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*Canada's National
Religious Weekly*

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1921

No. 48

Books as Friends

THERE are some books, of course, that hardly make good friends because, for one reason or another, they are not good books, but besides these there is a most wonderful array from which any man may choose the most delightful and inspiring companions for his way. And no matter who the man is, or what his mood or need, he may always find the fellowship that he requires in books. In sadness or in gladness; in perplexity or out upon some plain, smooth road; when life is full of zest or when hope and courage fail and fall away, there is always some word somewhere that has been written down out of a full heart and a ripe experience that will comfort and bless and inspire, if only we are fortunate enough as to know where to find it. The man who reads the most books is not always the man who gets the most out of his reading, but rather the man who comes into the most intimate and friendly relations with the books that he reads. To have a few books of which one can think as of real friends, and to which one can turn as mood or need direct, is to make reading a wonderful boon and blessing; for good books are the kind of friends which never fail or prove us false.



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The Christian Guardian

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Canada's National Religious Weekly

Published under the Authority of the Methodist Church, Canada

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THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

W. B. CREIGHTON, B.A., D.D., Editor
W. McMULLEN, B.A., Assistant Editor

Published under Authority of
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of Canada

SAMUEL W. FALLIS, D.D., Publisher

VOLUME XCII

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1921

NUMBER FORTY-EIGHT

THE WORLD OUTLOOK

Would Let Ireland Go

THE Irish question seems still to be about where it was when negotiations started. Southern Ireland does not admit any allegiance to the Empire, and Ulster will not admit any control by a Sinn Fein Government. The Sinn Feiners would like to divide Ulster, but Ulster will not agree to this and there seems to be no middle ground. It seems certain that if Britain attempts to coerce the South she will have to plunge Ireland into a most desolating war, and for this the people of Britain are evidently not prepared. And now the *London Spectator*, facing all the hard facts, seems about prepared to "cut the painter" and let republican Ireland go its own way, while Britain retains Ulster and protects herself as best she can by keeping possession of such points on the coast as may be necessary for naval defence. It says: "We should drum the Southern Irish out of the United Kingdom and out of the empire, taking, of course, all essential precautions for our strategic safety, for the safety of Northern Ireland, and for providing full compensation to any true loyalists who may not desire to live in the South, but wish to remain within the United Kingdom or the British Empire." We think that while this is wholly unofficial, yet there is probably a growing sentiment throughout Britain and the Empire that there has been too much time wasted over this perennial Irish question, and as the solution seems no nearer than at the beginning it might be better for the Empire and for Ireland if the tie between them were completely severed, Ulster, of course, remaining with the Empire. And yet we have a suspicion that possibly this is the very last thing that the Sinn Feiners want, and it is just possible that they would sooner remain in the Empire than be cut loose from both Britain and Ulster. And, of course, if Ireland were allowed to separate there might be a good deal of difficulty in other parts of the Empire. We venture to believe, however, that the *Spectator* is not alone in the view that military coercion of Ireland is unthinkable and if no other solution is possible it may be the best plan to let the Sinn Feiners have their way, making all provision, of course, both for Ulster and for such Southern Unionists as may not desire to remain under Sinn Fein control.

Farmers and Grain Gambling

THE *Nor-West Farmer*, of Winnipeg, gave two full pages of its issue of Nov. 5th to a discussion of the matter of dealing in grain futures, or what is really gambling in grain. It does this, it says, because many readers have been writing in asking for such information. The editor explains the matter of "margins," and shows how a farmer can buy a thousand bushels of wheat for \$100, to be delivered, say, in May. But if the price of wheat drops ten cents a bushel, his margin is wiped out, and he has no remedy. Of course if wheat goes up ten cents a bushel, he has really \$200 instead of \$100 if he chooses to sell. The editor strongly condemns this as a practice, as he declares, truthfully, that in the long run it is a losing game. But many farmers when selling grain in the fall, say, at \$1.50 will buy May wheat to the amount of their sale, and so by paying possibly twenty-five cents a bushel to the broker secure the advantage of a better price in the spring. For instance, if the farmer sells 5,000 bushels of wheat for \$6,500 he can leave \$1,250 with the broker and if wheat reaches \$2.00 in May he can sell out for a profit of \$3,500. But, of course, if wheat happens to drop to \$1.25 he will lose the entire \$1,250 which he invested. The editor will not commend this practice but argues that at least no farmer should thus buy futures unless he can afford to lose his deposit. We think the editor is right in this. The less the farmer has to do with grain gambling the better it will be both for his pocket and for his peace of mind. The gambling world is full of human wrecks who were confident that they had "a sure thing," and who risked and lost their all in a mad effort to get rich

quickly. The farmer who ventures on the market to gamble in grain will likely be a poorer and wiser man before he is through. There are big fortunes to be made by gambling, but there are also tremendous losses, and the losses are more than the gains.

A Bishop of Japan

WE are glad to be able to give our readers a look into the strong, attractive face of the Bishop of the Japan Methodist Church, Kogoro Uzaki, who has been recently touring the United States and Canada, and who was an interesting visitor in Toronto during the sessions of the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church. Bishop Uzaki is the third bishop of the Church since the Union which took place in 1907. His predecessor was Bishop Hiraiwa, very well known in Canada, who in turn succeeded Bishop Honda. Before the Methodist union in Japan, Bishop Uzaki was connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He is one of the younger leaders of the Church in Japan, a man of winning presence and speech, and full of earnestness and enthusiasm. Bishop Uzaki presides over two conferences, in which there is a membership of 22,000,



KOGORO UZAKI, BISHOP OF THE JAPAN METHODIST CHURCH

with one hundred and forty-five organized churches, two-thirds of which are self-supporting. It is interesting to note that in the financial campaign of the Forward Movement in Japan, which has just closed, the churches raised over the 600,000 yen that was set down as an objective.

The Witness Appeal

THE *Montreal Witness* is in trouble again and is appealing to its constituency to help it out, and if ever a paper deserved sympathy and timely help the *Witness* has surely a very strong claim. For three-quarters of a century the *Witness* has been doing a work for temperance, righteousness, good citizenship, and

Christianity which has been of incalculable value of Canada, and it has earned for itself a reputation for honesty and fidelity to truth which is priceless. Its editors might have been well-to-do if they had not been so conscientious, but they have steadily refused either to advertise or countenance anything which they believed to be a public damage or danger. We have not always agreed with the editor's views, but at least we have always been confident of his honesty of purpose. And now the *Witness* has reached a point where, unless speedy help is afforded, a mortgage will be foreclosed upon its premises, and while the editor will be safe the *Witness* will probably cease to be. There are many prosperous homes in eastern Canada, into which the *Witness* has gone for years with its message of truth and good cheer, and there ought surely to be little difficulty in getting under the burden and saving the *Witness* for the present generation and for the ones to come. But whether the *Witness* lives or dies the editor has at least this consolation, that he has fought a noble and heroic fight such as few others have fought, and he has served his country with singular ability, unswerving integrity, and some measure of success; and Canada is not ignorant of nor unthankful for that noble service. We trust the *Witness* will still be able to continue its valuable work.

The Burning of Bibles

IN the *Christian Advocate* of Nov. 10th, 1921, Bishop Charles E. Locke, of Manila, P.I., tells the story of Bible burning in the Philippines some years ago. An agent of the American Bible Society was travelling through the Philippines giving a moving picture demonstration of the progress of Protestantism in the world, for which he charged an admission fee of ten centavos, but at which he presented each person with a copy of a Gospel. When he reached the city of Vigan the Roman Catholic priest was furious, and he also gave a picture show, collecting as admission fee a copy of the Scriptures. Then he took some hundreds of copies of these Gospels and burned them publicly in the street. Other priests followed his example and Bible-burning became quite fashionable. But now comes the sequel. The Filipinos wanted to know why the Roman priests hated these Gospels so bitterly and they began to read them to find out what there was in them that aroused such hatred. Now Bishop Locke says young Filipino men and women are crowding Methodist schools and chapels, and one of the young men who assisted the priest at the Vigan *auto da fe* is now a zealous Protestant. Bishop Locke declares that "the burning of the Bibles in Vigan did more for the cause of true Christianity here than anything that had ever occurred." It was as good as a thousand sermons. Roman Catholic priests in the Philippines seem to hate both the Bible and the public school. Why is it?

The End of the Hapsburgs

A BRITISH cruiser passed Gibraltar on November 18th, 1921, bearing the ex-Emperor Karl and his consort Zita to their new prison-home in Madeira. So passes the last representative of the haughty house of Hapsburg. Poor Karl! His last attempt to take possession of his ancestral throne was a great fiasco. He thought Hungary really wanted him, and he went there, only to find, to his intense surprise, that the rifles of the soldiers all pointed the wrong way, being aimed at him instead of at his enemies. And when at last he realized that the game was up, and that Hungary had had all it wanted of the Hapsburgs, he stepped on board a British monitor, which happened to be just at hand, possibly in expectation of some such an event, and renouncing all claims to the Hungarian throne, Karl and Zita will spend the rest of their lives on the beautiful island of Madeira. They will receive a very liberal allowance, and will probably be as happy as they would have been in troubled Hungary, if only they can forget that they are Hapsburgs.

The Court of the Queen of Sciences

By Lorne Pierce



It is a delight, after having rumbled along on the sociological and political band-wagon, to dismount and take a quiet seat in the cool cloister of the Queen of Sciences, Theology, and her winsome hand-maiden, Philosophy. The other was a blatant and boisterous crowd. You have possibly met some of its members—"The Big Four and Others," "Washington Close-Ups," "The Masques of Ottawa," "Political Profiles," "Tired Radicals," "What Japan Wants," "Marx Made Easy," "More That Can be Told," and so on. They talk too loudly; they talk too long; and they hammer their respective pulpits too hard. And yet some of these people are ponderously weighty and morose and uncommunicable, and some are stuttery. And some are riotously hysterical. But for sparkling, vivacious, gladsome company give me the enchanting Queen of Sciences and let me be waited upon by her winsome handmaiden.

(1). The passion for reconstruction has overtaken the world. There is nothing but must be turned inside out, from old coats to old theories, and from politics to philosophy. Now the purpose of this article is to trace very briefly, and in a very sketchy manner, the main trend of this process as it is represented in theological literature during the past year. Since the genial editor has quietly, smilingly, but firmly limited the scope of our time and space, we shall have to make friends with our ancient enemy—brevity.

Of the many books which have appeared on reconstruction one of the most readable and interesting is "Reconstruction in Philosophy," by Prof. John Dewey, of Columbia University. He rapidly and critically sketches the progress of thought in the classical, mediæval and early modern periods, and has done so with such a fine sense of proportion and of values that it makes an excellent guide to the history of philosophy. In the second half of the book he is less dependable from our point of view. In the first half he sets philosophy the problem of clarifying our moral and social ideals, but when he attempts this his pragmatism and his instrumentalism lead him into difficulties. However, he must be congratulated for the attempt, and for some fresh light on the reality of physical nature, the meaning of truth and the general principles of moral value.

Others have followed in his trail. One of the most notable works of the past year was "Public Opinion and Theology," by Bishop McConnell, which has been widely read. Others of a similar nature one can only mention with the suggestion that all ought to be read carefully. A critical selection of those which have appealed most to the writer are, "The Bible and Modern Thought," by Cohu; "A New Mind for a New Age," King; "What Christianity Means to me," Lyman Abbott; "A Working Faith," Rall; "Jesus in the Experience of Men," Glover; "Christianity in its Modern Expression," Foster; and the reprints of Cook's "Christian Faith for Men of To-day," and Brown's "Main Points." Special mention ought to be given to "Theology as an Empirical Science," by D. C. MacIntosh. While theology or religion will not permit of an entirely empirical explanation, still it is well to realize that we have not yet exhausted the results which the empirical method may give us.

Before we close this section on reconstruction mention must be made also of two or three excellent works on the reconstruction of our educational ideals. "The College and the New America," Hudson, and "The Moral Basis of Democracy," President Hadley, are among the best. And, while educators have been in full cry after a new educational idealism, the preacher has been no less insistent for a fresh and vital re-examination of his preparation, credentials and work. "Preaching and Paganism," by Fitch; "The Pulpit and American Life," Hoyt; "Ambassadors of God," Cadman; "The Christian Preacher," Garvie; "The Progress of Religious Thought in America," Buckham, are the best recent additions in this field. And for a general work which will appeal greatly to the busy pastor and the layman who wishes to keep abreast of the theological times no better work can be found, outside the magnificent Streeter series on "Prayer," "The Holy Spirit" and "Foundations," than "Theological Study To-Day," prepared by a group of experts and published by the University of

Chicago Press. It is a necessary book on the student's table.

(2). The Historical Study of Religion. One of the most interesting and constructive contributions made in the exploration of the past of humanity has been that of the theologian, and as the methods of the theologian are coming increasingly under the influence of historical science this contribution is gaining in interest and value. It can be said with truth that in the case of men and nations "religion is the chief fact with regard to them." Here we deal with more than mere data. We are concerned rather with the genetic forces underlying phenomena. And where we once imagined degeneration we now see development, and where we once imagined change we now expect reconstruction. The more complex the social environment, the more perfected and highly organized the society in which a religion grows, the greater will be its debt to predecessors and to contemporaries. The Priestess of Truth insists that we employ history to gain perspective, to "get our sanction from the past" and derive new values of judgment.

One of the most interesting contributions made in recent years has been that offered through such works as Scott's "The Beginnings of Christianity" and Lake's "The Stewardship of Faith." We have been made to realize the tremendous debt which we owe to Persian, Greek, Roman and Alexandrian. Having discovered the sources from which our religion has derived form and content we are in a better way to interpret that faith. In addition to the third and last volume of Johannes Weiss' "History of Early Christianity," we have the first volume in a series of three to be edited by Jackson and Lake, entitled "The Beginnings of Christianity." This has been condensed in Lake's "Landmarks in the History of Early Christianity." This latter volume ought to be read by every student of Christianity.

The greatest interest has centred around that earliest period of Christianity, and, with the discovery of the historical importance of the writings of Luke, scholars are determined to unravel the content and trace the process of the development of "the faith once delivered to the saints." This is one of the most fascinating studies to-day. And with the discovery and application of the historical method in one field it is being found to give rich returns in other subjects, most notably that of tracing the development of doctrine.

The chief contribution outside the problem of God and the life and work of Jesus is that of the Atonement. The *magnum opus* in this subject is Hasting Rashdall's "The Ideal of the Atonement in Christian Theology." This is truly a monumental work and ought to be read by all students. The historical method declares that the truth of a doctrine lies in its function rather than its definition. Now while the old ideas of the Atonement functioned, the creation of new concepts have supplanted the old and have made a new departure necessary. Scholars are making vigorous onslaughts upon tamely accepted positions. Critical methods give no rest to befuddled feelings which pass for thought. Russellism, Adventism, Premillennialism and the other fifty-seven varieties of hydra-headed heresies are due simply to invertebrate thinking. We ought to feed on more strong food, like Rashdall, or Mackintosh's "Historic Theories of the Atonement," or "Essays in Critical Realism" collected by Durrant Drake, author of "Shall we Stand by the Church?" After all we may all commence where Peter the Lombard left off when he said: "The Atonement is the very central doctrine of Christianity, in so far as it proclaims and brings home to the heart of man the supreme Christian truth that God is love, and that love is the most precious thing in human life."

(3) The Problem of the Nature of God. The problem of God grows as the problem of man takes on new interest and importance. Just as the social creed has changed, and just as the canons of criticism have varied, so has our approach to the problem of God altered. "The Divinity of Man," by Wells, was a simple and readable reinterpretation and reconstruction of an ancient problem, "an attempt to show the place occupied by the religion of the Cross in the

main stream of religious development." Far more fundamental, however, is Heath's recent work, "The Moral and Social Significance of the Conception of Personality." This, it seems to us, approaches the problem in a much more satisfactory manner. Indeed psychology, metaphysics, ethics, even our old friend sociology, each in their own way and in their own time come at last to this great problem of personality, and we are getting some very interesting results.

One of the greatest attempts to follow this idea to its natural conclusion was made by C. C. J. Webb in his Gifford lectures, "God and Personality," and "Divine Personality in Human Life." Some of these papers are hard reading, and we do not always agree, but they make a real and lasting contribution and well repay the reader. The pace for Webb was admirably set by A. Seth Pringle-Pattison in his Gifford lectures a few years before, namely, "The Idea of God in Recent Philosophy." This is truly a great book and sets the problem of the nature of God in the search-light of history. It is most satisfying. We can mention only one other, "Moral Values and the Idea of God," by Sorley. "The recognition of the moral order and of its relation to nature and man involves the acknowledgment of the Supreme Mind, or God as the ground of reality."

(4). The Nature of Religious Experience. The temptation is very great to go on and mention some of the tendencies noticed in the reinterpretation of the life and teachings of Jesus, of the interesting developments in the field of Church history, of those works dealing with "The Language of Palestine," "The Orient in Bible Times," the reports of the School of Oriental Research, of great contributions to exegesis, especially those by Jastrow and Driver in Job, Burton in Galatians, and the peerless Charles in "Revelation," and of special developments in particular fields of restricted research. These we must leave. However, one of the most important fields, already well worked, has been that of the psychology of religion. Here we are in a field where, as Americans, we are particularly at home. Our scholars have added lustre to this branch of science. The names of Coe, Ames, James, Leuba, King and Pratt are already household words. Browning's Cleon is made to say:

"I have written three books on the soul,
Proving absurd all written hitherto
And putting us to ignorance again."

The work of our psychologists has been almost entirely constructive. Tracy's "The Psychology of Adolescence" is a book which all teachers of that "troublesome age" ought to possess. Hughes' little handbook, "Adult and Child," is a masterpiece of simplicity and is of value to both teachers and parents. Cabot's "Seven Ages of Childhood" is very interesting, very readable and practical throughout. It is written by a mother who knows. Then there is W. E. Hocking's "Human Nature and its Re-Making." There is nothing particularly new here, but it is a good book and fills one with new hope. Old truths are lifted up into a new significance, and educators will prize it.

And finally we have Pratt's "Religious Consciousness." It is a delight to hold a book like this; it is a greater joy to read it. The author offers no new brand of psychology, and starts off no new "school." He sets out to ascertain the facts of religious experience. He is a recorder and a reporter. He simply tells what he sees. Religion is not a theory, but a reality, and he sets to work to analyze this reality. He takes its typical aspects, the traditional, the rational, the mystical and the practical; he sifts them and these are his conclusions: "The highest and healthiest type of faith in the spiritual world, a faith that is warm but without fanaticism, reasonable but not coldly abstract, courageous yet never self-deceived nor disloyal to truth, calmly confident but never blind, and neither slavishly servile to authority nor yet lonely and separatist, such a faith must draw its strength from all four of the sources." From this he argues back to why people believe in God and immortality, the meaning and nature of childhood and adolescence, and the fact of conversion. Another very valuable work which has just appeared is "The Rational Good," by Hobhouse. As he starts with a "normal, decent man," and seeks to discover and more perfectly adjust the forces which make for betterment and happiness of

(Continued on page 14)

"The Minister is the Leader in Missions"—The Mission Board

Francis Ledwidge, The Poet of the Blackbird

By Etta Campbell



MUCH as some of us dislike Catholicism and the Sinn Fein element in Ireland, we must acknowledge that the Irish writers, Catholic as well as Protestant, are making important contributions to literature. Being a descendant of north of Ireland "Orangeism" I am not likely to look upon Catholic institutions or Catholic rule with any degree of favor. At the same time, I am free to confess that I do enjoy the writings of some of the Catholic writers. As I read day by day of the doings in Ireland I keep a keen lookout to see if any of the Irish writers happen to be Sinn Feiners. As yet, I have seen not one. Some are what may be called moderate Nationalists, but strongly opposed to violence in any form. Indeed, "A. E." who has done so much for Ireland, and is well-beloved by Protestant and Catholic alike, issued not long ago a warning to the Irish people to refrain from hate for the reason, startling though it may seem, "that we become like that which we hate."

A young Irish poet, Catholic, but in his poems no note of Catholicism, nothing but the beauty and music and art of literature—a friend of Yeats, Dunsany, Katherine Tynan, and "A. E."—was Francis Ledwidge; a poet who, so like many others, lost his life in the Great War, a poet of whom was said: "None of the poets of the New Army has written finer poetry than Francis Ledwidge."

Shall we begin our story about him through Katharine Tynan's description of him at a time when he was "very much under the wing of Dunsany." She met him first at a picture-show of "A. E.'s," who by the way always priced his pictures so that the poor man might buy. "Francis Ledwidge was wrapped up in a huge, frieze coat. It gave one the impression somehow of covering a multitude of sins. His face as I remember it had no likeness to the niminy-piminy Bunthorne picture of him, which appeared in some papers after his death, nor to the private soldier one I have seen in a Christmas number of the *Bookman*. I carried away an impression of a newly-washed red-and-white wholesomeness. One felt he ought to have been very fair if the sun had not ruddied and goldened him. He was so eager, so humble, so reverent to an older writer that I have always thought of him as something very winsome and sincere."

In October of that fateful year 1914, Ledwidge went into the fifth battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, one of the divisions of Kitchener's first army, a division captained by Lord Dunsany, the writer. "He served in Gallipoli, in Serbia, on the Western Front, was wounded once—not badly—went back again when the wound healed and was killed by a fragment of a shell on July 31st, 1917, the first day of the new offensive."

In October, 1917, Dunsany, in his introduction to this young poet's "Last Songs" says; "He has gone down into that vast maelstrom into which poets do well to adventure, and from which their country might perhaps be wise to withhold them, but that is our country's affair. He has left behind him verses of great beauty, simple rural lyrics that may be something of an anodyne for this stricken age. If ever an age needed beautiful songs our age needs them and Francis Ledwidge stayed true to his inspiration, as his homeward songs will show. Elsewhere Dunsany says: "I have looked for a poet among the Irish peasants, because it seemed to me that almost only amongst them, there was in daily use a diction worthy of poetry as well as an imagination capable of dealing with the great and simple things that are a poet's wares."

What the poet Dunsany was looking for among the peasants he was to find in Ledwidge. His first acquaintance with him began one day when he was "wasting June" in London. He received from Mr. Ledwidge a very old copy book, full of verses and a letter asking if they were any good. Among other errors there were mistakes in grammar and spelling but out of these, says Dunsany, "there arose continually, like a mountain sheer out of the marshes, that easy fluency of shapely lines, which is now so noticeable in all that he writes; sudden glimpses of the fields that he seems at times to bring so near to one, that one exclaims: 'Why that is how Meath looks,' or 'It is just like that along the Boyne in April,' quite taken by surprise by familiar things,

for none of us know, till the poet points them out, how many beautiful things are close about us."

To every poet is given the revelation of some living thing so intimate that he speaks when he speaks of it as an ambassador speaking for his sovereign; with Homer it was the heroes; with Ledwidge it is the small birds that sing, but in particular especially the blackbird whose cause he champions against all other birds.

When but a lad of sixteen, tied to duty in a grocer's shop in Dublin, and dreaming of Slane he wrote thus of the blackbird:

"Above the smoke of the little town,
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown,
And its octagon tower toned smoothly down
As the holy minds within;
"And wondrous, impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit
The blackbird calls adown the street,
Like the piper of Hamelin."

Terrible indeed must have been the horrors of war to one of his nature. We find him writing home. "I am always homesick, I hear the roads calling and the hills, and the rivers wondering where I am. It is terrible to be always homesick. . . . What a pity the birds must suffer as we do!" Again in writing to Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) he says: "Remember me to every hill and wood and ruin, for my heart is there. If it is a clear day you will see Slane Hill, blue and distant. Say I will come back again surely and maybe you will hear pipes in the grass or a fairy horn and the hounds of Firan. I would give one hundred pounds for two days in Ireland with nothing to do but ramble from one delight to another." But the homesick lad died before he got the leave he longed for. "One is quite sure," says Mrs. Hinkson, "that the blameless soul of Francis Ledwidge, before it sped on its way to its ultimate source and goal, flew over the fields of Meath and hovered awhile near those scenes and friends for whom he had so tender and faithful an attachment. Presently out of his memory will come nothing but sweet—a bruised sweetness if you will—because he has gone to join the great company, taking with him so much of his message for the world and especially for his own country."

Elsewhere the same writer says: "The chariot of war had driven over him and left him untouched. He was still the boy who sat by the roadside in Meath, and loved the fields and the thorn-hedges and the long roads fringed with cow-parsley, and the blackbirds' note, and the color of blue with which all his poems are colored, and his own mother, and all simple and quiet loves." For proof of this we have only to read such lines as the following which he sent home from France, lines with no touch of war upon them.

The silence of maternal hills
Is round me in my evening dreams,
And round me, music making rills,
And mingling waves of pastoral streams.
Whatever way I turn, I find
The paths are old unto me still,
The hills of home are in my mind,
And there I wander as I will.

Who would dream that written from the theatre of war?

The primrose and the daffodil
Surprise the valleys, and wild thyme
Is sweet on every little hill,
When lambs come down at folding time.
In every wild place now is heard
The magpie's noisy notes and through
The mingled tunes of many a bird
The ruffled wood-dove's gentle coo
Sweet by the river's noisy brink
The water-lily bursts her crown,
The kingfisher comes down to drink
Like rainbow jewels falling down.
And when the blue and grey entwine
The daisy shuts her golden eye;
And peace wraps all those hills of mine
Safe in my dearest memory.

But in spite of dislike of war and his longing for home he was able to write:

"A keen-edged sword, a soldier's heart,
Is greater than a poet's art,
And greater than a poet's fame
A little grave that has no name."

This is how he thought of death, though I am not able to say whether these lines were written during the war or before:

But O, for truths about the soul denied!
Shall I meet Keats in some wild isle of balm,
Dreaming beside a tarn where green and wide
Boughs of sweet cinnamon protect the calm
Of the dark water! And together walk,
Through hills with dimples full of water where
White angels rest, and all the dead years talk
About the changes of the earth!

In view of the fact that the remains of this lad, sick at heart for "dear old Ireland," rest so far away from the land he loved, there is a tender pathos about the poem entitled "After my last Song" of which we quote but a few lines.

"Where I shall rest when my last song is over
The air is smelling like a feast of wine,
And purple breakers of the windy clover
Shall roll to cool this burning brow of mine,
And there shall come to me, when day is told,
The peace of sleep, when I am grey and old."

In most of his poems he reminds us of our own Lampman. His was a pure mind, too, like that of Lampman. In his work we find never a coarse thought, never a sensual word or phrase. Like Lampman, "His songs have thrilled the beauty-loving world, have made his name beloved in the hearts of all those to whom nature is really and truly their mother. He hated the cities:

"I must forever
Think of the hills upon the wilderness
And leave the city sunset to your song,
For there I am a stranger like the trees
That sigh upon the traffic all day long."

He has written so much about the blackbird, that he is often called "The poet of the blackbird." We must remember that the British blackbird, unlike our own, is a beautiful singer.

"And then three syllables of melody
Dropped from a blackbird's flute and died
apart,
Far in the dewy dark. No more but three;
Yet sweeter music never touched a heart
Neath the blue domes of London. Flute and reed
Suggesting feelings of the solitude
When will was all the Delphi I would heed."

"Had I a Golden Pound to Spend" is by many considered his best and is the one most often quoted:

Had I a golden pound to spend
My love should mend and sew no more,
And I would buy her a little quern
Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.
And for her windows, curtains white,
With birds in flight, and flowers in bloom,
To face with pride the road to town
And mellow down her sunlit room.
And with the silver change we'd prove
The truth of love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
Had I a golden pound to spend.

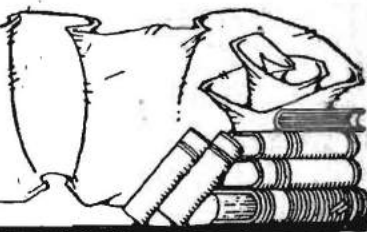
My own preference is for other of his poems such as this:

I took a reed and blew a tune
And sweet it was and very clear,
To be about a little thing
That only few hold dear.
Three times the cuckoo named himself,
But nothing heard him on the hill
Where I was piping like an elf.
The air was very still.
'Twas all about a little thing
I made a mystery of sound;
I found it in a fairy ring
Upon a fairy mound.

We'll Follow our Leader in Missions"—The Congregation



EDITORIAL



How Honest are We?

IN a recent article Mr. W. J. Burns, the well known United States detective, says that personally he has never known a time when the crook and the thief were so much in evidence as to-day. Of course this was expected to follow the war, but it is none the less serious. Mr. Burns admits that increasing the legal penalties will have some effect in discouraging this tendency to dishonesty, but he declares that the ultimate remedy must lie in the home and the "more careful supervision of children's education along moral lines." He would have us teach them not only that honesty is the best policy, but also that in the long run it is the most successful and remunerative. We wonder how many really believe this latter statement to be true! As we move amongst men we find only too prevalent an outspoken belief that dishonesty, so long as it is legal, pays better than honesty. And yet the detective is right. Crookedness and dishonesty do not pay.

In past years the temptations to dishonorable dealing on a large scale were in most instances restricted to comparatively few men, but to-day, especially in connection with the illicit liquor traffic, they come to men who never before were so approached. Only a few days ago we were told of a man who was offered a bribe of \$25,000 to lend his name and authority to the smuggling of a car-load of liquor. He refused, but someone else accepted. And we have been informed that not a few men have made \$100,000 in a few months in this disreputable and dangerous traffic. The men who engineer this traffic seem to act upon the belief that every man has his price, and they are willing to pay that price providing it be not too high.

But the man who has a price is not an honest man. It makes little difference what his price is, if he can be bought at all he is not an honest man. There are men who will lie or steal for \$5.00, and there are those who will not do it for less than \$100,000; but the point is that neither the low-priced nor the high-priced man is honest. Honesty that is for sale is not honesty. Honor that is on the market is not honor.

It is true that the men who get away with millions are sometimes at least clever enough to evade the law or rich enough to purchase their freedom, but neither their cleverness nor their wealth can restore to them their forfeited honor. A rogue may be a rich rogue, but he is still a rogue. His wealth may purchase immunity from prison, but it cannot remove the brand from his soul. He has sold himself for what is after all but a mess of pottage. Dishonorable wealth can build no mansion elaborate enough to cover its dishonor; it can purchase no jewels brilliant enough to dissipate the gloom of its guilt; and it can erect no barriers strong enough and high enough to shut out the avenging fates which always follow dishonor.

Dishonesty is of many kinds and some of its phases are not specified in the law, but the higher law is not concerned with what may be written upon the nation's statute book save as that writing corresponds with what is written in heaven's own law-book and in the heart of humanity. One of the laws of God which is found in varied phrases more or less perfectly in every statute book of man since the beginning of recorded time, is the simple and clear command "Do Justly." And it is this standard by which we must judge men rather than by an imperfect earthly law. And in our Churches, which after all are moulding our national conscience, we must seek to interpret this law as it relates to home life, business life, and the political life of to-day. Justice and honesty carry with them their own reward, and in the long run they pay, even in dollars and cents, infinitely better than injustice and fraud. The very universe frowns on the dishonest man.

The Need of Evangelism

IN many churches in many different sections of the country there is being expressed a conviction that the great need of the Church at present is evangelism, and many preachers and many laymen are wondering just what their duty is in this matter. The period of the war was

one of intense nervous strain and the reaction which was inevitable is now being felt, and there are some timorous souls who think that they see in it the end of all true religion. But the Church has before passed through times somewhat similar to these and she is still a power for good in the world, and she will surely survive the present time and go on in strength and beauty to her destined goal. But granting this, what is the Church's duty during the present period?

As we look around us we note some characteristic symptoms of moral relaxation in the wide-spread craze for amusements, and in the increase of self-indulgence of certain types, and these symptoms are clearly visible within as well as outside the Church. The noticeable increase in the tobacco habit, and the craze in certain quarters for dancing are but illustrations of the general relaxation which has naturally followed the hardships and terrific nerve-strain of the war. Face to face with these conditions, what is the Church's plain and inescapable duty?

First, we do not think it is our duty just at this juncture to inaugurate a vigorous crusade against these things. In this we know that we differ from some of those for whose opinions we have profound respect, but looking at the matter as calmly, conscientiously, and reasonably as we can, this is our conviction. There may come a time for such a crusade, but certainly that time does not appear to be the present. We do not mean that we should be wholly silent, but we do think a general and prolonged crusade would prove a serious blunder. It is well to remember the very trying years through which we have just passed and the unprecedented task which the nations were called upon to face, and to recall the fact that our present difficulties are intimately associated with those years of terrific stress and strain. And it is well to bear in mind that we are also faced with the fact that we have just put into force a prohibitory act, which has interfered very materially with the personal habits of some millions of citizens, and this fact in itself probably accounts for part of the reaction which we deplore. We cannot afford to forget that we are on the threshold of a new civilization, and we have need to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

This of itself affords a very palpable hint as to the type of evangelism which is called for. It should be emphatically a constructive evangelism, not occupied chiefly with the denunciation of sin so much as with the presentation of our Lord Jesus Christ as the all-sufficient Saviour of men, the One who alone can lead our war-shattered humanity back to sanity, purity, peace, and love. We believe that we have a salvation the like of which no other religions possess. We believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is sufficient for the sorest need of the most helpless sinners. We believe that there is such sweetness and light in the gospel of our Lord as can transfigure all life, young and old. And we believe that the Holy Spirit is able to make men always and everywhere victors over human weakness and sin. And with this message we can face the world's perplexities, sorrows, and sins with perfect confidence in the result.

But to-day as in the past the men who would preach this salvation effectively must know its power. It is only futile hypocrisy to preach a gospel in whose power we do not believe, and the only safe guide for the blind is the man who himself has received his sight. We know that in the days that are gone God has used men in the conversion of others who themselves had never been converted, but in the main men can only preach effectively the truth which has saved them from their sins. The work of God can best be done by the man of God, be he preacher or layman.

But what about "revival meetings?" In this matter each man whom the Church has placed as a spiritual leader of the people must use his own judgment. But we would like to say that no number of meetings will ever do away with the necessity of coming into personal relation with the man we wish to reach. Even if we hold a big meeting and gather hundreds into the Church, unless somehow we establish close personal relation between each individual and the Church the hundreds will soon dwindle into tens and possibly wholly disappear. To many of us this personal work

is so difficult as to seem almost impossible, and yet it means so much to the Church. There seems to be absolutely no substitute for it.

And as we reach after the adults let us not forget the children. It is unreasonable to expect in them the experience which would be natural in an adult, but a child's love and loyalty to the Lord is just as real and just as strong as that of the adult, and it seems an unreasonable and even wicked thing to say that the Church has had no revival when some scores of boys and girls have pledged themselves to Christ, even though no adults have been gathered into the Church. But the children must be reached by gentle, loving hands, and the parent, or preacher, or teacher should be the best fitted to lead that child into the Kingdom of God.

Getting People to Church

WE hear some lively discussions occasionally on empty pews, and if we listened to all that was said, and believed it, we should be tempted to conclude that the churches were empty, the movies were full, and the whole population was going straight to perdition at a furious rate, and the only remedy was to listen to the advice of some fire-eyed fanatic who alone held the true key to the situation. But we have heard these wails for a long while, and we think that our fathers and our grandfathers heard similar ones in their day. We are not of those who believe that everything is just as it ought to be and who deny that there is any need for reform; for we ourselves are conscious that occasionally perhaps we also may "hang our harps on the willows," but when we look about us in our sober senses and with what scanty mental endowment the Lord has blessed us, and compare the present with the past, we are persuaded that to-day is probably as church-going a day as we have ever had, let the prophets wail their worst.

But even if our generation was in this respect a sinner above all former generations we would still maintain that the right way to get men to go to church is not to proclaim from every housetop that the churches are empty and the people are all going astray. One of the best ways to keep people from church is to keep on preaching that the church is a failure. But if we want to get people to church we must use a different method.

One of our contemporaries says that the way to get people to church is to recognize first of all "that they do not have to go unless they want to." Of course it may be their duty, but the point is that there is no compulsion and church-going is a purely voluntary affair, and complaining about empty pews and quarrelling with men face to face will not do very much to fill the pews. It may be that human nature ought to be different to what it is and men ought to recognize that all our public and private scolding is for their own good, but usually they do not seem one bit grateful for our very best efforts in this direction, and they are more inclined than ever to shun the church with the scolding preacher. Under these circumstances it seems better policy to omit the scolding.

But if people are not compelled to come to church then we must try to make them want to come. This can be accomplished sometimes by means of the children. We have been surprised at times to see at an entertainment a man whom we had never seen in the church before, and we did not understand the case until we learned that his child was on the programme. It may be that child's part was very unimportant, but it was not so to that father, and so he was found in church. And probably if we looked into the matter closely we would be surprised beyond measure at the number of parents who have been brought into intimate relation with the church through their children. "A little child shall lead them" is just as applicable to-day as it was thousands of years ago; and the church which grips the children will have a pretty firm hold upon the fathers and mothers. Possibly in some cases the problem of empty pews is intimately connected with our neglect of the varied interests of the children.

But another very important factor comes into play.

If the Minister should Fail in Missionary Leadership

If the church-going is a voluntary affair then we must make the service appeal to the men we want to reach. It has been demonstrated in our history as a church that music has a wonderful attraction for many people, and hearty congregational singing has a charm all its own. Given beautiful words and melodies the congregation will make those words live, and many a man and woman have turned their steps towards the Methodist Church and away from the church of their fathers simply because, as they said, "The Methodists have such fine singing." Let us develop this helpful gift more and more!

But more important than the music is the sermon. It is true that everyone feels free to criticize it, and if every critic were a preacher we would have our preachers multiplied a thousand fold. And the criticism is often both unfair and unintelligent. And yet back of it all lies the recognition that the sermon is really a most important part in the church service. And if that sermon is to grip the crowd it must make a real appeal to them. It must appeal, to them in language which they can understand, it must deal with motives such as they can appreciate, and it must point to a goal which they recognize as a possible one. If the sermon is to attract men to church it must deal with something in which these men are vitally interested and it must deal with it in an intelligible and human fashion. The point is not so much whether the sermon contains truths which the people ought to know as whether it presents those truths in such a way as to interest the men to whom it makes its appeal. If we wish men to come to church to hear the sermon we must make the sermon such as will be well worth hearing. This is one way of getting people to church, and the heavy responsibility for this rests upon the preacher alone. It is a sobering thought, and it ought at least to compel us to take our preaching most seriously.

Ignorance of Bible Facts

A PECULIAR ignorance of Bible facts seems to be revealed in a recent test, when at the request of the principal of one of the largest public schools in the city of Hamilton an examination was held on a paper drawn up by an Anglican minister, and containing the following exceedingly simple questions:

1. How many commandments are there?
2. What happened on Christmas Day, many hundred years ago?
3. In what town was Jesus born?
4. Who was the mother of Jesus?
5. How many Apostles did Jesus call?
6. Name one of them.
7. On what day was Jesus crucified?
8. On what day did he rise from the dead?

These questions are not very happily worded as question 2, for instance, might admit of a dozen different answers, and questions 7 and 8 might be supposed to refer to the day of the month. But while this is so the results still seem rather startling. The average age of the pupils was 10½ years, and there were 160 of them. Twenty did not answer one question correctly; 64 did not know how many commandments there are; 97 did not know where Jesus was born; 111 could not tell the name of His mother; 122 could not give the name of one of the apostles; 121 did not know on what day Jesus was crucified; and 128 could not tell what day He rose from the dead.

What does this mean? Frankly we cannot say. It seems to us almost an impossibility that children of average intelligence and who attend church and Sunday school should be ignorant of these simple facts, and we prefer to think that the case was exceptional. And yet even so it is startling enough. Of course the children might have known much more than they told, and we must possibly make allowance for the fact that it is not what a child does not know that is the most important as what he does know; and it may be that the children knew a good deal more about Biblical facts than appears from the examination. But, even granting this, it should make us think.

We think the plan adopted by some superintendents of having regular written examinations in the Sunday school would at least reveal to us whether the teaching was effective or not. Our children ought to know something of the Bible, and it is the Church's business to see that they are taught as well as we can teach with the time at our disposal the truths which mean so much. It would be an interesting thing for any Sunday-school superintendent or for any pastor who believes that his young folks are really possessed of considerable knowledge of scripture to give the matter a fair test. It would probably be an enlighten-

ing thing and possibly the discoveries made might sober us considerably. We cannot think that the examination results referred to in this article would be reproduced in any considerable number of our congregations, and yet it might be worth while to try the experiment. But the questions asked should be more precise and definite than those which we quote, and should be such as would be a fair test of a pupil's knowledge of scripture.

Of course, a knowledge of scripture is not everything. The worst scholar in the school might know

the most scripture, and the best might know the least. A man may know the Bible from cover to cover and yet not know what salvation means. And it is vastly more important that our Sunday schools should produce pure and noble Christian lives than that they should produce merely clever students. But there is no necessary antagonism between knowledge and religion, and there is a suspicion that a school which is not teaching the scholars anything of scripture, is not doing the more important work of teaching them how to live Christian lives.



EDITORIAL IN BRIEF



POOR STEPHEN LEACOCK has been at it again. The professor seems to be exceedingly sensitive on the subject of prohibition, and he is reported in the *Daily Mail* as breaking forth in the following fashion:

"I think that prohibition is deplorable," he said. "The one man whom it has not impeded is the drunkard. Under prohibition, getting drunk occupies all his time, and his wife is more the 'picture-book' drunkard's wife than ever, because she has less money than ever, owing to the increased price of drink. I will write articles against prohibition at any time for any paper for nothing."

We suppose that the professor, living in Montreal, knows what he is talking about, but we living in Toronto, and not "seeing things" that are not there, wonder where he gets his facts. One thing is sure that the drunkard has largely disappeared from our streets, and if there are "drunkards" who spend more time getting drunk now than when Toronto was wet we have yet to make their acquaintance. Where does the professor get all his "facts" anyway! To us they look decidedly queer.

SOMEONE has been experimenting with plants to discover their mode of growth, and his recording instrument, which notes a movement as small as a millionth of an inch, seems to show that a plant does not grow, as many supposed, continuously and steadily, but rather by leaps and jerks. And yet we will still continue to insist that children must not proceed this way, but must learn to move steadily and without such leaps and jerks. Poor children! What fools some of us parents are! We seem to show more reason and good sense in raising cabbages than we do in raising our own flesh and blood.

WE referred not long ago to an aged woman in England who had spent most of her long life in prison. Now we have a case in Ontario. A Mrs. Thompson has just been released from Kingston penitentiary, where she has spent the greater part of the past thirty years, having been convicted five or six times for shop-lifting and pocket-picking. She is now free, but the years of penitentiary life seem strangely devoid of any reformatory influence. We cannot help wondering if the penitentiary is really the best place for such offenders.

THE British Columbia Government is its own bar-tender, and the Hon. J. D. McLean, the provincial secretary, declares that the business is profitable, the profits averaging about \$40,000 a week or \$2,080,000 a year. So far as the money goes this seems to be a very remunerative business, but we have no hesitation in saying that instead of the Province being \$2,000,000 better off for a year's whiskey selling, it will be probably at the lowest estimate \$5,000,000 or more worse off than before. Liquor impoverishes while it debauches.

JUST what the attitude of Christian Science is to Christ has puzzled some of our people. Sibyl M. Huse, author of a new work on Christian Science, explains that attitude as follows:

"The second coming of Christ is attended by similar conditions, only that, at this hour, the feminine concept, or Eve, must give way to the Christ. The point of least resistance in the whole human feminine concept was Mary Baker Eddy. She yielded up the ghost of material conception, and the compound Christ, as both male and female, and yet neither

male nor female in any human sense, is now apprehended.

"...Its Discoverer and Founder, now so widely known to the world as Mary Baker Eddy, but understood by her advanced followers to be identical with the Christ idea, that has always led the children of Israel after the spirit.

"There is and can be but one Leader of Christian Science, the Christ, first apprehended as the man Jesus and in this, our day, as the woman, Mary Baker Eddy."

This, written in the singularly lucid style for which Christian Science is famous, will perhaps puzzle some of our readers who are accustomed to associate meaning with words, but at least one thing seems to be fairly clear and that is that the Christ who was manifested in Jesus long ago is the same exactly who was manifested in the woman, Mary Baker Eddy, and there is no doubt that to Christian Scientists Mrs. Baker's unintelligible jargon is equally authoritative with the teaching of Christ Jesus.

A MODERN doctor of philosophy, addressing a class of high school girls recently, advised them to keep their eyes open and not accept the first boy in sight. He declared that two-thirds of the brilliant young men of to-day are bogus and are destined to be penniless nobodies. And he strongly advised against marrying "a mass of empty brain cells" and then "living in a shack for the rest of your life." We wonder what kind of a grouch that Ph.D. had against those "masses of empty brain cells!" We notice invariably when anyone indulges in such sweeping invectives, he evidently regards himself as a brilliant exception. This old world isn't quite so bad as some people love to paint it. And the boys and girls are turning out fairly well, considering their parents.

BETELGUESE is not the largest star, even though its diameter is 3,000,000 miles. Professor A. A. Michelson told the National Academy of Sciences, at Chicago, a few days ago, that Antares, in the constellation of Scorpio, is certainly larger than Betelguese, although it is not yet certain how much it exceeds the other. At the same meeting Professor Bernhardt exhibited photographs of the "milky way," which demonstrated to his satisfaction that the dark spots in the "milky way" were not holes or openings, but really non-luminous bodies thrown into relief when projected against the bright background of distant stars. It is still a most fascinating study to consider the moon and the stars which God has ordained.

OUR sincere and hearty congratulations are tendered to a brother editor, John Redpath Dougall, of the *Montreal Witness*, who has just been honored with the degree of LL.D. from McGill University. Dr. Dougall was a graduate in arts from McGill in 1860. He was born in Montreal in 1841 and his father founded the *Witness* there in 1846. His devotion to the highest interests of the people and his concern always for public morality and the betterment of human conditions have been the marked features of his work as newspaper editor and proprietor. His devotion to good causes has not always brought business advantage and reward, but it has won for him the highest honor and esteem of all who know him. Dr. Dougall is a prominent member of the Congregational Church, and has always taken a deep interest in the work of the Sunday school.



Alexandra—Queen Mother of England

ON the 1st of December, 1844, a daughter was born to the Prince and Princess Christian, of Glücksburg, in the Gule Palais at Copenhagen, and at her christening a few days later she was named Alexandra Caroline, Marie, Charlotte Louise Julie, and she was destined to become Queen Alexandra of England.

The book which has just come from the press, written by W. R. H. Trowbridge and having an introduction by Walburga, Lady Paget, who played an important part in arranging the marriage of the Danish Princess to the young Prince of Wales, is not a biography in the true sense of the word. The author in his preface says: "Though a Queen, august, beautiful and good, is the central figure, the background, which throws into high relief her gracious personality, is scarcely less important. This background is the epoch that has passed, leaving, like a brilliantly setting sun, a long, gorgeous trail behind it."

We learn something of the life of the Danish people, their love for the Princess whom they claim, saying "She is ours still; she is Danish," and the political situation in Denmark during the latter part of the last century.

The introduction of Alexandra to the people of England was one of the most remarkable events of its kind in history, and the wedding which followed three days later was one of the "utmost magnificence," as Queen Victoria wished it to be. The press was eulogistic and it was on the wedding morning that Tennyson's famous "Welcome" appeared in the *Times*.

"Sea king's daughter from over the sea,

Alexandra!

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome
of thee,

Alexandra!"

Both as Princess of Wales and Queen, she has always been interested in charity and philanthropy and it is largely due to her interest that the nursing profession rose from its degrading condition to its present honorable position. She herself and her sister, the Empress Marie, were taught by their mother, the art of nursing, and Alexandra III once said, "There are no better nurses in the world than the daughters of the King of Denmark." When at the end of fifty years residence in England the people wished to give the Queen a token of their regard for her, a committee was formed "with the object of expressing the people's affection for Queen Alexandra by calling attention to the needs of the hospitals, convalescent homes and other kindred charitable institutions in which she was interested." And so Alexandra Day was inaugurated. And during the Great War, in a simple little black gown, she went around London on her many errands of mercy.

Alexandra captured the hearts of the English people as a bride, and during all the intervening years, as Lady Paget says, she has always held and still holds the love and devotion of the nation.

—Queen Alexandra. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$5.00.

great influence with the children who frequent the House of Books, but it is obvious that they cannot give the time and instruction to each individual child that the homemaker can give. They can, however, tell the homemaker what books to read herself—that will make the task a delightful one—and can give lists of books that may be purchased for the home library.

Not long ago I read an article entitled "When Women Will," telling how the women in a middle western town in the United States, fought for a library in their own town and in the outlying districts. It was not an easy fight, for they had against them a group of politicians who stopped at nothing that would bring defeat to the women's cause. But they had decided that their children and they themselves needed those libraries to help in the work of making theirs an ideal community, and so they overcame all the obstacles put in their way and today have a very beautiful building, a community centre that stands for beauty, culture and service.

However, it is the library in the home that the homemaker and the children love best. Here are gathered all the old friends, and one homemaker told the Book Lover not long ago that nothing gave her more pleasure than to take one of these from the shelves and introduce him to her children. And it is here that the children keep their very own books. And they must be placed, of course, where the children can reach them easily. It is a great joy to see books placed correctly on the shelves, they look so much at home. The Book Lover quite frequently glances over her books to see that they are all looking perfectly contented and happy, and that each is in his or her own place.

Yes, homemakers, the task is essentially yours, and it is so worth while. To be able to lead the younger generation down the road that leads to the magic land of worth-while reading, is a great and wonderful privilege, and one to be used with much wisdom and discretion.

Verse and Reverse

This is the title of the book just issued by The Toronto Women's Press Club containing contributions of verse by the club members. It is tastefully bound in blue, with the title in gold lettering beneath which is the insignia of the club, a quill pen. In the prefatory notes we are told that while the quality of the work is not even, it is thought that much will be found to please in the volume, and that the reader who asks chiefly for human interest in poetry, will find it there. There are contributions from the pen of the president, Florence Deacon

Black, Jean Blewett, Katherine Hall and Jean Graham, the editor of *The Canadian Home Journal*. Virna Sheard, whose "Golden Apple Tree" appeared last year, is a contributor, as is also L. M. Montgomery of "Anne" fame, and many others whose names are familiar in the literary world. The book is contained in an envelope bordered with holly, and seems to be urging to be sent away to show the outside world just what the press women of Toronto can do. The price of the volume is 50c. and it may be procured at the Methodist Book Room.

To the Land of Worth-while Reading

A STREET car at the rush hours is a splendid place to study humanity, as well as get one's feet stepped upon, patience worn to shreds and lose one's temper. That last phrase is rather misleading. At such a time one doesn't lose a temper; on the contrary it is very much in evidence. However, we were going home together the other night, the Book Lover and I, and we sat beside two young girls, one about thirteen and the other seventeen years old. The younger one was reading an Elsie book, the second or third of that almost endless series, and her companion, one of those paper bound books that used to be called a *dime novel*, though they cost more than that now. The Book Lover looked at me and I knew she was wishing she might take those two books and tear them up into very small

pieces. But what could she give those girls to read? Their tastes had not been trained. They had not been led along the road to the land of worth-while reading.

And who should lead the girls along that road, if not the homemaker? She wants her girls to read the right kind of books, but perhaps she is so busy with the many household duties and her life so bound up within the four walls of her home, that she has not time to think about books and never reads them herself. The hundreds and hundreds of homemakers who do find time to read and to supervise the reading of their children must try to lead the others down that road. And it is just here that the public library, with its trained librarians and story tellers, does a great work. The children's librarian and the story lady have a

The Interesting Creator of "Alice"

Scarcely a year passes that does not see a new edition of Lewis Carroll's whimsical classic, "Alice in Wonderland." The latest Canadian edition has just come from the press of the Macmillans, in Canada, and contains not only "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" but "Through the Looking Glass" as well. The first edition of "Alice" appeared in 1865, and the original grotesque illustrations, by John Tenniel, have been used for this latest reprint. Lewis Carroll, as most grown-ups know, is the pen-name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English mathematician and author of a number of books with learned titles. His fame, however, rests on the story of the dream-child, "Alice," whose absurdities have delighted both children and grown-ups alike.

In his interesting autobiography, recently issued, Edward Bok describes

the difficulty he encountered in securing an interview with the creator of "Alice." When at last an introduction had been secured to Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, a tutor in mathematics, this gentleman refused to acknowledge the identity of Lewis Carroll.

"Do I understand, Mr. Dodgson," exclaimed Mr. Bok, "that you are not 'Lewis Carroll,' that you did not write 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

For answer the tutor rose, went into another room and returned with a book which he handed to Mr. Bok. "That is my book," he said. It was entitled "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," by C. L. Dodgson, and was a copy of the book which Mr. Dodgson had sent to Queen Victoria when she requested a personal copy of the famous story. Though Mr. Bok tried for two hours to break down the Englishman's reserve, his efforts were quite unsuccessful. Charles L. Dodgson simply was not "Lewis Carroll" to his American interviewer.

"I Will NOT Fail in Missionary Leadership"—The Minister

A Mark Twain Trap

By W. T. Miller

An Unpublished Story Related by the Humorist to the Writer on a Railway Train

IT often happens that humorists do not write their best stories for the delectation of the public. One instance, in point, occurred when Mark Twain told the writer how he turned the tables on his unfaithful servants. Thus it happened that one of his most amusing stories was accidentally saved for his readers.

One fall afternoon in the late seventies, the writer stumbled upon Mark in the smoking room of a parlor car. We were bound for New York City. Mark was comfortably seated with his faithful old pipe locked securely between his teeth and his feet snugly ensconced within well worn slippers. He was gazing out the window, through the graceful smoke-wreaths from his pipe, which was working overtime. The writer deeply regrets being unable to recall his exact words, or even a fragmentary part of them, but forty years and over is a long time and he would fain hide behind a none-too-accurate and trustworthy memory. Albeit, he willingly played the role of a good listener and drank at the fountain of a busy brain overflowing with mirth and humor.

In relating the servant incident, he told how during the summer he entrained for New York, chiefly on a matter of business and incidentally to investigate conditions at his city home, which was closed and left in charge of the servants.

As he neared the house, rather late in the evening, he found the basement ablaze with light, and to his great astonishment, the door was swung wide open and no servants in sight, either within or without. He pondered over the situation and quickly resolved to teach his servants a lesson which would leave an indelible impression. Accordingly he ascended to his sleeping quarters, leaving the lights on and the door wide open, just as he had found them. Partially disrobing and lighting his inevitable pipe he sat bolstered up on the bed, with a book in hand and awaited developments. He soon heard footsteps below and the slamming and locking of the basement door. The psychological moment had arrived. He touched a button and the bell in the basement told the servants, with no uncertain tone, that it was from his bedroom and that evidently it was there that they were wanted.

The manner in which he described the various noises, as the trembling servants wended their way skyward, was droll and masterful.

Well, the final scene was enacted when the servants, quaking with fear, were lined up at the foot of his bed and received their verbal punishment, which was mainly confined to Mark's opinions on breach of trust and misplaced confidence. Never again! was the mental resolve stamped indelibly on the minds of the culprits.

Toronto, Ont.

Two Outstanding Books of Canadian Fiction

By Betty B. Hall

TWO outstanding books of Canadian fiction published this season are "Our Little Life" by Miss J. G. Sime, and "Maria Chapdelaine" by Louis Hemon, translated by W. H. Blake. Although both are noteworthy additions to Canadian literature neither was written by a native-born Canadian. Miss Sime is an Englishwoman, whose residence in Montreal has doubtless furnished the material for her book. Louis Hemon was a Frenchman who spent several years in the Province of Quebec, and familiarized himself with the life of the pioneer habitant. Both books are distinguished by the sympathetic quality and sincerity of their character delineations. Both are typical of French Canada; yet the settings are wholly unlike. Miss Sime's book is a detailed study of certain types in the sordid environment of a Montreal apartment house. Louis Hemon's is a simple tale of pioneer life in the frozen northlands of Quebec. Essentially different in locale, they are alike in this, that in both environments—that of the city, that of the country—are to be found strength of character, courage, clear perception of duty, determination to perform it.

Until the publication of "Our Little Life" no writer of books had attempted, through literary artistry, to reveal to Canadian readers the dramatic elements that are to be found in the life of a Canadian city. In selecting for

characterization types peculiar to a Montreal apartment house, situated in the midst of noise and grime and squalor, Miss Sime has done something distinctive in Canadian literature. She has revealed to Canadians another section of themselves. "Our Little Life" is the supremely moving story of Katie McGee—dressmaker by the day—Irish by birth, Canadian by adoption, and of Robert Fulton, an unassimilated, lonely Englishman, whom fate has placed in unsuitable and uncongenial surroundings. Primarily, it is the story of their friendship, despite a dissimilarity in age and education. Incidentally, it is a character delineation of the dwellers in Penelope's Buildings, and of the little dressmaker's patrons, as seen through the shrewdly appraising eyes of Miss McGee. To Miss McGee, Robert Fulton brings the consecutive chapters of his "Canada Book," a thesis on the manual worker. This thesis Robert conceives to be written from the viewpoint of the worker, but Miss McGee, with her more practical knowledge and wisdom, soon realizes that it is not based on any real knowledge of the people whom it attempts to describe. In the reading of this book Miss McGee comes to know Robert Fulton better than he knows himself, and to love him with an affection that is almost maternal in its strength and unselfishness.

"Maria Chapdelaine" might have been called "An Idyll of French-Can-

adian Life" for that is what it really is, an idyll in prose with the epic quality of a poem. One does not read "Maria Chapdelaine" for the plot, for of plot there is almost none. Yet, with such fidelity has the translator kept to the spirit of his creation, that on finishing the book—at one sitting—the reader from another province than Quebec catches his breath with a gasp at finding himself back in a totally different environment. To say that Louis Hemon has painted a realistic picture of pioneer life in Quebec seems almost as inadequate as to say that an actual participant in the drama of life experiences merely the sensations of an on-

looker at a pantomime. With rare fidelity the writer of "Maria Chapdelaine" has reproduced the peculiar quality of sweetness and peace that invested the little house of Chapdelaine far off in the woods; the quenchless spirit of youth which keeps alive in the countryman of Quebec his imperishable simple-heartedness; the humility, the courage, the faith, the joyousness of the Quebec pioneer; Marie, herself, beautiful, modest, patient, strong to suffer and endure.

—*Our Little Life*. By A. G. Sime. (Toronto: Frederick D. Goodchild).

—*Maria Chapdelaine*. By Louis Hemon. (The Macmillan Company, Toronto.)

Authors' Odd Errors

By N. Tournear

DEFOE is usually quoted as one of the classical examples of forgetfulness, when he makes Robinson Crusoe to fill his pockets, when undressed, with biscuits before his swimming out to the wreck. But, was Defoe really mistaken in his details? His attitude toward correctness of details is high impeccable, and it is open to belief he had in his mind's eye the fact that Crusoe had undressed only to his short breeches, that important item in male clothing, in the early eighteenth century. The author certainly overlooked the matter of the biscuits becoming soppy. But ship's biscuits then were, and still are, of a quality which withstands much soaking.

At any rate, Defoe did not make such an error as did Sir Walter Scott, in causing the full moon to rise in the west, or the other Sir Walter—Besant—in putting the new moon at 2 a.m. in the east, "The Children of Gideon."

An equally careless slip is to be found in Browning's popular, historical poem, "Herve Riel."

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter, through the blue

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Pace.

Browning is wrong as to the date. Admiral Russel sent the French vessels helter-skeltering on the morning of May twenty-first, 1692.

Dickens is almost as chargeable as Scott for author's mistakes. In instance, Mr. Pickwick partakes of a draught of ale in the "Leather Bottle," Cobham, an ale-house, and that same night has also his convivial glass of brandy-and-water in the same house; notwithstanding an ale-house was, and is, simply an ale-house and no dispensary of spirits. Again, woodbine and honeysuckle are one and the same; yet—"A humble dwelling, probably possessing a porch ornamented with honeysuckle and woodbine" (Our Mutual Friend). "The lattice, where the honeysuckle and woodbine entwined their slender stems" (The Old Curiosity Shop). Other mistakes of his are better known; among them, Squeers putting his pupils to hoe turnips in mid-winter. Or that dealing with the Kenwigs baby, that "had begun to eat like anything"—only a few hours after birth.

Thackerary, careful worker though he was, also nodded, occasionally. In "Esmond," Rachael Esmond Warrington mentions in the preface, which the author makes her date in 1778, that

Rochambeau had come to England. The famous French soldier did not cross the Channel till 1780. Perhaps this is infection from Scott's laxity in dates and periods. Again in "Esmond," the author writes of a river feeding and throwing out tributaries instead of receiving them. "What! does a stream rush out of a mountain free and pure, to roll through fair pastures, to feed and throw out bright tributaries, and to end in a village gutter?"

Perhaps, however, the greatest howler of all is the error Mrs. Humphrey Ward makes about Canada in "Fenwick's Career." The author sends Phoebe Fenwick to a fruit farm in the Hamilton district, Ontario, where Phoebe finds work as a housekeeper. "It was an apple farm running down to Lake Superior." Certainly, a rather extensive apple farm. Little wonder poor Phoebe after running about over the farm and doing her housework felt so tired at night that she could not undress.

Children's Book Week in Toronto Public Library

Children's Book Week in Toronto was given a splendid introduction by a Stevenson evening, when, on the Anniversary of the birth of the children's poet, the children's libraries (twenty-one in number) invited their friends to hear the story of the "Road of the Loving Heart," by Miss Jackson, two groups of Stevenson songs by Miss Willcock's, and an address by Mr. William MacDonald MacKay, who has a library of Stevensoniana, and was acquainted with the family in the Old Country.

This is the ninth year for the Exhibition of Children's Books in the Toronto Public Library and much the most successful. How great the work being done in this department may be imagined from the report that the circulation of books among boys and girls will this year reach half a million!

A little girl, whose father is widely known as a writer of humorous stories, was recently approached by a visitor who said, "It must be nice to have a papa who knows so many fine stories." The little girl blushed and hung her head. "Aren't you proud of your papa?" the visitor asked. "Yes," the little girl answered, "but I think I ought to tell you something." "What is it?" "The stories of my papa's aren't stories at all." "Not stories?" "No." And in a deep, hoarse whisper, the child confessed. "He makes them all up out of his own head."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

"We Will NOT Fail in Missionary Stewardship"—The Congregation.

IT is raining outside. What is more it has been raining for three days. If it has stopped during that time it must have been while I was asleep, for I have not as yet discovered any abatement in the steady downpour. Even in normal times everyone talks about the weather over here. It is quite an important subject. Newspapers give columns to it, while old gentlemen will chatter about it for hours around the fireplace and tell you how different it used to be thirty years ago. But this summer and fall have provided a legitimate reason for such conversation, not that any was needed, for it has been almost unprecedented. Such heat and sunshine! Up till the last week or so rain has been practically unknown. The green of the velvety turf has been blotched with brown and the whole countryside looked parched. But all that is changed now and normal November weather prevails. That means rain, fog and a penetrating, damp chilliness. As a Canadian, I have been tempted to feel depressed the last few days and to long for at least a fleeting glimpse of the sun. Any tentative complaints I made, however, were met with the cheerful retort, "Ah, but this is good old English weather." The natives actually seem to be happy about it; but I think I know the real reason for their apparent cheerfulness. It is not due to any love for rain and wet, but rather to the fact that we are now experiencing the usual. According to tradition this is the way the weather man should act. A change, even if for the better, is not appreciated. It is the force of habit at work again.

This is Armistice week. Three years ago Friday the guns ceased to fire and it was all over. After this considerable period of peace one can hardly blame the ex-service man for being a bit discouraged as he looks around. The "war to end war," and "land fit for heroes to live in," phrases once taken in such deadly earnest, now only provoke an ironical smile. Superficially, even the character of the Armistice Day itself seems to be deteriorating. It is becoming an ordinary public holiday, a day for enjoyment and hilarious revelry. The papers are full of amusement notices; "Great armistice night dance," "enjoy armistice night," "special performances Friday," and so on. But underneath the heart of the nation beats true. It appreciates the sacred character of the day and the sacrifices that made it possible. One sees throughout the country, even in the smallest villages, war memorials to the fallen, usually simple, dignified columns of stone; mute testimony to the respect and reverence in which the dead are held. In villages they are usually erected on the green, the centre of the community life of England's sturdy yeoman class. Henceforth those village greens will form a connecting link between that peaceful little community and the sacred soil of Flanders, the sun-kissed sands of Mesopotamia and the fatal fields of Gallipoli. The children of generations yet unborn will play around the bases of these pillars and learn with pride of the deeds of those whose names are inscribed thereon. The memorials are always kept decorated with flowers from the relatives and friends of those who fell, but now as November 11 approaches, the grey of the stone is almost hidden by wreaths. Truly they are not dead whose memory is kept so green.

Parliament has met once again and no graver issues ever confronted a British House. Though fully realizing the salutary effect of a strong and unified opposition in providing the checks and balances necessary in representative government, one feels glad that one party has the overwhelming confidence

At the Heart of the Empire

A Letter by a Canadian in England

of the nation and that one leader has almost dictatorial powers in dealing with the questions at issue. This is no time for quibbling politics, but for decisive statesmanship. Lloyd George with his usual tactical skill has forced the "die hard" Unionists, the "cry hards" as one paper calls them, into the open and to state their reactionary and impossible policy on the Irish question. By doing so he was given an overwhelming vote of confidence.

The Irish conference still goes on, with irritating slowness. It has already had one negative result, namely, in preventing Lloyd George from attending at Washington where his name and influence would have a tremendous effect. One wonders how near the conference was to breaking up over De Valera's letter to the Pope. If that was his aim it nearly succeeded, but fortunately the crisis was averted. As the Ems telegram is famous as an example of clever trickery, so is De Valera's likely to become equally infamous of an exhibition of insane lack of judgment. Truly the Sinn Fein is unfortunate in its leader. The prevailing view here is that a way out will be found with Ireland having the status of a dominion. Ulster is the question on which the success of the negotiations hangs. Will she be willing to become a province in a Dominion of Ireland. The question of allegiance, in spite of all the fuss it has caused, is no longer vital. The fact that the Sinn Feiners came to the conference at all shows that they have given way on that point. A happy and peaceful solution of the whole affair would be a wonderful Christmas present to the Empire, indeed, to the world.

Lord Grey of Fallodon, still better known as Sir Edward, has announced his readiness to re-enter the political world and the announcement has, on the whole, been welcomed. It was associated, of course, with the statement of Lord Robert Cecil that he was ready to serve with the former foreign minister. But, as one London daily remarks, "one swallow does not make a spring nor two manifestoes a counter-coalition." Neither man can ever hope to displace Lloyd George. The country has respect, but little enthusiasm, for them both. They do not inspire, which surely is the essential quality of a successful political leader.

Trade conditions and unemployment show no signs of improving, but one can hardly accuse the Government with justice of not doing their utmost to hasten the return of prosperity. England is still considered by many on the other side of the Atlantic as an old-fashioned sort of place. It may surprise such persons to learn that the amount devoted to public assistance by the Government rose from 25 millions of pounds in 1891 to 332 millions in 1920 and that no fewer than 58 per cent. of the population are at this moment receiving aid from the state in some form or other. I wonder if any other country in the world has gone so far in providing government assistance to the citizen. To the conservative it savors of the direct descent to state socialism. And yet, so far ahead in some respects, in others the Mother country seems to lag behind.

The cause of temperance is a notable example. It is, we know, making progress, but that progress is slow and made against tremendous opposition. All the old cries of personal liberty, so long discredited in Canada, are

shouted out here as an unanswerable argument. All the resources of a tremendously powerful and well organized trade are lavishly expended in fighting even the smallest measure of reform. America is forever being put forward as a hideous, horrible example of a country rapidly rushing to ruin through prohibition, and the facts of the case are distorted beyond all conception. Apparently every single Englishman who lands at New York or Boston and remains there a day or so before returning, constitutes himself a committee of one to report, on his arrival home, of the devastating effect of prohibition from Mexico to Canada and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What is more, he can always be sure of obtaining plenty of publicity for such views, in contrast with the person who is trying to state the other, and what we know to be the true side of the case, whose statements, if they are published at all, can usually be found in a few lines on the lower left hand corner of the back page.

A notable exception, which proved the rule, was the address delivered by Sir Arthur Newsholme before the Royal Society of Medicine a few weeks ago. Having for the last two years resided in the United States, where he was engaged in professional work at Johns Hopkins Hospital, and having been before that medical officer to the Local Government Board here, he seems qualified to speak on the subject. His remarks were given some prominence in one of the London papers, though in one only, and should help to counteract the campaign of misrepresentation being waged, for he staunchly upheld the benefits of prohibition and brought weighty evidence in support of his views. A comment on his address by the same paper was as follows: "In view of the relations between this country and the United States, it is desirable that, now and again, at any rate, the truth on this subject (prohibition) should be allowed to appear in the English press. We have failed to discover any reports of Sir Arthur Newsholme's lecture in that portion of the press which has most assiduously inculcated the statements which every honest and fair-minded man knows to be false." Would that there were more of such outspoken comments.

On the other hand, a noted Canadian, Stephen Leacock, who is visiting this country on a lecture tour and receiving an amount of attention as to rival, in this respect, moving picture stars and prize fighters, has seen fit to state to the press that he is willing at any time to speak without charge—mark that, without charge—against prohibition. Having crossed the ocean with the aforementioned gentleman, I am in doubt as to whether his statement was inspired by the love of speaking, the desire to show his contempt for money or by a dislike of prohibition. He exhibited traces of all three characteristics on board.

While speaking of this matter, I am reminded of the effusion of one London reporter who clearly excelled himself in the following sentences: "The brilliant Canadian, Stephen Leacock, can be seen early any morning strolling in the park. He misses the mental elbow room which a walk before breakfast in his native mountains is accustomed to afford him. The best substitute he can find in London is Hyde Park." Rather a good example of unconscious humor. I wonder where those native

mountains are that one can reach in a before-breakfast constitutional from Montreal. He is presumably referring to Mount Royal, though no doubt describing it, as "our native mountains" would give Hamiltonians great cause for offence, to say nothing of those who live in the shadows of the great Rockies. Or probably it is simply a geographical error. I have been asked twice during the last month whether Toronto was in Canada or the United States, so it is beyond the bounds of possibility that the enterprising journalist thought that Montreal was somewhere in British Columbia. Possibly the reporter was not sure where his hero lived, but took the risk of some "native mountains" being in the neighborhood. But enough of such speculations, interesting though they prove to be.

Dr. John Clifford, the famous veteran of nonconformity in England, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday not long ago and the *Sunday Observer* took the occasion to send him a question. "What are the most appropriate lessons for the present time suggested by your long experience?" I wish his reply could have been printed in every paper throughout the English-speaking world. Probably it has appeared in Canada. At any rate, it is much too lengthy to quote, but the ending is fine indeed. After discussing the evils that beset the world to-day he concludes with the following words: "There is no ground for despondency though, and every reason for faith in God and in the immeasurable value of goodness. The fires of God are cleansing the thought and the life of the world. Consequences are opening our eyes to causes. The teaching of Jesus is as clear as it is authoritative. The longer I live the stronger is my confidence in the teaching I learnt from my mother as a lad. Find out the right and follow it in scorn of consequences."

What an inspiring message from a great and good man. If true for an individual, how much more so is it for a nation, for a world. "Find out the right and follow it in scorn of consequences."

A New Set of Dickens

Our old friends are visiting us again, this time in a very becoming new dress, but they are the same old friends whose acquaintance we made many years ago. Mr. Micawber gazes at us from the slip cover of David Copperfield, Sairey Gamp still talks of Mrs. Arris, the Old Curiosity Shop is in the same place, and the Cratchit's Christmas Dinner still has the effect of making one very hungry.

The binding is of cloth in the cheery Christmas color, with the initials C. D. as a decoration, while the illustrations are the original ones on a good quality paper. The slip covers on which colored reproductions of the main character in each story appears, add considerably to the attractiveness of the set. Thomas Nelson & Sons are the publishers and the price is \$1.75 a volume.

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New Books of the Season

—*Nightfall*. By Anthony Pryde. (The Ryerson Press: Toronto.)

The plot of this story involves but half a dozen people, and yet two of the men are in love with the wife of another, and the hero of the story makes no secret of the fact that he has been considerable of a roué, and he says all other men are the same; yet the author marries this man of forty, who is by the way a wealthy Jew, to a pure young English girl of twenty, and she is supposed to live happily ever after. The story has its strong points, but the theory of one moral standard for men and another for women is not one of them.

—*Out Where The World Begins*. By Abe Cory. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$1.50. net.

This is a wildly improbable tale of mysterious Tibet. Given a girl who will venture alone into that semi-barbarous land, and who will do this without any special aim and absolutely no knowledge of the language; and given some half-civilized Tibetan bandits who want a wife, and a young missionary doctor who has located in Tibet, and the reader may imagine the rest. The tale is thrilling enough and there is in it some useful information about Tibet.

—*The Quest of Alistair*. By Robert Allison Hood. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$2.00.

A story of ranch life in British Columbia. The hero is a young Scotch lawyer, and a love story mixed up with a good deal of rough-house stuff runs through the book from beginning to end. The moral of the book is excellent, but somehow the characters are not very attractive, in fact they do not seem sufficiently real.

—*Rilla of Ingleside*, by L. M. Montgomery. (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.) \$2.00.

In this new book, Miss Montgomery gives the story of Anne's daughter Marilla, called by her brother "Rilla-my-Rilla." Miss Cornelia and Susan take an active part in the work of Glen St. Mary's during the war, when the boys of both Ingleside and the Manse are overseas. The story is typical of the small Canadian community during war time.

—*The Hickory Stick*. By Nina Moore Jamieson. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$2.00.

This is the story of the school-teacher in a small Canadian community. It depicts the struggle the town-bred girl had to make to get the proper equipment for teaching, and her endeavor to make life in the community brighter and happier. There is a romance which does not run at all smoothly, but which, of course, ends happily.

The Joy Books

This is a series of little books for children that are sure to be greatly appreciated. They are bound in pretty red cloth, illustrated with live drawings and the stories are not only interesting but of excellent literary quality. Among the books in the series are "Old Peter's Russian Tales," three volumes, by Arthur Ransome; "The Story of Mr. Velvet-Pile," by Gladys Davidson; "Mr. Why and Mr. What," by Brenda Girvin; "A Cat and Dog Life," by Gladys Davidson, and many others too numerous to mention. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons.) 35 cents each.

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IN BUSINESS

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IN THE HOME

A mother on finishing her course writes:

"When I first decided upon subscribing for the Pelman Course my husband said I would never finish it, believing that my household and social duties would prevent. I soon found that determination to regulate the household affairs more efficiently gave me time for study and as I advanced I became enthralled with the course. It has been a constant delight. Much of my timidity has disappeared, and recently I prepared and read a paper before the Missionary Society, something that in former years would never have been attempted."

WHAT A UNIVERSITY GRADUATE FOUND

An honor graduate from one of our Universities, now filling a responsible position with a large Corporation, writes:

"The great benefit I have received from the course is the revelation of the workings and power of the human mind. If I had only known how my mind worked during my college life, I know I should have attained success sooner.

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"The course has been a great source of mental development. Books that used to be as dry as dust have become to me real living realities, and my pulpit work has a new delight.

"Any one who will thoroughly digest its teachings on Interest, Aim, Energy, Willpower, Concentration, Personal Magnetism, Analysis and Self-expression will receive a great inspiration. I would not have missed this course for many times its cost."

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These are but a few of the recommendations taken at random from our files. Our library of personal letters would fill every column of The Christian Guardian for weeks to come. But these few notes, from people of unquestioned calibre, show that all who make up their minds to succeed will take Pelmanism at once. Don't put off the good day when "The Twelve Little Grey Books" shall reveal your powers and possibilities and teach you what fine things life has in store. Send the coupon at once for full and free particulars. No one is pressed to enroll.

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Youth and Service

Senior Epworth League Topics

Senior Topic for December 11th

Privileges of Membership in God's Family

(See Young Church Member, Lesson 6)

WHEN one attempts to enumerate the privileges of membership in God's great human family, the difficulty is to know when to begin or to end. We who live in this 20th century are indeed the heirs of the ages. In the suggestive words of Jesus: "Other men have labored, and we have entered into their labors." Like the people of Israel, who, when they entered the promised land, found themselves possessors of houses and cities which they had not builded, orchards and vineyards which they had not planted, and fields of grain which they had not sown, so we to-day are the inheritors of countless privileges which were won or secured through the toil and suffering of others.

We remind ourselves first of all of our indebtedness to the men and women who did the pioneer work in opening up our country for the advance of civilization. Braving danger, loneliness and privation, they established their home and laid the foundations for the community life which we to-day enjoy. How little, we who live in comfortable homes in settled districts, with all the advantages and conveniences of modern life—how little we think of what we owe to these heroic early settlers!

Speaking of privileges, we think of the many things that minister to our comfort and happiness—our railways and steamships, the automobile, telephone, gramophone, and the many other wonders that are so commonly enjoyed. Blessings, which kings of old knew not, are enjoyed by the ordinary everyday man of to-day. The best of the world's music may be in our homes, the finest pictures may hang on our walls, and the world's greatest books may be on our book-shelves. Think of the long years of toil, of patient struggle, experiment and research work that were necessary in order to make all this possible! Think, too, of our schools, our churches, our colleges and universities, our hospitals and medical science. How infinitely thankful we should be for all these institutions that are at our disposal and that make so much for the comfort and enrichment of life! Then again, there are all those great civil and religious liberties that are the crowning glories of our Christian civilization, and that were won for us through long centuries of struggle and conflict. Surely it is a privilege to have our place in God's human family, to be the heirs of all this noble heritage from the past. And in the Spirit of Old Mortality, who used to annually chisel afresh the inscriptions on the graves of the Covenanters, so that the rising generations might thereby be reminded of the price that was paid for the liberties which they enjoyed, we ought to thankfully remember our indebtedness to the past

and present for the countless privileges that are ours. "Where much has been given much will be required," and we ought to count it as one of our privileges to have the opportunity of putting our best into life and thus helping to pass on to those who shall follow us a still richer and nobler heritage than we ourselves enjoy.

Our Educational Work in West China

By Cora C. Sifton

REFERENCES: "Our West China Mission," \$1.50; "How We're Doing it in Kiating," 15c.; "China's Old Educational System," 5c.; "The Missionary Report," Order from F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

Education has always been held in very high veneration by the Chinese. Since ancient times they have divided the people theoretically into four classes—scholars, farmers, mechanics and merchants. Thus education has been exalted above agriculture, craftsmanship and commerce. Accordingly, China's rulers were for centuries chosen by an educational examination system, and so to be an official was the highest ideal of honor, wealth and power. The people came to look upon education, however, merely as a test for official employment, and for the few. No provision was made for the education of the masses, so that probably not more than three men in every ten learned to read, and half the population, the women, were left ignorant. What did a woman want with an education? She could never be an official.

The same course of study had been followed for generations. It was based upon the writings of Confucius, China's great sage, and of Mencius, a famous disciple who lived about two hundred years after Confucius. A Chinese scholar might be able to repeat these books from cover to cover, and yet be profoundly ignorant of affairs in his own country, and could not write the language he spoke daily.

Our first workers to West China soon saw the great value and power of education in the Christian propaganda and steps were very early taken toward organizing Christian schools. The first one was opened at the beginning of the Chinese New Year, February 22nd, 1893, upon the mission premises at Pearly Sands Street, Chengtu. Over forty pupils were registered at the close of the first month.

An interesting picture of these early mission schools is given by Rev. J. L. Stewart in his survey of our educational work in "Our West China Mission," pages 312-313. While they had many points in common, with the primitive Chinese schools scattered far and wide over the Empire, from the very first their influence was felt in the glimpses of life and the wider knowledge which was given by the presence and teaching of the foreign missionary. The children were the

earliest friends of the missionary, and through them parents and friends became interested and lost their fear of the foreigner.

While the great importance of educational missionary work was recognized at an early period in the history of the mission, it was not until 1902 that a missionary, who was to give his time entirely to educational work, was sent to the field. The next few years were crowded with incident. Riots and disturbances had hindered the progress of the work up to this time. More than once the missionaries had been under the necessity of leaving their homes and their work for longer or shorter periods. From this time onward there has been marked advance.

The decree of the Empress Dowager in 1905, abolishing the old-style examinations, made Western education popular, and since that time, despite vicissitudes, the student class of China has been open as never before to Christian education and Christian ideals.

To discuss our educational work in detail would be to cover a wide and comprehensive field, and it is possible here to consider the subject only in the barest outline. In 1905, the missions in educational work in West China united in the formation of the West China Christian Educational Union, through which a uniform graded system of education and examinations from lower primary to University has been established. In our central stations, one man is set apart especially for educational work, and in addition to the school there, he is responsible for the oversight of the schools in the district which are carried on by Chinese teachers.

Our educational work has developed to an extent undreamed of in the early days of our mission. Last year there were 133 lower and higher primary schools, with an attendance of 5,423 pupils; three middle or high schools, with 124 in attendance; and the West China Union University with its faculties of Arts, Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Education, and Religion. Space forbids more than mention of the Normal schools for the training of both men and women teachers, the school for Evangelists' wives, and the diversified forms of industrial work through which the students are led to an appreciation of the dignity of work, and which sometimes assist in lessening expenses while in school and train for wider usefulness in later life.

Through our educational missionary work, a generation of Chinese boys and girls are being brought up under Christian influence. They are being trained for Christian service. The theological department of the University is preparing leaders for the future Christian Church in West China. Already ten men have received ordination and others will be added to the number from year to year.

Evangelistic and educational missionary work are closely linked; in fact, it is almost impossible to separate them. In both the aim is the same—the development of a self-supporting, self-propagating native Church in China, and the winning of the great Chinese nation to Jesus Christ.

What the Missionaries are Doing for Turkey and Persia

Jer. 23: 4

Junior Topic for December 11th

TURKEY and Persia are among the oldest countries in the world. Their history stretches back for hundreds of years. In fact, we find mention of Persia in the old Testament, centuries before the birth of Christ.

The people in these countries are mostly Mohammedans or followers of Mohammed, whom they call the Prophet, and who lived about six hundred years after Christ.

Some of the greatest of the world's missionaries have worked in Turkey and Persia, and many interesting and thrilling stories are told of their experiences. The reader will find splendid material in "Yarns of the Near East," by Basil Mathews, (25 cents), which may be ordered from F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

Mr. Mathews writes in a most interesting way of some of the great missionaries of the Near East, and his suggestions as to how the "Yarns" may be used makes the book even more valuable.

A map of the country studied, which is on the back cover of the book, will be of great assistance to the leader in her preparation. C. C. S.

Muskoka Assembly

Reports have reached the GUARDIAN office from time to time of the splendid success of the first season at Muskoka Assembly, inaugurated this summer by The Canadian Chautauqua Institution Limited.

From the early part of July, Epworth Inn was filled to capacity, and scores had to be turned away for lack of accommodation. The new movement to put a Christian heart into the summer holiday has found a popular response in its first season, and apparently has a great future of usefulness ahead.

A beautifully colored set of lantern slides with a descriptive lecture telling about the work may be had free of cost, by any religious or educational organization wishing to put on an interesting picture evening. The slides may be obtained by writing The Canadian Chautauqua Institution Limited, 33 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

Personal

At the annual meeting of the Superannuation Fund Board held on October 26th, a resolution was passed paying a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Rev. J. S. Ross, D.D., who for twelve years was a most valuable member of the Board. Complimentary reference was made to his superior executive abilities and his judicial poise of mind, and sincerest sympathy was expressed with the bereaved widow and daughters.

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The Sunset Province

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

VANCOUVER enjoys the visit of many noted travellers passing through the city going east and west, and whenever possible the Methodists take advantage of the presence of dignitaries of the Church to meet with them, give them a word of cheer, and hear from them of the problems met with in their work. On November 10th, about thirty of the prominent Methodists of the city met at luncheon to greet Dr. Francis John McConnell, of Pittsburg, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and President George R. Gross, of the DePauw University, Indiana. Bishop McConnell was on his way to China to attend a conference of the educational institutions in China, maintained by the religious bodies of the United States and other countries. The conference will be held at Shanghai and is for the purpose of co-ordinating the educational work as far as possible. Dr. Grose is an author and has been invited to write the story of Bishop J. W. Bashford's life and will spend some time in the scene of the bishop's foreign labors in order to acquire the local coloring for his book. Rev. J. H. Wright, President of the Conference, welcomed the guests on behalf of the Methodists of the city and the addresses by Bishop McConnell and Dr. Grose were greatly enjoyed. Rev. O. M. Sanford and Rev. R. J. McIntyre gave the visitors an opportunity to see something of the beauties of the city before they left on the *Empress of Russia*.

An event of considerable importance to Columbian College took place in the dining room on Friday, October 21st, when the Board of Directors, and the friends who had signed the bonds for the mortgage met to celebrate the full payment of indebtedness. Through the National Campaign Fund this happy event had been made possible, and at the informal banquet some very interesting reminiscences were indulged in by those who had supported the college during the trying days of financial burdens. Mr. D. S. Curtis was in the chair and happily introduced the speakers of the evening. Among the "old-timers" who gave brief experiences from the past were Mr. A. C. Wells, Mr. C. G. Major, Mr. T. R. Pearson, who has been secretary of the Board from the first, Dr. Drew, Dr. Manchester, Dr. J. G. Davidson (a former professor). Mr. Wm. Manson and others. Rev. Dr. Sanford, the principal, spoke out of the fulness of his heart when he spoke of the days when it was so hard to get money to support the college, and stated that while the mortgage had been lifted and thus considerable interest money saved, there would still be need for all friends of the college to continue their whole-hearted support. There is a good attendance of students and the prospects for a successful year are very bright. References were made to the self-sacrificing work of Rev. Dr. Sipprell, who had been the principal for so many years.

Successful anniversary services were held in Vernon on Sunday, October 23rd. Rev. E. D. Braden, of Kelowna, was the preacher for the day, Rev. G. W. Dean, the pastor, preaching at Kelowna.

Rev. R. W. Lee is completing a four years' pastorate at Cranbrook and considerable progress is reported in all de-

partments of the Church's work. A feature of the work is a children's meeting each Friday afternoon held after school hours. About seventy attend and Mr. Lee gives a lantern talk of an instructive and uplifting nature.

Trinity Methodist Church, Vancouver, held anniversary services on Sunday, November, 6th with thanksgiving banquet on Monday, November 7th. There were large congregations on the Sunday and a very enthusiastic gathering on Thanksgiving night. The preachers were Rev. A. M. Sanford, D.D., the first pastor of Trinity Church, and Rev. Eldred A. Chester, M.A., B.D., of Tolmie Street Church. Rev. B. C. Freeman is the pastor of the Church.

Mr. James Dixon, Irish evangelist, has made a very favorable impression upon the churches of British Columbia. He commenced his work in Sixth Avenue Church, New Westminster; then spent two weeks at Wesley Church, Vancouver, two weeks at Robson Memorial Church, and is now conducting a campaign in Mount Pleasant Church. Mr. Dixon's messages are sane and delivered in a very pleasing manner. His daughter, Miss Rosine Dixon, is a capable assistant and her singing touches the heart. Some very unfavorable weather has interfered with the attendance at the services, but the churches have been strengthened and some definite results achieved.

At the meeting of the Annual Conference Standing Missionary committee, held on Nov. 8th, in Wesley Church, Vancouver, some very optimistic reports as to the missionary campaign were given. Many of the churches are using the plan of a four weeks' campaign and every branch of the churches are assisting in bringing the missionary objective before the people.

A. E. R.

(Continued from page 4)

man, we are all interested. It is a very suggestive and helpful book, and throws much light on the question. How may we hope to obtain permanent progress?

"Once let the idea of the Church as the embodiment of God's own Kingdom in the midst of us be lost, and we are shorn of the mightiest element of our strength." "The Appeal to All Christian People," by the Bishops at Lambeth was no more compelling than this older appeal by the Scotch Moderator, Dr. Milligan. All the world demands "a common fellowship, a common ministry and a common service to the world." And this is, in brief, the message of present writers in this great field of theology, namely, a more vital sense of God and a more vital comradeship with our fellow men; a religion which does not rest upon logic, but which will submit to logic and science; a religion which will be a real quest for the abundant life in association with our fellows, and which thinks of God in terms of the democracy of God; the belief that as knowledge grows, and as prayer and worship became more real, creative effort will be more possible; and to do this the Church must be more of a deliberative assembly, more of an educational institution, more of a heat, light and power plant. In two words it all means—more light and more love.

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Southern Alberta News

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

Our Heroic Dead

A COMMITTEE of the Calgary district drove to Morley a few weeks since and repaired the graves of our missionaries—"the mighty dead who rule our spirits from their urns"—Rev. George and Mrs. Dougall and Miss Elizabeth A. Barrett. Permanent concrete beds now cover the graves, with the monuments set or laid therein, giving a semi-vault effect. We felt it an honor to build these sepulchres anew. Of the thousands of autoists passing many will, no doubt, be glad to stop and visit this Methodist missionary shrine. The cemetery, which was located before the road was, lies just over a ridge which conceals it from passers by, but a sign will indicate its location, only a couple of hundred yards distant. On the opposite side of the road stands the old Morley Church, built by the late Rev. John McDougall, D.D., in 1872.

The location of the mission had been chosen by Rev. George McDougall the year previous, as part of his policy of establishing permanent mission centres, and it was named the Morley Mission, after the Rev. Dr. Wm. Morley Pugh. It was some twenty miles east of where he lies and ten miles west of Calgary that the Great Pioneer, at whose urgent request the Royal North-West Mounted Police was organized, to establish law and order in the west, lost his life in a raging blizzard. When only two miles from the camp he rode on ahead to have all ready for the hunting party bringing in buffalo meat. Pointing to a star, he said to his son, "That bright star there is over our camp, is it not?" and the answer being in the affirmative he rode away and was never seen alive again. On the thirteenth day after his frozen body was discovered, not far from the camp he had sought in vain.

Miss Barrett was for many years Indian mission teacher and died in 1888. Upon her monument are these beautiful words:

"Jesus protects, my fears be gone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love."

Among other graves nearby are those of the following: Augusta Adams, one of the oldest teachers there, who died May, 1912, aged eighty-three years; Mrs. Sebbald, wife of Mr. A. Sebbald, missionary teacher; Mrs. Niddrie, whose son is at present our missionary at Berens River; Samuel and Elizabeth Boyd, the parents of Mrs. John McDougall.

It seemed a most appropriate thing when working amid the tombs of these builders of Canada, that we should be caused to lift up our eyes to see a fire patrol airman passing over us on his daily round trip of 300 miles from High River north to Nordig and return, viewing a stretch of country 100 miles wide. Would that such breadth of view could characterize our nation at the present juncture.

One Trip out of the Many

Rev. Arthur Barner, Superintendent of Evangelism among the Indians throughout Canada, as conducted by the Methodist Church, has been induced at our request to furnish some data concerning his Lake Winnipeg journey from which he returned recently. Our readers will feel, we are sure, that the workers on that mission display as much heroism as those on any of our

fields. For instance, the Lake Winnipeg district is very difficult of access. All the work excepting that on the lake shore has to be reached by canoe, covering from 60 to 250 miles inland. The district comprises nine missions, six of which Mr. Barner visited, in which he travelled 350 miles by steamer, 1,500 miles by canoe—carrying canoe and baggage across 150 portages varying from one hundred yards to four miles each, and 137 miles by gasoline car on the Hudson's Bay Railway. The missionaries have to take in all their goods either by canoe in the summer or by dog sleighs in the winter, which precludes the possibility of many of the ordinary household comforts and entails great labor and expense in transporting the absolutely essential things. Two box stoves bought in Winnipeg for \$30 cost \$90 in freight to one of the most distant missions. Not only the missionaries, but the school-teachers, who are largely unknown even to the Church at large, serve at constant sacrifice, receiving smaller salaries than they could have in white schools. For love they gladly go to the wilds. That vast hinterland holds many heroes.

The social benefits accruing to the Indians from our work there are evidenced in the houses they have erected and the assets they have accumulated in the form of live stock, or boats and fishing tackle. Those where missionaries have been for many years show marks of education and of the influence of the Gospel. Mr. Barner visited three bands where only a very occasional messenger of the Cross has been able to go and their condition is very backward. A mission is to be established among one of these bands next summer. The work begun by our pioneer missionaries is being nobly followed up and gracious proofs of the power of the Gospel are to be seen everywhere in that great lone land. Mr. Barner with characteristic modesty, magnifies the work of those on the field, rather than his own heroic and laborious journeys; but the Church is fortunate in having such a man to superintend her efforts to evangelize the red man of Canada.

Church Anniversaries

Several Church anniversaries have been celebrated in Calgary of late. Scarboro' Avenue, Trinity, St. Paul's and Crescent Heights all report very successful services with large and responsive congregations. At Crescent Heights the thank-offering was \$1,037, and at St. Paul's, \$800, in each case considerably in excess of the amount asked for. Both of these churches rejoice in freedom from debt and are providing heartily for the progress of the work.

Red Deer District.—Rev. George E. Graham has been released from Innisfail, finding it necessary for family reasons to go to England. He carries with him the best wishes of all his brethren on the district. Rev. John G. Goddard, who was left without a station at his own request, will supply Innisfail for the balance of the year, while Rev. Jas. Lee will succeed Mr. Graham as Secretary of Religious Education for the Red Deer District. The ministers of that district have started a lending library, each man furnishing a volume or two. Rev. G. G. Webber has returned from attendance at the annual meeting of the Board of Evangelism and Social Service.

Successful Boys' Work Conference

A series of Boys' Work Conferences is being conducted throughout Alberta this fall, and among them the one held at Calgary for the city and district, on October 21, 22, 23, will probably rank as one of the best.

Ninety-four older boys and mentors were in attendance. For the practical work of the conference these delegates were divided into nine groups organized on the basis of Tuxis Squares. These groups met to discuss and demonstrate every feature in connection with the C.S.E.T. programmes for Trail Rangers and Tuxis Boys.

While the intensive work of the conference was largely carried out in the small groups, there was a series of devotional talks given at the opening of each session. Rev. E. S. Bishop, Secretary for Social Service and Evangelism, brought a "Challenge to Leadership in Christian Service," in which he emphasized the work of the ministry, mission field, and social service callings.

The Saturday evening banquet session was one of the best demonstrations of impromptu songs, yells and stunts that have ever been witnessed in the west. That the group which had been so busy with the serious work of the conference could get ready such splendid decorative schemes for their tables and such a splendid programme within an hour or two of time, speaks well for the initiative and resourcefulness of the C.S.E.T. boys.

Wallace Forgie, Secretary of the Boys' Work Board of Alberta, who had charge of the programme, appealed to the boys and their leaders to make the work of their groups as intensive as possible, pointing out that in these days when the C.S.E.T. movement is spreading so rapidly there is a danger of slipshod work, and that only thorough work which gets into vital touch with every boy's needs can have any permanent success or value.

At a Sunday afternoon mass meeting of boys fifty-four signed cards requesting interviews with their leaders regarding Christian Life and Life Work callings. A very impressive Sunday evening service brought this most successful conference to a close.


The Passing of an Old Timer

The west is getting old enough to record the passing of some of its "Old Timers." This is brought to mind by the report furnished us of the death on October 18th, of Mrs. C. H. Adsett, of Munson, whose funeral was the largest ever seen in that place and at which her pastor, Rev. R. Simons, spoke very appropriately from the words "She hath done what she could," and quoted the words of the old Chelsea warrior—"The Lamp she lit is alight to-day." Born near Kitchener, Ont., and a Christian from her youth, Mrs. Adsett was a lifelong member of the Church, and during the war president of the Red Cross Society. She was married in 1882 to her now bereaved husband, C. H. Adsett, who mourns her departure. There also survive her three sons, seven daughters, sixteen grandchildren, an aged mother and five brothers.

Canadian Democracy

—Canada as an Actual Democracy. By the Rt. Honorable Viscount Bryce. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company.) \$1.00.

This little volume is a reprint of Viscount Bryce's article on Canada, in his splendid new work, "Modern Democracies." It is a brief but thoroughly accurate and satisfactory review of the governance of our Dominion, and its publication in separate form will be widely appreciated. We understand that already it is being used as a text-book in some of the colleges.



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New Books of the Season

—*Political Profiles from British Public Life.* By Herbert Sidebotham. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, Toronto: Thomas Allen.) \$3.50.

The thing which Mr. Sidebotham essays to do has been undertaken a good many times during recent months, the result generally being interesting, but of somewhat varying value. We do not think it has been any more interestingly done than by this writer, nor do we think of it being done any better than he does it. Mr. Sidebotham is the Parliamentary correspondent of the *London Times*, in which journal most of the chapters of his book have appeared. He therefore has had abundant opportunity to study his subjects. And, unlike some others, he does not seem to feel himself under continual obligation to be clever and cutting. And this has been a saving item, surely. The sketches are clever enough and keen enough, but one feels that they are honestly drawn and for the sake of the subject and not the artist. The photographs are excellent and the whole book is intensely interesting.

—*Camp Fires and Guide Posts.* A Book of Essays and Excursions. By Henry Van Dyke. (Toronto: The Copp, Clarke Company.) \$2.00.

Another delightful book of philosophizing and out-of-doors journeyings

I confess my prepossession in favor of the small but useful virtues—like fair play, and punctuality, and common courtesy."

—*The Big Four, and Others of the Peace Conference.* By Robert Lansing. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, Toronto: Thomas Allen.) \$2.75.

This is a notable volume and one that will take its place among the permanently valuable literature of the Peace Conference. Not only is it valuable for the account that it gives of the parts taken in the Conference by M. Clemenceau, Signor Orlando, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, but furnishes as well very excellent character sketches of the four, and throws a flood of light upon the nature and conduct of the Conference itself. Then there are chapters giving interesting impressions of Venizelos, Emir Feisal, General Botha and Paderewski, and the whole book is crowded with most interesting and important material. The book is well written and excellent photographs add greatly to its value. On the whole a very much more satisfactory book than Mr. Lansing's much-discussed volume, "The Peace Negotiations, A Personal Narrative." And we think it gives a fairer picture of Mr. Wilson.

—*The Long Road to Victory.* Edited by John Buchan. Illustrated by Steven Spurrier. (London and Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons.) \$2.25.

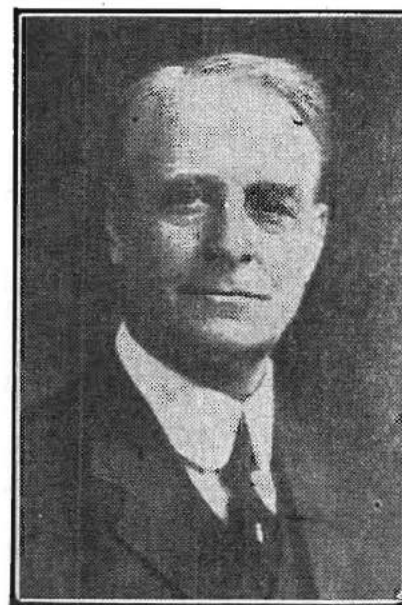
This is John's Buchan's annual, containing authoritative stories of the war, written by various well-known authors and covering nearly every theatre of war and every branch of the service. Captain G. Valentine Williams, writes of the "Turning of the Tide" at the first battle of Ypres, in 1914; Captain G. Watkin Williams tells the story of five months spent by the crew of H.M.S. *Tara*, in the Red Desert of Libya; Major Maurice Baring, writes of the fighting in the air at the battle of the Somme, and Lieut. Col. Skeil, on "The River Column in North Russia." And there are many other stories just as interesting. The whole is a kind of memorial volume of permanent value.

—*God's Country.* The Trail to Happiness. By James Oliver Curwood, author of "The Valley of Silent Men," "The River's End," etc. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.) \$1.50.

Mr. Curwood, whose passionate love of nature has been abundantly revealed in the books which he has previously written, gives us in this beautiful little volume what might be called a prolonged apostrophe to the great out-of-doors. He writes it in the far north woods and the spirit of the silent places and of the great forests has certainly crept into his ink as he wrote. His plea for an understanding and appreciation of nature will find response in the hearts of numerous readers, we doubt not, and under his direction they will take "the trail to happiness." His book inspires and charms, though, of course, he is not to be taken too literally when he speaks of nature as the one religion.

—*The Problem of Christian Unity.* By Various Writers. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$2.00.

This arresting little volume is made up of seven addresses by eminent United States Church-leaders, among whom are, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dr. A. C. McGiffert, Bishop W. F. McDowell, Dr. Robert E. Speer and Dr.



DR. JAMES L. HUGHES
Author of "The Poems of Robert Burns,"
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and experiences. And one hardly knows which he enjoys the most, the philosophizing or the rare gift to touch and interpret nature. Dr. Van Dyke is always so sane and wholesome and helpful! His philosophy is always sound and his spirit is always so human and companionable! And what fine uplifting sermons he preaches, never once being ashamed to turn preacher when the opportunity occurs. And his humor is always delicious with never a taint of the sarcastic or bitter in it. And his optimism carries through everything. Here are some sayings to remember: "Good humor is one of the perquisites of sound judgment," "A well-founded distrust of treacherous persons we may keep. But God save us from the poison of a cherished grudge," "To live up to a principle is harder than to obey a rule, but, just for that reason, it may be better," "There are some men who consider comment on the faults of others equivalent to an exhibition of their own virtues," "For my own part

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Henry Sloane Coffin. Frederick Lynch writes a brief introduction, in which he claims that the volume is one of the most significant discussions of the subject to be found. Dr. Cadman insists that a divided Church cannot possibly meet the challenge of the present world crisis, while Dr. Coffin is equally positive that the denominational appeal has altogether lost its effectiveness. Bishop McDowell deals with the difficulties in the way of unity. These he does not find at all impossible of being overcome or even very difficult.

—*The Shorter Bible.* The Old Testament Translated and Arranged. By Charles Foster Kent, Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature, Yale University. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$2.25.

The New Testament in the Shorter Bible, appeared some time ago and was given a very warm welcome. The Old Testament, if we mistake not, will prove even more satisfactory and useful. The selection of material to be included has been done with care and fine discrimination, and nothing essential has been omitted, while the translation into modern English is admirable, the poetic passages being given poetic form and the material arranged in sections according to the nature of its contents and in the order in which it was written. The verse and chapter divisions are of course omitted, and the theme of the different books and sections given. The purpose of these volumes, "to secure a clearer picture of the origin and development of Judaism and Christianity," will, we feel sure, be realized. Through them the Bible will become better known and understood.

—*Concerning the Soul.* By James Alex. Robertson, M.A., D.D., Professor of New Testament Language, Literature and Theology, United Free Church College, Aberdeen. (London: James Clarke and Company. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$1.80.

The question of the soul is one of the most vital and searching interest to every thoughtful person, and the one who attempts to tell us about its nature its instincts and powers; its education and destiny; its relations to God, to the universe, and to mankind in general, will find us already alert and interested. And if he approaches his task with spiritual insight and a rare gift of imagination, he will, in these times, render us a service of real and lasting value. And it is these gifts that Dr. Robertson especially has, and there are very many who will be very grateful for his inspiring and helpful volume. His chapter titles suggest the line of discussion: "Is There a Soul?" "What Is the Soul?" "Whence Comes the Soul?" "Why Comes the Soul Here?" "Whither Goes the Soul?" "Lost Soul," etc. A specially interesting chapter is that one, "Do the Souls of the Dead Ever Return?" The whole discussion is marked by intellectual keenness and clearness.

—*Altar, Cross, and Community.* By W. F. Lofthouse, M.A., tutor in Old Testament languages and literature and in philosophy, Handsworth College. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$1.80.

The Fernley lecture for 1920, delivered by one whose spoken and written word has given him a foremost place among religious thinkers of the day. As the title of the lecture would suggest, it is the Cross as a symbol of reconciliation, not of man with an offended God so much, but of man with man, that the writer presents. He examines the rites and the ideas of sacrifice in the ethic religions and finds, with much that is superstitious

and revolting, always the mixed idea of fellowship with the God, and fellowship with the community. He has some very suggestive and excellent things to say about religious rites, and especially about the Lord's Supper, and the whole discussion is very timely and valuable.

—*The Contents of the New Testament.* An Introductory Course, by Haven McClure. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$1.80.

This book is the result of a number of years experience in teaching the New Testament as an elective English course in High Schools. The aim was to present the New Testament from the point of view of assured modern scholarship, in such form that the ordinary student would understand and appreciate it. The work has been done in true scholarly fashion and the result is a book of real value and helpfulness. The author adheres very consistently to his purpose of setting forth in orderly fashion the contents of the New Testament, and it is his refusal to turn aside to discuss other matters that makes his work significant.

—*The Way Forward for the Church.* By Five Free Churchmen. (London: James Clarke and Company. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) 90 cents.

It would be interesting to know who these five Free Churchmen are. This



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we know, that they are members of the Free Church Fellowship, and have been active in the splendid work which it is accomplishing and are specially hopeful for the Church of the future. And they give reasons for the hope that is in them, and outline methods and policies by which they believe the great things of the future will be accomplished. An inspiring and suggestive little book.

—*The Fellowship of the Spirit.* By Charles A. Anderson Scott, M.A., D.D., author of "Dominus Noster," "What Happened at Pentecost." (London: James Clarke and Company. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$1.80.

Dr. Anderson Scott was one of the contributors to that splendid volume of essays on "The Spirit," edited by Canon Streeter, and his chapter "What Happened at Pentecost" one of the most illuminating in it. The present book is somewhat supplementary to that study, dealing with the work of the Spirit in the life of the primitive Church. It is not a systematic treatment, but will probably make a wider popular appeal for that reason. It is wonderfully stimulating and vital.

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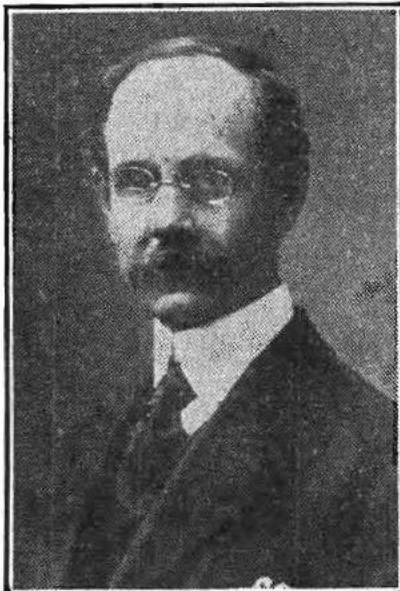
New Books of the Season

—*God's Poem.* Nature Sermons, by David Burns, author of "Sayings in Symbol," etc. (London: James Clark and Company. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$1.80.

Books of sermons are often a great weariness, but not if they are sermons of this type. Principal Clow, a judge of preaching, surely, says of this volume: "The titles of the sermons included under this most fitting title are as suggestive of the method of interpretation as they are indicative of Mr. Burns' special gift. That gift, is a keen insight into the spiritual significance of all the symbolic and picturesque imagery of the scriptures. Preachers who have become a little weary of the overtrodden paths and yet feel themselves at a pause before the daring oriental figures of both Old and New Testaments, will find Mr. Burns a guide with an eye for the minor meaning, and a method of its exposition full of enlightenment and uplift."

—*The Ineffable Glory.* By Rev. Edward M. Bounds. (The Ryerson Press: Toronto.) \$1.35.

This is a new edition of a work published in 1907. It deals with the mat-



ALFRED FITZPATRICK
Of the Frontier College, who has just published his first book "A Hand Book for New Canadians"

ter of the resurrection of the dead in the old-fashioned way. The author argues that the resurrection implies necessarily that the self-same body which entered the grave shall rise again from it. He says, "God can distinguish and keep unmixed from all other bodies, the particular dust into which our several bodies are dissolved and can gather it together and join it again, how far so ever dispersed asunder." And he believes that God will so watch over such particles that they will not become parts of other bodies. We wonder that it has been thought wise to reissue the book.

—*The Bald Face and Other Animal Stories.* By Hal. G. Evarts. With Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$3.00.

Mr. Evarts is, to us, a new writer of animal stories, but he certainly has the skill and touch, and evidently has had long and intimate associations with nature and wild life. He writes with wonderfully dramatic skill of the mountain lion, the otter, the prairie dog, bears of all kinds, moose, moun-

tain sheep and antelopes, picturing specially the tragedy of the life of the wild. The scene of most of the stories in the volume is to be found in our own Canadian North-west. One of the best books of animal stories that we have seen, though it hardly breathes the subtle spirit of the wild that some of them do.

—*Grim.* The Story of a Pike. Translated from the Danish of Svend Fleuron, by Jessie Muir and W. Emme. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$2.00 net.

The great Danish naturalist here relates the life history of a pike, from its earliest consciousness as a hungry thing a few inches long, until its final struggle and death, an immense fish of truly fabulous proportions. An intensely interesting story and we presume altogether true to life. A truly attractive way of teaching natural history. \$1.25.

—*A Book About The Bee.* By Herbert Mace. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.)

This is a book for popular reading rather than for the bee specialist. The information is accurate and interesting to those who wish to know a little of elementary bee culture, but the fact that it deals with bee culture in England makes it not quite so useful to Canadian readers, as it would be if it dealt with Canadian conditions. It is well got up and illustrated with numerous plates.

—*The Wrinkle Book.* By Archibald Williams, B.A. Author of "How It Works," etc. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.) \$2.25.

The publisher tells us that this is a book of 10,000 hints on 1,000 subjects, with 1,000 illustrations to make the hints plain. He tells us, too, that when we are in doubt about almost any imaginable subject, this certainly is the book to bring out. In the first place it answers a multitude of questions about the dwelling-house, its construction, equipment, decoration, etc.; about gardening, pets, live stock, games, sports, medicine, business, and about a vast number of other things that could hardly be set down under any specific heading. If you wished to test your water supply, this book would tell you how to do it; if you wished to lay out a tennis court, it would give the needed information; if you had the task of restoring an apparently drowned person, it would help. A valuable book of useful information, well arranged.

—*The Woman's Book.* Contains Everything a Woman Ought to Know. Edited by Florence B. Jack, late Principal of the School of Domestic Arts, Edinburgh, and Rita Strauss, assisted by many expert contributors. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.) \$3.00.

This is a new and thoroughly revised edition of a work first published about ten years ago. It aims to give help and direction to women in their life and work, no matter what or where their sphere of activity may be. It has much to say about household management and work; about food and cookery and the kitchen; about health and sanitation; about children, their health, training and amusement; about gardening, poultry-raising and a multitude of out-door employments for

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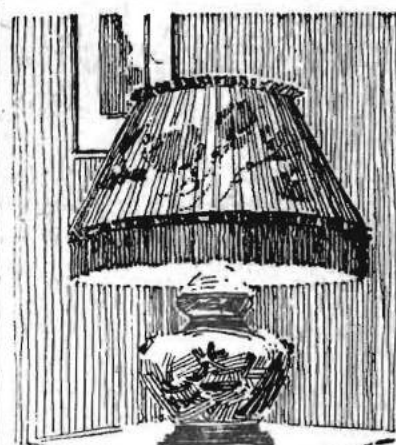
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women; as well as about the various professions and callings that women may engage in. The work is well done and full of suggestiveness, the only criticism that we have to offer being that it is written from the English point of view and conditions in England touching some of the matters dealt with are decidedly different from those that exist in Canada. Probably, however, this is not as serious a drawback as it might at first seem to be. The book as a whole is a rich storehouse of material.

—*An Anthology of Modern Verse.* Chosen by A. M. with an Introduction by Robert Lynd. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$2.00.

One of the special attractions of this volume is Mr. Lynd's introduction "On Poetry and the Modern Man." It is exceptionally readable and full of insight. And the selection of verse shows a wide variety that gives us a striking idea of the richness of recent poetry. Of course, it is difficult to please everyone and no doubt some will ask why this has been included, and why the other has been omitted, but in general the selecting has been done with fine taste and wisdom. For the most part "Modern Verse" is taken to mean the work of men or women still living, though a few exceptions have been made.



MISS AGNES LAUT

Writer of many books of a historic interest relative to Canada

—*The Beloved Woman.* By Kathleen Norris. (Toronto: S. B. Gundy.) \$1.90.

This novel by Mrs. Norris, the author of "Mother," is a study of family life in the aristocratic New York house of Melrose. Norma Sheridan, from being a saleslady in a book store on the Avenue, suddenly finds herself in the centre of luxury and is treated by old Mrs. Melrose as a member of the family. The story deals with her experiences in the house until she leaves it all to go where she knows she will be busy, needed and loved.

—*Manslaughter.* By Alice Duer Miller. (The Ryerson Press: Toronto.)

The plot of this story is rather clever, and there is a good deal of skill and life shown in the character sketches. The heroine is self-willed, ill-trained, but rich and with considerable force of character. How she meets her fate in the person of a young lawyer, how she is sent to prison for killing a man with her automobile, and how the very man who loves her is prosecuting attorney, these things are told in vivid sketches, and yet despite it all, love has its way. Interesting and readable.

—*Sheila's Missionary Adventures.* By Rev. J. Sinclair Stevenson, M.A., B.D. (London: James Clarke & Company, Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$1.25.

This is the story of a child's visit to India. Mr. Stevenson is the well-known writer for children, and by the method of this book he is able to give a most interesting and close-at-hand story of missionary work and methods in India, such as would be interesting to young people, but that older ones would find very informing as well. There are some very interesting photographs.

—*At the Zoo.* By Arthur O. Cooke. Pictures by Winifred Austen. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons.) \$2.25.

This is a story of the English Zoos and, chiefly, of the strange and wonderful animals to be found in them, though there are a few of the more common animals dealt with. There are many superb illustrations in color, and the book will make a very strong appeal to the little folk.

—*Miriam of Queens,* by Lilian Vaux MacKinnon. (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.) \$2.00.

This is a Canadian book by a Canadian author and deals with the life at Queen's University, Kingston. Principal Grant, the much beloved "Geordie" of the students and of all Cape Breton folk, is the connecting link between the eastern Province and Ontario. Fleeting glimpses are given of Cape Breton, Ottawa and Regina, which is the home city of the author.

—*Mavis of Green Hill,* by Faith Baldwin. (Toronto: Frederick D. Goodchild.) \$2.00.

Against a background of rose bushes, sunsets and the starry nights of Cuba, Miss Baldwin has painted us a word picture of Mavis, who had been a shut-in for eleven long years, and the busy young doctor who soon changed the even tenor of her life, and achieved wonders. It is a pretty little story and will entertain the reader pleasantly for a few hours.

—*Little Miss Melody,* by Marian Keith. (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.)

Little Jennie "Melody" couldn't carry a tune, but Mr. Balfour, the minister who was in charge at Cherry Hill, a pretty little village on Lake Simcoe, taught her how to sing in her heart. Miss Keith, who knows Oro Township intimately, gives a delightful description of the little village and its happenings, amusing and pathetic. Janet is a real girl who is much happier in an old dress of which she doesn't have to be careful, than when she is "dressed up."

—*Purple Springs,* by Nellie McClung. (Toronto: Thos. Allen.) \$2.00.

This, the latest book from Mrs. McClung's pen, is essentially a political story with a thread of romance running through it. Pearl Watson, the heroine of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance," is the character around whom the story is written. "Purple Springs" gives an idea of how the laws of one Canadian Province protect its women.

—*Jess of the Rebel Trail.* By H. A. Cody. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$2.00.

Mr. Cody has now to his credit nearly a dozen books, all of them dealing with Canadian life. In this volume he introduces us, not to the mountains or the far-west, but to the seashore, and there is a home-like quality in his characters which adds considerable charm to his work. Most readers will enjoy not a little the simple plot of the story, and its unfolding.

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Our Debt to the Canadian Author

THE archaeologists, several thousands of years hence, digging among the debris of our present-day civilization, will marvel at the omnipresence of the word "Success." They will find whole libraries written around Success. They will find systems of philosophy based upon Success as the sole criterion of value. They will find that Success lies at the bottom of twentieth-century social divisions, paves the way for political advancement, measures the greatness of churches, banking houses and departmental businesses. In business they speak of making good, in politics of promotion, in the ministry of moving up, in literature of "best sellers," in science and medicine of achievement and so on until the synonyms are utterly exhausted, but they all mean Success. Not ordinary success but personified, deified Success.

Now Success is the favored child of Efficiency, another god of the present age, and the handmaiden of Efficiency is Propaganda. True we flippantly refer to this Olympian as plain boosting, putting it over, selling the goods, and blowing the horn, but it all means the same thing. Those tired archaeologists will find huge stores of horns when they dig us out in the year 5,000 A.D., for we are a race of horn blowers. We all have something to boom, from real estate to our particular brand of theology. And this brings us to the subject of Canadian Authors' Week.

The other week, at a dinner given by the Publishers of Toronto to a few Canadian authors, Arthur Stringer, the well-known author of "The Prairie Mother," remarked at the beginning of his address that over in the United States they were filling up the whole of the fifty-two weeks on the calendar with special weeks. There were Flower Week, Candy Week, Children's Book Week and there were rumors that soon we would be having Henry Ford Week and Dill Pickle Week! Everybody is out to monopolize the attention of the continent for a whole week with something which ought to be made universal. There are some things which cannot be emphasized too often and among these are children's books, more books in the home, and Canadian authors and their literature. This week just ended has been set apart to the Canadian author, and we wish to pay tribute to him and urge upon others a sense of his importance.

We have nothing to say here with regard to the reception given the Canadian writer by the magazines, the courtesy he receives and the pay he gets. This is outside our purview at present. We will say, however, that it is our opinion that the Canadian editor can present a very good case. What we are concerned with here is the debt we owe the Canadian author and the duty we owe ourselves.

We Canadians are in danger of losing our own souls. No sensible person fears annexation by any foreign power. But there is an annexation far more dangerous and subtle than this. I mean the intellectual and spiritual subservience into which we are at present in danger of falling. We are exponents of literary and spiritual

reciprocity, but annexation, never. Our personal opinion is that we must think our own thoughts, express our own opinions, live our own life and all this in our own way. We are willing to be guided and assisted, but not controlled. And we must learn the art of mental independence. While we are calling loudly for national autonomy, while we are jealously guarding our national integrity, we ought to go far deeper than mere politics. Nations, like individuals, have souls and both can lose these things.

Now the trouble seems to be that we are willing to take our sartorial styles from Paris, our political styles from London and our spiritual and cultural styles from New York. We are inundated with importations until we find ourselves wearing other people's clothes, and thinking other people's thoughts. This is the best illustration we know of the maxim about gaining the world and losing one's own life. We do not mean to organize against outside ideas, no, not even against that literary abomination, the foreign book boom, but we do mean to stand upon our own feet and to stand upon our own heads. Every nation has a cultural contribution which it ought to be preparing to offer others. We Canadians have a magnificent dowry to present at the spiritual wedding of the nations. We need some such season as a Canadian Authors' Book Week to call us back to sanity. Somehow we must regain our national poise, preserve our national identity, cultivate our national soul and loyally support those who express our thoughts for us, who interpret us to the other peoples of the world.

It ought to be known that we have a large and distinguished literature, that we are fast developing a Canadian School in Literature and Art, that we have names in Canada to conjure with. Then let us publish their names, and let their faces be as familiar to our people as those of our parliamentarians, for these Canadian authors are the real makers of Canada, the spiritual artificers of our national life. To do this we ought to read more Canadian books, familiarize ourselves with Canadian authors, study Canadian authors in our social and literary clubs, present their works to our friends, and introduce them in a more adequate manner into our schools and colleges.

At a time when an influx of foreign-born again threatens to tax our assimilative powers we must nurture this greatest of all assimilative and Canadianizing agencies—the Canadian writer. Our national character, our ideals, our very destiny is the burden of his refrain. He it is who interprets us to ourselves and us to others. If these authors can grip the minds and direct the energies of our new citizens, they will have performed a first-rate service of national importance.

In the days of old, tyrants, emperors and benevolent princes fostered the musician, the minstrel and the man of letters. It was their chief glory that they were styled "Patrons of Learning." To-day we boast of our democracy; we boast that the offices and duties of kings have

been assumed by ourselves. We, the people are the real rulers and legislators and executors of the State. It is well. By rapid strides we are coming to discover something of the full meaning of citizenship. And since democracy rests upon the common man, we are determined to educate our governors. Indeed one might say that education, the free education of the public school, is the invention and the chief ornament of the people called to rule themselves. Possessing this pride in national education the people must again change places with the princes and foster national idealism. The Canadian author knocks at our door, and as the chief glory of Greece was its Homer, of Italy its Dante and of England its Shakespeare, so these writers of Canada are our chief adornment. Let us honor them that honor us.

Quill Falls

New Testament Greek

THE Greek New Testament was John Wesley's constant companion. He found a peculiar joy in reading the New Testament in the language in which it was first written. Rev. Prof. David Smith, in his "Correspondence" in the *British Weekly* has this to say about the study of the New Testament, which throws an interesting light upon John Wesley's custom: "It is best of all when one knows Greek and is familiar, by daily perusal, with the original text; and I may here indicate two out of a vast multitude of precious treasures which are hidden from the English reader.

"(1) You remember how, when in the days of His popularity, an aspirant to discipleship light-heartedly volunteered to 'follow Him whithersoever He went.' The Lord set before him what sharing his lot really involved: 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.' (St. Matt. 8: 19, 20). Cf. St. John's story of the Crucifixion, (19:30): He said, 'It is finished': and he bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.' 'Lay His head' and 'bow His head' are identical in the Greek; and St. John had evidently that early saying in his mind. The Saviour never 'laid down His head' till He laid it down on the Cross. He never rested till He had finished His work.

"(2) You remember, again, His designation of the traitor in his priestly prayer (St. John 17:12): 'None of them is lost but the son of perdition,' or, rather, 'the son of loss.' It is a reminiscence of the protest raised by that unhappy mortal a week previously during the supper at Bethany, when Mary poured her costly ointment over the Master's feet (St. Matt. 26:8; cf. St. John 12:4, 5): 'To what purpose is this waste,' or, rather, 'this loss?'—the same word. Judas reproached the loss which Mary's offering of love entailed, oblivious of the infinitely heavier loss which he was incurring—the loss of his own immortal soul."

We would call our readers' attention to the advertisement in this week's issue, of a Home Study Course in New Testament Greek offered by Rev. G. B. King, M.A., B.D., of the Library, Victoria College. This course makes possible the acquirement by anyone of a knowledge of the original language of the New Testament, with all the added light that Dr. Smith has pointed out.

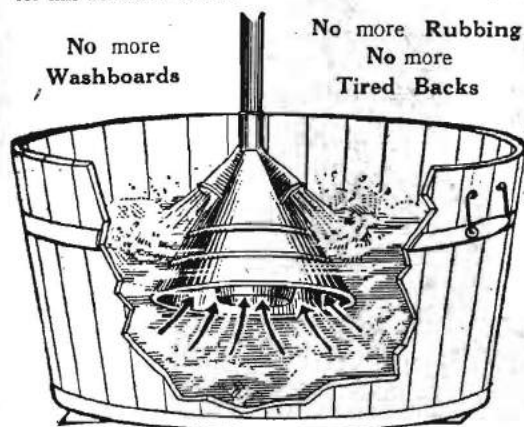
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An Interesting Personal Letter

IT is more than likely that Paul wrote numbers of letters that have not been preserved to us and that it would be very interesting for us to be able to read to-day. Most surely one letter to the Corinthian Church has been lost, and quite likely there are others. But we have reason for gratitude that so many of them have been preserved and that among those that have been kept for us there is such a wide variety of subject and treatment. These letters of his are not only important as helping us to understand his own life and spirit, but they are as well the great sources of our knowledge touching New Testament times and the early history of the infant Church.

And among the great treasures left us in the writings of Paul this little personal letter to Philemon is to be given a prominent place. It was written from Rome, to which our Apostle had just come in our last week's lesson, and during the period of his first imprisonment there, which is the reason that it has a place in this series of lessons. It is thought, for various reasons, that it was written toward the close of that first period of imprisonment, and A.D. 62 is given as the likely year. Philemon's home was probably in Colosse in Asia Minor. He himself had probably been won to Christianity by Paul. He was, no doubt, a wealthy man. Yet he had opened up his home as a meeting-place for the Christian group in the city, which group would, no doubt, include people from all classes and grades of society.

Paul's personal letter to this man is very interesting for several reasons. For one thing it is a little gem from the literary point of view. And it reveals in a wonderful way the beautifully human and kindly spirit that actuated the life of the great Apostle. It shows us, too, how Paul thought that the great Gospel which he preached should be applied to the least details of common, every-day life.

The immediate cause for the writing of the letter was the fact that Paul had met in Rome the runaway slave of Philemon, Onesimus. The hint is that this man had not only run away from his master, but had stolen something from him before he went. He had gone to Rome, probably because the big city furnished the best hiding place. And while there he had somehow met in with Paul and had been won over by him to the Christian faith.

How this had happened we, of course, do not know, but the fact raises so very many interesting suggestions. Paul had been at Philemon's home while Onesimus, the slave, was there, no doubt. Whether he had come to know him

while there we cannot say, but certainly the conclusion seems irresistible that Onesimus must have seen Paul during his visit or visits to his master's home, and been won over to have a special confidence and trust in him, or there would have been no meeting of the two in Rome. We can easily imagine that Paul's interest while at Philemon's home would extend to the slaves about that home, and that he would insist on giving some message to them as well as to the members of the household.

It is quite easy to believe that Onesimus' conscience troubled him in his loneliness in the big city, and that in his uneasiness he would be attracted toward the great Christian teacher, whom he had discovered to be in the same city with himself and whose kindness and human friendliness in the old home he had good reason to remember. It is more than likely that he put himself in Paul's way, and it is just possible that Paul recognized him. At any rate a fellowship was brought about and through it Paul was able to win the runaway slave to the allegiance of Jesus Christ.

And how many thousand times it has happened, that that winning over has called up questions as to the rightness or wrongness of past conduct, and impelled in an irresistible way the determination to make right past wrongs! Onesimus, the Christian, saw his sin of running away from his master and taking what did not belong to him, and he feels, in the light of his new experience, that that wrong should be made right, and Paul confirms him in that conviction.

Of course there is no use saying that Philemon's right over Onesimus was not a just one, and that therefore, in the strictest sense, he was not under obligation to go back and give himself up. Slavery at the time was an almost unquestioned institution and it was inevitable that both Onesimus and Paul would see it as they did. Even though Paul might have seen the institution as fundamentally wrong and inhuman, which probably he did not, it would have done little good and much harm for him to have taken that stand in this particular case. He did the one thing that would help, namely, he tried to get a Christian spirit into the relationship, both from the slave's and master's point of view. The time for attempting the more drastic thing had not come yet.

Paul's attitude is so sound and sane, and his whole spirit is so straightforward, yet kindly and courteous, that this letter of his stands out as a most interesting and attractive piece of literature. If men in these modern times would accept and try to live out the spirit which it tries to inculcate the enstrangement and bitterness between class and class in modern society would tend very rapidly to disappear.

Mother: "I've tried so hard to make you a good child, Margaret, and yet in spite of all my efforts you are still rude and naughty." Margaret (deeply moved): "What a failure you are mother."—London Telegraph.

Mr. Newrich (examining curio)—"Two thousand years old? You can't kid me! Why, it's only 1921 now!"—The Passing Show, (London).

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Woman's Missionary Society District Meeting

The Toronto West District, Woman's Missionary Society, held their annual District Convention in College St. Methodist Church on Tuesday, Nov. 15th, afternoon and evening sessions. Mrs. J. H. Forrester, district superintendent, presided. A most eloquent and inspiring address was given by Miss Forman, of Regina, on the religious and social development of her work among the new Canadians there. Miss Edith Campbell, of Japan, also gave a splendid address on the educational and social progress of Japan, which afforded a very clear insight on the conditions now existing there; and Mrs. C. A. Chant gave an interesting address on "The importance of Band work," and on "Creating Interest for the Members." Mrs. Hales conducted the "Question Drawer" with her usual efficient judgment and good counsel. There was a nice attendance present, from each of the twenty-four auxiliaries in the T. W. district. College St. circle and band presented a very interesting sketch, on mission work. Solos were exceptionally well rendered by (Mrs. Shirley Rogers Bates,) and Miss Gladys Bly, of College St., Mrs. Linton, of College St., accompanist. The evening address was given by Rev. Kenneth Beeton, on the Chinese Army of 1918-9, also relating touching incidents of the Christian example of a noted Chinese general, with whom he had been brought into personal contact. We were honored by the presence of Mrs. Albert Ogden, president of Toronto branch, who conducted the election of officers, which resulted in the re-election of Mrs. Forrester as district superintendent, Mrs. Liddell, of Wesley, as associate superintendent. The position of secretary treasurer was left vacant owing to the resignation of Mrs. South, who retired.

The College St. church ladies entertained the convention to a bountiful repast to which ample justice was paid by the many members who remained to partake of the good things provided.

The Late Rev. Robert McKee

In Toronto, on October 26th, there passed away one of our best known and best beloved ministers, in the person of Rev. Robert McKee. Our deceased brother was in the 78th year of life, and the 49th year of his ministry, having entered the ministry of the Primitive Methodist Church, in 1873. Till the Union he served on the Plattsville, Claremont, and Orillia circuits, and after the union, at Scarboro, Bathurst St., Eglinton, King St., Westmoreland, Centennial, Stroud, Coldwater, Creemore, and Stayner. In 1915, he superannuated and retired to Richmond Hill, where he lived the six years of his superannuated life. He had just sold his home there and removed to Toronto, when the illness which carried him off manifested itself in virulent form.

In the death of Brother McKee, the Church loses a faithful servant of the Cross. The mainspring of his life was the love of Christ, his Saviour. He loved the Church, but mostly because it was the Church of Christ, whom he loved. He loved men, not only because he was big-hearted and sociable, but more because he saw in every man a disciple of his Lord. His great mind, his time and opportunities, to the very end, were ordered, not as though they were his own, but as belonging to his Master. With the tears running down his face he was

went to say, "I'm almost a universalist when it comes to the Love of God." His sermons, his prayers, his conversation abounded with evidences of this great characteristic of his life. Strong and decided and open-hearted, in all that he thought and did, he made a deep and abiding impression upon those who knew him. Those who appreciate a strong wholesome godly life will ever be glad that they knew him.

In 1873, he married Mary Burnham, of Sandford, Scott Township, Ontario, who, together with three children, survive him. They are, Melville and Mrs. Mahon, of Toronto, and Rev. William McKee, D.D., Cortland, New York.

A. McNeill.

An Appreciation

"Being Dead She Yet Speaketh"

Never in the experience of the writer has he witnessed more profound expressions of love and sorrow than in the death on July 23rd, of Mrs. Ella Louise Leppard, whose sudden translation, while glory to her, was such a distinct shock to St. Paul's Church, Calgary, in which she had been a faithful and willing worker for many years. The entire congregation mourns, but especially the W.M.S. Auxiliary of which organization she had been the devoted president for five years. Through her consecrated leadership the auxiliary has grown in numbers and efficiency and the meetings were invariably seasons of marked spiritual power felt throughout the church. As a permanent tribute to her memory a memorial fund has been raised by the St. Paul's W.M.S. and friends to furnish the living room in the new Radway Centre Home, to be known as "The Ella Leppard Memorial."

Mrs. Leppard was the fine flower of a Christian home, being the daughter of the late Edward and Sarah Cooper, Howick Township, Huron County, Ontario. Converted in early life she was a capable public school-teacher for three years. On Christmas day, 1901, she was happily married to Mr. Charles E. Leppard, and resided for some time in Harriston and Walkerton, coming to Calgary in 1913, where Mr. Leppard is principal of the Semalta school and teacher of the St. Paul's Brotherhood Bible Class, which service he has rendered for the past nine years. Mr. Leppard was at Kingston to receive his degree of arts when recalled by the sad intelligence that Mrs. Leppard had succumbed to a stroke at Riverhurst, Sask., where she was visiting friends.

With the bereaved husband two children survive to share the irreparable loss, one son, Eugene, a teacher at Rocky Mount House, and one daughter, Helen, at home; also one sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Armstrong, Calgary, and one brother, A. E. Cooper, of Fordwich Ont.

The funeral service was conducted in St. Paul's Church by the pastor, Rev. G. H. Cobblestick, who spoke from the appropriate words, "This that this woman hath done shall be told as a memorial of her." He was assisted by the recent minister, Rev. W. A. Smith, and the Rev. C. A. Sykes. The many and costly floral tributes testified to the love and sympathy of the whole church, the Teachers Alliance, Queen's University and Summer school, Kingston, and many personal friends.

G. H. COBBLEDICK.

Ministers' Wives

The annual meeting of Methodist Ministers' Wives' association of Hamilton, Ont., was held in First Methodist parsonage on Wednesday, Nov. 9th. During a social cup of tea the new sisters were introduced and made wel-

come to the city Mrs Kerruish will conduct a question drawer at the next meeting. The election of officers resulted as follows Mrs. (Dr) Rutledge, president, Mrs (Dr) Hughson, 1st vice-president, Mrs J M Cope-land, secretary treasurer, Mrs A Bowlby, convener of social department, Mrs. G K Bradshaw, pianist

Mission Room Receipts to November 22nd, 1921

Toronto Conference	
Previously acknowledged	\$18 117 07
Wesley Toronto	1000 00
Sandford and Zephyr	40 00
Meaford	31 60
Perth Ave Toronto	250 00
Penetanguishene	35 00
Trinity Toronto	1218 05
Central Sault Ste Marie	500 00
First Owen Sound	400 00
Goodwood	65 00
	21 626 72
London Conference	
Previously acknowledged	5 048 85
Mitchell	300 00
Kinsardine	434 00
Blenheim	400 00
St. Pauls Alymer	100 00
Wellington St London	200 00
Dorchester	80 00
	6 210 85
Hamilton Conference	
Previously acknowledged	11 154 61
Caladonia	200 00
Princeton	45 00
Washington	87 00
Delhi	350 00
Elmhurst	120 00
Hickson	150 00
Burlington	302 89
Salford	27 00
Waterdown	108 00
Ridgeway	190 15
Drumbo and Rockwood	14 00
Fenwick	68 00
	12 814 45
Bay of Quinte Conference	
Previously acknowledged	8 390 81
Manilla	47 00
Bobcaygeon	69 00
Brighton	85 00
Shannonville	18 30
	5 610 11
Montreal Conference	
Previously acknowledged	7 014 88
Roxham and Henrysburg Que	35 00
Gananoque East Ont	100 00
East Angus Que	45 00
Queen St Kingston Ont	400 00
Bedford Que	66 00
Inverness Que	799 80
Franklin Centre Que	4 00
Lansdowne Ont	186 80
Richmond Ont	100 00
Sutton Que	100 00
	8 850 56
Nova Scotia Conference	
Previously acknowledged	700 55
Mulgrave	50 00
Lunenburg	45 80
	796 15
N B and P E I Conference	
Previously acknowledged	1 147 50
Oak Bay N B	20 00
	1 167 50
Newfoundland Conference	
Previously acknowledged	1 408 25
Manitoba Conference	
Previously acknowledged	1 438 95
Fisher River	16 00
	1 454 95
Saskatchewan Conference	
Previously acknowledged	2 977 56
Pangman	25 00
Kindersley	40 00
Oxbri	50 00
Third Ave Saskatoon	150 00
Sealac	80 00
	3 273 56
Alberta Conference	
Previously acknowledged	4 154 80
North Lethbridge	150 00
Acadia Valley	58 50
Munson	50 00
Highlands Edmonton	150 00
St Pauls Calgary	54 08
	4 617 88
British Columbia Conference	
Previously acknowledged	701 13
Metropolitan Victoria	200 00
Wesley Victoria	45 00
Vancouver Heights	25 00
Kelsoah	40 00
	1 011 13
Total Receipts to date	\$68 840 61
Same date last year	62 441 18
Receipts to Nov 22 1919	55 801 71
Miscellaneous Receipts to date	8 168 25

Personal

At the close of its regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon, Nov 8th, a delegation from the Quarterly Official Board of the Danville circuit waited in a body on one of its members, Mr J Nutbrown, at his home and presented him with an address and handsome walking stick in honor of his long and faithful service. The address was read by the pastor, Rev S J Pike, while Mr J E Horan, recording staward, presented the useful gift. Bro Nutbrown, though completely taken by surprise, replied in very suitable terms, giving an outline of his long term of office and thanking the Board for their kindly feelings and fellowship expressed in such a timely and definite manner.

Rev J W Mahood, the evangelist, and his helpers are engaged in a revival campaign at Port Colbourne, Ont. The Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist churches are united in the work. Rev Chas Hackett is pastor of the Methodist Church.

The Derham circuit of the Hamilton Conference has extended a unanimous invitation to Rev Earl W Brearby M.A., of Hornby, to become their pastor for the next conference year. Rev M J Brearby has accepted the invitation.

Rev J A Seller, B.A., who was brought to the Lamont Hospital, Lamont, Alberta, in a serious condition, is now making rapid advances toward recovery.

Connexional Notices

TORONTO WEST—A special district meeting of Toronto West district will be held December 9th in the Centennial Methodist Church corner Bloor and Davenport Rd. Programme for the afternoon and evening is as follows:

- 2 00 2 10 Devotional
- 2 10 3 00 District Business
- 3 00 3 30 Stewardship a Fad or a Force
Rev S W Dean
- 3 30 4 15 Round table conference on Stewardship lead by Rev A I Terryberry
- 4 15 4 45 Evangelism and a Concerted Evangelistic Campaign for the District Rev Dr Armstrong
- 4 45 5 30 Discussion
- 6 00 7 00 Tea by the ladies of Centennial Church 50 cents a plate
- 7 00 8 00 Round table conference on Evangelism in the Sunday schools and Young Peoples Societies led by Rev Frank Langford B A
- 8 00 8 10 Devotional
- 8 10 8 40 The Evangelistic Message Rev Dr Hincks
- 8 40 Discussion led by Mr J Bennett followed by consecration service and closing by chairman.

Every pastor is kindly urged to see that delegates are appointed as per Discipline. Also in addition that five members of the Committee of Evangelism and Social Service of each church are appointed as representatives to the district meeting. The pastor is kindly asked without fail to phone Rev Dr Armstrong Ken 1076 not later than Friday December 2nd the number of ministers delegates and representatives that would likely be present from his church for the meeting— I G Bowles President A I Terryberry Financial Secretary

Toronto Methodist Ministerial Association

The next regular meeting of the Toronto Methodist Ministerial Association will be held in the Board Room Wesley Buildings on Monday December 5 at 10 30 a.m. Rabbi B R Brickner of Holy Blossom Synagogue Toronto will address the Association. His theme will be Zionism. All visiting brethren cordially invited—G H Purchase Secretary

The Week of Prayer

The Inter Church Advisory Council of Canada met in Toronto on November 17th 1921. Prominent among the resolutions was the following—

That we urge upon the Churches the observance of the Week of Prayer January 1st 8th 1922 that the same be observed wherever possible in Union ser-

vices and further that a committee be appointed to prepare a programme of topics for the week and to issue the same. The committee has been appointed and as soon as the programme is prepared a copy will be sent to each pastor throughout our church.—T Albert Moore General Secretary Evangelism and Social Service

District Meeting

BOWMANVILLE DISTRICT—Spiritual Conference specially on Evangelism will be held at Ebenezer (Courtice Cir) on Wednesday November 30th. Afternoon service 2 p.m. evening service 7 30 p.m. Let every circuit be largely represented.—S C Moore Chair man M. Irwin Financial Secretary

Christ's Coming Again by Thomas Vadden one of the ministers of the Hamilton Conference. The author believes in the coming of Christ in glorious majesty to judge the world but holds that this final Coming may be those sands of years in the future. He shows that Christ's parables about His Coming are fulfilled in the great religious epochs and spiritual visitations of history. Written in a clear readable style and highly recommended by Drs T A Moore W B Craghton John T McLaughlin and others.

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 the date of subject of sketch. Minimum charge two dollars.

CANN—On October 27th 1921 in the village of Plattville there passed away one of our most loved and talented young women Ruby M Cann aged 27 years. Early in life she developed both intellectual and musical ability. Her frail body possessed a pure soul. She united with the Church in early girlhood and her winsome personality and beautiful singing were greatly prized by the people. She graduated in business as well as in music and devoted some time to teaching. The young people's 'Lava Wire Class' will long cherish her memory for her worth and work. Rev S Edwards joined with the pastor in the funeral service paying a personal tribute of love and respect to one so dearly loved and deeply mourned.—R E Roulton

DICKINSON—On October 5 1921 there passed to her reward Jana Dickinson only daughter of James and Rebecca Mallyard late of Thornhill and only sister of the late Rev R Mallyard of London Conference. She was born in Thornhill in 1842 and in 1860 was united in marriage to the late Henry Dickinson of the township of King. They settled in the homestead in Uxbridge township where they lived until the death of her partner in 1886. The following years were spent in educating her daughters and caring for her aged parents. In 1905 she came to Toronto where she lived with her daughter Mrs N R Cooper. She leaves an unbroken family of five children Mrs Cooper Miss F Louisa, teacher in Toronto public schools William of Uxbridge Charles of Fielding Sask and Arthur of the Technical School staff London. She united with the Methodist Church early in life and at the time of her death was a member of St Clair Ave Church.

Births, Marriages, Deaths

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

Births

NEWNHAM—At Miss Moore's private hospital Owen Sound November 18th to Rev B E and Mrs Newnham (nee Gertrude Thomson Orspond P E I) of Shallow Lake Ontario a daughter Edith Marian.

HIE—Born at Eldorado on October 16th 1921 to Rev A O and Mrs Hie a son (Albert Dwight).

LAWSON—November 14th at the Rutherford Parsonage to Rev and Mrs R H Lawson a girl Grace Marion.

PURCHASE—At Gull Lake Sask Arms tice Day to Rev F G and Mrs Purchase a son Emerson Castaworth Ramsay.

STOTESBURY—At the St Vincent Parsonage Meaford on Wednesday November 16 1921 to Rev and Mrs F G Stotesbury a son.

Death

HIE—Died of measles at Eldorado on November 7th Albert Dwight only son of Rev A O and Mrs Hie. Interment at Riverside Cemetery Lindsay.

In Memoriam

COHOE WEAVER—In loving memory of our dear father and mother Rev B L Cohoe and wife also of their only grandson Lieut O V R Weaver, Croix de Guerre.

He leads He guides and He commands Our Captain with the Pierced Hands
—Margaret Weaver

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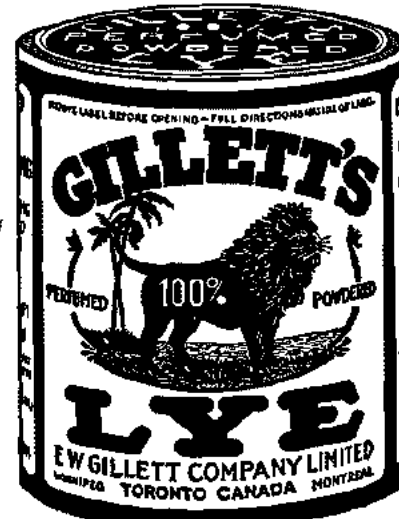
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