

The Christian



Founded in 1829 by
Egerton Ryerson

Canada's National
Religious Weekly

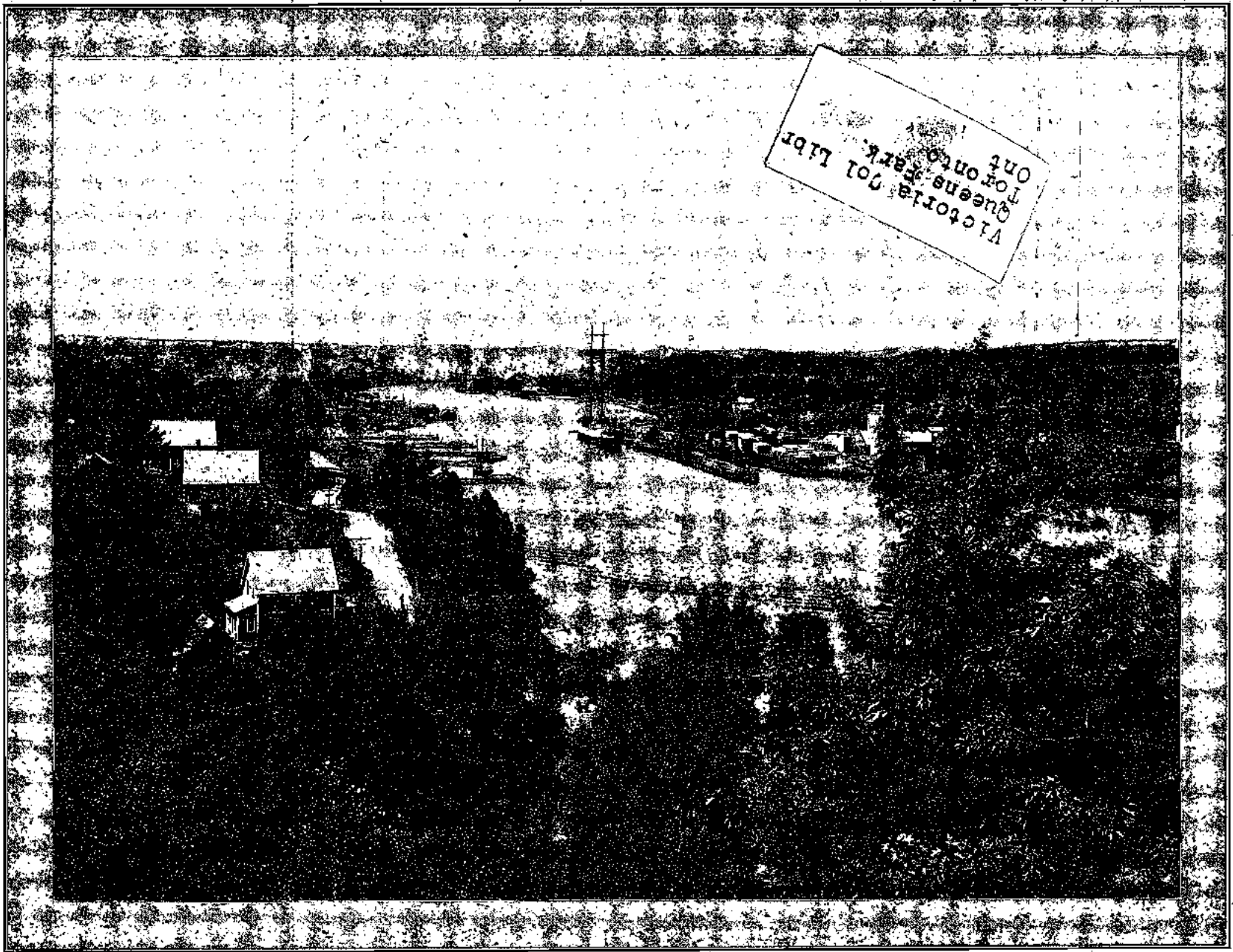
Guardian



VOL. XCI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1920.

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Out

LIVERPOOL, NOVA SCOTIA

In this issue: A Man's Daily Work, by E. A. Miller — The Mills of the Gods, by S. W. Irwin — The Pie Social at Corkum Cove: A Story, by R. E. Fairbairn

Just Among Ourselves

NEXT week this paper will incorporate within itself *Youth and Service*, and the publication of that paper as a separate sheet will cease. This decision was reached some time since and due announcement was made, together with the reasons therefor. For the present the plan will be to use the material formerly published in *Youth and Service* in every first of the month number of THE GUARDIAN, keeping it quite distinct from the rest of the paper. This method probably will be followed until most of the subscriptions to *Youth and Service* have expired, the first of the month number of THE GUARDIAN being sent to all such subscribers. After that date the material intended specially for our young people's societies and their work will appear from week to week and will be a more integral part of the paper. We sincerely hope that this change will be altogether satisfactory to all concerned.

YOU will not miss our story this week, "The Pie Social at Corkum Cove." The title, though attractive, may sound a trifle irrelevant to some, but we would advise that that phase of the thing be temporarily overlooked, and nobody will be hurt. There is a good chuckle in the story that no one ought to miss. By the way, it was written by an Englishman, and they, say Englishmen have no sense of humor!

MR. SAMUEL W. IRWIN, who writes our little sketch in this issue, "The Mills of the Gods," was formerly a Canadian and still greatly interested in events throughout our Dominion. At present he is in Belgrade, Serbia, organizing homes and farm schools for Serbian children in connection with the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We expect him to be an occasional contributor to our columns.

WE have a long letter from one of our readers, a minister; by the way, in which complaint is made against the editorial management of the paper, chiefly on the ground that it has little in it for the ordinary reader, the material used, presumably, being quite too "high-brow." We hope to have room for this letter next week. We should like also to profit by the criticism that it makes. Perhaps we will ask others of our readers to help us toward that end by more specific suggestion and criticism.

CORRESPONDENTS ought to know that their name must accompany any communication before it can hope to be used or even read. Apparently some forget about this simple, but necessary, requirement. But the rule cannot be broken, no matter what the nature of the communication may be.

NEXT week will be our Christmas number. It will have a special Christmas cover, some Christmas stories and other appropriate material, and will be a very much enlarged number. It will be out in time for any of our readers to send it to their friends abroad to reach them before Christmas.

MR. NICHOLSON'S nature articles have been greatly appreciated by many of our readers, and we are glad to have another of them for this issue. Nature study in its great variety of phases is growing upon the people of our time, a fact we think full of significance. Some day we will have a whole section of our paper devoted to nature topics.

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Notice to Advertisers—Tuesday morning, eight days before date of publication is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion. Letters regarding advertising should always be addressed to the Advertising Department—not to the Editor. Classified Advertisements—Five cents a word.

ADVERTISING GUARANTEE—The readers of The Christian Guardian are fully protected when buying from our advertisers. Should any reader have cause for complaint we will undertake to have a satisfactory adjustment made or money refunded.



Items from the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN
November 27, 1830.

This establishment will be removed in a few days to the new Brick Building, over the store of Mr. J. R. Armstrong, and any directions respecting advertising, etc., left at his store will be attended to.

Internal Improvement.—We are informed that the road from Port Talbot to Amherstburg is now so far completed as to render travelling safe and comfortable. What the public money could not do has been done by the spirited inhabitants in the neighborhood. The Deputy Postmaster General has established a post route to proceed on that road to Amherstburg. We hope soon to see the road opened from Drummondville to Simcoe, and a post established on the same. There will then be two routes for the post from this (Niagara) River to the Detroit.

Incorporation of the Town of York.—A public meeting was held on Tuesday last in the Court House, the High Sheriff in the chair, to take into consideration the propriety and expediency of incorporating the town and the principles on which an Act of Incorporation should be petitioned for at the ensuing session of the Legislature. A committee of thirteen was appointed to draft the details of a system, and report to another public meeting, to be held next Saturday week.

The Things of the Spirit

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian:
Dear Sir,—Dr. Huestis' able and thrilling article in the GUARDIAN recently, "What the World Waits For," should lead us to "sanctify ourselves," giving spiritual impulse to every thought and act in our management of life, whether of the Church or of the world. The spirit of Christ is surely needed here on earth in a far more conspicuous and inspiring intensity of expression than is manifested among the men and women of our time. If some of our fervor in political life, or of our narrow patriotism, were expended in the desire and prayer that spiritual power might become a paramount force in lives convincing in their appeal for righteousness and beautiful in their attractiveness of love and sympathy for the weak and the needy, would not the world be compelled to see in us the spirit of the Son of God? Surely this is the only influence that can renew our civilization and save the world from confusion and despair.

"Lo, I am with you always," said Jesus. If we believe His word, then we must manifest in our own lives and expect to find in others the evidence of His living power and presence. We should be alert to discover in ourselves, as in others also, the divine-human elements of personality, the highest personal equation of those principles and powers for which we pray when we long to see the face of God in the fullness of beauty as manifested in Jesus Christ.

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON.

As an example of made to order "funny" stuff with a certain edge of wit, this extract from the *Chaparral* has its appeal:

Downanout—Jo Cose: "Is Mr. Downan in?"

Ima Stenog: "No, he went out to lunch."

Jo Cose: "Will he be in after lunch?"

Ima Stenog: "No, that's what he went out after."

All in The Day's Work

THERE is a very great deal of work lying around waiting to be done in this our day. Much of it is hard work, and such as cannot be done with gloves on, or after any easy-going fashion. And it requires doing very badly.

One of the great and vital needs of our time is more men who have a zest for work, all kinds of work; who are ready to undertake it with enthusiasm, carry it on with patience, and complete it with thoroughness and care. It is not that our tasks are so supremely difficult, but rather that we have developed a great fertility of excuse for not going at and keeping at them. Pretexts for laziness and shirking are numerous and often made outspokenly and without shame.

We need a great many more men than we have who are ready to do a full day's work, day after day, without too much question as to reward, but because they find work good, and the call to it imperative within their own souls. Unless we get these, there does not seem to be any way by which we can catch up with the unfinished tasks that lie all about us. Those tasks certainly will never get done by men who only play and trifle with them.

Work, and the joy in it, is one of the sure ways out of our dissatisfaction and unrest. Indeed, it would seem as if it were the only way open to us. They tell us that we need very much increased production, but in reality what we do need is a very much increased number of honest and earnest producers, men and women to whom labor, steady, every day, productive and fully worth-while labor, is a necessity of their being and the great satisfaction of their lives. We must get our minds more fixed upon the tasks of life and give less thought and consideration to its rewards and emoluments before there is any chance that life will yield us its truest joy and highest satisfaction. If we could get to-morrow a world full of people to whom honest hard work was the natural and willingly accepted programme for life, we would find our discontent leaving us and the way to the solution of our problems made very plain and easy.

THE WORLD OUTLOOK

Why America Fought

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING has been making speeches, and one cannot read them without realizing that they have a distinct reference to certain speeches which President Wilson made some time ago. Mr. Wilson's claim that the United States entered the war "to make the world safe for democracy" is met by a flat contradiction by his successor to be. Speaking at Brownsville, Tex., on Armistice Day, Mr. Harding said: "History will record correctly, no matter how much beautiful sentiment has beclouded, our purposes in the World War. We did not fight to make the world safe for democracy, though we were its best examples. Nor did we fight for humanity's sake, no matter how such a cause impelled. Democracy was threatened and humanity was dying long before American indignation called for the republic's defence. But we fought for the one supreme cause which inspires men to offer all for country and flag." Which is just what the rest of the world understood all the time. The United States will probably be all the better for realizing that it was really fighting its own battle, although it was fighting in Europe.

Michigan School Law

MICHIGAN has its public school system to which every citizen of the State must contribute in taxes. But the Roman Catholic Church has instituted a system of separate schools which are built, equipped, and maintained purely by their own people. Whether rightly or wrongly, the complaint has been made that in those separate schools the children were not being trained to be one hundred per cent. Americans, and a constitutional amendment was proposed abolishing them entirely. This amendment was voted on at the recent State elections and was defeated by a majority of 100,000 votes. The *Catholic Record* tells us that Rev. Russell H. Brady, of Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Pontiac, was one of the men who boldly denounced the amendment and helped to defeat it. The amendment is dead, and will probably never be revived. But the *Michigan Christian Advocate* says that while the Michigan electorate does not want to abolish the separate schools it does want to make them more effective; and it says that already a proposal has been made to demand (1) a standardized curriculum for all schools; (2) all schools to use the same text books on American history; (3) the same examination for all teachers; (4) all teachers to be approved as to character and ability by the Board of Education which has jurisdiction. Evidently, while the amendment has been killed the parochial schools are still under fire.

Wrangel's Defeat

WHEN the Russian Soviet government made peace with Poland it was readily recognized that one reason for Russia's acceptance of the Polish terms was her realization of the significance of the threat of Wrangel's army to the continuance of the Soviet Government; and it was easily foreseen that peace with Poland would mean a stronger and a more sustained attack upon Gen. Wrangel. The latter realized his danger and appealed most earnestly to France for help. That help was probably on its way, but apparently it was too late to save the situation, and now Wrangel's army, badly beaten, has been forced to evacuate the Crimean Peninsula, and Gen. Wrangel's government has been saved from capture only by the timely presence of the French and United States men-of-war in the har-

bor of Sebastopol. The Soviet forces are said to number about 200,000 men. Whether this means the collapse of Gen. Wrangel's government is not yet clear. With French aid Gen. Wrangel may possibly again become formidable to the Lenine-Trotsky regime; but for the present the Soviet leaders are apparently masters of the situation, and if it were not that they fear popular uprisings they would probably proceed promptly to revise the Polish treaty to their own advantage.

China's Appeal

CHAS. R. CRANE, United States Minister to China, has cabled President Wilson details in regard to the famine in the Peking district in China; and Bishop Lewis, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has cabled that there are 30,000,000 people affected, and the deaths already number 1,000 a day; and even the Methodist Church members are dying of hunger. The American Red Cross has been asked to take charge of the relief fund, and it is suggested that the funds contributed will be used in promoting public works, thus giving employment and making it possible for the famine sufferers to support themselves. The Canadian Churches also are taking steps to assist in this period of sore need, and our own people are asked to help to the extent of their ability. The famine does not at all affect that part of the country in which Canadian Methodists are working; but that does not offer any reason why we should not help as we are able. Contributions for relief should be sent to Mr. D. A. Cameron, manager Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

The Dead Czar

THE gruesome details of the savage murder of the Russian Czar and his family are being told with such evidence as seems to stamp the awful story as authentic, and it cannot but arouse world-wide sympathy for the ill-fated man whom fate had placed at the head of a great nation, without giving him sufficient strength of mind

per cent. of her railways, 280 sugar factories, 918 tobacco factories, 1681 distilleries, 244 chemical, 615 paper, and 1,073 textile factories. But the Czar refused to lend himself to this plan, and the order went forth to wipe out both him and his family. They were shot and bayoneted to death in their house by Magyar assassins, as Russians could not be depended upon to perpetrate this deed of blood. And after the murder the bodies were hacked to pieces and burned, and the remains buried in an old mine shaft; and the Bolsheviki Government told different plausible tales to explain the matter away, for fear the Russian people would take cruel revenge for the cowardly murders. So perished the head of the Romanoffs. He loved his country; he loved his family; but for his day, a man of iron was needed, and this he never was.

Honoring Unnamed Heroes

ONE of the most significant and spectacular events in these post-war days was the action of Britain and France in bringing the remains of two unknown heroes of the war and interring them with all the pomp of war, the Briton in Westminster Abbey and the Frenchman in the Arc De Triomphe. The dead British soldier was accorded all the honors of a field marshal, and behind his bier walked the King as chief mourner, followed by princes, admirals, field-marshals, generals, bishops, ministers of state and governors, all doing reverence to the unknown dead, who represented not the General Staff nor the official class, but the rank and file of the British army, the humble and heroic Tommy, whose magnificent courage and heroic sacrifice meant the saving of the Empire. And now the dust of this unknown hero rests in Britain's greatest mausoleum, side by side with all her greatest sons, none of whom, however, was greater than he. It was a solemn occasion as Britain in mourning honored her heroic, yet nameless, son. Amongst many offerings was one wreath placed on the grave by Ambassador John W. Davis. It bore the words "America will not forget." And no matter what the future may have in store for our race, the British Empire will not forget her common soldiers who so cheerfully gave themselves that the empire and the world might be saved. France also honored, with fitting ceremony, her unknown hero dead, and at a great meeting held in the Pantheon, President Millerand paid eloquent tribute to the work of the "poilu," and afterwards he, with Marshals Joffre, Foch, and Petain, followed the bier as chief mourners.

A Real Tragedy

RECENTLY the city of Winnipeg had a tragedy of a specially pathetic nature, when Mr. Alexander McCurdy, of the Morality Department, Provincial Police Force, was fatally shot while on midnight duty. He and three others were searching a hotel in St. Boniface when they seem to have lighted upon a specially vicious nest of law-breakers. Mr. McCurdy was an outstanding citizen in the city and province,



THE CANADIAN NURSING MISSION TO ROUMANIA. THE MISSION SAILED FROM MONTREAL FOR ROUMANIA RECENTLY FOR HOSPITAL AND NURSING SCHOOL DUTY UNDER THE AUSPICES OF QUEEN MARIE. MME. PANTAZZI, THE ORGANIZER, IS THE THIRD FIGURE ON THE LEFT.

wisely to rule it. The murder seems to have been plotted by a German, and it is presumed that Count Mirbach, the German Ambassador at Moscow, was privy to it. But Mirbach was murdered in July, 1918, and his secret instructions from Berlin are not known as yet. The story is that the Germans were anxious to have the Czar sign the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which robbed Russia of 780,000 square kilometres of territory, 46,000,000 of population, thirty-seven per cent. of her harvest, twenty-six

had taken a keen and intelligent concern in all matters of public interest, was active in moral reform, and as well took a leading place in the activities of his church. His taking away in such a fashion seems pitifully sad and regrettable. That we have men of Mr. McCurdy's type, ready to risk their lives in work of this kind, is matter for sincerest congratulation; but the loss occasioned by their taking away seems almost irreparable. And the wickedness of such a crime cannot but impress every right-minded citizen.

A Man's Daily Work *By Ernest A. Miller*

IF a man is not happy in his daily work he is doomed to a life of wretchedness. Our daily work takes up a large part of our time. It colors all our time with brightness or with gloom, according as we like it or no. The element of success is quite largely controlled by this element of joy. One cannot make a real success of that which he does not like. We put our hearts into those things which give us a sense of pleasure, and withhold our best endeavors from tasks which are disagreeable to us.

The man who does not enjoy his work would do well to undertake a thorough examination of himself and his task. If he should find that he and his daily work can never agree, that his work, or occupation, is wholly unsuited to his temperament and talents, he should speedily make a change. Although such a change might entail social or financial loss for the present, he should still make the change. A man cannot afford to cloud his whole life by the drudgery of a repulsive job. Of course the time to exercise the greatest care is at the time of the first choice. But so many young people simply fall into their life vocations that the world of industry is crowded with misfits. Every man's life is a plan of God, to such a degree at least that there is a congenial task for everyone.

But very often the reason for the discontent is not in a man's work, but in himself. Some men are chronic grumblers. They must vent their spleen on somebody or something, and their daily work being such a regular thing, comes in for a big share of browbeating. In such cases it is not a change of occupation that is needed so much as a change of heart. Every man owes it to society to be happy at his work if this is at all possible. A grave weakness of the labor union is that it engenders and fosters a contagion of dissatisfaction and complaint. Labor unions have been a great blessing to the working man in most respects, but with respect to this matter of

keeping the pot of industrial strife always boiling they have done some mischief. A man is scarcely permitted to enjoy his work if he is a loyal unionist. A man who works cheerfully is apt to be looked upon as a non-resistant, an easy mark, and a traitor to his own kind. Instead, he may have a proper sense of justice, and be a very wholesome member of society and of God's Kingdom.

The same principles of happiness and fair-dealing apply to the employer as to the laboring man, to the brain-worker as the hand-worker. All men should love their tasks, and should be motivated by a sincere altruism. We should cease making external and superficial distinctions between the occupations of men. One man is no better than another because he can wear a white collar at his work and keep his hands soft. The only factor that makes one workman better than another, in any sphere whatsoever, is the factor of integrity of purpose. The working world is one sublime unit. He who constantly and contentedly works up to his opportunity and capacity is a true man; he who loafs, and he who shirks his task, and he who grumbles at his work—all such are traitors to their kind. In writing to his mother after the death of his stonemason father, Thomas Carlyle expressed himself thus: "Could I write my books as he built his houses, and walk my way so manfully through this shadow world, and leave it with so little blame, it were more than all my hopes." And to his brother Aleck, about the same time, he wrote: "Were the work laid out for us but the kneading of a clay brick, let us, in God's name, do it faithfully, and look for our reward elsewhere." Such a philosophy would cure the world of snobbishness and unfraternity.

Any honest calling may be seen in divine colors when traced to its human issues. A farmer is a frequent object of commiseration by the city man, who himself was probably born and raised on the farm. But the farmer feeds men and makes them strong

for service. Without the farmer we would all go hungry and weak. The man in the factory does such a little thing, over and over again, that he almost despises himself as a mere automaton, and his fellows regard him lightly. But let him remember, and let his friends remember, that if he fails of his best the product of the plant will be imperfect, and with an imperfect product men will be crippled—perhaps die. The street-sweeper is dressed in white to soften the seeming ignominy of his position, but his work is glorious *per se*, for he keeps the health of society. The woman in the kitchen seems so obscure as almost to be a slave, but she feeds the workers of the world, and thus makes an indispensable contribution to the evolution of humanity. And so with the man at his figures, the teacher in the schoolroom, the doctor with his remedies, the lawyer on the bench, the clerk at the counter, the author with his pen, the soldier at his drill, and to every corner of man's great workshop. Every task finds its true significance in human outcomes.

If a man thinks highly of his work he will not stoop to sin. When Nehemiah was rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem he was tempted by the wicked Sanballat and others to a diabolic cabal on the plane below. The answer Nehemiah returned to these intriguers is the word of a great moral philosopher: "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down." Nehemiah loved his work. He believed it was highly important. He had no time for wrongdoing. He looked upon work as divine. His daily task preserved right relationships between himself and his fellows; between himself and God. Honorable work, honorably conceived, and honorably done will do as much for anybody, anywhere.

"God worketh—let me work, too;
God doeth—let me do;
Busy for God my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity."

Beauty of Autumn *By Richard R. Nicholson*

BRYANT, in his tender poem, entitled, "The Death of the Flowers," gives us this picture of rural loveliness:

"But on the hills the golden-rod, and
the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn
beauty stood."

How suggestive are the words "autumn beauty"! This season truly has a splendor and loveliness that is all its own. There is no other like it. It has a glamor, a charm, a glory that is distinct and unique.

Our Canadian poet, Lampman, calls autumn a "wizard." He sings:

"The wizard has woven his ancient scheme:
A day and a starlit night;
And the world is a shadowy-pencilled dream
Of color, haze and light."

"Silvery-soft by the forest side—
Wine-red, yellow, rose—
The wizard of autumn, faint, blue-eyed—
Swinging his censer, goes."

This wizard waves his wand, and casts a spell over the landscape. He clothes it with indescribable beauty. He touches the trees with the glory of the rainbow, turning their leaves to shades of rose, gold and crimson. The winds and frost are his agents. He summons merry Jack Frost, who nips the foliage. He whistles to the winds, and they come sweeping through the trees, strewing the ground with nuts and leaves.

What golden, magic days there are in autumn! The air is mellow and hazy.

"The sun
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year."

The orchards are fragrant and radiant with ripened fruits; the cornfields are resplendent with smiling pumpkins; the air is filled with delicious odors of fruits and dry leaves; a few birds whistle plaintively as they fly overhead, and we cannot help exclaiming with Browning:

"God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

Autumn is the favorite season with the poets, who continually sing of its grace and charm. Bryant was a close observer and profound lover of nature, and he gives us some graphic pictures of this delightful season. Longfellow, also, was an ardent admirer of autumn. He says:

"Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain."

He says that the shield of this splendid period of the year is

"... the red harvest moon suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging eaves."

Whittier gives us this vivid description of an autumn scene:

"Gaily chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
Leap the squirrels, red and grey,
On the grass land, on the fallow,
Drop the apples, red and yellow,
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day."

Another charming picture of the beauty of autumn comes from the pen of Bliss Carman:

"Now when the time of fruit and grain is come
When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from a tangle by the roadside stream
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes Autumn, with her sun-burnt caravan,
Like a long gipsy train with trappings gay
And tattered colors of the Orient,
Moving slow-footed through the dreamy hills.
The woods of Wilton, at her coming, wear
Tints of Bokhara and of Samarcand;
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold;
And while the crickets file along her march,
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun."

Autumn is the time of harvest and rejoicing. The husbandman now reaps the fruits of his labor. His barns are filled; his granaries are overflowing; his storehouses are richly laden.

"Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told."

Duncan Campbell Scott, another Canadian poet who loves autumn, with all its beauty, says:

"Sing me a song of the Autumn clear,
With the mellow days and the ruddy eyes;
Sing me a song of the ending year,
With the piled-up sheaves."

"Sing me a song of the apple bowers,
Of the great grapes the vine-field yields,
Of the ripe peaches bright as flowers,
And the rich hop fields."

"Sing me a song of the fallen mast,
Of the sharp odor the pomace sheds,
Of the purple beets left last
In the garden beds."

"Sing me a song of the toiling bees,
Of the long flight and the honey won,
Of the white hives under the apple trees
In the hazy sun."

The characteristic flower of the autumn is the golden-rod. It is seen everywhere in the months of September and October, clothing the fields with beauty.

"The golden-rod flames by the roadside
And over the fences old,
Till each meadow is fast becoming
The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Nearly every poet who sings the praises of this season refers to this beautiful flower. Richard Watson Gilder says:

"Grows a weed
More richly here, beside our mellow seas
That is the autumn's harbinger and pride.
When fades the cardinal-flower, whose red-heart bloom
Glow like a living coal upon the green
Of the midsummer meadows, then how bright,

How deep'ning bright, like a mounting flame doth burn
The golden-rod upon a thousand hills.
This is the autumn's flower, and to my soul
A token fresh of beauty and of life,
And life's supreme delight."

A few species of the golden-rod are found in Europe, but this plant reaches its highest development in North America. Over eighty species are native to this continent.

Autumn is the nutting season, and what a joy it is to climb the hills and search the woods for the toothsome nuts! There is no expedition that gives greater pleasure to the boys and girls. The air rings with their merry laughter and happy shouts. If there have been sharp frosts and strong winds the ground will be covered with the brown nuts, and baskets and bags will soon be filled. In the Province of Ontario there are at least six kinds of nuts that are worth gathering—the walnut, butternut, beechnut, hazelnut, chestnut, and hickory nut. The butternut is the most desirable because of its large size and sweet meat. The tree often grows seventy feet high, with broad, spreading, horizontal branches, and bears

many bags of nuts. The beechnut is very small and triangular in shape. It is enclosed in a burr, and the sweet meat is covered with a thin shell that can easily be removed with a penknife. When I was a boy we used to spread sheets beneath the trees and then shake down the nuts upon them.

In the long winter evenings, when the bitter winds are whistling about the eaves, how pleasant it is to gather around a blazing fire on the open hearth roasting chestnuts, cracking butternuts, and telling stories. Then it is that we think with glad hearts of the mellow autumn, with all its ineffable beauty.

"Do you remember the days we went nutting,
The frost on the stubble, the crisp autumn air,
The call of the pheasant, the partridge's drumming,
The torch of the sumach, the maple's red flare?"

"Do you remember the days we went nutting,
The smell of the wood grape, the tang of wild plums,
The chattering squirrels, the patter of chestnuts—
The heart of the whole of it? Just we were chums."
Clarkson, Ont.

The Mills of the Gods *By Samuel W. Irwin*

THE grinding is going on here in this hill-top Serbian city of Belgrade. Here, where hollow-eyed death skulked upon the heels of life for four years, life is rising again, and the ambitions of hate are grinding to dust. There is even a sort of conquest in the tramp of the poor wood-saw man who saws at the innumerable woodpiles from house to house. Though burlap wraps his feet, and a tragic-looking rope holds his ancient triple-patched suit about him, he sings a little at his job. He seems to hear the hum of the mill that is bound to grind out to him soon his share of a suit and a pair of boots.

The dusty master miller understands the mill and the speed desirable for the most complete grist, and though the grinding is slow sometimes, everyone shall have his suit in due time, and then the asking will be over. I have in my pocket as I write these words a call for sixty children's suits for the little town where Methodism's first farm-school is to be located. They shall surely have their suits this time, and by another winter many shall be able proudly to buy their own.

The mills ground strangely in our train compartment on my way in from Trieste the other morning.

The Orient Express, with "wagon-lits," was full for a half a month ahead, so the compartment of a day-coach was my fortune for a night. A sturdy-looking traveller, with leggings, opposite, who spoke English well and warded off for me the conductors in their turn, was my companion. At midnight there was much coming and going. In the morning a lady, whose companion found a place in a neighboring compartment, came in. She was bound for Belgrade. She was gentle-mannered and motherly-looking, but did not address herself to any of us.

The man opposite was communicative and could tell me of the country, and recited of the farms and old Austrian estates as we passed. He said he was a German, had been at Brest-Litovsk as a financial expert, and also at Bucharest, and had lorded it among the rest, and was later at Versailles where the tables were turned.

He referred to the causes of the war and laid original blame on Serbia; he discussed the money exchange and pointed out impossible phases of the Treaty; he said no League of Nations could ever work, and spoke, as all in a materialists

speak who know not the needs of the world. At about this point I ventured that sooner or later an undisputed League of Peace would come, for the ideals of a race could not endlessly be denied. The woman smiled and seemed about to speak, then sat quiet, looking out of the window.

At noon we drew up at a junction-restaurant. As I came again to my seat the lady begged pardon for having laid some wraps of her lunch in my place. She addressed me in almost perfect English.

I said, "You speak English very well." "Yes," she answered. "I have been in London and Paris lately, and at last am getting back to stay in my home in Belgrade." "You will be welcome in Serbia," she added, "and I shall be glad to help you if I can. There is much to do. We are just beginning again."

"I must start on the language," said I; "and now I know only the verb 'to be.'" "You must know next the verb 'to have,'" she said, and slowly and carefully she repeated it for me till I had it mentally soluble at least. To speak it might have been another matter.

She said, "I was much interested in your conversation this morning; I couldn't help but hear it. When the gentleman said he was at Brest Litovsk, and then at Paris, I thought it was all very queer, very strange how things work out. My husband was at Paris, too."

Our fellow-traveller re-entered the compartment just as the lady was writing her name for me on a bit of paper, and saying, "The Americans are welcome in Serbia, always, always."

I took the name, read it, with the uncertain letters due both to the train, and, too, to this awful alphabet, and tried to pronounce it carefully.

As I did so I almost gasped. How the mill-wheels spun and whizzed and whirred in that compartment!

She had given me my lesson in grammar, and as I think of it now, very, very kindly it had been given. I had said ordinary thanks, and offered the ordinary courtesies. The man in the leggings had revealed

himself through the talk of the morning, and nothing more was to be said, and on this card was the name among all the first in Serbia, through five years of war retreating with the army with face ever to the implacable foe—back to the Albanian hills, back to Corfu, to London, to Paris.

The train lurched on to the bridge over the Danube and drew into the station.

I bowed deeply, and turning to the German, the financial expert of Brest Litovsk, the maker of the peace of Bucharest, and with that scrap of paper, that seemed mighty like a sword hilt, in my hand, I said, "Sir, we have had the honor of the company of the wife of Serbia's Prime Minister, the only Prime Minister of any of the powers who continued through all the war. This is Madame Nikolai Pachitch. She is coming home."

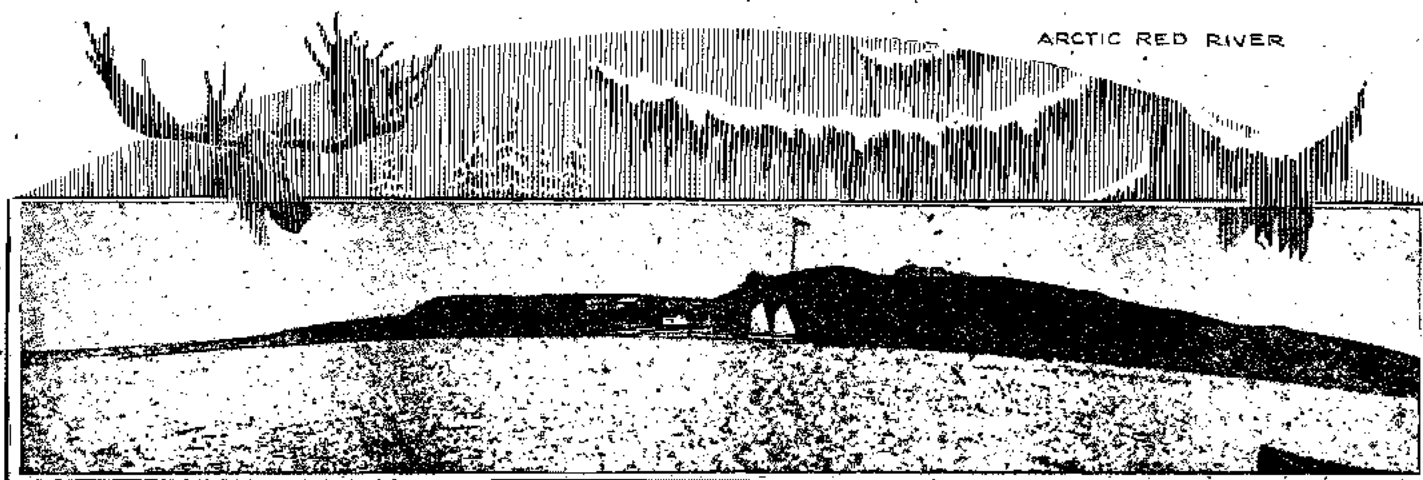
He shot one frightened, almost pathetic, glance into my face, bowed, but was silent; and the mills of the gods spun fast and were grinding.

Belgrade, Serbia.

The following brief quotation from a letter received from one of our missionaries in West China helps us to see that conditions there have been very much disturbed:

"We have been under considerable strain for some time, and especially during the 18th, 19th, and 20th of this month, when rather a strenuous battle was raging between Szechuan soldiers on the east city wall and Yunnanese just outside. Two shells struck our hospital, one smashing through the thirteen-inch brick wall, and shattering the surroundings generally as it exploded. Shot and fragments from the other killed one of the patients and wounded a few others; all wounded soldiers. One of the patients stepped outside for a few minutes on Sunday afternoon, when a stray bullet hit him, killing him almost instantly. The crackle of rifle fire at close range, and the singing of the Yunnanese bullets as they

flew about our compounds was neither pleasant to us in the hospital nor to our women and children in our homes. We are grateful to God for His protecting care over us, not permitting one of our foreign community to suffer injury thus far."



The Pie Social at Corkum Cove

A Story

By R. E. Fairbairn



DON'T y' think—it's about time we—er—got some money for the minister?" The speaker was a short person with a sorrowful eye and a jerky, apologetic manner. His companion, and colleague in the office of Church Steward, was a big, black-haired individual who would have made an excellent model for the figure of a pirate. He boomed forth in a voice calculated to carry over half-a-mile of salt water, "Well, then, get to work, I say, and get up a pie social, or something, can't you?" This was neither the beginning of a quarrel nor the end of a heated argument, but merely the way in which the same enterprise had been initiated at Corkum Cove for many years.

When it was mooted, the minister was dubious and a trifle uneasy. He was a young man with ideals, fresh from college. Somehow it did not appear to him a very dignified way of raising money for the support of the Gospel. He was, however, getting depressed in spirit and in purse, for the Cove, while it had the reputation for always finding the "disciplinary minimum," had also the habit of never rousing itself to the effort until towards the end of the church year. For nine months the minister and his young wife had been living on faith and credit, assisted by the generosity of the people expressed in gifts of fish, pork, and vegetables. His college debt, that had once seemed a quite manageable affair, now began to loom threateningly over the future. He therefore pocketed his pride and scruples together, and even permitted himself to hope that the weather would not be unpropitious.

He need not have worried. The pie social had a function of its own, for which the minister's salary afforded but a flimsy disguise. It was deeply rooted in the social life of the community. Really, it was a solemn ritual by means of which the young men and maidens of marriageable age and intentions ascertained each other's inclinations. Something of the kind was a practical necessity. The people of the Cove were proverbially reluctant to give expression to anything remotely approaching sentiment. Generations of hard living on a bleak coast, and in the effort to wrest a bare subsistence from the local waters or on the Newfoundland Banks, had steeled not only the nerves, but apparently the hearts also, of the people. They had an habitually sharp, and even violent, way of addressing one another that gave the impression to strangers of an unfeeling disposition. In truth, however, one would go far to find finer examples of loyalty and generosity. The minister, fishing for information in regard to his new charge at the last Conference, had been told that the people had the roughest tongues and the kindest hearts in all creation. Compliments and soft nothings the men would have been unable to formulate, much less utter; and the girls would not have known what to make of them. Therefore, some concrete method of approach was a social, not to say a biological necessity.

That was why Lemuel Rufus looked forward to the date with interest tinged with doubt. Likewise also Esther Viola. The surname of both parties was Corkum, and they were slightly related. That was not surprising, seeing that the name of ninety per cent. of all the inhabitants of the Cove was Corkum, and ninety-nine per cent. were more or less related.

Lemuel had made a tidy sum fishing on the Banks during the prosperous years. He was twenty-five, well set-up, and not unhandsome. Esther was twenty-one, clear-skinned and bright of eye. She was not a native of the settlement, but had come to live with her aunt a few years ago after the death of her parents. The couple might be said to be in love with each other, though they would hardly have recognized that way of putting it. The usual symptoms were in evidence, however, making allowance for the fact that Lemuel was not too sure of his ground, and was inclined to be cautious. True, certain trifling gifts, tentatively offered, had been received with smiles and blushing thanks. But the same reception might attend the advances of Si Tamlin, for all Lem knew. Si was a rank outsider, who had no business in the Cove at all. He was tolerated because he belonged to the village of Esther's previous home. It was felt that he had a kind of prescriptive right to recapture her if he could.

Now the traditional law of the pie social was that the pies should be made by the unmarried girls. They were each wrapped up and placed in a basket. These were auctioned off, and the purchaser received with the pie a card giving the name of the maker, who was thereupon under obligation to help the buyer eat the pie, and to accept his escort homewards afterwards.

This was by no means so casual a way of bringing the young people together as might at first sight appear. In the first place there were ways in which a favored youth might ascertain and identify the pie of the one and only girl. Also, it afforded the community an opportunity to express approval or otherwise of any particular match, and what can all your marriage laws and cultivated etiquette do more? If the Cove approved, there was little or no competition—just enough to let the girl feel she was not rated too cheaply, and to make sure that the minister got his salary. In the case of an undesirable match, such as the intrusion of an outsider, the young men of the place, or, if need be, the married men, would run up the price to the point where the intruder was squeezed off. A contest between local rivals created an epic struggle and intense excitement.

It was not so difficult for Lemuel to find an excuse for calling on Esther's aunt three days before the night of the social. Etiquette, as we have suggested, was not very exacting in these parts. Esther was discreetly invisible, but Lem found the old lady not unwilling to talk. To his no small relief she was able to give him satisfactory particulars for the identification of Esther's pie and basket. To have asked, and

to be granted such information, was tantamount to a proposal of marriage and its acceptance. It will be understood that Lem went home in good spirits, planning details of house-building. He paid a visit the next day to the nearest town.

Si Tamlin had also approached the aunt, but had, under instructions, been carefully headed off whenever he seemed about to mention pies. Mortified, but not beaten, he made a strategic visit to the nearest house, and made advances to the lady thereof. Yes, the information had been imparted across the fence, under strict secrecy. In equally strict confidence it was passed on to Si, the more readily that the daughter of the house had herself a remarkably good opinion of Lemuel Rufus, and was consequently not unwilling to see Si get Esther. Further, she contrived to bake just the same kind of pie, and she happened to possess exactly the same kind of basket. There was no very intelligent plot, you understand, and the action was prompted more by mischief than malice. But if her pie appeared first, Lemuel, who was known to have the longer purse, would undoubtedly bid up for it, and buy it, thinking it was Esther's. That would give Si a fair chance at Esther's real pie, and—well, you could never tell just what might come out of such a situation. Esther was not unaware of dangerous possibilities through her aunt's volubility, but she proposed to tie a small bow of ribbon on her basket, and have her aunt convey this sign of identification to Lemuel. This her aunt fully intended to do. But he was away all the next day, and the old lady forgot afterwards.

Not even the wedding ceremony itself could put a greater strain upon a man's courage than the necessity of lifting up his voice in the packed lodge hall, in making offer for his lady's pie. Nevertheless, on the fateful occasion, after a preliminary programme, and the usual remarks from the pastor, when the real business began, each suitor spoke up manfully, though he became thereby the butt of personal remarks of a sarcastic and disparaging nature, or, what was just as embarrassing, of encouraging comments.

Upon the appearance of a certain basket two voices spoke out simultaneously, "One dollar!" The audience, sensing the elements of a romantic struggle, broke into cheers and laughter. Self-consciously red, both Lem and Si further confused themselves by calling out in unison, "Dollar fifty!" After that they hung back a little, waiting for each other. Presently Lem ventured another fifty cents, and Si followed suit. Quickly the price rose to ten dollars. Then they slowed down, and the auctioneer had to work hard for the bids. Each offer came just as the stick that did duty for a gavel was falling for the last time. Excitement rose high. Each bid called forth a quick cheer, and the pauses were punctuated with exhortations of good-humored, if not very keen, wit.

At the twenty-dollar point things moved very slowly, and the feeling was correspondingly tense. The honor of the Cove was at stake. The men would have been ready to back Lemuel to any extent if he had needed assistance. At twenty-five came a deadlock. In vain the auctioneer strained his powers of wit, persuasion, exhortation, mild sarcasm and violent suggestion. At last he concluded that it was time to end it. The last bid had been Si's. He was about to bring down the stick, and wondered why Lemuel held out so long and dangerously. "Going! Going!" Of course Lem was just waiting to catch the stick in the act of falling. At the critical moment a movement among the spectators enabled him to catch a glimpse of Esther sitting near the front on one side. The expression on her face threw him into consternation. Angry mortification struggled with fierce pride. Paralyzed for the moment, with his mouth open to shout his bid, Lem heard the rap of the stick and the awful word, "Gone!"

Instead of the usual cheer, the audience was gripped fast in astonished silence. What was the matter that Lemuel had been and gone and let them down? People turned to one another with uplifted eyebrows. Si was in the process of recovering from the shock of his joyful victory. A girl, very red of face and haughty of manner, rose quietly and slipped out of the building. One of the young men came from the front to present Si with the pie in its basket. He reached out his hand for the card, preliminary to reading aloud the name of the lady, according to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23).



The Test

FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

It seems to be all right, laddie.

In color and form and line:

There's nothing to make you doubt it.

So perfect is the design.

But before you try to pass it--

This dollar so bright and new--

Just give it a final test, lad.

And see if the coin rings true.

'Tis one of the old world's ways, laddie.

Demanding the very best

From our heart and brain and conscience.

And making it pass the test.

For aught that is base will bar it.

This dollar so bright and new.

So, if you would have it pass, lad.

Just see if the coin rings true.

If friendship is offered, laddie.

And honor and fame and gold.

Don't be in a hurry to grasp them--

Just see if the test will hold.

Will they weigh out in the balance

Where God and the world may view?

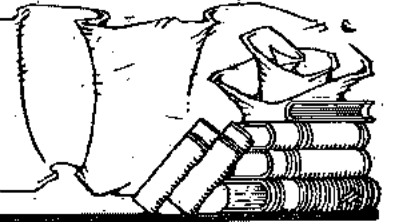
Just give them the final test, dear.

And see if the coin rings true!





EDITORIAL



Kicking vs. Pulling

WE were struck the other day with the force and meaning of two very homely lines, which asserted in quaint but vigorous language a very common-sense philosophy. They read:—

Wen de mule's a-pullin' he hain't a-kickin',
And wen' he's a-kickin' he hain't a-pullin'!

Now we don't know much about mules, at least four-legged ones, but it is not hard to understand the application of the homely truth. The mule wastes probably more energy in kicking than he would in pulling, but the energy in the latter case is spent usefully, and in the former case it is so much waste energy, or possibly destructive energy. The kicking does not help the mule, but it gives him a bad reputation. It does not get him better feed nor better treatment and it does not lessen his load one particle. The most that can be said of it is that it gives him a chance to show his spite at things in general, and his own environment in particular. Poor mule!

But the kickers are not all four-legged. There are some people who kick just as strenuously and as conscientiously as the proverbial army mule. Sometimes they are in the Church; sometimes they are in the factory; sometimes they are in the home; but wherever they are they make things fairly lively. And usually we find that when they are kicking they are not pulling. It takes time, and breath, and strength, to kick, and it seems hard to kick and work at the same time. The kicker usually stops work to kick; that is, if he wishes to make a good job of it.

But what is it that creates a kicker? No doubt it is born in some people. It is a constitutional characteristic handed down from generations of high-spirited and stubborn ancestors. And with this inheritance and a bad training, the chronic kicker is easily developed, either amongst men or beasts. Rebels and loyalists are both largely the product of their environment. Workers and kickers are developed in different atmospheres, and we need to watch carefully the conditions which surround child life if we wish to secure a hard-working and reasonable adult population. Many a good colt has been spoiled in the breaking; many a good child has been spoiled by a faulty home and school training. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" has been responsible for many a case of high-spirited youth going far astray. The day of the whip for colts, and dogs, and boys, has largely gone. Kindness is more effective than rawhide. Patience is a better teacher than fear.

There is one fact that we must bear in mind as we deal with stubbornness and rebellion, and that is that the kicker is usually capable of much good work; and it is worth a good deal of trouble and patience if we can only divert the kicking energy into pulling energy. Can it be done? It certainly is being done in many a case, both with men and mules; and a careful study of the psychology of the kicker will possibly enable us to divert his attention to work rather than to mere obstruction.

One thing is sure, when a mule is kicking it is all alive, and it can work if it will. And whatever plan we may adopt for dealing with it, we must at least not "get mad," and we must not lose our patience. One hopeful factor in the case is this, that most of us have just enough of the mule in us to enable us to sympathize a little with the animal, and that is one of the best guarantees of success in dealing with it. In dealing with a kicker, remember the kicker, and remember yourself. Most of us are very hard to drive, but we respond readily enough to kindness and good leading, and we must not

be discouraged if the cured kicker sometimes has a relapse. Kicking is a habit, and it is not easy to lay aside such a habit suddenly and for ever. Habits have a strange way of reappearing long after we thought they were dead and buried. But patience and faith are stronger than habit, and the chronic kicker can be cured so that even the greatest provocation will not cause a relapse. It is possible for the kicker to be cured, and to stay cured.

An Interrupted Prophecy

THE interpretation of prophecy is something in which the editor confesses that he has little expertness. Perhaps he is to blame for being wilfully blind to things which to some brethren seem as clear as the light, although he is not conscious of wilfully rejecting any light, but rather of a feeling of satisfaction that his reason refuses to blindfold itself into accepting a number of things which to him seem either incredible or unreasonable.

But if the editor has his difficulties, so also have those who are confessedly skilled in prophetic interpretation, and it is a matter of interest to notice how cleverly they overcome, or evade, these difficulties. For instance, in the *Sunday School Times*, of November 6, Mr. Howard A. Banks, dealing with "The Prophecy in This Lesson," has to face our Lord's statement, Matt. 10: 23—"But when they persecute you in this city, flee into the next; for verily I say unto you, ye shall not have gone through the cities of Israel till the Son of man be come." This is a difficult passage for a prophetic interpreter to explain. If he interprets this in any reasonable way it would seem to imply that the coming of the Son of man must be something which must necessarily have occurred long ago, and being a consistent premillennialist, this is one of the things which he certainly will not do. If, however, he refuses to do this, then he must refuse to admit the fact of verbal inspiration, which also is one of the cardinal tenets of his school, and which he cannot well disavow. But our ingenious brother finds a way out by the invention of what he calls "an interrupted prophecy." He ex-

plains that this prophecy of our Lord "was broken in upon by the rejection by Israel of the proffered King and Kingdom." He says: "The dispensational parenthesis of the present age of grace was interjected from Pentecost to the Second Coming. This unfinished testimony to the cities of Israel will be taken up again during the Great Tribulation after the rapture of the Church."

This method of scriptural interpretation is evidently perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Banks and to the *Sunday School Times*, but we submit that it is a most unreasonable and indefensible way of meeting a difficulty. If we have the right to use this method to solve this difficulty why should we restrict its application. For instance, when we are told "the coming of the Lord draweth near," why should we not argue that very evidently, since 1,900 years have elapsed from the time of its utterance, we have here a plain case of "interrupted prophecy," and, if so, there may still be 1,900 or 19,000 years more to intervene before its fulfilment?

Moreover, what becomes of the prophecies which distinctly specify so many days or years in regard to coming events? If it is possible to postulate an "interrupted prophecy" in one case, why not in another? It will not do to argue that in the case where figures are given there is greater definiteness than in the case before us, for this is not true. It would be hard to use more definite language than our Lord uses in this case, and the introduction of the wholly unwarranted hypothesis of an "interrupted prophecy" is plainly the veriest makeshift forced upon the writer by the fact that his theories and our Lord's plain words do not agree.

Yet this is only a sample of what is always done when men set out to interpret scripture in the light of their own peculiar theories. Sooner or later they must twist and torture Scripture to mean something other than it seems to mean, and even when this twisting is done by good men, and in the name of religion, it is not wholesome. Better far to admit that we do not understand certain passages than to leave upon the minds of our readers, or hearers, the impression that we are not dealing fairly with these difficulties. It may not be pleasant for a religious teacher to admit his ignorance and his fallibility, but if he would be loyal to the truth he will be compelled to confess not only the fallibility of his opponents, but equally the fallibility of himself. There are many things which we do not know, but, unfortunately, some of these may be things upon which we most prefer to dogmatize.

Bernhardi Unchanged

WHEN the great war began there were few names referred to more frequently than that of Gen. Bernhardi, the great German apostle of militarism, and his writings upon the subject were quoted constantly to show just how the German mind looked upon war. The war is over, and Bernhardi has written another book, "War in the Future," and the world has a chance to compare the old with the new. And the verdict is that Bernhardi is still Bernhardi; the apostle of unmitigated militarism still worships at the old shrine.

It is true that he is soldier enough to recognize that Germany is beaten, and he cherishes no illusions as to the complete military collapse of his country. He recognizes clearly that Germany lost the war, and he does not attempt to argue to the contrary. He says: "There is no longer a German army. The few men whom we are allowed to hold under arms by the terms of peace cannot be reckoned as such. Our colonies are gone. Our fleet lies at the bottom of the sea. To prepare for war now, even theoretically, would be madness, since it is a sheer im-



WHATEVER any day has or has not, it at least is crowded with opportunities that, if met and utilized, will make it abundantly worth while and profitable. These opportunities may not be opportunities of getting or of doing in any wonderful way, but at least they will be opportunities of being. The opportunity of being patient and helpful and hopeful when life does not seem to have much to offer is an opportunity indeed. The day that hasn't anything in it much but the maintenance of the right spirit, the cherishing of right thoughts, and the faithful doing of ordinary tasks, may yet be a day abundantly faithful and worth while, and such a day is possible at any time. To try to see how much is possible in life in this way, instead of wasting too much time and energy in trying to make the days count big in other and very much less satisfactory ways, is surely wise. If we cannot be great at least we can be good, and that is the much finer achievement; if we cannot do any wonderful thing, we can do many just and kindly and helpful ones, and the sum total of them will crown our lives in a much more satisfactory way than any merely wonderful thing could have done.

possibility to think of conducting it. It would be a crime to try to bring about war now when peace has just been concluded, when all efforts should be directed toward strengthening our nation economically."

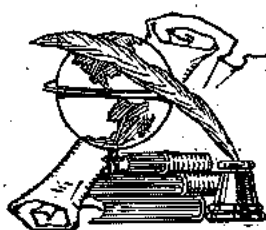
It is clear even to this arch-apostle of the dictum that "might is right," that Germany must bend her energies just now chiefly to repairing the ravages of the war. But while he admits this, and is willing to agree to a temporary peace as a positive necessity, yet he cannot shake off his old military prepossessions. To him the League of Nations is but a dream, intended only to deceive the foolish, and he has no thought that Germany will fulfil the conditions which the Treaty of Versailles has imposed upon her. To do so would be to renounce for all time her aspirations for military supremacy, and to him this is simply inconceivable. Despite the present peace terms he insists that the U-boat weapon must be developed to the utmost, and no matter what the treaty says an army must be quietly prepared for use in the future war to which he looks forward confidently to win Germany her much-desired crown of military supremacy. He confesses that for the moment Germany is "absolutely powerless," and he does not expect to live to see the day of its coming greatness, yet he hopes that a day will come when the Germans "who now seem sunk in selfishness and the pursuit of pleasure will stand up again like men; that there will arise a purified nation, worthy of its great forefathers, able to look upon war as it really is."

And in that day there will be but one real leader in Germany, the military chief, and the civil government will be proud to do his bidding. And when this day arrives Germany will again go forth to challenge the world, and to wage war with a scientific precision and completeness that shall leave nothing to be desired, and with a calculated frightfulness that shall appal all her enemies.

This is the Bernhardi of pre-war days, unrepentant, unashamed, unconverted. To him the recent war was simply a military mistake that may be atoned for by a future military success, and this former teacher of German youth still proclaims his frightful gospel that might is supreme. One would have thought that the frightful spectacle of a Europe drenched in blood and decimated by famine and plague would have abated somewhat his lust of war, but apparently he still holds the same ideals. Fortunately for Germany, and fortunately for the world, the Hohenzollerns are no longer on the throne, and it seems scarcely credible that there should ever come a time when the democracies of the world would permit a Frederick the Great, or a Napoleon, to lead them forth to useless butchery in the name of national ambition. The fact, however, that Gen. Bernhardi is still preaching his old doctrine should stimulate all lovers of men to see to it that the League of Nations shall become virile enough absolutely to prevent any future war.

A Serious Charge

WE are surprised to find the *Mail and Empire*, of this city, in a very lengthy editorial using the Spracklin case to discredit the present Provincial Government. The editor declares that from one end of the Province to the other the people are asking why the Rev. J. O. L. Spracklin has not been put under arrest and brought to trial for the killing of Mr. Trumble, and he declares that if this case is not "cleared up in accordance with the requirements of public justice, private citizens can no longer feel safe in their own houses." This seems to mean that the *Mail and Empire* is prepared to defend law-breakers rather than the officers of the law in the matter of law enforcement in Essex county. To us this seems to be a very serious position for any respectable newspaper to take. If the *Mail and Empire* desired merely the formal trial of Mr. Spracklin we should make no comment. We are all desirous of that, and no one more than Mr. Spracklin himself. But the whole tone of the editorial is that of sympathy with those who were breaking the law rather than with those who were trying to enforce it, and this is a very serious thing. It is true that an election is on, and the *Mail and Empire* may feel that it has a right to use any weapon with which to beat the Farmers' candidate, but we submit that an appeal to the law-breaking element is not a legitimate nor wise procedure. If there is no distinction to be made between officers of the law who are doing their plain duty, and those who are obstructing them, and threatening them, then we may as well bid good-bye to any attempt seriously to enforce the law.



EDITORIAL IN BRIEF

WRITING in the *Calgary Weekly Herald*, Mrs. L. T. McKinney argues that the divorce evil would be very greatly mitigated if, while allowing divorce for cause, we absolutely refused to allow the divorced parties to marry again. This seems to be hard on the innocent party, but assuredly it is not too hard for the guilty one.

IMMIGRATION from Europe to America promises to become a tidal wave. One expert estimates the probable immigrants to the United States during the next fifteen months at 1,500,000, with 10,000,000 more seeking admittance. Alarmed at this unprecedented possibility it is now proposed to limit the immigration to the children and parents of alien-born citizens. And Canada, undoubtedly, faces a similar situation.

MR. FRANK DILNOT, the noted British journalist, and author of that interesting book, "England After the War," and who lived in the United States two years and a half during the war, gives it as his opinion that while there are many misconceptions relative to the United States in the minds of his fellow-countrymen, these are much fewer and smaller than are the misconceptions cherished by the people of the United States in regard to England.

A CERTAIN firm had to curtail production and they discharged one-fourth of their men; but the result was that three-fourths actually turned out more than all had done. Another firm discharged 1,400 men, and the output is greater than before. Probably there has been a speeding up because of the fear of unemployment, but the critics of labor are using these things to prove that many workmen are not doing a fair day's work. The evil lies undoubtedly in a system that fails to protect the worker against unemployment, and that does not adequately guard him against exploitation.

A CERTAIN student who had won distinguished success in athletics, in studies, and as a leader amongst his fellows, explained it as follows: "Almost everybody wants to be led. Everybody is willing to have others do things for them. I quickly saw that it did not require phenomenal talents to assume leadership. Consequently, I jumped in wherever I saw the need for leadership, and, exercising self-reliance, I went ahead and did things which really would have been within the power of almost any other student to accomplish. That's all." It would surprise many of us to know that we have in us ability to lead if we only were willing to "jump in" and go ahead.

REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS told his people in a recent sermon that American merchants had repudiated some \$20,000,000 worth of contracts with British cotton and woollen manufacturers simply because it would not pay to carry out those contracts. Dr. Hillis says: "Truth and honor between man and man has ceased to exist, and manhood has gone into bankruptcy. The situation is monstrous." But Dr. Hillis forgets the men who have not repudiated their contracts. The world is bad enough, but manhood has not yet gone into bankruptcy.

THE Methodist leaven is not restricted to Methodist circles. The Bishop of Chelmsford (Anglican) in his presidential address at the Church Congress, paid the following tribute to Methodist training. He said: "A Methodist mother taught me to pray, and a Wesleyan father taught me to read my Bible, and at the age of fourteen I knelt in a little Methodist Chapel for my first Communion. I knew nothing of theories of 'Validity' or of 'Orders,' but I knew that, as I knelt between sainted father and mother, God blessed me, and their hearts rejoiced. I imbibed the evangelical fervor, and it still flows in my veins, and to me the quiet simplicity of the Communion office approaches more closely the dignity of the Upper Room than the full ceremonial of St. Peter's, Rome." There are few Churches which are not thus more or less in debt to Methodism.

WORD has been received from the Rev. Dr. Chown, General Superintendent, announcing that he will arrive in Canada from Japan at an earlier date than was expected. For this reason the meeting of the Court of Appeal, which had been called for to-day by the Rev. Dr. Burns, will not be held until after Dr. Chown's return.

THE President-elect of the United States appears to be rather an unassuming individual. He says of himself: "I am just a plain, ordinary fellow, but I can be on the square, and that's all there is to it." This is neither elegant nor eloquent, but if the President lives up to it the world will be the better for his presidency.

IT is not possible, even yet, to give full and accurate returns relative to the recent voting on the liquor question in four provinces, but at this date it looks as if the majorities in favor of prohibition will be: Alberta, 20,000; Saskatchewan, 30,000; Manitoba, 10,000; and Nova Scotia, 40,000. These figures, on the whole, are certainly very satisfactory, and also quite decisive.

CONSERVATIVE estimates, based on analyses of official reports, state that there will be more than one million immigrants come to the United States during the fiscal year ending with June 30th, 1921. Of the 430,000 immigrants who came during the fiscal year ending with June last, 58,000 were from Great Britain, including Canada. This figure was the largest immigration of any one nationality, save that of Italy. Of the 58,000 British immigrants exactly one-half were from Canada.

AERIAL advertising, that is, advertising that will be seen from the flying machine, is now a recognized branch of the advertising business. Preferred positions will naturally be in close proximity to landing stations. Many thousands of people passed between London, England, and the continent during the past summer, and it is expected that the figures will be trebled during the next year. Aerial advertising has thus a rapidly-growing field. When flying by night becomes common, as there is no doubt it will become in time, the field will be very much enlarged.

IN England and Wales one shop out of every six is a drink shop, and there is a drink shop for every 370 persons (of all ages). The chief Coalition Whip is a prominent member of the Liquor Trade, and there are twenty-eight members of parliament who are directly associated with it. Mr. G. B. Wilson estimates that Britain's drink bill for 1920 will be \$2,000,000,000. It is also estimated that Britain needs 800,000 new houses, and if each cost \$2,500 it would mean just the price of Britain's drink bill for one year. Surely this is an awful waste.

THE first English papers to hand since the voting on the liquor question in Scotland add nothing to the general information as to the results already received by cable, but they do give more detail, some of which is interesting, if not very encouraging. Of the 119 districts which voted, eighteen only voted "dry," which, of course, is not "dry" as we understand it, but merely confines the public sale of alcohol to bona-fide eating places, and does away with the infamous drinking shop. Of the remaining districts twenty-four favored license reduction, and the rest for "no change." In Glasgow, of the thirty-seven wards, four only voted for the abolition of licenses, nine voted for a twenty-five per cent. reduction of licenses, and twenty-four decided to remain as at present. Adding the total vote in the city, however, the showing looks decidedly more hopeful, as it is found that 183,560 votes were for no change, 141,327 for complete abolition of licenses, and 8,449 for reduction. The wet majority throughout the whole city was thus not so very great as it might appear. The net result in Glasgow is to close ninety-four drinking places out of 1,604. The results in other cities were very similar.

OF INTEREST

TO WOMEN



TO Mrs. Clara Twidale, of Niagara Falls, Ontario, falls the signal honor of being Canada's first woman to act for a few days in the capacity of mayor. She is also one of Canada's pioneer women members of a city council. As a valuable contribution to the aldermanic duties that devolved upon her last New Year's day, she brings with her into public life the results of thirty years of apprenticeship in Christian endeavor.

"I used to say at campaign meetings last winter," she said, "that hereafter I hoped to have an opportunity of applying the results of these years of experience."

Her wish was gratified, and all the indications point to the fact that she has not neglected the great opportunities for service that have come to her. She has not hesitated to champion the cause of the "fatherless and the widow," and her well-known stand in this connection has resulted in her recent appointment to the chair of the Local Board of the Mothers' Allowances.

"I take real satisfaction in acting as chairman," she said, "because I realize my privilege in helping administer the Act, for which many women contended for years back."

Mrs. Twidale was born in Ottawa in 1872, and attended the Collegiate Institute until 1889. Two years later she married and went to live at a phosphate mine (where her husband was manager), twenty-five miles up the Du Lievre river and about fifty miles from Ottawa.

"Life here was one glorious experience," she declared in referring to this phase of her experience. "The surrounding hills were magnificent, the health conditions about perfect, and there was ample opportunity afforded for studying nature and her simple ways."

Mrs. Twidale's first two children were born at High Rock, Quebec. Shortly after the family moved to Montreal, where a third child was born.

"You can guess," she said at this point, "that with three children I was pretty much tied down to home and its responsibilities."

From Montreal the family moved to Niagara Falls, where they have lived for the last eighteen years and where a fourth child was born.

A lover of nature and the simple life is Alderman Twidale, and she maintains even in the midst of a crowd something of the serenity of solitude. There is nothing in her personality that is suggestive of aggressiveness or "push." Indeed, she is usually known, upon her entry into a room, to take a "back seat"—until invited to "come up higher" by those who refuse to countenance this attempt on her part to shroud the brightness of a native endowment.

Gifted with a strong personality, it is inevitable that she should make herself "felt" in the affairs of a community. She has served as president of the Women's Church Guild of Niagara Falls, vice-president of the local Y.W.C.A., and vice-president of the Women's Auxiliary to the G.W.V.A. She is also president of the Local Council of Women, chairman of the Indigent Committee and chairman of a special committee for securing a War Memorial. In 1917 she served as an enumerator in making the new voting lists, and served again in this capacity in making the provincial lists for the 1919 elections.

Pen Portraits of Progressive Women

By Hilda Ridley

She was the only woman returning officer in the 1919 provincial elections, and the only woman in Ontario allowed an official collectorship in the last Victory Loan. She asked for this collectorship in the name of the Council of Women, and devoted the entire percentage to its cause. The Great War brought its sorrows to Mrs. Twidale. Her eldest son, Captain Elfric A. Twidale, B.A., Sc., was killed from an observation balloon in April, 1917, near Arras, and her eldest daughter, who has served sixteen months as a Red Cross nurse in the devastated areas in Syria and Armenia, was bereft of her fiance.

But "all things work together for good to them that love God," and Mrs. Twidale, throughout her years of domestic and public usefulness and service, has maintained her faith in the ultimate triumph of the forces of right and light over the darker influences that tend to detract from and retard the progress of the race.

A Canadian Literature Club

By Betty B. Hall

IN Toronto there is a club known as The Canadian Literature Club, the members of which subscribe to the following creed:—

"We believe that there is an already existing body of Canadian literature.

"We believe that there are special messages for Canadian readers in the writings of Canadian poets, novelists, historians, biographers, essayists, journalists.

"Therefore, we desire to encourage Canadians to read more books written by Canadian authors."

Membership in the club is open to all persons in sympathy with its work, and there is a nominal fee. The twelve officers include a president, four vice-presidents, a corresponding secretary, treasurer, and editor of the Contributors' Club, and four councillors. Six of the officers are men and six women.

Fortnightly meetings are held from October to May and the programme for 1920-21 announces: "An Evening with Wilfred Campbell"; "Literature of the War of 1812"; "The Forging of the

Mrs.
Clara
Twidale

Pikes"; "An Evening with R. W. Service"; "The Making of a Book"; "The Poetry of Chas. G. D. Roberts"; "A Comparative Study of Canadian Literature"; "Literature of the R.N.W.M.P."; "Books Canadians Ought to Know." Besides the evenings devoted to these subjects, twice during the season the club holds a "contributors' night," when original articles, mostly limited to five hundred words in length, on subjects assigned at a previous meeting, after having been handed in to the editor of the "Contributors' Club" and edited by him, are read aloud.

To a member of the "unquiet sex" who attended a recent meeting, a curious feature of the printed programme was the fact that all the names of those appearing on it were names of men, although there are a large number of women belonging to the club.

The little poetess, Miss Lilian Leveridge, by the way, is the secretary for this year and many other interesting people are members of this club, as you would have gathered had you attended a recent meeting and listened to the spontaneous, clever and illuminating discussion that followed an interesting and provocative paper on Wilfred Campbell—the man and his poetry—given by the president of the club.

Some years ago the writer heard Wilfred Campbell lecture. Much of what he said on that occasion



MRS. CLARA TWIDALE

may help to crystallize into actuality the thought and desire of those who may have had something of the kind in mind. A chain of such clubs, stretching across Canada, and having as their object the encouragement, promotion, and fostering of the highest of which Canadians are

capable in literary achievement, should do much to bring about the fulfilment of the poet's dream.

Campbell, himself, possessed a distinction of style not unworthy of the best of our Canadian writers, but in addition he maintained throughout his writing that wholesomeness of outlook which we naturally covet for those who attempt to set down, in prose or verse, the aspirations and ideals of a nation, so young and yet so potentially great, as the Dominion of Canada.

"The Women Who Came in the Mayflower"

SUCH is the title of Annie Russell Marble's book, and also of an article by Martha Bellinger, in a recent issue of *Zion's Herald*, which gives us a glimpse of these courageous, great-hearted women, who left their homes to follow their loved ones across the sea. Fifteen of the twenty-nine women died during that terrible first winter, and the fact that not one of the remaining number accepted Capt. Jones' offer of a free passage to England shows how heroic and worthy of our greatest admiration these Pilgrim Mothers were.

We can picture them gathered in one of the homes, working together for the community, and looking picturesque in their "full skirts of, say (fine serge), paduasay, or silk, of varied colors; long, pointed stomachers—often with bright tone—full, sometimes pulled or slashed sleeves, and lace collars, or 'whisks,' resting upon the shoulders. Sometimes the gowns were plaited or silk-laced; they often opened in front, showing petticoats that were quilted or embroidered in brighter colors." Six or seven of the "women" of the colony were under eighteen years of age; and as we read over the names that of Priscilla Mullins is the most familiar to us, and she, of course, owes much of her fame to her descendant, Longfellow. She was counted handsome and witty, and we know she was the best cook in the colony. John Alden was an educated man, a cooper by trade, and subsequently he became assistant to the Governor, treasurer of the colony, and he was also one of the eight "undertakers" who, in 1627, assumed the debts and financial support of the Plymouth Colony. He and Priscilla founded a home and a family, and the eighth John Alden lives in Duxbury to-day. Pretty Constance Hopkins was in this group, too, and she was, so tradition tells us, the cause of the quarrel which ended in a duel. Mary Chilton is supposed to be the first woman to put foot upon Plymouth Rock. Her husband, John Winslow, came out on the *Fortune* in 1621. The exact date of the marriage is not known. Mary became rich, and very important in Plymouth and Boston. She and her husband owned a house with gardens, land and a stable, two ships and much money, including 133 "peeces of eight." Her will gives to her children and grandchildren "my best gowne and Petticoat," "a trunk of Linning" (linen), spoons, "ruggs," beds, bolsters, and money.

Among the older women was Mistress Susanna White, who married Edward Winslow, their former partners having died during the first winter, and Helen Billington, who will ever go down in history as "the woman with the scolding

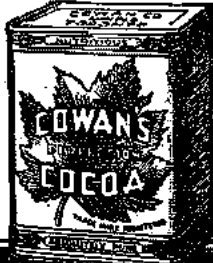
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tongue." They do say her men folk were shiftless, so possibly that accounts for a great deal. Bridget Fuller, the wife of the kind, generous doctor, is mentioned, too, but she seems to shine in the reflected glory of her husband, whom everybody liked. He it was who left the one specific gift for the good of the Church, which forms the nucleus of a fund still known as "The Fuller Ministerial Fund of the Plymouth Congregational Church." Its source was "the first cow calf that his Brown cow should have." And then there was Mistress Mary, the wife of Elder Brewster. She was the "Mother of the group of matrons who set up housekeeping." She shared her husband's religious faith and zeal, and exercised a strong moral influence upon women and children. Elder Brewster ran a farm and built his own house, and "he could fight as well as pray." And Mistress Mary was as efficient at housekeeping as her husband was at his own work. It is said of him that he was always discreet and well-spoken and well-beloved, and one famous remark of his has come down to us today. "He always thought it were better for ministers to pray oftener and divide their prayers, than be long and tedious in the same."

The article gives but a glimpse of these women, yet it is enough to make us like them very much indeed. Those who did not leave to their descendants money and land, left a something that has lasted down through the years, a love of freedom, courageous hearts, and hands that are willing to serve. It has been tested during the last few years, this heritage, and the descendants of these Pilgrim Mothers have not been found wanting.

The Late Rev. Hugh Cairns

Rev. Hugh Cairns was born near New Glasgow, Quebec, on August 10, 1840. In early life he definitely dedicated himself to the service of Christ, and believing that he was called to the Methodist ministry he endeavored to prepare for that as his life-work. He was received as a probationer in the Montreal Conference at the age of 21 and was ordained in 1866. For forty-two years he was a faithful and respected member of that conference and was stationed on the following circuits: Dudswold, Inverness, Frailesburg, Bedford, Cowansville, Knowlton, Clarenceville, Brockville, Pembroke, Arnprior, Cornwall, Morrisburg, and Renfrew. On all these fields he made full proof of his ministry and was eminently successful in winning lives for Christ and His Kingdom. During his ministry he was at one time President of Conference, was for six years a member of the Board of Missions, for 30 years a district chairman, and several times a delegate to General Conference.

After superannuation in 1904 he lived for eight years in Napanee, Ont. He then moved to Saskatoon, where his only son has been for several years a prominent merchant. During the years of his retirement Mr. Cairns was as truly beloved and loyal to the church of his choice as in his active ministry. In Grace Church, Saskatoon, he was universally esteemed and beloved.

One of his last acts was to poll his vote in the Referendum of October 25th and he greatly rejoiced in the prohibition victory. On Sunday evening, October 31st, "he was not, for God took him." An impressive funeral service was held on Tuesday, November 2nd, in which Rev. A. J. Tufts, President of Conference; Rev. Chas. Endicott, Superintendent of Missions, and Rev. C. W. Brown took part; and interment took place at Woodlawn Cemetery, Saskatoon. He is mourned by his wife, two daughters, Mrs. F. W. Smith of Weyburn, and Miss Clara, at home, and one son, J. F. Cairns, Esq., C. W. R.



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Chipper, the Music Master

DICK was "keeping house." Grandpa and Grandma Hollis had gone to a neighbor's, and Dick was alone in the kitchen, sitting in the rocker and reading.

His thoughts were far away from the Hollis house, far into the lauds and adventures that his book told of.

So deeply interested was he that he did not hear the first words that were spoken to him by some one else in the room.

"There's no place like the old homestead. Is there?"

No reply from Dick.
"I said there was no place like the old homestead," said the same voice with just a touch of sharpness.

Dick started. No one had come in the door, but the voice came from very close at hand. Then Dick laughed, for the voice had been a shrill little one, and he was sure that one of his outdoor friends must have managed to enter the room.

"There certainly isn't any finer place than this," replied Dick, still smiling.
"But who are you who comes in without knocking?"

"And why shouldn't I come into my own house without knocking?" replied the unseen one, in a chirping voice. "I am Chipper."

"But where are you?" asked Dick.
"I'm standing on your toe."

Dick was sitting with one knee over the other, and in the lamplight that shone on the foot that was off the floor he saw Chipper. A little black cricket stood, six-legged, on the toe of his slipper, and was looking at him in a most friendly way.

"Come up on my knee, Chipper," said Dick.

A long hop and a short scramble up Dick's stocking brought the black fellow on Dick's knee. In the bright light Dick could see Chipper plainly.

The cricket wore the shiniest of black suits; even his head and his toes were black. The forelegs were the shortest and bent forward. The next pair were somewhat longer and reached toward the rear slightly, while the hinder legs were ever so much larger than the others—great, hopping legs, like a grasshopper's.

Two long feelers, or antennae, waved this way and that from the head, and below the large, somewhat dull eyes was a strong, very serviceable mouth. Closely fitted over the back was a pair of glossy wing-covers, veined in curled and wavy lines, and behind these extended two short prongs.

"So you like the place, too?" said Dick.

"Yes, I do," replied Chipper; "particularly since the winter is coming on. There's a snug little corner beneath the base-board behind the kitchen stove. There are crumbs, a little bit of cabbage leaf, and such things, to be found in the kitchen; though I must say that Grandma Hollis sweeps a little too often to suit me."

At a word from Dick the cricket hopped on the table and was shortly enjoying a small piece of juicy pear that Dick placed in front of him.

"That pays for your lesson," said the cricket when he had finished.

"My lesson?" said Dick.

"Yes, your music lesson."

"Am I to sing, or am I to play on something?" asked Dick, trying hard to keep from smiling.

"Neither," replied the black chap; "I will do the playing and you will watch and see how 'it is done.'"

Chipper raised his wing-covers so that Dick could see plainly a prominent ridge near the base of each, each ridge having raised cross-bars. On the inner edge of each wing-cover was a raised and roughened surface. The first ridge looked like a file, the second ridge like a grater.

The cricket brought his wing-covers together so that they overlapped, then drew them apart again so that the "file" rubbed over the "grater." This produced a queer, chirping sound.

"That must be the music," thought Dick.

"You see now how it is done," said Chipper. "You will have to watch closely when I start playing the tune."

The wing-covers moved steadily backward and forward against each other, faster and faster. The scraping chirp grew shriller, but so even was the movement that the sound might well be called a tune.

It was a cheerful tune, all the more so to Dick as he saw how cheerful the cricket was, too.

After the cricket was well started on his playing, it was in vain that Dick tried to follow the motion of the singing wings. They moved too rapidly, and just before Chipper finished playing Dick found it impossible to tell when the wing-covers were open or closed.

The tune was finished at last, the box-like wing-covers closed with a snap, and the cricket stood nibbling at the end of one long feeler.

"I never heard a finer tune than that," said Dick, then added to himself, "of the sort."

Chipper was very pleased, particularly when Dick gave him another tiny bit of pear. Instead of eating it the cricket carried the morsel of fruit to the edge of the table, hopped to Dick's knee, then to his toe, and from thence to the floor.

Dick watched the cricket as it walked across the floor, and just as it disappeared behind the kitchen stove he heard it saying:

"This was a fine place to come."
The Shadow-Seekers' Series, copyrighted by B. E. Green.

The Late Dr. C. R. Flanders

Suddenly and unexpectedly the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Flanders, pastor of Broadway Methodist Church, Winnipeg, was called to his long home on November 9th. He was sixty-eight years old, and had been in our ministry for forty-seven years. He had occupied not a few important pulpits, and for some sixteen years he had been Principal of Stanstead College, Stanstead, Quebec. He went from First Methodist Church, London, to Broadway over three years ago. He was an able administrator, a good preacher, a hard worker, and faithful in all life's relationships, and he was widely trusted and honored. He served his Church and his generation well.

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Saint David of Westminster

TWO years ago it would have been different, but to-day there is no gainsaying the fact that David Lloyd George, the indefatigable Welshman, First Commoner of England, is the most pre-eminent man in the world's affairs. Woodrow Wilson swept across the firmament like a new comet, Georges Clemenceau waxed great to the proportions of a Colossus of Rhodes in an amazingly short time and then waned just as quickly. Signor Nitti piped his brief and troubled professional and then passed out. But David Lloyd George is stronger than ever before.

Harold Spender's "The Prime Minister" (Doran, price three dollars), has been going the rounds of the reviewers and its reception has been varied. Lloyd George was fortunate in having a hero-worshiper pen his first and really ambitious biography. May he be as fortunate when his future historian sits down in the quiet of another day to do him justice in the light of succeeding events. It is not letting out a secret when we say that the view of Spender is not shared by all the critics; and especially is this true in those countries where there is reason for a certain fear, or at least uneasiness, with regard to his wizardry. These gentlemen see nothing heroic in him at all. One says of the book that it is "350 pages of uninterrupted adulation." It is true that sundry odd things are dismissed by the author with a testy and yet magnificent gesture. So, on the whole, this very human, very enigmatic, very elusive, sometimes disquieting and yet brilliantly capable personality, gets off with a negligible blemish or two and is almost canonized before our very eyes.

The whole book is written in superlatives. The hero is likened unto all the great and grand of English history. That must be cause for a smile or two to his valet and a broad grin to his wife. Just this very thing, constantly flying at too high an altitude, prevents the book from becoming a really great biography. Mr. Lloyd George is a statesman, and no doubt of that. But he is also one of the keenest politicians and plays the game with every device known and unknown. He can change his policy with his hat if the times require it. Surely it is one of the anomalies of history to find a radical and a fearless experimenter after the order of the Prime Minister leading a virtually stand-pat, up-and-down-all-the-time Tory party. This is a paradox. He really ought to be leading the Labor party, and it is a safe wager that he never will.

Lloyd George has always identified himself with the poor and with reform, but he has lacked coherency and consistency. None of his friends deny this. He has no sustained convictions, no persistent policy, such as the great reformers of England have had. This has frequently been the cause for charges of expediency brought against him, and the reason for not a little international uneasiness in certain quarters. He has never thought out the implications of his own theory. True, his heart has been in the right place. He has never lost his native endowment of fine feeling and reverence, "never lost the religious idealism of his boyhood," but still he is Europe's master opportunist. Therefore when Spender lauds the Prime Minister's "genius for compromise" he treads on questionable ground. His agile mind has ever wiggled out of tight corners, and his whole later history has been a kind of triumphant

march from one tight corner to another tighter one.

When the author speaks of Lloyd George's accomplishments in the Great War we marvel at the colossal undertakings and achievements of the man. But ought we not to read here Colonel Repington's much-discussed new work, "The First World War, 1914-1919" (Constable, 2 vols., thirteen dollars)? This book is not deliberately malicious or untruthful, but one service it has done, that is this: It is a terrible and bewildering revelation and exposure of the skin-game of frenzied politics in high places, inordinate ambition, consuming pride and jealousy. In this book we see the Prime Minister sweeping gloriously up into the firmament like a new planet, outshining all others near him, monopolizing the heavens, so to speak. Then there comes a terrible disillusionment. Few public men come through this scathing ordeal of Repington's fire alive—those few are Chamberlain, Robertson, Haig and Carson. Lloyd George is stripped of his halo and his wings. The only excuse for these two volumes is a passionate desire to get nearer the truth. Somewhere between Spender's glorification and Repington's iconoclasm there lies the truth. We are too near the man to correctly value him. What history will say we may partly guess. The idealism of his boyhood, the idealism of his early political life, was after all the idealism of the man who pulled the Empire and the whole civilized world together for its final test against Kaiserism. When that idealism faltered at Versailles and the treaty table, and then again in the cheap opportunism of the post-bellum election, we were convinced that this man, though one of the earth's greatest in the estimation of others, and also of himself, was, after all, much like other men—not entirely infallible and a little short of being a saint.

A Suggestion

Kingston district is having a Rural Problem Meeting, and here are some of the subjects to be dealt with: "The Rural Survey: What it is and How to Carry it Through"; "An Enlarged Programme for the Rural Sunday School"; "The Rural Church and Community Service"; "The Rural Church and Connexional Enterprises"; "Mobilizing the Community for Results." There will be an open forum discussion after each address. The idea is well worth imitating.

I recommend the following recent books to the readers of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN: "The Bible Doctrine of Society," in its evolution, by C. R. Smyth, T. & T. Clark, 1920; price five dollars and forty cents. This is a very provocative and stimulating work on the development of sociological ideals and the evolution of morals. "History of Religions," by G. F. Moore. This is the second volume of the work begun by Dr. Moore and deals with Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. It needs no recommendation. This volume is also published by T. & T. Clark, and the price is four dollars. "The Beginnings of Christianity," Part I. The Acts of the Apostles, by Peakes Jackson and Kirgopp Lake. The Jewish, Gentile and Christian Backgrounds. Macmillans; price six dollars. "The Redemption of Man," T. B. Kilpatrick; and "The Power of the Spirit," by F. S. Gardiner, both in the "Short Course Series" and published by T. & T. Clark; price, each, one dollar. "The Labor Problem," solved on Bible principles, by Rev. W. Robertson (recommended by Raymond Robins); pamphlet; price forty cents.

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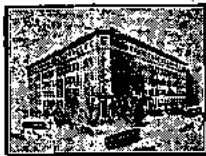
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Among the New Books

—*Luke, the Historian, in the Light of Research.* By Prof. A. G. Robertson, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation, Southern Baptist Seminary. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) \$3.00.

The purpose of Professor Robertson's book is to show that St. Luke and the Book of Acts are historical documents, and that Luke was a most careful and painstaking historian. To a great number of our readers it would not, probably, seem worth-while to give a whole large volume to the proving of a thesis that they have never seriously doubted, but even to readers of this kind Professor Robertson's book may seem quite worth while, for in seeking to establish his contention he gives us a most comprehensive and illuminating study of the writer of the third Gospel from many interesting points of view. The opening chapter seeks to establish the fact that Luke was the author both of the Gospel and of the Book of Acts. The second chapter gives a condensed sketch of Luke's life so far as the details are known. The third chapter deals with the question of the date both of the Gospel and The Acts. Chapter four presents Luke's method of research, while chapters five and six investigate the sources for the writing of both the books. There are chapters on Luke's use of medical terms; a physician's account of the birth of Jesus; the romance of the census in Luke's gospel; a physician's account of the miracles of Jesus; a literary man's record of the parables of Jesus; an historian's idea of the deity of Jesus. These subjects will give a very good idea of the scope and wide interest of the discussion. Dr. Robertson's point of view is conservative, but his treatment of his theme is in the spirit of the true scholar, and he has given much patient and careful study to his subject.

—*The Kingdom in Mystery.* A Study of the Parables of Our Lord Concerning the Kingdom of Heaven. By Rev. J. J. Ross, D.D., Pastor Second Baptist Church, Chicago. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.) \$2.50.

Dr. Ross is well known in Canada, where he preached for a number of years. He will possibly be best remembered by many of our readers as the fearless antagonist of the late Pastor Russell and the author of the trenchant little pamphlet against his teachings. He has given great care to his present volume and spent much labor upon it, but to us he seems to have made the somewhat fatal mistake in parable interpretation of over-stressing the detail of the parable.

—*Wounded Souls.* By Philip Gibbs, author of "The Street of Adventure," etc. (New York: George H. Doran Company. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.)

Just the kind of book that we would all like the great war correspondent to write, a story of personal war experiences, with a thin thread of fiction running through it. It is told in the first person and begins at "The End of the Adventure," with the entrance of the English into Lille shortly before the signing of the armistice. From Lille the narrative moves to Courtrai and Valenciennes, and later to Mons. Afterward it passes to England, then to America, and then to Austria. Throughout the author makes good use of his wonderful gift for dramatic and thrilling description. The fictional feature of his book

is not so well done as is his description, but that can easily be overlooked.

—*Missy.* By Dana Gatlin. (Toronto: S. B. Gundy.) \$1.90.

We are introduced to a "Missy" of ten, and romp and laugh with her through the years, playing pranks in and out of school, dreaming wonderful dreams and glorying in romance, and it is with regret that we leave her "grown-up" at seventeen. Miss Gatlin in giving us "Missy" has given us a treat indeed. Each chapter is a story in itself, brimming over with good, wholesome fun. It is a book that could be read with delight by anyone, but will find a special corner in the hearts of girls in their teens.

—*West Wind Drift.* By George Barr McCutcheon. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$2.00.

A ship sailed out from a South American port in war time and disappeared. In due course the Secretary of the Navy wrote down against her name "Lost with all on board." But the ship wasn't lost. There were traitors on board and after explosions which disabled her, she drifted on the open sea and eventually came to an island. And it is with the adventures on this island that the story deals. The passengers build themselves homes, create laws and enforce them and love and happiness find their way to them despite the isolation.

—*Social Games and Group Dances.* A collection of Games and Dances suitable for community and social use. By J. C. Elsom, M.D., Professor of Physical Education, University of Wisconsin, and Blanche M. Trilling, Associate Professor of Physical Education. (Toronto: Frederick D. Goodchild Company.) \$2.50 net.

A very interesting and complete selection of games, both for outdoor and indoor use, with tableaux and dances and other exercises for all ages. The selections have been made after much testing in actual experience. There are many illustrations and the descriptions are very satisfactory.

—*Glen of the High North.* By H. A. Cody. (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.) \$2.00.

This is another tale of the great North Land, with its rapid rivers, its great mountains, its wealth of game and gold, and its hardy prospectors. The plan of the story is unique and its characters are drawn with a kindly and fairly skilful hand, and while at different times it hovers on the verge of tragedy, it never quite reaches it. A pleasing love-story runs through the book, which most readers will thoroughly enjoy.

—*Johnnie Kelly.* By Wilbur S. Boyer. With Illustrations. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company; Toronto: Thomas Allen.) \$2.00.

Red-headed Johnnie Kelly is a New York school boy, full of impish mischief and irrepressible energy, but with a good heart that never plays false or mean. The story of his career is full of incident and amusement, but is also full of suggestion as a study of schoolboy nature and scientific and sane school management. The author is himself a schoolmaster and writes with full knowledge. He has been a frequent contributor to magazine literature, but this is his first book.

Mainly About Saskatchewan

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

THE Conference Special Committee met at Regina, in the Metropolitan Church, on Wednesday, October 27th, with practically a complete attendance of members. A considerable amount of business of importance to the Church was transacted. Difficulties in local church schemes between conferences, stationing of men on fields now vacant, and the hearing of a strong and illuminating speech made by Rev. Hugh Dobson of our Social Service Department, were the features of the gathering. We will take these matters in turn.

Church Union.—This matter was first broached by a deputation from Craik circuit, which placed its position in regard to the church union proposition locally before the committee and asked for guidance. The Goodwater circuit also is dealing with the question. After hearing Mr. Ketcheson and Rev. A. W. Keeton, of Craik, the committee recommended the immediate calling together of the local co-operating committee, and also that the committee request the chairman of the provincial co-operating committee to call a meeting of that committee in January to discuss this and similar union propositions. It was urged that no union scheme be entered into without the endorsement of the provincial committee, which body was organized for that purpose. It was also recommended that any field or district confronted with such questions should notify Rev. Charles Endicott, Superintendent of Missions, that he may call the co-operating machinery into motion.

The president, Rev. A. J. Tufts, spoke of the increasing importance of this question and the need for dealing with it in the prescribed way. An interesting feature of the discussion was the statements by two chairmen that they had received from influential Presbyterian sources the assurance that the Assembly next June would certainly deal with the matter, and that union would at last be passed. For the sake of the Kingdom may the information prove correct.

The Referendum Question.—Coming so soon after the Referendum vote had been taken, it was inevitable that this question should come up. It was the main topic of conversation among the men, and a modified satisfaction was generally expressed. The victory pleased, but all would have liked larger majorities in the prairie provinces. Rev. Hugh Dobson made a most powerful speech on the question. Much of what he said was of an intimate and confidential character. Mr. Dobson analyzed the vote in Saskatchewan, pointed out the extent of the victory; that vote was almost two to one in favor of prohibition; that every constituency except two had gone dry; and that polling in rural districts in many places had been hindered by the weather. He also spoke of some of the forces working against the "Dry" victory, and then urged a steady, thorough-going campaign of education among the mass of the people. His final note was the modern need for a fighting Church. On resuming his seat Mr. Dobson was heartily applauded. Two or three of the members spoke of the good fortune of our Church in having so effective a leader as Mr. Dobson, and on the proposition of Rev. Thomas Lawson, seconded by Rev. H. T. Lewis, a cordial vote of appreciation of Mr. Dobson's work was passed.

Matters Missionary.—Rev. T. Jackson Wray spoke of his visit to the General Board of Missions, and of being pro-

foundly impressed with the need of our Missionary Society for increased support. He declared that no person present at that meeting could have failed to see the need. The Missionary Society must have \$40,000 additional to the appropriation previously made. Mr. Wray thought Saskatchewan should raise its amount from \$80,000 to \$85,000. Rev. Charles Endicott also spoke strongly on the need. Ultimately it was unanimously decided that Saskatchewan take \$84,000 as its objective, this being a five per cent. increase. This action was taken as a challenge to all the Church in the Dominion to raise the whole amount. Other Conferences please take note!

Various Matters.—A communication was read to the meeting relative to the establishment of a Bible Society Auxiliary for Saskatchewan. At present our readers will understand that there is a Manitoba and Saskatchewan Auxiliary, with headquarters in Winnipeg. The opinion of the Methodist Church in Saskatchewan was asked as to the establishment of a separate auxiliary in our province. The debate showed that the men rather favored the new idea, but would like further business particulars before endorsing the scheme definitely. Finally the matter was referred to the Conference of next June for action.

The question of the coming November district meetings was introduced, and Mr. Endicott announced that Rev. J. H. Arnup, B.A., Assistant Foreign Missionary Secretary, was available from November 7th to 21st, and was prepared to speak on the spiritual objectives of the Forward Movement. A schedule of district meetings and an itinerary for Mr. Arnup were then considered and accepted.

Matters relating to the status of ministers and probationers were dealt with. The resignations of Revs. A. J. Mercer, T. A. Simpson and W. H. Bone were reported to the committee. Rev. A. J. Henderson, Davidson, a former secretary of Conference, resigned his charge on account of his wife's health, and will move to a warmer climate. The Conference will hope to see Mr. Henderson back again.

It was decided that the ordination of H. White and C. T. Watterson be granted. The latter is resuming his place in our work, after having resigned on return from overseas. Those who know Mr. Watterson believe that he will do effective work.

And the Stations.—The following are the stations: Regina Fifth, Mrs. Porter; Hawarden, F. D. Talbot; Windthorst, C. W. Dowson; Fairlight, T. Kinnard; Manor, H. J. Fair; Hoath, J. E. Fenner; Kelvington, C. T. Watterson; and Handel, Mr. Bunt.

Cariavale, Nov. 4. H. D. R.

A gentleman received a note from his lawyer, which he was unable to decipher. On his way to his office he met a friend at the door of a drug store. The friend, after vainly attempting to read the note, suggested that they step inside and hand it to the druggist, without comment. The druggist, after studying in silence for a few minutes, stepped behind the prescription case and in a short time returned with a bottle of medicine duly labelled and bearing directions. When the gentleman saw his lawyer he was informed that the note was a notice for him to call at his office between three and four o'clock p.m. of the following day.—*Kind Words.*



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London Conference Items

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

Mass Meeting of Intercessors

THE above is the headline of the printed programme of a meeting held at Grace Church, St. Thomas, on October 19th.

At the morning session Rev. C. W. McKenzie spoke for a short time on "Why Are we Here?" in which he emphasized the great need and the great possibilities of intercessory prayer. Rev. Arthur Barner, of Calgary, spoke next on the same theme. All present felt when the noon hour came that it was worth while to be present. It was not so much what was said as the spiritual atmosphere that impressed one. The remarks made during the general conversation at the luncheon hour made it clear that many were impressed by the atmosphere of the meeting.

In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Barner led an open conference on prayer. A few prayer experiences were given, which deepened the impressions made in the morning session. A committee was appointed, consisting of Rev. Dr. Henderson and Rev. C. W. McKenzie, to submit to the November district meeting a prayer cycle suitable for the Intercessors of St. Thomas district; and to bring in any resolution looking to the continuance of meetings for Intercessors. The discussion required for the appointment of this committee and the duties to be delegated to them brought back just a touch of most Methodist business meetings. Truly we Methodists have developed a genius for passing resolutions and while the discussion proceeded, the thought, like the proverbial had penny, came, "Is this spiritual life, this prayer life to be organized, or is it to grow, building its organization as it grows?" However, we are thankful to say, the discussion was brief, the resolutions short and simple. The theme of the day prevailed. It was a real conference on intercessory prayer.

Rev. Dr. Henderson then led the "consecration and sacramental service." It was impressive. One would expect that, but the word "impressive" seems inadequate. That meeting was the first of its kind in the Methodist Church of Canada and so far as we know in any other Church in Canada. That fact was impressive, but even that does not convey the impression of the meeting. It was something that cannot well be described. Perhaps Peter's words, "Lord, it is good for us to be here," is as adequate as a description can be.

Anniversaries

A few churches have tried a somewhat out-of-the-ordinary plan for anniversary services this year. We learn that St. Paul's Methodist Church, Aymer, had Rev. Geo. E. Morley, B.A., for their services on Sunday, November 7th, and for an entertainment on the following Monday evening. Mr. Morley is a graduate of Victoria College, and also a graduate from the studio of Owen Smiley. He was brought up in a Methodist home, and was on probation in the Methodist Church, but was ordained a Congregationalist, and served in that denomination for a time. He is now following what he considers his calling as a high-class entertainer. He is helping some preachers to solve the anniversary problem: On Sunday morning he preached a strong spiritual sermon. In the evening he recited, in a happy and forceful way, Henry Van Dyke's "The Lost Word." On Monday evening he gave many elevating and entertaining numbers, making the Sun-

day and Monday a joy to the pastor and a delight to the people.

Rev. W. K. Hager, the pastor, has also succeeded in making a "Church Year Day" a feature of the life of his church. For that reason the anniversary was changed to the autumn, leaving April free for the "Church Year Day." This day is followed by a congregational meeting, to talk over financial matters and other things of interest to the church in general. It furnishes a good opportunity to talk about stewardship. The "Church Year Day" has proved itself to be of great value in the Aymer church, enabling the people to get finances in good shape. The pastor's salary has been increased from \$1,300 to \$1,800 during the last two years.

Mr. Morley also took anniversary services at Lee's Church, in the Highgate circuit, in October, and the pastor, Rev. W. L. Hiles, spoke highly of the service rendered by him. Mr. Hiles especially mentioned the message in "The Lost Word," which is a message our times need.

October 24th was a red-letter day in the St. Mary's Methodist Church. For some years now the Sunday-school anniversary has been the outstanding day of the year, and this year can be no exception to the rule. Rev. W. E. Pescott, of London, preached in the morning to the boys and girls, who were gathered, about 300 strong, on a specially built platform, and in the evening to the large congregation. The singing by the school was excellent, showing the training by the organist, Prof. Bishop. On Monday evening the usual concert was given by the school.

Evangelistic Services

Wingham Methodist Church has just had two and a half weeks of evangelistic services, under the leadership of Evangelist Dixon and his daughter. The pastor reports that the services were an inspiration to the people.

At Kingsville special services have been held, under the leadership of Evangelist Honeywell and his party.

Hanley and Fisher are at present working in Essex.

Special Ordination

Just recently Rev. Duncan McTavish, of Salem circuit, was ordained for special purposes. Rev. Geo. Jewitt, the President of the Conference, and Rev. E. F. Armstrong, the chairman of Wingham District, and a few neighboring ministers, conducted the ordination service, before the people of Salem circuit, who gathered at Bethany Church. As the church was considered too small, the church shed was seated, and about five hundred people gathered. The President preached, and then ordained Bro. McTavish. It was an impressive service. Bro. McTavish has already won his way into the hearts of his people, and the work of the Kingdom prospers.

Just Notes

We understand representatives of the three northern districts of the Conference have been appointed and are to meet soon, to consider the question of establishing a summer school in the northern part of our Conference.

Hale Street Methodist Church in London has grown until a new building is a necessity. A lot not far from the present

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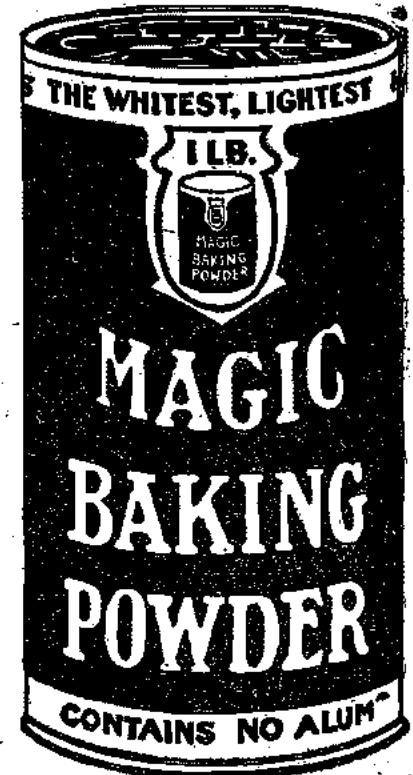
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church has been obtained, and plans are being made for a new church. An addition has been made to the old building, to help in Sunday-school work for the present. W. E. O.

November 13th, 1920.





How the Kingdom Grows

In seeking fully to understand and appreciate the three parables of our lesson which set forth the analogy that there is between growing natural things and the Kingdom of God, we need particularly to keep in mind one of the fundamental rules in parable interpretation. That rule is that each parable, as Jesus used it, was intended to illustrate and enforce one particular truth, and that if we attempt to get some particular teaching out of every detail of it we load the parable up with a host of ideas that were not at all in the mind of the Master when He used it; indeed, sometimes we make the parable look grotesque and foolish. Each one of the parables of our lesson illustrates one particular truth concerning the Kingdom of God and its growth in the earth, and when we have got hold of that truth in its fullness of meaning and with all its amplifications, we have got hold of all that Jesus intended to give us.

Our first parable is the Parable of the Wheat and the Tares, or as it has been called, "the Parable of the Darnel in the Wheatfield." This gives us a darker side of that analogy between growing things and the Kingdom of God. It might seem rather strange to us that thus early in His ministry Jesus had come to see that there was such a dark side. As yet we may suppose there had not been much actual and evil-hearted opposition to Himself and the work of building up the Kingdom which He had undertaken. But no doubt Jesus already had had experience enough to convince Him that there must be such a dark side to the operations of the Kingdom, and that its coming would have many obstacles placed in its way.

What is the central teaching that Jesus intends to convey by this parable? Jesus knew that not only would the tares appear among the wheat, but that the leaders in the Kingdom movement would be many times tempted to try to pluck them out that the wheat might have a better chance to grow. And it is against the carrying out of such a plan or policy that He warns. A too severe exercise of Church discipline would be a running counter to Jesus' counsel. A too great austerity, or the erecting of a too rigid standard of outward conduct, or any lack of charity toward those who do not agree with us, would be a breach of the teaching which the parable enjoins. It might seem that these things were not so serious, but the fact that Jesus spoke a parable against them ought to convince us that they are more serious than they might appear to be.

Jesus gives His reason, "Lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat also." A church trial over some failure in orthodoxy on the part of some member might be taken as a good illustration of the doing of the thing that Jesus cautions against. Even though the unorthodoxy is there plainly enough, that method of dealing with it does not work and ought not to be attempted. Though the parable does not say anything about it, it is quite legitimate to say that the implication of Jesus' teaching is that evil cannot effectively be driven out, but that the way to get rid of it is to get something to take its place. The expulsive power of a new affection suggests

the remedy. Life must be filled up with positive and real and active goodness, and then there will be no room or place for the enemy of goodness to sow his seed.

The teachings of the Parable of the Mustard Seed are fairly well upon the surface and easily understood, though all the implications may not be generally realized. As used in the first instance by Jesus, it was intended as a warning to those who heard Him not to despise the apparent smallness of the work that He and His disciples were doing in Galilee, and as an encouragement to those disciples not to yield easily to opposition or the prospect of apparent failure. Comparing the little group of disciples, even with Jesus at their head, and from certainly worldly and manifest points of view, they seemed small and insignificant and hopeless when placed alongside other forces and groups and influences in the life of the times, but that little band and the truth which was instinet in their spirit and teaching was a seed with life in it whose very nature was to grow and keep on growing, until even the great ones of the earth would be glad to come and take shelter under the shadow of the Kingdom as it would develop. And of course the lesson for that day and time is the lesson for every day and time, and it has had illustration in history again and again and is having it even in our day.

The point to be clearly borne in mind is that this growth of the Kingdom is not a result of mere arbitrary will or determination on the part of the great God of history, but is simply the result of the working out of natural law.

And what is true of the Kingdom, thought of as a whole, is equally true of it thought of in relation to the individual. The seed of the Christian life, planted in the human heart, grows if it is given any chance. It may be small, but it has in it the life of eternity. This life of God in the soul is therefore native to the soul and grows inevitably as it is given opportunity, and does not so much need to be cultivated as to be given a chance to grow.

The Parable of the Leaven may at first glance seem to be very similar in its meaning to the Parable of the Mustard Seed which we have just considered, but after careful consideration we see an essential difference in its thought and purpose. The one thinks of the Kingdom growing from small to great as the seed grows into the spreading plant; the other thinks of the Kingdom as possessing a certain aggressive quality that attacks the life which is around it and permeates it with its own quality and spirit. This parable is the complement of the other. The Christian life is not only like a beautiful plant growing from a tiny seed into symmetry and usefulness, but it is also like an aggressive spirit and force in life that is not content until it affects all that is about it and permeates it with its own spirit and inwardness.

It will be seen what a new thought and idea this opens up before us. The Christian life is a beautiful and fruitful thing in itself, but it is something more than that, and the something more is just as real and substantial as that is. Christianity grows because it is a living thing, but it grows, too, because it is an aggressive thing and is not content until it brings all life everywhere and in all its reach and compass under its influence and acknowledging its spirit and its power.

Co-Operative Connexional Programme

Evangelism and Sunday Social Service Dec. 5th

Throughout The Methodist Church

Every Service should be Evangelistic

Every Congregation — every Member and Adherent — is invited to assist in our Social Service activities

ON DECEMBER 5th every Methodist Congregation will expect to hear of the work of the Department of Evangelism and Social Service.

A concise statement is being sent every pastor for distribution following his sermon on that day.

Extension is Essential in Every Successful Enterprise

The General Board requires \$104,500 to meet actual necessities during the Conference year 1920-21 in its work along the following lines:

Evangelism

Prohibition

Soldier Probationers' Repatriation

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Rescue and Maternity Homes for Women

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Improved Legislation for Human Betterment

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achievements and better social conditions.*

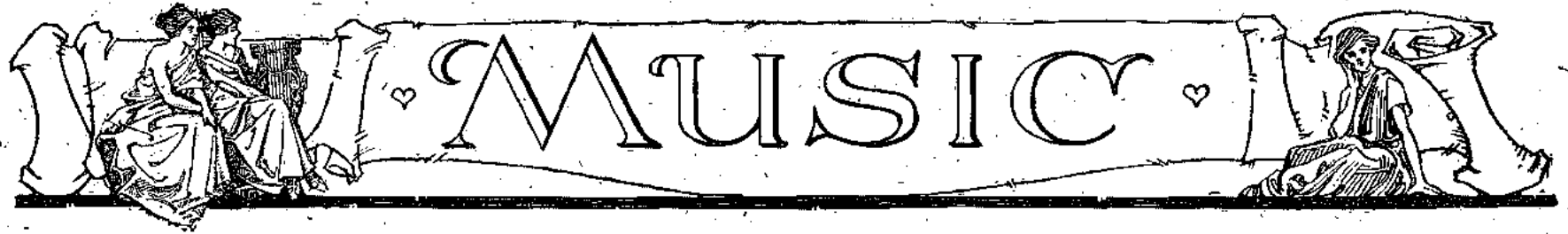
*Many District Field Days and Congregational Anniversaries including reception of Annual Offerings for the Department, are being arranged on other Sundays. In any case let December 5th be an occasion for giving definite information to every congregation of the work of the Church through the Department.

Published by the

General Board of Evangelism and Social Service

as part of the

Connexional Programme for 1920-21



The Accompanist A Music Specialist Extraordinary

WE have often heard the remark that "an accompanist is born, not made." So, too, is a singer, and, for that matter, a sculptor or a high class mechanic or a master builder. That is to say, he who would excel at his calling should have some natural inclination, some interpretative ability that enables him to transmute more readily than can another such things as tones, clay, iron bars and piles of lumber into satisfying creations.

No, an accompanist may not be "made," but training may *shape* him and develop his inherited talents to a richer fruitage, may enable him to be a more consistent framer of musical pictures than the tyro could ever hope to be. "To frame pictures"—what a queer idea to be sure! Yes, but that is the crowning glory of the true accompanist. He must dream the dreams of him who sings or plays, anticipate his whimsicalities and accentuate his nuances with the touch which speaks to him of sympathy and support.

To accompany—yes, his may seem perhaps, to some, to be the work of a menial, but those who would think so lightly of an accompanist's work surely have never accompanied. The diamond lying in the palm of the hand, no matter how beautiful its lustre, how perfectly formed its facets, nor how crystalline its purity, is a thing of naught compared to such a stone in its mount of gold or platinum, blazing in the glory of its perfect setting. As the precious metal is to the perfect stone, so is the sympathetic accompanist to the master artist.

Accompanying is an art and takes for granted everything of emotional and interpretative capacity, plus a complete mastery of keyboard or the mighty resources of organ or orchestra. A knowledge of "vamping," as accompanying is known in some quarters, may not, therefore, be acquired by the dropping of a nickel nor of ten thousand nickels in a slot. To accompany—ah! that is to gild the singer's refined gold and to place in its proper setting the perfect flower of his musical offering.

"Yes, the singer did well—but oh, what an atrocious accompaniment!" Have you never heard the expression—or worse still, been yourself the shorn lamb? The singer who is enabled through the skill of the accompanist to forget the instrument or orchestra which travels with him the paths of musical delights, is truly blessed. He need not dread the drowning of his pianissimos, the destroying of his attacks nor the spineless instrumental meanderings which can bring to naught his best *maestoso* passages.

It has always seemed to the writer an incomprehensible thing that such orchestras as that of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, are so frequently permitted to drown the singing of the soloists. Night after night, the writer has witnessed these orchestral assassinations practised by not one, but the entire procession of the Metropolitan conductors. One voice there was, however, that would not be "drowned" by shrieking strings or snorting tubas—to wit, our friend Enrico Caruso. This vocal prodigy outdied the blasts of the brasses and the

billows of the wood-winds with smiling serenity and flourished despite them all. But poor Martin and Farrar and Destinn and Gadske—these hadn't the Herculean accoutrements of the peerless tenor and meekly waited till "the uproar had ceased." If, in such a place as New York, the very centre of vocal art of the continent, such conditions are tolerated, who shall dare to condemn the organist who garnishes the vocal viands of our local musical feasts with an occasional over-dash of fortissimo or contributes a sweet nothing when the bass soloist goes thundering upwards on his lonely way to a beetling top E flat?

One of the banalities of a concert singer's life, a fear that dogs his steps from his earliest away-from-home efforts, is the thought of what the accompanist in his next town is going to be like. The memory of the sweet young thing who made ducks and drakes of his efforts in the last place visited still rankles in his soul. She was the organist of the church and simply had to be asked to play. The results exceeded the poor victim's most horrible imaginings—we draw the curtain. Lest any captious small-town critic should accuse us of shying stones at the window of their pet organist, let us say in all sincerity that the most helpful and inspiring playing many of us have ever sung to has been among the smaller places in which we have appeared.

The accompanying of a song is a different thing from the art of anthem playing, and has nothing in common with that of hymn playing. In the anthem, one must be prepared occasionally to *guide*, especially in the loud passages, in such matters as change of tempo and definition of accent. Sometimes one accompanies and again one directs from the keyboard such interpretations. Nice judgment is sometimes necessary as to just what is best to do.

In the playing of the preludes and interludes of a choral number one can indicate to his singers pretty much the spirit and tempo of the succeeding part-music; whereas in a song the artist is supposed to measure up to his own standard, irrespective of the accompanist.

As to the playing of hymns, the shoe is on quite another foot. The instrumentalist must frankly lead and direct the tonal mass, in the manner ascribed to the influences of one Father O'Flynn, who spent his time pretty much in

"Coaxing the crazy ones,
Drivin' the aisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid
the stick."

The use of the staccato on the full organ has brought many a flock of vocal wanderers back into the fold of sane tempo, and is, by the way, one of the most useful contents of the organist's box of tricks.

To accompany, then, is in a word to lay at the feet of the artist all the re-

sources of a perfect technique plus the sympathy and understanding of an artistic soul. The accompanist must, as we once heard it stated, have a "nose peculiar to his kind." His sense of musical "smell" must be so acute that he will sense not alone what the artist is doing, but *what he is about to do*. Lucky the performer who discovers and secures for himself the owner of such a proboscis; his price is indeed above rubies.

"The Life Beyond" A Service in Song

THE topical song service, entitled "The Life of Christ," as outlined in THE GUARDIAN some months ago, having met with considerable favor, the writer has felt emboldened to prepare another. It is to be hoped that the programme will be taken as merely suggestive. Other musical items may be substituted at the discretion of the local pastor and choir-master. So many and such beautiful anthems and solos have been written with Heaven as their theme, that any choir should be able to find suitable musical numbers other than those suggested here.

- ORGAN PRELUDE—"Jerusalem the Golden" (Varied) Ewing
- HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.
- INVOCATION.
- HYMN—"The Sweet By and By."
- PRAYER.
- THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Chanted by the Choir.

- 2. OUR DEPARTED LOVED ONES ARE SAFE IN HIS KEEPING (Rev. 14: 12-13) Anthem, "Souls of the Righteous" Noble
- 3. GOD, THE SOURCE OF LIGHT ETERNAL (Luke 1: 76-79). Hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." (Tune "Sandon") Purday
- 4. THE PROMISE OF THE RESURRECTION (1 Cor. 15: 51-57). Anthem, "Hosanna" Granier
- 5. NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN (Rev. 22: 5). Anthem, "No Shadows Yonder" (From "Holy City") Gaul
- 6. THE HOME OF THE SOUL (2 Cor. 5: 1). Anthem, "The Hymn of the Homeland" Sullivan
- 7. THE CITY BEAUTIFUL (Rev. 21: 9-11). Solo, "The Great and Holy City" Gray
- 8. FOREVER WITH GOD (2 Cor. 5: 5-8). Hymn, "Forever with the Lord." Tune "Nearer Home" Woodbury
- 9. THE REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL (Rev. 7: 13-17). Solo, "These Are They" (from "Holy City") Gaul
- 10. THE MAJESTY OF HEAVEN (Isa. 6: 1-5). Anthem, "The Splendors of Thy Glory, Lord" Woodward
- 11. HEAVEN, THE SINNER'S HOPE THROUGH CHRIST (Luke 23: 39-43). Anthem, "When Thou Comest" ("Inflammatius") (from Stabat Mater) Rossini
- 12. ADORATION OF THE KING OF KINGS" (Rev. 1: 4-7). Hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." (Tune, "Miles Lane").
- BENEDICTION.
- ORGAN SOLO—"Hallelujah" Handel



ENRICO CARUSO. WORLD FAMOUS TENOR

- ANNOUNCEMENTS AND OFFERTORY.
- ORGAN SOLO—"Adoration" (from "Holy City") Gaul
- 1. GOD, OUR GUIDE THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW (Psalm 23 in unison) Anthem, "Yea, Tho' I Walk" Sullivan

The general plan is to finish with such parts of the service as the announcements and offertory as early as possible, so that the topic may be developed without interruption when once begun. Have the pastor or a layman who possesses a good speaking voice, read the scripture passages, after which the item, whether solo, anthem or hymn, should be sung without delay.

It is understood that preliminary explanation will be made regarding the nature and aim of the service. This, of course, may be done as a foreword to the programme which, by the way, we would strongly recommend be printed or mimeographed, a copy being placed in the hands of each member of the audience.

We see no reason why the congregation should not participate more freely than they usually do at our musical services, or at the regular services of the church, either, for that matter. It might be wise, therefore, to substitute one or two additional hymns beyond those mentioned, and to eliminate one or more of the choir numbers. It will be found necessary to print the words for "The Sweet By and By" somewhere on the programme; this is a hymn everyone loves to sing, and should be given a place. For the basis of a memorial service, we hope the programme here given may, especially commend itself to many of our pastors and choir-masters.

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**Methodist
National Campaign**

JUST a year ago plans were being laid for the financial drive of the Methodist National Campaign. Nine months ago the great week of pledging was on and the \$4,900,000 was being subscribed. Now a considerable portion of the total amount promised is on hand and is being expended.

How is that money being used? The Methodist National Campaign, the organization which receives the contributions from the circuits as the instalments fall due and are collected from each subscriber, has asked that question of each of the Connexional Departments among which the money is apportioned and to which it is paid over on being received in Toronto.

In the judgment of campaign officials the answers of the departments are good reading. The money is being used "for the Kingdom." In this article there is space only for an outline of the measures taken by one department.

The splendid sum of \$725,000 in actual cash has already been received from the National Campaign by the Superannuation Department. The entire amount has been promptly invested in the choicest gilt-edged securities purchasable in Canada and is now earning for our veterans a little more than six per cent. per annum.

"What an immense amount of money," I hear someone exclaim," says Rev. R. J. D. Simpson, secretary-treasurer of the fund. "But keep in mind that, according to the terms of your subscription, not one dollar of the principal is being used to pay our claimants, nor ever can be so used. Only the interest on this fine addition to our endowment fund can be devoted to that purpose."

On the strength of the splendid subscription of over \$1,500,000, which will ultimately go to the Superannuation Department's endowment, in cash, from the Methodist National Campaign, the General Board, at a recent meeting, ordered that annuities to claimants be increased immediately by twenty per cent. That instruction is now being carried out.

"A prompt payment of your subscription when due will enable us to fulfill our pledge," says Colonel Herbert C. Cox, honorary treasurer of the Superannuation Fund, pointing out that it requires \$23,750 annually to make even an increase of one dollar per year of active service to all claimants.

The General Board's order is taken as indicative of two things—first, the confidence which its members have in their fellow Methodists, and secondly, the almost desperate situation in which many superannuated ministers find themselves at this time, owing to continued increases in the cost of living during recent years and months.

Rev. Arthur E. Bunnells, of Montreal, passed through Toronto on Friday last on his way from Chicago, where he was the guest of the Canadian Club. He delivered an address on "The Vimy Ridge Memorial Church" on Armistice night, to over seven hundred Chicago citizens, including the consuls of eight foreign nations.

Teacher—"What is it fine feathers make, Tommy?"
Tommy—"I don't know, ma'am."
"Oh, yes, you do. Now think. Fine feathers make fine—"
"I really don't know, ma'am."
"Yes, you do, Tommy. It begins with the letter 'b.'"
"Oh, yes; beds, ma'am."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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42 Broadbalk Street,
North 2418.

Central Methodist Church

Bloor East and Park Road, Toronto
Pastor, Rev. Bruce Hunter, B.A., B.D.
14 Park Road
Secretary, Miss E. V. Smiley,
Church Office Phone North 5838

PARENTS! Have you sons or daughters coming to Montreal to reside? If so, the Methodist Union of Montreal is most anxious to find them a Church Home. If they will call at the Methodist Union Office in St. James Church it will afford us the privilege of rendering whatever assistance we can on their behalf. Will you assist us by sending us the Montreal address to which they are coming, that some Minister from our twenty-six Churches may have the opportunity of welcoming them to a Church Home.

Address all communications to Rev. F. B. Allnutt, St. James Methodist Church, Montreal, Que.

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Northern Alberta News

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

REMARKABLE Evangelistic campaign is now in progress in Edmonton. The four largest downtown churches are uniting for a three-week effort to reach the unchurched part of the population, and to quicken the spiritual life of those within the Church. It is very refreshing to see Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists being led by their own clergymen into united action for the community good. The average citizen is amazed at the manifested spirit of brotherliness among the ministers. The motto adopted is, "We unitedly stand for the reign of Christ among the people." Religious fervor is running high and righteousness is being established. Many are being added to the Church daily.

Anniversaries have been in fashion recently. Nearly all our churches have been slipping into high gear. We hear Metropolitan Church has raised \$15,000 on its debt. This is going some.

Grace Church also had a big day, with W. H. Wood, of U.F.A. fame, as the preacher.

Eastwood had a very successful day, with splendid sermons from Prof. Sam. Laycock, of Alberta College South, in the morning, and Rev. A. S. Lloyd, of Wesley Church, in the evening. Both these men have a message that the world needs to-day.

Picking up the local paper recently we saw where one town was arranging to have anniversary services conducted by an "outside minister." We would strongly advise the good brethren to get a minister with some "inside."

There is a community church at Streamstown, but where is Streamstown? Perhaps Rev. John Nightingale, of Kitscoty, can step up and make reply. However, Mr. Nightingale recently had splendid services there. The church was decorated with vegetables and grains, and to prove their appreciation of the services, the people donated their offerings to the pastor.

Lakes-end mission, on the Hardisty district, has had Rev. Mr. Villette as pastor for the summer, and good work was done. Now the supply is Rev. F. W. Williams, who has just arrived from Wales. Mr. Williams has had considerable experience in preaching, and is

entering our work with enthusiasm. Recently Rev. Sam. Laycock spent a Sunday there and found a people full of enthusiasm for God's work. He preached at Laconia, Horse Haven and Lakes-end, to splendid and appreciative congregations, and baptized three children. We predict a bright future for Lakes-end.

A rather touching incident occurred when the news of the death of Orel Alton Puffer, of Peace River, reached his home in Lindsay, Ont. His younger brother, Urban F. Puffer, immediately wrote offering to go to Peace River to take up the work that Orel had necessarily left incomplete. Such heroism and brotherly devotion is not lost upon those who know what missionary work in Alberta really means. The Peace has had a great boom, but it is hardly yet a land that flows with milk and honey. The work there requires much sacrifice and devotion, and the Puffer type is in great demand.

Since our last letter the death of Bro. F. W. Heald, of Athabasca, has occurred. Much appreciation was shown at the interment. The service was in charge of Rev. R. L. McTavish and Dr. Tuttle. Bro. Heald was held in high esteem by his brethren, and his passing has again called to mind the tremendous price that our boys paid who went overseas. In every sense of the word Bro. Heald is a military casualty, and at the graveside military officers were present to testify to the life-sacrifice of our departed brother. Our greatest sympathy and most earnest prayers for the sorrowing wife and daughter, are our tokens of high regard. The prayers of all friends are that those who mourn may be sustained and guided on the journey of life.

The death of one of our leading laymen has also occurred in the person of W. J. Magrath, formerly of Belleville, Ont. Mr. Magrath has done much for Edmonton and Northern Alberta, and has always stood for the advancement of God's kingdom. For years he was very helpful in Sunday-school work and delighted in leading children to the Saviour. Great sympathy is felt for Mrs. Magrath and her son Adrian. The petitions of Edmonton Methodism are that they may be consoled and comforted in their great sorrow.

GEO. F. D.

THE CONFERENCES

HAMILTON

Lion's Head; Rev. J. Ernest Whitham, Pastor. Very successful anniversary services were held in our Lion's Head Church on Sunday, October 24th. The services, which were held morning and evening, were conducted by the Rev. George E. Morley, B.A., of Toronto. Large congregations were present at both services, the church being filled for the evening service. A novelty in connection with the evening service was the recital of "The Lost Word," by Mr. Morley, which was much appreciated. On Monday evening Mr. Morley, who is a professional graduate of Owen A. Smiley of Toronto, gave a very fine recital in the town hall. Mr. Morley, by his dignity of style and keen sense of humor, together with his refined manner and fine personality, delighted the entire audience, and the recital was admitted by all to be the best ever given

in the town. Another pleasing event in connection with the services was the baptism at the morning service of the parsonage baby, the infant son of the Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Whitham (John Ernest Francis). So concluded very successful and inspiring services. During the summer months the parsonage has undergone extensive improvements. Due to the efforts of the pastor, the manse has been painted outside and in, and a beautiful bath and toilet has been installed, the total cost being upwards of \$400.

Old Windham Circuit.—We were favored with splendid weather for our harvest home services. The churches were beautifully decorated with flowers, fruit, grain and vegetables, and the choir rendered very acceptable music. The Windham congregation is redecorating and remodeling the church, and over \$1,500 was

given in response to an appeal for \$1,200. Lynnville Church has also been redecorated, and the sum of \$200, covering all expenses, was received during the day.

The Quartely Board of Ayr and Paris Plains Methodist Churches met on Monday evening, November 8th. An invitation was extended to Rev. A. Yeoman to remain with the circuit another year. The salary has been raised from \$1,200 to \$1,500, and the church finances are in a good condition. Renewed activity is manifest in all branches of the churches' work. The outlook never was better.

Sydenham Street, Brantford.—Sydenham Street Church is progressing, and a state of activity prevails in all departments of our work. Since the inception of the municipal street railway into our section of the city a great improvement has taken place, and a large addition to our church membership is the result. Pastor Rev. J. W. Schofield is "abundant" not only in the pulpit, but also in his ministrations to our people, his family also being a great assistance to our young people's work. Last sacramental service was the largest in the history of our church—and that in the month of August. The first Sunday in October was our Anniversary Day, when two of our young ministers sent out from our church into the ministry occupied the pulpit. In the morning the Rev. W. A. Cook, B.A. (now professor), of Toronto, and the Rev. E. Brearley, B.A., of Hornby, in the evening—both of them doing honor to not only themselves, but also to the large congregations who were present. Our trustees asked a free-will offering of \$200, and this amount was exceeded. Prayer services are increasing in interest and the Adult Bible Class is just starting a series of Friday evening prayer services in the outlying districts.

During the past eighteen months our pastor's salary was increased \$500, and the end not yet. Our motto, "Our Church for Jesus." A. S.

LONDON

Staffa circuit is prospering under its new pastor, Rev. E. J. Roulston. The salary has been placed at \$1,700, and half of it has already been paid. The pastor has been invited to return for next year.

TORONTO

Crowded houses were the feature of the three services at St. Clair Avenue Methodist Church on Sunday, November 14th, in connection with the Sunday-school anniversary. G. A. Moores, the general superintendent of the school, presided, and in various reports given the outstanding success of all departments of the school was emphasized. The singing of the school, under the direction of J. L. Smith, was excellent. In the morning the address was given by Rev. Prof. Johnston, of Victoria College, who is the acting pastor. In the afternoon Rev. T. Crossley Hunter, of Earlscourt Church, and in the evening Rev. Fred Langford, professor of religious education in Victoria College, gave vigorous addresses.

McKellar; Albert Bushell, pastor.—In March, 1918, our parsonage that had done service for forty years, was burned to the ground. The present parsonage property, consisting of a new commodious residence and one and a quarter acres of maple grove, was purchased for two thousand dollars. As the insurance on the old place was only seven hundred dollars, the remaining indebtedness was faced with some misgivings. Part of the balance was raised by subscriptions, but it is to the hard-working Ladies' Aid that most of the credit belongs. After the short period of two and a half years the last payment was made by that body of faith-

ful women. At a joint meeting of trustees and ladies the plans for a real thanksgiving celebration were laid. The children rendered a splendid Thanksgiving Day programme, after which the event of the evening was given the place of honor. Mrs. Jas. L. Moore, president of the Ladies' Aid, and Chas. J. McKeown, secretary-treasurer of the parsonage board, set fire to the mortgage, amid the clapping of hands, followed by the singing of the doxology. A "session of refreshing" with cake and sandwiches wound up the celebration.

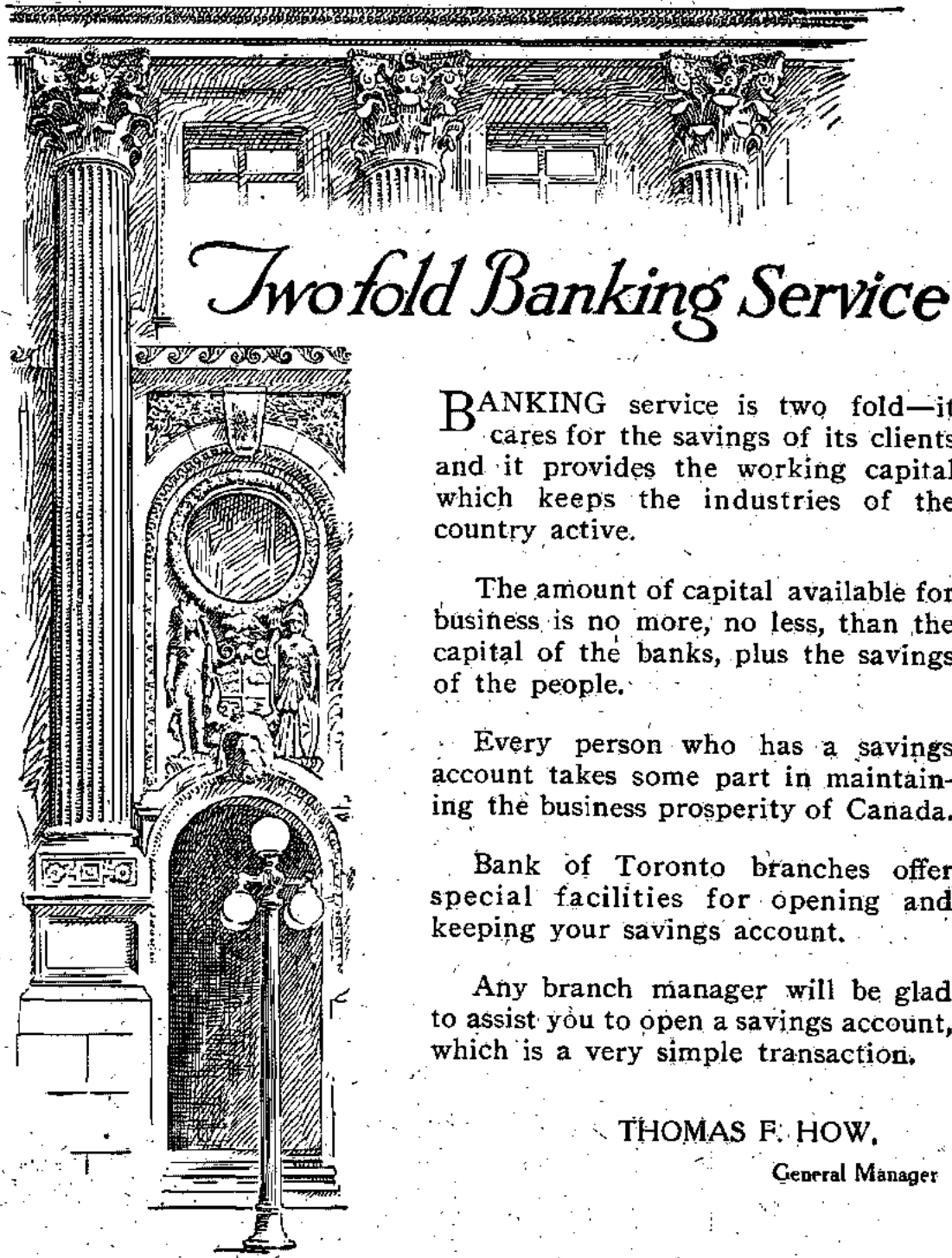
BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Methodist Church of Enderby has reason to be proud of its record. When war came twenty-nine Methodist churches in British Columbia sent their clergymen to the conflict, and the Enderby Church was one of them. This year's Thanksgiving services were memorable. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The Sunday school was well attended in the afternoon and a splendid congregation was present in the evening. The sermon was preached by Capt. Rev. J. G. Gibson, and the singing was especially enjoyed.

The Monday night concert attracted many people. The absence of the elocutionist, Mr. Fosehe, who failed to make connections by train, did not affect the good humor of the crowd, nor the equanimity of the ladies, who, like Cromwell, had kept their powder dry. They produced their trump card when they asked Capt. Gibson to lecture on his experiences with the troops in Salonica. Capt. Gibson gave a most interesting and thrilling lecture, during which the audience followed closely every changing experience. The lecture was so enjoyed that many people expressed regret that the lecturer did not continue longer.

MANITOBA

Gladstone; J. W. Ridd, pastor.—Gladstone is one of the old historic circuits of the Manitoba Conference. Like many others, it too has had its "ups and downs" but the "faithful few" have always been found and always get their reward. The circuit is on the Neepawa District and consists of two appointments, Gladstone and Keyes. The latter is a small village having an afternoon service, which is well sustained by the villagers and the people of the community round about. Just recently the church at this place had its anniversary, at which Rev. Dr. W. R. Hughes, a former pastor, ministered to a large congregation. On the following Monday evening an old-fashioned fowl dinner was served and a most delightful evening was spent. The financial returns were considerably over \$110. At Gladstone there is a morning and evening service, as the town is of considerable size and requires two services to minister most effectively to the people of the town and country around. In connection with the anniversary services held here recently the pastor, J. W. Ridd, asked the people to put \$900 in cash on the collection plate, and to the delight of all the sum of \$947 was given. This amount, augmented by the returns of the social gathering on the Monday evening, brought the finances up to nearly \$1,100. The preacher on this occasion was Rev. R. A. Scarlett, of Portage la Prairie, and the people were delighted with the messages he brought to them. This circuit is in the centre of a very fertile farming district, and this year the farmers have been blessed with a splendid crop. Not only have they shown their thankfulness by money contributions in the way already mentioned, but also by increasing their minister's salary 25% above that which they have ever given before. At the August Board meeting, ably presided over by the district chairman, Rev. Dr. W. A. Cooke, the Board unanimously voted that the salary be the amount set as the objective by the Conference, viz., \$2,000.



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Its weekly message will be a source of real blessing to him. Begin with the Christmas number—it appears next week. Only two dollars. Can you invest it better?

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Help Wanted.

HOUSEKEEPER AND LADY'S COMPANION for man and wife; one who can cook and do light housework; good home; modern conveniences; no washing; good wages. Apply, Mrs. Albert Scott, Pakenham, Ont.

WANTED—Men capable of instructing boys in farming, gardening, care of stock and carpenter work. Also women for teaching girls cooking, laundry, sewing, and general housework. Apply to Rev. T. Ferrier, Supt. Indian Schools, Brandon, Man.

WANTED—Elderly woman to assist in family of three adults. Modern home in pleasant village, Kent County. Box 128, Christian Guardian, Toronto.

Organist and Choir Leader Wanted

WANTED—ORGANIST AND CHOIR LEADER for Perry Sound Methodist Church; give references; state qualifications and salary expected; exceptional opportunity. Apply, Box 122, Christian Guardian, Toronto.

Minister Wanted

UNION CHURCH of Roblin, Manitoba, is now vacant, and is desirous of calling a minister; \$2,000.00 promised, with manse and high school privileges; three appointments situated on C.N.R.; candidates are requested to apply to secretary and give references. Irwin L. Mitchell, Secretary, Roblin Union Church, Roblin, Manitoba.

Miscellaneous

PRIVATE NURSES earn \$15 to \$30 a week. Learn without leaving home; descriptive booklet sent free. Royal College of Science, Dept. 44, Toronto, Canada.

MINISTERS' ADDRESSES.

Rev. J. T. Bone, B.A., Brandon North, Brandon, Manitoba.

Rev. W. H. Pavy, 801 Bay Street, Port Arthur, Ont.

1000 Eggs in Every Hen

New System of Poultry Keeping—Get Dollar a Dozen Eggs—Famous Poultryman

TELLS HOW

"The great trouble with the poultry business has always been that the laying life of a hen was too short," says Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of "Poultry Success."

The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market. Yet, it has been scientifically established that every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and will lay them on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care.

How to work to get 1,000 eggs from every hen; how to get pullets laying early; how to make the old hens lay like pullets; how to keep up heavy egg production all through cold winter months when eggs are highest; triple egg production; make slacker hens hustle; \$5.00 profit from every hen in six winter months. These and many other money-making poultry secrets are contained in Mr. Trafford's "1,000 EGG HEN" system of poultry raising, one copy of which will be sent absolutely free to any reader of this paper who keeps six hens or more. Eggs should go to a dollar or more a dozen this winter. This means big profit to the poultry keeper who gets the eggs. Mr. Trafford tells how. If you keep chickens and want them to make money for you, cut out this ad. and send it, with your name and address, to Henry Trafford, Suite 888 P. Tyne Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y., and a free copy of "THE 1,000 EGG HEN" will be sent by return mail.

Among the Union Churches

Of those pastors and zealous church workers who lament the low spiritual temperatures of the present day compared with "the good old times," and who find the mid-week service a growing problem, the writer recommends a visit to the Union Church of Deloraine, Manitoba.

The Rev. J. Irvine Walker, in spite of the multifarious duties which are forced upon him as chairman of the General Council of Union Churches of Western Canada, finds time amidst the rush of pastoral duty to think out and put into practice new and promising ideas. It was the writer's privilege to visit Deloraine on a Wednesday evening recently. It was mid-week service. One could detect a spirit of expectancy in the atmosphere. It was not to be simply a meeting of the faithful few, who could at least revive their drooping spirits by the Christian's "forlorn hope" promise concerning the "two or three met together." The Ladies' Aid had charge of the meeting. One can hardly imagine a Ladies' Aid meeting without the appreciated feature of a choice teal. This was in evidence at the last part of the meeting, but it was not on this that attention was mainly centred. In the programme provided the ladies enlisted the services of a number of the church organizations. The choir rendered a number of sacred selections. The Ladies' Aid also were responsible for a much-appreciated chorus. The Clerk of Session gave an apt message, and the secretary of the Stewards reported a successful drive that completely cleared off a church debt and ensured a credit balance. It does not reflect adversely on any of the foregoing items to state that the most interesting contributions, because they were so suggestive of future service, were an initiation of a boy into a Tuxis group, and a mission play written by Rev. Walker. The former brought vividly, both before the parents as well as other boys, the lofty ideal of the Tuxis boys, "Christ the centre, and you and I on either side," and the latter is calculated to win recruits for life service. The writer strongly recommends your readers to obtain this play for C.S.E.T. and C.G.T. groups.

At a meeting on the following night of Tuxis boys and Trail Rangers, a physical instructor, group game leader, mentor and teacher were elected. The good judgment displayed by the boys in their selection, coupled with the decided executive ability manifested by their leaders, are worthy of the highest praise.

There is a feeling abroad that union churches are not sufficiently alive to the great mission calls of to-day. The union church of Deloraine furnishes a very effective answer to this criticism. They have already paid their contribution to the schemes of the union churches. They expect to pay in full their allocations to the missions of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. There are a Women's Missionary Society, a Senior and Junior Mission Circle, and a Boys' Mission Club, and there have been sixteen applications for life service.

It was the privilege of the writer to conduct anniversary services on Sunday, October 31st, at the union church of Rivers, Manitoba. Rivers has only a few months ago organized as a union church, and makes the third divisional point on the former Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to become union. Melville was the first, being organized on the completion of the "basis of Union" in 1908, and Watrous was organized in the beginning

of the summer of the present year, and is practically a contemporary of Rivers.

The Rev. W. B. Sallons, who has the honor of being the first union pastor of Rivers, has apparently a charge of great promise. The Ladies' Aid, choir, and Sunday school rendered excellent service in their particular lines, and the get-together spirit, with all that it involved, was manifest in all the services. A prominent feature of Monday night was the excellent music rendered by a male quartette from Brandon, one of whom was the Rev. Lowry of Knox Presbyterian Church. There were also three artists from Brandon College.

The united congregations of Rivers worship in the Presbyterian building, which affords sufficient accommodation for their present needs. The Methodist building will in course of time be fitted up for educational and recreational purposes, along the line of the C.S.E.T. and C.G.T. programmes respectively. Both in Deloraine and Rivers the second church will furnish accommodation for the development of the young people in their respective communities, and the same will obtain in a great many of our union charges. These buildings as erected afforded accommodation more than ample for a competitive denominationalism. But under union they provide the necessary devotional and educational equipment of the union church. In some cases, however, both buildings are small, and neither supplies the requisite accommodation for the uniting congregations. In this case, a new edifice commensurate with the needs of the united community is erected. Melville, Frobisher, Conquest and Kerrobert, in Saskatchewan, furnish conspicuous examples of the latter situation.



By Frank Chamberlain

A conference of Toronto Methodist Boys will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday, November 19th, 20th and 21st. Noted speakers have been obtained to address the boys and a great inspirational movement is looked forward to.

The "Gang" class of Zion Methodist Church, Moose Jaw, recently challenged the "Anti-cant" class in a Mock Civic Election. Each speaker was given five minutes to air his views on civic matters, and the boys elected were given an extra piece of pie.

When you're all alone, with none about,
And not a soul to find you out,
You're tempted to do a thing that's mean,
Come clean, my lad, come clean.

For a home awaits and a girl that's true,
And Church and State have need of you.
They must have your best—on you they lean,
Come clean, my lad, come clean.

"Doug" Gowdy, of Limehouse, Ontario, now teaching in Kitchener Public School, Toronto, and acting as a Volunteer Boys' Worker at Broadview "Y," is the kind of young man any city can well be proud of. "Doug" devotes most of the nights in a week to boys' work.

Mentors! Keep acquainted with the Boys' Work of our Dominion. Subscribe to the *Canadian Mentor*, and learn further of methods in dealing with boys. Percy B. Hayward, Ph.D., is Editor of the *Mentor*.

Tuesday, November 16th, was a red letter day in the history of the Nikator Class, of Toronto. Premier Ernest C. Drury was the honored guest and speaker at their eleventh annual banquet and election of officers, and they had a wonderful spree.

The St. Thomas, Ont., Y.M.C.A. directorate recently decided to add a Boys' Work Secretary to their staff, and chose H. A. McKeacher for the position. Mr. McKeacher was formerly physical director.

"The Bull Dogs" of Charlton Methodist Sunday school, Hamilton, Ontario, won the Trail Rangers' Championship, National C.S.E.T. athletic contest. They deserve congratulations.

"We, the undersigned, do hereby resolve that we will refrain from the use of vulgar stories and profane language, and do hereby affirm that we will do all in our power to help our fellow school-mates and friends to follow the same example." This resolution came from one of the many high school clubs—the boys call these clubs "Beans"—throughout Canada.

"Charlie" Watson, long associated with Toronto Y.M.C.A.'s, has been elected president of the Young Men's Canadian Club. This organization is affiliated with the Canadian Clubs of Canada.



WM. R. COOK, NATIONAL COUNCIL Y.M.C.A. BOYS' WORK SECRETARY FOR ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

The Toronto Boys' Work Board is training 150 men to be leaders in carrying on the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training programme for boys. That's what are needed—leaders.

A monster Hallowe'en party was recently given to the boys of the Parliament Boys' Club and the Belmont Boys' Club, of Toronto, by the Big Brother Movement and the Boys' Work Committee of the Rotary Club.

Brandon, Manitoba, launched a community wide programme with a "Boys' Sunday" when a special speaker dealt with boys' work in every pulpit in the city.

V. W. Allin has been appointed Boys' Work Secretary at Brantford, Ontario. He was assistant secretary at Detroit for two years, then serving in Belleville, and serving with the Y.M.C.A. in India during the war.

Rev. S. E. Marshall, B.A., B.D., pastor of Wesley Church, Brantford, and President of Hamilton Conference, has been invited to the pastorate of Central Church, Woodstock, Ontario.

Mission Rooms' Receipts

November 9th-November 15th, 1920.

GENERAL FUND.

Previously acknowledged \$41,542 94

Toronto Conference.

Danforth Avenue, Toronto	500 00
St. Clair Avenue, Toronto	50 00
High Park Avenue, Toronto	600 00
North Parkdale, Toronto	200 00
Centennial, Toronto	500 00
Stouffville	195 00
Holland Centre	155 00
Richmond Hill	16 00
Eglinton	500 00
Walker's Point	67 78
Clarkson	45 93
Sherbourne Street, Toronto	1,371 35
Thornbury	132 75
Cobalt	35 00

London Conference.

Cottam	112 80
Dresden	100 00
Blenheim	700 00
Ellmville	85 00
Maldstone	70 00
Walpole	25 00
Mitchell	50 00

Hamilton Conference.

Fonthill	50 00
Burlington	330 22
Ainslie Street, Galt	300 00
St. Paul Street, St. Catharines	400 00
Burgessville	51 12
Paisley	21 88
Barton Street, Hamilton	600 00
Nanticoke	62 00
Courtland	40 00

Bay of Quinte Conference.

Grace, Trenton	24 80
Seymour	96 00
Campbellford	146 95
Stirling	100 00
Greenbank	42 00
Holloway Street, Belleville	100 00
Cordova and Belmont	44 50
Caenilton	55 00

Montreal Conference.

Cardinal, Ont.	108 00
Merrickville, Ont.	100 00
Delta, Ont.	200 00
North Gower, Ont.	225 00
Perth, Ont.	125 00
Metis Beach, Que.	125 00

Nova Scotia Conference.

Springhill	10 00
Robie Street, Halifax	47 00
Burlington	30 00

N.B. and P.E.I. Conference.

Portland, St. John, N.B.	60 00
Dorchester, N.B.	20 00
Chatham, N.B.	52 19
Salisbury, N.B.	30 00
Buctoche, N.B.	50 00

Manitoba Conference.

Trinity, Port Arthur, Ont.	250 00
Crystal City, Man.	145 70
Kenora, Ont.	80 00

Saskatchewan Conference.

Heward	20 00
Ogema	10 50
Creelman	35 00
Hazlett and Sanford Dene	100 00
Wesley, Regina	79 00
Wilkie	60 00
Laura	100 00
Bohszm	62 00

Alberta Conference.

Nanton	46 00
Millet	10 75
Oyen	10 00
Spring Valley	15 00
Forestburg	4 00
Crescent Heights, Calgary	150 00
Central, Calgary	547 25
Munson	40 00
Eastwood, Edmonton	28 52

British Columbia Conferences.

Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver	114 05
Total receipts to date	\$52,612 58
Same date, last year	48,289 37
Miscellaneous receipts to date	\$1,027 35

basket of identical appearance, but adorned with a tiny bow of blue ribbon shining like a star of hope. Another glance at Esther; something passed between them, not more than the slightest lifting of the brows. He realized that triumph lay in his hands. Si was not only humiliated but bankrupt. No one would oppose him now. The natural caniness of the cove in the careful management of money struggled within him for a moment with a dim sense of the fitting thing for a great moment, and the latter won. Straightening himself, and with none of the constraint that had marked the previous proceedings, his voice rang out defiantly, "Twenty-five dollars!" A yell of approbation shook the shingles. The stick fell, and it was all over but the eating.

Through the starlight Lem and Esther walked home together. Of course, we don't know what they said to one another—probably the most banal of commonplace. The important thing was that Esther slept that night with a betrothal ring on her finger.

We regret to record the unexpected demise of Mrs. Stafford, the beloved wife of Rev. George Stafford, of Sydenham, Ont. The end came suddenly on Tuesday, Nov. 16th. The deceased was favorably known—wherever her lot had been cast, and a host of friends will be full of sympathy for the bereaved family.

Recent Deaths

Items under this heading will be inserted up to a limit of 100 words only. These should reach The Guardian Office within three weeks of decease of subject of the sketch, and will be charged at the rate of two cents per word.

BROWN—Francis Brown, the subject of this sketch, came from England to Hudson, Que., where he found his helpmate, Eliza, daughter of Dr. Griadale. The young couple settled in Sombra, Ontario. The family altar was erected. Mr. Brown was a power in prayer. The travelling ministry found his home open, with a warm welcome and word of encouragement to brighten their way. He was a man of deep sincerity, and stood for the best things in life. He leaves five sons (three in the ministry), and three daughters. Dr. Manning, of Sarnia, his pastor, spoke feelingly of his value to the church.

STODGILL—Thomas Stodgill was born near Port Hope, March 15th, 1837. Died at his home, Forest, October 22nd, 1920, in his eighty-fourth year. In his boyhood days he came to Huron County with his parents, William and Martha Stodgill. April 9th, 1868, he married Miss L. E. Hewitt, of Stanley Township, who, with five daughters and one son, survives him; also one brother. Deceased was a devoted member of the Methodist Church; a reader of The Guardian for over fifty years. Was trustee of the present church, Forest, when built, and for years its treasurer. He was characterized by vital and vigorous piety. His end was peace. S. W. M.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

Notices under these headings will be charged for at 2 cents per word. Minimum charge of 50 cents per insertion.

BIRTHS
BROWN—At Chungking, W. China, on September 28th, 1920, to Rev. and Mrs. Homer G. Brown, a daughter, Gwendolyn Maud.

MARRIAGES
LUSK-HAZLEWOOD—On Wednesday, October 6th, 1920, at 50 Summerhill Gardens, by Rev. Bruce Hunter, M.C., assisted by Rev. Win. Sparling and Rev. Jas. Locke, Kathleen Harrison, only daughter of the late Rev. J. H. Hazlewood, and Mrs. Hazlewood, to Capt. Stafford Lusk, only son of Dr. C. F. and Mrs. Lusk, Toronto.

DEATHS
SMITH—At Halifax, her native city, after a brief illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Sarah Smith, widow of the Rev. Richard Smith, of the Nova Scotia Conference, and eldest daughter of the late S. S. B. Smith, Esq., peacefully died Saturday morning, November 6th, 1920, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. An appreciation of this Wesleyan missionary's wife and veteran servant of God will follow.

IN MEMORIAM
McKEOWN—In loving memory of my dear husband, John McKeown, who died on May 14th, 1920.

The time was short, the shock severe,
To part with one we loved so dear.
Our hope's in heaven that we shall meet,
And then our joy will be complete.
Mrs. John McKeown.



Her husband had just come home and had his first meeting with the new nurse, who was remarkably pretty. "She is sensible and scientific, too," urged the fond mother, "and she says she will allow no one to kiss baby while she is near." "No one would want to," replied the husband, "while she is near." And the nurse was discharged.

It was a typical west of Ireland estate, and the Sassenach landlord was just driving his newly arrived English guest through the lodge gates when a bullet zipped by his ear.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the guest. "What was that?" "Oh, only one of my men having a pot shot at me," replied the landlord. "I rather fancy it was my lodge-keeper." "What will you do with the fellow—have him arrested for attempted murder?" asked the guest. "Do with him?" repeated the landlord. "Nothing, of course." "Not even discharge him?" persisted the guest. "Why," replied the landlord, "I wouldn't lose the fellow for a fortune. He's one of the worst shots I've ever had on the estate!"—London Blighty.

He had been courting the girl for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"Tom," she murmured, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?" "Yes, Mary, and I would gladly re-iterate that statement now," he replied. "No Roman of old, however brave, was ever fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I." "Well, Tom, I want you to do something really heroic for me." "Speak, darling, what is it?" "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

The pastor and his wife had gone out to dinner at a large farmhouse, taking with them their little boy of two years of age. The dinner passed off well, till the dessert was served, when a piece of cocoanut pie was placed before the child.

He proceeded to taste it, but evidently it was not to his liking, for removing the cocoanut shreds he passed them to his mother with the simple explanation—"dirt." Happening, however, to look up just then, he caught the eye of the hostess and instantly remarked, "Nice pie, lady, nice pie."

It was a fruitful cause of discussion on the way home, as to which side of the house such duplicity originated on.

A clergyman who at times has a rather defective memory was one Sunday making the announcements for the coming week.

"In addition to the notices just read," he said, "I desire to say I shall not be preaching here next Sabbath. The pulpit will be occupied by—by—the pulpit will be occupied by—by—"

He faltered for a few seconds, then tried again.

"The preacher will be—" breaking off in exasperation. "Why, I know him quite well. You all know him. He married my daughter."

"Have you heard my last joke?" asked the Pest, as he stopped the Grouch on the street. "I hope so, replied the Grouch, as he kept on travelling.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Andrew Bates John Dodds
A. E. Maynes Wm. J. Stewart, J.P., Manager
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