

The Christian Guardian

• Established 1829 •

Thinking Straight

THINKING straight is a very fine and also a very difficult achievement. And this is true not so much because of our intellectual limitations as by reason of a fact of quite another sort. Where self-interest is involved the vision is very apt to be diverted from the straight line. So often it happens that when we superficially think we are putting up a genuine argument in favour of a certain course of moral action, what we are doing in reality is trying to dress up the course that we desire to take so as to make it look morally logical and convincing. For if we haven't the courage and character necessary for the willing and the doing of the absolutely right thing, very few of us ever get beyond the point where we do not like to appear as if we had. But if, instead of trying to camouflage our own desires we tried to look with unfettered eyes right into the heart of every moral problem and issue that confronted us, how much braver and better it would be. It is hard, but, as we say, it is a great achievement.

TORONTO
May 28
1919

CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN METHODIST MISSIONS

With a great celebration, in which one hundred thousand delegates from all parts of the world and thousands of visitors from the United States and Canada will participate, the Methodist Church has arranged to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of American Methodist missions at Columbus, Ohio, June 20th to July 13th. An unsurpassed programme of pageants, lectures and demonstrations has been arranged, the theme of which is "The Christian Crusade for World Democracy."

Virtually every country on the globe is represented with missionary exhibits in the eight exposition buildings. Natives from every mission field have been brought to the celebration to demonstrate the village life and customs of their peoples. Every day witnesses the arrival of carloads of exhibits, \$100,000 worth reaching the exhibition grounds in one week. Seventeen thousand participants have been rehearsing continuously for every part of the celebration.

A specially selected crew of workmen are rushing to completion the installation of the \$50,000 organ especially built for the celebration. This huge organ occupies the west end of the Coliseum, which has a seating capacity of 8,000.

In addition to the Coliseum and the exhibition buildings the exposition grounds embrace the oval where a great open-air grandstand has been built facing the biggest stereopticon screen ever planned, being over eight stories-high; restaurants, garages capable of sheltering thousands of automobiles, and small exhibit buildings.

The centenary celebration was designed to show in striking, realistic manner the world's people among whom the Methodist missionaries work, in their native garb and settings, following their native industries and demonstrating their native customs.

In the China building will be found a complete section of a Chinese city, set inside formidable walls. Here are tea-rooms, a Confucian temple, a Taoist temple, a Buddhist monastery, pagodas, a Chinese playhouse, a Buddhist temple, exhibits of horrible-appearing idols and demons, curio shops, a typical Chinese home, and contrasting with these evidences of the old order are the benefits which the missionaries have introduced—the church, the medical mission and the school.

In a similar building are housed Korea-Japan-Malaysia, with a Korean temple, garden, home and curios. Contributing to the interest of the exhibit of the Mikado's empire are dainty Japanese street scenes, a Japanese garden, typical Japanese homes and tea houses, a Torii gate, a Shinto temple and a Kiroshima kindergarten.

The African exhibit probably will attract a large share of attention, containing as it does everything from a jungle hut, with its thatched roof, to stately Moorish houses, and with curios ranging from savage war clubs to straw necklaces. Here is represented life of the Dark Continent from Algeria to the Cape of Good Hope.

India, with its teeming millions, is represented by the temples and shrines of Buddha, Kali and other native deities; a collection of images; a bazaar, with all the entrancing mystery of the East; a fakir reclining on a bed of spikes, burning ghats beside a miniature Ganges, and a swarm of natives.

The observation centre of the Europe-Latin America building is a Belgian cathedral, shattered by German artillery. Through the gaps in the walls made by the shells can be seen the devastation wrought by war, vividly reproduced. Latin America furnishes a wealth of colorful material.

Two buildings—one for continental America and the other for Hawaii, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico—shelter the American exhibit. In the former exhibit is every phase of life, from the city slums to the mountaineer's cabin, and from the pueblos

of the South-west to the igloos of Alaska. Tribes of Indians, from the New York reservations to the Siwash of the North-west and the Navajos of the South-west, have been gathered in to demonstrate their industries and the advance of Christianity among them.

One of the outstanding features of the centenary celebration is the extensive pageantry programme. World strifes, upheavals and persecutions will be ended, the forces of evil and anti-religion shall not pass—such are the messages presented in the majestic frame of an impressive pageant, "The Wayfarer," requiring the services of nearly 2,000 persons.

In addition to the stage ensemble of 750 persons, the pageant which has been created to make the Methodist centenary celebration of more than passing or church interest demands the services of an off-stage chorus of 1,000 voices. The music includes some of the noblest, most powerful of classical music as the appropriate accompaniment of the impressive scenes of world crises.

Music on a grand scale has been provided for the celebration. Probably the most unusual feature of the elaborate musical programme is the Methodist Centenary Celebration Trombone Choir of one hundred instruments, the first organization of its kind ever known to have been organized on so large a scale. From the bells of one hundred trombones the visitor to the celebration can hear the ringing harmony of the "Hallelujah Chorus" and the "Holy City" in the huge Coliseum.

A novel feature of the celebration will be the automobile caravans. It is estimated that 40,000 automobiles will convey approximately 175,000 visitors to the religious exposition. One of the largest of these caravans, arrangements for which have been fully made, will start from Springfield, Ill. Dr. E. M. Antrim, of Springfield, who has been chosen as caravaner, has enlisted 1,000 automobiles for the tour. Fine roads and beautiful scenery, combined with twenty-four days of fascinating sight-seeing at the celebration, with four Sundays upon which to choose a list of the greatest preachers in the United States and Canada appearing in the many churches of Columbus, will round out for the automobile tourist a summer's vacation always to be cherished in delightful memory.

Some months ago Mr. H. B. Dickson, the organizing secretary of the centenary celebration, paid a flying visit to Toronto. His visit was followed by letters of invitations sent to a number of ministers, Sunday-school superintendents and Epworth League presidents throughout the Dominion.

The Rev. Dr. Erwin H. Richards spent Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, May 18th, 19th and 20th, in Toronto. On Sunday he addressed large audiences in the Timothy Eaton Memorial and Danforth Avenue Churches; on Monday night he spoke at the Toronto West District Epworth League rally, and on Tuesday night a meeting of interested workers was held in Elm Street Methodist Church.

All this publicity and organizing work has aroused considerable interest. Plans are being made for three classes of representatives from Canada: First, it is expected that a large number will take advantage of the special railway rate of a fare and a third for the return trip, and will go as visitors; second, the management asks for one hundred stewards, who will act as ushers and will assist in explaining the curios and in answering questions in the various buildings. Our young people who have attended summer schools and studied text-books on China, Japan, India and other countries will be especially useful in this connection. The management has generously offered to pay \$15 a week toward their expenses. The work required will only take a few hours of each day, the balance being left for visiting other exhibits and for recreation. The Rev. Dr. Richards requires about sixty to assist him in the African

department. The doctor is making a very generous offer, namely, to pay the transportation and the living expenses of all who assist him in his great African building.

The joint committee in charge of the centenary celebration has asked Dr. F. C. Stephenson, of the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto, to act as Canadian representative. Requests for further information may be addressed to him.

URGENT CALL TO PRAYER

To all ministers and congregations.

Every Canadian citizen must regard with serious misgivings the fact that industrial unrest apparently tends to pass over into industrial conflict. The decision of our General Conference requires us as a Church to advocate industrial peace only in so far as it is based on improved social organization. But this movement for improved social organization is based on spiritual ideals, and in consequence it is most important that the whole situation be taken up into the life of prayer, and interpreted in terms of prayer.

Therefore this request is sent to every minister of our Church (similar requests being issued in other communions) that the yearning for industrial harmony, based on social justice, be given full expression in the worship of each congregation at the earliest possible opportunity, *next Sunday, if possible.*

Valuable assistance to this end may be found in our new hymn book, and your attention is especially called to such hymns as Nos. 276, 392, 394, 416 and 422.

Trusting that the offering of collective prayer in all our congregations may further unity of thought and action,

Yours faithfully,

T. ALBERT MOORE,
General Secretary.

THE TORONTO METHODIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S VOLUNTEER UNION

In spite of the "flu," this organization has been carrying on with no little success. Four of our volunteers are at Whitby College, another has just begun nursing at Bella Bella, while nearly every one has begun some study looking forward finally to either home or foreign work.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Miss Carol Chace; secretary-treasurer, Miss Campion. The General Board of Missions and the Women's Board are represented as follows: Honorary president, Mr. W. G. Watson; honorary vice-president, Mrs. Willmott; missionary advisers, Rev. A. P. Quentin and Miss Harrison.

The next meeting of the union will be held at Elm Street Church, on Saturday, June 7th, to which all volunteers, or those who hope to be some time, are cordially invited. Several returned missionaries will speak, and those who hope to leave business life to begin school will be specially interviewed. We plan, as in the past, to secure financial help for those who cannot fully pay their own way through school or college. All volunteers are requested to send in their names to Miss Campion, North Street, Toronto, for enrolment. This growing organization supplies a long-felt want in the life of the Church. Write to us. We want to help you toward the realization of your hopes for life-work. If you are *yielded*, God will lead you. Don't forget Elm Street Church, Toronto, on Saturday, June 7th, at eight o'clock.

"Father, didn't you tell me it was wrong to strike anyone smaller than yourself?"
"Yes, Willie, that's what I said." "Well, I wish you'd write my teacher a note. I don't think she knows about it."

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Germany Hesitates to Sign

AS was expected, Germany hesitates to sign her own death warrant, as she asserts the treaty to be, and she would like to bargain for peace just as she would have done if the war had been a draw. But slowly, very slowly, it is dawning upon the German people that despite all the magnificent lying with which their leaders have tried to conceal the fact, the war was lost, and Germany has suffered the biggest defeat in all history. The Government, however it may haggle over the peace terms, is utterly powerless to resist the signing of them, unless it is prepared to open the whole of Germany to the control of a foreign and deeply-injured foe. Scheidemann hinted vaguely at a German alliance with the Russian Bolsheviks, but with Lenine and Trotsky fighting for their lives there is no salvation in that quarter. Moreover, Scheidemann knows only too well that any such move would issue in immediate war with every German city of importance shortly within reach of hostile guns. The terms are harsh, but nothing like as harsh as would have been Germany's terms if she had triumphed; and in view of all the dastardly work of her armies and navies during four long years the terms seem comparatively mild.

Bolshevism at Bay

A REPORT from Geneva declares that the revolted Ukrainians and a Bolshevik army are fighting a desperate battle for the possession of Kiev. Trotsky in person is said to be commanding the Bolshevik army, and Lenine has arrived in hot haste from Moscow. If this rumor is true, it is clear that the Bolshevik hold upon Kiev is a very precarious one. At the same time word comes that a Finnish army is within forty-five miles of Petrograd, and an Estonian army is within fifty miles. Meanwhile in Petrograd black bread is \$4 a pound, and horse-meat is the same price. Moscow is in much better condition as regards food, but even in Moscow bread is \$2 a pound in the public market, but only eighteen cents a pound when bought as a Government card ration. However, this latter only allows one pound a day even to the most favored workman. The Government, which formerly laughed at the dissatisfaction of the peasants, is now making love to them; but the peasants are very unresponsive. Admiral Kolchak has been notified that as soon as he can establish a stable Government and guarantee freedom of speech and of the press, and also a constituent assembly, his Government will be formally recognized by the Allies. None of these things seems possible under Lenine and Trotsky's rule, and the world is impatient for the end.

One Honest German

THIS is the way the *Westminster Gazette* characterizes Von Beerfelde, a German who commanded first a company, and then a battalion, of the Prussian-Guards on the western front for about two years. He was afterwards transferred to the General Staff at main headquarters. While fighting with his regiment he was fully convinced that he was fighting in a war of self-defence, but when he got to headquarters he discovered facts that made him very suspicious, and after some quiet investigation on his own account he became fully convinced that Germany had deliberately planned the war. Then he resigned from the Staff, and went to Berlin to enlist the sympathy of members of the Reichstag. He told them what he had discovered, but he could not get a man to support him. Instead he was imprisoned for treason. In January of this year he published a pamphlet,

"Michael, wach auf!" A few copies were sold, but in two days it was suppressed, as its revelations were too compromising for certain influential members of the Government. Beerfelde calls on Germany to expel from power every man who was responsible for originating or continuing the war, to publish the real facts in regard to the origin of the war, and to begin to lead a new national life. A few Beerfeldes might easily mean the salvation of Germany. At present the nations trust the German Government very little more than they trusted the Kaiser.

Ludendorff Talks

WHEN the great German war machine was working at top speed there were two names chiefly mentioned in connection with it—Field-Marshal Hindenburg and Field-Marshal Ludendorff, and the latter was usually referred to as being the brains of the machine. It was popularly supposed that the last great attack in the west, the adoption of the neck-or-nothing policy, was Ludendorff's work; and when the great drive failed and the inevitable smash resulted, Ludendorff retired to private life, one of the world's most desperate military gamblers, who had risked a nation on a throw of the dice—and lost. But Ludendorff is not content to bear all the blame, and he is writing his story of the war. The other day, also, he gave an interview to the correspondent of the *New York Post*, in which he gave some significant hints as to the cause of the final failure. He referred to the claim that Germany should have built more tanks, but this he said was impossible, owing to the lack of materials. He defended the building of the U-boats, and declared that they brought England to the verge of economic collapse, and in this Ludendorff is undoubtedly right; but he miscalculated the adaptability and resourcefulness of his British foe. Greatly to the surprise of his American interviewer, Ludendorff insisted that the entry of the United States into the war made very little difference. He knew the United States would come in some time or other, but he was not afraid of the result, as the American army was not sufficiently trained to be a match for the Germans. The interviewer then mentioned Chateau-Thierry, but Ludendorff wholly pooch-pooched this action. He said: "Chateau-Thierry? What was Chateau-Thierry? Five fresh divisions of Americans were brilliantly stopped by two of ours. That's all." "But we took the town," persisted the interviewer. "Well, what of that? I withdrew my left wing because of the pressure of the great offensive farther north. That's all there is to it." He blamed the final defeat of the Germans upon the revolutionary spirit in the German army. He may be right, but it looks to us as though the revolutionary spirit increased just as the Allied armies were able to smash their way through the German lines. It is a comforting thing for Germans to think that if the army had only been loyal they would have won the war; but it hardly stands the test of facts.

Canada Not Producing Enough

NOT many days ago, in the Canadian Senate, the Hon. Mr. Robertson, Minister of Labor, made a speech in which he dealt with the present abnormal increase in prices. He argued that in regard to butter, for instance, Canada was not making enough to supply her own need by 15,000,000 lbs., and he declared that any attempt to fix the price would decrease production and make matters worse. But he did not explain why Canada last year exported 12,000,000 lbs., nor why, in face of the admitted scarcity, the Government had decided, if the report be

true, to shut out oleomargarine. In referring to other prices, Mr. Robertson made the startling statement that shoes which are sold wholesale at \$6 retail at \$12, and the same scale of profits obtains in regard to plumbing supplies; but he went on to say that "no one was to be blamed for making a good profit on a transaction," incidentally justifying the profit of 100 per cent. He complained also that the machinery placed at the disposal of municipalities for the investigation of these matters had not been made use of. Possibly he does not realize that the municipalities do not place much confidence in this machinery. He also said that the people themselves were to blame for part of the increase in prices. He said: "As long as the ladies of households called up their grocer before nine in the morning for a box of matches, for a little lettuce in the afternoon, and something else in the evening, necessitating three deliveries in one day, so long the cost of necessities would be increased." To us this looks too much like a piece of special pleading, as the great majority of the people who suffer most from the high cost of living have no phones in their homes. He admitted that the cost of living in Canada had doubled during the past four years, and he admitted that this was one of the chief causes of the present unrest; but he had no remedy whatever for the evil, save to increase production. But just why a farmer should double his output of butter, when he can now secure as much for one pound as he could then for two, is not very clear. And just how increase of production would affect the retailer's selling a \$6 shoe for \$12 the average reader will fail to understand. One thing only is clear, that so far as the Hon. Minister of Labor is concerned he has no remedy for the present conditions; and this one fact will do not a little to intensify the present unrest.

Airmen Crossing the Atlantic

IN October, 1902, the Wright Brothers, in a heavier-than-air machine, glided more than 200 yards, and this was esteemed a wonderful performance. On July 5th, 1909, Louis Bleriot flew across the English Channel, a distance of twenty miles, in forty minutes; and the world began to believe that the aeroplane was really something more than a toy. And the war gave a tremendous impetus to the development of aeroplanes, so that it is now looked upon as a feasible thing to fly across the Atlantic. The United States naval seaplanes last week started on the adventurous trip, flying from New York to Nova Scotia, Nova Scotia to Newfoundland, and from Newfoundland to the Azores. The last trip was the real test, as it meant a 1,200-mile flight; but a string of destroyers was stretched from shore to shore, and two out of four seaplanes successfully completed the course. But just at this time the British aeroplanes, which had been waiting in Newfoundland for favorable weather, determined not to let the United States planes reach Britain first, and they started on the formidable voyage. One machine, however, never left the land, owing to a mishap in starting; but Harry G. Hawker (an Australian) and Commander Mackenzie Grieve, in a Sopwith plane, essayed the tremendous task of crossing 2,000 miles of sea, knowing full well that if anything went wrong with their motor, or if their supply of gasoline gave out, it meant almost certain death. They flew about 1,100 miles, but were then compelled to descend, and were rescued by a small Danish steamer. They failed to cross the Atlantic, but their intrepid attempt will never be forgotten. For days they were mourned as dead, and the world rejoiced greatly when assurance of their safety was received.

Mexico May Go Dry

THREE States of Mexico are already dry—Sonora, Yucatan and Sinaloa; and now an Anti-Alcoholic League has been organized in Mexico City, with the intention of extending its activities into every wet State. The rumor that some of the United States brewers and distillers had cast longing eyes upon Mexico, with the intention of transferring their business to the south of the boundary line has aroused the "dry" forces in Mexico, and the dry propaganda is now well under way, and an appeal for help has been made to the Anti-Saloon League of the United States. It is perhaps needless to say that the temperance forces in the United States and Canada will sympathize heartily with their brethren in Mexico and will help them as they may be able to prosecute the dry campaign with vigor and success.

Chili Turning Her Back on Rome

DESPITE the desperate attempts on the part of the Roman Catholic press to prove that there is nothing wrong with South America, save the fact that it is vilely slandered by such men as John R. Mott and Robt. Speer, we find at times a hint of the real facts in the case. *L'Action Catholique*, of Quebec, recently bewailed the state of affairs in South America, and declared that the State of Chili was in a very bad way. This is the picture (in part) which it draws: "From a Catholic point of view the future of Chili is dark. The Senate is radical, and it is expected that the coming elections for the Lower House will also be bad. The three great dangers which threaten the State, in the opinion of those who are acquainted with the situation, are Protestantism, Freemasonry and State education. The negligence of Catholics has allowed Protestantism to extend over the country, as they now have ten or more dioceses. In the one city of Santiago they have more than 150 places of reunion, while the sects are recruited amongst the poorer classes, often of questionable morals, and by the circulation of money with tracts against the priests and the confessional. At the State university of Chili the teaching is materialistic, and without God. All of the educational establishments down to the primary schools are also godless, and the great majority of the children frequenting the official public schools do not know their catechism." The significant admission that the three great dangers are "Protestantism, Freemasonry and State education" will not impress Protestants exactly as they do Roman Catholics, but the writer seems to imply that Rome's grip upon Chili has loosened until now Chili is about to go its own way. And yet Chili has been purely under Roman Catholic government for about 300 years. If she is now in revolt against that Church there is surely reason for it. Would it not be wiser to seek the cause rather in the corruption of the Roman Catholic Church in that State than in the heretical activity of misguided Protestants? In nearly every Roman Catholic country we find a revolt against Rome, and yet Rome refuses to adopt a more liberal policy, and refuses even to purify her own local Church. This is surely madness.

A Peculiar By-Law

THE city of Toronto has just passed a by-law, prepared by the City Solicitor, which is aimed, we suppose, at the Bolsheviki, but which in reality, if enforced, might hit a good many who are not at all inclined to Bolshevism. The by-law, as reported, provides: "No person shall use, display, carry, wave or otherwise exhibit any flag, banner, button, card, leaflet, publication or other device intended to promote, advocate or encourage any sect, belief or doctrine, social, economic, religious or political, which tends to encourage opposition to constituted law and order, or to lead to unrest, strife or discontent among the people, or to a breach of the peace, or which may so tend. Any person convicted of a breach of any of the provisions of this by-law shall forfeit and pay, at the discretion of the convicting magistrate, a penalty not exceeding (exclusive of costs) the sum of \$50 for each offence." If this by-law had restricted itself to the red flag we could have understood it, but as the by-law stands, if any man were to wave a leaflet or card, which the magistrate interpreted as "tending to encourage opposition to constituted law or order," or tending even "to lead to a breach of the peace," he would be subject to a fine. This would certainly hit the Sinn Feiners hard, but it might even be interpreted to include the flags which fly so freely on July 12th processions. From the Protestant point of view it would possibly make it an offence to possess a copy of the *Catholic Register* advocating the cause of an Irish republic, while from the Roman Catholic point of view it might make it a crime to possess or to show in public a copy of the *CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN* or the *Sentinel*. And our Jewish citizens might possibly interpret it as forbidding a man to carry a New Testament in any Jewish section. And it would possibly make it an offence even to wear a labor union button. We do not suppose the by-law will be so interpreted, for such an interpretation would not be tolerated, but it certainly is capable of such interpretation without doing the slightest violence to its sweeping phrases. It looks almost as though some of us had gone a little bit hysterical over the present widespread unrest; but the unrest needs wise legislation and well-considered legislation, which the present by-law does not appear to be.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE

EVERY sane and loyal son of Canada cannot but feel a sense of uneasiness in the midst of the present great unrest and disturbance throughout the industrial world, and cherish an eager hope for the early coming of peace and more stable conditions. There are several reasons why a long continuance of the present state of things might be serious, if not dangerous.

To begin with, the longer such conditions prevail, the more likely are the real issues to become obscured and the less likelihood is there that wise and just and righteous settlements may be reached. A trial of strength between elements and forces in the community life such as has been brought about by the Winnipeg strike inevitably carries with it some serious by-products in the way of misunderstandings and antagonisms and class feelings. And these things are capable of producing dire consequences at times.

And then there are so many important things to be done in a constructive and recreative way that anything like a wasting of time or a dissipating of energy scarcely seems pardonable. For the immediate as well as for the more distant future of Canada we ought to be very busy at this very moment producing and re-establishing and rebuilding and greatly enlarging our borders, and monster strikes do not help in these directions one little bit.

And then again it would seem too bad that we should be so taken up by our own domestic disturbances and disorders that we could not give attention to the great international concerns that ought to be in our minds and receiving of our earnest and sincere attention. How can the great League of Nations hope to succeed in its programme if the nations that have its success most seriously at heart are engaged each in its own domestic disorder and distress?

Yes, there are a number of very good reasons why we should earnestly long for the speedy coming of the day of domestic peace and industrial adjustment and understanding.

And yet, while we long that it should come quickly, we have just as much reason to wish that it come righteously and in reality. While we take no exception to compromise, we desire no merely patched-up industrial peace in Canada, nor one that does not rest down solidly upon the bedrock of social justice and equality of opportunity. And we can with greater safety run the risk of prolonging the disorder and the unrest than of enforcing an unrighteous peace that cannot last.

The Canada of the future that will meet her great tasks and opportunities, both at home and abroad, as they ought to be met will be the Canada that is united in her allegiance to and love of the just and right and honorable thing as between man and man, the Canada with a real and vital social conscience, and dedicated to the great task of building the kingdom of God upon the earth.

FOOLISH MOTHERS MAKE SELFISH DAUGHTERS

WE read the other day a letter written, or supposed to be written, by a mother, in which there was great complaint that many of the daughters who celebrated Mothers' Day by going to church and wearing a flower had probably forgotten to help mother get breakfast, or to help her do the other housework. This mother, if she really was such (which we are inclined to doubt) had evidently a pretty bad attack of the blues, as she writes thus: "Don't you think we mothers would appreciate our daughters offering a little help on Sundays, and so make it 'the day of rest'?" But no; they manage to eat the food that mother has prepared, but not a dish is washed—mother can do that. If we mothers suggest a little help, daughters are horrified. 'Why, we have been at work all week.' I wonder what mother has been doing in the same time. My opinion is, this is the selfish age; let them keep their flowers, which is all show-off, and give their living mothers a little more thought and help. They need help, advice or sympathy. They know where to come for it."

We think that possibly these remarks may apply to some daughters, but we do not think they apply to very many. And if they do, we fear that the mother herself must bear a good deal of the blame. Mothers are apt to err in one of two ways—either they are too strict and exacting with their young daughters, and so make home life a burden to them; or else they are too

indulgent with them, and so train them to a selfish disregard of anything but their own comfort.

We have known many mothers, but we can recall comparatively few of the first class. There are a few who seem to imagine their children were born to wait upon them, a few who think that children should forget themselves and think only of mother (and usually father doesn't count); but so far as our observation goes these are very few. The average Canadian mother, whatever her faults, cannot be accused of making her daughters work too hard.

But the other cases are much more numerous. There are not a few mothers who are so sympathetic with their children that they cannot bear to hurt their feelings, and if Mary doesn't like to wash dishes, then poor Mary shall not be asked to wash dishes; and if she wants to go to a picnic, or a party, then she shall go, even if it spoils all mother's plans and leaves everyone else at home. And then, when Mary gets older, the mother wonders why Mary always wants her own way, and she complains that Mary seems quite content to let mother do all the work, forgetting that this is just the way Mary has been brought up, and her own foolish mother is responsible for it.

One of the first lessons boys and girls need to learn is that there are in life many hard things and many disagreeable things which nevertheless must be done, and if they do not carry their full share of the burden someone else will have to carry it for them. But many a father and many a mother are too tender-hearted to train their children to do hard things. They remember how they disliked certain things when they were young, and they vow they will not spoil the lives of their children by asking them to do these things. They would much sooner carry the extra burden themselves than allow it to darken the lives of their children. This is well meant, and yet it robs the child of one of the most valuable lessons of childhood. "It is good for a child to bear the yoke in his youth."

Do our best, we cannot screen our children from hardship, and in trying to do so we rob them of the joy of doing hard things for love's sake. The way of the cross is the only way to a strong, well-balanced and unselfish life, and this is the only life where permanent happiness can be found. There isn't a street in the city, there isn't a concession line in the country, where we cannot find some man or woman whom foolish parental love has spoiled. It may be that with married life the lesson of unselfishness has been slowly learned, but first the lessons of childhood had to be unlearned, and this was a most difficult task.

Wherever we see a child gone wrong we feel pretty sure that somewhere there is a father or mother gone wrong. The girls and boys have to be trained to unselfishness in the home, and that can only be by bearing burdens and giving up for others; and any father or mother who fails to emphasize this is sowing seeds of future trouble and sorrow. Selfishness and unselfishness are, in no small degree, habits, and wise mothers will see that their daughters and sons do not acquire the latter. If not, then a foolish mother will some day upbraid her daughter for what was really the mother's fault.

PIOUS TWADDLE

THE editor is a long-suffering man, but sometimes he gets a little impatient with unco-guid people who insist that, if you only get a man's soul saved, everything will be all right. Here is a quotation from a recent letter of an eminently good man who seems to be obsessed with this delusion. He says: "To get better clothes, better food, better houses, more amusement, is not happiness. Christ did not come into this world to merely better social conditions, but to save our souls. The first duty of ministers is to get men to God. When the heart is right, everything will come right. Life will assume a new aspect."

This sounds very religious and it will impress a certain type of people as being specially spiritual in its outlook, but it is absolutely untenable in its implications. Go to the man or woman in rags and tell them that better clothes would not mean an increase in happiness, while at the same time we never felt the degradation of raggedness, and they will tell us plainly that it is not true. Go to the famine-stricken victim who is compelled to live on scarcely edible roots and leaves, and tell him that better food would not add to his happiness, and hear what he has to say! Go to the dweller in a real slum, insanitary, ugly, comfortless and loathsome, and tell him that to move into a

better dwelling would not add to his happiness, and he will be apt to tell his adviser that the truth is not in him. And if anyone were to tell us that to provide some cheerful amusement for a little child who does not know what amusement means would not add to his happiness, we would simply smile at his ignorance, or be angry at his denseness.

And when a man declares that "the first duty of a minister is to get men to God," we have a right to ask him what he means. The most pressing duty is often to clean a man up, to cheer him, to bind up his wounds, to save his life. The man who would stop to save a man's soul when the room is on fire is a fool; and the man who will try to get a hungry man converted before filling his stomach is another. When the Good Samaritan came upon the victim of the robbers, Christ tells us that "he bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." This was evidently our Lord's conception of the Samaritan's first duty at that time.

But what about the claim that "when the heart is right, everything will come right"? If this means that the right way to deal with slavery is to convert either the slaves or the slaveholders, or both, and to do nothing else, it is not merely pious twaddle, it is worse; it is positively vicious. If it means that in dealing with the liquor traffic we must get busy converting the drunkard and the drunkard-maker, and let the accursed business run full blast while we are doing it, it is both unreasonable and un-Christian. If it means that in dealing with an iniquitous social order we must aim to get the hearts right of both the victims and the oppressors, and while doing it must let the social inequity run full blast, it is something which we have a right to reprobate, as at once unworthy of our reason and our manhood.

The truth is that this argument is used, not to stimulate evangelistic activity, but to modify or eliminate activity in social reform. Possibly the man himself does not clearly realize that this is the real motive actuating him, but the proof is usually clear enough. But if this is so, why is it that a good man should give such advice? One reason lies on the surface: the man is too timorous to be a reformer, and he dreads a conflict. The world has never lacked for good men, whose chief activity seemed to be sitting on the safety valve of a righteously indignant community until either the pressure became sufficient to alarm them, or the explosion wiped them off the map.

The Methodist Church all over the world has been active in getting the hearts of men right, and probably few other Churches have equalled, and certainly none have excelled it, in this evangelistic activity. But at the same time it has always been a reforming Church, and it has never lacked either the vision to detect national wrong-doing or the courage to denounce it. And by the grace of God it never will. Let us emphasize as much as possible the need of getting the hearts of men right! But let us never for a moment dream that this relieves us from the necessity of championing the cause of justice and righteousness in every age and in every nation.

TORONTO PROHIBITION CONFERENCE

LAST week the Provincial Prohibition Convention and the World Prohibition Conference both assembled in Toronto. The former was pretty much as usual, with the addition of the fact that Ontario is now facing a plebiscite upon the matter of prohibition, and a most determined effort is being made to persuade the public that while the saloon as we knew it must not be restored, the sale of wine and beer must be restored. The temperance electors realize what this means, and the campaign this summer will be directed to informing the constituencies in the matter. The Dominion Alliance will leave no stone unturned to poll the biggest vote ever recorded in Ontario for prohibition, including wine and beer, as well as the stronger drinks.

The World's Prohibition Conference followed immediately the Provincial Convention, and representatives from Britain, United States, Australia, New Zealand, France, Italy, Switzerland and Japan told briefly the story of prohibition in each of their respective countries. The delegates were given a hearty welcome, and their messages aroused no little enthusiasm. It was felt that the past two years had done much to bring world-prohibition to the front as an actual possibility in the days to come. At present the goal is still a long way off, but the fact that this continent

will soon be dry is a cheering one, and is greatly encouraging to temperance workers in other lands.

One of the striking features of the meeting was the testimony of witnesses from different parts of Ontario as to the good results of prohibition. One man pointed out that in his city it had practically abolished pauperism. Dr. Chambers, a former governor of Toronto Jail, said he knew of twenty-eight men and women who were formerly "down and out" who are now in comparatively good circumstances because of prohibition. Mr. Buchanan, a former president of the Ontario Educational Association, declared that the banishment of liquor had increased the attendance at school. The universal testimony was that prohibition had not injured any legitimate business, but had been a help in every section where it had been fairly tried. Some improvements in the Ontario Temperance Act were recommended in the direction of increased efficiency.

It is felt that the campaign this summer and fall in preparation for the vote on prohibition is probably the biggest thing that Ontario's temperance forces were ever called to face, and a union of all temperance organizations is called for in order to secure the proper co-ordination of all our forces. In this campaign we must be prepared to subordinate all special interests to the good of the whole, and we expect that we shall witness a campaign that for efficiency and success has never been excelled.

It is not so much a campaign of education as of organization. Of course the education is necessary, but it is not the chief thing. If we can only insure that the temperance vote in Ontario is polled, and that the temperance electors all understand the importance of voting "No" to every question on the ballot, we need have little fear of the result. Ontario has little cause to love the liquor traffic, and she can be depended upon to say so with tremendous emphasis if only our temperance electors can be got to the polls. The woman's vote especially must not be lost sight of. Every woman has equal right with man to vote on this question, and she should exercise that right.

A GREAT MISSIONARY

IT was John Stuart Mill who spoke of halfness as the great enemy of spiritual worth, and who insisted with such vehemence that anything which shamed half-doing out of men was of unspeakable value and worth. And certainly history seems to show that the men who have achieved lasting and worth-while results have been men whose lives showed something of thoroughness and enthusiasm. Great men have never been perfunctory and small-programmed men.

Dr. Timothy Richard, for fifty years missionary to China, whose death in England while on a brief furlough has been announced, serves as a very good illustration of the value of undivided aims and complete loyalty to the plans and purposes of life. A man of some fads and oddities, whose schemes did not always prove workable and whose zeal at times seemed to need tempering, he was yet a man with such visions for China, and such whole-heartedness and enthusiasm in seeking to realize them, that those who have known him and his work best tell us that he has been one of the great forces for good in China's life during the past half century. An ordinary man in many ways, and troubled with many of the ordinary human limitations and weaknesses, his single-heartedness and ability for enthusiasms lifted him up into a broad place of usefulness. His Napoleonic plans for China's good did not all work out, but the man who planned big and out of whom all half-doing had been shamed became a mighty recreative force in the life and impulses of a nation.

Early in his missionary career Dr. Richard came to realize the great value of the printed page, and more than any other missionary, perhaps, in modern times he has sought, consistently and persistently, to make it a factor in the missionary and civilizing propaganda. He formed *The Christian Literature Society* in 1879, and has directed its undertakings and efforts ever since. Under him not only portions of Scripture and Christian tracts were widely distributed, but western books of many kinds, including those of an educational sort and many of the English classics, were translated and circulated. There seems very little doubt that it was largely through Dr. Richard's influence that Chinese education was reformed on western lines. He had intimate relations with the late Li Hung Chang, and had himself been given the rank of a first-class mandarin.

England Preparing for Peace

By

Rev. William Wakinshaw

I AM typing this sketch in the interval between the presentation of the terms of peace to the German representatives at Versailles and their signing by their Government. That the covenant will be signed is generally taken for granted here, though everyone knows that the autographs of the rulers of Germany will be appended with extreme reluctance, not to say repugnance. But we will leave that aspect of the subject for the moment.

The preparations which England is making for the celebration of peace fall into two classes—those that are temporary and those that are permanent. To the former belong popular demonstrations and religious services. To the latter belong war memorials of an abiding character that are expected in some way to confer benefits on generations that are yet unborn. Everything is as yet in a state of uncertainty. Every city, if not every village, has its own scheme of celebration. All programmes are naturally in a fluid condition. But when we know that the seals have been affixed to the treaty we shall hear of no end of junketings and jollifications for the exhilaration of both old and young. The sluices will be lifted, and the joy of the nation, that has been pent up for nearly five years, will have unrestricted liberty. On the religious side I think that one of the most admirable proposals that has been projected is the suggestion that, as far as possible, all celebrations should be united. Whatever it has done or has not done, the war has certainly softened our denominational asperities. Sectarian rancor has abated where it has not disappeared. I need hardly say that the bitterness and isolation have not been on the side of the Free Churches. We as Nonconformists have never claimed to have a monopoly of grace and truth. We have always been willing, and even eager, to co-operate with Anglicans in any form of religious work. It is largely a question of terms. State Churchmen have often been ready to combine in efforts, provided that we would accept them as patrons. Now this overbearing spirit has happily tended to retreat and even disappear, and all over the land we may hope soon to see Anglicans and Dissenters holding joint services to commemorate the restoration of peace.

Proposals for abiding memorials of the sufferings and struggles and victories of the war are bewildering in their number and their variety. Some of them are positively absurd. Some of them are still-born. Some of them have so little vitality in them that they have expired as soon as the first breath of the keen wind of public criticism has blown on them. This must all be counted to us for righteousness. I note, for example, that sundry vicars are proposing additions or ornaments to their churches. This is a very transparent dodge to exploit patriotism in the interests of a particular section of the community, and it can only impose on the dangerously or superlatively simple. To the credit of the nation it must

be recorded that proposals for the benefit of those who have been most battered in the war stand highest in public favor. To this category belong homes for the orphans of those who have died in the devastating struggles; pensions for broken and mutilated soldiers and sailors, and for the widows of those who have fallen in the service of their country. In this connection I know of nothing more worthy than the jubilee effort that is now being launched in the interests of the National Children's Home and Orphanage founded by Dr. Stephenson. For many years it has had a branch at Hamilton, in Ontario, and its operations must be well known to most readers of this journal. It is fifty years since this magnificent institution was established. Under its care there are now more than five hundred children whose fathers have died for their country. Seven hundred more bairns are on the waiting list. This very morning I have received a letter from President Chadwick commending the Children's Home to the Methodist public. I am certain that his appeal will not be circulated in vain.

On the character of the actual terms of peace there is a wide diversity of opinion. The Labor party and pacifists generally are smiting them with the severest condemnation as being far too harsh. They who six months ago were thirsting for the Kaiser's blood and yelling for the last mark that could be wrung from Germany are naturally disappointed. Both these sets of extremists are hopelessly out in their reckoning. A true and fair judgment of what is required from our beaten foe is somewhere about midway between these poles. After all the havoc and atrocities of Germany we do not think that the terms err on the side of severity. But while most of us here cling to this opinion, we are at once faced with a practical difficulty. How is a land so diminished and impoverished and restricted to pay the tremendous levy imposed upon it? To some among us it seems as though we are not only asking for the golden egg, but demanding the life of the goose that lays it. But neither side has yet had time to master all the details and implications of the terms of peace, and it may be that before they are actually signed they will appear in a more favorable light to both parties to the compact.

As I said in a previous article, we sorely miss the initiative power and the driving force of the Premier. His ascendancy in the House of Commons and in the nation is greater than ever. Until he has returned permanently from Paris and the peace settlement is completed we shall do little more than mark time in Parliament. The budget is now being shaped on the anvil at Westminster. It is a humdrum affair, I heard it discussed twice last week in the House

of Commons. There is nothing heroic in its provisions. It has been trimmed and squared to suit the majority behind the Chancellor of the Exchequer. One of its best features is the additional tax that it levies on both beer and spirits. During the war the drink sellers have been allowed to water their liquors, and their profits have been astounding. One reputable journalist put them down as high as two thousand per cent. The drink lords are up in arms at these new imposts. But their opposition will avail them nought. The facts of the case are all dead against their squeals. The humbug of these gentry is colossal, infinite. I remember being in the House of Commons just a year ago, when the budget was under debate. In reply to certain proposals by Mr. Bonar Law a certain brewer rose and said although the proposed exactions were heavy, he believed that in the interests of the country the drink fraternity would shoulder them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer then sprang to his feet and congratulated the aforesaid brewer on his patriotism. Then, after this interchange of courtesies, we find that last year the nation spent an unprecedented amount on drink, the profits of the drink bosses were bigger than they had ever been before, and the taxation paid into the Treasury was actually far less. How we English folk sigh and cry for the bone-dry restrictions that prevail in Canada and the States.

The last sentence suggests a phase of this subject that is much more inspiring. That is that our Education Minister is hatching a bill to deal with the liquor problem on drastic and durable lines. So far there is little more than a rumor to this effect. But it is given currency in the issue of the *Methodist Times* this week, and that organ is now edited by the Rev. Henry Carter, who is our temperance secretary and also a member of the Liquor Control Board. Thus if anyone outside the Government ought to know he is the man. Mr. Fisher has won golden opinions by the skill and patience that he revealed last year in getting his Education Act on to the statute book. If he can display equal capacity in dealing with the drink curse we shall all be unspeakably grateful. Before I leave this topic I may add that to-day Mr. Carter is starting for a lengthy tour in Canada and America, and I can only express the hope that many Methodists in the Dominion will hear him. He is a live man.

Last week I heard Mr. Fisher in the City Temple. He was the chief speaker at the annual meeting of a great Nonconformist Sunday School Union. I had heard him before, and therefore was not surprised at his excellent speech. It was an incisive plea for co-operation in applying the provisions of his beneficent act. Within its four corners are contained some of the best possible provisions that we can make for our future welfare as a nation.

I also managed last week to attend the sessions of the Coal Commission. This week

the interest has been marvellously quickened. Four or five of our great royalty-owning peers have been under cross-examination. Many of the facts elicited in the enquiry were familiar to me, because I have lived in the very districts dominated

by most of these noblemen. But the revelation of their exactions, with the squalor of the colliery villages in which they raise their enormous wealth, has come as an eye-opener to the general public. Legislation is bound to follow these disclosures. Public

opinion is dead against the sweaters of industry, and it will be a blessed day in England when dukes are deprived of a slice of their huge unearned increment to provide decent homes for the miners who are now festering in hovels with one or two rooms.

The Defection of the Educated

By

R. E. Fairbairn

"WE hear much of the alienation of the working classes from religion, and new ways are bravely devised to reach the masses, and to preach the gospel to the poor. But this defection of the wage-earners, serious as it may be, does not compare in significance with the intellectual neutrality or indifference of great numbers of the privileged and thoughtful." So wrote Prof. F. G. Peabody a few years ago.

Comparisons are invidious. Nevertheless there is a defection of the educated classes which does not appear to have received the consideration its gravity merits from the Churches.

Human nature is much the same in all classes. No doubt the chief hindrances in the way of the privileged classes taking a definite stand in allegiance to Christ are the same as those operating among the workers, viz., self-will and a lack of moral courage. But above and beyond these it does appear that there may be other causes, not of a moral nature, but rather of the nature of misunderstanding. If there are any such misconceptions, whether they play a large or small part in keeping men away from Christian discipleship, they surely call for careful and sympathetic treatment by the Christian pulpit, if only by way of removing any reasonable ground of excuse.

In a previous article it was pointed out that the average man feels an instinctive reticence in the presence of the more emotional type of religious devotion. It is unfortunate that personal religion should have become associated, in the popular supposition, with a particular type and tone. There is no doubt in the writer's mind that many persons who do appreciate the splendor of Christ and would give themselves to the service of His kingdom, are somehow chilled and repelled in the presence of the more expressional kind of piety. They do not impugn its sincerity, but they cannot find within themselves any impulse towards demonstration like it. They know that if they were to force themselves to express religion in just that way, they would be unreal. Their experiences of Churches leads them to suppose such expression to be essential, and so they feel themselves to lack some necessary element of genuine religion. Until they find themselves impelled to such expression they will not take the Christian stand; they shrink, however, from the idea of letting the emotional take charge of them.

There is another and more radical difficulty felt by the thoughtful. They are acquainted, more or less superficially it may be, with the ethics of the gospel. They are conscious that some, at least, of the sayings of Jesus could not possibly be practised in

the present social order. Therefore they are not willing to profess allegiance to a gospel which involves subscription to principles which they could not, and therefore would not, promise to practise. On the whole this is a good sign. It would be better still if the sincerity thus shown were a little more thorough. Then it would lead either to an investigation of the ethics of Jesus, or their definite repudiation. Although the sayings of the Sermon on the Mount appear idealistic and unreal to them, they do not follow out the logical implication that a gospel which inculcated an impossible morality would be an impossible gospel. They perhaps keep up a loose connection with the Church, but it is apt to be of a distant and rather patronizing kind. Tolstoi and Nietzsche, from different points of view, did each take the words of Jesus with resolute literalness, the one in a heroic but vain effort to carry them out in personal practice, the other to pour cold scorn upon them in contrast with his gospel of self-assertion. However pathetic the failure of Tolstoi, and however revolting the cool insolence of Nietzsche, these were both morally superior to the man who puts the Sermon on the Mount in a glass case of sentimental reverence, but will not take the trouble either to practise or understand it.

Religious people do not, as a rule, allow the strong statements of Christ to worry them unduly. They feel that they are ideal; they recognize their own declension from them, and bewail the fact with a measure of sincerity; but they go on living by the accommodated ethics of ordinary respectable society all the same. They suppose in the back of their mind that there must be some principle of interpretation for the hard sayings of the gospel; but they do not trouble to find it. Their practical "interpretation" has the effect of reducing the teachings of Jesus to a rather poetical version of the conventional standard of honesty and good-nature.

The effect is, however, different with the special class we are considering, who are largely the college-trained sons and daughters of prosperous people. One effect of modern education is to create a certain rough and bluff sincerity. They may not be any more heroic than the unthinking religious people, but their sense of reality is a little keener and a lot more stubborn. That is all. But it is sufficient to serve as an excuse with many a fine man and woman for waiving the gospel demand for surrender and service.

Ethics is a by-product of the gospel; yet

since Christ himself asserted that the world would test His followers by the fruit of the gospel in conduct, we cannot demur to the world's interest in Christian morality. Men are questioning the present structure of society as never before, and looking round for more satisfactory principles of human intercourse. If Christ has any word for to-day; if He did indeed propose any definite moral principles for actual application to the common life; if His principles are fundamentally right, and therefore of authority for life, there is surely need that men should be made to hear and understand His teachings.

Do the sayings of Jesus demand literal obedience? If not, what is their meaning and their value? How did the circumstances of time, place and people affect the form of His instruction? What were His final aims, and how would He be likely to express them to us men of the social, political and industrial twentieth century? These are questions calling for treatment in our days if the attention and respect of the thoughtful are to be retained.

There is another difficulty, which underlies and includes the two already mentioned. This is the matter of intellectual atmosphere. It is not the content of belief, but a certain manner of approach, which tends to antagonize the cultured. There are, of course, controversies upon definite issues, which have crystallized out of the difference in attitude. Such is the dispute over the doctrine of evolution in its various applications. The hypothesis is one of the accepted commonplaces of high schools and colleges; but it is, from many pulpits, not only rejected, but branded as heresy. Wherever this happens, it is inevitable that the educational influence should triumph over the religious.

Apart from such definite controversies, there exists a difference of attitude and approach between the thought of the time and the preaching of the time. The more or less intense consciousness of this difference stands as a barrier between the youth of this generation and the call of religion. Our young people are educated in the methods of thought consonant with the realities and activities of the busy life of to-day, and they feel the intellectual temper of the Churches to be somehow alien.

The intellectual atmosphere of our time—what is denoted by the phrase "the modern mind"—is not so much materialistic as realistic, in the sense that it connotes a readiness to see and respond to what really is, and a suspicion of the merely institutional and shadowy. Blank authority in every sphere has given way before the authority of fact. That is what has given us modern science as distinguished from

the ancient forms. Men have developed an eager teachableness, a willingness to follow up phenomena through probability by experiment until they find the laws that govern, and that give control of, force. Never before have men been so keen on understanding life and nature, on seeing just what *is*, in order that they might help to get life adjusted to reality, knowing that only such adjustment can guarantee safety and prosperity.

To some extent this mental habit is being established in the Churches. It is indeed functioning quite strongly in the theological colleges. But it is not yet generally at home in the pulpit. The mental atmosphere in the Churches is "spiritual" in an aesthetic and intuitional way, with a reference to a vaguely defined authority of revelation. But it does not carry the note of a confident appeal to reality. Yet Christianity is intensely realistic. It is based on fact, on concrete fact; not "founded on fact," like a worked-up story. But for the element of fact in it it could not have come into existence as a world movement at all, much less weathered the storms of the centuries. It was the Person of Christ that created Christendom. It was not the special teaching of Jesus about God, nor His

ethical principles for the life of man, but what He was, and did, and what happened to Him. At the critical point it was their conviction of the reality of His resurrection which transformed the disciples from disillusioned enthusiasts to puissant pioneers of the Christian faith. The Person of Christ constitutes the gospel; but it is the fact of Christ which was, and is, the cutting edge of the gospel.

There is, of course, a sense in which the purely "spiritual" type of religion deals with the realities of the personal life; yet even so the circle of ideas and the phraseology of personal religion in general use seem touched with a certain fragrant remoteness from the palpitating realities of the life of to-day. Not the most efficiently spiritual gospel can maintain itself as a revelation of God and a guarantee of the future, unless it connect somewhere with historical reality. Facts as such may not be able to do anything for our souls, yet at the same time the sublimest gospel cannot give the sense of security in belief that we need, if it be not firmly anchored in reality.

There is no need for the Churches to doubt the adequacy of their gospel in this regard, or the responsiveness of the mind of the time. For this latter is not antagonistic

to religion, however much it may resent any unreal element in religion. The modern mind is not rationalistic. Rationalism is indeed the superstition of reason, as obscurantism is the superstition of belief. Fanaticism does not discredit a sane faith, nor should the existence of rationalism discredit the modern mind, which is radically sound.

When we have firmly asserted that the experience of salvation does not depend upon an intellectual understanding of theology, it remains to be said that the man of cultivated intelligence can neither have nor maintain personal religion in the absence of a basis for faith in intelligent conviction.

If the Churches call for a devotion that is intelligently purposive; if they expound and exhibit the ethical principles of the gospel; and if they meet the modern mind on its own ground, they will secure the educated youth of this generation for the religious leaders of the next. But if they should not develop in these directions they will probably have to face a continually growing defection of the reading and thinking class, as popular education grows in efficiency.

The Tyranny of One Idea

By
H. D. Ranns

THIS is an age of specialists. The "expert" flourishes in our time like a green bay tree, and ordinary mortals are at his beck and call. On this continent everybody is an expert at something or other, in many cases with very little training or equipment. We abhor apprenticeship, and become mechanical geniuses in a day. We make rough and ready "experts" very freely, and at times suffer, especially in relation to manual crafts, because they are so rough and ready, with the emphasis upon the rough. But we go on worshipping the expert, and many of us find out a certain natural aptitude in some direction and join the army of experts ourselves. Then we, too, have the halo upon our heads.

Without doubt there is much in this that is all to the good. None of us can know everything about everything, not even the youngest among us, and it is right and fitting that there should be one to whom we can go with our difficulties. There must be a sharing of the burdens in modern life, for no man can at one time or even efficiently, at differing times, be soldier, sailor, lawyer, teacher, merchant, doctor, banker, preacher. So we specialize along the line for which we think we have aptitude; or, alas! in too many cases, along that line in which an opportunity presents itself—often not the sphere for which we have the best aptitude. Then the business goes beyond that. Within those lines of specialization, men and women come to specialize again, and take up for study or practice that particular branch to which they are inclined. It is more particularly of this second specialization I am thinking.

Take, for instance, the ministry of the Church. Within the wide scope of the

healthful, helpful activities of the Church are many interests, really aspects of the one whole, but which are tending more and more to become ends in themselves and to insist upon notice and support out of proportion to the other phases of the work. Here is where the unfortunate side of the "tyranny of one idea" comes in. Different departments of the work are represented by worthy and useful men, usually specialists in their branch, who in many cases are obsessed by the idea that their department is the one department of the work that really must gain attention and receive support, or the whole fabric of the Church will collapse.

How does this work out in relation to the poor man and minister who is not a specialist, but has to deal in his pastorate with all branches of the work? I was talking the other day with a fellow minister, and we went over the list of connexional and outside interests that had appealed for support, and this was the result: Sunday School Department, connexional and provincial; Social Service, also connexional and provincial (though in Saskatchewan a scheme is being promoted to deal with the financial overlapping); Missionary Society; two college schemes of our own connexion, Halifax relief, Calgary Central, Army and Navy Board, Bible Society, Lord's Day Alliance, Y.M.C.A., Armenian Relief Fund, Boy Scouts, G.W.V.A., and one or two others that have slipped me. Now manifestly the minister who is honestly interested in all these deserving objects is a fairly versatile individual, and the congregation that gives to them all is fairly gen-

erous. That must be conceded. And I think most pastors really try to do their best for all legitimate interests, though in many places ministers are finding their patience taxed. But the difficulty I find fairly general among the rank and file is that they are beginning to resent the attitude that the heads of many departments adopt.

The trouble with departmental activities and with non-connexional religious and philanthropic effort is that in so many cases there is manifest this tyranny of one idea. In letters, often written in breathless and staccato style, the pastor is given to understand that unless he throws the weight of his influence on the side of this or that needy cause he does not realize his opportunity as a minister of the gospel. Which would be all very fine if twenty other letters did not tell him the same about another interest equally worthy! The Sunday-school man says: "You cannot do anything without the Sabbath school. Don't you realize that it is the foundation of all your work?" And you have to answer, "True, true, brother!" And the college man says "the Church must have the support of the educated man. Your work rests upon the colleges." And again we have to say, "True, brother, true." The social service man comes along and tells us "The Church that is not applying the gospel to social need is no church. To be a Church at all you must support the social service work." And we know he is right. The missionary man is insistent, and assures us that we may do what we will in our community, but if we forget the world-wide appeal we are benighted heathens, and we cannot deny it. Most of us have no wish to deny it. Then, sooner or later—usually sooner—the Bible Society man visits you, and he is sure that the Church would have fallen down on its

job long ago except for the Bible Society; and you know he has a case, too. The Lord's Day Alliance man lets you know that if the Sabbath were to be supplanted in the affections of our people, what chance for worship and evangelization would remain to the Church? The Y.M.C.A. points to its war record and appeals for liberal support from the Churches of Christ; and sometimes its leaders, obsessed with its claims, adopt the tone of demand or patronage, though this is only true in spots, other leaders being quite fair and reasonable.

Now when our aforesaid pastor is confronted with all this during one year, he is inclined to throw up his hands and cry for mercy. He would like to say to them all, "Yes, brethren, I know. You are all right, every one of you. You are all very earnest and enthusiastic men, but *please* have a little mercy! And do remember that the other fellow with another cause is saying and writing just the same as you are. And also, that sometimes there are local circumstances that alter cases, and it is not possible for you to ride roughshod over these circumstances, no matter how good your cause or how deep your devotion to it." And don't abuse the poor pastor if his response to your fervent appeals is not what you hoped. Remember, he is busy day by day with other concerns while you are dealing with the same subject, which is meat and drink to you. He cannot find it so important as you know it to be. To you that great cause you represent seems so much more significant than any work in which he is engaged that you marvel at his lack of vision. Remember that *he* may be wondering at *your* shortsightedness.

While we are discussing that phase of things we may remark that the one-ideal business is not all on one side. The local pastor may get pitifully parochial, and both the man and his people lose much of inspiration and information thereby. On the writer's own circuit this year two or three of the finest contributions to the spiritual and intellectual life of the people have been made by visits from connexional officers. The minister who fancies that community work is all his burden and refuses to receive representatives of the wider work of the Church is just as much liable to the reproach of suffering from the tyranny of one idea as the connexional officer obsessed with his job. More and more the writer feels that to be the case. And the minister who takes up an attitude of antagonism to the connexional funds is guilty of both disloyalty and shortsightedness. In fairness to my own thought that should be stated. This lack of the broad horizon, this local self-centredness is the conspicuous defect of the independent local unions. If absolute independence is our ideal, then why not join the Congregationalists and have done with the matter?

All the same, it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and every now and then, when the local pastor is subjected to evidences of the tyranny of one idea, he cries for deliverance. If the average minister were to preach a special sermon on every subject for which his own Church or some outside society urged him to take a service, he would have few Sundays left for

any message or exposition that suited the local needs of his people. Instead of being a prophet to his people, he would be a quick-change artist in a sort of religious vaudeville entertainment (which, by the way, is the sort of thing some people would have). The craze of recent years for special "days" has its good side, and some of the "days" (like Mothers' Day) give the minister a fine opportunity, of which he will be foolish if he does not avail himself. But if he allows himself to be pulled by the ears into observing every "day" that some person who is obsessed with one idea urges him to do—why, he is more foolish still.

I remember years ago, in England, hearing Rev. W. H. Hartley, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, thank the board and minister of a certain church because they had asked him to take their Sunday-school anniversary. He remarked that churches never seemed to be aware that he might be interested in other phases of the work than the missionary; and then he went on to preach a real good Sunday-school sermon. I have wondered whether the same plan

could not occasionally be tried with profit in our own Methodist Church. Some of our men could "trade" places all right for a few weeks, but the imagination reels before the sight of Bro. Blank in Bro. Somebody-Else's place. A live Methodist cartoonist could make an excruciatingly funny cartoon out of the idea! But if once it could be tried it might help some officers to preserve a sense of proportion and get to know, at first hand, the value of the other person's work and the importance of his office.

There are all manner of other phases of this subject on which it is impossible to dwell. Its application to our own Church work was what led me to write, and I have simply put down views that I am sure are largely held among the rank and file of the ministry. I have done this with the hope that perhaps some measure of better understanding may result. If we are free from this kind of the tyranny of one idea, and we all more and more think of the claims of our Church and its service as one and indivisible, we shall promote the interests of the kingdom we all have at heart.

The New Foundation of Industry

By "Oizil Robot"

NEARLY everyone agrees that industry must be placed on a new basis.

But what shall that basis be? State regulation? Government control? Public ownership? Or joint control and profit sharing? Many have not made up their minds as yet between these systems, but most are agreed that the old capitalist and monopoly system must go. In spite of all its works, it stands condemned. It is not only unjust to the worker or producer; it is not only tyrannous to the buyer or consumer; it is a growing menace to democracy itself—just as real and dangerous as autocracy ever was. A new basis for industry is needed, one that shall be both just and sound. Just to the producer and the consumer; sound in itself—a real asset to national life.

The following principles, generally adopted, would constitute such a sound and just basis for industry. *Increased production* is the first principle. To provide goods for all at reasonable prices, whether food, clothes, buildings, or the accessories of life, we must speed up production. To create wealth with which to pay our war debts and our growing taxes, we must produce more. To supply depleted foreign markets and meet our own increasing needs, due to a rising standard of living, we must increase our production. How to secure this end?

First and foremost, we must have industrial peace. That means joint control. Nothing less will satisfy the workers now. To secure the production we need, we must have satisfied workers, and they will only be secured now through the joint control of industry. The second requisite for increased production is to obtain interested workers, keen producers. That means profit sharing. This, too, may seem radical; but

with ever-shortening hours of work, there is no way left to secure the production which is essential. Joint control to secure satisfied workmen; profit sharing to develop efficient workmen. Both to attain industrial peace and secure greater and still greater production of goods and wealth.

Such a basis for industry, being both just and sound, has in it the peaceful and natural solution of many of our old difficulties. It would tend to discourage large profits and melon-cutting of stock. Joint control and profit sharing would soon make quarterly dividends and watered stock impossible. High time, too.

Under such a system the *cost of living* would not be increased by price-fixing on the one hand, or stimulated by the excessive purchasing power of one class on the other hand. Prices would vary with production, and all would have a more equal chance to secure their share of life's necessities.

Moreover, the *standard of living* would be governed by our producing power alone. It would not be set artificially by one class, and that standard of living the frantic effort of the other. The standard of living would be about equal to our producing power—ideally a little below the rate of production. This would constitute our savings, but these would be more equally divided among the partners in production.

Finally, such a system would tend to discourage the exploitation of natural wealth and of human lives, which should be the very purpose of any real democracy. Joint control of industry will safeguard the heritage of the people in natural resources and human lives. Increased production by joint control and profit sharing, a sound and just system, having in it the inherent solution of most of our present economic problems.



THE HOME AND ITS OUTLOOK



The Crooked Path

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot—
The gap that struck our schoolboy trail—
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farmhouse door.

No line or compass traced its plan;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green—
The broken millstone at the sill—
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie—
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown—
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain
From some unholy banquet reeled—
And since, our devious steps maintain
His tracks across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still—
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;
Oh, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path
We still can see our Father's door!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Cowardice of Billy Taylor

The Man Who Was Skeeared o' Ghosts

"I see ye comin' home 'long the inside shore last night, Billy," remarked Alvin Hawley, addressing "Billy" Taylor, chancing to meet that rather eccentric individual in the Lanesboro general store and post-office. "Purty soft travellin' 'long side o' the crick, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's consider'ble soft," replied Taylor slowly; "but, considerin' the fact thet night was comin' on, I figgered it out thet I'd full ruther come that way."

"What was ye afearred on, Billy?" questioned Hawley, winking to Clarence Story, the proprietor of the store.

"Ye dont' ketch me goin' by no ha'nted house arter it gets dark under the table," declared Taylor stoutly. "No, sir! I'd wade the crick fust from Pettingell's to the P'int."

"Thet reminds me, Billy," remarked Hawley, grinning; "I was comin' by Oliver's house last Monday 'bout the middle o' the afternoon, when, hearin' a cur'ous sort o' noise, I looked up, an' right thar in one o' the front windows was a grinnin'

face. I see it jest as plain as I see your face this minute."

"The middle o' the arternoon!" ejaculated Taylor, his eyes bulging.

"'Bout two 'clock, Billy."

"That settles it, Alvin," declared Taylor with decision; "I don't take no more chances down on the Neck. Folks can laff all they be a mind to. I knowed all 'long that Oliver's house was ha'nted. Now ye have seen one thar yourself."

"Seen what, Billy?"

"A ghost, o' course. Didn't ye say ye see one grinnin' at ye from one o' the windows?"

"I see a grinnin' face, Billy," replied Hawley, with difficulty concealing his merriment.

"Alvin, what did ye want to get Billy all har'ed up thet way for?" questioned Story after Taylor had gone. "Ye didn't see no grinnin' face down to Oliver's house."

"Didn't, eh? Well, I sure did, Clarence. Fact is, my boy cut over 'cross the Neck. Couldn't think whar he'd gone to. Fust thing I knew I see him grinnin' at me from one o' the windows o' the old house."

The old house referred to was a dilapidated shack just above the high-water mark on the outside shore of Lanesboro Neck. Formerly Oliver Channing, a fisherman, had lived there alone. Twenty years previous he was drowned, and since that day the cabin had been unoccupied. The years had passed, but the meagre furnishings of the house remained virtually as Channing had left them.

The story that the house was haunted was started undoubtedly in much the same manner in which all such stories start—by the snapping of a nail, a creaking board in the floor, or a weird whistling of the wind about the building. Then the story grew, added to from time to time by imaginative individuals and others whose veracity one might well question. Joel Foster, a local clammer, who liked a practical joke better than bringing home a record tide of clams, which is saying a good deal, on several occasions had slipped over to the Neck between tides and rigged various nerve-shattering devices within the old house.

Now Billy Taylor lived alone in a little cabin two miles east of the Point, across the river from the Neck. He was a well-meaning young man of perhaps thirty years. He was generally considered to be a bit "light in the upper story," but was industrious and sober. Luther Bridgton, the clam wholesaler, often affirmed that Taylor was one of the best men that he had working for him.

A month after Hawley made his declaration as to the grinning face which he had seen in the window of the old house a terrible storm swept up the coast from Hatteras. It was the middle of January, and intensely cold. The middle of the after-

noon the Lanesboro coast-patrol rowed down river, and began their lonely vigil, covering the Neck from the Point to West Chop, a distance of upwards of four miles.

"A blamed good day to keep snug, Billy," ruminated Taylor, talking to himself as he noted in the distance the life-savers nearing the mouth of the river. Guess I'll build a roarin' fire an' shuck clams, 'stead o' goin' to the landin' with 'em. Lute likes 'em shucked full better'n in the shell, an' thar's a bit more money in it for Billy."

For four hours or more Taylor sat with his elbows resting on his knees, the while shucking his tide of clams. Finally, about seven o'clock, he arose and busied himself getting supper.

"Blacker'n a black cut in a dark closet," he remarked presently, stepping to the door. "Too cold to snow now; but we'll get it to-morrow, an' then we'll get a sweetener. The boys is sure havin' it rough down thar on the shore. I—"

Suddenly he paused, and stood staring toward the Neck. Far in the distance he saw a rocket shoot heavenward.

"Thar's trouble off thar!" he ejaculated. "A turrible night for a vessel to get wrecked. Must be off o' Folly Cove! Struck one o' them ledges."

For a few moments he stood watching successive rockets, which mounted high in the air.

"If it wasn't so fur over thar, I'd go 'cross an' carry 'em a pail o' hot coffee," he remarked. "It 'ould freeze solid afore I could git thar."

Going within, he went to the cupboard and picked up a pound can of coffee, stowing it away in one of the capacious pockets of his overcoat.

"Guess I'll slip down the crick an' over to the Neck," he muttered. "Maybe I can start a bit o' fire behind one o' them sand-dunes, and b'ile a pail o' coffee. Maybe it won't taste very good; but, if I can git a fire started, I'll make it b'ilin' hot. Thet's the main p'int."

Three minutes later he was off, an eight-quart can of water in one hand and a big galvanized pail in the other, and three tin mugs bulging the other pocket of his coat.

Sheltered by the land, there in the creek he found the water comparatively smooth; but, when he reached the main river, he had his hands full. Big combers were sweeping in from the ocean, but somehow he managed to ride them safely, and within thirty minutes of the start he touched at the Point.

"Thar ought to be a house down here whar the boys could git in, come a night like this," growled Taylor as he hurried over the sand.

Suddenly his teeth began to chatter; but it was not from the cold, for his strenuous pull at the oars had warmed him well. Scarcely had the words passed his lips when

he caught sight of the old cabin, the haunted house. In his excitement he had temporarily forgotten about it, and now he found himself within two rods of it.

"T-thar's a-a stove in it," he stammered. "I—I wish I wasn't so skeered o' ghosts."

For a moment he stood staring wildly at the cabin. He saw another rocket mount skyward.

"Ghosts ain't nothin' but gas or sompin ye can't tech," he whispered. "Never heard o' nobody gettin' murdered by one. I—I am goin' in thar an' start a fire."

As he neared the door a shutter rattled in the gale, and for an instant Taylor hesitated; but it was only for an instant. "I—I ain't no blamed coward!" he cried. "I'm goin' in thar!"

With trembling hand he lifted the latch, and, pushing open the door, took one step within; but it was only one.

"Whee-ee!"

A blood-curdling sound greeted his ears the instant his foot touched the floor. The poor fellow made one frantic leap backward, and, tripping, fell flat on his back amid a clatter of tin as the pail and tin can clashed together. He was on his feet in an instant, however, and, retreating to a respectful distance, glared wildly about him.

"They ain't nothin' but gas," he repeated, again advancing toward the door. "Them boys is freezin'! I'm goin' in this time an' build a fire. I don't car' if ye do screech at me! Ye ain't nothin' but gas!"

Once more did that hair-raising sound greet him as he entered the cabin; but, although he faltered, he pushed ahead. With the aid of numerous matches he finally located a bit of candle, and, lighting it, he hunted until he found a few pieces of kindling. He was not long in starting a fire, and, filling the pail with water, he set it over the blaze. A broken chair he quickly converted into firewood, and, stuffing the firebox well, he went outside to search along the shore for driftwood.

"Ghosts don't hurt ye none," he muttered as he groped his way along; "they jest skeer ye."

Meanwhile the life-savers were hard at work. Taylor had sized up the situation correctly. A schooner had foundered on one of the ledges a half-mile off Folly Cove. It took the men more than an hour to force the lifeboat through the breakers, being hurled back again and again; but at last they mastered the waves and, reaching the wreck, brought away half of the crew of the unfortunate vessel. A second trip was finally made, and the rest of the crew reached shore in safety.

"Best thing we can do is to go down to Oliver's cabin, boys," said Joel Foster, who was one of the patrol. "Thet is, if we can git thar. The whole on us is so nigh bein' froze thet it ain't no easy matter walkin' a mile, our clothes froze stiff."

Thrashing their arms, the little procession of men moved down the shore. There were those among the shipwrecked sailors who had so nearly perished that it was with extreme difficulty that they made their way along; but the patrol locked arms with them, and helped them as best they could.

"Don't ye get scared, boys, when we

step inside," cautioned Foster a bit sheepishly as they neared the cabin. "Fact is, I was over here two or three days ago 'twixt tides an' rigged a little contraption jest as ye enter the door. Wanted to keep the reputation o' the house up. Thought thet maybe I'd get Billy to come over 'long with me some time. I'd give a dollar to see him step inside the door. I don't believe he'd stop runnin' short o' the P'int."

"Guess thar's somethin' a bit more solid than ghosts in thar to-night!" cried Alvin Hawley, another of the patrol. "See them sparks comin' out o' the chimney, Joel?"

"Who in the world can thet be?" exclaimed Foster. "Whoever it is, it's good news. A fire is a fire to-night. I don't care if a spook built it."

Along the shore came Billy Taylor, his arms loaded down with driftwood. He saw the lanterns of the patrol, and hastened to meet the men.

"Come in, boys," he cried. "Thar's hot coffee waitin' for ye. B'ilin' hot! Jest what ye're needin', I'm thinkin'."

"Bill! Billy, is thet ye?" ejaculated Foster.

"Thet's who it be."

"An' I rigged thet thing hopin' to scare Billy," choked Foster, talking to himself as he entered the cabin after waiting outside until all the men had entered. "I ain't fit to be round with decent folks."

"Billy, how did ye come to do it?" questioned Hawley, having drunk a cup of black coffee.

"It had to be done, Alvin. I see the rockets a-goin' up, an' I knowed thar was trouble over this way. I come thinkin' thet I'd build a fire somewhar 'long the sand; but, when I got 'long here, I figgered thet ye boys 'ould like shelter. Thet ghost thet 'whee-ed' at ye when ye come in was right on the job, an' he skeered me 'most into a fit; but I come back, 'cause I knowed thet ghosts wasn't nothin' but gas, an' gas won't kill ye, unless ye get it inside on ye; an' I kep' my mouth shet good an' tight."

The men were all in pretty bad shape when they reached the cabin, but the hot coffee and the roaring fire did wonders for them, and inside of an hour they were all feeling decidedly better.

"Billy, ye're a brave man," declared Foster at length. "Ye're one of the bravest men I ever met. I want to shake hands with ye, although I ain't worthy o' such an honor."

"What ye talkin' 'bout, Joel?" demanded Taylor. "I'm the biggest coward, when it comes to ghosts, thet ever stood in two shoes. I ain't afeared o' nobody thet's made o' flesh an' bone; but, when it comes to ghosts thet's made o' gas or sompin ye can't tech, then I'm skeered. If it hadn't been thet I knowed ye men 'ould be nigh froze, I'd have lit out 'cross the sand like a skeered jack-rabbit, an' I wouldn't have stopped jumpin' until I'd clim' into my dory an' shoved off."

"Thet's why I say ye're a brave man," replied Foster. "The man's a brave man who will stand an' face thet which he's scared of."

"What did ye mean by saying thet ye wasn't worthy o' shakin' hands with me?"

questioned Taylor. "Ye ain't never done nothin' to me, Joel."

"I ain't, eh?" exclaimed Foster, stooping down and lifting a board in the floor in front of the door. "Look at thet, Billy."

"What's thet, Joel?" questioned Taylor, looking curiously at a rubber bulb which Foster had picked up.

"Whee-ee!"

Foster had squeezed it, and stood looking at Taylor.

"Thet wasn't no ghost, then, thet made thet noise," remarked Taylor, staring at the rubber bulb.

"Billy, I put thet under the floor jest so as to scare ye," confessed Foster. "I was hopin' to get ye over here some day. I wanted to see ye jump."

"Ye ought to have been here two hours ago," said Taylor, grinning. "I jumped all right."

"Billy, thet was my boy thet I see in here a month ago," declared Hawley. "I guess this is 'bout the proper time to confess."

"Maybe thar ain't no sech things as real ghosts after all," remarked Taylor, dryly.

"I don't b'lieve thar is, Billy," replied Hawley.

"I like to read 'bout 'em, Alvin," declared Taylor. "Somehow I like to feel the goose-flesh a-crawlin', but when ye find your hair a-standin' on end, an' ye find yourself skeered the same as I was skeered, then the bottom sort o' drops out o' the fun. I don't b'lieve I'll take no stock in ha'nted houses ag'in, never."

From time to time the men took turns at searching along the shore for driftwood with which to replenish the fire, and as a result of their exertions along that line a comfortable night was passed within the cabin. With the coming of morning a start was made for town.

"Clarence would ye be afeared to go into Oliver's shack on a dark night?" questioned Taylor, addressing Clarence Story shortly after reaching town that morning.

"No, Billy, I don't believe I'd be," replied the storekeeper. "Why do ye ask?"

"Thet's what I call bein' brave, Clarence," declared Taylor. "Ye've heard all these stories thet's been goin' round 'bout the house bein' ha'nted, an' yet ye wouldn't be skeered to go in thar of a dark night. Now I went in thar alone last night, but thar wasn't one hair on my head that wasn't standin' on end. I see thar's two buttons gone off my coat this mornin'; I ain't sure but what they was shook off last night. Yes, Clarence, ye're a mighty brave man; but as for me, I'm a blamed coward when it comes to ha'nted houses."—F. E. Burnham, in *"Christian Endeavor World."*

A man with a fast-trotting horse and "trap" was giving a friendly lift to one he had picked up. The horse went faster than the driver liked, and much faster than the man who was having the lift desired. The passenger, holding on with both his hands, groaned, "I'd give five pounds to be out of this!" The driver said grimly, "Don't thee throw thy brass about, lad; thee'll be out for nowt in a minute."



FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



Dr. Wheeler's Prescription

Dr. Richard Wheeler was preparing to leave the office in response to a call from the country, when his nephew, Robert Singleton, unexpectedly opened the door. A frown, which did not escape his uncle's critical notice, rested as naturally on the boy's forehead as though by long-continued occupation it had gained for itself an undisputed residence there.

"Well, Robert, what success?" asked Dr. Wheeler interestedly as his nephew dismally threw himself into a deep, leather-upholstered chair. "Did you make—it?"

"No; and I might have known I wouldn't," dejectedly. "Henry Tucker, son of the T. C. and R. Railroad president, landed one of the scholarships; while Lloyd Carson, Judge Bassett's nephew, won the other. I fell down on my mathematics. I was all right in the other subjects; I even scored a hundred in history."

"Indeed!"

"But what good did it do?" exclaimed Robert gloomily. "I failed for all that. It's just my luck. It always happens so. Nothing comes my way; it makes no difference how hard I work."

Robert looked aimlessly across the room to the open window. "It makes little odds what I want to do," he added rebelliously; "something always stands in the way. I don't have half a chance, and I never did have. Everybody else gets what he wants. Something's the matter; I don't know what. You're a doctor, Uncle Richard; I should think you might suggest a remedy, so I could see that I have a square deal once in a while. I believe I could if I had your experience."

Dr. Wheeler deliberately took off his glasses. "I believe I can, Robert," he said slowly, glancing sympathetically across the desk to his nephew, who sat huddled up in a disconsolate heap.

Robert looked up with a cynical smile.

"Run in to-morrow and I'll give you a prescription." And Dr. Wheeler placed his hand affectionately on his nephew's shoulder. "I haven't time unfortunately to make it out to-day. I've just received a call from Fox Ridge, which I must attend to immediately. Come in any time in the morning, and I'll have the prescription ready. I'm quite sure 'twill meet your needs; I hope so, at any rate."

Robert arose and started with his uncle toward the door.

"It will have to be something radical, Uncle Richard," said Robert, "if it cures me. It's not only one thing; everything goes wrong with me. I haven't a thing to be grateful for."

"Robert's disease is 'Never-counted-his blessings,'" mused Dr. Wheeler, with a wisdom born of experience, as he drove into the country. "While such a condition is disagreeable, it isn't fatal—unless there are complications. It's something, though, that

needs to be checked in young people; the sooner the better." The doctor was silent a few minutes, engrossed in thought. "Hope my prescription will work," he said finally. "And I think it will. Strange how Robert's been getting into the habit lately of thinking himself woefully abused. Why, that boy was born with a gold spoon in his mouth; not any after-dinner coffee affair, either, but a regular big mixing spoon. All he needs is to be made to see and realize a few things; he won't think then that he's so badly treated."

The doctor hurried along a little faster. "It's a peculiar habit some dispositions have. But they come by it naturally, I suppose, after all," in a tone of generous indulgence.

"It's just as I said," declared Robert irritably after leaving his uncle's office. "Things go everybody's way but mine. I wouldn't so much care who got the Kilgore scholarship if it weren't always so. I never did have any luck. I'd like to know how any prescription of Uncle Richard's can change conditions of that sort," with a sceptical whistle. "It's foolish, my running in to-morrow, as he suggested. But I'll just go out of curiosity; it won't do any harm."

Just after breakfast the next day Robert kept his appointment with his uncle. "Got the prescription ready?" he asked on entering the office.

"Yes." And Dr. Wheeler took up from his desk a small sealed envelope, which he handed to his nephew.

Robert laughed as he took it. "I don't feel quite so bad as I did yesterday afternoon. But one can never tell just when another attack may come on," he said, turning over the envelope. "May I look at the prescription now?"

"No, not till you reach home," returned Dr. Wheeler. "Follow out the directions faithfully, and when you detect a change for the better let me know."

"All right." And Robert hurried home.

"I have no doubt but 'twill reduce the symptoms, if it doesn't effect a cure," was the doctor's whimsical remark to himself as his nephew left the house. "It will if he obeys the directions."

"Take two hours some time during the day on Monday and Thursday down on Mayberry and Colfax Streets," read Dr. Wheeler's prescription, as Robert noted, on opening the envelope, after he had reached home. "Keep your eyes alert constantly during that time. On Thursday spend at least one hour among the Ticonic factory hands. Here, also, keep your eyes open. On Wednesday and Friday cross the Otisfield ferry between five and six o'clock. Notice carefully what goes on around you. Saturday spend as much time as you can spare in the Blackstone city district. Repeat the treatment until some benefit is obtained."

Robert read the paper curiously. "What—what does he mean?" he pondered. "He calls this a prescription, does he? Well, I can follow it out one week, I guess. I won't promise how much longer I'll keep it up, though."

A few days afterwards Dr. Wheeler met Robert on the street. "Taking your treatment?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir." And Robert smiled queerly as he spoke.

"Don't neglect it," charged his uncle briefly, turning to pass on.

"I won't."

One evening a week later Robert called up his uncle over the telephone.

"Busy?" he asked.

"Not particularly. Wish to come over a little while?"

"I'd like to," was Robert's reply, "if you aren't going out."

"Good. I'll be here." And Dr. Wheeler hung up the receiver.

In a short time Robert came in. The gloomy, disgruntled look usually seen on his face was gone. "I—I think, Uncle Richard," began Robert a few minutes after entering the room, "that I'm cured. And 'twas your prescription that did it."

The older man smiled understandingly.

"Somehow—lately," explained Robert soberly, "I've had the notion—I don't know how I came by it—that nobody's lot has been quite so hard and disagreeable as my own. Your prescription, Uncle Richard, has shown me my mistake."

Dr. Wheeler looked up encouragingly.

"My! what haven't I—seen, Uncle Richard, in those places where you directed

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The Forum

A CHURCH IN THE HOME

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I was interested in the article on family worship by a late correspondent. What struck a missionary after his return from a prolonged absence from his native land was the decline of family prayer. On the other hand, native preachers of heathen lands, after visiting the home lands, will sometimes tell their people that what is most to be admired and imitated is the excellent home life of the Christian lands. These two statements do not conflict with one another, for the Christian home life may be far in advance of the heathen standard, though the religious tone of the former may not be advancing much.

In my opinion one cause of this decline is the increasing complexity and more exacting demands of our modern life. The father is away from home more; the mother, besides her domestic duties, has more social engagements than formerly; and the sons and daughters also, besides school duties, have more clubs and various functions to attend. Thus the family see one another comparatively little, and the home feeling is not strengthened as it should be. The school also has fallen off in the reading of the Bible, and the Sunday school and preaching service have thus in a good many cases to bear the whole responsibility of the religious training of the young.

It would be a good plan, in my opinion, for every pastor to preach on the subject of family worship, and to supplement the sermon by distributing at the midweek prayer service suitable literature. Such literature may be obtained from World's Morning Watch, 103 Park Avenue, New York. Then at this service let him ask for those in the congregation who are willing to start the plan to let it be known by a show of hands or by signing a card.

The mother has much to do with the success of this service in the home. She might select and read in an animated manner the daily portions. In the opinion of the writer, Psalms and Proverbs are hardly interesting enough for young children. Still I would not draw a hard and fast line, as a good reader can make even a difficult subject attractive. Certainly the historical portions of the Old Testament and the gospels cannot fail to hold the attention.

To those parents who find it difficult to begin, a manual of prayers might be recommended. "God's Minute," a book of 365 daily prayers, is a good one. Also "Bible Selections for Daily Devotions," 365 readings for family worship. These may be obtained at our Methodist Book and Publishing House. Make the time spent short, bright and earnest. A good hymn or spiritual song will make it more lively and impressive. In this way the father is sowing seeds in Harry and John and Jean and Mary that will result in a finer character and a more spiritual vision in the men and women of to-morrow. PARENT.

MR. CHRISTIE'S FIFTY ACRES

As an item which appeared in our columns re Mr. Christie's farm returns was challenged, we wrote to Mr. Christie, and we are very glad to be able to publish his own version of the way in which he made a fifty-acre farm pay.—Editor.

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—In answer to your enquiry regarding statement of returns from our little farm, I trust the following will be satisfactory, not only to the unsuccessful farmer, but also to other readers of your valuable paper who may be interested in this report. To me the word unsuccessful

me to go. I did keep my eyes open, and such misfortune, distress and destitution—I never even dreamed possible. One week of your treatment was enough to show me the fortunate fellow I am. Why, I never had anything but good luck. And my lot, Uncle Richard—"

Robert's voice failed him for a moment.

"I wouldn't swap it for—a—king's! How—how did you happen to—"

"Prescribe what I did?" interrupted Dr. Wheeler tactfully. "Because I saw your need, my boy, and felt my prescription might work a cure."—*Adelbert F. Caldwell, in "Congregationalist and Advance."*

Rats of the Desert

We are accustomed to think of rats as companions of man; and so they are, two species of them—the brown and the black. Also there is the mouse, which is a small kind of rat.

But there are other species which do not seek human companionship—tree-dwelling rats and desert rats. The kangaroo rat of our western deserts gets its name from its habit of standing erect and hopping about on its hind legs.

The pack rat has a bad reputation as a thief. Campers have to be constantly on their guard against its depredations, inasmuch as it will carry off all sorts of small articles and hide them in its nest, which is a structure of twigs and leaves two or three feet high. If a spoon is missing, the chances are that the pack rat has eloped with it.

The jumping mouse is a familiar rodent in the American deserts. Its name describes its method of locomotion, and it feeds on the seeds of desert plants.

Biggest of all rats is the jerboa, which is a native of Western Asia. It is as large as a small cat and nocturnal in habit. With very small front legs, it is built much like a kangaroo, and gets about by tremendous leaps.—*Public Ledger.*

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has a tragic sound, for it means failure. Therefore, if you will give me some space I shall endeavor to outline, as briefly as possible, our method of running a small farm at a profit; and I trust I may be able to say something that may help some farmer to rise up until he occupies that position in the community or world that rightly belongs to every tiller of the soil, namely, that of a healthy, happy, contented, prosperous citizen. Permit me to say at the beginning, ten thousand dollars is really all we have invested in this farm. We have been offering the farm alone, with the buildings, for six thousand dollars. Our buildings, while not fancy or elaborate, are very convenient, as is also the farm. The farm is rolling clay and gravel loam, perfectly drained, with the exception of about two acres, and has been made exceptionally fertile by growing red clover, and by the application of large quantities of farm-yard manure. Practically every acre is first-class soil; no waste land whatever. We have wire fences and gates to every field.

The farm itself is nicely situated, being sixty rods wide, with a lane running through the centre. The buildings are well towards the centre of the farm, which makes short hauling of crops to buildings, and also saves many steps going to and from work. We have a large silo; also a windmill to pump water for stock. In machinery we have a complete line of three-horse implements—wide binder, with sheaf carrier, hay loader, and side delivery rake. Have purchased a light tractor, and am just commencing to use it now. In buying machinery we make it a rule never to purchase any machine without first figuring whether such a machine would pay us interest on our investment. These are some of the factors which enabled us to obtain such a large income from such a small investment. The reason some men do not succeed on a small farm is—they try to run it on too small a scale. If a man runs a small farm with small machinery, poor stock, etc., and only aims at a living, a living is all he will likely get. But, on the other hand, if he will use the same machinery and power on the small farm, and put the same amount of labor in his operations, drain every acre of that land thoroughly, select his seed, and find out by experimenting the varieties best suited to his soil, he stands a fair chance, not only of making a living, but of a substantial labor income as well.

I was born and brought up on a well-managed farm, and during the year 1900 I attended the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, where I had the privilege of studying farming under that veteran farmer, Mr. Wm. Rennie. After leaving college I spent four years on the old home farm, and then went farming for myself. It was then I found I had made a mistake in not putting in three years at Guelph instead of two, for what I would have learned at Guelph I had to find out by experimenting on my own

farm, and some of these experiments cost me both time and money. I had a particularly hard problem to solve, besides the question of a big mortgage—a farm badly infested with twitch grass and other weeds, poor buildings and fences, poor stock, little or no machinery, and help almost unobtainable. We struggled along for three or four years, making a living off our hundred-acre farm. One day I was thinking of Mr. Rennie and some of his lectures on systematic rotation, and the growing of red clover to enrich the soil, and I got down my old college text-book on "Fertility of the Land," by Prof. Roberts, and read it over two or three times, and decided the problem was too big for me to undertake on my large farm. I decided I would sell half the farm and try the fifty acres. I might say we kept the half that was well drained, for Prof. Roberts stated drainage was one of the great essentials to crop production. We commenced following a rotation—corn and roots, followed by grain seeded to clover hay one year, pasture two years. We hauled our manure out every day, both winter and summer, and applied it directly to the land. The Commission of Conservation, when looking for farms to carry on their work in Dundas County, chose our farm, as it was centrally located, and we commenced testing the different varieties of seed, to find out those varieties best suited to our soil and locality. We also carried on experiments in cultivation for the eradication of twitch, with which our farm was infested. We also find it pays to plough frequently; in fact, all land not seeded to clover should be ploughed twice a year, except land which has had a crop of corn, roots, potatoes, or other hoe crop. Since following this method our crops have been increasing steadily, our land is becoming richer and more fertile each year, and we have had from twenty-five to thirty head of cattle in our barns all winter, besides three horses. We also expect to sell some hay. This year we are seeding some more land to alfalfa, using Grimm's variegated. In corn we are experimenting with Quebec Yellow and Longfellow in Flints, and Wisconsin No. 7 in Dents, selecting and using seed grown on our own farm. By so doing we expect to be able to feed our stock off the farm entirely. A part of the business of farming that has been neglected by the average farmer, and which is often the cause of failure, is the purchasing and marketing end. In purchasing we have always purchased co-operatively whenever possible, and I have also found it often pays to borrow the money in order to pay cash for articles purchased. As we have been farming for dollars and cents, we sold our products wherever they would bring the most money, selling directly, or as near so, to the consumer as possible. Regarding time spent in preparing land for this crop, I did not have any extra help, but did the work myself, with the aid of my wife and two little girls, who are interested in farming as much as I am myself.

While this income may appear large to the average farmer, still you must consider we had to buy our clothes, flour, meat, groceries, bread, fuel, etc., besides ordinary expenses such as occur in the average household. You must also consider that, like the average farmer, we put in from fourteen to sixteen hours per day, on an average, for the whole year. In summing up, the income from this little farm is due solely to the fact that we have been able to produce immense crops with comparatively small outlay for labor and expense, proving that the three great essentials in crop production are drainage, cultivation and fertility.

Hoping I may have written something that may be of value to a brother farmer, and thanking you for your valuable space, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR CHRISTIE.

Winchester, May 13th, 1919.

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THAT PROGRAMME OF RECONSTRUCTION

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I have before me the statement given to the *Toronto Daily Mail and Empire*, by Mr. S. R. Parsons, as to his attitude toward the recent deliverance of the General Conference of the Methodist Church upon the question of the Church and the new social order. As the mover of the resolution of the Alberta Conference which brought this question before the General Conference, I wish to make a few observations.

The thought underlying the original motion was that the time had come for the Church to place herself in an unambiguous position by making a statement of her attitude toward certain great social, economic and religious questions of the day. It also expressed the conviction that the Church should initiate a movement looking to a congress of men of thought and action in Canada to prepare a programme of reconstruction. I was not a member of the General Conference, and therefore had no hand in the preparation of the resolution in its final form. It seems to have been important

enough to have attracted world-wide attention, and to have won the unqualified approval of papers like the *New Republic* and other periodicals of discernment.

But Mr. Parsons does not like the resolutions, and wishes ministers would confine their attention to matters of theology and religion, and leave questions of economics to persons like himself, who have given a lifetime to the study of this branch of learning—or shall I say *practice*? And the particular part of the resolutions which does not meet the approval of Mr. Parsons reads as follows: "To demand nothing less than the transference of the whole economic life from the basis of competition and profits to one of co-operation and service."

Is it possible that Mr. Parsons does not want to see such a transference? If that is so, then he is a more orthodox economist than Christian; for the essential teachings of Jesus involve nothing less than this. Or perhaps Mr. Parsons regards the proposition as a counsel of perfection which may be acceptable in some remote millennial age, but is quite unsuited to the present evil world. Mr. Parsons wants to see nothing of a revolutionary character just at present while we are "living on the top of a volcano." The disposition, so manifest in New Testament times, to "turn the world upside down" must be inhibited to-day. Someone has said that there is enough dynamite in the Sermon on the Mount to blow the existing social and economic structure to pieces, and here are a few men, at the tail end of the General Conference, lighting fuses and looking for just such an explosion as a consummation devoutly to be wished. This will never do at all! It is setting up a false god. It is crass socialism; and socialism, according to Mr. Parsons, is "the greatest enemy of civilization and Christianity."

"The Methodists are setting up a false god!" says Mr. Parsons. All gods are false which we do not ourselves worship. We have been severe in our condemnation of Prussian militarism, which the Germans worshipped as a god—and our condemnation is just. But all the while we have been bowing complacently to a fetish quite as degrading, whose name is "business," which,

like its German brother, demands holocausts of victims slain, not suddenly and mercifully on the field of battle, but by the slow and cruel processes of daily toil in mine and factory, in store and sweatshop, before the unheeding eyes of men. A false god, forsooth! Too often in the past we have done service and worship to a Sunday God who takes supreme delight in prayer and praise, like a super-egotist; it is high time that we turned our hearts to a Monday God, whose chief desire is that His children shall do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with their God. Then no longer should we have before us the greatest anomaly of western civilization—"the spectacle of the most aggressively military, predatory and keenly commercial peoples the world has ever known claiming Christ as their spiritual guide."

Cannot Mr. Parsons see that the whole basis of modern economic life is un-Christian if for no other reason than that it is unbrotherly; that it gives the richest rewards, not to those who serve most efficiently the welfare of men, but to those who are most skilful in exploiting the energies of men? Mr. Parsons condemns socialism, and no doubt there are forms of this doctrine that are worthy of condemnation, for "socialism" connotes many things. But the essential idea of socialism is that industrial enterprises should be taken by the State out of the hands of the directors of industry who have been conducting them for their own convenience and advantage, and made to contribute to social purposes. This is just what has been done during the past few years with unqualified success in the manufacture of the instruments of destruction; why not continue the programme in the manufacture of the instruments of construction?

Mr. Parsons would have the Methodist ministers back at their old traditional business of "saving souls," and preaching, I suppose, "gospel sermons," instead of the "poor, cheap gospel along sociological lines" which is in vogue to-day. I wonder what John Wesley would say about this if he were here? Maybe just what he said when he was here. "I find more profit," he wrote, "in sermons on either good tem-

pers or good works than in what are vulgarly called 'gospel sermons.' That term has now become a mere cant word. . . . Let but a pert, self-sufficient animal, that hath neither sense nor grace, bawl out something about Christ or His blood, or justification by faith, and his hearers cry out, 'What a fine gospel sermon!' " (Works, VIII, p. 241, Amer. Edition.) Somehow it seems to me John Wesley would have hung on till the end of the General Conference and voted for the resolutions.

But why should I pursue this theme? The categories of Mr. Parsons' thought are separated by wide diameters from my own and those of the men who wrote the resolutions and accepted them by an almost unanimous vote. For the crux of the most momentous problem which confronts modern society, moving forward into a new era, is just this, and it is the heart of the resolution: Shall the society of the future be functional, or shall it be acquisitive? Shall the economic forces of the nation, of the world, be organized for service, or shall they continue to be organized for profit? Upon the answer to these questions depends the character of the future world. If the latter alternative is accepted, every father who has a little boy in his home should sternly demand that he be trained as a soldier—he will have to fight before he is twenty-one. The world will never get over fighting until it finds something better to do; and that something is the acceptance of the spirit of service. So long as we deliberately organize our social static and our laws in the interests, and for the defence of, economic rights, either of the individual or of the nation, we shall have wars and rumors of war; yes, our very "peace" will be war. "Business as Usual" is no less odious a watchword than "World-power or Down-fall." Can any thinking man, can any patriot, contemplate the spectacle which confronts us to-day in Canada without a sense of shame? After all the splendid service and self-sacrifice of the past years on the part of men and boys who fought and died

"not for land, not King, nor Emperor, But for a dream born in a herdsman's shed And for the simple Scripture of the poor,"

our chief concern seems to be: How can we at this time turn the streams of commerce so that they will contribute their wealth into our pockets—of rather, into the pockets of some of us? "Nothing can save civilization," says Bishop Gore, "except a new spirit in the nations"; and we may say with equal truth, nothing can save the nation except a new spirit in the people. We see in the flames and passions of the past five years the legitimate outcome of that "triumph of man over nature" of which the nineteenth century was so proud—the commercializing of human life and thought. The industrial renaissance of the nineteenth century has gone up in smoke and exploding shells. The time has arrived for us to take Jesus seriously and believe that He knew what He was saying when He bade us seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and gave the assurance that then all these things would be added unto us—what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed.

CHARLES H. HUESTIS.

THE NEW HYMN BOOK

To the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*.

Dear Sir,—The Book Steward asks, "Have you seen the new No. 7 Hymn Book?" Yes, I have seen it, and I am delighted with it; the right size exactly; the very thing for choirs or others who require the music as well as the hymns. I have no doubt it will meet with a warm reception and have an immense sale. I am glad also to see that it is much better bound than the former (small) edition, for there was certainly plenty of room for improvement. But why has that "glaringly

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un-English line" in the last verse of the twenty-first hymn been perpetuated?

I may add that I have personally called the attention of some members of the committee to the matter, as well as other scholars and poets, and all with one accord at once acknowledged the error and deplored it. How much more pleasant to the cultivated ear, and how much better would the poetic thought be expressed by making the verse read:

To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty
And everlasting song!

And I'll vouch for good old Dr. Isaac Watts that he would find no fault with the emendation.
JAMES LAWSON.

Valleyfield, Que., May 17, 1919.

Rev. D. Wren, M.A., has been invited to return to Mt. Forest for a third year, and the salary now stands at \$1,400.

THE REGULATION GOVERNING THE PASTORAL TERM

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to draw the attention of your readers to the correspondence in "Forum" of the GUARDIAN issue for May 14th, under the above caption, and to make observations thereon. I am sure said arguments are of considerable value. Now we are informed that most of the presidents and secretaries of the various Conferences and some others believe that Par. 156, Sec. 5, may be interpreted to mean that the Conference may station a minister on a charge for a fifth year, and so on from year to year on the recommendation of a two-thirds majority vote of the Stationing Committee, and that they propose to act accordingly. Now I believe that such an interpretation is (1) a violation of the letter and spirit of the Discipline; and (2) a violation of the expressed will of Methodism in Canada.

1. It is a violation of the letter and spirit of Discipline. Discipline distinctly says that no minister shall be allowed to stay longer

than four years successively on the same circuit, with certain exceptions. Then the rule is the four-year term. It looks as if some have resolved to make it the exception. The exceptions are: "General Conference officers, superannuates, missionaries, college professors and lecturers, and ministers of charges set apart year by year." Now, sir, this "setting apart," by its logical relation among these exceptions and by the meaning that has been invested in it in the past in this connection, must in all consistency be interpreted to mean "setting apart for mission work or some purpose equally as important and explicit." If not, then setting apart means nothing. It is evident that the Stationing Committee cannot logically station a man on a charge to be so set apart until after the Conference has acceded to its well-expressed request. At this stage it is to be hoped that the ministers and laymen of our Annual Conferences will vote down all cases that are not very special, so that we may avoid the very appearance of evil.

2. It is a violation of the expressed will

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of Methodism in Canada. In the Referendum taken last year the Church spoke in very clear and emphatic terms which did not provide for such action. We must pay strict regard to the expressed wish of our members and officials. If the action referred to is taken, it will be a course which no political party in any responsible democratic government would dare to take, and the offenders should be treated democratically. And if the General Conference delegation intentionally prepared legislation with a covert legal weakness that prepares the way for such violation of the will of the Church, that delegation ought to be entirely changed before the next General Conference meets. But let us not be uncharitable, but ask: "How are we to interpret Discipline—by the opinion of a few, or by the expressed wish of the Church at large?"

Now, personally, I would like to see an unlimited pastorate, but I do protest against such until it is wanted and until the Discipline clearly makes provision therefor. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your kindness,
A MINISTER.

Manitoba Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

STRIKE.

Winnipeg has a real attack this time of the striking fever. There were a few anxious and nervous days last year, when firemen and postmen had turns at it; but now nearly all the "working world" is out. The estimates given run between twenty-five and thirty thousand people. We have no telephones, no street cars and no elevators running; no mails in or out, etc. The "trouble" began with a small group of metal workers. It seems that the employer was willing to confer and discuss matters with his own employees, but did not want to deal with an outside union. There came the rub. Two weeks of more or less indifference passed. The labor unions claim that they waited patiently for developments. Then, when a general strike was imminent, Mayor Gray and Premier Norris interested themselves in negotiations. No compromise, however, could be effected. The Dominion Government, when appealed to, replied: "Very sorry, but there doesn't appear to be much of anything we can do." So matters are left to drift. There is a class war. The community as such is a passive sufferer. It has "no language but a cry," no organization, no machinery of any kind to provide a way out. In the meantime labor is dictator. The Mayor appears to be a figure-head; ditto Premier and Lieutenant-Governor of the province. The Labor Council tells the police to stay on duty, and gives orders about opening movies, etc. Things are about as much at a deadlock as they can be. People are mostly moderate in their views. There is at present no extreme of condemnation or approval. Most of the people believe "something is wrong" with our social organization. In this we think all can agree. But how to set things right is the problem. It will, methinks, take more than one strike to do it. Coercion, like war, sometimes has the effect of knocking sense into people. They will reason after a few blows and some blood letting, and not before. We can only hope for the best. There is a lot of sober sense in Winnipeg. Let us hope a better spirit will prevail, that men will be more brotherly, that labor and capital will not longer compete with each other but co-operate, that profiteering will be as much abhorred as stealing, that men will seek the good of all in the good of each, that out of what seems worst will emerge the best!



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Rev. Mr. Rose preached during his visit to Winnipeg in St. John's and Young Churches. He also spoke at various functions. He gives evidence of a master thinker. His analysis of European conditions was unique. Incidentally the conditions of a permanent peace for Europe have a significance for us all. The peace we desire will not be a negative peace as before the war, but a positive peace. The way of peace is a way of transition and toil; it is a way of truthfulness and a way of trust. These were no empty, abstract phrases with Mr. Rose. They were illustrated by numerous incidents, such as characterize the address of a scholar and a statesman. Canada needs the type of leader Poland will have in Mr. Rose.

The Christian Men's Federation movement was well stimulated this week by a visit from William Ward, hon. secretary of the International Brotherhood Councils, and William Heal, ex-president of Men's Federation, both of London, England. Their messages were stimulating and inspiring. The work they do both in process and in objective is much needed. Protestantism needs unifying and revivifying. Winnipeg is so preoccupied and surfeited with campaigns and movements of one kind and another it is hard to get the ear of the people. The great things of the kingdom should come first, anyway.

DEACONESS AID WORK.

An interesting report of the annual meeting of this society of excellent people was recently given the public. We quote from the press:



**Picking
Out a
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WHEN I choose a Hotel, remarks a traveller recently, "I do not do like a boy choosing apples, pick for the biggest one. I have learned from experience that when hotels, like fruit, run to size, the quality is lacking. The medium size always gives the best results."

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"Mrs. S. T. Bates was re-elected president; Mrs. G. F. Salton, first vice-president; Mrs. J. H. Silverside, second vice-president; Mrs. N. H. Calder, third vice-president; and Mrs. David Michell, fourth vice-president. Mrs. G. A. Broadbent was elected corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. W. Crawford was re-elected treasurer, and Mrs. H. H. Gilbert recording secretary.

"The treasurer's report showed that \$974.59 was raised during the year. The Fresh Air Camp funds are separate, and do not enter into the report of the society. The expenses were \$781.73, leaving a balance in the bank of \$192.86.

"On a motion put by Mrs. G. N. Jackson, the society pledged itself to raise \$2,000 during the coming year. The plan outlined is to raise the bulk of this amount through individual pledges by women of means.

"Mrs. W. J. Rose, who, with her husband, was interned for four and a-half years in Austrian Poland, made a strong appeal before the meeting for a sympathetic treatment of the 'strangers within our gates.' Germany had won the hatred of the millions of Central and South-Eastern Europe through her policy of 'denationalizing' them by force. Their language had been forbidden them, all their religious rites even had to be performed in German, the persons concerned often not understanding a word. The Poles were better off than some of the others, for they had had a marvellous literature to sustain them; but 150 years of oppression had sadly narrowed their vision. The women were like chattels, with no intellectual life and little of religion; yet one had to hold the peasant class of Europe in reverence, for there was true nobility in their stoic acceptance of their lot.

"Mrs. Rose praised the work of the Deaconess Aid among the people of foreign birth in this city, and told incidents to show their extreme gratitude for any little kindness shown. The speaker felt that her years of semi-imprisonment had given her a very real insight into the lives of these people. She had never appreciated Canadian liberty fully until her freedom was taken from her. Canada, she felt certain, is the best country in the world to live in; but it can be made still better by a sympathetic treatment of the European peoples who were invited to make their homes here."

Miss Annie Moffat, superintendent, reported on the Fresh Air Camp at Gimli. They are planning on larger things this year. Last year's programme fell down owing to an outbreak of smallpox.

TRIBUTE TO DR. AND MRS. MACLEAN.

Though the "parting tribute" to Dr. and Mrs. Maclean was participated in by a large number of people, it is perfectly safe to say that not a tithe of their warmest friends were present. Dr. Maclean will soon be leaving for Toronto, to take up his work as church archivist; a work, by the way, for which he is eminently qualified. We forward a press report of the "farewell":

"The pastors and many of the members of the leading Methodist churches in Winnipeg, as well as those more closely connected with the work of Maclean Mission, on Alexander Avenue, met last night at the mission to give tangible proof of the esteem in which Rev. Dr. John Maclean and Mrs. Maclean are held by Methodism in this city.

"E. L. Taylor, who occupied the chair, said that he had known Dr. Maclean for a good many years, and had always held him in the highest esteem. He eulogized the work of Dr. Maclean, both in the mission and in the Methodist Church, and wished him and Mrs. Maclean God-speed in their new field in Toronto, where Dr. Maclean will take up the work as archivist of the Methodist Church.

"W. A. Hunt read an address from the management of the mission appreciative of the good work which Dr. Maclean and Mrs.

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Maclean have accomplished during their long residence in the west, at the conclusion of which J. R. Van Normand presented Dr. Maclean with a purse of gold.

"Dr. Maclean replied briefly to these tokens of esteem and good-will. He felt, he said, that it was no time for a set kind of speech, and he was placed in the position where he did not know what to say. He recalled the early days—the trip up the Missouri River and across the plains of the north-west, life among the Indians, and his acquaintance with the pioneers who had built up the west. The part he played in the Rebellion of 1885 was graphically described, when, even when he was preaching, he never went without a revolver in his pocket.

"To-day, said Dr. Maclean, he belongs to the west. He will miss the old familiar faces of the people who are so dear to him, the men and women he loves so dearly, and the laughter of the little children. When he leaves Winnipeg, he said, he will feel a wrench at having to leave all these behind. But, if he has accomplished anything, he owes it all, he said, to his bonnie bride of thirty-nine years ago.

"Rev. C. R. Flanders, pastor of Broadway Methodist Church, referred to his early relations with Dr. Maclean when they had been students together at Victoria College, in Ontario. Even then, he said, he had admired the doctor and used to study him. Later, when Dr. Flanders had gone to the east and Dr. Maclean to the west, his fame travelled down to Nova Scotia. Dr. Flanders paid a tribute to Dr. Maclean's accomplishments as an author and editor, but said that the best thing about him was his manhood. He has fulfilled the expectations

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of not only the people of Manitoba, but of his Master. Tribute was also paid by J. F. Brooks, Rev. Basil Thompson, Rev. M. O. Flatt, Capt. (Rev.) Hughson, Rev. W. L. Armstrong, Rev. T. Ferrier.

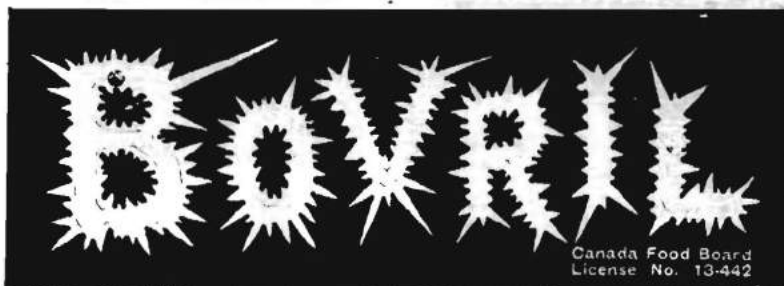
"A feature of the meeting was the unveiling of the two fine portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Maclean by Miss E. V. Palmer, which are to be hung in the mission. Miss Miriam Armstrong and Mrs. Wallis contributed solos and responded to encores. Refreshments were served, and the meeting was concluded by the singing of two verses of 'Blest be the tie that binds,' and the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Basil Thompson."

A journey of a thousand miles or more through the province lately has given your correspondent opportunity to gauge public opinion and observe the temper of the people. There is considerable restlessness, particularly among ministers and leaders. But people on the whole appear steady and optimistic. This is more true of farmers perhaps than any other class. Some say it is because they are too busy to be anything else. That may be! The busy man is usually cheerful. Some kinds of discontent are not divine. The kind that is not divine is fearfully unsettling. We have heard of excellent reports from some rural fields this year. The best results possible came from rural work. District chairmen and others report that the year is closing well, despite the setbacks. There is such a thing as being dissatisfied with this year's results and yet be much in advance of any previous record. Standards are higher to-day.

"The Second Coming: An Interpretation," by Rev. G. L. Powell, of Morris, Minn., recently fell into my hands. I understand it will be on sale at the coming Conference in Winnipeg. For those who are troubled with vagaries of belief about "the second coming," this book ought to be a distinct help. The author has waded through a great mass of controversy about eschatological questions with remarkable clearness and with more remarkable patience, considering these practical times. He indulges here and there in phraseology that would make "Quintilian stare and gasp." We are inclined to think the menace of premillennialism is not as great as the author would suggest, and is not as great on this side of the forty-ninth parallel as on the other. Most people are, or ought to be, too busy to bother with "cranks." However, it will prove a useful book to have around. It is a good thing to be ready for emergencies.

Mr. Joseph E. Clarke, an octogenarian, recently passed away at the residence of his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. Jas. Elliott, 147 Furby Street, Winnipeg. Mr. Clarke was highly esteemed. He was a charter member of Queen Street Church, Kingston, where he was Sunday-school superintendent for many years. He was a useful member of Young Church here.

Owing to the strike these notes have to be forwarded by private arrangement. Winnipeg, May 17th, 1919.



MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

Obedience a Test of Life

The topic given to the lesson for to-day as applied to the older students is "Obedience a Test of Discipleship." And, of course, we all admit right off that Jesus was absolutely right, and that obedience to the will and thought and purpose of God is the one supreme and all-inclusive test of Christian discipleship. But then we can say just as emphatically that obedience is the one great test of all of life. What and how men obey is the great deciding factor in character and destiny.

In one way of looking at it we may say that in everything we do or say or purpose in life we are acting in obedience to someone or some thing. Though we may indulge ourselves in the fiction, there is really no such thing in life as having our own sweet will. The man who insists in a thoroughly wilful way that he is going to do as he likes, and be under direction from no source whatever, is never able to work his life out in that way. As it actually happens, though he says he is doing as he pleases and obeying nobody, he is obeying the lower impulses and tendencies rather than the higher, and is the slave to unworthy motives and ideals. Laziness may urge a man on one hand and duty may call him on the other, and whether he loafs or labors he is not quite a free man, but is obeying an impulse either one way or another. Obedience is in reality a part of all life.

Learning to live, therefore, the best and highest life is in reality learning to obey the best and the highest impulses and direction. Life on the one hand is not a drifting along, accepting what comes or what is convenient, without any thought or stern purpose of self-direction or self-purposing. Neither is it, on the other hand, a wilful insistence upon our own will and way. There is no such thing as right and high living that does not involve the most positive acceptance of lofty and noble standards of thinking and acting, such acceptance as involves a positive and stern obedience.

International Sunday-school Lesson for June 8th. "Obedience." Matt. 7: 16-29. Golden Text, John 15:14.

But does not that thought of obedience suggest irksomeness, and does it not imply something of bondage? It is to be feared that we have not got the true idea of obedience when we ask such a question as that. To obey is not a task, but a privilege and an honor when the obligation to obey comes from truly high and authoritative sources. As James Martineau says: "Great and sacred is obedience; he who is not able, in the highest majesty of manhood, to obey, with clear and open brow, a law higher than himself, is barren of all faith and love; and tightens his chains, moreover, in struggling to be free." A life unmarked by obedience can never be a life of freedom in the real sense, for there is nothing of slavery in obedience if the obligation be worthy and lofty, and the yielding be generous and free.

The life of obedience, therefore, in the fine scriptural sense is not the life lacking in self-assertion and will and purpose; it is rather the life that chooses the right kind of master and ideal for living and then yields strict and loyal obedience. To take one's conscience for his guide, and to be willing always that that conscience should be instructed and taught of God's Word, and through the discipline and experience of life is to live a life of the truest kind of freedom and self-direction.

And the obeying of conscience and the impulse to right can have no possible substitute, our lesson seems to say. To be ready to pronounce a eulogy on conscience can never be accepted as a substitute for obeying it, to make loud professions of love for the right in the abstract can never take the place of the actual doing of the right in the concrete.

But how shall we recognize the right when we see it, and how shall we be sure that the call of conscience to which we are to give strict obedience is, in reality, the call of God? We know very well that men have done some very wicked and wrong things, and done them at the instigation of conscience. Well, there may not seem to be any absolutely infallible guide, and yet with a will to do the right thing we will have very little trouble indeed. Conscience is dulled by self-indulgence, it is perverted by self-will, it is led astray by ignorance and superstition. If we strengthen our character to will and to do the right thing when we see by doing the thing that seems right, then conscience will grow in keenness and vitality; if we are ready to learn and willing to be guided, conscience will not lead us into many by and forbidden paths, and the life of obedience will be a life along the highroads of God's own best thoughts and purposes.

We regret to record the death recently, in Toronto, of Reginald Wilson, only son of Rev. J. E. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie. The sympathy of a very wide circle of friends will go out to the bereaved family in the sudden termination of what gave promise of being a most useful life.



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The Conferences

MONTREAL

Kitchener; Rev. S. L. W. Harton, pastor.—The annual congregational meeting was held on Friday, May 16th, and the statistics for the year were presented. The givings to missions have increased to \$1,473, an increase over last year of \$740. Mr. Harton was presented with a complimentary address and \$200, and the salary for next year has been placed at \$1,800. Bro. Harton's work is evidently appreciated.

Zion Tabernacle, Hamilton; Rev. Henry Irvine, pastor.—At the annual meeting, held on Tuesday evening, May 13th, the report presented by the auditors indicated that the total receipts for the year were \$7,364.08 and disbursements \$7,011.42, leaving a surplus of \$352.66. During the year \$1,500 was raised for payment on the mortgage of the church. The missionary receipts were \$1,669.33, an increase of about \$300. Of this amount the Sunday school gave \$588, a Victory Bond for \$100 being included in that sum. The Epworth League's offering to missions was \$116. The total receipts from all sources were \$11,258, an increase of \$2,256 over the previous year. During the year there was a net increase in the membership of nine, making the total membership 513. Reports received from the various activities of the church indicated that splendid progress had been made. The board decided to follow the practice adopted last year of the church and Sunday school uniting for Sunday morning service during July and August. It was also decided to continue the mite box system for another year, to reduce the mortgage. A motion of appreciation of the services rendered by the pastor, Rev. Henry Irvine, was passed, and a bonus of \$250 was voted, making the salary \$1,850.

Valleyfield; Rev. J. Lawson, D.D., pastor.—With regret we are compelled to report the closing of the Methodist church in Valleyfield, owing to a large decrease in the congregation, brought about by the moving away of a large number of the English-speaking people; also, the Missionary Board have given notice that no further grant can be expected from them to Valleyfield. Steps are being taken for the amalgamation with the Presbyterians on the co-operative plan, as has been done in several other places in this province. At our last regular meeting of the Quarterly Official Board a hearty and unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to our pastor, Rev. Dr. Lawson, for his faithful and helpful services during the past year. The pastor thanked the board, and

made the remark that since his coming amongst us, in all the meetings of the board not one unpleasant word had been spoken. Notwithstanding the removal of so many the congregations have been well kept up, and the givings of the people have been well sustained. Our earnest prayers will go with our pastor to his new field of labor in the Master's service.—*John E. Hibbert, Rec. Steward.*

TORONTO

Barrie, Burton Avenue; Rev. Albert E. Owen, pastor.—Last Sunday and Monday, May 18th and 19th, were memorable days in the history of Burton Avenue Methodist Church. The occasion was the anniversary and thanksgiving service, when the church was declared free of debt. Rev. W. E. Wilson, of King Street Methodist Church, Toronto, occupied the pulpit both morning and evening, and delivered messages that will not soon be forgotten. His morning subject was "God's Confidence in Us." In the evening he spoke of the "Victory of Faith."

At the February meeting of the Quarterly Board the question of clearing off the indebtedness of the church came up for discussion, with the result that a strong committee was selected. So generous was the response on the part of the people that the \$1,400 needed mounted up to \$1,900. The extra was used in the cleaning and repairing of the church property, with the result that we have a property now, free of debt, in splendid repair and with an enthusiastic and united people.

The climax came on the following Monday night when the people came together for a congregational social evening and for the burning of the mortgage papers. After a short but good programme, and two splendid addresses from Rev. W. E. Wilson and Rev. R. J. Fallis, Chairman of the District, Mr. Brunton, Sr., the only surviving member of the first Trustee Board in Allandale, Mr. W. B. Taylor, an old veteran in church work and church architecture, and little Gladys Owen, of the parsonage, were called to the front for the purpose of the burning ceremony. While the papers were consumed in smoke, the people showed their interest by a continued clapping of hands.

The evening closed with Mr. J. E. Morrison reading, on behalf of the congregation, an address of appreciation to Rev. A. E. Owen and his wife, presenting Mr. Owen with a fine silk hat and Mrs. Owen with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Refreshments followed and a most enjoyable occasion came to a close with the feeling that out of the event had come a new inspiration for new tasks.

Balances are reported from all the departments, and at the February Quarterly Board, Mr. Owen was given a hearty invitation to return for second year, which he accepted.

Crawford Street, Toronto; Rev. G. H. Purchase, pastor.—The annual meeting of the Crawford Street Methodist Church, Toronto, was held in the board room on May 12th, with all members of the Board of Management present, and it was with great satisfaction they received the reports from all the leaders in the church's activities. The Sunday school, under the able leadership of the superintendent, Mr. Herbert Shirk, assisted by his noble band of teachers, has more than doubled during the past year. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. William Hurst, with Mr. Bruce Madden as organist, has done much to make our Sunday services attractive. They have also taken great interest in our after meetings every Sunday night. These meetings have been held for some time with splendid results, many having been brought to a knowledge of Christ and into fellowship with the church. Our Young People's Leagues are very active, not only increasing in membership, but having a great desire for a further knowledge of the word of truth. Class meetings are well attended. The morning class, which is held at ten

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o'clock in the church parlors every Sunday,
led by Mr. John Moore, is a spiritual
feast. The members of the board decided
to organize young people's classes, and by
so doing recruit the class meetings, as the
church whose members testify to the good-
ness of God is the strongest church in any
community. We thank God for His great
kindness to us in the year that is almost
closed, and take courage, looking forward
to a large spiritual harvest during the
coming year.—Charles Steen, R.S.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT ELGIN HOUSE

The Toronto Conference Epworth League
will hold its summer school at Elgin House,
Lake Joseph, Muskoka, from June 30th to
July 7th. A good study programme has
been provided, and the cost for board, etc.,
is only \$12 for the whole period from June
28th to July 7th. The following is the staff
for this year:—Bible study: Rev. Hiram
Hull, B.A., Toronto, principal National
Training School, Toronto. Life studies:
Rev. R. Newton Powell, pastor Trinity
Methodist Church, Toronto. Epworth
League study groups: Mr. H. D. Tressider,
Toronto, past president Toronto Conference
Epworth League; Christian Endeavor, Mr.
W. K. LeDrew, Toronto; missions, Rev. J.
A. Walker, B.A., New Toronto; literary,
Mr. H. J. Heath, B.A., Barrie; citizenship,
Rev. C. S. Applegath, Chapleau; Junior
League, Rev. A. P. Brace, Toronto. Mis-
sion study groups: China, Rev. Dr. O. L.
Kilborn, China; Japan, Rev. C. E. Kenny,
B.A., North Bay; "His Dominion," Rev.
C. S. Applegath, Chapleau; "Church as a
Community Centre," Rev. J. B. Lamb, pas-
tor Queen Street Church, Toronto;
"Mohammedan World," Rev. J. J. Coulter,
Uxbridge; "Stewardship," Rev. J. A.
Walker, B.A., New Toronto.

For full information write to the secre-
tary, R. H. Bainard, 105 Hazelton Avenue,
Toronto.

It is with regret that we record the death
last week of Mr. W. P. Gundy, of Toronto.
The deceased was a son of the late Rev. S.
B. Gundy, and for many years has been
actively identified with the Metropolitan
Church. He was vice-president and general
manager of the W. J. Gage Co., and was
acting, without salary, as a member of the
War Purchasing Commission. He was an
indefatigable worker, and took a most active
part in patriotic and Red Cross campaigns
in Toronto. He was president of the Board
of Trade in 1914, and president of the
National Club, and a prominent figure in
the business circles of Toronto. He died in
Ottawa, where he has been compelled since
1917 to spend most of his time in connec-
tion with the work of the Purchasing Com-
mission. He was sixty-one years of age,
and he is survived by his wife, his mother,
three brothers and three sisters. He leaves
behind a name most highly honored, and
the record of a life of earnest, honest and
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Personals

On Easter Monday evening the congregations of Tyrone circuit assembled to express their appreciation of the splendid work done by the pastor, Rev. Jas. E. Beckel, and his wife during the last four years. After a suitable programme a purse of over \$100 was presented as a token of the high esteem in which the pastor is held. The missionary budget of this year has been raised from \$767 to \$900, which is largely due to the efforts of the pastor.

Sergt. Archie W. Young, son of Rev. Henry A. Young, came home on the Scotian last Friday. He went overseas with the ambulance section of the 100th Grenadiers of Winnipeg, in September, 1914. He spent some time in hospital work at Le Treport, France, and then joined the 3rd Field Ambulance. He was wounded twice, and gassed at Festubert on May 20th, 1915. Latterly he was dispenser at the 1st Canadian Divisional Headquarters Staff, and marched with them as far as Cologne, in Germany. He was well known some years ago at the M.A.A.A., being one of the four who brought home the cup from the Marathon race at Brockville.

Rev. E. H. Richards, D.D., who has been a Methodist Episcopal missionary in Portuguese East Africa for more than a quarter of a century, visited Toronto last week in connection with the great centennial to be held soon in Columbus, Ohio. Dr. Richards has a great and intensely interesting story to tell in connection with missionary effort amongst the colored races of Africa. He tells a wonderful story of the great ruins which remain to testify to a former civilization long since passed away, and of irrigation works which puzzle the engineers of to-day to account for. And his description of the business aspect of missions, how the efforts of the missionary result, not only in spiritually uplifting the native races, but also in developing trade to an extent undreamed of, is exceedingly interesting.

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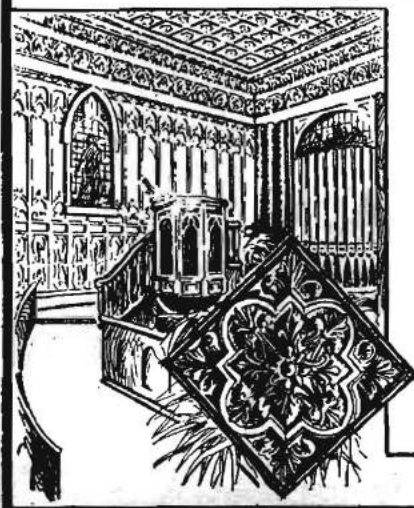
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BIRTHS.

LANGFORD—On Monday, May 19th, 1919, at their residence, 30 Kennedy Ave., Toronto, to Rev. and Mrs. Frank Langford, a daughter.

WHALEY—At the Methodist Parsonage, Venn., Sask., May 10th, to Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Whaley, a daughter, Rae Louise.

DEATHS.

HABART—Entered into rest, in Georgetown on the 10th of May, 1919, Mrs. M. Habart. Interment at Owen Sound on the 10th of May.

LAIDLAW.—On Sunday, May 25th, 1919, at his late residence, 45 Melgund Road, Toronto, Rev. W. H. Laidlaw, beloved husband of Margaret Page. Service at the home at 7.30 on Tuesday. Private service on Wednesday, 28th, at 1.30, and interment at Maple, Ontario.

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INVITATIONS.

Second year—F. J. Howard, South Dumfries. Fourth year—Jas. N. Lovelace, Cordova and Belmont; W. E. Reynolds, Morrisburg; J. A. Evans, Troy.

CORRECTION.

In the notice re railway reduction for tickets to London Conference the date should have been June 2nd to 11th. B. Snell, Sec. Conf.

MISSION ROOMS' RECEIPTS.

To May 22nd, 1919.

General Fund.

Receipts to date.....	\$594,930 22
Same date last year.....	502,301 84
Miscellaneous receipts to date..	3,320 39

May 23rd being Decoration Day, the employees of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, through the Wesley Khaki Circle, placed a beautiful wreath of flowers by the Memorial Cross which they have provided in honor of those of their comrades who have made the supreme sacrifice.

Connexional Notices

TORONTO CONFERENCE.

Statistical Secretaries of the various Districts of Toronto Conference will please forward all District schedules, except Sunday schools and Young People's Societies, not later than June 2nd, to the Conference Statistician, J. Albert Leece, Minesing, Ont.

BAY OF QUINTE CONFERENCE.

TRAVELLING ARRANGEMENTS.

Delegates attending must purchase first-class full fare one-way tickets (fare for which must not be less than 75 cents) to place of meeting (or to nearest junction point if through ticket cannot be obtained), and secure certificate to that effect on standard certificate form (a certificate for each line travelled over is necessary), which must be presented to the secretary at the place of meeting immediately upon arrival. Going tickets and certificates will be issued June 14th to June 20th, and properly validated certificates will be honored for tickets at reduced rates for the return journey, up to and including June 27th, 1919. Special agent will be present at Conference, June 19-21, to issue certificates. R. A. Whattam, Sec. of Conf.

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