

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

Established 1829

HARVEST DAYS



THE man who stands before a field of ripened grain stands in the very presence of the Eternal Goodness and should comport himself as one who treadeth holy ground. It ought to be easy for the farmer to thank the Giver of All Good for life's bounties, for they seem to come so direct from His gracious hand, but it ought also to be easy for the rest of us to stand with the farmer and rejoice and be glad at that wonderful miracle of the harvest field. And it is something like that we ought to be doing, in thought at least, these gracious days of the ingathering. Life is surely a sordid thing indeed if we take of all its bounties and richness and fail to look up into the face of the great giver with a smile of recognition and gratitude. Failing there what different are we from the brute beast that eats his fill with his eyes on the earth and never sees the stars or thinks of the God who made them? Let us walk softly and reverently and gratefully these harvest days.

Toronto, August 13th, 1919

THE COURAGE THAT COUNTS

Back to the shop and back to the soil,
Back to the daily round of toil,
Back to the opes in the old home nest,
Back to the girl whom you love the best,
Back to the friends, so kind and true,
Back to the spots your childhood knew,
Back to the land that gave you birth—
Back from the place where you've shown
your worth.

Instead of men and arms and death,
Instead of groans and pain-rent breath,
Instead of the prayers of the battlefield,
Instead of the spoils war's conflicts yield,
Instead of restless, sleepless nights,
Instead of nauseous, blood-smear'd sights,
Instead of the gloom of No Man's Land—
The haven of home and a welcoming hand.

But, soldier boy, though the war is o'er
And stilled the echoes of cannon's roar,
There yet are battles of life to fight,
Since wrong is wrong and right is right;
And the courage you've shown in fierce
affray

You must not fold and pack away;
It will help you, lad, to "carry on"
With lips that smile, till the victory's won.
—Rose Milliken, in "Zion's Herald."

FALLING SHORT

"I declare, sometimes I have a notion not to try to do anything," said a discouraged voice. "It just seems as if I never come to the full measure of what I intend to do. I always fall short, somewhere."

"I'll have to refer you to an old friend of mine who said much the same thing in his own way," smiled the listener. "It was Shakespeare who wrote what discouraged souls all over the world often think, 'My endeavors have ever come too short of my desires.' But cheer up, Emily, there are plenty of others in your class, and every one of them ought to try to remember that if they didn't try at all they wouldn't accomplish even as much as they do."

There is comfort in the thought for all of us when we feel that we have accomplished so little for the effort made, or fallen so far short of the thing we would have done. If the desires were good the endeavors will have some grain of virtue in them, even though in less degree than we would wish. The endeavor will surely be greater, if the desire was great, than one that reached the fullness of a small desire. God, who instills the desire to serve Him in great ways, watches over the endeavors, knows all the hopes and effort and longing and love that go into the endeavor. Be sure that He will not forget or overlook or under-estimate these. He will treasure them all; and though the results may seem small in the eyes of men, He can bring great things to pass out of them if it is His will and pleasure to do so; and He will reward the endeavor, the will to serve, the effort toward service, rather than the results that may seem so small to us.—Cora S. Day.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

"Well, George," said his wife, as George Morton and she came in from church one Sunday morning, "how did you like the sermon this morning?"

"Nothing in it," he replied briefly. "I don't get anything out of sermons nowadays. It seems to me the great preachers must all be dead."

"I wonder if the trouble is with the preachers or with you, George?" his wife replied. "If it were only sermons amongst other worth-while things that had lost their interest for you, I shouldn't think so much of it; but do you realize that you can't get interested in a worth-while book; you can never be got to go to an orchestral concert, or a musical recital, or a lecture that is

meant for intelligent people? The newspaper has taken the place of real reading with you, the musical comedy or the moving picture the place of the concert. You have acquired an appetite for the frothy, highly-spiced things that require no thought."

"Well, if I didn't get a sermon at church, I'm getting one now! But I'll have to admit there's a lot of truth in what you say," he admitted good-naturedly.

"George," she said, "your name is legion. You're just like hundreds of other men who, in the rush of business to-day, are losing their taste for worth-while things. You remind me of a story I read the other day about a dealer in hides who was inveigled out to dinner by his wife. It chanced that he was seated at table between a brilliant woman novelist and a very clever doctor. His wife thought he would surely have a good time. But she asked what sort of evening he had. He replied, 'Abominable! What did those people know about hides!' He ate, slept, drank and lived hides."

"That's what some of you men are doing with your business. Your brains are a one-track line, and anything that doesn't directly concern your business has no interest for you. I'm not scolding. I simply pity you. The taste for music is essential to a really cultivated man; so is the taste for good books, good preaching; you used to have a taste for all these not so many years ago, but you're losing it fast. That's what makes me suspect your opinion of the sermon this morning. It seemed to me remarkably good, and so it did to others. I wonder if you're not judging yourself?"
—Youth's Companion.

BOOK ROOM PICNIC

On Saturday last the employees of the Methodist Book Room held their annual picnic at Queenston Heights, having a most enjoyable time. During the day a group photograph of those present was taken, and the new Book Steward, Rev. S. W. Fallis, was introduced. He gave a short address, expressing his satisfaction with the family feeling that seemed to prevail in the Book Room, and assured the workers that he felt himself to be one with them. The great event in the programme of games was the baseball match between the married and single men, which is an annual struggle. The benedicts played a very good game, but the youth of the bachelors turned the scale in their favor, and they won out.

Personals

Rev. H. W. Spargo, now superannuated, whose name was inadvertently omitted from the list of stations, is now available for supply work. His address is Bowmanville, Ont.

Before leaving Sydenham for Westboro, the Rev. F. A. Read was presented with an appreciative address by his congregation, accompanied with a well-filled purse, containing \$100 in gold, a cheque, a few bills and some silver, amounting to \$123.

Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., of Baltimore, recently spent a few days in Toronto, and preached with great acceptance to a large congregation in Trinity Church. Dr. Johnston, who was formerly a well-known Canadian preacher, has spent sixty years in the ministry, but is still quite vigorous. At present he is acting pastor of First Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore.

Rev. Dr. Scanlon, owing to the condition of his health, superannuated at the recent sessions of Conference. Before leaving Hamilton the people of Lake Church, of which he was pastor, presented the pastor and his wife with a beautifully-worded address, expressing their appreciation of services ren-

dered and of the high esteem in which they were both held. Two easy chairs and an electric lamp were given to them as tokens of remembrance. After Aug. 20th their address will be 19 Radford Avenue, Toronto.

DISTRICT MEETINGS.

Norwich.—The financial district meeting will be held in Norwich, on Monday, September 15th. The regular business session will begin at 10 a.m. In the afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock, there will be held a district convention for prayer, consecration and consideration of plans for the coming endowment campaign, and to which all circuits are invited to send delegates. Rev. W. E. Millson will represent the Methodist National Campaign at the convention. J. S. Ross, Chairman; J. F. Kaye, Fin. Sec.

Collingwood.—A special district conference in connection with the inter-church campaign will be held (D.V.) on Aug. 21st in Maple St. Church, Collingwood. Sessions at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. (new time). Representatives of the conference executive of the inter-church campaign will be present. Each circuit will please send as large a delegation as possible. Business of financial district meeting will be transacted at opening of the morning session. E. J. Adams, Chairman; A. Newton St. John, Fin. Sec.

Montreal.—The financial meeting will be held in St. James Methodist Church, Montreal, on Thursday, September 11th, 1919, at 9.30 a.m. Every member of the district is urged to be present, as matters of great importance to the district and to the connexion will be considered. E. I. Hart, Chairman; J. H. McConnell, Fin. Sec.

Brockville.—The financial district meeting will be held in the Methodist church, Prescott, on Tuesday, September 9th, beginning at 11 o'clock a.m. It is expected that Rev. J. H. Arnup, B.A., will be present at the afternoon session, when the spiritual and financial aims of the Methodist national campaign will be presented and fully discussed. The movement on the district will be planned and inaugurated. Ministers are requested to secure lay representation from every circuit, if possible. W. A. Hamilton, Chairman; T. J. Vickery, Fin. Sec.

Stanstead.—The financial district meeting will be held in the Methodist church, Beebe, on Tuesday, September 7th. At the morning session at 10.30 the routine business of the meeting will be taken up. At the afternoon session, 1.30, and the evening session, 7.30, leaders in the Methodist national campaign will deliver addresses, and the district will be organized for this campaign. J. I. Hughes, chairman; A. T. Jones, Fin. Sec.

Cannington.—The district meeting will be held at Oakwood on September 12th.

Waterloo, Que.—The financial district meeting will be held in the Methodist church, Farnham, on Thursday, September 4th, commencing at 10 a.m. Rev. J. H. Arnup and another General Conference officer will be present. Besides the regular delegate, each field is requested to send at least two other representatives. P. Pergan, Chairman; J. Pletts, Fin. Sec.

New Liskeard.—The financial meeting will be held in New Liskeard, on Friday, August 5th, at 2 p.m. sharp. Rev. F. L. Brown, Superintendent of Missions, and Rev. E. J. Adams, President of Conference, will be in attendance. It is urgently requested that a good delegation be present from each circuit. Geo. Lawrence, Chairman; A. W. Hone, Fin. Secy.

Napanee.—The financial district meeting will be held in Grace Church, Napanee, on Tuesday, Sept. 2nd, at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. All ministers and delegates are urged to be present, as there is important business to be considered re campaign work. W. P. Rogers, Chairman; E. Farnsworth, Fin. Secy.

Pembroke.—The financial district meeting will be held in the church at Renfrew, on Sept. 2nd, at 2 p.m. At 8 p.m. a missionary rally for the whole district will be held as arranged by the Conference Committee, and will be addressed by representatives of the General Board of Missions. Each circuit is requested to send a delegation. W. H. Raney, Chairman; W. H. Stevens, Fin. Sec.

MINISTERS' ADDRESSES.

Rev. Dr. J. J. Wilson, 207 St. Clair Avenue W., Toronto.

Rev. Anthony Hill, 5423 Bossart St. East End, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.

Christian Guardian

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Hold Them to Account

PREMIER NORRIS, of Manitoba, said a good thing at Ottawa when he declared that "we have arrived at the time in the history of Canada when the people will make the politicians keep their promises." Quite right! If members of Parliament, and would-be members, knew that their constituencies would hold them to a strict account for carrying out their pre-election "platforms," they would probably be more careful as to the planks that they used.

Favors Prohibition

CARDINAL MERCIER, who figured so prominently during the war, gave an interview to the *New York Times* representative at the archiepiscopal palace at Malines recently, in which he came out emphatically in favor of prohibition. "I am a great believer in the repression of all intoxicating drinks such as alcohol and absinthe," he said. "If general prohibition were introduced, more human lives would be saved than by general disarmament. Alcohol kills more men than war, and kills them dishonorably. When man is killed by war, an existence is suppressed, whereas the evil survives after inebriates have had enough of existence."

Short and Weak

MR. EBARA, a Christian member of the Japanese Parliament, says of his country: "The military system, the schools, the courts and the factories are like the thumb and first three fingers—all long and strong; but religion and morality are like the little finger—short and weak." Under such conditions no country can become truly great. We have become accustomed to think of Japan as one of the leading powers of the world, and in some respects it is; but this gentleman has put his finger upon a fatal defect. Japan still needs the help of the missionaries.

Automobile Accidents

A MISSIONARY in Korea was recently driving an automobile which collided with an express train, resulting in the death of his wife. The missionary has been tried in a Korean court and fined \$25 for criminal carelessness. He has appealed the case to a higher court, in order, he says, to remove the stigma from his name. It would look as if he were being punished rather severely, and he may not be guilty; but in this country at least there is, without doubt, a large amount of carelessness in driving motor cars. Almost every newspaper that one takes up contains the account of one or more accidents caused by recklessly driven automobiles. The craze for speed is the cause of most of these disasters. If people would be content to travel at a more moderate rate they would go more safely.

Church Union in India

FOR many years workers on the mission field have felt the need of presenting a united front in carrying on their work. It is hard to explain or justify to the non-Christian peoples denominational differences, and so from time to time efforts have been made to bring the Churches together. The latest movement is in India, where, a short time ago, a conference was held at Tranquebar, attended by representatives of several communions, including the Church of England. As a result it looks as if union might be effected between the Anglicans and the South India

United Church, which is composed of the members of the Dutch Reformed, Congregational, Free Church of Scotland, Established Church of Scotland. This may pave the way for a larger union later on.

High Prices

PRESIDENT WILSON has been giving his attention to the important question of the high cost of living. High prices, the President told Congress, were not justified by shortage of supply either present or prospective, but were created in many cases "artificially and deliberately" by "vicious practices." Retailers, he said, were responsible in large part for extortionate prices. If this be true, it would seem to be a very proper subject for Governmental action. It is time that our Canadian legislators gave more attention to this subject. Among the President's recommendations are the following: Increase of production. Careful buying by housewives. Fair dealing with the people on the part of producers, middlemen and merchants. That there be no threats and undue insistence upon the interest of a single class. Correction of "many things" in the relation between capital and labor in respect to wages and conditions of labor. Sale of surplus stocks of food and clothing in the hands of the Government. The forced withdrawal from cold storage and sale of surplus stocks in private hands.

Who Won the War?

IT would be hard to conceive of a more useless or foolish controversy than the one which has recently engaged the attention of some leading men as to who really won the war. As a matter of fact, the war was not won by any one nation, but by the united efforts of the Allies, and it ill becomes any country to boast over another. A correspondent of the *New York World* puts the case in this way: "The United States, it is true, turned the tide of battle and made possible a speedy ending of the struggle after it entered. Had it not been, however, for the heroic stand of the Belgians, the dauntless resistance of the French, the impetuous sweep of the Russians, the gallant rally of the Serbians, the forlorn hope of the brave Roumanians, the timely courage of the Italians and the indomitable and rugged pluck of Great Britain and her Dominions, I am afraid that we, with our military unpreparedness and our moral listlessness, would have been made short work of by the greatest military organization the world has ever known. The war was won by the blood of the brave men and the unshed tears of the courageous women of all the nations which, from the very beginning up to the end, took up the defence of democracy."

Ridiculous Statements

THE champions of the liquor traffic must be hard pressed for arguments in favor of their cause when they make such statements as were presented at a meeting of the "Liberty League," held in Toronto last week. Here are a few of them: "What about sipping tea and coffee? That is as bad as drinking whiskey." "Mr. Rowell wanted a title, and because he could not get one he had made himself king of Canada." "Prohibition was carried in the United States by the most contemptible methods. Only twenty-five per cent. of the people were in favor of it." "The Government and the Lord's Day Alliance must be Bolsheviki, because they had done as much to disturb the people as the strike leaders at Winnipeg. If prohibition carries then moving pictures and everything has got to go." What must be

the mentality of men who would publicly talk in this way? These utterances are so ridiculous that not one of them calls for the slightest answer. If this is the best that our "liberty" loving citizens can do, the friends of prohibition can only hope that they will hold many meetings and have them fully reported in the papers.

Mob Violence

WASHINGTON and Chicago have witnessed some very regrettable disturbances in the form of race riots, several collisions between negroes and whites having occurred, with considerable loss of life. One would conclude, in reading the newspaper accounts of the fighting, that very great enmity existed between the two races, but it is not by any means certain that this is the case. In every big city there are a lot of hoodlums who are always ready to join a mob that puts itself in opposition to the law. They behave fairly well when alone, as they are too cowardly to defy the police single handed, but when a crowd gathers one sustains and encourages the other, and mad and shameful things are done. It was probably the same way back in the time of Moses. The old law-giver gave the warning, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." There is nothing that the authorities need to guard against more carefully than the rule of the mob.

Stick to the Farm

AT the Liberal Convention last week, in Ottawa, Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, spoke strongly on behalf of the farming interests of the Dominion. He said that the great thing in Canada was to stop decrying the farming business and give Canadian boys and girls an inspiration to take up agriculture. We quite agree with this statement. Too many people are crowding into our towns and cities, and not enough engaged in the actual work of producing foodstuffs. To a great extent this accounts for the high cost of living. In a family of boys, when the question of education is discussed, they usually think of going to college and then becoming doctors, lawyers, preachers, etc. The idea of getting a college education and then staying on the farm does not seem to occur to many, but it is the very thing that is needed. Continuing his address, Mr. Marshall said: "We have got to teach the boys and girls in the public schools that the finest business in the world, the one that offers the biggest opportunity for home building, and the greatest opportunity to become a useful citizen, is that of tilling the soil on a good farm." Fine talk, this! Let us have more of it from pulpit and platform.

Wetter than Ever

IT has become quite the custom to speak of the cities and countries that have voted out the liquor traffic as "dry" territory; but there is no very good reason for this. As a matter of fact, some places which have turned against John Barleycorn are as "wet" as ever, and even more so, as is illustrated in the statement recently made by the *Hotel La Salle Page*, a weekly journal published by the employees. A recent issue tells how prohibition has affected this great Chicago hotel: "One very interesting thing has been noticed, and that is the tremendously increased sale of fancy soft drinks, lemonades, mineral waters and non-intoxicating refreshing beverages in all of our restaurants. Wine Steward Charles D. Buchman, with the assistance of J. W. Stall, our fancy cream expert, has prepared an elaborate list of specials (cooling and refreshing deserts and summer mixed drinks) which are wonderfully attractive, and since their introduction in the restaurants have been tremendously popular. Some of these drinks have the appearance of the real thing, are just as enjoyable, more refreshing, and by far less injurious than the alcoholic drinks formerly served." It is good to know that the better class of hotels are likely to survive the shock of prohibition.

The Liberal Convention

WHATEVER one may think of political issues, the Liberal convention has high significance for the student of national affairs. A review of the personnel reveals that the convention was rich in ability to keep one's ear to the ground. And the result was that the assembled hundreds from every pro-

vince made up their mind that the time had come when the country was impatient of things as they are. The declarations on the tariff, on labor and on reciprocity are quite unlike the familiar formulas of studied ambiguity. There is a real effort to create a sharp, clear issue. The choice of leadership also indicated the demand for a chieftain of recognized loftiness of character. Either in Mr. Fielding or Mr. Mackenzie King the party would have chosen one of whom the whole country could think without moral misgivings. The one outstanding difference which separated the two men is an issue now solely of historic importance, and however urgent it was in its place, it can no longer be allowed to divert attention from living questions. The choice of Mr. Mackenzie King will bring to the front bench in the House of Commons on either side of the chair a leader who will treat political matters as human concerns, vitally affecting not merely abstract interests, but men and women, boys and girls. That element of high idealism which for long has been associated with the name of Mr. N. W. Rowell will find reassertion in the new leader. The whole convention brings comfort to those who were wondering whether old line parties could be made to feel the new vitalizing inspirations at work in the nation. Will the new spirit prove equally creative elsewhere?

The New Leader

THE newspapers refer to the new Liberal leader, Mr. Mackenzie King, as "a young man," but, of course, that is only by comparison with Parliamentary veterans like Mr. Fielding and Mr. Graham. As a matter of fact, he is forty-four years of age, and therefore in his prime as far as capacity for work is concerned. For some years he has taken great interest in social questions, and has given special attention to labor problems. His book, "Industry and Humanity," breathes an earnestness of purpose and virility of thought which Canadians, no matter what party they may belong to, recognize as the declaration of a man whose convictions are strong, and whose judgment is eminently sane. He is a pleasing and forceful speaker, and is exceedingly well informed.

A Fine Example

IT was expected by many that Hon. W. S. Fielding would be the choice of the Liberal Convention as leader of their forces, and after some persuasion he allowed his name to be submitted, but upon conditions that do him great credit. He expressly stipulated that no delegate should be personally spoken to on his behalf, and that there should be no canvassing for him. The members of a convention or conference should be left free to express their deliberate choice in a matter so important, especially when a man's record for many years is before them. It is more honorable for a candidate to be defeated in a fair fight than to be elected as the result of a canvass on the part of individuals who are looking for personal and party advantage. It would be good for the country if more public men would follow Mr. Fielding's example.

A Striking Contrast

PROF. STEPHEN LEACOCK, who has some reputation in Canada as a humorist, has contributed an article to the *National Review*, an English magazine, on "The Tyranny of Prohibition." His soul is filled with grief as he contemplates the march of the temperance reform in the United States and Canada, and he seriously warns the people of the Mother Country to "strangle in its cradle the snake of prohibition, so that the country may not be given over to the regime of the fanatic, the informer and the tyrant, as has been done in North America." In contrast with this unprogressive position it is interesting to note the attitude of the more intelligent citizens of Great Britain who view with alarm the "more beer" policy of their nation. The *Westminster Gazette* deplors the spectacle of the House of Commons cheering Mr. Bonar Law's announcement that the brewers would receive greater privileges. Thinking men in England have already expressed the opinion that in industrial competition sober America will have a decided advantage over a country that favors "unlimited beer." We trust that our English friends will not regard Mr. Leacock as a representative Canadian.

THEY WANT COMRADERY

A GOOD many people are greatly exercised over our returned soldiers, and they are giving the Church all kinds of advice as to the right way to treat these men so as to make them feel at home in the Church. Some would have the preacher change his style of preaching, some would have the Church change its mode of worship, some want the old style of evangelism and some insist upon the new, some would give the soldiers a church supper every week, and some would give them anything from a bouquet to a sandwich; but we are all anxious that somehow the Church should really help our returned men. But what is best to do?

We heard a returned soldier speak a few days ago, and he said that what the soldier missed most of all was not the chaplain's sermons, not the Y.M.C.A. sing-songs, but the comradeship, which for three or four years had made it possible to face the military inferno which was his lot. Now the soldier returns home, and he is inexpressibly glad to renew home ties and to mingle once again with his old friends, but he misses the close and intimate comradeship of the past years; he misses the men with whom he ate, and slept, toiled, and fought, and suffered; and this is the lack which he feels most upon his return to civil life. And this is the point, unfortunately, on which the Church is weakest of all.

If the soldiers wanted us to pray for them we should do it gladly and abundantly. If they wanted sermons, or life-talks, or sermonettes, or any kind of addresses, we should be only too pleased to supply the need. If they wanted music, classical or otherwise, we should be delighted to provide anything from oratorio to rag-time. But comradeship is a different thing, and it cannot be secured so easily—in fact, very often it is the one thing that we do not provide.

And yet this is what the world very much needs to-day. The returned soldiers want it, but they are not alone in wanting it. One of the most pressing needs for our boys and girls is this very thing. Many a young life goes sadly astray simply because it has found no healthful comradeship. It isn't the devil who is so much to blame as the lack of the stimulus of congenial and helpful company. And this applies unfortunately even to the children of many of our Christian homes, where they have everything that religion can suggest, education can furnish, or wealth and love can provide—that is, everything but comradeship, and, lacking this, childhood and manhood alike are poor indeed.

We sometimes hear touching pleas for the consecration of our wealth and talents to the service of God, and men are willing to give their very best to the Church and humanity; but humanity's chief demand is not for ours, but for us. And this is the hardest of all to give. It seems simple and easy to be a comrade to some brother or to some child, and we know well enough that it may mean more than life itself to that needy one, and yet we find it hard, very hard usually, to give ourselves. It takes time, it takes money, it takes thought, and, hardest of all, it takes heart. Comradeship means kinship of heart, a spiritual blood-brotherhood which is one of life's most sacred and solemn things.

It is, after all, but a trifle to write a cheque, to make a speech, to sing a song, to offer a prayer, to make a visit; but to be a comrade to a man means something which is no trifle, but an eternal covenant of soul with soul. Comradeship! This is what Christ gave to man. He laid aside His glory; He emptied Himself of His power and divine perfections; He took upon Him our form; He lived our life; He knows our frame; and now He says to every one of His followers, "Lo, I am with you always!" He became a comrade to man that so He might be a Saviour. We are trying to be saviors without being comrades, and we must not be surprised if we fail. The soldiers need comradeship; the children need comradeship; the poor man everywhere needs comradeship; let us give ourselves to our generation to be true and faithful comrades to men until the end of our journey.

THE WORK OF THE HOLIDAY

A FEW years ago we looked upon the summer holiday, or vacation, as a kind of frill added to life, which, while possibly imparting a little beauty and joy to it, was certainly no manner of use in any other way; in fact, we felt that an apology was due for taking a holiday at all, as it certainly lessened in quite an appreciable degree the sum total of the year's work. But we have learned a little. And we have found

that the holiday is to-day a useful part of life, not only in adding specific enjoyment to it, but in lengthening the period of useful toil, and in actually increasing the yearly output during the whole term of life. To-day there is no apology for the holiday, but rather a demand for it in the interest of increased efficiency. The holiday has amply justified itself.

The old figure of the bent bow is still applicable. The unbending means increased life and power; and this is what a wise vacation means to everyone able to avail himself of it. We may like our work, but the routine gets a little wearisome, and even when we do not realize it our energy sags a little, and we become less effective. The man who can put most energy into his work will naturally accomplish the most, other things being equal; and even a small diminution in energy will certainly tell in the result. To this fact is due the astonishing truth that the ten-hour day sometimes has an output which is barely equal to that of the eight-hour day. The old theory that the output, if honest, depends upon the number of work hours, has had some terrific jolts during the past few years. Reason at first seemed to be all on the side of long hours, but the facts point decisively the other way; and so we have changed our views and believe now that it is a wise economy to conserve the energy of all workers. Hence the holiday.

But in this connection there are psychological facts which we cannot ignore. The body may not be overtaxed, but if the mind is jaded and irresponsible the output will be diminished, or of lesser value. And to keep the mind fresh, and the spirit buoyant, means as much as to feed the body abundantly. Men do not live by bread alone. And the restfulness of a vacation on the water, or in the woods, or somewhere where the mind will be rested, and invigorated, and stimulated, is worth more than can be estimated.

And then there is another side to a real vacation. It will afford a store of pleasant memories which will brighten the whole year's work, and will cause us to look forward with pleasurable anticipations to the next vacation. You haven't done with your vacation when you pack your trunk for home. The ideal vacation throws its halo, not only over the whole year, but over many years to come.

Most of us, probably, especially if we are city dwellers, agree with these views, and most of us realize that Canada has enough beauty spots to provide ideal recreation for all her citizens. But all her citizens do not reach these places. After all, it is only the favored few, comparatively, who can take such a holiday. The workingman, whose wage stops the moment he leaves the shop, cannot afford to take his family to such a place as he would like, and so he very largely stays at home. This ought not to be. The time is coming—in fact, in a few cases it has actually arrived—when the workingman will receive his wages during a two weeks' summer vacation. This is as it should be, and the coming day will doubtless see the practice much more widely adopted of allowing all workers a vacation, with full wage. And we venture to say that it will pay. Applied Christianity does not ruin business, it stimulates it; it does not beggar a community, it enriches it.

THE GIFT OF THE THORN

A BOUT the last thing we would expect God to give to one of His well-loved children would be a thorn in the flesh, something that would be a source of continual irritation, and that would work constant annoyance to its possessor. And yet this is what Paul declares was given to him. And to make the evil nature of the gift plain beyond all dispute he tells us that this gift of God, as he seems to believe it, was a veritable "messenger of Satan," which found its chosen and destined work in "buffeting" this sorely-tried servant of God. In these days of more critical study of religious problems, we may not care to say that any message of Satan is God's gift to a struggling mortal, but while our explanation of the problem might differ, somewhat from Paul's, the problem itself abides with us to-day.

It is not the will of our Heavenly Father that His children's lot should be free from trouble, and so in this sense at least He gives us the thorn to worry and annoy us. If we look into the matter closely we shall find that some of the worst thorns are not God's gift, but the direct result of our own folly, and many of them are readily removable. If we transgress the laws of nature and suffer for it, the remedy is not to ask God to remove the suffering, but to give us grace to remove the cause. If defective eyesight causes headache, or diseased teeth cause some form of auto-intoxication, instead of beseeching God to remove the pain

and the sickness, we had better call in the doctor to remove or cure the cause of the trouble. And where our hasty temper makes it hard for us to get along with our children, instead of telling ourselves that either the Lord or the children are to blame, we had better get a better grip upon ourselves and cease to manufacture our own thorns. A great many thorns, and these some of the most annoying, are absolutely and entirely removable.

But there are some which are not. Of course God could make all physical disability vanish, and the lame would leap as an hart, the blind would see, the dumb would sing, and the deaf would hear. But God does not do this, and so in the world we have still a great multitude of men and women whose lives are constantly more or less tortured with the thorns which, through no fault of theirs, have been bound up with their lot. But even the thorn has its mission, and that mission is a gracious one.

Paul, keen-sighted saint that he was, saw this clearly. It was true that the thorn was the "messenger of Satan" in its power to vex and harass him, but a wise Providence was utilizing that very thorn to keep him humble and teachable. The hurt of the thorn was less than its help. Looking back over his remarkable religious experience, Paul saw that there had been danger that the very greatness of the revelations which had been given to him, and the very magnitude of the spiritual blessings which had been so freely bestowed upon him, had rendered him liable to a spiritual pride which would have been absolutely fatal to highest attainment. And the thorn helped him to a higher spiritual experience—at least it prevented him from being spoiled by his very success.

And as we consider Paul's experience in the light of present-day life we realize that Paul had caught a true vision. Looking out upon the world to-day it is true beyond question that thousands of men are ruined by their prosperity, destroyed by their success, spoiled by their attainments. The great prizes in law, politics, science, society and the Church only too often are a loss rather than a gain to the man who wins them. The man's possessions increase, the man's influence increases, the man's fame spreads far and wide—but the man deteriorates. It hardly seems natural for a great man to be humble, for a successful man to be teachable, or for a very wealthy and influential man to be unselfish; and where we find it is really the case we have seldom to look far to find the thorn which has helped to produce this result. God's blessings come often in strange guise, and are sometimes far from welcome; but even the hurt of God's hand is healing and helpful.

OUR DISAPPOINTMENTS

THE *Canadian Baptist* tells of a preacher's wife who was discovered to be crying, and, when interrogated in the matter, she confessed that she was weeping because she was disappointed in her husband, whom she had married only a short time before. She said that when his meals were not ready on time he seemed to lose his temper, and said things that were unbecoming in a preacher of the gospel. She thought that when she married a preacher she was marrying a saint, and she was grievously disappointed at the way he was turning out.

We feel almost sure that this must have been a Baptist preacher, for our Methodist brethren seem singularly fortunate in securing wives who can get up a good dinner and serve it on time. And we are inclined to think that if the good lady had looked up her husband she would have found that he, too, was just a little disappointed. He also, doubtless, thought he was marrying perfection, and when the meals began to go wrong the very first thing, possibly he also was just a little disappointed that his good wife wasn't a better manager. No doubt the preacher was to blame for "saying things," but possibly the wife might have moved a little more swiftly and not supplied him with any excuse for saying what he did.

But when we sift the matter to the bottom we find that there are no perfect men, even amongst preachers; and there are very few perfect women, even among preachers' wives. The discovery of this fact early in life will save one a lot of trouble. The girl who delays getting married until she meets an ideal man will probably be single a long while, and will wish she had remained so. Our very virtues carry their defects with them. The good brother who has never been known to say a cross word will probably be so easy-going that he will hardly know enough to turn up promptly at meal-times, and many a good dinner will be spoiled

and his wife reduced to the verge of hysteria, while they wait for the good-natured man. The human pepper-pod has at least this virtue, that there is usually plenty of snap in him, and he does "get a move on." And the saint who never told a lie will possibly find it impossible to make a joke, and next to impossible to take one; and in some cases he will be so candid in telling people their faults that living with him will be something like living with a porcupine. The porcupine is a well-meaning animal, but he has all too many quills, and they are too easily transferred.

And as we go through the category of virtues we shall find that a man's strength is often his weakness. Generosity is sometimes altogether too careless of the future; economy is often altogether too careless of the present; ability to speak often means also an unwillingness to keep quiet, and a musician has often an abnormally sensitive nature. But, after all, why should we sit down and weep bitter tears because the perfect men and women are all dead? Rather let us face the fact of human imperfection candidly, and not too seriously. Who throws away the rose because of the thorn on its stem? Or who refuses to eat the potato because its skin is bitter? The humming-bird may be songless, but it is still a thing of beauty. And so humanity, despite its limitations, is still the sweetest, noblest, strongest and grandest thing in all God's universe, and we should rejoice in our earthly friendships with unceasing joy, even while we recognize that every friend is human.

AS OTHERS SEE US

MANY of us have acquired some peculiar tricks of speech or action that others cannot fail to notice, while we are blissfully unconscious of them. So long as we are private individuals these little things do not attract very much attention, but so soon as we become teachers, or preachers, or public speakers, our little oddities obtain a very unwelcome advertisement; and as they attract attention out of all proportion to their importance, they sometimes interfere rather seriously with the effectiveness of one's work. In any case it is no comfort to any man to know that his hearers are inwardly smiling at his little peculiarities.

An illustration of this was given recently in *The Spectator*, of Melbourne, N.S.W. The writer says that he knows a family which attended a certain church where the minister had acquired the habit of repeating very frequently the phrase, "as the sacred writer says." Everyone, except the preacher, noticed it; but the parents of the family referred to were electrified with astonishment when one day, at meal time, one of the children broke out with the remarkable request, "As the sacred writer says, please pass the butter." No doubt this young hopeful was a little lacking in respect to his (or her) elders, but after all his speech just threw into a little bolder relief the impression which the little trick of speech had made upon all.

And most of us have managed to acquire some favorite words or phrases which may be submerged for a while, but which always manage to bob up again. Very often certain phrases, or certain words, suddenly acquire a popularity which causes them to meet us at every corner, until we get so weary of them that we acquire a positive dislike for them, and we welcome them just as a music-lover welcomes a jazz band. These are all little things, but so is the fly in the ointment. Well for the man who has some candid friend bold enough to point out the fly; and well for the man who, when it is pointed out, is wise enough to recognize it as a fly and to remove it.

SUNLESS DAYS

THIS heading in a religious paper caught our eye recently, and we began to wonder what it meant. We suppose it meant a cloudy, dreary day; but the sun was ever behind the clouds. No such days are really sunless. And then we began to wonder whether the Lord ever sent a sunless day to any of His faithful children. We know there are days when the clouds hang heavy and low, but as we considered the matter we felt like saying, "Oh, no! God never sends a day so dreary that somewhere the blue sky is not peeping through." It may be that our vision is narrowed by our sorrow, but we may rest assured that our God is "a very present help in time of trouble." The fiercer the blast, the wilder the storm, the closer does the Lord draw us to Himself. "Sunless days?" Yes, if we are alone; but not so if the Lord is with us.

Our Leadership in the Post-Bellum Crisis

By

Rev. W. W. Cotton

TO say we are living in stirring times would be but to parrot a pet platitude, and platitudes came in for considerable criticism in a recent article in the *Homiletic Review* under the caption, "Slogans in World Politics." The writer, speaking of the idealism of our leaders in these days, said: "Biologists and anthropologists, to say nothing of the historian, know better than follow such a primrose path." But there are no primrose paths to-day for the true leaders. So far the road has been one of pain and long travail of soul, and we are living in sterner days than of yore; days that will tax all the heroism of the brave, all the chivalry of the new knighthood, all the daring of the adventurous, and all the skill of the statesman.

Those who have followed the gleam of the bayonet across the moonlit spaces of No Man's Land will find that it will require much of the same heroism to follow the gleam of right in this day of peace. The new knights of the order which demands equality to all men and help to everyone, will find a tax upon their chivalry by the cries for help from the multitudes at the cross-roads in this post bellum crisis. The adventurous will stand confronted with inviting, though dizzy, heights which will tend to make their daring tremble.

The statesman will find himself in a maze of almost giddy movements which will make a demand on all his skill in statecraft to carry him through. But we believe humanity is able. The challenge is a big one, but the heart that will answer is bigger. The echoes from the twelve Conferences of Canadian Methodism which have just met are strong with an appeal. We feel that the spiritual atmosphere, which is but the preparatory barrage, is getting intense. The "zero hour" of our Church is at hand. We are trembling on the starting line, the hour is big upon us, and the whole Church must be well informed; she must be ready, willing and well-disciplined.

ALL A MATTER OF LEADERSHIP.

Success depends upon our leaders. The morale of the whole can never rise above that of its leadership (neither can the efficiency of the whole be greater than that of its ministry). We distinctly remember an officer in the B.E.F. who was ordered to take a company of men across that land-that-lies-between on a bombing raid upon the enemy's defences. Everything had been arranged for the attack—the barrage, the zero hour, the starting place, all was in order. The hour drew near, and the guns opened up in their pitiless song of death, the machine guns searched the suspected places; but where were the attackers? They arrived twenty minutes too late, when the guns had ceased their song and the opportunity gone. The officer in charge had lost them on the duckboard track. It was a failure in leadership.

Let no man say the hour is not ripe, the day has not yet dawned. The blood of these latter years is sufficient barrage, while in addition there is the terrible demand of the living. There is the demand of the chil-

dren in the big scheme of religious education, which is but the outsome of their need. There are those who come to us with eyes red with weeping, who must be led to comfort and consolation. The workman is at our door with all the problems of his labor; and the capitalist, who to-day is perhaps the most confused of men, is seeking his place in the new order. All these latter things are the field guns in the barrage, while from far away down the past five years comes the steady boom of the heavies—away back from the graves of fallen comrades. To-day is truly zero hour, the time is surely propitious, the forces are mustering on the firing line. Shall we be too late?

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DUCKBOARD TRACK.

Pshaw! Those horrid tracks that lead into the night. There were thousands of them branching off at almost inconceivable angles, a veritable maze. Yet there was no excuse; to be lost was a crime. Why? Because you should have done some previous reconnaissance, some previous scouting around. No officer committed to the leadership of a hundred or more men should dare to lead where he did not know the way. The crime was one of an unnecessary exposure of men. There is no tragedy so great as that of belated leadership, and there is only one crime greater than fooling with time—that is, fooling with living, anxious and prepared souls. The Church as a whole is all right; in fact, we have the best Church on earth. Methodism has its heart in the right place, but the whole is looking to the commissioned ranks, to those to whom is committed the task of responsibility in leadership. We have heard of a few who are lost, who have missed the arrow head at the cross tracks. The fact that there are only a few is either a credit to our watchfulness or an evidence of our violent somnambulism.

BUT METHODISM HAS DONE RECONNAISSANCE.

As a Church Methodism cannot be reproached for blind leadership. History has always seen her at the front in every crisis, and in the present crisis she has mapped out the duckboard tracks and knows the way to the firing line.

We have just been looking over the Report on Social Service and Evangelism, submitted to the Newfoundland Conference by its committee on the same. It is a daring programme, a splendid plan of campaign to guide the feet of the people down here in their attack on the social evils, and we were reminded of the programme of the last General Conference and its daring spirit, which was a true prophecy of these days. It set our flag on dizzy heights, believing with Browning, in his well-known couplet,

"A man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what's heaven for?"

And we know where we are treading. Have we not been out in the night of the past four years picking up the trail, marking the

cross-roads, and even when our brains refused to carry us over the dark path our hearts have led us in the wake of the boys who blazed the trail across the hitherto No Man's Land of peace and universal brotherhood? There may be some who have slept instead of scouting; some who preferred to drift down the road instead of staking out the trail for the future; but on the whole Methodism is ready.

OVER THE TOP—OUR OBJECTIVE—WHAT?

Objectives are too often rainbows set in a far-away sky, alluring, but illusive. Often they cannot be comprehended or apprehended. It is just here where we need clarity of thought, as well as beauty of vision. As a rule the ultimate objective is more or less defined in men's minds, but to reach that there are numberless things in our way. When the Allies unfurled their battle-flags in 1914 the ultimate objective was to conquer the enemy's army, but this was only achieved by a series of minor objectives well defined. There was Ypres, and Arras, and the Somme Valley. Just so must every movement advance, from one well-defined objective to another until the ideal is reached.

Objective 1.—The awakening and the deepening of the spiritual life of the existing Church. The leading of our people into the full power and liberty of the Spirit of God. Weaklings will die on the field; neither can slaves become conquerors.

Objective 2.—The caring for the legitimate needs of our returned men and the dependants of those who will never return. Unless this obligation is fulfilled it will hurt the heart of the world.

Objective 3.—Reconstruction in industrial centres. The sweetening of labor and the mellowing of capitalism, including prohibition, and recreation and amusements.

Objective 4.—The developing of rural morals, including an effective fostering of sparsely populated places.

Objective 5.—The construction of a healthy national mind which will eliminate all hatred, and foster national righteousness, with a firm confidence in the principles of democracy.

Objective 6.—A missionary programme which is consistent with our obligation and the command of our Master.

Final Objective.—The overthrow of all forms of evil and the establishment of the kingdom of God.

MOVEMENT ORDER.

The Church as a whole will move off fully equipped, simultaneously and unanimously. Time: When she is fully awakened.

Route.—Down every road where evil lurks or sympathy is needed . . . ministers leading.

Communication.—Every unit shall be kept well informed of movements of the whole through every known channel.

Order of March.—The whole Church shall march in the vanguard. N.B.—There is no ambulance in attendance. The departmental officers shall act as scouts.

Elliston, Newfoundland.

The New Menace

By

Richard H. Gilbert, D.D.

THE "menace" to which this article directs attention is not new in the sense of novelty, but in the spirit of its recent exploitation—determined, cunning, devilish. I refer to the appalling increase in the use of habit-forming drugs, and the consequent multiplication of "drug addicts," as those unfortunate victims of the vice are now frequently designated. The amount of space given by the current press to accounts of the trade in and results of the use of morphine, cocaine and heroin, the three commonest, in the less than a month of my present visit in Toronto, is startling. Nor less startling is the character of the news published, viz., successfully eluding police surveillance, frequent and cunning violations of law, the extent of the traffic, fatalities incident thereto, defiance of national boundaries, etc., etc.

In view of the tremendous facts thus suggested, it is not strange that the builders of the great programme for the Methodist Centenary at Columbus, Ohio, should provide for a fitting presentation of this burning subject. Nor is it strange that Congressman Henry T. Rainy, of Illinois, to whom the topic was assigned, should refer to it in words identical with the caption of this article.

A GREAT ADDRESS.

His address closed a day of great speeches. The triumph over the liquor traffic had been gloriously celebrated. Bishop McDowell, Clarence Tom Wilson, P. A. Baker, Wm. J. Bryan and others had thrilled great audiences. In opening his address Mr. Rainy said: "In the moment of victory there comes with crushing force a realization of the existence of a new menace, a new habit, hardly half a century old, which may lead to results more serious and fraught with more danger to national life than alcohol in any of its forms."

The speaker's competence to elucidate his theme was assured by the fact that he is chairman of the Treasury Committee appointed to investigate the use of narcotics in the United States, and co-operated with Congressman Harrison in drawing up the Harrison Narcotic Act. So the statistics he employed in illustrating and enforcing the thrilling message he brought are from official sources. It was impressive to learn that wars lead to an increase in the number of drug users. The vice of drug addiction was comparatively negligible until the Civil War. Since 1861 the use of narcotics has constantly increased. The population of the United States is about two and one-half times more than it was in 1860; but the consumption of opium in 1900 was five times as great, and the increase was continued until to-day we face the terrible fact that every year \$20,000,000 of opium and coca leaves, their salts and derivatives, pass through our ports to meet the increased demand. In addition to that, he declared "there is an underground traffic which goes through the hands of dope pedlars and reaches the underworld, estimated at being equal in magnitude to the legitimate traffic.

It is impossible to say how many dope pedlars there are in our cities. There are many thousands of them who have regular routes and deliver morphine, cocaine and heroin to the customers as regularly as dairymen deliver milk."

Space will not permit a complete report of the great address, so it must suffice summarily to say that in succinct phrase, forcible diction and the eloquence of a blood-red earnestness he flung out a direct challenge to consider the alarming extent of the criminal distribution of these deadly drugs, and while France consumes three grains per capita per year, on this side the ocean thirty-six grains per capita is the ratio. The claims of defenders of the liquor traffic that the prohibition of alcoholics will largely increase the consumption of drugs was absolutely disproved. Moreover, it was shown that the "great increase in the number of drug addicts in the last twenty-five years has occurred where saloons are the most abundant. Narcotics do not satisfy the craving for alcohol, but illicit drug vendors have found it easier to develop customers where saloons have exercised their influence." Would that this brief article might echo his challenge and lead to the enrolment of millions in this new crusade to conserve the individual, domestic, social and national well-being.

A WONDERFUL EXHIBIT.

Leaving the Coliseum, where the address had been given, I accompanied Mr. Rainy and a mutual friend, Mr. F. L. Waring—the latter being associated with the Board of Temperance and Reform—to examine a very interesting and complete exhibit of the enginery of the vice so impressively portrayed in the address. It was my good fortune to enjoy a "personally conducted tour" from "A to Z" through the exhibit, having as guide the gentleman who had arranged it and whose interest in it will be indicated later. Again space limits forbid anything like a complete catalogue, to say nothing of the strong desire to moralize on many of its specialities. Just room for a summary which, I hope, may prove suggestive.

There were pictures and prepared specimens of poppies, and of the coca tree and leaves, from which the various forms of morphia, cocaine and heroin are derived. There was a complete exhibit of the finished products—liquid, solid, extracts, powders, pills and tablet triturates. Spatulas and slabs, mortars and pestles, were likewise eloquent of varying uses of the deadly drugs. Then, in a series of cases, there were multiplied scores of "layouts"—i.e., a classification of "the tools of the craft"—syringes, from dainty and expensive hypodermics to crude adaptations of glass instruments grotesquely suggesting home treatment of nose, ear and throat troubles. Other cases were filled with an assortment of pipes, rivalling in number and variety the contents of the

other cases. It is doubtful if another such exhibit exists, comprising pipes, cheap and homely, as corn-cobs, on up to gorgeous and valuable instruments, richly inlaid with precious metals and adorned with costly gems, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls.

Still another collection must be referred to in which will be found the reason for the deep interest predicated of our guide in a previous paragraph. That was a collection of murderous weapons—again wonderfully diverse in character and value. There were brass knuckles, billies, knives, daggers, stiletos, pistols, revolvers, shotguns and rifles, and these, as well as the major part of the other exhibits, were all the trophies of the courageous man and his accomplices in daring raids on various dens of vice, dens as skilfully concealed as they were desperately defended. One's nerves thrilled as the hero handled this or that weapon and told how nearly it had succeeded in executing the wish and will of the crazed criminal to kill the reformer and cut short his career. And, unless my memory is unusually at fault, the bulk of that wonderful exhibit represented the work done in the course of but twenty years in a single city.

I must stop, but do so expressing the hope that this hurried report may serve to stimulate new interest in this necessary reform, and to suggest the need that exists for work and prayer in order to secure speedy success.

"Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind;

Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust."

Importance of Strength

"Much of a boy's success depends upon his energy, and his energy is dependent, to a great extent, on his physical condition," writes Frank A. Vanderlip in *Boys' Life*. "If he is blessed with a good physique he has a great advantage, but he is not necessarily at a great disadvantage if he is not strong physically. Theodore Roosevelt as a boy was a weakling, but he became a man of powerful physique. This transformation was accomplished solely by the power of his will, because he realized that if he was to make a success in life he must have a strong body. So, if a boy has a strong physique, he must keep it strong; and if he is not fortunate enough to have a strong body, he must begin, to build it up."

"Have you any relatives living in the country?"

"No; whenever we take a vacation we have to pay our own board."

"That man is an egoist. He talks constantly about himself."

"And yet," said Senator Sorghum, "I'd rather take a chance on the man who is talking about himself than the one who talks about other people's interests and all the time thinks about himself."

Public Spirit

By Archer Wallace

THE call of the hour is for public-spirited men and women. We often hear it said that regeneration is something which the individual must experience, and that men cannot be converted in masses. Granted; but if ever this world is to become what we believe Jesus died to make it, then we shall need many men who manifest their loyalty to Christ by a healthy interest and active participation in the affairs of humanity at large.

Ten or twelve years ago a section of a large city we know well had received scarcely any consideration from the municipal authorities. Roads were bad, postal delivery inadequate, fire-protection a farce, streets badly lighted, and altogether the neighborhood was an undesirable one in which to live. A few men in that district began to agitate against such a condition of affairs. They rented a hall and sought to stir up interest by holding indignation meetings. The meetings were attended by less than ten per cent. of the men of that locality, yet these public-spirited men did not cease their efforts until fire protection, police oversight, adequate lighting, better roads, public libraries and many other necessary improvements had been effected. Then the whole community rejoiced over what had been accomplished through the efforts of a group of men who did not represent probably more than five per cent. of the population.

There is a great deal of apathy among us.

It is perfectly amazing to find how little interest some people manifest in civic, provincial and national affairs. They might as well be living, like Robinson Crusoe, on an island. Of course they have a feeling that things will be taken care of, and that somehow the forces of law and order will prevail. But they never lift a finger to help such forces. Some people call that kind of thing "otherworldliness," but we wonder whether, down at the bottom, it is not pure "selfishness." When men desire to share the benefits of community life they ought to share something of its responsibilities also.

The Christian ought to be the last man in the world to assume such an attitude. Jesus thought of us and came and did something for us which we could not do for ourselves. He became poor that we might have riches. He suffered pain that we might have joy. There is no good which we possess which has not come to us because He thought of us. Christianity was born in altruism, and we shall follow in His steps only as far as we are prepared to manifest concern, not only in our own affairs, but in the affairs of others. We ought to take an interest in the affairs of others, if for no other reason than to save our own spiritual life from extinction. When C. H. Spurgeon was asked if he thought the heathen would be saved if we failed to send them the gospel, he replied, "Will we be saved *ourselves* if we do not send them the gospel?"

Dust

By J. L. Love

GOD'S supreme miracle is that He made man from the dust of the ground. Nothing is so hopeless as dust. Itself the result of corrosion, it possesses no power save the power to destroy. Indestructible, yet destroying, it drifts and settles, unlovely, unfruitful, useless.

In a moment of exaltation Ruskin wrote of "The Ethics of the Dust," but he kept a duster handy to preserve his beloved volumes from the contaminating touch of the impalpable but destroying and quite unethical mote.

God made man out of the dust of the ground. The divine economy took the by-product of creation, and out of it fashioned an image of the Creator. Dust, the epitome of chaos, took shape, assumed comeliness, gathered strength; it became vibrant, virile, lovely; a living, breathing, sentient thing. The deadest thing in creation became the most alive; that which was still without form and void on the sixth day of creation became creation's lord.

God looked upon the transformed dust and, behold, it was very good. The most that man ever did with dust was moisten it,

mix it with chopped straw, call it bricks, and build perishable cities. The phrase, "bricks without straw," is the human way of expressing the unachievable. Dust is simply bricks without straw; and dust, as dust, is hopeless; as impossible as it is imperishable; fit only to be cast out so that, if it were feasible, it should not even be trodden under foot of man. The dustbin is its inglorious end.

But God made man out of the dust. He took the outcast, as God has a way of doing, and made it an incast. He wrought the clogging refuse and debris of His workshop, and therewith moulded His masterpiece. Man was made in God's image. A shrewd mill-owner once said to the writer, "Anybody can make good yarn from good flax, but it takes a clever man to make good yarn from poor flax."

God made man from very poor material. He deified the dust and made it lord of all created things.

What the winds of heaven galvanize into whirling eddies, the wind of God's brooding spirit touched with life and beauty. He breathed into the dust the breath of life. He breathed upon the dust, dealing with the

unclean thing strongly, yet gently. The hand that loosed the thunderbolt and set planets singing on their trackless way softly moulded the dust, tenderly as a young mother smooths the hair from the forehead of her first-born.

But did not God choose well when He made man from the dust? Dust is the last analysis of matter, and science teaches that matter is indestructible. What finer material for the temple of the immortal soul than the imperishable dust? For, after all, dust has its beauty. "Dirt is matter out of place," but there are times when dust is not out of place. With its pigments God paints the brilliance of the morning and the evening sky. Dust tints the floating cloud, and through its crimson screen the sinking sun floods the land with ruby light. Under the foot of man dust is but dust; under the hand of God it is an artist's palette.

With his poor straws man can make bricks of dust to build an empire's heart, but the glory of the fashion of it perisheth. Without straw, God creates out of the dust a temple of life; a temple that He will fill with the glory of His presence. He dwells with and makes glorious the children of the dust.

"He remembers that we are dust." Thank God, "He knoweth our frame." He realizes the limitations of the dust. He appreciates the utmost capability of the "raw material." Its absurd and inherent inutility is ever before Him. He understands its unadaptability, its unshakable inertness. Yet—He made man out of the dust that the hurricane raises to the dome of heaven, whence it falls again, hopeless, helpless.

Perhaps its very helplessness attracted God to the dust. It lacked volition. It was dead. It simply was. It could not say to the hand that fashioned it, "What doest Thou?" Because it was void of self, it could be filled with God. So He made man out of the dust of the ground. As He moulded the clay, so He planned to mould the spirit to be housed therein. And so He moulds that spirit to-day. "He remembers"—remembers that we are dust. He does not expect from the clay the stern endurance of the ore and rock. "He knoweth our frame." He is the designer who alone can work the machine. He understands our frailty. He knows our limit, and as a wise master-engineer He will not throw on us a strain greater than the structure can sustain. "I lay no other burden upon you," is one of the last and most precious promises.

Because of the divine image man finds his sure rest in the heart of God. Unrest, disease is the result of the dust seeking to mould itself into shape and form and so find self-expression. The all-creating arm alone can achieve that. God's miracle of the dust He will repeat in us again and yet again. We can work no wonders with the dust. Of ourselves we can do nothing. The greatest intellect attains to very low levels compared with what it might reach did God have control of it. It is only in His hands that the dust becomes bricks, and the bricks an eternal city. To be created by God, to reach the height of our human and divine capacities, we must be plastic to His touch.

To acknowledge God in all our ways is to

be directed in all our paths. To make God the architect and builder of our character is to make of our bodies temples of life. We do not know the material we have to work with. We do not understand our frames. He does. We are either over-confident or under-confident of ourselves. He knows our limitations and He knows our possibilities. Only He can work the "plant" of our powers and personalities and make them produce one hundred per cent., because He has designed, organized and built that plant.

We do not remember that we are dust. He does. We fondly imagine we are nineteen-carat gold, or tempered steel, or

granite. We may be—in spite of the dust; but we shall never discover the fact if God have not the making and moulding of our manhood and womanhood.

God understands dust. We do not. We may mix the straw of circumstances and material advantages and possessions with the clay of our personalities, but with it all we build mud walls. With God, who made man out of the dust of the ground, and who knoweth his frame, as master builder, we raise a structure of character that daily approximates more closely to the full stature of manhood in Christ Jesus our Lord; a structure lasting as the rock and enduring in the heavens.

unless we have red blood in our veins. When a man joins hands with Christ he's in the way of discovering hidden treasure. Paul was always trying to make the Christians of his day see that, get under the lure of the 'unsearchable riches of Christ,' and press forward to unearth something which nobody had found heretofore.

"Did it ever occur to you, Frank, that the most utterly hopeless people in the world are the people who have 'measured up' to their standard and feel perfectly satisfied with themselves? A college graduate of that type isn't in for great things, whatever his abilities may be. That was the trouble with the Pharisees of Christ's day. The rich young ruler reflected his early training when he said complacently, 'All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?' His complacency had been jolted a little, but the reply of Jesus cut it down to the quick. It seems to me that we never quite understand the radical teaching of the Master until we take into account the self-satisfied spirit He was dealing with. It is a command to cut loose and forge ahead. It is a command to strive and struggle, and press onward and upward, with an eye on the goal we shall never reach, but which demands the supreme endeavor to our dying hour. Isn't it really the unattainable ideal which gives its distinctive mark to the religion of Christ, makes it different from any other system as a rule of life, and offers ample room for all the heroism and daring and enterprise to be found latent in the bravest heart?"

The young man nodded acquiescently. "I should have to think it out," he said simply. "It gives one a new point of view."

The Unattainable Ideal

By Charles T. White

"WHEN one opens the New Testament and reads what Christ taught—actually taught, in good faith, as though He expected men and women to live by it—and then, when one takes observations, everyday observations, if looks, somehow, as though there was a great gulf fixed." The manly young face had a puzzled expression, and there was a trace of nervous haste in his speech. "There's the forgiveness of injuries. Jesus is out-and-out about that; there isn't a loophole left. And yet people who claim to be Christians hold grudges and pay back, tit for tat, just as though He had never said a word about it. He tells His disciples to be

perfect, even as God is perfect; but who ever measured up? Who ever seriously expected to measure up? It always seemed to me that that went—well, went beyond the mark."

"It does." The minister's voice was grave, but he smiled in that quiet, assuring way of his. "It is the shining mountain peak beyond the clouds which the foot of man has never trod, never will tread. But it is always in sight, always beckoning the heroic soul, always tempting the adventurous spirit to climb up a little farther on the rough, difficult path. Do you know, Frank, I feel sometimes that we can't make much of a success of living the Christian life



THE HOME AND ITS OUTLOOK



Jim's Dinner

It was a beautiful day in June, but Granny Grey, usually so happy and bright, was very sad, and moved about her tiny three-roomed cottage with an air of deep dejection. Her little mouth was drawn into a tight line, and her brow was wrinkled with perplexity. Once or twice she paused in her work of dusting the kitchen to glance at a postcard which lay upon the table, and which had arrived only an hour ago: "Dear Gran," the message ran, "expect me soon after you get this; I have got four days' leave and am coming to spend one of them with you. Hope you are well. Your affectionate grandson, Jim."

"The dear boy," murmured the old woman softly. "How good it will be to see him again; but whatever shall I do for dinner? There's nothing in the house, and he'll be here in an hour or two if he catches the nine o'clock train from London."

The distress on her face deepened when, for the third time that morning, she opened the cupboard to take stock of its contents. A half-loaf reposed on a plate, a two-inch cube of cheese rested on a saucer, some cold

potatoes, an ounce or two of margarine, and a tiny jug of milk completed her store of food.

"I could have got through the week-end with a little rice and another loaf to help out, but as Jim is coming there must be something better to-day. I must buy him some meat—if only I could get to the butcher's."

And she sighed as she thought of the three miles which lay between her cottage and the butcher's shop, and sighed again when she remembered that there were only two sixpences and a few coppers left in the old blue vase where she kept her housekeeping money.

"Supposin' I went to the butcher's, Jim might come while I was gone, and, with my rheumatism so bad to-day, it would take me hours to walk all that distance, and besides—meat is so expensive. I'm afraid the money I have wouldn't pay for it. Oh, dear!"

She flicked her duster out of doors and stood for a moment gazing despairingly down the long, silent lane. There was no sign of life anywhere, and even the cottage next door seemed to sleep in the sunshine. She turned back to her work, and when her

rooms were in order changed her dress for the old black silk which had been her cherished possession for nearly forty years. The white lace cap, with its loops of faded lilac ribbon, also came to light, but as she pinned it on before the cracked mirror there was no joy in her face.

"I look nice," she commented grimly, and smoothed her dress with a satisfied air, "but Jim won't notice how I look if there's no dinner when he comes." Then she sat on the edge of the bed and fixed unseeing eyes on the wall opposite. A tear fell upon her lap, and then another. She drew her hand across her eyes with the slow, gentle movement habitual to her. "I'm a silly old woman," she murmured, "but I can't help it. To think of my dear Jim's coming here all the way from London to see me and no dinner for him when he comes. It don't bear thinking of, that it don't."

The church clock struck eleven. Granny slid off her bed and went into the kitchen to make up the fire. She put some potatoes on to boil and laid the cloth for dinner. All her best things were brought out—the seldom-used silver forks and spoons, the two cut-glass tumblers, and the remains of

a dinner service which had belonged to her mother. The chief decoration, however, was to be a great bunch of lilac from the bush growing near the fence in the garden. She almost forgot her troubles in the pleasure of gathering the sweet-scented blossoms. The air was laden with their perfume, and granny, sniffing delicately now and then, began to look less anxious; and once, when a lark trilled suddenly above her head, she smiled. A long spray of white roses attracted her attention. She hung over them delightedly, and allowed their thorns to pull the lace on her sleeves and their blossoms to caress her faded pink cheeks.

"How beautiful," she murmured; then suddenly lifted her head and sniffed again, for there came, mingling with the fragrance of the flowers, a new odor—the odor of fried steak and onions.

A faint color stole into granny's cheeks, and her lips parted questioningly. The fat black cat which sat blinking on the fence in the sun opened sleepy round eyes and stared at her—he, too, had received a whiff of what was to him an undeniably sweet fragrance.

"Steak and onions," murmured the old woman under her breath—and the cat mewed and grew restless. A little breeze brought a fresh whiff of that strong yet familiar odor. Granny crept to the fence and leaned over. The kitchen door of her neighbor's cottage was wide open, and she could hear the steak sizzling gently in the pan. Mrs. Nolly was cooking her husband's dinner. He was always home by half-past twelve, and the time was getting on. Granny was suddenly filled with a great longing for steak and onions; not for herself—oh, no—but for her grandson Jim. A vision of his sitting before a well-filled plate arose before her mind's eye, and her grasp on the fence paling tightened. In that place a portion of the fence was broken down, and it was before this gap that granny now stood.

From her position she could see right into Mrs. Nolly's kitchen. Mrs. Nolly, a short, stout woman of about fifty, stood before the fire clad in a large white apron and armed with a cooking fork and spoon, with which from time to time she shifted the contents of the frying pan. Granny peered at her with hungry, bright eyes, but presently withdrew and went back to her kitchen. Leaning against the doorpost she waited, she knew not why, but there was within her a feeling of expectancy, and she could think of nothing but the steak and onions frying in the pan next door.

The summer breezes came and went, stirring the ribbons on her cap, and blowing soft tendrils of hair across her dim blue eyes.

"I must get that steak for James," she announced quite suddenly. "I'll get it, even if I have to steal it. I'm a Christian woman, and, as far as I can remember, have never stolen anything in my life before; but it is for Jim's sake. I can't let him go back to France without having had a good dinner."

She gave a hasty glance back at the table set so daintily for two, and at the lilac which lay on a chair awaiting attention. She lifted the blossoms mechanically, and

arranged them in a tall, green vase. A shaft of sunshine filled the room with sudden glory and lit up the gilded text that hung above the mantelpiece.

"THE EYE OF THE LORD IS UPON THEE" burned and shone before granny's eyes. She lowered them swiftly, and the flowers which she placed in the centre of the table were not arranged so well as usual. She gathered up the clipped ends of stems and hung up the scissors.

Then she went into the garden again, to peer once more through the gap in the fence. The door still stood wide open, but Mrs. Nolly was nowhere to be seen. Moreover, the sizzling in the pan had ceased, and a covered dish on the fender told that the cooking was done.

Granny's heart gave a great leap, and sudden and fierce temptation assailed her. She went down before it like a blossom in a storm, and almost before she knew it was through the fence and tiptoeing across the yard to Mrs. Nolly's kitchen. She peeped in cautiously, but no one seemed to be about, only the great cat sat licking his paws contentedly by the kitchen fire, anticipating, no doubt, a dinner by and by from that covered dish. He stopped washing himself when granny appeared and eyed her gravely.

Even this was enough to disconcert granny. For one instant she paused; then, with swift, decided steps advanced towards the dish, and in less than a minute was carrying it back to her room, the cat following and mewing all the way.

The dish was hot, but granny did not notice. Only when she had safely deposited it in her own oven did she realize that her hands were burnt.

"Never mind," she said, speaking aloud, as was her habit, "I've got the steak and onions, so nothing else matters. Ah, Jim, my dear, what a good dinner your wicked old granny can give you now!" and she laughed uncertainly as she bustled about making final preparations for his coming. "Mrs. Nolly will never think it's me who has stolen her dinner," she went on ruminatingly; "she thinks I'm an honest woman, but what if she finds out while Jim is here. I couldn't bear for Jim to know that I was a thief—he's so straight and honest himself."

The shaft of sunshine still streamed through the open door, and granny closed it because it shone on the text above the mantelpiece. A sound outside the window caused her to start guiltily, for she thought that Mrs. Nolly was coming to enquire after her fried steak. But it was not Mrs. Nolly; it was Mrs. Nolly's cat, who had accidentally knocked over a flower pot.

"I wish Jim would come," she murmured petulantly; and at last she heard his step on the gravelled path outside. She tried to smile a welcome as she opened the door, but her heart was very heavy, and the hands that Jim held in his big, strong brown ones were trembling.

"How flushed you are, gran," he remarked, when the first greetings were over and glanced at her with affectionate concern, "I hope you haven't been over-exerting yourself because of my coming. I would have written sooner, but I did not decide to

come till late last night, and then I wrote at once. See here, gran, I brought you some goodies from London. Mother sent this—and this"—and he produced from his bag a cooked chicken, some ham and a bottle of home-made pickles. "She thought we might make a lunch of them to-day, as I don't suppose you've had time to get anything ready. And this cake and fruit is for you, too, and will keep for another time—come in handy for your next tea party, eh?" and Jim laughed boyishly as he closed the empty bag.

Granny saw in a mist the things which Jim laid one by one upon the table, and the room seemed suddenly to spin. She grabbed desperately at Jim's arm.

"Why, gran, what's the matter?" he cried.

"It's—it's the heat," replied the old woman faintly, "but I'm all right now; it was only for a moment. Could you go to the pump in the lane and get me a glass of real cold water; and I want a good jugful besides."

She would have risen to fetch a jug, but Jim laid a detaining hand on her shoulder and made her sit down again.

"You keep still," he ordered, "and I'll get the jug. I remember where all your things are kept. Isn't this it?—the same brown jug; and I see you've still got that old gilt text hanging over the mantelpiece. Often and often, when I was a kid and used to stay here, that text prevented my taking sugar out of your basin. Poor old gran, you don't look much better yet; don't you move until I come back, and I'll be as quick as I can."

"You needn't hurry," said granny, smiling at the compassion in the gray eyes bent upon her. Jim, swinging the jug, walked briskly down the path.

When he was out of sight—for the pump was some distance down the lane—granny flew to the oven and, seizing the dish, made straight for the gap in the fence. To her intense relief Mrs. Nolly's kitchen was still empty. Even the cat had deserted it. She rushed across the room, placed the dish on the fender where she had found it, and then, flying out again, scrambled through the fence and arrived in her own kitchen just before Jim came along with the water.

"I'm better now, Jim," she said, and this time there was no mistaking the sincerity of her tone. Jim put the jug on the table, then turned and faced her gravely.

"You're out of breath," he said. "Why, you can hardly speak. Here, drink this," and he held a glass of water to her lips.

Granny sipped it obediently.

"Thank you," she said; "and now, shall we have dinner? It's a good thing you brought this chicken—very thoughtful of Ann to have sent it, I'm sure. I've had no time to prepare anything."

Jim, who was cutting bread, suddenly turned and glanced over his shoulder out of the open door.

"There's someone calling you. Is it Mrs. Nolly? Shall I go?" he said.

Granny dropped the carving knife with a clatter.

"I'll go," she replied. "You finish cutting the bread, and maybe when you've done that you'll go on carving up the chicken,"

and she went out bravely to meet her neighbor.

Mrs. Nolly's face was redder than usual, and she looked shy.

"Oh, Mrs. Grey," she said hurriedly, "I've sent a box of flowers to my daughter who is ill, and I've taken your roses to put with 'em. There was a long white spray of 'em; I couldn't resist 'em, so I climbed through the gap here and snipped off the whole branch. I wish I had asked you first, but I somehow didn't like to, because I know what a lot you think of your roses. I didn't mean to confess at first—I wanted you to think that someone had come in from the lane and taken 'em; but, after all, I had to. It's not a thing you would dream of doing yourself, and now I'm so ashamed. What must you think of me?"

Granny's cheeks were scarlet.

"Why," she replied, "that's nothing to what I have done. Listen, Mrs. Nolly."

And she told in a few halting words the story of the morning. Granny was now not merely sorry, but truly repentant.

Mrs. Nolly did not seem surprised. She listened quietly and sympathetically while her usually rather hard face took on a softer expression, and once there was even a suggestion of a twinkle in her eyes.

"The postman told me that you were expecting your grandson to-day," she remarked; but she did not seem to think it necessary to add that she had seen from an upstairs window all that granny was telling her now. Nor did she explain that she had

stolen the roses in order to make a confession that should help granny to make hers. She had seen and guessed and understood, and had racked her brains to help the old woman, whom in her innermost heart she loved, out of a difficulty—the difficulty of a confession which she knew must come. People said that Mrs. Nolly was a hard woman. Certainly she looked it, but no one would have called her hard now if they could have seen her listening to granny.

"And you burnt your hands?" she asked, as granny finished her story. "Well, I'm sorry."

Granny hung her head and there was an awkward pause.

"It seems we're both as bad as one another," went on Mrs. Nolly; "but next time we'll ask one another for what we want, won't we? It saves a lot of time and trouble in the end."

She bent and kissed the old woman's wrinkled cheek.

"Good-bye; I'm glad you've got Jim, and mind you have a nice time together. Have you got everything you want?"

Granny nodded happily; then, with a light step, went back to Jim, who sat, hungry and impatient, before the carved chicken.

"You look heaps better," he said approvingly, "and awfully nice in that cap and gown. Say, gran, what's come over you? You look as young again, and—upon my word, you look quite pretty. Feel as if you could eat some chicken now?"

Granny sat down.

"It looks very tempting," she said. "Oh, Jim, my dear, what a happy time we are going to have together!" She helped him liberally, and as she handed him the plate Jim asked:

"How did you burn your hand, granny?"

Granny looked frightened for a moment, then eyed her blistered palm and hid it quickly under the fringe of the tablecloth.

"I—I burnt it," she replied lamely.

"Yes, but how did you do it?" asked Jim.

Granny's eyes wandered dreamily out of the door.

"Here's Mrs. Nolly's cat," she said.

"Give him a bone, Jim—the largest you can find. One with some meat on it."

"How did you do it?" persisted Jim.

"You'll know when you're older," retorted granny, in the slightly severe tone which she had sometimes used to him years ago when he had asked impertinent questions. He laughed, and granny quickly changed the subject. "Enjoying your dinner, Jim? Would you have preferred fried steak and onions?"

"I prefer chicken before all other kind of meat," was the satisfying reply, "and I had steak for breakfast. And as for onions, I simply can't bear them."

"Can't you?" said granny.

And then a happy silence fell between them, which was broken only by the sound of Mrs. Nolly's cat crunching the bone on the doorstep, and by the singing of the birds in the trees outside.—*Edith E. Hanson, in "Sunday at Home."*



FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



Mr. Toad, Policeman

"There's a big, ugly, brown toad out in our garden, mother," said Milly. "He's sitting under a leaf, and I want him to go away."

Her mother's eyes met Steve's with a smile. She was busy canning berries for pies next winter, so she could not stop just then. But Milly's big brother Steve took his sister's hand and, to her surprise, said quietly, "Come on out and get acquainted with the toad."

"Oh, my!" Milly looked up at him and her blue eyes said, "Get acquainted with that horrid, brown toad? I should say not!"

As she ran ahead towards the cabbages she picked up a stick. "You chase him off," she coaxed, thinking surely her brother was joking.

But he replied, "When you know Mr. Toad, you'll invite him to stay all summer right in this garden." And she saw that he was not in fun this time.

She wore a tiny frown as she peeped under the green roof where Mr. Toad had moved in secretly. Steve stooped down, too, whispering, "Don't get after him yet. Just watch a minute."

"Watch him! Ugh!" Simply looking at

him made cold shivers wiggle up Milly's back. She would almost as soon touch a cold, slippery fishing worm as to touch that warty-looking toad.

Just then Mr. Toad seemed to wake up. Before, his eyes were half shut, Milly thought, as if he had a right to take his nap in the shade of their cabbage. Now his slender red tongue shot out, and in went a fat cabbage worm for dinner. Mr. Toad's dinner, I mean.

"Dear me!" gasped Milly.

"Watch him," said Steve softly. The next second a big hairy worm strolled along, not knowing a thing about Mr. Toad. Snap! Milly shivered to see that worm vanish inside of Mr. Toad.

"It must tickle him awfully," she told Steve.

"It tickles me," chuckled Steve. "Now do you see why we want him to spend the vacation in our cabbage patch?" And he drew Milly away, for fear they might frighten Mr. Toad. "He's a regular little policeman. He keeps the vegetables safe by getting right after their enemies. I wish he had brought his folks and all his neighbors in Toadville! Bugs and worms come here to eat the tender young vines and plant leaves. Mr. Toad comes to eat the bugs and worms, you see."

"I see," nodded Milly at last. She bubbled over in a laugh. "What a funny policeman!" Then, waving her hand toward his cabbage home, she called, "Glad to have you, Mr. Policeman Toad! Don't go away, please."

And, in the shade of the broad green leaf, wise Mr. Toad swallowed another bug and winked his eye.—*The Sunbeam.*

Simple Kindness

Let your thoughts hark back, my boy; what has simple kindness been worth to you thus far in life; kindness of parents, friends—even the kindness of strangers, sometimes? Just imagine life with kindness cut out; what would it be? "A great Sahara desert," you say.

Kindness is a habit; cultivate it, practise it. In time you will be kind without realizing it; kindness will radiate from you as warmth does from the sun. But just now, my boy, take pains to be kind, watch for opportunities to be helpful, keep the sign-board out. Is John having a hard time with his lessons? Sympathize with him, help him, take a real interest in John's problems. Has Frank a sister who is ill? Be sympathetic to Frank, and glad with him when health smiles upon his sister again.

Be kind at home. Kindness that is never "At home!" is only a counterfeit, a veneer, a miserable failure. Kindness, real kindness, is of the heart, and is shown out in the fullest measure at home. *The kindness that is songless in the home will never strike perfect notes elsewhere.* Does mother smile when she hears your cheery whistle? Does Mary say, "Good, Henry is coming!" when she hears your steps echoing upon the walk?

Kindness will bind friends to you with bands of steel. If your heart is kind, you will always be looking for the best in your friends, not for their little failings. There are no perfect people in this old world, my boy; we suspect that even you are not yet quite perfect.

A kind heart will keep you from being suspicious—that miserable, suspicious disposition that suspects everybody of talking against us, and working against us, and advertising our failings. A woman saw two neighbors talking together the other day, and she was certain that they were talking about her because they looked toward her house. "How absurd," you say. Yes, and if someone should really say mean

things about us it would do us no harm—why not smile, and say, "This is a free country; let them talk!" Be not half as much concerned about what people think as you are about what God thinks of you.—*Selected.*

"I Can't Run"

A group of boys stood on the walk before a fine large drug store, pelting each other with snowballs. In an unlucky moment the youngest sent his ball spinning through the frosty air against the large plate-glass of the druggist's window. The crash terrified them all, but none so much as the little fellow who now stood pale and trembling, with startled eyes, gazing at the mischief he had wrought.

"Won't old Kendrick be mad? Run, Ned; we won't tell. Run, quick."

"I can't," gasped Ned.

"Run, I tell you. He's coming. Coward! Why don't you run? I guess he wouldn't catch me."

"No, I can't run," Ned faltered.

"Little fool. He'll be caught. Not

spunk enough to run away. Well, I've done all I can for him," muttered the elder boy.

The door opened; an angry face appeared. "Who did this?" came in fierce tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this, I say?" he shouted as no one answered.

The trembling, shrinking boy drew near. The little, delicate-looking culprit faced the angry man and in tones of truth replied, "I did it, sir."

"And you dare to tell me of it?"

"I dare not deny it, sir. I dare not tell a lie." The reply was unexpected.

The stern man paused. He saw the pale cheek, the frightened eyes, wherein the soul of truth and true courage shone, and his heart was touched. "Come here, sir. What's your name?"

"Edward Howe, sir. Oh, what can I do to pay you? I'll do anything," his eyes filling with tears. "Only don't make my mother pay it, sir."

"Will you shovel my walk when the next snow falls?"

Ned's face was radiant as he answered, "All winter, sir. I'll do it every time and more, too, sir."

Veterans of the World's Greatest Army

By Rev. R. J. D. Simpson

One of the most important connexional interests of the Methodist Church in Canada and Newfoundland is that which is known as the Department of Superannuation. It is the department which is specifically charged with the duty of caring for our aged and broken-down ministers, widows of deceased ministers, and minor children one or both of whose parents are deceased.

The recent war has clearly demonstrated how fundamentally important, not only from the humanitarian point of view, but for purely national reasons, is the department of war service which has to do with caring for our veteran soldiers who, many of them crippled and maimed, are back again amongst us, and the dependents of those their comrades who gave their lives for the Empire's sake. The story has recently been told of the dying soldier who, on being assured by his chaplain that the Government at home would provide for his wife and kiddies, exclaimed, "Then I can die quite content, knowing that my dear ones will not be allowed to suffer." Our Canadian Government is spending millions of dollars annually in providing pensions for these splendid men and for the families of the fallen heroes. Does anyone grudge the extra taxation made necessary in order to meet this just claim? Emphatically no. Our nation delights to honor these men, and in any way to recognize their service. On the contrary, we feel that the pension paid is pitifully small when placed side by side with the service and sacrifice these men rendered. No one ever imagined that the active service allowance—for Canadian privates \$1.15 per day—was ever intended as adequate compensation for the service rendered and for all the sacrifices made. We are every one of us morally responsible to these men and their families, because what they did was for us. They were actuated by most unselfish motives. They went into the army to serve no personal ends. We must never allow these men to imagine we are ungrateful or lacking in respect and appreciation towards them. The nation trains her sol-

diers, supports her soldiers, makes use of her soldiers, and is, therefore, morally obligated to provide adequate pensions for them.

But what of that other great array of veterans of the world's greatest army, our superannuated ministers and the widows of ministers who have fallen in active service? Surely these have an equally strong claim upon us. The relation of the Church to its own standing army includes also this sacred obligation—she calls them into the ranks, trains and equips them, makes use of them so long as they are useful; she must, therefore, be prepared to furnish them with an adequate pension when the days of active service are past. These men, like our brave Canadian lads, volunteered for active service. Like them, they went out, not knowing nor caring where duty might call them. They, too, renounced alluring commercial opportunities and gave their best services for salaries quite as paltry in many cases as the Canadian soldiers' pay. They went where the Church told them to go, and, in the most literal sense, gave their lives for the Church and the kingdom of God. What has the Church to say to these our veteran ministers? Does she really appreciate the service they have rendered? Will the Church repudiate their claim? If so, she will dishonor herself. Shall it be said in the days to come that the nation had a keener sense of justice than the Church? Shall it be said that the men who gave up everything to be leaders in the army of the King of Kings are less highly esteemed than the men who fought for King George and the Empire? Shall it be said that the service rendered by our honored superannuated ministers is of lesser value to humanity than that rendered by the soldiers of King George? No; the Church cannot maintain her credit in the eyes of the men of the world if she is at all tardy in the recognition of this most just claim.

These splendid men are not paupers, remember; for them we ask not one cent in charity, but we do ask and insistently demand that the Church to which and for

which these men gave their all should stand by them and protect them now that the days of their active service are past.

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A Survey of the Field : Missionary Work in Japan

By Rev. W. O. Fryer, M.A., B.D.

At the present time, in our province of over 600,000 people, we have 5,023 Shinto shrines, with 185 Shinto priests in attendance. We have 1,710 Buddhist temples, and 1,262 Buddhist priests who minister in a more or less efficient manner. This shows that the Japanese are a religious people as far as form and ceremony go. We would not say that Buddhism and Shintoism are either dead or dying in this province; but, on the other hand, under a highly organized autocratic priesthood they are carrying forward religious propaganda with earnestness. Their chief priests and scribes are influential men, and their religious forms and ceremonies are deeply entrenched in the national life. For example, in one public park in this city of Kofu, in the most prominent place, the Buddhists have erected an idol called "Misonamejizo," a god of healing. It is a most foul and obscene thing, and by actual contact it is spreading disease among the people. We have a sanitarium board in the city, composed of well-trained, scientific men, and yet the city dare not remove that god because of the influence of Buddhist priests.

As missionaries we dare to say that Buddhism is inadequate to meet the needs of the rapidly evolving Japanese people. The very spirit of the times is opposed to autocracy in all its manifestations. Buddhism, because autocratic and priestly, brooks no rivals in the religious world, and so persistently teaches that Christianity is a western religion and very dangerous to the national life of the people.

Now let us examine the Christian forces at work in our province. We are not as strong as we ought to be, and this survey will help you to understand why we need more men and money in this unequal task. Although we are not strong numerically, we believe that our influence is so constructive and creative and Christian that we will

gradually undermine the giant's strength. At the present time the Methodist Church of Canada has five Canadian women working under the W.M.S. board, three in educational work in our school for girls in Kofu, and two in constructive evangelistic work, with the headquarters in a building where there is a kindergarten, a sewing school and a dormitory for girls. Under the General Board our Church has one missionary family located in this big field for evangelistic work. Unfortunately we are not properly equipped, either in buildings or tools, to do



MR. ISHI HARA.

the work which is on our hearts. We are living in one end of an old school that ought to have been torn down ten years ago, because it is a disgrace to the mission and cannot be made to minister to the needs of the work among young men. We believe that our mission is called to do a definite piece of work among the young men of this province in the immediate future, or we shall lose the opportunity in this generation.

Within the past two years a young men's movement has been developed in our province which has great possibilities either for good or evil. In Kofu city alone during that period seven organizations were formed, with a membership of over 3,000, composed of young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. Throughout the whole province there are over 225 such organizations developed during the past few years. Our mission in this province is face to face with a real job which will tax every resource available.

Can we hold our own against Buddhism? I should say that these young men for the most part declare they are not religious, but are organized to study modern world movements in both East and West. We know that modern Christianity is fully abreast of the times, with the very message these young men need. All your missionaries ask is an open field, with men and ordinary equipment, in order that this opportunity may not be lost. The Buddhists understand the possibilities in this movement among the young men, and are bending their energies to capture strategic positions. For one thing they are copying everything in Christianity which they think is valuable. They have organized Sunday schools; have translated many of our

best hymns (the hymn, "Jesus loves me, this I know," becomes "Buddha loves me, this I know") into Japanese. They have organized Young Men's Buddhist Associations, copied right after our Y.M.C.A. As Christians we are not complaining; we are glad that our methods of work are so valuable that they are being copied, and besides, we are helping the Japanese both directly and indirectly. However, the shoe is on the wrong foot when we discover that our equipment is inferior to theirs, and is so behind the times that it ought to have been scrapped years ago.

Now your missionaries are not pessimistic, and we know that we are going to win a glorious victory in spite of handicaps, because the Methodist Church is behind us. We have only space to write about work among young men, but if you could see the direct evangelistic work that is being done and that which we are planning to do in the near future, the Canadian Church would be proud of its investment in Japan.

If you could see the splendid new church erected in Kofu city just three years ago, which was paid for by the Japanese people themselves; or could go with our evangelists to the nineteen factories in which Christian work is being done; or visit one of the fifty-four towns and villages in which we are doing evangelistic work from eight strategic centres in this province, the Church at home would realize the contribution that is being made, and would resolve to send reinforcements as soon as possible. Let us remember that Jesus Christ faced the most autocratic and highly-organized religion in the world; that He did not hesitate to make the supreme sacrifice in His fight for truth and righteousness. If only our missionaries could measure up in some small way with the spirit of Jesus; if only the Church at home will undertake this task and make a contribution in men and money and prayer for the missionary movement, we shall face the new age of reconstruction with heroic hearts. The Church at home does realize that the missionary movement is now an international movement for world brotherhood and mutual understanding, and is to be the antiseptic which will overcome the military virus in international diplomacy.

The accompanying picture is that of Mr. Ishi Hara, from our Kofu field, who made the supreme sacrifice as a Canadian soldier on the battlefields of France. In his last letter to his Buddhist mother he said that if he were killed he would gladly give his life for truth and righteousness, and perhaps his sacrifice would in some small way help to bind together the East and West. Imagine, if you can, how much the people of this province are thrilled as we relate what their boy, who was an earnest Christian, has done for our Christian civilization, and how much the Canadian people do appreciate the sacrifice made.

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MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

Serving the Community

That no man who is a follower of Jesus Christ lives to himself is the great lesson that has had emphasis in the last few weeks of our study together. From differing points of view that truth has been brought home to us with emphasis and iteration, and again in our lesson for to-day the same idea is presented. It might seem strange that such a truth would need emphasis so often, but that it does need it we have abundant evidence. Contrary to what we might expect, religion very frequently develops a tendency to become self-centred and selfish. Men, quite rightly indeed, are urged, because they are Christians, to develop in themselves the Christian spirit and the Christian graces, and to give themselves up to religious observances and duties, and it seems easy to get into the habit of making self the centre of things in the religious life and of developing religion into a kind of refined selfishness.

That there was the same danger and tendency in Jesus' day is very evident, for many of His teachings and warnings are directed explicitly against it. In fact, it was the one great complaint that Jesus had against the common religion of His day that it was not thought of as a means of serving the need and the good of the community at large, a common blessing and a common good; but rather something that was specially for the gratification and well-being and enjoyment of a favored few who had special opportunities and privileges in connection with it, and to whom it was supposed to bring special immunities and favors. The Pharisees were the exponents of a thoroughly selfish religion, and that was why Jesus had such bitter things to say against it and them. And His attitude toward that sort of thing is just the same in this our day. And we needn't imagine that there is not a considerable amount of the same sort of thing to be found to-day.

Two weeks ago our lesson was about winning souls. It sought to emphasize the duty that rests upon everyone who experiences the favor of God in Jesus Christ of doing what he can to bring a similar experience to others. But the lesson of to-day deals with quite another matter—in fact, with somewhat an opposite matter. In a general way the lesson of two weeks ago told us to seek the spiritual good of our fellow man, while the lesson for to-day emphasizes the necessity of our serving our brother in the realm of his temporal need as well. Or at least that is where the emphasis in the two lessons, as it seems to us, should be laid.

The Good Samaritan did not hold a prayer-meeting with the poor fellow who had been robbed, neither did he preach him a sermon. Had his need and the occasion been different, he might have done either one or both of those things. But the present need and occasion demanded something very different, and he met the occasion and the need with appropriate and fitting help. The man needed human sympathy, a helping hand, succor and relief, the supplying of his physical wants and the relief of his physical sufferings. And to meet his need along these lines was just as fine and as Christian a thing to do as it would have been to have held the prayer-meeting or preached the sermon had the occasion demanded these, and, of course, a much finer and more Christian thing to do, the other not being the fitting and appropriate way of helping.

This parable, as well as much more of Jesus' teaching and much of His example,

teaches us that kindness and sympathy and helpfulness are Christian graces, the fruits of the Christian spirit, that they ought and must show themselves in the lives of all those who have the spirit and the mind of Christ. To relieve a man's physical want and to care for his physical needs may be as excellent and as Christ-like service as any other service we may render him, and under certain circumstances and conditions is, for the time being at least, the only kind of service that has any point or worthiness or helpfulness in it.

The parable lays emphasis upon this point, that no matter what else he may be, a Christian man ought always to be very human and tenderly helpful, and have his eyes wide open to, and his heart very sympathetic toward, the needs and the sufferings of men. He may make loud and outspoken professions of religion, but if he does not back up that profession by such an attitude toward his fellows his profession is a mockery. And we get this truth, not only from this one parable that Jesus spoke, but quite as emphatically from His own habit of life. Indeed, it may sometimes

surprise us to note how much of Jesus' earthly life seems to have been given to the quite humble ministry of helping men in the realm of their physical need and playing the part of a human brother to His fellow men.

And, of course, this leads us on to the thought that what is the duty and privilege of the individual Christian must also be the duty and the privilege of the Church at large. The Church has its social responsibility and its duty to serve the community in helpful ministry, and this responsibility and duty are just as fundamental and positive as any other phase of the service it is to render. And this is not a new aspect of its work, something added in these modern times, as some people seem to think; it is a duty that has always lain at her door, and that too often she has overlooked and neglected. And so long as her motive and purpose are kept pure and Christian there is no danger at all that she should be led too much in this one direction.

William Black

Before leaving Valleyfield for Thetford Mines, Rev. Dr. Lawson received from his Official Board not only a unanimous vote of thanks, but also a very substantial addition to the salary they had previously paid their minister. Mrs. Lawson was also the recipient of a very valuable gift from the Ladies' Aid, of which she was president.

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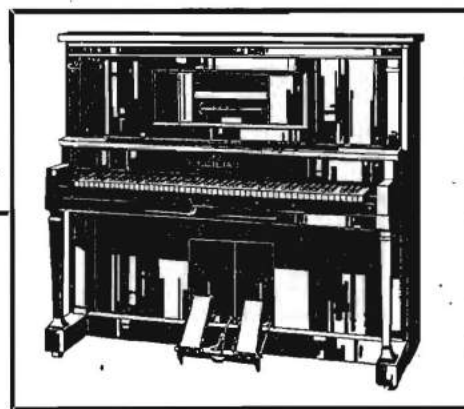
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Manitoba Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Church news, according to the generally accepted meaning of the term, is not as plentiful or as important this time of the year as later on; yet it never does to be too sure about things, because some of the most important events drop in among us quietly. Summer schools have been to the front during July. Like every other "institution" these days, they are getting the acid test of criticism. Many of those most closely identified with them are asking, "Are they worth while? Are they conducted in the most helpful way?" There is a manifest desire to get at the truth about them. The facts observed were that the adult side of the attendance was disappointing. Those who do attend are not always the kind of folks who most need the help offered by the schools. Where some special programme was featured there was good response; for example, boys' and girls' programmes. Where boys' and girls' departments were organized personal work was done to get them out, and the best available leadership was provided. The results were encouraging, and we scarcely see more than the first fruits of harvest on such occasions. Reverting to the promiseous attendance of adults, it would seem that results of meetings for them are unsatisfactory. We heard a good suggestion here, and it was based on an actual observation: Make a special effort to get to these schools people who have never been at one before. That does not prevent those who have been at them from going, but it sets them to work inviting others. The summer school would be a "Godsend" to busy mothers and others who have not been able to get away from home cares for a week in the last ten or twenty years. The social and instructional features of the programme would rejuvenate them and send them back to their homes appreciably better qualified to serve that home.

We heard a criticism about featuring too much entertainment. One school in the west got a popular lecturer, at a fancy price, too, but did not offer the regular lecturers anything more than a regular meal and a regular vote of thanks! If men are expected to spend weeks preparing a

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series of addresses worth hearing, why shouldn't they receive at least an honorarium that would enable them to buy books or pursue further study? It is another case where the Church is not as wise in its generation as the children of this world. We "muddle along" too much. The summer school has some great possibilities for usefulness. A "commission" might give it attention and make suggestions which would bring great improvements. With the exception of some good work among the young people, I would say that as run at present the "game is not worth the candle." We might hear from others.

"The labor church" has become more of a current topic than ever since the strike. The "mother" Labor Church held its first anniversary on July 20th. Vast crowds of people attended the meeting, which was held in the Industrial Bureau. We would venture to say that more people were at that meeting that evening than were found in all the churches of the city put together. We do not wish to infer at all that it was a better place to be. But they were there. Most people have some reason for what they do. What was the reason in this case? Why did they turn from the beaten path? Since the strike the "Labor Church" has been holding meetings in many different sections of the city. A good many attend looking for real bread. We fear they get stones instead. But here again we face a fact. Hundreds attend these meetings. Who are their leaders? What are their qualifications? These churches boast of being creedless, and yet we know of one case at least—fairly typical—where a man read a Scripture lesson and presented a theory of the atonement which prevailed in the Middle Ages. Hymns from which Christology is eliminated are used. Worship is scarcely attempted. The economic aspect of life is magnified. To be brief in comment, this whole movement, unless wise leaders come forth, will be a tragedy of the most pathetic kind. Locating Rev. Wm. Ivens and accepting Rev. A. E. Smith's resignation are simply incidents in the stream of events. That does not settle the problem of shepherding these masses who are driven to and fro by a great unrest. Is there here a problem too big to be dealt with officially? Prophets usually come unannounced by ecclesiastical courts. The world waits expectantly and patiently for leaders just now—men wise, fervent, firm, discerning, humble, constructive, disciplined, aggressive, persistent. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest!"

Prof. George Albert Coe was to be one of the leading attractions this year at the Agricultural College Summer School. He arrived on time, but owing to an attack of lumbago was unable to keep any of his western engagements. Many were disappointed. Your correspondent had an excellent opportunity to interview him, and hopes to forward an article on the result. His place on the summer school programme was taken mainly by Prof. A. E. Hetherington (newly appointed to the chair in religious education at Wesley College). We have heard Prof. Hetherington both at the Winnipeg summer school and elsewhere, and can say that he has made a splendid impression all around. He will prove a strong acquisition to the Sunday-school leadership of the province.

Rev. T. B. Pearson, Crandall, religious education secretary of the Birtle district, in co-operation with the Provincial S.S. Association, is making a special drive on his district to help the various Sunday schools. Prof. Hetherington and others will assist. The meetings will be held early in September.

Previous to leaving First Church, Brandon, Rev. A. E. Smith and family were presented with a purse of gold containing \$115, and an address wishing them success and happiness in their new work.

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Rev. T. G. Bethell was taken quite seriously ill last week while on an official visit to the Rainy River section of South Winnipeg district.

Rev. Dr. Darwin is in labors abundant getting the Forward Movement Campaign on foot. Most of the district meetings will be held in August.

Mr. I. B. Naylor, of Lanigan, Sask., who has been three years or more overseas as a chaplain, returned a short time ago. He spent several days in Winnipeg, where he got his good wife.

Speaking about chaplains, what a pity (it seems) that the Church generally has not made provision to have the chaplains free to travel at large for a year at least. They are the logical interpreters of the great lessons of the war. They know the men, and might give invaluable counsel about linking these men with the regular Church forces. As it is, these men have been stationed. Most of them came back just about time to get on the new circuit. We think it would be of great benefit if they could be heard more all around. An editorial in this same tenor appeared recently in the *Free Press*.

Winnipeg, Aug. 5th, 1919.

The Conferences

ALBERTA

Calgary, Central.—Central Methodist Church, Calgary, was crowded to capacity on a recent Sunday morning, when the colors of the 50th Battalion were deposited in this sacred building with all the solemnity and impressiveness that attaches to such a ceremony. The men of the battalion marched from the Armories, headed by the G.W.V.A. band, the colors being carried by Lieut. Jas. Rogers and Lieut. J. M. McDonald. In a few appropriate words Major Eveleigh handed over the colors to the Rev. Charles A. Sykes, the pastor, and church officials, remarking that he did so on behalf of the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the battalion, particularly in memory of those that had not returned. He expressed the hope that should occasion arise future generations, on beholding those sacred emblems, would be actuated with the same spirit as the men who had unselfishly laid down their lives in the cause of freedom. A most appropriate sermon was delivered by the pastor on the subject of "The British Flag." After tracing the flags from earliest times—from those of the Egyptians, Israelites, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Romans, Saxons and Normans, he stated that there were two great lessons to be learned from the glorious flag—love of country and sacrifice for others. In a most interesting manner the Rev. Mr. Sykes traced the growth of the great flag of the Empire from the time of King Richard and the Crusaders, and how it became the Union Jack and all that this implied. Rev. (Capt.) Robert Pearson, M.L.A., Major Barrow (senior chaplain of Military District No. 13), also took part in the service. Vocal numbers were rendered by Mrs. W. A. McCracken and J. E. Williams. At the conclusion of the service the "Last Post" was sounded by a bugler in the G.W.V.A. band.

LONDON

Brownsville.—A union evangelical mission was commenced in Brownsville, on July 27th, under most encouraging conditions, by E. DeWitt Johnson and party,

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and even at this early stage of the services interest and attendance indicate great blessing and uplift for the surrounding communities. The church shed has been transformed into a veritable tabernacle, lighted with Hydro, seated with chairs to accommodate thirteen hundred or more people in comfort; while the choir loft has a capacity for one hundred and fifty. In the necessary preparatory work fellowship and unity have been dominant, all desiring the best, and doing and giving their best. The services on the Corinth (Methodist) circuit, Culloden (Presbyterian and Methodist churches), Ebenezer (Methodist), Delmer (Methodist) and local churches (Methodist and Baptist) have been withdrawn during the mission, and as an inter-denominational gathering we meet to praise our God.

The Forum

ABNORMAL PROFITS

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—As I feel that you are in sympathy with the laboring man as I read your writings every week, I would like to give a few brief suggestions. I think the average workingman doesn't want nationalized industries, because logically the issue would be bad for the country. But something could be done by the Government which would savor more of co-operation and service than slavery, as at present. That is, abnormal profits ought to be abolished forever, the limit being eight per cent. on paid-up capital and all watered stock prohibited. To insure that the latter will be carried out, a heavy penalty ought to be inflicted on its infringement, and should any more than this profit be made, the whole of it to come back to the workers in that particular industry. Now wouldn't this principle insure reasonable profits, encourage the workers to give their best and let them feel it was up to them to make the business pay? Then, perchance, the poor man might see one of those beauty spots mentioned in a previous issue. Why should some be satiated by pleasure, Mr. Editor, and the sober, industrious man, after working all the week, have to study hard to make ends meet. Justice and mercy are what we need.

WM. HODGE.

P.S.—I would like to know if there is any real argument against my suggestion—the limitation of profits to that amount. Something ought to be done to lessen unrest and let the best-thinking men of Canada know that something in the way of reason, common sense and fair play is being thought of.—W. H.

MR. DEWART'S TEMPERANCE ATTITUDE

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I notice that in a short editorial on page four of your last issue you say, respecting H. H. Dewart, that he "has always opposed prohibition." That is a statement which, it appears to me, ought not to be made respecting a public man without a very considerable volume of evidence ready at the back of it. Those two little words, "has always," do not mean once, or on a certain occasion, but that he has been known to oppose prohibition on, at the least, several occasions. Therefore there must be abundant evidence, known to many people, as to when and where he expressed himself in the manner you describe.

I think it proper that I should say of him that I cannot remember having ever seen him at any annual meeting of the Dominion Alliance, or that he ever was on our platform at that gathering, as opponent or otherwise. I have known him fairly well for a good many years, and have never heard of his making a speech anywhere in opposition to prohibition of the liquor traffic. If he had desired to do so he surely had plenty of opportunity at the local option contests, to declare which side he was on long since; but never, so far as I have known, has he been heard from.

I observe that he states that he stands on the platform recently adopted by the Liberal party at its provincial convention, and will carry out whatever the people of Ontario decide upon by the referendum. That promise may "go down" with some people. But there are many Liberals who, if they were leaders, would lead on to a right decision, no matter how many votes were piled up on the wrong side. "Nothing is settled until it is settled right."

WM. H. ORR,
Treasurer, Dominion Alliance.

"THE IMMINENT RETURN"

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Your editorial in issue of July 23rd on the imminency of our Lord's return I read with pain and regret. In this rejoinder I would resort to the Word of God rather than to philosophic argument and skilful human reasoning. By your reproachful references concerning those who believe in the imminent return of our Lord, is it not possible that you are losing the esteem of many who prefer to accept the wisdom of God rather than the clever utterances of men. In perusing your editorial one is impressed by the fact that you do not give your readers one verse from the Word of God, but seem to rely upon your own intellectual powers.

Did not Jesus say, "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always," etc. Luke 21: 34-36.

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding, that when he cometh and knocketh they may open unto him immediately. Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12: 35, 36, 40.

Similar words might be quoted from St. Paul and the other New Testament writers did space permit. While these passages quoted and the many others of a similar nature may seem not to be to the point because not fulfilled in the lifetime of those to whom they were first spoken, yet we must not forget that "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Moreover, who are we that we should presume to challenge the Spirit of God, the Author of these words, as to what was in His mind and charge Him with mistakes? Does not He say, "My thoughts

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are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world."

Would it not be better for us to simply trust and take God at His word, even though from our human standpoint we appear to be mistaken, than at last when we meet Him to be rebuked for unbelief? If we believe the whole Word of God we cannot possibly stand ashamed before Him at His coming.

God has ever done the thing that amazed and surprised man. Such an One is our God. ("Who by searching can find out God?") All through Old Testament times this was true. When God came to dwell among men in Jesus His whole earthly life was full of surprises. How much so His death, resurrection and ascension. May it not be that this surpriseful God will soon surprise man again, thus fulfilling His word concerning the literal coming of Jesus from heaven? "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1: 11.

Mr. Editor, would it not be more profitable to you and your readers, both for time and eternity, to give them the Word of God than trust so much to clever argument and human reasoning? Does not the Word say: "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." 1 Cor. 3: 19.

Just before St. Paul penned 1 Cor. 15, in which he outlines very clearly the coming

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again of Jesus, he utters these words: "If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." 1 Cor. 14: 37. How, then, dare we declare that Paul was mistaken?

Deeply do I regret the spirit that pervades your articles dealing with the doctrine of the second coming and with those who find comfort and joy in believing and preaching it. (See book review in same issue.) Suppose we have failed to interpret Scripture according to modern methods and are a mistaken lot of people, how would it do to apply the never-failing test, "By their fruits ye shall know them"?

"Are pre-millennialists making other people liars, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, extortioners, or idlers, or busybodies, or tattlers? Are they developing in others immorality, unspirituality, or less devotion to Jesus and the great principles He taught, particularly the great missionary principle?"

Do pre-millennialists cast doubt on the Scriptures, or deny the full and final authority of the Bible, or lessen faith in the supernatural? Is not the effect of their teaching quite otherwise? Then why manifest such an antagonistic spirit in your widely-read paper? Have you a better and more scriptural foundation for our faith and practice? If so, why not give it to our people in the columns of the GUARDIAN? Many of your readers cannot understand the spirit that possesses you. Many others are disappointed in the great lack of scriptural and spiritual matter in our Church paper.

You admirably expound the old adage, "Live and let live"; then why not bear in mind the other, "Believe and let believe," especially when such belief works no harm or ill to one's neighbor? You are the appointed shepherd of many thousands of sheep, some of whom look up to you weekly and are not fed. Please consider the exceptional opportunity that is yours of leading our Methodist people into the green pastures and beside the still waters of God's blessed Word. The Master is saying to you as He did to His disciples, "Give ye them to eat."

F. W. HOLLINRAKE.

(We scarcely see what there was in our editorial to call forth such a reply as this. It seems very remarkable that the Editor should "lose the esteem" of any of his readers simply because he differs from some of them in opinion. In this editorial there was nothing offensive concerning those who believe in pre-millennial doctrines, but we simply endeavored to show the inconsistency of their teaching. As to scriptural proofs, it is only a question of interpretation. Those who oppose the teaching of Mr. Hollinrake and others like him are as loyal to the Word of God as the men who quote Scripture so glibly in support of pre-millennialism.—Editor.)

THE LORD'S RETURN

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—With most of your timely editorial under this heading in the GUARDIAN of last week, which I have just read, I am in hearty accord. I think, however, that a little more should have been said. Some fifty-eight years ago last evening I heard an Adventist, Rev. R. Hutchinson, preach from Peter 4: 7. I suppose that text has done service for many a sermon during the past nineteen centuries. The precise meaning of the word "near," of course, no one knows. The Church did not know then, does not know now, and probably never will until the Saviour is "revealed from heaven" (see Matt. 24: 36; Mark 13: 33; Luke 21: 35; 1 Thess. 5: 2, and many other similar passages). However, so far as each one of us is personally concerned, the end of all things here is certainly "near" in the most ordinary and limited sense of the word.

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Permit me, however, to say that I think you altogether forsake the obvious meaning of the phrase, "Christ's second coming," or words of similar import, when you say, "He is already in the world." In a certain sense, of course, He is, and has been ever since He said to His disciples, on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." But that is a very different thing from Christ's second coming. Surely that sublimely graphic and solemn description of the coming of the Son of Man, given in Matt. 25: 31-46, does not at all refer to His ever-abiding presence with His people. And the same is true of many other passages in the gospels and epistles of the New Testament.

No doubt it is possible to "harp too much on one thing," and so make very monotonous and tiresome music; but that is no reason why this chord should never be struck. St. Paul thought it necessary to give the sound in every chapter of both of his epistles to the Thessalonians, as well as in other parts of his writings. An event so often referred to in the Scriptures in such a definite way must certainly mean something very far different from the comforting assurance of Christ's constant presence with His children.

Yes, by all means—that is, by all reasonable and scriptural means—let us all do what we can to make this a better world, and thus shall we be seeking a preparation, both for ourselves and others, for the end of our probation here, whether by "gathering up our feet in death," or by being "changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." It is our wisdom to be ever waiting, watching, working. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

Yours faithfully,

JAMES LAWSON.

Thetford Mines, Aug. 1st, 1919.

THE CHURCH AND THE DRAMA

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Glad to see your note in issue of July 30th, headed "Not Quite True," explaining the pageant at the missionary centenary recently held at Columbus, O., and denying that "the Methodist Church is going into the theatrical business," which announcement in the daily press caused some people to believe too much—some willingly, others regretfully.

You might have added to your description the fact that in the Middle Ages the "miracle" or "mystery" plays, illustrating sacred history, were the principal means of interpreting the New Testament, but without plot or invention.

Some little while ago a local church proposed having a reader of ability, who is also an ordained minister of the gospel and a very spiritual man, occupy the pulpit for an anniversary occasion. "Elijah on Mount Carmel" and "Joseph and His Brethren" were the subjects proposed to be rendered, Scripture language being adhered to. A strong objection was made to having "dramatic" entertainment on Sunday. The objector was finally overruled, and later saw there was nothing to object to. The point is this: One can be too narrow in one's views, or even too liberal—both to the detriment of the Church. The appeal to the eye may be as great an avenue for the gospel message as one to the ear solely.

WALTER H. WIGG.

FAMILY WORSHIP

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I was much interested in a couple of letters published a short time ago in the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN on the subject of family worship in our homes. It is only too true, I believe, that this helpful practice has declined to a lamentable extent in the last decade among our people, and the rising

generation is suffering from the apathy shown by the heads of our households in failing to erect the family altar in the home.

When but an infant I was led by godly parents to all the means of grace offered by our Church; and some of these, I confess, I have somewhat neglected during the past years, not because I do not value them, but owing to the multiplicity of organizations in our modern Church, one cannot possibly give heed to them all. But the family altar has been a spiritual function that I never felt I could neglect; even in my college days my room mate and I would daily spare a few minutes to engage in Scripture reading and prayer. And now, after the office strain of the day, in the quiet of the evening, my little family gather around and we read a portion of God's Word and engage in prayer; and as my little child listens to my request of the kind Father that He may protect and keep her pure, an impression is formed on the young mind that will prove a directing power throughout her life. Variety may be added by the mother conducting the exercises on Sunday mornings, and by having the children read responsively or having a familiar hymn sung. I find it well to complete a book even if it takes weeks to do so, as an interest is maintained thereby that cannot be secured by reading passages here and there at random.

Rarely do our ministers admonish their congregations in respect to this blessed institution in the home. I have often wondered why they do not do so, providing they experience the benefits arising from its practice in their own home.

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"Sure thing! He must have been crazy to leave you anything."

"Well, what have you done about it?"
"Done?" returned J. Fuller Gloom.
"Why, I haven't done anything about it, of course. I have been too busy writing pieces to the papers demanding that something be done."

The Phrenologist: "Yes, sir, by feeling the bumps on your head I can tell exactly what sort of man you are."

Mr. Doolan: "Oi belave it will give ye more ov an idea wot sort ov a woman me woife is."

The Journal of the American Medical Association prints this skit under the head of "Business as Usual": "Peevish customer (to druggist): 'You gave me prussic acid by mistake for quinine this morning.' Druggist: 'Is that so? Then you owe me fifty cents more.'"

The foreman of a construction gang was walking along his section of the railway one day when he came upon a laborer fast asleep in the shade of a fence. Eyeing the man with a stern smile he said: "Slape on, ye idle spalpeen; slape on. So long as ye slape ye've got a job, but when ye wake up ye're out of work!"

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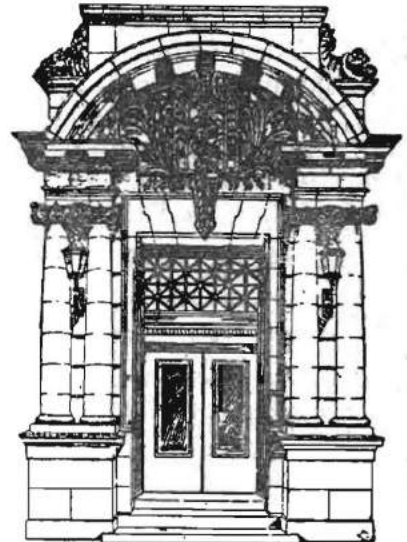
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First Undergraduate: "Got any answer?"

Second Undergraduate: "Yes. I telegraphed the governor, 'Where is that money I wrote for?' And his answer reads, 'In my pocket.'"

"You simply cannot trust anybody. Everyone seems so dishonest nowadays," declared the woman. "My maid, in whom I had the utmost confidence, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch." "That is too bad," sympathized the friend. "Which one was it?" "That very pretty one I smuggled through last spring."—*Wall Street Journal*.

If a man were to give another an orange he would simply say, "I give you this orange." But when the transaction is entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing he adopts this form: "I hereby give and convey to you, all and singular, my estate and interests, right, title, claim, and advantages of and in said orange, together with all its rind, juice, pulp, and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same or give the same away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp, or pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of whatever nature or kind soever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

RECENT DEATHS

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

JAMIESON.—On Sunday, March 23rd, the late Mr. William Jamieson, one of the most highly respected citizens of Welwyn, Sask., passed triumphantly to his reward. The deceased was born near Quebec 77 years ago. In 1866 he married Miss Belinda Frances Craig, also of Quebec, and coming west in 1884 he settled in this district. For 27 years he was a successful farmer, retiring some eight years ago, and moving into Welwyn. He was an ardent member of the Methodist Church and one of the managers on the Board of the local congregation at the time of his death. He was greatly beloved; a man full of faith and good works. His genial presence and earnest prayers were a benediction to our united congregation. In 1916 Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson celebrated their golden wedding. His esteemed wife predeceased him in Nov. last after a wedded life extending over 52 years. In the early days their home was known far and wide for its warm welcome and generous hospitality. Deep regret is expressed on every hand at the loss this district has sustained, and the memory of their devoted and radiant lives is as ointment poured forth. The funeral, which was largely attended, was conducted by Rev. J. W. Robinson, assisted by Rev. H. Heathfield, of Moosomin. The deceased is survived by a family of six, two sons and four daughters, all of whom were at his bedside when the summons came. Herbert William, a member of the firm of the R. D. McNaughton Co., of Moosomin; Newton, of Welwyn; Mrs. N. McLeod, of Welwyn; Mrs. Lelshman, of Kenora, Ont.; Mrs. Albert McAuley, of McAuley, Man.; and Mrs. (Dr.) F. D. Munroe, of Welwyn.

DUNN.—There passed into the homeland recently one of the choicest spirits of the charter members of Central Methodist Church, Toronto, in the person of Sarah, widow of Mr. James Dunn. She was the daughter of Mr. James Wallis, and though born in the village of Markham in 1850, the family early moved to Yorkville, where the subject of our sketch spent the most of her life. The old home was the abiding place for the Methodist preachers of long ago. Mr. Wallis being one of the original members of Bloor Street Church. In 1873, Sarah married Mr. Andrew Harton. This happy union was of short duration. Mrs. Harton being left a widow and mother in 1875. The result of the union, however, was the gift to the Church and the world of one of our successful, consecrated and rising young ministers, Rev. S. L. W. Harton, now pastor of the Waterloo Methodist Church. Four years later Mrs. Harton was joined in marriage to Mr. James Dunn, who predeceased her twenty-eight years ago. Mrs. Dunn was a life-long member of Central Church, with the exception of three

or four years when living in Bruce County, Ont. Her character was strong and consistent, and her interest in all things pertaining to Christ and His Church was fervent and keen. She made a good confession. Her home was a home where good people loved to congregate because of the fragrance of her beautiful life. Her children, now grown to manhood and womanhood, have risen to call her blessed. During recent years a weak heart protested against undue activity, and so her presence at the Sabbath services was not as frequent as her hosts of friends would desire to see. But her home was a sanctuary where God was faithfully worshipped, and He made every day a day of rest to her. On April 15th, 1919, she quietly went home without saying "good-bye" to friends, expecting to "see them in the morning." Her loving, faithful daughter, Lottie, was with her and watched the last flickering of life's lamp. Many friends followed the remains when they were laid to rest in Mount Pleasant's lovely field.

E. B. L.

PHILIP.—Unseen and unheard came the footsteps of angels one beautiful day, and in their arms they bore aloft a sweet soul, while many folks mourned the great adventure, as they felt the fragrance of a gentle life on the prairies of the West. Far back among the Scottish hills there was an ancestry with Calvinism in the blood, but somewhere in the unknown years there crept in an Arminian cousin as a mild protest against the theology of the "Marrow Men." Helen Toshach was born in Almonte, Ont., July 16th, 1843, where the days of childhood were spent, and there was she nursed by the old fireside, with tender memories of the Covenanters, and the signing of the Covenant in old Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, an undying event in the history of the Christian faith. In 1859 she joined the Church, a natural result of the training in the home, where the family altar was a sacred institution, and the "Cottar's Saturday Night," was a perpetual occurrence. On April 22nd, 1878, she was married to John Weston Philip, who was among the first settlers in the Roland district, west of Morris, Manitoba, having taken a homestead in the year previous. The honeymoon trip was taken to the homestead, where they spent twenty years, afterwards removing to Carman, and subsequently to Winnipeg, living ten years in each of these places. Blessed associations were garnered in these early days, when they labored with their brother-in-law, the Rev. J. M. Harrison, of happy and saintly memory, in making the rough and crooked trails of the prairie straight and smooth with the rich benedictions of grace. On one memorable day, the forty-first anniversary of her wedding, she fell asleep in a street car in Winnipeg, as she and her husband were returning from a visit with old friends, and heaven was made richer by the advent of a modern saint. It was on April 22nd, 1919, that she slipped away from the side of her husband, and found the angels had finished her crown and were waiting for her coronation. This woman

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of kindly ways and gentle deeds was a lover of the Bible, and devout without any show, for prayer was a great factor in her daily life, and the road to Emmaus a continual journey. The humble log church on the prairie was transformed into a cathedral, where souls, born with a great vision, sang the new song, and listened with an entrancing fascination to the old story, and found a wonderful charm and pathos in the simple recital of the quiet talk between Nicodemus and the Master. A real disciple of the simple life was she, a nurse trained in the sympathy of the heart, a social worker before we ever heard of social service, and a servant of God among the early settlers, finding reward in duty done and in the gratitude of the sick and dying. When the blizzard raged on the



THE LATE MRS. J. W. PHILIP.

bleak and lonely wastes she heard the call of the wild, and hurried away with delicacies for the sick and dying, while her deft fingers smoothed the pillow of pain and prepared the remains of the forgotten stranger for the last resting place. When the angel tapped on the window pane she slipped quietly away with a smile on her face, and climbed the golden trail to the gate of the eternal city, and as the angels waited, she bowed her head, and with gentle tread walked over the threshold and found eternal fellowship with the saints of the golden streets. There is a vacant place in the western city for another candidate for heaven, and a hand beckons to weary stragglers in search of peace, and another points the way in humble service for Christ.

John Maclean.

MUNRO.—At Innisfail, Alberta, on June 11th, 1919, there peacefully passed to his heavenly home one of God's noblemen. William Munro was born of Scottish parents at Chatham, Que., January 1st, 1847. His early married life was spent at Crystal Falls, Que., where his first wife predeceased him, leaving two sons. Some years later he was united in marriage to Miss Katie Hutchins, of Chatham, Que., who still remains, along with her eight children, two of whom are overseas, to mourn the loss of a loving husband, a kind father and a good neighbor. In my long acquaintance with him as his pastor and close friend, I think I never met another man who more fully obeyed the injunction to love his neighbor as himself. He was ever ready, by precept and example, to forward God's cause. Surely "the memory of the just is blessed."

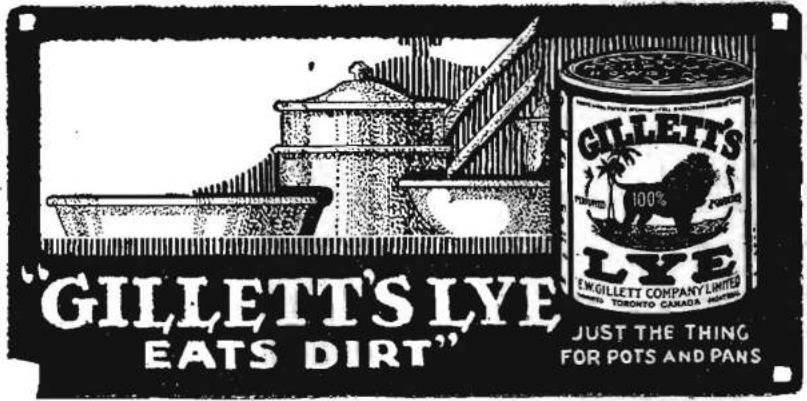
E. S. Morrison.

PETCH.—Reuben Petch, son of Jonathan and Sarah Petch, was born in the Township of Whitechurch, June 3rd, 1845, and departed this life April 11th, 1919, at Griersville, Ont. Converted in early life, he identified himself with the Methodist Church, and continued a member of same until called to his reward. His last illness, which was severe, was borne with great patience and resignation to the divine will. He was married Sept. 28th, 1869, by the Rev. P. A. Will, to Miss Julia Saunders, daughter of Samuel and Sophronia Saunders. He is survived by his widow, five sons, and one daughter—Rev. John A. Petch, of Malton; W. N. Petch, Epping; R. A. Petch, Griersville; S. S. Petch, principal of public school, Thornbury; Evangelist C. N. Petch, Newmarket; and Mrs. R. R. Rea, Winnipeg.

W. E. C.

THE CENTRAL CANADA EXHIBITION.

This year of peace, the first since 1913, the Board of Management intends to make the Ottawa Exhibition the best that has yet been held. The spacious grounds are second only to those of Toronto. The various buildings are numerous, large and commodious; also a number of well-kept lavatories in convenient places.



It is expected that His Excellency the Governor-General will formally open the Exhibition. Agricultural and horticultural products, machinery, autos and carriages, live stock, poultry, and everything that goes to make up a complete exhibition will be shown in abundance. The Ottawa Pure Food Show is in itself an ample reward to all who attend the Central Canada Exhibition.

The usual evening entertainment from the grand stand will have especially attractive features. There will be daily balloon ascensions and various aerial feats. Ottawa is one of the prettiest and best kept cities in the world, and besides the newly erected Parliament Buildings are now nearing completion.

THE REV. JAMES BELL—A TRIBUTE.

He was of the large Bell family who came from Wexford, Ireland, where they buried much of their goods to save them in the deadly rebellion. Their parents were soundly converted to God under the labors of Graham and Ousley, sent there by Mr. Wesley.

Mr. Bell entered the ministry in Canada, and in 1841 was stationed at Lansdowne, County of Leeds, an extensive field where he maintained revival services, and in two years the membership increased from 134 to 436, as per Minutes. Conversion to God was to him a vivid reality, and he led the people not only towards, but to Christ, and to definite covenant contract. I heard him preach to a large audience on "The Sin Against the Holy Ghost," and the message was full of light and heat.

Mr. Bell carried his own atmosphere, and would make a good brother or good sister of many who so respected him as to be on their best behavior. His good nature was manifest: and on going to a circuit he was informed of a large family in behind a woods, but assured he could not eat food that she cooked. On getting settled he rode in, and with some sign of dinner he said, "Now my good sister, I'm an Irishman and there's nothing I like better than potatoes with the jackets on and eggs in the shell." "Then, Mr. Bell, you'll have both." And she praised him to the people, and the entire family became worthy members. After a long, useful, fragrant life, he passed away in London.

His wife was Miss Elizabeth Staples, of Cavan—a Methodist centre—who proved to be an able helper. Numerous members on their large circuits would call, and she cheerfully and promptly had a cup of tea for them.

Methodist ministers then were not perplexed by Evolution and Biblical criticism, nor by a dozen societies pushing in divers ways; and they gave full attention to ingathering and upbuilding. And many districts were first fertilized by those gospel husbandmen, and the wholesome fruits were abundant. Their very names are a precious heritage in the Church.

Wm. Henderson.

THE LATE REV. W. G. BROWN, M.A.

Rev. W. G. Brown, M.A., was the son of Abraham Brown. Born in Thorold Township August 9th, 1839, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada in 1863. As a probationer he traveled the Harwich and Saltfleet circuits, when he was ordained deacon, and was received into membership of the Niagara Conference. After serving the Church at Dunnville for two years, he was ordained elder. Following this he was stationed at Welland, Ancaster, Brant, Brantford and Beverly, when he was appointed presiding elder of the St. Clair district. Afterwards, for some time he was the financial agent of Alma College, St. Thomas. Then pastor of the following churches: Wellington St. Church, St. Thomas; Springfield and Ingersoll. Here his health failed, and he very reluctantly accepted superannuation, which continued till God called him from his

home in Chicago, on July 9th, 1919. His death was caused by a stroke, which left him unconscious for ten weeks, when the soul of our departed brother joined the ranks of the glorified in heaven.

It was the privilege of the writer to know Bro. Brown intimately for fifty-five years, and he bears testimony to the genuineness of one of the truest men of the Christian ministry. As a preacher, he was bold and fearless, evangelistic and orthodox. No uncertain sound ever came from this trumpet of God. As a pastor he was ever true and faithful, loved by his church and the entire community. Few men in the Methodist ministry were so laborious as he. Early and late, summer and winter, in storm and sunshine, he was constantly watching and working for the financial and spiritual affairs of the Church. As a result he had unusual success. Revivals were prevalent on all his charges. Many hundreds were won to God through his ministry. In the old camp meeting days he was a great power and his services much sought after.

On July 12th the body was deposited in Beamsville cemetery. An impressive service was held in the church, presided over by the pastor, Bro. Shepherdson. Assisting in the services were Brothers Buel, Honey, Dougal, McIrvine, Martin, Liddy, Hamilton and the writer.

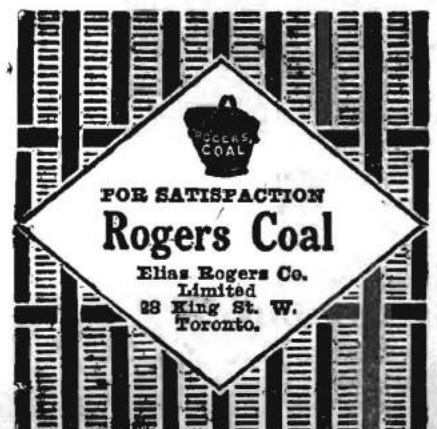
In 1865 Bro. Brown was married to Miss Lois Jane Culp, in whom for over fifty years he found one of the truest helpmates, and together they made a typical home, for four sons and three daughters all live to mourn the loss of one of earth's noblemen, a loving husband and a devoted father. Earth seems lonely to the writer since this most intimate friend has gone. We shall all meet him on the golden shore. May God's richest blessing rest on the dear wife and children, and give each a crown at last.

J. S. Williamson.

QUINTE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The Quinte School, held at Albert College, July 21-23, had the largest registration in its sixteen years' history, and was among the very best. Prof. McLaughlin again, as so often in the past, was leader in Bible study, and "Great Messages from the Bible" made a strong appeal. Space does not permit a detailed account, but among the new features was the extension of the teacher training by the subject, "The Teacher's Study of the Life of Christ," and that of the mission study classes by the addition of "The Church as a Community Centre."

Under the able direction of the President of the Conference, sports are being made a helpful part of the programme of education which this school increasingly emphasizes. The school's Sunday services were characterized by quiet power, and ninety-nine delegates promised to endeavor to keep the morning watch, and ninety-six are pledged to endeavor to bring some one to



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

BIRTHS.

BUTT.—On July 31st, to Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Butt, of Cedar Springs, a son, William Joseph.

MARRIAGES.

WILKINSON-GUNN.—On July 19th, by Rev. Dr. G. E. Darby, Mr. Leslie Carlton Wilkinson, son of Rev. R. C. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Port Hammond, B.C., to Miss Amy E. Gunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gunn, Vancouver, B.C.

HOPKINS-LAURENCE.—On July 16th, at the home of the bride's parents, by the Rev. J. Wesley Smiley, of Pouce Coupe, Gladys Laurence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence, of Lake Saskatoon, to Rev. Charles F. Hopkins, pastor of Beaver Lodge and chairman of the Peace River District.

GOWER-STEPHENS.—On July 31st, 1919, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. W. G. Fagan, Corinth, Rev. Charles R. Gower, of Oil City, to Pearl, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stephens, Aylmer, Ont.

DEATHS.

MEARING.—In the Nicholls Hospital, Peterborough, on Tuesday, July 30th, Chas. Dewart, only son of Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Mearing. Interment at Norwood the following Wednesday.

DALES.—In Thornbury, on Sunday, June 22nd, 1919, Lillian May Dales, beloved daughter of Richard Dales, aged 33 years.

IN MEMORIAM.

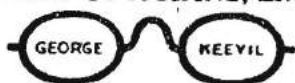
CUNNING.—In loving memory of our dear son, Pte. J. F. Cuning (Jack), who was killed in action at Amiens, August 9th, 1918.

Far beyond this world of change,
Far beyond this world of care;
We shall meet our missing loved one,
In our Father's mansion fair.
Father and mother.

HAMILTON.—In loving memory of Lieut. Douglas K. Hamilton, B.A., son of Rev. R. D. and Mrs. Hamilton, St. Catharines, who fell at Beaucourt, France, Aug. 8th, 1918. By death he purchased life for us.

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Christ this year; eighty-four will be linked with the United National Campaign; two are giving serious thought to the ministry; sixteen to home or foreign mission as a life work; and three to deaconess work.

Financially the school showed a surplus. "Historical Day" brought many students of former schools for re-union, and plans are already being formulated for a bigger and better school next year.

The Executive of the committee consists of Revs. W. H. Clark, S. A. Kemp, R. T. Richards, B.A., W. P. Woodger, B.A., and J. J. Mellor. Miss Tillie Wood is Registrar. S. F. D.

Connexional Notices

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF THEOLOGY.

The Supplemental Examinations in Theology for 1919 begin Sept. 18. Applications, with probationers' certificates, should be in my hands not later than Sept. 1. Fees should be sent to Miss M. Wilson, Victoria College. F. H. Wallace, Dean.

ATTENTION, LONDON CONFERENCE MINISTERS.

Kindly bring before your young people the fact that Dr. Rice, of Detroit, will be at London at the London Conference Epworth League Conference, Wellington St. Church, Oct. 2nd, and have a full representation from your church there. You know Dr. Rice and his ability. Boost for our Epworth League Conference, and help it along. E. B. Hale, President.

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