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The CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

VOL. XCIV.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1923

No. 49

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Playing Safe With Life

THE temptation to play safe with life is one of the most subtle and dangerous temptations that ever comes to men. A refusal to take any chances is the one thing that has kept many of us from making our lives amount to anything. It was easier and surer not to attempt very much, but because we did not attempt very much there was no chance at all that we should achieve very much. It is indeed a risky thing to cherish ambitions, for the man who cherishes them is likely one day to attempt to do hard and difficult things, and then there is always the chance that he will fail. A man who never tries any hard or taxing or splendid tasks does not run nearly the risk of failing that the high-striving, ambitious man runs, and yet is there any failure as complete as this? What would the world have done without those men who were ready to put life to the test by attempting to make it count through hard and difficult and splendid achievements. Suppose Jesus had been satisfied with Nazareth, or even with Galilee, and had shunned Judea and Jerusalem because they hinted of danger and a cross. It is quite impossible to think of Him as thus playing safe with life, but if we are much like Him ought it not to be about as impossible to think of our doing it? How much more like Him we would be if we were more ready to take risks for the things that are supremely worth while! Even God took a tremendous chance when He made man.

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VOLUME XCIV. No. 49 Whole Number 7608

IN THIS ISSUE

December 5, 1923

WORLD OUTLOOK	3
EDITORIAL:	
The Value of Preachers' Libraries	4
Narrow-Minded Men	4
The Explanation	4
On Helping God	4
EDITORIAL IN BRIEF	5
THE SPIRIT OF MAN, by Stewart Basterfield	6
THE PLACE AND POWER OF MOOD IN THE MAKE-UP OF LIFE, by Fred Smith	7
ABOUT SASKATCHEWAN	8
OF INTEREST TO WOMEN—Education for Human Development, by A. E. Marty, M.A., LL.D.; Robinson	9
BLISS CARMAN'S READINGS	9
OUR MONTREAL LETTER	10
"The Least of These," by Helen V. Frost	11
SOME BASES OF MUSICAL JUDGMENT, by G. D. Atkinson	12
A LETTER FROM IRELAND, by Rev. W. Jasper	14
NORTHERN ALBERTA NEWS	14
YOUTH AND SERVICE	15
YOUNG CANADA—The Home of the Free, by Bertha E. Green	16
THE CURLY, BROWN LEAVES	17
ANTIOCH, by Rev. George C. Pidgeon, D.D.	19
MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS	21
THE BOOK STEWARD'S CORNER	22
DISTRICT MEETINGS, NOTES, ETC.	23

New Books

Glimpses of Indian America. Illustrating Present-Day Life in Mexico and Parts of Central and South America. By W. F. Jordan. Illustrated. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.) \$1.75.

Mr. Jordan has been for fifteen years representative of the American Bible Society in various sections of Latin America, during which time he has travelled repeatedly through the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, and the west coast countries of South America, where he came into closest touch with the people of whom he writes. The Indians of whom he chiefly tells are interesting, though they are of a very low class as a rule, and very little removed from pagan. Mr. Jordan's book certainly lays great emphasis upon the need of mission work and civilizing influences among these people.

Personal Evangelism. By Ernest O. Sellers, Baptist Bible Institute. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$1.50.

Old-fashioned, but in the main, sane and helpful, direction and advice on the important matter of leading men into saving relation with Jesus Christ. The danger in the use of a book like this is that the reader becomes artificial and cut-and-dried in his method, but if this tendency is guarded against the book will be found helpful.

Trust a Boy. The Story of Four Boys, Showing How They Were Man Hunters by Accident on the Great Salt Lake. By Walter H. Nichols. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$2.25.

Quite a thrilling story, a little overdrawn, perhaps, but interesting, and one that the average boy will follow with the keenest zest.

Stidger, Bok, Roosevelt, Hillis

Notable Names Represented in Interesting New Books on this week's List—Characteristic Volumes

Regarding Men in the Public Eye

HENRY FORD—THE MAN AND HIS MOTIVES

By William L. Stidger

This new book is as characteristic as either its subject or its author. Stidger, who has preached and lectured in Toronto, is well known as a man who sees unusual characteristics in a man. While acting as pastor of one of the biggest Methodist churches in Detroit he has come very closely in touch with Mr. Ford and has written about him as no other man has done previously. Like all Stidger's books this one reads like story-stuff. Incidentally it takes up in a very interesting way Mr. Ford's own answer to the question of what he is going to do with his money. 207 pages, cloth.....\$2.00

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK

By Edward W. Bok

This, one of the most remarkable biographies of recent years, furnishes automatically an abundance of inspiration for young people to do big and right things. One Sunday school teacher we know used bits of it for three Sundays recently to illustrate his lessons. Formerly issued in two volumes at \$5.00 it now comes in one large volume, 462 pages, cloth.....\$1.00

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN

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—explains the book which is really a series of sermons each carrying a strong message for young people. 192 pages, cloth.....\$1.50

New Lesson Helps

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UNDER TWENTY

By Charles E. Jefferson, D.D.

"Messages to the Younger Generation"—the subtitle

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By W. E. Titroe

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CYCLOPEDIA OF SERMON OUTLINES

By Aquilla Webb, D.D.

A literal First Aid to preachers in time of emergency. The outlines are based on texts which are placed under the books of the Bible from which they are selected, from Genesis to Revelation. The outlines run from a page to a page and a half and consist of two or three heads and the development of these under the selected text. They cover a wide variety of topics which are suggested in an alphabetical index. 336 pages, cloth.....\$3.00

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THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

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VOLUME XCIV

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1923

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THE WORLD OUTLOOK

British Election Talk

AS the British election campaign gets under way, it becomes clearer than ever that Premier Baldwin's move is a decidedly unpopular one. No one seems to have desired the election, and some of the Conservatives frankly declare that their party stands to lose possibly fifty seats in the House. The general impression appears to be that neither Conservatives, Liberals, nor Laborites will obtain a clear majority, and if this happens, the only thing to do would appear to be the formation of a Coalition Government, and England thinks it has already had its full share of Coalition government. The Liberals reckon that by getting rid of the division in their party, they will come out ahead of Labor, and may possibly lead the parties at the polls, but few Liberals seem to expect a majority over both their political opponents. The Labor Party still clings to its levy on capital, and it has drawn to it Dr. C. Addison, who was Minister of Health in Lloyd George's Cabinet; Premier Baldwin's son is also a Laborite. Fortunately for Britain, the campaign will be a short one, and whatever its result, no doubt the country will contrive somehow to "muddle through," although she has seldom had a worse political mix-up.

The Late Rev. Dr. Clifford

IN the passing of the Rev. Dr. John Clifford, the religious world loses one of its foremost figures, one who for many years has been deservedly honored and loved. Born in 1836, his life has been crowded with activities and the Church of God in Britain for many years recognized him as one of its foremost leaders. He was a Baptist and his own Church delighted to honor him; but he was more than a Baptist and the British Free Churches found in him one of the strongest contenders for their rights and privileges; and one of the sturdiest champions of all reforms which promised to make life better worth living. Fearless, clear-visioned, an able speaker and a most forceful writer, he served his generation well, and now, at last, full of years, he has fallen asleep; but the world will long remember this talented, consecrated, and effective toiler in the Kingdom of God.

A Modern Munchausen

A FEW days ago, a Texas judge sentencing a man to fourteen years and nine months imprisonment and a fine of \$12,000 for an oil-swindling operation said, "History gave us Ananias and Sapphira. They are forgotten, but we still have Dr. Cook," and this was the man upon whom he pronounced sentence. Our readers will remember Dr. Cook as the man who discovered the North Pole, and as the first man to ascend Mount McKinley. The doctor was surgeon on the first Peary expedition in 1891 and 1892, and in 1901 he again accompanied Peary. In 1907 he went to Etah, Greenland, about 600 miles from the Pole, and struck off by himself for the Pole. In 1909 he returned, declaring that he had reached the Pole, and the University of Copenhagen received him with open arms, and conferred its highest honorary degrees upon him. Then sinister rumors began to circulate, and Dr. Cook was asked to submit his original records, which he did not do. In the meantime, however, he sold his story for \$30,000 to a New York paper. Finally the University was compelled to admit that the enterprising doctor had not established his claim, and probably he had not been within 500 miles of the Pole. Still there was his record of 1906, when he

reached the top of Mount McKinley; but when this also was investigated it was found that his photograph of the summit was a photograph of a peak twenty miles away; and the packer who had accompanied him in the ascent took affidavit that they had never been nearer than fourteen miles to the summit. Of late the versatile doctor has been selling oil stock and he is supposed to have made a fortune; but it has landed him in penitentiary for fourteen years. His career is a startling illustration of how far a real genius for lying may carry a man, and just as startling an illustration of the Nemesis which evil doers ever hope, and usually fail, to avoid.

Toronto to Vancouver by Water

A FEW days ago the steamer *J. H. Plummer*, of the Kirkwood Line, left the port of Toronto with a cargo for Vancouver. Owing to low water in the canals she could only load down to thirteen feet, six inches, and she will take on the rest of her cargo in Montreal. She is able to carry 2,500 tons, but, owing to the canals, she could only take on 1,000 tons in Toronto, and the rest will be loaded in Montreal. The difference of six inches in draught between 13.5 feet and 14 feet, meant a difference of between 300 and 500 tons of merchandise. The vessel, it is understood, will not return till the spring, but it is hoped that the venture will prove successful, and that water communications between Toronto and Vancouver will be permanently established. Possibly, some will argue that the development of the water route will damage our railways, but we do not share this fear. It will possibly mean cheaper rates upon the land routes, but this in turn will probably mean increased traffic. High fares usually help to kill the very traffic upon which they are supposed to thrive.

Spain and Italy

A FEW days ago King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain, with Premier Rivera, paid a state visit to Italy, and were received by both the Pope and the King of Italy. Not only so, but the Pope, instead of receiving King Alfonso in private, welcomed him with all the brilliancy of ancient papal splendor. This is only the second time that a Roman Catholic sovereign has been permitted by the Pope to accept the hospitality of the Italian king; King Albert of Belgium was received last year. This seems to mark the lifting of the Vatican ban on the Italian court, and it appears to point to some kind of reconciliation between the Vatican and the Italian ruler and it is significant that at this juncture we have a practical military directorate in both Spain and Italy. A commercial treaty has been signed by these two powers, and Spain appears to expect Italy to support her claims in Tangier, while Italy will expect Spain's support in securing Latin domination of the Mediterranean. It is rumored also that these two Latin powers are looking to South America to secure an outlet for Italy's emigration, and to help build up a Latin trade with South America, which is predominantly Latin.

Constables and Revolvers

THERE is a peculiar state of mind which seems to consider that if a constable is shot on duty it is all right, but if he shoots a law-breaker it is all wrong. Now we have no argument for policemen shooting wildly at every one whom they suspect of breaking the law, but if it comes to shooting we would sooner have two law-breakers shot than one policeman; and any

move which threatens to tie the hands of our law-defenders while it leaves them at the mercy of armed law-breakers is exceedingly unfortunate and may easily prove disastrous. We are told that three men caught by the Toronto police carrying sacks of whiskey bottles into a house were all armed; and when their cases came into court they were simply fined. We submit that when a law-breaker is found carrying a deadly weapon upon him, a fine is wholly inadequate as a deterrent. Such a man should go to jail. And we should go farther than that. We should take such steps as will make it difficult, if not impossible, for any man, especially a non-citizen and a law-breaker, to secure a revolver; and it might be worth while to amend the law so that any immigrant found carrying a deadly weapon would be immediately deported. We are not dealing with the population of thirty years ago, and new and more stringent laws seem absolutely necessary.

U. F. O. Business Losses

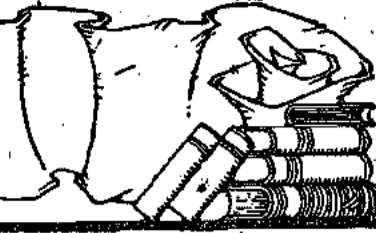
THE United Farmers of Ontario have closed out their thirty-five retail co-operative stores, and will restrict their business in future to the profitable branches of their co-operative venture, such as the live stock branches in Montreal and Toronto; creameries at Toronto and Wingham; produce at Toronto, Wingham, and Morrisburg; grains, flour and feed, seeds, hay, straw and potatoes; farm supplies, such as twine, fence, roofing and coal; the selling of farm lands and the general mail order business. Naturally the closing up could not be accomplished without loss, and of the \$875,107.50 paid-up capital with which their firm entered the retail store business there remains but \$269,140.76. This is a very heavy loss, and will probably discourage the U.F.O. from attempting to handle the retail business for some years to come, and it reveals to the public generally that the retail trade is not all profit, and it is not well to enter it without being fully prepared to pay for the experience. However, on the other branches of their co-operative experiment the U.F.O. has done fairly well, and when the present period of business uncertainty has passed it should do much better.

France Scents Danger

FRANCE has been so obsessed with the menace from the north that she has pushed on her relentless way, content apparently to alienate Britain if only she might cripple Germany. But a change has taken place. The fact that Spain and Italy have been getting closer together and the possibility of making the Mediterranean a Latin sea have aroused France at last to the fact that her isolation policy is absolutely unsafe. She cannot afford to lose the friendship of Britain, while at the same time her two great southern neighbors are looking a little askance at her. That Britain had anything to do with the bringing together of Spain and Italy seems rather absurd, and yet the fact that the Spanish Queen is an English princess will be used to lend color to this view. But whatever the reason we are told now that Premier Poincaré is ready to go a long way to meet the wishes of Britain in the matter of the Ruhr and the German reparations. If this is true we shall welcome it most heartily. We think we have already had too much of the mailed fist and it is time that milder measures prevailed.



EDITORIAL



Value of Preacher's Libraries

WHAT is the preacher's library worth? We do not mean what is it worth to him; but what is it worth if for any reason he may need to dispose of it? We suspect that some of our ministers would be greatly surprised if they were to call in a bookseller and ask him to set a price upon the whole library. They would probably not only be surprised, but disgusted. A hint as to possible values is given in the recent sale of the late Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's library. This library consisted of 20,000 volumes and it sold for about \$5,000, or an average of twenty-five cents a volume. We suspect that the average library would probably not bring ten cents a volume.

The average preacher's library has a good deal of theology and probably a good many commentaries and books of sermons, and these are not in very great demand. And then it seems to be true that a great part, a very great part, of the present literary output is merely of passing interest, and the next generation will not bother looking at it. The books that will live are comparatively few, and the life of many books is probably less than a year. The preacher is prepared to take affidavit that some of his favorites are vastly better than anything which is being turned out to-day, but this does not turn aside the popular verdict, and many a book for which he gladly paid \$3 or \$4 would lie unsold for months on the ten-cent counter.

Such is the fate of books; such is the lot of the preacher's library. We may grumble and insist that our favorites are not getting fair play, but the world only smiles and passes on to fresh fields. It is well for the preacher to use and enjoy his books while he may, for the probability is that when he has no use for them, they will be of little value to any one else. The truth is that when a book has helped us, it has done its work, and in a few years, a very few, it will have to give place to later arrivals, and don't grumble if the young preacher does not want your old books. It isn't ignorance; it is simply human nature and the spirit of progress.

On Helping God

IT seems rather strange to talk of helping God, yet this is the way Israel phrased it long ago; even going so far as to curse Meroz, because the inhabitants "came not up to the help of the Lord." And in the New Testament we find a closely-related idea in the phrase "workers together with God." But in every case when we look closely into it we find that when we come to the help of the Lord we are really coming to the help of man or helping God carry out His beneficent designs towards men.

It is true that God does not need our help to carry out most of His great plans in regard to the universe. The stars swing in their giant orbits without regard to us, and our puny efforts can neither hinder nor hasten them. The sun pours forth his heat and light for millions upon millions of years and nothing we can do or say can add to or subtract from that heat and light. The seasons come with unfailing regularity and seed-time and harvest do not depend upon our volition. And every day in every zone the great magician Life is performing his ceaseless miracles, and humanity as a rule has but small influence either one way or the other upon these marvellous happenings. It is true in a very real sense that God does not need man.

Yet it is just as true, that in another sense, God does need man. Man is part of God's great plan and there is room in that plan for all man's numerous activities, and if humanity fails to perform the task assigned to it there will be a real failure in the divine plan. Man, it is true, cannot "bind the sweet influence of Pleiades," but he can shut out the light of stars and sun from some of his fellows. It is true he cannot prevent the rotation

of the seasons, but his carelessness or indolence may starve a continent to death. It is true that Life is stronger than Humanity, yet Humanity may ignorantly or wilfully unleash the forces of Death until whole species of animals, and even races of men, are wiped out of existence. And it is also true that man may co-operate with God so wisely and so energetically that the barren desert shall blossom into life, and the earth shall sing for sheer joy of living.

Are we God's helpers or God's hinderers? It makes all the difference in the world whether a child is cradled in love and purity or in hatred and uncleanness. Parents may build walls so high as almost to shut out the vision of God from their children. One moral leper in a group of young people may poison a dozen lives with his evil companionship. One wealthy employer of labor who has forgotten God may make life a hell to ten thousand of his employees. One madman with his firebrands may reduce a whole city, and possibly a whole civilization, to ashes. A book may be a spring of life to countless thousands, or it may poison thought for a hundred generations.

God is working always for righteousness, mercy, and truth, and we have no doubt that the consummation of the ages will witness the enthronement of truth and love; but much depends upon men as to how quickly that enthronement shall come. The wolf and the tiger in man die, but slowly. Too often business is but a beast of prey, and yet we call it Christian. We are so afraid of failure that we call the demons of greed and oppression to our help, and we win at the cost of our Christianity. Whenever it is so, no matter how great our success, no matter how splendid our triumph, no matter how loudly our name is shouted, we have miserably failed, for we have hindered God in His redemption of men, and we have kept back the coming of His Kingdom.

One thing history has revealed, that the helpers of God are helped by God. It would be an astounding thing if God forgot the ones who help Him; and it never happens. Sometimes His helpers are driven to desert Horebs, but God Himself goes with them; sometimes they tread dark ways in dim Gethsemanes, yet never fail the angels from heaven to strengthen them; sometimes they climb the hill called Calvary, but even on the cross they triumph, for there the undefeated helpers of Jehovah win their deathless crown. Helpers of God; let us try to be such in deed and truth just where God places us.

The Explanation

THE item to which we made reference last week, sent out by the Canadian Press some time ago and used extensively throughout the Dominion, attributing to this paper certain pronouncements on the matter of the enforcement of the Ontario Temperance Act, especially in this city, turns out to have an explanation that will be interesting to our readers. The statement from which the brief item in the despatch sent out was taken, did not, as we said, ever appear in this paper, but it did appear in *The Presbyterian Witness* of this city. But it appeared under the heading, "Is It an Anti-Prohibition Plot?" and only a small portion of the original editorial was used, so that the despatch itself did not do justice at all to the item from which it quoted. And especially the use made of the despatch by certain "wet" journals to prove the failure of prohibition was altogether wide of the mark, as the great majority of such efforts are. Apparently, the item was attributed to this paper without any notice to any one, but we do not at all think that the same could be said about the use that was made of it in several quarters.

Having given this explanation, it remains to be said that we do not at all accept the position taken by the editor of *The Presbyterian Witness* as to the prevalence of drinking in this city. We think that he has been deceived by surface appearances into greatly magnifying the amount that is being done at the present time. Things are not working

ideally, it may be admitted, but instead of growing worse we believe they are improving, and that the outlook is distinctly hopeful. It still remains that the only temperance law that works absolutely ideally is the one that nobody has tried. It will likely be a long time before we get that ideal thing, and until we do we intend to stand by the thing we have, which, after all, is very much the best we have had.

Narrow-Minded Men

MOST of us are very much opposed to narrow-mindedness in other people; some of us are not quite so opposed to it when we enjoy it ourselves; and a few of us are so constituted that we cannot abide any one who differs from us in any of our many prepossessions. The *Methodist Recorder* tells of a Wesleyan minister who was suffering from this affliction. He was sent to London to interview one of the heads of department in his Church, and he reported on his return to his colleagues: "I must say," he said, "that I was very disappointed with —. I could never have imagined that he was so narrow-minded." "Not a bit of it," boldly responded one of his colleagues; "you've got a totally wrong impression of him. I know him well, and we haven't a more open-minded man in the ministry." "Don't be ridiculous," petulantly replied the superintendent; "why, he actually differed from me twice in the half-hour I was in his office!"

We smiled as we read the story, and we thought we recognized the individual, in fact, some half-dozen of him, and we wondered also if by any chance we ourselves had ever been tarred a little with the same stick! It is so pleasant to feel that one is broad-minded and liberal that most of us conclude that we are built just that way, and the only narrow-minded fellows are the ones who don't agree with us. It seems easy to believe the best about ourselves; in fact, it is so easy that if many of us were only half as good as we believe we are, we should be better than most of the men we know. But while we have heard not a few men confess their sins, we do not recall ever hearing one admit that he was narrow-minded or bigoted, and we cannot recall that we ever heard a narrow-minded brother pray to be delivered from narrow-mindedness.

Yet narrow-mindedness is a mean and ignoble thing, and all of us hate it in other people. To be narrow-minded is to be mentally restricted, so that the mind, instead of ranging over broad pathways, treads a path wide enough for itself alone. We are out of range of other minds, and we narrow our thought-life to a pitiable extent. We profess to be truth-lovers, but we refuse to recognize as truth anything which is outside our narrow path. The difference is not that between liberals and conservatives, for a liberal may be narrow-minded and a conservative may be broad-minded. A man may be as bigoted in his radicalism as another is in his conservatism. The real difference between the narrow-minded man and the broad-minded, lies not in any difference between the truths they hold, but rather in their mental attitude towards those with whom they disagree. It is possible to disagree with a man on almost every point and yet at the same time to retain an unshaken belief in his integrity and sincerity. To disagree with us does not mean that our opponent is either less intelligent or less loyal to truth than we are; it means simply that he does not agree with us, and we have no right to read into it either culpable ignorance or wilful apostasy.

To be narrow-minded is to judge and condemn all with whom we disagree, more especially if they formerly walked with us; while even our Lord said, "I judge no man." We do not argue that men should hold their beliefs so lightly as not to care what other men believe—this is not belief but indifference; but we do hold that while we have a right to cherish our faith as a possession so precious that we would even die for it, yet, at the same time we should give our fellows credit for the same honesty which we claim for ourselves; and we should accord to them the same liberty of thought which we insist upon.

Editorial in Brief

AN indication of a greatly increased interest in books on religion is the fact that the New York *Tribune* recently announced that hereafter their "Religion To-day" columns would contain comments on new religious and devotional books from week to week.

THERE is a movement on foot to establish an institute at Panama City for research in all preventable diseases. This institute will be a memorial to and bear the name of the late General William C. Gorgas, who was for a number of years the medical chief of the Canal Zone. Besides the research work, young men and women will be trained to assist in the work of prevention.

WE are told by wild-eyed liquor advocates that in the United States there is more liquor drunk under prohibition than ever before, and every second house has its private still, but we find that while the death rate from alcoholism in 1910 was 5.4, in 1921 it was only 1.8. Evidently the kind of liquor they get now is not so potent as formerly, or else our wet friends have mislaid the facts.

WE read the other day that "perhaps the supreme principle of religion is growth, or activity leading on to further activity." If by growth we understand advance, or evolution, rather than retrogression, we think it is well worth pondering. The religion of Jesus Christ is an aggressive life, an upward climbing, of the whole man. The idea that religion is simply being as good to-day as we were forty years ago is not one we can accept. Growth in religious life may be slow but it is always certain if life continues.

REV. DR. FOSDICK, in a recent address, discussed the question as to what Christianity really was, and stated that more and more with him it simmered down to the four words, "Take Jesus in earnest." Surely there could not be a much better statement given, but how difficult a thing that is to do! It is because it is much easier to set up some theological standard that some of us like to get off on the question of creed or reduce the whole matter to the holding of this or that belief about things.

THE National Association of Audubon Societies has recently received a gift from Mr. N. Emilen Roosevelt, of eleven and a half acres of wild land which surrounds the grave of Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. This land is to be used for a wild-bird sanctuary and shrine for bird lovers. Through the efforts of the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association, assisted by members of the Roosevelt family, and other organizations, the old colonial mansion in New York City has been restored, and efforts made to give it the appearance it had in Roosevelt's childhood. This old home was consecrated on the birthday of Roosevelt, Oct. 27th, as a national shrine.

JOHN MARTIN, who is one of the foremost authorities in the country on the subject of children's reading has compiled a list of sixty books which he calls "The Safety Sixty" that are most desirable for reading by and to children. Mr. Martin says that during the first seven years of a child's life, he is learning and living more things in actual number than he learns through all the rest of his life. The right or the wrong reading leaves its indelible impress upon the child, especially during the early years of his life—we will say from four to ten. The safe rule to go by is the rule of thumb: "Know that it is right, then go ahead," to which may be added, "And if you don't know, learn to know."

STORMS are not without value; earth's convulsions are but birth-throes of a better life. The forces that disintegrate the mountains build up the fertile valleys below. Ruskin puts it this way: "That turbid foaming of the angry water—that tearing down of bank and rock along its flanks, are no disturbance of the kind course of Nature; they are beneficent operations necessary to the existence of man and the beauty of the earth. What we so often lament as convulsion or destruction is the momentary shaking of the dust from the spade. The winter floods bear the elements of succeeding fertility, and the river, which chokes its mouth with marsh and tosses terror along its shore, scatters the seeds of the harvest of futurity." Even

seeming destruction may turn out to be beneficent and far-seeing construction.

THE ninth international convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Missions will be held in Indianapolis, Indiana, December 28th, 1923, to January 1st, 1924. An indication of the trend of the discussions of the convention may possibly be suggested by the titles of the four opening addresses. These are: "Modern Industrialism," "Racial Relations and Christian Brotherhood," "International Problems and the Christian Way of Life," and "Present-Day Social and Industrial Unrest." It is expected that at least one hundred Canadian students will attend the convention. Any one interested should communicate with the Canadian Secretary, Mr. Hugh Macmillan, 604 Jarvis St., Toronto, at an early date.

A VERY splendid plan has recently been developed by Mrs. Stephen J. Herben of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This plan is threefold in its purpose and the whole idea is to keep foreign missionaries and mission stations in touch with current books. She asks the six hundred thousand members to agree to send two books a year to some missionary, one on the missionary's birthday and one at Christmas. The second part of the plan is to have unit libraries of one hundred books or more to go to foreign Conferences from Conferences in the United States, with annual additions. And the development of permanent li-

PROFESSOR A. L. BURT, of the University of Alberta, speaks about "The Need for a Wider Study of Canadian History," in *The Press Bulletin*, issued by the Department of Extension of the University of Alberta. He says in part, "A man cannot at any moment of his existence cut himself loose from his past, for that is himself; nor can a nation cut itself off from its history, for that is its essence." Speaking about the "two nations in the bosom of one state," Professor Burt states that the only hope for Canada lies in a good understanding between the French and English. We must turn to the past if we are to acquire this mutual insight, and study the history of the French in Canada. "Only too often some of the simplest facts of Canadian history are forgotten. One of these is that this country was French for about as long as it has been British. And it is also important that we know something about the history of the United States, for whether we like it or whether we do not, our life is and always will be closely tied to that of the United States." And this Canada—who made it? It has been given to us by those who have gone before. If we are to be worthy of our heritage, we must know how it was won, how it was made.

With the Wesleyan Fathers

HERE and there throughout the Midlands of England, where lay the early fortress of Wesleyanism, a number of documentary treasures are preserved which bear closely upon the inside life of the then rising Church, or Society, as it was then better known. Among them is a highly-valued volume, partly printed and partly in handwriting, which was compiled by the Rev. Jonathan Crowther, who was president of the Wesleyan Conference in Britain in the year, 1797. It sets forth the minutes of all the Conferences from 1744—that is, from five years after the founding of the Church—down to 1803.

This volume of high import in the history of Wesleyanism has up to the present not been made public. Recently, however, some extracts from the minutes have been published in an English newspaper, and make most interesting reading.

The public in general ascribe the present attitude of the Church to the liquor question as of more or less recent growth. The fathers of Wesleyanism had the same adverse concept, not only as regards the use of alcohol, but also of tobacco. Their injunctions were directed against minister and adherent alike, and as regards alcohol, particularly against the minister:

"Let no preacher drink any on any pretence; strongly dissuade our people from it; and answer their pretences, particularly those of curing the colic and helping digestion." Evidently, this rule was not popular, especially in the Midlands where all classes were noted for their hard-drinking propensities, for it appears to have been reaffirmed at many subsequent Conferences.

Like the Quakers, members of the Wesleyan body still do not look with much favor on dancing—public dances, in particular—and, again, the public err in attributing this as a modern growth in the Church polity. In Mr. Crowther's book it is given that in the 1791 Conference, it was decided that schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who received dancing masters into their schools, and parents and others who employed dancing masters to instruct children, should cease to be members of the Society.

How much went on in the past which goes on the same to-day. No poor Church is the Wesleyan, as we know it, but even now, as in 1765, there is great need for economy. At the Conference of that year, the Crowther volume records it was also acknowledged that many of the circuits were in debt, and it was agreed that no "preaching houses" be built without an absolute necessity. Further, it was agreed and ordered, that "there be no tub pulpits, and no backs to the seats. And, by all means, let every preacher look to this; that the men and women sit apart." Whether this last direction, which savors of the Quakers, was ever fulfilled in the preaching-houses, it is hard to say, but it must be more than three generations since the injunction was obeyed.

All in all, the Crowther volume is a very human document.—N. TOURNEUR.

Get Acquainted with Yourself

By IDA M. THOMAS

Your neighbours are a curious lot,
Judging from what I hear you say:
This one's too serious in thought
And that one is, by far, too gay.

One spends too freely of his coin,
Another's stingy as can be
And several more together join
In scenes of midnight revelry.

You're taking lots of time to fret
About each one's peculiar way;
If I were you, I'd stop and get
Acquainted with myself some day.

And if you do that, may be you
Will find so many failings there,
That you'll have quite enough to do
And not be forced to look elsewhere.

braries in fifteen hundred foreign educational institutions is the third part of the plan. There is no reason why this plan cannot be carried out very successfully, and it is easy to imagine the joy with which these books will be received by missionaries in the foreign fields.

WRITING of the recent meeting of the Congregational National Council at Springfield, Dr. Bridgman, late editor of *The Congregationalist*, rejoices in the fact that the sessions were not marked by acrimonious theological discussions, and says: "It would not be strictly true to say that nothing in the way of disagreement exists within Congregational circles. Fundamentalists can be found within the ranks, but they are not of the obstreperous variety. Ex-Moderator William E. Barton, in his address on the opening night, stressed effectively the point that, however widely divergent were the theological views of Congregationalists, they stood together in the work of the Kingdom, and let one another think their own thoughts of God, Christ, and the Bible." This tribute to the sanity and Christian spirit of his denomination paid by Dr. Barton, we believe, could be as emphatically applied to the Methodists of Canada, and that is something to be devoutly thankful for.

The Spirit of Man

“There is a Spirit in Man, and the Inspiration of the Almighty Giveth Them Understanding”—Job 32: 8

By Stewart Basterfield



THE classical debate between Job and his friends centres round the perplexing problem of human suffering, and especially of the afflictions of the upright man. Near the end of the thirty-first chapter, the argument has reached a standstill, the three comforters unshaken in their position that Job is being chastened for his sin, and Job equally insistent that there is no iniquity in him, but yet quite unable to solve the mystery of his pains and misfortunes. The flow of ideas seems to have dried up, and a dejected silence ensues.

The silence is broken by a new speaker. He is presented to us as a young man, who has waited with growing impatience, while his older and wiser friends have wrangled in seemingly futile controversy. He now offers a new treatment of the problem; he suggests a fresh viewpoint.

I am not going to discuss the problem of the Book of Job, nor shall I attempt to indicate what contribution Elihu makes to the debate. I merely wish to draw attention to the situation pictured here. It is a dramatic representation of a situation constantly recurring in the history of mankind. Elihu stands for a younger generation, full of vigor and enthusiasm, bursting with new ideas, enlarging old conceptions, boldly venturing into unknown fields, pushing forward the boundaries of knowledge, gaining new and deeper insight, and yearning for fuller life and more control of its destiny.

At the outset, Elihu sounds a note that is frequently absent from the symphonies of new generations. The striking utterance chosen as a text for this essay is an expression of the religious interpretation of life. It is not a scientific proposition, like the law of inverse squares. It is not merely an intellectual proposition, though it is expressed in the language of the intellect. It is poetry; and it expresses a conclusion not reached by reasoning alone. It is the product of experiences that lie deeper than the processes of reasoning—experiences arising in the depths of emotional being, and that are probably more fundamental than the activities of intellect. It would be entirely foolish to dismiss Elihu's utterance as meaningless, because it cannot be verified by any scientific procedure.

Religion belongs more to the realm of feeling and emotion than to that of intellect. The religious sentiment is a very complex mental disposition into which enter powerful emotional factors. It has been, and still is, one of the most effective dynamics in human life. The great intellectual development of the last hundred years, especially in the fields of physical and biological science, has tended to obscure this fact somewhat. The emotional experiences of life have been treated with scant courtesy by many groups of scientists. Pride of intellect has crowded out the feelings, but the fact remains that with most of us feeling or emotion of some sort has more driving power than thought. We may boast of our rational conduct, but our rationalizing usually takes place after emotion has found issue in action.

It was the fashion a generation ago, when the sciences were making such unprecedented strides, to say that religious belief would rapidly disappear, along with other superstitions. A wave of scientific materialism seemed about to sweep away the old landmarks of religion. A great controversy arose between groups of scientists on the one hand, and ardent supporters of the orthodox Christian faith, on the other. Bible stories, miracles, theological dogmas, became the storm centres of debate, and the world rang with the strident voices of the contending parties. The scientists heaped ridicule on

the superstitions of the religionists, while their opponents sought to deny many of the newly-discovered facts of science, and to suppress the teaching of theories that seemed to controvert their cherished religious beliefs.

There are still feeble echoes of the great controversy between science and religion; as it is frequently called, but for the most part the questions of a generation ago are dead issues to-day. The fires of controversy have burned themselves out, though a few eccentric spirits occasionally poke up the embers in the vain hope of finding a little warmth. Is religion dead, a martyr to the triumphant and ruthless progress of science? If religion is dead—and there are some superficial thinkers who believe it is—it is not because science has killed it, but because base passions have been given rein, and the life of the spirit has been dissipated in a riot of hate and greed.

It is true that scientific knowledge has destroyed many primitive superstitions, and has forced us to modify many religious conceptions, but it has no more destroyed religion than it has destroyed art, and music, and literature. Wherever religious feeling has sought to find expression in the language

all moral endeavor, the City of God, the ideal social organization, where man's powers come to rich fruition. This is what John's vision seems to mean, as recorded in the last book of the New Testament.

No, religion has not suffered by the advance of science. Theology, and religious philosophy have had to adjust themselves to the larger range of facts revealed by scientific study. What of it? All departments of knowledge have theories which have to be abandoned with the advent of new discoveries. Theories of the nature of light have been subject to considerable change from time to time, but the sky is still blue, and sun and stars still shine as in the days of the Chaldean astronomers.

SO the fundamental facts of religious experience and the religious consciousness still abide with us, and express themselves in an astonishing variety of forms. Science, in the field of psychology, has, far from killing religion, revealed to us new and fascinating aspects of religious feeling, and confirmed the position of religion as one of the most energetic motives in the life of men.

This is why the conflict between religion and science is dead. There is no conflict in reality, any more than there is a conflict between science and art. There was, and is a conflict between scientific thought and the unscientific conceptions of an old-world theology, but this conflict does not touch the real heart of religion. Our conceptions in every phase of human experience have changed. We no longer think of God as a sort of Puritan Superman who made a world, and sat apart to watch it go, interfering at times in capricious fashion to put things right, or to modify the working of the machine. We think rather of an animating and sustaining Spirit, whose activities are manifested in the ceaseless transformations of matter and energy in both the living and inanimate worlds, whose purposes fulfil themselves in the aspirations and struggles of mankind and in ways that are often inscrutable to the limited intellects of developing man. Science, using the term in the broadest sense of organized knowledge, has unearthed treasures in many fields, and philosophy, using the material thus gathered, has endeavored to interpret the universe mainly from the intellectual side. But religion and art—and in this last term we must include music, literature, painting and sculpture, and other forms of higher emotional expression—have large contributions to offer. They express to us and lead us through experiences that find very halting and inadequate interpretation in terms of the intellect. They seem to give us a more direct assurance of a reality behind the ever-changing appearance of things. They indicate that there are paths to reality along which the feet of reason may stumble, where we mount up with wings as eagles, and find life and strength renewed in the atmosphere of beauty and faith and love.

It seems to need re-emphasis that art and religion are intimately related. It is no accident that so many of the greatest works of art deal with religious themes. Unfortunately the attempts to

divorce art and religion have been too often successful. The harsh and arid theology of the Puritans robbed religion of those elements of joy and beauty which properly belong to it. The Puritans erred in over-emphasizing the moral aspect of religion; righteousness and justice, sin and punishment became their watchwords, while love, mercy, and peace, were almost forgotten.

In any well-rounded, well-poised life, there must be recognition of not only the intellectual approach

“I Wonder if They Really Mean It, Mister?”

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN



AS I strolled along a street, a brightly colored poster, standing upright on the lawn in front of a Church, attracted my attention. “Everybody Welcome,” declared the headline. Stopping to read what followed, a newsboy turned his face up and said, “Paper, sir?”

I looked in several pockets for two coppers, and the sharp eyes of the boy fell upon the sign.

“I wonder if they really mean it, Mister?” he asked—wistfully, I thought.

His innocent query means much more than he intended at the time. His words come bobbing up in my mind two or three times a day, and I've been wondering, too, if they “really meant it.” Do they really welcome *everybody*? Are the foreigners, the street beggars, the poor, the hungry and the wicked, all welcome in that church? Would the “high-brows”—that's what the newsboy called them—in that church share their pew and their hymn-book with folks of a lower station in life? I am wondering.

No doubt a sign-painter designed the poster, but I wonder, if he, or they, who ordered the sign to be posted in front of the church, really meant what the sign said. Of course, it isn't the easiest thing in the world to extend a genuine warmth of welcome that endorses the sign in front of the church, but if that welcome is not given—the sign is a mockery.

If the right hand of fellowship is not offered to the “whosoever,” if a personal welcome is not behind the sign outside, we are not true ambassadors of One who was never too tired, never too busy, never too proud to hold out His hand and say, “Be of good cheer.”

of the intellect, it has used the current concepts of the day, and has suffered because of the imperfections of the intellect. The concepts of a prescientific age naturally cannot escape the criticism of modern science. The stories of creation, of Eden and the Fall, cannot be accepted in any strict scientific or historic sense, but there is manifest in them a religious insight and an appreciation of the problem of moral development that is of permanent value. We all start life in a garden, the playground of innocence, and we are inevitably expelled from it with the growth of the moral sense. We travel a long, rough road towards the goal of

(Continued on page 7)

A Man and His Moods

The Place and Power of Mood in the Make-up of Life

By Fred Smith



IF the place and power of mood in the make-up of life, it is almost impossible to speak too strongly. A man and his moods are inseparable. It could not be otherwise. Moods are the raw material out of which is woven the web of destiny. They are the moments of life which added together make up the sum of our existence. Character is nothing more than the sum of our separate moods. Our many moods are the individual stones that go to make up the temple of life wherein our soul lives as slave or as king. "Life," says the Professor at the Breakfast Table, "is a great bundle of little things." And, to use an ancient simile, if our moods be thought of as the foxes and our character as the vine, the words of an ancient Scripture still find illustration that it is "the little foxes that spoil the vines." Our moods give tone to life and temper to character.

Yet, strangely enough, we often find people whose attitude to their various moods is one of neutral impotence. Since their moods, like the poor, are ever with them, they come to look upon them as a necessary evil over which they can exercise little or no control. They think of them as a fateful fact of existence over which they trust to the natural on-going of time to carry them. Coming into life "out of the everywhere" men have too often been content to let them play their mighty part, often to their own undoing, sometimes to their own on-going. When they should have been victors over their moods they have allowed themselves to become the victims of their moods; creatures of a passing mood instead of its creator.

Happily for us, in these days we are coming into a better understanding of the place and power of mood in the make-up of life. Not for nothing have our psychologists been exploring the labyrinthine maze of the soul. We now know that moods are the expressional activity of our temperaments. They are the face of our soul. They mirror to the world outwardly an inward state, sometimes sinful, sometimes spiritual. The moods of a man are the score chart of his personality; they are the indicatives revealing to the world the measure of faith which he has on hand for the conduct of his life.

FOR these many reasons it is well for a man that he give attention to the manner of his moods. For the function of a mood is a dual one. It not only mirrors his personality, it also makes it for good or ill. It is true for our moods as it is for our acts that they

"our angels are
Our fatal shadows that walk with us still."

Through our moods we are made or unmade. They can create, or they can destroy. To think that because a mood is ephemeral it is, therefore, evanescent, is to rest in a false security. The moods of a man are the knockings of experience upon the fact of one's temperament, making at last that important thing we call character.

To obtain the mastery of our moods is to exert upon our character a controlled, moulding influence. From whatever spring or source they come from they cannot reach the gateway of expression save as they have come to terms with our will. The stuff of which our moods are made must inevitably pass through the sieve of our consciousness before it comes into the area of our activity. Here, then, we see the crucial power of the will. As goes the will so goes our mood. Our moods are of various textures, sometimes coming to us from without, sometimes rising in us from within. Thinking of the former, some one has well said that "our moods are the weather of the soul." Outward circumstance plus our physical reaction becomes the forerunner of our mood. These are the times when "we are under the weather." And wise is the man who, not being able to control

the weather, is forehanded enough to be will-wise. A little fog can oftentimes be dispersed by a little will. Clouds of depression fly before a determined will. On the other hand the stuff of our moods wells up from the hidden depths of our personality. The subconscious self becomes articulate. Racial longings, ancestral feelings, knock on the door of our consciousness, or sometimes, not standing upon

Out of Reach

By FLORENCE J. HADLEY

The red rose close by my garden wall
Has climbed up over my window sill,
And flaunts, like a laughing light o' love,
Her scarlet heart, as a red rose will.

A white rose, stately and cold and sweet,
Just over the narrow wall I see;
The farthest bound of the farthest star
Is not so far as that rose from me.

I may wear the red rose, if I will,
But my heart cries out the old, old cry,
"Oh, give me the white rose out of reach,
For what do I care for the rose near by?"

Thus ever I hold out empty hands
With worldly longing too deep for speech!
For what to me is the rose near by
When I want the rose that is out of reach?

courtesy, take us unawares and pass the threshold of our will.

NO man can allow that sort of thing to happen too often. So to do is to give ourselves into the power of our vagrant moods to the undoing of our souls. It is a leakage which finally spells itself out in terms of lapse. It is to fail to put on the highway of consciousness proper safeguards for the examination of the facts that crave expression. It is to have the machinery of government with no executive in control.

Here, then, we see the power of the will in relation to that of our moods. Amiel very profoundly says that salvation is none other than the conversion of one's will. A will consecrated to God is a will converted to Him. It is the device in human personality which stands sentinel over the whimsies and fancies and passions that seek tumultuous expression in the area of one's life. With a will so educated in the things of the spirit that it becomes a conscience, alert to the worth of every vagrant mood, one can hold dominance over every mood that comes to the threshold of one's consciousness. We can then challenge them in the ultimate interests of character. Nay, we can do even more than that, we can create the mood which shall be the proper atmosphere for the growing of the fruits of the spirit. The moods of a man should reveal the craftsmanship of his will, else he will never come to achievement in the realm of virtue. It is a sound council which says that the man who takes care of his moods can afford to let his morality take care of itself.

The Spirit of Man

(Continued from page 6)

to the world, but also of the aesthetic and religious. The interpretation of life must rest on the whole of experience. Man's spirit must not be warped or

stunted by neglect of any of its powers. A purely intellectual outlook on life is foredoomed to be inadequate and unsatisfying. Intellect is an essentially practical thing. It has developed largely as an instrument to deal with the external world, enabling us to gain control over things without. It has produced a language and a symbolism that have dominated every phase of human activity. We have no such elaborate language of the emotions, and we constantly translate, or endeavor to express emotional experiences in intellectual forms. Religion and art have been cramped, and misunderstood, to some extent, as a result of this dominance of intellectual modes of expression. We try in vain to interpret art and compass it about by purely intellectual symbols. Art is greater than mere intellect. It is closer to reality than science. So, also is religion.

OF all the forms of art, music is perhaps the most free. It has escaped, for the most part, the drag of intellectual fetters. True, there is a theory of music, an elaborate study of principles representing the intellectual mode of approach. But this is science, not art. The art of music existed long before there was any theory of music. It is in the appreciation of music that we realize how feeble is the language of intelligence to express what music may convey to the living spirit of man.

I am not trying to discount the value of intellectual activity or to belittle the service it has rendered to both art and religion in analyzing the sources of artistic and religious inspiration. To know is one of the greatest of human achievements. But the spirit of man is greater than intellect, and it is, one of the mistakes of a scientific age that it has failed to recognize this. Intellect has given us such control over natural forces that we have nearly lost control of ourselves. We are out of breath in the race for power and exploitation. Our educational systems are predominantly intellectualistic mainly because of the practical ends in view. We have said virtually, "Let art and religion die if they must, but give, oh, give us intellect." We have perhaps stressed too much the value of intellectual achievement, and have neglected the training of the emotions and the cultivation of feeling. The result is that emotional life has often run wild, and grown rank and poisonous, or has dwindled and died for lack of sustenance. This unbalanced development of man's spirit leads to fanaticism of various kinds, with bigotry and strife where there should be sympathetic understanding and harmonious co-operation.

It is against a vicious practical intellectualism that we need to be on our guard. Intellectualism in the wider or philosophic sense may be a tyranny, but even more enslaving is the narrow, practical kind that measures life by the standard of material success, by the amount of control secured over material resources. This is one of the chief dangers of a new country, where men spend so much energy in gaining control of their physical environment. While they are gaining the world they lose the richness of life that might be theirs. They become masters of force and matter, but they fail to become masters of life.

Fullness of life can only be attained when intellect and feeling in all their activities and modes of expression receive due recognition and are subject to appropriate training and discipline. Intellect needs the warm and vitalizing touch of emotion; emotion needs the steady, bracing coolness of ordered thought.

LET us look at man as he stands in the light of scientific and historical study, against the background of the universe. Biologically he has risen from lower forms of life, through long ages of development and adaptation. Linked with the rest of animal creation by indissoluble ties of bodily structure and function, he has, nevertheless, by the supreme achievements of mind, placed himself far

(Continued on Page 20)

About Saskatchewan

Mostly About Anniversaries

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE



N Saskatchewan now we are in the midst of the busy Church season. All kinds of campaigns are in progress, anniversaries are in full swing, we have had two major conventions, the Sunday school and the Church Union, and the Prohibition one is to come. If any minister were to answer all the various appeals that urge his attendance at this and that, he could be away from home all the time. When the people on the circuits complain every now and then of a minister being away so much, they often know only the temptations to which he has fallen, and do not know the infinitely greater number which he has resisted. It is a moot question how much the cause of the Kingdom gains by the running hither and thither of ministers. Yet a certain amount of it is inevitable and; up to that point, may help both the ministers themselves in renewed impetus for their own work, and help, also, the places to which they go, in the hearing of a message from a new messenger of the Kingdom. In short, ministers will have to do as we expect they have done, use their own judgment and not allow special pleading to deflect them from the primary concern of their own work, at the same time bearing in mind their responsibility to the larger aspects of the Kingdom outside their parish. It is a nice matter of adjustment.

WITH this by way of introduction, let us get down to our reporting. Take the matter of anniversaries first. This seems a successful season in the province generally. A good crop and remarkably fine weather conduce to successful anniversaries, and we have reports of several.

Some Anniversaries.

Eyebrow, Rev. W. J. Wilson.—Anniversary services were held on the Eyebrow circuit on October 14th, when Rev. A. E. Whitehouse, B.A., of Wesley Church, Regina, a former pastor, preached two interesting and helpful sermons to congregations that taxed the capacity of the church. On the Monday following a chicken-pie supper was served in the basement of the church, followed by an entertainment in the town hall, which proved too small to accommodate the crowd. The gross proceeds amounted to \$310.

Carnduff; Rev. J. W. A. Henderson, B.A.—Successful anniversary services are reported in the *Carnduff Gazette*. Rev. A. R. Maunders, of Hartney, Man., was the special preacher, and preached what are described as "eloquent and searching" sermons. Mr. Maunders also spoke on the Monday evening and gave an address full of good advice and inspiration. The paper says, "This 'Manitoba Cyclone' will be welcome again." The closing paragraph of the report reads: "The untiring efforts of the Ladies' Aid, the sacrifice and hard work of the choir and its leader, and the capable assistance of the organist, Mrs. Mains, as well as others, contributing to the programme, was the secret of a successful anniversary."

Grace Church, Saskatoon; Rev. C. W. Brown, reports, as usual, a highly successful church anniversary. Rev. A. E. Whitehouse, B.A., of Wesley Church, Regina, was the visiting minister, and preached impressive sermons on "The Vision of Isaiah," and "Paul's Concentrated Purpose," to large congregations. The Monday evening dinner, served by the Ladies' Aid, and followed by an excellent programme, was a very happy occasion."

Chamberlain and Aylesbury; Rev. J. H. Blewett, have had successful anniversaries. At Chamberlain, Rev. Adam Armstrong, of Brora, a former pastor, preached, and the church was crowded. Mr. Armstrong's sermons were greatly appreciated by his former parishioners, who have a strong and sincere affection for him. At both Chamberlain and Aylesbury, the fine singing of Mrs. Blewett added greatly to the value of the services. Mrs. Blewett deserves all credit for her unstinting and unselfish use of her unusually good voice. She is in every way "a good sport" in meeting appeals with real modesty and willingness. She is another of the women of the parsonage in our province who labor unceasingly for the Kingdom.

Carievale; Rev. F. Passmore. This circuit had successful anniversaries at Carievale and Bethel appointments. Rev. H. A. McManus, of Alameda, preached at Carievale and Rev. Wilkinson, of Gainsboro, at Bethel appointment. Despite the hard times through which the district has been passing in recent years, hospitality was abounding and congregations large.

To Him That Dwelt in the Bush

By CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

Lord, make me like the Burning Bush
That Moses saw of old,
To keep before my children's eyes
A constant fire of gold.

Lord, let me be a Burning Bush
That will not scorch or scar,
But shine for ever in their sight
In splendor like a star.

Lord, let me, like the Burning Bush
That Moses knelt to see,
Bloom with the glory of Thy love,
A living fire in me.

Davidson United Church; Rev. R. Charlton. The anniversary services were conducted on Armistice Sunday by Rev. Dr. Oliver, of Saskatoon, principal of Saskatoon Theological College (Presbyterian), and were eminently successful. Dr. Oliver always gives inspiring sermons and addresses, and is rendering yeoman service through the province, especially to united fields.

Qu'Appelle Circuit; Rev. G. H. Dix, B.A., B.D. The anniversary on this circuit merits special attention, and we have received the following report, which makes interesting reading. We hope to be able to print a photo of the Edgeley Church, the oldest Methodist church now in use in Saskatchewan: "On Sunday, October 28th, an event of unusual interest was celebrated on the Qu'Appelle circuit, it being the fortieth anniversary of the two churches of this field. On July 1st, 1883, the church at the Edgeley appointment was opened and dedicated, the late Rev. Dr. George Young being the preacher on that occasion. It stands today, we believe, the oldest Methodist church in use in Saskatchewan. A few months later the church in Qu'Appelle was opened, with the Rev. Thomas Lawson, then pastor of the circuit, conducting the dedicatory services. It was a great delight, especially to the old-timers, to have Mr. Lawson with us for these services, and during the short time of his visit here many incidents, both humorous and tragic, of forty years ago, were recalled. The intervening years, although years of exacting service, much sacrifice and sorrow, seem to have dealt kindly with our good brother, for his messages here in this year of 1923, with their ringing appeal for the things of the higher life, seemed to those who knew him best to have lost nothing of the fire of his messages of 1883.

In connection with these services, fowl suppers were served and entertainments given at both appointments. Assisted by an excellent programme of music and short addresses by local talent, Mr. Lawson made a fine impression with his inspiring address on the work of the pioneer missionary in the West. He made us feel that we owe much to those men who laid so well the foundations for the great work the Methodist Church is doing in the west to-day.

These two churches stood through the troublesome years of the rebellion of 1885, and without any great stretch of the imagination one can easily understand how, through the ministry of God's

Word from week to week in these places of worship, the people found strength and grace to sustain and keep them in such a time of anxiety. It was found that twelve only of those who were in the district forty years ago attended the anniversary services this year, which goes to show that almost a generation has passed in that time. Many, both pastors and people, who labored here through the years have passed on to larger fields, while others have stepped into the ranks to take their places, so that through forty years of continuous service, Methodism has gained for itself a time-honored place in the life of this community.

Other Matters

While anniversaries are the feature of the news just now, the churches and their ministers are active in many other ways. There have been well-attended conventions in connection with Sunday school and Church Union matters, but these we will try to discuss in the next letter. The remainder of this letter we will take up with "personals" and shorter items.

Rev. C. W. Brown, B.A., of Grace Church, Saskatoon, preached at Saskatchewan University on Sunday morning, November 4th, on the theme, "The contrast between the lives and influence of Voltaire and John Wesley."

The church at Grenfell is making a collection of photographs of ministers who have served it in the past, and they have all except that of Rev. A. J. Warman. Will any person who knows the address of Mr. Warman's parents in England, or who possesses a photo of Mr. Warman, please write to Mr. A. Gowler, Grenfell, who will be glad to receive any information which will help.

We were pleased to receive recently a pleasant letter from Rev. H. Harrison, of the Wesley '15 class, and now second minister in the Leysian Mission, London, England. Mr. Harrison still harbors the hope of being back in Canada some day. Meanwhile, he is well settled and enjoying his responsible position.

Rev. Dr. S. G. Bland is now in Saskatchewan and preaching and lecturing in the Moose Jaw district. We had the great pleasure of hearing him in a Saskatchewan town, and will write more of that, with a report of his Moose Jaw visit.

Mr. J. MacRorie Hill, a well-known Saskatchewan Methodist, is publishing a really bright and attractive monthly journal in Saskatoon, called *The Torch*. The journal is meeting with much appreciation and seems to be gaining public support increasingly. We notice several of our Methodist ministers among the contributors.

Rev. Dr. E. W. Stapleford, principal of Regina College, was the only Saskatchewan Methodist minister to hear Lloyd George on his visit to Winnipeg. He says, "I have increased admiration for Lloyd George since hearing him in Winnipeg. His speech should be a real inspiration to every young Canadian. He made us feel that eventually Canada will occupy a dominating position in the British Empire, and he also made us feel that we should set our house in order, so as to be worthy of the responsibility." While in Manitoba Dr. Stapleford was present at the institution of the new principal of Brandon College and preached the sermon on students' day, at Grace Church, Winnipeg. Craik; Nov. 15, 1923. H. D. R.

A young husband criticized the biscuits his bride served him for breakfast, employing the usual stereotyped comparison. Instead of weeping, as some brides would, she got busy, and as a result of her work, she set before him the next morning a plate of hot biscuits alleged to be the real thing. "Now you've got it," he exclaimed delightedly, as he sampled the new lot. "These are exactly like Mother used to make. How did you happen to hit upon the recipe?"

"It's no great secret," said his wife with glimmering eyes. "I put in oleo instead of butter, used gold storage eggs, dropped a bit of alum in the flour, and adulterated the milk. Remember, sweetheart, that Mother lived before the enactment of the pure food law."—*Boston Transcript*.

A Letter from Ireland

Junior Ministers' Convention—Outstanding Events in Irish Methodism



HE outstanding event of the past month in Irish Methodism has been the Junior Ministers' Convention at Carrickfergus, a historic town famous for the landing on June 14th, 1690, of King William, a few weeks before his victory at the Boyne.

This gathering is an annual one, designed to help young ministers spiritually and intellectually. For thirty-two years it has been a very important factor in giving our Church a live and energetic ministerial staff, with a zest for evangelistic effort. It has also strengthened the bonds of what would, even without it, be a remarkable brotherhood. The Chairman this year was Rev. R. M. L. Waugh, M.A., B.D., of Balmoral, Belfast, whose official sermon dealt with the topic "The Church and adventurous service: the encouragement of the past, and the challenge of the present." Other ministers taking part during the four days of the convention were J. W. Norcott, B.A., J. Glass, E. Shaw, R. J. Good, W. Hill, J. Kell, J. T. Dixon, S. H. Nicholson, J. Bertenshaw and J. W. McKinney. Rev. R. J. Good, of Fortadown was elected as Chairman for 1924. The expenses of the ministers were "pooled," and the collections were so generous that the average outlay of each man was only five-shillings.

All creeds and political parties deplore the death of Mr. Bonar Law, whom we owe to Canada. There never was a more sincere or more unselfish political leader. His policy was the best one—honesty; and the example of his life will be an inspiration and a headline to many a young politician. The most beautiful of all the tributes paid to the

By Rev. W. Jasper Robinson B.A.

memory of Mr. Bonar Law was from the pen of Mr. T. M. Healy, the Governor-General of the Irish Free State, although Mr. Law was a loyal friend of Ulster, and an outspoken critic of the party to which Mr. Healy belonged in the days when the struggle over Ireland's form of government was waged in a constitutional manner. Dr. Law, of Coleraine, Ireland, is a brother of the late ex-Premier, and is father-in-law to Rev. J. N. Spence, our minister in Bangor, County Down.

Two of our ministers have died during the month—the Rev. Thomas Forde, a superannuated minister, and the Rev. John Gilchrist, of Aghnacloy circuit. Mr. Forde, whose son, Rev. George Forde, is a member of the Montreal Conference, was a fine preacher. Mr. Gilchrist, a son of the manse, was a genial, capable, hard-working and kind-hearted man. He had what usually goes with kindness of heart, a gift of humor, which secured him welcome in all ministerial gatherings. His comparatively early death was probably due to the laborious circuit work which always fell to his lot.

BELFAST, Ireland, is referred to by a London paper as a city of optimists, because, of the far-seeing scheme it is carrying out for a more abundant water supply. The giant reservoir which is being constructed in the Silent Valley, in the Mourne Mountains, forty miles from Belfast, will supply the needs of double the present population

of over 400,000. The city fathers have no fears about the commercial future of their fine town, although at present trade is very bad, and unemployment is very serious indeed. The winter promises to be one of much distress, and so long as Europe remains in its present chaos, we cannot hope for much improvement in our economic condition.

Armistice Day has been observed with a fervor and a symbolism which the week-day celebrations hitherto have never equalled. Scores of millions of people observed the silence together, millions of them crowding the churches. Your time is different from ours, but when you were paying silent tribute to God and the memory of your magnificent Canadian heroes we were engaged in holding great afternoon services in the open air and in our largest buildings, so that we had fellowship with you around one common mercy seat. Our ex-servicemen are great sufferers through unemployment, and multitudes of them have no pensions. Though often very bitter against their fellow-citizens for what they regard as cold ingratitude, they have not parted with those unselfish and spiritual ideals which led them to volunteer to defend Belgium and France when wantonly attacked. An unusual thing took place in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, at a great service for special constabulary, many of whom are ex-service men. Rev. Wylie Blue denounced Lord Birkenhead for his speech as Rector of Glasgow University, in which he placed self-interest as the leading motive to human action. The thousands of men present broke through the decorum of a dignified and beau-

(Continued on page 21)

Bliss Carman's Readings



HEN once in a while a veritable poet crosses the crowded paths of men one might think that the whole world would turn out to hear him and to get from his lips direct the message that will be handed down the ages. And

so indeed was the case in ancient days when the eternal Word was more regarded. It is clearly the measure of the days in which we live, that, however great the distinction, however fine the message, however authentic the inspiration, there are but comparatively few who recognize the opportunity, or are willing to abandon the sway of the senses for an evening to turn to the world of everlasting beauty. Toronto is, perhaps, not more given to the things that perish than other cities, but thousands went to see the Russian dancer for hundreds who went to hear the Canadian poet. Abraham would have been grateful for ten righteous, so we have no right to despair.

Bliss Carman has reached a point where neither the approval nor the censure of a Toronto audience can affect his fame, but it would be quite possible for Toronto to affect the future of Canada by taking his message to heart. Here, again, we need not despair, and the Canadian Literature Club which gave him the opportunity has done itself honor. The growth of interest in Bliss Carman's work in recent years has been fostered by a few, among whom Mr. R. H. Hathaway may be mentioned, as having been the means of bringing out the two volumes of later poems and ballads and lyrics which are likely to popularize Mr. Carman's work at the present time. The readings which he gave on the 20th inst. were in part selected from these volumes, but the greater part of the programme consisted of new poems, all of a character which indicated that not only does he continue to write, but that he has uncovered new veins of material of as rich and rare a quality as those which hitherto he has worked to such advantage. The longest and most impressive of these is entitled "Shambalah," the sacred isle which once stood mid-sea of the boreal ocean through which Ulysses and the Argonauts steered their vessels, the island which is now a fabled oasis in the desert of Gobi, under whose feet beats the heart of the earth, according to the ancient tradition, and whence issue the teachers who reanimate the

"Lord of my heart's elation,
Spirit of things unseen,
Be Thou my aspiration
Consuming and serene!"

racess of men—"Where the Sons of the Word are sent forth," as the poet phrases it. This poem is significant as the expression, however symbolic, of

Great love was their power and their purpose
As the flower in the heart of a seed.

"From Patmos, Chaldea and Cumae
Their servants were chosen anew
To speak as the Logos commanded,
That the Dream of the Good might come true."

ANOTHER exquisitely phrased and exalted poem was "The Truce of the Manitou," founded on the Indian custom of seeking by prayer and fasting in a place of quiet in the mountains the voice and sign of the Silence. "The Wawa" drew the lesson with simpler beauty that Byrant once learned and recorded in his lines "To a Water-fowl." Other new poems read were "Mirage of the Plains," "Caledon Road," "Vancouver," a noble tribute to the gateway of the west; and "The Rivers of Canada." From his recent volumes he read "Trees," "Peony," "White Iris," "Marigolds," and "Roadside Flowers."

In all these, as in so much of his poetry, Mr. Carman has taken the simplest rhythms, informed them with such noble thought, and clothed them with such blossomed words that the lines glow with the color of summer flowers and refresh us as with the cool winds of evening. Poetry fails of popularity, it has been observed, when it is obscure, but this is not a fault that can be found with Mr. Carman's poetry. Lucid and limpid, moving with melody, he brings poetry to the heart of the wayfaring man, if he have a mind to look that way. In his apparent avoidance of art he displays the art that is as subtle as nature herself. Nature works in established forms, but with infinite variety of substance and color. So it is with poetry, and Mr. Carman's poetry falls into familiar forms, but transcends the common quality through the transmutations which a soul conscious of eternal life is able to produce in the "daily round, the trivial task." It is just this consciousness that brings the poet into harmony with the consciousness of Nature, ever abiding, yet transient in rainbow tint and sunset cloud, the poet's fancy playing over the grey wastes of life. So all beauty becomes the out-shining of an inner light. As he says in "Vestigia," "I knew God dwelt within my heart."



BLISS CARMAN

the realization that there are those who "guard the impalpable flame," who preserve the standards, so that all who will may confirm themselves, and measure their intuitions by the ancient tables.

"They builded no temple save beauty,
Save truth they established no creed;

Our Montreal Letter

Many Interesting Happenings in Canada's Commercial Capital

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE



FAITHFULNESS to the truthfulness of history involves far more than research, however patient and scrupulous into special facts. The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearing, near and remote, in the character, habits and manners of those who took part in them."

So wrote Francis Parkman, the centenary of whose birth we have been celebrating in the last few days. His daughter, Mrs. J. T. Coolidge, Jr., writes of her father thus:

"Stoic and warrior, through the din of strife,
Thy path was hewn with strength of iron will;
No fear could stay thy dauntless course through life,
Nor destiny's decrees thy purpose kill.
Straight to the mark with head erect and free,
Enduring all, determined to attain,
Nor count the cost, thy strong vitality
Transfigured pain to power and loss to gain.
When the long fight was fought the laurel's wreath
Of high success was thine, faithful to death."

A very enjoyable part of our commemoration of Parkman was the great meeting held in the new ballroom of the Windsor Hotel on Tuesday evening last, at which Ambassador Jusserand, representing France at Washington for the past twenty years, was guest of honor and chief speaker. Ambassador Jusserand is himself a historian of note, and it was therefore, fitting that he should pronounce a eulogy of Francis Parkman. Monsieur Jusserand, author of "The English Novel of the Time of Shakespeare," and "*L'Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais*," is possessed of a personality unique and engaging. He spoke partly in French and partly in English, with a splendid vocabulary, though marked with a foreign accent. M. Jusserand was a boy at the time of the war of 1870, and though too young to enlist, his spirit was with the troops to such an extent that he put himself through the rigors of army life, sleeping on bare boards and refusing to wear a coat, so determined was he to suffer all that the French soldiers were suffering in their gallant fight against the Germans.

A delightful feature of the evening was the rendering of Canadian folk-songs by the Brassard Choir, "O Canada," and "*La Marseillaise*" being followed by "*En Roulant*," and "*A la Claire Fontaine*." General Sir Arthur Currie presided, and the other speakers were Dr. Chas. W. Colby, formerly Professor of History at McGill, Mons. Aegidius Fauteux, in French, and Professor Bliss Perry, of Harvard. Both Dr. Colby and Dr. Perry have to their credit several well-known historical works, so that all were well qualified to speak of Parkman.

As part of the celebration a room has been set aside in the McGill Library, where letters, books and pictures are displayed relating to Francis Parkman and the times of which he wrote. It was refreshing to the spirit to spend an hour there, viewing the portraits of Margaret Bourgeois, Foundress of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Madame de la Peltrie, whose high courage helped so materially in the struggles of the early French colonists, Samuel de Champlain, Maisonneuve,

Christophe Colombe, Jacques Cartier, Sebastian Cabot, Bishop Laval, Jean Talon, and La Salle. Among the books on view, besides a complete set of Parkman, beginning with "The Oregon Trail," "Pioneers in New France," "The Jesuits in North America," were, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" and "The Seats of the Mighty," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Golden Dog," by William Kirby, "The Pathfinder," by J. Fenimore Cooper and "The Virginians," by Thackeray.

In addition to being an incomparable historian, Francis Parkman was a great naturalist, a keen

student of the flora of North America and author of "The Book of Roses." A Puritan of Puritans, Francis Parkman dedicated himself at the age of eighteen, to his colossal task as a historian, and inflexibly pursued it through the most trying periods of ill-health and almost loss of sight, until, in his seventieth year, he passed away, having accomplished his great work for which we are forever indebted to him. We cannot better honor his memory than by reading or re-reading his great historical masterpieces.

Dr. Grenfell's Visit.

[I]f one were asked to point to a modern example of the application of New Testament teaching, I think many of us would at once visualize Dr. Wilfred Grenfell going about among the Labrador fishermen, ministering to their wants, temporal and spiritual. Dr. Grenfell, no doubt, might have attained high eminence in the Mother Country, for he is a great administrator, but he chose the bleak Labrador coast as the field in which he could do the most for the Master; and in his great apparent sacrifice he has evidently achieved great happiness—it beams from every feature. So much is this the case, that, in listening to him, one longs for a life work in which one could give oneself in the same way.

Dr. Grenfell says there is a great future for Labrador, which he describes as a country of enormous natural wealth of mine and forest, destined to be an asset to Canada of incalculable value. His colored slides reveal a country of great beauty—he likens it to Norway in the loveliness of the mountains, fiords and inlets. Dr. Grenfell, when he went to Labrador thirty years ago, found the people in a desolate condition, dying of tuberculosis, lonely, unvisited. He has enlisted the sympathy of the English-speaking world in their behalf, collecting large sums of money for them in populous centres, with which he has imported reindeer from Alaska to give them milk; established hospitals and schools; and built hospital ships, in which he goes from village to village ministering to the needs of his parishioners in probably the largest single parish in the world.

of the large cities of the world, and I have been in the palatial residences of the rich and the hovels of the poor. Many a man is miserable because he has too much."

Dr. Grenfell thinks the Church does not sufficiently call people to high sacrifice these days: "Instead of offering young people an easy job with a big reward, tell them that the job is difficult, calling for the best that is in them, and that the reward, from a financial standpoint, may be small. I have found that to such a call they will respond gallantly."

The Art of Charles De Belle.

MAY I ask Mr. De Belle, where you get your concepts—your thoughts, of these lovely children—I want to tell the readers of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

"If you write for the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN," said the artist, in answer to my question, "tell them my ideals of the children come to me straight from God." Then with an accession of the modesty that is part of the true artist, he added, "but for God's sake, don't write about me, I prefer to remain in the background."

A room at the Art Gallery has been set aside during the last fortnight for an exhibition of Charles de Belle's pictures and there I met him on Saturday afternoon, modestly enjoying the admiration so freely bestowed on his creations by the many who came to view them. Mr. de Belle is a French Hungarian, who has made Quebec his home for some time, and who has become justly famed for his portraits of children—little elfs of his imagination. One would have to believe in fairies and one feels that the artist who paints them must live in close touch with the spirit world—he must have many glimpses into the Unseen, not vouchsafed to others. There were some fine landscapes also; those, too, were compositions, rather than pictures of actual scenes, for in this case the painter's inspiration is from within, rather than from without. One group of little girls he calls "Joy," another "Poetry," another "Music." A beautiful landscape is entitled simply "Solitude," from which one realizes that Mr. de Belle paints ideas. His medium is chiefly pastel, and among his productions that I admired most, was a head of "Our Saviour," to which one could return again and again, with deeper and deeper joy.

Premier Ferguson in Montreal.

[I] BELIEVE that a great deal of good can be done by more frequent intercourse and as long as I am Premier—and I mean to be Premier a long time—it will be my pleasure to come often to the Province of Quebec." So spoke the Premier of Ontario, to an enthusiastic gathering in the Ritz-Carlton on the occasion of his recent visit here. It was good to see women on the platform, as well as men, and there were both French women and English women, Mrs. Henry Joseph making a capital speech. Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, formerly Minister of Marine, also spoke well.

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson gave us an able historical sketch of the relations of the two great provinces, formerly Upper and Lower Canada, and expressed the most liberal sentiments towards the people of Quebec. The Premier made an appeal for ideals in citizenship, saying that in this women have a great opportunity. "Teach your children what it means to be citizens of a free democracy, the freest in the world—a democracy under the British flag." As a tribute to French loyalty to Great Britain, Mr. Ferguson referred to the gallant stand of De Salabery at Chateauguay.

Le Chœur De La Chapelle Sistine.

AMONG the great events of the last few weeks, was the arrival in our midst of the Sistine (Continued on page 11)

In an Attic

By ALIX THORN

Through the dormer windows is the sunlight stealing,
Lighting up dim corners which their treasures hold
Ancient chairs, a cradle, band box flowered and splendid,
Massive chest and dresser, carven, dark and old.

Cracked the mirror swinging from a dusty rafter,
On the shelf beside it childish books a score.
Here an unknown portrait, tarnished frame encloses,
There a sword and musket, hanging by the door.

Mem'ries haunt the attic, tender, wistful, fadeless;
Stately folk go trooping down the vanished years,
While I sit a-dreaming, high above the city,
Legends sweet recalling, full of smiles and tears.

The object of his trip at this time is to raise money for a foundation fund, the income from which will enable others to carry on his work when he has been called away to other service. He described the Eskimos, as admirable people, saying, "you can leave your purse in an Eskimo hut and you will find it again the next morning." "The total sum of happiness," said Dr. Grenfell, "is often far greater among these simple people of the north. They live the healthy open-air life, track animals, and are imbued with the spirit of adventure. It has been my privilege to visit most

Of Interest to Women

II—Education for Human Development

I believe that every child has a right to the kind of education that will make for his highest human development and will fit him for citizenship in the new democracy.

By A. E. Marty, M.A., LL.D.

school programme so that all children "might have life and have it more abundantly."

THERE are certain inalienable rights conceded to human beings. These rights have been summed up in a famous document as the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The struggles of the laboring classes and the spectacle of the unemployed, with the attendant misery, have led the world to admit that every man has a right to work and at the same time a right to a living wage. Scientific investigators of child life have laid down the axiom that every child has a right to be well born. In the field of education it is admitted that every child has a right to all the education he can take and in the way he can best take it. A liberal education is no longer considered the exclusive right of the privileged classes, and a fixed minimum of education, such as the three R's, sufficient for the masses. True, at times a reactionary wave surges across our country, and men demand, "Of what use are art and nature study and hygiene to the child of the working man?" Surely the public mind has been so thoroughly steeped in a sense of the human right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness that this attempt to again limit the children of the masses to the mere tools of education should meet with the definite refusal that it deserves. Educationists should be allowed to vitalize and enrich the

National Council of Education. The head of one of our great Canadian universities has emphasized on different occasions on the public platform that our schools should train "towards making a life and not merely making a living." Surely, this principle applies to the education of the child of the day laborer, yes, and of the submerged tenth, as well as to the child of the professional man and of the millionaire!

Moreover, it is part of wisdom to create an intelligent democracy. An ignorant electorate is a menace to the nation, but an enlightened democracy is the crown of civilization.

Order

By JULIA W. WOLFE

AS order is Heaven's first law, so it also ought to be woman's. The only certain method of keeping sane and sound the complex life of the modern woman, with its varying demands from kitchen, nursery, schoolroom, club, town, friends, church, is by a careful arrangement of different occupations and pleasures.

The house-mother's bureau drawers must be so well ordered that she need never waste a minute hunting for a glove or a ribbon. Her bread-making must not be done at an hour when it is likely to be interrupted by a caller. Club day and sweeping day will each have its place in the week's programme.

(Continued on page 23.)

The Morning

By IDA M. THOMAS

Begin the day with a beautiful thought,
And then though the skies be gray
And the dreary rain comes pouring down,
You will have a beautiful day.

Begin the day with a song, if you will,
A song with a cheerful tune
And if the morning is dull and sad,
You will notice it changing soon.

Like a sculptor with a portion of clay,
Each morn, you a new day take
And in your own way, chisel out of it
Whatever you choose to make.

FROM every side comes the message that the real purpose of education is to produce a high type of character and of citizenship. "Education for Character and Citizenship" is the motto of the

"The Least of These"

The Story of the Foundling Hospital, London, England

By Helen V. Frost

IN the heart of Old Bloomsbury, to the east of Russell Square, and beyond Guildford Street, the Foundling Hospital, brown, severe, and Georgian, looks out over the London streets. Its square bulk, looming behind its high fence, confronted me on my Sunday morning walk, and I asked a passer-by, a woman of the decent serving-class, the name of the place.

"'Tis the Foundling, Miss," she answered, and as I was still obviously unenlightened, she added, "'tis the 'ome for children."

I had heard of the Sunday morning services at The Foundling Hospital, and I decided at once to follow the orderly stream of people passing in through the wide gate guarded by a porter. Before entering the building, we turned to the right to look at a little stone structure not far from the fence, roofed, but open at the sides, a suggestion of a lich-gate: the shelter built for the cradle, which for years stood there to receive the undesired babies of London. Poor, dear, deserted little souls left there in the chilly lap of charity, and poor mothers, too, creeping off, lonely, under cover of the night.

In 1739, Thomas Coram, captain of an English trading vessel, his big heart aching over the pitiful babies of the London streets, built in Hatton Gardens, a home for "the reception, maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children."

The first boy left at its door was christened Thomas Coram, an heir to the name as well as to the bounty of his protector, and the first girl was called Eunice, after the kindly captain's wife. Some twenty years after its beginning The Foundling was moved to its present site, and the building now stands where a well-known cricket field had formerly been. The pathetic cradle was removed after another four years, and something more regular and formal was demanded in the entrance of these wards of the city. For the past

century or more a harder ordeal has faced the mother who would leave her baby here. She must bring the child to the waiting room and to the attendant nurses; she may give her own name and address and receive in turn the child's assigned number, but she must resign all claim to the baby—must promise never to visit it or in any way to communicate with it, until it is sixteen years old. Now and then a mother returns on the sixteenth anniversary of the separation and with proof that she is able to bear the burden she once relinquished, but such instances are few. Hundreds of children fill The Foundling; five hundred and sixty on count the day of my visit.

FACING the open space in front of the hospital stands a statue of Thomas Coram; past this, and through the open door we entered the hall, ushered in by a fine-looking young fellow in the uniform of The Foundling, one of the children grown to manhood and responsibility. The money offering which we made at the door, small or large, as any one chooses to give, is the only condition of attendance at the Sunday service. Before us from the wall shone the words repeated all over the various halls: "When my Father and my Mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." Before us, too, hung West's beautiful painting, "Christ Blessing Little Children." Through the open doors of the brown, low-ceiled rooms showed other veritable treasures of art, pictures by Reynolds and Hogarth, the latter warmly interested in The Foundling. Hogarth's picture of Thomas Coram has a place of honor, and one sees long rows of portraits of governors of later years. Near the stairway stood a case of trinkets, poor ornaments, tawdry or simple charms, medals and ribbons, each taken from a deserted baby, the pitiful attempt at a future iden-

tification of one's own neglected flesh and blood. The case is now closed for ever; the collection does not grow, though the babies come, alas! as in the old days.

The far away notes of the organ reminded us that the service was beginning and we hurried to the chapel already filling with visitors, the rear of the gallery being reserved for the children. The organ was the gift of Handel, who contributed largely to the funds of the place; the key-board and tuning-fork that he used are still shown, and in this chapel he performed his oratorio, "The Messiah," for the benefit of the hospital, thereby adding several thousand pounds sterling to its funds. The yearly income of The Foundling is said to be now twenty-three thousand pounds, nearly one hundred thousand dollars of our money.

As I climbed the gallery stairs and entered the chapel, I stopped at a sound as of miniature thunder, a sharp rattle quickly subsiding as some four hundred happy-faced little children, the flotam washed up by the tide of the street life of London, sank into their seats, having duly confessed the sins of which they had never dreamed. Upright they sat on the wooden benches rising in tiers; sweet, attractive little children, with blue eyes and brown, golden curls and gypsy coloring, merry faces and dreamy, children-to-be proud of.

The boys were embryo soldiers in semi-military suits with red sashes and cap bands. The girls wore winsey gowns, brown and to their heels, white aprons and mob caps, their sleeves cut short above their round little elbows, white cuffs and collars. The costume is unchanged since the days of George the Third, and brought to mind the quaint figures of the children of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits.

I watched them, fascinated; the words of the really gifted chaplain, fell upon unheeding ears;

(Continued on page 20)

Some Bases of Musical Judgment

Can We Cultivate a Good Ear for Music?

By G. D. Atkinson



VERY one who loves music is, or should be, fond of pictures; and we all have the keenest admiration for those who find their expression in this sister field of art. If I were to speak personally, I would say that, while I am sure that I have inherited a great fondness for pictures, my technical knowledge of them is very meagre. So you will understand what prompted me to say to a well-known artist, as we were viewing a fine exhibition of pictures: "I tell you, my artist-friend, I would give anything to be able to look at these pictures through your eyes." He smiled, and quietly replied: "My music-friend, I would give anything to be able to listen to a fine concert through your ears." And what would some of us not give to be able to read a piece of poetry or prose with the imagination, experience and discernment of some of our literary friends.

Many books have been written with titles such as "How and What to Read," "How to Listen to Music," "How to Look at Pictures." These are all good in their way, but they all bring us back to that elementary principle which, simply stated, is, that in order to really enjoy and appreciate anything, we must know something about it. The business man's slogan is "Educate your public," and along comes a deluge of advertising ranging from the most subtle reading matter to the most hideous and offending bill-board.

In our own country the process of musical education is proceeding slowly but surely, and with it is developing the power of careful, reliable, and sane musical judgment. We all deplore the badly informed, biassed, jealous-minded or purely carping critic, as well as the one who never has any opinions of his own, depending rather upon those of his family or musical friends. So, using the word criticism in the sense of intelligent appreciation, I want to try and help the interested, but perhaps untrained, musical listener to "pigeon-hole," as it were his ideas of any musical performer to whom he may happen to listen. Mark you, I am not going to attempt to deal with any of the subtleties of the art of criticism. We will simply review briefly some of the broad fundamentals.

Take pianoforte playing, for instance. About a year ago now we had within the space of a very few weeks, Paderewski, Hofmann, Hutcheson, Rachmaninoff, and our own Ernest Seitz, playing for us here in Toronto. Comparisons are not all odious. They are often extremely instructive. So, in order to classify our impressions correctly, it will be necessary for us to look at some of the elements which go to make up a successful pianist, and these, with certain deletions, additions and modifications, may be used in sizing up the violinist, cellist, singer, or even conductor.

THE first element, of course, would be the genius element. Now, I am not using that term in the rapt and glib way that the parent with a bad touch of "fond fatheritis" does, when he speaks of his "Jimmie" or his "Ethel" as a "perfect little genius." Mr. Christiani puts it well when he says that intuitive force is genius. As a matter of fact this quality is so rare that one can almost ignore it in this discussion. The second element would be talent. This is of a lower order than genius. It implies a special attitude for any special

employment, and depends more upon careful training and untiring industry than intuitive force. One may have pianistic talent, or it may be violinistic, or linguistic, and so on, as the case may be. It either exists or it does not.

We can consider emotion as the third element, using the term to comprise "all that warmth and feeling, emanating from the soul, which can neither be analyzed nor imparted; that divine spark, that *feu sacré*, that source of all artistic creation, "fantasy, imagination"; that sixth sense, the power of conceiving and divining the beautiful, which is the exclusive gift of God to the artist."

The intellectual element would come next, and this "presupposes capacity, and comprises all musical attainments that are teachable, viz., skill and knowledge; and also all those appreciative qualities required by the intellectual perfection of the above-mentioned faculties, elevating them into cultured refinement, good taste and sound judgment. In fact, it requires each and every musical attainment acquirable by the exercise of thought and mind, including self-control, mastery of emotion and repose. Intelligence aids and corrects talent, it guides and regulates emotion and directs technic."

Technic would be the last element, and we do not need to enlarge upon this, as it implies the more mechanical phases of the work in hand.

So here is the case presented. In a subsequent article I will try and apply this formula more specifically. In the meantime, start with yourself, then your pupils and friends, then Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and Chopin, and lastly, a few of the people you may not like. By the time you have finished with Chopin, you will be feeling fairly humble, and the last group will have a better chance.

Biographical Notes.

IT has occurred to me that many of the readers of this page might be glad to have some first-hand information regarding the lives and work of some of the great musicians, past and present; particularly those who have contributed to the music of the Church. This material is often very difficult to lay one's hand on just when it is wanted, so, if you think that it may be useful to you some day, it might be well to cut them out and paste them in a musical scrap-book. The notes could be

August 12th, 1838; died, London, January 28th, 1896. Of musical family; entered York Minster choir at seven, at ten taught other boys, at twelve was appointed organist; at fifteen, music-master at a school. In 1854 he entered the Royal Academy of Music, London; studied under C. Lucas and Cipriani Potter; held in succession post of organist at St. Michael's, St. James the Less, and to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and (1863-71) of organist and choirmaster at St. Andrew's. Organized (1864), Barnby's Choir (Choral Society), with five annual series of oratorio concerts. Organist of St. Anne's, 1871; then succeeded Gounod as conductor of Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, raising its standard of performance to a very high level. Conductor of the Cardiff Festival, 1892 and 1895; also of South Wales Festival. In 1874 he inaugurated a series of daily concerts in Albert Hall, which were not a success. Conductor of the London Musical Society, 1878-86. In 1875 he was appointed precentor and director of music at Eton, a highly important and influential position. Elected, March 31st, 1892, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. Knighted August 5th, 1892. Works: *Rebekah*, a sacred idyll (oratorio) (1870); *Psalm 97* (1883); *Service in E; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in E flat* (1881); forty-five anthems; 246 hymn tunes; five trios for female voices; thirty-two part songs; thirteen carols; nineteen songs; organ and pianoforte pieces.

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."
—Byron.

Personal

On Saturday, November 3rd, Rev. Simon Crookshanks, one of our most esteemed superannuated ministers, celebrated his eightieth birthday, and the occasion was suitably observed by the holding of a complimentary banquet, given by the class in George Street Sunday school, Peterborough, of which Mr. Crookshanks is the teacher. The banquet was held in the lecture hall of the church, and was attended by about one hundred persons, representing all sides of the church's life. The

chair was occupied by Rev. W. H. Young, pastor of the church, who, after a short musical programme, called on representatives of the Sunday school, the congregation, and Mr. Crookshanks' own class to speak. Reference was made in glowing terms by all the speakers to Mr. Crookshanks' long period of service in the ministry and to the splendid work he had done since superannuation, in the

Sunday school and George Street Church. His own class then presented him with a beautifully-worded address of congratulation and good wishes, accompanied by a purse containing a substantial sum of money. Mr. Crookshanks acknowledged in feeling terms, the kind things which had been said and the gifts which had been presented. It is a matter of profound regret that failing health has now made it imperative that Mr. Crookshanks should give up his last active work in the ministry.

No Room for Dreams

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

No room for dreams, you say, in this swift era
Of fierce activity and crowded life!
The race is to the ready, the efficient;
To pause is to be conquered in the strife.

This is the day of daring and of doing,
Our worth is measured by the gold we gain—
Not fairy gold, a stuff of stars and sunbeams,
But current coin, of value real and plain.

No room for dreams! Yet Joseph was a dreamer,
And David played a harp amid the hills;
Galileo, Columbus, Davy, Newton,
Were men with thinking brains and dauntless wills.

These rose to power through large and noble service,
Born in the dim remoteness of their thought;
In solitude they caught the "vision splendid,"
And who shall say their dreaming was for naught?

Some poet penned the song, the martial measure,
That nerved the hero in the hard-won fight;
Yes, everywhere the dreams of men are shining
Like stars to guide the toilers in the night.

Oh let us keep our visions sweet and sunny;
Elusive, evanescent though they be!
Are they not current coin of Love's own mintage,
A gracious gift of God to you and me?

used at choir rehearsal, or for programme annotation in connection with some work of the composer mentioned. You will find that your choir will take a keener interest in an anthem or cantata, or even a solo, if they know something about the composer. I will try and have one or two for each issue of this page.

Sir Joseph Barnby, conductor of marked ability, fine organist and composer; born, York, England,

The Late Rev. W. A. Cook, M.A., B.D.

Brilliant Student and Successful Preacher

After an illness of only two weeks, Rev. William A. Cook, well known and highly respected throughout the Hamilton Conference, died at the Methodist parsonage, Arkwright, Saturday morning, October 6th, in his thirty-ninth year. W. A. Cook was born July 29th, 1885, in the county of Wentworth, Beverley township, where he received his public school education. With his parents he moved in 1905 to Brant county, Brantford township, which became the family home for the next seven years. It was about this time his heart was drawn toward the Christian ministry, and with this in view, in 1911, he pursued collegiate work in Albert College, Belleville. A year later, his family moved to the city of Brantford, where his high school education was completed. It is interesting to note in view of later achievements, that in 1913 he was awarded the gold medal in senior public speaking by the Brantford College Institute. While completing his collegiate studies in Brantford, he accepted supply work on the Cainsville circuit under the direction of the district chairman, and was received as a probationer for the Methodist ministry in July, 1913. It was just previous to this, on Christmas eve, 1912, that he was united in marriage to Miss Maude Gurney, of Burford. Stationed by the Conference on the Trafalgar circuit in 1914, Mr. and Mrs. Cook took up residence in Oakville, where the former undertook the onerous task of minister on a large circuit along with his selected honor course in Toronto University. After two years at Oakville, he was transferred to the Rockwood and Eramosa circuit, in the Guelph district, still continuing throughout a period of five years the prosecution of a strenuous university course in addition to his preaching and pastoral duties. After graduation, he became for one year associate pastor of Centenary Church, Hamilton, with the late Rev. Dr. Wm. Sparling. He was afterwards commissioned by Conference to take charge of the Arkwright circuit, which he served for two years with admirable devotion and success until the date of his untimely death. The deceased was a distinguished son of Toronto University, having graduated in arts in 1918, receiving from the university the very honorable awards of Governor General's medal and the Sanford gold medal, in honor philosophy and English. Throughout his entire course Mr. Cook enjoyed the rare distinction of receiving always first-class honors—an academic achievement of no mean order, considering that he carried always the handicap

of circuit work. Subsequently, he pursued post-graduate work, obtaining in 1920 his M.A. degree from the University of Toronto, and later his B.D. from Victoria College. In the death of Mr. Cook the Hamilton Conference and the whole Church has lost a noble son and a minister and scholar of great promise. Providence had endowed him with a mind of extraordinary power, as also with an unusually abundant fund of human understanding and sympathy. It was in virtue of these qualities, so beautifully blended, that he was held everywhere among congregations and friends in the highest esteem and love. His teachers and brother ministers know how admirable he was for the honest ruggedness of his intellectual life. This contributed generously to make his preaching at once stimulating and helpful. It is his closest friends, however, who remember him with fond and grateful sadness for those finer qualities of thoughtfulness, tenderness and love, which make up the better part of every good man's life. A virile native kindness and a strong resourcefulness contributed its logical quota to a very bright and happy home. As one who enjoyed a generous amount of hospitality in the happy little family circle, now so tragically incomplete through the loss of an indispensable husband and father, I desire to express to those who experience bereavement in its severest form, my own, and on behalf of many another, the deepest sympathy at this time of inestimable loss. In sincerest words, and with a heart saddened through a sense of personal loss, I wish to lay my tribute of respect and affection upon the silent tomb of one whom in life I knew to be indeed a true friend, a manly man, a delightful companion, and a devoted Christian. The funeral service, conducted in Arkwright Church, October 8th, was in charge of the Rev. J. Culp, chairman of the Warton district. Professor W. T. Brown, Ph.D., was present and gave a most appreciative review of his late pupil's brilliant academic life. A memorial service was held in the Paris Methodist Church, Tuesday, Oct. 9th, at which the Rev. C. D. Draper, President of Conference, presided. Words of sincere tribute were expressed in brief addresses by Revs. G. W. Barker, J. Culp, E. Brearley, and E. S. Sinclair. Interment in Paris Cemetery followed the memorial service. Deceased leaves a widow—formerly Miss Maude Gurney of Burford, and three small sons, Leslie, William and Lloyd. Also a father, Mr. William Cook of Brantford, and a brother, Robert Cook of Paris, Gait, Ont. ELMER S. SINCLAIR.

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The regular meeting of the Toronto Methodist Ministerial Association will be held in the Board Room, Wesley Buildings, on Monday, December 10th, at 10.30 a.m. Devotions will be conducted by Rev. H. S. Osborne, B.A., B.D. Dr. Vining will speak on the

Armenian situation and the order of the day will be taken by Prof. W. Brown, Ph.D., of Victoria College, on the subject, "Some Conceptions of God." Visiting brethren cordially invited.

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Northern Alberta News

The Prohibition Fight

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

REMEMBER, remember the 5th of November!" Albertans will have cause to remember it. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone brilliantly and the atmosphere was warm, but we will remember it as the beginning of the wet period, with respect to our liquor laws. Many are rejoicing in a great victory. The Prohibitionists, who worked so hard to keep the door of Alberta closed against the legal entrance of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes, are disappointed but not discouraged. They prefer to lose in this instance rather than to win with their opponents. They have not been beaten in spirit, but are already preparing for the next conflict. The battle with King Alcohol sways back and forth. We have been compelled to retire, but in good order, with our faces toward the foe; with spirits buoyant. The struggle will go on, and we are content to let those who can find satisfaction in the vote of November 5th do so. The brewers and distillers, the advocates of personal liberty, the thirsty crew, as well as those who want the Government to reap the revenue from the profits of the liquor business, have come into their own for the time being. Many factors contributed to the defeat of prohibition. The fact that some of our druggists and doctors have degraded their professions by turning bootleggers, and that there was much drinking in certain circles, gave force to the demand for a change in policy. The terms "Moderation" and "Government Control" were very catchy. They seemed to offer a guarantee of pure liquors at reasonable prices, while frowning upon all excesses in the use of these, and the securing to the Government the profits now going into the pockets of the bootleggers. On the platform, and by means of literature, the Prohibitionists tried to warn the electors that experience in British Columbia shows that Government Control has failed dismally in all these respects, but with harvesting operations in full blast, it was impossible to get the facts before the people, and many who heard were not disposed to heed, but determined to try the new experiment.

Then, of course, we had the apostles of personal liberty, and the liquor interests to contend with. It is significant that despite the fact that the Hotelmen's Association were the first to move and present to the Government a monster petition, they disappeared from the fight and threw the strength of their organization behind the Moderationists in the interests of Clause D.

Another and a very serious handicap to the cause of Prohibition was the ungallant attitude of the Government. Though elected on a prohibition platform, and supported by the repeated pronouncements of the U.F.A., the Farmers' Government, not only dodged responsibility in the House when the referendum discussion was before the Legislature, but in the campaign neither the Premier, as head of the Government, nor the Attorney-General, who is charged with the responsibility of enforcing the Act, took any active part. When asked to speak on behalf of Prohibition, Premier Greenfield pleaded "another engagement." The Premier's attitude has shaken the confidence of many of his former supporters. The Hon. Irene Parlby, minister without portfolio, rendered splendid service dur-

ing the campaign, as did also Hon. Alex. Ross (Labor), Minister of Public Works.

Lamont.

THE work at Lamont was never in a more flourishing condition than at present. This is attributable to two causes. They have a satisfactory scheme of co-operation with the Presbyterians, and, even more important, they have in Rev. Stephen Irving a man who commends himself to Presbyterians and Methodists alike as preacher, pastor and citizen. One cannot speak of Lamont without reference to the hospital maintained by the Methodist Missionary Society. Drs. Archer, Rush and Young, with their staff of nurses are rendering a noble Christian ministry in the vast Ruthenian colony, of which Lamont is the centre. While in Lamont the correspondent visited the hospital and called on Mr. Fedun, M.P.P., who was recovering from a painful accident. Mr. Fedun is a Ruthenian who is held in honor by the English-speaking people as well as his own folk. He is a devout Christian and an ardent prohibitionist. It is such men and women as our missionaries in this colony, and such institutions as our W.M.S. missions and our hospitals, that are helping to develop these splendid leaders among the new Canadians. We were glad to find our good friends, Watson Ross, of Lamont, and J. K. Smith, of Chipman, hard at work. Both these men speak the language of the Ukrainian people and have won the respect and confidence of large numbers of them. Mr. Ross is engaged exclusively in foreign work, while Mr. Smith works among the English-speaking settlers as well.

Peace River District

THE immense Peace River District, presided over by that old-timer, R. E. Finley, is this year rejoicing in a bumper crop and ideal weather conditions. Under orders from the Prohibition Committee, the correspondent visited the Peace River country in response to an urgent appeal from the committee in Peace River town. One now travels in comparative comfort over the E.D. and B.C.R., operated by the O.P.R. En route we were pleased to greet Rev. Thos. Reed at Westlock. He was in the midst of the Prohibition fight, and, as usual, throwing his whole soul into the work in hand. Westlock is forging ahead under Mr. Reed's leadership. Religious education is receiving special attention and the organized Sunday-school work is steadily advancing. At Peace River town, under co-operation, the work is directed by the Presbyterians with Rev. Mr. Pow as missionary.

We visited Berwyn, at the end of the steel, and found Brother J. H. Stark carrying on heroically. He was in the midst of special services at a country appointment, as well as pushing the prohibition campaign. We were hospitably entertained at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, formerly of Manitoba, but now prominent residents of Berwyn District.

We had a fine opportunity of seeing a portion of the Peace River District driving from Berwyn to Peace River, returning the next day and driving on to Waterhole, in all about 175 miles. The weather was ideal, and it was a revelation to a visitor to see the immense areas of agricultural

land, from which the farmers have threshed a bountiful crop and on which were to be seen some fine specimens of live stock.

At Waterhole the settlers are a long way from the railroad. It takes three days to make one return trip with a load of grain. This long haul, together with the distance from the eastern markets, makes the net return to the farmer comparatively small. There is a spirit of unconquerable optimism, however, and the sturdy pioneers are expecting an extension of the railroad, west from Berwyn, next year and ultimately a line through to the Pacific coast. We found Brother T. J. Stainton, our missionary at Waterhole, busily engaged. He is over thirty miles from the railway, but is happy in his work, for which he and Mrs. Stainton volunteered last Conference. He has a huge territory to cover, with seven appointments. One urgent need is a portable organ, as there is a musical instrument at only one appointment. If this notice should happen to reach some "live wire" in a Sunday-school class, or Young People's Society, or any other interested person, please communicate with Brother Stainton at once.

We heard good reports of George F. Simpson, a probationer at Rolla. He has a large rural mission far removed from the railroad, and offering a great challenge to the courage and devotion of any young man. Mr. Simpson is meeting it in the spirit of the real missionary, and is happy in his great work.

We had not an opportunity of visiting the chairman, Brother Finley, and the other brethren of the Peace River District, but we know that our men in the far north are worthy of all honor. They and their families are denied many of the advantages that the rest of us enjoy. Financially, these men suffer because of the high prices they have to pay for all commodities. It is to be hoped the bonus will not have to be cut off on account of a shortage in missionary funds. Our men are living in poor parsonages, scantily furnished, and on the minimum salary. If we are to keep men at work in these very important mission fields, some better provision will have to be made for their maintenance and the comfort of their wives and families.

The Price Meetings in Edmonton.

DR. PRICE has come and gone. Great throngs attended the meetings in the Arena for three weeks. What are the results? No one will ever know how far-reaching were the ringing Gospel appeals of this undoubtedly forceful preacher. However, one might dissent from some of Dr. Price's theological beliefs, there can be no denying the fact that he exalted Christ and gloried in His cross. His messages were sympathetic, simple, earnest and free from extravagance and fanaticism. Vast congregations were mightily moved. Regarding the physical healing, one wonders if the evangelist is not too sweeping in his assurances. That there is wonderful curative power in a right mental attitude, whether induced by religious faith or by other means, we can all readily admit, and doubtless the Church has not been fully alive to the healing power of faith. Many there are in Edmonton who claim

(Continued on page 18)

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Youth and Service

Young People's League

Senior Topic for December 23

The Christmas Story

Devotional

Matthew 2:1-12

By Rev. H. T. Ferguson

MATTHEW and Luke have each given us a wonderfully beautiful Christmas story. Matthew's story of the Wise Men has greatly stirred Christian imagination. We have become so familiar with Lew Wallace's elaboration of it and Henry Van Dyke's addition to it that we have to read over the original story occasionally to remind ourselves just what Matthew did write.

Out of the East, beyond the bounds of Israel—doubtless, out of Persia—came these disciples of Zoroaster. They had the best religion of their time outside of Judaism. "Their sacred books prove them to have been no degraded, sensual idolaters. When they fed their sacred fires with spices and fragrant wood it was not the fire they worshipped, but a strange and unseen Light, of which the fire was a symbol. Their Ormuzd was an Infinite Spirit, and the star spirits were his bright subordinates. They believed in immortality, in judgment, in prayer, in the sacredness of marriage, in obedience, in honesty, and they practised carefully most of the virtues of the Christian morality, including that foundation one of truthfulness, which is rare enough in both East and West." The lofty and serious thought of these men is manifest in their quest. They are not prospectors looking for gold mines, nor are they politicians endeavoring to develop better export markets for their nation's produce. They are religious idealists, out looking for a Heaven-sent king, who shall champion the cause of righteousness on the earth, and bring in God's new day. So great is their faith that they will be successful in their quest that they have brought with them, doubtless at great risk through robber-infested country, very valuable gifts to lay at the feet of the new King—gold, frankincense and myrrh.

The medieval interpreters made the gold to be a recognition of His Kingship, the frankincense of His Deity, and the myrrh of His death. A very beautiful, but a very fanciful interpretation! Let us be content to see that these were the choicest, the most valuable, of their nation's products. They would bring to the King their best, indicative of the homage and willing obedience of their hearts. What a Christmas gift it will be—enough to set the bells of heaven ringing with joy—if we young people of Canadian Methodism will follow the leadership of the Wise Men and lay at the feet of our Lord the best we have to give!

Canadian Literature

By C. C. Washington

IN the absence of a special topic for this month's literary meeting we return again to our brief sketches of our Canadian literature—Canadian novelists being the subject for this time.

If it was hard, in our last discussion, to choose from the multitude of Canadian poets, what shall we say concerning the even larger number of Canadian fiction writers? From the earliest days we have had really good story-writers in Canada, whether their stories were all fiction or not. In-

deed, some of our intensely interesting stories of early days were not fiction at all, but thrilling tales of real life in pioneer times. But whether in fiction form or not, our best writers have kept true to Canadian life and conditions, and we have had many good pictures of ourselves from our novelists.

William Kirby, who lived for seventy-five years at Niagara, and who wrote "Le Chien d'Or" (The Golden Dog), and James DeMille, the New Brunswick professor and writer of over thirty novels, are two men from the earlier days worth knowing. "Le Chien d'Or" is one of the finest Canadian historical romances yet written. Here, too, must be mentioned Edward William Thompson, journalist and writer of adventure, beloved by boys, and best-known, perhaps, as the author of "Old Man Savarin." He was born in Ontario in 1849.

BBETTER known, however, are those of more recent days. Sir Gilbert Parker and Charles G. D. Roberts stand, perhaps, at the head of those who have written stories with Canadian history as background. The past comes back to us in these tales, and they are more than worth while. Agnes Laut, in her books, has brought to us the early days in the great north-west land. Writing of more recent days in Ontario and the West, we have Ralph Connor (Rev. C. W. Gordon), who needs no introduction to most of us. H. A. Cody, and Robert W. Service, following along the same path, have opened up life in the far north—Mr. Service writing particularly of the Yukon, and Mr. Cody writing also of the western plains, as well as of his home province, New Brunswick.

Among our novelists more general in their work, we have some distinguished names. Mrs. Nellie McClung and Robert E. Knowles, whose work we have studied this year, must be mentioned again here. Marion Keith, the writer of "The Black-Bearded Barbarian," has written some good Ontario stories as well. Most people know something of Mrs. Ewan McDonald, much better known as L. M. Montgomery, whose home province is Prince Edward Island, and who has introduced very many Canadians indeed to "Anne" of Green Gables. Her books have been enjoyed all over Canada.

Suggestions for December Meeting.

1. As literary vice-president you are given considerable freedom in your programme for this Christmas meeting. The only suggestion on the topic card, apart from the Bible reading, is that each member come prepared with some Christmas Scripture verse memorized and ready to give. Announce this well beforehand, and make much of this and the Bible topic in the meeting.

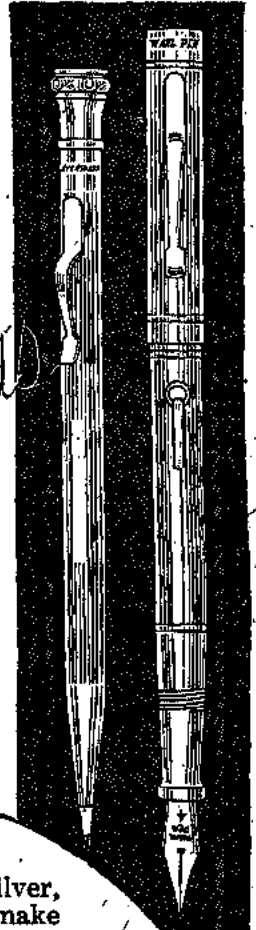
2. You have opportunity, in addition, for a splendid varied programme of Christmas interest. Have some Christmas music. Write to the Book Room for information about some Christmas pageant you might put on. You might think of lantern slides and enquire from the same source. Watch the Canadian papers and magazines around Christmas time and you can secure some good material for programmes in the shape of stories or poems. It will fit in with the year's study of Canadian literature.

3. It will be a good plan to collect

(Continued on page 17)

Three Weeks until Christmas

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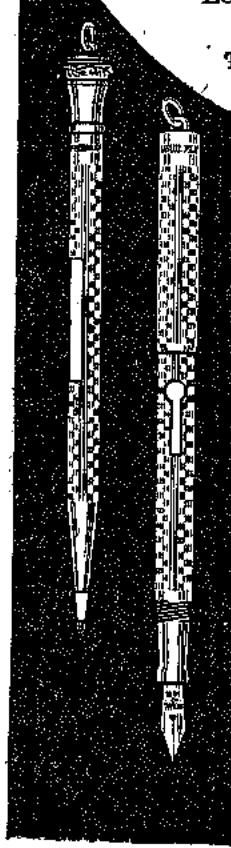


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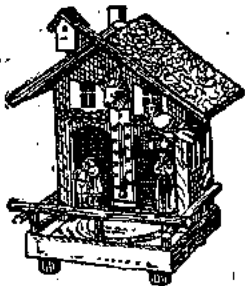
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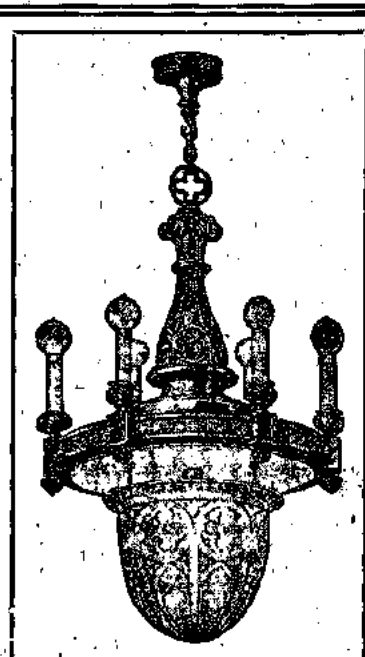
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By BERTHA E. GREEN

The Little Worlds of Upside-down

"HERE he is," cried the porcupine, and then exclaimed: "There he isn't!"

"Whatever are you talking about?" asked Dot.

"I don't think I will tell anything about the queer fellow until he feels sociable enough to come out, and stay out long enough to say 'howdy-do,'" said the porcupine, who was feeling a bit grumpy.

Tom-Tom, the lynx, just before he had gone away, had whispered something in the porcupine's ear, but the prickly fellow had forgotten about it. He had been too busy teasing the fox with the puff-snuff balls, to think of anything else, but, just as soon as the fun was over, he remembered what the lynx had said.

"The Little Worlds of Upside-down, Grow in a single night,
With trees, and hedges, paths, and fields,

And all of purest white.

"Seek only in the sheltered spots,
Where lies the deepest shade,
For Little Worlds of Upside-down,
In autumn sunlight fade."

This was what the lynx had whispered into the porcupine's ear, and the more that Pop thought about it, the less he understood what Tom-Tom meant. Old Pop Porcupine had never heard of such a thing as a World of Upside-down, excepting when the brown bear stood on his head, and thought that he was the only one who was right side up.

"Listen to this, and tell me what you think it means," said Pop to Don and Dot, and he repeated the two little verses.

"I think that Tom-Tom was joking," said Don.

"Oh, no," said Dot. "Tom-Tom is so very serious when he talks in whispers. The upside-down places that he told about cannot be far away, or he would not have said anything about them. Supposing we all start and hunt for them."

"Fine!" exclaimed Old Pop Porcupine, beginning at once to root at and under old stumps and logs, and to nose into every brush-pile that he came to.

Don thought that the upside-down worlds might be found higher up, so he searched the bushes, and looked up into the leafless branches of the trees, but saw nothing like what he sought. Dot walked across the little clearings and open spaces, her sharp eyes peering and peering at every grass-clump and tangle of weeds.

Don and Old Pop Porcupine were still searching, when an excited cry from Dot brought them both running to where she was standing in the grassy bottom of a "pot-hole," or natural, cup-like hollow. She held something in her hands, something that sparkled and glistened as she held it towards her brother and the porcupine so that they could see what she had found.

"Oh, I have found it! I have found it!" cried Dot. "It is just what Tom-Tom, the lynx, said that it was. It is a really, truly World of Upside-down."

When Don and Pop Porcupine could see what Dot was holding, they both laughed aloud, for what they saw was only a thin, broken sheet of ice. The night before had been a very frosty one, and had not only hardened the wet and muddy places, but had frozen each little puddle so that it was covered with a sheet of ice.

The bottom of the "pot-hole" was dotted with these little puddles, and when Dot stepped into one of them, the ice broke, and as it turned up edgewise, Dot knew that she had found what she was hunting for. The upper side of the sheet of ice was as smooth as a mirror, but the under side was, as the lynx had said, a World of Upside-down.

All the water that had been in the puddle was now ice, which, as it was raised above the bottom, left room for Jack Frost to work one of his prettiest wonders. On the under side of the ice-sheet, were trees of feathery frost-plumes, bending frost-grasses and flowers, while, winding in and out through the little white forest were paths and roads, that glistened as if they were paved with diamonds.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Old Pop Porcupine. "One never knows what wonders will show themselves next. When anything like this turns up, just under my nose, as you might say, I feel as if I knew very little after all."

"I am surprised to hear you say that you did not know all about the Little Worlds of Upside-down, as soon as you heard the name," said Don, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "Haven't I heard you say that you knew all about the woods and everything in them?"

"Perhaps you did, Boy Don," replied the prickly fellow seriously, "but when I said anything like that, I was boasting a bit, for—

"The mysteries and wonders in a patch of woods so small,
You'd think 'most anybody's mind could know and hold them all,
The strange things, and the beautiful, that hide, but half concealed,
By brook, or pond, by highroad, on hilltop, hedge, or field,
You would be sure that one who lives amongst them all year 'round,
Could tell what each one looks like, and just where each may be found,
But, though I'm wise—know, oh, so much—Jack Frost comes, and there grows
A Little World of Upside-down, just underneath my nose."

Dot had been holding the piece of ice in her bare hands, and was so interested in looking at the work of Jack Frost, that she did not seem to feel her fingers getting colder and colder. But when the sunlight melted the frost-forest of the Little World of Upside-down, Dot dropped the cake of ice, cried out, and began to clap her hands together.

Almost immediately, the air was filled with the sound of clapping, as if at least forty people were trying to warm their cold hands. Where was all the noise coming from? Don, Dot, and Old Pop Porcupine looked all around, but could see no one.

(To be continued)

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An Omission from the Book Number

We regret that the concluding paragraphs of the review of "Stories from the Land of Evangeline," by Grace McLéod Rogers, were inadvertently omitted from last week's issue. We wish to draw attention to the fact that this book is published in a very attractive form by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, and that the price is \$2.00.

The Curly Brown Leaves

A Sleepy-Time Story for Little Folk

BETTY and Billy were having such a jolly time in the woods, that afternoon in late November. The brown, curled-up leaves were lying in big heaps everywhere, and it was such fun to run through them, and hear the swishing sound they made, as they flew in all directions. Billy shouted with glee, as he put his sister down on the path, and buried her under a leafy blanket. Betty said it was nice and warm under it. Then they ran away, and I wish you could have heard what the leaves said! I'm afraid they grumbled a bit, and said things that were not very nice about Billy and Betty. You see, the children had mixed them up, and it takes some time for the leaves to get straightened out again.

When Mother Tree prepares for the winter, she very gently unfastens her children and lets them flutter to the ground, where they curl up close to the big, protecting trunk, and get ready for the long sleep. Each family likes to be near to Mother, and it is comforting to know that brothers and sisters are near by. When Betty and Billy came through they disturbed things terribly, and some of the big, brown oak leaves found themselves with a maple family. Mother Beech and Mother Butternut were very much worried about some of their children, and because the little leaves were sleepy and afraid, they began to cry. You know the sound they make. Rustling is what we call it, but this was a mournful rustle. Big West Wind was so sorry for them, that she came and gently picked up the little lost ones and restored them to their mothers. Then you could hear the happy, shrill rustling, and the deeper voices of the mother trees as they tried to make their children settle down peacefully to rest once more. It was cold in the big woods, and

the little leaves had to huddle together to keep warm, and how they wished their dear old nurse would come along and tuck them in! She was late, and as they waited, they wondered what could be keeping her. However, the night after Billy and Betty had been there, faintly at first, and then more clearly the little leaves heard a welcome sound. It was the loud, strong tone of North Wind singing his lullaby. He pretty nearly always accompanies Nature on her good-night visit to the leaf children, and he seems to like to sing them to sleep. Mother trees dropped their arms protectively over the children, who gave one or two contented rustlings and then went off to sleep, as Nature tucked her soft, white, and very warm blanket in around them. You know how nice it is when Mother tucks you in, and whispers a good-night. Nature, busy as she is, with more children to look after than the old woman who lived in a shoe, loves to come and tuck the little leaf children in under the snowy eiderdown, and kiss them good-night.

Next morning when the Sun waked and climbed up over the hill, he looked upon a forest world asleep. The Sun, you know, is so proud of himself, because he always gets up when he is called, and never has to be coaxed, that he likes to call other people "sleepy-heads." But when he opened his mouth to say something to the leaves, a voice he recognized as North-Wind's said in a low, yet coldly piercing whisper, "H-u-sh-sh-sh! Who-o-o-o-o! H-u-sh-sh-sh!" And the Sun, who is a little bit afraid when North Wind calls in that tone, shivered a bit and turned and went on tiptoe over the hill, leaving the little leaves to slumber peacefully for a long winter while, under the protection of the mother trees.

Youth and Service

(Continued from page 14)

and save copies of the GUARDIAN which have the literature sketches, for review purposes at the close of the year. Some interesting plans will be given for those who do.

Junior Programme

For December 23

THE Christmas service with the juniors should be planned with a special care, that an atmosphere of peace and good will, a feeling of reverence and a spirit of love and service may be felt. The following order is merely suggestive. Any service which is careful in detail, not only fosters a more worshipful spirit but it largely eliminates any problem of discipline.

A chord for attention, played by the pianist, followed by a bursting into song, "The First Nowell." President repeats: "The Lord is in His Holy temple. Members recite softly: "Let all the earth keep silence before Him." All heads bowed: A Christmas prayer by the superintendent. Song: "O little town of Bethlehem." Secretary's report. Scripture drill: one of the leaguers will recite the birth of Jesus: Luke, 2:1-14. A few good slides will be thrown on the screen. Song: "Away in a manger." Offering.

The juniors will be offering some gift to the King whose birthday we are remembering. Perhaps your league will be packing a basket for

some family in unfortunate circumstances. Have all the gifts tied neatly in white paper. Then let the leaguers march quietly to the altar while soft music is played, and lay their gifts of tea, sugar, oranges there in remembrance of Jesus, who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Song: "Silent night, holy night," sung by a visitor invited for the occasion, followed by a Christmas story told by the leader.

The field is rich in stories which convey the Christmas spirit in a concrete, vital way. In the Sunday school the birth of Christ will be dwelt on intensively, and in the league through the Scripture drill period. Stories: "The First Christmas Tree," and "The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke, are both beautiful stories. They cannot be told too often. Even adults are inspired by their message. "Christmas Carol," by Dickens, is a favorite. It is impossible to nourish a grouch or an indifferent attitude to Christmas when one has dwelt in the atmosphere of this story. "Why the Chimes Rang," was given in the list of shorter Christmas stories last week. It is, perhaps, the rarest gem in the shorter list. For a "White Gifts" Christmas it is most appropriate. Song: "Hark, the herald angels sing." Benediction.

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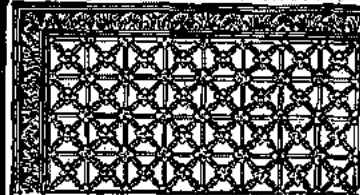
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Our Montreal Letter

(Continued from page 8)

Choir of the Vatican. Music lovers from all over the province came to Montreal to hear this wonderful group of singers and Notre Dame Cathedral was packed to the doors for the occasion. It was a clear, beautiful autumn evening, and Place d'Armes Square was thronged with people, the majority of whom had tickets, but many of whom were waiting to purchase standing room, when their more opulent or far-seeing brethren had passed in. A good-humored crowd it was, and jokes in French and jokes in English were freely passed around. At last we were within the great cathedral and the far-famed choir took its place in the chancel, a group of men and boys all in white surplices. The singing began, and was incomparable in its purity of tone, its fervor, its volume, and at times, its exquisite softness. There was no applause except what one felt pulsating through the atmosphere, amounting to a sigh of intense satisfaction, at the conclusion of each number. When the Sistine Choir sang in St. Patrick's the following Sunday evening, Father McShane allowed the audience to applaud, saying that the Church was a concert hall for the time being.

Canadian Authors' Banquet

THIS being Canadian Book Week, the Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, held a banquet on Monday evening at the Westerners' Club, when B. K. Sandwell was guest of honor, and Duncan Campbell Scott, the distinguished Canadian poet, the chief speaker. Prof. Sandwell has recently resigned from the chair of economics at McGill to go to Queen's University, Kingston, and as he has been an indefatigable worker in the Canadian Authors' Association it was fitting that he should be honored. The tables were in the form of the letter T and Warwick Chipman, K.C., presided. On his right was Mr. Sandwell, and next to him Sir Andrew McPhail, who so ably translated Louis Hemon's masterpiece, "Maria Chapdelaine." On his

left was Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott, whom I would have known for a poet anywhere, though he is also Deputy Superintendent General of Indian affairs at Ottawa. Prof. Sandwell's after-dinner speech was a humorous account of life in Kingston, and justified his reputation as a witty and facile speaker, for he kept his hearers in a constant chuckle that must have been very good for the digestion of the material side of the banquet. My neighbor on my right was a fellow student of Sir Henry Newbolt at Oxford, and we had a delightful conversation about that great man, passing from him to Lord Birkenhead, St. John Irvine, Hugh Walpole, and others.

The great treat of the evening came when Dr. Scott addressed us, and concluded by reciting two of his poems. He said that he thought Canadian life was often wrongly interpreted, and instanced the conventional idea of the Indian, with a little story. An Englishman had just come to Alberta and was walking one day towards Red Deer to meet his wife and children. He heard a great noise of hoofs, and looking around, saw an Indian in all the splendor of war paint and feathers, galloping towards him. The Indian's arms were waving in the air after his manner in riding, and when he overtook the Englishman he reined his horse back on its haunches. The man from Derbyshire thought his end had come and was prepared to see a tomahawk flourished at him in a moment. The Indian leaned towards him for one awful moment and said—"Have you a match?" So great was the relief of the newcomer that he gave the Indian all the matches he had. The Indian then said, "Don't move," and the Englishman again thought he had murderous intentions, so he stood there petrified, while the Indian galloped off. In a few minutes he was back with his horse hitched to a buggy—"Get in," said he laconically, "I drive you to Red Deer."

EDITH M. LUKE.

Montreal, Nov. 22nd, 1923.

Northern Alberta News

(Continued from page 14)

great physical benefits. Many, on the other hand, who were anointed are not improved physically. Perhaps Ministerial Associations, instead of appointing investigating committees, would accomplish more by going to Dr. Price as brethren, and, in a sympathetic spirit, but with the utmost frankness, discuss their difficulties with respect to this phase of his work. The spiritual results, if one is to judge by the comparatively small number of cards received by the ministers, are

disappointing. On the other hand, a union prayer-meeting is being held every Friday night in McDougall Church, with an average attendance of about one thousand. There has been no newspaper advertising and little publicity given them, and yet they are meetings the like of which this city has not hitherto witnessed. At the meeting held last night several young people knelt at the altar seeking a closer walk with God.

R. LORNE McTAVISH.

Corrections for Missionary Report

In reporting the missionary contributions of Waskada Union Church, Manitoba, in the Annual Missionary Report, \$94 is indicated as a decrease in contributions, when it should have been an increase of this amount. We regret that this mistake was made.

An error occurred in reporting in the Annual Missionary Report the missionary contributions from Cairn-

gorm, Strathroy District. The report should read: Sub. and Colls., \$243.48; Inc., \$23.43.

A remittance of \$23.55 was credited to Strathroy circuit in error. The total receipts from Strathroy circuit should therefore read \$900 instead of \$923.55, and no increase should be reported.

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Civilized Men Old at Forty

The highest authority in America, Prof. McCollum, says: "Old age disease deaths have doubled within thirty years, every year younger persons being attacked, due mostly to faulty foods." In these thirty years patent white flour and refined cereals were invented, and diseases of the heart, arteries, kidneys, brain, nerves, and digestive organs have kept even pace with their ever-increasing use, until now 165,000 young people die each year in the States alone under 40, from diseases which belong to 70 or beyond.

A return to a natural, unrefined, non-acid dietary of whole grains, milk, eggs, leafy vegetables, and fruits will go far to protect civilized man from the ravages of these diseases, unknown to simple races who do not use refined products.

Roman Meal is the only non-acid grain or cereal food, 400 parts "Excess Alkali" in each 1,000 parts, alkaline enough to correct the "Excess Acids" of white flour, other cereals, meats, fats, and sweets, all known to modern food science as "Excess Acid" foods, because they turn the blood from its natural alkalinity to acid. Acid blood lowers vitality, irritates vital organs, prevents body repair, prematurely bringing on old age and disease. Roman Meal keeps the blood alkaline or non-acid, relieves the organs of irritation and strain and rebuilds them, restoring youthfulness and vigor of body and mind. Being non-acid it cools the blood and keeps you up-standing and fit.

Use Roman Meal every day. It makes delicious porridge, muffins, pancakes, johnny cake, etc. Add it to your white flour baking to improve its flavor and to restore valuable properties lost in making flour white. All grocers sell Roman Meal.

-(adv.)

Antioch

Jew and Greek Unite to Evangelize the Roman World

By REV. GEORGE C. PIDGEON, D.D.

Lesson for December 16. Acts 11: 22-30; Acts 13: 1-4.

ANTIOCH was for years the chief Church in Christendom. She became a fount of spiritual energy out of which streams of service flowed in all directions. At first by her missionary zeal, and later on by her scholarship and preaching power, she extended widely the Kingdom of God. As long as Christianity was confined to Judaism, Jerusalem was the mother Church, but now that its bounds have widened to take in all mankind, a Church composed of Jews and Gentiles with the Gentile spirit predominating is the source of missionary inspiration and activity. What we have here is a great idea taking concrete form, a new conception of God and of His purposes of grace leading to the spiritual transformation of thousands and their enlistment in the movement that made them what they were.

The story is brief and simple. A number of believers who were scattered abroad by the persecution that followed Stephen's death, went down toward the Mediterranean and moved northward as far as Antioch, preaching as they went. They were men who had suffered the consequences of Stephen's work without having caught the idea behind it, because, while Stephen taught that the spirituality of Christian worship lifted it above racial limitations, these men preached to Jews only. But some of them, men from Cyprus and Cyrene, tried the Gospel on the Greeks. No one believed it would work for they had not heard the story of Cornelius, but they tried it anyway. To their surprise it did work, and these Greeks were changed in nature and soul just as the disciples themselves had been at Pentecost. The new idea spread like wild-fire, and the men thus renewed and the men who had been the means of renewing them, went in all directions preaching to Gentiles and winning large numbers to God. The movement came to a head in Antioch where a large number of people were added to the Lord.

THERE were two features in this movement that were strange and new. Previously they had always had the inspired preacher; Peter, Stephen and Philip are cases in point; here a number of obscure laymen whose names are unknown start a world-embracing movement by telling the Gospel story. Evidently the propagation of the Gospel is not to be left exclusively to envoys regularly ordained and commissioned. Next, the converts were from a class not hitherto regarded as eligible for Christ's Kingdom. It had been tacitly assumed that salvation was for Jews only, and that a Gentile who desired it had first to become a Jew. Here the miracle of Acts 10 is repeated over and over on a large scale, and numbers of the uncircumcised are quickened with the new life in Christ. Darwin said once that a certain Patagonian tribe had not evolved enough to have the capacity for religion; certain missionaries accepted his challenge and preached Christ to them, and succeeded in producing a very high type of Christian character. This is precisely the same situation, only it is stated in the religious language of the first century instead of the scientific

terms of the nineteenth. In both cases what man declared impossible God did, with results that influence the eternities.

The Church in Jerusalem heard of this new work of grace. It was completely beyond their expectations and outside the range of their ideas of Christianity. However, it was reported as a work of grace, and, wherever the Holy Spirit was at work, they regarded it as their function to cooperate. Just as they had sent Peter and John to Samaria to look into the results of Philip's preaching and to bring to the converts a blessing which only the Church and its leaders could impart (Acts 8: 14-17), so they sent Barnabas to Antioch to teach and train the converts and organize them into a Christian Church. No apostle ever had a more difficult task. Jewish Christians were suspicious of a movement that put Gentiles on the same level as themselves. If the Jew hated the Gentile, the proud Greek and Roman despised the Jew. To bring the two together was a serious task, and no other could have done it but the Son of Consolation. (Acts 4: 36). First, he recognized it as a genuine work of grace, and rejoiced with the converts over the work of God among them. Then he taught and trained and organized them. Soon the work became too great for him, and he brought into it Saul of Tarsus who had long since recognized and taught that the salvation of the Gentiles was Christ's plan. When famine came upon Jerusalem, Barnabas and Saul led the Antiochian Christians to contribute generously to their relief, and so they applied the principle of "communism," first illustrated in the community of goods in Jerusalem, to the Gentile and Jew in the Church of Christ.

THUS Barnabas succeeded in rendering three services of priceless worth to Christianity. First, he led the Church to widen her bounds to take in the new movement. Here is a great revival; it is on lines never before recognized; the moment that it became clear that it was a real work of grace the Church broadened her bounds to include it.

The Church followed where Christ led; thus He guided her, timid, but obedient, into a new heritage as wide as the world. Second, the rich experience of these young believers was interpreted by the truth of the Gospel and the deeper experiences of older believers. A great experience that is not disciplined and enlightened by God's word and the accounts of His dealings with others runs into fanaticism; illumined and directed by the universal experience, it gains a richness and strength impossible otherwise. Third, this Church rose to claim its place in the Church universal and Barnabas guided them in doing it. They did not allow the difference between Jew and Gentile to shut them out of their heritage. It is so easy to work up antagonisms. The schismatic is always among us, and narrowness and bitterness often find a response where a spiritual appeal falls on deaf ears. But in spite of provoking attacks and misunderstandings (Gal. 2: 11-16), believers in Antioch held fast their place in the universal Church, and in so doing received blessings and rendered services otherwise impossible.



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high little voices joined vigorously in the singing, and as the prayers began I saw a flutter as of snowflakes; every tiny apron was whisked over the face of its wearer. When the prayer was over the apron fluttered down, to be decorously smoothed in place over the little knees.

The boys bowed their heads reverently, as a unit. They almost invariably go into the army, and on the walls everywhere are tablets recording the names of The Foundling boys who served their country, telling of their battles and showing a most respectable count of promotions. The Boer War had furnished a long list for a memorial tablet of those who had fallen in England's service. How long a reckoning was represented in the World's War! A case showed a collection of war medals carefully marked with the names of The Foundling boys who had willed or given them to the Hospital, their real and only home.

The girls are trained for upper servants, more especially ladies' maids. The houses to which they go into service are investigated in advance; the girls are frequently visited by The Foundling authorities, and are taken away if conditions are unfavorable. This kindly, almost parental, care follows the boys and girls of The Foundling for the first two or three years of their life in the outside world. They are always made welcome when they return as visitors, and strong indeed is their affection for this cheerful, well-managed place.

WHEN service was over I joined the group of visitors that filed past to the dining-room to watch the children at their dinner. The room in which I stood was reserved for boys and girls between the ages of eight and ten. Through the open doors of an adjoining room I could

in advance of all other living beings. The gulf between civilized man and even the highest of other animals, seems, on the mental side, to be immeasurable. Subject to the same immutable laws of birth and death; ravaged by pestilence and famine, earthquake and flood, he has yet increased and multiplied, using Nature's own secrets and harnessing her powers to establish his supremacy. He has done what no other animal has done—created a new environment for himself. His insatiable intellectual curiosity has led him to ransack the storehouses of Nature's vast wealth, and with the treasures found there, he has created a new world upon the old. He has crossed oceans and continents, defying the fury of the tempests and hurling mountains from his path. He has built cities, and constrained the floods and the lightnings to serve them and do their bidding. He has made a path with the birds through the sunlit air, and has cloven a highway with leviathan through the fearsome depths of the sea. His messages girdle the earth with the speed of light. He has weighed the stars and determined their paths. He has unravelled the inconceivably minute world of the atom, and has plumbed the appalling vastness of interstellar space. He has created an art of painting and sculpture, of music and poetry, into which he has poured the profoundest emotions of his soul, and in which he has uttered his aspirations and yearnings for the highest. He has "rolled the

"The Least of These"

(Continued from page 11)

see groups of smaller children. The little folk all stood quietly around the long, narrow tables while a brief grace was said, then hastily took their seats on the benches, smiling broadly over the prospect of Sunday dinner. Their menu was: Roast mutton, boiled potatoes, lettuce salad, bread and butter, a simple pudding, a fine pear. Serving tables where the food was kept warm by heat underneath, stretched down the room. The food was clean and wholesome, and no restriction was placed upon the appetites of the hungry boys and girls, whose plates were filled as often as they desired. A nurse told me that the pears had been sent from one of the "great houses" outside of London and that there was seldom a Sunday when some interested friend did not remember The Foundling with fruit, fancy cakes, or some bit of treat in honor of the day. And as I watched the glowing faces around the tables, it seemed that there could be no better place to send the overflow from hothouses, walled gardens, or country orchards. Without outside gifts and subscriptions, the work of The Foundling would be sadly hampered.

I saw no sign of the babies for whose needs The Foundling was primarily built; the very littlest of the soldier boys and the mob-capped winsey-gowned girls were five or six years old. The matron answered my question; the babies are all sent to the home in Surrey, the country branch of the great London institution, there to stay until five years old, transplanted from the fogs of the crowded city, to that sweet air and open country. But not even in the Surrey home are the tiniest ones to be found; long ago it was proved to those in charge, that the youngest babies do not thrive *en masse*, even under the skilful care given them, so

they are farmed out to foster mothers in homes throughout Surrey, there to have the individual care and mothering that seems the birthright of every baby. The simple homes where a little income is made by caring for these small waifs are regularly inspected; the babies who are not thriving are, so to speak, brought home for treatment, perhaps later to be located elsewhere. Once fairly started, they return as big babies to the Surrey home, there to remain till they are five years old, when they come up to the regular Foundling Hospital in London, and stay until they are sixteen, and are declared ready for the world outside.

I WAITED with the interested, sympathetic visitors gathered in the dining-room, until the last plate had been refilled, and the hungry little diners seemed satisfied. They smiled at us hopefully as they lined up to go, apparently undisturbed by the accustomed spectators. The youngest of the children trooped up to the primary school room, a cheerful place with kindergarten tables and many pictures. It was home to them, their school room; here their white cuffs were discarded, the mob caps were removed, and play was in order. They flitted about their kindly teachers; one small girl entrusted her dinner pear for safe keeping, one giggly, curly-head explained why she had laughed during service—small excuse, I judged, but the joy of living.

There was a most childlike scramble to share in the ha'pennies, a pocket full of which had been brought by a generous visitor who had backed into a corner, somewhat bewildered by the sudden onslaught of small humanity.

Poor little folk of The Foundling! but happy ones, too, knowing no more than does the incubator chick of the hovering wings of parentage.

The Spirit of Man

(Continued from page 7)

psalm to wintry skies" and has built temples and cathedrals to the Power, not himself, that upholds the Universe.

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!"

Yet how frail a thing is man, how insignificant and puny! Clinging, as it were, to a speck of star-dust, or, as Carlyle puts it, "a feeble unit in the midst of a threatening infinitude!" Fluttering into life like a moth into the lamplight, the next moment he has vanished again into the darkness beyond. "As for man his days are as grass, as the flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

But again, how great a thing is man! For he holds the universe in the hollow of his mind. Subject to the limitations of time and space as are other creatures, he yet transcends these limits by the power of his intellect and imagination. His feet may be planted in the warm slime of primeval marshes, but his head reaches to the heavens, and he sees the things that are invisible.

Here, then, is the great paradox of the human spirit: Poets and philosophers, all down the centuries, have alternately belittled and extolled man. They have counted him with the beasts that perish, and cursed him in

his degradation as a blot on the face of Nature. They have lauded and idealized him as a god for his gift of creative imagination and the power of his intellect. And he still stands before the modern mind as the greatest of all enigmas. Conscious of himself in a unique and mysterious way; striving, hoping, fearing, loving, now thrilling with joy unspeakable, now torn with agonies of grief; here achieving the seemingly impossible, there crushed by giant circumstance, and dying in despair. What is the answer to the riddle?

Physical and biological sciences, viewing man as part of the physical universe, have been inclined to belittle him and treat him as a minor incident in the whole scheme. They have stressed his smallness, and his transience, and in their objective treatment, have attached little meaning to the moral and aesthetic ideals that man has always cherished. But this easy nonchalance is not a fair attitude to the problem. It is certainly not good science. As a matter of fact, the intellect, with its limited scope, recoils baffled by the extraordinary difficulty of the task. It is from the depths of religious feeling that there has always risen the assurance of an eternal moral order at the heart of things which will guarantee the final realization of all those ideals we hold most sacred. The religious consciousness has always insisted that the thing seen are transient, the unseen thing eternal.

Mr. Black's Bible Class

Where Christ is Not Named

We often sing, with a great deal of comfort to our souls, especially in these dark and troublous days when our rulers seem to have proven a general failure at setting things right in the world.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

That is all right, providing we do not go away with the idea that God moves in any haphazard way to accomplish what He sets out to do. When He has work to be done, He chooses the man best fitted to do that work, the man whose environment, upbringing, preparation, and religious experience marks him as the chosen instrument to fill a special need. Think over Wycliffe, Luther, Wesley, and ask yourself if any one else could have done the work they did. They were men for their times.

So it was with Paul. It is doubtful if any man could have accomplished in his day what he did, and in so short a space of time. He was a Jew, thoroughly trained in his religion, and so would understand and appreciate Jewish feelings and prejudices. But he was a Jew born outside Palestine, and so, would be alive to the wider movements of thought and life in the world. It may be that he had received something of Gentile education. Being what he was, however, he could serve as a link between the Jew and Gentile Christian. He was also a Roman citizen, with the special status that that fact conveyed in the great empire which then held control in the Mediterranean world. The greatness of that empire made an appeal to him—one mighty power governing so many diverse peoples! It gave him a vision later of what Christianity itself might be. From Rome and her rulers, too, he learned method and organization. When the time came that the Christian message burst the Jewish bonds that held it back, in Paul was the man prepared to give that message that world-wide scope which had been always its inherently.

It will be noted that Paul on his journeys kept for the most part to the general lines of traffic. Here his Roman training showed itself. Tireless

though he was, he could do only one man's work. It were better therefore that he did not dissipate his energies here, there, and everywhere. Rather would he establish Christian centres along the chief Roman roads, knowing that such was the power of Christianity that from these centres it would soon spread out. The later development of Christianity abundantly justified Paul's procedure. On his second great missionary journey, he came to the strait overlooking Europe. Before this time, Paul had had a remarkable response to his message from the Gentiles, and one cannot but feel that the mind of such a statesman as Paul must have already been pondering the question whether he would not have equally as great, if not a greater response, in Europe itself. If so, the ground would have been laid for the vision which came to him at Troas. With the vision, his mind was instantly made up, and he set sail for another continent. As a result of two visits there, he left little Christian communities in many centres in Macedonia and Greece.

His restless soul was not yet satisfied. There was still Italy and the great imperial city of Rome, the capital of Paul's world, yet to be reached. Once and again, he made an effort to visit it, but always something intervened to prevent. When he did go, it was as a prisoner! That circumstance did not prevent him, however, from accomplishing the work he had set out to do. It was also part of Paul's plan to go as far west as he could go, to Spain, and there is a tradition, though we do not know how reliable, that he was released from prison and had the joy of preaching the Gospel in the farthest limits of the west.

One has only to look at a map of Europe and Asia Minor to see the great work that he accomplished. When he took up his real work, Christianity had spread just over the border of Palestine to Syria. It was not yet recognized in the Christian Church that the Christian message was one for all the world, to be accepted by the Gentiles solely on the basis of faith in Jesus. When Paul died, he left centres of Christian life along the chief lines of travel throughout the Roman Empire, and he had fought and won the battle for Christian freedom.

In the letter to the Roman Christians, Paul appears almost to apologize for the fact that he had not visited Rome sooner. He has been making it his aim to preach the Gospel where Christ was not already named, he says. In this simple explanation Paul all unconsciously reveals his own greatness. The plea for world-wide missions lies in those words of Paul, that the good news about Jesus may be preached where Jesus has not yet been named, in order that—

"They shall see, to whom no tidings of Him came,
And they who have not heard shall understand."

A Letter from Ireland

(Continued from page 9)

tiful service to applaud the preacher's emphasis on self-sacrifice, inspired of the Cross.

Our two colleges, Wesley College in Dublin, and Methodist College, Belfast, are enjoying great prosperity and winning high distinctions. Both schools educate ministers' sons at a reduced rate of charges. In connection with Methodist College, Belfast, there is the beautiful McArthur Hall for girls, many of whom are daughters of Irish Methodist ministers. There is also Edgell College, another branch of "M.C.B.," at which our theological students are educated. The professors: Rev. J. C. Robertson, M.A., B.D., Rev. A. McCrea, B.A., and Rev. W. L. Northridge, M.A.,

Ph.D., in addition to their duties in the theological school, conduct an evening class for young lay preachers, at which about forty are in attendance. From this class we have begun to receive candidates for the ministry. In common with nearly all the churches we need more candidates than we have been getting. The Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church in Ireland are in even worse plight than we are. The former gets accessions from our ranks frequently, and the latter occasionally, but for which we would have enough men for our needs. Many of our promising young lay preachers and ministers go to the Dominions and to the United States. Our impoverishment is your enrichment.

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The Book Steward's Corner

Conducted by LORNE A. PIERCE
Literary Adviser

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