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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1922

# The CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

## As We Make It

**I**F our life is narrow and mean and without inspiration we ought to remember that considerable of the blame therefore rests upon ourselves. We live in our thoughts and feelings and inspirations, and if these are broad and generous and wholesome nothing else need matter very much, and these certainly are very largely as we make them, and we cannot place the responsibility for them off on circumstances or other people. We ourselves give tone and color to our lives; that is the fact that we cannot get away from. It is the spirit within that, shining through, makes life what it is for every one of us, and with the slow moulding and forming and inspiring of that spirit no one has the responsibility that we have. If we have trained it to kindness and generosity and patience and good cheer these excellent virtues will give comfort and strength and solace to our own living, and be a means of very much blessing and inspiration to other people; but if on the other hand we have allowed it to become crotchety and grasping and ill-tempered, no material blessing or favoring circumstance will prevent these soul vices from spoiling both our happiness and our influence. And when we complain that life has not been fair to us and not given us the opportunity for breadth and comfort and happiness, what we really are complaining against is that we ourselves have not trained our souls for these things. The soul that is trained for happiness can never possibly miss it.

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## Mostly About Ourselves

The editor occasionally gets letters of criticism, all of which he reads carefully, and considers, but he does not always do what his correspondents hint that he ought to do. He may be wise, or he may be foolish, in not accepting all the good advice tendered so gratuitously, but he must hoe his own row as best he can and use what small modicum of sense the Lord has given him. Yet still he welcomes criticism even when he does not follow it.

And then occasionally he gets a letter like the following: "I just wanted to tell you that I enjoy the GUARDIAN a great deal, not as I enjoy the other papers, but in another way which I think you will understand." This came from the Sault. Then comes a letter from Vegreville,

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Such letters make an editor feel humble and make him determine more than ever to try to do his utmost to give to such appreciative readers the very best paper in his power. May the good Lord bless a thousand times the world's Encouragers, the men and women who are not afraid to say a word of kindly appreciation. Most of us need it, and at times possibly we need it badly.

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# THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

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## THE WORLD OUTLOOK

**Morrison Wants Silence** MR. J. J. MORRISON was down in Premier Drury's own riding a few days ago, and he is reported to have said that if Mr. Drury believes in the principle of the U. F. O. he should be willing to drop his new ideas "right now" and leave the broadening-out policy to be settled at the next U. F. O. convention. Unless this is done, he declares, the farmer's movement will be badly damaged. Mr. Morrison declares that both he and the Premier are only the "servants" of the United Farmers, and it is not for them to dictate the policy of their masters. We have no doubt that Mr. Morrison is perfectly sincere in this attitude, yet we think there are a few ill-natured people who are suspicious that Mr. Morrison really thinks he is "it." Of course he only speaks for the U. F. O., but we notice that the U. F. O.'s views and Mr. Morrison's views are very much alike; in fact, they really seem to be identical. So far as we can see, the difference between Mr. Drury and Mr. Morrison is largely this: that Mr. Drury has had to bear the responsibility of being premier of Canada's largest and wealthiest province, and Mr. Morrison has had no such responsibility. Premier Drury has made good, so much so that even his political enemies are willing to admit it. And he knows, and every member of his Cabinet knows, that he has made good simply because he has been an honest, painstaking, efficient, and intensely practical man. If he had attempted to follow the advice of the *Farmers' Sun*, which appears to voice Mr. Morrison's views, there seems to be no doubt that he would soon have wrecked his administration, but he preferred to follow what seemed to him more practical and saner politics, and we think he was wise. And more than that, we venture to think that if Mr. Morrison had been Premier instead of Mr. Drury, Mr. Morrison would not have followed the path which the *Sun* marked out as the only right one.

**Smoother Running Railways** THE smooth-running motor cars of to-day are the railways' most powerful rival, and the railway finances are revealing the fact, and railway managers are casting about for ways and means of cheapening and improving passenger traffic. The Great Eastern Railway of England has recently made some very successful experiments in the use of roller ball-bearings for the wheels of railway coaches. The *Daily Mail* says that the new bearings will effect an enormous saving in power, as one man can push on a level truck a twenty-seven-ton coach which could only be moved by seven men if it has the present type of wheel bearings. This must surely mean a great saving in coal. And the new roller-bearings will also ensure much smoother-running trains. The roller-bearing is by no means new, but so far it has been difficult to get steel sufficiently hard and tough to stand the strain. Now, however, a steel roller-bearing has been produced which will bear the strain of twenty-one tons. And with smoother running trains we shall also have more noiseless trains, until railway travel will be a pleasure rather than a task.

**Too many Coal Mines.** ONE of the large coal producers of the United States, Mr. Francis S. Peabody, of Chicago, has been telling the Federated American Engineering Societies what, in his opinion, is wrong with the coal industry. Prior to the war there were 6,000 producing mines in the United States, but the war so stimulated the industry that at its close there were 10,000 producing mines. If operated continuously these mines would produce twice as much coal as the country requires. There are 700,000 miners at work, and of these at least 200,000 could be dispensed with.

The natural consequence of the excess of mines and miners is that each of the 10,000 mines averages 100 idle working days every year. Mr. Peabody estimates that there is \$650,000,000 invested in needless mines, and the interest on this he puts at \$40,000,000 a year, which the coal consumer pays in increased prices for coal. Then there is \$300,000,000 paid in wages to miners, who are really unnecessary, and an additional \$50,000,000 for the upkeep of the unnecessary mines. This means that the coal consumers of the country are saddled with a useless and wholly unnecessary burden of \$390,000,000, which must be included in the price of coal. One would naturally expect that with such competition coal would become cheap, but the contrary is the case, simply because there is no such thing as free competition. Who is it that is holding up the price of coal? Evidently there is some way by which competition is checked, and some folks are even suspicious enough to think that the long coal strike was not unwelcome to many in the industry, simply because it would prevent a drop in the price of coal.

**China's Automobiles** THE Shanghai correspondent of the *London Times* recently called attention to the fact that China was beginning to take up motoring, and he declares that the change in this respect in Peking in the last six years is really astonishing. Shanghai, Tientsin, and Dairen are the principal ports of entry, and in Shanghai alone during the first six months of this year, 299 cars were imported. Of these 178 came from the United States, forty-seven from Germany, twenty-six from Italy, twenty-two from Britain, twenty from France, three from Belgium, and three from Japan. The United States has a remarkable lead in the business and price we are told is one of the chief factors. But the *Times* correspondent says that the style of the United States car also appeals to the Chinaman, while its gears and its lighting system are better adapted than the British to the conditions in Shanghai. The Chinese also prefer wire wheels and the American car meets this preference. The German, French, and Italian cars are all fifty per cent. below the cost of the English car and this is a very considerable factor in their favor. It seems strange to read of "Fords" in ancient China, but the day may come when some Chinese "Henry" will arise and Chinese "Lizzies" will be marketed upon this continent cheaper than even Henry Ford can make them.

**The Turk's Smashing Blow** ONLY a few weeks ago the Greeks were reported to be preparing for a coup which would deliver Constantinople into their hands. They felt fully able to smash the Turk, but they were not quite prepared to challenge Italy or Britain. But Constantinople is still intact, and instead of the Greek army overwhelming the Turks in Europe, the Turkish army in Asia has hit the Greeks a terrible blow. Mustapha Kemal's army cannot be any too well provided with munitions of war, and yet somehow he managed to elude the vigilance of the Greeks, bring up great bodies of men and artillery, and by a sudden blow capture Afium Karahissar, a strategic point in the Bagdad railway, and cut the Greek army in two, completely separating the Greeks in the north at Eski-Shehr, from the Greeks to the south. So far as can be learned the Turkish loss was but small, while the loss to the Greeks is incalculable. Some think that this defeat means the evacuation of Anatolia by the Greeks, but this may be exaggerating the seriousness of the situation. To tell the truth it does not seem that either the Greeks or the Turks are in a position either financially or from the military point of view to wage a long and serious campaign,

and the fact that the war has lasted so long without any decisive battle seems to point this way. The Greeks will probably fall back toward Smyrna, and repair their loss as best they may, while the Turk pursuing his advantage will gnash his teeth because he is not able to push the Greeks into the sea.

**The Herrin Butchery** ON August 28th an official inquiry began into what President Harding called the "unspeakable crime" of Herrin, when twenty-six non-union miners at the Lester Strip Mine, having agreed to quit work and let the mine be closed, were met by about 3,000 strikers to be escorted to the train, and after travelling some distance they were deliberately shot down and trampled under foot by the bloodthirsty mob. The wounded were shot, stabbed, and kicked as they lay dying, and afterward the bodies of the dead were stripped and exposed to the view of the procession of men and women who filed past with jeers and jokes. This was on June 22nd, and it was only on August 28th that the Attorney-General of Illinois, William E. J. Brundage, commenced an investigation into the awful affair. The United Mine Workers on June 19th had been questioned concerning these men and had replied that they were to be treated as "an outlaw organization," and as "common strike-breakers," but it is scarcely possible that the officers of this Union had any conception of the deed of darkness which was to follow their advice. And so far no one has been punished for the crime, and at this distance it seems doubtful if any punishment will ever be meted out to the guilty ones. It is true the murdered men were strike-breakers, but no civilized country can hold up its head if it tolerates such shameless defiance of the law and such fiendish brutality. The investigation should be thorough and the punishment should be swift and sure, and yet we doubt if it will be so.

**Up to the U. S. Government** THE bituminous coal strike is over and probably by the time this reaches our readers the anthracite strike will also be a thing of the past, and there will be a feverish hurry to mine all the possible coal before cold weather sets in. But this will mean, probably, the choking of the railways with an excess of coal cars. And there is a railway strike on, and only a few days ago, four striking shopmen, all foreigners, deliberately derailed a train, killing both the engineer and the fireman. They have admitted the deed and seem to glory in it, declaring that they intended to make it impossible to run any trains while the strike was on. But while state officials may be too timorous openly to defy a railway union, the matter of interstate transportation is a federal matter and it is now put squarely up to President Harding and the United States Government whether or not they will proceed to enforce the laws and see that transportation and the mails are not interfered with. Attorney-General Daugherty has telegraphed all the District Attorneys that the laws must be enforced, and men who break them must be prosecuted. The President also has power, wherever sabotage is practised and the free movement of trains is thereby interfered with, to take over that section of railway and operate it in the name of the United States Government. Murder is murder, and lawlessness is lawlessness, whether practised by big corporations or by striking unions, and the United States people, almost universally sympathetic with labor, may be expected to be just as universally opposed to lawlessness and crime. And if the President fails to meet the crisis in decisive and courageous fashion, it will probably smash both him and his party.

# Some Encouraging Symptoms

By FRANK LANGFORD



In a previous article I endeavored to indicate the seriousness of the task of the workers in the field of religious education, and for the sake of clearness, I ventured to place side by side the Sunday school and the public school. I do not wish to qualify a single statement made in that article. I believe the situation is just as serious as I tried to indicate, and that "the biggest room in the world is the room for improvement," as we think about the present situation in religious education. In this article however, I wish to call attention to several encouraging features as indications that we are at least proceeding along right lines, and that we may hope to accomplish larger things in the days that lie immediately ahead.

The first encouraging symptom is that the teachers, officers, superintendents, ministers, and in fact all classes of workers in local churches, are earnestly seeking for additional training along the lines of their own special tasks. If anyone could have attended the great co-operative Summer Training School in Religious Education held at Lake Couchiching last July, he would have seen a group of one hundred and seventy-five of the most earnest and effective Christians in the province of Ontario, who were spending that entire week with the one object of fitting themselves to be more effective workers in the Sunday school and among the young people's groups with which they are associated. Please let it not be thought that the entire time of this school was spent in the discussion of methods of work. One of the most important and effective periods of each day's programme was that in which the delegates assembled in small groups under competent leaders, and studied over again for themselves the great messages of Scripture truth which constitute the foundation for all the teaching of the Christian religion. They have got far past the stage when they think they can learn some few magic tricks that will enable them to teach a class of boys or girls successfully. They know that the first essential in teaching Christianity at all is that they should know what Christianity is, and so they are turning back to the study of the content of the Christian religion as they have not done in any period during my intimate association with Sunday-school work.

Then, of course, they have been studying new methods. Most of us are familiar with the folk who, when a new method is presented to them for consideration, will say something like this: "Yes,

that may be all right in some places, but it wouldn't work in our community." The hopeful thing about the gathering at Couchiching this year, and similar gatherings that have been held almost all over Canada, was the fact that the people who attended were willing to face that new method and, while recognizing its difficulty, set themselves to overcome this difficulty in the interests of the boys and girls.

This same tendency is seen if we consider critically the statistical reports that come in from year to year. For instance, it is a very significant thing that whereas in 1918 we reported 2,308 organizations meeting in our churches between Sundays, in 1922 we reported 4,003. The fact that so many more organizations are meeting between Sundays means that additional time is being given to the task of religious education in the local church. People are taking it seriously, and are willing to pay the price in personal effort and sacrifice, to accomplish the results they have at heart.

Another very hopeful indication is that superintendents themselves are beginning to take their task of conducting the Sunday school worship very much more seriously. There was a time when superintendents felt that no preparation whatever was necessary for the conducting of the fifteen or twenty-minute-worship period of the Sunday school. In fact, they did not think of it even as worship; it was just "opening exercises." At the present time, however, increasing numbers of superintendents are planning every single item of that worship period in advance, and are coming to the Sunday school with their own hearts and minds saturated with the spirit of worship. In this way they are creating in the Sunday schools an atmosphere in which alone effective Christian teaching can be done.

Among the young men and women of the Church, also, there is what seems to be a new spirit and a new eagerness to participate in the great things of the Kingdom of God. This young people's revival is in many places the legitimate outcome of the increased emphasis on teen age boys' and teen age girls' work during the last five years. That emphasis was stimulated by the realization that it was during the years between twelve and twenty that the vast proportion of pupils drifted out from the school and the Church, many of them never to return. The teen age boys' and girls' work that has been carried on in Canada, particularly

along Canadian Girls in Training and Trail Rangers and Tuxis lines, seems to have stemmed the outgoing tide of young life. Now, however, we are finding in hundreds of churches, groups of young folk who have come up through these great teen age programmes to young manhood and young womanhood; and their fine spiritual conviction and their unbounded enthusiasm for service constitute what is perhaps the greatest single challenge in the whole field of religious education to-day. For their own sakes we must provide for these young people an adequate programme and an adequate leadership, and we must give them every encouragement in the enterprise which they themselves are willing to launch and carry forward. But for the Church's sake as well, it is absolutely necessary that we should avail ourselves of the incalculable moral and spiritual resources represented by this eager host of young life. In them and in their willingness to be used of God through the instrumentality of His Church lies the hope and promise of the future.

During the past hundred years the Sunday school has been carrying on with inadequate equipment, buildings, time, organization, and leadership. Yet it has accomplished miracles in the interests of the Kingdom of God. The explanation of these great accomplishments lies in the fact that the men and women who were back of it were there because they believed they were called of God. It was their simple faith, their Christian courage, their zeal and diligence that stamped themselves upon the lives of the boys and girls, and accomplished results in spite of the inadequacy of the means employed. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself." This promise is being fulfilled still as it has been fulfilled in the past. So long as we keep clearly in our minds that it is Christ we are to lift up, and so long as we give ourselves whole-heartedly to the task, there is golden hope ahead.

The General Board of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies lives only for the local Sunday schools and Young People's Societies. It seeks to do everything it can to help the local Sunday school and the local Young People's Society to realize its task more clearly and discharge it more perfectly. It is a great task, and worthy of the support of the entire Church. Every member of the staff of the Board is laboring with a sense that it has been called of God in this particular sphere of work, and his one ambition is that he may not be unworthy of the confidence the Church has reposed in him.

## The Greater Christ

By Rev. A. D. Belden, B.D.



OW that for a generation theological thinking has been freer, the popular mind is returning with a fresh, spontaneous interest to the more august and historic conclusions about Christ. Like the average child, humanity when told "You must," replies "I won't." When however you say "Well, you need not unless you like," the way is opened for a hearty "Then I will." There is a new interest arising in what we may call the greater values of Jesus. A new appreciation of His humanity is leading men steadily to a new appreciation of His Divinity. This was the way the disciples came to those great conclusions which are the basis of our historic faith. It is undoubtedly the best way. The more we keep company with the historic Jesus the more steadily we are led on to the conviction that here is the master-life, not only of the narrow scene of His earthly ministry, or of the comparatively small tract of time represented by the Christian centuries, but also the master-life of the ages, the Alpha and Omega of being. In the tenth chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, the fourth verse, there is a little sentence which perhaps more than all his elaborately argued theology presents vividly to our minds the scope of Christ's meaning for him. Writing of the experiences of Israel in the wilderness under the leadership of Moses, and referring to the spiritual strength that was evident

amongst them, he uses the pregnant little sentence, "That spiritual rock was Christ." We can be quite sure that in that sentence Paul was not distinguishing between Jesus and Christ. The apostles took a simple view of the person of Jesus. They were not consciously great psychologists and we cannot discover in their thought the complications attributed to the person of Jesus, by the later creeds. Paul was not thinking of a being in whom there were two persons and one nature, or two natures and one person. The atmosphere of that recent theological debate, "Jesus or Christ" would have been quite foreign to him. The only distinction it is reasonable to attribute to his thought is the distinction between spirit and body—between that Spirit who was as much Jesus as He was Christ, and as much Christ, as He was Jesus, and the incarnation of that Spirit in a visible body. It would do no violence to Paul's thought to read this little "aside" as "That spiritual rock was Jesus." And it is well to remember when we are asked to regard the Johannine Christ as a theological development of the Apostolic position, that Saint Paul also could not refrain from writing of Christ in cosmic terms. The earthly ministry was for Paul only the special focus of a Spirit who filled creation.

Now there are applications of this greater vision of Christ which are extremely valuable for certain

practical problems that sometimes distress Christian people.

*Pre-Christian Goodness.*—There is for example the question that is often raised as to the real goodness and the fine character of the people living before Jesus came. Some of the characters of the Old Testament will compare quite favorably with anything in the New. One thinks also of such men of the ancient world as Buddha, with his beautiful story of renunciation, so essentially Christian in its atmosphere and spirit, of Socrates with his fine loyalty to truth, of Epictetus with his exquisite humility. What, too, shall we say concerning periods of pre-Christian civilization in which morality rose to very high levels. There are features of Hammurabi's code of laws imposed upon Babylon five hundred years before Moses, which might well find adoption in any modern society. Rationalism has at times endeavored to make great play against the Christian plea for conversion with such facts as these. It has written of "Pagan Christs" in an attempt to diminish the moral originality of our Lord. Christian apologists, in their concern for the ark of the Christian covenant, have sometimes retaliated by attempting to minimize and vilify these ancient treasures of moral achievement. But that is the wrong line of defence. St. Paul would not have been a bit disturbed by these revelations of goodness in the pre-Christian world. Their very quality would have been to him so many proofs of the presence of the spirit of Jesus at those

points of human experience. "That spiritual rock was Christ."

*Pre-Christian Teaching.*—A kindred question of difficulty is the charge that has frequently been brought against the teaching of Jesus that it is not original, and Christian scholarship has increasingly been compelled to admit that much of the teaching of our Lord is culled from the best that He learnt of the teaching of others. Some of it has been anticipated by great thinkers of previous ages in forms so slightly variant as to make but a hair's breadth in difference. A notable case in point is the anticipation by Confucius of the Golden Rule, presented however, in negative form. "Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you." The two greatest commandments in the estimation of Jesus, which are so central to His teaching, were borrowed by Him from the talented writer of the beautiful Book of Deuteronomy. Here again rationalism has thought to discover a weak point in Christian armor. But St. Paul would not have been in the least dismayed by such evidence. His argument in reply would have been somewhat as follows: "Whose were those great thoughts before they entered the mind of man? May not Christ use what was first His own? May not the fountain use again the water that once has issued from it? That spiritual rock which nourished the mind of Confucius was Christ, He who declared 'I am the Truth' possesses an originality that none can dispute. He who was 'the Word that was with God and that was God, and without Whom was not anything made that was made' can claim truth everywhere as His own possession before it is the right of any other."

One is reminded of an interesting story of one of our great preachers who was accused on one occasion of plagiarising the sermon of a great American divine. His attitude to the accusation was a perfectly calm one, and he simply invited a more adequate investigation. It turned out that the responsibility for plagiarising rested with the other gentleman. Humanity is always liable to these little mistakes in judgment, but the instance is tragic when the eternal Spirit of Truth, taking man's form for man's fuller understanding, is rejected because He re-utters truth that no man could ever have known but for Him.

*Non-Christian Goodness.*—A further aspect of this common problem is found in the frequent excellent character of people who make no Christian confession and who are not careful of Christian worship. The very fine moral achievements of the representatives of non-Christian religion are a similar embarrassment to some. One feels that the people of our churches are sometimes tempted to be irritated by the very inconvenient goodness of a great many people whose way of life is very

different from their own. It is so annoying to find that one has been mistaken in imagining that one had a monopoly of the source of moral power. The presence of this state of feeling is a sad indication of how far we have wandered from the Apostolic conception of Christ. St. Paul would never have dared to say that anything in the world could be right and good without Christ. The old evangelical vilifications of natural goodness are poles apart from the Apostolic point of view. It is true that St. Paul writes of the ineffectiveness of good works fulfilled in a purely legal state of mind, but it is the very absence of genuine goodness from such a state that he deplors and his whole gospel is bound up in the fact that Christ is the fount of spontaneous goodness in God's universe. If any soul harbors goodness in any degree, or genuine moral character, he does so only by virtue of that Divine Spirit who was and is Jesus Christ. This of course does not mean that it is unnecessary to acknowledge Jesus Christ. But it does mean that many give Him a fuller practical acknowledgment than they recognize. It is the distinction between the name and the reality that Jesus Himself was careful to mark when He declared "Not everyone that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father, who is in heaven."

*The True Test.*—It is especially necessary for us in these days, with the increasingly-close contact of the world-religions, to assimilate thoroughly this point of view and to present it with vigor when in contact with the goodness of the non-Christian world. There is a real peril that we shall exalt labels and formal adherences above that spirit which is the true test of real association with Christ. "He that hath not the spirit of Jesus," says St. Paul, "is none of His," and conversely, "He that hath the spirit of Jesus is His, whether his religious label is Buddhist, Mohammedan, Christian, or nothingarian. Also, if the churches are really to capture the alienated masses of population in the Western world, it is this sublimely simple, yet all-sufficient definition of Christian discipleship that must take first place in our presentation of the Gospel. The writer remembers travelling once in a railway train, the only other occupant of which presently tapped him upon the knee and said, "Do you believe all you preach?" The writer's reply was, "I never preach what I do not believe, but I have sometimes had to revise my beliefs." This led to a conversation in which the man declared himself definitely not a Christian. Presently, however, under interrogation, he defined his idea of God, an idea in accord with which, he declared, he was striving to live. It was the idea of God as a Father, more loving, more than the God of the orthodox Christian creeds. The writer felt con-

strained to assure this man that he was a far better Christian than he knew, and that his conception of God owed far more than he realized to the revelation of perfect love made in Jesus Christ. He tried to make this man feel that he was something less than faithful to the God he professed to serve in leaving the Christian Church without his support and witness as a corrective to the poor presentations of God made by the churches which had so alienated him. There is a vast host of such "little ones" of Christ unchurched because we have not understood our Gospel better and have not preached the greater Christ.

*Our Own Vision of Christ.*—We may well go on to ask whether we have seen as clearly as we should the presence of Christ in our own experience. If in our own life we have known any strength, any increase of virtue, any moral beauty and power, these are the marks of His presence, and compassing of His spirit.

And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.

"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report if there be any praise, or any virtue, think on these things," says St. Paul. "Think on these things" because this is the contemplation of "Christ in you the hope of glory." We need ever to be translating Christ's person into His moral attributes and His moral attributes back into His person, seeing all virtue as personal and all true personality as virtuous. Such a spiritual exercise, patiently maintained, is the assured health of the soul.

Finally, have we a sufficiently keen eye for Christ in others? Do we discount their virtue because their opinions are not ours; or do we rejoice in the evident marks of a divine spirit wrestling with them? Are we His helpers in their struggle by ready appreciation of all that is good in them. How foolish we should consider that seeker for gold who had no eye or concern for such precious grains of the true metal as were fast bound in valueless or repulsive ore! The imprisoned Christhood in others' souls calls insistently to the free, enthroned Christ within your own soul. "Other sheep I have," says Christ, "who are not of this fold." We must not judge by folds, by group prejudices, by the rules and regulations of institutions, but by "that one nature which doth hold us kin," the foundation and the ultimate possibility of which are seen perfectly in that Christ who is the first and the last, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.

## Characteristics of Canadians

By W. LLOYD

**T**HE page of recent history will be infinitely richer in matter, and stronger in its appeal to future readers because of its record of the doings of the sons of Canada in the great world struggle now happily concluded. It is a glorious record, revealing characteristics too obvious to be missed, too marked to be mistaken, and too compelling to escape sincerest admiration.

These characteristics are those of a young, free and liberty-loving people who seem to be out to test all things and accept that which is for the general good. The Canadian is the youth of the world-family. He feels it to be his privilege and duty to question all, irrespective of rank, age or prestige. Interrogation is his birthright. Truth alone is sacred to him and he will move all to find it. System, superstition, tradition and custom all fall before him if truth is not found in them. With an ever-open mind he travels through the old lands, keenly appreciating their worthy doings and sayings, but highly amused at their old, unreasoned practices and beliefs. To him reality is more than orthodoxy. He is the modern iconoclast!

The tasks and trials of a new country demand of its people initiative and resourcefulness. Rivers must be bridged. The bush must be cleared. Wild animals must be conquered. Wide stretches of land must be surveyed and mapped. Fire and storm demand alertness and require efficient protection. In short, civilization has to be built up from the

ground and secured. This has developed in the Canadian people a strong spirit of initiation. The Canuck will often take the lead and put a thing through, while others are hesitating, doubting, grumbling. While the Englishman wonders if he can, and the European if he ought, the Canadian has done it as a matter of course.

He has a grip upon himself and is not likely to be stampeded. Reason and judgment work together as one, and in the midst of excitement or danger he is still able to think clearly and act quickly. Impulse or excitement do not carry him away. The "Shock" methods of the Germans were least successful against the Canadian section of the allied front. On the other hand, Canadian troops were used chiefly as "Shock" troops, and were successful because they could think, plan and act almost simultaneously.

Decision of character and manly firmness characterize the folk of the northland. They know their own minds and can stay with the game. In an emergency they can be depended upon, and in a contest they command respect. Though defeated, they are more likely to come back than to sit down and whine over their loss.

Most Canadians know what they think and why they think so. As a result, there is a frankness of speech and a fearlessness of expression that is quite refreshing and invigorating. Woe betide the one whom a Canadian meets in a *tete-a-tete* if he can-

not give a reason for the faith he holds. There is always freedom to express views and a noticeable lack of reserve when the crowd is a Canadian crowd.

There are no people more truly democratic than those of Canada. The spirit of democracy is ever active. In the city, town, hamlet, on the prairies, everywhere it asserts itself, and keeps the people informed and optimistic. No folk are better informed as to the progress of their country, its business and its politics, than the real Canadians. As a result, they are essentially optimistic in outlook. They are dreamers with a practical turn of mind.

The human and humorous side of any question attracts them. They are not schooled in intrigue or diplomacy, hence they have not lost the human touch. They can feel for the injured, the oppressed, the needy, and are always willing to help. Sometimes the laugh accompanies the gift. They have seen something funny even as they felt for them in their needy state.

Restraint is irksome to them. They are not very responsive to man-made discipline. Possibly it is because they have been disciplined in the higher school of nature. Many an imported, important, experienced drill sergeant-major exhausted his peculiarly British vocabulary upon a squad of raw Canadian recruits and left but faint results.

There is sometimes, in the frank behavior and spontaneous spirit of some Canadians, a suggestion of crudeness. Especially would this appear to the people who have descended from European nations, with whom courtesy and politeness have become a

(Continued on page 18.)



# EDITORIAL



## The Right to Work

**T**HE right to quit work is claimed and admitted by all, but along with that there goes another claim which is not so clear; we refer to the right to prevent others from working. When men go out on strike they are strictly within their legal rights, but any strike, to be effective, must include not only the strikers, but all would-be strike-breakers in its scope. It is clear that a strike will be utterly useless if other men are allowed to take the place of the strikers and carry on the work, and so the effectiveness of any strike is inextricably bound up with the ability to prevent the work being carried on by non-strikers. And the right to strike is really useless unless there is also the right to prevent other men taking the strikers' places.

But here there arises a difficulty. The law permits "peaceful picketing," but it forbids violence, and "peaceful picketing" is often useless. Shall the law be changed to allow strikers to molest, maltreat, and even kill the workers who are willing to take the places of the strikers? There seems to be but one answer to this if society is to continue to exist as a free state. There must be no compulsion to keep men at work; and there must be no compulsion to prevent men from working. It will be argued that this will play into the hands of the employers, and will make the path of the labor union exceedingly difficult, and this seems true enough, and yet any other plan which permits violence can hardly be countenanced by society if we are to preserve even a semblance of civilization.

When the Government of Canada ordered troops to Cape Breton it did so, not to compel striking miners to work, but to prevent the strikers from interfering with others who were willing to work. And yet the employment of troops, both in Canada and the United States, has been met by fiercest denunciation. As we see it, and as many of the strikers see it, to place troops in a striking section to protect "scabs" is to make impossible any successful strike. But yet to allow strikers to maltreat and murder those whose only offense is their willingness to carry on the work the strikers have left is virtually to hand over all control of industry to strikers, and to this the great body of men who are neither capitalists nor union men are decidedly averse. We are willing to concede to organized labor a right to a voice in the government of the country proportioned to its numbers, but farther than that democracy cannot go. Neither labor, as such, nor capital, as such, has the right to control this country. Each has a right to its say, but neither, nor both combined, have a right to control the country.

But while most of us will agree upon this we shall also agree, probably, that organized labor must be properly safeguarded, and if strikes are abolished how can we safeguard labor? This is a proper question and deserves an answer, and the answer will possibly be found in a permanent court which shall not be controlled by either labor or capital nor, possibly, nominated by them, but a court of competent men whose fairness and integrity shall be alike unquestioned, and to such a court let all disputes be submitted. We have had something of this kind in Canada, but it has not reached that stage of development which to-day's difficulties seem to demand. What we need is a court to which labor, capital, and consumer alike shall bow, and in whose decisions we shall all have confidence. We can't settle labor difficulties satisfactorily either with strikes or soldiers; let us pass it over to a higher stage!

## A Bouncing Big Lie

**W**E are not fortunate enough to take *The King's Business*, which is published by the Los Angeles Bible Institute, but a kind friend has sent us a marked copy of the July issue, in which the managing editor, Rev. Keith L. Brooks, pays his respects in very courteous and gentlemanly terms to the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN. We had said in our issue of March

15, 1922, that "Dr. Torrey speaks of Kaiser Jesus in a most unhesitating way," and *The King's Business* objects to this in strenuous fashion. The editor says:

"We have just one fault to find with this statement concerning Dr. Torrey. It is more than just a fib, an untruth, or a prevarication. It is a pure concoction, yes, a bouncing big lie. We have asked Dr. Torrey if he could suggest any possible ground for such a statement being attributed to him, and he replies that it has evidently originated in the inner consciousness of some Methodist editors. 'There is no proof,' he says, 'that I ever referred to Kaiser Jesus.' To say that he refers 'in the most unhesitating way to Kaiser Jesus' makes it evident that the writer is determined, even at the cost of deliberate misrepresentation, to carry his point. Some people would even call him 'unscrupulous.'"

This seems to be reasonably clear. The editor of *The King's Business* has gone to Rev. Dr. Torrey himself, and the doctor could not recall any occasion when he had used such language. We notice, however, that Dr. Torrey does not say that he did not use the term, but simply that "there is no proof that I ever referred to Kaiser Jesus," and in the absence of this proof he suggests that the term has "evidently originated in the inner consciousness of some Methodist editors." Mr. Brooks, accepting Dr. Torrey's answer as a square denial, declares with considerable heat that our statement was "more than just a fib, an untruth, or a prevarication. It is a pure concoction, yes, a bouncing big lie." And the gentle-spirited editor suggests that some people would actually call the editor of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN "unscrupulous."

It might have been wiser for the editor of *The King's Business* to have acquainted himself more thoroughly with the facts before he pronounced the statement complained of to be "a bouncing big lie," and before he hinted that the editor of a Christian paper was an "unscrupulous" fellow. The editor of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN simply quoted from Professor H. F. Rall's "Modern Premillennialism and the Christian Hope," page 153; a book which the irate editor of *The King's Business* had evidently never heard of. And Professor Rall quoted from an address given by Dr. Torrey in 1917 at a conference held at the Moody Bible Institute and published in *The Christian Worker's Magazine*, in March, 1917, page 554. Dean James M. Gray was the editor, and no correction of the report has ever appeared. Here is the paragraph:

"We may say we need a great democracy. They had a great democracy in France at the time of the great revolution, and streets ran with blood. What we need is an emperor, that will bring peace, and that is not Kaiser Wilhelm, it is Kaiser Jesus."

This may indeed be "a bouncing big lie," but the fact that it appeared in a friendly report of Dr. Torrey's speech, and that he never took the trouble to contradict it lends color to the supposition that Dr. Torrey himself used the words which now in the generosity of his soul he attributes to the "inner consciousness of Methodist editors." Probably it would be better for the editor of *The King's Business* before he again declares that a Methodist editor is telling "a bouncing big lie" to find out first just what ground the editor had for his statements; and we would suggest to the managing editor of *The King's Business* that editors of Methodist papers are not usually men of the type he describes and they do not usually seek to win a point by telling "bouncing big lies."

## All of the Kirk

**T**HE NORTHWEST REVIEW, of Winnipeg, says that it is matter of comment that every member of the new Manitoba Cabinet is also a member of the Kirk, and it notes, apparently with satisfaction, that "everyone is satisfied." And then the editor won-

ders what would have happened if so be, every member of the cabinet had been a Roman Catholic instead of a Presbyterian! He thinks that the whole public would have been speechless with amazement and there would have been a revolution "in pulpit, press, and lodge."

And then the editor moralizes on the fact. He says: "Members of the Kirk, how we Catholics envy you! Your faith is charmed with the badge of immunity. No secret societies and subsidized newspapers dog your steps from field to forum; no thugs lie in wait to sandbag your good name and no popular prejudices overwhelm you on your road to preferment. Does the contrast strike you, Catholic reader? If it does, then do something to overcome it by making Catholic activities less segregated. We play into the hands of our enemies by denominationalizing everything we touch. No doubt large numbers hold inbred prejudices against us, but these are the kind of people we should seek to rub shoulders with—if for no genuine reason, then for the laudable purpose of making them feel uncomfortable."

We do not know whether we can read correctly between the lines, yet it seems to us that the editor of the *Review* glimpses the real issue. The Presbyterian Church, as a Church, is not in politics, and a Presbyterian Cabinet does not mean a change in school policy, nor the filling of the government offices with Presbyterians. Presbyterian laymen cannot be read out of the Church and out of heaven if they refuse to do the bidding of the Church as voiced through the Moderator. Again, if this Presbyterian Cabinet happens to be all of one mind on a certain thing but they know that seventy-five per cent. of the people are opposed to it, they will not attempt to override the wishes of the majority. But if a Roman Catholic Cabinet were all of one mind on the school question, for instance, would they refuse to go contrary to the opinion of the majority? We suspect that the *Review* will agree with us that in such a case a Roman Catholic Cabinet would vote as the Church demanded. Of course it will be argued that this would be a matter of conscience with them, and this would be true, but this is the very crux of the difficulty as the Church's demands are necessarily matters of conscience with faithful Roman Catholics.

Then there is the impassable barrier which the Roman Church is ever trying to build up between its own people and their Protestant neighbors. It forbids them attending the same school, and it makes it a sin even to enter a Protestant church, while it refuses to acknowledge as valid any mixed marriage which any Protestant minister may celebrate. The day has gone by when the Roman Church consigned all Protestants to the bottomless pit, yet still they insist that for the Roman Catholic who turns Protestant there can be no possible salvation.

Is it any wonder that under these circumstances Protestants look somewhat askance at Roman Catholic politicians who seek their votes? We regret this division. We see no reason why we should even draw religious lines in politics. So far as Protestants are concerned we are ready to fight shoulder to shoulder with our Roman Catholic brethren in every good cause, but the moment religious differences are introduced into political life it becomes inevitable that there be dividing lines drawn and drawn sharply. As we said, we cannot blame our Roman Catholic friends for making all Church demands matters of conscience, but when they do so they necessarily make it impossible to treat them as we treat others, and they make a Roman Catholic Cabinet a thing suspect, which a Presbyterian, a Methodist, an Anglican, or a Baptist Cabinet would not be. When the Roman Church extends the same liberty to its laymen that Protestant Churches extend to theirs, both in religion and politics, we may then, possibly, expect to see a Protestant community elect a Roman Catholic cabinet.

## When Figures Lie

**I**N our issue of August 30th we had something to say about our Sunday schools, and in the simplicity of our heart we took it for granted that the figures given in our General Conference reports were fairly accurate, and taking the number in our Sunday schools who are reported as members of our Church and subtracting them from the total Sunday-school force, we reached the conclusion that we had 300,000 members of our schools who were not members of our Church.

So far as the statistics went, and so far as our calculations went we were correct. But now along comes Bro. Frank Langford and coolly informs us that so far as the column entitled "members of the church" is concerned the statistics are wholly unreliable, so much so in fact that that column will disappear from the next schedule. In our large schools no one knows how many of the 1,000 or more scholars are members of the Church, and as the pastor does not know how many of his members are included in the Sunday-school force, the column referred to is often not filled at all, and if it is filled it is often but guess-work.

And so we take back our statement that there are about 300,000 persons in our schools who are not church-members. There may be, but again there may not. We simply don't know. And yet we trusted those statistics and Bro. Langford's name was back of them, and it is quite a shock to find that our confidence was misplaced.

## What Wine and Beer Mean

**A**LL over this continent there is a determined effort being made to secure permission for the sale of light wines and beer, and the plea is made that it will really be in the interest of prohibition, as it will afford a safety valve for those to whom prohibition is an intolerable burden. And it is hinted that with this proviso prohibition might be made so popular that there would be no longer any combined effort for its repeal.

This reasoning is plausible enough and it is apt to deceive the unwary, but there should be no mistake about the fact that it emanates from the enemies of prohibition, and every man who has had anything to do with the enforcement of prohibition will bear testimony to the fact that such a relaxation as proposed would make the enforcement of prohibition an utter impossibility. To shut out whiskey and other strong drinks while we allow free sale of wine and beer is something that no one but an opponent of prohibition would undertake. The return of wine and beer would mean the return of the saloon, and all its unsavory conditions; and the very men who are now clamoring for it, and protesting at the same time that they hate the saloon, would be our bitterest opponents if we were foolish enough to yield to their plea and then try to keep out strong drink.

The liquor traffic has masqueraded under many guises and always and everywhere it has aimed to stretch its tentacles farther and farther, reaching out secretly and quietly to corrupt and dominate the nation until its yoke became so insupportable that the nation arose in its wrath and cast it out root and branch. And its nature has not changed. If by any chance it should secure a fresh lease of life we should find it as of old still reaching out after new fields, and always and everywhere a corrupting and demoralizing influence in our national life. The "beer and wine" movement is simply the old liquor traffic somewhat camouflaged to hide the real and hideous reality. We have had experience of this traffic and we want no more of it.

## How Little We Know

**T**HE searcher after truth learns sooner or later that the sum of human knowledge, while important, is not very great, and while fairly extensive, is not very deep. There is no field of human investigation which does not land us speedily in an unknown country. There is no science which is not surrounded by an ocean of ignorance. No matter how keen our intellects, no matter how careful and long-continued may have been our search after truth, we are ever driven back upon ourselves with the realization that despite all our boasting and all our laudation of human knowledge, we are really the veriest beginners in the search after truth. And to add to

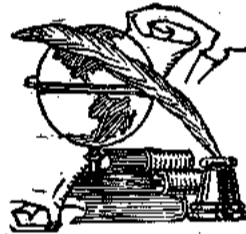
our confusion we find quite frequently that the thing which we called truth yesterday may be absolutely untenable to-day. We know but little, and even some of that knowledge we hold rather uncertainly.

We can easily find illustrations of this in science, in religion, and in every department of life. If there was one fundamental belief in science a few years ago, it was as to the solidity and impenetrability of the atom, and now the nimble electrons defy us to classify them, and we are told that the structure of matter is at most of the bird-cage variety. A few years ago we read a learned article explaining the failure of men in trying to fly, by demonstrating its impossibility according to mathematical science. But now there are few of us who have not seen the "bird-men" flying higher than the eagles ever soared. And in religious knowledge we are slowly learning our human limitations. We have been trying to understand religious truth for thousands of years, and yet we cannot tell the nature of God or man. It is true that we know all that is necessary to enable us to live holy lives, but our ignorance is infinitely greater than our knowledge.

If these things be true then it behooves us to walk humbly. The philosopher, the scholar, the saint alike should learn this lesson. The fact that we have grasped some infinitesimal portion of infinite truth is something to rejoice over, but not something of which we should be proud. The truth-seeker should always be humble, and it seems a strange thing to find some of them strutting about like human peacocks, as full of vanity as they are of ignorance, and because they have learned a little, parading before their fellows as though they knew it all. Reason and religion alike counsel humility. And with this humility goes the willingness to learn of anyone. The scholar may instruct the professor. The sinner may teach the saint. The sexton may add to the archbishop's knowledge. A man may learn from his wife, no matter what Paul may

seem to imply. A father may learn from his child. Our teachers are all about us, men, women, children, those who are wise and those who are foolish, rich and poor, all can teach us something. The butterfly as it gathers on the trees for its long migration of possibly 1,400 miles, the wayside weed which has defied the elements and man for 10,000 years, the sloping strata of granite with their strange story of colossal upheaval, the droning insects and the songful birds, all have a message if we are but wise enough and meek enough to catch it. But to catch the message we must be willing to listen, and this is one of the hardest things for many of us to do. Only the humble are willing to listen, and only the listeners can expect to learn. The wise man who is so wise that he is always talking can learn but little. And the man who is so wise that he despises others will never grow wise. The learner must be content to listen quietly and attentively to his teachers, even if they be fools. Possibly we are wrong, but at times it seems to us that much of this world's ignorance is due to the fact that men are more anxious to teach than they are to learn. The truth-seeker must learn to listen.

And we should learn continuously. There is no break in the education of men, save as we make it ourselves. The wise man at eighty will be learning more than the fool at twenty. There are men who can settle in twenty-four hours problems which have perplexed mankind for centuries, but such men are of little use in the service of truth. It is not really a mark of wisdom to know everything, and the wisest man will be the readiest to admit the possibility of being mistaken. A world of trouble and bitterness would be obviated if only men were willing to admit this simple fact. But when two infallible men disagree there is trouble ahead. It is wise for our own sakes, and for the world's sake, and for truth's sake, that we continually remember our ignorance, and continually sit in the learner's seat.



## EDITORIAL IN BRIEF



**O**UR "wet" friends don't like statistics. They prefer to assure you on their own personal observation that "thousands are drinking who never drank before," "young folks are carrying bottles to parties, etc.," and altogether "there is twice as much drinking now as when the bar was running," and Toronto is the very hotbed of it all. Now comes the Chief Constable of Toronto with his facts and figures to corroborate these tales. This is how he does it. In Toronto, the second largest city in Canada, the police court figures for drunkenness last year (1921) were 4,727, as compared with 14,247 for 1914. Cases of disorderliness numbered 1,084 as against 2,734 in 1914, and cases of vagrancy 1,053 as compared with 2,015 in 1914; or a total of all three, of 6,864 for 1921 as against 18,996 for 1914. The population has increased 52,522 in that time, but cases of drunkenness, disorderliness, and vagrancy have decreased 12,132. In 1914, ordinary offences (not including violations of Motor Vehicles Act and city by-laws) numbered 29,541; while in 1921, with eleven per cent. increase in population, they have decreased to 16,979. Evidently our wet friends are up against it hard.

**T**HE American Automobile Association offered a prize of \$25 for the best word descriptive of the reckless autoist, and the word "fivverboob" won the prize. But unfortunately the men who drive "fivvers" are only a section of the great army, and the "boobs" are sometimes in "Fiats" and "Packards" and "Wolseleys." After all "boob" isn't strong enough. There is a taint of the criminal as well as the fool attaching to the man who sends his high-powered swift-moving machine along at a rate which endangers, not only his own life, but the lives of others.

**T**HE completed statistics for the year 1921 for the Foreign Mission fields in the Methodist Episcopal Church show an increase of 37,520, the largest ever recorded. The total number of mem-

bers on the fields is 578,804. There are 1,168 active missionaries in the work and in 1921, 175 new missionaries were sent out. There are 1,386 native preachers now in these fields, who are full members of Conference, and there are 18,377 other native preachers and workers. There are also 10,374 Sunday schools with 491,233 scholars. And these foreign mission fields raised \$2,919,609 for self-support. And this is the record of but one church.

**T**HOMAS R. MARSHALL, former Vice-President of the United States, in a recent address at Indianapolis, gave utterance to the following bit of wisdom. He said: "I have not been called to the ministry—I wish I had been. I have searched the motives of men, and however wise and good and beneficent the purposes of mankind may be, they fall short if not inspired by the Nazarene and His only perfect life." This from a man of affairs is really worth noticing. Our race owes more than it realizes to the Man of Nazareth.

**D**R. CHARLES L. GOODELL, secretary of the Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council of the Churches, tells how he got his start in the religious life. His folks held church in their home, then gave land for a chapel, and then took care of it for years. His father was sexton, then the oldest son took the job, and down the line to Charles—four sons. And out of that little church came seven preachers, several of national prominence. Do churches pay? Does that little old church on the corner owe you anything?

**T**HE Canadian Protestant Churches hold property valued at about \$100,000,000, of which about \$70,000,000 belongs to the Methodists and Presbyterians. The yearly contributions for all purposes amount to about \$35,000,000, of which the Presbyterians and Methodists contribute about \$22,000,000. Evidently the Protestant Churches of Canada have a considerable grip upon the confidence and affection of their people.



## Rules Better Broken

By BEN HALLIDAY

THE Pembleton household had been gladdened by a new baby. It was their first, and the experience was as strange as it was new to both the delighted parents. For the first few weeks events seemed to happen almost too fast for Mr. Pembleton; he found some difficulty in taking in so much joy in so short a time. Everything that bright, little blue-eyed bit of humanity did seemed to pour fresh streams of joy into his life, or rather, release fresh streams out of it. Even its sad little wail of hunger filled that fond father with delight; he was charmed by the fact that his little son could thus speak for himself.

Mrs. Pembleton, of course, shared her husband's pleasure. Every new duty seemed but another added joy to her life. And this was the wonder of it all to her. She never seemed to tire attending to his little needs. She had been a trained nurse in her maiden days, and for a number of years had had charge of the babies' ward in a large hospital, so that taking care of babies was no new experience to her. She was an expert in the treatment of all the ills that prey upon their little bodies. She had been trained, and had instructed others in what to give, and what to avoid, in the care and rearing of a baby. She had impressed her student nurses and the mothers who came for consultation, with the importance of regular periods of rest and sleep, regular daily bath, food at regular intervals, and what not. In fact, she was considered a kind of walking encyclopedia of rules on the question of the handling, bathing, dressing, feeding and training of babies. And as she had been anticipating these happy days of motherhood, she used to congratulate herself upon her years of training and experience, and on what they would mean to her in the rearing of her own child.

But strange to say, now these happy days were upon her, she found herself constantly running counter to many of her well-planned rules. In the hospital, where a score or more of babies were being cared for and tended, she had gone about her work with unwavering regularity. Each little child received his due allowance of attention, and no more. If he cried for more—well, crying was good for his lungs. If he slept past his feeding time, he was rudely awakened, and kept good-natured by being introduced to his dinner. If he went on a "hunger strike" he was treated to a dose of castor oil, that soothing remedy for so many baby ills. If he protested against it she held his nose, and compelled him to relish it. Moreover the child must not be handled, except as such was necessary for his other comforts. She did not believe in fondling a child; it was forming a habit that would weary the mother

in after days. It made no difference whether the child was the son of a millionaire from Bon Ton Avenue, or the poor little pick-up waif of the street, he was put through the same process as long as he was well, and practically the same when he was sick.

But with her own baby, somehow things were different. He was just the cutest, sweetest and chubbiest little bit of ordinary humanity that had ever graced a professor's home. His abounding good health, and resultant good nature were simply irresistible. She bounced him on her knee and kissed his little fat face with unrestrained affection, an unpardonable violation of hospital rules. Consequently it came to her as quite a surprise one day, that she was actually giving about as much attention to her one baby, as she used to give to the twenty-odd patients at the hospital. She noticed for instance, that if he began to whimper, she flew to his little cot in a moment. She forgot all about crying being good for his lungs. She examined his clothing for every possible clue to his discomfort, even when she knew they were perfect. If feeding would satisfy him, she fed him, and she shrank from the very thought of giving the poor little dear that horrid castor oil.

"It's no use, George," she expostulated, as her husband came in one evening from the college. "We are simply spoiling this youngster. He gets everything he wants, and the first thing we know we will ruin his health. We must begin to bring our baby up right."

"You're right, Mildred," he replied. "I was thinking that myself; we ought to observe more strictly the rules for his health, and begin to train him into some kind of regularity of life and habits."

"I'm afraid I'm a poor specimen of a nurse in this matter," said his wife. "Why, in the hospital we wouldn't think of giving a child his food before it was time for it, and we would get a severe lecturing if we did."

"Just so, but then I suppose most of our infractions are due to natural causes," he demurred. "I'll admit, we have both been a little indulgent towards the youngster, but then—" he hesitated.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, George," his wife proceeded. "We'll make an agreement, that if you see me breaking the rules after this, you will tell me about it, and if I see you doing it, I will tell you. That will act as a sort of check upon our indulgence, you see, and not spoil the baby."

"Agreed," replied Mr. Pembleton readily, "and I suppose we might as well begin now as any time. For instance, when was he fed last?"

"At four-fifteen," she replied. "Then according to your note-book

he ought not to get anything more until seven-fifteen. Isn't that right?"

"That's right. And he ought to sleep until that time at least. Let me see, that will be an hour and a quarter from now, as it is just now six o'clock. He has been asleep on the porch since five."

So little Ben Pembleton was thus launched upon his new programme of regularity with about as much thought as would be given to the winding of the clock. And for a few days the little chap lived up to the rules as though he, too, shared the views of his fond parents. But on the afternoon of the fourth day, a lady caller came in, with a little brown dog, and little Ben, now nearly six months old, and bubbling over with the exhilaration of life, refused to go to sleep at the regular hour. He had been fed and groomed as usual, tucked comfortably into his buggy, and wheeled out to the front porch, and left to go to sleep, or cry, as his choice demanded. Little Ben chose to cry; he was lonesome!

Then the struggle began! Mrs. Pembleton was determined she would not "wheel" the baby to put him to asleep. It was training him in a bad habit. She tried hard to listen to the interesting story her lady friend was telling her, but her ears were filled with the pitiful wails of her child, just outside the window. It was only with the greatest difficulty that she followed the conversation at all, and when the jokes were told, she found it increasingly difficult to find enough laughter to satisfy the pleasure of her friend.

Presently the door-bell rang. She opened the door. "Your baby's cryin' like all possessed," said a burly policeman who confronted her.

"I am aware of it," she replied dryly; but she made no pretense at going near the child, even though the temptation was strong upon her. The policeman proceeded upon his beat, a little chagrined.

Soon another knock came to the door. This time it was a boy. "Please missus, yer kid's a-cryin' like—" But his voice was drowned by a more commanding one from across the street. This time it was a woman.

"I sy, lydy, down't ye know nuthin', to let a wee byby scream hits bloomin' head off that wye? Wy down't ye see to it, and not be disturbin' the ole neighborhood? Gryte goons, it'd wike the dead!"

Mr. Pembleton came out of the study just in time to hear this tirade from beyond. He went out hurriedly and begun to shake the buggy gently, and talk to the baby. Immediately the little voice began to soften, and the cries grew less and less. They ceased, and a few minutes afterward, distinct little snores replaced the other disturbance.

Mrs. Pembleton appeared in the doorway. "My dear," she began solemnly, "you've broken the rules, do you know?"

"Yes, I know," he returned mildly,

"but we must have some consideration for the neighborhood, you know. In fact I begin to wonder which is the greater evil, to hush the baby to sleep, or to 'wake the dead' around the neighborhood, as you heard. We have to live with both, you know."

The husband's logic was a relief to Mildred, though she would not give herself to admit it. "But that is just the way," she protested, "we always have to give in to him. Soon it will be a case of the baby training us, rather than of us training the baby."

"Oh, not necessarily, Mildred," he returned softly. "His record so far has been very good, so that there is no need of alarm from that source yet. Besides I don't know but that a little training might even be a good thing for us; I believe we may learn even from a child. This matter of training isn't all one-sided you know; it must be mutual or it isn't anything."

"Well," she responded, wearily, "that isn't my hospital training, and—"

"True, Mildred, I believe you," he replied. "But then you aren't running a private hospital now. You are the mistress of a home—a vastly different, and a vastly superior position, you know."

Mrs. Pembleton was inwardly pleased at her own discomfiture, but she made no reply. It was great to have a husband who could present the philosophical explanation once in a while, to soothe the conscience for a broken law. "Nevertheless," he proceeded, "I believe in your methods, keep at them and persevere, and you'll win out yet."

Mrs. Pembleton was greatly encouraged, and renewed her efforts with varying success. She argued with herself that she had a house to attend to, and a husband to work for, and that she must not allow herself so much time in amusing the baby, as to neglect either of these other important duties. Besides she had an appalling fear of spoiling the child.

Poor little Ben began to feel that he was getting a raw deal in the multitude of other duties. He evidently adored his young mother, and could not understand why he should be left so long alone, sitting in his buggy. He missed his usual forenoon frolic on her lap, but his plaintive cries apparently went unheeded.

Mr. Pembleton came home to dinner at his usual time one day, and found his wife in a state of exasperation. She was sure little Ben must be sick; he had whined and cried all the forenoon and had not slept. The husband took a look at the little forlorn figure in the buggy, still whining and fretting as though having gone through the disappointment of his lifetime. His little scarlet, tear-stained face told the story of another battle royal that little Ben had been having, and in which he had got the worst of it. Thinking the child was sick, Mr. Pembleton immediately phoned for the doctor. Then he picked him up tenderly in his arms, and began to caress him. The little one seemed to be over-



whelmed with this mark of affection, for immediately he let loose a great flood of grief and tears. In another moment Mr. Pembleton was walking up and down the floor, trying his best to soothe his child's deep sorrows.

"Now, my dear, there you go again, breaking the rules," protested his wife. "You know you ought not to carry that child up and down like that, or even fondle him; it will only be a matter of time when you will always have to do it."

"Mildred," he began, "we would be deeply touched if we should be deprived of him altogether, wouldn't we? And the time is coming, all too soon, when we will wish we had fondled him more for his development as well as for our own. But we will wait to see what the doctor says."

Doctor Boles came in and heard the story. He examined the baby, felt his pulse, and took his temperature. "I can find nothing unusual the matter with him, Mrs. Pembleton," he replied, "unless it is that he is simply hungry."

"Oh, he can't be hungry, doctor," answered Mrs. Pembleton. "He was fed at ten, and his feeding time is not for three-quarters of an hour yet."

"Did he take all his milk at the last feeding?" the doctor asked.

"No, he didn't," she replied, "that's what made me think he was sick."

"Well, my dear woman," replied the doctor, "you must not gauge these matters too much by the clock. Yours is not a puny, sickly child; he is strong and healthy and perfectly natural, and nature is more reliable than a clock in such a case. Feed the child when he is hungry, and nature will take care of the rest."

"Has he been lying in that buggy since ten o'clock?" he asked, as though following a clue.

"Yes, he has," replied Mrs. Pembleton quietly.

"Humph!" grunted the doctor, "I surmised as much."

"Are you the mother of this child, or simply his nurse?" he continued.

"Why, I am his mother, of course," she replied, in surprise at such a question.

"Then you don't want to disown him in his cradle, my dear woman, or he will disown you in his school-days. You must let him know you are his mother; you must not break his heart by neglecting to fondle him. The baby is lonely, that's all."

"But doctor," she protested, "that surely is against all professional precedent, I've always been taught that—"

"To hang with professionalism!" gruffly answered the doctor, "yours is not a case of professionalism, but of motherhood; be a mother to your child, and let professionalism come in second, if need be. See that," he went on, as Mrs. Pembleton handed the baby his bottle, "there's nothing healthier nor happier in this city than that youngster."

That night there was a prolonged silence in the room where they all slept, after little Ben had been tucked away in bed amid more than his usual chatter. Mr. Pembleton noticed how long his wife was in returning from the room, so half in wonder, he rose from his study-chair and stepped lightly in to see what was the cause. There under the soft covers of her own bed, lay his wife, in the most peaceful sleep imaginable. And snuggling up close to her, with his little nose reaching up to her chin, and his little fat arms entwined about her neck, lay little Ben, gloriously happy in slumberland. Mr. Pembleton stood gazing for a moment at the beautiful sight; then he switched off the light, and went back to his own room.

The next morning he rose softly, and went in again. His wife awakened at his approach. "Mildred," he whispered, "you have broken the rules, do you know? You have slept all night with the baby, which is very bad for his health."

"Rules be hanged!" she burst out, rubbing her eyes. "You can go down and use my note-book to start the fire with, George. I've found out that we're doing something more than running a machine here; we are developing a character, so we will be guided more by our own common sense, and less by the book hereafter."

"Agreed!" replied George readily.

to one pea after another, saying aloud: "Eeny-meeny-miney-mo."

At the word "mo," the Little Green Man stopped, and tapping one of the peas, said: "She should be in this one."

"I would really like to know who you are talking about," said Dick.

"Pattie Pink Toes," replied Hep. "Turn the pod over, and then come down and have a look at it."

Dick turned the pod so that the peas rested on the other half of the shell, and then, with a spoken wish, he was one of the Little People in the World of Wee Wonders. He was no taller than the Little Green Man, who now turned to him and said:

### Keeping Time

—MINERVA HUNTER

The little gold clock on the mantel shelf.

Says, "Ticktictick," to its tiny self.

In such a breathless, rushing way

It hurries all the livelong day.

While the grandfather clock out on the stair

Says, "Tick" and "Tock" from the landing there.

It's very sedate and dignified, It could not hurry if it tried.

And though it goes at a slower gait

The grandfather clock is never late.

By saying "Tick" and saying "Tock"

It keeps right up with the breathless clock.

"Didn't I tell you so? She is here in this pea, all right. There is nothing like an 'eeny-meeny-miney-mo' to find Pattie Pink-Toes."

The pea at which the Little Green Man was pointing was different from all the other peas in the pod, in that a neat, round hole, or tunnel, led from the outside to the centre of it.

"There is where she lives," said Hep, "and if you look closely, you can see her, too."

Dick looked, and, deep within the shadowy tunnel, he saw something both black and white move slightly. "I'm just as wise as I was before

I looked," said Dick. "Who is Pattie Pink-Toes, anyway, Hep?"

"She is a white grub with a black head," said Hep. "She isn't Pattie Pink-Toes yet, but she's going to be after awhile."

"And what will she look like then?" asked Dick.

Hep was about to reply, when a dark, mottled beetle, less than half an inch in length, appeared on the half-open pod, teetered a moment, and fell with a thump in front of Dick and Hep.

"Pattie Pink-Toes!" exclaimed the Little Green Man.

"Yes, Pattie Pink-Toes," said the beetle, turning right-side-up, "and I see you've been looking at one of the Pink-Toes family. I wonder what rascal opened this pod."

Dick thought it best to say nothing, but looked at the newcomer very carefully. The wing-cases that covered the larger and hinder part of the body were banded deeply with black, and on the dark-brown back appeared other black markings, as well as as half a dozen or more light dots. The fore part of the body was lighter in hue, as was the head, which was bluntly pear-shaped. Long antennae branched out from the head, and each of the six, strong, thick legs ended in a bright red foot.

Dick looked at the strongly-toothed jaws, and recognized Pattie Pink-Toes as the red-footed Pea-weevil.

"Does it hurt the little Pink-Toes grub if the pod is opened?" asked Dick.

"It doesn't do any good," said the weevil, looking at Dick and Hep suspiciously. "I do believe you two know who opened that pod."

With this, the weevil began to walk slowly toward Dick and Hep, and looking fiercer all the time. Dick knew there was a way to safety, and he took it. At the spoken wish, he was big again; the Little Green Man had disappeared, and a red-footed weevil was scurrying to cover amongst the grass. A twist of Dick's foot had sent the open pod rolling down into the stream, on which it now floated and drifted. Soon it was out of sight, a little pod-boat; but though he wondered where its passenger, Baby Pattie Pink-Toes, sailed to, Dick never knew.

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## The World of Wee Wonders

By BERTHA E. GREEN

### Pattie Pink Toes

**N**ORTH and east of the barnyard, was a pea-field this last summer. The east side borders on the side road, and, just over the fence at the farthest corner, a small stream flows through a culvert under the roadway.

Dick had walked across the field this morning, and as it was hot, looked forward to a rest in the shade of the maples near the stream's edge. He had to walk somewhat carefully, for the rows of pea-vines made many a tripping-tangle, and this drew his attention particularly to the green pods.

As he neared the far corner of the field, he stooped and pulled up several pea-vines and carried them with him over the fence to a shady spot on the grass-covered bank of the little stream. There were many pods to choose from, and Dick began pick-

ing out the greenest ones with the tenderest, sweetest peas in them.

"You won't find her in one of those little pods," said some one, in a small, clear voice.

The speaker was almost directly in front of Dick. It was Hep, the Little Green Man, seated astride a large half-ripened pod that Dick had cast aside.

"I wouldn't be surprised if she were in this pod I'm sitting on," continued Hep, hopping down from his perch. "Open the pod, Boy Dick, and see."

Dick picked up the pod, and, pressing it between thumb and finger, he split it open lengthwise, and replaced it on the ground in front of the Little Green Man. The green pod gaped like a half-open clam-shell, and within the peas could be seen lying snugly in a row. Hep pointed



### Bob—King of the Bobolinks

By MISS HELEN DENISON

**H**E was a beautiful bird in his summer coat of black and white, with touches of yellow. Last summer, when he was just hatched and had his first suit, it was only a plain brown one, like his mother's, and she could easily have been mistaken for a sparrow. His father, as he first remembered him, had worn a gaily-colored suit, though not so showy or glossy as his.

From his earliest days our friend Bob had been much larger and stronger than his brothers and sisters. There were five of them—three brothers and two sisters, who had

chipped their way out of the white and speckled eggs in the nest on the ground in the old orchard. All the brothers and one sister were fine, strong babies, but the little sister had always been a weakling. When it came to feeding time there would be a great scrimmage as to who would get the first bite. Bob, being the biggest and a greedy baby, shoved and pushed his way to the top. Little Sister would have fared badly if the second brother, Dick, had not come to her rescue. "Now, Bob," he would say, "do stop pushing and let Little Sister get her head up!" Naughty

Bob would only shove harder and snap, "Get out of my way; I'm hungry and I'm the eldest, anyway!" Sometimes it would take a pretty sharp peck from Father or Mother to make him behave himself.

As he grew older he did not seem to care to mend his ways, in spite of all his father or mother would say to him. The rest of the children, after they were fledged and able to fly, would play about quite happily with their little chums. But as soon as Bob appeared there was trouble. "Here, you stupid, what are you trying to do? Get out of my way and give me a chance to get those seeds!"

One day, when the babies were just fledged and very shaky on their wings, they were all sitting on a branch of the apple tree over the nest, waiting for feeding-time. Little Sister was on the outside and was just reaching over to get a nice, fat lady-bug which had lighted on a blossom near her. Greedy Bob saw it too, and gave Little Sister a sudden push, and down she went on to a big stone below. For a minute or two she fluttered feebly, while poor, frightened Dick stood over her and called to her in his most tender tones. But he could do nothing for his little charge, who opened her eyes slowly and gave him one loving look, and then lay quite still. When Father and Mother came back they found a very quiet little brown baby lying on the stone, and heartbroken Dick standing guard beside her.

Even this terrible accident did not make any effect on our bullying Bob. When his father tried to point out how wicked he was, all Bob answered was, "I don't care, she shouldn't have got in my way. Nobody must get in my way, for I intend to be the King of all the Bobolinks when I get big. Who are you to talk to me anyway? You are losing all your fine feathers and look like a sparrow, just like Mother!"

When the summer was nearly over, all the birds collected and started off in their long flight to their winter home in the south. Here they lived and grew fat and strong, feeding on the rice and grain in the fields. Here Bob grew bigger than ever, and was a terror to all the flock. The only one who stood up to him at all was Dick, who had never forgotten Little Sister, nor forgiven Bob for his share in her death.

While in the rice fields the birds did so much damage to the crops that they were shot and trapped most unmercifully. Poor Father and Mother both fell victims to the cruel guns, and Bob was left as the head of the family. It was a pretty poor head, and the family fared badly. The younger brother was shot a little while after, and only Dick and Big Sister were left to suffer from Bob's bullying.

When spring came, the flock turned north again. Bob, by this time, had his beautiful wedding-coat and was the first to reach their orchard, where we find him at the opening of our story. His proud boasting seemed to have been fulfilled and he was indeed the King of the Bobolinks, but a much-hated tyrant. Now he was at the highest peak of his life. His voice was the most wonderful bubbling fountain of music and rang out above the tree-tops. "Here I am, Behold me, Bob, King of the Bobolinks. Who so grand as I? Behold me ruler of all our flocks, and who shall dare to disobey my voice?"

The ladies of the flock now began to arrive, and great was the excitement. Such meeting of old friends and settling down to housekeeping!

King Bob sat off by himself, haughtily watching for one whom he considered fit for his royal mate. One or two little ladies, who were lost in admiration of the wonderful king, tried to sidle up to him and make gently advances. Bob flew at them and pecked at them furiously to drive them off, saying, "Get out, you bold hussies. How dare you approach my royal person until I deign to summon you?"

While he was watching, he saw Brother Dick busily engaged in helping a dear little brown lady to build a nest in the grass. His old hatred of his brother grew stronger and he flew down like a fury. Like a miniature cyclone, he attacked Dick, who fought valiantly, but was no match for his big brother. After a few wild moments, poor Dick was left, a tumbled bunch of feathers, while his little bride huddled in terror by the unfinished nest.

The conquering Bob went up to her, preening his feathers and making himself look handsome and important. "Get up," he said, "and go back to your work. I, Bob, King of the Bobolinks, will deign to make you my consort. Of course, you will have to do all the work yourself. You cannot expect anyone as fine as I to condescend to work." The poor little brown lady could do nothing but obey the tyrant, so the nest was finished

and the eggs appeared. King Bob was prouder than ever and his voice rang out even louder than before. "Here I am, Bob, King of the Bobolinks! I will now found a family to carry on my glory and all the Bird World will soon bow before my sceptre!"

When the royal babies arrived, the King, of course, was too haughty to help to feed them. The poor little Queen did her best for them, but it was hard work alone. In spite of all her efforts the little Princes and Princesses were tiny little scraps and did not give much promise of any beauty like the father. As the summer went on, they grew weaker and one by one, died.

This was not the only trouble that came to our proud King. His beautiful voice left him and instead of his joyous song, he could only utter a low "bob-o-lee," and sometimes, not even that, and he was reduced to the sad little note "weet, weet," which was no better than his little brown wife's.

His gorgeous coat, too, was leaving him and to replace it, he had only a sombre brown one like his father had worn last year, and at which he had scoffed. All these griefs did not improve his temper. He no longer bragged about himself, but sulked off by himself all day. Should anyone venture to disturb his solitude, he would rise in his wrath, and the in-

truder was lucky if he escaped with his life.

In a desperate attempt to find relief from all these miseries, he made an unusually early start for the south. Of course, being our King Bob, he did not bother himself to see if the rest of the tribe were ready to leave. Off he went, his poor little brown queen left to find her way as best she might. Arriving at the rice fields he proceeded to gorge himself and regained some of his strength. He also resumed his boasting and bullying, but not for long. Stern fate had marked him for her own.

One fine day, a boy, who had just become the proud possessor of a new gun for his "very own" as a birthday present, set off for a day's sport. When he came to the field, whom should he see, balancing himself upon a reed and making himself most conspicuous, but our King Bob? "Bang, bang!" went the gun, and down tumbled the king. But this was not all. The boy, after a long day, in which the gun had done much execution, carried the spoils home and delivered them to his mother's old black cook.

When last we see our haughty King Bob, he had not even his despised brown coat, and his plump little body is being served up in a pie!

*So Perish All Tyrants.*



*"Nature ever yields rewards  
To him who seeks and loves her best"*

## *In the Land of Out-of-Doors*

### *Wildings for the City Garden*

By HORTENSE

**B**Y wildings I do not mean such scarce things as hepaticas, trilliums, Jack-in-the-pulpits, etc. These are so sought for by city people that they are in danger of becoming extinct. It is a shame to despoil the woods of them and anyway they seldom do well in city gardens. I refer rather to some very common things, hardy wild perennials, that spread rapidly and may often be pulled up along roadsides. Few see beauty in them except the artists and landscape gardeners. The American landscapers are more and more using these things in planting the gardens of the wealthy, and many of them are cultivated in the gardens of Europe, not being found in that country in their wild state. Set among choice plants they look quite different than when straggling along the roadside covered with dust. People who pass them every day in their wild state, do not know them when they see them in the garden. They are scarcely any trouble, save a little time and energy, and grow taller and have larger blooms.

September is a good month for transplanting them as they will make sufficient growth before cold weather starts to carry them through till spring.

My own garden is only a city back-

yard. Although I have in it beautiful spring bulbs, roses, lilies and other choice plants, I like these wild things that cost me nothing, just about as well as the others that require so much care and so much renewing. I obtained most of them about a year ago within walking distance of my own home on the outskirts of the city. Many of them I got where building operations were about to be, and the plants would be destroyed anyway. Some I found along the roadsides on walking and motor trips. In some cases I had no means of getting them out of the ground except by pulling them up, but these hardy things nearly always grow no matter how badly they are treated. As soon as I got home I planted them, tramped the earth well around them, poured a dipper of water on them and left them to their fate. If not convenient to plant them at the time, I left them in the cellar in water until it was convenient. This year I have been rewarded for my trouble by much bloom.

In speaking of them to a friend she said: "Why, you can get nearly all those things at the nurseries now, and it is much less trouble." True, but by doing so we miss the spirit of the woods and

all its wild growth; the birds, the squirrels, the bees and butterflies and their spiritual message, and we miss as well the healing silence.

"Here I untrammel,  
Here I pluck loose the body's ceme-  
menting,  
And break the tomb of life;  
Here, I shake off  
The bur o' the world, man's con-  
gregation shun,  
And to the antique order of the dead,  
I take the tongueless vows; my call  
is set  
Here in thy bosom; my little trouble  
is ended  
In a little peace."

And to the one who says: "Bah! I don't see any beauty in weeds," I would convey the remark of Turner, the painter: "Madam, don't you wish you could?"

Of course if your neighbors see you carrying home a bit of green with inconspicuous flowers or a few roots with the tops broken off, they think you are going to use it for medicine or wine, or that you are "astray in the heid." I am reminded of a day when I brought home two or three tall, handsome stalks of the wild

spikenard, with its numerous clusters of rich, dark berries, something to delight the soul of an artist. I met a lady with a small boy. The latter said: "Hum, they're no good. You can't eat them." The lady asked: "What are you going to do with them?" When I replied, "Put them in a tall jar, and feast my eyes upon them," she said, "Oh!" very politely, but in a tone that meant, "Well, you are a queer one!" She was, no doubt, of the order who see beauty in an immense peony or sunflower, but none in a berried branch.

But, to come back to our subject, may I mention a few of the wild things that have done well with me? Among wild vines that will help to hide ugly fences or other unsightly objects are the Virginia Creeper or American woodbine, with its magnificent full coloring and its navy blue berries, which are not only decorative in themselves but draw the birds about us; the wild grape vine, beautiful in flower, leafage and fruit, the flowers delicious in their fragrance, the small, ripe grapes delicious for jelly. My own vines are still young so that I have had no opportunity as yet for making any practical use of them. Then there is the climbing bittersweet with its pretty clusters of purple, yellow-centred blossoms, which later turn into oval fruits, as many as twenty-five in a cluster sometimes, which are first glossy green, then orange, then glowing red, and which cling to the vines till long after the leaves have fallen.

When walking one day along the old "Belt Line," which is a vast treasure-house for nature-lovers (I have heard that a well-known professor made the remark that every plant, shrub and tree known to Ontario could be found in this district), I came across the wild clematis or Virgin's Bower, with its tiny, beautiful, starry flowers. It was so intermingled with poison ivy and in such an inaccessible spot that I could not get a piece of the root. However, I broke a few branches and set them in the ground as one would any other slip. They lived through the winter and I have now three thriving plants, small as yet, but promising me they will some day become large vines. The seed-pods of this vine are very interesting, each seed having attached to it a long, feathery tail, making the whole ball of seeds very graceful. From this feature it sometimes gets the name "Old Man's Beard."

Among smaller vines, hog peanut has a pretty leaf much like that of a tiny bean-leaf, and a cluster of pea-shaped blossoms. It looks very pretty climbing up wire, but must be watched a little or will run away from its own particular spot and confiscate the rights of other plants. It received its name because of the small nuts growing on the root for which hogs root greedily.

Among creeping things that cling close to the ground are Creeping Charlie with its numerous, starry, yellow blossoms in spring, really one of the Sedums, and the moneywort with its coin-shaped leaves and large golden blossoms. Some call it gold dollar. I saw it at the nursery the other day, but I got mine along a roadside, though many of these things that spread so rapidly probably escaped from gardens. This moneywort is excellent for hanging baskets, as it makes such long, trailing vines. One can set the basket in the cellar in fall and the vine will readily spring up again when winter is over.

Two small vines which I have tried but which have not done well with me because both require sandy soil and shade are the wintergreen and the partridge berry or Mitchellia vine. Both have tiny, sweet flowers and bright berries loved by the birds. The leaves of the wintergreen have always their own peculiar fragrance. I am very partial to plants with fragrant leaves. Another pretty creeping vine with dark, glossy, green leaves, and pretty blue flowers in spring, shaped like those of the phlox, is the periwinkle or vinca minor. Some call it myrtle. Mine came to me from a small girl, just a few sprays mingled with other flowers. I planted the sprays and was pleased when they quickly rooted. People say: I don't know how you get so many things. These are the "hows." Many a seed and branch and berry, that most would throw away I plant. If they grow, I have something interesting for nothing; if they do not, there is no harm done. Another question often put to me is, "Where do you find room for them?" Well I grow things pretty close together and if I find something not doing well, I pull it up and put something else in its place. An elderly friend paid me this compliment: "She can make more things grow on a piece of ground the size of your hat than anybody else I know."

Some things come up quite by accident. Some thriving little elderberry bushes, now about a foot high, sprang up from some ripe elderberries thrown out last fall. When they came up in the spring I wondered what they were. Most people, thinking them weeds would have pulled them out, but I am only too well acquainted with weeds, so I watched them develop.

In a lower corner of the garden I see two young maples and a young rowan tree, I think, which I did not plant and which must have sprung from seeds embedded in earth brought from the woods.

Another beautiful vine in leaf and tendril and flower is the purple vetch, but I would bid everyone beware of it. When I saw it growing profusely along the railroad side, I said: "I must have a bit of that." So the bit came home and was duly planted. Would that I had known more about purple vetch! This year the long, white, snaky roots almost strangled the roots of a Killarney rose. Two weeks ago I pulled up all my purple vetch, as I thought, but I still see sprigs of it coming up here and there. Promptly I pull them out, promptly they spring up again. Verily, I believe that as long as this garden is a garden there will be struggles with purple vetch. I would send it back to its home on the railroad sides if I could, but it is too late.

Such things as mitreworts, trilliums and blue violets do not like my garden. Hepaticas do, but as I am opposed to depriving the woods of them, when a clump reaches a good size I divide it into four or eight or even smaller portions just as one would do with irises or other perennials. In this way I have all the hepaticas I want. Yellow violets do well almost anywhere, and may be increased by division or by seed, which is very abundantly produced. The yellow wood-sorrel with its dainty, bronzy, clover-like leaves makes a pretty clump among other things. Marguerites or ox-eye daisies, the bane of the farmer who would be glad to give you any number, are almost as beautiful as the shasta daisy which is really only a

Burbanked form of the wild variety. To me the wild variety is much more graceful. If the blossom heads are out as soon as withered the plant will not become a pest. The old-fashioned orpin, or live-for-ever (*Sedum Spectabile*), the pink variety if you please, they call it now, and grow it in city parks), I grow for sentimental reasons. When we were children we made "toad's bellies" of the leaves, but chiefly I valued it because when I look at a clump it brings before me a door-yard and a kitchen door, in and out of which there pass gracious and beloved forms of other days. Bouncing Bet or Blooming Sally or saponaria, for it has many names, was not allowed within the garden fence in those days, but bloomed just outside the pale. I love it because it has the true carnation fragrance and also brings back other days. A clump of chicory, too, dwells near it because of the heavenly, porcelain blue shade of its large flowers. Before the seed ripens I cut the stalks down to keep it from becoming a nuisance. Two little plants of milkweed came up of their own accord. I will let them stay just where they are because the odor of the large ball-like head is very sweet and they coax the magnificent red and black monarch butterfly and its viceroy which always flies with it for safety because the enemies of the monarch will not touch it. The orange butterfly weed is similar, except in color. They sell it at the market, only they call it *Asclepias Tuberosa*, which is its scientific name. Toadflax, too, with its deep yellow and cream blossoms, so like those of the snapdragon, finds a home here because of childhood memories. It was then "butter and eggs." A tiny clump of haneberry, too, with its interesting leaves, inconspicuous flowers and showy bunch of oval berries, like white china with a black polka dot at the very end of the berry, a great clump of soft, white boneset not much to look at among wild things but here with blue love-in-a-mist, pink cosmos and brilliant-leaved cannas near it, a thing of beauty. Just now it is alive with humming bees. The pearly everlasting with grey-green leaves and tiny, dry, white heads like little round buttons or pearls, has bloomed for weeks. A much cherished plant of great willow herb, or fireweed started from a tiny bit of root was in shade, and is making ready to bloom only now, although it should have bloomed earlier. The large-flowered, evening primrose with primrose-yellow blossoms, grows so tall that it will injure other things unless put into an out-of-the-way corner, but I cling to it because I know of no other blossoms that have richer sweeter perfume than these. The wild sunflower to me is a much more graceful plant and mingles better with other things than the great tame elephants which overtop and crowd out everything else.

A bit of yarrow, white, and a bit of pink, because Lampman has immortalized it in his beautiful poem of that name, and bits of the poem come to me whenever I look at it. Bergamot, purple and lavender, has been a joy for weeks, and even now the hemispherical heads of seed with large, six-pointed, outstanding ruffs, are very interesting, and its leaves always have its own peculiar tonic fragrance, that is never cloying. Red bergamot, given me this season by a kindly gardener, promises to bloom next year. A handsome clump of golden rod is just in its prime. From a single clump one

need never fear hay fever. I have heard both doctors and nurses say they did not believe it caused that disease, but if one was already affected, living near large patches might aggravate the disease.

About this plant, too, Lampman has a beautiful poem. Several kinds of wild asters, just getting ready to bloom now, also enjoy the hospitality of this back yard. I am never without a clump of buttercups and if a wild daisy should come up of its own accord it stays where it is until the bloom is over. The last time I was in the Kew Gardens I noticed some immense clumps of these wild daisies. Most people, no doubt, knew them not for the same thing that crowd the meadows, they were so much taller under cultivation. Three members of the honeysuckle family find harbor here. The wild columbine in spring gaily swings its scarlet and gold balls; the low bush honeysuckle with its fragrant, yellow bells and crimson and bronze leaves, and the higher bush honeysuckle with pink blooms (though it has not yet bloomed for me) known as the Tartarian honeysuckle. It promises to be almost a tree some day. So also do some small lilacs and cedars. And "Where will you be?" says the scoffer, "when these are trees." In a fairer land maybe, where I shall never need to seek a garden or a tree to find "my little troubles ended in a little peace." Horace McFarland, nature-lover, gardener, and writer of beautiful books, says: "I should like no better epitaph than that it might be said after I have passed along to other labors, that here dwelt a man who loved a garden, who lived in and grew with it, and who yet looks upon it from afar, as a garden growing for all who love the beauties of God's green earth."

## New Books

—*New Tasks for Old Churches.* By Roger W. Babson. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.) \$1.00 net.

Mr. Babson is a prolific writer, and yet he always has something to say which is worth saying. He thinks that the Church has largely fulfilled its old tasks, but he insists that new tasks which are far greater than the old lie just ahead of us, and in this book he tries to indicate those tasks. He insists that in the development of a prosperous, contented, and progressive people, religion must be reckoned as a most prominent factor, and he stresses very wisely and opportunely the good old virtue of thrift. He is a sane thinker and a wide-awake Christian, philosopher and man of business, and what he says is well worth reading.

—*A Mustard Seed in Japan.* By Wm. Merrell Vories. (Omi-Hochimiu, Japan: Omi Mission.) Cloth \$1.00, paper 75c.

This is the story of the Omi Mission. A student volunteer accepted a position as teacher of English in a government academy in an interior town in Japan, in the heart of a province where no missionary had yet resided. This student volunteer became the founder of the Omi Mission, and in this little book he tells the tale of its founding and its subsequent progress.

"Mother," said Bobby, coming in from play, "isn't it lunch time yet?"  
"No, dear, it's only eleven o'clock."  
"Then my stummick must be an hour fast."

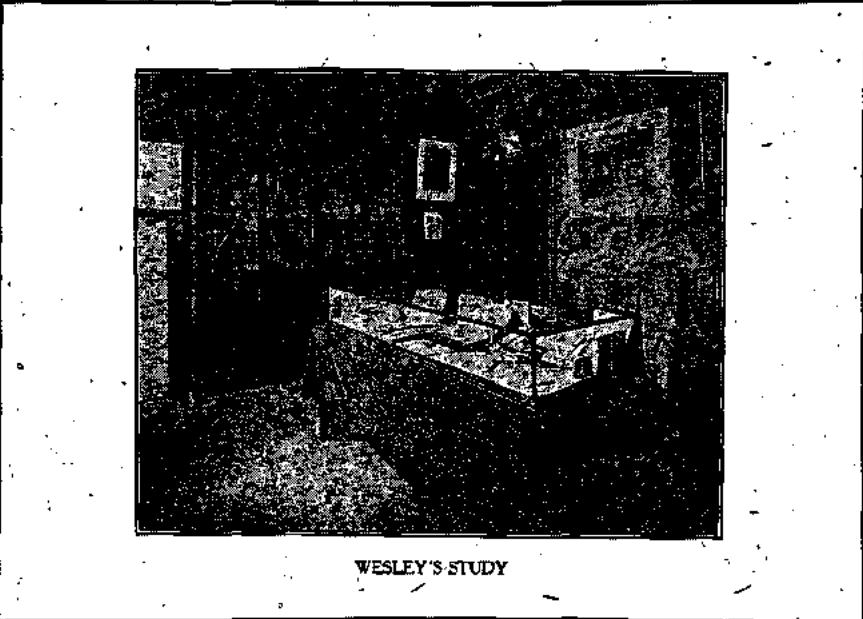
# Wesley's House and Chapel

By N. R. F. TUCKER

**A** SCHEME is on foot to utilize Wesley's own house and chapel, situated on City Road, London, as a rallying centre for Methodists of the whole world. If Methodism needs a Mecca, it is surely to be found in these old buildings which are still in use and still in excellent preservation. The foresight of our forefathers has preserved these historical places for our benefit, and it would be nothing short of disaster

that we cannot do it ourselves," he continued. "We can, and we will if necessary, but I want to see the Mecca of Methodism made the rallying point of the Methodists of the world. Methodism represents one of the greatest powers in the world today, and we should have one place to represent all Methodism."

Though once in comparatively rural surroundings, the district in which



WESLEY'S STUDY

to neglect to cherish so precious a charge.

Once one has visited these buildings, John Wesley becomes a far more real personage. The more one thinks about what John Wesley accomplished, the more he appears to become a super-man, but after one has moved about the rooms in which he dwelt and seen the home-like furniture, the mighty founder of Wesleyan Methodism becomes very human.

House and chapel are adjoining, making them a singularly appropriate spot for a collection of the Wesley relics, and a meeting-place for all who delight to honor the memory of the great man.

In his recent visit to the spot, the Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, expressed his approval of the scheme in an address which will be long remembered by all who listened to it.

The retiring President of the Conference, Rev. J. Alfred Sharp, himself a former pastor of the Chapel, in discussing the scheme with me remarked: "I think Wesley's Chapel, the house in which he died, the mourning chapel and Wesley's tomb, are not the heritage of one branch of Methodists, but of Methodists in all parts of the world. Therefore we have formed a scheme of 'internationalizing' Wesley's chapel and home. I would like to see the leading ministers of Methodism in all parts of the world, in the pulpit of Wesley's chapel. I would heartily like to see it the meeting-place for Methodists of all countries. That is the idea we have in view. Already help has come from America, and we rather hope help will come from the various countries where Methodism is a living force."

"I do not want to give the idea

the chapel stands is now in the heart of London, E.C.

The ancient burying grounds of Bunhill Cemetery are on one side of the street and on the other side, facing it, is Wesley's house and chapel. The chapel stands well back from the road, the open court in front of it being shaded with trees, amongst which stands a statue of Wesley, erected by funds collected by the children of Methodism.

On the south side of the chapel, much nearer to the street, stands the house, 47 City Road. On the other side of the courtyard is the parsonage now occupied by the Rev. Walter H. Armstrong.

Wesley's house, like the chapel, is of soot-stained buff brick, but whereas the chapel is a handsome edifice, the house is a spare, tall, angular structure, built for utility rather than for show. It is four storeys high and contains fourteen rooms and a basement.

There is fascination in the fact that practically no structural alterations have been made to house or chapel, but both stand just as they did when John Wesley moved beneath their roofs. In front of the house is a tiny garden. On the front door is the huge lock which was placed there when the building was erected, and there still hangs from the door-post a heavy chain which, in Wesley's time, was stretched right across the door to a staple on the farther side as a precaution against footpads.

John Wesley occupied the three rooms on the first floor and it is these rooms which now serve as the museum. On the landing is a grandfather clock, the alarm hand pointing to four o'clock in silent tribute to the early rising of its master.

The front room, which Wesley used as his study, is quite spacious, measuring sixteen feet, ten inches, by thirteen feet, nine inches, and its three windows overlook the Bunhill Cemetery where Mrs. Susannah Wesley lies buried close to the grave of John Bunyan. Her tombstone now stands in one corner of this room.

The second room was Wesley's bedroom, and leading from this, at the rear of the house, is the tiny room to which Wesley was wont to retire for solitary prayer.

The majority of the relics are in the front room which contains much of the original furniture. Here is Wesley's study table, his Conference chair in red plush, three of his study chairs upholstered in black horsehair, and wonderfully well preserved. A fourth chair which Charles used at his desk is there, but this has been renovated. It was suggested that John spent so much time in the saddle that he had no chance to wear out his chairs. The mahogany bureau before which Charles sat to write so many of his hymns stands in the room, as does the mahogany bookcase used by his brother, John. In this are fifty volumes in leather bindings, which that versatile man himself compiled and bound, in order that he might have a special library of his own, containing extracts from the religious writings of all the divines. In this bookcase there also stands his study candlestick, a portion of the curtain of the bed on which he died, miniatures of John Wesley and John Fletcher.

Wesley's preaching gown of heavy, flowered, black material is there, as are his black leather slippers, (which incidentally are remarkably small).

A table from Wesley's first London headquarters, The Foundery, is in the centre of the room, supporting a glass case which holds innumerable small curios. Wesley was apparently exacting as to the quality of his communicants, for here are lead tokens without which, no person could participate in the sacrament. There is an old love-feast cup (which re-

sermon at Wilchelsea, Sussex, is preserved.

In Wesley's bedroom one can reconstruct the death-bed scene as portrayed in the well-known engraving. The room, however, is much smaller than it appears to be in the picture. A table now stands where the head of the bed apparently used to rest. On it is a case containing a tea-pot, which resembles a large jug. This was given to Wesley by Josiah Wedgewood, and on its side is engraved the entire verse of "Be present at our table, Lord."

Wesley's mahogany desk, which is larger than that of Charles, is in this room, and it is possible (if aided by the curator) to expose the secret drawer in which, it is said, the poor fund used to be concealed. Beside this is a chest of drawers on which stands the black portable writing desk which Wesley carried on horseback with him.

On the wall, fifteen of his letters to "Brother" ministers are framed. One is here quoted:

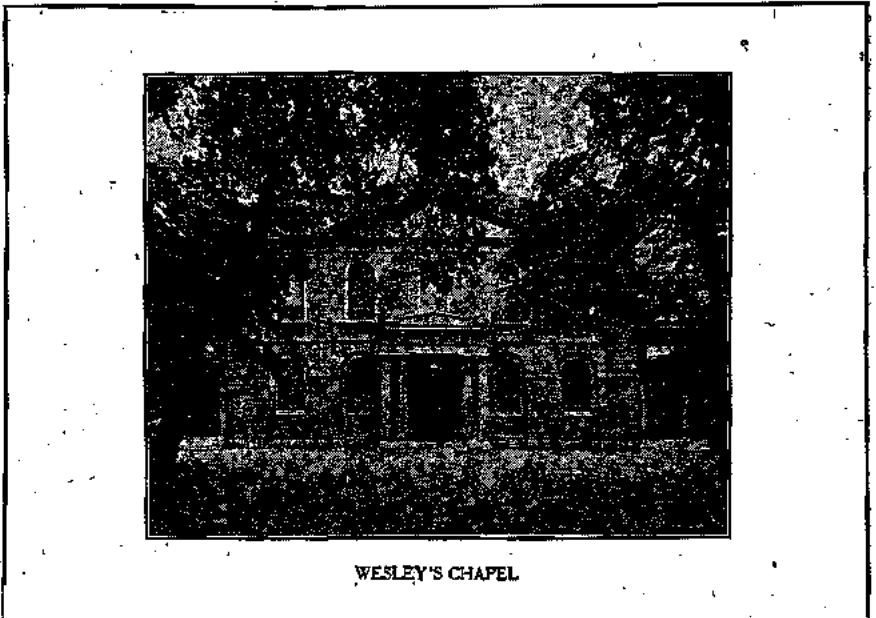
London, January 16th, 1758.  
"My Dear Brother,

If the work of God does so increase at Gavon (?), we must not let the opportunity slip. Therefore let the Travelling Preacher be there either every Sunday evening or at least every other Sunday.

No person must be allowed to preach or exhort among our People whose life is not holy and unblamable, nor any who asserts anything contrary to the gospel which we have received. If he does not own his Fault and amend it, he cannot be a leader any longer.

Peace be with you,  
I am, Your affectionate brother,  
J. WESLEY."

It is in the tiny room which adjoins the bedroom where one most feels the spell. Here there are no curios to attract the attention, and standing in the silence of this sacred room, one cannot help but meditate upon the might of the man who daily communed here with his God



WESLEY'S CHAPEL

sembles a china basin); early class-tickets dating back to 1758; a muffler with a neat "J. W." worked in one corner; the quill pen which Wesley used on his death-bed; his stud, (a blue stone set in a metal ring); Charles' hymn-book; copies of letters; the facsimile of the document of ordination by Wesley of Dr. Coke, as first superintendent (1784) of American Methodism; candlesticks, medallions and other relics.

A bough from the tree under which Wesley preached his last open-air

for strength to carry on his heaven-sent mission.

The chapel is as full of interest as the house. It is a handsome structure with an architectural beauty which is pleasing to the eye. Inside the doors there stretches a corridor which is shut off from the auditorium by an oak and glass screen. Here is the stone which Wesley laid in February 1st, 1777. The interior has not been greatly altered. The oaken pillars which supported the balcony were replaced on the occasion of the

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**A Recipe for Brightening Mother's Eyes**

Isn't it about time, Brother Smith--or Peters, or whatever your name may be--that mother really had a share of your estate? Of course you say "All I have is hers too," and of course you mean it. But if you were to ask mother, and she were really honest, she would tell you that to her that wasn't a patch on having a share that she could really call her own.

Wouldn't it brighten up her eyes wonderfully--would cause a mighty comfortable feeling in a spot under your waistcoat too--if you would take half the proceeds of the wheat crop this year, or the \$1,500 you got from the sale of the back sixty, and with it buy a **BOOK ROOM DEBENTURE** in mother's name?

Aside from the brightness in her eyes, which comes from happiness, when you handed it to her, it would mean that that \$1,500 would be invested wisely, advisedly and very advantageously. It would mean also that in the ten years (five if you prefer) of the life of the Debenture she would have \$825 come in in interest. She would have the joy too of clipping off the coupons twice a year and sending them in to us for the interest payments which would bring her the extra pocket money for Christmas, birthdays and summer outings which she has always wanted.

It doesn't need to be \$1,500; it may be \$300 or \$2,000 or \$5,000, whatever you can afford or wish to invest for her now.

Would it be safe? Quite as safe as the same money would be in the bank where you will likely place it otherwise, and the interest returns, you see, are very much better than those offered by the bank.

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centenary of Wesley's death (1891), by marble columns which were subscribed for by Methodists in distant lands. They bear the names of the countries which donated them: the Australian Methodist Church, the South African Methodist Church, the West Indian, the Irish Conference, the American Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal

within this stands a chair which was used by Wesley at Oxford before he commenced his ecclesiastical career. The reading desk from the Foundery is also there.

It was at the Foundery, (which was situated about 150 yards from the site on which the chapel was afterwards built) that Wesley began his London work in 1739. The

volent agencies. The chapel was opened on November 1st, 1778. Its erection cost £6,000.

Near the pulpit stands John Fletcher's study chair and the baptismal font used at his church. One of the old seats used at the Foundery stands against the wall--and a narrow straight-backed seat it is. There was no danger of sleep on such a seat.

The vestry contains the portraits of every minister who has officiated at City Road since Wesley's time.

It is into the tiny cemetery behind the chapel one must go to see Wesley's tomb. It stands high, surrounded by iron railings, commemorating the place where rest "the mortal remains of the Venerable and Apostolic Wesley." Almost touching it is the heavy stone tomb of Dr. Adam Clark. Beyond the fence the motor lorries rumble, and the grind of machinery sounds from the factories which overlook this tiny cemetery. Yet in this peaceful "God's Acre" sleep many of the finest heroes of Methodism.

It is said that nearly 6,000 persons lie within this small plot of ground, all of them closely connected with Wesley's church and work.

into the water. The other man watched his struggles, but did nothing to help him.

"I can't swim," shouted the man in the water. He went under, and when he came up he shouted again: "I can't swim!"

The man on the pier watched him with languid interest.

The man in the water sank again. When he came up he gasped: "I can't swim."

"Well, my friend," commented the man on the pier; "this is a queer time to be boasting about it!"

Guest: "I wish I had come here a week ago."

Hotel Proprietor: "Ah! you are flattering to my establishment."

Guest: "I don't know about that. What I mean is that I should have preferred to eat this fish then instead of now."

Husband (after first tiff): "It's a good thing there are no marriages in heaven!"

Wife: "There c-c-c-couldn't be, 'cos no men are there!"--*London Mail*.

A well-known conductor was condemning a musical critic.

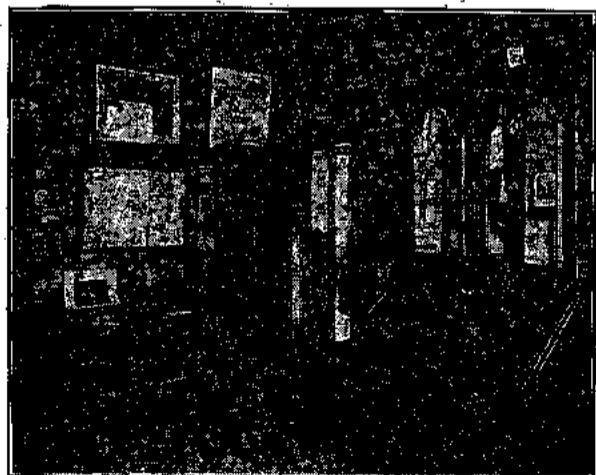
"When I read his criticisms," said he, "it makes me think of a young woman for whom I once played 'The Moonlight Sonata' on the piano.

"I like that," she said when I had finished. 'It's new, isn't it?'

"Why," I said, "it's Beethoven. Surely you knew Beethoven was dead!"

"No," said the young woman. "I didn't even know he was ill."

Louisiana paper--The opening piece was rendered by a mule quartette.



WESLEY'S BED-ROOM

Church South and the Canadian Church.

The beautiful mahogany pulpit, upholstered in red plush, which was presented to Wesley at the time of the opening of the chapel; is still in use though it is not elevated as high as it originally was. The mahogany communion rail is also original, and

Foundery had been previously used for casting cannon, but after twenty years' disuse it was sadly in need of repair. Wesley raised £800 to make it habitable, and for about forty years used it as his headquarters. Here, he lived, preached, operated a loan society, an almshouse, a book depot, a dispensary and numerous other bene-

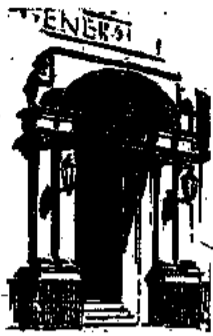
"How are you and your wife getting along with the servant problem, old chap?"

"Swimmingly, my boy, swimmingly. We have a couple of Finns.

Two men sat on a pier fishing. One had a bite, and in the excitement fell



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JOHN R. LAMB, General Manager

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# Atlantic Seaboard Bulletin

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

OUR correspondent has been holidaying most of the time since our last bulletin appeared. He serves one of the kindest and most appreciative congregations in the province, and only recently returned to work after a five weeks' vacation. During that time the congregation united with the Baptist people, and their minister attended to the spiritual needs of both congregations. Now the Methodist pastor is reciprocating. This plan for arranging the pastor's holiday is becoming very general, as the churches are learning more and more the art of co-operation, and are setting aside the controversies that used to occasion bitterness and disunion. Slowly but surely the new and better spirit is gaining ground and manifesting itself in the co-operative policy that is saving hundreds of dollars to the Missionary Fund and making possible more efficient service on an undivided field. The Church Union question was not discussed at our last Conference, as it was at some Conferences; nevertheless there is a feeling that some definite action must soon be taken, for the Methodist Church cannot afford to suffer much longer, what she has been willing to suffer, for the sake of helping bring into being a United Canadian Church. If next year's Assembly should fail to move further forward than did this year's Assembly, there may develop a considerable reaction that may wreck the whole movement, or inspire an effort to merge the Methodist and Congregational Churches, with the Union Charges already formed, into a united Church. But as a Conference we still hope and pray for such a united church as we have waited for so long.

Several of our ministers have this year attended the Christian Worker's Conference held at East Northfield, Mass., the seat of the Northfield Seminary, founded by D. L. Moody. Lectures, addresses, and sermons by outstanding ministers of America and Europe, and by returned missionaries, make it really worth while, for those who can, to go and spend part of their vacation at this place. Those of this Conference attending this year, were Revs. Bartlett, Barrett, Bond, Crowell, Hellens and Warr, and Mr. J. T. Burchell, of Sydney.

Rev. Campbell Morgan is to be in the province again this fall, and will spend some days at Sydney and Halifax, and probably at two or three other centres, where he will carry on a similar work to that in which he was engaged last year at New Glasgow. The annual Theological Institute at Mount Allison has been called off for this year to give opportunity for hearing Rev. Morgan at the Presbyterian Institute, or Pine Hill College in Halifax.

We are glad to welcome home Rev. R. O. Armstrong, M.A., of the Manitoba Conference, now taking a holiday in his native province. He is a brother of Hon. E. H. Armstrong of the Provincial Government, and of Dr. M. E. Armstrong, of Bridgetown. It is about eighteen years since he went west.

By the way! how many of the outstanding men of the West come from the Atlantic Seaboard Province. Looking over the names of men

selected to preach in Toronto churches during the General Conference, besides ten of the Nova Scotia delegates there are the following once-Nova Scotians: Revs. J. E. Hughson, D.D., A. M. Sanford, D.D., A. D. Richard, B.A., J. H. Toole, M.A., O. M. Sanford, A. S. Tuttle, B.D., and maybe others.

There is general and genuine sorrow down here among those who knew him, because of the death of Rev. W. W. Andrews, once professor of Physics and Chemistry, at Mount Allison University. The Professor was not very popular at first, if ever, with the men who could not accept his faith in the evolution theory. But Dr. Andrews was a real man; a man whose scientific knowledge and research brought him closer to his God. We vividly remember one day in class, when God seemed nearer than in any ordinary prayer-meeting service. The boys loved the man although they did not always think he excelled as a teacher. No man on the staff wielded a greater influence for good and for God among the students of his day at Mount Allison.

Probably we will not have opportunity to write again before the General Conference assembles. Already the C.P.R. agent has been busy and secured the promise of several of the delegates to travel by his line. The Canadian National Railways have not yet been heard from. Perhaps a little more business acumen might help the National Railways decrease their deficits.

The General Conference will be a new experience for two-thirds of our ministerial delegation, for which reason they have been referred to as "the kindergarten class;" but on the whole they will likely give a good account of themselves, for most of them are men with considerable experience in church administration, and as leaders in different branches of church work. Three of them have been Presidents of Conference, two of them have been Secretaries, and seven of them have been Chairmen of Districts. The others are mostly younger men who are putting consecrated energy and enthusiasm into their work, and who will be filling the positions of honor a few years hence. Among the first women delegates to General Conference will be two from Nova Scotia—Mrs. W. I. Croft and Mrs. J. F. Ehrigott. Mrs. Ehrigott was one of the first women elected to attend Conference after the enabling legislation of last General Conference, and has been a delegate each year since. No doubt some of the other Conferences have also elected lady delegates, but the women's vote in the approaching session hardly promises to be influential enough to bring about legislation permitting women to enter the ministry. It is just probable the women may be as divided upon that issue as are the men. It received little sympathy from either side in the Quarterly Official Boards of this Conference.

Nova Scotia has been in the limelight during the past two weeks because of the strike in nearly all our coal fields. The miners lost much public sympathy by calling out the pump men and others necessary to keep the mines from being flooded or otherwise endangered. The mines are the property of the province and

one of its greatest sources of revenue, and the people were prepared to back the Government in every effort to preserve their property.

It will not do to be too hasty, however, in our condemnation of the strike. It is true the leaders of the men have negotiated a settlement, after the miners had turned down the suggestions of two or more Conciliation Boards, and the agreement made by their own leaders only a day or two previous to the strike. The men said they were tired voting and wanted action; and there is some reason in that position. The

blame is not all on the side of the miners. Neither the British Empire Steel Company, nor the companies that formerly controlled the mines have taken a real human interest in their workmen, and in the social conditions of the colliery towns, where the houses are mostly owned by the coal company. They are all built on a similar plan, and no pains are taken to beautify the surroundings or to give an aesthetic touch to the appearance of the village or town.

The trouble was brewing when Conference met last June, in the city of Sydney, in the heart of the

coal section of Cape Breton. At that time the Conference Committee on Social Service expressed itself as regards the labor situation as follows:

"Met, as we are, in the centre of industrial unrest in this Province of Nova Scotia, we would re-affirm our position and attitude as regards this important matter as expressed in the manifesto of our last General Conference and in our Principles of Belief on Social Services as found in the Discipline on page 399.

"We believe that the first concern of every industry should be to serve the community, to meet the needs of

humanity, not to make big profits and pay unnecessarily large salaries, but to provide for the dependent upon that industry, a fair day's wage in the case of the laborer—a wage adequate to the needs of a normal home—and a fair return for those who have made the industry possible by their investments. We believe that the adoption of the principle of a fair day's wage would go a long way towards solving the problem.

"We believe however, that in deciding what shall be a fair day's wage, cognizance should be taken of  
(Continued on page 16)

# To Holders of Five Year 5½ per cent Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued in 1917 and Maturing 1st December, 1922.

## CONVERSION PROPOSALS

**T**HE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers to holders of these bonds who desire to continue their investment in Dominion of Canada securities the privilege of exchanging the maturing bonds for new bonds bearing 5½ per cent interest, payable half yearly, of either of the following classes:—

- (a) Five year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1927.
- (b) Ten year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1932.

While the maturing bonds will carry interest to 1st December, 1922, the new bonds will commence to earn interest from 1st November, 1922, **GIVING A BONUS OF A FULL MONTH'S INTEREST TO THOSE AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE CONVERSION PRIVILEGE.**

This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue.

Holders of the maturing bonds who wish to avail themselves of this conversion privilege should take their bonds **AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 30th**, to a Branch of any Chartered Bank in Canada and receive in exchange an official receipt for the bonds surrendered, containing an undertaking to deliver the corresponding bonds of the new issue.

Holders of maturing fully registered bonds, interest payable by cheque from Ottawa, will receive their December 1 interest cheque as usual. Holders of coupon bonds will detach and retain the last unexpired coupon before surrendering the bond itself for conversion purposes.

The surrendered bonds will be forwarded by banks to the Minister of Finance at Ottawa, where they will be exchanged for bonds of the new issue, in fully registered, or coupon registered or coupon bearer form carrying interest payable 1st May and 1st November of each year of the duration of the loan, the first interest payment accruing and payable 1st May, 1923. Bonds of the new issue will be sent to the banks for delivery immediately after the receipt of the surrendered bonds.

The bonds of the maturing issue which are not converted under this proposal will be paid off in cash on the 1st December, 1922.

**W. S. FIELDING,**  
Minister of Finance.

Dated at Ottawa, 8th August, 1922.

# Youth and Service

## Epworth League Topics

Senior Topic for October 1

### Intercession

John 17:1-26; Luke 23:34.

#### Devotional

Rev. H. T. Ferguson

WE have gone but half way in our thought of the privilege of prayer when we have conceived it as a means of securing something for ourselves. No small part of the wonder of prayer is that it may be the means of bringing great blessing to other lives whether near or far. Tennyson understood this when he put into the lips of the wounded King Arthur as he speaks to Sir Bedivere, these great words:

"More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of.  
Wherefore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night  
and day.  
For what are men better than sheep  
or goats  
That nourish a blind life within  
the brain  
If, knowing God, they lift not  
hands of prayer,  
Both for themselves and those who  
call them friend."

Very significant in the prayer of intercession that Jesus makes for His disciples in John 17, are these words:

"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." It is evidently the Master's plan, not that we should run away from the world, but that we should develop our Christian characters in the midst of the life and temptation of the world. But recognizing our human weakness, how important it will be for us young Christians, to mutually intercede for one another when we pray, that the fire of our consecration go not out on the altar, and that we fall not into temptation.

But Jesus did not intercede only on behalf of His friends but even for His enemies. Have we sincerely tried to follow Him here? Or have we even attempted serious and sustained intercession for those who are our friends but who are strangers to the love of Christ?

### The Martyr's Hymn

Psalm 31.

Consecration Topic October 1.

THIS Psalm is a hymn for the soul to sing in days of trouble. It very manifestly was written in trying circumstances. Again and again we come upon the words "adversities," "grief," "trouble," "fear." Yet the beauty of it is that the Psalm begins with "trust" and ends with "courage."

Even spring days are not all sunshine, and young people have their days of trouble when this Psalm will be better appreciated than at any

other time. It is not always that in time of storm the soul knows into what harbor to steer his craft. But the author of this Psalm was in no uncertainty. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

Sometimes, it would seem, this confidence was in danger of slipping away from him because of the long continued series of troubles through which he passed. It would appear to have been not a matter of days or of months but protracted through years. "My life is spent with grief and my years with sighing." There were times when he had allowed himself to say that God had forgotten him. "I said, in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes." We are reminded of those other words of the Psalmist, wrung out of his heart in a day of bitter agony—words that our Lord Himself used to voice the awful experience of the Cross—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me."

Yet the Psalmist lived through and came to see the whole matter in another light and to know that he had not been forsaken and his cry had not been unheeded. "Nevertheless thou hearest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee."

Some parts of this Psalm, particularly verse 5, have a very sacred association with the last scenes in the lives of some of God's heroes who battled for the faith—many of whom sealed their witness with their blood. Jesus Himself used these words on the cross "Into thy hands I commit my spirit." They were the last words of Polycarp, of Bernard, of Huss, of Jerome of Prague, of Luther and Melancthon. The same words were quoted by more than half of that great army of martyrs who died on the scaffold during the "killing times" in Scotland, from Hugh McKail in 1666 to James Renwick in 1688. McKail sang the Psalm in the old metrical version on the scaffold, including the fifth verse:

"Into Thy hands I do commit  
My spirit; for Thou art He  
O Thou, Jehovah, God of truth,  
Who hast redeemed me."

It is difficult for us in a land and a time like ours to appreciate the conditions of terrible trial in the midst of which many Christians have clung to their faith and made their confident appeal to God in such words as this Psalm affords. Fox's Book of Martyrs was familiar reading to a generation gone by, and doubtless was fully as productive of moral fibre and sublime spiritual aspiration as much of our reading of to-day. It will not do us any harm to remember how some of our forefathers for Christ's sake were driven as in Scotland in the highland districts of Galloway, Ayr and Clydesdale, into caves and dens of the rocky mountain-sides, when death was the

penalty for preaching the Gospel and when fines, imprisonment, transportation and slavery were the chances taken in venturing to listen to it. In such conditions as these this thirty-first Psalm expressed the danger, the fear, the distress, but at the same time, the sublime confidence in God that delighted to say: "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust"—"O love, the Lord, all ye his saints," "Be of good courage and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

If we have such "trust" in the midst of our troubles we shall also have just such courage.

### Finding a Lost Brother

Gen. 45.

Treasure Storing—Luke 2: 40-52

Junior Topic for October 1

JUDAH had promised to take care of Benjamin because old Jacob was not willing to let him go to Egypt. He said to Joseph: "Our father's heart is bound up in the little lad's life, and he did not want to let him come, but that the governor said we could have no corn unless we brought him. If we go back without the lad our father will die—let me stay in his place."

This was too much for Joseph. He began to weep and say, "I am Joseph." Oh, how the brothers' conscience began to trouble them as they stood before the brother they had sold into Egypt and they could not say a word. But Joseph called his brothers to come near him and when they did he said: "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me, for God really sent me here to save your life. There will be famine five years longer, and I want you to go back and tell my father and bring all the family and come down and live in this land where I can give you great plenty."

Then he put his arms about the neck of Benjamin, and in turn kissed each of the brothers.

This beautiful story has several thoughts worth considering.

1. The great soul of the brother Joseph. He, naturally, must have resented the treatment of his brothers, and yet he was able to forgive them, and eager to render them a real service. It is the sign of a great man not to harbor mean thoughts, not to give evil for evil. A Russian writer who loved boys and girls and whose life was saturated with the spirit of love, tried to develop the same spirit in his little daughter, ten years old. She had a quarrel with one of the boys and ran to her father, saying: "That naughty boy bruised my arm. I want you to go out and whip him." The father took her on his knee and said: "Daughter, what good would that do? Would not your arm still hurt? He was angry when he struck you. If I whip him will he not hate you more than ever and me, too? Let us make him love us. Go to the pantry and get some of that nice jam and bread and take it out to him, and I think

he will be made to love us, instead of hating us."

2. Strength of family ties.

Joseph had numerous friends, and was a successful man, but he missed his home. No one could take the place of his brothers. They belonged, and his life was not complete without them.

3. Love of father and son.

Joseph's care was for his old father. He went in his chariot to meet Jacob, and was so proud of his father he presented him before Pharaoh, and cared for his happiness as long as he lived.

A Practical Suggestion.

There are old men and women in the country houses who have no sons to care for them and they are very lonely. Their family has died. The juniors might plan to make their days happier by sending books, flowers and visiting with them, or giving them a concert.

### Atlantic Seaboard Bulletin

(Continued from page 15)

the fact that although an industry does not operate every day or month of the year, yet the bodies of the workers and their families must be fed, clothed and sheltered. The unpleasant and ominous situation that obtains at the present time in this province and elsewhere, can only be got rid of, not by the dominance of either capital or labor, but by the application of the Golden Rule to all industrial relations. The spirit of industrial unrest, and the spirit of antagonism that now dominates both labor and capital, can only be changed by the spirit of Jesus, the adoption of His principles, by the coming together of employer and employees in His spirit of peace, goodwill and brotherhood, of love for our neighbor, that inspires to service and sacrifice. What is needed is the Christianization of industry."

Saturday's paper reported that an agreement had been reached, which would be submitted to the miners at once. The agreement is on the whole a victory for the men although compromises had to be made by both sides. There is quite an increase in wages, and the agreement is to stand for eighteen months. It is likely to be accepted, and before this letter goes to print, the coal strike will have passed into history.

A notable feature in the settlement of the strike was the demand on the part of the miners that Rev. Dr. Clarence McKinnon, President of the Presbyterian College, be one of the arbiters. Perhaps the gulf so long existing between the Church and Labor is being bridged by the increasing interest of the Church in Labor's problems and her increasing demand for justice as expressed in our Conference report quoted above.

"I must go over to Dr. Wilson's this evening," said Elsie's father, who is a physician. "He has an informal gathering at eight o'clock."

"Oh, papa," said Elsie, "what is an informal gathering? Is it anything that has to be lanced?"



# England Gay and Grave

By REV. WM. WAKINSHAW

**T**WO months have elapsed since I mailed one of my letters dealing with current events in England. Since then a number of subjects have pushed themselves into prominence and by their interest and importance a big proportion of them are clamoring for a paragraph in these notes. But our space is limited and by a ruthless and yet discriminating selection we can only admit a few claimants whose rights are incontestable. We will begin with topics that are bright, though we may be compelled to end with themes that are tinged with gloom.

The holiday season is just drawing to a close. According to all the sources of information available it has topped all records. Never in the annals of our island, so far as we know, have so many of our people flung off the yoke of business and indulged in a holiday by the sea shore or amid the woods and the fields. This is all on the credit side of the national ledger and must materially swell our gains when the accounts of the country's health are cast up. There has been a wonderful development in recent years of what might be termed the scientific use of our days of leisure. What I mean is that holidays have been intelligently organized and our folks have not only squeezed out the last ounce of enjoyment from their recreations, but they have combined them with a large amount of intellectual and spiritual stimulus. This is due to the extraordinary increase of what are known as summer schools. It is not many years ago since these institutions were utterly unknown here. They have been transplanted from across the Atlantic and now they are thriving as though they were indigenous. Religious organizations appear to have been the pioneers in the movement to the tent and the lawn. For some years Swanwick, that was formerly a gentleman's mansion, has been in the hands of a society. Practically conventions are held there all the year round. But in summer the attractions are much more alluring. All denominations foregather there, and our Wesleyans have just concluded a successful school there among the trees and the flowers. But we have two distinctly Wesleyan properties that have just been humming with life. One is our Guild Home at Kent's Bank on Morecambe Bay. There the young men and women of our Church have held a delightful series of conferences. Cliff College has within the last few days ended another of its exhilarating conventions. The programme was most alluring and one cannot wonder that a hundred guests were attracted to this charming spot in the moors and woodlands of Derbyshire. The Rev. Samuel Chadwick is the Principal of the College, which ordinarily is populated with young fellows who are in training as evangelists. Among the captures of his bow and spear were Mr. Wiseman, Henry Howard, of Australia, Dr. Maldwyn Hughes and the Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher, a gifted Congregational minister, who has just been set apart for evangelical work by his Church after a very remarkable career in a large pastorate at Cardiff. The authorities at Cliff are following up this venture by another of a very interesting character. Necessity knows no law. During the Conference we had such a dearth of trained men that we

had to station a number of those who had just been received as candidates for the ministry. By a happy stroke of inspiration these young fellows are going to Cliff next week. Here in this school of the prophets they will receive a little guidance as to how they ought to shape their ministry. After a year or two in circuit work all of them will be admitted to one of our theological colleges for systematic training.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. It is interesting to note that these summer schools of religious societies are finding disciples among the politicians. At any rate the Liberals have just terminated a highly successful fortnight of study in current political questions at Oxford. Mr. Asquith, Lord Grey and Mr. Runciman were among the leaders of the party who shared in the Conference. But what was much more remarkable was that Lord Robert Cecil, who is nominally a Conservative joined in the parliament. It is believed and hoped in many quarters that at the next general election he will be prepared to join forces with the independent Liberals in forming what might be described as a centre party as distinct from the Die Hards in the Conservative camp on the one hand and the Socialists in the Labor barracks on the other hand. But at the moment political affairs are in such a complicated state that no one can tell us what the next combination of parties will produce. Confusion reigns where chaos does not prevail.

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Only last week I had a conversation with a prominent politician, who is particularly well informed about the complexities of parties. He could not tell me what the impending developments would be for any section of the combatants. He said he did not think that Mr. Lloyd George had yet made up his mind as to the direction in which he would hurl his volcanic energies at the next electoral struggle. The knowledge is common property that he has received an offer of £90,000 for a book of his reminiscences of the war. The rumor has been revived that he intends to retire for a while to enable him to complete this engagement. Probably in the case of those who have floated or circulated the report the wish is father to the thought. My own opinion is that the Premier is so passionately fond of power that he will not resign his sceptre. He will only relinquish it when his opponents are strong enough to wrench it from his grasp.

So far as the religious world is concerned one of the happiest auguries is to be found in the quickened interest that is everywhere revealed in the work of God. Apparently we are on the eve of a great revival. The spirit of expectation is abroad. The years of famine so gaunt, so devouring and so prolonged seem to be drawing to a close. For two years our Church has reported an increase of members. This welcome addition to our numbers has stimulated hope. By our home mission officials the whole country has been mapped out for a series of evangelistic campaigns. As far as possible each district is urged to observe its appointed dates and to concentrate its aggressive efforts during the dates assigned to each area. Mr. Wiseman is the chief of staff and Gipsy Smith is the general in this extensive campaign. Other gifted evangelists will form what may be described as the commissioned officers and the non-commissioned officers will be largely drawn from the students at Cliff College. It is gratifying to note in this connection that the Primitive Methodists are also arranging for an evangelistic effort on a wide scale.

Last night I was turning over the pages in a volume of *Punch*, issued during the war. One of the recurrent figures was the pessimist. Even in the midst of astounding British victories he could discover reasons for depression. Without being a pessimist one cannot fail to find many things in current events that compel one to heave a sigh. Trade continues to be very attenuated. The queues of unemployed standing on certain days waiting at various offices for their unemployment dole is very saddening. What aggravates the sight is the knowledge revealed from time to time in the papers that a number of these recipients squander their dole in drinking and gambling. The latest returns are certainly more cheering. There is a slight decrease in the list of the out-of-works. But all thoughtful persons are agreed that there will be no widespread and lasting improvement in the world of labor and commerce until international affairs are settled on a wise and just basis. This morning's journals report that the mark has fallen in value lower than ever and that one or two of the Bourses of Europe are reeling where they are not rocking with panic. Many of our so-called statesmen are extremely short sighted. They cannot see that no nation can flourish on the ruins of another. The solidarity of the human race is one of the basal facts of international life and we ignore it at our peril. Some weeks ago there were signs that the errors of the Versailles Treaty were about to be

rectified. But this prospect has recently become more dim. But dark is the hour before the dawn. It is believed that even yet France will not push her claims for reparation to extremes, and that if Germany is only allowed breathing space she will steadily recover and that all the countries in Europe will share in her convalescence.

But my brush has already been dipped often enough in pigments of a dark or dingy color and I will finish on a brighter picture. The returns of the arrests for drunkenness last year have recently been published. They indicate a distinct advance in the sobriety of the nation. It looks as if the Wesleyan temperance campaign had not been waged in vain. Moreover that was only a skirmish. During the approaching winter the battle is to be pushed to the gate. Undeniably we are improving. Prohibition is still far ahead. But already by faith we "see the distant gates of Eden gleam."

## Characteristics of Canadians

(Continued from page 5)

fine art. This apparent crudeness, however, rarely shades off into the gross, obscene, or vulgar. They may lack the external polish of certain older peoples, but, polish is not so very essential to-day, especially as the world wags. Industry is the essential requisite, with honesty and sympathy thrown in. These are as the seasoned wood, while polish is as the veneer.

To people who have not come to know the Canadian as he ought to be known, he seems to be very materialistic. There is a decided fascination for him in the acquisition of money. All seem keen to get it and believe it is to be acquired. Every last man has it in his creed, that for him there is a pile put by if only he will get after it. Nevertheless, this love of money is not to be condemned, for it springs not from the mere lust for gold, but from a desire to possess money in order to do something with it. Parsimony or niggardliness is not generally found among Canadians. They are invariably a generous people.

They are keenly appreciative of the beauty of nature, but have not as yet developed the aesthetic sense to the same degree as most of the older peoples of Europe. They lack tech-

nique, but improve on this by an ampler appreciation. The artistic element in their make-up is not so pronounced as in some, but they are rapidly improving, and very soon will compare favorably with the world's artistic leaders.

They lack emotion and are not given to sentiment. This is reflected in their musical abilities, which do not stand high. Song and minstrelry do not soothe or sway them unduly.

They never experience the transport of joy, or the flood of sorrow that music often causes to come to mellow Celt or gay Southerner. The Canadian has not passed through the fires of oppression and slavery to his freedom, hence he has no pent-up, age-long, soul-music in him waiting for the magic touch of song to set it free.

Such are a few sterling qualities and characteristics that are being developed by boundless possibilities, equality of opportunity, religious tolerance and liberty, intellectual facilities of the highest order, social purity, democratic legislation, freedom from dominance of any caste or creed, lack of historical bias or fetter reaching back into the stagnation of the Middle Ages, wealth in plenty for honest industry, security for property and respect for contracts. These all are to be found contributing their quota to the sum total of a people's good in the land of the maple leaf, Canada.

(Mr. Lloyd came to the "West" thirteen years ago, preached for nine years, and served four years overseas.)

"Why didn't you put this watermelon in the ice box as I told you, Mary?"

"I did, mum."

"But it isn't cold."

"No, mum. How could it be? I had to take out the ice to get it in."

Miss Beatrice is a very bright young woman."

"Did she say clever things?"

"Better than that; she saw the point when I said them."

-It was Betty's first visit to the country, and when she saw the chickens scratching vigorously on the walk she ran to her mother in alarm.

"Why, Betty," said her mother, "are you afraid of chickens?"

"Yes," said the child, "they kicked at me."

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FRANCES NICKAWA

clearness of utterance, strength of feeling and exactness of interpretation of thought and character, prove that she has carefully developed her fine abilities to the highest degree." Our readers will be glad to learn that Miss Nickawa will be available for engagements in Ontario for the next few months, and correspondence may be directed to 588 Huron Street, Toronto. Where possible, consecutive tours will be arranged. Besides giving a wide range of programmes on week nights, Miss Nickawa has delighted many congregations and Sunday schools with her recital of sacred selections and singing of gospel hymns that carry their own helpful message.

**Dr. Scott's Letter**

To Editor of the Christian Guardian: Dear Sir,—I notice that in his propaganda against Church Union, the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Scott, of Montreal, has taken advantage of your columns to give some very peculiar interpretations of parts of an address I delivered some time ago to Methodist Conferences.

I have neither time nor inclination to enter into a controversy with anybody upon the subject of Church Union. Besides it would be a reflection upon the intelligence of your readers to suppose that Dr. Scott's letter made it necessary for me to do so. Surely they can see without any explanation that when a man expresses certainty of belief that a

thing will take place because of his confidence in the good faith of negotiating parties, he is not intimating any lack of good faith in any of them.

In other respects he construes my address in such a way as to foist upon me opinions I never thought of entertaining; as for instance, that the United Church should "not be a church, but a religio-political machine." I would only ask any persons interested to read my address and his letter together. If they do so, I shall have no fear as to the effect upon public opinion.

Yours very truly,  
S. D. CHOWN.

**A Home for Superannuates**

To Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—As the date for the General Conference approaches there is beyond doubt tense expectation and some anxiety in the minds of many of our superannuated folk. The question of a Home for Veterans, which was raised some time ago by our Secretary-Treasurer, is one that has aroused a great deal of sympathetic feeling and many Methodist people are shocked to learn that there is the slightest necessity for such an institution.

I have given a good deal of thought to this matter myself because circumstances have forced me seriously to face the situation. That we have some aged ministers and ministers' widows who are at present without homes or near relatives is a fact which no one can question. The conditions in which these people find themselves at the close of a busy and honorable career is pitiable in the extreme. The ordinary boarding house does not appeal to them, for here the home atmosphere, for which aged people long and which they miss so sadly, is almost, if not altogether, lacking. A boarding house proposition is simply a business relation—so much food, etc., for so much money.

On the other hand, as one aged veteran has already written, "what relatives care to be burdened with an aged and somewhat decrepit minister." Just listen again to the plaintive heartbroken cry of this poor soul. "I am seventy-four years of age, I have no wife, no children and no home. I have served the Church for nearly fifty years and have saved no money during that time, because I have always tried to be an example of generosity to my flock. What is to become of me now, God only knows."

In this age when Oddfellows are building and maintaining homes for homeless members of the Order, when we Methodists are spending millions for the foreigners at home and abroad, it does seem to me that one of the first duties of our Church is to secure a home or homes where, amid congenial surroundings with all the necessary comforts of life, these grand old men and women who have sacrificed everything for the Church, may pass the evening time of life with minds free from anxiety and concern.

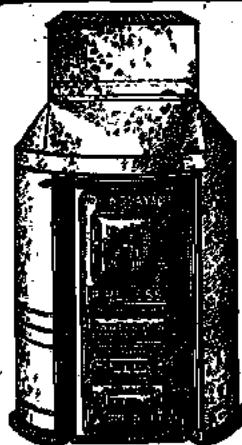
It is plainly up to us—what are we going to do about it?

Yours sincerely,  
J. C. HAY.

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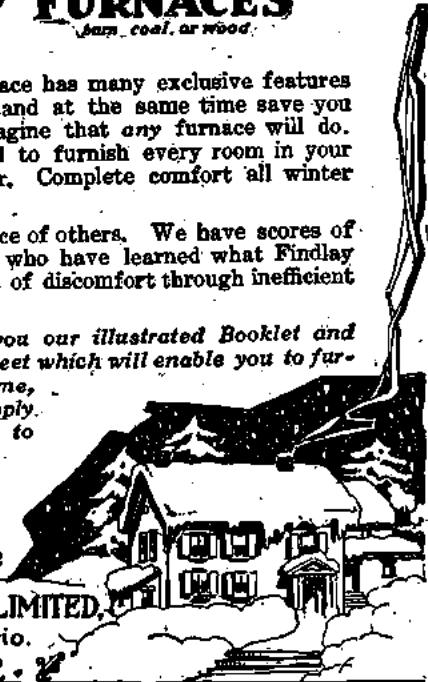
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### Old Wine in New Bottles

**C**OUNT LEO TOLSTOY, on the last page of the first volume of "War and Peace" puts into the mouth of one of his characters a frantic exclamation which one can not easily forget. I have no doubt in my own mind but that Tolstoy wrote with his tongue in his cheek, thinking all the while what an infinite variety of Rostows there were almost everywhere you looked, in the army, in the government, in the schools and churches. Count Rostow was a hot royalist. The breach had not yet occurred between Czar Alexander and Napoleon, and Rostow zealously worshipped in private and loudly extolled in public the superhuman virtues of the royal allies. Alexander and Napoleon had visited the same town with their numerous suites and at the Russian officers' mess, one of the Russian officers openly criticized the Franco-Russian fraternity, exclaiming that the presence of the French was humiliating. At this Count Rostow flared up and said with all his royalist vehemence: "How dare you criticize the Czar's actions? . . . We are soldiers and nothing more. We are ordered to die and we die. . . if once we begin to criticize and judge there will soon be nothing sacred. We shall end by denying the existence of God—of anything! There is but one thing for us to do—Our Duty—to fight and never think; that is the whole story!"

That was supposed to be about the year 1808 or so. Even a century of enlightenment has not carried all the Rostows away. Most of us can recall no end of them who can fight harder and think less than anybody else of our acquaintance. A profound conviction is not necessarily the natural corollary of profound thinking: it may be the outward and visible sign of a fathomless and abysmal ignorance. But these weird folk are happily absent from the many thousands of candid, critical, forward-thinking readers of THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN. In other words, they are where our luminous shafts cannot reach them.

One of the amazing phenomena in the religious world at the present moment is the restless passion for restatement and reaffirmation. It is not enough that God once spoke to His prophets in olden times, and that they set in order their ideas regarding their experiences. It is equally important that every succeeding day, in the light of newer truths and larger experiences, should as earnestly correlate and define them. In a very real sense there is an identical element in the multifarious experiences of all men. This permits me to use my present experiences of other days, interpreting mine to myself. Therefore, we need never be afraid of losing the truth, but we must ever be zealously employed giving truth its inevitable expression in the language of this hour. Truth speaks only in the dialect of the present moment.

Judging from the output of the particular kind of theological literature we have in mind, the literature

of restatement, one would be led to suppose that the outstanding characteristic of Canadian scholars was reticence. There has been a veritable avalanche from Europe, and the feverish intensity along this line in England and the United States might not unnaturally suggest to some minds that this was the national pastime of the Anglo-Saxon divine. Canada has also made her contribution, not voluminous it is true, but of a quality of superlative excellence. Morgan, Scott, Jordan, Gordon and Hooke, these are but a few random names that have achieved an international reputation. And now we have to introduce a new name, that of Principal Albert M. Sanford, of Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.

Principal Sanford is a splendid example of the Canadian pioneer at his best. His rugged body knows what it means to sweat and ache for his beloved college. His hands are not the hands of the dilettante; they have toiled. But amid all the work and worry of adding new buildings and raising funds he has found time, made time, to become a finished scholar. The variety of classes he teaches, and teaches well, would make a less zealous professor quake. But his hobby is theology, and to this he has brought a fine enthusiasm, a splendid equipment, a rare faculty of sweetness and chivalry, and a passion to grasp truth with naked hands.

The first series of the Ryerson Essays will be completed in a few weeks. This series is on "Modern Misbeliefs," in which we tried to sift a half dozen current, fantastic beliefs, such as the weird vagaries of Adventism, the sophistry of Christian Science, the profanities of Mormonism and so on. The second series is launched with four essays by Principal Sanford. The whole series will ultimately include some eight or more Essays under the general heading "Christian Foundations." Some outstanding names in Canada and abroad will be associated in this important series. The series on "Christian Foundations" will be completed in the next six months at an average cost of approximately twenty-five cents each. To ensure receiving the complete Series you ought to send your name to The Editor, Ryerson Essays, Wesley Buildings, in order that you may be placed on our mailing list.

The first three of Dr. Sanford's Essays were delivered last year at the Pacific School of Religion where they were warmly praised. They have been revised and will appeal both to the general reader and the specialist. For an equal blending of sweetness and light they will be hard to equal. "The Revelation of God to Man," naturally opens the series, and it is simple enough for a child. How does God speak to the heart of His children? Where does He enter the life of man? Why does He speak at all? And having spoken does He find it necessary to speak again, or in the same manner? Can it ever end; and will not God ever invent new mediums through which

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to reach the lives of those He has called to be like Him?

The next essay is entitled "Inspiration and Infallibility," and should be read with the third, "Literalistic Interpretations of the Scriptures." How would you define the meaning of authority in religion? How would you apply your definition to the Scriptures? Does inspiration imply an absolute lack of error? What is the real function of inspiration then?

There are as many different ways of approaching the Scriptures as there are of approaching a stile, but there is only one way of getting over. Dr. Sanford is an excellent guide. His method reminds one of W. N. Clarke, Bishop McConnell, H. F. Rall, and others in its quietness, simplicity, eagerness for truth, and perfect fairness. The last essay "The Development of Paul's Theology" is not only of tremendous, present interest but a splendid example of the author's method of Scriptural study and restatement.

### An Old Dispute

To the Editor of Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—Mr. Robinson, in your edition of August 23rd, asks several questions not answered in your footnote. I often think that much misunderstanding is caused by varying uses of terms and our dictionaries do not always clear up the misconceptions. For instance, in some works "fiction" and "fable" are synonyms, so also are "myth" and "fabrication." This is totally misleading. Webster does not tell the whole truth when he says that "a myth is a fabulous narrative," nor when he describes fiction as "stories feigned to deceive." Such definitions because of their incompleteness have given rise to grievous misunderstandings. In all probability if Mr. Black had Mr. Robinson's conception of what fiction or myth or allegory meant he would no more use them than would Mr. Robinson in certain descriptions of Scripture.

Mr. Robinson's question concerning the books of Daniel, Jonah and Esther, "Are they chiefly Jewish fable or inspired truth? Are they fiction or fact, etc.," illustrates the point: Why not both? Fables are often more inspired than facts and there are myths in the Bible that contain more truth than thousands of historical records.

May we define and illustrate for purposes of clarity. A *Myth* is a story of fact, (See Ruskin, Ency. Brit., etc.) It is a story having an interpretation which is hidden from view, and that it has a hidden meaning is generally evident from the unnatural and seemingly preposterous figures employed. A most striking illustration of this method of teaching truth is found in Rev. 9: 7-11. Here we have the most trenchant and adequate description of sin to be found in any place, in any language. That there shall be no mistake in interpretation we have the name of the master of these monstrous creatures given in two languages and in both he is Devil. The Locust which is used as the body of the Myth is used without a doubt because it represents a creature without a single apparent redeeming principle and is wholly destructive. So it is with sin. But the locust does not exhaust the ideas in the mind of the seer and he proceeds to add to the locust parts and appearances until the figure is complete.

Sin's repulsiveness is hidden in a

glorious appearance, in crowns, as it were, in humanness; then we have its seductiveness and its cruelty, we have its seeming strength and its alarming attractiveness and withal the sting in the tail; then we have the idea of organized effort under leadership and all in four short verses. The Bible has many other sublime illustrations of this glorious method of teaching truth.

A fable is a story in which irrational beings and material things are for purposes of instruction represented as acting and speaking with human interests and passions.

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Jotham's fine fable of the trees seeking a king illustrates this method. A parable is a story through which moral and spiritual truths are set forth, so also is an allegory. Jesus taught in parables, and as a matter of fact all speech is parabolic, so that "without a parable did not Jesus speak to the people."  
 The story of the Prodigal Son does not lose any of its potency because it is a parable, nor does the Book of Jonah lose any of its potency because it, like Pilgrim's Progress of Bunyan, is allegory.  
 We Westerners with our matter-of-fact-minds must not forget that it pleased God to reveal the greatest truths of the universe in visions, dreams, parables, allegories. The ways of God are not confined to the measure of our span and the human can sometimes be serious even in fiction.

Yours for the truth,  
 THOS. D. JONES.

**Serious Questions for Conference Delegates**

To the Editor of Christian Guardian:  
 Dear Sir,—In these formative days of our national life we need to look well to the foundations. One of these is the Church. What form of church organization is going to dominate the life of this country in the near future? We are confronted by an aggressive omnific ecclesiastical-order utterly at variance with the fundamentals of Christian liberty. Can we checkmate this dominant power by working along the old sectarian lines and ministering to small coteries of people? The Church which is to lead must have the ear of the masses, and we haven't got that ear, nor never will on the sectarian plane. Hence the imperative need in Canada, at least, is some organization, co-operative, federative, some united Church which will stress the vital elements of our Christian religion and make itself felt in the national and imperial questions of the day.

The second question is, the present state of our educational system. It is most regrettable that we should have chained to our necks this dual system of education. The separate school is a menace to the peace and unity of the people. We cannot build up a homogeneous people under such diverse conditions. The United Church should seek for the abolition of the separate school. The Church of Rome is now seeking for larger concessions from our Parliament. The only way to effectively countermand these devices is to act on the aggressive and insist upon a uniform system of education where the fundamentals of Christian ethics shall be taught apart from any church bias. To act merely on the defensive in such a matter is to eventually lose the battle. Nor can we, nor ought we to acquiesce in the purblind policy of our forefathers in our enlightened age, especially when we are confronted by an aggressive and intolerant hierarchy. The third question is racial. What type of people shall dominate the near future of our country? This is not simply an immigration policy, though that is important, but a question of propagation. We lost in the war some 60,000 men, mostly young and of a marriageable age. This is an irreparable loss, considered merely from the point of breed, more serious than all other losses. But something should be done to repair this awful loss. And the youth of our land could do much if they were taken in hand and wisely instructed about the importance of

marriage and the sacred duty of raising families. If we did not lack men who were willing to die for the country, we should not lack men who are willing to live for their country by conserving the race. The number of single men throughout the country is appalling. Can it be that some dark fate has settled upon us, some tragic decline of the parental instinct, or is it due to the lack of domestic and religious training. We presume it is the latter, if so, the Church and the home has a very urgent duty on their hands and in it the Church must lead; then we must ask for the co-operation of our governments to issue directions to the people.

We live in days when national barriers are breaking down and there is a great shifting and mingling of peoples and races. This is both good and evil. If we do not breed our own kind, can we expect to hold our vacant lands from those who are breeding and are pressing for an entrance into our land. The capitalist in his greed for gain is tempted to let them in and when they arrive they undermine the workman, they drive out the trader and eventually the aristocrat. The heritage of the dead is entrusted to us to safeguard for the unborn generations. These are serious questions which demand prompt action.

Sincerely yours,  
 A. GALLEY.

**The First Conference**

To the Editor of Christian Guardian:  
 Dear Sir,—I have just been reading Mrs. (Rev.) Dr. Chown's review of proceedings at first General Conference in 1874. That was after the union of the Western Methodist Church in Canada, the New Connexion Methodist Church in Canada, and the Methodists of the eastern provinces into the Methodist Church of Canada. The names mentioned call up old stalwarts long read of, some of them heard. It seems that Rev. Dr. Douglas moved the name of the church. Well, at the organization of the present Methodist Church in 1882, it seems to me that Dr. Douglas moved this name also. There were uniting; The Methodist Church of Canada, the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, the Primitive Methodist Church in Canada, and the Bible Christian Church in Canada. Various names were up of course. Methodist of Canada was real, but that was too much of one body; the Episcopalists naturally wished a reference to theirs as the M.E. Church had so much part in the early days; and I think Rev. Dr. Sutherland, jocularly moved that it be the Primitive Bible Christian Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada. But if I mistake not, Rev. Dr. Douglas moved that it be "The Methodist Church," and such it was, and such it has been during the forty years. The old stalwarts even of then are nearly all gone.

Respectfully,  
 J. S. C.

Stevens Point, Wis.

Sign on a Japanese bakery wagon in Yokohama:  
 "Tommy Tokoyama, in Yokohama: Biggest Loafer in Town."—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

A California philosopher expresses the hope that in his next incarnation he shall be half-Irish and half-Hebrew. "For," he says, "the Irishman is happy as long as he has a dollar, and the Hebrew always has it."

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### District Meetings

**WOODSTOCK**—The Financial District Meeting and Missionary Conference will be held in Dundas St. Church, Woodstock, on Wednesday, September 20th, at 10 a.m. The afternoon session will be devoted to a consideration of missionary and connexional responsibilities. Representatives of the General Board of Missions will be present to address the meeting. Members of circuit missionary committees are specially invited to be present. Meals will be served at the church.—Henry Caldwell, Chairman; S. M. Beaghouse, Fin. Sec.

**OWEN SOUND**—The Financial Meeting of Owen Sound District will be held in Dundalk, Wednesday, September 20th, commencing at 9 a.m., 2 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. The forenoon session will pursue routine business, every circuit being necessarily under review. The Rev. I. G. Bowles, B.A., President of Conference, will speak in the afternoon. Representatives of Mission Rooms and Educational Department are expected, as also ministers and laymen of the district, according to appointment. It is earnestly desired that at least three or four will attend afternoon session from each church in the district. General meeting in the evening will be addressed by the President, together with one or two ministers and laymen, according to subjects assigned them. Will those expecting to attend afternoon and evening kindly notify Rev. Mr. Andrews, Dundalk.—John Locke, Chairman; H. E. Eaton, Fin. Sec.

**WINGHAM**—The Financial Meeting of the Wingham District will be held in Bluevale, on Friday, September 22nd, at 9.30 a.m. The morning session will be devoted to general business. In the afternoon a conference on the work of our Church will be held, when special attention will be given to our missionary opportunity and responsibility. It is requested that each circuit have at least six representatives present at the afternoon session.—C. F. Clark, Chairman; I. A. McKelvey, Fin. Sec.

### Mission Rooms Receipts to Sept. 5, 1922

Toronto Conference			
Circuit	No.	Amount	Total
Echo Bay	2	\$10 00	\$144 70
Horne Payne	1	13 00	13 00
Total to date			\$2,006 61
London Conference			
Thamesville	1	\$50 00	\$ 50 00
Parker St., Sarnia	1	50 00	50 00
Total to date			\$ 871 02
Hamilton Conference			
Chesley	1	\$168 00	\$168 00
Burlington	1	240 86	240 86
Total to date			\$2,311 15
Bay of Quinte Conference			
Total to date			\$ 940 26
Montreal Conference			
St. Anne de Bellevue	1	\$103 18	\$103 18
Merrickville	1	125 00	125 00
Total to date			\$1,053 63
Nova Scotia Conference			
Brunswick St., Truro	1	\$26 00	\$ 26 00
Guyshoro	1	10 00	10 00
Total to date			\$ 86 00
N.B. and P.E.I. Conference			
Fairville, St. John	2	\$20 00	\$ 90 00
Grand Lake	1	50 00	50 00
Total to date			\$ 225 00
Newfoundland Conference			
Total to date			\$ 580 40
Manitoba Conference			
Kildonan, Winnipeg	1	\$50 00	\$ 50 00
Foxwarren	1	200 00	200 00
Total to date			\$ 318 00
Saskatchewan Conference			
Gull Lake	1	\$30 00	\$ 30 00
Idaleen	1	30 00	30 00
Vanscoy	1	30 00	30 00
Total to date			\$ 979 25
Alberta Conference			
McDougal, Edmonton	1	\$110 48	\$110 48
Big Stone	1	5 00	5 00
Carmangay	1	5 00	5 00
Eyremore	1	2 85	2 85
Iron Springs	1	5 00	5 00
Lamont	1	20 00	20 00
Total to date			\$ 701 04
British Columbia Conference			
Hazelton	1	\$10 00	\$ 10 00
Total to date			\$ 181 85
Total receipts to date			\$10,212 71
Same date last year			12,692 99
Miscellaneous receipts to date			8,128 28

**WIARTON**—The Financial Meeting of Wiarton District will be held at Lion's Head, on Tuesday, September 26th, beginning at 10.30 a.m. with business and connexional interest. In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, representatives from the Departments and Colleges will be heard and plans considered. The evening session, at 8 o'clock, will be devoted to Evangelism and Missions. Rev. C. W. Cosens, Chairman of District, will give an address—"Christ's Method with the Sinner." An illustrated address on missions will be given by Rev. W. A. Cook, M.A. All circuits are requested to send delegates besides the regular delegates appointed by the Boards.—C. W. Cosens, Chairman; J. Culp, Fin. Sec.

**GODERICH**—The Financial Meeting of the Goderich District will be held in Wesley Church, Clinton, on Tuesday, September 19th, the morning session commencing at 9 a.m., and the afternoon session at 1.30 p.m. The forenoon will be devoted to the general business of the District. The afternoon will be devoted to a conference on missions, and will be addressed by the President of the London Conference, Rev. J. E. J. Millyard, of Sarnia. Each circuit is requested to send not less than six delegates to the afternoon session, including, if possible, members of the Circuit Missionary Committee, the Epworth League President, and the Sunday-school Superintendent. The District Missionary Committee will present a report, including recommendations of methods of obtaining the district objective. Dinner and supper will be provided by the ladies of the church. Collection at afternoon session.—E. Anderson, Chairman; E. Fulton Irwin, Fin. Sec.

**WALKERTON**—The Financial District Meeting of Walkerton District will be held at Walkerton on Wednesday, September 20th, at 10.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. The District Missionary Committee will meet at 9 a.m. A special invitation is extended to all the members of circuit missionary committees to be present at 1.30 p.m., when the Missionary Campaign will be discussed and planned. Each circuit is requested to send a strong delegation to the afternoon session.—J. A. McLachlan, Chairman; H. J. Harnwell, Financial Secretary.

### Births, Marriages, Deaths

Notices under these headings will be charged for at two cents per word. Minimum charge of fifty-cents per insertion.

**BROWN**—Gwendolyn Maud, aged one year and ten months, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Homer G. Brown of Chengtu, China, on July 4th, 1922.

**McKITTRICK**—William McKittrick, late of Crystal City, Man., was called to his heavenly home on Sunday, July 30th, 1922, in the eightieth year of his age. He was born near Carleton Place, Ontario, and in early life married Catharine Dewar, who for fifty-five years has been his faithful companion, and survives him now in her ninety-first year. In 1880 he settled in the Crystal City District and has ever been deeply interested in all Christian work, and in everything that stood for strong, noble manhood in community life. He leaves behind him the fragrance of a kindly, patient spirit, whose memory blesses all who knew him. He is survived by a loving wife and three children: W. H. and T. G., Editor of the *Crystal City Courier*, both of Crystal City, and Mrs. R. Elson, of Medicine Hat, Alta., also one brother, John, and two sisters, Mrs. John Spearman and Mrs. D. Shanks. There are also twelve grandchildren. The pallbearers were his five nephews, sons of John McKittrick, and his son Henry. His body rests in the cemetery at Crystal City, and he is with the host of our loved ones in the home of God.—G.F.M.

### In Memoriam

**POLLEY**—In loving memory of Hugh Sterling Polley, 87th Batt., C.E.F., who died of wounds in Belgium, September 6th, 1916, aged twenty-one years, and Fern Saunders Polley, wife of Rolston W. Crooks, who died in Vancouver, September 2nd, 1921, aged twenty-three years—oldest son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Polley, 1268 Albert St., Vancouver, B.C., formerly of Kingston, Ont.

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