, J. E. Holmes. The following lay delegates were elected—W. H. Kerr, Geo. Stanley, Chas. Austin, F. B. Holby, J. C. Hay, Chief Snake, M. H. Moorehouse, J. W. Shillington, E. S. Hunt, J. N. Burgess, John Ferguson, J. A. Irwin, M. Steadman, J. H. Chapman, H. Pöcock, S. C. Chown, J. W. Humphrey, W. Trimble, L. Waterworth, Wm. Heaman, Hugh Richmond. Alternates—W. H. Lobb, C. J. Beal, W. Copp, M. Proctor.

General Notes

The debates on General Conference matters this year did not come up to the usual standard. There seemed a disposition to pass matters on. The proposal to do away with a fifth year was carried.

After the report on Evangelism and Social Service, Rev. John Garbutt, pastor of Dundas Centre, London, made a stirring speech in which he complimented Attorney-General Hon. W. H. Raney for his strenuous fight against race-track gambling, and for his continued defence of the O.T.A. He thought the Conference ought to place itself on record as being behind him in his struggle. "It appears" he said "that attempts are being made to discredit and discourage him." The enthusiasm with which Mr. Garbutt was cheered showed where the Conference stood on the matter and the proposed motion was passed.

Times do change. Even clerical garb is not what it used to be. Not many years ago, we can remember when Conference Sunday brought forth many silk hats. This year there was just one appeared. It has always been the custom for the ordination class to appear at the ordination service in "Prince Alberts." This year it appears that the long coats have gone in search of silk hats.

Conference is to be held next year in Central Methodist Church, Sarnia. The first Sunday in June is to be Conference Sunday.

"Well, we have had a good Conference," said many a tired delegate as he made ready for home. It was a strenuous session but it was a good one.

Rev. S. Salton, one of our superannuated ministers, was at Conference. He looks well and is as busy as ever. This year he was disposing of the library of the late Rev. C. W. Baker.

W. R. O.

ALBERTA

This year's Conference opened under splendid auspices. Alberta College, South, was kindly placed at

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the disposal of the Conference, as was also McDougall Church.

During the sessions on more than one occasion, a high note was struck and a rich spiritual atmosphere prevailed. The retiring president, Rev. A. C. Farrell is peculiarly gifted in leading his brethren into these richer paths of devotional fervor. This religious deepening was not simply a sentimental emotion, but a real goodness of heart, which frequently expressed itself in terms of helpfulness. One or two things are worthy of observation. Hard tasks which were in former years difficult to arrange were willingly undertaken. A lady member of the Conference had the misfortune to lose her satchel, which contained considerable money and conveniences; this amount was more than replaced by the members of Conference.

The deficit in ministerial salaries amounted to over \$10,000, due largely to repeated loss of crops and commercial conditions. This matter being mentioned in Conference, thousands of dollars were raised, and it was agreed that every minister that had received the minimum of \$1,500 should pay into this fund at least one per cent. The laymen also willingly offered to assist. It should be said that some of our circuits had a deficit of \$500 to \$600. Rev. Thos. Powell was appointed secretary-treasurer for the fund.

The courtesies of the Conference were of a wide range.

The birthday of His Majesty, King George V, occurring during Conference, greetings were wired him. Dr. J. H. Riddell, now of Wesley College, Winnipeg, builder of the college in which Conference assembled, was gratefully remembered and congratulations and affection were communicated to him. Mr. J. H. Youmans, of Red Deer, wrote saying he hardly felt able to come to Conference this year, the first time since Conference was organized. The president read the regrets of the old man of God, and many a remark was passed that it was no fault of Bro. Youmans. A few minutes later he walked down the length of the Conference, amid the applause of his brethren, which instantly turned into appreciation of what it meant to this aged saint to be in attendance that day. He could not stay away.

Rev. "Father" Cragg, of Calgary, was also in mind, and congratulations and assurance of the prayers of Conference were forwarded to him.

Rev. Dr. T. C. Buchanan was also remembered, and some splendid tributes were paid him for his noble and self-sacrificing work. For many years he has been superintendent of missions and has distinguished himself as a man of true piety and great earnestness in establishing the kingdom of God in Alberta. In expression of appreciation it was decided to secure as soon as possible an oil painting of the devoted Doctor, to be placed in the halls of Alberta College, South. As many already know, Dr. Buchanan was the "Father" of the idea of a college in Edmonton.

It seemed at election time that the Rev. R. E. Finlay should be made president of Conference. Quite a ripple of mirth was provoked when the retiring president welcomed the new president to the chair and surreptitiously handed him the gavel and a "Discipline." The latter is said to be the new president's speciality.

Rev. G. D. Armstrong was elected secretary and took office amidst humor and flashing wit.

The reception service for eight young men into the ministry was very impressive, as also was the ordination service on Conference Sunday morning.

Rev. J. W. Aikens, D.D., of Winnipeg, preached a splendid sermon on this occasion, as well as each morning of the Conference, at the Quiet Hour.

Speaking of the Quiet Hours, we are bound to say that they were heart-searching experiences and emotions were mightily stirred.

The college reports were all of an encouraging nature, but a few sentences of Dr. Tuttle are arresting:

"We frankly accept the historical method and seek to give a scientific treatment of theology. We believe that religion has a history, and that the new comes out of the old by the process of continuity and growth. Nevertheless, while we accept the historical method and the scientific spirit, we do not confound the description with explanation. We refuse to believe that a scientific description of facts about religion yields the ultimate truth of religion. We distinguish between a history of growth on the one hand and on the other, origins, nature and ends. We are satisfied that there are timeless as well as time elements; eternal, as well as historical elements entering into religion; and the reality of religion can only be construed by a recognition of these timeless eternal factors."

Elections for General Conference proved to be very interesting. Again and again ballots were distributed, and only by the slow process of elimination were delegates elected. The laymen had no such experience.

Rev. Edward S. Bishop, who has recently been appointed Liquor Act commissioner for the administration of the Liquor Act, under the attorney-general's department of the Alberta Government, received a hearty vote of appreciation from the Conference, for the excellent service rendered the Church in the past.

Dr. S. W. Fallis, who is a member of Alberta Conference was received with great enthusiasm and gave a very interesting report of the Book and Publishing House, Toronto, the largest of its kind in Canada.

Mr. Keough, of Toronto, represented the Superannuation Fund, and said it had received \$1,400,000, and expected \$200,000 more of the National Campaign receipts.

Rev. Hugh Dobson, of Regina, was thoroughly alive to the interests of the Department of Evangelism and Social Service, and with the help of a strong committee caused some strong resolutions to be presented to the Conference.

Rev. S. W. Dean, of the Finance Department, captivated our interests by his open-hearted manner and his assurance that during the present depression his department would exercise every possible leniency.

In relation to the problem of the debt on Trinity Church, Calgary, a resolution which is calculated to solve the difficulty agreed to ask the thousand Methodist Churches in the province to give each \$12.00 a year during two years, in an attempt to liquidate the debt. Shares will also be sold to the residents of the southern city as an aid to this end. As the organ of the church was destroyed by fire last fall, the Conference voted a sum of money for musical purposes for that church.

The Athabasca church debt was also considered. The Missionary Society was asked to liquidate the

local debts of \$4,000 with the understanding that the Conference pledge its support to the payment of \$6,000 to the Church and Parsonage Aid Fund.

The desire of the Conference to honor its ministers and probationers who offered their lives to the Empire during the Great War, found expression in the following resolution:

"Resolved, that a memorial in the form of a bronze tablet, containing the names of all enlisted men of the Conference be purchased, and placed in a conspicuous place in Alberta College, South, at the next Conference." The next Conference was ordered to meet in McDougall Church, Edmonton.

Many other things of interest took place during an interesting Conference, but we must be brief, as saith the preacher. We cannot conclude without mention of the fine spirit that was found everywhere throughout the Conference, and at the hour of consecration, conducted by the retiring president, our difficulties dissolved, hearts beat close to hearts, understandings were arrived at, and there was laid on our souls a sense of the high honor that is ours to exercise the gifts and graces of the ministry of God.

GEORGE F. DRIVER.

HAMILTON

Oxford Centre; Rev. H. Caldwell, pastor.—The people of this circuit surprised their pastor recently by taking possession of the parsonage to congratulate the pastor upon his election to the presidency of the Hamilton Conference. The recording steward, Mr. R. A. Marshall, read an appropriate address, and Revs. R. S. E. Hayes, of Central Church, Woodstock, and J. W. Kitching, of Beachville, were present to add their congratulations. A very pleasant time was spent by all, as the pastor is deservedly beloved.

Parables From Nature, No. 1

(Continued from page 14)

to you from hence, as I do, upon trust."

"How am I to learn faith?" asked the caterpillar.

At that moment, she felt something at her side. She looked round; eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about. They had broken from the butterfly's eggs!

Joy flicked the caterpillar's heart, and all the rest of her life she talked of the time when she would be a butterfly. When she was going into her chrysalis grave she said, "I have faith I shall be a butterfly some day."

This is the time of year when the large caterpillars are seen upon the land. Interest the juniors to gather some of these, put them in a cardboard box, with a hole for air, and watch the transformation, the chrysalis grave, and in the spring the glorious butterfly.

Plan to teach the juniors several nature songs, "My God, I Thank Thee, Who Hast Made," and "For the Beauty of the Earth."

They had missed the train. "We wouldn't have missed it," he said, "if you hadn't been so long dressing." "Yes," she replied, "and if you hadn't hurried me so, we wouldn't have such a long wait for the next."

At the Capital

BY CANDIDUS

WHAT is the future of the Progressive party? That is a question which has been raised by the division of the budget.

The great bulk of the Progressives spoke in severe condemnation of the proposals of the Finance Minister. Their leader proposed an amendment—which, however, was ruled out of order—that put the condemnation in formal shape and set forth the diverse policy of the Progressive party. Then after two weeks' debate the budget was saved by the votes of nine Progressives.

That is a bald statement of the facts, and it carries on its face a charge of inconsistency. It needs, however, some qualification. Most of the speechifying in criticism of the budget on the part of the Progressives came from the representatives of the prairies. The nine who came to the help of the Government were composed of seven from Ontario and two from British Columbia.

The suggestion which these qualifying facts carry with them is that there is already a rift in the Progressive party. There are indeed a number of rifts. I have heard the remark made by one not unfriendly to the Farmers that Mr. Crerar is the leader of sixty-five Independents.

The idea has been put around that the saving of the budget—and of the Government—was pre-arranged between the two parties. But that interpretation I do not credit. It is improbable, and it is unnecessary. It is an undisputed fact that the Progressives are not a unit on the tariff.

What are the views of the nine members of this party who voted with the Government? There is not a great deal to judge by, as only two out of the nine took part in the debate. By good luck, as it happens, these two represented both wings of the bolters—if that name may be used without any sense of opprobrium—one being from British Columbia and the other from Ontario.

The British Columbian, Mr. T. J. McBride of Caraboo, was quite outspoken in giving his reasons for dissenting from the majority of his party.

"It would seem to me, Mr. Speaker," he said, "that I am the only black sheep in the so-called dilapidated annex. Much as I would like to support the honorable member for Marquette (Mr. Crerar) and the Progressive party, when it comes to a question of free trade, somehow their glasses do not seem to have the right focus for my sight. During the campaign I spoke at nearly a hundred meetings in different parts of my constituency, and I do not think there was one meeting where I did not make the statement that I was not a free trader, never had been a free trader, and that I never would be free trader."

"Therefore," he added, "I do not propose to criticise the budget along those lines. The item I take exception to most is the fruit dumping clause; it strikes at the very root of protection."

The friends of protection do not need to worry over Mr. McBride's attitude. The member who spoke for the Ontario dissidents, Mr. William Elliott of South Waterloo, did not

speak out in such clarion tones, but his tendency was finally in the same direction. He began with a leaning in the direction of lower tariff.

"While the budget does not perhaps go as far as we looked for in the matter of tariff reductions," he said, "I am satisfied that it is a step in the right direction, and I believe that in the course of time we will eventually get where we want to be."

At the present time," he went on, "the country is faced with tariffs imposed by other countries. . . . I venture to say that it would be very unwise, much as I am in favor of a low tariff, for the Government at one step to wipe out our tariff against other countries."

Then, after an indecisive reference to the value of the "home market"—the manufacturing town of Galt is in his riding—he declared in favor of a permanent tariff commission, and added: "With regard to any of our industries which are native to Canada, if upon examination of their statements before the commission it is proven to the commission that they require protection, I would be in favor of giving them protection."

That the views of Mr. McBride and Mr. Elliott of Waterloo are the views of the other seven is not, of course, proven; but probably such an inference would not lead one far astray. The other seven, it may be as well to recall, are Reed of Frontenac, Elliott of Dundas, Binette of Prescott, Sexsmith of Lennox-Addington, Hodgins of Middlesex, Hammell of Muskoka, and Humphrey of Kootenay.

In any event these nine Progressives have revealed in clear light the fact that the Progressives are not all against protection. Even a Progressive government must depend for support on some who still are friendly to the old National Policy. What meaning—to return to the question with which this letter began—has this fact in its bearing upon the future of the Progressive party? Will it be a strength or a weakness? It will not help them in the west, but then may it not help them in Ontario?

The danger lies in the rift to the Government. If a considerable section of the new party should come to act customarily with the Liberals, the Progressive party is doomed. It must maintain its independence to keep the confidence of those former Conservatives who voted for its candidates. If it loses their confidence, in the end it will go the way of the Patrons of Industry; and the two old parties will again reign supreme.

There is another broad fact brought out by the budget debate that is not to be lost sight of in this connection. That is that there is a rift in the Liberal as well as in the Progressive ranks. The Liberal rift did not reach the division lists, but unless the Government moves faster next year, it is likely to do so then. A strenuous battle was fought in the Liberal party during the budget debate, and that was the real explanation of the delay in reaching a division. While the talking halted in the House, the battle raged in the lobbies and in the offices of the Cabinet Ministers. The result was a stalemate, if one may judge by the amendments to the budget brought

Continued on page 21

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A Faith that Enquires

"I go to prove my soul,
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit
first,
I ask not. But unless God send his hail,
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling
snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall
arrive!
He guides me and the birds."
"Paracelsus"—Browning.

THE Gifford lectures, delivered in the University of Glasgow, in the years 1920 and 1921, by Sir Henry Jones, are now available. None of the lectureships in this celebrated series have been held by a more renowned philosopher of a more trusted investigator, and none of the Gifford lectures have been more entertaining or more directly related to the spirit, tendencies, and needs of the time, than "A Faith that Enquires."

Sir Henry Jones offers his own *apologia* in these words: "I have had one main purpose before me throughout this course of lectures. It is that of awakening and fostering the spirit of research in questions of religious faith. If I read our times aright, there are many thousands of thoughtful men in this country, whose interest in religion is sincere, but, who can neither accept the ordinary teaching of the Church, nor subject themselves to its dogmatic ways. I would fain demonstrate to these men, both by example and by precept, that the enquiry which makes the fullest use of the severe, intellectual methods, supports those beliefs upon which a religion that is worth having rests. Let man seek God, by the way of pure reason, and he will find Him." For thirty years this worthy successor to Edward Caird, in the University of Glasgow, has exemplified the need and value of free enquiry in religion. This volume of lectures contains the results of his own long years of thinking and discovery. Taken together, the lectures form a complete system of the philosophy of religion, treated from the point of view of Christian idealism, and are verified throughout by experience, in the broadest and best meaning of that much-abused term. He is the foe alike of dialectic and ranting rationalism, as he is of all emotionalism dressed up in religious garb, and of the present-day shoddy appeals to practical facts, and the weird "will-to-believe," "will-to-live," "will-to-anything," so common among us. Sir Henry Jones has demonstrated that philosophy can be written free from its usual jargon and made palatable for the humblest reader.

The author's first lecture is concerned with an advocacy of free and unrestricted enquiry in all matters of religious faith and experience. Some there are who still maintain that this principle is a dangerous one; that we must still wait on creeds and canons and councils; that freedom is apt to be treacherous. But most men are for the open sea of discovery, uncharted as it may be, and while in every fact there is a further something to be

explored, a "beyond" to be attained, what, after all, does a "beyond" mean, but "room to press forward?" Aggressive scepticism can do no more harm than aggressive opposition to enquiry. The history of atheism is a sad one, but at the same time even less melancholy than that dismal record of misguided minds in all ages, similar to those who, a generation ago, spoke of eager discoverers of the truth, as "Darwin and Huxley and other wooden-headed philosophers." There is no such thing as goodness isolated from the truth. We must learn that simple, fundamental axiom. Facts are facts, and truth is truth, whether here or in Germany, whether Methodist or Catholic, in the Bible or out.

The general outline of the lectures can only be suggested. Chapter III contains a discussion as to the nature of religion in non-technical language, and vital with the warmth and glow of an inspiring speaker. It is important to give the mind its proper place with Hegel, the emotions their due emphasis with Schleiermacher, and the will all the prominence Kant demanded for it; but does not the inner fact of religious experience include all and transcend all? Was not Browning nearer right when he likened religion to a great quest for "The Grand Perhaps?" Without this, life and thought must be forever petty, shallow and transitory.

Here, then, life and religion coalesce in their purpose—both seek their fulfilment and justification in a "Best," in a good, a truth and a beauty, that know no limit. "The truth is that religion invites man to enlarge his claims." Expunge all traces of this religious impulse, rest the whole affair of existence upon man's "natural" virtues, and value, beauty, hope, and all would die, while "man's strides to his ill-lit purposes would be hesitating." Religion must ensure the enthroning of the best.

The author then goes on to consider the relationship between science and religious faith, between religious life and religious theory, and between morality and religion. These chapters are masterpieces of clarity and consistency. He agrees with Bosanquet, that the individualistic world is fictitious and that "no such society ever did, nor can exist." The agreement between the two philosophers almost ceases, however, with this single friendliness in point of view. The world of the idealist offers a far less despairing solution, and we are introduced to a defence of it. Above all, this world of the idealist has but one supreme purpose; "that is, to furnish mankind with the opportunity for learning goodness." All questions of pain and pleasure, of evil and ugliness, must ultimately rest upon man's interpretation of the moral nature and purpose of the world. "Events must not be valued at all as separate or in themselves. They must be regarded in their re-

lation to the self-justifying process of the whole."

Other interesting and satisfying lectures follow: "The Perfect as Spiritual Process," "The Absolute and the Natural World," "God and Man's Freedom," and "The Immortality of the Soul." The author has dealt with the obstacles in the way of enquiry, with the antagonism between the religious and the secular life, and finally with the conception of the God of religion and with His relation to a finite world, and above all to man.

"To me, the idea of God as the Perfect in Process, as a movement from splendor to splendor in the spiritual world, as an eternal achievement and never-resting realization of the ideals of goodness in human history, is endlessly more attractive and, I believe, more consistent with our experience in the present world than the idea of a Divine Being, who sits aloof from the world-process, actually contemplating his own perfections. Love, at any rate, is directly and finally inconsistent with such aloofness; and the religion of love, which Christianity is, undoubtedly identifies the destiny of God and man: God suffers in our sufferings, and rejoices in our joys. He is our Father; and he moves us, because he moves in us."

Attractions at Tuxis Camp, Algonquin Park

Canadian men who have read "Wild Animals I have Known," and other animal stories of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, are to have the chance of spending a week with him in his proper setting on Canadian soil this summer. This gifted woodcraft wizard and author is to spend the week at Tuxis Camp, Algonquin Park, August 12th-20th. The park is sufficient attraction of itself for most of us, and is especially fine this year, and with Thompson Seton to interpret its wonders, and provide the campfire with his unique stories, the camp should be an event no one who is able to attend should miss. Others who will enrich the days and evenings at the camp are, Jack Miner, "Wild Goose Man," Rev. Frank Langford, B.A., Mark Robinson, naturalist and park ranger, Rev. Norman McLeod, Stuart L. Thompson, and Taylor Statten. Mr. Statten will receive registrations at 87 King Street, E., Toronto. We advise every Methodist man who is interested in nature and in growing boys, either in the home or the Sunday school, to get in his registration before the list is full.

Mrs. Jones found Mrs. Smith, the aviator's wife, in tears.

"Whatever is the matter, my dear?" she asked, anxiously.

"I'm worrying about Harold," said Mrs. Smith. "He's been trying for a week to lose our cat, and as a last resource, he took her up in his plane. He said he would take her up two thousand feet and drop her over the side."

"Well, what is there to worry about?"

"Lots," exclaimed the frantic woman. "Harold isn't home yet, and the cat is."

"Yes," said the warden, "all our guests are washed, first thing." "And if they object?" the gentle visitor questioned. "Why, then," the warden smiled, "they are washed and ironed."—Judge.

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At the Capital

(Continued from page 19)

forward afterwards by Mr. Fielding. He made his appeal to the Progressives—and with success—but he did not materially endanger the stronghold of protection by his altered proposals.

Sir Lomer Gouin led the protectionist forces in the Government party, while Andrew McMaster was captain of the low tariff army. Hon. Ernest Lapointe made a mild protest against Sir Lomer's crusade, and the Premier sat deftly on the fence. Probably the most striking utterance of the debate on the Government side was Mr. Fielding's repudiation of the Liberal tariff platform. It was during the speech of the leader of the Opposition. Mr. Meighen had spoken of the Liberal tariff platform as "a pledge endorsed by the present Minister of Finance himself."

Mr. Fielding was on his feet at once.

"My honorable friend, has no authority for that statement," he declared. "I may tell him, he is mistaken. I have never voted for the tariff items of the Liberal platform and never concealed the fact that I did not approve of the platform in that respect."

There are those who say that Mr. Fielding was not wholly veracious in his repudiation. As to that I cannot speak with authority. Perhaps the public will some day be taken into confidence as to what went on at the Liberal convention. In the meantime, all I can do is to set beside this repudiation—which was regarded as a protectionist high water mark of the debate—the passage in which Mr. Fielding made his chief appeal to the Progressives.

"I have been surprised," he said, "to be told that this is a protectionist budget. I cannot understand the logic of that statement. With the exception of one or two items in relation to tobacco for purely revenue purposes, every change that is made in this budget is a downward revision of taxation. How can anybody make a protectionist budget out of a reduction of taxation? Is this to be the final word? There is no finality in politics. I say again, with all due respect to my honorable friends opposite (the Progressives), that if they stood in our place tonight they would not be able to go any further than we have gone. Whether we shall be able to go further another time is a question that we must leave to the future."

For tight-rope walking—bowing now to this side and now to that—Mr. Fielding is hard to excel. But how long are we to have him with us? I am not thinking of his physical, but his political, health. He looks quite vigorous in spite of his seventy-three years and the heavy strain of office. But the other day at Montreal Sir Lomer Gouin uttered words that would appear to be prophetic. It was at a dinner given to Hon. Walter Mitchell, who was formerly Provincial Treasurer in Sir Lomer's cabinet at Quebec, and is now a member of Parliament. Here is what Sir Lomer said:

"And let me predict that the successes of Mitchell in Quebec are only the forerunners of greater success at Ottawa, perhaps sooner than he expects."

What the Provincial Treasurer is to Quebec, the Minister of Finance is to Ottawa.

Conference Discussion

Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—As a somewhat careful reader of the daily papers, I have been greatly pleased with the amount of space given in them, in recent years, presenting the work and progress of the Churches. During the months of May and June, when the annual church gatherings are held, this has been especially noticeable. The meetings of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Church alone have had many columns of space devoted to them every year in all the leading daily papers, a fact deserving of warmly expressed appreciation.

I wish, however, that I could be as pleased with the kind of discussion that seems to go on in our Conference sessions, as I am with the amount of space given to it in the daily papers. With every desire to be fair and kind to all concerned, I cannot but feel that I must be expressing the convictions of a very great many of the ordinarily intelligent Methodist people, when I say that, apart from the reports presented by General Conference officers, the discussions carried on in our Annual Conferences seem to me to be, for the most part, of the most trivial and unsatisfactory kind. For instance, some of the Conferences stage, nearly every year, a warm discussion on dancing and its evils, followed by appropriate denunciatory resolutions—which resolutions, unless they do some good to those who father them, surely never get anywhere and never accomplish any purpose, save to make the ordinary reader of the paper in which the account appears, smile. Then there are tirades against Sunday golf, against smoking, and even heated arguments on the profound question of the length of women's skirts. Now, I do not say that any or all of these questions might not occasionally have some place on the programme of Conference discussion but what, I complain of, is that according to reports, they seem to occupy nearly all the space, and that the men who discuss them seem to have very little conception of the great questions and paramount constructive issues that ought to be before the Church to-day.

Perhaps I might make bold to mention another topic that seems to have come in for much warm talk in several of the Conferences during recent years, namely, the proposition that the Church is over-organized, that we should have fewer departments and many, fewer connexional officers and assistants. Now, to a mere outsider, this criticism seems like the fault-finding of little-minded and disgruntled men. But even if it is not that, but is a real issue, it is very difficult for me to see how it is worthy of being given the prominence that it has been given, even to being made the central item in the address of an Annual Conference President. Apparently, all that is involved is the releasing from secretarial duty of two or three men.

Now, if it were not for one fact, I would be willing to admit that my impression of these Annual Conference discussions was quite an erroneous one, due to the fact that the reports I have read have necessarily been one-sided and imperfect.

Continued on page 22

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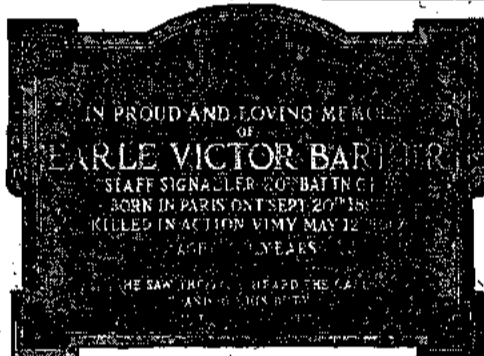
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A Forgotten Dream Recalled and Interpreted

WE can understand this and the next two lessons aright only as we bear in mind the character of the book of Daniel. It is what is termed an "apocalyptic" book. That is a big word, but it describes the book as purporting to give a vision of the immediate future, that is hidden from the eyes of the ordinary man, and that by means of strange figures and types.

It is a type of literature that arises, usually out of times of persecution, when men cannot speak out plainly because of the danger involved, but when they may speak in veiled figures, easily interpreted by their contemporaries, for whom the message is intended. Thus the book of Daniel was written in the second century, B.C., in the troublous days of the persecution that preceded the Maccabean revolt. Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, determined that his empire should be a unity, both religiously and socially. The Jews alone of all his subjects opposed this unification and so he inaugurated a terrible persecution in order to compel them to adopt the Greek civilization and religion. You may read the whole story in First Maccabees. Suffice it to say that many Jews died for their faith. But there was also danger of many turning their backs upon their God and becoming apostate to the Jewish faith. The nation was in need of heartening. To stiffen the backbone of the Jewish people in their time of sore trial, this book we are now studying was written. In order that it might be able to circulate, its message had to be given in veiled form.

Accordingly, the setting of the book is placed in the past, and by a series of stories and visions the writer conveys the message which he believes will strengthen and encourage his people. In the section chosen for our lesson, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, is pictured as having a dream. Though he himself had forgotten the nature of the dream, he required the wise men of his court to describe and interpret it on pain of death. None could do it but Daniel.

If we keep in mind that the writer stands in the Greek age, we will be helped in the interpretation of the dream-image. The colossal statue is a pictorial representation of the course of history. Four empires follow each other in order, and are finally destroyed by a fifth one of Divine origin, which will ultimately control the world. The golden empire is most certainly the the Babylonian, for the writer describes its glories in the highest terms of praise. The silver kingdom is that of the Medes, the brass kingdom, that of the Persians, which was established by Cyrus in 538, B.C. The iron kingdom is the Greek, which Alexander the Great set up in 331 B.C. The two feet represent the two great divisions of Alexander's empire, that of Egypt and Syria. It is in these times the writer is living. He sees the inherent weakness of these two empires,

and believes their destruction is near. Their destruction will usher in the Messianic kingdom, which will be in the hands, not of the foreigners, but of Jews, (R.V. "nor shall the sovereignty thereof be left to another people").

With this message he heartens his well-nigh despairing people. Their troubles are but for the moment. God has not forgotten them or left them to the mercies of the Gentiles. He will intervene shortly to save them, and with that intervention will come the blessed time for their nation, of which the prophets of old dreamed. As such, the message carried an appeal to the Jewish people to stand firm and true to their faith in spite of persecution and martyrdom.

And the message of the writer has a value for our own day and generation. We need still to bear in mind that God is behind all the movements of history. Out of what may seem to us turmoil, and confusion, will yet emerge His kingdom, a greater and wider one than ever the writer of the book of Daniel dreamed of. This vision of the Kingdom, denied to the writer of Daniel, is ours because of the work and teaching of our Master, Jesus Christ.

Conference Discussion

(Continued from page 21)

and that one difficulty is, that, when I begin to read, for instance, the report of the proceedings of the General Assembly, I seem to be in quite a different atmosphere. This year, for instance, beginning with the earnest statesmanlike deliverance of the retiring Moderator, Dr. C. W. Gordon, the reading of that report, in spite of my Methodist prejudice, does seem to reveal to me broadminded and intelligent men grappling with real, live issues, in a way that the reading of no Annual Conference Report has done.

Now, Mr. Editor, as a loyal Methodist it hurts me to say these things, but they only faintly express the real feelings and convictions that have come to me in spite of myself, but I would be more than delighted if some of your readers, better informed than I, could show me that my point of view is quite a mistaken one.

Sincerely yours,
 PERPLEXED.

The Late Rev. C. W. Baker

Brother Baker was born at Carlingford, in the County of Perth, Ontario, on the 30th May, 1871, and so was in his fifty-first year when called to his reward. He was converted to God when fourteen years of age, under the ministry of the late Rev. John Kennedy, and early manifested a deep interest in spiritual matters. His education was obtained at the public school, Carlingford, Mitchell High School, Stratford Collegiate Institute and The Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, where he had the privilege of attending lectures at McGill Univer-

sity, and took the regular course for B.D. In 1908, Brother Baker entered the Methodist ministry and spent his first year as the colleague of the writer, on the Elimville circuit, besides which, he travelled the following: Fullarton, Florence, Port Lambton, Arkona, West Lorne, Woodham, Crediton and Thamesford. In 1906, Brother Baker was ordained at the Windsor Conference, under the presidency of Rev. D. Rogers, and on the 14th of Dec., 1909, he was married to Miss Hattie Follick, of Exeter, who, by her sympathy and tact and a loving disposition, made hosts of friends and was a real help to her husband in all his work. She, with two young daughters, survive, and wait until—"Heaven's morning breaks, And earth's vain shadows flee."

Brother Baker was a good preacher, a diligent pastor and a student. His desire for knowledge and further usefulness, led him to take a course for Doctor of Divinity, (an honor which was conferred upon him only a few days before passing away) but which, with his arduous circuit work, proved too much for a constitution never too strong, and the breakdown came in his pulpit. He was taken to the parsonage, where, with great patience and fortitude, he waited until the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher," and on Friday, the 12th of May, Brother Baker was not, for God had taken him. The funeral services were conducted at the parsonage by the Rev. J. W. Hibbert, president of the Conference, assisted by Rev. J. A. Agnew, chairman of the London district, Rev. W. G. Millson, and a number of the ministers of the district. Interment was made at Exeter, and on the way across the country, a largely attended service was held in the church at Woodham, where the deceased was held in high esteem; and at Exeter, the home town of the bereaved wife, Rev. W. G. H. McAllister, B.A., conducted a solemn service at the grave. Brother Baker's work is done here, but who can say how great a work he may do hereafter.

Personals

The Rev. Alfred Fowler, of Philadelphia, Pa., has had the degree of Doctor of Divinity, conferred upon him by Grove City College. Dr. Fowler is a graduate in Arts of Victoria College, of the year 1890.

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MEMORIAL WINDOWS

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J. Harold Couch, B.A., who has just graduated at Toronto University, winning the gold medal in biological and medical science, is a son of Rev. Isaac Couch, M.A., B.D., of Strathroy, Ont. He graduated from Ottawa Collegiate Institute in 1918, taking the general proficiency gold medal, and in his matriculation examinations won two of the Blake scholarships. During his academic career at the University he has won a scientific scholarship at the end of each year.

Mr. Couch has refused several tempting positions and will return to Toronto in the fall to continue his work in medicine.

The Late Mr. and Mrs. Allen C. Wells, Sardis, B.C.

A Tribute of Affection

During the excitement of the gold rush to Cariboo in 1860, there came to British Columbia a sturdy young Canadian from the vicinity of Napanee, Ont. Being a saddler by trade, he established a small harness shop at Yale, B.C., then the outfitting point for the famous mines. Here he was joined by the young wife whom he had left behind him, and here they made their home for several years. But Mr. Wells had been bred on the farm, and about 1865 he became one of the earliest settlers in the fertile Chilliwack Valley, where he lived till he was called home, April 24th last, Mrs. Wells having preceded him by about ten months.

As a man of business, and especially as a diaryman and breeder of pure-bred Ayrshire cattle, Mr. Wells became widely-known and highly respected as one of the most progressive and successful men in the west. He always took a very active part in everything which had to do with the welfare of the community in which he lived and was honored by many positions of trust, and by the boundless confidence and esteem of all who knew him.

But it is as saints of God that I wish to pay a loving tribute to the memory of my revered friends. After returning from an early visit my father recorded in his diary that he had discovered "two big lumps of salt"—Allen and Mrs. Wells. "The salt of the earth"—no phrase could better describe them. Their home radiated a simple piety, and was the centre of a boundless and genial hospitality. Especially did the early Methodist itinerant find its doors open to him day and night. Here he was sure of unfailing welcome, and sympathy. Here he could unburden his heart with absolute confidence that he would receive the wisest counsel, secure from either misunderstanding or misreporting. For years the "Church was in their house," and as they advanced in age they grew into a position in the love and confidence of the community positively unique.

A man of the type of Mr. Wells could not fail to be prominent in the life of his Church. He was a member of the first General Conference and of the six following Conferences. He served for a period of some years on the General Board of Missions, and was a member continuously of the B.C. Annual Conference from the time of its organization. He was from its beginning till the time of his death, a member of the Board of Directors of Columbian College. In every capacity his associates learned to rely with complete confidence upon his wisdom and

foresight. To have known and loved such Christians is an unspeakable privilege.

A daughter, Mrs. Townsley, died two years ago. An adopted daughter survives and an only son, Mr. E. A. Wells, walks in the footsteps of his father and carries on the old traditions. How little can be said where a volume would be too brief! Such lives are the unanswerable credential of our holy religion. Dear old friends! Heaven will be brighter to thousands because you are there.

J. H. WHITE.

Recent Deaths

Items under this heading will be inserted at the rate of Two Cents per word. These should reach the Guardian Office within three weeks of decease of subject of sketch. Minimum charge two dollars.

PORTH—As a familiar friend, and one-time pastor, it is with deep sense of personal loss that I attempt to pen a line in memory of one so worthy a place of honor as this true child of God and disciple of Jesus. George Porth was converted from a course of determined sin in young manhood. He had a sure knowledge of forgiveness and a clear testimony. His record of twenty-five years of faithful service as Sunday-school Superintendent in the Lowville Methodist Church stands as a monument to his consecrated resourcefulness as a leader. His fervent prayer, and witness to the saving grace of God brought encouragement to many a heart less strong in faith or bold in speech. Those who heard thought not to question. In business he was the soul of honor; in society he was the friend of everybody. Kindness was the law of his tongue and those nearest him in the home knew well the largeness of his heart. His thought for others was operative. His life was positive. No theme of conversation was more eagerly relished than the religious. In the frailty of our human estimate we are prone to judge that such a life is terminated all too soon, but in the absence of more perfect knowledge of a higher purpose we, with a resignation divinely given, would humbly say "Thy will be done," and pay a sincere tribute to the memory of the good, and prove it once again that such is "blessed."—J. F. Kaye.

In Memoriam

SCOTT—In loving memory of mother, Mrs. (Rev.) T. G. Scott, who died June 16th, 1920.—Children

THOMPSON—In memory of our Bob, who departed this life June 28th, 1922. We shall never forget the morning when the Master called him away to the Land of Glorious Sunshine blest with Eternal Day.—Father, Mother and Sisters.

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The Closing of the Elm Street Methodist Church

(Continued from page 10)

One of the members of the trustee and quarterly board of Elm Street Methodist Church for many years, about thirty years ago, was a very high official in the Police Department of Toronto. He was an excellent singer, and loved to join heartily in the congregational singing. It was always a point of interest to listen to him, and whenever the old familiar hymn, "Take My Life and Let It Be" was being sung, this gentleman on reaching the line, "Take my silver and my gold," would always rattle a handful of coins that were in his pocket. Frequently the singing in his neighborhood of the church would subside a little in order that the ringing of the coins might be more distinctly heard.

One of the most regular attendants, particularly at the morning services, was a woman, who with her several children, occupied the second seat from the front of the church. The little lady had always a kind word for everyone present. A daughter who accompanied her always kept a careful eye on the boys beside her to see that they observed proper decorum. One of those boys has, of course, grown to manhood, and is President Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. On visiting the church only a few weeks ago I could see in memory that seat, still the same as thirty years ago, with the widowed mother and her family its regular occupants.

During the spring, summer and autumn months for many years, back in the nineties, a member of the choir would slip unostentatiously from his seat as the service in the evening would be drawing to a close. On our way home, fifteen minutes later, we would see at the corner of Elm and Yonge Streets a great crowd assembled. This was a street meeting, and Ben Spicer having slipped out of the choir would be either addressing it or singing some of his famous revival hymns and accompanying the singing on his sweet-toned guitar. A few days ago I met this popular member of the Post Office staff, (for Ben Spicer has been a postman for nearly forty years) and he was carrying this self-same instrument to a meeting where he was going to sing several gospel selections during the evening.

Several men who became eminent and several who became wealthy, were in the old days, members of Elm Street Methodist Church. Sir John Eaton was an attendant there when a boy, as were also his father and his mother. His uncle, James Eaton, who for many years conducted a departmental store at the corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets, was an official there. The Matthews family attended there also. Elm Street Church boasted of having had one of its officials in the mayor's chair—the late Warring Kennedy. An Alderman, Mr. Richard J. Score, was a member of the City Council for some years.

"Old Elm Street's former members are scattered far and wide, and few of them there are but will grieve at the passing of the Church which has now closed its doors.

The Late Rev. W. Rigby

On June 2nd, at London, there passed to his long home, the Rev. Walter Rigby, for years one of the

well-known figures in the London Conference. Entering the Wesleyan Conference in 1868, he became a member of the London Conference at its formation and remained in it all his life. He was a forceful speaker and he was never afraid to say just what he thought. He was elected president of Conference in 1898, and was chosen a number of times as a delegate to the General Conference. He passed away in his 78th year.



A Kansas farmer had just built a big barn. One day as he was setting off for town, he told his two sons, to cut a small hole in one of the sides so that the cat could get in or out at will.

The boys cut the hole just beside the big barn door, but when the farmer returned and saw it, he was much displeased.

"Why can't I depend on you boys to do a single thing right?" he exclaimed angrily. "Don't you know that hole is in the wrong place?"

"Why?" asked the boys. The farmer fairly snorted. Leaping from the buggy, he seized the barn door and swung it open, and of course it covered the aperture.

"Now, where is your cat hole?" he shouted. "How in the name of sense can the cat get into the barn when the door's open?"—*The Continent.*

I hate duets! And besides, I think it's cowardly for two persons to attack one piece of music."

Insurance agent—Now that you are married I suppose you will take out a policy.

Newedd—Oh, no, I guess not. I don't think she's going to be dangerous.

Western Exchange—Yesterday we were the first newspaper to publish the death of John J. Parker. Today, we are the first to deny the report. *The Morning Bugle* is always in the lead.

"Is your watch going, Mr. Stay-late?"

"Yes."

"How soon?"

Soap-box Orator—My friends, if we were each of us to look ourselves squarely in the face, what would we each find that we needed most?

Voice from the Rear—An india-rubber neck.

"Many people at the opening game, Sam?" asked his employer.

"Yessah, a heap o' folks, Mistah Brown. An' you jes' oughter heerd 'em when de players came onto de fiel'."

"They were tumultuous, were they?"

Sam hesitated and looked rather dubious. "Well, sah," he replied, "Ah wouldn't 'zackly say dey was too multuous, Mistah Brown, but dey was multuous enough, sah—dey was multuous enough."

Mrs. De Style—Have you had any experience in attending pet dogs?

Applicant—No, mum, but I used to be a child's nurse.

Mrs. De Style—Well, you may try it, but I warn you that if you treat him as some nurses treat children, he'll bite you.



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