

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

Established 1829

GOD NEVER FAILS



WE grow accustomed to failure. There is never a success but is built upon a dozen failures. There is no man so wise, so strong, so good, but his path is marked by many a failure. Wise men are not wise enough, strong men are not strong enough, good men are not good enough, to avoid failure; and many a story of failure is sad and tragic enough, and sometimes the failure is a failure of love and friendship and truth, and this is the worst of all. When those we trust betray us, when those we love forsake us, when those we have helped revile us, the failure bites deep into the soul. But one thing stands out boldly against this record of human failure. God never fails. His strength knows no weakness, His wisdom never blunders, His goodness holds no flaw. Father and mother may forsake, human love may prove untrue, but there is no possibility of the Eternal Father ever ceasing to love His own. No sinful man ever trusted God in vain. No weak and helpless one ever found Him to fail. Have faith in God.

Toronto, September 3rd, 1919

NOTES ON MEETING OF BOARD OF EVANGELISM AND SOCIAL SERVICE

SUSTAINED EVANGELISM.

No person should find it possible to enter two successive services of any Methodist church without facing a call to enlist in the service of Christ and an opportunity to do so. This is the declared principle of the Department of Evangelism and Social Service. It is sending to every church a calendar indicating the special use of the series of special seasons and festivals which comprise the Church year. Starting with the Rally Day in September, the Church will proceed with its survey and spiritual organization for the National Campaign. In January there will be two periods of prayer, the latter being devoted to the quest for the unity of Christendom as sought by the World Conference on Faith and Order. Then comes the February period of consecration of person and resources to the objectives of the Church, and by Palm Sunday the enlistment of the Sunday-school product into avowed discipleship is ready. In May comes the Mother's Day festival, when we consecrate the newly-enfranchised element of our citizenship whose activity completely transforms the life of the State.

THE REVIVAL OF THE LOCAL CHURCH.

"Of" the local church—not in it! The church itself, and not merely a few people, is to be made more vital and efficient. The General Conference ordered a spiritual survey of each local church, designed to enlist the resources of human ability in its active work. The National Campaign must find its starting point in such an intensive study of local needs and personal obligations. The General Board of Evangelism and Social Service, acting under instructions, is organizing this survey, and special meetings of all Official Boards will be called in the near future to face the heart-searching enquiries which are essential. It is believed that this will produce an unprecedented thoughtfulness, repentance and consecration to discovered obligations.

THEY CANNOT VOTE

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Having received several letters of enquiry, I took up with the Government of Ontario the matter of the franchise of the ministers of the Methodist Church in the Province of Ontario who have recently removed from one circuit to another, particularly with reference to their right to vote on the coming referendum. I find the law is the same now as it has been for many years, and requires a certain residence in an electoral district before a man is entitled to go on the voters' list. Under this law Methodist ministers, as all other electors, who have not been three months in their present place of residence will be prevented from voting.

Much as this may be regretted, we have to bow to the facts of the case, and I can only hope that this circumstance will be an incentive to all our ministers to do, if possible, more than they otherwise would to crown the referendum vote with distinguished success in the interests of temperance.

Sincerely yours,

S. D. CHOWN.

Aug. 26th, 1919.

THE PHOTOGRAPH DEPARTMENT OF THE BOOK ROOM

Since the Book Steward's announcement of the organization of this new department was issued I have received a number of letters, all the way from Prince Rupert to Newfoundland, from ministers who are desirous of using the lantern in their work more extensively than ever before. I appreciate the many kind wishes already expressed for the success of the department,

which will honestly try to fill a very general need.

The purpose of this note is to ascertain, if possible, the number of ministers or other church leaders who are either using or intend to use the lantern in their work. Appeals have already been received for the establishing of Conference depots or branches for the supply of slides and other necessary equipment to the users within those Conferences. The difficulties of shipping slides from Toronto to distant places make these central branch depots very desirable if the plan is practicable. I cannot determine that point without knowing the possible number of men who would take advantage of the provision these depots would make for their needs. Hence this note.

Will all ministers in any of our Eastern or Western Conferences who would probably use the service of a local depot kindly send their names and addresses to me as soon as possible, that the whole matter may be seriously considered and, if possible, arranged. All men in the central Conferences may be satisfactorily served from the central depot in Toronto, but not so those living far away.

As soon as possible fuller announcements will be made concerning the business in all its details; but a concern of such magnitude and importance cannot be established and equipped for all lines of work in a hurry. Meanwhile I shall be very glad to hear from all our people, and shall thankfully consider any suggestions, hints, opinions, requests, or advice which will enable me to really serve the Church in so important a line of work as this now under organization.

We are doing business, so send in your orders, as well as your counsel. All will be cheerfully dealt with. Address—

S. T. BARTLETT,
Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

Personals

The Quarterly Board of Central Methodist Church, Sault Ste. Marie, have very generously raised the salary of their pastor, Rev. I. G. Bowles, \$250, making it now \$2,250.

Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Hames, on leaving Beeton, were presented with several tangible tokens of appreciation of their faithful services, among which was a purse of fifty dollars to the latter, from the ladies of the congregation. Mr. Hames, after forty-nine years of strenuous toil in the Christian ministry, has been granted a superannuation relation for one year, to enable him and his inestimable wife to visit their children and families and friends in Western Canada, where they spent twenty-three years of pioneer life and labors for the Master. They expect to pass the coming winter with some of their relatives and friends in British Columbia.

The General Board of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies is carrying into effect in one more college centre its policy of co-operation with the theological colleges in the interests of religious education. Rev. James King, Ph.D., has been appointed as Field Secretary of Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, and it has been arranged that he is to deliver a course of lectures on religious edu-

cation at Mount Allison University each year. Dr. King will live in Sackville, and it is hoped that he will be able to take up his residence there and begin his field work by Oct. 1st. The General Board of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies and the authorities of Mount Allison University are to be congratulated on securing a man of the ability and training of Dr. King for this important position. Dr. King served for two years as a probationer in the Nova Scotia Conference. He subsequently took his theology at Boston University, and was ordained as a minister of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He took his Ph.D. from Clark University, specializing in psychology and religious education, and has for the past year and a half been pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Southbridge, Mass. Dr. King has been most successful both as student and as pastor, and is a real leader of boys and girls and young people. The district secretaries of religious education of the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conferences, at a recent session, requested the board to appoint Dr. King, and this appointment has been made in harmony with the unanimous wish of these Maritime representatives. His coming will add another strong man to the staff of the board, and will render possible very much more efficient leadership in the work of religious education among the Methodist people of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

Wise and Otherwise

"Don't you enjoy listening to the honk of the wild goose?"

"Not when he's driving an automobile."
—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

First Debutante: "They say Jack's quite an expert in the art of self-defence."

Second Debutante: "Hardly! Marie made him propose in just one week!"
—*Life*.

Sandy: "I canna remember—hic—what the bride was like, Donald."

Donald: "Whist, mon, it wisna a marriage—it was a fun'ral."
—*Boston Transcript*.

The Head Waiter (fishing): "I dreamed last night, sir, that you gave me a £5 note."

Stingy Patron: "Indeed, James! That's a bit steep for a tip, but—you may keep it!"
—*London Passing Show*.

Country Boarder: "You wrote that you were never bothered by mosquitoes here, and they have almost eaten me alive."

Farmer: "I didn't say anything about 'em botherin' you, did I? I said they never bother me, an' they don't; I'm used to 'em."
—*Boston Transcript*.

DISTRICT MEETINGS.

Barrie—The district meeting will be held in Central Church, Barrie, Wednesday, Sept. 10th, 9.30 a.m., 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. R. J. Fallis, Chairman; A. J. D. Carscadden, Fin. Sec.

Hamilton—The district meeting will be held in Wesley Church, Hamilton, on Monday, Sept. 11th, at 9.30 a.m. Spiritual Conference at 2 p.m. Address by Dr. Moore. C. L. McIrvine, Chairman; F. M. Wootton, Fin. Sec.

MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR 1918-1919.

Conference.	Total.	Increase.	Per cent. of Increase.
Toronto	\$221,544 42	\$48,714 15	27
London	128,747 86	23,325 18	22
Hamilton	147,064 34	25,915 24	21
Bay of Quinte	79,428 77	11,946 74	18
Montreal	93,190 94	12,384 32	15
Nova Scotia	22,395 47	3,380 01	18
New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island	23,065 65	2,808 36	14
Newfoundland	33,213 03	9,083 02	38
Manitoba	62,463 65	14,916 01	31
Saskatchewan	68,829 35	10,102 09	17
Alberta	30,547 97	687 29	2
British Columbia	23,914 48	4,956 60	26
	\$934,405 93	\$166,219 01	22

Christian Guardian

Established 1829

Emigration from Germany to Begin

RATHER a startling statement comes from Berlin that no less than 5,000,000 Germans have asked the Bureau of Immigration for permission to leave the country. The majority of these intend to settle in South America, but a good number declare their intention of settling in Palestine. Such a movement is not wholly unexpected, but its proportions seem exceedingly significant. Of course the Government may decide that it cannot afford to allow so many of its citizens to emigrate, as it will certainly mean decreased national earning power, which at this juncture can ill be afforded. But it is difficult to see how the Government can really prevent the emigration if the people are determined to go.

The Passing of the Army and Navy Board

THE specific war-time activities conducted by the Army and Navy Board are no longer needed. But there are still many ministers and probationers to be absorbed into the home Church, and there are outstanding liabilities for moneys borrowed and spent in emergency work of the Chaplains' Service. The General Conference specially charged this board also to take steps to make effective its famous declaration on industrial conditions. But all this can be carried on most economically in connection with the Department of Evangelism and Social Service. The general board of this department has now, under authority given it, taken over the responsibilities and staff of the Army and Navy Board, and this latter body, after doing invaluable work, ceases to exist.

Where Germany was Beaten

THE German Government is slowly publishing certain documents dealing with the war, and the truth is gradually being revealed that the old fiction of "the unconquered army" must be given up, as it was merely an invention of the military clique to save their face. It is not true that the army yielded because of revolution at home; but it is true that the revolution was produced by the break-up of the army. The great military machine, whose power and precision were the wonder of the world, was smashed utterly and irretrievably by the citizen armies which were mustered against it. And it is now plain that the blow which broke the Hindenburg line was the culminating stroke that shattered into pieces the two great military idols, Ludendorff and Hindenburg. And the Canadians helped to strike that decisive blow. But now the Germans know decisively that it was not the German people which failed the army, but the army which failed the people.

General Louis Botha

THE Premier of the Union of South Africa, General Louis Botha, passed suddenly away last week, following an attack of influenza. For twenty years General Botha has been a prominent figure in the Empire, and he had won the respect of all who knew him. He fought against Britain during the Boer war, but when the war was over he was called upon to form a Government which should reconcile the opposing parties, and his efforts have ever since been devoted to welding into one the diverse forces of which the South African State is composed. When the war broke out in 1914 the South African Union threw itself heartily into the struggle on the side of Britain, and General Botha took command of the Union forces, which, after a lengthy and very difficult campaign, finally compelled the German forces

in German East Africa to surrender. General Botha, with General Smuts, signed the Peace Treaty for South Africa on June 28th. The sudden passing of such a man is a matter of profound regret. He was only fifty-six years of age. Doubtless some other hand will carry on the work which Botha so wisely begun.

The Prince and the People

THAT the Prince of Wales took Toronto by storm seems to be putting the case rather mildly. Even those who theoretically have but little use for kings and princes were forced to admit that this was the most democratic of princes; in fact, much more accessible, and infinitely less condescending, than



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

some of our acquaintances whose only title is their swollen bank account. The Prince is young, enthusiastic, and despite the fact that he was forced to shake hands with absolutely unknown individuals at the rate of about sixty per minute, he really seemed to enjoy himself. If he had ransacked the world to find some way of making royalty popular in this cosmopolitan and democratic community he could have found no better plan than that which he adopted. His sincerity, his youth and his smile captured everyone, and if his trained eye noted strange and even grotesque lapses from orthodox court procedure his countenance told no tales. And we venture to assert that wherever the Prince may go his genial personality will win for him golden opinions, and there will be more than perfunctory utterance in the cry "Long live the Prince of Wales." Canada welcomes His Royal Highness with utmost loyalty, and the prayers of her people go out freely for the future ruler of the world's greatest Empire.

Those Disfranchised Preachers

LAST week one of our correspondents called attention to the fact that, according to the present law, there will be about 400 Methodist preachers, with their wives and possibly some children of voting age, who will not be allowed to vote on the prohibition referendum. This week we publish a letter from Rev. Dr. Chowñ declaring that this matter has been brought to the attention of the Government, but that the law is of many years' standing, not something new which applies only to the referendum. And just here we might say that the Methodist ministers are not the only ones affected, as it applies just as much to school teachers and all others who have moved from one riding to another within the past three months. No doubt this law was intended to prevent rather gross abuses, and to guard against anything like ballot stuffing, but it does seem rather a strange thing that a man who has lived his whole life in Canada, and concerning whose right to vote there can be no possible doubt, should be debarred from exercising his franchise simply because, as in some cases, he has moved from one part of the city to another, or at most

from one county to another. Either he should be allowed to vote in his new home, or in the old one. This, however, is not the law, and no change can possibly be made at present, but it does seem as though the law ought to be changed to cover just such cases.

Crime in Ireland

IRELAND from end to end is seething with unrest, and yet there were very light calendars at the Summer Assizes. According to the number of cases which came before the judges the country appears to be in a state of great tranquility. But this is wholly misleading. The *Christian Advocate*, of Belfast, reviewing the situation, declares with startling emphasis that "life was never so insecure, and law never so despised as it is in Munster and Connaught to-day." It is true that there are few cases which come into the courts, as in the county of Tipperary, for instance, where only four bills were presented; but there were no fewer than forty-eight "specially reported" cases of crime, in none of which had the police succeeded in bringing the offenders to justice. The editor asserts that "A public opinion which, partly from a deep-rooted alienation from the Government and partly from fear of secret reprisals, habitually shields the offender is perhaps the most serious symptom of Ireland's disease." This is surely a sad state of affairs, for which the Government may be indeed partly to blame, but which must none the less cause sincere grief to Ireland's true friends. The declaration of the *Advocate* that "At no time since the old Fenian days has Ireland been more disturbed, and in some parts it is as much as a man's life is worth to give evidence in a public court against the perpetrators of outrages," makes one wonder less at Ulster's lack of enthusiasm in regard to a system of Home Rule which would allow the instigators of this lawlessness to have rule over Ulster's inhabitants.

Who will Avert Armenia's Doom?

IF Armenia be totally wiped out to-day, after the Turk has revealed his purpose with brutal clearness, and after Armenia has sent forth most frantic calls for help, it will be a blot upon our civilization such as the future will never forgive. There seems to be no reason whatever to doubt that the Turks and the Kurds are prepared to consummate their ruthless butchery as soon as the last footfall of the retiring British soldiers has died away. The order had apparently gone forth for all the British troops to leave the Caucasus, and that order was only countermanded when it became clear that such a withdrawal would sign the death-warrant of the Armenian nation. But Britain has no other reason to remain longer in the Caucasus, and she wishes to withdraw. The United States is the one other nation which is most directly interested in Armenia, and to her the Armenians naturally look for protection; but the United States has great reluctance to take any step which will tend to embroil it with any European or Asiatic power. Yet someone must assume the responsibility. Why not the great American Republic? Could anything be more seemly than for this greatest of all republics to pledge its protection to the new-born Armenian Republic, which is even now threatened with extinction, and whose existence depends upon the help of some stronger power. But if Uncle Sam should steadily refuse the responsibility, then let John Bull take it up. The world cannot afford to abandon Armenia to the merciless Turk.

The Control of Industry

THE Federation of British Industries represents about 18,000 British manufacturing and producing firms, with a united capital of \$25,000,000,000. Last March this federation appointed a committee to investigate the matter of the control of industry, and that committee has now brought in its report. The committee is opposed to the nationalization of industry, but they recommend an alternative constructive policy based on a reasoned consideration of the demands of labor and of the different solutions which have been proposed. The committee has little use for co-operative production, but favors national and district industrial councils, as outlined by the Whitley report, giving the workers in every industry the fullest possible voice in determining the conditions under which they shall labor, subject to certain safeguards. The committee recommends the publication of trade statistics, so that the workers shall understand better the financial conditions of the different industries. The committee holds that

"centralized management by a Government Department is fatal to commercial efficiency and enterprise," and they consider that it would make it impossible for British industry to hold its own at home and abroad in view of the increasingly intense commercial competition of other nations. At the same time the committee recognizes that the public is entitled to some protection against possible exploitation by monopolies." The committee does not recommend any system of profit-sharing, but thinks that "the remuneration of the workers should bear some proportion to their efficiency." So far as we can see the report of the committee will not contribute very materially to solve the questions which now agitate the British labor world.

Our Immigration Returns

DURING the war immigration into Canada was almost at a standstill. Last year, in April, May and June, only 16,279 immigrants came to us, of whom 14,141 came from the United States, 856 from Britain and 1,282 from other countries. But this year, during the same three months, we have received 17,429 from the United States, 10,379 from Britain, and 1,470 from other countries, a total of 29,278. It is a moot question whether the tide of emigration from Europe will begin to flow next year. Some think that Europe will need her people so sorely that there will be little emigration; but the probability seems to be that the very calamity which has befallen Europe will cause hundreds of thousands of men and women to turn longing eyes to the great American continent, as yet unswept by foreign war. The United States is taking no chance in the matter, and proposes, in view of conditions at home, to prohibit any immigration into her territory for a period of two years. Canada as yet has taken no action, but if our forecast is correct the closing of the United States ports to European immigrants will automatically direct the stream of immigration into our own land. At present this would hardly be a desirable thing, and in self-defence Canada also may be compelled to close her ports to foreign immigrants.

Facing the Temperance Issue Squarely

IN these days when the importance of the temperance issue dwarfs, for the time being at least, all others in Canadian politics, it seems natural that people should demand to know just where their leaders stand. In Ontario, with the prohibition referendum only a few weeks away, this is specially true, and it is a gratification to have Premier Hearst give his own personal views in clear and unmistakable terms. Only a few days ago he declared: "From first to last there has been no doubt as to my position in regard to the Ontario Temperance Act. I stood by it in its conception, and I will stand by it until its fate is decided. I believe it has accomplished much good for the people of the province. The Ontario Temperance Act, in my opinion, increased our economic strength, increased our efficiency, and generally added to the fighting strength of the province in war time. It has proven beneficial in the days of turmoil and reconstruction. Any change in that act now would, I believe, be unwise. What has proved a source of strength in the days of war and reconstruction would, I believe, prove a boon in the days of peace and prosperity to come." Generally the newspapers approve of the Premier's outspoken declaration, and they look now to Mr. Dewart for an equally plain statement as to his position. The *Globe* says: "The people are entitled to demand from candidates seeking votes a plain unequivocal statement of their views on the Ontario Temperance Act. . . . Leaders of parties have no good ground for assuming that they are exempt from such a demand, or the necessity of meeting it without hedging." And the *Hamilton Times* says: "We believe that it is the duty of our public men to show on which side they are on. We believe that Mr. Hartley Dewart will lose nothing by coming boldly out and telling the people on which side he takes his stand. The public likes a man who has the courage of his convictions." It is true that Mr. Dewart says he will abide by the result of the referendum, but the electors would like to know, and many think they have a right to know, on which side of the temperance issue Mr. Dewart is. Does he favor provincial prohibition, or is he opposed to it? If he favors it, he surely will have the courage of his convictions, and will say so. If he is opposed to it, probably he will feel that it would not be wise to say so. And yet, if he aspires to lead the Liberal party in Ontario, which in other days was avowedly a prohibition party, he surely ought to place himself on record in regard to this great question.

THE FOURFOLD BALLOT

THE referendum ballot, a copy of which appeared in our issue of last week, has four questions upon it, and every voter must vote upon every question. If he fails to vote on any one of the four questions his whole ballot will be thrown out, so that it is useless voting at all except we vote on every question.

And the ballot will be spoiled if we write anything on it. If, for instance, we write "No" or "Yes" in the blank spaces, our ballot will be spoiled. We have urged our people to vote "No" on every question, and some of them have thought that this meant they should write "No" upon their ballots. This is emphatically not the case. The voter must simply put his four crosses below the "No" which appears at the top of the ballot.

We must leave no stone unturned to get every voter out to the poll, but we must be careful to see that they are made so familiar with the voting regulations that their votes will count. It is no use taking voters to the polls if they are going to spoil their ballots by unintentional disregard of the law. Let us make sure that all our voters know just what to do. Four X's in the "No" column is what will keep Ontario dry, and nothing else will.

KEEPING OUR HEARTS TENDER

ONE of the apostolic injunctions runs thus, "Be ye tender-hearted," and it is one which many of us are prone to forget. In these days, when even the preacher must be "a good business man," business has so absorbed us, so fettered us, and so awed us, that we have no time for amiable weaknesses, and we are ashamed to give way to any tenderness of heart, except possibly where it cannot be connected, either intimately or remotely, with dollars and cents. For "business is business," and the man who allows tenderness of heart to affect his pocket-book in any shape whatever is surely a poor business man. And so we harden our hearts at the cry of distress, or appoint a committee of hard-headed men to deal with the matter.

This attitude is not wholly unjustifiable. It is a very patent fact that frauds and humbugs abound wherever indiscriminate charity prevails, and many hard-luck stories that would melt a human icicle are as false as they are affecting. It only requires a very superficial acquaintance with the human flotsam and jetsam of a great city to understand the imperative need of caution in accepting any hard-luck stories, as the professional beggar has as many aliases as the need seems to demand, and for an unlettered man his knowledge of human psychology is sometimes startling. And it is exceedingly wise that the charities of a city be so organized as to prevent the gifts of the benevolent from being utilized to support a class of professional mendicants.

This is all true, and we have put the case very mildly. But when all has been said, and we have been warned against false appeals of fictitious poverty, we had better be careful lest in our just and wise recoil from the cleverly disguised appeals of social parasites we harden our hearts against the genuine appeals of the unfortunates round about us. The fact that a dozen men have lied to us does not make untrue the honest statement of the thirteenth. The fact that there is a good deal of fictitious misery round about us does not do away with the fact that there is also a great deal of the real article. And if, because I have been deceived by false and fraudulent appeals, I close my ears to the cry of real distress, I sin against my brother and against my own soul.

And yet this is the sin which some of us are committing to-day. The fierceness of the struggle between capital and labor is owing in no small degree to the fact that capital does not sympathize with, because it does not believe in, the story of labor's hardships. It is surprising how quickly a comfortable income and a good bank account cause the world to take on a rosy hue, and as we ride in our automobiles it is easy to believe that if everyone else would work as hard as we have done, and deny themselves as we have done, they also could be riding about in their automobiles just as we are. If once this idea finds a place in our creed it becomes an easy thing to smile at all the pleas of less fortunate men, whose demands for a larger share in the good things of life, will appear to us, necessarily, to be in reality disguised pleas for living without work. In dealing with men we need to preserve a proper tenderness of heart, or we shall find ourselves singularly and persistently misinterpreting their appeals.

And in the home there is even greater need for this same tenderness of heart. Many a husband has failed just here. There are few sadder revelations in the literary world than that of Thomas Carlyle as he edits the diary of his talented wife and recalls the fact of his own brutal neglect of her and impatience at her complaints. Tender heartedness comes too late when the object of it is dead; and many a man's bitterest self-reproaches are on account of his failure to deal tenderly with his loved ones. It is easy to be sorry, but sorrow never calls back the dead. It is well for us to remember, while our friends are still alive, that it is seldom, very seldom, we repent of kind words and deeds; but it is often, very often, that we repent most bitterly of words and deeds that were less than kind. A tender heart in a home is worth more than a million dollars.

The failings of others provoke us unduly, and we are harsh, and possibly cruel and unjust, when we think we are merely just. It is possible that the apostle, as he wrote, "Be ye tender-hearted," had vivid recollections of his own stormy life, and wished with all his soul that he himself had been tender-hearted in earlier years. If he had, there would have been no such records written as Paul remembered in later years with bitterest anguish of soul. We need tender-hearted men in the Church, in the pulpit and in the pew. We need them in our courts, to deal even with our criminals. We need them in our schools, to deal with our children. The teacher is all too prone to become a "disciplinarian," and to forget that kindness will do more with frail and stubborn humanity than the rod or the sarcastic tongue.

We are not pleading for a molluscous humanity that is totally devoid of firmness and strength, but rather for a type that is stronger than law and mightier than muscles of steel. The tenderness of heart for which Paul pleads is stronger than justice, more potent than harshness, and a greater asset than either learning or eloquence. It means sympathy, human sympathy—the husband realizing his wife's difficulties, the employer his employee's, the teacher his scholar's, the preacher his parishioner's, the judge the prisoner's. It links a man with his fellows, and thus links them also with him.

And it represents to men the Spirit of Christ, and is a direct product of that Spirit. Not in vain did Christ bear testimony, "I came not into the world to judge the world, but to save the world." The Christian also is born not to be a judge, but a saviour. Some of us may be forgetting this fact, and we have need to remember that even while men crucified our Lord He prayed "Father, forgive them," while during His whole lifetime He ever exemplified in His dealings with the weak and the erring the tender-heartedness of which the world is so sadly in need.

THE DANGER OF PRESUMPTUOUS FAITH

WE read a startling story in the *Michigan Christian Advocate* last week. A man named Cleveland Harrion, of Colbert County, Alabama, belonged to the sect called "Holy Rollers." At a convention held in Tusculum the preacher announced that one of the members would allow a rattlesnake to bite him, to prove that God would render innocuous even the deadly poison of this well-known snake. The snake was produced, Harrion came forward, the snake bit him several times, and in two days the man died in terrible agony, despite all the efforts of two physicians to save him.

It is easy to call such a man a fool, and from our point of view he certainly was one; but it is certain that the man was sincere and tremendously in earnest. He believed in the creed of his sect. And, more than that, he rested his faith upon certain passages in the Bible. He thought he was a Christian in a truer sense than any of us who criticize his act. And yet he died, and to us it seems that his death must be attributed, not to true religion, but to fanaticism. His belief was a mistaken one, and it could not protect him though he was ever so sincere. And about the same time we read of a Christian Science lawsuit in Boston, where a certain Christian Science dignitary was summoned to appear, but did not put in an appearance. The matter was looked into, and finally it transpired that this man, who does not believe in sickness, was unable to be present in court because he was sick.

Evidently there are different kinds of faith, and not all of them are effective. The truth is that common sense and reason are just as much gifts of God as is faith, and the brother who

places implicit faith in "God's Word" over against common sense and reason, and insists that the highest type of faith will "take God at His word," no matter what reason or common sense say, has a good deal to learn. We were talking one day to a good sister, and when we dared to remark that common sense led us to believe a certain thing she quietly but decisively rejoined, "But, brother, it is not what common sense says, but what God says." We can only say that whenever a person reaches this point they are on pretty dangerous ground.

The poor fellow who died from rattlesnake bite believed that God promised him immunity from harm, and he died because he misinterpreted the voice of God. We cannot afford to forget that God, speaks in our reason and common sense, in our instincts and our impulses, just as He does in His Word, only we have need of care in interpreting His message, no matter through what channel it may come. And we have a right to insist that what a man believes makes a great deal of difference to his life; and foolish fads and fancies are certain, sooner or later, to work more or less serious injury in the life of the ordinary man. Error of belief has a remarkable facility for transforming itself into error of life.

DO OUR PEOPLE KNOW?

WE were wondering to-day if our people really know what the present era of high prices means to our preachers! Our farmers complain that the cost of labor, and machinery, and clothes, and of other necessities which they have to buy, is exceedingly high; but this is at least partly offset by the increase, twofold, threefold, or even more, of everything the farmer has to sell. The storekeeper complains about the cost of coal and labor and everything which he purchases; but he is recompensed, in part at least, by increased prices for everything he sells. The skilled laborer complains of the high prices, but his union meets the case, in part at least, by demanding and securing a higher rate of wages.

But the Methodist preacher is not able to do any of these things. He pays the farmer 200 or 300 per cent. more for the things which he buys from him; he pays the miller the same; he pays the coal man's extra tax; he pays more, nearly 300 per cent. more in some cases, for clothes and shoes for himself and family; he pays more for his papers and his books; he pays more for his railway fare, more for the keep of his horse, more for the services of the barber, the grocer, and, in fact, for everything which he needs and uses, except perhaps the air he breathes and the water he drinks; and he has no way by which he can shift any part of the burden to his neighbor. He gets no more for his weddings than he did twenty years ago. He gets nothing for baptisms and funerals, and his sermons are rated at the rate of a generation ago. This means that practically the salary of every preacher in our connexion possesses only about 50 per cent. of the purchasing power of ten or fifteen years ago; so that a salary of \$1,000 to-day is barely equal to a salary of \$500 a few years ago.

Do our people realize this? We do not think that they do, or they would see to it that their preacher's salary was at least made equal to what it was fifteen or twenty years ago. To us it is a startling fact, and an ominous fact, that our people are content to pay their preachers, in some cases at least, less than half what they paid them twenty years ago, while they themselves have been so prospered of the Lord that they can ride in their automobiles, buy thousands of dollars of Victory bonds, and every year put a goodly sum into the savings bank. Surely this is a strange and most undesirable state of affairs. And yet this state of affairs prevails to-day in many parts of Canada and the United States.

We read the other day of a Quarterly Conference in the Middle West of the United States, where such a state of affairs prevailed, and while everyone felt that the pastor's salary ought to be increased, yet no one seemed prepared to make a motion to that effect. Finally a sister moved timidly that \$400 be added to the stipend, and although the motion nearly took the breath of the older men, it finally prevailed. Half an hour after the meeting had adjourned the pastor came to the district superintendent and said, "We have decided that our eighteen-year-old boy can return to college this fall. He had to drop out last year, but that \$400 means that he can return to college this fall." Our preachers usually have neither farms nor money to leave to their children, and if they are rendered unable to give them a good education it seems a cruel thing. Do our laymen know what low salaries mean to the preacher's children? Surely, if they did, they

would see that their pastor received a salary in keeping with the times!

We were pained the other day to learn of one good brother—an excellent preacher, a successful pastor and a graduate in both arts and theology—who was trying to raise a family of three or four children on \$1,100 a year. And at the same time the Typographical Union scale of wages in Toronto makes \$32 a week, or \$1,700 a year, the minimum wage for a skilled printer. It is easy to say that the preacher has a furnished house, but it is also true that he has other extra expenses incidental to his calling, and, in addition to this, he is under the disadvantage of moving every three or four years, which prevents him acquiring a home of his own. We do not plead for luxurious living, but we do insist that our preachers in every case should be accorded a square deal.

We were talking the other day with a brother whose son-in-law, on a rented farm, had managed in a few years to put by \$3,000 in the bank. We never knew a preacher who did that in twenty years. We were talking about three other young fellows who by hard toil had managed, in possibly fifteen years, to save about \$6,000 apiece. Where is the Methodist preacher, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, who could do such a thing?

Our preachers are not blind to these things. They do not say much about them, but they feel the sting of them keenly enough, and some of them are saying, in bitterness, "How can we urge our sons to enter the ministry when the financial situation is such as it is?" Methodist preachers are not preaching for money, but they have a right to a living wage at least, and it is certain that if \$1,000 was a living wage twenty years ago, \$2,000 is not more than its equivalent to-day. Our General Conference placed the minimum salary at \$1,200 (exclusive of horse-keep), but this was intended for the minimum, and even for such it seems pitifully inadequate. One thing is sure, that our people have no right to be adding steadily to their bank accounts while their preacher's bank account (if he has one) is as steadily diminishing. Your preachers will not say these things, but if they are true they ought to be said. Are they true? We think they are. What do you think?

AN INCREASE IN MISSIONARY GIVINGS

LAST year, 1917-18, our missionary contributions showed a total gain of \$95,037.43, an increase of 14 per cent. over the income of the preceding year, both the total increase and the percentage of increase creating a record for our Church. This year we are glad to announce a total increase of \$166,219.01, which is an increase of 22 per cent. upon last year's offerings, thus creating another new record for our Church. The figures are given on another page of this issue. The total contributions from the Conferences is \$934,405.93, and the average contribution per member, taking the membership of 1918, is \$2.42, which is an increase per capita over last year of 39 cents, surpassing last year's per capita increase by 14 cents.

This is a matter for devout thanksgiving, and it shows that our people are becoming seized of the importance of reaching a much higher average of missionary contribution than we have ever reached in the past, and it makes it reasonably certain that, with proper organization and sufficient enthusiasm, we shall be able not only to reach but to surpass the goal set before us in the great forward movement which our Church has just launched.

In the increased givings for the year the Toronto Conference naturally leads, with Hamilton Conference second and London Conference third in the list. But in the percentage of increase over last year the Newfoundland Conference is ahead, followed by Manitoba, Toronto, British Columbia, London, Hamilton, each with more than 20 per cent. of increase. The other percentages of increase fall below 20 per cent., but every Conference in the connexion records an increase, and this is most encouraging.

But the need is great, and the demand is ever for increased liberality in order to meet the claims which press upon us from every quarter. After all, our gifts to missions, whether expended at home or in Japan and China, are not thrown away, but are real investments, from which we and our children's children shall reap an abundant harvest. In missions it is pre-eminently true, "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and "he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." In Canada to-day we are reaping the harvest of seed sown by our forefathers generations ago.

The Conflict of Many Centuries

By
Jonas E. Collins

THE most epoch-making book of the past century was probably Darwin's "Origin of Species." In it he enunciated what was his unique contribution to science—the principle of natural selection, determined by the struggle for existence which resulted in the survival of the fittest. One is very familiar with the extreme and dangerous applications to the life of man of the Darwinian principle; nevertheless, one cannot but recognize the undying element of truth that is inherent in Darwinism.

That the race has survived through struggle, that spiritual qualities have been developed and strengthened through struggle, and that whatever plane of mental, economic and religious advancement to which the race has attained thus far is due to struggle, are all facts that we are willing to concede.

At the present time society is widely and profoundly stirred by agitations, movements and propagandas that must affect the life of every thinking man, and must impel him, be he ever so humble, to ask, "Why is this?" He must ask, "Is our age unique? Are the times in which we live any worse than others because of these agitations, and must we submit to fear and pessimism, as if these unrests and strifes were never before features of human life?" The truth is that from a review of history the fact confronts us that struggle was the law of life always and a constant condition of advancement. The questionings, strifes and agitations of to-day have their precursors throughout the long centuries gone, from the dawn of history until now. In order that what is fittest could survive men have had to struggle and die, and that great necessity laid upon our fathers has not been lifted from off us, their worthy or unworthy children.

Take, for example, what is the most permanent form of the struggle for existence, namely, that of privilege versus freedom. Here is the age-long conflict—that between the forces of privilege on the one hand and the forces of freedom on the other. As far back as history takes us men are shown as under the domination of their fellows. It was so in the mighty empires of antiquity, when Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian ruled the land, that the many were the slaves of the few. It was so in that empire which, more than these mentioned, was related to our own modern world—the Roman Empire.

We are directly descendants of that Roman world in language, customs and ideals. And that greatest of ancient empires was built up on slavery. It was a vast imperial trust that existed for the few, who lived at the expense of the many. Numerous forces essayed to overthrow that ancient tyranny, the mightiest of which was one which at first appeared the most unlikely to succeed, namely, the Christian religion.

Then, where our modern world is concerned, began the great conflict which is still being waged between the forces of privilege and the forces of freedom. Chris-

tianity offered the most effective challenge to the despotism of ancient Rome, and sought from the beginning to overthrow that empire of organized force and privilege by rearing in its midst another empire, not of force and privilege, but of love, justice, forgiveness and human brotherhood. According to Prof. Ramsay this was the real reason why Rome endeavored, as a matter of governmental policy, to obliterate Christianity, as Christianity aimed at building up an empire within the dominion of the Cæsars, opposed in spirit and aim to it, and utterly recalcitrant to its control.

Well, in this struggle Christianity won. But one of the great ironies of history happened—the conqueror took the shape of the conquered, and that which was at first proclaimed as the unequivocal foe of privilege essayed to sway mankind under the garb of the monarchical, despotic and feudal. It so developed, therefore, that Christianity had to liberate itself from the chains of privilege which it had forged about itself. This struggle for liberation was conducted by the noble reformers, who suffered and died, but whose work reached a successful culmination in the mighty protest of Luther. In Luther's work the forces of privilege received another of those blows from which they will never recover, and the rights of conscience against that which would subjugate the conscience were forever successfully championed.

It is not necessary to do more than refer to the liberation from privilege that took place in the realm of mind at that time by the recognition of Bacon's principle of inductive philosophic reasoning. And also the impetus given to the general circulation of knowledge by the use of the printing press, as well as the broadening of men's minds regarding the universe by the acceptance of the teachings of Copernicus. Everyone knows how the forces of privilege opposed these advances in light and knowledge.

As we pass to what is definitely British history, such names as Magna Charta, preceding the Reformation, then later Puritan revival, and such personalities as Cromwell, Milton, Pym, all crowd the mind with memories of an epochal struggle of freedom against privilege. Again the monster of privilege was bereft of its head when it endeavored to fasten its claws permanently into the body of the nation. Once again there was blood and struggle, and privilege had to submit to an overthrow from which it can never revive itself.

The Puritan conscience has wrought much havoc among the forces of privilege. It was to the front in fighting for the establishment in England of permanent Parliamentary procedure in government. The seeds of Puritan revolt were scattered broadcast into Holland, from thence to the New World, to bear later the harvest of a new republic greater than any the world had seen. There again, in the land of the

Pilgrim Fathers, the forces of privilege were defeated, and a new Magna Charta drafted in the Declaration of Independence, which was to be further defined and emphasized when the struggle for the rights of man as man was waged to a finish in the American Civil War.

Simultaneously with the fight for American liberation in the eighteenth century occurred that terrific social cataclysm in Europe known as the French Revolution, when another knockout blow was delivered the forces of privilege. Since then there has developed in Europe and America that marvellous industrial revolution which has so completely superseded, by the use of machinery and collective production, the old system of individual hand labor. The huge organizations of trade and industry, with their international ramifications, are the offspring of the nineteenth century. And as a result society is faced with a new expression of the forces of privilege, when armed with the weapons of unrestricted competition, and in adoring worship of the goddess of profits, men have constructed a vast empire of wealth that is controlled and operated in true Cæsarian fashion in the interests of the few and at the expense of the many. This condition of affairs is perfectly obvious when we know that the wealth of society, which is collectively produced, is individually owned and operated.

The forces of freedom, however, are still active, and as a result of privilege reigning in the seats of industry there is on in the world to-day an economic war that bids fair to end as other conflicts have ended when freedom and privilege have clashed.

The rights for which Christ died, for which Luther fought, for which Cromwell fought, and which laid the foundations of the American Republic and the new France, must be granted governing sway in the realms of commerce and industry. If a man is no longer a slave as a religious being, why should he continue a chattel in the economic realm of his life? If privilege has been ousted from our halls of learning and sanctuaries of worship, why should it be allowed to reign in our factories and halls of exchange? The duty confronting Church and State to-day is the economic salvation of society. To that end the fight is on, and we must be true to our fathers "till we have built Jerusalem," and men shall enjoy to their betterment the economic fruits of their toil. The earth is our God's, and we are His children. All things are ours; we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

A pioneer newspaper editor had a reputation for always assuming infallibility and superior enterprise. On one occasion the paper announced the death of William R. Jones, who, it turned out, was not dead. Next day the paper printed the following note: "Yesterday we were the first newspaper to publish the death of William R. Jones. To-day we are the first to deny the report. *The Morning Star* is always in the lead."—*The Continent*.

The Itinerancy

By

R. E. Fairbairn

O H, no! This is not a disquisition upon the question, but merely a description of the fact. The "exigencies of the service," to apply a phrase much used in the navy to the Methodist system, called, in the case of the writer, for a journey of 250 miles through the heart of Nova Scotia. This the parson accomplished by auto, with a young man to act as companion, as ballast, and as a convenient lay person to think suitable things in case of irritating circumstances such as are incidental to motoring even with the best-regulated cars. The parson's baggage, also his wife and child, took the safer but less romantic railroad. That revives an old college memory of how, after each vacation, in order to ascertain whether any member of the Anti-Matrimonial Society had betrayed his order in the interval, the "usual question" was ruthlessly pressed upon each bashful theolog. The form of the usual question was, "Have you any encumbrance?" the inner significance being, "Have you become engaged?"

There is a triteness about any description of the country, however beautiful. The writer confesses to being one of those Philistine souls who always skip the descriptive parts in a novel, preferring to cut the art and come to the action. But it would seem that there do exist people so gifted that they are able to enjoy the beauties of nature even at second-hand, through someone else's eyes, and painted only in words.

Is there not a certain naivette in the townsman's appreciation of the country? Does it not amount to a confession of ignorance? Or may he retain his dignity in the thought that he is bringing a fresh mind to the contemplation of glories to which familiarity has dulled the senses of those accustomed to the view? However it may be, we will never cease to glory in the romance of nature, and we will hope to preserve the child-mind of wonder for God's out-of-doors until our last day.

Our first day's run brought us from Amherst to Truro, stopping a while at Parrsboro to view the great Handley-Page biplane in the humiliating posture of standing on its nose with its tail up in the air at an angle of sixty degrees. Even the workmen, hurrying with the process of dismemberment, seemed to feel the indignity, and to wish to release the unfortunate machine. The spectacle reminded the writer of a folk-saying in the north of England, descriptive of the kind of ambitious person who in the end settles down to quite small things, and who was said to have journeyed "all round the world and back to Jarrow." It is no detraction of a handsome and eminently reputable little town to recognize something pathetic in the fate of the mechanical bird that was to enterprise the Trans-atlantic flight, but was hindered from the attempt, and in coming homewards ended its career in disaster at Parrsboro. So many of us humans who purpose in our hearts to achieve great things live to give thanks for a safe and comfortable mediocrity, and for that we escape making shipwreck of life.

The scenery in the vicinity of Five Islands and Economy was alleged by the Ballast to be romantic; but the driver was too much occupied with the ruts and bumps to give more than instantaneous glances to right and left. When one is attempting a longish run in a "tin Lizzie" upon indifferent roads, after only one week of practice, there is no margin of safety to spare for the contemplation of the landscape.

Most of the second day's travel was a tribulation to the flesh. Between Shubenacadie and Windsor the going was bad, over a succession of hills, further worsened by the operations of the "road-machine," a contrivance which, whatever else it might accomplish, certainly piled the sods in irregular masses twelve inches high. Between Kentville and New Ross also, on the third day, speed was impossible because of the rocks, and it was impossible to take a run at the rising gradients, for there was sure to be an extra bad piece in the bottoms. Late in the afternoon, when the view suddenly opened out at Chester Basin and we beheld the broad Atlantic before us, beyond an islet-fringed shore, we fairly shouted with glee, knowing that we were now over the roof of Nova Scotia and had left the worst roads behind us. Followed a tempting stretch, along which "Elizabeth," with generously opened throttle, hummed happily.

After Bridgewater the way skirted the very edge of the lovely La Have river, and afforded a succession of charming pictures. At one place a hairpin bend on the very brink gave thrill enough without the hideous danger sign carrying emblazoned thereon a skull and crossbones. Ten more commonplace miles and Petite Riviere appeared, with its cluster of trim houses in a dainty valley. We slipped across the iron bridge with the subconsciously self-important sense of being about to "arrive." With a final spurt up the hill and a swing round the parsonage at the cross-roads we threw off the switch in good order and on schedule time in front of the barn door. We only discovered the next day that, owing to a broken spark plug, we had made nearly the whole journey on three cylinders only!

Well, having arrived in safety, our adventures now began. In accordance with a domestic understanding we proceeded, after refreshments on a sumptuous scale, to the local station, seven miles away, to meet the "family." There was no difficulty in finding the way there. (We rather pride ourselves on our sense of direction.) But in returning a wrong turn led into the woods, and the exhausted but patient family contemplated a while the possibility of having to spend a night in the open. However, a Good Samaritan happened along with the pleasing information that we could get round to our goal by following the road we were on. After sticking fast on a hill like the roof of a house, and being obliged to negotiate it with more ingenuity than dig-

nity on the "reverse," we did finally arrive just before midnight, and just in advance of the car which had been scouring the countryside, enquiring diligently for one parson, one wife and one family, lost, stolen or strayed. Moral: Refrain from boasting about your bump of locality until afterwards.

All this by way of preliminary. The next day was spent in cleaning down "Elizabeth" and in exploring our new home. Surely this must be the handsomest, neatest and cleanest parsonage in all Nova Scotia! No need to be told that here is a people that takes a pride and delight in seeing that things are right for their minister!

Towards evening, by way of relaxation, we strolled out to see what the earth looked like in the vicinity. A hundred yards along the road, as we turned the shoulder of a hill, a panorama broke upon our view that halted our steps and caught our breath. The foreground fell away under our feet sharply. Away to the horizon in front, and wide-flung to right and left, lay one of the fairest sights of this fair land. A clump of trees fittingly delimited the picture to the right. Their twisted trunks, glowing red-brown under the touch of the sunset light, made a vivid color contrast with the dark olive foliage. Past these strong rich tones one's gaze plunged into the softened depths of the distance. A group of islands almost closed the sea view, leaving a small gap to contribute that sense of infinitude which is proper to the ocean. The coast line projected itself straight ahead. The nearest island was tied to the mainland by a natural bridge nearly two miles long, in the form of a narrow, crescent-shaped beach. On the islands a few white dots catching the light proclaimed the presence there of cottages. Right below us a wooden breakwater thrust itself sturdily into the waves by the side of the narrow river bar. Behind that the water spread out in salt flats. In the valley every rise and hollow was forced into strong relief by the level rays of the somnolent sun. The woods made splotches of almost black, in comparison with the warm tone of the grass-lands, while the orchards furnished a middle tint of fresh green.

Is it an impertinence that one should instinctively say to himself, at sight of a heart-touching picture, "I must reproduce that"? Ought one silently and receptively to adore, rather than get busy in one's brain with questions of the manipulation of colors or camera?

A few minutes later we ascended the same hill; but what a change! God had signalled "Lights out!" Against the aftermath of the sunset the hillside stood sharply outlined. Two or three farmhouses, a church tower and a few trees might have been cut out of black paper with scissors by some clever silhouettist. In the hollow of the valley a streak of orange glowed smokily against the horizon, and was reflected where a bend in the river made a magic mirror among the trees. A little higher in the sky the warm color had mysteriously blended, you could not tell how, and you could not say just where, into an

indescribable translucent green tint, only occurring, to the writer's knowledge, in two places. One is in the sunlit shallows of the Bermuda reefs, where the white sand throws back the light through the glass-clear water; and the other is in the sky just after sunset. Was it here that John the Seer saw the "fourth foundation" of the heavenly city? This delicate green melted upwards into a zone of pure bright silver, which in turn dulled into the steel-blue of the night sky. Above the valley the evening star shone so clear, so fresh and so new looking, that God might have created it that very day and hung it up in heaven for the first time.

The far-off islands are now only just discernible, but a light gleams cheerily from each cottage window, proclaiming to the responsive mind, "Here is a home, an epitome of the tragedy and comedy and romance, the sordid shame and the divine glory that together make up human life." Still further away the lighthouse on Ironbound Island blinked systematically its four flashes and a pause. The river sighed its way through the weir at the mill, as though tired of its long journey and glad at the imminent prospect of rest in the bosom of the sea. From out of the dark floated the faint, flat, almost wooden, tinkle of the ox-bells. A firefly glinted intermittently over the grass; somewhere a big moth fluttered.

So faint, yet so clear, came these evening sounds that they but served to force upon the attention the deep velvety silence.

It is here, in this veritable home of peace and beauty, and to men and women habituated to its atmosphere, that the minister must proclaim the gospel, with its cure for the tragedy of sin, and its rousing, provocative call to high service and sacrifice. Surely it is incongruous and superfluous! How should souls steeped in such influences need the harsh medicine of repentance, or be able to respond to an imperative ideal! Ah, well he knows that wherever there are human beings there is the essential problem of human life, the aspirations, struggles and defeats of the soul; sin, sorrow and soul-want; that cry together to heaven for mercy and for grace.

Meanwhile there is one preacher greatly privileged, who, in the days when brain lags and inspiration is to seek, will be able to drop his books and cease from his own thoughts, and will walk a few steps round the shoulder of this hill, to where the foreground and the hindering nearness of small things together drop away, and where, in the spaciousness and beauty and solemnity of the landscape, he may hear the still small voice and make a fresh contact with that Something

"far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air."

only to be rudely moved on as before. And this repeated until there seemed no corner of the earth, with the exception perhaps of the poles, that had not its turn, at some time or other, in the public eye.

The schoolboy who finds every study irksome, and geography the worst bore of all, has not been immune, for such dreary, uninteresting regions as Gallipoli, the Orkneys and Siberia itself are wondrously transformed for all time by being the scene of the gallant exploits of one's dad, or Brother Jim or Uncle Bob.

Things have a strange way of dwindling in size as we grow more acquainted with them. The vast area, marked off by impassable boundaries into separate and distinct groups, is no longer our earth. It is fast becoming a neighborhood, occupied by one large but intimate family, each member of which, while cultivating his own little plot of ground, is alive with sympathy for and genuine brotherly interest in each of the others. Thus this world-shrinking which has gone on so rapidly during the war period is not just a geographical process—not so much a lessening of land and water distances as gulfs between peoples who, because of non-essential racial differences, have tried to hold coldly aloof from each other. Tried to, yes, but are learning that, whether we choose or not, we are inseparably connected with every other branch of the great world family, and that if we refuse to acknowledge that relationship we may one day be reminded of it in a manner apt to be disastrous.

With the dawn of world citizenship comes the bursting of the old, narrow conception of Christianity as we have seen it. God's chosen people have travelled many a weary way since the days of Noah and the "ark" idea of religion. No longer can a few of us find shelter from a shipwrecked and ruined world in the lifeboat of the Church, and shut our eyes to the rest of humanity. As a result of grasping this significant truth Christian leaders everywhere have seen that the world Church must pursue a more aggressive missionary policy than hitherto. If we are to make unselfish service the keynote of our present-day Christian ideal, the only practical way to demonstrate it and shoulder our responsibilities for brothers and sisters is to give them the best we know, the inspiration of all that is worthy in our western civilization—Christ's gospel.

Our Diminishing World

By Grace Tomkinson

AMONG all the numerous changes of the past four years none is more noticeable than the way this old globe on which we dwell has diminished in size. Like many other things, however, this cannot be altogether attributed to the war, but has merely had its progress hastened by that great event.

As a matter of fact, our earth has been shrinking with more or less speed since the day that Adam and Eve went out from Eden on the first exploring expedition. There have been many happenings since, calculated to cause its then stupendous proportions to decrease, such as the embarking of Columbus on his voyage of moment; the puffing of Stephenson's locomotive as it took the rails, and the initial step in the replacing of the tedious stage coach routes with transcontinental railways; and the first traversing of wide Atlantic spaces by the human voice in three seconds. It will be an infinitely smaller world still when, as is predicted, London morning papers are selling in New York the same evening.

Size, after all, is a matter of viewpoint, for what bulks very large to one may be a mere dot to another. Exploration and increasing facilities for communication and travel have all had a part in making this globe appear to grow less. It is but a few years, comparatively, since the making of geographies was largely guesswork. Maps were vague and incomplete. These have gradually been improved until, in mind at least, one may travel with accuracy over, and become familiar with, every inch of

this earth's surface. But how many of us were alert enough to take advantage of this privilege before 1914? Since then we can all confess to a more diligent poring over maps and charts, and a consequent livelier interest in the countries thus depicted.

It is a fact that our overseas warriors who were so fortunate as to return have developed not only physically, but mentally, as a result of their contact with strange peoples and new scenes. We who stayed at home have also had a special course in geography and, indirectly, in travel, as we followed them by map, letter and picture postcard over every foot of their journeyings.

Have we not been obliged, while digesting the news of the day, to unearth from a hopeless confusion of intersecting outlines and titles the most obscure principalities; then, perhaps, to ferret out within its confines some unheard-of little hamlet which has been suddenly projected into the limelight of world affairs? Not always have we been even called on to make the effort to locate the old atlas on its dusty shelf, but skeleton-like representations of all sorts of strange localities have stared at us from the pages of every magazine and paper. Rivers and harbors, towns and villages of whose existence we knew not, have become household words; but just as we flattered ourselves that we were, as nearly as possible, on speaking terms with one unfamiliar section, behold the tide of battle shifted; we must transfer our attention to another spot,

**CENTRAL
CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS COY.
25 KING ST. E., TORONTO.**

SURPLUS SECURITY for Depositors and Debenture Holders
\$4,385,824.12

YOUR ACCOUNT IS SOLICITED

E. R. WOOD
President

H. E. COX G. A. MORROW
Vice-Presidents

A. B. FISHER
Secretary



THE HOME AND ITS OUTLOOK



A Day of Discovery

BY SUSAN SUNSHINE.

"Never again will I take two servings of peas!" declared Millicent Chase as the last pod in the basket was emptied. "I had no idea that it took so much time to prepare a dish of peas for dinner."

"I wouldn't let that deter me," laughed her friend, Mary Long, very recently Mrs. Mary Long, wife of John Long, farmer. "It's a good thing for you city folk to find out, just the same, how much work it takes to get ready the food that you buy so carelessly, with grumbles over the prices."

"Never again!" affirmed Millicent bravely. "These peas and beans are worth any price. I thought my back would break bending over those vines this morning. I'll never grumble again."

"I should not have let you work so long at it when you are not used to it. Poor Millicent, to come out to the country to visit, and then be made to work so hard!"

"I'm glad to know how hard it is. I'll have more sympathy with farmers' wives after this. Just let me help you all I can."

Millicent was one of the white-handed toilers—a typical, well-set-up, well-dressed stenographer. When she received an invitation to spend her holidays at the home of the girl for whom she had, a few months before, been bridesmaid, she accepted eagerly. How fragrant had been the cool sitting-room of the old farmhouse, fresh with multitudes of sweet peas and red clover, and glowing with the earliest blooms of goldenrod. That first evening of her arrival John and Mary and she had sat down to a supper of sweet corn, hot biscuits, honey and milk. That first impression of rich simplicity and quiet would endure through many pickings of peas and beans.

The next morning Millicent had appeared with an apron on, and after breakfast offered assistance.

"You might help me make the beds first, and then we'll see," assented Mary gladly. "With two hired men it is quite a task."

After beds they tackled dish washing, and Mary asked:

"Would you like to see what it is like to wash a cream separator?"

"Are all those things in a separator?" the novice gasped, and she began to count. "Fifty parts to scald and dry!"

"We'll have to pick some raspberries. It will be about the last picking of them. We'll make pies with them when we come in. Men insist on pies. Pudding doesn't go with them. But we'll keep some berries to have with cream for supper. Here's a sun-hat for you."

"Isn't a berry-patch the sweetest place!" exclaimed Millicent, gazing around with a smile of ecstasy on the thick leaves of the vines on which the sun shone with its accompanying shadow, and from which warm

fragrance rose. "I had no idea it was such a pleasant task picking berries."

"I have learned to love farm work," answered Mary. "But you will get tired at first."

"I don't feel tired in the least! Just try me out! I might make a farmer's wife yet."

"Very well! We'll see what your story is about five o'clock this afternoon."

When they returned to the house with full pails Mary made a fire and began pie-making. Millicent, a little glad to sit down, in spite of the glories of the berry patch, was set at potato scraping.

It was a big bustle getting table set and dinner ready. And it was such a good dinner and such a long time since breakfast that Millicent felt very quiescent afterwards.

"The worst part of being your own cook and bottle washer," she declared, "was getting up and doing dishes when you felt like sitting at ease on the front porch."

"No ease for the farmer in summer time!" countered John. "By the way, girls, if you can get ready some carrots and beans and any other vegetable you like, I'll take them into Millicent's mother when I go to the city this afternoon."

By the time the dishes were done, floor swept, a cake made for supper, and other odds and ends of work attended to, Millicent was for reposing in the hammock for an hour, but when she saw Mary starting out to pick sweet peas she decided not to go back on her resolution to help all day.

"I must be learning a lot to-day," she confessed fifteen minutes later, as she bent over the vines. "I never dreamed that it could be work to pick sweet peas. I supposed nothing about sweet peas could be other than poetry and wafts of heaven; but I discover it to be possible to think more of tired shoulders, or too dry hands, or backache, in the face of these sweet 'butterflies ready for flight.'"

"Come, Millicent, you have done enough. I would not sour your love of flowers. We have plenty now. Let's stretch out in the hammocks."

Half an hour later John's voice inharmoniously broke in upon the slumbrous quiet of the verandah.

"Hi, girls, got those vegetables ready for town? It's time I was off. You can't expect the men to look after things like that with all the work we have to do."

"John Long," answered Mary with spirit, "you just look at us as if we had done nothing all day but lie here in the hammocks, whereas we sank into them tired to death about five minutes ago."

"Well, if you don't want to send any vegetables in it's all right."

As he turned to go Millicent jumped up.

"Wait, John; I can dig in ten minutes all the carrots and beets mother will want,

and throw in a head or two of lettuce, too. Just lie still, Mary; this is my job."

When John was gone and Millicent back in her hammock, Mary crept quietly out to gather the day's fall of apples, to peel for sauce ready for breakfast. They were small and wormy, and oh, so hard on the hands. At first Millicent pretended not to notice, but soon she was peeling away, too.

"All in the day's work," mused Millicent philosophically. Then, aloud: "Let's peel enough of the miserable little sinners to last for to-morrow's supper, too, and then we can take time to-morrow to enjoy ourselves."

But Mary answered: "Something different will come up instead. It always does. Every day is full."

"In that case we might as well laugh as look so glum and tired."

So they did.

Mary Elizabeth's Diamond Ring

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mary Elizabeth Gordon as she saw stout Uncle Peter Gordon puffing up the steps. "Another lecture, I suppose!"

While Uncle Peter was toiling up the flight of steps she hastily drew down the shades and put the sitting-room in order. It was just like Uncle Peter to come at nine in the morning. Being a business man himself, he expected everyone else to have business ways.

"Good morning, Uncle Peter," she said as cheerily as possible. "Fine morning, isn't it?"

"Good morning, Mary Elizabeth," panted the elderly gentleman. "Yes, it is a fine day; it is so. My dear, I can't stay long this morning. I've come on a business errand. I want you to sell this house for me."

"Sell the house!" gasped Mary Elizabeth. "I never had any experience in real estate, Uncle Peter."

"But you've had experience in other things. You see, so many of my tenants will not let prospective buyers in to look at property, so I miss a sale. This house is all right, good location and all that; but I had an intimation yesterday that this street may be lowered considerably and leave this place even higher than it is. Then, too, a new factory will probably locate near here, and this will not be so desirable to you from a residence standpoint. The factory workers will have to have this section, to be close to their work," explained the gentleman.

"Of course I'll show people through the house," said the young woman promptly. "That will be no trouble."

"Yes, it will," contradicted Uncle Peter. "It will keep you close at home for several months, for spring and early summer are the months when property sells best in

this town, and you'll be interrupted many times; but I'm willing to pay for that. If you'll help me sell this place before auntm I'll buy you a diamond ring. How is that for a fair bargain?"

"I'll do my best," said Mrs. Gordon eagerly. "I want a diamond ring above all things. Tell me what to do, and I'll follow the instructions to the letter."

"Well, there isn't much to do," said Mr. Gordon. "Your furniture is very pretty, and that helps sell a house; and you know how to keep your house beautifully. Folks will drop in early on you and look into every corner; but, if you keep things attractive, you won't mind it much, since Jay doesn't get home to lunch. Make the most of the good points about the place, the fine garden, the sunny bedrooms, the flowers on the lawn, and the fresh air and sunshine that are possible in this location. Just do as you would if you expected company or were going to have a party. You'll find plenty of people who are trailing around just to look; but there are buyers, too. Maybe, if you sell this place, you will like to try another house and get another diamond."

Mrs. Gordon could hardly wait until the old gentleman started down town to rush about the pretty dwelling, and count up the good points to enumerate for the first prospective purchaser. "I suppose I ought to begin with the kitchen, which is really the poorest room in the house. Poor Jay! Is that all he had time to hunt up for breakfast?" she went on, looking at the remains of an orange, a piece of burnt toast, and some muddy coffee on a corner of the kitchen table. "If Jay didn't insist upon my staying in bed in the mornings I could get up something better than that. I believe I'll give this kitchen a going-over, so that, if Uncle Peter does send a buyer, I'll not be ashamed to show it."

She raised the shades, and disclosed dirt and disorder not only in the kitchen, but in the pantry and the dining-room as well. Mary Elizabeth liked to go about a great deal, being free from her duties as stenographer so short a time; so she kept a "dim religious light in the house," as she expressed it, to hide the traces of poor housekeeping. She put on a huge pan of rain-water, and began to collect the dirty dishes. While the sticky plates and silver were soaking, she hastily tidied the rest of the house, taking particular pains with the pretty upstairs rooms, which were rather dusty.

"I believe I'll just run out to the restaurant for lunch to save time, and clean a little more this afternoon," she said to herself as the hours flew by. "No, I can't do that, for Uncle Peter said folks were apt to drop in at meal-time. I'll—"

Her musings were interrupted by a telephone call from Jay, who wanted to know whether he had dropped an important paper on the floor. "I have a great secret to tell you, Jay," she said when his mind was set at rest about the paper. "Run home on your wheel for lunch, so I can tell you. I'll have it ready to put in your mouth the minute you get here if you'll only come. I can't wait until evening."

When Jay had reluctantly promised, she

scurried about in haste to get up an appetizing little meal. It was really ready when he got home, and they sat down to enjoy the good clear broth, the chop and the simple dessert with which Mary Elizabeth "celebrated" that day. Mrs. Gordon could cook, but she didn't like the task, and mostly they ate tin-can foods, to save time.

"Great scheme!" said Jay, as the plan was unfolded. "If it gets me many meals like this I hope you'll go into the business of selling houses. Gee! I can work like a horse after such a feed. And I'll need to work like a horse, too, for things are getting pretty thick at the office since Smith is sick. It is hard to put a green hand in, and we're all trying to keep up his work while he's out. By the way, have dinner a little late this evening, for I'll have to work overtime."

Mary Elizabeth had ventured to slip into a clean kimono after her strenuous morning and to lie down on her bed for a little rest; but just as sleep was stealing over her the door-bell jingled, and, peeping out, she saw an elderly man and his wife, apparently, inspecting the front porch and lawn minutely.

"Buyers!" gasped Mrs. Gordon, springing up in haste. "I'll be down in just a moment," she called. "Please sit down on the porch."

The way she flew into a pretty house-dress and hid the kimono while smoothing out her bed would have delighted Uncle Peter. She was slightly out of breath as she opened the door; but the visitors were content to rest a few minutes in the cool, tidy living-room, as the April day was sultry.

"Quite a pretty place!" said the elderly lady complacently, as her eyes rested on the beautiful furniture, the books, the ornaments, and the pictures, all speaking of very recent purchase. "We're going to move to town from the farm, and we're looking at houses."

"You'll find this one very nice, I think," said Mary Elizabeth, wondering whether that would help the sale. "Will you look through the rooms?"

So they went through the house and then to the backyard. "Soil don't look any too good," commented the old gentleman. "I want a place where there is a good garden. Them currant and gooseberry bushes look as if the soil was poor. Nice cherry tree and two good plums, but they need pruning badly. Don't know what varieties they are, do you?"

"No, we've only lived here six months," said Mary Elizabeth. "Don't you think we could raise vegetables on this soil?"

"I'm afraid not. You see the people who lived here didn't have anything much," pointing to the forlorn cabbages left from the previous year and the sweet corn hardly knee-high; "so it ain't likely to be fertile. Chicken-house in pretty good repair, but needs cleaning. Well, ma, I guess we'll look a little farther, won't we? Much obliged, young woman, for your trouble. If we decide to take it, we'll come back."

"I'm not discouraged," said Mary Elizabeth. "Uncle Peter said there might be fifty applicants before anyone bought. I've got to get Jay out here and get some crops

growing. Maybe some folks won't want a garden, but we'll pull every string. Emily Stone is always showing the big diamond that her father gave her, and maybe I'll have a ring some day myself with a stone bigger than hers. Anyhow, it's worth trying for."

Although Jay was tired that night, they raked and cleaned and burned trash until the backyard looked quite different. "I'll plant it to vegetables, and maybe we can save a little," said the young man. "I'm beginning to be worried about our debts, dear."

"By the way, that man called about the balance due on the furniture, and he was quite short about it," said Mary Elizabeth suddenly. "Couldn't we borrow the money out of the bank or somewhere, and pay up everything, so we'd have a little peace?"

"Nobody to go security for us," said Jay. "I'm mighty thankful he didn't come to the office to collect. If the firm finds out a fellow's in debt there isn't the ghost of a show for promotion."

"That's what Aunt Julia dins into my ears continually," said Mrs. Gordon. "I get so tired of her continually telling me that we ought to be out of debt and saving money that I almost am tempted not to go to the door when she comes. And Aunt Nellie is almost as bad. I don't see why it's any of your firm's business how we live if you do good work."

"Just the same, I'll never get a raise until I am out of debt if they find it out," said Jay with conviction. "All the fellows are mighty careful how they let out about their financial affairs."

Several candidates looked through the house without giving any sign whether they were pleased or not; but one day a young couple examined it most thoroughly, the husband evidently perfectly satisfied, but the wife halting visibly about taking it. "It's just this way," said the young woman when she was alone with Mary Elizabeth; "I want a better house than this. We could pay down for this and have a little money left. But I say we ought to go down on Elm Avenue or Fifth Street for the sake of our children. It means everything, everything, to get into a good neighborhood. There's a perfectly elegant house down there that we could make one payment down and move right in, but Mr. Perkins is so set about debt."

"Well, I think he is right," said Mary Elizabeth, who was beginning to regard the diamond ring as a remote possibility by this time. "A young man who wants to succeed will do better if he keeps out of debt," she added, unconsciously quoting Aunt Julia. "I believe in beginning at the bottom of the ladder and going up rather than trying to start at the top. No person can be at his best hampered by debt;" and to herself she said, as the young woman considered her words, "I know that to be a fact by experience, though I would not tell anyone for the world."

"Well, we're much obliged for your trouble, but I think we will go down on Elm Avenue and look around before finally deciding," said the visitor slowly. "This is a pretty little place, of course, but hardly what I had in mind."

So closely did Mary Elizabeth stick to home for fear of missing a prospective buyer that only on Sunday afternoons did she venture out for a stroll under the trees beginning to thicken with green buds in the mellow sunshine. "There goes my boss! The tall man in grey," said Jay, as they idly walked down Elm Avenue in the flickering light.

"That! Is that Mr. Duncan?" said Mary Elizabeth in surprise. "Why, he was at the house the other day, looking to buy it. He came with a young man. Would he live on Silver Street, in a house like ours? I thought he was rich."

"He is rich," said Jay quietly. "He was probably with a young friend."

"Maybe he wanted to see how we lived and what kind of a housekeeper I am," laughed Mary Elizabeth innocently.

"I'm afraid that's exactly what his errand was," said Jay so very quietly that his young wife turned to look him full in the face.

"Mean old snoop!"

"Not at all, dear. You don't understand. They handle lots of money, and they must have perfectly honest workers. They figure that a man in debt might be tempted to take something that did not belong to him," said Jay loyally. "Mr. Duncan is a fine man to work for, and I have no fault to find with his business methods."

It was late in June when Mary Elizabeth finally gave up all hope of selling the house. The garden was so perfectly delightful and the pure-bred chickens so profitable that the young couple felt repaid for all the trouble they had taken to put the premises in nice order, while Jay's health had so much improved from the outdoor exercise that he no longer had headaches and bilious attacks. Together they rose early and worked in the wonderful garden, and again at night they searched for incipient weeds, while the chickens looked as if just from the bath, so carefully were they kept.

"Humph!" said Aunt Julia, surveying the beautiful flowers on the lawn one fine day, "it's a pity you wasted all the money for plants when you needed it to pay debts. I never saw Jay so interested in gardening before. Of course it's pretty, but it doesn't get you anything to fuss with flowers all the time."

"Oh, maybe it will," said Mary Elizabeth, striving to keep good-humored. "Uncle Peter told me that, if I'd help him sell this house, he'd give me a diamond ring; and certainly it looks much better than it ever did before."

"A diamond ring!" said the lady tartly. "I should think Peter would know better. There's James Burton been promoted over Jay's head because James is a manager and owns his own home; and, if you go to wearing diamonds, Jay will stay at the bottom of the ladder forever. A diamond ring! Furniture not paid for and wanting diamonds!"

The old lady went home in a huff, but her words remained with Mary Elizabeth. Jay had said nothing about James Burton's promotion, so it must have hurt him greatly. Perhaps, after all, it was worth more to begin with a few things and not

worry about debts than to have a house filled with pretty, expensive furnishings, and dread to see the first of the month come. In the midst of her musings the door-bell rang, and she rose reluctantly to show another young couple through the house. What was the use of saying, "This is the living-room, which is very light and sunny, and beyond is the dining-room," to dozens of men and women who wanted only to look? However, she put on her best "agent manner," and began the tour of the rooms.

"Oh, Charles, isn't everything dear?" said the lady when they had gone the rounds and the visitor had an armload of fragrant pinks from the garden and the man was loaded down with radishes that Mrs. Gordon explained would go to seed if not eaten quickly. "I'd like to buy it just as it is, for I never could furnish it so daintily as this."

"I'd sell the furniture," said Mary Elizabeth quickly. "I don't mind telling you that I was foolish and inexperienced when I selected it, and I went beyond my means. If you want the house just as it is, I shall be glad to sell the furniture. And, when I start in again, there will be no debts, I assure you."

"That's what Charles says," said the young woman quickly. "He says so much depends upon making a good start. We can afford this dear little place if you don't mind selling it. May we look at the garden just once more?"

Two days later the deeds were made out, and Uncle Peter called up his nephew's wife to remind her of his promise. "Get on your hat, little girl, and we'll go out to select that ring," he said. "But first maybe you'd like to see the next house I'd like to have you sell for me."

"If you don't mind, Uncle Peter," came the answer over the wire, "I'd rather have the money than the ring. I'll be right down to see the new place to live, for we have to move out of here in a week, and there will be a good deal to do."

Mary Elizabeth kept away from the office where her husband worked and from the church Mr. Duncan attended, though it was nearer than the one she and Jay went to; for she had it in mind to see whether he would come to their new location if it was for sale. In a few months she had her reward when he again appeared with the same young man who had inspected the former house. Without a sign of recognition she showed him through the cottage, furnished simply and tastefully with furniture within Jay's means, and she thought he looked at everything most curiously. Again they thanked her for her trouble, and remarked politely that they would look further before deciding.

"Mary Elizabeth, I'm promoted, and you did it!" cried Jay Gordon, holding her at arm's length one bright September day, his voice trembling with joy. "Mr. Duncan went to Uncle Peter to find out what had become of our fine furniture, and uncle told him the whole story. You never can know what this means to me. It was the most humiliating thing to have the other fellows go past me, but it won't happen again."

"It was Uncle Peter's offer of a diamond ring that brought me to my senses," said Mary Elizabeth, laughing and crying. "Bless his heart! I'm going to keep on selling houses for him all my days, to show my gratitude."

"It wasn't Peter's doing at all," said Aunt Julia from the doorway. "It was our efforts to educate you that did it."

"No such thing, Julia," protested Uncle Peter at her back. "Vinegar never catches flies, no more than lecturing makes over young folks. Mary Elizabeth, just as soon as you folks can afford such things, you'll get your ring all right. I'm not going to live forever to coax you along, selling houses and the like; so I'm going to give you this to remind you to keep your balance. Tie it on a shoe-string around your neck for a year or two, and by that time this young fellow will be in a position where his wife can wear a diamond without making folks think he's dishonest. He's improved a hundred per cent. in health, and he doesn't have to worry about debts any more; so he's bound to ascend the ladder rapidly."

"Thank you, Uncle Peter," said the young woman with a rapturous kiss; "but remember, I'm going right on making money by being your business partner."

"And you're the best I ever had," said the old gentleman. "By the way, this house sold to-day. When can you move?"

"To-morrow; and, if they want the furniture, they can have it," said Mary Elizabeth. "Everything but my diamond ring is on the market. I want that to remember you and my first business transaction by, forever and forever."—*Hilda Richmond, in "Christian Endeavor World."*

Not Exactly a Case of Luck

"I'm just worn to a frazzle," fretted Mrs. Delap, sinking into a comfortable rocker in her friend's home. "And here you look as fresh as a peach! You certainly are a lucky woman."

"Lucky!" A note of thoughtful remonstrance sounded in Sylvia Chappell's voice.

"Yes, lucky!" insisted Mary Delap. "And I just cannot understand it. Here we two are the same age, with families the same size and living in the same neighborhood, and yet there is someone sick at my house all the time; if it isn't one of us, it's another; and you and yours escape. You have scarcely had even a cold all winter. It's beyond me!"

"Who's sick now?" queried Mrs. Chappell, solicitously, harking back to that one item of information.

"Yes, now—now! No wonder you say now. So does everybody else," complained the tired voice. And then: "Oh, it's Ronnie this time. Nothing serious; just the grippe. Only I think he's going to have it extra hard—he's scarcely over the whooping cough. And I suppose it will go through the family before we are done with it; grippe usually does. But I don't see why it has to be us—really, it is your turn, by all that is fair," protested the caller.

"How do you escape? How do you do it?"

"Really want to know?" the comely

hostess eyed her guest doubtfully. Mrs. Delap was a lovely woman; but, as her friend knew, she was not one who took advice graciously.

"Of course I do!" indignantly. "But it is luck—luck pure and simple! That's what Tom says. He says you can never tell where lightning will strike. . . . But I wish to goodness it wouldn't always manage to strike us." The tired hands clenched nervously. "I'm tired of being nurse and general housekeeper, chief cook and bottle-washer!"

"No wonder," sympathetically. And then: "Lightning doesn't always have to strike," significantly. "Sometimes one can keep it from striking."

Mrs. Delap stiffened in her chair. "You don't mean to insinuate—"

"Nothing at all, my dear. Only I thought you wanted to know how we keep so well—my household and me," with a quiet emphasis.

"I do," Mrs. Delap spoke with a meekness grown from desperation. "If you have any secret, for pity's sake tell it. Don't keep me sitting here on the anxious seat all evening, Sylvia Chappell! I've got to go home and look after Ronnie."

"Do you ever fumigate?" probed Mrs. Chappell pointedly.

"Why—why—" amazedly stammered her friend; "no, not this winter we haven't. Besides, the health officer always attends to that."

"Does he?"

"Of course!"

"If the case is highly contagious," mused the thoughtful hostess. "Or if one has been in quarantine—or if the doctor advises—"

"Well, I guess he knows his business. I would be ordered to fumigate if it was necessary."

"I have fumigated twice this winter; without orders."

"You! For goodness sake!"

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Intelligent-grown people, my dear, should never wait for the health officer. He's a busy man. Use your own initiative and save him work. For instance, the day cousin Alida was here she wasn't feeling well. She spent most of the time in her room lying down. After she went home she developed a bad case of 'flu.' So I thought I'd be on the safe side. I burned a formaldehyde candle in my guest room. In fact, I wouldn't have felt right to put anyone else in there until I had."

"But, fumigating is such a lot of trouble," complained Mrs. Delap from the comfortable rocker.

"Not nowadays. Formaldehyde candles are the easiest things in the world to operate. It didn't take me ten minutes, all told. And what is ten minutes to a feeling of safety? Directions come with every candle. The first time I used one I dreaded it like the toothache; I thought as you do. But I found it as easy as falling off a log, and quite as simple. That's what science does for us moderns. Don't keep on living in the dark ages, Mary, and you won't be sick so much at your house. You can fumigate a bedroom and use it again the same night; it takes only four to six hours to

fumigate. Start early in the morning, and have it done before supper time."

"But can you stay in the rest of the house at the same time?"

"Of course you can. You are making a mountain out of a mole hill, my dear. I shut the windows in the room I want to fumigate, but leave them unlocked, so I can open them quickly when it is all over. Then I light my candle, go out at once, shut the door and press a bit of handy cotton into the keyhole, using a toothpick. With a putty knife I press more cotton all about the cracks of the door, so as to make it tight. Then I go away and attend to my household duties and forget all about fumigating until the required time is up. About four o'clock I open the door, first having filled my lungs with good fresh air; I rush to the windows and fling them wide open, and go out again. I leave all the adjoining doors and windows open for a time, the formaldehyde fumes vanish rapidly, and it is such a comfort to know one's room is clean. Not only the scrubbed kind of clean, but the sanitary kind of clean."

Sylvia Chappell paused and smiled at the dazed-looking little lady, who, murmuring something about *expense*, stared back at her from the depths of the rocker.

"Expense?" questioned Mrs. Chappell briskly; "why, I paid sixty cents for the last formaldehyde candle I bought. Cheap compared with a doctor's bill, plus a few bottles of medicine."

"Oh, medicines have gone sky-high—clear out of sight!" groaned Mrs. Delap. "I don't know if we will ever get our drug bill paid."

"Besides, I think of the trouble *saved*—instead of trouble made," continued her friend, bent on pressing home her point now that she had begun. "It isn't half the work to fumigate that it is to take care of a sick child. Think of that."

"But one cannot keep well always," insisted Mrs. Delap with frank perversity. "Everyone is sick sometimes, no matter what they do or don't do."

"Sickness is something the human flesh seems heir to," admitted her friend, "but if by taking pains one may ward it off nine times out of ten, even make that tenth time less obdurate, isn't the taking pains worth while?"

"Maybe," dubiously; "but I heard Dr. Derry say we were getting germs all the time—probably every day we lived—every one of us! We cannot escape them if we try. They're all about us," defiantly.

"That is true. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety," admonished the calm-eyed hostess. "There are germs galore; infection and fevers and plague and pestilence! But why worry? If we do our part, very likely the defenders of the body will be able to do the rest."

"The—what?"

"The white blood corpuscles."

"Oh, yes. Dr. Derry called them the scavengers of the body."

"They are. And they will kill all the germs the body ordinarily absorbs. But when we are careless—and don't fumigate—why, these little defenders of the body have more work dumped upon them than they

are able to do. Disease germs win the day, and then we fall ill."

"You ought to be a doctor," pouted Mary Delap.

"Better to be a sensible housewife," countered Sylvia Chappell serenely. "Housewives can do a very great work in stamping out epidemics and contagious diseases if they will just be willing to take sufficient pains. It is the careless housewife who puts so many of us in danger only too often. The innocent suffer with the guilty, you know, my dear. More's the pity; but pity is 'tis true."

The woman who always had somebody sick at her house flushed uncomfortably. "But you said twice—you fumigated twice," she suggested.

"The second time was after Peter had that cold; it might have been a mild case of the grippe. I don't know. But I didn't want to take that chance of its *going through the family*, so I fumigated. The children were all out at their grandmother's. I had a good chance. I set my candles going, and then went shopping. I was gone most of the day, for I waited till after office hours, and Peter and I took dinner down town."

"Hm-m-m," mused Mrs. Delap; then: "what else do you do? You spoke about taking pains."

"For one thing, I always give the invalid special dishes, and always boil them before I put them back with the others. Oh, it is very little trouble. The dishes used by my patient are kept on his serving tray, and washed separately, boiling water poured over them each time, and wiped with a cloth kept for this purpose. . . . Then I keep my invalid in one room, if possible, till all danger of infection is past."

"Ronnie's room is cosy and warm," mused Ronnie's mother.

"Besides that, I take care of myself," remarked Mrs. Chappell.

Mrs. Chappell smiled apologetically. It was not often that the alert little lady opposite her would so calmly sit and listen.

"And, of course, I already know you never use common cups or common towels, and you keep your window shades up to let in the light, and you sun your bedding to beat anything!" added that same little lady thoughtfully. "Someone said you must be awfully clean or awfully dirty—you had quilts and pillows on the line every week!"

Sylvia Chappell laughed merrily. "Because there isn't anything quite so good as God's own sunshine," she said, "to put to rout most any kind of germ a-going. Oh, but I do love the sunshine! And I'll never pull down my shades to hide the dust on my floors. Never; so there!"

Silence, like a drifting of incense, filled the rooms. Then: "It really costs so little to be careful," averred she who was careful; and she who was not drew a long, quivering sigh. "Common sense ought to be compulsory," she said firmly. "I'm converted. I am thoroughly convinced. Why didn't someone give me a dose before?" which meant a good deal coming from Mary Delap.—*Ruth Fargo, in "The Adult Class Monthly."*



FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



A Barometer

Days when the birds are singing,
I feel like singing, too.
Days when it's wet, and rainy,
I almost cry, do you?

Can outdoors get inside me,
To make me feel that way?
No matter what the weather,
I feel just like each day.

—The Christian Register.

Pot of Gold

Aunt Margaret was weeding the garden one day between summer showers when she was startled by an almost baby voice shouting gleefully:

"It ended here! It ended here!"

Straightening up from her weeding, she saw a tiny, hatless figure in faded blue overalls dash out of the dark woods across the road, his face flushed with running, his yellow hair in short damp curls all over his head.

"Oh!" said the little figure. "Oh! Oh!" and with his eyes on the unbelievably gay garden he ran across the grass to the garden wall. Seeing Aunt Margaret, he smiled shyly and asked:

"Do fairies live here? Or do you?"

"I've always thought they did," said Aunt Margaret gravely. "I like to live with them."

"They'd know," the little figure went on. "They'd know in a minute. But it did end here, just as plain. I've tried so many times before to find where one ended, but it always looks too far to go. But this one looked near, and I ran to the top of the hill, and it looked right over those woods," pointing a chubby finger at the wooded hillside across the way. "It's gone now," he went on, turning an anxious little face skyward, "but I know it ended here," he concluded with infinite content. "Maybe you saw it?" he inquired with fresh eagerness. "Maybe you know just 'zactly where it came down? And then I ran through the woods as fast as I could, and the sun came all out just before I could get through, and I never saw such a pretty garden, and the minute I saw it I knew it must be here. Didn't you see it? Don't you know just which flowers it's under?"

Aunt Margaret looked at the flushed little face and into the big, trusting blue eyes.

"What's your name, little apparition?" she asked, smiling. "And I'm afraid I don't know yet what ends in my garden."

"My name's Jimsy," replied the small figure hastily; then demanded, in wide-eyed astonishment, "Didn't you see the rainbow?"

"Oh!" said Aunt Margaret, beginning to understand. "And you followed it, and you think it came down in my garden?"

"I know it did," Jimsy stated firmly. "It was just as plain from the hilltop—

just behind the woods it came right down—and right beyond the woods is your garden. Is it your garden?"

"Yes, it's my garden."

"Then I s'pose we'll have to divide it—but I can have half, can't I?—'cause I found where it is."

"Divide it?" Aunt Margaret asked helplessly, and to herself she thought, "If only David would come home—he'd understand in a minute—but I told him he could stay till dark."

"It would be too bad if we had to dig up the whole garden before we found it, wouldn't it?" asked Jimsy.

"And what would we find if we did dig up all my poor flower children?" asked Aunt Margaret gravely.

"Why, the pot of gold!" explained Jimsy impatiently. "I just told you the rainbow ended in your garden."

"Oh, yes," agreed Aunt Margaret hastily, and added apologetically, "it's some time ago that I was as small as you, and I haven't remembered about the pot of gold for so long that I didn't quite know what you were talking about."

"Haven't you any little boy?" asked Jimsy so eagerly that Aunt Margaret answered in a surprised voice:

"Not any little boy of my very own; but I have David. He would understand you much more quickly than I," she added whimsically, remembering how often David left her at sea.

"Who's David?" demanded Jimsy, with the same inexplicable eagerness. "Does he live with you all the time?"

"David is my little nephew," Aunt Margaret replied. "I don't live here all the time; just summers. David stays with me—he's my boy for every summer."

"Oh!" said Jimsy, and his two blue eyes filled slowly with tears. But after a manful swallow or two he said: "Then I'll have to find it. Where's a shovel?"

Aunt Margaret was puzzled. "Let's walk through the garden first," she suggested. "Maybe you'll decide it's too pretty to dig up."

Jimsy slipped a warm little hand into hers and followed through the garden paths. Most of the flowers were above his head, but he buried his nose in all he could reach, and sniffed as appreciatively as the bees and humming birds.

"I guess we can't," he admitted unsteadily, when they had wandered up and down all the little garden paths. "But I did want it! I don't want to go back next week!"

"Let's go and talk it over," comforted Aunt Margaret, and with the little hand still in hers she led him to the end of the garden, where some seats were waiting under the birch trees.

Lifting the little figure into her lap, she said: "There, now we can talk. And all I know about you in the world is that your

name is Jimsy and that you followed the rainbow this afternoon and found it came down in my garden, and then we decided the flowers were too pretty to dig up, even for a pot of gold! And I don't know where you live; why haven't I ever seen you before? I thought I'd seen every little boy for miles around. You're not lost?" she demanded in sudden alarm.

"I don't live anywhere here," replied Jimsy. "I wish I did. That's why I wanted the pot of gold. Mrs. Smith, up there"—and again the chubby finger pointed up the hill—"wrote and said she'd take a boy like me for two weeks, and I've been there a week, and she's got so many boys of her own and she says everything to eat costs so much, and she says she'd like to keep me all summer, but she can't."

Suddenly Jimsy's head went down on Aunt Margaret's shoulder and a muffled, halting little voice told its story to the end.

"And you thought if you found the pot of gold Mrs. Smith would have money enough to buy food, and you could stay all summer?"

Jimsy's curly head moved up and down, and then snuggled close again.

"And you've never been in the country before, and there are lots of little boys and girls in your Home who haven't ever been because not enough people like Mrs. Smith write and offer to take them for a little while?"

Jimsy sat up and nodded. "It's nicer in the country," he said with a deep sigh. "You can't chase butterflies and go berrying in the city. And I thought if you didn't have—How old's David?"

"David? David's nine," said Aunt Margaret absently.

"That's two years older'n me," said Jimsy. "Is that David? Somebody's whistling."

Even as Jimsy spoke the whistling grew louder, and the next minute up dashed David in his impetuous way.

"Aunt Margaret, I didn't stay—" he began, and stopped short at sight of Aunt Margaret with a strange little boy in her lap.

"Come here, David," said Aunt Margaret. "This is Jimsy. He's visiting Mrs. Smith, up on the hill. Take him up to your room and show him your birds' nests while I write a note to Mrs. Smith. Then I want you to go back with him and bring back an answer to my note."

A few minutes later Aunt Margaret was filling two pockets with cookies. "Good-bye, Jimsy." She bent down and kissed the little upturned face. "Maybe we'll see you again very soon."

In an hour David raced in, breathless, with Mrs. Smith's answer. Aunt Margaret read it in one glance and said:

"Did she tell Jimsy?"

"Yes, she said you said you'd like to have Jimsy stay with us all summer if she could

arrange it with the Home, and she said she could. And she said she'd about made up her mind to keep him all summer herself, because she never saw a child that 'took to' the country the way he does!"

"I should think he does! Flying over the hills and through deep woods all alone to chase a rainbow! I am so glad it ended in our garden, David! What did Jimsy say when she told him?" she demanded eagerly.

"That's just what I was going to tell you," said David. "He just danced all over the grass and kept saying, 'I'm so glad I didn't dig up the garden! I'm so glad I didn't dig up the garden!' What did he mean, Aunt Margaret? Why is he glad he didn't dig up what garden?"

And Aunt Margaret, laughing and pushing him toward the stairs, said:

"Let's hurry and fix up the little room next to yours, so it will be all clean and cunning! And for once, David, I have a story to tell you, instead of your telling one to me!"

When she had finished David, at the window, his dreaming eyes following the cloud shadows that swept over the big mountain beyond the meadow, sighed his interest and said happily:

"Well, I should think it is better than a pot of gold being here summers—everybody knows that!"

And Aunt Margaret answered in the happiest voice in the world, "You and I think so; but isn't it the most fun to have a little brown house for other people who think so to come to?"—*Rose Brooks, in "The Christian Register."*

How Rena Helped

It was early morning on the farm. Mrs. Manners was busy attending to the warm milk which she was pouring into deep pans. Lucy and Phillie were still asleep.

"And thank goodness they are," said their mother to herself. "When Lucy gets a little older I must teach her to help, but Phillie is only a baby. Now I wonder whether Rena is up."

At that moment the kitchen door opened and her niece came in.

"Good morning!" Rena said shyly. She had arrived only two days before from the city for a week's vacation, and really did not yet feel acquainted except with the two small children. She was a very slender little girl of nine, with a long golden braid and pretty ruffled clothes.

"Can I help you, Aunt Mary?"

Mrs. Manners was bending over the stove. "You might set the table," she replied with a smile. "There are some new red roses this morning I saw as I went to the barn, if you have to have another bouquet."

Rena ran out after the roses, and a moment later her aunt was startled by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" she cried. "Why, it's Don Peters. How are you out so early?"

"Telegram, Mrs. Manners," answered Don in a very businesslike voice, and she tore open the yellow envelope in alarm.

"Will arrive at seven to-morrow morning. Be at the train.—AUNT HANNAH."

"Well, now, if Aunt Hannah isn't coming

at last, and to-morrow, too! I won't have much time to bake up."

"That came last night," interrupted Don in a sing-song tone. "But the agent couldn't get anyone to bring it."

"Last night! Why, then, she is coming this morning! It's six o'clock now and so far to town. What shall I do—father in the fields and no one to go?"

Mrs. Manners was running about the kitchen like a distracted hen, shedding her apron on the patchwork rocker and drawing her hat and coat from the closet as she talked.

"I must hitch up this minute—and the children without any breakfast!"

Rena came in with her hands full of roses. "Oh, auntie, what is it?" she cried.

In a moment she had heard the story.

"I know how to take care of the children," she said eagerly. "Let them stay with me."

Her aunt was flinging on her coat.

"I'm afraid I will have to, Rena," she said hurriedly. "Give them anything they want for breakfast; but then, you don't know how to cook. Oh, they won't starve. Do the best you can. We may be home late, as I'll have to do some shopping. Good-bye."

Rena stood alone in the big, clean kitchen. She looked at the empty table and at the empty stove. Soon the children would be down for breakfast.

"And they always eat so much," sighed the little girl.

There was a patter of feet in the hall, and two rosy youngsters ran in. They had on brown socks and sandals with the straps hanging loose, and their pink and blue rompers were unbuttoned down the back.

"We got dressed alone," smiled the little girl. "Just button us."

"I helped Lucy," said Phillie earnestly. "I buttoned one button on her womper."

Rena laughed. "Are you hungry, babies?" she said. "What shall we have for breakfast?"

"Where is our mamma?" asked Lucy.

There were no tears when Rena told them.

"Oh, goodie, goodie!" cried the children.

"We can have a party all alone."

Rena blushed.

"It is fun to have a party," she said.

"But I can't cook. I'll try, though. What would you like?"

"I don't want any old breakfast food," said Phil.

"I don't want any old eggs," said Lucy.

"Old!" laughed Rena. "They aren't even a day old. Don't you remember that we gathered them yesterday?"

"I know what we want," cried Phil positively. "Toast and toto."

"He means toast and cocoa," said Lucy.

"I want that, too. Toast and cocoa! Toast and cocoa!"

Rena was relieved.

"That sounds easy," she said. "I know how to make toast, and we will get the recipe book and look up cocoa."

The book was on the top shelf in the pantry, but Rena located it and turned to beverages the very first thing.

"Cocoa. Dissolve twelve tablespoonfuls of cocoa in two quarts of boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes. Add two quarts of rich milk. Sugar to taste."

"Oh, that is easy!" cried Rena. "Here is the cocoa, and the cooling-room is full of milk; that's all we need. Now let's cut the bread while Lucy fills the tea kettle."

The toast browned delicately, and Rena got a clover-leaf pat of butter from the pantry. The cocoa was bubbling with a delicious fragrance which filled the kitchen. The children danced about the table and Rena was flushed with pleasure.

"This is going to be a really good breakfast," she said.

At last everything was ready, and three cups of foamy chocolate were dipped from the white kettle. The toast was put upon Phillie's Bo-Peep plate, and they all sat down.

It seemed that the children would never stop eating, but after a long time Phillie pushed away his plate and sighed.

"No more, no more. I don't like to eat any more."

"I shouldn't think you would," said Rena. "You have had three big cups while Lucy and I had only two and a half apiece. And just see—not a scrap of toast left. We must have eaten a whole loaf."

She got up to clear away the dishes, and peeped into the white kettle.

"Oh, children!" she cried in dismay. "There can't be that much cocoa left. What shall we do with it? How your mother will laugh at me! It is certainly too good to throw away."

She tasted the creamy liquid.

"If it were only thick it would be chocolate pudding, just like Hilda serves at home. Oh, why can't we thicken it? I know how to do that. I've seen your mother turn meat juice into gravy by just stirring in cornstarch."

"Let's make pudding! Let's make pudding!" cried Phillie.

But Lucy was serious. "Cocoa can't be pudding. My mamma puts eggs and raisins and everything into pudding."

"Not raisins," said Rena excitedly. "But eggs, I'm sure. Get three eggs and we will beat them."

Phil ran for the eggs while Rena stirred the corn starch with cold water, as she had seen her aunt do. She turned the white liquid into the cocoa and it bubbled thickly.

"It looks like pudding!" she called breathlessly. "Still, it isn't thick enough. I am going to stir in more starch."

By the time the cocoa was thick the eggs were beaten, and Lucy poured them in hastily. Nothing happened except that the pudding took on a slightly richer color.

"Let's cook it five minutes more, then turn it out and see what we have," said Rena.

"Mamma puts pudding into cups," chirped Phillie.

"We will, too!" answered his cousin.

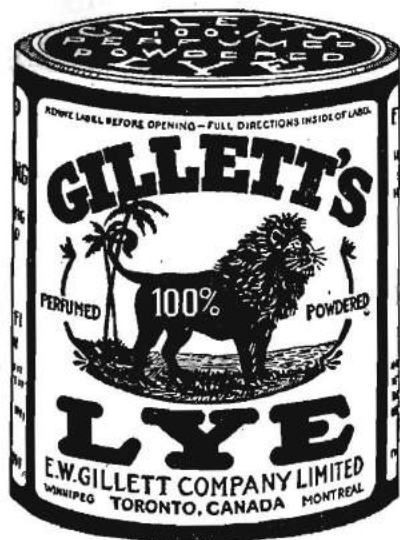
When the pudding was poured out it filled just eight cups.

"Oh, isn't that beauty!" exclaimed Phil.

"Yes, isn't it beautiful?" cried Rena.

"And we made it all alone!" chimed in Lucy.

It was half-past eleven before Mrs. Manners drove up to the door. With her was a grey-haired, stern-looking woman who kissed all the children and gave them peppermint drops from her handbag. Aunt



Hannah was soon settled in the parlor with a book and with the two little children hanging awestruck about; but Rena sidled into the kitchen.

"Oh, dear, Rena, everything is in such a rush to-day!" lamented her aunt. "I have the steak for dinner, and there is time for potatoes and corn, but I can't make any dessert. Run down and get a can of cherries."

Rena did not answer, and her aunt looked around inquiringly.

"Oh, please, Aunt Mary," burst out the little girl, "Phillie and Lucy and I made some dessert."

Mrs. Manners tried not to laugh.

"Where is it, Rena?" she said. "But perhaps we won't need to use it while Aunt Hannah is here."

Rena led the way into the cooling-room, and there on the white shelf stood eight blue saucers with eight shiny mounds of chocolate pudding.

"Well, my goodness! Why, the idea!" cried Aunt Mary. "When—how—?"

And then Rena told the story.

"You were wiser than some grown people," said her aunt as she tasted a bit. "My, how good it is! Better than any I ever made. I must write this to your mother, Rena."

After the bountiful dinner there was a simple dessert of chocolate pudding heaped high with whipped cream. No doubt Aunt Hannah thought it very ordinary, but to the three children it was quite the most wonderful pudding ever made.—C. B. Pottinger, in "The Junior Herald."



Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug-gists, Grocers and General Stores.

Montreal Letter

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Among our Canadian statesmen few names shine with more lustre than that of Sir Georges Etienne Cartier, whose centenary is being celebrated here this week. Born in 1814, in St. Antoine, Vercheres, Que., Cartier took his classical course at the Seminary of Montreal, and was admitted to the bar in 1835. In 1848 he was elected member for Vercheres, and later became Conservative leader in Lower Canada and Premier of Quebec. I have before me as I write a volume of his speeches, "Discours de Sir Georges Cartier," par Joseph Tassé, containing also a biographical sketch, and have found it inspiring reading. I believe thoroughly in the inspiration to be derived from studying and contemplating the lives of our heroes, saints and martyrs, whether Canadian, British, or of whatever nationality, and among them Cartier takes high place. It is said that without him Confederation could not have been accomplished, for he held Quebec in the hollow of his hand. What a list of achievements was his! The Confederation of the provinces, the acquisition of North-West Territories, the deepening of the St. Lawrence,



SIR GEORGES ETIENNE CARTIER.

the establishment of ocean lines, the construction of canals, the building of the Intercolonial, the founding of Manitoba, the admission of British Columbia to Confederation, the organization of our military system—all these achievements and many more the biographer places to the credit of Cartier's regime and influence. It is, therefore, right and fitting that this great man should be honored, for Canada owes him much. A beautiful monument in his honor is now nearing completion, and I hope to have a photo of it for GUARDIAN readers soon, for it is one of the finest things of its kind to be seen anywhere, and is superb in its situation at the base of Mount Royal.

Mademoiselle Hortense Cartier, who journeyed to England with her illustrious father in 1873, where Cartier died, has spent all the intervening years in France, and is the only surviving member of the Cartier family. An invitation was, therefore, extended to M'le Cartier to come to Canada for this great occasion, and she arrived in Montreal to-day as the guest of the Canadian Government. She is accompanied by Hon. Philippe Roy, Canadian Trade Commissioner, and will attend the Cartier Fair, which is being held to defray the cost of the approaches to this Cartier memorial.

In considering the life of Cartier—and here let it be said that I do not forget the

glorious part played by Macdonald, Tupper, George Brown and others as nation builders—it seems to me that the finest thing to Cartier's credit is his determination to promote harmony between the two races making up Canada, for he realized that only through this gateway could national greatness be attained. "Lower and Upper Canada," he said, "are united by the St. Lawrence, by railways and canals, and each of the two is absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the other. I approve of no hostile sentiment towards any."

Among the few men in Montreal who knew Cartier personally is Sir Alexandre Lacoste, former president of the Senate and former Chief Justice of Quebec, who kindly consented to grant me an interview last evening for the GUARDIAN and to chat for a few minutes about his great contemporary. Sir Alexandre, though much the junior of Cartier, is now an old man, and a splendid type of French-Canadian gentleman. In his beautiful home in Outremont, in its setting of green lawns, trees and flowers; with its Eastern rugs, its plethora of books and softly-stepping servants, Sir Alexandre Lacoste looked the gentleman of the old French regime, yet withal he is plain and democratic in his speech and thought. The conversation was first in French, then in English, for Sir Alexandre told me that in all his public life he had always placed English on an equal footing. He said that he had absolutely no hostile feeling towards any English fellow countrymen, and deplored the strained relations between the two nationalities, unfortunately fanned by politicians for selfish purposes.

"You have lived in Quebec a long time," he said; "have you not found us fair? We have our faults, I know; but also, I hope, our virtues, and we sincerely desire to live and work harmoniously with our English-speaking fellow citizens. That was the desire of Cartier, who said, 'I do not hesitate to proclaim that I will never suffer, as long as I am a Minister of the Crown, an injustice being done under the Constitution, or otherwise, to my countrymen, whether English or Catholic.'"

* * * *

"I enlisted from Edmonton, and before the war nothing would have induced me to leave the west; but now I can get nothing to do there, and I am going back to England."

"May I ask what is your line of work?"

"I am a plasterer; but there is no plastering to do in Edmonton now; the place is dead."

We were standing on the docks, and the waters of the St. Lawrence lay before us, radiant with afternoon sunshine. St. Helen's Island, emerald green, greeted the eye in the distance; at the left Lougoueil, at the right St. Lambert. The docks always seem to me the most fascinating part of Montreal, for here one meets people of all nations, and it is largely from its ocean commerce that Montreal derives its greatness. Do all of us realize that we have over ten miles of docks here, stretching from Victoria Bridge to Pointe aux Trembles, and that in the amount of tonnage handled Montreal is second only to New York on this continent?

But I was very sorry to hear the Old Countryman say that he was going back. I don't know whether he stated the case about Edmonton correctly or not, and I hope no Edmontonian will be disgruntled, for personally I admired that fair city, the gateway of the Peace River country, very much when I visited it. We need men and more men, and women and more women, to help us in developing this country; so we are sorry to see any of them sailing away.

At the big steel sheds of the White Star Line they were putting her cargo aboard the *Canada*, and such a cargo it was! Huge piles of lumber were being lowered into the hold, destined for London, to aid in the housing programme. The checker told me it was mostly from the camps up the Ot-

tawa, and so clean, well-cut and sound it looked a Canadian might well be proud of it. Innumerable cases of dressed meat were also going aboard, and when I exclaimed at the quantity the checker coolly said, "That is nothing. You should have been here last week, when we put one thousand tons of Redpath sugar aboard and five hundred and twenty tons of flour."

At the C.P.O.S. mammoth sheds—the same does not express their dignity and size—I went on board the *Scandinavian*, and felt very much at home, for she carried us across the Atlantic five years ago. She was then an Allan boat, sailing for Glasgow; now her port on the other side is Liverpool. The same story of enormous cargoes of lumber and produce was repeated here, and one could only wish that the housing scheme was as advanced in Montreal as in Glasgow, for instance, where, it was stated, they have laid out a programme of 10,000 workingmen's houses to be erected in three years, at a cost of \$5,000 each.

A rosy-faced steward on board the *Scandinavian* told me that he was a prisoner in Germany over a year, and walked out of the country painfully when the armistice was signed, his strength being greatly reduced by a diet of pickled mangels. He says the Germans put them up in large barrels in some sort of brine, and this unwholesome stuff was their chief article of diet at the camp where he was a prisoner.

Rev. John Chisholm, Superintendent of Immigration for the Presbyterian Church, was at the wharf when the *Scandinavian* docked, and it was good to see him looking after the welfare of the lonely strangers. There were three rosy-faced young Scotch women, who were going to join their Canadian soldier-husbands at Oakville; and how courageous and cheery they looked! One could only wish them God-speed and send after them a little prayer that their expectations of life in Canada may be abundantly fulfilled. A little farther on I had a chat with an Irish girl, who was trudging away with her returned soldier-husband to find lodgings. She said that she had been doing war work in France, and had met him behind the trenches. These are the present-day arrivals at our port—these eager, hopeful women, these battle-scarred men. One noble fellow, with his right leg gone to the hip, was so unaccustomed to his crutches that his young wife dropped the baby from her arms to assist him into the 'bus as they drove away.

Walking eastward along the docks one comes to the pier of the Thomson Line; the Head Line, for Dublin and Belfast; the Furness-Withy Line, for Manchester, all throbbing with activity. What a story of humanity the old port could tell since the days of Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve and Marguerite Bourgeoys!

A year ago soldiers were stationed along the revetment wall, and one could not pass without a card of permission from the Harbor Commissioners. Then, too, all the ships were camouflaged; but now one may come and go as in pre-war days, and the vessels have shed their disguise—we hope forever.

* * *

The Tenants' Protective Association is the newest organization in Montreal, and came into existence on Saturday night, a week ago, its object being to destroy, break, smash and forever end the yearly lease, May 1st, moving system, which compels all families intending to move to give notice Feb. 1st and to move simultaneously May 1st. By this system the housewife has to turn out in the deep snows of winter to look for a habitation for her family, and as February passes and March passes, and she finds nothing, she becomes despondent, and goes to the landlord, to see if the lease at the old place can perchance be renewed. It is on the principle of "Better bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Alas! the landlord triumphantly informs her that the place was let Feb. 15th, and that on May 1st her goods, if not removed, will be put on the street. With gloomy desperation she renews the search.

Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, is said to be the only city on the continent which confines all moving to May 1st, the only city where there is absolutely no monthly system for even the poorest man. To combat this evil, through which the landlord has the tenant by the throat, Thomas O. Woods, of the Volunteer Social Workers' League, called the meeting on Saturday night, in Dorchester Hall. Mr. Woods, who once served a sentence in an Auburn prison, and who has spent the last six years in aiding former prisoners to find work and become respectable citizens on the expiration of their sentence, has himself won the respect of all classes of the community by his splendid work along social lines. He is a Canadian, and I had the pleasure of introducing him to GUARDIAN readers three or four years ago. Mr. Woods told us at the meeting for the scurrilous treatment he had received at the hands of his landlord last spring. He advised the landlord verbally, early in February, that he wished to remain on another year. The landlord said "all right." What was Mr. Woods' consternation to receive notice, May 1st, that the house had been sold and that he must move at once! In answer to his remonstrance the landlord drew his attention to a clause in the lease which stipulated that notice of renewal must be made in writing. The result was that this family was thrown on the street, and as everything available had been taken, the best they could do was to find shelter in one room on St. Denis Street. Man after man in the audience arose to express his flaming indignation against the injustices of the present yearly leasing system in Montreal, after which the Tenants' Protective Association was formed. They aim to have a representative in each ward to organize the tenants, educate the aldermen and bring pressure to bear on the Legislature at Quebec, with a view to having the leasing system in this city remodelled to correspond with the more reasonable systems prevailing in other cities. The aim is that moving may be extended over several months of the year, say from April to September, and the monthly lease adopted where desired, at least in the case of the poor. Only those who have lived in Montreal and have had to pay carters' extortionate rates on May 1st can appreciate this grievance. The shortage of houses at present adds greatly to the dilemma of the tenant, for six-roomed flats in Notre Dame de Grace are renting for \$50 a month. A heated six-roomed flat in Westmount brings as high as \$75 a month. There has been almost no building since 1913, and unfortunately the Housing Commission is allowing the season to pass without getting to work on the Government allotment for workingmen's houses, of which about \$8,000,000 would fall to Quebec.

EDITH M. LUKE.

Montreal, Aug. 18th, 1919.

Northern Alberta Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Your readers all over the Dominion will be pleased to learn that Alberta has very satisfactory evidence as to the wonderful success of the prohibition law which has been in force now three years. The liquor forces and bootleggers have done their utmost to discredit the law and to show that the absence of the saloon makes for lawlessness, but we have indisputable figures to prove that the abolition of the saloon has been a good thing for our province. We must give these to the country as valuable ammunition for future campaigns. The figures are gathered about several institutions seemingly detached from each other, but all inter-working. An interesting feature in the report is that several expensive institutions have disappeared and large sums of money have thus been saved.

PROVINCIAL JAIL, FORT SASKATCHEWAN.

Average population for 1914 250
Average population for 1918 61
Total population at June 1st, 1919.. 120

Of the total number that passed through this jail in 1914, 401 were graded as temperate. In 1915 this number dropped to 219, and in 1916, after the passing of the Liquor Act, they numbered 52. In the report made by Magistrate Murphy, after her inspection of the jail in July, 1918, the inmates had dropped to 61, and the report stated that the apparent cause for such a decrease was the passing of laws prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquors.

When it is considered that the Fort jail now receives all the convictions that used to go to the Edmonton city farm, the apparent increase in the past two years is explained.

PROVINCIAL JAIL, LETHBRIDGE.

Average population for 1914..... 143
Average population for 1915..... 103
Average population for 1916..... 77
Average population for 1917..... 70
Average population for 1918..... 100
For first six months, 1919 116

In commenting on these figures the warden states:

"There is another factor that I wish to point out. Personally I think the war has been the chief factor in changing our numbers. You can see we came down steadily, and now we are steadily increasing. Prohibition came in force on July 1st, 1916. Our numbers gradually decreased from 69 on July 1st, 1916, to 49 on Jan. 1st, 1917.

A Suggestion for Investors

It's always wise to purchase securities that have behind them definite assurances of safety. The Company issuing the security should be well established and of demonstrated credit and earnings.

The ratio of assets to the Bond or Stock issue should be such that there is no doubt about the payment of the principal when due. The earning power should be assured, so that payment of interest is certain.

The security must have passed through the most exacting reliability tests that experts know how to apply.

Every Bond or Stock we offer you has behind it these three assurances of safety. Our August list of offerings combines the attractive investment features of dependable security, substantial income, and the maximum of convenience.

Send for the list now.

Graham, Sanson & Co.

INVESTMENT BANKERS

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

85 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Phone Main 368

The Legacy of War

Canada's Dead and Missing	- - - -	63,038
Canada's Wounded	- - - -	149,709
Canada's National Debt	- - - -	\$1,670,263,691
Soldiers' Annual Pensions	- - - -	\$35,000,000

THE WORLD is staggering with debt. Some of the leading countries are verging on bankruptcy.

Five years ago Canada had never dreamed of the financial burden she carries to-day.

Canada entered the Great War with a National Debt of \$337,000,000, or \$42 per head of population. Canada emerges with a National Debt to date of \$1,670,263,691, which is expected to approximate \$2,000,000,000 by the end of the fiscal year—or about \$250 for every man, woman and child in the country. Interest charges alone will eat up nearly one-half our present national revenue, and soldiers' pensions will have to be provided as well.

Can Ontario Afford to Spend \$36,000,000 a Year on Booze?

PREVIOUS to the Ontario Temperance Act the drink bill of the Province approximated \$36,000,000 per year, an amount about equal to Ontario's share of the Annual interest on our National Debt. In the face of our financial responsibilities alone, is this the time to repeal the Ontario Temperance Act or relax a single one of its restrictions upon waste of money and man power? To every question on the Referendum Ballot vote—

"No!"—Four Times—"No!"

No Repeal—No Government beer shops—No intoxicating beer in Standard Hotel bars—No Government beer and whiskey shops. Be sure you are on the voters' list. Be sure you mark your ballot four times—X—X—X—X—in the column headed No.

Ontario Referendum Committee

JOHN MACDONALD;
Chairman.

D. A. DUNLAP;
Treasurer.

ANDREW S. GRANT,
Vice-Chairman and Secretary.
(1001 Excelsior Life Bldg.)



Books Worth Owning

Here are six books, miscellaneous in type, but each one well "worth owning."

THE BATTLE NOBODY SAW. By Byron H. Stauffer. Cloth, 199 pages, \$1.50.

Mr. Stauffer, well known throughout Canada, has written many interesting stories. Some of these have been collected and are presented in book form under the unique title given above. Some of the novel titles of the chapters in this book are: "The Black Sheep of the Family," "Who Cut that Man's Hair?" "A Tapeline for Measuring Preachers," "The Novelty of a Baby's Name."

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY IN THE NEW ERA. By Chaplain Thomas Tiplady. Cloth, 190 pages, \$1.25 Net.

This book, by the author of "The Cross at the Front," has a reconstruction message for every one interested in the Church to-day. It is a book that shows what the returned soldier expects. It is a book of Christian idealism which will make leaders think for themselves and keep on thinking until remedies are found.

YOUTH AND THE CHURCH. By Cynthia Pearl Maus. Cloth, 184 pages, \$1.10.

The author is Superintendent of Young People's Work Department of Bible Schools of the American Christian Missionary Society, and she submits this book with the hope that pastors, church officers and teachers and leaders of young people will find in it some suggestions that will guide them in working out a unified and correlated programme of Christian education for the youth of the Church.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER MAGNIFIED. By J. B. Tidwell, D.D. Cloth, 143 pages, 75c. Net.

This book covers "The Bible Basis of Teaching," "The Sunday School Teacher's Incomparable Model—Jesus," "The Sunday School Teacher's Incomparable Preparation," "The Sunday School Teacher's Incomparable Subject of Instruction—The Bible," "The Sunday School Teacher's Incomparable View of the Pupil," "The Sunday School Teacher's Incomparable Rewards."

RELIGION AND COMMON SENSE. By Donald Hankey. Cloth, 82 pages, 60c. Net.

This little book is a simple, straightforward defence of the truths of the Christian revelation written to help those who are suffering in their faith from the assaults of rationalism.

INDUSTRY AND HUMANITY. By W. L. Mackenzie King. Cloth, 549 pages, with Appendix including charts and diagrams illustrative of industrial relations. \$2.

This book by the new Liberal leader is a study of the principles underlying industrial reconstruction, the great problem facing the world to-day. It will be of profound value to employers, legislators, educators, social workers, labor leaders, and to all who are concerned with the changing relations of labor, capital, management, and public interests.

Ask Your Bookseller About Our Books.
Prices Quoted Cover Postage.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House

Toronto - Ontario



a provision for the needs of the Church as will relieve it of financial anxiety, will produce a lasting enrichment of the spiritual life of Methodism and the uplift of all Canadian life.

"Therefore this committee endorses the proposals of the Methodist National Campaign Executive, and calls on the whole Church to bring the whole campaign to a successful issue.

"S. D. CHOWN,
"General Superintendent.

"T. ALBERT MOORE,
"Secretary, General Conference."

The Conferences

MANITOBA

Brandon.—The following letter has been received from Rev. A. E. Smith: "In the items for Manitoba Conference appearing in the issue for the current week there appears a statement that 'previous to leaving First Methodist Church, Brandon, Rev. A. E. Smith and family were presented with a purse of gold containing \$115, and an address, etc.' Your correspondent has been misinformed in this matter. The fact is that a considerable time after our removal from the parsonage a number of well-disposed ladies assembled and called Mrs. Smith by telephone to come to their place of meeting, to which call Mrs. Smith responded, and the presentation was made upon her arrival. I desire to be completely dissociated from this presentation. I was not at the meeting, nor was I requested to attend, nor was my presence desired, nor was the occasion in any way intended to include any reference to me or the work in which I am engaged. I wish this statement to be given a place in Manitoba Conference items, so as to correct for all parties what might be a very misleading statement."

MONTREAL

Union of Churches in Brockville.—Sunday, June 15th, was a red-letter day in the history of Methodism in Brockville. Conference had ratified the proposed union according to the basis submitted and agreed upon by the two congregations, and on that day Wall Street and George Street Methodist churches formally united their congregations, Sunday schools and various organizations, and will henceforth be known as the Methodist Church, Brockville. Large congregations assembled, and the church was specially decorated for the occasion. Instead of a sermon four brief addresses were given at the morning service. Rev. W. A. Hamilton, pastor of George Street Church, spoke of the divine leading in all the negotiations, and how they seemed to be brought together without any propaganda on the part of anybody; but circumstances caused them to grow together. Mr. W. T. Rogers spoke on the one theme, "Welcome" to all, and especially to those who were leaving their church building. Mr. T. G. Cook gave a little history of George Street Church, and spoke of the cordial feelings that existed between the two churches and how loyally they would work together. Rev. P. L. Richardson, pastor of Wall Street Church, drew attention to the spirit of the age which shifted the emphasis from church differences to unity, which made for economy and efficiency, and said that a larger union was coming, and if we did not bring it about our children would. The Sunday-school service in the afternoon was of a special nature. George Street school came over to Wall Street Church in a body and were welcomed and assigned alternate rows with the other school. Addresses were

delivered by the two superintendents, Messrs. Kitchen and Latham, and by three two pastors. A solo was sung by M. and Easter, and a duet by the Misses Daisy and Susie Sheridan. The culminating feature of the service was when the two superintendents unveiled a blackboard sketch which pictured the two schools as coming together with clasped hands, and as the two superintendents shook hands the schools rose and sang "Blest be the tie that binds," and Dr. Richardson prayed for God's blessing upon the union. The Methodist Church here, with its membership of about 1,000, becomes the largest church family, with one exception, within the Montreal Conference, and has the largest Woman's Missionary Society. It has three Sunday schools—the central school and two mission schools—and all the other church organizations correspondingly large. The two churches are situated diagonally across the square in the central part of the town. The basis of union recommends the sale of the George Street Church building, and provides that the money from such sale be held in trust to form the nucleus of a building fund should it ever be decided to build a second church in the town.

Rev. W. J. Hyde, pastor of the Julia Gay Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago, has been spending a few weeks visiting friends in Ontario. Bro. Hyde started preaching in Canada in the Bay of Quinte Conference, but he has now spent twenty-five years in successful toil in the United States, the past eleven years being in the city of Chicago.

Recent Books

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

By Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, Litt. D., D.D. With crystal clear and far seeing vision the author proclaims the Eternal Christ. Net \$1.25.

GIRLHOOD AND CHARACTER.

By Mary E. Moxcey. For leaders, teachers and parents of girls. Net \$1.50.

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY IN THE NEW ERA.

By Chaplain Thomas Tiplady, author of "The Cross at the Front," etc. A reconstruction message for everyone interested in the Church to-day. There is scarcely a side of social life not touched upon. Net \$1.25.

CHRISTIANITY'S UNIFYING FUNDAMENTAL.

By Henry F. Waring, D.D. A book for every man who wants a perfectly frank, keenly intelligent, unbiased and convincing discussion of religious problems. Net \$1.25.

CHRIST IN THE SOCIAL ORDER.

By W. M. Clow, D.D., author of "The Cross in Christian Experience," etc. A book sane yet pulsating with humanity and passion—a brave interpretation of the ideals of Christ as a solution to the crying needs of to-day. Net \$1.25.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEMS.

By Jas. L. Gordon. An inspiring and uplifting work for young men. Net \$1.00.

Sent postpaid at above prices.

Upper Canada Tract Society

JAS. M. ROBERTSON, Depository

2 Richmond Street East,
Toronto

NOW READY:—Volume Twenty-Three

Nelson's History of the War

In this volume, Mr. Buchan describes in a full and concise manner the Operations planned by MARSHAL FOCH, which led to the SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN NATION and the end of the Great War.

Price 85c. Postpaid. Order from your bookseller VOLUME XXIV will complete the work in a few weeks

—Prospectus on request—

THOS. NELSON & SONS, LTD.
TORONTO

EDUCATIONAL.



Stanstead Wesleyan College

Residential and day school for Boys and Girls.

Widely recognized as an institution affording unusual opportunities for development of body and mind.

Especially healthy situation, 1100 ft. above the sea, in 200 acres, 30 miles from Sherbrooke. Boys and girls enjoy all the out-door sports and recreations.

Departments of Instruction—

ACADEMIC AND ENGLISH

Conforming to the Course of Instruction of the Province of Quebec.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

BUGBEE BUSINESS COLLEGE

Gives all-round business training.

HOLMES MODEL SCHOOL

For Primary and Intermediate work.

MANUAL ARTS

Wood and Metal work. Mechanical Drawing, Cooking, Dressmaking and Home Nursing. 38

School re-opens Sept. 16. Write for booklets to GEORGE J. TRUEMAN, M.A., Principal, Stanstead, Q.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

Founded 1857

Arts and Science Matriculation, Normal Entrance Courses, Commercial Graduation with Diploma. Practical Courses, including Manual Training for returned soldiers and students who do not intend to pursue University work.

It is the aim of this institution to create an environment through which a boy may move to manhood with normal development in mind, body and spirit. Personal attention by the teaching staff, supervision of athletic activity by a trained instructor, a fully equipped gymnasium, a spacious swimming pool, a campus second to none in Canada, pleasant dormitories, regular religious services; these serve to bring out the best in the growing youth.

Fall Term Opens
Wed. Sept. 10th.
Woodstock
College

WRITE FOR
CALENDAR
Thomas Wearing,
M.A., Ph. D.
WOODSTOCK, ONT.

St. Andrew's College



TORONTO

A Residential and Day School
FOR BOYS

UPPER SCHOOL
LOWER SCHOOL

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.

CALENDAR SENT ON APPLICATION

Autumn Term Commences Sept. 15th, 1919

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.
Headmaster

OUR SECRETARIAL COURSE

is attracting many Matriculants and Graduates who find it an open door to good salaried appointments. Write for particulars to Shaw's Business Schools, Toronto, 100 George Street. W. H. Shaw, President.

The Forum

THAT REPORT AND ITS EXPOSITION

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Something more needs to be presented to GUARDIAN readers on the questions involved in Dr. Bland's discussion of industrial economics as taught by our General Conference. It teaches us that "the ethics of Jesus demand a transference of the whole economic life from a basis of competition and profits to one of co-operation and service." This is but one out of many others pointing in the same direction. They united convey the idea that Christianity teaches the communistic idea of social life for the nation. For instance: "The twentieth century has found that political democracy means little without economic democracy." "Democratic control of industry is just and inevitable." And this is declared to be the "goal" of Christianity. As these terms are not clear and distinct, there is much haze surrounding these deliverances. But the logical conclusion is just about what the leaders of the revolutionary movement at Winnipeg say they understand them to be. They teach that all industrial organizations and pursuits must be democratic. No man is to establish and carry on an industry for his own personal gain. No competition is to enter into the pursuit of business. No advantage is to come to the industrious and frugal or skilful over the lazy and reckless. Yes, these are the legitimate conclusions. And they are in harmony with an interpretation of the golden rule given in another report adopted by the same body: "What we regard as necessary and advantageous for ourselves and our families we shall regard as necessary and advantageous for others and their families." It sounds nice. And it must mean that those ministers especially, receiving four, five or six thousand dollars salary, are going to divide up with those needy ones not in receipt of even two thousand.

But let us seriously ask the question: "Do the ethics of Jesus, does Christianity teach, the theories set forth in the teaching of the General Conference?" It requires no courage to deny such teaching and to ask its authors to produce the evidence. It does not exist. Where in the New Testament is the individual conduct of business condemned? Where is competition condemned? Where are profits from business condemned? Everybody knows such condemnation cannot be found. On the basis of this teaching provincial and municipal advertising for lowest tenders for work or supplies is wicked. A doctor must be careful not to use his superior skill and attention lest he get so large a practice that his neighbor doctor find his practice diminishing. A manufacturer of farm implements must not make a better article, nor sell cheaper, lest he curtail the output of his competing manufacturer. He must agree with him, he must combine with him. Yes, combinations on this theory would be proper, but competition is wicked. Our common sense rejects such an interpretation of the laws of God. Competition is not essentially unholy. It may be conducted according to moral law, or it may be conducted in an un-Christian manner. Conducted in a right way, it may help to develop Christian manhood of the noblest type.

Nor is making profit in business un-Christian; nor does it follow that he who makes profit cannot and does not do service to his fellows in this very way. There are abundant instances of very valuable services being rendered to mankind by the man who has made profits. That some have failed in this respect is no proof that all profiting in business is to be condemned.

As in the case of competition, so here also it is the character of the man that determines the character of the act. A nation whose business men, whose industries, make no profits will soon be reduced to abject poverty. When St. Paul enjoined the Corinthian Christians to lay by them in store weekly "as God hath prospered them," he very clearly approves of making profits.

But another strange phase of doctrinal teaching comes to the front in this revolutionary document. It is that while Christianity demands this change of methods from competition to co-operation, and so on, and so on, yet it is to be a "goal" to be sought by only gradual process. The authors and expounders are very plausible on this phase of the question. But the more they say the worse they make it. For everybody knows that obedience to divine laws is not to be regulated by our convenience. Such a theory is itself immoral. It is both amazing and amusing to see learned divines taking such a position. David said "I made haste and delayed not to keep thy commandments."

A plea has also been put forth that this report is neither legislative nor mandatory. That may help to let the General Conference down easily, and perhaps quiet disturbance created by this unwise report. If it is not legislative nor mandatory, will someone explain what it really is? It is not in the usual form of legislation, but so far as the nature of the subject admits it is legislative. It is a formal interpretation of what Christianity teaches on the morals of industrial economics. And so far as the nature of the subject admits, in a free country and a Protestant Church it is legislative and mandatory. The Methodist people are supposed to obey moral obligations whenever they are pointed out. Here is the highest court of their Church telling them with all the authority at its command that the present personal and competitive methods of business, in which multitudes of them are engaged, are contrary to Christian morals, and that the co-operative and democratic methods are the only right ones. Does anybody believe that if this declaration were put into the general form of disciplinary enactment it would become mandatory?

Toronto Bible College

Begins its twenty-sixth session
SEPTEMBER 16th

Day and Evening Classes Tuition Free

Send for Calendar containing
full information

Rev. John McNicol, B.D., Principal
110 COLLEGE STREET - TORONTO



When you think of TORONTO
always think of
THE WALKER HOUSE

THE power of thought is remarkable. We sometimes hear of the association of ideas which simply means that if one thought comes to the mind it brings another usually in some way associated with or connected to the former. There are thousands of travellers in Canada and the United States who, immediately they think of Toronto, also think of the WALKER HOUSE.

It is the Personal Service that Pleases and that's why the WALKER HOUSE (The House of Plenty) is so pleasantly retained in the minds of so many travellers and is immediately thought of when Toronto comes to mind.

Those who stay there once usually return. It is its great hominess that makes its popularity. Ever alert and watchful for the comfort of women and children travelling unescorted.

Always think of and stay at
The HOUSE of PLENTY

Does not a declaration of moral law come as a mandate in whatever form it may have? Of course, in a free country and a Protestant Church, the people will ask how correct is it, and therefore how far does it bind their consciences.

To all these is added yet another item to intensify the unrest—the fact that this questionable deliverance is made by about one-sixth of the Conference in its closing hours, when no one is quite normal and when there is not time to read and deliberate upon its merits. Attempts have been made to commend it by making it appear as having been adopted by 230, and another by 160, and that it has been inquired for from far and near. Of course such a document will excite attention. So does a runaway horse arrest ten times the attention of those who are usefully doing their allotted work. Ivens and his associates and all who advocate a revolution in the social and economic order regard it as a veritable godsend. But this only proves its doubtful character. There is abundant evidence that only about sixty were present at its adoption. That alone makes it unworthy of any genuine respect. But when to this is added its wild and erroneous teaching, it becomes unworthy of the consideration usually accorded the duly considered opinions of the General Conference. I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say.

S. BOND.

Toronto.

"THE SECOND COMING : AN INTERPRETATION"

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading a little book which I think is worthy of commendation to the readers of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN. It is "The Second Coming: An Interpretation," from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Gideon L. Powell, formerly a member of the Toronto Conference, and now a member of the Minnesota Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The book does not profess to be an exhaustive treatment of the subject under discussion, but it is, nevertheless, an informing and thought-stimulating presentation of the theme. In these days, when we are having a surfeit of literature saturated with pre-millennial pessimism, this book provides a timely antidote to the epidemic of "pre-millennialitis" with which so many seem to be afflicted in many of our communities. The author states his purpose in "the foreword" in these words: "We have attempted to get at the meaning of the second coming by way of an interpretation of apocalyptic literature," and in subsequent chapters gives us a very suggestive and sane treatment of that literature, as well as a very fair presentation of the case for the pre-millennialists and the post-millennialists. With all the author's conclusions we may be unable to agree, but with his general point of view and his general treatment we find ourselves in agreement, and close the book with the feeling that Dr. Powell has made out a convincing case that the true scriptural interpretation is neither pre-millennial nor post-millennial. In speaking of the difficulties of pre-millennialism he says: "Now any doctrine of the second advent is involved in difficulties; but those which beset pre-millennialism are insuperable. As already stated, this view is built upon literature, imagery, symbolism and rhetoric. It is a sort of biblical stitching and patchwork, whose threads strain and break under logical and scriptural pressure. The whole system is conglomerated and confusing, and falls to pieces under the weight of its own discontinuities." Those who are seeking a treatment of this timely theme which is sane, readable, scriptural, logical and convincing, will find their search rewarded by a careful perusal of the pages of this little book.

Yours faithfully,

G.G.W.

EDUCATIONAL.

**EDUCATIONAL FACTS ABOUT
Albert College Belleville, Ontario**

For four years the average record in the Departmental examinations has been 85 per cent. successful.

Albert College provides full diploma courses in Commercial and Shorthand.

Albert College gives special attention to expression.

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

E. N. BAKER, M.A., D.D.

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.

School re-opens September 9th, 1919. Write for information and Year Book to

Principal

The Canadian Academy of Music

with which is amalgamated the TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LIMITED

President: LIEUT.-COL. A. E. GOODERHAM.

Musical Directorate: ALBERT HAM, Mus. Doc., FRANK S. WELSMAN, W. O. FORSYTH, PETER C. KENNEDY Managing Director: ALFRED BRUCE.

An Artistic Institution that has earned a high reputation for the splendid work of many of its students. Orchestral, Ensemble, Choral and Theoretical Classes. Residence for young Lady Students. Descriptive Year Book and Syllabus of examinations mailed on request.

12-14 Spadina Road, Toronto

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

TORONTO A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS CANADA

ACADEMIC COURSE FROM PREPARATORY TO UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION AND FIRST YEAR WORK—FULL COMMERCIAL COURSE—MUSIC—ART—VOCATIONAL HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—PHYSICAL EDUCATION—SWIMMING.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, President.

MISS. FLORENCE H. M. NEELANDS, B.A. Principal.

School Re-opens Wednesday, Sep. 17

Calendar sent on application

REGINA COLLEGE

REGINA, SASK.

E. W. STAPLEFORD, B.A., D.D., President

A Residential School for Boys and Young Men, Girls and Young Women. Residential life offers many advantages which add greatly to the value of College Training.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—Preparatory course for those who have lacked educational advantages.

Students prepared for Grade VIII, Third, Second and First Class, Junior and Senior Matriculation Examinations. Courses in Household Science and Dressmaking.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT—Thorough instruction in Book-keeping, Shorthand and Typewriting. The present demand for trained office assistants assures all who qualify of good positions.

SPECIAL WINTER COURSE FOR FARMERS in Business and Agriculture, November 18 to March 27.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC—Instruction in Piano, Voice, Violin, Theory, etc.

EXPRESSION, ART—Paintings in Oils and Water Colors, China Painting and Drawing.

Conservatory of Music opens for Fall Term, September 2, 1919. Academic and Business Departments open for Fall Term, September 30, 1919.

Write for College Year Book and information in regard to course in which interested.

A FEW APPRECIATIVE WORDS

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Your editorials are always good; but this week specially so. Your facetious explanation as to the reason why some manuscripts do not appear in print is certainly cute, clever, and should be satisfactory to all concerned. At the close of your article you say, "If the spirit moves you, write! But if the MS. comes back to you don't get mad at the editor," etc.

A spirit of some sort moves me to write a few lines, and whatever may become of them

I promise not to lose my temper. In the first place I want, through the GUARDIAN, to express my heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who have sent me loving letters of sympathy in my sore bereavement. This beautiful friendship wonderfully helps one over the rough places along the pathway of human life. Only those who pass through the ordeal can properly understand the wrench that comes to one in parting with one nearest and best for so many years. I want also to express my admiration of the great success that has come to Jordan Station circuit under the ministry of the

present pastor, as reported in this week's paper. When the late Rev. J. H. McCartney was pastor at Beamsville we, by mutual arrangement, had Jordan Station taken from Beamsville and put with Tintern, where I was pastor thirty years ago.

Jordan Station then raised less than \$200 for ministerial support, and to observe that now that society alone can raise \$1,650 for ministerial support, besides large sums for connexional funds, is *mirabile dictu*.


I observe also another contribution about the second coming of Christ. Dr. Faber, author of "The Pilgrims of the Night," wrote, "I think the less said about the second coming of Christ the better. That Christ will come again there can be no doubt; but when it is not given any man to know." Just so! The Messiah came long ago, when all nations desired Him. Christ saved the sinking ship on the Sea of Galilee when the worn-out, broken-hearted disciples cried frantically for help, and no doubt the second coming of Christ will be qualified and determined far more by the condition of things in the Church and in the world than by any pre-arranged period in the march of the centuries. Meanwhile it is our duty to work in the Master's vineyard, for any master will regard with more favor the man who sticks faithfully to his work, than the man constantly looking over the fence for the coming of the owner of the vineyard.

But, sir, you said, too, that some correspondents write at too great a length, so I must take the hint and quit.

Sincerely yours,

R. B. ROWE.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONTARIO LADIES COLLEGE		
COURSES	WHITBY, ONT. Begins its 46 th Year Sept. 16 th 1919	A FEW ADVANTAGES
Public School to Second Year University. Music — Piano, Singing, Violin. Domestic Science. Commercial. Elocution. Art.		A City Country School. 28 miles from Toronto. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool and out-door play facilities unequalled.
FOR CALENDAR AND BOOKLET APPLY TO REV. F. L. FAREWELL, B.A., PRINCIPAL		

HAVERGAL COLLEGE

Main School 354 JARVIS ST. <i>Honor, Matriculation, Art, Music, Junior School, Kindergarten</i>	Coverley House 372 JARVIS ST. <i>Domestic Science, Gymnastic Training Course, Home Nursing</i>	The Hill School 51 ST. CLAIR AVE. WEST <i>Boarding and Day School, Large Grounds, Games, Kindergarten</i>	Junior School 186 ST. GEORGE ST. (Late Westbourne) <i>Preparatory and Kindergarten for Boys and Girls</i>
MISS KNOX, PRINCIPAL, TORONTO. TERM OPENS Sept. 17th			

Ontario Veterinary College

110 University Ave. Toronto, Canada

Under the Ontario Department of Agriculture.
Affiliated with the University of Toronto.

Session begins Wednesday, October 1st, 1919

Write for Calendar containing full information.

C. D. MCGILVRAY, M. D. V., Principal

MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE

ACADEMIC
Public and High School Grades
Departmental
Matriculation
Examinations

COMMERCIAL
Bookkeeping
Stenography
Typewriting
Household Science

ART, EXPRESSION, MUSIC
Dramatic Art and Physical Culture
Music: Piano, Vocal
Fine Art: China Painting, Metal Work, Etc.

CALGARY, ALTA.

Opening Fall Term—September 10th, 1919

High-class Residential and Day College for Boys and Young Men, Girls and Young Women. Attention given to individual needs.

Write for Calendar and College Literature

REV. G. W. KERBY, B.A., D.D., Principal

MEMORIALS—UTILITARIAN OR AESTHETIC?

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of Aug. 20th, under the caption "A Practical Memorial," you say: "We trust that churches, as well as towns and other communities, will be similarly inclined toward the useful in the memorials that are prepared to keep green the memory of our soldiers who gave their lives in the war. One congregation in a certain city put a beautiful stained-glass window in their church building. Another built a gymnasium and clubroom for the boys and young men of the vicinity. Both were intended to commemorate the self-sacrifice of the gallant young fellows who had given themselves for their country. For which do you think these lads would themselves have voted if they had had an opportunity of expressing their preference?"

The propriety of such a comparison is open to question; also an interesting argument might be developed as to the relative value of food for the mind and exercise for the body; but the present interest centres in your emphatic pronouncement in favor of "practical" memorials." As you not only state your preference, but seek to influence others, it may be permitted to question your finding.

Assuming that the purpose of a memorial is to commemorate, it would not be difficult to show from historic examples that this purpose is best fulfilled by "useless" memorials. In the greatest memorial of all the element of usefulness is entirely absent. The memorial pure and simple is never out of date, whereas the utilitarian memorial outgrows its usefulness. Localities change, and is it to be supposed that a building used for social and recreational purposes will defy the law that makes even churches obsolete? Not only is the utilitarian monument short lived, but it is conceived in a short-sighted spirit. No thought is given the future, and in that sense it is distinctly selfish. It was the useful, present consideration that was rebuked in the case of the box of ointment.

Memorials are erected in affection, in gratitude, in pride, by the present; but they belong to the future. Your useful building in fifty years has probably ceased to exist,

Buy Your Furs BY MAIL



Big Fashion Book of Authentic Styles Fresh from the Most Famous Designers, Sent to you Free.

Its pages are crowded with items—

GREATEST VALUE—LOWEST PRICES

BUY your furs by mail. Buy your furs where you are sure of quality, style and workmanship. Buy from the largest exclusive fur-house in the British Empire—an organization large enough to keep prices down to a minimum. Buy from Sellers-Gough. The Sellers-Gough label is a warranty of authentic style and expert finish. But it is also a guarantee of exceptional value. Our whole organization is striving this year to outdo all previous records in the tremendous money-saving opportunities for which this house is famous.

Anyone in the Dominion Can Buy SELLERS-GOUGH FURS

You don't need to live near our store to buy a Sellers-Gough fur piece. You don't have to personally visit our display to choose the fur or style you want. For out-of-town patrons we have prepared a wonderful style book. A complete panorama of every style and pelt to be seen in our store. It is completely illustrated, showing in picture Fashions' latest demands as designed by the world's leading fashion artists. The display shown in this book—as the exhibit in the store—is the most comprehensive and authoritative to be seen on the continent. It is incomparable for variety, completeness and values. And the prices listed are astoundingly low. Prices which you could only expect to get from an organization like ours that buys the pelts in the raw, makes up the furs, and sells direct by mail—saving money at every step. Considering the high cost of skilled help and the scarcity of high grade furs our prices this year are nothing short of amazing.



9-238. Alaska Sable Stole made from good quality skins in the full animal style with two heads and tails. All silk linings \$40.00

9-355. Black Fox Stole, made from fine quality skins. Trimmed with paws, large head and two natural tails, soft silk linings. \$50.00

Our Mail Order Guarantee

To ensure your complete confidence in buying furs from our style book we offer this following guarantee:—

If on receipt, you find that the furs for any reason are not satisfactory, write your name and address on the outside of the package and return them within ten days in good condition. Tell us why the goods are returned. We will pay transportation charges both ways and either exchange goods or refund the money in full. We make no exception with any article in our catalogue. We aim to please, therefore do not wish you to keep any article that is not completely satisfactory to you.

Write for our Catalogue Without Delay. It is **FREE** Upon Request

SELLERS-GOUGH FUR CO.

LIMITED

"The Largest Exclusive Fur House in the British Empire"

244-250 Yonge Street

--

Toronto, Ontario

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Legal.

B RIGGS, FROST, DILLON & BIRKS.
Barristers, etc., 33 Richmond St. W.,
Toronto. Alfred W. Briggs, K.C., Harold R.
Frost, E. Macaulay Dillon, Ray T. Birks.

R OWELL, REID, WOOD & WRIGHT,
Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Canada
Life Building, 44 King Street W., Toronto.
N. W. Rowell, K.C., Thomas Reid, S. Casey
Wood, E. W. Wright, C. W. Thompson, E.
G. McMillan, E. M. Rowand, M. C. Purvis.

D ENTON, GROVER & MACDONALD,
Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Manning
Arcade, 24 King Street West, Toronto,
Canada. Frank Denton, K.C., John Irwin
Grover, A. A. Macdonald, Harry D. Anger.

Architects.

B URKE, HORWOOD & WHITE, now
Horwood & White, Architects, 229
Yonge Street, Toronto.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

**MOTOR AMBULANCE
YORK BURIAL CO.**
W. N. KNECHTEL
Undertakers and Embalmers
1202 Yonge Street, Toronto Phone N. 4400

BUSINESS CARDS.

SHOE COMFORT
Let your next pair of shoes be a
Dr. A. Reed Cushion Sole
They make walking easy
H. & C. Blachford Limited
286 YONGE ST.

Berkinshaw & Collier
Tailors - Established 1885
Suits, Overcoatings, Trowserings at
reasonable prices.
316 YONGE STREET - TORONTO


SADLER & HAWORTH
Manufacturers of
LEATHER BELTING
TORONTO

MEMORIAL WINDOWS
ROBERT McCausland, Limited
141-143 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Harcourt & Son Limited
Clerical Tailors
PULPIT GOWNS CHOIR GOWNS
103 King St. West TORONTO

BELLS.

 **McShane Bell Foundry Co.**
BALTIMORE, MD.
CHURCH, CHIME and FREE
BELLS

 **BLMYER CHURCH BELLS**
Carry their message a'far and
bring to church those who might
forget. The sweet beauty of their
tone is irresistible. Bells made by the
Blymyer Process are better, more durable,
clearer, sweeter, and they cost no more.
Our Free Book tells all about Bells.
The Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Dept. B-79 Cincinnati, O.

whereas the æsthetic memorial, erected for purely memorial purposes, is functioning at its highest as an inspirational force. Permit me to quote a well-known writer who makes this remark regarding the "inspirational" in monuments: "Everyone who has endeavored to study history must be struck by the advantages that those enjoy who live in the neighborhood of great historical monuments. To have seen the place where a great event happened; to have seen the picture, the statue, the tomb of an illustrious man, is the next thing to being present at the event in person." Can the utilitarian memorial create this atmosphere? Is it any exaggeration to say that one of the deficiencies of a new country is the lack of monuments and the environment they create of noble deeds and high ideals?

One other consideration was quite overlooked in your comparison—that is, the power of expression of the æsthetic memorial. Wells stated one of the great truths of the war, "Our young men who have shown us God." Could the utilitarian monument express such a thought so as to be intelligible to a youth fifty years hence, or could a French child feel in any degree the meaning of the word "poilu" from the useful memorial? It is not impossible for a stained-glass window to express the former and a piece of statuary the latter. In view of this consideration alone, the influence of memorials on coming generations, it is difficult to understand your endorsement of the useful and practical.

At the present time many are looking for guidance in the erection of memorials, and if by challenging your statement any helpful expression is elicited, the purpose of this letter will have been fulfilled.

Thanking you in anticipation for valuable space, I am,

Yours very truly,

WM. MEIKLE.

Toronto, Aug. 23rd, 1919.

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.

HOBART.—A tribute to the memory of a much-esteemed lady, Mrs. M. Hobart, of Georgetown, who exchanged earth for heaven on May 6th, 1919. Mrs. Hobart was the daughter of Joseph and Eliza Gimby, one of the first families who came to Owen Sound. Mr. Gimby was a man of sterling worth, as I remember him in the early days, and Mrs. Gimby a lady of rare qualities of mind and heart, under whose gentle influence and Christian teaching her six daughters grew to lovely womanhood, four of whom were teachers. The subject of our sketch was a young lady of more than ordinary intelligence and refinement, and very attractive in person and manner, and although she loved her Saviour from childhood, she did not date her conversion until she was in her twenty-fourth year. While reading a book written by the late Mrs. (Dr.) Palmer, of New York, and following her teaching, the light streamed into her heart and she knew that she was born of God. She was very fond of good literature, and was acquainted with all the best authors and poets, and had committed to memory many of the best poems. Human nature was her favorite study. A friend was a book whom she loved to read. There seemed to be no one, not even the most neglected child, in whom she could not find something to interest her and some one to help. Of an extremely sensitive nature and sweetness and nobility of character, she was careful of the feelings of others. Rather reserved with strangers, but those who knew her best esteemed and loved her dearly. God's works in nature were to her a study and a delight. She could indeed "find tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and God in everything." But she was not one of those who found God only in His works of nature, but as a personal Friend, a loving Father, and a source of great consolation in sorrow. In 1877 she was married to the late W. Hobart, of Owen Sound, who predeceased her twenty years. During her widowhood she devoted much of her time to Christian work. The W.M.S. and the W.C.T.U. of which societies she was a zealous and in-

ASSURANCE.

Acquiring an Estate

Any man in good health and able to pay a small annual sum can by means of Life Insurance, **immediately** possess an Estate impossible to acquire in any other way save by years of toil.

If you have the qualifications of good health—good habits—and ability pay a small annual premium—write to the Great-West Life for particulars of the attractive policies that have—for thirteen successive years—secured for The Great-West the largest Canadian Business of all the Canadian Companies.

Write, stating age, to

**The Great-West Life
Assurance Co.**
Dept. "B"

Head Office - Winnipeg, Man.

The
Central Point
is Protection

Of late years many new and attractive features have been introduced into life insurance policies but the Central Point is Protection. The Insurance Company takes the responsibility of caring for your family in the event of your death—that is the "point."

The reason why the Mutual Life was organized was "to give the largest amount of real life insurance protection for the least possible outlay"—for this has been recognized from the beginning as the Central Point.

Write for particulars of Mutual Policies.

The Mutual Life
of Canada
Waterloo-Ontario

176

Union Assurance Society
LIMITED

OF LONDON, ENGLAND
(Fire Insurance since A.D. 1714)

CANADA BRANCH:
COR. ST. JAMES AND ST. PETER STS.
MONTREAL

T. L. MORRISEY, RESIDENT MANAGER
Agencies throughout the Dominion

Martin N. Merry General Agent
TORONTO

**THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED**
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Issues Personal Accident, Sickness, Employers' Liability, Workmen's Compensation, Automobile, Fidelity Guarantee and Fire Insurance Policies.

C. W. I. WOODLAND, General Manager
for Canada
TEMPLE BUILDING - TORONTO
LEWIS BUILDING - MONTREAL
Agents Wanted

telligent president. She rejoiced at last to know that the bars were closed. No one could endure great suffering with such strength and courage as she did were it not for the sustaining grace of God, and in the quiet evening hour she heard the "clear call," and God took her to be with Himself forever.

"So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee."

The above words were taken from one of the hymns that she wished to have sung at her funeral. She also chose the text, Rev. 21: 4. On May 8th she was taken to Owen Sound, and laid to rest beside her husband. She leaves to cherish her memory, one son and one daughter—Mr. W. J. Hobart, of British Columbia, and Miss M. I. Hobart, graduate nurse, of Toronto. Also two sisters and one brother—Mrs. Baland, of Georgetown; Mrs. (Dr.) J. G. McLaughlin, of Toronto; and Dr. W. E. Gimbley, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Also a dearly beloved aunt, Mrs. A. S. Van Dusen, of Flesherton.

WINTERSTEIN.—Quite unexpectedly the call came on July 11th, to Mrs. Silas Winterstein, as she was returning to her home at Zephyr, from a visit to her only daughter, Mrs. Sellers, of Jackson's Point. In a few hours she passed away to hear the Saviour's welcome, "Come thou blessed of my Father." Her maiden name was Isabella Arnold. She was born in King township, January, 1856. Her parents brought her up in fear of the Lord, and in early youth she was converted and joined the Providence Church, on Sandford circuit, in Scott township, where the family had moved when she was two years old. Throughout life she was interested in everything pertaining to the kingdom of God, being prominent as a Sabbath-school teacher and an active worker in the W.M.S. She was ever ready to give her sympathetic help and kindly word to all, and was a true friend to all her pastors and their families. On Monday, July 14th, after a private service in the home, her remains were conveyed to the Zephyr church, where her late pastor, Rev. A. F. Atton, bore testimony to her many Christian qualities. She was laid to rest in the Zephyr cemetery. Her sorrowing husband and family circle realize that in heaven a loved one is beckoning them home.
W. F. Roach.

HOPPER.—On July 16th, 1919, the beautiful spirit of Mrs. John Hopper answered the invitation to holler realms. Mrs. Hopper was born on February 25th, 1851, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Grigg, of the township of Cartwright, in the county of Durham. When a girl of eighteen she, with her parents, moved to Belgrave, in the County of Huron, where, on the first day of February, she became the wife of Mr. Thomas Corbett, a successful farmer near Belgrave, who only lived fourteen months to enjoy the happy union. On Jan. 7th, 1875, she married Mr. John Hopper, also of Belgrave, and they lived on a rented farm for several years, when they moved to Bruce Mines on October 11th, 1879, and bought a farm in Lefroy township, where they have resided ever since, gaining and retaining many friends as the years passed. Throughout all the years Mrs. Hopper has been a helpmate indeed, a kind wife and loving mother, and her family rise up to call her blessed. From earliest years Mrs. Hopper was a devoted and active Christian, an earnest Christian worker. Every Christian cause received her generous support and wise counsel. She was always ready to lend a kind and loving hand in sickness, bereavement, or wherever help was needed. Mrs. Hopper leaves to mourn her loss a sorrowing husband, three daughters and four sons—Mrs. James McCrea, born to her first marriage, and Mrs. Gilmour Owens, both of Plummer Additional township; Mrs. Robert Horricks, John H., Charles W., Frederick and Milton E., of Lefroy; six of her children having passed on to await her in glory. She also leaves fourteen grandchildren and two sisters, Mrs. Wm. Pike, of Ansonia, and Mrs. Wm. Hopper, of Belgrave. The remains were laid to rest in the Cloudslee cemetery the following afternoon, July 18th, services being conducted at the family residence and church by her pastor, the Rev. J. O. Johnston.

FRASER.—In the passing of John Fraser, of Beachburg circuit, in the Montreal Conference, a sincere Christian, a devoted husband, a loving father, and a good citizen has been called to his eternal reward. Mr. Fraser was born in the township of Drummond near Perth, April 23rd, 1849. When he was seven years old he came, with his father, to the township of Ross, in Renfrew county, where he has lived since. In 1875 he married Sarah A. Reynolds, and settled on the farm, now owned by his son

Bert, on the "town line" between Beachburg and Forester's Falls. Three years ago he retired from the farm and went to reside in Forester's Falls. About a year ago his health became indifferent, but it was not until two months before his death it was realized that his end was so near. When he became aware how serious was his condition he adjusted his business and went back to the farm, that his closing days might be spent amid the scenes of his life's toil. On June 30th, at ten o'clock in the morning, the call came and the spirit quietly passed from its earthly dwelling to its heavenly home. The funeral service in the home and thence to the cemetery was conducted by the Revs. John Hurst, his pastor, and Roy M. Pounder. The remains were laid to rest beside those of his son, John, who died in childhood. In early life Mr. Fraser was a Presbyter, but later in life joined the Methodist Church, and since that time has served her in many capacities, as a member of the trustee and quarterly boards, as treasurer, and as Sunday-school superintendent for many years. Mr. Fraser is survived by his wife; five children—Mrs. Thos. A. Ross, Packenham, Ont.; Mrs. (Rev.) H. Mick, Cookshire, Que.; Mrs. B. A. Maclean, Delora, Ont.; Bert A., on the farm, Forester's Falls, Ont.; Edward L., Trenton, Ont.; and by one brother, William, Franklin, Man.

HARBOTTLE.—George Henry Harbottle was the eldest son of John and Sarah Harbottle, of Lowville, Nelson township. Born in December, 1871, being in his forty-eighth year when he met his untimely death on Sunday, March 23rd. Married to Rachel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burge Gunby, of Lowville. One daughter and three sons are left with their widowed mother to mourn the loss of a loving father and husband, who was planning great things for their future welfare, and who was so suddenly taken away, gives an added emphasis to the words of Holy Writ, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Brother Harbottle filled the office of recording steward of Lowville circuit since his father resigned, when moving to Milton, where he died a year later. The office is now filled by his younger brother, Fred W. Harbottle. For many years this name has appeared on the records of Lowville circuit. Our late brother was a devoted Christian, a faithful official, bright and optimistic in his outlook, an affectionate husband, a good father; and leaves behind him the legacy of a good name. His funeral was attended by a great concourse of sympathizing friends; conducted by his pastor, Rev. Thos. Snowdon. Interment took place to Lowville cemetery.
T. Snowdon.

ALEXANDER.—On the afternoon of August 6th, George Alexander of Mascouche, Que., passed to his eternal rest in his 73rd year. For years his life had been interspersed with pain and suffering, and sleepless nights were well known to him; yet, no complaint ever passed his lips, and when a sympathetic friend would enquire after his health he would always reply with a bright word instead of a complaining one. It can truly be said of him that his Christian character ripened with pain and suffering. He read aright the messages of those stern messengers of God. Mr. Alexander was always keenly interested in the church. His home was the home of the pastors of the circuit for many years; and he himself had been for a long time an exhorter. He was no narrow Christian, but lived those broad, strong principles of brotherliness that Jesus loved and taught; so that his life was a contribution, not only to his denomination, but to the community as a whole; and men of different races and creeds gladly and gratefully acknowledged that contribution. He was a loving husband and most devoted father. Nothing for his children was ever too much trouble, and he was never too busy or tired to attend to their requests or needs. The funeral was conducted by Rev. S. F. Newton, of Montreal, who preached from the text: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," etc. The church was crowded and scores stood outside. French and English came from far and near, attesting how universally beloved and respected was the man who had passed from their midst. He leaves behind a widow, three daughters, and a son, two brothers, and one sister, to all of whom we extend sincerest sympathy.

Weep not for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain.
G.

JAMES.—Isaac James, the subject of this brief sketch, was born on the Isle of Wight, June 25th, 1841. In 1882 he came to Canada with his family, and settled in Saskatchewan. Notwithstanding the great change from the soft breezes of the Soient, to the biting winds of the prairies, he

J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

25-27 Melinda Street
TORONTO

NOW READY

MARE NOSTRUM

OUR SEA
A NOVEL

By Vincente Blasco Ibanez

Author of

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"
"The Shadow of the Cathedral"
"Blood and Sand," "La Bodega" Etc.

PRICE \$1.90 EACH

THE O.B.U. OF CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP

Bridging the Chasm

By Percival F. Morley

The reasoned and convincing appeal of an English-Canadian to English-Canadians, urging them to forget their race prejudices, observe more fully the spirit of fair play, and meet their French-speaking countrymen at least half way in an effort to establish a real and abiding concord on the basis of a larger Canadianism.

\$1.35 -- CLOTH -- \$1.35

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

bravely set to work and made a home in this new land. Sixteen years ago he retired to the town of Grenfell, where he enjoyed to the full his great passion for books. His library will testify to the solid nature of his reading. Ancient history was his first choice; on this he was quite an authority. He also loved music. But on looking back over eighteen years of intimate association, the characteristics which stand out the clearest are frankness, kindness to the poor and unfortunate, bright optimism, a love for the Sabbath day and a great reverence for God and His Holy Word. The Bible always lay at his hand, and when he could no longer read, he asked that a portion be read to him every evening. After fourteen months' illness the end came suddenly on July 2nd. He talked with us till the very last moment; and, whispered "God" just as he passed within the veil. He leaves a wife, four sons and one daughter. Rev. J. H. L. Joselyn and Rev. W. Rothwell conducted the funeral services at the church and grave.

Ah! looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of stately palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those dear eyes behold me still.

—C. A. J.

MORGAN.—Harriet Ellen Foster, beloved wife of Rev. John W. Morgan, was born on June 29th, 1865, and died April 1st, 1919. She was among the many sufferers through the war, having lost two brave, promising sons—Ed, who fell smiling in the fight at Zillebeke on June 2nd, 1916, and John, who had been in the battle line for 38 months only to fall a victim to influenza while on leave in England, and who died on December 1st, 1918. Added to these great sorrows was the death of her loved, talented daughter, Harriet, in July, 1918. Though always brave, bearing her sorrows in wonderful trust, they proved too great, and she was received and "welcomed in the circle round the blessed gate" on April 1st. To those who are left the loss is irreparable, for she excelled as a wife and mother. She sur-

**BRITISH AMERICA
ASSURANCE COMPANY**

(Fire, Marine, Hull and Automobile Insurance)

Incorporated 1833

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

Assets over - - - \$3,500,000.00

Losses paid since organization of Company, over \$43,000,000.00

W. B. MEIKLE,
President and General Manager

rounded all by her great spirit of loving kindness and the happiness that pervaded the home came from the busy mother who was never too busy to give the gentle counsels and words of encouragement and help, who always took an active and helpful interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of her family. The home will always be brighter and purer because of her influence, of her love too precious to be lost, and her memory will be more and more blessed as the years pass. And it is not only her immediate family who cherish memories of the home, for to all who came she was the kindest of hostesses whose home was always open to her friends. For thirty-two years she itinerated with her husband, always a true helpmate in fulfilling the many duties that fall to the minister's wife. In every appointment she had interesting Bible classes, whose members have been bound to her with strongest ties. She always found time for work in the Ladies' Aid Society,

the W.M.S., the W.C.T.U and the Women's Institute. Of late years, too, the Red Cross Society claimed much of her time and service. She lived to serve unselfishly and left off all too soon. If for the magnanimous servant of God the reward is sure, she will have heard e'er now the eulogium "Well done" from the blessed Master whom she so devotedly and consistently served. The funeral took place on April 4th, and many friends came to mourn her untimely death. Rev. Dr. Chown (General Superintendent), Rev. R. J. D. Simpson, President of the Toronto Conference; Rev. Geo. Robinson, Rev. W. E. Baker, Rev. N. E. Sexsmith, Rev. Dr. Speer, Rev. J. A. Long and Rev. A. J. Paul took part in the service, and many other ministers were present to give silent testimony to their deep sympathy. Were it not for the prospect of the life beyond, for that glorious fact of our Christian hope—resurrection, this life would be poor and futile, but in this hope may those who are

left lonely feel that it is worth while to serve in patience with the true and simple faith like hers who said in her last hour to her beloved husband—"Just take my hand to the river, and Jesus will take it then."

"Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul,
That ever looked with human eyes."
—G. M.

SCOTT.—Maria Gregg was born at Marsh Hill, Ont., in the year 1853, and on Christmas Day, 1871, was united in marriage to John Scott, the school teacher of the neighborhood. Until the year 1891 Mr. and Mrs. Scott lived in the same vicinity, but a fire in their store decided them to try their fortune in the West, and they moved to North Dakota. Here they prospered, but the cheaper land of Manitoba was tempting many Canadians to this growing

What to do - Send a Post Card - That's all

Address
it
like
this



On the back
write this

Please Send me Free
the 1920 Edition of the
Hallam Fur Fashion Book -

YOUR NAME _____
IN FULL

STREET NO. OR RURAL ROUTE _____

POST OFFICE _____ PROVINCE _____

and by return mail
you will receive this book



MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

About the Life Beyond

The Bible has a great deal to say about the life beyond. It is true that it does not answer all the questions we might like to ask concerning it, and leaves us uninformed about many things in regard to it that we would very much like to know; but it has, nevertheless, a great many very positive and interesting things to say about it.

But one of the most interesting items in regard to the message of the Bible bearing upon the future life is that almost everywhere it takes it for granted. Of course it must be admitted that in some of the earlier portions of the Book the vision of the life beyond that is presented to us is a somewhat dim and shadowy one, but the vision and the dream are there throughout, and in all the later portions of the Book the conviction of the future life is very definite and positive.

From that fact we surely ought to take much comfort and instruction. When we find such men as appear on the pages of the sacred Scriptures, including such masters of men as Paul and Jesus, taking the future life absolutely for granted and basing their whole philosophy of living upon it, we ought surely to take much comfort and assurance from their attitude touching such a great and vital matter. When we read Paul's elaborate arguments in favor of immortality, and Jesus' so positive and assured statements touching it, who are we that we should grow doubtful and critical in regard to it? The company of great and good men in the world's history who believed implicitly and gladly in a future life of glorious possibility and achievement is so large, and so representative of the best and highest of humanity, that it would seem just a little presumptuous on our part to become doubtful and critical. Certainly the believer touching this matter has been throughout the centuries a very much higher type of man on the average than the sceptic has been. Of course this may not be considered absolutely compelling argument, but it does furnish strong presumptive evidence. Faith in a future life seems to be necessary to the development of the best type of humanity.

Besides giving us a very positive assurance of the future life, the Scriptures,

The International Sunday-school Lesson for Sept. 14th. "The Future Life." Matt. 25: 31-46. Golden Text, 2 Cor. 5: 20.

though we sometimes complain that they tell us so little, do tell us a great deal about that future life. And no passage in the Scriptures would seem to be more fruitful than this one from St. Matthew's gospel which is the central passage of our lesson for to-day. Of course it should be remembered in any study of such a passage that it is highly figurative in form, and that the details must not be pressed unduly. Some great principles and ideas seem to be brought out, and it is well to confine the teachings of the passage to these alone.

Of course the very obvious first truth that our passage teaches is that the state and condition of the future life for the individual depend on what his life here has been. That this life is probationary is the very obvious and plain teaching of the New Testament. It might be possible to press such an idea unduly no doubt, and we may not be justified in arguing for the absolute fixity of life following our mortal career; but in general it is very clear that this passage and many others in the New Testament teach that this mortal life of ours is a probation, and that the future life for each of us will take color from what we have achieved in a moral way in this life.

And this passage gives us a very clear and positive indication as to what kind of living is best and truest, and what kind of achievement is of the highest moral value. It would be a mistake to take from this passage the thought that the so-called practical deeds and services are the only ones in life that count. Feeding people and clothing them may not always be the best things we can do for them, and the contrast intended by Jesus is not between such services as these that we might render to people and those of a more spiritual and less practical kind. The contrast is rather between an empty profession that is satisfied with a mere formal service, and a heart devotion that is ready and glad to do anything that will show its sincerity and loyalty. How this contrast may illustrate itself in all the details of our living will come home to us as we give this lesson careful study.

Jesus Christ is the touchstone of life, and right relationships to Him is the great and all-important thing in life. This is a truth the full implications of which cannot be too fully stated and emphasized. Even the future life gets all its meaning and all its blessedness from the fact that it is life with and for Him.

province, and Mr. Scott bought land near Carman in 1898, moving there with his family. While here the first break in the family occurred, when Wesley, the second son, died in 1901. After some years Mr. and Mrs. Scott decided to retire from farm life, and moved to Carman, then to Winnipeg, where they have made their home for the last six years. Mrs. Scott leaves to mourn her loss, besides her husband, two sons and two daughters—Frank, who has lately made his home with them; Mrs. W. W. Saunders (Zella), Mrs. R. K. Hannah (Eva), Winnipeg, and Nelson, of Elm Creek, Man. Also four sisters and one brother—H. H. Gregg, Toronto; Mrs. J. T. Doble, Agincourt, Ont.; Mrs. Dr. Douglas, Manor, Sask.; Mrs. Dr. Graham, Grenfell, Sask.; Mrs. J. Beare, Greenbank, Ont. Wherever Mrs. Scott lived she always made many staunch friends. Her kindness of disposition and freedom from selfishness endeared her to all in the home and the circle about it. It can be truly said of her, "She being dead yet speaketh." At the last she suffered more than others knew, yet her thought was always for others and not for herself. An operation for cancer, eighteen months ago, prolonged her life, but did not rid her system of the dread malady, yet she did not take to her bed until a few days before the end. To her former pastor, Rev. Mr. Hamilton, she expressed her sure hope of eternal life, and passed away Saturday evening, August

9th, at her home, 674 Banning Street, Winnipeg. Interment took place in the Carman cemetery, August 12th, after services conducted by Rev. T. J. Price, of the Methodist Church, many old friends attending to pay their last tribute of esteem and sympathy.

HAMILTON.—With Robert Hamilton the "sun went down while it was yet day." He was born at Chesterville, Ont., and there he died on July 12th, 1919. He was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Hamilton, whose home of two sons and three daughters is now invaded for the first time by the grim reaper. The boyhood days of the deceased were days of preparation of mind and heart, and who will say that in the service of that "temple not made with hands" life's preparation does not signify. In the home, with the ministering care of the local church, was laid the foundation for that faith that came to fruition in the composure of the months of suffering. Then he publicly owned Christ, joining the Methodist Church. He was just graduating from the local high school, when a weakness suddenly developed. It was the first intimation that his young life, so rich in promise, was after a few months to close through the refining fire of suffering. All the advantages of medical skill, of change of climate, of loving hands to minister and hearts to comfort, were lavished with a

hope that refused to surrender. But to the sufferer God had committed the great secret. His work was done and his Father was calling. When death came he was unafraid and ready. The end came just as the sands of the week's hour-glass were exhausted, and he passed from the darkness of an earthly night to the unbroken light of heaven's day. The memorial service bore testimony of the sympathy of all classes in the grief of the home. It was conducted in Trinity Methodist Church by the pastor, Rev. J. E. Hicks, assisted by Rev. Dr. William Philp and the writer, who in compliance with the parting wish of the deceased brought a message of consolation. He sleeps in the Maple Ridge cemetery—a brief life with no wasted years. "How beautiful to be with God."

H. E. Warren.

DISTRICT MEETINGS

Edmonton East.—The financial District meeting will be held in Grace Church, Edmonton, on Tuesday, September 16th, at 9.30 a.m. In the evening the East and West Edmonton districts will meet in joint session in MacDougal Church to confer with deputation and make plans for the Inter-Church Missionary Campaign. Geo. F. Driver, Chairman; Wm. H. Irwin, Fin. Sec.

Bowmanville.—The financial meeting and spiritual conference of the district will convene in Bowmanville Methodist Church, on Wednesday, September 10th, 10 o'clock (new time), dealing with district business; afternoon session, 2 o'clock, devoted to interests of National Inter-Church Forward Movement. Rev. W. E. Millson and others will deliver addresses. Every circuit is urged to send the largest possible delegation. S. C. Moore, Chairman; A. M. Irwin, Fin. Sec.

Kingston.—The financial district meeting will be held on Monday, 8th September, 2 p.m., at Harrowsmith. John D. Ellis, Chairman; W. T. G. Brown, Fin. Sec.

Owen Sound.—The financial district meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Dundalk, Ont., on September 9th, at 9 a.m. (new time). At 1.30 p.m., a district conference will be held, at which Rev. W. B. Caswell, B.A., and Rev. S. W. Dean will present the claims of the Inter-Church Forward Movement. Each pastor is urged to bring a large delegation from his circuit to the afternoon meeting. T. G. McAteer, Chairman; C. A. Belfry, Fin. Sec.

Sarnia.—The financial district meeting and Spiritual Conference will be held in Devine Street Church, Sarnia, Monday, Sept. 22nd, at 10 a.m. At 1.30 p.m. the President of Conference and others will present the claims of the Inter-church Movement. Each circuit will kindly send ten delegates to the afternoon session. George Jewitt, Chairman; C. F. Clarke, Fin. Sec.

Parry Sound.—The financial district meeting will be held in the town of Parry Sound, Friday, September 12th, commencing at 9 o'clock. The afternoon and evening sessions will be given up to the discussion of the spiritual work of the district and the National Campaign, at which Rev. Mr. Thomas, Rev. F. L. Brown, Superintendent of Missions, and Rev. E. J. Adams, President of Conference, will take part. G. Sidney Smith, Chairman; J. Foster Hickson, Fin. Sec.

Lindsay.—The financial district meeting will be held in the Queen Street Church, on Thursday, September 18th, at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. (new time). Rev. R. N. Burns, D.D., will be present at the afternoon session, when the spiritual and financial aims of the Methodist National Campaign will be presented. A good delegation is requested from each circuit. D. Balfour, Chairman.

Guelph.—The financial district meeting will be held in Norfolk Street Methodist Church, Guelph, on Friday, September 19th, at 10 a.m. (new time). At 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. a district rally and conference will be held, when Rev. J. D. Fitzpatrick, President of Hamilton Conference, and Rev. W. E. Millson, will give addresses re "The National Campaign and Inter-Church Forward Movement." At least six delegates will be expected from every circuit. W. S. Daniels, Chairman; I. M. Moyer, Fin. Sec.

Uxbridge.—The financial district meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Stouffville, Friday, September 12th, at 9.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. Rev. R. N. Burns, D.D., will present the united Methodist campaign. Urge every lay delegate to be present. Herbert Lee, Chairman; H. E. Payne, Fin. Sec.

Alliston.—The financial district meeting and spiritual conference will be held in the Methodist Church, Alliston, Tuesday, September 9th, 10 a.m. Afternoon and evening sessions will be devoted to spiritual conference and plans for United National Campaign. Addresses will be given by Rev. Dr. R. N. Burns and Rev. S. W. Dean. Each circuit on the district

The Christian Guardian

(Established 1829)

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

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM THE OFFICE
299 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO

Editor:

REV. W. B. CREIGHTON, B.A., D.D.

Publishers:

REV. SAMUEL W. FALLIS, Book Steward
REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, D.D., Book Steward Emeritus.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ONE YEAR, \$1.50; 6 MONTHS, 75 CTS.

Births, Marriages, Deaths

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

BIRTHS.

COSENS.—At Cornwall, Ont., August 26th, 1919, to Rev. and Mrs. C. W. DeWitt Cosen, of Bryanston, London Conference, a daughter, Kathleen Marie.

TERRY.—To Rev. J. W. Terry and wife, of Wallard, Sask., at the Verwood Hospital, on August 10th, 1919, a daughter, Joyce May.

IN MEMORIAM.

BUCHANAN.—In proud and loving remembrance of Lieut. Roy Workman, youngest son of Rev. W. and Mrs. Buchanan, who was killed in action August 25th, 1918, near Neuville Vitasse, while leading a platoon in pursuit of the retreating enemy. He is buried in Wailly Military Cemetery, not far from where he fell.

"Far from us separated!" God forbid;
He is with Christ; and, whether near or far,
The self-same Christ with whom our life is hid;
He there, we here, in Christ united are.
—Father and Mother.

FORSTER.—In proud and loving memory of our dear son and brother, Private David Pryce Forster, killed in action on September 3rd, 1918. May he rest in peace. Lovingly remembered always.

Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare past,
And thou art crowned at last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Forster and family.

POWER.—In tender and loving memory of our only child, Serg. Earlby D. Power, who died of wounds in France, September 1st, 1917. By death he helped to purchase life for you and me.

—Father and Mother.

J.W.L. FORSTER Studio:
24 King St. West
PORTRAITS.

Loch Sloy Rest Home—Ideal winter, or summer home in the garden of Canada. Just the environment for rest. Country and city combined. Electric service to Hamilton. Send for descriptive pamphlet. Drawer 126, Winona, Ont.

SIMCOE HALL

ALLANDALE, ONTARIO

A private hospital scientifically equipped for the treatment of all nervous affections arising from financial, domestic or troubles due to the war. Rates are moderate, considering the quality of service.

References by permission to Chancellor R.P. Bowles, Vict. Univ., Toronto; Rev. E. I. Hart, Montreal; Rev. C. A. Sykes, Winnipeg. Rates and booklet furnished on application to Dr. W. C. BARBER, Med. Supt.

BROKEN LENSES

Duplicated Promptly and Accurately

F. E. LUKE, Optician

167 Yonge Street (upstairs) Toronto
(Opposite Simpson's)

is requested to send a large number of delegates. H. Harper, Chairman; Jos. H. Dudgeon, Fin. Sec.

London.—The financial district meeting will convene in the Memorial Methodist Church, London, on Monday, September 15th. Meeting for district business at 9.30 a.m. (fast time). At 2 p.m. there will be a district spiritual conference, when Rev. T. Albert Moore, D.D., and others will deal with the deepening of the spiritual life along the lines of stewardship. The claims of the Inter-Church Forward Movement will also be under consideration. Each pastor is urged to bring at least ten delegates to the afternoon session. W. J. Ashton, Chairman; H. T. Ferguson, Fin. Sec.

Chatham.—The financial district meeting will be held in Victoria Avenue Church, Chatham, Wednesday, September 10th, at 9 a.m. (slow time), for regular business. A spiritual conference, at which the National Campaign will be introduced, will be held at 1 p.m. (slow time). This meeting will be addressed by Revs. W. H. Graham and F. H. Langford, and Messrs. T. B. Shillington and J. B. Clark. Each charge is requested to send ten representatives to the spiritual conference. A. E. M. Thomson, Chairman; A. E. Jones, Fin. Sec.

Wingham.—The financial district meeting will be held in Fordwich, September 17th. At 9 a.m. the regular district business session; at 2 p.m. special district conference, when the spiritual and financial aims of the Methodist National Campaign will be presented by Dr. Moore and others. Each circuit is urged to send a large delegation. At 7.30 p.m. a union mass meeting, with special addresses by campaign representatives, also special music. E. F. Armstrong, Chairman; F. E. Clysdale, Fin. Sec.

Connexional Notices

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY THEOLOGICAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Association will be held Sept. 23-25, 1919, in the College Chapel. The programme is as follows:

Tuesday, Sept. 23rd.

- 9.00-9.30 a.m.—Prayer and Praise.
9.30-10.45 a.m.—Faith and Courage—A Study in Isaiah 1-39. Rev. Professor W. C. Graham, M.A., B.D., Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Wesleyan College, Montreal.
10.45-12.00 a.m.—The Christology of The Prison Epistles. Rev. Professor F. H. Wallace, M.A., D.D., Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.
2.00-3.15 p.m.—The Biblical Doctrine of Immortality. Rev. H. W. Avison, M.A., B.D.
8.00 p.m.—The Annual Meeting of the Canadian Methodist Historical Society. Address on "Early Methodism in Toronto," by Rev. W. H. Hincks, LL.B., D.D.

Wednesday, Sept. 24th.

- 9.00-9.30 a.m.—Prayer and Praise.
9.30-10.45 a.m.—The Wells of Salvation and the Gates of Praise—A Study in Isaiah 40-66. Rev. G. A. King, M.A., B.D.
10.45-12.00 a.m.—St. Paul's Doctrine of the Parousia. Rev. Professor E. J. Pratt, M.A., Ph.D.
1.00 p.m.—Joint luncheon with the Alumni of Trinity College and Wycliffe College at Hart House. Address by Hon. Dr. Cody, Minister of Education.
8.00-8.45 p.m.—The Vitality of the Present Social Order. Professor W. T. Brown, M.A., Ph.D.
8.45-9.30 p.m.—The Church as a Social Agency. Rev. F. N. Stapleford, M.A., B.D.

Thursday, Sept. 25th.

- 9.00-9.30 a.m.—Prayer and Praise.
9.30-10.45 a.m.—Religious Education—An Outline. Rev. Professor F. W. Langford, B.A., M.R.E.
10.45-12.00 a.m.—Our Educational Policy. Rev. C. T. Scott, M.A., D.D.
2.00-3.15 p.m.—Immortality, with Special Attention to the Problems Raised by Psychic Research. Rev. Professor W. G. Smith, B.A.
6.00 p.m.—Dinner, followed by the Annual Meeting of the Theological Alumni Association.
8.00 p.m.—The Minimum Wage. Rev. Professor J. W. Macmillan, M.A., D.D.
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. On account of heavy traffic occasioned by the returning of our soldiers, the railways will not grant us reduced fares, but the intellectual fare will compensate for this.

J. F. McLaughlin, Pres.
W. A. Potter, Sec.

War Memorials

MURAL TABLETS in Marble, for Churches and Public Buildings. SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS

THE McINTOSH GRANITE CO. LTD.

1623 YONGE ST., TORONTO. Tel. Belmont 188

Madame May

Canada's largest and most up-to-date dress exchange, is now showing a splendid stock of goods direct from New York city. Satisfactory service has made our business a wonderful success.

MADAME MAY

High-Class Dress Exchange

372 College St. Toronto

REV. GEORGE E. MORLEY, B.A.

(Professional Graduate of the Smily Studios)

ELOCUTIONIST

"A Distinct Acquisition to the Ranks of Professional Elocutionists."—Owen A. Smily, Toronto.

"Among the foremost Dramatic Readers and Entertainers of the Country."—Rev. Dr. Milarr, Bond St. Church, Toronto.

"One of Canada's most Entertaining Readers."—Toronto Globe.

"A Versatile and Gifted Artist."—Toronto World.

837 Dovercourt Rd., Toronto, Phone College 5709

PROBATIONER NURSES WANTED

For the General Hospital, Medicine Hat, Alberta, in order to increase staff to provide for new wing and the establishment of the eight-hour system of duty. Full General Course of three years instruction given. Graduates eligible for registration. Commodious separate residence for students. Hospital of 150 beds.

TALENT FOR

GARDEN PARTIES

HARVEY LLOYD

COMIC SINGER AND ENTERTAINER

GOOD, CLEAN, WHOLESOME FUN

Address:—17 Stephanie St., Toronto

Phones: Adelaide 915 or Beach 2437

SPEAKERS, LECTURERS.—We prepare material for lecturers, sermons, addresses, special articles. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA twenty-three dollars; Catalogue; Thousand Letterheads, two. McCreery's Printery, Chatham.

A GENTLEMAN, desiring to visit his home in Ireland and wishing to have Christian companionship during the voyage, would be glad of an introduction to anyone travelling to the "Old Land." For particulars apply, H. Wilkinson, Locust Hill R.M.D., Ont.

WANTED—Second-hand reed organ, suitable for country church. Write J. B. Coneybeare, Croton R. R. 1, Ont.

WANTED—Organist and choir leader for the Methodist Church, Parry Sound. Excellent opening for music teacher. Apply, Box 224, Parry Sound, Ont.

EVANGELIST WM. MATTIESON, widely known throughout United States and Canada, Superintendent City Mission, London, Ont., for past six years. Single church or union campaigns. Best of references. Address, 175 Clarence Street, London, Ont.

FOSTER HOMES WANTED—Girl, four years, dark hair and eyes; baby girl, two months, fair, blue eyes. Apply to Rev. W. W. Ryan, Box 590, North Bay.