

# The Christian

# Guardian



Founded in 1829 by  
Egerton Ryerson

Canada's National  
Religious Weekly

VOL. XCII

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1921

No. 45

## Children and Books

One of the very best things that any parent can do for his child is to give him an appetite for the reading of good books. Having done that he has put him in the way of much happiness and satisfaction and has as well made many things possible in his life that otherwise would have been impossible. Good books are a gateway of opportunity into some of the best things that life has to offer, and happy indeed is that person who has been wisely and early trained to see that gateway and to open it for himself. We owe our children good health, a training for life and its duties, a scope and place in which to make good in the midst of its great activities, but if we have not added to all that by cultivating in them a taste and appreciation for books, we have left a very large and a very important part of our obligation to them unfulfilled. Our failure to do this will shut them out of a world that was intended for them, a world that is gloriously rich in the best things that the human imagination and brain have produced. And this is one of the most serious crimes against them that we can be guilty of.



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## THE WORLD OUTLOOK

### A Family Problem

AT the recent annual convention of the National Education Association, Mr. Maurice Ricker, assistant director of the United States Public Health Service, made the following rather startling statement. He said: "Investigation by the Federal Health Service over a period of years indicates that the progeny of 1,000 graduates from colleges like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Vassar and Smith will not exceed 50, in 100 years from now, while in a like period the births among illiterate foreigners will be multiplied at least 100 times. The ratio will be 50 men and women descended from educated parents, to 100,000 begotten by ignorant parents." This is certainly a most peculiar and unfortunate situation if it is correctly represented, and at present there seem no good grounds for disputing its correctness. The truth is that all over this continent we are face to face with the fact that amongst our well-to-do classes the birth-rate is phenomenally low; and the results are disastrous to both the family and the state. The family with one child or no children is all too common and both the parents and the child are the losers by it. God meant children to grow up with children and the lonely child is robbed of an inestimable boon when he lacks brothers and sisters. The disappearing family marks the decadence alike of individuals and the class to which they belong.

### Upholding Prohibition Act

THE Supreme Court of Canada in a recent decision upheld the Alberta Temperance Act and affirmed the constitutionality of the Federal prohibitory amendments of 1919. The case before the court was that of the Gold Seal Liquor Company, which sought to collect damages from the Dominion Express Company for its refusal to deliver liquor shipped from Vancouver to Calgary. The case came first before the Alberta court, and decision was given against the Liquor Company. Then it was carried to Ottawa, and now the Supreme Court has given its decision also against the Liquor Company. The real point at issue is whether the Dominion Act renders illegal shipments of liquor from wet provinces into dry areas, and the Supreme Court says yes. The matter will probably go before the Privy Council. But this case just brings before us the fact that so long as any province in Canada remains wet, it will be harder to enforce the prohibitory act in the other provinces; and the question arises at once whether it would not be good policy for those wet provinces to respect the laws of their dry neighbors, and positively to forbid any dealers shipping liquor into the dry territory. And where any company or individual holding a Dominion license to sell is proven to have sold liquor for such delivery it would be no more than right for the Dominion Government to cancel that license at once. The people of Canada are in earnest in this temperance question, and it would be well for all our governments to take cognizance of this fact. Our dry provinces are determined to stay dry, and while there is a manifest disinclination to interfere with any province which wishes to remain wet, yet there can be no question that if Dominion prohibition is the only way to prevent the wet provinces from nullifying the prohibitory act in the dry provinces, then in very self-defence Dominion prohibition will have to come.

### A Twelve Billion Dollar Lottery

FRANCE has a most difficult task ahead of her in the readjustment of her finances, and a bill has been introduced into the French legislature to establish a gigantic lottery as a last attempt to secure the money needed to carry on the Government. If this bill is accepted the total of the lottery will reach \$12,000,-

000,000 figured at the normal rate of exchange, and no less than \$2,000,000,000 will be paid in prizes. During the first two years there will be a daily drawing for 1,250,000 francs, two weekly drawings of 500,000 francs, and about 7,000 smaller prizes monthly. The issue price will be 500 francs, and bonds not winning prizes will be reimbursed in twenty years. Andre Lefebvre, the sponsor of the bill, expresses his views on the matter as follows:

"I expect to hear a flood of objections from the moralists, but it is time to forget morality and practice common sense. The people will not subscribe for an ordinary loan, but must be enticed by the chances for a big reward. Financiers know that we are living in a gambling age. It is time to take advantage of that fact; otherwise there is a certain crash ahead." We think Mr. Lefebvre makes a mistake when he suggests that the objection to lotteries lies solely on moral grounds. As we view it the objection on financial and economic grounds is the genuine, common-sense argument. We sympathize with France in her economic plight, but we fear that she will find the lottery method a decidedly poor way of placing her finances upon a solid footing.

### Canadian School of Missions

CANADA is to have a School of Missions all her own and the decision marks one of the most progressive steps in ecclesiastical affairs that has been taken in some time. The enterprise has been inaugurated under the auspices of the Canadian Foreign Mission Boards, an organization that includes practically all the churches operating in the Dominion. For the present the plan does not involve the securing of a separate building or teaching staff, though that may be a later develop-



REV. DR. J. LOVELL MURRAY

ment. The faculties of the various colleges will provide most of the teaching, while special courses on various phases of mission work, by outstanding missionary leaders, will be arranged for. In these days when more and more the missionary must be a specially trained worker, the inauguration of such a school for his furnishing and equipment seems a necessity. The school is specially fortunate in securing as its Director the Rev. Dr. J. Lovell Murray, well known to many Canadians, a graduate of Toronto

University and of Knox College. Dr. Murray was for a time missionary in India, but for the last fifteen years has been Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement of North America. He brings to this new task of leadership exceptional gifts and qualities that ought to ensure the great success and usefulness of the Canadian School of Missions.

### Hungary Rejects King Carl

EX-EMPEROR CARL, the last of the lordly Hapsburgs, has made what is probably his last bid for the throne of his ancestors, and now, a broken-spirited and nerve-wrecked man, he waits the doom which the Allies may pronounce upon him. It is probable that never again either in peace or war will he be a figure which must be reckoned with. With only two hundred and forty men, Carl started on his march to Budapest, no doubt expecting that the magic of his name would rally many loyal Hungarians to his standard. But some one had sadly miscalculated, for he never gathered more than four thousand men, and in his "attack" on Budapest, only eight hundred men were in line. The sequel was inevitable. In less than a hundred hours after he had started on his mad expedition, he was fleeing for his life from his former subjects, now his victorious foes. The Hungarian forces under Admiral Horthy, showed no desire to fraternize with their former ruler, and Carl, a prisoner in the hands of his foes, will try no more to recover the throne of his father, but will spend the rest of his days somewhere in exile, a prisoner of state, powerless to plunge his country into another war merely to gratify his own ambition. These are perilous days for kings and emperors who claim to rule by divine right, as the people insist upon claiming that by divine right they have the liberty of choosing their own rulers. But the Little Entente insists that Hungary must not choose a Hapsburg, as it would endanger their safety as well as Hungary's.

### No Railroad Strike

THE people on this continent are breathing a little more freely because the great railway strike that threatened to tie up every railway in the United States has been declared off. The points in dispute have not been settled, but there is reasonable ground for hope that they will all be settled without any necessity of calling a strike. If it had been simply a matter between the big railway unions and the big railway executives, there seems no reason to doubt that the strike would have occurred, and this fact is serious enough. It seems to indicate that the relations between the railway executives and the railway employees is one of suspicion rather than confidence, and this certainly does not tend either to peace or efficiency. But President Harding and the Railroad Labor Board took a hand in the dispute, and they insisted that there must be no strike and that if a strike were called it would be flat rebellion against the Government of the United States. The Board also declared that the unions might depend upon it to safeguard the interests of the men and prevent the railroad executives carrying out any policy which would be injurious to the unions. No doubt this action of the Government helped to avert a strike, but back of the Government's firm stand there lay a popular feeling so strong and so clearly defined that even the most rabid union men were compelled to recognize it. And if the unions had persisted in the strike it seems clear that from the Atlantic to the Pacific there would have been aroused a popular resistance which could hardly have failed to render the strike a failure. There is a growing national sympathy with all righteous labor demands, but there is also a growing conviction that such strikes as that contemplated are really treason against the people. Labor must not be oppressed: that is settled, but labor must not oppress; that also is settled.



# What the Public Library Does for Boys and Girls

By Enid E. Endicott

*"Libros non refert quam multos sed quam bonos habetas."*



It is hard to imagine a world without books for children, yet the making of children's books, except lesson books and books of manners, is a comparatively modern idea, not more than one hundred and fifty years old. There have been children's stories and folk tales for thousands of years, handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. Some of the stories that are being told to-day were, without doubt, once told to little copper-colored Sanskrit children: but the writing of books for children is a new branch in literature.

The earliest children's books were crude effusions consisting of plain and unmistakable incitements to good behavior. As early as 1560, Thomas Paynall translated from the French and published a book of manners for children to learn, called "The Civilities of Childhood," along with a catechism for children three years old. A dozen years later came a curious little book from the French by a very young translator, entitled, "Youth's Behavior," or, Decency in conversation amongst men, composed by grave persons for the use and benefit of their youth, now newly turned into English by Francis Hawkins—eight years old." From this book we learn:

"It is ill-beseeming to put one in mind of any unclean or ill-favored thing."

"Rub not thyself nor make thy teeth to crack in such a manner that thou disquiet anyone."

"In yawning howl not."

"Hearing thy Master or otherwise thy preacher, wriggle not thyself as seeming not able to contain thyself within thy skin."

With few exceptions the earliest books written for children have failed to survive, the reason being that they were not really books, but "pots of message."

Oliver Goldsmith's "Goody Two-Shoes," 1751, is the first bit of prose which has had vitality enough to last, and may be considered the corner-stone of children's fiction.

During the two hundred years which closed with the eighteenth century there came four books which, though not intended for children, were eagerly appropriated by them, and are to-day dear to the heart of childhood. Pilgrim's Progress, which was written in 1678, for grown-up saints, happily fell into the hands of little sinners. They found its direct, simple and dramatic story appealing, without caring for the theological doctrine it was intended to inculcate. In 1719 Robinson Crusoe stumbled on immortality by reason of its adoption by the children. In the same way they made Gulliver's Travels, 1726, and the Travels of Baron Munchausen, 1785, their own.

With the appearance of Sir Walter Scott's novels there was a general revival in imaginative literature, and it was then first realized that if a child is to develop symmetrically he must be given food for his imagination as well as useful information. To-day the children have not only books of their own, but they have as truly a literature as have adults. Anyone who has read such books as Heidi, Men of Iron, or Master Skylark, will not doubt this.

Library work with children has been called a new idea in education. In Canada, in the last ten years, children's rooms and children's departments have sprung up like mushrooms all over the country. The novelty of the idea and the startling growth of the work have put it up for criticism. But those of us who have watched it grow have preserved our faith by remembering that there was a time when everything was new, and we have felt that if we could keep a firm grasp on the active principles which inspire all successful work with children, our labor was not likely to be lost.

The phrase "library work with children" is apt to call up visions of picture bulletins, picture books, story hours, low tables and chairs, and abnormal statistics, leaving one with no coherent idea of the work as a whole, of what children's librarians are actually doing or how they are doing it.

What a children's librarian hopes to do, briefly, is:

To make good books available to all children of a community.

To carry on and give permanent value to the work of the schools.

To train boys and girls to use with discrimination the adult library.

To co-operate with all civic and social institutions such as schools, playgrounds, settlements.

To develop literary taste through the medium of the books and the influence of the children's librarian.

Given the children's library, our first concern is, what books shall we place on our shelves? In the selection of books for informative use, accuracy, up-to-dateness, clearness of style and material are the main considerations, and these are more easily determined. It is in the realm of the story book that the difficulty lies. It has been said, and we believe, that the books a boy or girl reads for pleasure before the age of sixteen, do more to form their ideals and shape their characters than all the text books they study in the schools. Thus it is imperative that boys and girls be given the best, and all those who give books to children have to face the fact that every book, cheap in quality, whether high or low in price, helps to make a cheap boy or girl, lowers moral standards and coarsens character. To all story books for children we apply three tests:—

Are the situations sufficiently dramatic to hold the interest?

## The Last Call

BY RAY THORNLEY

I know not when the call shall come for me  
To launch my bark across that Unknown sea;  
I only know that through the darkest night,  
His loving care will guide my bark aright.

What though the wind be moaning o'er the deep,  
And loving hands should strive my bark to keep,  
Across the wave there comes the clarion clear,  
Launch out, my soul; shrink not; thine hour is here!

What though the gloom of night creeps on apace,  
And Death's grim mantle shrouds my wearied face,  
Undaunted, let me meet the rising tide  
That sweeps me outward to the farther side.

I shall not fear that darkness we call Death,  
For even as I draw my latest breath,  
From out the gloom there comes the welcome cry,  
"Be of good cheer! Fear not, for it is I!"

Is it ethically sound? That is, not a book which preaches, but wholesome in character and ideals.

Has it atmosphere and style? Atmosphere is something that grows out of the story rather than gained by long descriptive paragraphs. Children are less conscious of the style than of any other quality, but style does largely affect their opinion of a book.

If a book passes all three tests it may be considered safe.

A book is harmful:

Which presents evil in such a way as to lead to wrong-doing. Books in which physical courage, and resourcefulness in evading the law are exalted and moral cowardice ignored.

Which by failing to draw sharply the line between right and wrong confuses a child's moral sense. In children's books right should be right and wrong should be wrong. There should be no compromise. Children are forming standards of good and evil and these should not be confused, but defined with no uncertain sound.

Which gives false ideas as to values and relations in life. The Alger books are a splendid example of this variety. The motto of these

books is, "be good and you'll be lucky." One of the chief faults is the insincerity of the author. He pictures the hero as plucky, persevering, honest, a model in every way, and is therefore bound to rise because of these qualities, but a lucky chance always paves the way to worldly wealth, the only thing to which these heroes ever rise. Nowhere is the moral issue made clear. The author seems to say, "Honesty is the best policy," and the children do not realize that he who acts on this policy is not honest. These are not ideals and standards to give boys and girls in their most impressionable years. Yet unfortunately books of this nature are given away by the hundreds. The mediocre form much the largest class of children's books. There are, however, degrees of mediocrity. Some books which on account of their style must go into this class, should not be condemned, as their subject matter may be worth while for some boy or girl. For example the Henty books. The style is poor and yet many boys are given their first interest in history through these stories. Mediocrity of both style and contents is all too much in evidence.—such series as for instance Elsie Dinsmore. Elsie begins her career as a morbid, introspective little girl who instructs her elders to the extent which made one girl exclaim, "If I talked to my mother the way Elsie talked to her father I'd be spanked." Elsie's goodness is the argument most used by her admirers as justification. Elsie's goodness consists almost entirely in her efforts not to be bad, with the result that she never accomplishes much nor is she an incentive to others.

With little effort children can be prevented from forming a taste for the mediocre story book. The information and taste acquired by children who have read the best books published for children even so recently as in the last ten years is simply amazing. The personal library of one Jewish girl who has grown up in a children's library where good books have always been available speaks for itself.

David Copperfield, Poems of To-day; Uncle Tom's Cabin, Selected Poems of Alfred Noyes, A Little Boy Lost, W. H. Hudson, Longfellow's poetical works, Five Plays, Dunsany, The Emperor of Portugalia, Liegerlof, The Warden, Letters of Charles Lamb, Shakespeare's Plays, Poems and Sonnets (complete), Jane Eyre, Guy Mannering, Henry Esmond, The Newcomes, Les Misérables, Prue and I, Essays of Elia, Last of the Barons, The Sketch Book, Persuasion, In Memoriam, The Bird Guide, The Wild Flower Guide, When Canada was New France, Locke.

All the activities of a children's library are toward bringing the right book to the right child at the right time. Through the Story Hour the librarian comes into close personal touch with the children and soon finds out what their interests are. It is also a means of introducing literature to very small children in a form which they can appreciate and understand. The stories told cover a wide range, from the heroic to the nonsensical, but whatever the type, the material is selected with care for dramatic quality and atmosphere.

Library club work is an outgrowth of the Story Hours, and is one of the most effective methods of promoting the reading of good books. In these small groups the librarian can develop an interest in individual books and various kinds of reading to an extent which could scarcely be effected otherwise.

For many years the children's librarians of the Toronto Public Library, have held an exhibit of children's books in the first two weeks of December. This year the date will be Children's Book Week, November the 14th to the 19th. The exhibit is to help grown-ups in choosing books for children, by putting before them in a quiet place where they can browse at leisure, and where they can get expert advice if they wish, children's books, from Mother Goose to books for older boys and girls. The books are not for sale, but publisher and price are listed as far as possible and different editions are given.

These are some phases of library work with children. Its value and satisfyingness lies in giving to children a love for the best in literature, to which, in Scudder's words, "we must look for the substantial protection of the growing mind against an ignoble, material conception of life and for the inspiring power which shall lift the nature into its rightful fellowship with 'whatsoever is noble, lovely and of good report.'"



# Who are the Lost?



commonly think of the four parables in Luke fifteen as telling the same story. The lost sheep, the lost coin, the prodigal son, and the lost, selfish son simply reinforce one another according to many students. The general purpose of the parables may be the same, but nevertheless each has a clear distinction.

There is no good reason for regarding the stories of the two sons as one parable. Each story is quite complete in itself. Each has its own special message. The story of the Elder Brother is not to be thought of as a mere corollary to the story of the Prodigal Son. The Elder Brother was lost as surely as was the Prodigal Son.

The stories differ from one another in point of responsibility for the lost condition. The sheep was partly to blame for being lost and the shepherd was partly to blame. The coin was not at all responsible for being lost. The two sons, as far as we can judge, were wholly to blame for their lostness. In this they were alike.

If seekers after the lost are to be skilful in their task they must realize very clearly just what it means to be lost. These parables will help to such a definite understanding. It is very evident that the wandering sheep was thought of as lost because it had gotten away from the other sheep, and from the Shepherd. Likewise the coin was lost because it was not in the purse with the other coins, and because it was not available to its owner. The boys were lost because they were not together, nor with the father, the other members of the family, and their neighbors.

Right here it is very helpful to note the immediate cause of these parables as Jesus uttered them. Immediately preceding the parables, in verses one and two of the chapter, we read, "Now all the publicans and sinners were drawing near unto him to hear him. And both the Pharisees and the scribes murmured, saying, 'This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.'" To justify such fellowship on the part of lovers of God the Master spoke these parables. He means to tell the critics that if they are truly religious they must associate with those who are called outcasts. Else they themselves will be lost in their exclusiveness.

Those folks that are shut away from other folks, consciously or unconsciously, voluntarily or innocently, are lost. To be unsocial is to be irreligious. To be cut off from men is to be cut off from God.

We are made to live together helpfully and if any fall into isolation or selfishness he denies his birth-right, he is missing the mark. There are so many temptations toward an insulated life to-day, and they seem so excusable, that many yield. They pride themselves on their self-sufficiency. They assert they can do their work better because they are always alone. What a mistake! The real work of life is to do something for and with others. If you cannot work with your fellows it is to be feared that God cannot work with you. The Pharisees and the scribes marvelled because a man claimed to be great and yet found fellowship with publicans and sinners. Jesus would teach them the necessity of a social religion.

The pity of being lost is greater than our imagination of it has been. We have thought of it in terms of the lost individual. His loss truly is great, but it does not represent the total loss. We begin to feel the depth of this individual loss when we picture the lonely, bleating sheep, the coin in the dark corner, the prodigal with the swine, and the wretched son sulking in the field. These can have no joy, no gain, in the present state.

But think of the pity of the lost in the loss to society! We have not thought sufficiently of this phase of sin to know sin in all its miserable colors. To live selfishly, and to forget God represents an inestimable loss. When selfishness becomes widespread it spells economic disaster. As the lost sheep reduced the fold by more than one, as the lost coin was out of circulation, as the separated sons broke the home, so men and women who lose touch with others put a greater burden of economic provision upon the others. Famine, unemployment, war, all of the world's great ills are the hard effects of a part of the human race denying its social and religious responsibility. May the millennium spoken of by the poet be not so far distant:

"all men's good  
Be each man's rule and universal peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of heaven athwart the sea,  
Through all the circle of the golden year."

The misfortune of being lost is by no means fully estimated until we feel the grief of God's heart. It is pictured in the seeking shepherd, the busy woman, the broken-hearted father. The commonwealth of God is all shattered because men will not love one another and stay where they belong—because they will not sacrifice in order to find the lost. Calvary

## By Ernest A. Miller

represents the grief and purpose of the Heavenly Father because some of his children are lost and the remainder do not care very much.

What should the Church do for those who are cut off from God?

The people of the Church must for ever get away from the "better-than-thou" attitude. Church membership should engender deep humility and sincere self-examination rather than feelings of exaltation and security. There are very many lost ones in the Church. They are lost because they are so selfishly prosperous. They have no heart for the sufferings of others. They regard themselves as saved because they have not allowed sins of the flesh to interfere with their material prosperity. Whereas it is only spiritual prosperity that counts in God's Kingdom. It was easier to rescue the wandering sheep, or the hidden coin, or the far-away son than it was to bring the elder brother to himself. Indeed we do not read that the elder brother ever yielded his selfish heart to his pleading father or his yearning brother. Even so it is hard to convert a lost church member.

The Church must needs examine herself. She must test her motives and efforts by those of the Master. She must sacrifice her own comfort and well-being, for in the finding of those who have slipped away from God she will find her own life and joy. Is it not true that you sometimes discover as fine examples of human devotion and thoughtfulness outside the Church as in? Jesus can do more with us than we allow Him to do. The Church can save herself only as she makes an honest effort to save others. An evangelistic campaign in any community means first of all getting right with God and our fellows on the part of the church members.

Somebody has given us another version of the parable of the Lost Sheep: "A certain man, when he found that some of his sheep were lost, built a handsome shelter on the edge of the wilderness and over the door wrote these words, 'Any lost sheep straying near by if he will present his credentials and give good references to the committee in charge, will be admitted to shelter after due deliberation.'"

Think of how the shepherd rejoiced when he found his sheep, of how the woman called in her friends and neighbors when she found her drachma, of how the father made a great feast when he found his boy, and you will know that it pays to live for others. Any man may find himself in seeking for others. An evangelistic campaign is a campaign of practical brotherhood.

# When Red Leaves are Falling



HAVE been placing the old prophetic word of hope deferred and outlook black, "The harvest is ended, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," alongside two lines of a present-day popular song, "When the leaves are falling, the love bells shall ring out, ring out for you

and me," and I have come to the conclusion that in the ordering of God the latter refrain represents a consummation of heart yearning and heartsease that we do well to expect and live for. There may be situations and conditions in human life and experience when the Jeremianic word of lamentation and despair is the only fitting thing to say because of the "clutch of circumstance" or the fact of fetters, stubborn walls and mocking gates that imprison the soul with distressing permanency. But it is surely truer to spiritual discovery and realization what the modern song writer suggests that, when red leaves are falling the music of love's truth, union, fellowship, joy, peace and every happy consummation may be ours. The latter conception is not the lilting of an optimistic fool. It is the triumphant note of a victorious soul who has come to the gates of gladness and the land of love's climax when the fall of the leaf and the end of harvest and passing of summer dispose to thoughts of decline, decay, and gloom. It is flinging an unconquerable optimism into the arena of pessimism. The witchery of laughter and jubilant song takes possession of the place where lurks the shadows and rustle the leaves that would whisper, not of wedding bells, but of a funeral dirge.

## By Arthur W. Brown

It may be true because of some deferred or forfeited deliverance that harvest passing and summer ending accentuates the drear refrain "we are not saved," but in spiritual economics it is not the last word nor reflects the only possible situation. God encourages us to sing a song of hope that contrasts sharply with nature's expression, so discouraging and mournful. Jeremiah himself rose to that hopeful and triumphant experience at a later stage and sang. Again there shall be heard in this place the voice of joy and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride, the voice of them that they say "Praise the Lord of hosts, for the Lord is good, for His mercy endureth for ever." The prophet discovered, what we all discover eventually, that in contradistinction to what we think are hopeless times, God's love bells ring out, ring out.

So we are called to hope in the times of disappointment and decay. "Good hope through grace," is the kind—"hope that sends a shining ray far down the future's broadening way."

It is a relief to behold the light of hope on an eager, wistful, expectant face, challenging a drear outlook and a difficult way. Why not multiply such expressions? None of us can draw a line, if nature and circumstances do give us the chalk and occasion to do it with and say "Here God stops." We have no right to fling the refrain, "the harvest is passed," etc., in God's face as a reproach. Human hopelessness he

does not create. Let us learn the soul priming of the Psalmist, "Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Remember, one testified when the red leaves were falling, and everything else going to pieces round a victimized and distressed patriarch. "He maketh sore and bindeth up: he woundeth and his hand makes whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

There may seem to be times from the way things have gone in the lives of individuals and people when hope appears to be a hopeless fit, for the harness and the road.

Think of the time in Hebrew history, Eli's old age, when the course of events assumed forms of decay and a winter of lost causes in the national life; the rot was apparent in home and temple. A man of God poured out his vitriolic prophecy of doom and spoke terrifyingly of the humiliation ahead, but amid it all he set the word of hope for the priesthood and the nation. He had heard above the howling of the stripping wind the love bells of God's promises and purposes. Samuel came; and the people rejoiced and took heart again.

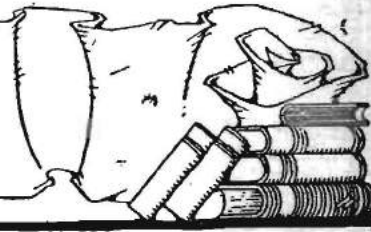
A missionary recently declared, as he described a certain foreign field, how native priests lamented the decay of superstition and the falling down of a pagan religion, that his Christian optimism caused him to see in the conditions created a way for his Lord, a highway for his God. The love bells of the Gospel, he said, were ringing out for these people as the pillars and practices of paganism fell down.

We would do well always to fight the discouraging  
(Continued on page 7.)





# EDITORIAL



## Advancing Church Union

**T**HE Joint Committee on Church union of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches has just held a most important meeting that has set forward the work committed to it in a significant and striking way. The gathering was large and representative and apparently no member of the committee was absent who could possibly have attended. The spirit of the gathering throughout was earnest and intelligently sympathetic and no jarring note was struck during all the discussions and deliberations. And the action taken was as forward-looking and progressive as any enthusiastic advocate of Church union could ask for.

The first action taken looked toward the legal aspect of the union question by appointing a Standing Committee on Law and Legislation. It is to be the duty of this committee to prepare, under competent legal advice and direction, such bills as will be required in the case to be submitted to the Parliament of Canada or the various Provincial Legislatures. These will be presented, first to a later meeting of the Union Committee, and then to the Supreme Courts of the negotiating bodies.

The other forward-looking action taken by the committee was the passing of a resolution urging each of the Departmental Boards or Committees of the negotiating Churches to appoint a committee, first to make a careful survey of the work under its own charge, in the light of the contemplated union, and, second, to confer with a similar committee appointed by the other Churches with a view to the discovery of other measures of possible co-operation prior to the union, and to work out details of co-operation looking toward union. A special Committee of Co-operation was appointed under which this study and investigation was to be carried on and through which it might be presented to the Union Committee. Frequent and enthusiastic expressions of appreciation of the large measure of departmental co-operation that had already been arrived at were given by members of the Committee at every one of the sessions of its meeting.

One very interesting feature of the gathering was the presence of three of the members of the General Council of the Local Union Churches. These brethren were given very hearty welcome and addressed the meeting at length, giving details of the wonderful progress of the Local Union Movement. The Council of the Local Union Churches was urged to send three representatives to attend any future meetings of the joint Union Committee as corresponding members. It gave many of the members of the Union Committee a new view of the whole union question to be told that there were in Canada already over thirteen hundred union churches of various types.

A brief resolution, moved by Principal C. Mackinnon and seconded by Rev. Dr. Endicott, at the closing session of the Committee's meeting, expressed in very beautiful and striking fashion the present status and outlook of the Union Movement:—

"This Joint Union Committee in this its closing session expresses its deepest gratitude to Almighty God for the truly Christian spirit that has characterized all its discussions, and finds in the brotherliness and mutual consideration exhibited, and in the earnest anxiety to adopt those measures most conducive to the progress of Christ's Kingdom and to the peace and harmony of His Church, the promise of rich spiritual blessing to the Dominion of Canada."

## Concerning Our Superannuates

**T**HE Superannuation Board of our Church met a few days ago and it will doubtless be of interest to many of our readers to know some of the facts which were laid before the Board. The total investment has now reached \$2,233,505, of which \$1,314,000 came from the National Campaign. The interest on this investment for last year was \$121,432. There are four hundred and twenty-six ministers who are in receipt of super-

annuation allowances, and four hundred and thirteen widows of deceased ministers and one hundred and six minor children who are also claimants. The average amount paid to our superannuated men was \$632.50, and to the widows \$379.50. Years ago these amounts would have seemed very satisfactory, but today they look small enough.

Thirty-four ministers have been superannuated this year and the average service rendered by these men is thirty-six and two-third years. Seven of them have served the Church for more than forty-five years and one has a record of fifty-five years. Most of us know that the average preacher dreads superannuation and not seldom refuses to apply for it until his health is completely broken. It is just possible that if our men were more willing to superannuate and would drop out of the active work two or three years before they do, their lives would be lengthened by years. And yet, while this may be true, it seems natural enough for most men to continue in the active work until the very last year possible.

One matter which the Board had under consideration was that a few of our superannuates are in difficult circumstances because they have no home, and no friends to care for them. They are not in want, but they do need a home, and it has been suggested that it would be a good thing to provide a comfortable home in a convenient location where these honored brethren might spend their declining years in agreeable environments and in association with their brethren. A committee was appointed to deal with this matter and the secretary-treasurer, Rev. R. J. D. Simpson, is the convener.

We congratulate the Board and the Church upon the condition of the superannuation fund. It is a matter of thankfulness with us that in the care of its aged ministers the Methodist Church is at least not lagging behind her sister churches. Of course there is still room for improvement. The allowance of \$18 a year for each year of active service should be raised to \$20 a year, and no doubt in the near future it will be. But at least we are awake to the needs of the fund, and our Church sees much more clearly than in past years the absolute equity of the claims which our veteran ministers have upon us. With this vision becoming yearly clearer the fund is absolutely safe.

## Making Home Comfortable

**T**HERE are some very good people who make very uncomfortable associates, and there are some very respectable homes and some very well-to-do homes which by no stretch of the imagination could we truthfully call comfortable. One would suppose that comfort would at least bear some relation to prosperity and that comfort would naturally increase with the increase in wealth. But it is rather startling to find that neither the possession of religion nor money is any guarantee of comfort in the home. Some of the most uncomfortable homes are those of people professing godliness, and some of the least comfortable ones are those which are possessed of all that wealth can provide. And this fact accounts in no small degree for the other fact that some children of very good people, and some children of very well-to-do people, have no love at all for home life, but wander far and wide seeking the comfort which the home ought to, but does not, provide.

It is a bitter truth to face that some Christian men and women who are loyal supporters and even enthusiastic workers in the Church have never learned the secret of making home comfortable. They are Christians, of that there is no doubt, but their Christianity is not of the type which shines brightest at home. They love their children and they wish them well, but they seem wholly unable to put those children first; and even while they bemoan the fact that their children seem to be drifting away from the home anchorage they seem completely to fail in grasping the situation.

What is it that spoils so many homes? One of the commonest things is the custom of nagging at the children in season and out of season. Fault-finding is a deadly foe to home comfort and it is one of the hardest to cure, for the fault-finder finds it difficult to realize that he, or she, is to blame. And yet there is nothing which will more certainly destroy home

comfort. And alongside of this as a home-wrecker is the practice of putting the furniture before the children. We build houses that are too good for our children and we furnish them with a "Don't Touch It" card on every piece of furniture, and then we go off and tell the Lord how hard it is to keep Tom and Lizzie at home. Better burn all the furniture and scrap all the rugs if necessary and make the house so poor that the children can't hurt it. Better sacrifice the furniture if it will keep the children.

Our long prayers are not much value if they are backed by long faces and reinforced by long lectures. Nothing is too good for the home. Our best story, our gayest laugh, our kindest smile, our tenderest sympathy, are none too good for the home. If in books, or social life, or business, or politics, we can get hold of any scrap of heaven in music or words let us bring it to the home altar. The home can stand almost any kind of poverty save poverty of affection, and that should never be felt in any home. What kind of a home are we making? If we fail here we fail most woefully. If we lose the fight here it profits us little to gain it elsewhere. Are our homes comfortable? If not, who is to blame, and what is the remedy?

## Armistice Day

**T**HE world will not soon forget the unspeakable tragedy of the Great War, and while the years will soften somewhat the poignant memories of those awful years, yet it will take generations to outgrow the cruel scars of the dreadful conflict. The agony was too great and too prolonged soon to be forgotten; and the issues at stake were too vital to allow them to pass quickly from our memories. We are not ignorant of what Germany and Austria claim and we are willing to concede full value to their contention that economic causes contributed to bring about the greatest international conflagration of all history; and yet it seems clear to us that at heart the struggle was really what we claimed it to be, a desperate and crucial struggle for liberty on the part of the Allied nations. And as we ponder over what would have been if Germany had won we begin to realize what a debt we owe to our brothers and our sons who so cheerfully, so bravely, and so successfully stood in the breach and saved the liberty of the world.

Armistice Day should be a day, not of mourning for our beloved dead, but of supreme thankfulness to our boys and to our God for the victory that saved our country from what would have been an intolerable yoke. Some may sneer at the very idea of German domination as but an idle and impossible dream; but it was the Allied nations which made that ghastly dream an impossible thing. And so long as the memory of the war shall linger in the minds of men so long will we continue to honor the men who, living or dead, barred Germany's pathway to the sea.

Of Canada's part in that heroic stand we are deservedly proud. We are not a fighting nation, and our children had been raised to hate war. And most of us had come to believe that despite all prophecies to the contrary, war on a great scale was really an impossible thing; and when it burst upon us in August, 1914, in all its unexampled horror and unprecedented vastness, it found us as a nation almost totally unprepared, and it actually took us some little time to realize the true nature of what had taken place.

We remember well talking with one brother who insisted that so soon as Britain's little army landed in France the war would be practically over, and this man doubtless voiced the belief of hundreds of thousands. But as the real nature of the conflict dawned upon us men began to realize that here was something the like of which the world had never seen before, and the outcome of which no living man could foresee.

Then the bugle called, the drum beat, and Canada's sons began quickly to fall into line for their part in the great war. And from our scanty population some six hundred thousand men enlisted, most of them as volunteers, and Canada threw herself without reserve into the great task of helping to win the war. At home our people worked, and saved, and denied themselves, while abroad our lads fought with a coolness,



a bravery, and a success that attracted the admiration of their friends, and commanded the respect of their enemies. These men from Canadian farms and factories, offices and colleges, had not been bred to war; they had rather been bred to hate war, and yet when they came to face the enemy upon the bloodiest war-fields in the world's war-reddened history they turned their backs upon no foe, and, as a fighting unit they found no superiors.

"Their name liveth for evermore." These men from the prairies and mountains, from the cities and crossroads of Canada won for themselves undying fame, and so long as history loves to record heroic deeds and delights to tell the tale of cheerful unselfish sacrifice so long will men continue to tell the story of Canada's noble army. Some rest in peace in French and Flemish soil; some sorely handicapped wrest a hard living from some difficult task, but all, alive and dead, live securely in the affection and honor of a young nation which knows how to appreciate sacrifice and how to value courage. All honor to Canada's heroes. They never shamed us, they never disappointed us, and during the long centuries which lie ahead Canada will never cease to hold in highest honor her patriot sons.

## No Fairies in Russia!

**I**N the children's room of any public library in the central section of any city in our Dominion, you are sure to find a great number of Russian children, and a glance at the books they are reading will show that the majority of them are deep into the folk and fairy tales of their own country. It is only natural that they should be interested in them, for the Russian peasant has been steeped in folk-lore for centuries, and dur-

ing the long, winter evenings whole villages will gather together to listen to and enact these tales.

From word recently received from Russia we are convinced that the Soviet Commissariat for Education is not the man for the position. He does not believe in fairies and he does not love children or he never would have passed the law that he did.

"The children's tales must be devoid of all elements of superstition, and must contain no mention of angels, fairies, evil genii, etc.

Kings and princes must be described as oppressors of the masses, as they are in reality.

The literary section suggests as subject matter for such tales the future of mankind, the achievements of science, technical skill and industry.

Tales describing the life of the working masses will be especially welcome.

All mythological or religious subjects, God and the devil, must be carefully avoided."

No Fairies in Russia! From our understanding of the Russian people we think the Soviet Commissariat for Education will find that this law will defeat its own ends. The Russian peasant has never been able to afford books. The folk-tales have been handed down from generation to generation and have written themselves on the memory. Now, when it is against the law to write these tales and keep them in books, it is very probable that the children will be instructed more carefully than ever before in the stories of their own land, and the fact impressed upon their young minds that the fate of the Russian folk-lore is in their keeping.

We have no fear that the children will ever forget the stories they love so well, and we are confident that despite the law, Russia will always have her fairies

## When Red Leaves Are Falling

(Continued from page 5.)

conditions, and any gloom that would try to settle, meeting it with a hope that needeth not to be ashamed.

We are to believe at times in the reverse of what environment would suggest. Faith and possibility are great mates. We are encouraged to venture confidently on the waters of life, though the weather may be against us, as those who are sure of God's love and goal. It is not always wise to spend a lot of time prospecting for a belief. We must live and know and explore the highest and best.

Yet Christian confidence is not always an easy thing. Life is not a picnic. Anxieties, crosses, painful and numerous, and intercepted vision, are baffling. These, together with thoughts that God is not too conspicuously handling things, great intellectual difficulties, the breakdown of what was high and glorious to what is so base, makes a background of storm rack for the soul which makes it hard to find the way to the harbor of faith and to cast anchor. There is excuse for the dirge "the harvest is passed, and the summer is ended," and no deliverance is in sight when souls are meeting dark, antagonistic schemes and they feel they are poised on the edge of abyssal depths and their rainbow is woven in clouds. A light, leaping, feathery optimism is not then possible. Indeed it would be out of place. Yet of Pascal it was written "He is seen at the very centre of a perpetually-maintained tragic crisis, holding the faith steadfastly, but amid the well-poised points of essential doubts around him and it."

So joybells ringing in the heart, and love bells ringing without, have melodiously filled the hard-pressed and storm-racked life. The seasons and conditions may infer—this is no time for tense music and gladness and happiest realizations, but the soul in touch with the Divine is able by faith to give the answer at times, "I have heard a voice above the noise of the many waters. I have seen a face gaze through the dark and my joy is deepened and intensified continually by the thought that I might have missed the vision of that face, and the noise of the waters might have drowned that voice." That is the triumph of faith that believes in love and banks upon it even when the red leaves of harvest passing and summer ending are falling.

Again, we are to love truly if our circumstances and experiences are to tingle with delight. The love bells ring out for the soul that has poured out all the treasure of his love for another. Hope and faith anticipated and claimed a way out of the stern conditions and imprisoning environment for Israel in their experience of deferred deliverance, but love would find the way. Love has the capacity to blaze the trail to freedom and happiness. There is enough in their history and lore to show that where love for the Highest animated them no permanent, galling fetters bound. There was success, development, the full heritage of what was glad and good awaiting the people who kept the commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." The expression and exercise of that love would not always keep them from passing through the dark and shadowy valley, or from submitting to severe disciplinary trials and bearing burdens and yokes that galled. But the love relationship established and kept between them and their God would even light up the valley of humiliation as well as sanctify mountain-top experiences, and in the gloomy, wearying places of toil and suffering Divine love abiding in the heart, producing lasting peace and deepest joy, was the common testimony.

It is ever so. Love bells ring out for the soul that has loved. Leaves may fall, seasons may change, winter may come, but love triumphs and abides.

There is a call deep and significant to the human heart everywhere in the darkey's melody—"Hear dem chimin' bells." The colored race, influenced by Christian teaching and vision rises quicker than we do through their emotional temperament and peculiar spiritual intuitiveness, even amid not too desirable conditions and irksome to the thought that the bells of salvation, of the triumphant life and heavenly experiences are ringing—ringing for mankind.

Then hope, faith, and love come and possess me! Open my ears, gladden my eyes, thrill my heart by the knowledge that for me even when red leaves are falling, when harvest is past and summer is ended, love bells of God ring out,—ring out the message of glad tidings for the poor, binding up for the broken hearted, liberty to the captives, a garland in exchange for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

## EDITORIAL IN BRIEF

**I**N view of the union negotiations the following figures are worth noting:

	Presbyterian.	Methodist.
Property value .....	\$26,334,828	\$44,178,371
Annual givings .....	9,554,593	11,311,259
Number of members .....	350,674	400,789
Ministers .....	1,606	1,820
S.S. scholars .....	286,889	427,000
S.S. teachers .....	31,930	43,399
Ministers' stipends .....	\$2,513,993	\$2,711,077
Missions and social service ..	1,274,510	1,160,563
Women's Miss. Soc. ....	401,543	476,103
Education .....	119,183	103,181
Pension schemes .....	132,474	425,628
S.S. and Y. people .....	39,832	39,553

These are supposed to be approximately correct, and they furnish considerable food for reflection.

**I**T is reported that among other curious relics in a Swiss monastery, there is a bottle containing a small portion of the darkness which hung over Egypt during the famous plague of darkness which visited that land in the time of Moses. We rather think that if this is the case someone must have pulled the cork. This might account for some peculiar religious, economic, and political vagaries which are now noticeable in the land.

**T**HE President of the United Methodists tells this story on himself. An old lady, accosting him after a service, said; "Ah, sir, we've had a good time to-night! But I knew we should; I knew it!" "How did you know it?" innocently queried the preacher. "Know it? Why, I've always said the uglier the man the better the preacher!" And the President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, Rev. S. Horton, had a somewhat similar experience. A little boy who had read with great delight Mr. Horton's stories, begged that he might sit up late one night to see the famous man. Now Mr. Horton is not very big, and it was 10.30 p.m. when he arrived. The little boy looked at him, his countenance fell, and he said to his mother, "Please, mother, may I go to bed now?" Men don't carry their brains outside.

**S**IR RICHARD SQUIRES, Premier of Newfoundland, was over in Washington recently, interviewing the Senate Finance Committee in regard to the Fordney Bill and its effect on Newfoundland

trade. He had little to say on his return as to the result of his mission, but he was quite fluent on the subject of Dr. Grenfell and his methods in raising money for his mission. Sir Richard declared that Dr. Grenfell had left the impression on the people that Newfoundland was a land of poverty and destitution, and this, Sir Richard claimed, was not in accord with the facts. Newfoundland is sensitive on this matter, and naturally so.

**P**ETROGRAD scientists have had some years of hardship. During 1918, 1919, and 1920, eighteen pairs of shoes were served out to seventy-six professors. Last year the Norwegian Government sent them twenty pounds of herring, twenty pounds of codfish, and two pounds of soap. Writing paper is unobtainable, and so are books and literature. Evidently we in Canada have more reason to be thankful than many of us realize. Our taxes are heavy, and yet our lives do not lack necessities, nor even luxuries.

**A** PECULIAR criminal case came up in the British Courts some months ago, when an aged woman, who had numbered eighty-one years, pleaded guilty to a charge of shop-lifting. Of these eighty-one years she has spent forty-four in prison, some with hard labor, for thieving, and her sentences have varied from three months to seven years. When she first came before a magistrate she was twenty-one years old and out of the following sixty years she has spent forty-four in prison. Evidently prison is no cure for such as she, and probably the poor woman was less to blame than the law which dealt with her so harshly and yet so ineffectually. Mercy is sometimes more just than justice.

**T**HE Catholic Register tells us that in the United States Houses of Congress, out of five hundred and thirty-one members, only thirty-five are Roman Catholics, thirty in the House of Representatives and five in the Senate. New York has nine Roman Catholics out of a delegation of forty-three; Pennsylvania has three out of thirty-six; Massachusetts, said to be sixty per cent. Roman Catholic, has only three Roman Catholics out of a delegation of sixteen. It is claimed that Roman Catholics number one-sixth of the voting strength of the country, yet they number less than seven per cent of the Houses of Congress. Why is it? The Register gives no hint.





## Story Telling to Children

By Margaret Bemister

**A**T the end of a long day of fun there comes an hour at twilight when toys are cast aside and play-weary little forms cuddle close as soft voices coax for "a story." And we who love them and love the stories are only too willing to take the children's hands and go wandering off into Storyland there to meet all the old-time friends, Red Riding-Hood and The Tin Soldier; Brer Fox and The Cowardly Lion, King Arthur and Merlin, Aladdin and Ulysses. A great and wonderful company it is, brave and marvellous are the deeds they do, courtly and gracious the words they use; and we dwell with them, carefree and content until the ringing of the tea-bell brings us back to the land of everyday, and the children get up reluctantly wishing with happy sighs they could have just "one more." So it was with us at their age and so it will always be with all children for the love of a real child for a real-story is deep-rooted and elemental. It is the demand of his soul for a thing which his Creator has chosen as one means of its growth.

Why do we tell stories to children? Because it gives them joy. They demand the stories because of this joy, by it their spirits are quickened to reach out and up to new heights and thus attain their growth. And why can a story give this joy? Because it is a work of art and so its message is Beauty as is the message of all art be it painting, sculpture, literature or music. And we to whom it is given to be the bearers of this message may well feel humble at the task assigned us and seek with diligence to choose wisely and well, for any story will not do just because it is short and simple. There are children's stories that are classics and there are children's stories that are trash. Fortunately the former are to be had without searching for books containing all the well known stories, those that have stood the test of time are to be found in every bookstore and the latter may be ignored.

When the children ask for a story they are only demanding their birthright, their heritage from the ages. From the beginning the path of the story has been the way the child took to knowledge and all the lessons of all time have been put in this form for him. In this way truth in the guise of images is acquired long before the reason can arrive at the same conclusion. Perhaps the most familiar illustration of this is the fairy-tale of the wicked sister who dropped toads from her mouth every time she spoke while her good sister scattered jewels at each uttered word. The child sees only the story but a great truth has entered his mind to be recognized later on and associated with "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." In Cinderella he rejoices in her pleasure and her pitee realizing in after years how often even yet an irksome duty faithfully performed brings a reward to the downfall of the pride plotting against it. The Little Tin Soldier tells a story of an uncomplaining fortitude the impression of which

will remain long after the details of the story have grown dim. The Hammer of Thor with its dramatic events appeals to the child mind and drives well its lesson home that evil deeds are always punished.

One might go on endlessly for the story being a reproduction of life shows that portion of life which it chooses, with all its joys and sorrows and because life is all one the children find in it the appeal of humanity in spite of the centuries and continents between. The story is theirs, their heritage from those who have lived and learned, give it to them because they love it and unconsciously they will take from it that knowledge which also is theirs by right of inheritance.

The growth of the spirit which is the priceless accomplishment of the story is something which only the future can make manifest. But there are other results which may be seen here and now. The teacher who has the gift of story-telling is the one who perhaps knows this better than any one else. She has seen a noisy, disorderly class subside into quietness and order the moment a story was mentioned as a reward of good work. She has seen restless bodies relax into comfortable positions and dull faces brighten with interest while a warmth of feeling made up of sympathy and understanding makes the school-room a place of happiness where a few minutes before it had been one of discord.

In one country school I have known where a teacher came to substitute she found the schoolhouse in a shockingly untidy condition and the children in an uproar. Their teacher, an excellent disciplinarian had been ill for some weeks and under a makeshift teacher they had broken all rules and were thoroughly enjoying their freedom. The bookcase doors were wide open and all the books were tossed face downwards on the floor. From the large stove in the centre of the room ashes spilled out in all directions and half buried in it lay pieces of bread and jam and slices of meat, the remains of their lunches. The broom had been used as a toboggan to slide on down the river's bank and the strap had been put down a hole in the ice. At the ringing of the bell work was begun quietly but when later in the day the pupils learned she had brought no strap with her they made only a pretence at studying while meaning looks were accompanied by constant whispering. Returning at noon from the farm where she was staying she found that while she had been away to dinner they had taken three-fourths of a box of colored crayons that had been left on her desk. No one would admit having touched it and a talk on honor only provoked an exchange of sly glances and covert smiles. She was sorely puzzled how to proceed. It would be a week before she could get a strap and in the meantime her authority was be-

ing ridiculed. Her only resource seemed to be a story, an expedient which had often helped in awkward places before though none of them had ever been as serious as this. The senior class consisted of seven boys of about fourteen years and their response to such a suggestion might be doubted as they were evidently the leaders in all the mischief and disobedience.

She determined to try it however and at the mention of a story a gleam of friendliness lit up the faces of all, even the big boys. By the time a short story was told the nervous tension had relaxed. Then she began a story of a boy's boarding-school, making it up as she went along and introducing characters that she thought would appeal to them. A sneak called Jingles who was given this name by his comrades because he was constantly jingling the money in his pocket, became a central figure. The story was not finished that day and so was continued the next afternoon as a reward for good work, which was willingly and quietly done. The interest was keener

noon she found the wood-pile broken down and scattered dangerously near the stove. Evidently some of them had been playing a forbidden game which always threatened the wood-pile and which they had promised never to play while she was absent. This was discouraging. She rang the bell and as they took their seats regarding her the while with serious faces, she hesitated to ask the offenders to stand. If they refused to admit their guilt, as had happened before, the state of affairs would be worse instead of better.

At length she summoned her courage and asked those who were responsible for the disordered room to stand. For a moment no one moved—then one of the senior boys slowly pulled himself to his feet. A second and a third followed his example and each boyish face was grim with determination. It was a great victory over self and she always felt that to Jingles belonged the credit. Needless to say they received a very light punishment for playing the forbidden game while the feeling of friendliness between her and the class was stronger than ever after that. When a short time after her period of teaching ended the question of discipline had been most satisfactorily settled for the children seeing themselves mirrored in the story evidently recognized their errors of conduct and desisted them. The child mind often does this when even to the adult mind the application is not so evident. One day my little nephew, aged four, was strenuously objecting to having his hands washed before going down to a meal. Twice he was coaxed as far as the basin only to retreat with hands tightly clasped behind his back and baby face stubbornly set. Seeking to divert my attention he looked up at a picture of "The Light of the World" and asked "Why is he knocking at the door?"

"Because He wants to get in," I replied.

"And who is in the house?" was the next question.

"Oh, some people who are having a good time," I earnestly hoped my answer was a fitting one.

"And why won't they let Him in?"

I had no words ready. How could I explain the symbolism to such a little mind?

"Why won't they open the door for Him?" the baby voice persisted. Suddenly words came to me from somewhere and I found myself saying "Because they would have to be good if He were among them and they want to be bad." The wee face grew very serious and he took a long look at the picture then turning to me said softly "I'll let you wash my hands, Auntie."

Perhaps not all effects are seen as soon as these. It may be months after that some action will show what seed has taken root and is bringing forth fruit. For the memory of the child is as tenacious as his imagination is vivid and both are quickened and strengthened by the story that appeals to his interest. The brave deeds told in it are lived over and over and the doer of the deeds becomes one of his

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### Coal-Fire

By BLANCHE F. GILE

Our love is not the love that's told in story

That leaps, flame-born, from out the tingling dark.

And often, like such things as flaunting glory,

Soon dwindles, fails, nor leaves a kindling spark.

Our love is just a quiet, steady burning.

A glow that ever deepens, ever lives.

All showy flares and pyrotechnics spurning.

But oh, the comfort, oh, the warmth it gives!



this time and the behaviour of Jingles seemed to receive unfavorable judgment while that of the hero brought nods of approval. Seeing this she continued the story for three weeks telling a chapter each day. During this time the conduct of all the pupils, especially that of the senior boys was showing such a decided improvement that there was no need for reproof or severity.

Then one day when she returned at



WAYNE Haviland tried hard to be happy, but that is not an easy thing to do when you don't know how. His father and mother were sorry to see the frown that so often sat on his face. They lived in a village in a pretty valley, where the people were all good-natured. They loved each other, they loved their boy, and they loved their home. Especially they loved their garden. And they were very happy. You see, when people love each other and love flowers too, they can't help being happy. But Wayne was not happy. He began by feeling a little discontented; then he was more discontented; and then he became very discontented indeed.

One morning Wayne got up with a frown that just wouldn't come off. It stuck as tight as a limpet to a rock. He grumbled all the while he was doing the chores, and afterwards he went off into the woods by himself. He was walking along with a stick, swishing the heads off the wild flowers. Suddenly he checked himself, just in time. He had nearly knocked the head off a little man dressed in green, and no higher than the flowers among which he sat. Wayne was so astonished that he did not reply to the little man's cheerful "Hello, there! Can't you speak when you are spoken to? What's the matter with you?" "Why," said Wayne, "nothing is right with me." "Well, well, now," said the dwarf, "you are certainly to be pitied if you cannot find anything to be glad about a fine morning like this." "Yes," said Wayne, "I am very miserable. I don't know what is the matter with me." "Oh, I can tell that, by the look of you," the little fellow said with a grin. "You have got hydrogeuraniphobia." Wayne was frightened. "I didn't know it was as bad as that. Is it very dangerous?" "Yes, I am afraid it is. In fact there is only one cure for it that I know of." "Please tell me what it is." "Why, it is the Magic Flower." "The Magic Flower! What is that, and where does it grow?" "Well, I can tell you what it is like, but I can't tell you where it grows, because for it to do you any good you must find it for yourself." So the little man gave Wayne a full description of the Magic Flower. The boy would have liked to have talked a lot more with the dwarf, but suddenly he jumped up, waved his hand, gave a hop-skip-and-a-jump, and disappeared head first down a rabbit hole.

For the rest of the morning Wayne looked all around the woods, but could not find anything like the Magic Flower. He did not like to say anything about it to his father and mother at dinner time, but they noticed that he was not so glum, and were glad. In the afternoon he went off in a different direction, over the hills and far away, but still he did not see the Magic Flower. But while he was looking for it he felt not so miserable. The next day he took his lunch with him and went far afield. For many days he searched the countryside, but he saw nothing like the flower.

After a few weeks he thought to himself, "Perhaps it does not grow in this country at all." So he startled his parents by saying one day that he would like to go to sea. They were disappointed, because they thought that he had been settling down and becoming happier. They tried to laugh him out of the idea, but, although he stopped talking about it, he thought all the more to himself. One day he got up very early in the morning, took his coat and a stick and a loaf of

bread, and began to walk. He walked and walked until he was tired out. Then he sat down and ate some bread, and slept a bit, and then got up and set off again.

At last he came to the sea, and found a ship just ready to sail. "Do you want a cabin boy?" he asked the captain. "Well, I do. But what do you want to go to sea for, my boy?" "Why I want to find the Magic Flower." "The Magic Flower! He! Just so. Magic Flower, indeed! Come along, then. We know all about the Magic Flower, we do!" The sailors all laughed with the captain. They thought it would not be polite to let him laugh all alone. Wayne tried to ask them about the Magic Flower at the first opportunity, but they only began to laugh again, and all they would say was, "Magic Flower! Ho, ho!" They laughed so much that Wayne was afraid they would hurt themselves; so he stopped asking them about it. The ship sailed away on a long voyage. They called at many ports in strange lands. Wayne would try to ask the people if they knew anything about the Magic Flower. But he did not know their language, and he found it hard to make them understand by signs. Sometimes he felt quite downhearted, and wondered if he had been wise in running away from home. For many years he sailed the seas, and had many adventures. He grew up, and became a man. He never forgot about the Magic Flower—at least not for long at a time. While he was looking for it he forgot to be miserable. But at last he gave up hope, and made up his mind that the little man had been joking. And he looked glummer and glummer. In derision his shipmates called him, "The Magic Flower!"

Once a great storm came on when his ship was far away from land. For days they were driven about with the fierce wind, until they found that the ship had sprung a leak, and was sinking. They gave themselves up for lost. "Breakers ahead," the look-out cried. They were near land, but what land they did not know. Soon the vessel ran on the sands and was broken to pieces. Everyone was drowned—except Wayne. The wild people of the country found him and cared for him. At first he was rather sorry that he had not died. But he made friends with the natives, who dressed him in flowers and feathers like themselves, and made him one of their tribe. At first he could only talk by signs, but after a few years he learned their language. One day he remembered something he had forgotten for a long time, and he asked them if they knew anything about the Magic Flower. Then he was alarmed; for they drew back and looked ugly and began to handle their clubs and knives. The chief came and glared at him. "Who told you about the Magic Flower?" he growled. "That is a special secret of ours. We never tell anyone about it, and if anyone finds out, we kill him and eat him." Wayne told him

quickly about the little man in green in the days when he was a boy. "Oh," said the chief (and the ugly look went off his face like a spring blind runs up when you let it slip out of your hand). "That's different, of course. I guess we won't need to eat you, then." Wayne realized that he had had a narrow escape, but he was delighted to have found someone who knew of the Magic Flower. They told him that it grew in a place a long distance away, and that they only went there once in a long while. So he persuaded them to take him there. A lot of the men went, together with the chief. They first climbed over a mountain, then passed through a big forest. Then they came to a dismal swamp, full of big, poisonous snakes and reptiles. Only the chief knew the path. All the rest had to follow exactly in his steps. Two or three men put their feet in the wrong place, and were sucked down into the bog. Some others were bitten by the snakes. It was not at all a pleasant walk. At last they came to a small hill of grass, like an island in the swamp. Among the grass grew large purple flowers with a yellow heart. "There," said the chief, "are the Magic Flowers." "Well," said Wayne, "what shall I do with them?" "You watch the others, and do as they do." He watched them. They each plucked a flower, and sat down and smelled it. At once they began to look very happy, and after a while they made funny noises and laughed. Wayne thought it was all very queer. But he picked a big flower for himself and smelled it. Immediately he felt a delicious taste in his mouth like a mixture of all the nicest things he had ever eaten or drunk. He too felt very happy. He was so happy that he could not keep from singing. At least, he thought he was singing; but really he was making a more ridiculous noise than anyone else. But as everyone was doing the same thing, no one minded. Then he felt sleepy; so he lay down and dozed off. He did not go sound asleep, but just lay and dreamed. And the dreams were most wonderful and beautiful, so that when he woke up in the middle of one he nearly cried with vexation, because he did so want to know how it finished. However, he smelled the flower again, and felt fine, and went to sleep and dreamed some more. They all kept this up for days. At first it was entirely delightful. Wayne was sure that he did not want to do anything at all but smell the flower, feel fine, laugh, sleep and dream, for ever and ever. But after a week it began to get just a little bit tiresome, just doing the same things over and over again. When everyone was tired of it, they decided to go home. They did not like the thought of the hard travelling before them, because they felt queer and weak. Five or six of them were lost in the swamp; two fell over cliffs in the mountains; and a lot more took sick suddenly, so that they had to lie down and go to sleep, and they did not wake up at all. In the end only about

half of those who had set out arrived home again.

"Well," said Wayne to himself, as he sat at the door of his little hut, mending a hole in his feather coat, "so that was the Magic Flower. It was rather nice at first, but I don't think I would want that sort of a thing to last for ever." But after another year or two, the people thought it was time for them to have another picnic among the magic flowers. Wayne went with them again, for he felt dull and miserable. Again they made the toilsome journey over the mountains, and through the forest. Again some men were lost in the bog. Wayne himself slipped in and a big snake darted at him. He just managed to get clear in time. Once more they spent days smelling the flower, sleeping and dreaming. But they got tired sooner than last time. They were still more tired going home, and more men died from the sleepy sickness that attacked them suddenly on the way.

When he was resting up, Wayne thought very seriously, and began to doubt whether this could be the real Magic Flower. It was all right while he was smelling it, or dreaming afterwards, but on the whole he was no happier. Indeed, he believed he was more wretched. He felt like an old man. Once he had thought that he would never want to leave these people and their magic flower. But when a ship came for fresh water, he made up his mind that he would go away in it. He had to carry out his plan in secret, for he knew that the natives would never let anyone go away with their secret. He found that the ship was going to the old land where he was born and lived with his parents. A great desire came over him to look once more upon the little cottage in the valley among the peaceful hills, before he died.

At last he arrived at the old place, staggering feebly along the road with the help of a stick. No one recognized the poor ragged old man with the straggling beard. The cottage was still there, but shut up, and falling to pieces. His parents must have died long ago. He pushed open the gate, that squeaked on its rusty hinges. Here was where the vegetables had grown, and over there had been the beds of flowers. He remembered it distinctly. His eyes were so full of tears that he could hardly see at all. But among the rank weeds in a sunny corner there was one beautiful flower growing. Wayne looked at it for a while without seeing it. Then he started with surprise. "It couldn't be," he said to himself. But the more he thought, the more sure he became. It answered exactly to the description of the Magic Flower that the little man in green had given him. He remembered now that his father and mother had especially loved that kind of flower. They had cultivated it and found great pleasure therein. And he had never thought to look for it there! Instead he had wandered miles and miles round the country-side, and then gone away and travelled round the world, and spent all his life looking where it wasn't, and all the time it bloomed in the garden at home.

A man of the village looked over the wall at the stranger, and spoke civilly to him. Wayne asked him, "Would you mind telling me the name of this flower, please?" "Why, yes," he said. "Some people call it a pansy; but here in this village we always call it Heart's Ease."



# At the Heart of the Empire

## A Letter by a Canadian in England

The ex-soldier returning to England whose only knowledge of that country was gained during war time, is more than likely at first to feel he has arrived in an altogether strange land. He will probably feel lonely and a bit disappointed. Khaki has almost disappeared from the streets, and one looks in vain for the old friends of war time days. The whole atmosphere seems somehow different. The friendly, care-free, unselfish spirit of those days has gone, and the Englishman has returned, apparently, to his dignified pre-war aloofness. I entered a train at Newcastle-on-Tyne, a few days ago and found myself travelling with two gentlemen in the intimacy of a third class compartment; only in this case it wasn't intimacy. We rode together as far as London, some five hours. During the war I would have become quite chummy with both of them before half the journey was finished. In the States, I am tempted to add, within an hour I would have known their names, where they were born, their family history, exactly how much they were worth, and what make of motor car they drove. As it was, the three of us passed that whole journey in unbroken silence and we left the compartment at King's Cross Station as completely ignorant of each other as when we entered. Some might say that that is as typically English as roast beef, boiled potatoes and cabbage, for dinner. That is rather an unfair generalization. It is typical though of a certain kind of Englishman, whose number, I am glad to think, is decreasing every year. Why should it take danger, national or personal, to knit individuals together. If only half the spirit of unselfish co-operation and self-denials that won the war could be shown in the battles of peace how easy it would be to solve all our industrial, social, and political ills. Earl Haig is doing a fine work in preaching this doctrine in all his utterances throughout the country.

It is not hard to get a false impression of conditions over here just at present. The optimist will discern any number of things to convince himself that everything is as it should be, while the pessimist will find it equally easy to prove his theory that the country is going "straight to the dogs", as old gentlemen are so wont to remind us of a younger generation in the columns of the *Times*. The fact that the latter seem to predominate just now is not conclusive to anyone who knows the Englishman, for he does indeed love to belittle his own merits and to take the gloomy view of things. On the one hand you see the hotels overcrowded, the restaurants thronged with smart looking, expensively dressed people, the theatres, I am referring to London now, invariably displaying the "Sold out" sign hours before each performance, and the football games attracting great crowds. On the other hand, there are thousands upon thousands of unemployed, there are hundreds of factories from whose chimneys there rise no wreaths of smoke, and hawkers and beggars are everywhere, many of whom wear war medals on their ragged coats, some of whom, a depressing sight, are war cripples.

I journeyed through the heart of the great Lancashire mining and industrial district a week or so ago. In every field

or open space there seemed to be a football ground, and on every one of them there could be seen a crowd of men kicking a ball about, though it was mid-afternoon when they might naturally be expected to be at work. The optimist would see in that a sign of cheery contentment on the part of the people. The pessimist, only the fact that the factories where those men would be working in better times, were closed. There is a measure of truth in both views. Conditions are bad; especially in the thickly populated districts, but the fact that those most affected by them can get out into the fields and play, instead of brooding in their homes over the lack of employment, is the saving factor in the situation. The playing fields of England are just as efficacious in preventing revolutions as in winning Waterloos.

The three great questions before the country at present are, of course, Ireland, the Washington conference, and unemployment.

The success or failure of the Irish conference will be established by the time this reaches Canada. With extremists on both sides, especially on the Sinn Fein, who do not wish negotiations to succeed, and with the knowledge of past failures fresh in the mind one is prone in the words of Lloyd George, "to check his native optimism." Sinn Fein rests its whole cause not on the present, but on the past, and one of the difficulties of the situation is the inability or unwillingness of the average Englishman to understand this. One may not be able to justify it, yet it should be recognized. As one gentleman said to me not long ago, "I don't know what is the matter with those Irish. I consider them just as I do the Scotch, or the Welsh, so why do they hate me." I remarked that perhaps that hatred went back a hundred or two hundred years. "Oh", he said "but that's ancient history". That is the crux of the situation. England refuses, and rightly so, to go back to the past; Ireland refuses to recognize the present. Peace in Ireland, all English papers, agree, depends on the moderation with which Sinn Fein expresses its case. England admittedly has gone the extreme limit in concession. A considerable section thinks she has gone too far.

As to the Washington conference sentiment is not too cheerful. In fact a warning has been issued that certain published articles were being exploited in America by the Anglophobe press to show that England desired the conference to fail. Nothing is further from the truth. The *Sunday Express* in its last edition goes so far as to say that the conference, in a nutshell, means world peace or world ruin. The people are terribly in earnest about it, and if the politicians do not make it the instrument for their own schemes, who knows what might be accomplished. High minded and Christian statesmanship might conceivably make it the turning point in the world's history. Its contemplation can give the idealist cause for boundless joy, but its realization may possibly throw him back into the depths of despair. After the Versailles conference, and contemplating the jealous nationalism that grips the world one can hardly blame many of the deepest thinking people for express-

ing grave doubts as to its success. But doubt does not preclude hope.

Regret is expressed, except in the Northcliffe press, that Lloyd George cannot attend personally, though Mr. Balfour as head of the British delegation, seems to inspire confidence and dominion representation meets with unqualified approval. One paper in London insists that Mr. Churchill should have been chosen as best suited by temperament and heredity to work with Americans. His past career, however, hardly seems to dispute the fact that Balfour would be the safer man.

One of the remarkable features of English public life is the almost unanimous belief that, no matter whether one likes or dislikes Lloyd George, he is the only person who can settle every question. As one correspondent says "Lloyd George ought to be three. He is practically guiding through the Irish question. Unemployment cannot be solved without him, while he is urgently needed to represent England at Washington." Even those who accuse him of being only a political contortionist and of never doing anything without considering its effect on the election now deemed imminent, admit that there is no one to take his place. Is his almost absolute supremacy due to this absence of serious rivals, to the magnitude of his statesmanship, or the astuteness of his intellect? Probably a combination of all three in addition to a marvellous personality. If he steers the country through its present crisis, it is nothing less than that, there seems no reason to believe that he will not be returned in the election which will no doubt then be forced.

The third, and not by any means the least serious of the three great issues, is unemployment. People across the water hardly realize the extent this disease has spread. Statisticians may quote figures to prove that there is proportionately a greater number of unemployed in the States but, if so, then the English are making a much greater fuss about it than their American cousins which, as everyone knows, is hardly their usual custom. The papers are full of the seriousness of the situation, of remedies for its relief, most of them very trivial, and of the dire results that will follow if the disease spreads further. As an example of the kind of gratuitous advice offered on every hand to the Government, a baronet, writing in yesterday's *Morning Post*, complains that Governments should know ahead when the periods of depression will arrive, and that during prosperous times they should not undertake any public work that can be postponed. "For example" he says, "roads should be in a very bad condition when hard times come but when they are over the roads should be in first class shape." That is the most original proposal I have seen as yet, to allow things to deteriorate that they might be rebuilt. Business is admittedly in a very bad state, and though the Board of Trade returns for September show an increase in exports and imports over the preceding month, still no immediate relief seems to be in sight and a very hard winter is anticipated. The exchange situation is believed by most to be the prime cause for all this and sentiment is swinging steadily to the belief that conditions will not be better till something is done to clear up the war debt situation. Some advocate wiping the slate clean, an all around cancellation; others oppose this and insist England meet her

obligations; but all are unanimous in demanding some kind of international financial conference to see what can be done.

A week ago the unemployed in London came out of the east and held a parade through the fashionable west-end. It was a depressing reminder of the reality of the situation. There were thousands of them, the majority of them ex-service men, a sprinkling of women, and a few hoary-headed veterans of labour. They marched to the music of their own bands and London bobbies handled the march as only London policemen can. The signs they carried compelled attention: "Our babies are starving," "We need bread." One does not have to belong to a labour party, or even be a Labour man, to sympathize with an appeal like that. Less than three years ago those same men marched those same streets, through cheering crowds, the saviours of civilization. Now they march through the same crowds, silent this time, and ask for bread for their babies. The Government have taken the burden on their shoulders and accepted responsibility for remedies for the situation. They are asking co-operation from all groups who seem to be giving it cheerfully, with the rather note-worthy exception of the Labour party who, it is suspected, are playing the game of politics and who see in Lloyd George's invitation nothing but an attempt to inveigle them into a position of joint responsibility, not only for the situation now existing but for any remedies put forward. They do not advance their cause by such tactics but rather give weight to the opinion of a certain section in England that Labour in politics can only criticize and cannot carry responsibility. The secret of the whole trouble, so it seems to me, is that labour has convinced itself of the certainty of an early general election and is jockeying for an independent position. It would be better for everybody if there was a little less gazing ahead at the election spectre and a more disinterested concentration on the issues at hand. However, that is the penalty of democracy. Governments to carry out policies have to remain in power and to remain in power requires success in elections.

With such momentous matters before the public it is rather amusing, and to many somewhat irritating, that they are overshadowed in public interest by such things as Charlie Chaplin's visit or the possibility of having all restrictions on the sale of liquor removed. The attempt to make the latest hour for serving liquor 10.30 p.m. has produced a regular furore and all the hackneyed arguments of personal liberty are brought out and given an airing. A nation beset, as the British nation is, with fundamental social ailments and with a gigantic problem of unemployment and trade depression, and then wastes all its energies in a fight for an extra half hour of drink to accommodate the patrons of the theatre, is not only making itself somewhat ridiculous but is also trifling with serious realities. A country though that can adopt the motto "business as usual" with the foe threatening its very existence can hardly be expected to alter its usual habits for such things as we have discussed above. And just as the old land blundered through the war to ultimate success, so can it be confidently predicted that she will emerge triumphantly from the dark clouds that at present envelope her into the light of happy and prosperous times.



# Atlantic Seaboard Bulletin

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

**T**HE chief topics of the day in Nova Scotia recently have been the coming Federal elections, and the schooner races.

Both the Premier, Mr. Meighen, and the Liberal leader, Mr. King, have been down in these parts, each of them holding the *biggest* and *most enthusiastic* political meetings ever staged by their respective supporters; each of them telling us why the other fellow and his party should not be trusted with the Government and each of them promising that better times will come if only his side is victorious. Mr. Crerar has not been with us yet, but he is expected; and no doubt will have a similar story to tell us. We wonder sometimes if these politicians take themselves seriously and are really sincere in their statements; and we wonder how many who hear them, take them seriously and are really convinced and converted by their political preaching. The great crowds who have attended the meetings of both leaders reveal not only a deep interest in public affairs on the part of our people; but serve to demonstrate the charm and power of the living voice. *Preaching* is still the most successful method of reaching the ears and hearts of the multitudes. But we will make no prophecy as to which of these *preachers* has made the most converts. The province generally returns a majority of Liberals. The Progressives are not likely to carry more than one or two seats, if any, for that party has little following in Nova Scotia.

More genuine interest has been taken in the schooner races than in the political situation. The *Halifax Herald* has given Nova Scotia and the city of Halifax widespread and valuable advertising, by offering last year a trophy to be competed for annually by Nova Scotia and New England fishing vessels.

Previous to the International contest, elimination races are held in Halifax and New England, to determine what vessel shall represent Nova Scotia and what one New England. These preliminary races are of nearly as great interest locally as is the International. Two or three new fishing boats were built after last year's races to compete in this year's contest. The craft must be a genuine fishing vessel and must prove herself competent by several months' experience on the banks. One of the new Nova Scotia vessels, the *Bluenose*, won the honor of being the contender this year, winning by sixteen minutes over her nearest rival, the *Delawana*, which was last year's contender.

Down in New England, some Boston sports formed a company and built a vessel, the *Mayflower*, which was hoped to secure the privilege of defending the trophy won last year by the Americans. The New England fishermen considered her more of a yacht and refused to compete against her. Later the Halifax committee refused to accept her, as not complying with the terms under which the trophy was offered, viz: for a contest between bonafide fishing vessels. Then the Gloucester fishermen got busy, and the *Elsie* was selected as defender of the trophy. The *May-*

*flower* owners have shown themselves poor sports, first, by their endeavor to enter a vessel built primarily for the purpose of winning the race, and not for the business of deep sea fishing; and second, by their persistent efforts to overturn the decision of their own committee as well as of the Halifax committee, that she was not eligible. To have allowed the *Mayflower* to compete would have killed the interest in the contest, if indeed, it would not have killed the contest itself. Sport, like so many other things, needs to be guarded against the schemes of the speculator and adventurer, who would professionalize it to their own advantage.

The weather for the International contest was perfect, and crowds of visitors were in Halifax from all parts of Nova Scotia and New England to witness the contest, which was won by the Nova Scotia vessel, the *Bluenose*. The winner proved herself a wonderful sailor, and won by a good lead over her rival, the *Elsie*. The trophy is thus brought back to Nova Scotia.

Now, perhaps that is too much of politics and sport for a religious paper; but many Nova Scotians who are scattered over the Dominion may be interested, and express approval.

Mount Allison University began the new college year with eighty new students and a total enrollment of two hundred and fifty. The new gymnasium, which takes the place of Lingley Hall, destroyed by fire last year, has been completed. The new building is ten feet longer and five feet wider than was the old gymnasium, and is well equipped with up-to-date apparatus. A number of new professors and instructors are on the staff of the science and engineering departments.

What we think is a worth-while event, was the holding of a Theological Conference at Mount Allison, from September 13th to 15th, which was attended by several ministers of the Maritime Conferences and the Theological Faculty of the University. Credit for the planning and successful carrying out of conference, is due to Professor Line.

Some of the topics discussed were, "The First Heretic, or the Discovery of the Individual; a Study in Jeremiah," by Professor Watson; "John the Baptist, His Relation to Jesus and the Early Christian Church," by Rev. W. F. Munro, M.A.; "Questions of the Sabbath," by Rev. A. F. Baker; "Recent Tendencies in Theology," by Rev. D. B. Hemmeon, B.A.; "A Review of Charles' Commentary on the Apocalypse," by Dr. Delano; "Sociology or Social Science as an Aid to the Minister," by Dr. Liddy; "Ezekiel, the Prophet of Reconstruction," by Rev. Carl Maek, M.A.; "Problems of the Rural Church," by Rev. S. Boyce, B.A.; "Psychology and the Practice of Evangelism," by Rev. F. J. Armitage; "The Literary Study of the English Bible," by Professor Tweedie; "An Examination of Millennial Doctrines," by Rev. C. A. Munro; "Comparative Religion—Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianity," by Professor Line; "The Church and Social Problems,"

by Rev. D. B. Hemmeon, B.A.; "Religious Education," by Rev. H. B. Strothard, B.D.

The reporter states that "all the papers, addresses and discussions were of a high intellectual, educational and critical order, with a fine devotional and Christian spirit running through them all." Professor Line, in closing the conference, remarked, "Although we may differ on many points in a conference like this, yet we are all agreed that Jesus must have the first place. We may talk of each other as pessimist, optimist, orthodox or heterodox, but the most important thing is Truth. We are on the quest for Truth, not for the dissemination of our own opinions. The greatest unity is the person of Christ."

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a similar conference next year. If possible a "star" man will be secured to give lectures at that conference.

The Jubilee Convention of the Sunday School Associations of the Maritime Provinces was held in St. John, N.B., Oct. 18th to 20th. The Association is now known as the Maritime Religious Education Council, and is representative of all the Protestant Churches. Up to this time the Anglican Church has held aloof, but one of the cheering messages received at this Convention was that the Anglican Church had decided to become one of

the co-operating bodies and offered to bear its share of the expense. This information was received with much pleasure by the assembled delegates. The Council is employing a Boy's Work Secretary, a Girl's Work Secretary, and a specialist in Primary Work. Just now there is no general secretary, and there may be none for some time. An experiment will be made of doing the work under the direction of the denominational secretaries. Marion Lawrence, secretary of the International Sunday School Association, was the chief speaker at the Convention.

Oxford Street Church, Halifax, will probably be reopened on Oct. 30th. The new building is of brick and is quite up-to-date in its arrangements. Rev. F. Friggens is the pastor.

The erection of a new Union Church on the Berwick Circuit, at Waterville, is an outcome of the Union of Methodists and Presbyterians on that field.

Rev. E. Baines, of Victoria Church, Sydney, has accepted a call to Bridgewater. Rev. J. G. Stones, of Bridgewater, has accepted a call to Victoria Church, Sydney. Rev. J. W. O'Brien has accepted a call to United Church, Yarmouth. Rev. F. E. Barrett, has been requested to remain a fifth year at Liverpool. Rev. Harry Clarke has been invited to Robie Street, Halifax.

## The Moonlight Fisherman

By Bertha E. Green

**O**F course Christmas is the day of the year, and the first day of the summer holidays is one you think of pretty often, but what about a Friday in the Autumn?

"No school for you to-morrow," said Dad to me one Friday. "How would you like to come for a hunt with me to-night? It will not matter if you do happen to get to bed late."

I said "Fine!" and put on my heavy boots and rough clothes right away. I did not know where we were going, or what we were going after, but I always have a good time when I'm out with Dad, so I hurried and got ready.

Dad was ready before I was. He had picked up a stout cane, and when I saw him do that, I asked: "Where's the gun?"

"We are not going to carry any. No guns this trip, just two pairs of sharp eyes," he replied.

Somehow I knew that he would not tell me any more, so I just said: "Oh, is that it?" and we started out.

It was early in the evening, and I knew that, though now it was quite dark, there would be later a clear full moon. A steady walk of half an hour took us to the Hollis woods, and we rested for a bit, sitting on the top rail of the fence.

"We are out to-night on a raccoon hunt," said Dad, "I don't want a 'coon' to take home, but I hope to take you where you can get a good look at one in his home-woods."

Then I understood that we were out on one of our "little journeys," as Dad calls them, to the home of the raccoons.

The moon had risen by the time we got down off the fence and started along the path that runs through the woods.

"Be careful of roots and fallen, dead twigs. Stumbles are noisy, and this

must be a rather silent journey if it is to be a successful one," said Dad.

I did my best, and I don't think I was any noisier than he was. As we approached the brook that runs through the wood, we moved more quietly than before. The trees were getting quite bare of leaves, letting the moonlight through so that the brook in most places was but little shadowed.

Dad led the way to where the stream widened into a pool, and up on a small knoll, from the bush-covered top of which we could see the farther bank clearly. Then, well-hidden, we lay in the grass and dead leaves, waited, and watched.

A warning touch on the arm from Dad, and I watched the farther bank of the brook more closely than ever. A funny, little face appeared right at the water's edge, and a pair of large dark eyes twinkled in the moonlight. The head was just like that of a young fox, excepting that the hair was greyish, with a black patch across the face and around the eyes.

It was "our" coon. He walked along the bank for a yard or two, giving us a chance to see all of him, including his fine bushy tail ringed with black and grey. Then, in plain sight of us, he crouched right at the water's edge, motionless and gazing into the pool. I do not know how long it was, but suddenly his fore feet splashed into the water, and just as quickly were drawn up again, a small fish grasped in his little, black paws.

This was his dinnertime, and though he used his paws and teeth to tear the fish in pieces, he was more particular afterwards than any of the other outdoor folk I had ever seen at meal-time. Before he ate, he washed each piece of fish in the pool splashing it

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# Methodism's Farthest Canadian Frontier

## The Peace River Country

By Edward S. Bishop

THE first time I ever heard of the Peace River Country was from the veteran missionary, John McDougall. It was in the parsonage of Queen Street Church, Toronto, in 1893, when, after regaling the numerous young people around the dinner table one Sunday with wonderful stories of the Great North-West, he referred to a great country that lay away beyond the great Territories, which was itself so vast in extent that you could take every man and woman and child in the whole Dominion and settle them in that region with a whole acre of land apiece, and it was fertile enough to sustain them all. Thinking of the tiny backyard that had to serve the purpose of a playground for our big family, a whole acre each looked immense. And that much for every single Canadian made our eyes bulge with wonder, for, as I remember, the population at that time was estimated at about five and a half millions. Today, authoritative estimates of the area in that country, known to be eminently suited for agriculture, to say nothing of other natural resources of incredible value, show that it would be possible to place every man, woman, and child in Canada to-day, with an estimated population of eight and a half millions, and give them each, not one, but two acres to live on, and still have considerably over two million acres left over for the people yet to come. Moreover none of them would live nearer than within two hundred miles north-west of Edmonton, while the great bulk of them would live at distances from three to five hundred miles beyond that far north-western city. So that even John McDougall had not told half the story. Even seasoned westerners, long familiar with their magnificent distances, are impressed with the great extent and enormous possibilities of this "Last Great West."

And the wealth of that region is beyond question. Agriculturally it is practically on a par with any of the great farming areas of the older west. It does not escape some of the handicaps to grain growing that are familiar to almost every section of the prairies, but these are, to some extent, offset by some advantages not enjoyed by these sections. That it can produce bumper crops as frequently as other areas was demonstrated in 1915 and even more so in the record-breaking crop just harvested. I had the privilege of driving some six-hundred miles by team and motor, covering most of the settled districts, and the sight of great areas of ideal farm lands, with their stoked and standing wheat and oats and barley, often stretching as far as eye could see, kindled unbounded enthusiasm. This was particularly striking in that stretch of prairie which extends across into British Columbia, and known as The Peace River Block, with Pouce Coupé and Rolla as the main centres, for scarcely a single farm in this region is nearer than sixty miles to the nearest railroad point by a winter trail, or one-hundred miles by the only usable summer road. One wonders why people locate and settle families at such remote points, and so difficult of access, until you see the ideal farming and ranching country that it is, and then you understand its irresistible

lure. One estimate of this year's crop was nine million bushels—an amount equal to the total produced in all Alberta in 1905, the year it was erected into a province. Some of the yields of wheat exceeded fifty bushels, while oats in some cases were over eighty. Even at twenty bushels the country is capable of producing a volume of wheat greater than the largest harvest ever garnered in western Canada. A factor which greatly brightens the prospects in this land of almost continuous sunshine in summer, is the producing of species of wheat which ripen from ten days to two weeks earlier than the usual grades.

As a stock-raising country it could hardly be excelled, as was demonstrated by the surprisingly high standard exhibited at local fairs throughout the district this fall. As for vegetables, new-comers are amazed at the root crops and small native fruits. Even at Fort Vermilion, six-hundred miles north of Edmonton, in a latitude almost that of the extreme north of Labrador, flowers and vegetables have been grown for thirty years which would surprise an Ontario gardener.

But press references to the district these days are featuring oil prospects. While this is only at the discovery and development stage, the strongest corporations have demonstrated such abounding faith in the future of this great resource that they are expending millions of money in the experiment.

As for climate, the Peace River country is perhaps more misunderstood in this respect by outsiders than in any other. They think of *sixty below* and shiver. This is due to the habit of always speaking of the most extreme conditions as if they were the normal. This was once true of the whole West. But those who may think of it as a frozen region, lying somewhere under the rim of the Arctic, would get a delightful surprise if they paid the country a visit and learned at first hand from settlers who had once resided for several years at southern points in British Columbia state that they decidedly preferred the Peace River country for climate. Of course there always have been some folks who were *queer* in this respect. Some winters, when the cold is sufficiently extreme all over the prairies for people to feel it, slightly, at least, in spite of their summer-time jocular remarks to the contrary, it has dropped to that figure, but only at times does it go lower than other prairie districts, and then usually only by a few degrees. On the other hand, I happened to be in the country in mid-September when I read of heavy snow in regions over a thousand miles south-east, and even nearer, but up to mid-October no snow has yet fallen up there. And some sections get their warm "Chinook" winds periodically through the winter, as do large areas in southern Alberta. This is particularly so in the Pouce Coupé district.

Scenically, the country everywhere presents landscapes that are not surpassed in Canada, especially when seen, as I saw it, in the glorious glow of autumn, while the magnificent and majestic valley of the Peace probably has nothing to compare with it.

With all the abounding natural wealth of the country, it is somewhat of an anomaly to find the people, for the most part, comparatively poor. A few, located within reasonable distance of railway and marketing points, have prospered, and in places fine barns and comfortable homes are seen. But most of the farming and ranching is done at distances varying from fifteen to one hundred and thirty miles from any railway, and the cost of hauling, together with the low prices prevailing, simply means that unless the markets rally, comparatively little of this splendid crop will be marketed, and the people who had all the labor and expense of production will not be able to convert their products into the money they need so badly. Most of the people still live in log houses, though many of these are surprisingly cosy and comfortable. In spite, however, of their straitened circumstances and hard pioneer struggles, the people have unbounded faith in the future of their country, and this faith is only equalled by the fortitude and courage with which they face their difficulties and hardships. The great majority of the people are English speaking, with a generous sprinkling of Scandinavians of the most sturdy and desirable type. A few date their coming back to very early days, but the majority have arrived since the outbreak of the war, while some of the centres are only four or five years old.

Methodism's first official representative in this country was Rev. W. B. Chegwin, who, under instructions of the old Manitoba and North-West Conference, in 1903, entered by way of Athabasca Landing and Lesser Slave Lake, made his way to Peace River Crossing, and scouted the country from there on to Spirit River, but did not at that time settle down and undertake any permanent work. This was not attempted until 1908, when Rev. F. W. H. Armstrong, under appointment of Alberta Conference, went, by the same route, to Grouard, and later, via Peace River Crossing, to Dunvegan, and opened up preaching services as best he could over a large stretch of country. He was closely followed in 1910 by Rev. Chas. F. Hopkins, who went from Athabasca Landing, where he set up permanent work, travelled by way of "The Crossing" to Dunvegan, and on beyond that through Spirit River to the site of the present flourishing town of Grand Prairie, where he secured some bannock and bacon from the single solitary little log hut that existed at that time. From there he hurried on to the scattered new settlement along the little Beaver Lodge Stream, which antedated settlement at Grand Prairie, and held the first Protestant service in that whole area in June, 1910. Being unable to make his way out to Conference, owing to the distance, and having been fascinated by the beauty and promise of the great country through which he had been travelling, it was in that year he sent his memorable "Greetings of the future Peace River Conference" to the Alberta Conference, which so thrilled and stirred that body.

From that time on the work has been handicapped in its development by the shortage of men, due in turn largely to war conditions as well as to other causes inherent in the pioneer stage, but it has nevertheless been making steady progress. To-day Methodism is worthily represented by seven splendid men, three of whom are stationed in the section tributary to Peace River Crossing and north of

the Peace, while four are at points tributary to Grand Prairie, extending west and north-west, as far as Rolla, B.C., which is over one-hundred miles from Grand Prairie, and while within the boundaries of the British Columbia Conference, is being served by the Alberta Conference, owing to its proximity to Alberta and the great difficulty of access from British Columbia. Of these men, four are fully ordained and three unordained. Under the general plan of co-operation with the Presbyterian Church, which prevails throughout the whole Conference, there is no overlapping at any of the more than thirty appointments served by our Church; indeed, at very many of them there is none with any other church whatever.

Owing to the recent development of the country and the increasing importance of the work, the Conference of 1921, in addition to appointing one or two additional men for the district, asked Rev. R. E. Finley to undertake the chairmanship of this District and reside at Lake Saskatoon. To this Mr. Finley readily agreed, and his more than twenty years' experience in the west, together with his long record of efficient administration as chairman, has already proved invaluable in advancing the work from the pioneer stage to that of a well organized district. Immediately on taking up his duties he visited every mission, involving a drive with his team of over eleven hundred miles in a few weeks, and organized Official Boards at every point. And with the loyal and enthusiastic co-operation of every man on the district there has already developed an *esprit* and pride in the work which bespeaks great things for the future. The Financial District Meeting, held at Lake Saskatoon in September was one of the most enthusiastic and inspiring and spiritual gatherings I have attended for a long time, and has given an impetus to the whole work that will be very far-reaching. It may be necessary for Methodism to invest missionary money in that area for a few years yet, because of the poverty of the people, to which we have already referred, as well as the fact that our Church is ministering to a large non-Methodist constituency, who, though supporting well in view of this fact, do not always feel the same sense of obligation to do so. For instance, at one point visited, where the congregation was over fifty people, there were only two Methodists, the great majority being Norwegians. But with the advent of railway and marketing facilities (and every possible effort is being exerted to that end), this region will, without doubt, in time be converted into a great missionary asset to the Church.

In the meantime the church problem, particularly from a spiritual point of view, is beset with all the difficulties which usually characterize pioneer conditions. Practically every missionary is living and laboring in an atmosphere of spiritual indifference that at times tries his very soul. A few communities exhibit considerable interest in the services and attend very well. Others again are quite different. One man, on taking up his work on a new mission, made the complete round of his Sunday appointments for three successive Sundays without a single individual putting in an appearance, and at one point seven successive visits were made with a similar result. However, he was not daunted, and with characteristic breezy western optimism remarked that it could not possibly be

Continued on page 23.



# Youth and Service

## Epworth League Topics

Senior Topic for November 9th

### God's Spirit at Work

(See Young Church Member Lesson 1.)

**I**T is told of Pascal, that often he seemed to hear God saying to him, "Thou couldst not seek me, had I not already found thee." It should be a great comfort to us to ever remember that our Heavenly Father, through His divine spirit, is ever seeking us; that our longings for truth and goodness, our desire for union with God, are, as Paul taught, the spirit working in us, or, "making intercession for us." The Holy Spirit promised by Christ is himself the supreme help for the Christian. He awakens all the hunger of soul which cries out after God. Not only does the spirit awaken desire within us, but it is His work to make known to us the things of Christ, to lighten our souls with fresh visions of deity, and to build up in us the sense of union and comradeship with God, which enables us to cry "Abba Father."

But not only in these familiar ways is God's Spirit at work. As Jesus said, the Holy Spirit is the spirit of truth. And all our advancement in the various realms or departments of knowledge have been made under His inspiration. Our age is an age of science, marked by wonderful discoveries and marvellous inventions. Through these the world is becoming a healthier and happier place to live in. Pain is being conquered, disease eradicated, labor lightened, and vast powers for good have come to man. The great pictures may adorn every wall, the grandest music may be heard in any home, and countless other blessings have become the possession of the ordinary man, which kings in other days never knew. All this is doubtless the will and purpose of Our Father, who, through His spirit, ever present, and ever active, is leading His children out into an even larger and richer heritage.

Then again, think of the wonderful ideas and ideals that to-day are stirring the minds and hearts of men! Students of history are able to work the birth of a new age, by the emergence of certain great ideas. Through some enlightening vision, men became conscious of themselves and of their powers; a sense of responsibility weighs upon them, a vision of opportunity inspires them, and in consequence another step is taken towards the final goal. So to-day we see the emergence and development of great ideas, that are finding expression in the passion for human rights; in the demand for the democratization of Industry; in the belief in International Brotherhood, in the League of Nations, and the desire for disarmament. These great epoch-making ideas, from whence do they come? There is only one answer. They are inspired by the Holy Spirit of God, who is ever at work in the world, leading mankind over upward and onward to the Golden Age.

### Great Speakers—Lincoln.

**T**HERE is no more honored name in American history, not even excepting that of George Washington, than the name of the illustrious rail-splitter of Illinois, the universally honored martyr and president, Abraham Lincoln. His early history, with its pathetic story of a most dramatic and intensely interesting struggle with poverty and educational handicaps; his gradual emergence into public life as a most ungainly figure but withal one which compelled universal respect; his patient and profound study of public questions and his unswerving championship of right; his great debates with Douglas, which cost him the Illinois senatorship, but which won him the presidency; and the few years at Washington where the homely and uncouth figure of the President became the centre of a nation's homage and almost of a nation's worship; and the last sad scenes which enshrined the heroic martyred Lincoln in the heart of a grateful nation for ever, make his life truly a most fascinating story.

And no study of Lincoln's powers as an orator can be of much value unless it recognizes the man which loomed large behind every speech. He meant what he said, and he said what he meant. He was tremendously in earnest, and he did not believe that the slave question, which was really the great question of his day, could ever be settled by ignoring it, nor by making soft speeches concerning it. He realized that the problem must be solved or the nation would be rent asunder, and to him there was only one solution which could possibly be right; and to the securing that solution he bent all his great talents and his indomitable will.

He was a great man, and he dealt with great themes, and it seems natural that he should have made some great speeches. His were stirring times when in every Northern hamlet the rights and wrongs of slavery were bitterly debated. And when at last the explosion occurred and southern guns opened fire on Fort Sumter, the national issue became at once the preservation of the Union. And during the long five years, conflict, Lincoln's speeches had to deal directly with this vital national issue. This also helped to make them great speeches, for they dealt with great themes.

He is singularly clear in his thought and direct in his utterances, and his incisive Anglo-Saxon words were incapable of being misunderstood. He did not beat around the bush, nor belaud the issue with a multitude of words, but he went straight to the mark. His address to the convention which nominated him as Senator is a good illustration. Discussing the slavery issue he said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I

do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

Simple, direct, unadorned, yet strong, concise and logical, Lincoln's speeches deserve careful study by the student who would know how to reach the people. Lincoln understood the people because he was one of them, and because he spoke as one of them they understood him. Others might have been as great as he, and they might have dealt with the same great themes, but not being as close to the heart of the people they would not have achieved the same result. It seems too often the case that a man who has sprung from the common people is only too anxious to forget the fact, and if he aspires to oratory he deliberately chooses the most abstruse subjects, forgets alike clearness and force, and aims to astonish rather than to convince. Such was not Lincoln.

We have no space for any extensive quotations from Lincoln's speeches, but we think it may be worth while for our readers to study one of his shortest and yet one of his best speeches, his famous Gettysburg speech, delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg battlefield in November, 1863, while the civil war was still raging. This speech is very short, yet it has taken a permanent place as a classic in American literature.

"Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that for these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

### Applying the Golden Rule.

Matthew 7:12

Junior Topic for Nov. 20th

**T**HERE are lots of rules in the world. We meet them wherever we go. Our league has some rules, our school has rules, our country has rules (these are our laws). We

make rules sometimes for ourselves, but there is one rule which we are going to study to-day which we call "The Golden Rule." It was taught by Jesus, and has been so useful to men that we consider it so valuable that we refer to it as "Golden," since gold is our most precious metal, and this rule is our most valuable and helpful one. Who can recite it for us?

We may not be able to govern other folks, or to make other folks do as we would like them to do, but if we try there is one very important person, and someone whom we like very much, that we can rule, and if this person does everything according to the Golden Rule, we shall get along very nicely. That one person whom we can rule is ourselves. This is really a big task, for we read in Proverbs 16:32, that "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Now for some of the ways that boys and girls may apply this Golden Rule. Do we like other boys and girls to say nasty things about us—we must not say nasty things about them. Would we like people to be polite to us—we must be polite to them. Do we like others to keep us waiting—we must not keep others waiting, be on time. Do we like to win, then we must help others to win, play the game with the team if you like. Do we like to have others share their good things with us, then we must share our good things with them. Do we like to have friends, then we must be friendly. Do we like to have fun, then we must help others to enjoy themselves.

There is a story told of a man who sold his farm and was moving to the great city. On the way he met a wise man who stopped to talk with him. He told the wise man how much he regretted having to leave his old home, as everyone around was so nice, and good to him, that he didn't know what he would do when he got to the great city. "Never fear," said the wise man, "I know the people of the great city, and you will find them the most friendly sort of people." Now another man had sold his farm and was moving to the great city, and he chanced to meet the same wise man, who also stopped and talked with him. He told the wise man how glad he was to get away from his old place, as he had the most disagreeable lot of neighbors that ever a man had, and he was going to the great city to get away from them. "Well, well," said the wise man, "I know the people of the great city, and I am sorry to say that they are not likely to prove desirable neighbors." The wise man knew that each man's neighbors returned just the sort of treatment that they received. The Golden Rule does work.

Ask your boys and girls further questions along lines as suggested above, and, of course, as a superintendent you will know that your boys and girls will respond to you in just the same way as you are interested in them. The Golden Rule never grows old, never wears out.

CHAS. R. CONQUERGOOD.





Actual Toronto Pictures—taken in Institutions in the Federation.

## “Inasmuch—

How faithfully does this one word recall one of our first object lessons. From the beginning of the world we have all been taught that the qualities that really count are generosity, unselfish kindness and goodness.

These same qualities you believe in. You know they are right. The privilege of exercising them, you will embrace. Now you have the opportunity.

For there is, right now, a constant, unrelenting fight on in Toronto against disease, poverty, dirt and misery. It is being waged all day and every day by the institutions that you support when you give to the Federation.

Love, benevolence, good will and liberality to this worthy cause—these are all that are asked of you in the coming Federation Campaign. For the relief of poor old men and women, for the little uncared for and unwanted babies—and the unguided and homeless boys and girls in Toronto. You know how much you can give. You will prevent misery, if you can. You will help these 52 charitable and benevolent institutions in the Federation. You will practise those qualities you know so well. Put them into this campaign. It will begin on November 9th. Voluntary workers will seek your sympathy and support. Be ready for them. Be ready. And give liberally. Your gift to the Federation will help each institution in its great and good work in the interest, and for the welfare of everyone in Toronto. Under Federation, remember, these 52 Institutions unite and make but one appeal once a year for their combined budgets.

# \$450,000 In Three Days Nov. 9, 10, 11

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# What is Your Church Doing ?

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### To the Canadian Friends of Fred Victor Mission Toronto

To Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—Although we make it a point to thankfully acknowledge every service that is done for us personally, nevertheless at the beginning of this letter we desire to again thank most heartily all our friends who, through the inspiration of the GUARDIAN, or from personal appeal, have helped us to help many to help themselves. We can only do what the people permit us to do, and last year our friends were good to us during the fall, at Christmas time, and then again in connection with our Fresh Air work.

An institution that is steadily meeting the needs of the people will, of course, be steadily in need of new resources and supplies, so I am again writing on behalf of our deaconesses and deaconess nurses for material help to carry on their work. Then, of course, that means that I am writing on behalf of children from poor homes, that haven't sufficient to eat, nor sufficient clothes to keep them warm.

We are frequently asked, "What do you need?" The simplest answer is that we need and can use anything that is needed in family life. One of our nurse deaconesses went into a so-called home where the widowed mother was in bed ill; four children were there, the oldest being ten years of age. There was just one basin in that home, and after the nurse had used it to wash the mother, she then used the same vessel to make a stew for the children. She thought she had made sufficient for two days, but on going back the next day it was all gone and the children said that they had not had anything like that for so long, that they couldn't stop eating it. There was one sheet only as a covering for the children when they went to bed, so they had to sleep in their clothes. When the nurse went in, the youngest child had absolutely nothing on but an overcoat. The nurse needed quilts, but we had none. I personally tried to fit out the boy of seven and was ashamed to send him back with what I had given him. Our nurses also need baby lay-outs for use in their work. We hope our friends will not forget us in connection with their White Gift services. The donations

that we received last Christmas time helped us through most of January.

Fruit, vegetables, clothing of all sorts, especially boots and stockings, bedding and food articles such as came in White Gift donations, are especially needed and welcome, and permit us to preach the gospel in a practical way. Our Sunday-school superintendent, S. H. Johns, Esq., a local preacher, and an honored man in the business world, says that Fred Victor was never more thoroughly organized, nor on the eve of greater opportunities, nor possibilities for the extension of the Kingdom of God in our district, since he has been connected with us, than just now. Will you help us to meet these opportunities?

Express parcels may be sent collect to the undersigned, c/o Fred Victor Mission, Queen and Jarvis Sts., Toronto, or if you are in the city and have a bundle of clothes or what not, telephone Main 2401, and we shall have our wagon call.

Yours hopefully,  
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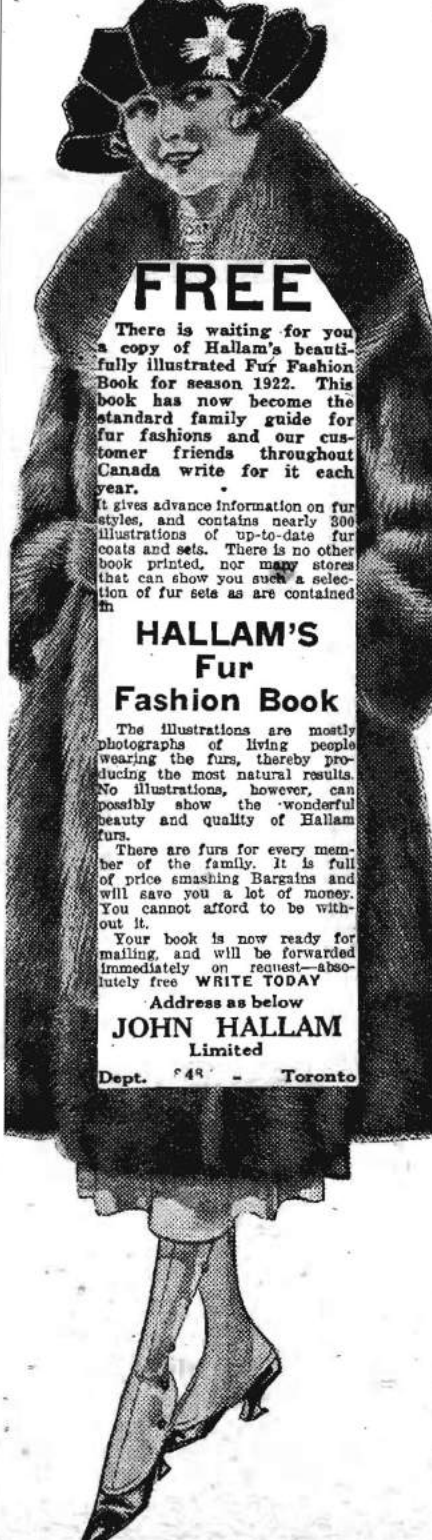
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# MUSIC

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## Warm Up, Brothers!

**A**T a recent meeting in Toronto, the writer had the opportunity of studying the singing ability of a massed group of three thousand or more people. They sang well—that is, fairly well—but their singing lacked the fervor which the man on the platform welcomes so heartily and needs so much.

I asked two or three people afterwards why the singing lacked heartiness. One assured me it was quite up to par, but the other two, with that “why—anybody—should—know—the—answer—to—that” expression, stated with some emphasis that there couldn’t have been many Methodists present.

Now, while I think these two friends may have an exalted opinion of the sing-ability of Methodists—one was a Methodist, by the way, and the other a Congregationalist, they may have been hitting the nail on the head with more or less precision.

Methodists *can* sing, and in many churches *do* sing, but, as we’ve noted before in these columns, the truth is that all too many *don’t* sing.

If you have a grouch, friend basso, leave it outside the church door next Sunday morning. I’ve yet to meet the chap who can successfully sing and retain his crabbedness. When the preacher gives out some old-time favorite at that service, just forget about the rise in the price of gasoline, the setting-out that friend wife donated before you left, or the unexpected drop in the price of G.O.P. shares. Always remember that, as the Scotch have it, “it might be waur”—and smile, then sing. Crowd up a bit closer to the other fellow, and sing him to a stand-still, if you can. He’ll not dare to challenge you to mortal combat in a church service, and, indeed, he may tune up his rusty pipes and go you one better.

Don’t be a lump of ice at next Sunday’s services, be a live coal. Don’t be a resistant, heat-destroying nonentity, be a radiant, glowing centre in your congregation; you’ll see enough human negations there without your joining the ranks.

Sing, keep on singing, get the other fellow to sing, and even if neither of you could pass a Metropolitan Opera House test, keep going anyway. Doesn’t the Good Book tell us to “make a joyful noise unto the Lord?” Here’s a chance for all literal translators to live up to their own tenets. Let’s hope they may do it next Sunday and every Sunday.

## An Amusing Bargain

At a recent anniversary Sunday evening service in Centennial Methodist Church, Toronto, the pastor, Dr. W. L. Armstrong, announced that if the financial objective named for the day was reached, then the choir would sing the Hallelujah Chorus. Great gratitude was felt when the announcement was finally made that the people had given a bumper contribution of several hundreds over the desired amount. Handel’s immortal chorus was given with a will, and was voted a great success.

## Help For the Leader

If the friends, who from time to time require help by way of anthem

selections for their choir, would send for a catalogue recently issued by the Anglo Canadian Music Company, 144 Victoria Street, Toronto, they would find that the manager, Mr. Downing, has been keeping their musical wants well in mind. The lists of anthems are remarkably complete, and are well classified as to seasons, such as Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, and so forth.

A line from any choir director will secure a copy of the catalogue.

## A Gauge of Taste

If you want to measure the musical taste of the family whose house you enter for the first time, a glance over the music—and near music—on or near the piano will give you an unfailing clue. In all too many of our homes the instrument is littered with jazz and other abominations whose cheaply tinted covers, silly verses, and twaddly tunes would not have been tolerated thirty years ago in homes as pretentious as those of to-day. The songs of those days had to have at least a melody in order to “get by.”

## Unusual Loot

Midnight marauders recently entered the High Park Avenue Church, Toronto, and carried away about two-hundred dollars’ worth of pipes from the organ. Sounds like a visit from our former acquaintance, the Hun, doesn’t it?

## Companion Hymns

Miss Kate Hankey was the author of the hymns “Tell me the old, old story,” formerly better known as “The Story Wanted,” and its sequel, “I love to tell the story” or “The Story Told.” The first-mentioned hymn originally consisted of fifty verses, but the excerpts made by recent hymnodists constitute the hymn as we have it in our Hymn Book. It was written during the convalescence of Miss Hankey, being begun in January of 1865, and finished in November.

Dr. Doane, who later gave the hymn its present popular setting, states that he first heard the poem read at a Y.M.C.A. convention in Montreal, in 1867. The reader was none other than the veteran commander of the British forces during the Fenian raid, Major General Russell. The old soldier declaimed the stanzas with tears streaming down his cheeks, and the impression made upon the gathering was one never to be forgotten.

The melody to “I love to tell the story” was supplied by William Gustavus Fischer, who was born in Baltimore, in 1835. He was a piano dealer, and made no bid for musical prominence other than through the hymn we have all come to love so dearly. The hymn was harmonized in 1869, a year after the tune was written.

## The Midweek Services

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the midweek service from any standpoint other than that of music. There seems to be in many churches a growing desire to increase the drawing power of the Wednesday night service, and it is felt in many quarters that it could be made more general in its appeal.

Now, I know that many readers of this page may decry innovations upon

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this long-established and cherished service, but the fact remains that in most districts, the number of those trained or otherwise qualified to lead audibly in prayer, is steadily decreasing. Thus we see the leader of the meeting gradually thrown back upon his own resources, the result usually being a service in which the leader is made to function more than either he wishes, or than the original plan of the midweek service intended that he should.

One pastor, who called last week upon the writer, is striving to find a solution by holding once a month, a midweek meeting that will be educational as well as worshipful. In a moment of weakness, we promised to contribute a talk on "The Place of Music in Worship." The service is planned to be worshipful in spirit, but it is hoped that by the injection of a once-a-month variant on subjects germane to churchly endeavor, a general interest in all the midweek services will result.

It has often occurred to the writer that the musical part of our midweek services could be vastly improved. I believe I am right in saying that in most places the hymns are chosen at the time of the opening of the service, or worse yet, as the service progresses. The instrumentalist is too often incapable of rousing a rhythmic interest in the hymns, and the idea of the interpolation of a solo or other item of special musical interest, would seem to be the last thing in the world to be thought of.

Could there not be a working arrangement between the Board and those who are responsible for the music of the Sunday services, for an adequate musical support to the midweek programme? If extra reimbursement were found necessary it might prove a wise investment. The prayer meeting should be held in quite as high esteem as is the Sabbath-day service. With respect to its intimacy, its stimulating power and its sweetness of fellowship, it should rank higher. Why should we not think well enough of it to plan better things for it musically? Greater interest, and greater resultant good, we feel sure would ensue.

An Indian mission in the West needs an organ. Will any of our friends who can supply the need please write at once to Rev. Arthur Barner, c/o THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN, Toronto.

## Methodist National Campaign

THE Methodist Church, Canada, is more than Canadian. It is British North American. Newfoundland, most ancient of British Colonies, and newest in the galaxy of Dominions, is included in this international organization. Bermuda, a great Crown colony with a strong Methodist force, is another constituent, being a district of the Nova Scotia Conference.

It is interesting in this connection to note that Bermuda was the second district to complete its payments to the Methodist National Campaign. Some years ago there was a great disaster in Bermuda, storms destroying the leading Methodist churches. In the path of the hurricane there was left something akin to despair. But Methodists in Canada rallied to the aid of their brethren and sent gifts. Bermuda Methodism, heartened and reinforced, not only rebuilt its churches, but went out with a new spirit.

The first district in the Connexion to complete payment of all moneys pledged through the Campaign was the Lake Winnipeg district. In dollars that objective was not high, but cash is not the wealth of our Indian members. The Bermuda objective was considerable, \$5,000. Over \$6,300 has been received from Bermuda at Campaign Headquarters. Not only did Bermuda go over the top in pledges, she surpassed her original objective in amounts actually paid in. That is one great test.

It has been said that a spirit of localism is the characteristic of smaller political and religious units. Bermuda has given the lie to that. Not one Bermuda project was included in the Campaign budget. Not a dollar of Campaign money goes to the garden of the western Atlantic, except in payments to superannuated ministers who have labored and reside there. Bermuda schools do not benefit. The missions and colleges of China, Japan and Canada will receive the funds sent from Bermuda brethren. From the balmy climate of that temperate island to the forests and plains of the Dominion comes a healing, warming current.

Perhaps Canadians who have not consulted their maps once thought they were casting bread upon the waters when they helped rebuild the ruined churches of Hamilton and St. George's. They have seen it return after a few days.

The \$6,300 from Bermuda may not be a fortune in these days, but see what it will do.

It will pay the \$711 annual allowance of nine of the ministers of Methodism who were laid aside from the active work this year.

Or it will build the first and only hospital in the Pouce Coupe district of northern Alberta.

Or provide churches for Riverside, Edmonton, and Belis in Alberta.

Or provide new beds at the hospital among new Canadians at Lamont.

Or pay one-third of the amount required to put Columbian College, New Westminster, on its feet.

Specific and urgent in the last degree are the amounts which enable districts to report that their last pledge has been redeemed by a consecrated and sacrificing membership. Methodism is proud of Lake Winnipeg and Bermuda.

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## The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

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A year or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. Today she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy.

FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano. Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see, I had begun to think that I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy-story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker-on, instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost overnight, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for anyone to add music or singing to their daily lives. Anyone anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods.

Within a year after I took my first lesson, I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—I figure it would cost at least \$3 to \$5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lessons from the U. S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did averages a few cents a lesson.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss



for a way to entertain my callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 250,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement of the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers, and our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshift of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method simply because every step is made so simple and clear. But we don't ask you to judge our method by what others say or by what we ourselves say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny, as outlined in our guarantee. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course the total cost averages a few cents a lesson, with our music and everything included.

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## Mr. Black's Bible-Class

### Some Striking Contrasts

TWO years have passed since our last lesson, when Paul stood a prisoner before the Roman Governor. That same governor had fallen on evil times and had been recalled to Rome to answer serious charges against himself. Hoping to help his case with the Jews, who were the cause of much of the difficulty and trouble he had been put to in his rule, he left Paul a prisoner. He was altogether an unjust and time-serving man, and ready to do anything that would advance his own selfish ends.

Paul, therefore, had spent two full years as a prisoner in Caesarea. With his eagerness to serve the interests of Churches which he had been instrumental in founding we can well believe that the enforced inactivity was very trying to him. And yet it may have been that this period served its purpose in his life. Twenty years of incessant labor in such missionary work as he had been doing must have taxed his constitution very seriously. Physical and nervous recovery must have been necessary and probably were achieved by his period of rest. And then enforced solitude after all the activity and bustle of his life may have served its purpose. Caesarea may have been Paul's Isle of Patmos and his imprisonment a real means of grace.

That Paul was not altogether idle even during his imprisonment we may be very sure. It is thought that some portions of certain of his letters were written during this period, and we may be sure that such chances as were given him of preaching Jesus were fully used. It is thought that Luke, who had been Paul's companion for so long, wrote much of his Gospel during these two years. And there is every reason to believe that Paul would encourage him in the performance of this task. In his work he must often have felt the need of a written story of the life of Jesus to leave with the Gentile Churches that he had founded. In various ways, therefore, we may believe that Paul's imprisonment worked out "to the furtherance of the Gospel," as he himself would say.

But that imprisonment, nevertheless, was a most unjust and iniquitous thing, all the same. And when Festus came into authority, being a man of a much juster and higher type, Paul's case was at once brought up. There is evidence also that Festus was not only honorable and desirous of doing the right thing, but he was also a shrewd and capable man. The Jews, ready for any chicanery and deceit if they might work the ruin of Paul, were not quite a match for Festus. He saw their traps and foiled their diabolical schemes. Evidently Festus was intimate with the Jewish habit of

thought. What a pitiable spectacle these Jewish leaders made of themselves. The great religious leaders of their day, they were devoid of any symptom of morality or justice touching this whole issue! They had allowed themselves to become the most thorough-going Jesuits, the end thoroughly justifying the means. Unfortunately it does seem to be dangerously easy for earnest religious leaders to fall into these pitfalls.

It is very easy to conjecture just what was in the minds of two of the leaders of the strange drama that is enacted before us in the lesson for to-day. It is quite consistent, from what we know of him, to believe that Festus, in trying Paul before Agrippa, had some desire to get light and direction as to what really ought to be done with the case. But it is difficult to think that he hoped to get much light and leading from such a man as the king. It is true that he was a clever man, but it is also true that he was utterly devoid of character. And his wife, so-called, was one of the very vilest women of history.

Though we may not be sure as to what Festus' real motive was in bringing this group together, we can rightly infer this, that he found Paul interesting and was convinced that the king would very likely appreciate the opportunity of seeing and hearing from him. Whatever may have been Paul's bodily appearance we can be sure that a man of his character and strength would stand forth impressively in any society.

And how well he does show up in this interview. He probably had more than a suspicion that he was brought out partly for show and yet in truly gentlemanly fashion he accepts the suggestion of the governor, and gives tone and quality to the occasion by saying many strong and well-seasoned things and making an earnest appeal to the best that was in those that heard him. How true Paul was to opportunity in never missing a chance to proclaim his faith and speak well of his Saviour and Lord.

We said there were violent contrasts in character in the drama presented to us in last Sunday's lesson, but the contrasts are even greater in the lesson for to-day. And the lesson we seem to get out of this new situation is that the man of real character and worth is never at a serious disadvantage in any situation. Even in the presence of the king and queen and governor Paul, the prisoner, did not need to blush or apologize, but stood forth more than master of the situation. Looking at the scene we would far rather be in his shoes than in those of any other member of that interesting group.

*The International Sunday School Lesson for November 20th.—"Paul Before the King"—Acts 26: 19-32. Golden Text—1 Cor. 15: 20. Home Readings—Nov. 14. M. Acts 25: 1-12. Paul's appeal to Caesar. Nov. 15. T. Acts 25: 13-27. Festus and Agrippa confer. Nov. 16. W. Acts 26: 1-18. Paul before the King. Nov. 17. T. Acts 26: 19-32. Paul before the King. Nov. 18. F. Matt. 10: 16-28. Christ's Promise. Nov. 19. S. 1 John 4: 15-21. Boldness in the Judgment. Nov. 20. S. Psalm 27: 7-14. Waiting on Jehovah.*

—The Week-Day Church School. By Henry Frederick Cope, General Secretary of the Religious Education Association. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$2.00 net.

What has been, is being, and can be done to extend Religious Education into the days of the week is Dr. Cope's theme, which he presents in a very comprehensive and masterly way. A thorough educationist and an enthusiastic believer in religion, he has written a little book of great value and suggestiveness.



# London Conference Items

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

## LONDON

Malden; Rev. A. L. Spracklin, pastor.

—We have recently completed a month's special services on our circuit, with evangelist Joseph Robinson as special speaker. The prospects at the beginning were not very bright, but the interest gradually increased as the meetings continued. The effort resulted in a general toning up of the individual and in a further banding of the people, in a united effort for the advance of God's Kingdom. Much credit is due to evangelist Robinson, of 908 Ossington Ave., Toronto, who is working under the Evangelism and Social Service Department of our Church. His messages were timely, eloquent and forceful, and our people hung on his words of life and hope. Bro. Robinson's Bible exposition is of a safe, sane and wholesome character and his doctrine is absolutely sound.

I may say that Bro. Robinson left us with the love and esteem of all, and the Malden Circuit takes pleasure in recommending him to any people who are contemplating a series of special evangelistic services.

Note—Both churches on the Malden Circuit have been completely decorated within and without this past summer, and our people are deserving of much credit for their splendid interest in their church homes.

## TORONTO

Owen Sound District, Dundalk Circuit; Rev. T. W. F. G. Andrews, pastor.—One of our most successful anniversaries was held on Sunday, Oct. 16th. Rev. Capt. Lambert, of Christie St. Military Hospital, gave most inspiring addresses, both morning and evening. His message was remarkably practical, and possessed real "punch." On Monday night the Church unveiled an honor roll to "all our boys who served," this was placed under the memorial tablet which was unveiled some two years ago. Capt. Lambert gave an address of an exceptionally high character.

Emsdale.—Conference Evangelist Rev. Elijah Brown has completed a two-weeks campaign of evangelistic services at Emsdale, in the Bracebridge District, Toronto Conference. His visit has put new life in the church, created a purer atmosphere, given a new meaning to "Union Church," clarified the spiritual vision of the church members, and has resulted in an encouraging number of new converts to Christ. The rainy weather prevented the people from gathering in crowds, but the percentage of conversions was high. Old people and young children clearly and intelligently testified to a new love for God and a consciousness of sins forgiven. The people showed their appreciation of brother Brown's work, by an offering of \$150 on Sunday last, October 23. "To God be the glory, great things he hath done."

On the following Monday night, October 24, the Rev. John Coburn, field secretary of Social Service and Evangelism, gave a lantern lecture, illustrating the work of this department and taking up a subscription; he was agreeably surprised to find this mission had subscribed more money than any other field on the district, over \$80 being promised to the department this year from this mission. Might it not

be a good thing to precede the visit of the field secretary with a good revival of pure and undefiled religion that puts men and women in sympathy with the Lord's work of redemption?

## HAMILTON

Paisley.—Anniversary services were held in the Methodist church in Paisley, on Sunday, October 23rd, Rev. C. Herbert Woltz, of Palmerston, preaching very acceptable sermons to good congregations. The cause here is prospering greatly under the pastorate of Rev. Thos. Voaden.

Simcoe; Rev. David A. Moir, B.D. pastor.—Able and inspiring anniversary sermons were preached, Oct. 30th, in St. James Church, Simcoe, by the Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D. LL.D. General Superintendent, to large congregations. A thank-offering of upwards of \$1,000 marked the appreciation of this generous people for the beautiful new church God has enabled them to build.

## BAY OF QUINTE

Woodville Circuit; J. J. Mellor, pastor.—The anniversary services and fowl supper held in the Woodville Methodist Church on October 16th and 17th were very successful. The services on Sunday were conducted by Rev. Archer Wallace, M.A., of Toronto, assistant editor of Sunday-school publications, who preached two very able sermons, especially the one in the evening on "The Ideal Christian." The church was filled to the doors, many not being able to get in. The music by the choir was of a high order and was enjoyed by all. Monday evening there was a large crowd at the supper, the ladies of the church serving between six and seven hundred people, and every one was well satisfied and pleased with all that was done for their entertainment. So large was the crowd it was found necessary to move to the town hall for the programme, and even then many had to stand. The Woodville orchestra gave several selections. Short addresses were given by ministers, and finally Rev. Archer Wallace gave his lecture on "People I have met in Churches." He provided lots of fun and left many fine things for us to remember, to help us in our church and community life. Everybody was well pleased with the anniversary and voted it the best they ever had.

A small boy of the Jewish persuasion, who was playing at the end of the pier, fell into the sea and was only rescued after great difficulty by an intrepid swimmer, who dived off the end of the pier and succeeded in getting the boy into a rowboat.

Half an hour afterward, much exhausted by his effort, the rescuer was walking off the pier when a man came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you the man who saved my son Ike's life?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the much exhausted hero.

"Then," said the Hebrew in indignant tones, "v'ere's his cap?"—*Tit Bits*.



## Collections to November 1st, 1921

Conference	Amount	Percentage
Toronto.....	\$991,758.33	74.7
London.....	504,413.39	87.4
Hamilton.....	568,299.52	88.5
Bay of Quinte.....	351,630.60	89.7
Montreal.....	457,924.88	71.4
Nova Scotia.....	156,211.44	81.3
N.B. and P.E.I.....	160,150.06	93.1
Newfoundland.....	26,739.53	66.0
Manitoba.....	209,511.82	60.7
Saskatchewan.....	165,167.56	55.0
Alberta.....	69,592.74	68.2
British Columbia.....	106,030.47	74.3
	<b>\$3,767,430.34</b>	<b>77.3%</b>

## Disbursements to November 1st, 1921

### SPECIAL OBJECTIVES.

Missionary Society.....	\$1,314,000
Superannuation Fund.....	1,314,000
Educational Society.....	657,000
	<b>\$3,285,000.00</b>

Repayment of Advances from Departments for Expenses of Campaign from July 1st, 1919, to April 30th, 1920	152,567.94
Special Fund for Current Revenue, 1919-1920	250,000.00
Collection Expenses, May 1st, 1920, to Nov. 1st, 1921	31,750.00
Balance in Bank and on hand.....	48,112.40
	<b>\$3,767,430.34</b>

## How the Money is being Used

### MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Campaign Funds are being used for property, building and equipment purposes. Appropriations are made only as work is being carried out. Total appropriations to date are as follows:

Home Department.....	\$426,038.15
Foreign Department.....	425,224.78

### SUPERANNUATION FUND

To November 1st, \$1,314,000, received from the Methodist National Campaign, has been invested in Dominion and Provincial Government Bonds of long date maturity, averaging an annual interest return of substantially over six per cent. This interest is being used to help maintain the new standard adopted one year ago—that is \$18 per year of service instead of \$15, as formerly.

### EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

To November 1st, 1921, payments from the College's Special Fund totalling \$654,650.04 were made as follows:

Albert College.....	\$152,751.67	Regina College.....	\$130,930.00
Alma Ladies' College..	8,728.67	Stanstead Wes. College	21,821.67
Alberta College.....	61,100.67	St. John's Nfld.....	13,093.00
Columbian College....	21,821.67	Wesleyan Theol. Coll..	17,457.34
Mount Allison Univ...	69,829.34	Wesley Coll., Winnipeg,	87,286.67
Mount Royal College..	61,100.67	Ont. Ladies' Coll., Whitby	8,728.67

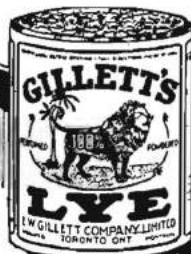
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News item—Paris decrees that short skirts are to be worn no longer. Ambiguous this. Obviously, if short skirts are to be worn no longer, then they will remain short. On the other hand, if they are to be no longer worn, then there'll be short skirts no longer and if they are no longer then, of course, short skirts will remain at their present length, if they don't become shorter—in other words, short skirts will be worn no longer, just as the news item states. We thought at first it was ambiguous, but it isn't.

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A Prince in Egypt (The Story of Joseph) Plays One Hour  
The Prodigal Son - - - - - Plays Fifty Minutes  
A Pageant of Bethlehem - - - - - Plays Fifty Minutes  
The Ten Virgins - - - - - Plays Half an Hour  
The Fall of Babylon (Daniel) - - - - - Plays One Hour  
A Revel in Fairyland (Children) - - - - - Plays Forty Minutes

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MISS MABEL BURKHOLDER  
Mount Hamilton, Ont.

# New Books for Boys and Girls

—*Arthur Peck's Sacrifice.* A Tale of Leckenham School. By Gilbert Jessop. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.) \$1.75.

A typical English school story, which centres around a little group of students, of whom one is from this side of the water. There are the usual exploits and close contests in sports, the whole being instinct with a high sense of honor and devotion to the things that are most worth while.

—*At the Point of the Sword.* A Story for Boys. By Herbert Havens. Author of "Ye Mariners of England," "Under the Lone Star," etc. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.) \$1.00.

A story of a hundred years ago, with scene laid in South America, and connected with Peru's struggle from freedom from the Spanish yoke. The hero is the son of an Englishman, a great friend of the natives of Peru, who is slain by Spaniards shortly after the opening of the story. The son has very many exciting experiences, the first of which is a shipwreck from which he barely escaped with his life. He is taken prisoner by the Spaniards, escapes to his friends the Indians, and afterward takes a considerable part in the liberation of Peru. A thrilling story such as the boys are sure to like, and altogether wholesome in its atmosphere.

—*A King's Comrade.* A Story of Old Hereford. By Charles W. Whistler, M.R.C.S. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.) \$1.00.

Hereford Cathedral bears the name of Ethelbert of East Anglia, King and Martyr, and this story centres around his taking off by the men of Mercia. The event is mentioned in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicles," and Mr. Whistler assures us that he has kept close to the history as revealed in this and other sources. Of course, it is a thrilling old-world tale, and the author seems to have very effectively pictured the spirit and atmosphere of the times.

—*Molly's Bed-time Stories.* By Thomas Alfred Spalding. (Thomas Nelson and Sons: Toronto.) 45c.

This is one of a series of stories published by Thomas Nelson and Sons for the very little folk, and contains quite a few stories suitable for telling at bed-time about the kettle that could turn into a fox, the bad Mr. Badger, etc.

—*The Girls of Cromer Hall.* By Raymond Jacobens. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.) 50c.

An English school-girl story of the typical sort very well told.

—*Peggy's Last Term.* By Ethel Talbot. (Thomas Nelson and Sons: Toronto.) \$1.75.

Roehurst, an English girls' school, was situated near the sea, which in war time was a rather dangerous situation. Peggy's last term was a rather exciting one, as so many things happened and she was made leader of the Beeches Patrol, one of the patrols of Girl Guides in the school. This story of the achievements of the different patrols, and especially Peggy, will prove interesting to those girls interested in the movement, and in stories of girls' schools.

—*My Book of Bible Stories and When Jesus was on Earth* are two beautifully illustrated picture-story books that the very little ones will rejoice over. (Thomas Nelson and Sons: Toronto.) 75c. and 50c.

—*Their Friendly Enemy.* By Gardner Hunting, author of "Touchdown and After," etc. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$2.00.

Can a pair of school girls run a newspaper? Perhaps your answer would be that it depended somewhat on the kind of newspaper and the kind of girls. If you wish to see how one pair of girls succeeded at it, and what other interesting things it led them into, read this straight-ahead and interesting story.

—*The Girls of Miss Cleverlands.* By Beatrice Embree. (Toronto: Musson Book Company.) \$1.25.

One feature of special interest about this book is that it is a story of Canadian school life. Girls from all over the Dominion came to Miss Cleverlands' School in the city of Toronto; and the story deals with the studies, sports and particularly the escapades of these teenage girls.

—*The Castaways of Banda Sea.* By Warren H. Miller, author of "Sea Fighters," etc. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$2.00.

We do not know whether or not there is such a spot in real life as Banda Sea, but it is supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Borneo, in which interesting part of the world our story is located. The "Cap'n" and his son George cruise in those waters and are captured by the Dyaks, of Dutch Borneo, and have some very exciting experiences in one of their villages. Later on they have some very thrilling times in Dutch New Guinea, and run across some real cannibals. A very adventurous tale by an author who has had his audience among boy readers for many years.

—*The Wood-Folk Comedies.* The Play of Wild Animal Life on a Natural Stage. By William J. Long, author of "How Animals Talk," "School of the Woods," etc. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company.) \$3.50.

It is the lighter side of animal life that our author pictures in this splendid new book of his, full of the subtle charm that has made his writing on nature themes so abidingly interesting. There is a genuine play spirit among almost all wild creatures, and their life, as Mr. Long pictures it, has quite as much of comedy as of tragedy. But in writing about it he does not make the mistake that some nature writers do, of exaggerating it and giving it human form and semblance. His animals are still animals, and act in a truly animal way that would satisfy even Mr. Burroughs. Mr. Long has a wonderful gift for describing the wild wilderness ways and the sights and sounds, that greet the lone wanderer. His chapters on the night life in the wilderness are especially fascinating. He seems to know all the animals and birds, and how to get into actual touch with them. And his love of the open and of the great wilderness spaces irresistibly communicates itself to his readers.

—*Lightfoot the Deer.* By Thornton W. Burgess, with illustrations by Harrison Cady. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$2.00.

In Mr. Burgess' "Green Meadow Series" of books, we had wonderful stories of the doings of Mr. Peter Rabbit, old Granny Fox, Bowser the hound and many others, and now we have the first volume in what is to be another collection, known as the "Green Forest Series," which will tell us about the animals that live in the woods. The deer is one of the most attractive of Mother Nature's children, and Mr. Burgess has written an altogether charming story of his adventures in the green forest. The story of how he escapes the hunters will stir up the sympathy of every boy reader and will not tend to make deer killing seem like a very commendable sport. As in his other stories, Mr. Burgess has the animals talking to and understanding one another in a way that is a little more than natural, though in a general way he keeps very close to the actual.

—*The Bottle Imp.* By Marion Ames Taggart. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$1.50.

This story is a very interesting one, and is one of the "Jack in the Box" series. Isabel, Prue, Mark and Poppy go on a holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Burke in "The Bottle Imp" as his big wagon was called. And as they drove through the country lanes collecting bottles and selling shining pans, adventure played a game of hide and seek with them, and they met him at almost every turn of the road. Most girls and some boys in their early teens would find this book a very likeable one.

—*Sal's Sharpshooters.* The Historical Record of a very Irregular Corps. By Harold Avery. (London and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.) 50c.

A very comically told school story, in which the youngsters have all sorts of fun, especially in the organization of a volunteer corps which, if it does not exactly defend the country, at least does some very interesting things. Mr. Avery is a great story teller.

## Splendid Canadian Series

The publishers are to be very heartily congratulated on their new edition of Charles G. D. Roberts' nature stories. The series includes "The Secret Trails," "The Feet of the Furtive," "Hoof and Claw," "Jim, the story of a Backwoods Police Dog," "Neighbors Unknown," "Kings in Exile," "The Backwoodsman," and "Children of the Wild." The books are printed on beautiful paper, are well illustrated, and very attractively bound, and sell at a figure that in these days seems most attractive indeed. No writer of animal and nature stories suits the average taste better than does Mr. Roberts. While we presume his books of this nature are intended most of all for young people, all of any age that have taste for the out-of-doors find rare satisfaction and delight in them. He has a rare gift for making his readers see the situation he is describing, and his stories, while possibly largely fiction, are very true to life. We think we can see a certain small boy's eyes sparkle at the prospect of a set of books like these. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$1.10 each.



**The Wishing Stone Series**

Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, the well-known writer of children's animal books, has evolved a very interesting new series of books with the above title. Tommy, ordinarily a very bright and sunny-tempered boy, was one day in a very discontented mood and sat down sulking on a big stone in the meadow where he had been sent to get the cows. This stone turns out to be a really, truly wishing-stone, and Tommy finds himself suddenly changed into a little meadow mouse, and has no end of fun running around, though he soon finds that even meadow mice have their troubles and difficulties. Time after time he comes to this fairy stone and wishes himself into some little animal or bird, and thus learns many interesting things about how they live and what they do. And of course he learns to be more thoughtful about all these little creatures and determines not to do anything in the future to hurt them, which is one of the very excellent lessons that books of this class teach. The volumes in the series are: "Tommy and the Wishing Stone," "Tommy's Wishes Come True," and "Tommy's Change of Heart." (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$1.25. net each.

**Young Canada Series**

This attractive series of books about Canada is intended for boys and girls from ten to eighteen years of age. They are not new books, but are now brought out in a new uniform edition and in very attractive style. The titles in the series so far are: "The Wilderness Campers," by James C. Hodgins; "Around the Camp-fire," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "The Boy Tramps, or Across Canada," by J. Macdonald Oxley; and "The Girls of Miss Cleve-lands," by Beatrice M. Embree. The stories all have much adventure and thrill and are sure to be popular in their new and attractive dress. Mr. Roberts' story is especially interesting, telling of the experiences of a little group of campers in the wilds of Quebec. There are numerous hair-breadth adventures.

**Some Interesting Reminiscences**

**I**N "Letters from a Senator's Wife," appearing in the October issue of *Good Housekeeping*, Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes makes the following comments on the Sixth World's Christian Endeavor Convention, which she attended in the city of New York.

"I went to the Seventy-First Armory on Park Avenue and Thirtieth St., where the meeting was taking place. It was packed to the ceiling. Over the platform was hung an enormous C enclosing a slightly smaller E in electric lights, while festoons of red and white bunting, mingled with American flags and flags of many other countries, were beautifully draped from one end of the huge building to the other, forming a background to the big sign of 'Des Moines in 1923,' 'St. Louis in 1930,' 'Idaho for Christ,' and so on.

It is a good many years since I used to trudge up the sandy hill on hot summer afternoons to Christian Endeavor meetings, but I realized afresh that evening that the organization had never lost its power for me. As I listened to the fine addresses of Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, and Ira D. Landreth, and to the splendid choral singing led by Homer Rodeheaver, Billy Sunday's former choirmaster. And there was something that Dr. Landreth said that made a deeper impression on me than anything else:

that every tenth man in the American Expeditionary Forces belonged to the Christian Endeavor or to some kindred organization. This statement, coupled with the fact of a crowd of fifteen thousand persons, on one of the most trying nights of the summer, and in one of the cities popularly supposed to be most indifferent to religion, made me feel that the Christian Endeavor must be one of the most powerful channels for constructive good among boys and girls in the world to-day, and Heaven knows that we need such channels.

No woman can live the sort of life I have—in all sorts of places, among all kinds of people—and remain either narrow-minded or prudish—I think you will grant that. Yet the conditions existing in the country to-day seem to me perfectly appalling. Of course it is easy enough to say that—so many thousands of people are saying it that it is getting to be positively bromidic—but how many of us, who have it at least partially in our power to remedy it, are doing anything to stop it? I do not think it fair to blame the boys and girls for the appalling conditions. There is a tremendous craving for personal freedom abroad in the land, for self-expression, and some of it takes splendid forms: the inclination and ability to be, self-supporting instead of selfishly dependent on parents; the hunger for work, "a chance to do something," instead of a taste for idleness, which used to be considered a hall-mark of gentility; the interest in outdoor sports; the casting aside of silly and insincere conventions—for some of them were silly and insincere, in dress and thought and speech, and being frank and natural and simple instead. All this is very normal and wholesome and encouraging. But there is much which is not normal and wholesome, and which is very far from encouraging, and I think it is the women who are situated as you and I are, who are to blame for it.

I do not for one minute believe the popular—popular because it is easy—doctrine—that it is all right for an older woman to do things which a young girl should not. I am firmly convinced that every woman who wears an immodest dress or tells a story that is a little bit "off-color"—especially if she is a woman who is attractive or well-known enough to form an example to a good many other people—who speaks lightly of religion or makes a joke of intemperance and infidelity—is making it a little easier—and a little more attractive for some girl to do the same thing, for young human beings are imitative creatures, as it is perfectly natural they should be—and a little bit harder—a good deal harder—for organizations like the Christian Endeavor to do their work. Whether we are our brother's keepers or not may possibly be open to question. But whether we are our daughters' keepers—and our sons'—admits of no manner of doubt.

Forgive me if I've been stupid or preachy—I haven't meant to be. But it is a subject on which I do feel very strongly."

A bald-headed society man tells this one on himself. He was at a lawn party and a matron who thought he was too busy talking to a pretty girl to notice what she was saying remarked in a low voice to another matron, "What a nice face Mr. Blank has!"

Just then he happened to remove his hat for a moment and he heard the other reply. "Yes, and how much there is of it!"

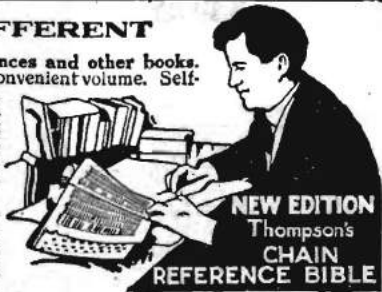
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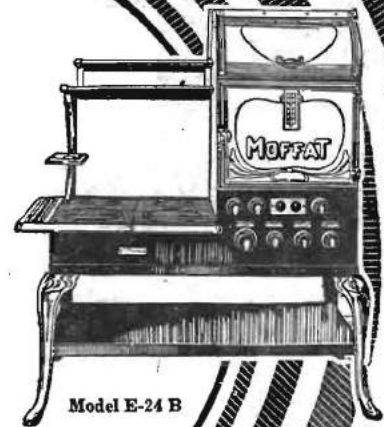


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#### Periodical Department

The Ryerson Press

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#### The Moonlight Fisherman

Continued from page 11.

back and forth in the water. Then, after the last piece of fish had disappeared, the furry fellow washed his little, black front feet too.

Our 'coon' slipped away as quietly as he had come, and so did we, and we were half-way back along the path before Dad started to tell me more about the "moonlight fisherman" we had just seen.

I learned of his home in a hollow tree or cave, of his liking for green corn, for crayfish, birds, eggs, and berries. I learned, too, of his winter sleep, and, just as we were leaving the woods and climbing over the fence, a quavering mournful, whistled cry seemed to follow us from the depths of the woods.

I turned and looked behind me, and then up at Dad, who smiled at me and said:

"Don't you know what that is? That's your new friend, the fisherman, singing after his supper."

Sociology Professor (to student)—"Mr. H—, I can't blame you for looking at your watch while I am lecturing, but I do object to you holding it to your ear to make sure that it hasn't stopped."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Two golfers sliced their drives into the rough and went in search of their respective balls. They searched for a long time without success, a dear old lady watching them with kindly and sympathetic eyes.

At last, after the search had proceeded for half an hour, she spoke to them.

"I hope I'm not interrupting, gentlemen," she said, sweetly, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?"

#### District Meetings

**MATILDA DISTRICT**—The November district meeting will be held at Newington, on Thursday, November 17th, 1921. The morning session will open at 10 o'clock and the Rev. J. W. P. McFarlane, S.T.L., will give an account of the Cornwall Revival. The afternoon session will be devoted to our evangelistic work. Addresses will be given by Rev. J. K. Curtis, B.A., and Rev. Wm. E. Wright, after which, plans for evangelistic work throughout the District will be arranged. We trust every circuit will be well represented. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the close of the morning session. —John H. Miller, Chairman; T. J. Vickery, Financial Secretary.

**EXETER & GODERICH DISTRICTS**—Spiritual Conference Exeter and Goderich districts, will be held at Henshall, Tuesday November 15th. Morning session, 10 a.m., afternoon session, 1.30 p.m.

#### WINDSOR DISTRICT

Missionary Field Day, Sunday, Nov. 13th.  
Windsor, Central.  
A.M. Burton Robinson. P.M. Wm. Stafford.  
Windsor, London St.  
A.M. Wm. Stafford. P.M. Joseph Jones.  
Windsor, Howard Ave.  
A.M. C. C. Kaine. P.M. Dr. Browne.  
Sandwich.  
A.M. Dr. Brown. P.M. J. O. L. Spracklin.  
Walkerville—Edwin A. Pearson.  
Ottawa St.  
A.M. Joseph Jones. P.M. C. C. Kaine.  
Amherstberg—C. R. Durrant.  
Malden.  
A.M. John Johnston. P.M. A. L. Spracklin.  
Harrow—W. E. Donnelly.  
Essex.  
A.M. A. L. Spracklin. P.M. W. H. Taylor.  
Kingsville—J. W. Hibbert.  
Ruthven—Fred Stride.  
Gesto.  
A.M. J. O. L. Spracklin. P.M. John Johnston.  
Cottam—E. A. Fear.  
Woodslee—Dr. Crews.  
Maidstone—A. W. Barker.  
Leamington.  
A.M. W. H. Taylor. P.M. Burton Robinson.  
Mersea—J. W. Herbert.  
Wholesale—A. E. Down.  
Goldsmith—Stanley R. Sweetman.  
Comber—H. J. Bentley.  
Tilbury—A. E. Moorhouse.  
Romney—J. W. Penrose.  
Coatsworth—George Kersey.  
Pelee Island—Eli Poulter.  
—A. L. Spracklin, Miss. Secretary.

#### Burwash Memorial Lectureship

Residents of Toronto will have a great treat afforded them in a series of lectures to be delivered in Toronto University, under the Burwash Memorial Lectureship, by the Hon. N. W. Rowell, on the evenings of November 22, 23, 24, 25. The lectures in order will be, The League of Nations and World Peace; The British Empire and World Peace; Canada and World Peace; The Church and World Peace. Mr. Rowell's connection with the Conference of the

#### Methodism's Farthest Canadian Frontier

Continued from page 12.

due to any objection to his preaching, for they had never heard him. So he went back the eighth time and had an audience, and has had one ever since. That is the spirit that conquers, and is needed to conquer the conditions that largely obtain in this as well as in too many other regions; but Methodism can be counted on to furnish men (and their noble wives) who have that indomitable faith that will win this country for the highest citizenship and the Kingdom of God.

League of Nations and his well known gifts as speaker and thinker ensure that these lectures will be of unusual interest and value. This will be the second lecture under the Burwash Memorial, the first being delivered by the late Chancellor Burwash himself in 1917.

#### Recent Deaths

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

**TOYE**—Mrs. Ellen Toye was born in Leeds, England. She arrived in Toronto in 1850. For seventy years she was a member of the Methodist Church. In 1900 she went to live with her son, Rev. A. J. Toye, in the parsonage which place she always adorned. She effectively cooperated in the work on the Ravenna circuit, Sutton west, Lemonville, Avening, Hornings Mills, Lambton Mills, Mactier, from which place she was translated Oct. 13th, 1921. Faithful to every duty, lovingly busy always in home, church, community; winsome and kind, brace and true, a host of friends rejoice in her coronation. "Servant of God well done." Literally she ceased at once to work and live. Busy in home service Wednesday: Thursday, she was with her Lord. She is survived by three sons and one daughter Mrs. Geo. Poole. Psalm 35:14. And with the morn those angel faces smile. Which we have loved long since and lost awhile.

**PARROTT**—On Oct. 8th, 1921, Mrs. A. H. Parrott, nee Hester Ann Sharp, of the Fourth Concession of Ernestown, was not for God took her. She was born at Sharp-ton, Frontenac Co., on April 6th, 1849, was married in 1879, Rev. Wm. Bridgen officiating. Her husband predeceased her twenty years ago. She was a member of the Fourth Concession Methodist Church, the second oldest in Canada, and a regular attendant at class and other religious services while health permitted. She was always ready to help in every good cause, and minister to the wants of any in need, a good neighbor and leaves many warm friends. Her religious experience was sweet in the fellowship of the Spirit, and full of faith and hope. To her pastor she gave hearty expression to readiness to answer the Master's call to come home. She leaves to mourn, two sisters, one brother, and one son, Elgin S., who lives in the old home. The body was placed in the Morven vault, later to be interred in the Fourth Con. cemetery. G. M.

**WILSON**—Charles Edgar Wilson was born in South Middleton To., Ont., removing as a young man to Brigidon; and later to Westminster, where for several years he was a much loved brother of the Brick Street Methodist Church. Eight years ago he made his home in Calgary and joined the Crescent Heights Church, where he served as assistant superintendent of the Sunday School, and later as a teacher of the Harlow Bible Class. He was a man of kindly disposition and winsome personality, thus making for himself many intimate friends. His Christian experience was triumphant, as evidenced in his selection of a text for his own funeral service—"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He was the father of a large family who bless his memory. Several of whom were able to come and comfort him in his last illness, which was eased by the faithful attendance of his wife. On September twenty-third, in his sixty-seventh year, he was called home. Interment was made in the Union Cemetery, Calgary.

#### In Memoriam

**REED**—In memory of Mother, Mrs. Joshua Reed, who passed away October 31st, 1920, at her home in Edmonton, Alta. We miss her merry laugh, her pleasant smile and encouraging words.—Husband and Daughter.

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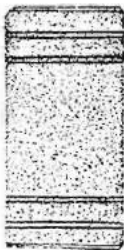
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## Story-telling to Children

Continued from page 8.

knightly company, someone to dream about and to imitate. For he is a hero-lover, this blue-eyed, sunny-haired listener to our tales and at any magic moment, all unknown to us, he may become a King Arthur clad in shining armor or a St. George riding forth to attack some fearsome dragon. Give him heroes to have and follow and then the school bully will have no attraction for him, knowing as he does what makes the difference between bravery and brawn, between courage and cowardice.

As the days go by, the story-teller, be she mother or teacher will find many different results from her labor of love. She will notice the children's power of concentration growing stronger as well as their sympathies becoming wider and deeper. She will find that the nature stories have made them realize what the world of animals and birds really is and how reverently and carefully must human feet tread therein. She will welcome every chuckle that accompanies the nonsense story knowing the relaxation that is taking place in tired, little bodies as well as the correct adjustment of viewpoint that is being gained by the very exaggeration of the ridiculous in it. For who that has laughed at some absurdity in others is going to commit the same without realizing what he is doing.

Nor do the results stop here. They may be seen in the playtime for the little children love to act the stories. They do not worry about scenery or stage settings, if nothing is available they "just pretend" but if anything at hand can be utilized it is promptly appropriated for the purpose and their imagination and ingenuity do the rest with the same happy ease as was displayed by a friend of mine in her childhood.

She and her brothers had read "Ivanhoe" during the long winter evenings on the farm. The Tournament had appealed to their dramatic sense so when the warm spring days came they at once staged the scene. The pigsty was chosen to be the field of conflict the roof of the pighouse was the grandstand where she as Lady Rowena sat amid her court—all her dolls clad in their best dresses. The boys each rode a pig and from these slippery vantage places Ivanhoe, Brian de Bois-Gilbert, the Black Knight and Front de Boeuf made deadly thrusts at each other with spears made from slats of wood covered with silver paper. They acted it many times and each performance but added to their joy while to their father's frequent puzzled-remarks regarding "the way those pigs are losing weight" they paid no heed, possibly they did not see the connection.

As the first literature of every nation was an unwritten one, a telling of wonder- tales and brave historical happenings, a singing of merry ballads and noble lays, and as these first expressions of a people's thought later became the foundation of their written literature so the stories told to the children are their first steps into the land of books. And after their entry into it they will find many a familiar face, many an allusion that will lead their memories back to childhood's story hour. For the writers of adult literature are those who themselves were steeped in fairy lore and fable, in myth and legend and for an appreciation of their writings a knowledge of the stories of childhood is almost necessary. He who has it not may look up the reference and so understand the allusion but he has missed the thrill of

meeting an old friend whose familiar beauty makes all things clear and comprehensible.

Let us grant their request then and tell them stories, tell them not read them, for the book acts as a barrier between us and the children while we are bound by the words of the writer. The story told goes to them direct, conveyed by voice, eyes and gestures and plus our appreciation of it, a quality that the listeners are quick to detect. And as the story unfolds the walls of the nursery vanish and the children go forth into strange and wondrous lands. Down the narrow streets of Bagdad they hurry after Sinbad the Sailor, far across the Spanish Main they sail to discover gold on some Treasure Island, down into the depths of a coal mine they descend with Black Diamond the patient truck horse. From bare Arctic wastes to sunny tropic lands, from high mountain tops to rugged canyon beds, from the painted galleries of the Egyptians to the Indian villages where totem poles stand like sentries, from the crowded tenement homes to the wide prairies of an Alberta ranch they travel on the wings of their imaginations to come back with widened knowledge and strengthened sympathies. For with childhood's ready response they have lived the lives of their story-people, have thought their thoughts, encountered their difficulties, conquered their foes and this is sympathy in its best and kindest sense.

There are many more ways in which the beneficial effects of story-telling to children may be seen in them; many more reasons which could be given for its continuance, but no matter how many are advanced the first and last and greatest is this—we tell stories to children because it gives them pleasure. A child's birthright is sunshine and laughter and song and at times a story means all three to him. So let us give them to him fully, freely and lovingly and the growth of the spirit which will take place in the happy story-hour will remain with him to make glad many a dreary day of later life. Let us help him to remain a child as long as possible for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Know ye what it is to be a child?" asked a poet who loved them. "It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach up to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses; lowness into loftiness and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy god-mother in its own soul."

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