

# The Christian Guardian

• Established 1829 •

## The Christian Job

CAN it be set down as an axiom of our present day Christian thinking that one of the great purposes Jesus Christ had in view in coming to our world was to teach men how to live together in mutual appreciation, love and helpfulness? And if that was one of the great purposes of His coming, it would be safe to conclude that He fully understood what a difficult undertaking it would be. And yet it would be also safe to conclude that He didn't think that the undertaking was a hopeless one. The lesson could be taught and learned, and practised, for He was no blind enthusiast and dreamer. And if that was one of the great purposes of His life, left unrealized when the end came, it comes to us, His followers, as one of the great obligations and duties of our lives. If we are real Christians, one of the great purposes of our lives will be to teach men, both by precept and example, how to live together in mutual appreciation, love and helpfulness. Are we living up to that task and privilege?

TORONTO  
JUNE 4  
1919

# TORONTO YOUNG PEOPLE'S VOLUNTEER UNION

## CONSTITUTION.

1. *The Name.*—The name shall be as follows: "The Toronto Young People's Volunteer Union."

2. *Members.*—There shall be two kinds of members, namely, full members and honorary. Full members are those who have signed the pledge, are proceeding to its fulfilment, and have not yet entered into their life's work. Honorary members are those who have been full members, but have completed their preparation and have entered into their field of labor.

3. *Local Unions.*—(a) Where there are three or more full members in any one church a local union shall be formed. In case there are only one or two members in any one church, they are urged to join the local union of any other church.

(b) Local unions shall elect the following officers by ballot: (1) President, (2) secretary, (3) treasurer.

(c) Membership in the local union constitutes membership in the central union.

4. *Central Union Executive.*—(a) Each local union shall have one representative on the Central Council, and that representative be the president, and unions having over ten members shall have a representative in the proportion of one to every ten members.

(b) The representatives so chosen shall form the council of the central union, and they shall elect annually by ballot their officers, which shall be as follows: (1) Hon. president, (2) hon. vice-president, (3) president, (4) vice-president, (5) secretary, (6) treasurer, (7) two missionary advisers.

(c) The hon. president and hon. vice-president shall be chosen from among the officers of the General Board and Woman's Missionary Society respectively. The president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer shall be chosen from among the full members, and the missionary advisers from among the missionaries on furlough, one from each board.

(d) It shall be the duty of the Central Executive to promote the organization of local unions wherever possible, and to introduce unattached volunteers to some local union.

5. *Meetings.*—Local unions should meet at least once a month, and the central union at least quarterly, or at such times as the executive may deem wise. Special meetings

may be called when special speakers can be secured. When the central union meets, the local meeting falling on that month may be omitted.

6. *The Pledge.*—The pledge shall be as follows: "It is my purpose, if God permit, to devote my life to some definite form of active Christian service in the home or foreign field."

7. *Home Volunteers.*—Volunteers for any definite form of Christian service recognized by our Church are included within the scope of the pledge.

8. *Objects of the Union.*—The following are the objects of the union:

(1) To fortify the hearts of the members to pursue to the end their high purpose.

(2) By mutual prayer and fellowship to deepen the spiritual life of each member.

(3) To give advice as to the best means of securing the necessary education and to arrange financial aid for members who cannot bear the whole burden themselves.

(4) To encourage others to become volunteers.

(5) To deepen and intensify the spiritual and missionary life in the churches where the local unions exist and throughout the whole city.

## CHANGE OF DATE.

Last week we announced that the approaching meeting of this new and hopeful organization would be held in Elm Street Church, Toronto, on Saturday evening, June 7th, at eight o'clock. Since that time both date and place of meeting have been changed. The meeting will take place in the chapel of the National Training School, St. Clair Avenue, on Thursday evening, June 5th, at 7.45 o'clock.

## THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE AND ECONOMICS

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Your issue of May 28th contains a letter from Rev. C. H. Huestis which is in line with much that is being said on this subject in a general way. Therefore, although I have refrained from replying to individual criticisms, I think in this case something ought to be said, as perhaps it is a type of our rather vague thinking on economic subjects.

Suppose that we eliminate all side issues and try to transfer the proposition of the

General Conference into the realm of the practical. Where does it land us? The declaration reads as follows:

"To demand nothing less than a transference of the whole economic life from a basis of competition and profits to one of co-operation and service."

Now consider how this could be accomplished; first, by applying it to our national affairs. Experienced business men, like our Finance Minister, realize that our tremendous national obligations can only be met by producing in field, factory, forest, mine, fisheries, etc., as much as possible and selling all these products at a profit. If we cannot do this, national bankruptcy stares us in the face. The only other method is repudiation of our national obligations.

In the second place, what applies to the nation is equally true of the individual or group. Take a very simple case, that of the Methodist Book and Publishing House. This concern has been extremely well managed for many years, and has built up, honestly and fairly, by a proper combination of competition and profits, as well as co-operation and service, a great asset which belongs to the Methodist Church. Suppose you attempt to apply the "no profit" system to this business, how would it pay its trade obligations and the interest on the bonds, held largely by Methodist ministers and people of small means throughout the connexion, who depend upon such investments for their living? Also, how could large grants be made from the profits year by year to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund?

I have put these problems before nearly all the business men I have met during the past few weeks, and no one could see a practical answer except a lawyer friend of mine who, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Yes, it can be done. They are doing it now in Russia." If, therefore, what the Methodist Church proposes is impractical, are we not losing ourselves in a hunt for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and at the same time deluding and setting at unrest thousands of people who have not the means of thinking out these problems? Much more might be said, but it is unnecessary. If, however, my contentions are correct in the realm of the practical, am I not right in thinking that the Methodist Church should not attempt to teach economics?

S. R. PARSONS.

(We confess that Mr. Parsons' letter puts us into a real dilemma. We know that he is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and that therefore he can see a point. We know that he is a man of finest character and integrity, and that therefore he could not profess not to see what he did see. And yet his letter seems to be penned in absolute ignorance of the question that we thought was under discussion. He talks about business being carried on under a "no profit system." Now, in the name of all that is sensible, who was talking about such a system of business? No one, so far as we know, not even that supposed consummately stupid body, the Methodist General Conference. And then Mr. Parsons' business friends see it as he does. And, last of all and worst of all, that witty lawyer! Really we are puzzled. And we suppose it is useless to try to explain the situation over again, for it has been done several times and very explicitly already. But if Mr. Parsons, and his business friends, and especially that lawyer, could be got to see what we are driving at, we might get on a little. —The Editor.)

A few days ago the Presbyterian Church of the United States elected as moderator of the 131st General Assembly a layman, J. Willis Baer. This is the first time such an honor has been conferred upon a layman, but it will probably not be the last. We wonder what Methodism will do to show that she is just as democratic as her Presbyterian sister!

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## Austria is Doomed

**T**HIS is Austria's fate, according to her President, Dr. Karl Seitz, if she is not permitted to ally herself with Germany. Dr. Seitz laments the fact that Austria finds herself ringed around with other nations, some of them newly created, and most of them with scant love for their erstwhile Austrian master. But Dr. Seitz conveniently forgets that Austria's position, bad as it is, is nothing like as bad as was the position of the Czechs, the Slovenes and the Slavs under the old *regime*, when Austria governed them, or misgoverned them, taxed them, and persecuted them, at her own sweet will. Dr. Seitz says, and he probably says truly, that the majority of Austrians did not want the war, but he fails to remember that if that were the case they had no right to enter the war; and he cannot plead innocence when the whole world knows how the great empire of Austria tried to wipe little Serbia's heroic people off the face of the earth. Austria, when mighty, was merciless; and Austria, defeated and helpless, has scant claim to the sympathy of the world. If she wished for mercy she should have been more merciful.

## Fiume to be Independent

**T**HE Paris *Temps* asserts that an agreement has been reached which settles satisfactorily Italy's claims in the Adriatic region. As had been anticipated, Fiume becomes independent, but Italy secures Zara and Sebenico, and also certain strategic islands, and the mandate over Albania. She renounces all other claims in Dalmatia. Another report denies that Zara and Sebenico are to pass under the control of Italy. Just what are the exact facts we cannot say, but it seems certain that Italy will adjust herself to the rather peculiar Adriatic situation. There is no news from Asia Minor, and apart from the disquieting rumor that Italy had landed troops near Smyrna we know nothing. Greece has taken possession of Smyrna and will hold it, and as its inhabitants are largely Greeks this seems to be a wise disposition of the case. It may be that some Italian commander has acted without warrant in Asia Minor, but it may almost be taken for granted that Italy will play fair with her Allies, and will not seek to make trouble for them and for herself by defying the expressed will of the Peace Conference.

## Bolshevism on the Down Grade

**T**HE news from Russia is all of a reassuring character, and helps to confirm the belief that at last the Bolshevistic madness is abating. Petrograd is still uncaptured, but the Bolshevik forces in the north seem clearly unequal to the task of holding back the attacking forces, and Petrograd seems certain to be abandoned by its Bolshevik masters within a very short time. Many well-known Bolsheviks are arranging their affairs, collecting what valuables they can, and hastening southwards. Moscow is now the real Bolshevik centre. One of the most significant items received was concerning the revolt of Grigoriev, the Bolshevik divisional commander. Evidently Grigoriev has made up his mind that Bolshevism is doomed, and so he has deserted to the enemy, and with his troops is now threatening the Bolshevik forces in Ekaterinoslav, Poltava and Odessa; and the Bolshevik commissary, Antonov, has issued orders that any of Grigoriev's troops who may be captured are to be shot. Meanwhile the Siberian troops, who have won great fame in the war, are aiming to capture Orenberg. The peasants also, in different sections of the country, seem to be growing more and more hostile to the Bolsheviks, and whenever it becomes safe to oppose them

openly they will not be apt to hesitate. There is a rumor that Lenine has actually asked Admiral Kolchak for an armistice, in order to consider terms of peace; but it is not likely that affairs have reached that point yet. The cheering fact is that Bolshevism seems to be decidedly on the wane. The British Government recognizes this so clearly that the Secretary for War declared last week that there was a possibility of all foreign troops being withdrawn from Russia by next autumn.

## Germany's Death Warrant

**I**T is inconceivable that if Germany had won the war she would have been either as moderate as the Allies in her terms, or as patient in her treatment of her enemies. That Germany would have listened for a moment to France's or Britain's appeals for clemency we cannot imagine. But utterly forgetful of what she would have demanded, and without the slightest hint that she remembers what her own statesmen avowed to be their terms, Germany persists in asserting that the present treaty is a monstrous thing, unjust, cruel, and wholly unthinkable—and she will not sign. The terms must be changed, in regard to the Saar, in regard to Silesia, and in reference to the indemnity; or Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau will die sooner than append his name. And a number of British pacifists, moved by the pitiable plight of the German foe, have declared that the terms of peace really constitute a breach of faith with the enemy, and that it will be impossible on this basis to establish any true League of Nations. And just at the same time the Hon. Mr. Kemp, in the Canadian Parliament, declares that it has been absolutely established that German soldiers crucified a Canadian soldier early in the war. And the very pacifists who now are pleading for Germany seem to forget that they pleaded for Germany before and declared that she would never, never, never, make war on England. We believe in mercy to a vanquished foe, but our first duty is to guard our own people, and to make sure that the nation which has run amuck once is effectively prevented from repeating the experiment. There is a mercy which is heavenly; there is a mercy which is almost a crime. Let Germany show that she has no intention of repeating her crime before we discuss admitting her to the League of Nations. The peace terms are harsh; but to be effective they must be harsh.

## Anti-Jewish Feeling in Russia

**T**HERE seems to be a widespread fear amongst the Jews in Russia that one of the things the near future may have in store will be a rising against their race. The mistakes and excesses of the Communist Government will, it is feared, be visited upon the heads of the Jews. Already in peasant uprisings we have rumors of fierce vengeance being wreaked especially upon Jewish Commissaires. It is estimated that between thirty and forty per cent. of the responsible officials of the present Government are Jews. Trotsky is a Jew, but Lenine is not, being the son of a Russian landlord. But the ordinary Russian looks upon the present Government as being ruled by the Jews, and he blames them for everything that goes wrong. The Government realizes this, and of late it has carefully selected Russians to fill any vacancies that occurred. It is worth noting that in the eighth congress of the Russian Communist party, held in Moscow in the latter part of March, out of the 403 delegates only 16 per cent. were Jews and 62 per cent. were Great Russians; 7 per cent. were Letts, 4 per cent. Ukrainians, 3 per cent. Poles and 2 per cent. Lithuanians. It is to be hoped that the fears of the Jewish residents of Russia will be found groundless,

and that Bolshevik misrule will give place to some settled form of representative government, without the change being signalized by a war of extermination against the unfortunate Russian Jews.

### The Extension of the Franchise in India

THE British Government, after long consideration, has decided to extend the franchise in India. At present there are Provincial Legislative Councils chosen by an electorate of 33,007, out of a population of 220,000,000. The new franchise will be a great advance upon this, in that it will create an electorate of 5,179,000 persons; but while this electorate forms but a small part of India's millions, even amongst the new electors a large proportion will be illiterate. The vote will depend upon certain property and residence qualifications, and there will be special representation for Mohammedans, Sikhs, Indian Christians, Europeans and Eurasians, and for land-holding, commercial, industrial and planting interests. There are to be a number of Provincial Legislatures and a central Parliament of 120 members. The Provincial Governors are to have the power to dismiss Ministers who do not suit them. This is to us but a very small instalment of self-government, but it is a very great advance upon what India now has, and no doubt self-governing powers will be extended as rapidly as the result of the new experiment warrants. There can be no question that Britain will be only too glad to see India completely self-governing as soon as it is humanly possible and wise.

### The War and Christian Union

IN a recent issue of the *Methodist Times*, of London, England, considerable space is given to the report of a speech by Rev. Dr. Percy Dearmer at the seventh Christian Union Conference, held in Kingsway Hall, London. Dr. Dearmer undertook to show how the war had brought nearer the possibility of a reunion of the Christian Churches in Europe. There is no doubt that it has helped to do this in England, but Dr. Dearmer dealt rather with the Continental side of the matter. The Vatican, he declared, had stood in the way of any such union by its persistent claim to supremacy; but the war had weakened very much the Vatican's hold upon Europe, where the Pope is now the only representative of autocracy. Austria-Hungary, for long the national mainstay of the Vatican, and whose Emperor possessed the right to veto the election of any Pope, has gone to pieces, and democracy rules where formerly autocracy held sway. Not only so, but Hungary, like Italy, France, and even Belgium, has become anti-clerical. It is true that the French clergy have rehabilitated themselves greatly in France, but the Vatican is more suspected than ever; while in Belgium, which is normally about fifty per cent. anti-clerical, the feeling of resentment against the Vatican for its desertion of Belgium is said to be intense. But the Greek Church, with its many millions of adherents in Europe, is facing a new lease of life. Its ancient centre, St. Sophia's great church in Constantinople, will probably again be used as a Christian church, and already the Greek Church in Greece, Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia and Russia is looking, so Dr. Dearmer asserts, with friendly eyes towards the Church of England. The Bishop of London tells of a recent visit to Athens, where he received a wonderful reception from the Greek Church. He says: "All the clergy of Athens and all the bishops of the surrounding country gathered in great conclave to receive me, and the strongest possible expressions of hope were made that our great Churches would grow closer to each other." It is evident that the war has done much to change the church situation over the whole of Europe, and the changes are not all for the worse. What the future may have in store we cannot yet determine, but we look for better and brighter days.

### Dr. Torrey and Dr. Mathews

DR. SHAILER MATHEWS is one of the best-known men in the Baptist Church upon this continent, and he is a minister in good standing. His ability and scholarship are beyond question, and his moral character above reproach. Dr. Torrey, the once famous revivalist, is now dean of the Los Angeles Bible Institute, and he also is supposed to be a godly man. But Dr. Mathews recently wrote a small pamphlet upon premillennialism, entitled "Will Christ Come Again?" and Dr. Torrey, a devout premillennialist, gets after him in rather

startling fashion. It may be all right to call a spade a spade, but when one preacher gets after another in the following fashion it makes one wonder a little that a good man can possess such a strong vocabulary. This is Dr. Torrey's opinion about Dr. Mathews and his little pamphlet. He says: "He has allowed himself in this instance to be governed by his very violent and bitter prejudices rather than by his reasoning faculties, and thus has been betrayed into the fallacies and falsehoods that characterize the pamphlet from beginning to end. . . . There is not enough of the intellectual trickster about me, even if there is about Shailer Mathews and his school. . . . The childish follies and absurd fallacies and gross falsehoods and insidious blasphemies of Shailer Mathews' pamphlet. . . . The fundamental lack with Shailer Mathews and his whole school of thought is a lack of common intellectual honesty, and of a decent amount of courage. . . . This statement also is a falsehood, so palpably false that about all one needs to do is to quote it. . . . We do not recall ever having read a book, even by the bitterest infidel, that was more evidently, egregiously, deliberately, intentionally unfair than this booklet of Shailer Mathews. . . . Another illustration of the gross, egregious, deliberate, and outrageous unfairness of Shailer Mathews is his discussion of the whole subject. . . . Fortunately Shailer Mathews does not himself believe a word of the nonsense which he writes. . . . Of course the claim is utterly false, and results either from gross ignorance or deliberate lying, sometimes from one, sometimes from the other." This takes us back to former days, when ecclesiastical prize-fighters wore no gloves. No doubt Dr. Torrey thinks he is doing the Lord service by his attack upon Dr. Mathews, but we venture to suggest that such bitter accusations will do him more harm than they will do Dr. Mathews.

### The Progress of the Great Strike

AT the time of going to press the Winnipeg strike is still on, but it is reported that a number of the sympathy strikers are going back to work, and it looks like the beginning of the end. But at the same time Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary and Edmonton are all feeling more or less the strike fever, and a sympathetic strike, which may reach large proportions, has been called in Toronto in aid of the striking metal trades. The newspapers generally appear to be distinctly unfriendly to the sympathetic strike, and the Minister of Labor makes the following specific charge in connection with the Winnipeg strike: "Subsequent events proved conclusively that the motive behind the general strike effort was for the purpose of assuming control and direction of commercial and industrial affairs, also municipal, provincial and federal activities, so far as they were being carried on in this city, and with the avowed intention of extending that control to a wider field. I have no hesitation in stating that the One Big Union movement is the underlying cause of the whole trouble, and that the Winnipeg general strike deserves no sympathy or support from labor organizations outside." On the other hand, Mr. H. B. Archer, the president of the Ontario and Quebec Conference of Typographical Unions, who was in Winnipeg only a few days ago, declares that "everything is so quiet and orderly in the streets of Winnipeg that you would not imagine from the actions of the people that conditions were abnormal." There are no street meetings, no mobs, and no arrests of strikers. When we consider the present universal unrest, the cosmopolitan character of Winnipeg, and the length of the strike, we must admit that never before in Canada have we had just such an exhibition of self-restraint in a big strike. Whether it be due to prohibition, or to the character of the leader, Rev. W. Ivens, certainly the impression made upon the Canadian public has been a remarkably good one. If the strike is due to Bolshevism, as the Hon. Gideon Robertson and others seem to think, we must say that the Bolshevism is the most orderly, law-abiding and respectable type of which we have ever heard. Will Toronto's strike be of this nature? We hope and trust that it may. There is a general impression, almost a universal impression, that if wise men had been in control on both sides there would never have been any strike either in Winnipeg or Toronto. Every strike helps to drive home to the people the fact that ultimately the people will demand the right to say both how the employer shall run his business and how the union shall run its business. Fools at either end may cause a great deal of loss to innocent parties and great damage to the State.



## THE SYMPATHETIC STRIKE

**S**TRIKES are at best but war measures, and often they injure the very people they are intended to help. The striker is usually poor, and his employer can afford to sit still and do nothing far better, and much longer, than he. And where we find the employer and the employee at all amenable to reason there need be no strike. But sometimes the employer is unreasonable, and absolutely refuses to admit that his employee has any right to "dictate" to him how he shall run his business, and in such a case society admits, though somewhat reluctantly, that possibly a strike may be the most effective remedy. In any case, if the men have a real grievance, public opinion is usually inclined to justify the strike, yet only as a last resort.

But a "sympathetic strike" is something different. In this hundreds, or thousands, of workmen, who have no grievance whatever, or at least who are supposed to have none, go on strike, not to secure better terms for themselves, but to secure better terms for other workmen, whose union is not sufficiently strong to make the strike a success. The object of the sympathetic strike is to produce a general industrial paralysis so complete and so widespread that the community in self-defence will be compelled to insist that the demands of the strikers be granted. It is something of the nature of a blockade in war, and its success depends upon its effectiveness. It undoubtedly causes inconvenience and loss, the more the better for its purpose, and it may easily prove a great danger to the community. It has been tried in other countries with more or less success, but the Winnipeg case is its first appearance on a large scale in Canada.

What shall we say of it? Nearly every newspaper of any authority condemns it. The Minister of Labor has condemned it, and the Hon. Sir Robert Borden has also condemned it in so far at least as it involves public servants such as post-office workers. In Winnipeg the firemen, the policemen and the post-office employees all went out on sympathetic strike. The Hon. Gideon Robertson, Minister of Labor, notified the post-office employees that they must report for duty or be dismissed, and as they refused to report they are all presumably no longer employees of the Government. This is certainly a very plain and simple way of dealing with the matter, but if it should precipitate a strike from the Atlantic to the Pacific amongst post-office employees, the case would not seem quite so simple. The Government itself is not so very sure of its position, and a nation-wide industrial conflict is the last thing anyone would desire.

The truth is that the sympathetic strike is the strongest weapon in the hands of labor, and it is certain that it will be used wherever possible to enforce what labor holds to be its legitimate demands. The idea of the One Big Labor Union is only possible because the war has produced a solidarity in the ranks of labor such as never obtained before. That this solidarity will be permanent has yet to be seen, but we incline to the belief that it will. But whether it be permanent or not, it must certainly be reckoned with just now. This gives an altogether different complexion to what we term "collective bargaining," and it makes inevitable a larger view of labor unions than has hitherto prevailed. It must seem to some employers the height of absurdity to allow strangers to speak for their own employees, and yet just now at least the wiser policy would seem to be to recognize the changed situation and make the best of it.

It cannot be too clearly stated that these are not the days for the fighter, but for the peace-maker. Our people have been passing through most strenuous times, and they have borne nobly and uncomplainingly the burdens which have been laid upon them. They have sent their sons and brothers to the war, and they have done so without a murmur. They have borne the burden of bereavement, and they have had their dear ones come home lame, maimed, blind, deaf, and handicapped for all the future; and they have not rebelled. And they have faced the daily burden of increasing cost of living, seeing their scanty dollars every month buy a little less bread, and meat, and coal, and clothes; they have had the rent raised, and the taxes increased, until the dollar of four years ago is worth less than fifty cents; and they have borne it all. They have worn poorer clothes, eaten poorer food, spent less on simple luxuries, than ever in their lives before; and at the same time they have read the Government reports of huge fortunes made by corporations out of the very necessities of life; and they have borne it all—because it was war.

But now the war is over, and the burden should be lifted. It may be, as some of our experts tell us, that there is no possible way by which the Government can relieve the situation; but one thing is sure, the situation is a serious one, and it cannot be settled by a wave of the hand. The poor man in Canada is poorer to-day than he was a generation ago, and his standard of living is on a lower plane economically; and he becomes more acutely conscious of this, more resentful of it, and more determined to change the situation, as he sees all about him the evidences of increasing wealth in costly automobiles and luxurious living. It is within the power of the Government to insist that the poor man refrain from sympathetic strikes; but if it does so it were well that it exercise its power also upon the half-dozen or so of wealthy men who, by their refusal to agree to collective bargaining, have precipitated these strikes.

We are a law-abiding people, but there is too much inflammable tinder lying everywhere about to make it safe to throw firebrands around promiscuously. Our people have been under tremendous strain, and they are still under it, and it is a time for sympathy and conciliation rather than for provocative speech or the use of force.

## THE LIBERTY LEAGUE

**T**HE Citizens' Liberty League, of Toronto, is an organization closely akin in purpose and in methods to the "Liberty Leagues" with which we have become familiar in the United States. It is expressly denied, however, that the Ontario League has any relation to the American Leagues which, so far as our memory serves us, were under the control of pro-German brewers, and were financed largely by funds from pro-German organizations. The Citizens' Liberty League expressly denies that it has any vital relation to the American Liberty League, and we sincerely trust that this is true. But the objects of the two organizations, like the names, are strikingly similar; in fact, they make them look like twins.

Last week the Liberty League held a meeting in Toronto, and there were about 350 or 400 people present, including three women. This absence of women seems very significant, especially when we recall the fact that the liquor traffic, to which the League does not belong, but whose battles it has undertaken to fight, never had much use for woman suffrage. The chief speaker was that redoubtable champion of liquor-drinking, Col. H. A. C. Machin, M.P.P. for Kenora. The colonel was evidently out for a good time, and he had it. He was opposed to "all prohibitory legislation, Dominion or provincial, that is opposed to the rights and liberties of the people," and he declared that he "was born a free man and a British subject, and intended to die one." So far as we know no one has any objection to the colonel living and dying both free and a British subject; but the colonel suspects that the Dominion Alliance, the Lord's Day Alliance, the Ontario Government, the Dominion Government and the Protestant Churches are all in league to enslave him, and he is fully determined to shed his last drop of blood in defence of his liberty—to drink beer. He hated to think that after fighting so bravely for freedom in Flanders men should come back to Canada to find that liberty gone.

Mr. A. E. Dyment, in moving a vote of thanks to Col. Machin, spoke bitterly of the prohibition movement as "sanctimonious hypocrisy," and declared that western business men had warned him that if Ontario remained dry they would buy their goods in Montreal instead of Toronto. Both speakers were freely applauded, as their logic seemed to appeal very much to the feelings of their audience. But in print that logic limps very perceptibly.

When Col. Machin referred to the large "slush fund" possessed by the prohibitionists, and intimated that he would like to see their subscription lists, the audience was perfectly willing to applaud the slur upon the prohibitionists, and they were ready to hiss Mr. Rowell's name and the name of every man or woman who seemed to stand prominently between them and the well-loved beer. But it is inevitable that an argument on this low level will react against the party which conducts it. A plea for a wide-open city, for wide-open saloons and brothels, for a wide-open Sunday, for wide-open divorce laws, wide-open living of all kinds, is always sure to attract the applause of a certain minority in the community whose business or habits will be favored by the "liberty"; but at the same time it naturally repels a much larger part of the community which realizes just

what a wide-open town would mean both to business and morals. Fortunately for us, the people of Ontario are able to judge for themselves the value of prohibition, and apart from those whose fortunes are involved in the trade, and those whose habits are too strong to be subject to reason, the general verdict is that Ontario is richer, healthier and better for being dry.

Ontario sent many soldiers to France, but they did not fight to make Ontario drunken, and we do not think they will vote that way. And it seems a tragic thing to see a red-nosed, blear-eyed, beer-soaked wreck of humanity, who has sacrificed family and fortune for the liquor which has destroyed him, standing up and pleading for "liberty," when we know that that liberty means simply liberty to finish his awful task of self-destruction.

Prohibition is only a desperate measure which is seldom adopted until all milder measures have failed. In Ontario, for half a century or more, we have tried almost every kind of way of dealing with the liquor traffic, from free whiskey to Government control, and we have found ourselves finally forced to prohibit the traffic in pure self-defence. Personal liberty is dear to all of us, but the liberty to get rich by drunkard-making is not a thing to be licensed, while the liberty to drink what may make a man a danger to his community, a brute in his home, or a beast on the street, is a liberty we are better without.

## THE GLORY OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

THIS is the title of a very stimulating article which appears in the current issue of *The Moslem World*, a very ably edited and exceedingly interesting publication devoted chiefly to all phases of Christian missionary endeavor among Mohammedan people. The author, in a striking way, calls attention to the fact that the missionary programme of the Apostles of Jesus in the first century challenged the civilization and the culture of the Europe of that time, just as the programme which the Church ought to have to-day would challenge the great Moslem world of our time. But it was the title of this article that struck us, that chimed in with the psychologic mood of the moment, and that has been preaching a stirring and helpful sermon to us ever since we read it.

Was there ever a time in the whole history of the world when there were as many impossible things that needed doing as there are to-day? Wherever we look we see them. In the great, broad field of international affairs there are evident a host of impossible things that must be done, for if they are not done, and done very soon, it would seem as if the whole fabric of civilization, which has been built up so laboriously throughout the centuries, would fall in wreck and ruin. And when we look at the world of industry, at the social fabric of our complicated modern life, at the great missionary enterprise of the Church and at all the other phases of her endeavor, the sight that greets us is very similar. Everywhere there are stupendous and impossible tasks greeting us, that press and urge themselves upon us, and seem to say, "go to, and do us now, or you will never have the chance again."

Without exaggeration it must be true that there never were so many hard things that absolutely had to be done as there are to-day. What a great day, therefore, this is in which we live. Everywhere the lure and glory of impossible tasks, inviting us, and urging us, and thrilling us; calling us to a devotion and courage and high endeavor such as the world has never seen before. What a pity it would be if, in a day like this, we shut ourselves up in the little, narrow circle of our own selfish interests, and saw no big tasks for the common good at all, heard no voices urging our consecration, and felt no pull up into that high place of noble, unselfish and helpful living.

But can these big and impossible things be done? History ought to answer that question to some degree. Big and impossible things have been done before. Not done perfectly, perhaps. The outcome of the doing of them has not always been all that was expected. The outcome of the lives of those early apostles, of whom the article mentioned above speaks, had some rather disappointing features. But is it not true that the glory of human history has lain in the fact that men have adventured splendidly and stayed with impossible tasks, and achieved heroically and triumphantly in the end?

But suppose we say that they cannot be done, where does that land us? Suppose we say that we will quit this idealizing and planning for a better world, and make up our mind that we will

start in to get all the pleasure and good we can out of the world as it is and forget the call to serve and help! Suppose we say that life is sordid anyway, and must always remain so; that the problem of making it beautiful and unselfish and Christian is too big for us; that the impossible tasks that brotherhood and religion seem to hand over to us must forever remain impossible and undone! Well, if we should say that, and live up to it, the beginning of the end of our race would have come, and men would be men no more.

The least we can say is that the great, stupendous, impossible tasks must be attempted; the best that we can say is that, through the grace and help of the great God, they can and they must be done.

## EUROPE FACING DARK DAYS

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, president of the National City Bank, New York, has just returned from a trip to Europe, and last week he tried to tell a New York audience just what he had seen and heard as to European conditions. He paints a picture of the darkest character, but he declares that he has not overstated the truth. He spent a little more than three months in Europe, and visited England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Belgium and Holland. He met every Finance Minister of the different countries named, many of the Prime Ministers, and leading financiers, bankers, employers of labor and labor leaders, and this is what he tells us. There is an idleness and a lack of productive activity that seem incredible, in England 1,000,000 people receiving the unemployment dole, and in little Belgium 800,000 receiving a similar allowance. On every hand there should be greatest activity in production, every man laboring at his best to try to feed his own and other nations, or to provide them with what is necessary to restore war-shattered Europe to its normal condition. But instead we have idleness, unprecedented.

The trouble lies, first, in the change in the morale of the worker, caused by the war; then in the difficulty in securing raw material; and lastly, in lack of capital. To secure raw material from without a country must either exchange goods or gold; and the war-devastated countries have neither. Then the finances of the country are badly disorganized. In France before the war there were 6,000,000,000 bank notes in circulation; now there are 36,000,000,000 such notes. England is in a similar position, although not so bad. Belgium also suffers in the same way. Then internal transportation has fallen down badly, and this seriously complicates the economic situation. Again, foodstuffs are very scarce. Russia no longer exports food; Roumania has not even enough wheat for seed; and in Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and much of the Balkan country the scarcity of food is appalling, and will be for at least another year. Then all over Europe horses and cattle have been destroyed, and in Belgium Mr. Vanderlip saw men hitched to a drag and drawing it across the fields.

And labor troubles are very widespread. England's manufacturing supremacy depended, apparently, on cheap labor, and there is no more cheap labor. The laborer has claimed, and secured, an increased wage which is intended to be an adequate wage. That it is adequate has yet to be proved, but if it is not adequate it will certainly be raised to the point necessary to secure him a decent living. In any case the old wage scale has been discarded permanently. And every one of these countries is face to face with a staggering war debt, which means heavier taxes than ever before. And France, poor France, has lost so many men that now women are in evidence everywhere, doing work that men ought to do. One British Cabinet Minister told Mr. Vanderlip that the Government will have to get some millions of Englishmen out of England and nearer to the source of food supply.

And, to add to the chaos, in every country in Europe there is a minority, estimated to be in England ten or fifteen per cent, which is working ceaselessly and zealously for the overthrow of the existing order, and hunger, and high prices, and unemployment, all play into the hands of this minority. If Europe is to be saved from a revolution such as has no precedent in world history, the nations which have been unscathed by the war must help by the extension of credit to a degree unparalleled in any former age. This is Mr. Vanderlip's conclusion, and he urges, that the United States extend a helping hand to save civilization.



# The Queen City Conference

By  
Exeter Hall

ON the high slope of the north bank of the mighty river Fraser, but a few miles from the sea, stands the city of New Westminster. It has many distinctions. For a short time it enjoyed the honor of being the capital of the colony of British Columbia. The name was originally Queensborough, suggested by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Young, in preference to Queenborough, as suggested by Col. Moody, the latter name being thought too close a paraphrase of Victoria. Eventually the Queen herself decided the present name—New Westminster.

This was the first place to enjoy municipal government, a proclamation to this effect being issued in 1860. At this particular time there is a unique fitness in the Conference meeting here. We are celebrating our diamond jubilee of the founding of Methodism in the province, and it is also the diamond jubilee of the city in which the Conference is held.

Another remarkable distinction is to be observed in the fact that at this gathering are to be seen twenty women delegates—the first in the history of Canadian Methodism. Ten years ago the late Mrs. Lashley Hall was sent by the East Kootenay district to Conference in this city, but was not allowed on the roll, the President, Rev. James Calvert, ruling against it. An appeal was taken, but the court sustained the President's ruling. Happily the General Conference at Hamilton was wise enough to remove all barriers, and thus in the queen city of the west the queens of Methodism exercise their lawful authority.

But we pay for our connection with royalty in this pretty borough. I stated that it lay on a high slope, and this is true indeed. The very streets are so stately and stiff that the local residents develop what may be termed the royal thews, a set of muscles that serve them in good stead for climbing the steep grades. Visitors can easily be distinguished from the residents in this particular; the former bend forward as they essay the hills, and stop for breath occasionally; whereas the well-seasoned, with the royal thews, go gaily on. It is well to have the "New Westminster knee" while in this pretty spot on the mighty Fraser river.

Over twenty years ago I first saw this broad path of water flooding out to the sea. Having just arrived from England, I was sitting on my trunk that had been removed from the baggage car of the train. The depot was at the water's edge. It is not possible to pass this spot without recalling the feeling of those far-gone days. Eventually I found the home of Bro. Betts, who was then President. Here I discovered a kindness and welcome that did my heart good. This was a few months before the great fire that destroyed the city in 1898; the church was lower down the hill in those days, and most of the buildings were of wood. To-day beautiful and substantial

edifices take their place, and residences, partly screened by well-kept shrubs, lilacs and cherry trees, are a sight to behold. The terrible fire consumed a few treasures of mine, while many, alas! lost their all; but it has not effaced those tender memories of the first welcome I received to this new land by kind friends beneath the parsonage roof. New Westminster will ever be a place to be remembered with a grateful heart by the writer.

This city will also be remembered with grateful hearts by many men and women in years to come because of the contribution that Columbia College has made to their success and happiness. I was never more impressed with the good work it is doing than in a recent visit, when I had lunch with the genial principal, Dr. Sanford, and a few members of the board of directors. We were sitting in the dining hall, filled with young people. I noted the order and yet freedom of the meal. Oriental servants

so far as it is necessary to understand the needs and ways of the west to give the best service. Our educational facilities are good—the academic standing of the staff at Columbia would satisfy the most careful enquirer, and the equipment is all that could be desired. The queen city of British Columbia, where roses bloom practically all the year 'round, offers exceptional educational advantages to the sons and daughters of our people throughout the land.

This Conference must be intensely interesting to the many visitors we have with us from various parts of the Dominion. The Indian report was well read by a native son of that race, well educated, and ordained to the Christian ministry. We were afterwards treated to a recital by an Indian lady in native costume. With becoming gesture and clear enunciation she held the large audience in close attention to the last word. With loud applause she was recalled to the platform. What has God wrought in these people by His grace! All honor to our noble band of missionaries who year by year give themselves to the Indians in isolated places, amid surroundings too often



THE BRITISH COLUMBIA METHODIST CONFERENCE, 1919.

Note the twenty women delegates.

moved swiftly and silently at the call of small bells at each table; the food was excellent, with a variety of vegetables. Conversation was general, and there seemed to be a deliberateness which suggested good training and healthful digestion. Above all, the contentment and cheerfulness manifested was a testimony to the management beyond question. Here is a home away from home of which parents would do well to avail themselves for their children at the most important period in their lives. It will be found advantageous to send the young people west for a college education from many points of view. The rapid growth of the west and our increasing trade with the Orient mean much for the future. Commercial currents are setting this way. New trade routes are in process of formation, and there is every indication that the Pacific will be, in the next generation, what the Atlantic has been in times past—the main artery of commercial life.

Thus it would be well for the more settled parts of this land of ours to realize the opportunities which lie this way. Young men and women educated here will be well prepared to fill the positions that will await them; better prepared than those whose education has been obtained in the east, in

uncongenial and sometimes repulsive. Natives of China and Japan, ordained and fully equipped for our ministry, were also present. These are doing excellent work among their people in their quiet and patient way. Our farthest station is just on the edge of the Arctic circle, so that it is possible for a man to travel 1,500 miles to Conference in British Columbia. Generally speaking, he is ice-bound until after the Conference opens; the ice seldom leaves the Yukon river until well on in May. At present we have no man on this northerly station, arrangements having been made with the Presbyterians. It has cheered us to see many of our brethren back from overseas. The General Superintendent arrived in the early stages of the Conference. We were glad to see him.

It is not my purpose in this article to trespass upon the ground always so ably covered by the official correspondent; the details of the gathering will appear in due course. But he will forgive me if I say that the election of A. N. Miller to the chair as president was exceedingly popular. With Wesley Miller, M.A., as secretary, we have two jolly Millers at the head of affairs. Some of the Conference wags think we should now have cheaper flour!

# Lowell's Truancy

By  
Etta Campbell

THE fact that 1919 is Lowell's centenary year is attracting much attention to his poetry. Enjoyable at any time, his poems are especially so in the spring and summer, for Lowell spent so much time in the great outdoors. He loved to run away from books and people and houses, and enjoy nature in solitude. In the Biglow papers he says:

"There's times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone,  
An' sort o' suffocate to be alone;  
I'm crowded jes' to think that folks are nigh,  
An' can't bear nothin' closer than the sky;"

And elsewhere:

"Away, my poets, whose sweet spell  
Can make a garden of a cell!  
I need ye not, for I to-day  
Will make one long sweet verse of play."

And yet again:

"Snap chord of manhood's tenser strain!  
To-day I will be a boy again;  
The mind's pursuing element  
Like a bow slackened and unbent,  
In some dark corner shall be leant.  
The robin sings as of old from the limb!  
The cat-bird croons in the lilac bush!  
Through the dim arbor, himself more dim,  
Silently hops the hermit thrush."

"Once more am I admitted peer  
In the upper house of nature here,  
And feel through all my pulses run  
The royal blood of breeze and sun.  
Oh, might we but of such rare days  
Build up the spirit's dwelling-place!  
A temple of so Parian stone  
Would brook a marble god alone,  
The statue of a perfect life,  
Far-shrined from earth's bestaining strife.  
Alas! though such felicity  
In our vexed world here may not be,  
Yet, as sometimes the peasant's hut  
Shows stones which old religion cut  
With text inspired or mystic sign  
Of the Eternal and Divine  
Torn from the consecration deep  
Of some fallen nun's mossy sleep,  
So, from the ruins of this day  
Crumbling in golden dust away  
The soul one gracious block may draw  
Carved with some fragment of the law,  
Which set in life's uneven wall,  
Old benedictions may recall,  
And lure some nun-like thoughts to take  
Their dwelling here for memory's sake."

And in the same strain:

"Trust me, 'tis something to be cast  
Face to face with one's self at last,  
To be taken out of the fuss and strife,  
The endless clatter of plate and knife,  
The bore of books, and the bores of the street,  
From the singular mess we agree to call  
Life,  
Where that is best which the most fools  
Vote is,  
And to be set down on one's own two feet  
So nigh to the great warm heart of God,  
You almost seem to feel it beat  
Down from the sunshine and up from the sod;  
To be compelled, as it were, to notice  
All the beautiful changes and chances  
Through which the landscape flits and glances,  
And to see how the face of common day  
Is written all over with tender histories."

Nothing in nature was too small or too obscure to attract his notice and give him pleasure;

"For, in mere weeds, and stones and springs,  
He found a healing power profuse."

"A buttercup  
Could hold for me a day's delight,  
A bird could lift my fancy up  
To ether free from cloud or blight."

"Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line" is crammed full of beautiful spring pictures, as well as homely Yankee wisdom:

"I, country-born and bred, know where to find  
Some blooms that make the season suit the mind,  
An' seem to match the doubtin' bluebird's notes,  
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,  
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,  
Each on 'em 's cradle to a baby-pearl;  
But these are jes' Spring's pickets, sure ez sin,  
The rebbles frosts 'll try to drive 'em in;  
For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't,  
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;  
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs  
Thet kind o' haggle with their green and things,  
An' when you 'most give up, without more words  
Toss the fields full of blossoms, leaves, an' birds;  
Thet's Northern natur', slow an' apt to doubt,  
But when it doos git stirred, ther' 's no gin-out!"

"The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,  
The saffron swarms swing off from all the willers  
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,  
Then grey hoss ches'nuts leetle hands unfold,  
Softer'n a baby's be at three days' old;  
This is the robin's almanick; he knows  
Thet arter this ther' 's only blossoms;  
So choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,  
He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house."

In "Under the Willows" we have the same splendid descriptive powers, the same masterly word-pictures of nature. Here he contrasts the perfection of June with the incompleteness of May and the sultriness of July; contrasts the joys of the out-of-doors with the joys of the library.

"June is the pearl of our New England year.  
Still a surprisal, though expected long,  
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,  
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back;  
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,  
With one great gush of blossom storms the world;  
A week ago the sparrow was divine;

The bluebird shifting his light load of song  
From post to post along the cheerless fence,  
Was as a rhymers ere the poet came;  
But now, oh rapture! sunshine winged and voiced;

The bobolink has come, and, like the soul  
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what,  
Save June! Dear June!  
Now God be praised for June.

"But June is full of invitations sweet,

The cherry dress for bridal, at my pane  
Brushes, then listens, Will he come?  
What a day!

To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think  
Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes  
The student's wiser business; the brain

Will not distil the juices it has sucked

Except for him who hath the secret learned

To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take

The wind into his pulses.

Hush! 'Tis he!  
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,  
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,  
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound

About the bough to help his housekeeping;

Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,

'Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,  
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,  
Divines the providence that hides and helps.

Heave! ho! Heave! ho! he whistles as the twine  
Slackens its hold; once more, now, and a flash

Lightens across the sunlight to the elm  
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.  
Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails  
My loosened thought with it along the air,  
And I must follow, would I ever find  
The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life."

What a close and loving observer must Lowell have been to be able to write such a true and sympathetic picture of the oriole's nest-building.

The trees, too, share his love:-

"I care not how men trace their ancestry,  
To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;

But I, in June am midway to believe  
A tree among my fair progenitors,  
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,  
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet  
There is between us.

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree  
While the blithe season comforts every sense,

Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,

Brimming it o'er with sweetness un-  
aware,

Fragrant and silent as the rosy snow  
Wherewith the pitying apple tree fills up  
And tenderly lines some last year robin's nest.

There muse I of old times, old hopes, old friends."

The effect of the willow upon him is



described in the beautiful passage beginning:

"This willow is as old to me as life."

I can quote only a part of it:

"Myself was lost,  
Gone from me like an ache, and what remained  
Became a part of the universal joy.  
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,  
Danced in the leaves; or floating in the cloud,  
Saw its white double in the stream below;  
Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,  
Dilated in the broad blue over all.  
I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,  
The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,  
The thin-winged swallow skating on the air;  
The life that gladdened everything was mine."

Beautiful, too, and better known, are the June pictures in "The Vision of Sir Launfal":

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;  
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;  
No price is set on the lavish summer;  
June may be had by the poorest comer.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun  
Attil like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'er-run  
With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?"

"Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing;  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear  
That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering the house hard by;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack."

"Pictures from Appledore" is a marvel of description from start to finish, perfect word-pictures of the various changes of island and sea and sky in fair weather and foul, Appledore by night, Appledore by day, Appledore in storm and Appledore in calm.

"Till now you dreamed not what could be done  
With a bit of rock and a ray of sun."

The description of Appledore in a storm is magnificent; so also is the section which follows the colorful picture after the storm, when

"From the body of day the sun-soul slips.  
And the face of earth darkens until

By and by  
Beyond whatever is most beyond  
In the uttermost waste of desert sky,  
Grows a star;  
And over it, visible spirit of dew;  
Ah, stir not, speak not, hold your breath,  
Or surely the miracle vanisheth—  
The new moon, tranced in unspeakable blue!

No frail illusion; this were true,  
Rather, to call it the canoe  
Hollowed out of a single pearl,  
That floats us from the Present's whirl  
Back to those beings which were ours,  
When wishes were winged things like powers!  
Call it not light, that mystery tender,  
Which broods upon the brooding ocean,  
That flush of ecstasies surrender  
To undefinable emotion,  
That glory, mellowed than a mist  
Of pearl dissolved with amethyst,  
Which rims Square Rock, like what they paint  
Of mitigated heavenly splendor  
Round the stern forehead of a Saint!"

"An Indian Summer Reverie" is another series of masterly pictures, softer than those of Appledore and quite true to the season. Many other poems and passages abound with similar pictures of the nature that he loved so intensely, the nature that had such power to take him out of himself, the nature of whose true friendship he speaks in so many passages like the following:

"O unestranged birds and bees!  
O face of nature always true!  
O never-unsympathizing tree;  
O never-rejecting roof of blue."

We might well say of Lowell, as he said of another:

"Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,  
More full of love, because of him."

## The New Call for Service

By Fred S. Shepard

AN officer, summing up a simple, heart-to-heart talk to the men of his regiment who had just been discharged, said: "The new call is for service, and those who do not recognize it are going to be back numbers in this country." The officer was not giving a religious address nor preaching a sermon in the ordinary sense, but talking out of a full heart to the men who had been under him through the trying service of the war.

The point seems to be this: The men who had rendered such magnificent service overseas—a service calling for self-denial and self-sacrifice second to none men had ever been called upon to make, service for those who were in need, and rendered just because they were in need—were coming back, not to the old, pre-war life, but to conditions of life that the war had brought about, and to new and unknown situations which will follow as a more or less direct outcome of the war. What is to be their relationship to these conditions and problems?

Shall the soldier who has served so unselfishly overseas return to drop back into a little of self-seeking and self-indulgence? Shall those who dedicated themselves so magnificently to the service of others now renounce altruistic service and devote themselves to self-centred pursuits? Sad would be the results if this were the outcome; equally as sad, if the men who had thrilled and responded to the cry of the world's need, should they return to find, as a home

condition, a society which had failed to learn permanent lessons of sacrifice which would find expression in the service of their fellows, be they "Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free."

When the programme of "Good citizenship" was introduced in the camps of France and England, it was met by the statement that the men who had served in the armies of the Allies had proven their good citizenship. In answer it was said that the men were being given these courses to better qualify them to act as leaders on their return to the homeland, so that men who had failed to catch the vision of this life of larger service might be led to get the vision and thus be saved to themselves, to society and to the State.

The present time is a time of great strain and stress—a time for revision of thought and readaptation of life to meet the problems presenting themselves, that their solution may be the right solution and the outcome of the reconstruction of social, economic and religious life, so as to make a larger, better and more efficient national life. Christian soldiers, Christian business men and Christian citizens in every walk of life will be needed to lead in this great work of uplifting, broadening and laying sure foundations for the coming of a Christian conscience that shall make possible the highest type of national life—socially, economically and industrially. It calls for the best and highest of service; it aims at the best and highest of results.

# The Test the Church Must Face

By  
Archer Wallace

Of course it is the merest platitude to say that we are living in an age of transition. We have heard it so often we weary of the reiteration. Besides, nearly every age imagines itself to be in the same crucial stage. A friend of ours, whose sense of humor is irrepressible, maintains that when Adam and Eve were put out of the Garden of Eden, Adam remarked that they were certainly living in a time of transition.

The tremendous changes, however, through which the world has passed, and is passing, warrant us feeling with profound conviction that we are living in unusual days. The social changes effected during the past five years are greater and more far-reaching than those brought about during the previous fifty years, and greater events are impending.

We know the Church is being tested. We love the Church; she has meant more to us than we can ever tell; practically all the real blessing we have had in life has come to us through her ministrations. We know the Church is being sorely tested, and earnestly we ask: What is it men are looking for? On what issue are we being tried? The answer is at hand. Men want to know what fruits she can show; what is the practical outcome of all our preaching and praying and singing.

It has not always been so. There have been ages in which men revelled in theological controversy and delighted to split hairs over obscure doctrines. J. E. Brierly reminds us that in other days men came to the church councils armed to the teeth and prepared to fight for their cherished doctrines. In Alexandria and other Eastern cities men who entered shops to make purchases were frequently made to express

themselves regarding their beliefs before the shopkeeper was willing to do business. We are certainly far removed from those days. Such wrangling over nice distinctions we find hard to understand. It is not the temper of our age.

A tree is known by its fruits. The Church is judged by what it produces. The obscure is everywhere regarded as the hallmark of the non-essential. Humanity is bleeding, suffering, crying out for help and guidance. What are we doing to help? That is the test we have to meet.

In one of his books Rev. George Jackson tells of a visit he paid to a workingmen's conference, called to discuss the question, "Why don't workingmen go to church?" He says that at least five-sixths of the speakers declared that the trouble was, church-going did not make much difference to the men who made it the habit of their lives. No doubt much of this kind of criticism is harsh, bitter, unjust and untrue; but it at least serves to show that that which keeps men away from the Master is not difficulties about doctrine, but disappointment with the lives of professed Christians.

"Christianity is, in the long run, simply a method of goodness, 'God's way of making men good.'" When men's lives are right, their creed cannot be far wrong. In Acts 4: 14 we read: "And seeing the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." Yes, that is the supreme test we have to face; what are we doing for the lame man in our midst? The men who have been healed, those who have been redeemed from sin and stand up joyously in a new sense of power and blessing and usefulness, these men constitute the unanswerable argument for our faith. We demand that this test be applied to others, and we must be willing to accept it ourselves. Jesus said: "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do them, though ye believe not me, believe the works."

## To Scrub or Not to Scrub

What are we going to do with the woman worker? That question is staring many an employer in the face now that the war is over. The soldier must have his job back. Nobody questions that. But what is to be done with the woman who has done his work while he has been away? Is she to have no work at all, or is she to be given only the dishpan and the scrubbing brush with which to make her living?

It is easy to say "Let her go back to the place where she was before the war." But can she go there? And will she go there? There are women who haven't any homes to go back to. There are other women who will not be satisfied with their old jobs.

The war has exploded the theory that

women are tolerated in industry to earn pin money. The woman worker has been recognized as an integral part of industry necessary to the welfare of the country. War needs brought out the dependence of the world upon women, not alone as mothers, nurses and home makers, but also as industrial workers for the second line of defence. They helped provide the men on the firing lines with munitions, food and clothing, and did their share in the upkeep of necessary industries.

Is there a clear-cut line between "men's" work and "women's" work? The answer which the war has given us is yes—and no. Blind prejudice and custom have given way before the facts. But there are lines of work for which men are better fitted than women—at least so long as social and industrial conditions are what they are to-day. It has been found not feasible to have young women employed as messengers at night. A gas company employed women as readers of meters, but replaced them as soon as possible with men, as it was unwise to send women into all neighborhoods. Those were social reasons. On the physical side it is unwise to have women work on street railways at night, exposed for long hours to all kinds of weather. Lead poisoning, often contracted in chemical work in factories, is especially serious for women.

Why do women who have done what has been known as "men's" work prefer it to the occupations which have been considered their own? For one thing it is better paid. It is usually more interesting. It often-times brings more freedom with it. Her industrial experience has unfortunately (from the standpoint of the housewife) shown the former domestic the advantages of a regular work day, of living at home and of leading an independent life. Luring her back into housework can be done only by offering similar attractions.

The employer, if he is to have a place for the soldier who returns, may be compelled to sacrifice the woman worker. If she is of the right spirit she will see the justice of this, even if stepping aside means stepping down for her. The time of readjustment is always hard. But in time business will have made the readjustment. With the return of prosperity and the accompanying need of the best work which everyone can do, women will be called back to work side by side with men in open and equal competition and co-operation.—*Louise C. Odenerants, in "World Outlook" for May.*

Examination text-books are usually dry, says the *S.A. Commonwealth*. Some of them are "dry as dust." One minister whose pilgrimage to the great city has been a long one, and who enlivened it with quaint sayings, dropped along the road, remarked, "When he had to do with Pope's theology he thought the fault was in himself; he had come later to think it was in Pope. Eventually the white ants got into his volume, and they died!"

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# THE HOME AND ITS OUTLOOK



## Comforting

BY CLARE SHIPMAN.

Sometimes when all the world goes wrong,  
As worlds down town will sometimes do,  
I long to lean on someone strong,  
And find a friend that's always true.

When I come home at night that way  
I'm very still, or else I laugh  
A lot, to make believe I'm gay,  
But I can't fool my mother, half.

She quietly turns out the light  
And never says a word. And then  
She puts her arms around me tight—  
And I'm a little girl again.

## Widows' Pensions

A Woman's Point of View

BY H. COOKE.

It is December, 5.30 a.m. "Pitch dark," as Tommy, who is being dragged out of bed by Bessie, remarks. "Pitch dark! Why can't a fellow sleep a bit?"

The room is cold, too, for the furnace will still be "damped" for many hours yet. The other "roomers," fortunately, do not have to get up at 5.30 a.m. Mrs. C— is a widow, and goes out by the day. Her outside day begins at 8.30, and even then she has barely finished at night in time to get to the Day Nursery for the children by 6 p.m.

While Tommy and his brother, aged eight and five, get into their clothes, Bessie, who is seven, hushes the baby sister. She must not cry, because of the lady sleeping down below; and Mrs. C— struggles against a desire to get back into the wretched bed and sleep—sleep forever. She is so tired! But the heavy day yesterday must be followed by a heavy day to-day, and another to-morrow, for all her days are heavy days. But this morning is Friday, and the day after to-morrow will be Sunday, blessed Sunday! And as she tidies the room, and gets a hasty apology for breakfast for the children, she resolves that they shall all sleep as long as they want to, and even if it takes her all the afternoon to do her washing and cleaning—for five—no matter, the morning's sleep will have rested her. Church? No; not for the likes of her. Sunday school for the children; warm and safe, and out of the way while she does the work, and then early to bed for all of them; and at it again at 5.30 on Monday.

At last they are all ready to start, and they stumble down the ill-lighted stairs into the dark cold of the bitter morning. There has been a fall of snow, and Mrs. C— is sure it must be nearly down to zero. The children are ill-clad, and their shoes "leak," but she has done her best; they'll be warm, and fed, at the nursery, where she is taking them. She wonders vaguely what she will do when the two older ones

are past the age for the nursery. But in the meantime it is very cold, and she has that pain in her side again. Little John, still half asleep, falls in the snow; but Bessie of seven, the faithful, helps him up, and they plod on. She sighs with relief as, after leaving the children at the Day Nursery, she boards a north-bound car; she will get ten minutes' rest before beginning again. The house to which she is going is well heated; she will soon get warm. If only she can manage to keep up her strength, so as to go on working. The two dollars per day she earns pays her rent—\$3.50—and the nursery fee for the children—ten cents each child per day—with something over for Sunday meals and shoe leather (how they do get through their boots, and boots at such a price, too!). New clothes are out of the question; but some of her ladies are good that way—they let her buy their children's cast-offs, with sometimes a garment for herself.

Sickness is what she dreads most. That time little John had to be taken to the hospital, and she had to give up time to take him. They would have all starved if it hadn't been for the goodness of the woman downstairs!

But here she is at the house, and she ties on her apron and starts on the week's wash, to be followed in the afternoon by the ironing; and then back again for the children, and to bed; and to-morrow all over again! If only her husband had lived! They were getting on so nicely, were saving for the first instalment on their little home, before he died; but, she thought eagerly, she must keep the children together at any cost. The Children's Aid would adopt them out for her, but she would have to give them up altogether then, and she would rather die than do that! God gave them to her—so she thought when she had time to believe in God—and surely they were none the less hers now that she had lost her husband; and so she pondered on over the doing of somebody else's work.

The above is such an ordinary story that it can be many times duplicated if anyone will take the trouble to go to any Day Nursery to enquire.

In the above case, though, the pain in Mrs. C—'s side grew worse, much worse; and thus she fell asleep, and the children became a burden to the city—a much greater burden than a small weekly pension, granted to tide this mother over the hard time till the children were able to help themselves, would have been.

We wonder why so large a proportion of the babies die nowadays; also why so many of those who survive fill our reformatories and jails. Think it over, and the reason is obvious.

I knew "Chickey" Beach well, and for many months I visited his mother, often in the evening, and together we tried to tide

off trouble with Chickey. The truant officer also was on intimate terms with the boy; he was often looking for him, and as often failed to find him! Chickey, who was ten years old, could keep up at school with the other boys, and only drop in two or three times a week—therefore, why go all the time? He spent his leisure in getting into innocent mischief, for he scorned mean badness and never meaningly did harm to anyone.

His mother rented a tiny cottage, part of which relet. All her days she went out to do somebody else's work, hence the derelictions of Chickey. There were three younger children. Often I would find Chickey on the roof of the cottage when he should have been at school. He would give me a good-natured smile from his elevation, and then drop down over the garden wall. I should see him no more. His mother despaired over him. "The more I 'ammers (hammers) him, the more he won't do it," she told me, thinking of his truancy. The boy had no vices, but he just couldn't keep still in school, so he said. His father, an honest, slow, hard-working man, had died too soon, leaving them unexpectedly, without even insurance.

Chickey's two sisters were beautiful little girls, as little girls go, the pride of their mother's heart. They stayed quietly at the nursery, and so did their little brother. Their mother could easily have "adopted out" the girls; but, like all good mothers, she couldn't bear to think of giving them up entirely. "I'd work my fingers to the bone first," she told me.

One day Chickey, with a long string of truancy to his account, was taken to the Children's Court, and thence to the Industrial School. He fell into line at once. In the cottage with boys of his own age he had a good time. School was no longer irksome, for the hours between were well filled up, and the cottage mother did not have to go out to work!

One day his real mother, aching for a sight of him, found time to visit him. "He likes it fine," she told me. "He's growing big and strong, and Mr. Ferrus says that he's a good boy, and he's still mine!" she added with emphasis.

Later on Chickey was sent out to work on a farm, and afterwards he did his bit at the war; and now, though he wears a little gold bit on his arm, he says he isn't a bit the worse.

But Chickey is one of a hundred! Many of the boys who go through the reformatory do not do well. The training there often comes too late. The boy has missed his mother. Those early years have been lost, and nothing the State can do later can atone for them. In any case it is an expensive experiment. It is a big question, with many sides to it; but he who runs may read.



# FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



## Kettle Talk

"I don't feel well," the kettle sighed.  
The pot responded, "Eh?  
Then doubtless that's the reason, ma'am,  
You do not sing to-day.  
But what's amiss?" The kettle sobbed,  
"Why, sir, you're surely blind,  
Or you'd have noticed that the cook  
Is shockingly unkind.  
I watched her make a cake just now—  
If I'd a pair of legs  
I'd run away—oh, dear, oh, dear!  
How she did beat the eggs.  
Nor was that all, remember, please—  
'Tis truth I tell to you—  
For with my own eyes I saw  
Her stone the raisins, too!  
And afterwards—a dreadful sight—  
I felt inclined to scream—  
The cruel creature took a fork  
And soundly whipped the cream!  
How can you wonder that my nerves  
Have rather given way?  
Although I'm at the boiling point,  
I cannot sing to-day."

—Author unknown.

## "Maltie"—A Wise Cat

BY CLARE SHIPMAN.

When we lived on the farm away out in the country, and I was a little girl, we had a Maltese cat which we had named "Maltie" when he was a tiny kitten. I had no brothers or sisters, so Maltie was my constant playmate and quite one of the family. Because we used to talk to him so much, he got to act more as dogs are supposed to act than like a cat, and everyone in the neighborhood used to laugh over his cute ways.

When we were driving home after being away for perhaps half a day Maltie would come and meet us, and jump in the buggy or sleigh, and ride back with us; and you never saw a dog act more glad to see people. Sometimes he would come at least a quarter of a mile.

He used to like to go walking with us, too, and soon got into the way of following us down to my aunt's, nearly half a mile from home. He would trot along down the road with us, like a particularly sleek, little grey dog.

Now at my aunt's there was a big white cat called "Snowball," which was a great fighter; so the first time Maltie went with us there we wondered how he would get along. We needn't have worried. After he had been there for a little my aunt put down a saucer of milk for Snowball. Maltie watched him go up and begin to lap it, and then he just clammy walked up and hit Snowball with all his might and began to lap the milk himself. Snowball was so surprised that he just let him drink it, and after that Maltie bossed the big cat around in great style.

I was very fond of horses, and used to do anything to get a chance to ride. Every year I rode the horse while the potatoes were being cultivated, and Maltie used to

ride with me. He would snuggle up in my arms in the warm summer sun, and sometimes it was pretty hard to hold the cat and turn the horse around without getting the potatoes stepped on. But we used to manage somehow, and you never saw a more contented cat than Maltie as we ambled down the long rows.

All one winter Maltie slept in the warm stable, but you will never guess just where he slept. On one of the horse's backs! The horses were blanketed with thick, warm blankets, of course, and Maltie used to climb up on the side of the stall and jump over on the horse's back and sleep there, as warm as could be.

But in the spring he made a sad mistake. When the weather got warm the blankets were taken off the horses, and Maltie didn't know the difference. He climbed up on the side of the stall and jumped as usual, but this time his nails went right into the horse's back. And, of course, the harder the horse kicked and jumped to get rid of him the harder he stuck his nails in to hang on. My father had to get right out of the stable before Maltie managed to jump to the side of the stall and get away. He never slept on the horse's back again.

Maltie loved you to talk to him or play games with him, and he would play away or talk back to you almost as though he were another person. He was always getting into trouble somewhere, and then he would come and tell us all about it, as though he expected us to understand cat language. Sometimes you almost could, too, the way he talked, especially if you knew what had happened.

When we came away from the farm we gave Maltie to some neighbors who had wanted him for a long, long time, and he lived until he was quite an old cat.

## Billy Robin's First Flying Lesson

Little Billy Robin was down on the ground underneath our old apple tree, trembling like a leaf. How he got there we never quite knew. Perhaps he was a curious little fellow and wanted to see what his big brothers and sisters were doing in the world below. He might have leaned too far over the edge of the nest, lost his balance or got dizzy, and fallen to the ground. Or, perhaps, Mother and Daddy Robin thought their youngest son was not altogether too timid, but very backward in the use of his wings. And so they might have crept up softly from behind and pushed him ever so gently out of the comfortable nest, that they might give him the lesson in flying that had been put off and put off for altogether too long a time. Or, indeed, best of all, Billy may have become very brave all of a sudden and decided to take matters into his own hands and find a way to stop the rest of the Robin family from making

fun of him because he couldn't fly. Anyway, whatever the reason, there he was, all alone in a strange place for the first time in his life. And the question now was how to get back home again.

At first he was so frightened and so upset by his fall that it seemed as though he must sink right down in the cool, green grass and die. But, after all, robins aren't so very different from boys and girls. If one is well and strong and young one soon gets over little troubles and forgets all about them. So it was with Billy Robin. After the first shock was over and his little heart stopped beating like a trip-hammer, his courage gradually came back again.

For before very long he was standing on his tiptoes, stretching up his little neck as he tried to discover in the leafy branches above him the tiny nest from which he had so lately come. But just then the sun shone right in his eyes and blinded him so that he decided he'd better wait a little while before he tried it again. Now about this time his robin curiosity made itself felt, and he began to look round to see what there was he could do next.

He remember that mother had told him that his little legs were given him to hop with and his wings to fly with. But as he believed that flying was much harder than hopping, the best thing to begin with would be the hopping. So he took one long, deep breath and then, shutting his little eyes tight, hopped away with all his might and main.

But, to his surprise, it wasn't hard at all. In fact, 'twas the easiest thing in the world, and lots of fun, too. So he opened his eyes, now that there was nothing to be afraid of, and began hopping again as fast as he could.

How cool it was there under the old apple tree! And he almost laughed out loud as the tall grasses tickled his bare little legs and toes, or brushed across his hot little face.

And then he stopped to get his breath. As he looked around he discovered just ahead of him a whole family of fat little black beetles swinging on a blade of blue-eyed grass. He knew how nice black beetles tasted, for daddy often brought them home to him for supper. And he wanted these, for his exercise had made him hungry. So there was nothing for him to do but to start hopping again and take the rest a little later.

But the beetles were wise little fellows. They had heard Billy Robin coming, and when he was just ready to pounce upon them they all left the waving piece of blue-eyed grass and, with a laugh, flew to a daisy stem several feet away. But Billy did not lose sight of them, and followed after in hot pursuit. Again he was about to pounce upon them, and again they were off to another flower.

Billy followed on and on, all the time get-



ting more angry at the little black beetles, who could fly so much faster than he could hop. Then, before he knew it, he struck something so hard he was fairly stunned, and forgot all about the black beetles and everything else for a minute or two.

Now he didn't know that the "something" was only a fence of chicken wire; but he did know that it was the queerest-looking thing he had ever seen. It was nothing but holes. Still, it was so firm and hard he didn't see how for the life of him he was ever going to get any farther in his pursuit of the beetles. But he wouldn't give up without trying to go through one of the holes, even if he did get stuck halfway. The taste of the beetles made it worth the attempt. And besides, on the other side of the fence, was Mrs. Burton's potato patch—and there might be something better than beetles there.

So he straightened his little shoulders, took good aim, and in a minute went right through one of the holes without a bit of trouble. But the beetles were nowhere to be seen. Only row upon row of blossoming potato plants, that confronted him like an advancing army. And he gave several little protesting peeps that showed how disappointed he was.

And just then, to his surprise, when he thought he was quite alone, he heard two familiar voices scolding at him from above.

"Come, Billy," said Daddy Robin. "You've been far enough for to-day. Stretch your wings like this and fly back to the nest. Remember what I taught you yesterday and you'll be all right."

"Oh, I can't fly, daddy; I'd rather hop. And I don't want to go home. I've only just started out and I'm having great fun."

"But you'll never get back, Billy," said Mother Robin anxiously. "You can't fly so far."

"Then I'll hop, mother dear. I don't want to fly."

"But you must fly, Billy. Now turn round this minute and follow us."

But Billy was not going to do any such thing. Without once looking at his parents he started hopping again, and before long was clear across the potato patch and on to the velvety green lawn in front of Mrs. Burton's neat little cottage.

Again there were voices, and he half stopped to listen.

"Billy, you naughty boy, come right back home or you'll be run over. There's Charlie Burton, with his new lawn mower, and he'd just as soon kill you as not." And Daddy Robin flew down on the grass beside his son, as though he would save him from such a fate.

"Oh, Billy Boy, please do as daddy says. He knows what's best," and Mother Robin followed close after her husband.

But Billy had nothing to say, and only hopped the faster until he was way across the lawn and out in the middle of the dusty road. And there it was that trouble began.

Of course Billy didn't know anything about the Little Road and how many bicycles and carriages and automobiles and people were going up and down it all day long. But his father and mother did, and

they also knew the danger their little son was in. So they took their places on either side of Billy, one hopping along on the telegraph wires and the other flying from limb to limb of the walnut trees that grew beside the road, and both began talking at the same time as loud as they could. They scolded and teased and threatened and promised, but it did no good. For Billy simply would not try his wings, but only hopped the farther in the opposite direction from the nest, with two discouraged parents following after him.

And then all of a sudden something made him stop. For as he looked up the road he saw a great monster bearing straight down upon him, and he was so astonished he didn't know what to do. Again came Daddy Robin's frightened voice:

"Billy, Billy! Here comes Teddy Burton racing on his new bicycle. Look out, or he'll run over you. Fly up in this tree to me."

And Mother Robin added, "No, Billy, fly up on the wires with me. I'll take care of you here."

But Billy would not fly either to one or the other. He just turned around as quick as a wink and hopped down into the gutter so quickly that Teddy Burton didn't even see him. And there he stayed a long time, wondering what he would do next.

By and by his courage came back and he started bravely out again on the Little Road, only to meet in a few moments an even larger monster than before, and only by the greatest good fortune did he save himself this time from being run over by Mrs. Burton as she wheeled Baby Burton up the road in his new white baby-carriage.

Again he hopped into the gutter, and again Mother and Daddy Robin scolded and teased, and almost died from fright. But still obstinate little Billy would not fly, and persisted in taking the long way back home when there were so many nice short cuts if he would only use his wings. And even a great red automobile that fairly took his breath away couldn't make him change his mind, and he only hopped jauntily to one side for it to pass, in a manner that seemed to say, "Hurry and get by, please; you're bigger than I am. Just give me a chance."

But finally Billy stopped hopping just the same. And all because of Snippy Gray, a big black cat that was always on the watch for tender young robins. He came up behind Billy as he hopped so gaily down the last stretch of the Little Road, and would have had him in his claws and shaken him to death if Mother and Daddy Robin had not begun to cry at the top of their voices, "Oh, Billy, a cat, a cat—a cat! Fly for your life. The nest's in sight. Follow us. Like this, Billy, like this." And without another word they swooped down to the ground beside Billy, and then flew as straight as they could for the nest in the old apple tree.

And what do you think? This time silly little Billy forgot all about hopping. He just spread his wings, drew up his legs, took one long breath and flew after his father and mother as though he had been doing it all his life.

And the funny part is that he didn't stop when he reached the nest. He kept right on, and circled round and round the tree until mother and daddy and all the brothers and sisters in the nest clapped their hands as they watched him and shouted, "Bravo, Billy, bravo." And they declared they never had seen anything like it before.

But finally he was so tired he just had to come into the nest. And he said, as his mother patted him proudly on the back, "Oh, mother, I'm so glad I've got wings. Now I can go anywhere I want to. Flying's great, and much nicer and faster than just hopping. May I go out again after supper?"

"No, Billy; you're too tired. And daddy and I are tired, too. But to-morrow morning, as soon as the sun is up, you can start out by yourself. Only don't let Snippy Gray or Tom Clinton get after you. There's nothing they like better than young robins just learning to fly. And look out for bicycles and baby-carriages, and automobiles, too."

Billy solemnly promised to take good care of himself, and as he cuddled down in the soft warm nest he smiled happily, sighed contentedly, and soon fell fast asleep.—*Gertrude F. Scott, in "Zion's Herald."*

## The Dog that Helped in the Haying

It was in a Vermont hayfield that we came upon the dog first, a beautiful, golden-brown collie with a white ruff about his neck, and big, lustrous eyes. There was a threatening black cloud in the west, and plainly the dog felt the gravity of the situation. He ran from one cock to the next, barking furiously. He wagged his tail approvingly whenever a forkful was pitched to the top of the load. If the steep slopes made hard pulling, he encouraged the horses by leaping up and rubbing his head against their noses.

"He thinks he is helping, doesn't he?" we said patronizingly when we had watched the pretty scene for ten minutes or more. And a half-grown boy in his shirt sleeves turned from his work to answer: "He does help. He's just as much help as another man. He's so interested that he keeps a fellow feeling good in spite of anything."

Many a time since we have thought about that dog in the hayfield, and we have come to the conclusion that the freckle-faced boy was right. Enthusiasm and interest are always helpful. Good spirits that never flag do as much for others as the busiest pair of hands can possibly accomplish. While we should do our best to become skilled workers, those of us who are never very wise or very experienced are not altogether shut out of the privilege of helpfulness. That golden-brown collie in the Vermont hayfields could not handle a pitchfork, but he could show zeal and enthusiasm, and could rejoice in all the workers accomplished. It would be a pity if boys and girls could not do as much.—*Afton Free Press.*

## Saskatchewan Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

### REACTIONS OF THE GREAT STRIKE.

The major topic of conversation in this part of Saskatchewan at any rate, is the great Winnipeg strike. In our discussions we have settled it again and again, but unfortunately those obstinate people down at Winnipeg have not yet seen the thing as we see it, so they persist in their foolishness and tie the world up to make a proletarian holiday. So Winnipeg is a beleaguered city (the Manitoba man will tell GUARDIAN readers all about that, no doubt), some 200,000 people are suffering very intimately and intensely, and thousands upon thousands of us outside are suffering more or less inconvenience. This will surely serve to bring home to men and women the terribleness of syndicalist doctrines, and particularly the tyrannical nature of the general strike as a weapon in the hands of organized labor. A dispute involving in the first instance about 2,000 men becomes, by means of the general strike, a disaster of the first magnitude, and thousands who have no grievance are compelled to join in the tie-up of society. It may surely be doubted whether the issues at stake are worthy of causing so much suffering and provoking a condition of things that is as Bolshevik as anything in Russia. Would it not have been better to have made both masters and men involved in the original dispute suffer rather than unjustly to have involved a multi-

I know the arguments on the other side—the solidarity of labor, the high cost of living, and so forth—but all the same there should be in the civilized State some way of adjusting disputes before they gain some magnitude, or the modern State bankrupt of political wisdom. It looks as if Canada needs a Lloyd George to settle labor troubles. Our Government says it cannot do anything! One thing I record without comment. It has been striking to see a writer to notice that both farmers and merchants in his district are unanimous in condemning the strikers. Take it or leave it, this is the fact. I don't think our district is very different from hundreds of other prairie districts. If there was to be a division of society to-day, it would look as if the farmers particularly would be against organized labor. And yet some people in this province are talking about a union between the forces of labor and the Grain Growers. There would have to be a change in the thinking of prairie farmers, at least according to the writer's experience.

Incidentally we have no GUARDIAN this week, and no *Free Press*, both "indispensables." Perhaps we may get them next week, if the strikers permit.

### CONDITIONS IN THE PROVINCE.

This spring is being, generally speaking, a wonderfully promising spring, and the hearts of men in Saskatchewan are once more, after bad seasons, very hopeful. It was a late spring, but since the break-up there has been an abundance of moisture, and, just at present, remarkably warm weather for the time of the year, which means that the crops are shooting up, vegetation looks better than for years, and gardens grow overnight. The trees are gorgeously green hereabout, and all nature is happy—and men, too. Wheat is all seeded, and other grains will be finished in the main by next week. We are living in hope.

### NEW CHURCH AT STOUGHTON.

The dedication of Grace Methodist Church, Stoughton, was solemnized on Sun-



day, May 18th, and marks a red-letter day in the history of our work at that important railway junction. According to a report we have received, "careful organization had made every detail complete and eloquence of a high order crowned the occasion in the services rendered by Rev. Thomas Lawson, chairman of the Oxbow district, who was secured for the occasion. Splendid congregations gathered throughout. In the morning the preacher's theme was "Life More Abundantly," and rapt was the attention and deep the impression as Bro. Lawson invitingly presented the riches of the kingdom. In the evening additional seating was required, and still more impressive was the message from "We Ought to Obey God." The closing appeal to men to dedicate their lives there and then was highly appropriate to the dedication of a house in which to worship God. There is not a doubt but that lasting decisions were reached."

On Monday evening, May 19th, a public gathering was held, at which J. D. Nichol, the secretary of the building committee, presented a financial statement that was most gratifying to all who heard it. Greetings of a very cordial character were brought from the Presbyterian church (the Presbyterians withdrew their services on the Sunday), and Mr. Lawson lectured on "Early Events in Our Western Work." The speaker's retentive memory and his ability to link important salient events, with an evident cheerfulness in very trying circumstances, together with his unbounded confidence in the great west, made his lecture indeed very interesting, and warm thanks were accorded him at its close. The home choir, under Mr. A. T. Clemens, gave most helpful and attractive service in the morning, and in the evening a choir from Heward, trained by Miss Johnstone, gave splendid help. The Heward choir again obliged on the Monday evening. The offerings throughout were most liberal, and testified not only to the liberality of our people, but to the good feeling in the community toward the work of our church.

The circuit of Heward and Stoughton has made remarkable progress all round during the last two years. Rev. A. J. Johnstone's

earnest and devoted service has borne fine fruit, of which this new church is only one sign. One of the best things has been a new spirit of co-operation between the two towns, not always the easiest matter to achieve, as any minister who has been pastor of a double-barrelled circuit knows. The spiritual work has been very successful, twenty-three new members being added last year, and an increase of fifteen per cent. being registered this year, despite deaths and all manner of difficulties. Finances are in good shape, salary paid and missionary objective in sight, and connexional funds will be met in full. We offer congratulations to Mr. Johnstone and his people.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL AND MISSIONS.

The report given below comes to us from Rouleau Sunday School, and certainly merits its place in the letter. Such enthusiasm should be infectious, and if many of our Sunday schools, which are at present doing nothing at all for missions, would catch the Rouleau brand of missionaritis we would all be happy and the Mission Room dignities would smile. Perhaps the report will move some to good works:

"May 4th marked a step forward in missionary givings for the Methodist Sunday School at Rouleau, Sask., when the close of the year's campaign showed a total of over \$300 for missions. This school has eleven classes, and an average attendance of about 175. In addition to the ordinary organization of the Sunday school they have a Missionary Committee appointed each year, whose duty it is to foster a missionary spirit in the school. The first Sunday of each month is set aside as Missionary Sunday, and on that day a special programme is presented by one of the classes. Some of the subjects taken up last year were 'How Missions Came to Canada,' 'Other Missions in Canada,' 'A World-Wide Christmas,' 'Medical Missions,' 'Japan.' On the last Sunday of the Sunday-school year the committee awarded a banner in each of the departments—primary, intermediate and senior—to that class in each that had the largest average offering. The committee

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encourages systematic and proportionate giving, although the classes are free to adopt other methods if they deem it advisable. There was a great deal of friendly competition during the year, and on the last day the excitement ran high. The special programme for this Sunday consisted of blackboard exercises. There were eleven small thermometers, each representing one class, and one large one representing the whole school. A member from each class was required to raise the temperature to indicate their total givings for the year. The average was also noted. The temperature rose higher and higher until the large thermometer registered 341. As the objective for the year was \$300, such enthusiasm for the missionary cause was truly inspiring."

#### PROGRESS AT GRACE CHURCH.

There are all kinds of Grace churches in the Dominion; but in this province we think of Saskatoon when we mention that name (please don't be angry, the "others"). And Grace Church, Saskatoon, has a continued tendency to go from glory to glory. The recent Quarterly Official Board heard a tale of progress all round. The church has now a membership of 450, and a very aggressive organization it is, especially along missionary lines. This year all branches of the church work have raised an aggregate of \$3,584 for missionary work. The correspondent does not yet know whether Grace Church heads the list this year or not, but it is safe to say that it is very near there, if not actually at the top. The total givings of the church amounted to \$8,312. The salary of the minister, Rev. Charles Endicott, has been raised to \$2,500. By the way, according to the *Star*, Mr. Endicott has been appointed to attend the World's Missionary Congress at Columbus, Ohio, from June 20th to July 13th. The report also mentioned that Mr. Frank Holmes was elected recording steward for the eleventh term.

#### A SUCCESSFUL MINISTRY.

Rev. Bert Howard has concluded a most successful ministry at Mossbank. The people of his circuit are exceedingly sorry to lose Mr. Howard, and at a recent Board meeting wished him well wherever he may be appointed. They also expressed most hearty appreciation of his services. A report in the *Regina Leader* states that "Mossbank and community are losing not only a good minister and an excellent speaker, but a good citizen, an indefatigable worker for the common good." The work generally is in fine shape, and all finances for the year are in hand.

#### A USEFUL BOOK.

The correspondent does not usually refer to books in this letter, but in these days one of the tasks falling to the lot of many ministers is to combat the many forms of Adventism, Russellism and kindred troubles, and the writer has recently had put into his hands a book that will help any minister so situated to deal with these "religious" nuisances. The book is called "The Second Coming: An Interpretation," by G. L. Powell. While I do not agree with all this writer or any other writer on that subject says, this book is a very forcible piece of work in its assault upon the mischievous sects mentioned. By the way, Mr. Powell mentions that Adventism has increased at the rate of 12,000 a year during the war. This book is certainly a most effective refutation of Premillenianism and its errors. It is clear and cogent, adequate and convincing, if the subject interests you at all. I am given to understand that it is published by our Book Room, or at any rate on sale there.

H. D. R.

Carievale, May 24th, 1919.

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# London Conference Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

"THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME."

It has come again. Though rain and cold delay it, yet because the laws of God are faithful it comes. To some the coming of the summer means the beginning of a season of hard and sometimes wearisome toil. To others it means holidays. For years some have advocated the need of holidays for everybody, and the teaching has resulted in almost everybody having a holiday of some sort, either long or short. There is need now that people be taught how to take a holiday. Some take a holiday and get the rest and recuperation that holidays are intended to give. They go back to work with renewed vigor and brightened hope, and thank God for holidays. Others, we fear, use their holidays as a time of dissipation. They are like the clerk in the story who, upon returning from his holidays, had to remain at home a day or two until he was rested, so that he could return to work.

Whether for good or ill, it is certain that most people within the London Conference get the holiday fever. Like so many good things, it has been often badly abused. Within this Conference, we are sorry to say, that we fear that the sanctity of the Sabbath Day is in greater danger from holiday-making and holiday-makers than from any other one cause. We have several excellent and popular summer resorts. Great crowds go every summer to Port Stanley, to Rondeau Park, to Kingsville and a few other places. We are sorry to say it, but the truth is at some of these places there is a picnic every Sunday during July and August. One Sunday last summer it was estimated that twenty thousand people gathered at Port Stanley. All Sunday forenoon there is almost a continuous procession of autos to Rondeau and Kingsville. In the evening the procession returns. The excuse offered is that those are cool places to spend hot Sundays, but you will find that the people who live in those cool places say it is too hot there, and they go in search of cool places elsewhere. It is surely not to the credit of the churches and Christian people of this Conference that the Sabbath Day is thus abused. That these Sunday picnics should become a commonplace bodes ill for a holy Sunday. The heritage of a holy Sabbath Day is in danger of being thrown away. We have sometimes pointed the finger of scorn at the American Sunday, and alas! we are travelling in the same direction. A stalwart Christian man in Kingsville told me that he would not allow his children to walk to the lake shore on Sunday. Why not walk there when their home was so near? Just because holiday-makers on Sunday picnics were destroying the spirit of the day. How hard it is for parents and Sunday-school teachers in these summer resort villages to teach the children, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy!"

We think a campaign of education is needed, that Christian people may learn how to use Sunday and holidays. The Christian way has ever been one of sacrifice. The time is not yet past. Our Sunday will not be preserved as a great boon to men without self-denial. When men are found to sacrifice for other worthy causes, shall they not be found to resist the entering of the wedge which is rending our Christian Sunday?

## SOME NOTES.

Harro, in spite of the hindrance through the "flu," is able to close a year of financial prosperity. For missions the people have contributed about \$950. This includes

the contributions of the two W.M.S. branches. This amount is about \$150 increase over last year. On April 13th Harro people placed about \$300 on the plates to make up the current expenses. Harro W.M.S. has been increased from seventeen to eighty-three members. The people showed their liberality to Dr. Hasser by making the salary \$1,300 at the May Quarterly Official Board meeting. These and other reports from the field indicate that Harro has many liberal and enthusiastic church workers.

It is a long time since there has been any report in the GUARDIAN about Northwood circuit. Rev. E. G. Poulter has been work-

ing away faithfully, and some results have been achieved. Beechwood people were at one time discouraged, but through a congregational meeting their depression gave way, and now they have a hopeful spirit. At Botany the pastor held a series of special services, and almost every person in the church's constituency was brought to Christ. On Easter Sunday the reception service was held, and twenty-seven were received into membership. It was a great day in the history of Botany. As an appreciation of the work of the pastor the people at Christmas time presented the pastor with a fine turkey and a purse of \$50.

May 27th, 1919.

W. R. O.



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## The Conferences

### HAMILTON

*Milton.*—A real "story" might be made of the splendid success of this church in the last Conference year. Adversely affected by the influenza epidemic, which occasioned the closing of the church for ten Sundays, the cause has nevertheless advanced steadily in interest, enthusiasm and attendance at all the services. Under the leadership of Rev. A. E. Marshall, B.A., an indefatigable worker, the whole membership has responded loyally "in every good work," with the result that the spiritual life of the congregation has been deepened, as evidenced on Easter Sunday, in the reception into full membership of thirty and on probation twenty-two; and the financial objectives

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having all been exceeded. All connexional fund offerings increased materially, the missionary increase being \$200, with a total of \$1,500. In addition, slightly over \$2,000 was raised in subscriptions for the erection of a new brick shed. The year's work culminated in anniversary services on April 13th, when Capt. (Rev.) J. W. Magwood, of Toronto, a former chairman of the district, delighted the largest congregations in the history of the church in two inspiring sermons. Capt. Magwood addressed the Sunday school at the Decision Day service in the afternoon, and on the following night delivered an eloquent and informing lecture, "Some War Revelations," to an audience which again completely filled the church. At the May meeting of the Quarterly Board appreciation of the pastor's fine service was shown in an increase in the salary for the closing year of \$200. Mr. Marshall has been most zealous for the welfare of his people, and his earnest and heartening messages have won their hearty interest and co-operation. A complete every-member canvass in connection with the duplex envelope system has just been completed.

*Wesley Church, Brantford; Rev. S. E. Marshall, B.A., B.D.*—At the quarterly service, May 11th, over forty were received into church membership, chiefly results of two weeks' special services in the church, conducted by pastor and people, and the Decision Day in the Sunday school immediately following. At the Official Board meeting succeeding a splendid year's work was presented in the various departments, and the pastor, who had previously been invited to return for another year, had his salary increased.

### LONDON

The Men's Brotherhood of Askin Street Church, London, reports a most successful year. There is now on the roll 235 names, which makes it one of the largest organizations of the kind in Western Ontario. Good work is being done, interest is well maintained, there is a balance in the treasury, and the outlook is bright.

*Windsor Central.*—The Central Church, Windsor, has just closed one of the most prosperous years in its history. All the funds show a substantial increase, while the church treasurer has on hand a handsome balance from the current income. The church membership now stands at 944. A pleasant social feature was introduced at the last meeting of the Official Board, when the members and their wives met together and enjoyed a largely-attended banquet. At this gathering Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cadman were presented with two handsome oak chairs, with leather trimmings. The gift was made in recognition of Mr. Cadman's long and efficient services as chairman of the Finance Committee of the church, he having held this position continuously for the past sixteen years. At the Quarterly Board meeting which followed the banquet, the pastor, Rev. Dr. H. W. Crews, was given a five-hundred-dollar increase in his salary, making it now \$2,700. —R. S.

### BAY OF QUINTE

*Wellington Circuit; A. J. Terrill, pastor.*—Last year we had a large accession to the membership; but this year we had a far larger. In April, after eight months of anticipation, G. M. Sharpe and party came to us. No language can fully describe the measure of outpoured blessing. Despite most unfavorable weather and road conditions the people came. The inquiry room, under direction of the pastor and the most spiritual of his helpers, was a sacred spot. All the old Methodist doctrines were preached, and with apostolic results. The congregational and large choral singing, under direction of Mr. Rudd, and the solo work by Miss Wooten, were largely contributory to the success. An offering of \$611 was given to the evangelists, their ex-

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penses being fully paid as well. After the close of the services a large number were taken into the church by letter, about forty adults were baptized, and more than 150 were taken into the church, having been previously converted to God, and testified to the same. The President of the Conference, Rev. S. C. Moore, D.D., by his presence and sermon, added grace and blessing to the great reception service. On May 18th, W. C. Good, of Paris, addressed us on national uplift themes. On June 1st and 2nd Rev. W. R. Young, D.D., a former pastor, preaches and lectures at the installation of a new Casavant pipe organ that costs, with motor, \$2,250. Among other ex-pastors might be mentioned Charles Hanson, now Lord Mayor of London; the late J. A. Williams, General Superintendent of Methodist Church; Arthur Browning; E. N. Baker, D.D., principal of Albert College; W. B. Tucker and T. J. Edmison, ex-presidents of the Conference; G. W. McCall, W. Elliott and W. R. Archer. On July 6th a fine copper memorial tablet, of Book Room artistry, is to be unveiled in honor of the patriotic devotion of some sixty of our choicest youth. The pastor has received \$1,450, missions have been more generously dealt by, church

and parsonage property improved, Sunday schools developed, and general circuit conditions improved. Though Rose Hall has been depleted by removals, its givings are larger than ever, and the people are still loyal, generous and going strong. Rev. J. U. Robins, the incoming pastor, is invited at \$1,500, and conditions as a whole justify an outlook of extreme optimism.

### TORONTO

*Sunderland.*—At the last meeting of the Official Board the earnest, capable services of Rev. Hugh Brown received recognition in an appreciative resolution and invitation to return as pastor for another year. Practical appreciation is also shown in increased salary. During a few weeks of the pastor's illness the services have been conducted by Rev. W. R. Barker, with real acceptance. Happily Bro. Brown is recovering, and expects at an early date to resume all his pastoral duties.

*Central Methodist, Sault Ste. Marie.*—At the recent Quarterly Official Board meeting of Central Methodist Church the annual reports showed the church to be in a very prosperous condition. The total membership now is 980, an increase of twenty-five over last year. The givings for all purposes reached the grand total of over \$21,000. For missions, to the general fund \$2,500 was contributed; of this amount the Epworth Leagues gave \$550 and the Sunday school \$257. In addition the W.M.S. reported \$548, while there was raised for the building fund of All Peoples' Mission of this city \$3,900. This makes over \$6,900 for all mission purposes. The Ladies' Aid raised \$1,700. The year closed with a balance in the treasury of \$800. The debt on the parsonage and church has been materially reduced.

### MONTREAL

*Grace Church, Sydenham; Rev. F. A. Read, pastor.*—Over forty persons were received into the church on profession of faith at the last quarterly meeting as the result of the special revival services held in February and March, most of whom were adults and heads of families. The pastor conducted the services alone for the first two weeks. The following week he was assisted by Evangelist Taylor, of Richmond Hill, and Mr. Caldwell, of Toronto, who conducted the service of song. Both men rendered valuable assistance. The work was continued by the pastor for three weeks longer, during which Rev. Mr. Brown, of Kingston, preached once, and the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Harrowsmith, three times. The church was filled with people night after night, and the altar was crowded with earnest seekers. Strong men bowed in repentance, rose up and declared their decision, went forth and made their wrongs right, threw away their tobacco, opened their mouths in prayer and Christian testimony, and have been living beautiful lives ever since. It is a common saying that "there was not a poor meeting during the six weeks."

### ALBERTA

At a recent meeting of the Official Board of Wesley Church, Lethbridge, the Rev. C. E. Cragg was invited to return for a third year, with an increase of \$200 in salary, the same to date from May 1st last. The salary for the coming year, including auto upkeep, will be \$2,200.

Wesley College, Winnipeg, has conferred the degree of D.D. on Rev. Hamilton Wigle, principal of Mt. Allison Ladies' College.

#### CORRECTION.

By a peculiar and unfortunate blunder in last week's Christian Guardian an item from Waterloo, in Hamilton Conference, was credited to Kitchener, and located in the Montreal Conference. The item referred to Waterloo, not to Kitchener. Zion Tabernacle, Hamilton, is also in the Hamilton Conference.

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## The Forum

### "THE GOOD AND THE BAD IN ROMAN CATHOLICISM"

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I was much interested in the article entitled "The Good and the Bad in Roman Catholicism," in one of your recent numbers. While I agree with the writer that the Roman Catholic Church rarely gets credit in Protestant circles for its virtues, I think that Mr. Ranns errs greatly on the side of generosity in his article.

In the first place, it is assumed that the Roman Catholic Church was at one time really the catholic or universal Church, an assumption that, I believe, is not based on fact. The Church was really catholic only during the first few centuries of its history. The Church of England claims to be a descendant of that early Church, and as the monks from Iona did as much to convert England as St. Augustine, their claim to be a non-Roman Church will bear examination. The Greek Catholic Church is undoubtedly a descendant of that early apostolic Church, and it never was in subjection to Rome. The Bishop of Constantinople, who was metropolitan of the Greek Church, consistently refused to acknowledge the authority of the Bishop of Rome, and the final division of the Church came when the latter bishop excommunicated the former and the two branches became known as the Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic Churches respectively.

With reference to its encouragement of art and architecture, the Roman Catholic Church is not an outstanding figure in this respect. It is but a virtue that that Church shares with the ancient Greek and Roman idolatries (the temple of Diana at Ephesus is still one of the wonders of the world), with the Greek Catholic and English Churches, and with many non-ecclesiastical builders all through the Middle Ages. Against the loss of Rheims Cathedral, great though that loss may be, we can place the irretrievable loss of the beautiful Cloth Hall at Ypres, a secular building. Of the many other secular buildings that have come down to us from the Middle Ages one can mention the town halls of Brussels and Louvain, the palaces at Venice, the Alhambra at Granada, the Tower of London and Windsor Castle. Of the non-Roman churches we can mention Westminster Abbey, and what is now a mosque in Constantinople and which was originally the church of St. Sophia, the principal church of the Greek Church, alas! desecrated these many centuries by the unspeakable Turk.

Mr. Ranns' point is well made that we do miss the good in our Roman Catholic fellow citizens. I think this largely due to the remarkable segregation that usually exists in our smaller Canadian towns. Familiarity does not always breed contempt; it just as often generates respect, and while I believe that the Roman Catholic Church as an institution should be strenuously discouraged on all occasions, I also believe that Protestants could learn many a lesson in reverence and humility from those who are far too often scornfully described as "dogans."

Yours truly,

J. HAYES JENKINSON.

Sault Ste. Marie.

### SPEAKING OUT

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly afford me space to congratulate the GUARDIAN upon its straightforward and comprehensive articles which appear in its pages, particularly so when our papers and magazines are largely controlled by the money masters and

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public opinion. Therefore it is really re-  
freshing these days to pick up a paper  
which has the courage to say what it really  
thinks.

The GUARDIAN has sorely tried and  
shocked a lot of good old Methodists upon  
what it has had to say in the recent past  
pertaining to war and economics.

We need more magazines and more  
preachers like it—men that have the cour-  
age of their convictions. It is far easier  
for a paper or preacher to give its people  
sweets than medicine, but the medicine  
would oftentimes effect a cure when the  
sweets only produce a still more torpid con-  
dition. We have got so into the habit of  
hearing smooth things and being patted on  
the back that we are quite inclined to sit  
back in our pew with smug complacency,  
and really think that we are in very good  
shape for the pearly gates. This is just  
the time that the preacher should enlighten  
our delusion, and in polite but firm language  
tell us that there are also other places pre-  
pared.

The duty of our editors and preachers is  
to do and say what they think is right  
more so than that which may be considered  
diplomatic. Better by far for a preacher  
to lose his job, or a journal some sub-  
scribers, than to sanction something they  
believe to be wrong and sacrifice self-  
respect.

Trusting that the GUARDIAN will continue  
to express its convictions fearlessly on ques-  
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# MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

## Why Shall we Pray, and How?

Every once in a while the question comes round to us, and is asked with a good deal of earnestness and insistence, "Can we modern people, living in such a day of scientific enlightenment as we do, continue to believe in the value and efficacy of prayer?" And it must be admitted that there are some very good people who seem to have very real difficulty in answering the question in any very positive affirmative. It is true that some of these try to get out of their difficulty by affirming that prayer, even in such a scientific day as this, may quite legitimately be thought of as having a very real reflex helpful influence on the one engaging in it, and thus be not only legitimate, but very much worth while. And yet, though the reflex good of praying may be very real and very considerable, prayer that has nothing but a reflex good in it is hardly prayer at all as most of us have thought of it, and is certainly not the kind of praying that most of us would fain believe in.

Those who have difficulty in believing in prayer because they cannot harmonize it with the course of nature need to be reminded of the fact that human nature is a very large part, and a very important part, of nature. And prayer does seem to fit in with human nature all right; in fact, that is one of the outstanding facts about men, that they do pray, and seemingly cannot help praying, but seem to be impelled to it by some of the deepest impulses of their being. Men do pray because it seems to be a part of their nature to, and that fact of prayer is one of the facts of nature that are to be reckoned with. Praying is a law of human nature, a law to be reckoned with, and that cannot be explained away. What is inevitable to human nature very probably can be harmonized with the course of nature in general.

The inevitableness of prayer so far as man is concerned ought to be placed alongside the probability of prayer so far as God is concerned. If God is a personality at all, that is a God in any real sense, it ought not to be impossible for Him to get into such relations to men as are involved in the reality of prayer. Men come into very close and helpful relations to each other, and to say that God cannot, and would not desire to, come into still closer and more vital relations with His children than they can or do toward each other, is to say a quite unwarranted thing. Such relationships as would involve prayer and make it seem a very reasonable and legitimate thing seem to be necessarily involved in any legiti-

mate thought of God and of His relation to men.

And when we come to think of it, is it not a fact that the chief difficulties men have had in their thinking about prayer have grown out of wrong thoughts as to the nature of prayer itself. Prayer is not merely asking God for something, and specially something that is very hard to get, and that we couldn't at all hope for unless He were persuaded to interfere with the natural order of things that He might secure it for us. And yet that is very largely the idea of prayer that some people have. Prayer is communion and fellowship with God our Father. The larger and the better part of it may not be petition at all. In prayer we seek to know God's will, to enter into His spirit, to seek His wisdom and guidance and help. And it certainly is one of the most reasonable and common-sense propositions in the world to say that, because of such fellowship and sympathy and understanding as prayer induces a whole multitude of things might become possible in one's life that otherwise would be quite impossible. It is no breach of nature or of law that it should be so, but rather quite natural and inevitable.

That leads us to say that we must be careful not to give a quite wrong and unwarranted interpretation of the parable of the unjust judge which forms part of our lesson text. In no way and to no degree can the judge in the parable be taken to represent God our Father. The latter certainly does not ever require to be persuaded or badgered into an attitude of sympathy or helpfulness toward any of His children in any of the needs or circumstances of their lives. The point that the parable makes is that the persevering spirit in prayer and communion with God is the spirit that wins, rather than the spasmodic and occasional, a proposition altogether reasonable and that finds illustration throughout all the relationships of life.

Our lesson text gives us another altogether indispensable quality of spirit and attitude in prayer, namely, humility. And so far from this being an unreasonable requirement, there could not be anything more reasonable surely. What could be more unreasonable and incongruous than that a man should come into the presence of God filled with any thought of his own importance, or greatness, or goodness! It is no wonder that this publican's prayer has stood throughout all the Christian centuries as the truest illustration of the right spirit in prayer. Instinctively men feel that there is no other real way of coming to God save than with the spirit of such a prayer filling the soul of the man who comes.

*William Black*

At a recent meeting of the Quarterly Official Board of Alton circuit a unanimous invitation was extended to Rev. Wm. Howey, B.A., B.D., to become pastor at the commencement of the next Conference year. Bro. Howey has lately returned from France, where he performed extended service in the signalling service. He is now in the G. & M. Hospital, undergoing an operation, but hopes to be able to resume service in the pastorate next July. He has accepted the invitation of the Alton Quarterly Official Board, subject to the will of the Stationing Committee.

## H. L. LOVERING PASSES

Henry Langston Lovering, director of the Georgian Bay Lumber Co., an eminently outstanding personage in Simcoe County, both in the affairs of Church and State, died at his late residence in Coldwater, on Tuesday, May 20th, and his body was interred in the village cemetery on the afternoon of May 22nd, the funeral being largely attended by friends from near and far.

Our Trade Mark—CERES—Goddess of Agriculture



## A Little Story of Success

(From Rural Canada, May)

A RURAL Canada subscriber happening in to see us while in the city the other day from Sunderland, Ont., just to congratulate us on our stand, and to support it, told the following little story of success:

A retired country merchant, now living in Whitby, Ont., worth, it is said, some \$75,000.00 in cash, attributes his success in business to having made a big decision on a seemingly little matter the first week he was in business as a general store-keeper. He had but \$100.00 to invest in stock of goods, and amongst his wares he bought tobacco.

Patrons came. And in true "nail-keg" politician style they bought the weed—both chewing and smoking—and used it as they sat around the stove solving the various problems of the community and of the world.

After retiring one night this man got to thinking about it and decided that the tobacco would never do him any good and he ought not even to sell or "handle" it. So he got up from bed, took the precious stock of the "offender" and buried it in the garden!

"You'll lose nothing from the course you are pursuing," was the parting comment. And we were glad!

## "Tobacco Never Did Anybody Any Good"

AT the time we decided our policy of throwing out tobacco advertising, we had just asked the question of a young student—a chance acquaintance met on the train—as to what he thought of tobacco. He replied: "It's no good! I know, for I am just one year past being a cigarette fiend, and if I hadn't gotten hold of it tobacco would have gotten me and I would not be here to-day. It was killing me. Tobacco never did anybody any good!"

Our sympathy is with those young men—and older men—who must have tobacco. But like the late Timothy Eaton, we prefer to do without it and not handle it.

**We aim and live to help young men to BUILD STRONG; and anything that will not increase their efficiency and make them stronger men cannot have our support.**

Every mother of a boy, every friend of a boy or of a young man in rural Canada will welcome RURAL CANADA for May; \$1.00 per year by subscription, 10c. per copy. Rural preachers, writing on their church or official stationery, may have a copy of May RURAL CANADA with our compliments and best wishes.

## CANADA FARMERS' PUBLISHING SYNDICATE

Temple Bldg. Toronto, Ont.  
(Above is advt. No. 2. A series of 4.)



THE MEMORIAL ORGAN IN METHODIST CHURCH AT CHAPLEAU.





The service in the Methodist church was conducted by the pastor, Mr. Stephenson. Assisting him were Rev. Alfred Bedford, Rev. John Morgan, Rev. George Lawrence and Rev. J. W. Clipsham, former pastors and beloved friends of the deceased; and the Rev. R. J. Fallis, chairman of the Barrie district. Addresses appreciative and reminiscent of the life of the deceased, full of sympathy and pathos, were delivered by Mr. Bedford, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Clipsham, the last-mentioned having been Mr. Lovering's lifelong friend and the one who had preached the first sermon in the Coldwater Methodist Church fifty years ago. The pall-bearers were W. J. Sheppard, C. H. Sheppard, Dr. J. A. Harvey, W. H. F. Russell, Thos. Ripley, S. D. Eplett, Rev. H. S. Lovering and Egerton Lovering. Among those present at the funeral were Mrs. C. J. Ripley, of Ottawa, sister of the deceased; and the two surviving sons of the deceased—W. J. Lovering, president of the Lovering Lumber Co., Toronto, and T. D. Lovering, secretary-treasurer of the J. H. Allen Co., St. Paul, Minn.

H. L. Lovering was born in St. Astell, Cornwall, England, in 1834. He came to Canada in 1841, and, with his father, three brothers and three sisters, settled on the Russell Farm, in Medonte, near what is now Eady. In 1852, at the age of eighteen, he and his brother John struck out for the north shores of Lake Superior. There in the mining camps and lumber woods these lads were initiated by hard toil into the pioneer life of America, and laid in themselves the sturdy foundations of pluck, industry and good health. The call of the forest came to Henry during those early days as he wrought within the sound of the voice of the pine tree; consequently, on his return to Coldwater, in 1857, and after some years of farming in Matchedash, he reverted to his work as a lumberman. As one of the head operators of the Georgian Bay Lumber Co. he lumbered on the shores of the Georgian Bay, and in the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts for upwards of fifty years, being actively engaged until his decease. Often has the writer seen him, after he had reached the three-score years

and ten, driving his team of ponies back to the camps, his snowshoes and moccasins with him, ready for a cruise over the timber limits. During the past ten years his time has been taken up in the quieter but not inactive part of his business. He was always busy even in these closing years, and each day found him engaged in his office or in some outdoor pursuit. He loved the outdoor world; the glories of the "forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," the charm of the rivers and lakes of the northland, the beauty of the meadow and harvest fields, the song of the birds, were to him among the most real of life's joys. The simple, quiet beauty of his own village so appealed to him that he always insisted it was the loveliest little place in the world. Mr. Lovering combined in an exceptional manner the spirit of the true democrat and the autocrat. Having great natural ability as a leader, he wanted to lead, and as his station gave him the opportunity he did lead and command, not only the large numbers of men under his supervision, but he was also leader in the com-

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Roof of Galvanized steel. Sides and doors of wood—all stained a handsome brown.

In most cities there is one little downtown area in which a Garage must be of some material more

fire-proof than wood. For such cases we recommend our Metal Clad Garages. But for suburbanites or those who dwell in rural districts this "King" Garage with wood sides is the thing. There are no long posts to drive—the heaviest of its nine simply-fitted sections can be easily handled by two men; and those two men, though not experienced in carpentry, can put it up in a few hours.

## PRESTON Portable GARAGES

The construction of the King Garage is on such good principles that absolutely "smooth" wall interior is obtained—no projecting joists or uprights—and clear head-room. At the back and in the doors are windows, the glass of which is reinforced with wire (boys who compete for the honor of breaking Garage windows will get no satisfaction out of this kind.) Altogether we believe this King Garage is a mighty good answer to the question "Can I get a good-looking Garage at a low price?" The price of course depends on the size, but even in the 12 x 18 size the "King" is quite inexpensive.

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munity in affairs of church and business. As his old friend, the Rev. J. W. Clipsham, intimated in his lovely reminiscence, Mr. Lovering never lost sympathy with the working man, and even in the days when his wealth could have given him any place in social life, and even though he did associate with other leaders of the land, he was always pleased to give the hand of friendship to the common man, and he loved to help the poor. His was the true conception of the proper relation between capital and labor. He also used his ability and his money to help in a magnanimous way the Church which he loved. He was one of the founders of the Methodist church in Coldwater, superintendent of the Sunday school for most of his life, a member of the Trustee Board for fifty years, a member of every General Conference but one

since the federation of the Primitive and Wesleyan Methodist branches, and a member of every Annual Conference. He was a member of the General Board of Missions, and one of the largest givers to that cause. He went as a delegate to the World's Ecumenical Sunday-school Conference in Jerusalem, and this sojourn in the Holy Land was always a bright spot in his experience. The splendid new Methodist church now enjoyed by the people of Coldwater was erected largely by means of his beneficence, and his annual financial help to the cause of the Church has been most liberal.

But we do not write these lines to praise him; his own life will praise him long after these words are forgotten. A man's life is truly great according as he overcomes obstacles, endures hardships, takes the thunder and the sunshine, and touches the life of his fellow men with an influence for good. We cannot measure greatness by commercial prominence, nor wealth nor social distinction. When we consider that the man of whom these words are written began life a poor boy, that his mother died

others sought his fortune in the West, but losses sustained through fire and frost induced him to return to Ontario and attend college. After graduation he practised his profession with much success in Haldimand, Norwich and Niagara Falls. Some years ago he gave up his profession and entered business life, acquiring considerable property through his connection with several industrial concerns. When the war came he was requested by the British Government to return to his professional duties. He served the Government for a year in Canada, and was then attached to the British cavalry in France. His skill in operating upon the wounded beasts was so marked that he was taxed beyond endurance, and after eighteen months was compelled to return to Canada broken in health. After a few months of rest in home with the consciousness that any day might break up the sacredness of the home ties, the end came suddenly, and while walking to the home of his brother he found the heavenly home was his destiny.

At the early age of eleven he entered into a religious experience of personal trust in Christ, joined the Methodist Church, and became an honored member of the same, serving as recording steward and trustee. In politics he was a Conservative, quite liberal in his views, and always ready to support any good cause. Abroad as well as at home he defended Temperance, and was a marvel to his brother officers in France, who could never induce him to smoke, drink or play cards. The testimonials of these officers to his chaste and exemplary life are among the cherished treasures left his loved ones.

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THE LATE MR. H. C. LOVERING.

when he was seven years of age, that he had none of the advantages of school or college, that his work for many years was far from the society of the cultured and learned, and that he overcame these handicaps to take his place among the wealthy and to work side by side with the cultured of society and give his views in the councils of the learned, and at all times to be an example of industry, honesty and kindness, we are bound to give him his proper place as one of the truly great. To have done so bravely, to have walked so uprightly in the clear sunlight would in itself be a very great credit; but to have marched breast forward, shoulders erect under great afflictions, as he did, to travel on with a smile and a word of cheer under the shadow of the saddest of human mysteries, is a triumph that makes him worthy the victor's crown. It is such a life as his that stimulates others to be men. It is such a life as his that speaks to-day to young men, calling them to face life's tasks with a dauntless spirit and bidding them through all life's conflicts to carry on.

"Were a star quenched on high for ages  
would its light  
Still travelling downward from the sky  
shine on our mortal sight;  
So when a good man dies, for years  
beyond our ken  
The light he leaves behind him lies upon  
the paths of men."

**S. E. BOULTER, V.S.**

Death on Dec. 6th, 1918, removed from  
Niagara Falls a much-esteemed and useful  
Christian, who had played his part faithfully  
both as citizen and soldier. Dr.  
Boulter was born of John and Jane Boulter,  
in the County of Haldimand, fifty-nine  
years ago. In his early manhood he with

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"Is there any better argument than the  
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## For the Layman

With hundreds of our Methodist preachers at Conference this week, it seems advisable to list something of practical interest to the laity of the Church. In consequence the books following:

**THE MAIN POINTS.** By Charles Reynolds Brown, D.D.

Here is a splendid little book for the man who may be somewhat puzzled as to the trend of modern doctrines and ideas. The author writes most helpfully, covering the latest ideas on such subjects as "The Divinity of Christ," "The Atonement," "The Question of Conversion," "The Utility of Prayer," "The Final Judgment." Eleven chapters in all, sane, practical, helpful. Cloth, 240 pages, \$1.00.

**THE CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.** By Hannah Whitall Smith.

Here is a new, enlarged, and yet popular-priced edition of a book which has been helpful and inspiring for two generations. It is too well known to need comment. Cloth, 250 pages, 75c.

**ALTRUISM.** George Herbert Palmer.

This book comprises the Ely lectures as delivered at Union Theological Seminary in the spring of 1918. They deal with much-discussed social and economic subjects from a somewhat new standpoint. Cloth, 140 pages, \$1.35.

**THE COUNTRY CHURCH AND THE RURAL PROBLEM.** By Kenyon L. Butterfield.

The letters in the "Forum" of The Guardian indicate how much our people are thinking of the subjects suggested by this book. It will be helpful as well as interesting. The author is President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and has made a special study of the problem. Cloth, 154 pages, \$1.10.

**THE RURAL CHURCH MOVEMENT.** By Edwin L. Earp.

Here is a little volume full of suggestions and ideas for workers in rural communities. A few of the themes covered, as follows, will be illuminating: "The Spiritual Call of the Country," "The Social Centre Parish Plan," "The Rural-Mindedness of Jesus," "A Suggested Home Missions Policy." Cloth, 180 pages, 85c.

**CLAIMS AND OPPORTUNITIES OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.** Edited by John R. Mott.

Just the book to put into the hands of the young layman who is thinking about the ministry as a profession. It presents both sides honestly and fearlessly. The editor's name is sufficient tribute as to its practicability. Cloth, 156 pages, 55c.

**SUNDAY THE TRUE SABBATH OF GOD.** By S. W. Gamble.

This is an answer to the theory of the Seventh Day Adventists and other similar propagandists, which will furnish adequate material for argument or addresses. Cloth, 205 pages, \$1.10.

## For CANADA'S BIRTHDAY In Your Sunday School

Patriotic Day—June 29th—may be made a splendid one in your School. To help you with this, we have prepared a special all-Canadian Order of Service. "Comrades All," in a specially applicable design. Price 60c. per 100.

Patriotic Invitation Postals, \$1.00 per 100.

Patriotic Buttons, \$2.25 per 100.

Samples of all three for 5c.

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*Publisher*

TORONTO - ONT.



He was married to Miss Maria P. Biggar, of Jarvis, and their home soon became known for its hospitality. The servant of God always found a welcome awaiting him. Their only child, Clement, was in France at the time of his father's death, having joined up as one of the gallant Canadian Originals. He returned to find a sorrowing mother, but to miss the welcome of a father whose chief concern he knew to be the moral and spiritual interest of the boy who was dearer to him than life. J. E. H.

### THE LATE LIEUT. W. A. BRETT.

Mr. and Mrs. Brett, Dugald, Man., have received official notice that their youngest son, Lieut. W. A. Brett, was killed in action on Sept. 27th, 1918. Lieut. Brett enlisted in the spring of 1917 with the 203rd Battalion, and after the usual period of training left for the scene of action as a signaller. Later, while still in England, he joined the Royal Air Service and gaining his commission crossed to France. He was reported missing on Sept. 30th. It was not until one of his associates, who took part with him in the battle of Cambrai, returned



THE LATE W. A. BRETT.

home that the long period of suspense was broken and the anxious parents informed that their boy had fallen in the great struggle for human liberty, and was buried in Bourlon cemetery. Prior to enlistment, Wesley was a student in attendance at Wesley College, a prominent figure in athletic circles, and particularly in the College hockey team. His quiet, unassuming ways and boyish frankness won for him everywhere a host of friends. In his own community he was a member of the Methodist Church, a consistent Christian and an exemplary character in all that made for community betterment.

"Nor blame I death because he bare  
The use of virtue out of earth;  
I know transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit elsewhere."

### THE LATE REV. WILLIAM H. LAIDLAW.

In the death of Rev. William H. Laidlaw, which took place at his home, 43 Melgund St., Toronto, on Sunday, May 25th, there passed away one of God's good men. Bro. Laidlaw had been ill or some months, but his sufferings were borne with such sweet, patient, tender resignation that a visit to his bedroom was an inspiration and a blessing. The deceased entered the ministry of the Methodist Church in 1878, and for thirty-three years experienced the trials and triumphs of a Methodist preacher's life on some of our most trying and difficult fields. Bro. Laidlaw, however, was a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He was a hard worker, a faithful pastor, a wise counsellor, and a loyal friend. As a preacher he was simple, direct, tender and practical; and on all his fields he left behind him influences that were uplifting, ennobling and Christ-like.

Mr. Laidlaw's family life was a model in Christian character. The spirit of confidence, unselfishness and sincere affection characterized all its relationships, and its basic principle was the acknowledgment of God in all things. The power of such a home in the community can never be estimated—it reaches into eternity. Our brother retired from active work nine years ago, but spent much of his time since then in ministering to the sick and suffering in the Toronto hospitals, where his gentle nature and sweet devotional spirit brought comfort and confidence to many. He leaves behind him his faithful and loving partner, also two devoted children, Mrs. R. J. Kid-

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Foreword by Ben Tillett, M.P.

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ney, of Buffalo, and Dr. Myron Laidlaw, of Toronto. A funeral service was held at the home on Tuesday evening, when the President of the Conference, Rev. R. J. D. Simpson; the Chairman of his District, Rev. T. W. Neal; and his pastor, Rev. Jno. J. Ferguson, took part. Interment took place at Maple, Ont.

"Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last."

C. W. F.

### MISSION ROOMS' RECEIPTS.

To May 29th, 1919.

General Fund.

Receipts to date.....\$659,874.14  
Same date last year..... 546,677.41  
Miscellaneous receipts to date.. \$3,820.39

### RECENT WEDDING.

The parsonage of J. Wesley Smith Memorial Church, 550 Roble Street, Halifax, N.S., was the scene of a quiet wedding, Wednesday afternoon, at one o'clock, when Capt. Garland Granter Burton, C.G.A., and Miss Alice Mary Dowden, both of Greenspond, Newfoundland, were united in matrimony by Rev. John W. Bartlett. The bride was attended by Mrs. J. W. Bartlett, and the groom by his friend of several years' standing, Rev. R. C. Tait, of Brunswick Street Methodist Church. Capt. Burton has just returned from overseas, where he has been with the Canadian Heavy Artillery since 1916. He graduated in arts and divinity from McGill University, and some time prior to enlisting was associate pastor at Douglas Methodist Church, Montreal. After a brief holiday in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, Capt. and Mrs. Burton will reside in Montreal, where Capt. Burton will have charge of a Methodist church in a rapidly growing section of the city.

### INVITATION.

Third year—W. G. Wakefield, Holland Centre.

"No, sah," said the aged colored man to the reporter who had asked if he had ever seen President Lincoln. "Ah used to 'member seein' Massa Linkum, but since Ah j'ined de church Ah doan' 'member seein' him no mo'."—Boston Transcript.

### DEATHS.

**BAKER.**—On Saturday, May 31st, 1919, at his residence in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Orlando A. Baker, beloved husband of Mamie Lindsay Baker, and only son of Rev. George and Mary J. Baker, Toronto.

**HABART.**—Entered into rest, in Georgetown, on the 8th of May, 1919, Mrs. M. Habart. Interment at Owen Sound on the 10th of May.

**WANTED.**—At Mount Allison Ladies' College, Teacher for Pipe Organ Department. State experience and salary expected to Hamilton Wigle, Principal, Sackville, N.B.

**WANTED.**—Housekeeper for Mount Allison Ladies' College. State experience and salary expected to Hamilton Wigle, Principal, Sackville, N.B.

# The Christian Guardian

(Established 1829)

(Entered as second-class matter, February 28th, 1908, at the Post-Office at Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress, March 3rd, 1879.)

## A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

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## Births, Marriages, Deaths

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

### BIRTH.

FRANCIS.—At Camrose, Alberta, to Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Francis, May 15th, a son—Wilbur Lowe.

### DEATH.

CORNEILLE.—At Vancouver, B.C., on May 21st, 1919, Frederick Evan Corneille, dearly beloved son of Alecia and the late John M. Corneille, of Melbourne, Ont. Interment at Victoria, B.C.

### IN MEMORIAM.

COLLING.—In tenderest memory of Pte. Gladstone Colling, who was killed in action June 2nd, 1916, at the battle of Ypres. Our brave boy was the eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Colling and Mrs. Ellen Colling, 229 Waterloo St., London, Ont. Gladstone is not dead, he is just away.

His Mother.

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## Connexional Notices

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### METHODIST MINISTERS' WIVES.

The annual meeting of the "Methodist Ministers' Wives' Association" will be held in the Methodist National Training School, corner of Avenue Road and St. Clair Avenue, on Friday, June the thirteenth, at three o'clock p.m. A most cordial invitation is hereby extended to every Methodist minister's wife, or widow, to be present.

## Wise and Otherwise

"Why do herrings have so many more illnesses than other fish?" asked the girl. "Who says they do?" queried the father. "Why, this book says that thousands and thousands of them are cured every year."

Pte. M'Guire, lying in hospital, was very fractious. He pointedly refused to take a second dose of medicine, which was inordinately nasty. Several smiling nurses bent over him and urged him to be good.

"Come," pleaded one, "drink this and you'll get well."

"And rosy, too!" chimed in a second. M'Guire visibly brightened, and actually sat up in bed.

After surveying the pretty group he inquired eagerly, "What wan o' yez is Rosy?"

Miss Blank, who wished to become a candidate for the position of teacher in the public schools, went up for examination recently. Among other things she was called upon to read a passage from "Macbeth" which closes with the words which Macbeth speaks to Lady Macbeth, "Prithee, come with me."

"And what," asked the examiner, "do you understand 'prithee' to mean?"

"I understand it to be a corruption of 'pray thee,'" replied the would-be teacher, surprised at so trivial a question.

"I am glad," said the examiner. "The lady who came just before you assured me that it was the Christian name of Macbeth's wife."—Judge.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Rev. Joe. R. Hanley, L.L.B., D.D., having returned from service in France, is again associated with F. G. Fisher for the conducting of Evangelistic Campaigns.

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