

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

Established 1829

“FOLLOW THOU ME”

IN every time of great stress and strain, in every period of social, theological or national upheaval, whenever the mind of man is in travail with new thought, and the heart of man is being awakened to the fact of new duties, there is one safe course, and that the Master's own counsel, "Follow thou me!" Our patron saints, dead and alive, may fail us; our text-books and teachers alike may be in error; our own inclinations, our own interests, our own advancement and success, may all seem to point one way, and they may be all astray. But where Jesus leads it is safe and right to go. The path may be strange to our feet, and our fathers may never have trodden it; loss and disaster may seem to lie just ahead if we make the venture; our dearest friends may think us fools for trying it; but to the loyal Christian heart there can only be one path, and that the one our Master treads. Despite all appearances only in that path lies life, and peace, love and joy, and highest attainment. Whatever others may do or not do, our duty is plain and clear, "Follow thou me."

Toronto, August 6th, 1919

TORONTO CONFERENCE PRESIDENT

Rev. E. J. Adams, the new president of the Toronto Conference, spent his early years in the backwoods of Parry Sound, where he graduated in the school of adversity. He was converted in 1880, and very soon felt the call to preach. The opportunities for getting an education were small, and it was a hard climb from the



REV. E. J. ADAMS
President of Toronto Conference.

bottom up, without anyone to help. His first circuit was St. Joseph's Island, and from there he went to Evanston, Ill., to college, in 1889. Three years were also spent in Victoria College. Since ordination he has labored very successfully on the following fields, spending the full pastoral term on each: Mono Mills, Ravenna, Laurel, Grammsville, Cobalt, Huntsville and Collingwood. No man has rendered finer service in the Toronto Conference than Bro. Adams, and the general feeling is that he richly deserves the promotion that has come to him.

SHOAL LAKE SUMMER SCHOOL

"The best yet" was the phrase used to describe the tenth annual session of the Shoal Lake Summer School, held from July 14th to 21st.

The bill of fare included speeches, study, sports and camp fire stunts. Rev. E. E. Spence, M.A., B.D., of Hamiota, as president, struck the right note in his opening address; the hard-working secretary, Dr. Hughes, of Newdale, had done much preparatory work to ensure the school's success. In addition, he also undertook the duties of registrar, in which office he was assisted by Mrs. L. S. Taylor, of Hamiota. The ideal weather proved an ally of the Rev. T. B. Pearson as he catered for the sports side of the school.

The special speakers of the staff were Rev. Dr. Cooke, Neepawa; Prof. Hetherington, who has been appointed to Wesley College in the department of religious education, and will also have oversight of Sunday-school work in the province; and Prof. H. S. Woodsworth, from Japan.

Dr. Cooke stimulated discussion as he dealt with such live subjects as "The Place of the Church To-day," "The Returned Soldier and the Alien," "Class Consciousness in Industry," "The Good Citizen." Prof. Hetherington led in Bible study. His masterly talks impressed and inspired all. Prof. Woodsworth's addresses on phases of Japan's spiritual, social and student life gave us new ideas of this wonderful nation. Bible study periods were also taken by Revs. W. E. Rowan, Dr. Hughes and Geo. E. Robins.

The sessions on Thursday were devoted to the subject of religious education. Prof. Hetherington dealt with the phase "Christian Education"; Rev. A. W. Kenner, B.A., spoke on "The Teacher of Religion and

his Task"; Rev. T. B. Pearson gave two addresses, "Education" and "Education as Applied to the Christian Church."

The Sunday services taxed the capacity of the pavilion, many standing outside throughout the meetings. Prof. Woodsworth preached in the morning, Dr. Cooke and Rev. W. E. Rowan addressed a mass meeting of the young people in the afternoon, and Prof. Hetherington preached in the evening. Mr. Dick, the able leader of the Hamiota Presbyterian choir and orchestra, rendered splendid service. Our Presbyterian friends of Hamiota withdrew their evening service, thereby enabling their musicians to make an auto trip and give valuable aid. They enjoyed their visit, too.

The girls' club, led by Mrs. L. S. Taylor, of Hamiota, with Miss Venables as president, and the boys' club, in charge of Rev. T. B. Pearson, with Hoyle Dennison as president, deserve special mention. The work accomplished by either one would justify the existence of the summer school. Forces have been set in operation which will have a vast influence for good in the various communities represented.

Personals

The members of the congregation of Grace Church, Brampton, surprised their pastor, Rev. J. J. Sparling, on the eve of his usual month's holiday, with a purse of \$400, and the board, at a meeting held the same evening, increased his salary very substantially as an evidence of their esteem.

Recently the Auxiliary of the W.M.S. at Fonthill, as a mark of appreciation of her splendid leadership while a member there, made Mrs. (Rev.) W. E. Stafford, now of Brussels, a life member of the Woman's Missionary Society. This recognition of

work for the Master must be most gratifying to both givers and the recipient of this life certificate.

Rev. D. A. Perrin, M.A., D.D., a retired minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently celebrated his "diamond jubilee," having completed sixty years of service, thirty-five of which were in Canada. He was received on probation in the Wesleyan Conference of Canada in 1859, and ordained in 1863.

Before leaving Harrow for Wardsville, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Husser were tendered a banquet. After a short programme, in which the Rev. Thomas Frears, pastor of the Baptist church, took part, the retiring pastor and wife were presented with a beautifully-worded address and a well-filled purse. Mrs. Husser was also presented with a life membership pin by the W.M.S., of which she had been president; and with a costly teacher's Bible, with her name in gold, by the ladies' adult Bible class, of which she had been teacher. On their arrival in Wardsville the Ladies' Aid tendered them a hearty welcome at the parsonage.

Rev. A. W. Coone, of Edmonton, has resigned his position as general secretary of the Alberta Social Service League. He has been continuously with the League for the last five years, and has been editor for a longer period of the League's official organ, *The Searchlight*. The work of the organization has grown to such an extent and the prohibition question demands such attention that, in the opinion of Mr. Coone, a permanent secretary, who is able to give his full time to this work, should be immediately appointed. He expects to leave Edmonton in the near future, going to the coast for an extended rest, necessitated by a recent operation.

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Canada to-day faces a greater shortage of woollen materials than at any other period. Previous to the war this country produced and shipped to England and France vast quantities of raw wool—these returned to Canada in the form of finished material. Cheap labor, specialization and low shipping charges were largely responsible for these conditions. Competition from this source has now been practically eliminated, and will be for many years to come. Canada is now an exporter, where she was formerly an importer of this class of goods.

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The Home of Optimism

WE are sorry to learn that there are many districts in Alberta and Saskatchewan where the crops are almost a total failure, owing to dry weather. The west is, however, the home of optimism, and these unfortunate farmers are not saying much about their misfortunes, but laying their plans for a big harvest next year. It would be a good thing if we all had more of this spirit.

The Right Idea

I HAVE been trying for some time to get my people to attend church with the idea of worshipping God, rather than to hear this or that preacher," remarked a pastor the other day. Who will say that he was not absolutely right? Of course every effort should be made to make the sermon an interesting and attractive part of the service, but it should not be regarded as the all-important feature. No matter who is in the pulpit, there will always be something to inspire and help those who attend public worship with the right motive.

The Visiting Preacher

DURING this month many pulpits will be occupied by supply preachers. Laymen who listen to them should remember that a little personal attention is appreciated by these visitors. When a stranger goes into the minister's vestry it means much to be greeted by some member of the church, who explains to him the order of service, and perhaps points out some local circumstances or conditions to which reference should be made in the prayers. We have known visiting ministers to go in and out of a church without shaking hands with a single person. Just a little thoughtfulness on the part of the laity will help greatly.

An Independent Man

THE death of Mr. Allan Studholme, Labor member for Hamilton, is a distinct loss to the Legislature of Ontario. He was of that sturdy, independent type of mind that refused to be dictated to by party leaders, and he always voted on every question according to his best judgment of what was right. The temperance reform and all other good causes were heartily supported by him. While not a member of the church, he was a thoroughly religious man, and was a regular attendant at Charlton Avenue Church, Hamilton. We need more such men in public positions.

The Church Forum

IN one of the Methodist churches of Toronto the men of the congregation meet together on Friday evening to hear an address on some important subject, followed by an open discussion. These men ask questions, express their opinions freely, and differ from the speaker if they want to. For some time in the United States "The Church Forum" has been carried on in many places with considerable success. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, said recently, in closing a series of sermons: "Our age bristles with social and industrial problems, and the Church has come to realize more fully than ever before that it is its business to establish the kingdom of God here upon this earth. It is the urgency of social and industrial problems which explains the rise and progress of the church forum. Church leaders are coming to see everywhere that

must have discussion meetings as well as meetings for Bible and worship. The Sunday school came at the close of the nineteenth century in response to a crying need. The forum has arrived because we cannot well get on without it. The time is coming when in all our large city churches the forum will be considered not a whit less important than the Sunday school."

Conference on Moral Education

SHORT time ago a number of men active in the professional, business and educational life of Winnipeg came together at the Government House, on invitation of His Excellency Sir James Aikens, to consider how best to promote moral education in the schools in relation to Canadian citizenship. They decided to ask the co-operation of other parts of the Dominion, and arrangements were made for calling a Conference, to be held in Winnipeg, Oct. 20-22. It would be a fine thing if the religious and educational bodies in Canada could unite in promoting a movement of this kind.

Change of Conviction

R. J. H. Shakespeare, the eminent Nonconformist champion of church unity in England, tells of an Anglican in one of the unity conferences he attended. This man at the beginning of the conference was referring to Nonconformist organizations as "bodies." At the end he was speaking of them as "arches." He acknowledged that the change was the evidence of a deep change in conviction, and said simply, "I have emerged upon a current; I shall go where God takes me." This is an indication of the trend of the times. There can be no doubt that it, a very much more friendly feeling exists between the Church of England and the other Churches than ever before.

Salaries Decreases

AT the Presbyterian Assembly, held in Hamilton last June, a speaker declared that a salary of \$1,200 before the war did not represent more than \$550 to-day in purchasing power, and the statement was not contradicted. If this be true, many ministers have suffered serious decreases of income. The statistical returns show that the churches which twenty years ago paid their minister \$1,200 are now paying salaries of \$1,400 and \$1,500. A few have reached \$1,800, and those which have touched the \$2,000 mark could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. What does this mean? Simply that these pastors have had their salaries considerably reduced, even though their boards have voted "increases." This is a subject which will bear looking into by church officials.

"The Ministry of Healing"

CONSIDERABLE interest has recently been developed in the United States of Mr. James Moore Hickson, founder of the "Society of Emmanuel," for the revival of the ministry of healing. He has no connection whatever with the Christian Scientists, but teaches that the ministry of healing is an essential part of our Lord's work on earth, and that His commission in this respect has never been withdrawn. Not every Christian, according to Mr. Hickson, has healing power, but he thinks that the Church, through prayer, can discover those to whom this gift has been entrusted. He is working with the Anglican Church Army, and, according to reports, some wonderful cures have been effected.

Suggestive Figures

TWO hundred and thirty-seven delegates registered at the Summer School in Kingsville. On Sunday afternoon, at the consecration service, led by Rev. J. W. Hibbert, four gave themselves to the ministry of the Church, one for evangelistic service, eight for deaconess work, eight for missions and one hundred for personal Christian work at home. These figures are quoted just to show the kind of work these summer schools are doing. There were many of them in different parts of the country. If anybody knows of any form of Christian effort that pays better, we would be glad to hear from him.

Appreciates the "Guardian"

A PRESBYTERIAN minister, occupying a prominent city pulpit, writes to the editor of this paper as follows: "I want to express my appreciation of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN. Your summary of the war situation and of leading events from week to week has been unsurpassed by any of the papers. Your broad and sane views on social and religious problems put your journal in the front rank, and make it indeed worthy of a very wide patronage." It happens that the editor is out of the city on his vacation just now, and the "editor-in-charge" is taking advantage of his absence to publish this expression of opinion, which, he is quite sure, is shared by many others.

Visit of the Prince

IF the plans made for the Prince of Wales' trip to Canada are carried out he will reach St. John, N.B., or Halifax, N.S., some time next week, coming by *H.M.S. Renown*. He will visit Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, and will open the Toronto Exposition on August 23rd, then going west through the Rockies to British Columbia. In all probability he will spend a day or two in Washington as the guest of President Wilson. It goes without saying that he will receive an enthusiastic welcome. The Prince seems to be a rather retiring young man, but he certainly was very popular with those who were associated with him in the war. These are rather perilous times for royalties, but this Prince stands a good chance of coming to the throne and reigning many years, as the democratic type of British government has not aroused much enmity—except, of course, in Ireland.

Danger of Over-confidence

THOSE who think that "John Barleycorn is dead" should read the newspaper reports of "The Liberty League" meetings. The members of this organization are strongly advised to vote "Yes" to each of the four propositions to be submitted to the electors of Ontario this fall. The most effective way of offsetting this proposal is for temperance people to vote "No" to each question. Lieut.-Col. Machin seems to be chief speaker of those who desire the repeal of recent temperance legislation. Of course it is all done in the sacred name of "liberty," and the work of temperance reformers is characterized as "the domination of a minority who would enslave and chain the citizens." We have had the idea that there was a good-sized "majority" behind the temperance measures that have been passed. Reports that have been published in the daily press would indicate that in many localities the opinion of the people is almost unanimous in favor of the benefits accruing from the Ontario Temperance Act. At the same time temperance people must beware of over-confidence in the coming fight. Every effort must be used to "hold what we have."

Open-Air Services

SEVERAL city churches in the United States have been experimenting in open-air services lately, with gratifying success. Hennepin Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, is in the habit of holding a song service on the steps of the church at the close of the evening public worship, and many passers-by have participated. St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, conducts a similar meeting for fifteen minutes, and the people are then invited to attend the worship inside. Union Congregational Church holds its entire evening service for the three summer months on the lawn

beside the church. There are several hymns, a short address and a brief prayer. It is strange that this sort of thing is not more common. Most city churches seem to take it for granted that only a handful of people will occupy the pews during July and August, and no effort is made to increase the number. It is safe to say that by going outdoors, and introducing a few attractive features, the attendance of almost any city church could be doubled or quadrupled right through the heated season. A few years ago a local preacher conducted after-church services on the grounds of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and spoke to at least five times as many people as had assembled inside that magnificent building. A few weeks ago we listened to a band rendering a concert in the centre of a natural amphitheatre surrounded by a dense population. Turning to a friend the question was asked: "How many people would be likely to attend a religious service on this ground on Sunday evening if a good speaker should take charge, assisted by a band of music and an efficient choir?" The answer was: "Probably at least five thousand." Within a mile of that spot there were a dozen large churches, and the attendance in each would not average more than about a hundred. What an opportunity was being lost! Nearly all of Christ's addresses were delivered outdoors, and John Wesley preached many more sermons in the open than in churches and chapels.

The English "Y" Under Fire

THE Y.M.C.A. seems to have been made the target for general criticism in regard to its war work, and the English branch of the organization has not escaped. On March 29th the Bishop of Swansea published a letter in the *London Times*, charging that the Y.M.C.A. spent huge sums extravagantly without co-operating with the other agencies already established to do similar work; that the soldiers were charged prices leaving enormous profits; that no balance sheet had been published, although three million pounds sterling had been made upon trading, billiards and beds; that an appeal to the public was being launched, with no clear statement of purpose, but presumably for the payment of a deficit that need not have been incurred. "The Y.M.C.A.," says *The Survey*, "invited Lord Askwith, the famous negotiator of labor disputes, to investigate these allegations, and his report likewise was published in the *Times*. It refutes every one of the charges made; the money has been faithfully spent on war purposes; the war emergency fund is still solvent, and the Y.M.C.A. is justified in making a new appeal for continuation of its work; audited accounts have been published at half-yearly intervals; the prices charged to soldiers had been fixed by military authorities, and the profits amounted to no more than 10.2 per cent. in England and 7.9 per cent. in France. There was no evidence of unfair competition with other organizations; the work has been highly appreciated by the troops."

Which Party Shall I Support?

A CORRESPONDENT who claims to be "a stranger in the land," writes to the *Toronto Globe*, asking for information about the political situation in Canada. He seems to be bewildered as to which party he should recognize, "Liberal," "Conservative," or "Unionist," and there are probably many others in a similar position, particularly as there are no great principles dividing the parties just now. In the midst of all this clamor there are some people who cannot help asking themselves if any great calamity would be likely to strike this country if all these names and distinctions were overlooked and forgotten. The business affairs of our cities, towns and counties are managed rather efficiently without dividing the councils into two opposing camps. If the Quarterly Board of a church should, at its first meeting, decide that eight of its members should manage the affairs of the congregation as efficiently and economically as possible, while the other six should spend their time and energies in criticizing, opposing and generally nagging the managers, the general public would conclude that these church officials were all insane. We are told, however, that party government is a necessity for the province and the Dominion. Perhaps it is; but at any rate there is no necessity for an intelligent man to tie himself up for life with any party. It is cause for gratification that an increasing number of citizens are thinking for themselves and refusing to answer the call of the party whip.

THE PLACE OF THE PREACHER

WE have a thousand faults to find with him. We criticize everything about him, from his sermon to his necktie, and we think his wife and family are just as much public property as he is. We insist that he attend ninety-nine different committees and be there without fail, and then we quietly remark that if he would only spend a little more time in his study it would be easier to listen to him. We tell him how he ought to preach and what he ought to preach. We insist that he keep out of debt, and we pay him so little that it can't be done without painful economy, and then we wonder if the dear brother isn't just a trifle "close." As the leader of the church we expect him and his family to mingle with the "best" society, and we keep his salary at the point where to do so makes them feel like paupers. We want him to preach the "old-fashioned" gospel, and when he does so we go off to listen to Bro. Up-to-date, who is much more interesting. While he is alive we riddle him with our criticisms, but after he is dead we canonize him.

We complain that the church isn't holding its own, and we blame it largely on the preacher, and we publish columns of close reasoning to show that the day of the pulpit is passed, and that the preacher must now take a back seat; but despite everything we are compelled to recognize that the preacher is still easily one of the most important men in the community. He occupies a unique position, and if he occupies it worthily his influence for good is almost incalculable. Other men may be wealthier than he, but to none is greater deference paid. The pulpit is a throne and the preacher is a king, and his words carry a weight which is not easily measured.

The preacher gets very close to the lives of his people. If there is sickness, the preacher must come. If there is trouble, we want to see him. If there is a marriage, he is there to give the Church's benediction. If there is a death, he is there to perform the last sad rites. We each have our personal friends, but the preacher is the friend of the whole congregation, and they seldom call upon him in vain. Other professional men enter our homes because they are called, and we pay them for their services, but the man of God enters because he is the shepherd of the flock, and it is his duty and pleasure to care for their need.

In some churches the preacher is held to be a different being to the man in the pew, and it is certain that this gives him a unique position in society, which some think essential to his influence. But with the evangelical Churches the preacher is simply the spiritual leader, whose leadership depends much more upon his identification of himself with his people than upon his isolation from them. And in this case the preacher cannot speak with authority and declare "Thus said the Church," and hurl the threat of excommunication against all who disobey; but he can speak with a power that is all the greater because his message is the result of his own thinking and expresses his own deep conviction.

The cry has sometimes been raised that our preachers were "dumb dogs" who were afraid to preach anything but soft things which would offend no one. But this cry has very little behind it, as the history of Methodism will show, and it is usually raised by men who are disappointed that the preacher does not say what they would like him to say. There is no doubt that there is a danger at this point—a danger that the preacher will be afraid to speak the truth as he sees it, and a danger that influential and strong-willed men will attempt to prevent the utterance of unwelcome truths. But we do not think this danger in our Church has ever been very great. It is true, probably, that every year we have men, well-to-do and influential men, who leave the Church, either temporarily or permanently, because the preacher has said something which they did not like; but this has been going on for years, and will go on just so long as human nature remains what it is. But it has not silenced our preachers, and we do not think it ever will.

And, more than that, we do not believe in the theology which damns a man merely because he is rich. We believe that the rich men in our Church are just as anxious to know the truth as the poor men, and they have more respect for the man who fearlessly tells them the truth than for the man who is an obsequious time-server and afraid to speak his mind. Of course it is natural that a rich man should expect his opinion to carry greater weight than it really deserves, and it is natural, probably, for him to flourish

his purse at anyone who disagrees with him; but the rich man who is really a Christian cannot well be an unreasonable man or a tyrant, and he will in the end thank God for the prophet who, without fear and with Christian earnestness, tries to show him his duty. We cannot browbeat rich men any more than we can poor men, and the wise preacher will not try; but we can convince rich men just as we can poor men, and we can reach their hearts just as we can the hearts of the poor; and this the preacher should do, and does.

And then the preacher's personal influence counts to an extraordinary extent. We have been struck, as we studied civic and national life, to find out how often great national benefactions might be traced back to the personal influence of some preacher, possibly himself an obscure man. And we have been encouraged to learn often that the genesis of some great reform and the awakening of some great reformer could be traced back to the quiet, personal influence of some heaven-inspired preacher. No, brethren! the preacher isn't a nobody, unless he is so by his own deliberate act. The preacher of to-day, if he keeps close to his Lord and close to his people, will be still a power for righteousness in the land.

"DON'T BOTHER ME"

THIS is the impatient response of the busy merchant to the foolish, pestering clerk; of the wearied mother to the too inquisitive child; of the thousand busy workers to the thousand time-killing idlers; and if it were not for courtesy's sake, and for appearance's sake, and for profits' sake, and for the sake of our own interests, it would be the reply of thousands more of us when our work or our play is infringed upon by calls whose right of way we do not admit. We don't like to be "bothered," and there are all too many interruptions both to our recreation and our toil, and it might be a good thing if we had some kind of a silent spiritual megaphone by which we could warn off intruders by an irresistible appeal to their consciousness, which, while effective, would not allow them to blame us for the warning.

There are a lot of ill-advised and useless claims upon our time, and the man who is busy in saving a man's life has a right to be indignant if he is called away to extract a tooth or prescribe for a corn. And the mother who is busy preparing a meal for a very hungry and naturally impatient family has a right to object to wasting her time with a piano or sewing machine agent. And the preacher, desperately busy on an unresponsive text, has a real grievance if some good brother calls him to listen to a half-hour introduction to the beauties of millennial dawn or seventh day adventism. We have a right to guard our work hours from unnecessary interruptions, and we have a right to insist that our work shall not be spoiled or lessened by the foolishness or the carelessness of those whose time is not employed in useful toil.

And we have a right to insist also that not only our hours of toil, but our hours of recreation, shall be properly safeguarded. There is a foolish notion abroad that while the hours of toil should be respected, the hours of recreation are free to be intruded upon by anyone who wishes. This is a widespread error, and it is a mischievous one. If the hours of recreation are necessary at all, they are very necessary, and anything which robs them of their re-creating value is in essence a direct assault upon our working efficiency. Yet we are very slow to recognize this fact, and so men talk business at lunch hour, they work overtime, they crowd the day and night with all sorts of enterprises, and the hours of recreation cease to be such. And this evil will continue until men (and women) realize that humanity needs recreation in order to work.

But when we have said this it still remains true that not seldom our impatience of interruption is not praiseworthy, but blameworthy, and our hasty "don't bother me" is a mistaken and possibly a very selfish way of repelling those who have real claims upon us. We have to recognize that naturally we like to be left in peace, and we resent anything which interferes with our plans. If we are planning upon a certain piece of work we do not like to be interrupted in our plan, and we are not quick to recognize the superior claims of any other task. If we are busy in the kitchen we do not like to be called outdoors to see Johnny fly his kite. If we are busy planning a house, we do not like to be compelled to listen to a tale of some brother's hard luck. If we are busy working on a great sermon, it is aggravating to be called

upon to do the very things which that sermon very eloquently recommends. And yet the interruptions may be the real duties and our work may be the interruption, or it may be more correct to say that our indolence, our desire to have our own way and carry out our own plans, is an interference with God's plans.

It sometimes happens that we say "Don't bother me" to the Lord himself as He speaks through the lips of childhood, old age, or needy humanity. This ought never to be. The schedule must not rule. Humanity is greater than red tape. The duty of this hour is superseded immediately a greater duty appears, even if that greater comes unannounced and unwelcome. The man who won't submit to interruptions is barring his door against the angels, and closing against himself avenues of greater usefulness. The willingness to be disturbed, the quick recognition of divine calls are some of the things which mean added efficiency in Christian life.

UNEARNED INCOMES

THE National Council of St. Andrew, an Episcopal Brotherhood in the United States, has caught the spirit of the new day, and in a recent declaration says, "we shall be ashamed to live off incomes we have not earned." This is rather a startling indictment of the men who spend freely, live well and earn nothing; and yet it is one that has back of it not only Scripture, but the conscience of our day.

There was a time when an honest man was satisfied to know that what he possessed was legally his own; but to-day he asks the much more troublesome question, "What right have I to this property?" The law by which I hold my wealth may but express the mistaken and wholly unrighteous judgment of a bygone day, and an unenlightened public conscience. In the early days might was right, and whatever a man could get, or take, was his so long as he could hold it; and voluntarily to surrender anything to a weaker man was to stamp oneself as a fool. But the jungle logic has ceased to convince, and jungle morals have to be revised, and tooth-and-claw methods are no longer possible to Christian men. Right has become might, and the conscience of the world is laboriously striving to adjust itself to the new ideal; and part of this adjustment we find voiced in the declaration of the Council of St. Andrew, "We shall be ashamed to live off incomes we have not earned."

We are slowly coming to see that able-bodied society consists merely of the two classes, workers and parasites. If a man is not working, then in order to keep him alive someone else must work. Nature will tolerate no idlers, and the workless class can only continue to exist by fastening itself upon a class of workers, and living upon the fruit of their toil. The nation is the richer, the stronger and the better for its workers; but the more of the workless class it is compelled to shelter the poorer, the weaker and the worse it is. The nation has a right to expect, and to demand, that every citizen do his full share of needful toil. This is reason; it is patriotism; it is Christianity.

A GENERATION AGO

MR. HENRY WATTERSON, one of the best-known members of the United States Congress, is writing a series of sketches descriptive of the past generation and its ways, and this is one of his memories. One morning there came an imperative rapping at his door, and a voice said, "Get up, colonel, quick. This is a sergeant-at-arms. There has been a call at the House and I am after you. Everybody is drunk more or less, and they are noisy to have some fun with you." "Mars Henry" says, "It was even as he said. Everybody, more or less, was drunk—especially the provisional speaker. It was the last day of a very long session, and everybody was worn out." That was the close of Congress a generation ago.

Put alongside of this the following picture of the close of the sixty-fifth Congress on March 4th, 1919. This is the description in the *Christian Advocate*: "The effervescence of the American nature broke loose for an hour. Speaker Champ Clark gave way to the veteran ex-Speaker Uncle Joe Cannon, a piano was brought in, and a song leader took his position. The Marine Band from the White House appeared with its instruments. The doors were flung open and a crowd streamed in, filling every nook of floor and galleries. Printed leaflets with the songs of the day were scattered

through the House and tossed to the spectators in the galleries. The Democrats sang, the Republicans sang, the Hon. Jeannette Rankin sang. The whole company sang. As the hands of the clock neared high noon Mr. Cannon resigned the chair to the Speaker, preparatory to adjournment; but just before twelve o'clock the veteran went to the piano and whispered something to the song leader, who announced that, by request of Uncle Joe, the closing sound would be something not on the printed programme, the hymn, 'God be with you till we meet again.' And how they sang it! Republicans and Democrats, members, visitors and pages! They rolled out the words as if they were in Sunday school, where, indeed, most of them probably learned them."

And when we consider that this was in a great nation which only a few weeks before had voted prohibition of the liquor traffic into the national Constitution, and when we consider that forty-five out of forty-eight States had voted "Yes" in this matter, the contrast becomes the more striking. We do not think for a moment that the members of the sixty-fifth Congress were all Christian men; nor do we think that the drunken and semi-drunken members of the Congress of a generation ago were all reprobates; but we do think that the change from what prevailed a generation ago to what obtains to-day is a welcome and not unwholesome one.

It may be, as some of our good brethren never cease to assure us, that this is the devil's world and that it is getting worse and worse, and will continue to retrograde until the coming of the Lord! This may be so; but we don't believe it. We have heard an old man who was built this way telling how fine things were when he was young and how bad they are now, and we have heard someone say quietly, but emphatically and conclusively, "Pa forgets." And whenever we hear some good old saint croaking out his doleful, pessimistic creed, we feel like saying also, "Pa forgets." It is a blessing that somebody remembers, even if it be the redoubtable and rather unclerical "Mars Henry."

THE TREASURES AROUND HOME

WE read a story the other day which greatly impressed us. A good Methodist brother in England was an enthusiastic botanist, and his speciality was a certain genus of plants of which his herbarium contained every species save one, which was known to grow only in Syria. For years he sought that species unavailingly. Twice he visited the Holy Land to find it, and he had commissioned other collectors to procure it for him; but, after spending hundreds of pounds in the search, its place in the herbarium was still vacant. Then one day, as he walked along a railway embankment in England to take a week-night appointment, he spied the long-sought plant growing beside the rails. He had no idea how it came there, but there it was. "And," he said, "do you know, the very week before I found it I had written to Prof. Henslow and told him that it never grew outside of Syria. If I hadn't been so sure it was not here I might have found it years ago."

One of the unceasing marvels of life is the discovery of unsuspected treasures in our own backyard. The glamor of distance makes Palestine, or England, or California, or the Yukon seem wonderfully fair, but when we visit them we find that much of their beauty could have been seen from our own doorstep, and we spend hundreds and thousands of dollars in the search for something we could have had for the plucking. To see what others do not see, to find what others do not believe exists, to bring Syria to Ontario and the glory of the East to our own doorstep, is one of the miracles of life; and yet this miracle is possible to us all. If our eyes are open we shall see strange things and behold modern marvels.

We read the other day of a man who went bird-hunting in a certain locality, and who succeeded in identifying nearly one hundred different varieties of birds, and we venture to say that many a man would have passed over the same ground and not have seen a dozen. Even the telescope and the microscope are useless without eyes, but with wide-open eyes we can see clear to the throne of the Eternal. Heaven itself is always visible from our own window, and Canada has just as many saints and just as many angels as ever walked Judæan roads or sang in Syrian skies. Your own neighborhood is full of God and His works, if only you have eyes to see.

England Under Peace Terms

By
Rev. William Wakins Shaw

IT is now nearly a fortnight since the peace terms were signed at Versailles, and we have had time to look round and consider the effects of the memorable transaction. The first aspect of the situation that strikes an observer is the comparative indifference with which the subject is treated. It is inevitable that we should draw the contrast between the signing of peace terms and the conclusion of the armistice. Then a tremendous sigh of relief went up from the heart of the nation, and the air resounded with shouts of exultation. Now the peace has come after such long and wearisome delays that when it has arrived it has only evoked the most languid interest among the rank and file of our people.

This is a general statement, and it must be qualified by exceptions, on some of which I will now touch. The first concerns the Premier, the chief actor on our side among the big four. He has had a tremendous reception on his arrival in London and at his home in Criccieth. I passed his official residence in Downing Street last week, and noticed that a group of hero worshippers were gathered at the doors, prepared to mob him with their admiration as soon as he appeared. When he entered the House of Commons his undisputed supremacy was evident to all, and at his Welsh home he was hailed with the wildest enthusiasm. There he will rest for a week or two, and then he must come back to Parliament to shoulder the titanic tasks that await him. The peace has, of course, been recognized officially with becoming stateliness. The imposing service at St. Paul's, attended by the King, has had its counterpart in nearly every town in the land. These peace celebrations are by no means at an end. Paint and flags and fireworks are at a premium. But in a little while all this junketing will be over, and then we may hope that the country will settle down to its ordinary toil. The outlook is far from rosy. The land is simmering, if it is not seething, with discontent. This morning I had a chat with a bank official. He is a shrewd man of affairs. He pointed out that the Victory Loan, which ends its appeal in a few days, has been far from a sensational success. The most frantic efforts have been made to boom the bonds, but the response has not corresponded with the size of their advertisement nor with the hopes with which the loan was put on the market. Rightly or wrongly our people are sour and sullen because they have been so bitterly disappointed. The new heavens and the new earth that we were so eager to greet are still beyond the most distant horizon. For instance, some months ago the Prime Minister assured us that by this time the expenses of an ordinary household for food would sink about four shillings a week. Now we find that prices are actually stagnant where they are not soaring, and last night it was stated in Parliament that next week our coals will cost us six shillings a ton more. The prospect for the poor for next winter is very gloomy indeed.

Another prolific source of discontent is the delay in providing land and houses for

the discharged soldier and for the general public. This is precisely what I foretold in a previous sketch. Offering to donkeys carrots that they cannot reach is a very familiar political trick. When the war was raging we were assured that when peace came the land would be fit for heroes to live in, that allotments and farms would be available for those who were bruised and broken in the battle, and that munificent pensions would be provided by a grateful country for all those who had spilt their blood in her defence. But most of these promises dangled before the populace are still unredeemed. Only the other day Sir Douglas Haig raised a loud and effective protest at the delay in granting pensions to the disabled, and at their beggarly size when they were bestowed.

The explanation of all this disillusionment is simple enough. No Government can perform impossibilities. The national treasury is terribly depleted. The whole country is groaning under the weight of taxation. Every section of society believes it is treated unfairly, and everyone seems eager to push on to other shoulders that burden that he is compelled to carry. In Parliament, in commerce, in the labor world, each party is striving to gain an advantage over its rivals or opponents. But it is only by bearing one another's burdens and so fulfilling the law of Christ that real and abiding peace will prevail in all sections of the community.

So much for secular affairs. Let us now turn such rays of light as we can command on to matters concerning the Churches. Among Methodists the dominant theme is union. Last month the Primitive Conference by a unanimous vote approved of the tentative proposals for fusion submitted to it from the joint committee of the three negotiating denominations. That is a wonderful step in advance. The Primitives by their magnanimity have smitten all the croakers to the dust. It was proclaimed far and wide that these democratic stalwarts would never surrender that arrangement by which in their Conference two laymen were appointed for each minister. This provision and others were regarded as a sort of ark of the covenant to the loyal Primitive. But to his unbounded credit he has been willing to abandon practically all his distinctive polity in the interests of a greater and more effective Methodism. The United Methodist Conference opens in a day or two. There is no reason to doubt that they will act as their kinsmen, the disciples of Hugh Bourne, have done. Then the issue will be with our Wesleyan supreme court. I am afraid it is too much to expect an undivided vote there. But the forces of progress will undoubtedly prevail. Sir Robert Perks is a most capable and resourceful leader. He has behind him a staff of able and devoted lieutenants. The very air is thrilled with the union spirit. The tide of circumstances is flowing strongly in our favor, and I am persuaded that when the whole issue is

placed before the Conference there will be a decisive, if not a unanimous, response to the demand that we should close our ranks. The case for union has been wonderfully well handled so far.

The most immediate and urgent problem with Wesleyans is the stationing of our ministers for next year. The number who are changing is abnormally high. It is about nine hundred, and this is something like two hundred above the average. The explanation is easy. War conditions are now relaxed where they have not disappeared. Scores of ministers who have remained in a circuit for two or even four years beyond the triennial term are now on trek. Moreover, dozens of chaplains have been demobilized, and places must be found in the stations for them. The first draft of appointments appears this very day in the Methodist papers. I had already studied it when it came to me last week as a separate document. It reveals rare skill in diplomacy. No doubt there will be several changes, but in the main the arrangements made months ago, and now by the Stationing Committee, will have the final imprimatur of the Conference put upon them.

Another critical subject with us is the condition of our theological colleges. All four of them have been shut for a year or two for the very sufficient reason that practically all the students had joined the colors. Now these young fellows have been demobilized and are clamoring for admission to our seats of learning. It is proposed to restart a pair of the colleges at once after Conference, and another of them may be put into commission next autumn. The staff has been overhauled. One or two tutors are to be superseded by others if the choice of the selection committee is confirmed. The readers of these paragraphs will be interested to know that the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., is not destined for the scrap heap. If all goes well he will retain a post among the staff at Didsbury, where he taught until grim-visaged war swooped down upon our colleges and barred the gates.

Recent reports of Convocation provide some instructive reading. I have always insisted that there was no substantial chance of Anglicans and Methodists combining. The terms offered by the State Church were to many of us little short of insulting. We were expected to concede the maximum and they the minimum. Now it appears that what is known as the Catholic section among the members of Convocation will not have us on any terms. We are sorry for them rather than for ourselves. Their narrowness is pitiful. But it is infinitely better that we should join forces with our nearest kin, and keep in touch with our relatives in America and in the Colonies than commit ourselves to a stilted and artificial arrangement with another community with which, though we may be friendly, we can never fully agree because of its pronounced sacerdotalism and because of its degrading bondage to the State. At any rate not for the present are the pillar and the cloud leading us toward Canterbury.

Closed Minds

By
H. D. Ranns

I HAVE been wondering recently whether controversy ever achieves any good result. Sometimes, when one strives hard to set forth certain phases of truth and then comes to find that other men, with directly opposing ideas, take your ideas, garble them quite freely and gleefully, misquote your sentences and ignore your qualifying clauses, you begin to question whether fairness dwells on the earth, and whether men *do* want the truth, or only seek to enjoy the zest of battle. Perhaps one of the most satisfying feelings in life to many men and women, people of combative temperament, is the glow of conquest in a bitterly contested controversy. Historic controversies within the courts of the Church of Christ have revealed how this passion seizes the minds of the very elect, and how venerable and rightly respected church leaders of all shades of thought have forgotten the spirit of Jesus Christ in contending about minor aspects of theological opinion.

One of the most tragic facts in human existence is that the Christ, who was Himself so tolerant, has come to see within His Church so much intolerance. No man who knows anything of the inner life of the Church to-day in any of its branches but will admit that there is with us an amount of harsh, ungenerous, un-Christlike controversy continually proceeding, and that feelings are precipitated and expressions used and written between men and ministers that are unworthy of those who believe themselves Christians. Many a letter has been written by one professedly Christian leader about another in which there were sentences that burn and sting, and that impugn the Christian character of the other man. Take down your church history, read over again some of the historic controversies, and then ask yourself when you are finished whether those men really possessed the spirit of Jesus Christ. Which really was the more important thing—the "truth" for which they fought, or the spirit and manner of their fighting? As we remember the Master, who again and again rebuked the disciples for a display of uncharitableness toward those with whom they disagreed, we have not much doubt of the answer.

Without a doubt the lives of many great public men have been spoiled and their record disfigured by exhibitions of intolerance in controversy. Admitted there was great provocation in many cases and the truth for which they contended was vastly important to the lives of mankind. But the fact remains all the same. Mighty, big-hearted Luther refused to others the freedom he claimed for himself. So fine a man as Mazzini has this flaw in his character. His biographer, Bolton King, says, "In his political controversies, it must be confessed, his equanimity deserted him, and he is often intolerant and unfair. *He was too ready to think that bad politics implied bad morals.*" He is one of a great company in the opinion that bad politics, bad theology, bad economics, imply bad morals. A certain school of ultra-evangelistic thought has its devotees who say very quickly—have you

not heard them?—"So-and-So has got bad doctrine. I don't think he lives very well." Which, of course, is utterly despicable and unworthy of a professed follower of Jesus. Then there was John Bright. Barry O'Brien tells how he (Bright) was staying with a friend in Scotland, and a certain Tory gentleman lived near. Bright's friend wanted to make a pleasant call on the aforesaid Tory gentleman, but the tribune absolutely refused to see the person, and stepped out of the carriage into the middle of the road, saying, "I won't go."

Fortunately the pages of biography have something to say to us on the other side, and these instances point the way to the better thing. Take Bright's friend, Cobden. Now Richard Cobden was as keen a fighter in a worthy cause as the veriest Luther of them all. But his manner was different. John Morley, in his "Life of Richard Cobden"—if you have not read it, you ought—says, "He was unsparing in his trenchancy of argument, but he never sought to hurt individuals, not even Lord Palmerston. 'I believe he is perfectly sincere,' Cobden said, 'for the longer I live, the more I believe in men's sincerity.'" Morley adds, "There could be no better sign of a pure and generous character than that so honorable a conviction as this should have been the lesson of his experience." Hugh Price Hughes was forthright and downright enough for any man. He was in conflicts often, but throughout managed to preserve his broad, grand catholicity of spirit that redeemed his undoubted combativeness. Possibly Hughes was the greatest Methodist since Wesley. Every Methodist who loves catholicity of mind should honor Hugh Price Hughes. In the very valuable "Life" by his daughter we read, "In particular his quotation from St. Ignatius—that where Jesus Christ may be there is the Catholic Church—is worthy of insistence, because in it he proclaimed that doctrine of tolerance which his whole life had gone to show forth. In making it the watchword of the Free Churches he enjoined upon them a tolerance so great and startling that many did not seem to divine it."

The trouble so often in controversy is that men and women start off with closed minds. There is no hope of any good coming out of a controversy if one or the other side or person has a closed mind. In such cases it is impossible to achieve any end, for if the man with a closed mind ought to be convinced by all the laws of argument and citations of fact, he will not budge. He does not seek to be convinced, or even to convince the other person. In many cases he does not even try to understand the other man's case. He is sufficient of himself. He is cribbed, cabined and confined in the impenetrability of his own prejudices. Often this is the case with people who belong to any of the many pro-

paganda societies, societies that conceive their function to be the defence of any particular branch of church thought, political nostrum or economic theory. It is usually hopeless to attempt to convince anyone belonging to any such order or society of any virtue existing in any opposing organization or set of theory. One in fifty of such people may have an open mind on that subject, and will look fairly and honestly at the other side—the others feed on the narrowness bred of their nostrum. The writer has had a recent experience which convinces him of the hopelessness of even attempting to reply to any attack from such a quarter, for when the very premises of your arguments are twisted and distorted to make an organization victory, why, the only thing to do is to let the organization have its victory unchallenged—and much good may such "victories" do.

But the pity of all this is that possibly never in the history of the world was there a time when the man and woman with the open mind was so needed as in these latter days. Problems in Church and State call for adjustment, and only those who will painstakingly and painfully, if necessary, examine the conditions, and in a catholic spirit prescribe the remedy, are able to be of service. The person with the closed mind perpetuates prejudice, and refuses to enquire. You must at least be willing to seek out the truth, even if it lead against your wishes, before you can contribute your quota to the need to-day. The most pitiable thing in Church and State to-day is sectionalism of all kinds. It is a hopeless tangle into which it leads. Class war, denominational strife, anti-Catholic and anti-Protestant propaganda, all your inglorious mass of isms and shibboleths are clogs on the path to progress in these great days. The only way to prevent that is the cultivation on the part of all of us of the open mind. Forget your prejudices—and think and read.

How can we cultivate the open mind? There is one way that occurs to me. That is, read and think about the good done by the organization, or society, or Church to which you are opposed. Make yourself see its good side. For it *has* a good side, whatever your foolish prejudice may exclaim to the contrary. If you are what is called a "good" Methodist (that usually means a bigoted one), read something about Presbyterianism, or hear worth-while Presbyterian preachers, and you may come to the conclusion that your Church does not exhaust all the grace of God. This is particularly valuable treatment if you live in a rural district and have lived there a long time. Or of your particular *dête noir* is Roman Catholicism, read Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" or "The Life of St. Francis," and do not refuse to remember that Protestantism has lighted fires of bigotry as well as Roman Catholicism. And do not distort history to serve your purpose. And forget for a while anti-Catholic propaganda writings. Give your soul a chance. Then, if you hate Socialism, forget the hate for a

time, long enough to read Ramsey MacDonald's little book on "Socialism," or Kirkup's very fair "History of Socialism." You may not be converted to Socialism. As I am not a Socialist, I am not concerned about that; but you will know something of the thing you condemn, and, maybe, you will be fairer than you have been in the

past. You will have made an effort to break the barrier of that prejudice of yours. These are days when mere "bogeyism" is dead, and the man or society who thrives on it will come to speak to a diminishing audience and have a diminishing following. Let us hasten the day of liberty and the open mind.

and, gathering in flocks, visits the grain fields.

The migration of the birds to the south begins in the month of August. The first birds to leave for their winter homes are the purple martins, which usually depart by the tenth of the month. Before the end of the month they are followed by the barn, cliff and other swallows. These graceful birds gather in great flocks, and often before their departure they can be seen perching in large numbers on the telegraph wires by the roadside. They spend the winter in South America. In August

The Month of August

By Richard R. Nicholson

THE month of August to many people suggests only sultry days, oppressive nights, dusty roads and fading vegetation. But such a conception of this month is erroneous, for, though the early days and nights may be excessively hot, the later nights are always cool and refreshing. Overcome by the dust and heat of the "dog-days," we are prone to forget that August has its own peculiar charms. It is a harvest month, and the musical sound of the reaper is in the land as the oats and other grains are harvested. In Ontario the fall wheat is garnered in July, but in the provinces of the west the great golden fields are not reaped till the month of August.

A scientist has said: "If winter represents the slumber time of the world, August is its noonday siesta." Nature seems to be resting. The birds no longer sing their loud, rollicking songs, and most of them are silent. The few that are still nesting warble in subdued strains.

"Oh noon-month August, poppy-steeped,
Thy clouds are far and sail on high;
The sower, Time, a rest has reaped;
The road lies dusty, drowsy, dry."

If June is the month of flowers, and July the month of butterflies, August is surely the month of insects. On all sides the insects swarm, and crawl, and whine or buzz. Many of them are delicate and beautiful in form, but nearly all are troublesome. At midday, when the heat is most intense, the cicada utters its ringing clarion. This is the noisiest of all insects. In the evening the air pulsates with the piping of these little creatures and the shrilling of the tree-frogs.

Very few birds nest in August. The gold-finch is usually the last bird to enter upon domestic duties, and while it generally builds its nest and rears its young in July, you can often find a few nests with young in this month. Occasionally a belated song sparrow nests in August. I have found a nest with young a few days old as late as the fourteenth.

This month is not entirely without bird music. Song and field sparrows still sing happily, though their cousins, the vesper and savanna sparrows, are silent. The garrulous, red-eyed vireo continues to chatter in the tree-tops, while the warbling vireo utters its sweet song in the orchard. The indigo bunting sings in the shrubbery with considerable vigor. In the wood the blue jays scream and the crested flycatchers utter their loud, harsh cries; while the wood pewee repeats its plaintive notes.

In the month of August most of the birds gather in flocks, as their nesting duties are finished. Great numbers of blackbirds can be seen in the marshes, and often they visit the grain fields. Flocks of robins, orioles and other birds haunt the woods and the shrubbery along the streams, where food is plentiful. The bobolinks, which in June flood the meadows with their tinkling melody, have undergone a transformation in appearance and habits. They have lost their gay attire of buff, black and white, and are now clothed in modest garments of buff and yellow. They no longer hover, flutter and sing on the wing, but their flight now is strong, straight and rapid. In the spring the bobolink is chiefly insectivorous, but in August it becomes granivorous,

"The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit."

How delicious are the early apples—the red-cheeked Astrachan, the ruddy Duchess and the yellow Harvest. The gardens are now at their best and produce abundant vegetables of all kinds. Wild flowers are numerous, and the fields and roadsides are resplendent with sunflowers, cardinals, primroses, spreading asters, blue vervain, golden-rod and purple thistles.

When August draws to a close we feel that summer has reached its climax. The grain is harvested, the ripened fruits are dropping in the orchard, the birds are passing rapidly to their winter homes, the days are growing shorter and the nights cooler, and soon the glories of the autumn season will be upon us.

A Challenge to Christian America

THE Commission of Sunday-school leaders and editors which recently visited the Near East to investigate conditions in Bible lands has concluded its trip, and makes the following report with special reference to the Armenian atrocities.

"The tour of the Commissioners carried them from Port Said, in Egypt, north to the Caucasus bordering the Black Sea, and from the Euphrates River to Constantinople, thus touching the entire domain of the Ottoman Empire. They made personal visits to many places which will live in history because of the massacre of multiplied thousands of Armenians by the brutal and barbarous Turks, and interviews were held with hundreds of the survivors.

"The Commissioners are a unit in saying that the stories which have reached America, and which are recorded in part by Ambassador Morgenthau in his notable book, and in the official report made by Lord Bryce in a special edition of England's Blue Book, are, if possible, an under-statement of the blackest page in the world's record of murder, rapine and wanton destruction of human life.

"On a conservative estimate 200,000 children have been orphaned, and so desperately poor are the surviving Armenians that these helpless little ones must become the wards of sympathetic America until they can be fitted for self-support. There are also over 50,000 Armenian women and girls who are held as slaves and inmates of

harems in Turkish and Kurdish homes, many of whom have been tattooed by their captors to prevent identification and restoration to their own people. Efforts are being made by the British Army officials to discover these unfortunate creatures and restore them to their homes; but the work is greatly hampered by the lack of temporary places of refuge, which some charitable organization must supply, and no more urgent or important task can engage the attention of the American Committee for Relief. So young were many of the children when sent into captivity that they have forgotten their names, their native tongue and every connection with their former homes. This condition adds greatly to the difficulty of finding the wanderers and restoring them to their homes and people.

"The American Committee has a large programme for the relief of the sufferers in the Near East, and is co-operating with the British Army and all other agencies having the same ends in view; and on July 1st it took over all the orphanages, hospitals and relief activities which the Red Cross instituted as a part of its war activities. The Red Cross withdrew from Western Asia on July 1st, and it has been a tremendous undertaking for the American Committee for Relief in the Near East to provide funds and workers to carry on the great work so well begun by the Red Cross during the war period. Three cargo ships have already gone forward carrying food, medi-

cal supplies and workers, and, in addition to taking over on July 1st all the activities of the Red Cross in the Near East, new relief stations, orphanages and hospitals are being established as rapidly as the army of occupation will permit the workers to go into the devastated areas. Some fine young people have volunteered for this relief work and are rendering noble service as nurses, teachers and industrial leaders.

"Too much praise cannot be given the officers and men of the British Army for the efficient and humane way in which they are co-operating in relieving the distress of the remnant of a great people, and as rapidly as the troops occupy a Turkish district the army arranges to send the scattered Armenians back to their homes, and furnishes military protection while the pitiful remnant struggles to re-establish a social and industrial life.

"The homes of the Armenians were looted or wrecked by the Turks when they were driven into exile, and such a small percentage of able-bodied men are left alive that it will be a slow and difficult process to lead this people back to the point of self-support. For four years the farms have lain idle, the factories were destroyed, and the remnant of a once thrifty and enterprising race are coming back in dire poverty to wrecked and desolate communities, where they must be helped to rebuild their homes, re-establish industries, and be supplied with stock, seed and implements to begin anew their agricultural enterprises.

"In many sections bordering the Black Sea and in the Caucasus the need for food is urgent, and every effort is being made by the American Committee to rush cargoes of flour and supplies to these perishing people. Many thousands are still wandering in the mountains, living as best they can on grass, weeds and a wretched travesty on bread made from millet seed and straw; many are dying of slow starvation in this district, and members of the Commission witnessed the harrowing spectacle of people dying in the streets of the wretched villages. Multitudes must miserably perish unless help and food reach them speedily.

"While the first great pressing need is to supply the starving with food, the sick with medical aid and the naked with clothing, the paramount need in the rehabilitation of this people is to provide for their spiritual needs and for the care and training of the great multitude of orphans. It is not strange that their faith in a God of justice has grown dim, if it has not been lost entirely during these years of cruel oppression by fanatical Mohammedans, when they remember that their Christian faith is the chief ground for the hatred of the Turks. It must also be remembered that their religious leaders and teachers were the first to be butchered by the Turkish officials, that houses of worship are in ruins, and to-day the Armenian Church is almost without a native minister, and the few survivors have stories to tell that entitle them to a high place in the world roll of Christian heroes.

"By temperament, tradition and training the Armenians are a very religious people, and their present condition presents a missionary opportunity that is at once a challenge and a command to Christian America.

"The problem of the orphans must be met by providing training for hand, head and heart, so that these promising young people may be fitted for leadership in the reconstruction of a devastated country and a broken people. It would be a national disaster to merely save the children from starving and fail to give them the moral and religious training they need to fit them for effective citizenship; and the appeal to Christian America is not for dollars alone—which must be given by the millions for years to come—but for the dedication of the lives of hundreds of our choicest young people to the work of teaching and training these orphans in Western Asia.

"The Mission Boards having stations in the Near East are doing a noble work. Their missionaries stood by the stricken people at the peril of their lives, and the story of their heroic services forms a new chapter in the 'Acts of the Apostles.' These Mission Boards have neither the funds nor the workers to meet the appalling need in Western Asia, and therefore the situation must be met by a big all-together effort on the part of Christian America. An offering will be asked for this inter-denominational work during the Christmas holiday season, and the response should be as generous as the cause is worthy.

"New York City, July 15th, 1919."

THE HOME AND ITS OUTLOOK

Home, Sweet Home

BY A. C. CREWS.

VII.—MUSIC IN THE HOME.

Forty years ago it was a rare thing to see a piano in any home, as it was regarded as a luxury, for the enjoyment of the wealthy only. To-day it is entirely different. Instruments of music have not declined in price, but there is a larger recognition of their value, and now they are found almost everywhere.

Music has a refining influence; it is a balm for many sores; it makes people milder, and gentler, and kinder; it helps wonderfully in keeping young folks in the path of virtue. Perhaps Shakespeare puts it rather strongly when he says:

"The man who hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
Let no man trust him."

Nevertheless, it is true that a love of good music is usually associated with intelligence, refinement of manners, purity of thought and integrity of action. A school teacher who had wonderful influence over her

pupils once said, "I keep a piano in my schoolroom instead of a strap. When the scholars grow restive, impatient, or unruly, I ask someone to go to the piano, and we all strike in and sing. Very soon it is all sunshine." A similar plan would work equally well in the home.

It costs something, of course, to have a piano or organ in your living-room, but it pays every way, and it is not at all foolish to exercise some self-denial in other directions in order to secure it. Oliver Wendell Holmes gives an exquisite picture of the coming of an instrument of music into a humble home:

"In the little Southern parlor of the house
you may have seen,
With the gambrel roof, and the gable
looking westward to the green;
At the side toward the sunset, with the
window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am
dreaming of to-night!

"Ah me! I well remember the evening when
it came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group
of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that
had come from overseas,
With its smell of mastic varnish and its
flash of ivory keys!

"Then the children all grew fretful in the
restlessness of joy;
For the boy would push his sister, and
the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his
grave, paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with
the words, "Now, Mary, play."

"For the dear soul knew that music was a
very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it o'er sorrow and
seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with
tapping tinkling quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin
metallic thrills.

"So Mary, the household minstrel, who
always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and
struck the glittering keys;
Hushed were the children's voices, and
every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the
"Vesper Hymn."

These words teach the lesson that you will have a much happier home if you have music in it.

It does not take very long for a boy to learn the flute, or a girl to master the violin, and these instruments may be made the source of untold pleasure in after years. A lad of fifteen went to his father one day

and said, "Dad, they are going to start a boys' band in our Sunday school, and I want to join. Will you get me a cornet?"

"Nonsense," said the man; "a cornet costs about fifty dollars, and your brass band will not last more than a few months. It seems to me to be waste money."

The mother took the boy's part, and the instrument was purchased. The father's prophecy concerning the ephemeral existence of the band proved to be correct, for after about a year it disbanded; but the boy's love of music remained. Every evening, after supper, he spent at least half an hour in practice, and soon became an excellent player. While other young fellows were chasing around after amusement at the movies and other places, he found his highest enjoyment in his cornet, with his sister at the piano.

The writer knows one family which has developed a very good orchestra out of their own circle. Mother plays the piano, father the flute, one of the boys the cello, and the two girls the violin and the harp. They have many delightful evenings together at home, and frequently have the satisfaction of helping in church socials and other gatherings.

Green-Apple Pie

As Mary Ashton placed the last steaming, fragrant pie at the end of the row on the middle pantry shelf she mentally checked off the list: "Beans baked for supper, with egg custards and cakes for dessert; chickens already stuffed, and green-apple pie for dinner."

By a stroke of sheer luck Tony, her husband, had been able to hire four men for the next day—the first day he had had since the spring ploughing. In order to have time the next day in which to do his chores for him and leave him free to accomplish all that he had planned, Mary had spent the afternoon in cooking for the extra men. The row of green-apple pies, which were to be a special treat, had meant hard work, for the only tree of early apples was at the farther end of the orchard. The apples were small and hard to pare, and it took a large panful of them to make that row of pies.

"Tony shall have a piece for his supper," she said to herself as she sat down to pare potatoes for supper while Tony Junior still slept.

The honking of an automobile horn broke the silence. Far up the hill a cloud of dust appeared, from which a big grey car detached itself. With an extra amount of tooting the car finally slowed down before the yellow farmhouse. As Mary jumped up the dirty water from a pan splashed over her blue apron. Before she could whisk the apron off a crowd of young people burst in upon her.

"Hello, Mary! Got anything to eat?"

"H'm! Smell the beans!"

"These farmers—they live upon the fat of the land!"

"Where's Tony? And the baby?"

"Tony's in the field," Mary answered, "and the baby has just waked up. Come into the living-room, all of you, while I get him."

When her young friends from the town nearby had duly admired the small boy, Mary excused herself and slipped out to the kitchen.

"Don't go to any extra bother for us, Mary. Let us help."

"Yes, call us when you need us," urged her friends.

"I won't—all right," answered Mary absently; but when she was alone, hastily paring more potatoes, she added a little bitterly, "Not go to any extra work, indeed!"

She and Tony had intended to eat on the back porch, but now she must set the dining-room table. And Tony—she did not have time to run out and warn him, and he would come in hot and dusty. As Mary hastened from pantry to dining-room her guests called gaily to her, dispensing news, demanding reasons why she and Tony had not attended this or that festivity in town.

"We've been too busy," Mary replied.

She enjoyed the bustle of company and the dignity of being the only married one in the crowd. To be sure, she was tired; but then, she could get rested. And how lucky it was that she had those beans baked. She would use the cake and have peaches with cream for dessert. At that moment one of the crowd came to the kitchen door.

"May I have a drink, Mary? Say, isn't it great—a sink and pump in the pantry. Um! It smells good in here. What's this?"

"Green-apple pie," answered Mary, with sinking heart.

"Whoopee! Say, folks, what do you suppose Mary has out here? Green-apple pies! A whole row of them. If you don't believe me, come out and see!"

"How shall I ever get supper," protested Mary, "if you all come out here? Anyhow, I'm not going to give those to you. They're for a special purpose—four hired men to-morrow."

"Mary! You hard-hearted wretch! Please repent! Here's Tony! We'll ask him."

Laughing, they crowded out to meet the young farmer, who, conscious of his dirty clothes and dishevelled appearance beside his visitors' immaculate fine and white flannels, was blushing furiously.

"I've got to dress," he said in his wife's ear.

"Don't," commanded Mary. "Put on your clean overalls and come along. They'd no business to come rushing in like this. And it's clean dirt. Supper is ready right now. Besides, look at me."

"All right, if you say so."

Although Mary had determined not to serve her pies, she yielded at last to the laughing importunities of her guests. The pies and whipped cream vanished like magic.

"You don't know of another nice young farmer who wants a wife, do you," said Jane Chase, who had been Mary's girlhood chum.

"No, I don't. Why?" asked Mary shortly.

"I'd like to marry him. Why, we never see whipped cream in town any more. And as for these pies, they simply melt in your mouth. Jack, that's my piece; don't let him have it, girls. He's had a whole pie now."

While the laughing, merry crowd were piling into the big car, Mary and Tony both asked them to come again.

"Raspberries will be ripe pretty soon," said Tony. "Come out. We'll have a bumper crop."

"Count on us. We'll be out."

"To help you pick them," added Jane.

They drove away, tooting the horn and waving handkerchiefs. Mary restored the dining-room to order while Tony put the baby to bed. Afterwards they went out to the verandah to cool off.

"I ought to be in bed this minute," said Tony, yawning. "I'm dead tired, and I've planned enough work for to-morrow to keep me busy from daylight to dark."

"I'd intended to do a lot of your chores," said Mary; "but now I'll have to do a lot of to-day's work over again."

"Lucky you had baked up a batch of stuff," said Tony. "Sorry I looked so disreputable. Fourth time this summer they've caught me; no wonder they think I'm a country clod."

"Country clod nothing!" retorted Mary indignantly. "Let them get out in the fields, and what would they look like?"

"You're tired," said Tony. "I wish we could get a girl to help you."

"I guess we need men to help you more than I need a girl. I'm mad, I guess."

"What about?" asked Tony wonderingly. "We had such good times last winter. You don't want the bunch to stop coming, do you?"

"No," admitted Mary. "But last winter isn't this summer, with all its extra work. Anyhow, I think they might let me know ahead. And they might have let my green-apple pies alone."

The days rushed by, so full of work that, as Mary laughingly complained to Tony, she had not time to even smell her flowers. Then the raspberries began to ripen—not slowly, but seemingly all at once.

Churning vigorously in the coolness of early morning, Mary was hurrying to make her butter and get out to the raspberry patch. Tony was needed elsewhere that morning, and if the berries were not picked soon he could not fill a big order that he had received. As she rolled and patted the yellow butter a figure ran across the lawn. It was Jane Chase.

"Surprise, Mary! Had a chance to ride out, so I came to help you pick those raspberries."

"Did you?" said Mary. "Well, I am glad. I need help to-day. Tony has a big order that we can't afford to lose, and I have to pick the berries. And you're even dressed the part in a gingham gown," she went on calmly, although she knew that Jane's plaid-gingham dress was the height of fashion that summer. "Here's a sun-bonnet and two buckets. As soon as you have your buckets full, bring them in and I'll clean them and put them into the baskets. As soon as I've finished this butter, I'll help you."

All that day, in the glaring heat, Jane Chase, who had never picked a quart of fruit in her life, picked raspberries. She was amazed that Mary had so readily accepted her lightly spoken offer; but she worked away uncomplainingly.

When Mary finally came out to the raspberry patch she felt some misgivings as she noticed Jane's scarlet cheeks and briar-scratched hands. "But I've got to make them understand," she said to herself,

When late that afternoon they had finally filled the last measure, and had picked an extra pailful for their own use, they trudged wearily back to the house.

"I don't usually have to do this work," Mary remarked; "but it has been almost impossible to get any help in the fields, and then Tony has planted much more than usual on account of the shortage of food. I'd be a slacker if I let these berries go to waste."

"Why don't you get a maid?" asked Jane, as she tenderly dried her sore hands.

"Hired girl, you mean," said Mary, laughing. "Well, there ain't no sich animal. We've scoured the country for one. Now, let's see, I've set the table on the screened porch. We'll have potato salad, iced tea, fresh rolls and raspberries and cream."

"Sounds good," said Jane with a sigh.

The telephone rang, and Mary went to it. A moment later she appeared at the door.

"The bunch is on its way out. Fly to the field and tell Tony; he hates to be caught all dirty. I'll light the oil stove and cook supper."

"Let them eat a piece with us," protested Jane wearily.

"Not much," Mary replied, "when I've country ham and fresh eggs in the pantry. Hurry and tell Tony; then you'll have to pick a few berries while I dress Junior."

As Jane carried out Mary's hasty commands her thoughts were busy. And a little later, as she watched Mary cut slice after slice of the pink ham, she ventured a protest:

"Don't, Mary. We don't want you to fuss for us."

"But, Jane"—Mary kept her eyes averted, lest she fail in her resolve—"what would the bunch think of potato salad and bread?"

"Let them think," said Jane. "They have no business rushing out here so unexpectedly."

Mary smiled. "Well, to-morrow would have been a more convenient time," she admitted.

"When I think how we've rushed out here at our convenience," began Jane.

"I love to have you," answered Mary. "And you were a dear to come out and help me to-day. Here they come."

Jane had no time to reply as Mary left the kitchen abruptly. As usual the crowd of young folks flocked to the kitchen to sniff appreciatively at Mary's ham and eggs.

"Do you always eat like this?" asked one of the girls.

"No," said Jane shortly. "We were going to eat a piece in peace till you folks called."

"Hello! What's the matter with your hands?" Jack Street exclaimed.

"Same thing that's the matter with Mary's; picking raspberries. Stop eating those, or you'll get none for supper."

"I say, country life doesn't agree with your temper, Janie. And here's Tony, all

as cool as a cucumber. These farmers do have a nice time of it. All done for the day, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it!" snapped Jane in his ear. "He came in from his work to dress; fortunately you were kind enough to tell Mary ten minutes ahead of time that you were coming. Tony got dressed, so that you wouldn't think Mary had married a country bumpkin."

"I say, we never thought that!"

"Yes, you did. We've all laughed at him. Don't deny it. And if it weren't for men like him, what would we eat?"

"Supper is ready!" called Mary. "It's so hot, we'll eat on the porch. Everybody up."

Supper at the farmhouse was, as usual, a merry meal. There were sallies back and forth, praises for Mary's cooking, polite questions about Tony's crops.

At last, well satisfied, they rose from the table, and the guests began to make the usual polite offers to help Mary with the dishes, and as usual Mary began to refuse; but Jane silenced her.

"Sure, we'll help. After a day in those bushes, with goodness knows how many hours' work before that, you're dog-tired. You sit down and we'll do them."

In spite of her protestations Mary was finally persuaded to yield. The evening passed quickly, and it was soon time for the guests to leave. Crowding about Mary, they told her what a good time they had had.

"And may I have one of these boxes of berries for mother?" asked one of the girls.

"For twenty-five cents," answered Jane.

"Well, if Mary wants me to pay for them."

"But Mary hasn't anything to do with it," replied Jane firmly. "These are picked and packed for an order, and Mary and

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Tony will have to pick another quart if you take those. You see, those berries mean money."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mary. "Here's an extra quart."

"She's got to pay," insisted Jane, and, taking the twenty-five cents from the girl, she put it on the table.

"May we come out again soon?" Jack Street asked eagerly.

"Of course," said Tony heartily. "The peaches will soon be ripe."

"Good! We'll all be out!" they cried.

"But we'll let you know ahead of time, Mary," said Jane meaningly, "and we'll not come unless it is convenient for you."

"Thanks; and thanks for helping me," Mary answered smiling.

When they had finally gone she turned to Tony. "Well," she said, "my green-apple pies are safe."

Tony looked puzzled. "Haven't any, have you?"

"Green-apple pies," said Mary briefly, "are a mere figure of speech."

Her husband grinned. "I always thought they were something to eat."

"They are, usually; but to-night they are a figure of speech." Then Mary explained.—*Ida Williams Rea, in "Youth's Companion."*



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Summer sunshine warm and bright
Bleached the daisy's collar white;
Knit for him a cap of yellow,
Turned him out a dapper fellow.

Summer sunshine touched the rose,
Made her tender leaves uncloze,
Painted blushes on her face,
Gave her beauty, gave her grace.

Summer sunshine drew the showers
That revived the drooping flowers;
Waved his wand, and lo! the sky
Flashed a rainbow to the eye!

Summer sunshine, all your ways
Gladden us through many days;
Girls and boys, and flowerlets, too,
Owe so much of joy to you!

—*Low Marston Ward, in "What to Do."*

A Difficult Lesson

When we went back to school in September it was to find a new teacher in the sixth grade. Miss Tenny had been married in the summer, they told us, and we were to have a Miss Allen, of Boston, until Christmas, when we would be promoted.

Of course we sixth-graders were excited at thoughts of a brand new teacher—and one from so far away, too. "From Boston!" we whispered, and conferred together over her in the half-hour during which we were left alone in the room. Presently the door opened and the new teacher was ushered in. Miss Allen was tall and straight and fair, and she had a soft, pretty speech that charmed us even as it dismayed. How could we ever soften down our "Pennsylvania r" to so kind a tone? We felt like blunt, rude country-folk beside her, but we got along charmingly together from the first. I think she studied us as we studied her, and loved us the more that we were unlike her. She was very young, and this venture into the unknown "borderland" of Western Pennsylvania must have seemed as strange to her as it seemed strange to me years later to venture alone into the Far West of the Pacific slope and on a similar mission. She studied us, taught us, and left us the richer for having known her.

It always takes a day or two for a new school, and especially one with a new teacher, to get acquainted with itself and the work, but by Wednesday of that week Miss Allen had the classes moving along smoothly. Then came a week of scorching weather—days such as September sometimes brings, as if loath to the last to let summer go. The rank and file of the school broke and went down under the heat; lessons were at sixes and sevens; only a few of the leaders stood out, able-bodied, or, what is better, able-minded, still.

It was the afternoon of the day the hot spell broke. Isabel Martin and I came laggingly into school after the noon recess. Isabel was a long-limbed, merry girl, as

swift at her lessons, when she chose, as in her games. As I took my seat that afternoon I sighed. Whether it was the weather, or Isabel's tantalizing last suggestion before the bell rang that we play "hookey" together, at any rate I felt unstrung. Isabel heard the sigh and took in instantly the predicament of poor me, born as it were to the purple of seat A and bound to keep that seat though the heavens fall—or the heat stifle! Isabel, though good at lessons when she cared to be, never aspired to place, and rarely kept the same seat for two consecutive weeks. That week she was seated two rows from me in division three, seat M.

"Poor Ellen!" she pantomimed over. "Why don't you miss just once, so that you'll know the fun of working up to seat A again!"

"Isabel, please!" said Miss Allen wearily, and Isabel subsided.

Grammar class was called, and at first all went well. Miss Allen looked warm herself, and understood our feelings and allowed for our stupidity. She kept to general topics, and I began to breathe more easily. Then suddenly and, without warning she took up synonyms. Now synonyms had been touched on before the long vacation and then had been dropped, and to me it seemed, at least in that instant, utterly forgotten. Why, what was a synonym? I demanded of myself with bated breath. But Miss Allen had chosen Isabel to answer, and from somewhere in her clear brain Isabel had evolved the definition as pat as the book. I remember as if it were yesterday how she stood up in the aisle, straight and slender, and with her usual shake-back of the head to get her cropped hair out of her eyes proclaimed from division three what I in division one could not have answered:

"A word used in place of another word and having the same meaning is a synonym."

Clearly the brains were not all to be found in division one.

"Good! And you, Peter, give the class examples of synonyms. Not know? Repeat the definition, Peter. You can't! Were you listening when Isabel gave it?"

"Yes'm," came meekly from Peter; "but—"

"Isabel, write the definition on the board, please, so that Peter may consider it at his leisure. Now, John, perhaps you can give the class examples of synonyms."

Round, black-eyed John Porter bobbed out of his seat (seat B, just behind mine), gulped, and brought out:

"'Warm' and 'tepid' are synonyms."

"Other examples, anyone!" And now from all over the room came pairs of words: "cold—frigid," "soft—downy," "long—lengthy," the air was literally bombarded with them, and my tongue was as nimble as the nimblest. I knew now perfectly what a synonym is.

But alas, my triumph was short-lived! "Now I will give you words and you may give me the synonym in each case," said Miss Allen. Then, though not looking at me, she continued, "Ellen, the synonym for 'unkempt.'"

Had she asked for the Greek for "unkempt" I couldn't have been more at sea! I gazed fascinated at the desk and Miss Allen, and could neither move nor speak. You see, I had lived up to that moment without having learned to say an honest "I don't know," and I think Miss Allen was fully aware of this.

"'Unkempt.'"

A hand or two went up. Clearly some of my schoolmates knew and were eager to impart their knowledge; but I would not give in that I did not know.

More and more hands went up, Peter's among the others. I could see Isabel bending forward and looking toward me with pursed lips as if she longed to answer for me. Why, everybody knew!

Perhaps Miss Allen felt that it was worth while to bring my lesson home to me. At any rate she didn't ask any of the others to answer, but, looking about on her desk, she selected a picture from among a number of others she had there and held it up before the school.

"Here, Ellen, look at this picture and give me the synonym for 'unkempt.'"

Miserably I looked. The class was now fairly dancing with eagerness; hot though it was "unkempt" had awakened them. I looked at the picture, opened my lips, closed them.

"I know who that is," came in Isabel's clear note, and to my relief all heads were for the moment turned from me. The unexpected always appealed to Isabel, and she spoke up brightly. Small wonder was it that Miss Allen found her presence the most diverting in the whole room. "That's

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Beethoven! He was a great musician—the greatest in the whole world, I think. And then he went blind—or no, he went deaf, and couldn't hear his own beautiful music any more!"

Yes, that was the picture—Beethoven's massive head, with its thatch of rough hair. The strong, stern face suggested many things, even to a child, and I fought for words to express it.

"Look at the hair," motioned Isabel, rumpling up her own. I looked. The hair suggested nothing so much as the fur rugs in vogue at that time. In desperation, for I must say something now, I gasped out the word, "Rugged."

The school laughed gleefully. I grew more and more embarrassed.

Miss Allen said, "Think a minute, Ellen. What does the word 'unkempt' mean?"

It came to me like a flash. "It means—why, it means untidy, rumpled." Then I subsided into my seat and mopped my brow. But I had learned my lesson. I resolved then and there that never would I go through that agony again, but that the next time I didn't know I would get up and say so, quietly and frankly. And I did.—*L. Calvin, in "The Christian Register."*

A Cure for Slang

The boy, a lad of ten, was quick to learn, and particularly good in "language," as his report card showed. His vocabulary was not so choice as varied, and the slang of the street was irresistible.

"By heck, I'm cold!" he would exclaim as he came in, and at a request from his mother would inquire, "Who do you think I am?"

She explained to him that these phrases were not used by well-educated people; but he was unconvinced.

"All the fellows talk that way; but I can cut it out if you say so."

But he continued to use the expressions; and, while his mother did not wish to 'nag,' she felt that she ought to show in some way that she disapproved and that the language was undesirable, even though it was not profane.

One evening, as she was reading aloud from "Swiss Family Robinson," and noting its formal, precise sentences, a sudden thought came to her. She acted on it instantly, and continued to read.

"It seems absolutely necessary, my dear wife," I began, 'to return at once to the wreck while it is yet calm, that we may save the poor animals left there and bring on shore many articles of infinite value to us, which, if we do not now recover, by heck, we may finally lose entirely. On the other hand, I feel there is an immense deal to be done on shore, and that I ought not to leave you in such an insecure shelter as this tent.'"

The boy raised his eyes in startled surprise; but the mother continued her reading:

"Cut it out. Return to the wreck by all means," replied my wife cheerfully. "Who do you think I am? Patience, order and perseverance will help us through all

our work, by heck; and I agree with you that a visit to the wreck is without doubt our first duty. Come, let us wake the children and set to work without delay."

The boy's face was red with embarrassment, which changed to anger as his sister giggled.

"That isn't there," he declared rather impatiently, but the mother continued her reading, with no comment at all; but she inserted no more slang. She had shown him for once just how the words sounded to her.

He sulked a little during the evening, but was himself at breakfast. And, when his mother asked whether he wished another dish of oatmeal, he cried, "Yes, it's good, by—; yes, mother." He did not overcome the habit at once, but he had become conscious of how the words sounded, and in time he succeeded. His mother saw he was trying, and they never spoke of that peculiar page in "Swiss Family Robinson."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

What is in a Game?

What did you get out of that last game you played? Without stopping to ponder over your answer you will probably say—pleasure, recreation and the honor of winning the match; or, if you lost, you will probably say—exercise, practice, and a knowledge of some of my weaker points.

That is all right. Each of those items has value, but if you had been a stranger looking on at the contest you would have realized that there was a great deal to be got out of the game beside the things you mentioned.

In every closely fought game of skill or strength there are lessons in patience, application, self-control and fairness to be learned.

In any game where but two are playing there is little chance for one to unselfishly assist the other without sacrificing some of his own chances to win the game, which is not skilful playing. But you can always be fair. You can always be courteous, and keep your temper, no difference how the game goes against you. When you have learned to play a good game and do those things you have learned lessons that will far over-balance any training toward the selfishness an each-one-for-himself game might foster.

The game which calls for team work, such as baseball, basketball, football, and the school games of pull-a-way and prisoners' base, offer splendid training in unselfishness. To play a clean, straight, honest game in any of these a boy must sink his own ambitions in the greater ambitions for the team. He must be willing to take an inferior place and do his best in that place if it seems best for the good of the team.

Of course, all the other traits of character that count big in the other games are just as necessary in the game that calls for team work, and perhaps they are a little harder to practice because temptations come oftener and under greater excitement, when one is apt to act first and think afterward. That is why these games are such good training for a boy. They teach him to choose

fairness and honor instinctively when under great excitement, and when there is no time to think a thing out.

The boy who has learned to play a clean, fair game, with unfailing courtesy toward his opponent and his team mates, and to take defeat or victory like a man and a good soldier, has learned many valuable lessons for life.—*Jennie E. Stewart, in "Epworth Herald."*

Only the Small Birds Sing

Have you thought of it? It is only the small birds that sing. You never heard a note of a song from the eagle, or from the turkey, or from the ostrich; but you have heard it from the robin and the lark and the song sparrow and the canary; and how they can sing!

So it is from the little folks that we expect the best and sweetest things, the most cheerful and most loving work. So, too, we expect to hear them sing as they go.—*Our Dumb Animals.*



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Saskatchewan Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

MOVING TIME—AND FAREWELLS.

The correspondent has received intimations of many kindly farewell presentations and gatherings during the recent moving time, and makes a rapid review of such information along this line as has come to him. Doubtless there are others which have not been reported or which have escaped his notice in other ways. The information given has come in various ways.

Melfort circuit; Rev. W. R. Tanton.—Very enthusiastic gatherings at farewell of popular pastor and his wife. The congregation gave friend Tanton a purse of money, the Young People's Society presented a tapestry rocking chair and autograph camera, and the I.O.O.F. and Rebekah lodges gave Past Grand jewels. The local hospital board presented Mr. and Mrs. Tanton with medals for services rendered during the "flu" epidemic.

Vanscoy circuit; Rev. J. Pratt.—On leaving this circuit, where he has done excellent work, Mr. Pratt was presented by the congregation with a purse containing \$285. They must be a generous people at Vanscoy.

Laura circuit; Rev. Amos Clayton.—The Saskatoon *Star* tells of a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Clayton on leaving this circuit—a purse of \$102 and a farewell address.

Harris circuit; Rev. L. B. Henn.—Prior to leaving Harris, Mrs. Henn was the guest of honor at a surprise party and shower, and was the recipient of many useful presents. Following the farewell service at Harris, the minister, Rev. L. B. Henn, was presented with a handsome Waltham gold watch and fob, suitably inscribed, in recognition of his services to the lodge as chaplain.

Richardson circuit; Rev. A. W. Keeton.—On leaving Richardson Mr. and Mrs. Keeton were shown every kindness by the people. The Estlin appointment had a surprise party and gave them many kindly presents. Richardson Orangemen summoned a farewell social and presented Mr. Keeton with a very fine marble clock, with gold plate inscription. The rest of the congregation met separately and presented Mr. Keeton with a purse of money. Mr. Keeton has reorganized this field, and left lasting results of his ministry. He now goes to Craik.

Oxbow circuit; Rev. E. A. Davis.—Mr. and Mrs. Davis have made many firm friends on the Oxbow circuit, and prior to leaving there for Yellow Grass were honored by three separate presentations. The officials and members at a garden party presented Mr. Davis with an address of appreciation and a purse. A presentation was also made to Mrs. Davis on behalf of the choir. In connection with the musical part of the church's work Mrs. Davis has given much appreciated service. In addition a large number of personal friends of Mrs. Davis made her the guest of honor at a tea and presented her with two beautiful cut-glass pieces and an autograph letter.

Alameda circuit; Rev. J. D. Wildfong.—On the last Sunday on this circuit record congregations were present, and powerful spiritual services were held. At Douglaston appointment two young people, one a returned soldier, were publicly received into church membership, and three young people also volunteered for the work of missions or the ministry. A young man at Alameda also decided to work toward entering the Christian ministry, so Bro. Wildfong has the joy of knowing that four or five young people have volunteered for Christian work, and considers that, with the manifest heartiness of the people, to be a splendid fare-

well. The local W.M.S. gave a farewell to Mrs. Wildfong, and Miss Sutherland, and presented addresses.

Dinsmore circuit; Rev. A. V. Knowlton.—On July 1st the members of the Abermule appointment of this circuit met and presented Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton with a token of their esteem in the shape of a mahogany and glass tray. A very pleasant social time was passed, and tributes paid to the work of Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

Things are beginning to stir in connection with the Forward Movement campaign in this Conference. The Objectives Committee met in Regina on July 15th, and accepted the sum of \$300,000 for this province. It was recognized by the committee that some districts are very badly hit this year by bad crops, and appropriations for the districts were made with this fact in

mind all through. The general basis of reckoning was five times the amount of last year's missionary money, which, it was estimated, should mean the raising of something over the \$300,000. Some districts, it was thought, would be utterly unable to reach that amount, and only two or three times the amount of last year was placed upon them. Others, it was felt, ought to raise more than the five times, and some districts were thus given six times the amount to raise. The districts are now beginning their meetings, and the subject is to be thoroughly placed before them. Rev. J. A. Doyle, Rev. C. Endicott and Dr. Stapleford are to attend the various meetings and put the case for the great movement. Further particulars of the progress of the movement will be given from time to time in this column. The more information we can get the better. In that way some of the other Churches seem to have been on the field first,



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so we have to make up for lost time in presenting the facts to the people.

EYEBROW DOINGS.

The Eyebrow circuit is becoming one of the strongest rural fields in the Conference. Its financial report for the Conference year ending May 15th is a statement showing a very healthy state of affairs. The summary shows the grand total of \$7,375 raised during the year. The salary and horse-keep is placed at \$1,800, the Trustee Boards have raised \$3,892, the Ladies' Aids \$480, and Sunday schools \$400. Perhaps the weakest item is the missionary, \$346, but the heavy trust items being wiped out explain this. This amount is better than previous years, but doubtless Eyebrow will develop along that line in future. The Rev. G. H. Glover and his board are to be congratulated on an excellent showing.

Brothers Gilbert and Blenkinsop have recently concluded a successful mission at Eyebrow, and Mr. Glover writes freely of "the wisdom, energy and fidelity" of these two brethren which made the mission the success it was. The mission at first met with opposition, but this gradually cleared away and good work was done. Bro. Gil-

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THE DOMINION BANK

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bart worked in the school, Sunday school, pool room, as well as holding special girls' meetings and men's Sunday afternoon meetings. His straight, fearless addresses were much appreciated and did much good. We noted particularly the sane, systematic method of Mr. Gilbert's work, which was evident from beginning to end of the series. It was educative, and laid a foundation for those interested in the Christian life. The results of the meeting may be said to be the revival of the former members of the church, a stimulus to the work and a gathering in of many who were not formerly members. On July 13th thirty-five were taken into membership on confession of faith, and more will follow. A notable point was the number of young men who took the stand for Christ. Mr. Glover adds, "Sergeant Blenkinsop adds greatly to the value of the meetings by means of his song services. He has a valuable gift in this line."

DEATH OF REV. R. H. LEITCH.

The *Saskatoon Star* recently announced the death of Rev. R. H. Leitch, of Edmonton, and formerly pastor of Grace Church, Saskatoon, and a member of our Conference. Mr. Leitch was ill only a little time, and died in the Royal Alexandra Hospital at Edmonton. For some time past, according to the paper, Mr. Leitch has resided in the Highlands. Mr. Leitch leaves a wife and two sons, with whom Saskatchewan friends will sympathize in the passing of their relative.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Rev. T. Jackson Wray, president of the Conference, is at present supplying the pulpit of Metropolitan Church, Regina, and staying at Regina College as the guest of Principal Stapleford. Rev. Harry Heathfield, of Moosomin, supplied during the early part of July for Dr. Milliken.

Revs. C. Endicott, J. A. Doyle, Hugh Nixon and A. J. Tufts have returned from the Centenary Exposition at Columbus, Ohio, and all are enthusiastic in their praise of this wonderful religious event. The correspondent understands that some of these brethren are to speak on their experiences at Columbus to the gathering at the Regina College conference, starting on Aug. 4th.

Rev. A. E. Elliott, B.A., formerly of the Drinkwater circuit, has taken up his residence near Dinsmore and is helping the pastor. He spoke at a reception given to the new minister at Dinsmore recently.

Mrs. Washington, of Wolseley, writes that our informant was wrong in stating in the report of the W.M.S. convention that the Happy Helpers' Mission Band of Wolseley won the banner for the third time and, therefore, final. The facts are that the Happy Helpers' Band won the banner for the third time in 1917-8 and kept it, and this year won a new banner. We are glad to make the correction and to give full credit for the good work of the Wolseley Band.

The secretary of Conference advises us that certain changes of address of ministers and changes in district arrangements came in after he sent off the material for the Year Book. He forwarded these at once, and if they were not too late they will appear. The secretary despatched the Year Book material before he left the Conference church after the rising of Conference, so there should be no delay so far as Saskatchewan is concerned.

Rev. Hugh Dobson's official address is now 58 Canada Life Building, Regina, and all correspondence should be sent there and not to the home address. Mr. Dobson is just now having a pleasant vacation at Naramata, B.C.

We hear that Rev. F. Martin, of 325 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, and formerly of Piapot, Sask., is quite unwell, and is undergoing special treatment. We hope he will be ready for next year's work. H. D. R.

Carievale.



British Columbia Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

The death of the Rev. Arthur N. Miller, the president of the British Columbia Conference, which occurred on Saturday, July 19th, came as a great shock to all his friends, and to the Church in general. Bro. Miller had a slight illness a few days before his death and the doctor thought it might be well for him to remain in bed for a few days; but he was reported as rapidly improving, and was so well that the young people of the home went out to take part in the peace celebration and to enjoy the holiday. No one thought of any serious consequences to the illness, but just after the supper hour Bro. Miller called his eldest son, Percy, into the room to talk with him about some matter of minor importance, and as he was talking he gave a slight gasp, and in a few moments he was gone. The cause of death was a rupture of the heart.

It is not possible at this early writing to speak with calmness and judgment about the life and worth of the deceased

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brother. The ministers of Vancouver, with whom he has been closely associated for the past seven years, rejoice that Bro. Miller was given the highest honor in the gift of the Conference, as they feel it was a fitting crown to a life of such steady faithfulness in the pastorate, and to the unfailing kindness and sympathy of the life that is gone.

Bro. Miller had given thirty-four years of faithful service to the Methodist Church in British Columbia, coming out in 1885 at the request of the late Rev. Dr. Sutherland to undertake missionary work. He was sent to Port Simpson to be a missionary teacher under the late Dr. Crosby, and for three years did good work in this capacity. Then he was stationed at Skidegate as a missionary, and before going to the new field was united in marriage to Miss H. Rheinart, who has since been his faithful companion and co-worker in the gospel. After three years at Skidegate, Mr. Miller came into the home mission work of British Columbia, and was pastor at Langley, Mission, Eburne, Ladner, Enderby, James Bay (Victoria), Grace Church (Vancouver) and Ferris Road (Vancouver), in which church he was just entering the fourth year of his pastorate.

On every circuit Bro. Miller was beloved by all and had the record of staying the full term at every pastorate. Simplicity of faith, ever-ready sympathy and capacity for hard work were ruling characteristics of his life, and he was beloved by all who knew him.

For the first time in the history of the British Columbia Conference a president has passed away during his year of office. Just at a time when his leadership seemed sadly needed for the great work of the Forward Movement, a work which Bro. Miller was facing with his usual force and directness, the leader is taken. But it is still true that, while the workman is buried, God carries on the work. The spirit of consecration to a great task was breathed into his fellow workers by the deceased president, and there will be a closing up of the ranks and a determination to carry forward the work in the spirit of the one who has entered into his rest.

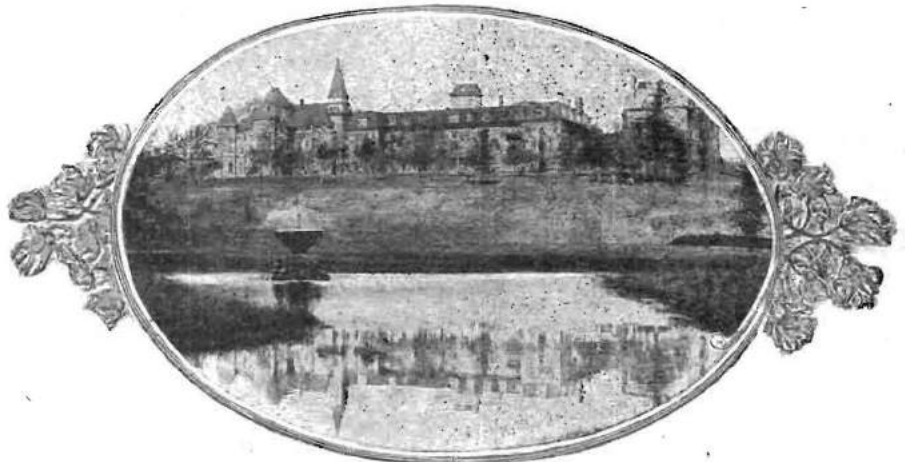
The sympathy of every member of the British Columbia Conference is extended to the bereaved widow and family, for theirs is the keenest loss, and in the lonely days to come they will need the prayers and the sympathy of all their friends. But faith will triumph, and the joy of reunion will always be set before them, for while Bro. Miller has gone on before, he "being dead, yet speaketh," for spirit will commune with spirit while they who are left behind "fight their passage through; bear in their minds the faithful end, and keep the prize in view." A. E. R.

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The Music Department met with unusual success during 1918, all except one passing Conservatory examinations, many with honors.

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The Art examiner from Toronto expressed special delight at the work done in the Art Department.

A new department of Religious Education, a systematic study of the Bible, will be established this Fall under the direction of the winner of the Wallace Prize and Gold Medal for general proficiency in the B.D. Course.

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The Conferences

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Agassiz.—The Methodist parsonage was the scene of a lively gathering of Methodists, who paid the pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Cecil Lancaster, a surprise visit of welcome. The parlor was packed to overflowing. Among those present were many old-timers, pioneers of the Methodist Church in Agassiz, who have not only contributed their "bit" in turning this valley from bush to smiling farms, but have also been true to the charge committed to them by their fathers in the church and have kept the banner of Methodism floating in this land, where many people "were church workers back east." After music and refreshments, Mr. H. T. Baker, on behalf of the church, welcomed the pastor and his wife to their new field, and promised hearty co-operation in all matters pertaining to the church. Mr. Saunders ably seconded Mr. Baker. The pastor then spoke a few words of thanks and appreciation, drawing attention to the contribution made by Agassiz Methodism in the cause of the Empire and in defence of humanity, an example which the home base would do well in maintaining. The Ladies' Aid of this church held a very successful lawn party at the parsonage recently.

LONDON

Central Church, Sarnia.—Central Methodist Church, Sarnia, Ont., celebrated its eighty-seventh anniversary on Sunday, July 27th, when Bishop Joseph F. Berry, of Philadelphia, was the preacher. The *Canadian Observer* thus refers to his sermons: "There could be no mistaking the meaning of the message of this eloquent preacher, and those who attended the services at the Central Church had a rare treat. Bishop Berry is one of the most influential orators in the American pulpit. He resembles very strikingly the famous English preacher, Mark Guy Pearse, in appearance, and rather reminds one of him in his style of oratory. He is dramatic without being theatrical, and his intense enthusiasm for the truth he proclaims is evident in his fiery bursts of eloquent declamation which almost carry his hearers off their feet with interest. Some interesting relics in connection with the Methodist Church were exhibited by Rev. Dr. Morrison, including the trowel with which the corner-stone of the present church had been laid, and the trowel and mallet with which the corner-stone of the original structure had been laid, as well as a photograph of Malcolm Cameron, who donated the site for the first church."

We regret to note the death of Mrs. (Rev.) W. G. Howson, of London, Ont., who was stricken with apoplexy on July 19th, and never regained consciousness. Her life was of the quiet, gentle, unobtrusive sort, but she was a blessing to hundreds with whom she was associated in various places. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

After spending seven years as an invalid in bed, Mrs. J. W. Stephenson, of Aurora, Ont., passed quietly away in her eightieth year. All her life she was active in church work, and even after being laid aside her room was a kind of centre of religious interest for the community. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. G. A. Boddy, of Cleveland, O., and Mrs. Ernest Gregory, of Aurora; and four sons—Rev. F. C. Stephenson, M.D., Toronto; Rev. Albert Stephenson, of Sydney, N.S.; Joseph G., of Winnipeg; and Morley, of Wilkie, Sask.

Wise and Otherwise

"I punish you merely to show my love for you," the *Dallas News* quotes a stern father as saying to his erring son. "T-that's all right," sobbed the kid, "bu-but it's a g-g-good t-thing for you I ain't b-big enough to return your l-love, that's all."

While polling one of the wards lately the canvasser, after inquiring for the man of the house and learning that he was not at home, asked the following question of the woman who had answered his knock:

"What party does your husband belong to?"

This was the reply: "I'm the party my husband belongs to. What about it?"—*Columbus Dispatch.*

"I'm awfully sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concerts, but I shall be with you in spirit." "Fine! Very fine, indeed! And where would your spirit like to sit? I have tickets here costing from seventy-five cents to three dollars."—*United Presbyterian.*

The *Winnipeg Telegram* tells a story of prime interest to the harassed financial secretaries of social agencies:

A small storekeeper, to the surprise of his brethren, suddenly decorated his window with a gorgeous new blind.

"Nice blind of yours, Isaac," quoth his neighbor.

"Yes, Aaron."

"Who paid for it, Isaac?"

"The customers paid, Aaron."

"What! The customers paid for it, Isaac?"

"Yes, Aaron. I put a leedle box on my counter, 'For the blind.' And they paid for it."

WHAT RABBIT?

Mark Twain,
Sayer of many things wise
And otherwise,
Once said:

The more I know men
The better I think dogs.
I'd put that in quotes
Only memory tricks—
Anyhow, you'll find the saying
Capping a chapter of
'Pudd'n Head Wilson,'
A rattling good tale.

Well, Friday morning
(Finest ever in mornings, by the way)
Walking the ways of Winona,
Down by Milwaukee station,
I came on an extra neat home;
White paint, green grass
Growing all around—
That sort of thing.
And, in the grass,
Two white rabbits
Just as large as life.

Coming toward me
Ranged a fine Airedale setter,
One of those humorously human-faced tykes
That whiskered men love as brothers.
Behind the dog
Walked the man he owned.

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Headmaster

Suddenly the setter set
 (If pointers point, don't setters set?)
 And all a-quiver
 He regarded those rabbits.
 The man stopped, I stopped;
 But the dog
 Bounded the hedge
 To do for the rabbits—
 And the rabbits
 Didn't mind it a bit.

The look of that Airedale,
 Seeing those rabbits were tin,
 Was a look of human chagrin;
 Then he moseyed along
 As if rabbits were
 Nothin' nohow;
 Which was quite human.

Then the man laughed, and I laughed;
 And the man said:
 "Anyhow, he spotted 'em!"
 And then he laughed again,
 And said:
 "What tin rabbits are you chasing?"

—Winona (Minn.) Independent.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—People who are concerned with public events and the welfare of the community at large have read with interest reports of evidence given before the Industrial Relations Committee and the report of that committee to the Government at Ottawa. To investigate the doings of monopolistic corporations, however, is not enough; and the report of a committee which recently examined into the cost of living, with special reference to the cost of manufacture and production of certain classes of goods was particularly disappointing.

The relation of the cost of production, manufacture, transportation and sale of the necessities of life to the cost of living, and the relationship between employer and employee as regards wages and working conditions are economic questions that should be dealt with in a scientific and business-like manner by the most experienced and capable men. Any spasmodic effort, any attempt to ameliorate matters by dealing with a single complaint or isolated injustice, must end in failure. Every phase of social and economic life must be considered and correlated in an adjustment that is to be permanently fair and workable. Such adjustment, moreover, will necessarily be subject to change from time to time, according to set economic principles.

The following suggestion, recently forwarded to the Industrial Relations Committee, has been approved by many:

"That the Government appoint a permanent committee, to be composed of the foremost producers, manufacturers, wage-earners, accountants, political economists and such other experts as may be necessary to get at the facts; to investigate and fix the cost of production, of manufacture, of transportation and of sale, to fix the scale of profits in the above-mentioned transactions; and thereby to moderate and standardize, as far as may be reasonable, the cost of living; to prepare for the sanction of Parliament a schedule of such costs, profits, wages, etc., in all departments of life, in the interest of all the people and in justice to all classes; such schedule to be enforced the same as any other statute, and to be revised as often as changing conditions may make it necessary."

The reasons for the present unrest are well enough known, but up to the present time no comprehensive and feasible basis has been submitted on which to proceed to bring order out of chaos. I submit that the above suggestion provides such a basis; that it is economically sound, and ultimately must be followed if the different elements of society and business life are to be brought together; and I ask, "If this is to be the ultimate basis, why not adopt it and start work on it now?"

R. L. WERRY.

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Christian Missions

In last week's lesson we saw the need for Christian propaganda as applied to the individual. This week we are to think of that wider campaign which concerns the Church as a whole.

We know something, at least, of the narrowness which characterized the Jewish faith of Christ's time. The Jews, as a race, were exclusive. They divided the human race into two parts—Jews and Gentiles. Feelings, often of hatred and always of contempt, marked the Jew's attitude to the "outsiders." We have occasional glimpses of this in their treatment of the Samaritans. The Jew would not receive a kindness from a Samaritan, refused to permit him to testify in a court of law, and prayed that he might have no share in the resurrection of the dead. The Jews, then, were a haughty, exclusive and aristocratic people, constantly thanking God that they were superior to others.

Over against this bigotry we have the attitude of Jesus. In His first public speech He reminded the people of Nazareth of the fact that Elijah had been helped in the hour of need by a woman who was a Gentile. He told the story of God's care for Naaman, who also was outside the Hebrew faith. These utterances and many others reveal the spirit of Jesus, its breadth and sympathy, and how universal was His outlook. The people of Christ's time did not only fail to get His viewpoint, but were incensed at His daring. These references to something wider than Judaism so stirred them up that they broke up the meeting and tried to do Jesus physical violence. It was a new note to them. They had never even thought in such comprehensive terms. They believed in, and prayed to, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and that God cared for and loved other peoples as He did them was something they were not prepared to believe.

Then how the parables of Jesus reveal His intention to reach out beyond racial barriers. The hero of that parable we call the "Good Samaritan" was a Gentile. Jesus did not hesitate to make this man a servant of God, and set his conduct in contrast to

that of a priest of the temple. He gave religious instruction to a Gentile woman and healed a Samaritan leper. The great, loving hear of Jesus burst all the narrow limits that human bigotry had set. He loved everybody.

We must have the Spirit of Jesus if we are to be His disciples. We are almost as prone to become exclusive and self-centred as were His auditors twenty centuries ago. That, however, is the path of spiritual death. Henry Ward Beecher points out that there is no instant in the life of a tree when it is simply standing still as regards growth. There are only two periods in the life of a tree—that of growth and the other of decay. The instant it ceases to grow it begins to rot. The Christian Church cannot mark time. There is no such thing as "holding our own." We must be aggressive, ever seeking to reach out and extend our usefulness and increase our activity. If you know a church where the members have ceased to think and pray and work for others, then you may be sure the death-knell of that church has sounded. This is also true of the Church as a whole. We cannot simply hold our own. Vast stretches of the globe are un-Christianized. There is a call from the ends of the earth, and we cannot ignore it.

Most readers will remember how Henry Drummond works out this thought in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." He insists that our physical faculties are given us on condition that we use them. Eyes, ears, limbs, the power of speech, etc. these are ours only as long as we use them. If we cease to exert ourselves, then God takes away the powers He gave us.

This is surely true in regard to spiritual gifts. It is at the peril of our souls that we neglect to be missionaries at home or abroad. There is no discharge from this warfare until the will of God has been accomplished. Great and blessed privileges are ours; handed on to us because others who received the gospel did not seek to limit its application. We in turn must hand it on as freely as we have received it. These are our marching orders. We have no alternative but to obey.

DISTRICT MEETINGS.

Swift Current—The financial district meeting is called for August 13th, 1.30 p.m., in Metropolitan Church, Swift Current. Rev. Dr. Stapleford and Rev. J. A. Doyle are expected to be present; M. M. Bennett, Chairman; J. Wildfong, financial Secretary.

Regina—The financial district meeting will convene in Regina Metropolitan Church, on Wednesday, August 27th, 9.30 a.m., city time. Rev. J. A. Doyle will attend. Interest in the forward movement ensures a full attendance. A. J. Tufts, Chairman; A. W. Keeton, Financial Secretary.

Welland: The financial district meeting will be held at the Methodist Church, Welland, Monday, September 8th. Meeting for district business at 9 a.m. new time. In the afternoon and at night there will be a district conference to plan for the great national campaign. For this conference a special programme is being prepared, and every circuit is asked to have at least ten delegates present. Thomas Green, Chairman; Chas. Hackett, Fin-Sec.

Neepawa—The financial district meeting will be held at Neepawa, August 13th, beginning at 2 p.m. Religious Education will be the order of the day at 4 p.m., Professor A. E. Hetherington presenting the subject. At 8 p.m. a special session to consider the Inter-Church Forward Movement, when the organizer, Rev. Dr. O. Darwin, and the President of the Conference, Rev. M. C. Platt, will speak.

Ministers are asked to bring prominent laymen in addition to the lay delegate; W. A. Cooke, Chairman; W. F. Cann, Fin. Sec.

Brandon—The financial district meeting will be held Thursday, August 21st, in First Church, Brandon. Morning session at 10 o'clock; afternoon session at 2 o'clock, at which Revs. Dr. D. Darwin and Dr. J. W. Graham will present the claims of the "Forward Movement." J. W. Churchill, Chairman; C. W. Morrow, Fin. Sec.

CARD OF THANKS.

Rev. J. Wesley and Mrs. Bean and family, (Dereham Circuit) wish gratefully to acknowledge the many kind letters of friends for all their kindness since their late tragic bereavement.

CORRECTION.

In an advertisement published in this paper July 16, it was stated that the ladies of Beeton had purchased a memorial tablet. It should have read: "Ladies of Thompsonville Methodist Church."

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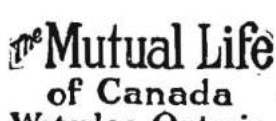
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VICTORIA UNIVERSITY THEOLOGICAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Theological Alumni Association will be held in the College Chapel, September 23-25, 1919. The following is the programme as at present arranged. The books of reference in connection with each subject will be found helpful in preparation.

1. Biblical Studies:
 - A. The Book of Isaiah: (1) Faith and Courage. A study in Isaiah 1-39. (2) Wells of Salvation and Gates of Praise. A study in Isaiah, 40-66. Books of Reference—Commentaries of Wade, Skinner, Whitehouse, Gray.
 - B. The Prison Epistles of St. Paul: (1) The Christology of the Prison Epistles. (2) St. Paul's Doctrine of the Parousia. Books of Reference—Paul and His Interpreters, Schweitzer; Quintessence of Paulinism, Peake; Paul and the Mystery Religions, Kennedy; Commentaries on Ephesians, Scott Lidgett, Charles and Brown; Commentaries on Philippians, Maurice Jones and F. B. Meyer; Commentaries on Colossians, Moule, and Findley.
2. Studies in the Christian Doctrine of Immortality:
 - (1) The Biblical Doctrine of Immortality. (2) Immortality with special attention to the Problems raised by Psychic Research. Books of Reference—The Christian Hope, W. Adams Brown; The Millennial Hope, Shirley Jackson Case; Immortality, Streeter and other writers; Immortality and the Future, Mackintosh; Assurance of Immortality, Fosdick; If a Man Die, J. D. Jones.
3. Christian Sociology and Modern Social Movements.
 - (1) The Vitality of the Present Social Order. (2) The Minimum Wage. (3) The Church as a Social Agency. Books of Reference—A Theology for the Social Gospel, Rauschenbusch; The Spirit of Social Work, Devine; Christianizing the Life of the Community, Ward Edwards; Industry and Humanity, W. L. Mackenzie King; Aims of Labor, Arthur Henderson; Manifesto of the British Labor Party (Appendix to Aims of Labor); From War to Work, Turner; The Survey.
4. Religious Education.
 - (1) Our Educational Policy. (2) Religious Education—An Outline. Books of Reference—Religious Education and Democracy, B. S. Winchester; A Social Theory of Religious Education, G. A. Coe; Religious Education and Reconstruction, N. E. Richardson; Religious Education and the Church, Cope; Social Teaching of the Prophets and Jesus, Kent.

Complete programmes will be sent to all members who register with the Secretary on or before September 1st. Entertainment will be provided in Burwash Hall with no additional charge beyond the registration fee of \$2.00 from Sept. 22 p.m. to Sept. 26 a.m. We are trying to secure reduced fares of which notice will be given in our August announcement.

J. F. McLAUGHLIN, President.
W. A. POTTER, Secretary.

Connexional Notices

MINISTERS' ADDRESSES.

Rev. R. B. Ewan, 3914 Halldale Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Rev. Dr. J. J. Wilson, 207 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto.
Rev. H. E. Kemp, Port Dover, Ont.
Rev. John Pepper's address is Gravenhurst, instead of Bracebridge, as it appears in the list of stations.
Walter R. Millson, 524 William St., London, Ont.

EVANGELISM AND SOCIAL SERVICE.

The annual meeting of the General Board of Evangelism and Social Service will open at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, August 26th, 1919, and continue until adjournment, probably the afternoon of the following day.

T. Albert Moore,
General Secretary.

COURT OF APPEAL.

The Court of Appeal of the Methodist Church will meet on Wednesday, August 20th, at 2 p.m., in the Board Room, Wesley Buildings, for the consideration of such cases as may be upon the docket.

S. D. Chown, Chairman.
A. W. Briggs, Secretary.

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CHURCH PROPERTY SCHEDULES AND CIRCUIT REGISTERS.

To our Ministers and Recording Stewards: Re 1919 Church Property Schedules.—An enquiry has just reached our office as to whether the information sought for in this schedule was to be used in basing certain church assessments upon. The same communication intimates that because this is suspected by some of the brethren, they are withholding the information desired. May we say very emphatically that no such design lay back of the arrangement of this form. The suspicious ones evidently have in mind the Methodist Episcopal budget scheme of assessment for church and benevolent funds. In the first place we have no present regular budget system and in the next place were such a system adopted it is not at all likely that the American plan of including property values would enter into it at all. The reason for seeking this information was in fulfilment of the functions assigned to the department of Finance by the recent General Conference when it required us to keep a registry of all church property. It need only be said that the irregularities in connection with our church properties already disclosed prove this action of General Conference to have been exceedingly wise and the brethren who think it is too much trouble or excuse themselves for other reasons from completing these schedules to say the least, are not yet seized of the seriousness of the situation. Sooner or later the information will have to come and we invite the co-operation of those who are at present delinquent to see that our records may be complete and as accurate as possible. We wish to thank the large number who have already made returns.

Re Circuit Registers.—Our Book and Publishing House are about to prepare a new Circuit Register. Any suggestions as to the improvement of the present form of Register will be appreciated by the undersigned. S. W. Dean.

GENERAL CONFERENCE SPECIAL COMMITTEE

The General Conference Special Committee will meet in the Board Room, Wesley Buildings, at 10 a.m., on Thursday, August 21st.
S. D. Chown, Gen'l Supt.
T. A. Moore, Secretary.

A fervent but unlettered preacher among the mountain whites of the Carolinas was exhorting his flock to come forward and take advantage of the "means of grace." "It air pride that's keeping you settin' in yore seats," he cried; "come to the altar and get down on your benders, and if they air too stiff with pride, ile 'em, ile 'em, as it says in the Scriptur', with the ile of Patmos."

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RECENT DEATHS

Items under this heading will be inserted for \$1.00 each, up to a limit of 150 words. For those over that limit a charge of a cent a word for all extra words will be made.

ROBINSON.—There passed away on July 9th, 1919, at his home, 220 St. James St., London, George Robinson, aged 93, a prominent business man, philanthropist and citizen, but pre-eminently a devoted Methodist, kindly hearted Christian and man of God. He was born of Irish parentage, in 1826, on a farm near Rawden, Quebec, and in his early manhood went to Montreal, where he was the trusted employee for seven years with The McKay Brothers, wholesale drygoods merchants of that city. In 1857 he came to London, Ont., and for sixteen years conducted a retail drygoods store. In 1875 he entered into partnership with Mr. J. W. Little, founding the wholesale firm of Robinson, Little & Co., which has become one of the great business houses of Canada. Although by reason of his age, he had not for some time past been actively



THE LATE GEORGE ROBINSON.

engaged in business, yet he maintained to the last his interest in the progress of the firm, visiting the same the day before his death. Mr. Robinson was converted to God, when a young man, in Montreal, uniting with a Methodist suburban church on Lagacheterre Street, to which he gave financial help as late as 1900. In London for 62 years past, Methodism has had no truer helper than our beloved brother. Coming of sturdy pioneer stock, trained in the hard school of experience of ninety years ago, fired by a consecrated ambition, guided by the high principles of honor, honesty and integrity, the grace of God made of Bro. Robinson the kindly, sympathetic, helpful and beloved Christian gentleman. He did not claim to be without faults; but he did claim to love the means of grace characteristic of Methodism. He loved his home, his church and his God. He was the oldest member and official of First Methodist congregation, through Queen's Ave. and old North St. Church days. He was princely in the simplicity of his character and great in the generosity and liberality of his means, sharing the same gladly with every good cause of church and city, while hundreds of needy people were helped in his own quiet, unheard of way. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson, an elect lady, whom he married in 1859, one son, Mr. W. E. Robinson, of this city, and two daughters, Mrs. Geo. W. Robinson, of Hamilton, and Mrs. T. H. Slater, of Victoria, B.C. The funeral service, held at the family residence on Saturday, July 12th, was conducted by Rev. Dr. Peever, assisted by Rev. B. H. Robinson, M.A., and Rev. J. W. Graham, D.D., after which a very large gathering of friends followed the remains to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Brother Robinson was a great and good man, and words attributed to Chas. Kingsley are very appropriate, viz.:

Who loved God and truth above all things, A man of untarnished honor, Loyal and chivalrous, gentle and strong, Modest and humble, tender and true,

Pitiful to the weak, yearning after the erring, Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression, Yet most stern towards himself; Who, being angry, yet sinned not; Whose highest virtues were known only To his wife, his children, his servants, and the poor; Who lived in the presence of God here, And, passing through the grave and gate of death, Now liveth unto God for evermore.

R. G. Peever.

CATE.—The late C. W. Cate, of Sherbrooke, Que., was well known to members of the Montreal Conference and to members of recent General Conferences of the Methodist Church. For many years he was deeply interested in the larger matters of our church and attended the annual conferences regularly. He had been a member of the Montreal Conference delegation to General Conference for several years, up to the time of his death, which occurred on June 20th last. It seems fitting that some review of his very useful life in connection with our Church should be presented. Born at Stanstead, Que., April 4th, 1855, Mr. Cate received his education at Stanstead Wesleyan College, and after a successful early career became the senior member of the law firm of Cate, Wells and White at Sherbrooke, Que. In his profession Mr. Cate achieved conspicuous success. His career is a model for young men. All his professional life was spent in the City of Sherbrooke, where he enjoyed the entire confidence of his fellow citizens. He was elected Batonnier of the St. Francis Bar in 1897 and again in 1906. After serving Sherbrooke for some years as a member of the City Council he was Mayor of the city in 1910-11. Mr. Cate held numerous positions of trust, and devoted much time to the service of Sherbrooke and its institutions. Sherbrooke always found in him a man of integrity and unselfish spirit, who brought superior ability and good judgment to the public service. Mr. Cate married Mary M. Bangs in 1882. Mrs. Cate and two sons survive him. Their home in Sherbrooke was characterized by a delightful spirit of simplicity, refinement and culture. It has been well known to many of our ministers during the last thirty years. It was in accord with the spirit of service that pervaded that home that at the outbreak of the war both sons prepared to go overseas. After strenuous years in the Artillery and Naval Reserve branches of the service the sons have safely returned. The vast tragedies of 1916, 1917 and 1918 brought deepest anxiety to thousands of parents, and the strain of these years taxed Mr. Cate's strength. The long church relationship of this Christian man is a splendid record of service. He was for many years a teacher in Sunday school, shared responsibility of the school management and helped to make the Sherbrooke Methodist Sunday school the leading one in the Province of Quebec. He was a trustee, treasurer and finally recording steward of his church and was always a generous supporter of his needs. Suspicious of merely novel and superficial methods in church activities Mr. Cate would loyally stand by all faithful, well-considered effort to advance the cause of God. The young people of the church had no more sympathetic friend, and he would sacrifice time and effort lavishly to build up the young manhood of his church and city. It was inspiring to see a man, whose time was heavily taxed by his profession, giving ungrudgingly to constructive, forward looking church enterprises. Mr. Cate frequently attended our General Conferences and was deeply interested in important matters of church policy. His fine judgment, genial spirit and warm sympathy with progress-



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ive measures won for him high esteem and great influence in our church councils. He was not a frequent speaker in Conference, but his suggestions were always listened to with consideration. In the Montreal Conference he was one of a group of able, forward looking men who have brought the Lay Association up to new power and influence in recent years. Stansstead College has lost a great friend. Mr. Cate knew the history of the college and the important and essential sphere of influence it fills in Canadian Methodism. The service rendered by him to that institution, if he had done nothing more, would be more than enough to command a tribute of affectionate gratitude from our great Church. There are great men in our Eastern Townships who will take up the positions of trust he filled so faithfully and carry on. It would be interesting to know the number of years that Mr. Cate was a representative to our annual conferences and how many times he attended General Conference. The number of times and number of years are much less important than the great contribution he made. The unselfish spirit, strong personality, wise judgment and hearty sympathy with constructive measures, which he brought to those conferences, made his presence always of telling value. We have few men of his rank and influence in our Church assemblies, and he will be profoundly missed.

G. A. McIntosh.

CREALOCK.—On June 15th there passed away in the person of Mrs. John Crealock one of the oldest of Toronto Methodists, and also one of the oldest of Toronto pioneers, she having resided continuously in the community for eighty-seven years. Born in London, England, during 1827, she, in 1832, came to Canada with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Carter, landing at Quebec City after spending three months on the Atlantic. Indeed, the trip from Quebec, to what was then "Muddy York," took six weeks. The Carter family took up its abode on James Street. The father, who was born in 1780, began business as a master builder, and gradually acquired a large block of land on the west side of what is now Spadina Avenue, running north from Queen to St. Patrick, now Dundas Street West.

The late Mrs. Crealock, who died at and was buried from the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Crealock, 1185 College Street, witnessed the stirring scenes of the 1837 Rebellion. She would vividly recall the burning of the Don Bridge, the spectacle of the woman on horseback carrying dispatches between Montgomery's Tavern and Government House and other like incidents. She spoke familiarly of the imprisonment in the old jail of Lount, Matthews and other well-known figures in the Rebellion and recalled that they used to make wooden toys and distribute them among the children. From the rear of a nearby building, overlooking the courtyard, she also witnessed the execution of the Rebellion leaders. Many were the stories she would tell of Bishop Strachan, who used to speak to every child he met, Hincks, the Robinsons, Boltons and Baldwins. In 1846 she was married to John Crealock, who, for several years, did business in St. Patrick's Market. She had six children, only one of whom, S. J. Crealock, of Sunnyside Avenue, in this city, survive her. Ex-Alderman Wm. Crealock was another son. There are twenty-six grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren still living.

Mrs. Crealock was brought up as a member of the Church of England, but on her marriage joined the church of her husband, who was a Wesleyan Methodist. For years they worshipped in old Queen Street Church, but after moving west to Brockton, they united with the group that brought Wesley Church, Dundas Street, into existence. The deceased's membership in that church extended over thirty years. At the time of her death she was a member of College Street Methodist.

Mrs. Crealock possessed mental and physical qualities that made her outstanding in the wide circle of her acquaintances. She was a truly positive character, her long life being a continuous demonstration of the verities of the Christian faith. She knew in whom she believed and her conception of the personal relationship between herself and her Master, always maintained, grew stronger with the growth of years. Being a person of very earnest purpose, Christianity, for her, was not a thing to put on and off as occasion required. Nor was it a matter of mere words, her long life being a constant example of sacrifice and service, which found expression especially in the relief of sickness and suffering, a service which made her very widely and favorably known. To the last she retained the use of her faculties; enjoyed, until the spring of this year, uncommonly good health, and passed away peacefully. In her own words, it was "the Lord calling." Rev. A. J. Paul, B.A., B.D., conducted the funeral service, at which Mr. Andrew Bates paid a short but

fitting tribute to the departed. Her remains lie in Mount Pleasant beside those of her husband and other members of the family. Such is the short record of a long and useful life. W. G. Cates.

McPHERSON.—Nelson McPherson was born May 16th, 1844, in the township of Gainsborough, Lincoln County, Ontario, and passed away on February 26th, 1919, at his home at Silverdale, after a short illness. Although he had very poor health for several years, he possessed a meek, quiet spirit, and was cheerful through it all. He was converted in his youth, and also was a faithful supporter of the Church. From that time, and took an active part; he was a great reader of The Guardian, of which he was a subscriber for a great many years. Mr. McPherson was a man of marked personality, keen of intellect, good organizing ability, and successful in business. He possessed a wide circle of friends. In the year 1869 he was married to Margaret E. Disher, of the same township. He leaves to mourn his loss a sorrowing wife; a son, Orlin A., of Silverdale; two daughters, Margaret A. Moore, of South Grimsby, and Joanna L. Lounsbury, of Caistor township; and two brothers, Dr. G. W. McPherson, of Los Angeles, California, and E. A. McPherson, of Silverdale.

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

As a faithful worker and a very highly esteemed member of the Silverdale Methodist Church, we very deeply regret his loss. J. C. K.

RICHARDSON.—"Ted" Richardson, youngest son of Edward and Jemima Richardson, was born on the old home farm in Centre Cavan, where his father and his grandfather had lived from early pioneer days. The quiet influences of a godly home acted constantly upon his childhood, and moulded his life so gently that his conversion was not a startling event. In his youthful days he became a member of the Cavanville church, sang in the choir, and afterwards was appointed to the Board of Trustees.

Those were the days of class meetings, and Ted never failed the class led by his father every Sunday morning in the spacious home of the late Thos. Richardson. He was quiet-mannered, but profoundly religious, and he proved faithful unto death.

In 1908, by reason of an attack of pneumonia, he left the farm, and, with his sisters, removed to Peterborough. Yet, ever industrious, he pursued new duties and rendered new services. That familiar home-loving instinct of his nature, which urged him homeward every week-end, overtaxed his strength last Christmaside, causing leakage of the heart, of which he died in the early hours of January 8th, 1919, aged sixty-five years.

Rev. F. E. Malott, his pastor, conducted the funeral service, which was under the auspices of the Oddfellows of Peterborough and Millbrook, after which the kindly, patient form of this truly Christian man was laid to rest in the family plot on the middle road, north of Millbrook. A. M. I.

JONES.—Miss Belinda Jones, of Whitby, after two months' illness, died on Sunday, July 13th. Born in Pickering township, daughter of Joseph Jones, she came to Whitby when but ten years of age to live with her aunt, Mrs. Yeoman Gibson, who adopted her. Since Mrs. Gibson's death, in 1909, Miss Jones and Miss Gibson have continued to occupy the homestead where the latter was born and still lives. A life-long and devoted member of the Methodist Church, Miss Jones was especially active in Sunday school, W.M.S., Ladies' Aid and W.C.T.U. work, everywhere carrying sunshine and push. She was likewise energetic in patriotic work during the war, knitting over two hundred pairs of socks, in recognition of which the Canadian Field Comforts Commission forwarded her a medal from Folkestone. She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. McBrien, of Whitby, and Mrs. Match, of Goderich; also by four brothers, two in the west and two in Pickering township. W. Benj. Tucker.

THOMPSON.—Methodism on the old Belmont circuit, London Conference, loses a sterling son in the death, on July 7th, with tragic suddenness from heart failure, of James Dixon Thompson, son of the late Wm. Thompson, a worthy pioneer of church and country. Born July 15th, 1861, he died at a brother's home on the farm of his birth. He inherited his mother's staunch Moravian spirit, and strikingly resembled a missionary uncle to Labrador. Sustained by a simple, serene faith, he was generous in religious sympathies, and by the children was especially beloved. A lifelong student of good literature, he enjoyed outdoor life, and took a keen and independent interest in public questions. One of his last efforts was to further the success of

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the autumn prohibition campaign. With hopeful devotion and self-sacrifice he served his community well. Rev. A. R. Kellam, pastor, and Rev. R. H. Barnby, Springfield, conducted the funeral service. Two brothers, a sister and two sons survive, the elder, Lieut. Howard G. Thompson, R.A.F., still in British service in the Caucasus, but expecting an early return. A little over a year ago the mother predeceased the father. An enthusiastic patron of music, "the art of heaven given to earth," it was to deceased almost one of the necessities of living, and so he goes to join

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

BAY OF QUINTE CONFERENCE.

Schedule of Time and Place of District Meetings.

- Belleville District, Sept. 3rd, Belleville.
 - Napanee District, Sept. 2nd, Napanee.
 - Madoc District, Sept. 4th, Madoc.
 - Picton District, Sept. 5th, Picton.
 - Brighton District, Sept. 8th, Brighton.
 - Cobourg District, Sept. 9th, Cobourg.
 - Bowmanville District, Sept. 10th, Bowmanville.
 - Whitby District, Sept. 11th, Whitby.
 - Cannington District, Sept. 11th, Woodville.
 - Campbellford District, Sept. 16th, Campbellford.
 - Peterboro District, Sept. 17th, Peterboro (Trinity Church).
 - Lindsay District, Sept. 18th, Lindsay.
- The above arrangement was agreed upon, in order to give opportunity for visit of General Conference Officers or their representatives, to further plan for united National campaign.

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Births, Marriages, Deaths

BIRTHS.

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

BEST.—At the General Hospital, Vancouver, on July 17th, to the Rev. E. Leslie and Mrs. Best, of West Vancouver, a son.

MOORE.—On Monday, July 28th, 1919, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, to the Rev. G. W. and Mrs. Moore, a daughter, Eleanor Mary.

DEATHS.

KURTZ.—Mary A. Murachy, beloved wife of E. J. Kurtz, died in the hospital, Canora, Sask., June 17th, aged 47 years and one month. Body was taken to Nashville, Ont., for interment in Nashville Cemetery. Mary A. McMurachy was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dugald McMurachy, of Vaughan. Servis was conducted at house by Rev. P. Smith, of Spy Hill, Sask.

IN MEMORIAM.

SACKVILLE.—In loving memory of our son, Lance Sergt. Spencer Herbert Wellington Sackville, 54th Canadian Infantry, who was instantly killed in action at the battle of Amiens, August 8th, 1918. Buried at Beaucourt, twenty-five miles south-east of Amiens.

Somewhere in France he lies at rest.
For his King and country he did his best;
With other comrades he played his part,
And did his duty with a loyal heart.
—Father, mother and family.

LOGAN.—In loving memory of Pte. R. A. Logan, of Terence, who died in Brandon Hospital, June 30th, 1918.

One year has passed, our hearts still sore;
As time goes on we miss him more;
One of the dearest, one of the best,
We miss him most who loved him best.

Of times we sit and think of him
When we are all alone;
For memory is the only thing
That grief can call its own.

Some day we hope to meet him;
Some day, we know not when,
We shall clasp his hand in a better land,
And never part again.
—Father, mother, sister and brothers.

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OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Woman's Missionary Society will be held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, September 23rd to 26th, beginning Tuesday, 26th, at 3 p.m.

The Executive Committee will meet at 10 o'clock, Tuesday morning, in the same place, and the corresponding secretaries of branches, also Nominating Committee, at 2 o'clock.

All officers, delegates and missionaries requiring billets who have not already notified Mrs. J. D. Chipman, 122 St. George St., Toronto, Ont., will kindly do so not later than September 1st.

E. W. Ross, President.
M. M. Brown, Secretary.

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To Graduates, Former Students and Students

OF

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It is the desire of the College to extend a hearty welcome to all graduates, former students and students of the College who have rendered military service in the Great War. It is proposed to do this at a great re-union to be held in the College during the early Autumn, to which all graduates, former students and students will be invited.

The registrar will welcome any information concerning the present addresses of all Wesleyan men who have served in the War. He will also welcome suggestions from the Alumni regarding the most convenient date for the proceedings.

Address all communications to the Registrar, PROF. WILLIAM C. GRAHAM, Roche's Point, Ontario.

To Students and Intending Students

OF

Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal

All students who purpose enrolling in the classes of the Wesleyan Theological College for the Session, 1919-20, whether as resident or extra-mural students, are requested to communicate at once with the Registrar, Professor William C. Graham, at Roche's Point, Ontario.

The equation of work done on the courses of the past quadrennium, with the courses of the coming quadrennium has been completed. Certificates, showing the present standing of all students are now available.

It will greatly facilitate the work of registration and the arrangement of timetables if registrations are made at once by mail, for the coming session. This is quite feasible under the system now in use.

RESERVE THESE DATES
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of Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavor and Young People's Societies
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