

# The CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

VOL. XCV

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No. 36

## Crowning the Year with Goodness

**I**N the midst of all the warmth and glory and fulness of the summer-time it ought to be easy to feel the abounding goodness and the love of God. That there should be teeming life and fruitfulness upon the earth to supply so completely all the varied physical needs of man is one thing, and perhaps we might have expected, and in a sense have demanded, that, but that summer should have been so glorious as well as so fruitful, that gives the added touch that we might not have expected if we had had no understanding of the great Heart and Thought and Feeling that lie at the centre of all things. God not only makes bountiful harvests and fills the trees with ripening fruits and lavishly spreads His fulness over all the world, but He makes the year to wear crowns of glory as well, and fills the summer with the fathomless blue of His skies and the greens and golds that cover all the earth. Surely in all this there is a lesson that we ought not to miss. If we should grasp all the fulness of His supply of merely material good and not see and appreciate and appropriate some of the glory that goes with it—what a miss that would be! If there should be warmth and beauty and richness all about us, God's crowning of the year with His highest good, and none of these things find a new place and meaning in our hearts and lives—would that not be very near to tragedy?

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I believe that the country should provide equal opportunities of education for all children, rural and urban, whatever their social standing or mental endowment.

I believe that every child has a right to the kind of education that will make

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1924.

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## THE WORLD OUTLOOK

### The Wife's Property Rights

NOT SO long ago we heard quite a little about a wife's right to an equitable share of her husband's property, and few of us dreamed that the day would come when the husband would be compelled to sue for his rights. Such cases, however, exist, as the records of the Court of King's Bench in Manitoba testify. It seems that in Manitoba, and probably in some other provinces, the law does not make a wife responsible for her husband's support, and a case arose where the wife of a homesteader held not only the homestead, but several quarter-sections also, which had all been purchased by the proceeds from sale of crops and from the husband working out. The husband is now an old man and feeble, and as he was unable to work his wife turned him out. The matter came before the Court and the decision was that the property belonged to the husband and must be transferred to him. We may say that in Manitoba the law makes the husband responsible for the support of his wife. The case is an unusual one, yet it illustrates the difficulty of securing laws which will work with equal justice towards husband and wife. The wife's case is naturally different to the husband's, and any law which aims at mere equality will certainly work hardship to her in some cases, while in other cases the law which secures equality may need express safeguards to prevent it working injustice.

### Longer Weather Forecasts

THE OFFICIAL Weather Bureaus upon this continent, both of United States and Canada, are convinced that it is not possible correctly to foretell the weather more than a few hours in advance; and so they consistently publish forecasts about 24 or 48 hours ahead. But there are others who do not agree with the weather bureaus. The Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution maintains two permanent stations, one at Mount Harqua Hala, Arizona, and the other on Mount Montezuma, Chili, which for years have been observing and measuring the shifting surface temperature of the sun and it is asserted that "slowly but surely the complex problems have been solved," and it is said now to be possible to foretell the weather a year or more in advance. The new theory is that variations in weather are due primarily to variations in solar heat, and a correct interpretation of the effect of solar heat on oceanic surface temperatures will furnish the key to the weather many months in advance. Some of the South American countries have adopted a new system and some claim that it is very successful, but the North American weather authorities have no use for it. The New York Outlook suggests that it might be possible to give this northern continent the benefit of both systems, that we might at least have a chance to see what the yearly forecast is worth.

### Humanity Advances

IS MANKIND weaker and wiser than in early days? Is there a shortening of life and a lowering of stature in these modern days? Dr. F. C. Shrubbsall, president of the anthropological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his address to the convention of the Association in Toronto, recently, declared that his studies have led him to believe that in stature and weight the men of to-day are not inferior to the men of former days. He says that so far as the bones of primitive man tell the tale of his longevity, they point to the conclusion that in very early days

only a minority lived beyond the beginning of adult life. Coming down to later days the records seem to show that the Egyptian child of five years of age at the time of the Roman occupation would have a life expectation of but 30 years, while to-day in the city of London the five-year-old child has a life expectation of 59 years. So far as we can judge from the British coats of mail, etc., the Briton of to-day is at least the physical equal of the men of Cœur de Lion's day, and what little data we have seems to indicate that the prehistoric men was no improvement upon the modern man even in the matter of size, while constant war, pestilence, and lack of knowledge rendered his tenure of existence a good deal shorter than it is to-day. We have sometimes wished it were possible to take some of our confirmed pessimists, who are constantly bewailing the degeneracy of the men of to-day, and to transport them back 5,000 or 6,000 years to see how they would enjoy the life of those days. We think it would at least cure their pessimism.

### Punishing Murder

AN INTERESTING tale comes from Wan-Hsien, China. In that city there had been organized a monopoly of junk transportation, and the city officials were aware of the organization and hoped to profit by it. Between the junks and the low-draught river steamboats there is keenest competition, but in order to avoid trouble it had been arranged that the steamers would leave certain kinds of freight, especially wood and oil, for the junks, but the agreement did not hold from June to October because then the river was too high for the junks to navigate. A certain American named Hawley, last June, after consulting, it is said, both the Junk Guild and the Chinese officials, began to shift cargoes of wood and oil to foreign steamers for transportation down the river. But the Wan-Hsien men were hostile, and one day Hawley was quietly knocked on the head and thrown into the river. The Junk Guild had its way. But near by lay the British gunboat, *Cockchafer*, and its alert Lieutenant Whitehow knew all about the plan of the junk owners to harass the steamers. Hawley was not a British subject, but the Lieutenant did not worry over that, but told the authorities of Wan-Hsien that unless they acted promptly he would bombard the city. Whether he would have carried out his threat we cannot say, but the civic officials very quickly laid hands on Hawley's murderers and put them to death, and there will probably be no more murders at Wan-Hsien of either British or American citizens.

### Methodist Union Under Fire

APPARENTLY Methodist Union in Britain ought to be assured. The Primitive Methodists and the United Methodists are in favor, and the recent Wesleyan Conference voted 402 to 100 in favor of the union. But this was in the Representative Session of the Wesleyan Conference, composed of ministers and laymen, and when the matter came up afterward in the Pastoral Session, where there are no laymen, a resolution was carried by 225 to 223 which expressed the "deep anxiety of the Conference concerning the serious division in the Wesleyan Church on the question of Methodist Union, and its conviction that the scheme suggested should be amended in important particulars, and that no scheme could be adopted which was not heartily supported by the overwhelming majority of their people." Afterwards the Pastoral Session passed a resolution sending the union scheme on to the circuits and trustees' meetings "for their prayerful consideration," but a

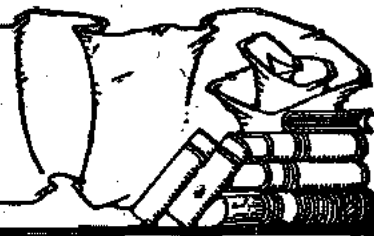
good many are wondering what the first resolution signified. It certainly looks on the face of it as though the pastors were not nearly so favorable to union as the vote in the Representative Session seemed to indicate, and the *United Methodist* sees little reason to doubt that "incalculable injury was done, not to Methodist Union only, but to Methodism itself, by the vote." The editor thinks that the root of the opposition lies in the disinclination of the ministry to accept "the elementary principles of democratic government," and *The Methodist Times* (Wesleyan) agrees with him. One difficulty lies in the fact that while the Pastoral Session expressed its opinion that the union scheme should be amended in "important particulars," it does not mention what those particulars are, and if they are such as would plainly be unacceptable to the other parties to the union, this would simply make union impossible. However, it is now the privilege of the official boards to say whether or no they want union and if their vote is largely in favor there will probably be no further difficulty with the Pastoral Session. This is but another illustration of the many difficulties which usually lie in the pathway of what seems to most outsiders a most desirable and natural consummation. For Methodists to be unable or unwilling to unite with other Methodists seems to us a strange thing. And yet we had this phenomenon in Canada forty years ago.

### The Crow's Nest Rates

WHEN in 1897 the late Hon. A. G. Blair made an agreement with the Canadian Pacific Railway that in consideration of certain financial help provided by the Government of Canada the Railway Company would lower its rates on grain and certain other commodities, he did not foresee the difficulty which would be experienced in securing the carrying out of that agreement. Since that time the general control of railway affairs for the Dominion has been handed over to the Railway Commission, but this Crow's Nest Pass Agreement being in black and white was not subject to their control and in default of Parliamentary action the rates came into effect automatically on July 1, 1924. But the Canadian Pacific Railway while admitting the validity of the agreement claims that at most it can apply only to those sections of the railway which were in operation when the agreement was made, and it has changed its rates accordingly. But naturally this has raised a storm of protest. Shipping points which existed in 1897 are able to secure shipping rates much lower than those of places which did not exist in 1897, even though the mileage in the latter case be considerably less. The Canadian National lines necessarily have followed the lead of the C.P.R., both in lowering its rates from certain points and in maintaining them at others. But here both railways run foul of the Dominion law, we understand, in making these discriminatory rates, and there is a possibility that the Railway Commission might so decide. And while both railways insist that the rates are too low for profit, there is an undoubted feeling both east and west in favor of reduction of rates and decidedly opposed to any increase. We do not think the Canadian public has any desire to deal unfairly with their great railway systems, but they are not quite convinced that the railways are equally willing to play fair with them. It will certainly help to straighten out the tangle if the Government will appoint as the head of the Railway Commission a man who is recognized as a stalwart champion of the rights of the people.



# EDITORIAL



## The Chaldean Towers

**R**ECENTLY at Ur, of the Chaldees, there was excavated a 4,000-year-old tower. The tower is solid, its four corners pointing to the cardinal points of the compass, and the size of the tower and its remarkable state of preservation, make it a genuine find in the realms of antiquity. It seems that such towers were erected in every important city in Mesopotamia, and the reason assigned for their erection is very interesting.

The builders were settlers from the mountainous country to the north east, and they had been accustomed to worshipping their god on the mountain tops. When they came to the level country, they found no mountains, not even a hill; and they proceeded at once to erect these towers upon which they could acceptably worship their god. Their god was a god of the hills and should be worshipped on the hills. And so these silent towers in their own way bear eloquent testimony to the fact that their builders worshipped God, and sought to worship Him in a manner acceptable to Him. On the top of the towers there was at least isolation from business and a wider outlook, and these things are surely helps to devotion.

## The Tale of the Traffic

**A**S WE read the comments of some of our papers and some of our public men upon the difficulty of enforcing a prohibitory law we cannot help but wonder if they have forgotten the story of the liquor traffic in this and other provinces. One would think, to listen to their loud-voiced lamentations, that we never had any bootlegging before, and never any difficulty in enforcing the liquor laws. The truth is that so far as our memory can recall, we have always had the illicit sale of liquor, and the license laws at all times were just as hard to enforce, and harder, than the prohibitory law.

What carried the Scott Act in some places in Ontario? What gave the Local Option Act its success? It wasn't the eloquence of the temperance orators nor the zeal of the temperance advocates, but the hard and inescapable facts of the saloon and the bar that forced men to look the matter squarely in the face. Why is it that in practically every province the opponents of prohibition are so very, very careful to make it clear that they do not want the return of the bar? Only a few years ago in this very province when Mr. N. W. Rowell proposed to "banish the bar," he was met with a perfect storm of denunciation. The bar was the poor man's friend, and the saloon was really a Christian institution, at least Bishop Potter tried to make it so. Why is it that the very men who such a short time ago so ardently espoused the cause of the bar, now join in denunciation of it?

There is only one reason, and that is the record which the bar has written. There is no hamlet upon this continent that ever sheltered the bar, where its foul record is not written in tears and blood. The weight of that ghastly record sank the bar. But what about bootlegging and law-breaking? We are told that now men sell liquor surreptitiously and we must reintroduce the liquor traffic to get rid of the illicit sale. But when did the legal sale blot out the illegal sale? We remember well the disreputable hotel where profanity and drunkenness abounded, and we remember when protest was made that the law was being broken, how the license inspector quietly dismissed us with the remark that you couldn't expect heaven in an hotel, even in a licensed hotel.

When did liquor-sellers keep the law? We believe that some of them honestly tried to do so, but they found it exceedingly hard to do so when most of their competitors were breaking it. And we remember the drunkenness of license days. In 1911 in Ontario there were 5,827 commitments to jail for drunkenness, and in 1923, with a population which had increased by about 500,000, the commitments

for drunkenness were only 3,482. It is absolutely certain that so far as drunkenness is concerned there is much less drunkenness under the Ontario Temperance Act at its worst, than there was under the old License Law at its best.

There was a time when it might be argued that under Government Control the consumption of intoxicants would decrease, and drunkenness would consequently diminish. But that argument is now impossible. With Quebec last year (June 1923-June 1924), spending \$26,000,000 for beer and wine alone, and probably over \$20,000,000 more during the same period for hard liquor, and with British Columbia telling a similar story, it has become impossible to argue that Government sale decreases the sale of intoxicants, and there are few who know anything about liquor who will not freely admit that with increased sales there will be increased drunkenness.

Under these circumstances it seems hardly worth while to talk about the decrease in bootlegging and illicit sale. It is clear that if the sale of liquor is going up by leaps and bounds, the demoralization of the community will increase, even if the bootlegger were altogether wiped out of existence. But that even this poor consolation is denied us seems clear from every province which has tried the new plan. In British Columbia we are told the illicit sale equals the legal sale; in Alberta and Manitoba already they find that the illicit sale is in progress and will probably continue despite all arguments of the Moderation League; while in Quebec the illicit sale has become such a scandal as to call forth the condemnation of the Church.

Yet in every case the traffic is running true to form. From the time this country first knew the traffic until to-day, the traffic has snapped its fingers at the law; and putting a government tag and license on it has never changed its nature. Some of our provinces have made the government itself practically the bar-tender, but they have not thereby made the traffic law-abiding. And if we reap a yearly profit of \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 by sending a hundred thousand of our sons to dishonored graves we shall still fail to make the liquor traffic anything other than a menace to the public good, and the fruitful source of law violation.

## College or Auto

**O**UR ESTEEMED Maritime contemporary, *The Wesleyan*, raises the question whether in the Maritime Provinces there are not at least 1,500 autos which people do not need, the expense of which would more than send 1,500 students to college. The editor says, "The money is spent in gas, and often worse, when it might well be turned into the gold of learning for their children. In two or three years the money spent on the flivver or the limousine will have been dissipated in burned-up gas, worn-out rubber, and garage bills. Had it been invested in college education for the boys and girls it would have built up a permanent endowment, the future profits of which would reach into the eternities."

We do not think the editor would put the ban on autos. We presume he recognizes, as we do, their recreational, educational, and health value; but, in many cases, at least in 1,500 cases, he thinks that this value is incomparably less than the value of a good college education to an ambitious student. We have no doubt that the same thing is true of our own province; yet here we are met by the strange predicament that our colleges, at least our Toronto colleges, seem to have more students than they can handle, and the authorities are aiming to discourage students rather than to invite them.

Yet a college course is a possession of rare value to any young man or woman who wants to make the most of life, and we cannot but think that any man who is willing to invest the cost of an automobile in the education of a young friend is making a good investment. We waste a good deal of money these days, but the money spent in fitting any young man or woman for more intelligent and effective service is not wasted. Think it over!

## The Question of War

**D**R. LAVELL'S article in this issue on, "Is War Ever Right," will be read with keen interest. We give it prominence because it seems to us to put a certain point of view as fairly and effectively as it can be stated. We do not, in the first place, however, find it convincing, for the reason that we cannot by any possibility quite make the writer's point of view ours. And in the second place, the general question which he undertakes to discuss does not seem to us to be quite at the heart of the problem of war as it presents itself to us to-day.

It is true, as Dr. Lavell says, that the question, "Is War Ever Right?" is a practical question, but it is, after all, very difficult to discuss it save in a quite academic way, and in any case it does not seem to us to suggest the real matter at issue. It would be quite easy for us to admit that Dr. Lavell is quite right when he claims that force must occasionally be used in the restraint of evil, though the very work that he is doing in connection with the Probation System is an indication that more and more we are coming to see the ineffectiveness of that method. It would be quite easy, too, for us to admit in a general sort of way that there might be a so-called "just war," or that war might be on occasion, as Dr. Lavell says, "better than peace." But that doesn't settle anything, for it doesn't bring us up against the pressing problem as it presents itself to us to-day.

The one question that presses home to us at the present, and to which we can only get one answer, is, has not the world learned through what has happened since August 4, 1914, that war is the most futile, the most hideously costly, and the most thoroughly diabolical way of trying to settle anything that the mind of man has ever conceived? When brought down to its final analysis that is what it seems to us to have proved itself to be, even though we must admit that it didn't look quite to be that in those earlier days of the recent struggle, or even up to its very end. And it is that facility that war has, due to a multitude of far-reaching causes, of making itself look like what it isn't that has brought many people in our day to the determined conviction that never again will they allow it to paint black white for them. Dr. Lavell may speak in general terms about what war may be on occasion, but the war we have known has had everything to condemn it and as one looks at it to-day it has not left one single shred of virtue. We spoke glibly of the war that was to end war, but how does that catch word look to-day? It ended nothing that was evil but it did make nearly everything that was good more difficult of achievement. With this war in our minds it does seem almost foolish to argue, as Dr. Lavell does, as to what war may be.

But Dr. Lavell is convinced also of the general evil of war, and is as anxious to get rid of it as we are. But the way he says it must be done is to prepare for war, get the machine all ready, and then use it only to keep down the thing for which it was itself created. It is the old argument, it leaves us just where we were before the last war broke out, and as a scheme it will work just as ineffectively the next time as it did the last time. We are as convinced of this as we have ever been of anything, that the only way the world will ever get rid of war is for some of the leading nations actually to begin to scrap their war-machines, and to keep the thing up until it becomes catching. So long as we have those machines, kept up to the highest pitch of efficiency at a hideously back-breaking cost, we mock heaven by praying that wars may cease.

That risks might be run in doing such a thing is undoubtedly true, but surely we are scarcely fair to humanity when we imply that no possible need or condition would justify taking them. That Britain or the United States without a war machine would have no means or methods of defence we do not for one moment believe.

# The Lonely Road

## Love's Sacrifice

By Bertha Lyall Smeeton



HE man on the bench stirred suddenly with an impatient movement. He had been sitting there for some time, over an hour, in fact; a sombre, rather lonely figure against the flaunting background of the late September afternoon.

Behind him the hill rose steeply, surmounted at its crest by a high, many-windowed building, obviously an hotel, its panes flashing in the rays of the setting sun. The gardens sloped steeply downward, ending abruptly in a broad belt of trees, their neatly gravelled walks merging and losing themselves in little mossy byways and dim, leaf-carpeted paths. Coming down from the warm glare of the gardens, one plunged with relief into the cool fragrance of the woods. Overhead, the squirrels chattered busily, and with a tiny, rustling sigh a leaf fluttered down through the golden stillness. Little flickering shadows mottled the brown smoothness of the path ahead. Now and then one caught a whiff of wood smoke, of decaying leaves, of rich mould, that subtle aroma inseparably associated with autumn woods.

BUT all this beauty and this stillness seemed to leave the man on the bench untouched. He moved restlessly and stared moodily ahead of him. Beyond the breast-high railing in front the trees cascaded downward in a tumbled flood of gold and scarlet glory. Below lay the city, housetops and chimneys, tall buildings and gleaming windows, reaching outward and onward till its long wharves thrust their eager fingers into the placid bay. Farther still, the shimmering ocean melted into the opalescence of the dim horizon, and the ships came and went, eager, swift-footed messengers of other lands. Suddenly the sun dipped below the sky line, a deeper hush settled on the trees, then a little breeze, chill with the premonition of coming winter, rustled the leaves. The man shivered and made as if to rise, then with a smothered exclamation sank back again.

"I forgot," he said. "For the moment I forgot I have to wait." He laughed a little bitterly. "I wish the beggar would turn up. I've had about enough of this." He turned his head quickly as the sound of approaching footsteps came to him, then a flicker of annoyance crossed his face. "Confound it! A woman!" he muttered.

Twilight had fallen. A softening haze veiled the crimson and burnished copper of the trees. Tiny points of light pricked out from the city and the shipping in the bay, and along the pathway the shadows lay, mysterious purple pools. The wood smoke drifted lazily, aromatic, pungent.

The girl came swiftly along the curving path, a slender, eager shape in the violet dusk. For a moment she paused, one small gloved hand resting lightly on the rail, and stood motionless, the pale oval of her face turned towards the far-off ocean. It was not until she turned to go on her way that she noticed the bench and its solitary occupant. Surprised, for the moment caught unawares, she flung a quick glance at the man who sat there so silently, then started visibly. She faltered, took a step, paused irresolutely, and turned again.

"I beg your pardon," she began haltingly, "but—"

The man looked up at her, his features for the first time fully discernible in the gathering dusk.

She ran to him swiftly. "It is—it is!" she cried. "I was sure—Paul—my dear!"

The man stood up, her eager, outstretched hands clasped in his—his face radiant.

"Jean—little Jean," he said unsteadily.

"Oh, I can't—I simply can't believe—" she was flame-like, vivid. "To think it should be you! When I turned and saw you first, I knew, but I couldn't believe. I almost went on but something drew me back. And you would have let me go?" she said reproachfully.

"I—I wondered if you'd know me," the man said slowly, "after all these years."

The girl laughed. "My dear, as if I wouldn't know. But—" The first flush of recognition over, she was puzzled, bewildered. "Paul, why are you here? How?—when?"

"I arrived yesterday afternoon," the man said

shortly, the eager light dying out of his face. "Jim had urgent business in the East, and I came down with him. We are leaving again in the morning."

"But, Paul, I don't understand," she said wonderingly. "You didn't let me know you were coming—were here—didn't come to see me." She was suddenly accusing, then she smiled. "But, of course, to-night you would have—" she stopped short, looked closely at him. "Paul," she said swiftly, "Paul, you weren't going back to-morrow without letting me know?"

He did not speak, and in his very silence she was answered.

Gently, but firmly, she withdrew her fingers from his.

"I think," she said softly, "I think that you should explain, Paul."

"Yes," he said steadily, "I owe you an explanation, my dear. I was going to write it, but now—"

He drew her down beside him on the bench. He did not look at her; his eyes were on the twinkling lights far below. For a moment there was silence.

"Five years ago to-day," he began, "You promised to wait for me."

The girl glanced at him swiftly, but he did not turn.

### Thoughts

By IDA M. THOMAS

My busy hands are occupied  
From dawn till dusk descends;  
And longer, for mine is the kind  
Of work that never ends.  
But though my hands at home must stay,  
My mind is often far away.

My thoughts are not confined at all  
But boldly off through space  
They soar like eagles in their flight,  
Or roam from place to place,  
Always on trips of pleasure bent,  
Eager, wherever they are sent.

I sweep and dust and scrub the floors,  
I brew and boil and bake,  
I wash the dishes, mend the socks,  
And little dresses make;  
Toil that I may not ever shirk,  
And yet I do not mind the work.

Because my thoughts can, rain or shine,  
Upon excursions go,  
And though I'm tied to weary tasks,  
Yet this one truth I know—  
A knowledge I have gladly gained—  
That thoughts are things that can't be chained.

"You were twenty, I was twenty-five. We were very much in love then, weren't we, little Jean?" He spoke wistfully, and the girl drew in her breath sharply as though startled.

"I went away out West to make my name and our fortune, and you stayed behind to wait. That was our mistake; we should not have delayed. For in five years much can happen, much can change."

The girl scarcely breathed; she seemed to be waiting.

"As you know, I have succeeded to some degree in my writings. I have told you of how I live, with Jim Burton on his ranch. Just the two of us, two old bachelors, a sort of David and Jonathan affair." He smiled whimsically.

If the girl had looked down she would have seen how his knuckles gleamed white as he gripped the rough wood of the seat.

"You know, little Jean, how I love you—how

tenderly, deeply, I care for you. But five years is a long time and a man—a man changes with the years. Oh, my God! What a brute I am!" He cried suddenly and buried his face in his hands.

The girl spoke softly. "I think I understand," she said. "You are trying to tell me that you no longer care?"

Her hands, too, were tight clenched. He groped for them and covered them with his.

"That I no longer care in that way, my dear," he said gently.

She sat motionless, her body rigid, as though carved out of stone.

"Oh, I know it is beastly—beastly!" he broke out fiercely. "I'm an utter cad. But I had to tell you. I couldn't go on with the farce any longer. I know how you must hate—despise me—I—I" he turned to her swiftly and stopped aghast.

She was leaning against him, helpless, weak with hysterical laughter.

"Oh, Paul, it—it's so funny," she gasped. He stared amazed.

"I—I, too. Didn't it ever strike you that I might change? Five years is a long time in a girl's life; also, you know!"

"You—you mean?" he stammered.

"I mean that, while I am and always will be frightfully fond of you, Paul dear," she spoke lightly, but her voice dropped softly. Her smiling mouth was tender, her eyes radiant. "I really care, that way, for some one else!"

"Ah!" It was a breath, no more.

"I would never have told you, Paul. I had given you my promise and would have carried on. I—I sent him away," her voice faltered. "He was to go in the morning. I would never have seen him again. But now—but now—" she paused.

"Now," he said slowly, "now all will be well with you, little girl. Is it not so?"

"Oh, yes! Yes!" she said. "But you, Paul, is there some one else with you?"

"No," he smiled. "Not that, dear. Just—what I have said. Jean! How I dreaded telling you, even now I know it was the act of a cad!"

She interrupted him swiftly. "My dear! It was the only thing to do. And see—three hearts are made happy where three lives might have been spoilt!"

"Yes," he agreed. "As it is—it is well."

"I must go," she said. "It is late. But, Paul, it is not good-bye?"

"Yes," he said. "To-night belongs to him—and to you. I leave early in the morning. I hope—" he faltered, "I know—you will be very happy. God bless and keep you, my dear." He stooped and kissed her gently. "Good-bye!"

Long after her footsteps had died away, in the silence and darkness he sat, immovable, rigid, then—

"My God! My God!" he said, and bowed his face in his hands.

"And I would never have known. She would have stood by—would have come to me—my Jean, my girl. I thank God I had the courage to carry it through. And I pray she does not find out, or until it is too late. I should have told her before—this should have come a year ago, when it happened, but, like the coward I am, I put it off, hoping against hope; and now, it is finished! Not even hope is left—there is nothing—nothing! God help me! Jean, my little—little love!"

So deep was his agony that he did not hear footsteps again approaching until a hand fell on his bowed shoulders and a man spoke quickly.

"I say, old man, I'm frightfully sorry to have been so late! The hotel chappie told me you'd been waiting here for ages. Got held up, red tape, beastly officiousness. All set now, though. Everything O.K. You got everything settled?"

"Yes, thanks. Everything."

"Good! Nothing to stop us now. We can pull out of here as soon as we like. Lord! It'll be great to get back, eh, old boy? Back to the mountains, to the heights, and the good clean air. Back to our own little shack, with the valley in front of us, and that old heathen, Wong, grinning at us from the kitchen door. Back to our work, I to my fruit trees, and you to your writing. What would we do without work!"

"Yes," the other stood up quickly and threw

(Continued on page 15)

# This Internationalism—Where Will It Lead?

## Summary of Two Interesting Conferences

By Hilda Boyd Collins

**I**T OUGHT to be an interesting hobby for any, thus addicted, to gather and tabulate all information about conferences of recent years, their nature and effects. Not Methodist Conferences but all the numerous councils and international meetings, social, industrial, political, religious, financial, disarmament and ecclesiastical that have been convened.

There has been suggested to the multitude an idea so alluring to our native garrulity that it has been swallowed at a gulp and is now a belief: the idea that sitting and talking a matter over clears the air. But talking is not enough. Experience teaches that conferences frequently deoxygenate the air. In their atmosphere breathing often becomes difficult. Sometimes pollution follows divulgence of facts undreamt of by the unsuspecting common man whose desire is to live and let live.

Contemporary conferences are of this much value; they provide the opportunity for one to cast all one's care upon God. That is, they leave one environed by such encircling gloom that instinctively one gropes, seeking, ever seeking, for the clutch of a stable hand somewhere, the while breathing "Lead Thou me on." At such times the fearful, but trustful, of 1924, share in the experience of the patriarchs and prophets that the eternal God is the refuge of men, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

**T**HE writer during the spring deputized for certain societies at two conferences, which together produced the deepest despondency. One conference was of an international, the other an industrial character. At the former every race and almost every nation was represented; at the latter every class.

At the International Conference there was displayed every variety of corporate feeling, and our several conflicting national points of view were aired unflinchingly. The near East delegation oozed a soul-less materialism; the far-Easterners evinced a grieved reproachfulness. From the Africans there emanated something like the atmospheric precursor of a coming storm. There were no lightning flashes, but rather the massive stillness of heavy accumulated black clouds. There was stored up within those African breasts poignant resentment of all the indignities and injustices meted out to them and their forebears by their enlightened and powerful fellow men. African self-consciousness expressed itself through the lips of an educated depute: "Africa," he said, "will move towards its own self-determination when it is unified by one language and one religion. That religion may be Christianity or it may be Islam. It is most likely to be Islam." We were not surprised. The sword has attractions for those who have much to forgive.

And the Mongolians? The aggressive section of them looked upon all the world as their dwelling-place, logically deducing from certain premises the right to overflow from their congested countries into whatever empty spaces there are available. "We must eat, we must live," they said, and if we are all brethren, we should be allowed to live among you all." Mongolian idealism is expressive not of internationalism, but cosmopolitanism.

**T**HE European representatives were types of Westernism. The power of the ruling race was in them. They were all Christians; that is to say they were aware of Christian teaching but were weighted to earth by the plain relentless facts of certain facts. Some practical questions were asked and answered: If Britain unconditionally disarms shall she likely be unattacked? No. If Britain gives liberty to India will the Empire be safe? No. If the war-time enthusiasm for territorial restoration be encouraged so that not only France, Poland, Denmark and Greece be given back their own but Spain and Egypt and China also, could Britain surrender Gibraltar, Suez and Hong-Kong and be safe? No! Could she be sure of raw materials and food? No. For their own self-preservation the industrial nations must have oil. Can the Western nations then refrain from interference with the internal affairs of oil-producing countries? No.

So it was that the full argument for Imperialism

held ground. Power held must be power sustained. Why? For What? The preservation of life.

Thus the loop of evil girdled the globe, African and Mongolian discontent mingling with European fear and pride, supporting the view of certain sociologists that man is an animal driven by hunger.

### A Shut-in

By ALIX THORN

She tranquil sits beside her small-paned window,

A slender figure, wrinkled, bowed and old.

A stocking, she is knitting, slowly growing,

Is all her trembling fingers now can hold.

She hears the roll of wheels and country echoes,

The song of birds and winds that idly blow.

The flowerful summer comes, regretful passes,

Then softly flutters down the kindly snow.

Yet rich and poor find here a peaceful haven,

A counsellor and wise, who never fails,  
But sympathetic listens, understanding,  
To young and old, their troubles and their tales.

A shut-in, yes, in truth, but great her mission:

A blessing all unknowing, pure and sweet.

And just her presence in a humble dwelling

Can somehow glorify a village street.

Economics pronounced that internationalism was the impossible dream of sleepers in a fool's paradise.

**N**O one should have any difficulty in tracing one's steep decline into the Valley of Despond after reading the above compressed summary of four days' debating and conversing. Fortunately, the League of Nations was represented by an able man, a retired colonel. In a calm, authoritative manner he assured the disquieted assembly that whether agreeable to them or not internationalism had arrived; it is of the new order; people think and organize internationally quite apart from the League of Nations. Humanity with its needs has not waited for politicians.

The Colonel said that ever since 1851, when the late Prince Consort designed the great international exhibition, and Tennyson sensed prophetically the parliament of man, the federation of the world, the idea of internationalism has been working in the subconscious depths of the race. The organization of the Postal Union was a forerunner of it when in convention it declared that for their purposes the world was one area. The scores of international societies, too, are also vital contradictions of "the cynic's ban."

The Colonel's argument for the necessity of internationalism found confirmation in the deliberations of the second conference, that on industrialism. "Wages" was the subject chosen for debate because of the pronouncement of the Archbishops' Fifth Committee of Enquiry that wages should be the

first charge on industry. Capital, labor and consumer were represented.

**T**HE capitalist declared that other claims, that of the state in taxation, the foreign supplies of raw material, and the thrifty ones who save to lend, demanded as much priority as the worker to a business man's consideration. They also inveighed against legal minimum wage standards because of the low assets of many enterprises that would become bankrupt by the responsibility of a high wage scale, their bankruptcy bringing with it the curse of unemployment. The capitalists continued to say that "These humane proposals of organized Christianity" shall always be impracticable until living becomes standardized the world over. Much of unemployment resulted from the open competition, on the world's market, of nations socially organized on very unequal terms, and until some power, some authority functioned internationally to counterbalance conditions there could be nothing else but industrial unrest, distrust and world-wide complications.

The Capitalist spoke as an economist; the Labor man (for he was not a laborer) spoke as a humanitarian. In substance his argument was; a man is here for a short span of years; he should be given full opportunity to develop his powers, to recognize and appreciate beauty, to know God, to experience the dignity of walking in uprightness and in hope, to be a worthy parent and an honest citizen, not merely "to crawl 'twixt earth and heaven." A man's power to work, to make something which society needs declares his value in proportion to that of the thing made. He should be rewarded accordingly.

**W**HEN two groups of people insist on viewing a question from two different angles, keeping them apart, there can be nothing but conflict. There is not the tiniest beam of hope for the world if men assume that the laws of economics are inelastically fixed beyond sentiment and a sense of God to sublimate; nor is there any clarity in the method of iconoclastic revolution. For good or ill, one does not know, world commerce is based on a monetary system; furthermore, differing capabilities among men qualify some for leadership and constructiveness, others for co-operation, and so our social order shapes itself.

But it may be interesting here to give the three suggestions for the dissolving of our discontents:

The Economist's: Let an international authority standardize living and remuneration of labor.

The Idealist-Economist's: Let there be a world survey of world assets and let there be an universal organization for equitable distribution according to need.

The Christian Sociologist's: Let there be universal belief in the value of the individual soul and the recognition that the well-being of the one means the good of the whole.

The three are complementary to each other and probably the grave menace of cosmopolitanism may be diverted by the application of the second suggestion. Cosmopolitanism is as dangerous as anarchism. Anthitheses fail except when ordered in strict obedience to laws of harmony. Whatever change the centuries may bring, at present one feels that East is better East, and West is better West, with the spirit of the Lord Christ leavening both. Rabindranath Tagore has a valuable passage in his book Sadhanah. "Man for his perfect growth requires all the living elements that constitute his complex life, that is why his food has to be cultivated in different fields and brought from different sources. It is best for the commerce of the spirit that people differently situated should bring their different products into the market of humanity, each of which is complementary and necessary to the others."

**A** MEDICO'S remedies are entirely prescribed on the basis of symptoms apparent at a specific time—he can do no more. For ourselves, the distant future lies beyond our knowledge and our foresight, but it does seem clear that our preservation now depends on some world arrangement, and on inter-racial fraternity. Mr. Studdert Kennedy has put the Christian point of view effectively in a sentence: "To Jesus Christ the world is a family, and economics the right management of God's house—"

(Continued on page 21)

# Is War Ever Right?

## Is It Always the Greatest Conceivable Evil?

By Alfred E. Lavell



RECENT articles in the GUARDIAN lead me to propose the following theses: 1. That war is always a dreadful thing. "Hell" said Sherman. That is too strong but quite pardonable. I need hardly exemplify the horrors of war. The decision is unanimous.

2. That war, when the dominating spirit and motive is materialistic, selfish, or unreasoning passion is wicked and hateful. The Franco-Prussian war is one example out of very many. Human life is too valuable to be so wasted. Again argument seems superfluous. The decision is unanimous, or practically so.

3. That war, even including the above, may reveal noble qualities of character. Is it necessary to illustrate and prove this? Surely a knowledge of the defence and relief of Lucknow, or the story of many a V.C., or the writings of Hankey, would alone be sufficient. But is not this statement also unquestioned? It would seem unnecessary to pursue it further.

4. That war, when the dominating spirit and motive is the defence of rights, the protection of the weak, or the maintenance of justice, when these cannot be defended, protected or maintained adequately in any better or more effective way, may be better than peace, and a sign of light and not darkness.

IT WOULD seem from recent articles that this is not admitted by some. The question is a practical one and must be settled in the light of facts as they are. My daily task is to deal with persons who have infringed rights, who have despoiled the weak and have done injustice in defiance of reasonable law and sound ethics. I believe absolutely in brotherhood, humanity and the utter futility of revenge, as taught by Jesus. So do most of the legislators who made the laws, the police who apprehended the offenders, the magistrates who sentenced them, and the custodians who forcibly hold them. Would the objectors to my thesis go to the length of Tolstoi and say that laws and the compulsion to force obedience to these is unchristian? This is anarchy, which has a place only in a world where the law is written in men's hearts, as the prophet puts it. The present condition of the world is far from that. Shall we allow persons to kill or burn our homes or rape our women or steal our goods with impunity? The alternative is law, courts and officials who on our behalf use force.

But in the frontier days when the seat of government and law was far away, and there were no police, were the pioneers justified in defending and maintaining the rights of life and freedom by forcible means when the despoiler could not be withstood by mere words and pious appeal? They had to use rifles sometimes. Were they justified, or would it have been more Christian to have allowed themselves to be slaughtered and their wives and little ones degraded and their homes destroyed? The question is a practical one. The settler did not need to have hatred in his heart when he shot his rifle.

THE relations of the nations of the world are as yet much like those of the people in the old frontier days. Laws were not tangibly in force. Most people wished to have peace and prosperity. A few evil-minded persons had either to be obeyed and allowed to work their nefarious plans unthwarted or to be forcibly prevented by peace-loving and honest citizens.

Among the nations to-day there are as yet no all-binding laws. Most nations and peoples desire peace and co-operation and just dealing. If a nation deliberately transgresses the rights of another and flagrantly violates just claims and treaties, is it to be allowed to do so because it would be unchristian to lay forcible hands on the violating, selfish national thief? If it will not listen to reason, war against it is the only alternative—a just, proper, righteous, regrettable war. In spite of the fairy tales that some one has been telling to your writer of July 23 I would give the invasion of Belgium by Germany in the light of Grey's extreme and noble efforts for peace, as an example of a righteous declaration of war by England. I have by no means

changed the opinion I had at enlistment as it seems the above-mentioned writer has; for I knew then as I know now that wars come, not from some one cause only, but from many mixed motives and varied circumstances and causes, good and bad. So do nearly all deeds of individuals as well as nations. It is the dominating and really deciding cause and motive which we need to discover, and I have no doubt that in the late war, the cause was chiefly a materialistic, selfish will for power on the part of Germany, suspicious and vengeful memories of 1870 by France, but on the part of Britain a desire to protect just rights and others who were weak, combined with a very natural and proper desire to thwart and put down a criminal—though not at all completely depraved—nation before it had by evil aggrandizement from others, become an uncontrollable and dangerous menace to Britain itself.

IT has become the custom in some quarters to put Britain's honor in this in quotation marks, as if honor were not really concerned. One might do the same with the signer of any other agreement. Should she not have signed the treaty for the protection of Belgium? Let the objector give an adequate alternative. If society in the form of a nation should defend the rights of persons within its borders, by force, if necessary, against the thief and the murderer, and should guarantee to do this, and should carry this guarantee into effect; should not nations agree to assist one another to protect themselves and others in the preservation of just and proper rights against those who would violate these and who will not desist from their evil action save under pressure of force? This may mean war. War in a just cause is the police officer's forcible effort on a larger scale. Both are a necessary though regrettable sign of an imperfect society.

5. So long as the world is imperfect, ignorant, stupid or selfish, there will be war unless the material strength of those who stand for justice and humanity is so great as to make violence patently futile to those who would forcibly practise injustice and oppression.

Preparedness for war encourages war only in the nations which are dominantly selfish and aggressive. Preparedness for war by nations who really desire peace, justice and co-operation never brought them to war except for the defence of proper rights, or the protection of the weak against unjust powers who would accept no other arbitrament. Does the possession of a burglar alarm and a vigilant, waiting, armed watchman by a bank encourage or discourage war against it by a gang of thieves? Do these encourage the bank to go out and make trouble?

Militarism and jingoism are bad in any country or community. But in the present condition of certain nations does the possession of strong navies by Britain and the United States and the military training of these peoples invite or discourage war by nations whose governments are selfishly and wrongly aggressive, and whose peoples have not yet learned the supreme value of peace and co-operation, or at least have been as yet unable to articulate their desire for these? There would seem to be but one reply. There is only one real cure for war and that is the spirit of Jesus in the hearts of all mankind. Until that comes to pass the use of force to restrain evil-doers will be necessary, and this means possible war.

At the Battle of Queenston Heights there was a Methodist local preacher with the force which came around by St. David's and taking the invaders on the heights in the flank drove them off. Each time he took aim he was heard by another soldier to pray

"The Lord, have mercy on his soul," and fire. There was no hatred in his heart, but in the face of the unjust attacker of his land and home how could he do otherwise than to use force? He was a Christian. He killed more than one man. He was up against facts which were not of his making nor that of his nation. The invader would take no argument for answer. War was the only just and proper alternative.

## Bright Spots

The Secret of Which is Unselfishness

By Tatterdemalion

THERE are dark spots on the sun where some diabolism is going on. The otherwise glowing circumference is blotched and broken.

But there are bright spots in people's lives. The surface of life is often somewhat dark, yet the fires that burn underneath find a core, a centre, push up, burst through and blaze.

This is always the reason. The bright spot for ever is the child of hidden fires.

A mother not long ago told her graduating son that the day he received his lambskin was a bright spot in her life. It would seem that the cause was outside herself—not inside. But not so. Whose love, patience, wise counsel, petting and coddling, invincible courage steered the young duffer through muggy days and buffets, put him past all quittings, steadied him down to business, and helped him on the home stretch? I think the bright spot of that day is hers, not his, and had its birth in her mother love.

An old bulb had lain in a dark corner long enough when a flower-lover picked it up. She put it in soil and watched the place. Patiently she watered it. Longingly she hoped for the day. After unusual persistence a couple of shoots and then two wonderful flowers. Bright spots, yes, but they had their birth in the woman's faith and patience. Whether this is scientifically correct, it is morally true.

A boy had been labelled bad. He was supposed to be light fingered. His father was a ne'er-do-well of a proud family and the lad was a mixture. He was fired from a dozen classes. By and by a teacher of the tall Gibsonian, blue-eyed, far-away look type got hold of him. He was the black sheep among a dozen other meek-eyed lambskins of the ultra respectable class. He had put pins in all of them. A battle royal ensued between him and his new instructress. But some fascination glued them together. He was charged with theft and she cleared it up. When the clarification was complete he was found guilty as any little thief that ever lived. But she clung to him. "Circumstances had been against him. It was the juvenile Mr. Hyde. Dr. Jekyll was there, too, in large numbers, for had he not honor and pride as well?" And she won. That boy is the bright spot in her life, born of her faith and a funny craze for just that sort of angelic pervert.

The secret of bright spots over the surface of human life is unselfishness. Selfishness induces dry rot. Nothing is born of selfishness. Get yourself out of sight and start some day to brood over somebody else. Result—a new birth of blessedness somewhere—and another bright spot in the life of the brooder.

I know a church which has reached a certain historic situation. The original families have shaken their children out of the nest and many of them are gone. There are sixty widows and seventy-five old maids in its pews, plus some elderly men. It is called the "Old People's Church." There are numbers of young people resident in the district, hanging round. They get scarcely a nod. Many of them become disgusted and disappear. The preacher announces a special service for young folk on a Sunday night and forthwith the selfish seniors manifest their complete senility by giving that service the go-by. With all their silly pride for their historic old institution it is dying. If some of these fossils would wake up and brood a little over the new life that is wistfully waiting for recognition, bright spots would burst out all over that church's life. In fact a new day would dawn.



# Of Interest to Women

## The Immemorial Lily

By Jean Ireland

"Whose nobility dates back to that of the gods themselves."—Maeterlinck.



PROBABLY the oldest blossoming plant on earth is the lily. A classical fable relates its birth. The boy, Hercules, was torn from the breast of his earthly mother by the father, Jupiter, and carried to the goddess, Juno, because if nurtured by an immortal mother, he would himself become a god. His mouth overfull of milk let fall many drops which formed the milky way and starred the earth with lilies.

In the ancient gardens of Persia the lily and the rose grew side by side, and ever since they have been associated in thought. People are usually more interested in growing roses than lilies, yet the latter are the more easily grown of the two. Some few of our lilies are native to our own country, but our best garden species have come from China and Japan. The native ones are not always successful in gardens, possibly because most gardeners do not bear in mind that lilies abhor all kinds of fertilizers, yet our gardens would be greatly improved by the introduction of a few of the hardier species.

People who should know better often make no distinction between the terms *Lilium* and *Liliaceae*. *Liliaceae* means the lily family, and a plant may belong to this family yet not be a *Lilium*; for example the tulip, although a member of the lily family, is not a *Lilium* but a *Tulipa*.

A lily blossom of whatever kind has six flower leaves, the three inner forming the corolla, the three outer the calyx, which in many flowers is green, but never so in lilies. There are also (one in front of each flower leaf) six long stamens, each tipped with a swinging anther, often golden, but sometimes a shade of brown from reddish to chocolate. The ovary or seed-holder has but three cells, each cell containing many seeds.

Besides the different varieties of lilies properly speaking, the following are all members of the lily tribe: tulips, scillas, funkias, yuccas, alliums, anthericums, chionodoxas, Star of Bethlehem, the poker plant, hyacinths, Roman and Dutch, as well as the grape hyacinths and the *Hyacinthus Candidus* or summer hyacinth, the asparagus ferns of the greenhouse and the asparagus of the garden, and of course the calla lily and the lily-of-the-valley. Also members of this same family are such flowers of the woods as dog's tooth violet, trilliums, bellwort, and the several kinds of Solomon's Seal.

We are apt to call anything a lily that has a lily-like leaf. Thus the red amaryllis, though closely allied to the lilies, is not a true lily. Strange though it may seem all daffodils and narcissi, including the Paper Whites and Chinese Sacred Lily, as well as jonquils, snowdrops, snowflakes, and the tuberose, although much resembling lilies, belong not to them but to the amaryllids, while irises again which some call flag-lilies, belong to quite a different family, the *Iridaceae*, which includes also crocuses, ixias, tigridias, montbretias and the gladiolus. Cannas, which some class with the irises and some with the lilies and, which in England are called Canna Lilies, are in reality members of the banana family.

In the older country gardens of Ontario the lilies most cultivated were: the tiger lily, the orange lily, and the lemon lily; and these are the most dependable to-day, even for city gardens, and especially for massing among shrubbery, as they thrive like weeds with almost no care, and live on and on for years. The old-fashioned tiger lily which is again in fashion, as indeed it should be because of its great beauty, may be known by the little black bulblets in the axils of the leaves. These black beads, if we have the patience to wait for them, will, in time, produce new plants. This lily originally came from China and Japan and was probably the first lily brought to this country. To-day there is a double form which to my mind is no improvement on the old. The tawny orange lily is often called the day lily as each blossom lasts but a single day. The name day lily, is also often given to the fragrant lemon lily, or June lily, which, though kept somewhat in the background by more splendid modern lilies, continues still to charm.

There are other choicer lilies, almost if not quite

as hardy, which we would do well to introduce among our dependables. Certain of the rarer ones, expensive in the first place and difficult of culture, we would be well advised to let alone, but if each year, with our hardy lilies, we try a bulb or two of a new variety, although we may find some "miffy doers," we may also find some that will like our soil, and thus get a good deal of pleasure in growing something that is a failure with others.

All true lilies except one have recurved petals. This is the wood lily, or wild red lily, called in catalogues *Lilium Philadelphicum*. In color it is orange-scarlet and may be known by its upright aspect (other lily bells droop), also by the way the petals narrow toward the base. Sometimes but not always the cup is spotted on the inside. It is quite abundant in the United States among grasses, and was formerly very common in Canada where it is still sometimes found wild.

If I could have in my garden but one lily it would be *Lilium Candidum* (the oldest lily in existence), often called the Madonna Lily because associated with the Madonna in pictures. It is entirely hardy, requiring little care and will bloom in partial shade. It is to this lily Maeterlinck refers when he says: "The great white lily with his chalice of silver, the

dust would soil the spotless purity of the white bell, and partly because their removal allows the blossom to remain fresh longer.

Another of my favorite lilies which at times proves hardy, at times not, is *Lilium Rubrum*, one of the speciosum lilies from Japan, a lily much like the tiger lily, except that it is white with rose spots and is very fragrant. A variety called album is pure white, fragrant, too, but not so hardy.

*Lilium Auratum*, the magnificent gold-banded lily of Japan has so far proved hardy with me. It is said to be the largest and the most beautiful lily that grows, and is often spoken of as the queen of lilies. Such adjectives as superb, regal, incomparable, have been used in describing it. "One may marshall all the adjectives and then fall short of its perfection." Each petal, which has a gold band running lengthwise through it, is spotted with deep red, the pistil is red-tipped and the anthers are chocolate-colored. My one precious bulb had last year but a single bloom, but that bloom from tip to tip of recurved petal measured quite a foot across. This year the stem is at time of writing four feet tall and promises to have five blooms, if a stray cat or such molest it not. The honor of distributing it rests with Messrs. Veitch of England. On the slopes of the snow-capped Fushi-yama in Japan, *Lilium Auratum* once grew wild and untouched, but soon after the treaty ports were thrown open, the Japanese learned that to tear up the bulbs they had at one time eaten, and to ship them by cartloads to foreign countries was to reap a golden harvest. A writer speaks of having seen an *Auratum* lily exhibited at Derby in England bearing one hundred and fifty-seven flowers. In a garden on the Isle of Arran in Scotland there was planted some years ago a few of these bulbs. To-day there is a fine plantation, the stems being from four to seven feet high, each spike bearing on an average twelve blooms, eight inches across. The temperature, owing to the nearness of the sea, is cool, even and damp, and the soil a well-drained loam, rather sandy, such as potatoes thrive in. The reason Japanese lilies do indifferently with us is probably due to cold storage which saps the vitality of the bulb. With fall planting they would do better, but imported bulbs do not reach us until after the ground is frozen, and dealers are forced to keep them in cold storage until spring.

I am hoping some day when my purse is less slim than at present to try the Regal Lily which is said to be suited to northern climates. It was introduced to America from Western China a few years ago by Mr. E. H. Wilson of the Arnold Arboretum. Hardy, strong-growing, fragrant, with large, yellow-throated blooms, wine-colored without and white within, in the valley of the Min, where it is subject to intense summer heat and severe winter cold; it riots through the valleys and climbs the mountain sides in tens of thousands.

A splendid lily for planting about the base of taller lilies thus hiding the bare stems is the common Funkia, Plantain or August Lily. The great circular clumps of broad, shining, prominently-veined leaves are highly ornamental, and the white, fragrant flowers, in size and shape somewhat like those of a crocus, are borne aloft in racemes. Another variety has lilac flowers, and there is also a variety with very pretty variegated leaves of green and white, often used for edging beds.

With regard to the culture of lilies, the only way really to know their needs is to grow them, as soils and conditions differ. Soil that is good for potatoes is also good for lilies. They do better if planted six or eight inches deep, though four inches is enough for the Madonna. Unlike humans, lilies should have their feet cool and their heads warm. Deep planting helps to conserve moisture which is the chief need of lilies. Besides if the planting is shallow they are more likely to be frozen or pried out of the ground by frost in winter. Also, certain varieties that form roots on the base of the stem as well as on the bulb, can anchor themselves in the ground better if planted deep. Lilies are happiest in fibrous loam, leaf mould and sand. Notwithstanding the fact that they love moisture, they must also have good drainage. If the soil is heavy it is well to give them a cushion and also a coverlet of sand. It should be remembered that all lilies dislike

(Continued on page 22)

### Questing

By ALIX THORN

Above my garden reft of blossoms  
sweet

He slowly sails, a sad white butterfly.

Shrill pipes the wind, and low'ring is  
the sky,

And brown the hedge that meets the  
narrow street.

Like wistful ghost he silent passes by:  
Beyond are stricken fields, the forest  
dun;

My heart quick follows him, the lonely  
one,

I, too, would summer seek, like  
butterfly.

old lord of the garden, the only authentic prince, whose nobility dates back to that of the gods themselves—the immemorial lily." It is a native of Southern Europe and Western Asia. The stiff stems from two to four feet high bear from six to twenty pure white flowers, extremely fragrant, and in appearance much like those of Easter Lilies. In England it is more generally grown than any other lily, and will flourish in dry, hungry places, or where the ground is full of roots, but is at its best in rather stiff loam in full sun. At blooming time it is hard to convince one's friends that these are not true Easter lilies. It is not used for Easter because it does not force well. The one we see at that season is *Lilium Harrisii* or the Bermuda lily, really a Japan lily introduced by way of Bermuda through Mr. William Harris, a Philadelphia florist. This has larger flowers than the Madonna and is more likely to bloom just when wanted, as it requires exactly thirteen weeks for its development. It became so popular that bulbs were torn from the ground before they had properly ripened, and the whole crop became seriously diseased. Since then we see offered at Easter both *Lilium Longifolium*, which name explains itself, and *Lilium Formosum*, from the Philippines, but none except the true Madonna are hardy in the garden; and none are so beautiful, for in the lily cups of the greenhouse how can the gold bees dream? In the shops, too, the blossoms are often mutilated by the removal of the golden anthers, partly because the yellow pollen

# For Boys and Girls

## Star Takes a Jump

**B**ETTY thought that her pony Star was the best in town and even in the county and probably in the whole world. He had the best disposition, for he never kicked or bit—except apples. He was certainly a champion when it came to biting apples!

"Betty, you always give Star the biggest apple," said her brother Bobby, as he leaned over the fence of the pasture one day. "Don't you think you ought to keep the biggest for us and give your horse just the ones that we can't eat? It doesn't make any difference to him how big it is so long as it is an apple."

Betty gave Bobby a look that plainly said, "You can pick up your heels and get right out of my field if you talk that way." But she really answered by polishing off the biggest apple that she could find and putting it up to Star's soft black muzzle.

"Sit him, Star!" said Betty, but Star only whinnied and wandered off and put his long neck down to nibble the juicy blades of grass.

"Let's play," said Bobby and he jumped over the fence. "Go get his saddle and see whether you can make him jump that little ditch." He pointed to a tiny sunken path that ran right across the meadow.

"I never jumped with him before," said Betty, "but of course he can do it."

She ran into the stable and came back trailing the saddle and bridle behind her.

"Here, come here!" she called and went racing off after Star. But he trotted away as if he were playing a game of tag with her.

"Star, come here, come to your mistress!" she called, and at last he came nearer and allowed her

to slip on the bridle and buckle the saddle on his back. Betty knew how to saddle him very well because she had done it many times.

When he was ready she swung herself up on his back. "Get up, Star," she commanded.

### The New Umbrella

By ALIX THORN

**I** HAVE a new umbrella now because you see I'm nine,  
The kind that grown-up people have,  
and oh, it's really mine!  
I open it and shut it too, and swing  
it to and fro,  
And carry it around the house just  
everywhere I go.  
I like to smooth its shining folds; the  
handle's rather plain,  
Of course I never take it out or use it  
in the rain.

He started forward straight toward the path, and Betty gathered the reins tight in her hand, ready to help him over the ditch. Bobby ran along beside them, and in his excitement he pulled out his big

white handkerchief and waved it up and down. "Go it, Star! Jump it!" he shouted and jumped up and down himself.

The flash of the white cloth frightened Star. He swerved sharply to one side, tossed his head, kicked up his heels, and with his head low to the ground ran as fast as he could in the opposite direction straight out over the green pasture. Betty gripped his sides with her knees and leaned far over, pulling hard on the reins. "Whoa, whoa, Star!" she shrieked, but the wind must have been whistling by the pony's ears too fast to let him hear her. He did not stop.

Betty held on as tight as she could, but suddenly, just when she seemed to be bouncing the most, Star jerked up his feet and jumped. Up and down together went horse and rider, but the jump seemed to take all the runaway spirit out of Star. The next minute he came to a quick standstill with Betty sitting tight on his back. She looked behind her and saw that they had gone over the brook—a little bubbling brook—that ran through the end of the meadow.

Two persons came running toward them, Bobby and mother; but Betty only laughed when they asked if she was hurt.

"I think my bones rattled," she said, "but I don't believe any of them broke."

"Whew! That certainly was a big jump," said Bobby, looking at the stream. He could not get across it except on stepping-stones.

"I told you Star always had to have the biggest of everything," said Betty. "Even the biggest runaway jump!"—CHARLOTTE E. WILDER, in *The Youth's Companion*.

## That Cat!

By Kathleen Kenny

**T**HEY were all down on poor pussy. Why didn't she stay at the barn where she belonged and catch mice? Instead, she must needs come mewing round the house, begging for tidbits from the table or in the kitchen. Being only a guest in the home, it may be that I did not know as much about that cat as did the members of the household, but it hurt my feelings to see her summarily turned out every time she appeared on the scene. My pity crystallized into action and I began surreptitiously to supply her with a saucer of milk or some choice morsel from my plate. When I was found out, the "man of wrath" descended on me with dire threats as to what should happen if such misplaced kindness did not have a speedy finish. But the threats were all in vain. Pussy had found a friend of whom no amount of threatening could rob her.

One day, hearing distressed cries from the purple martins who nested in a bird house set on a

pole near the house, I went to investigate, ready for drastic measures should anything be molesting my beloved martins. Imagine my horror when I found that it was Madame Pussy who was causing the disturbance. She was on the roof of the bird house and was stretched out over the edge till she looked more like a snake than anything else. She was reaching down with her paw trying to snatch one of the little martins out of the house. Fortunately for the martins the feat was impossible but the effort was determined and deadly.

With a wild yell I rushed to the foot of the pole and commanded that cat to come down. She looked me over with an evil leer and simply ignored me. But my blood was up, and unreasonable as it was, I hated that cat with such a fierce hatred that I think I should have tried to climb the pole myself to punish her.

However, I tried sticks and stones, and although

most of them went very wide of the mark, an occasional one came so near as to impress pussy with the fact that her coming down was advisable.

Slowly, and with that same snake-like, malevolent look, she backed down the pole and disappeared into the bushes before I could get near enough to apply the broom which I had on hand for the finals. From that hour pussy had an implacable enemy in her one-time friend.

The mirth of the "man of wrath" and the rest of the family was long and loud. Who was the cruel, hard-hearted creature now? Poor pussy had no chance to get near the house.

But pussy was to be reinstated after all. Not many weeks later two pretty little blue-eyed kittens were discovered in a corner of the workshop and pussy became the centre of attraction for young and old.

Strange to say, not long after her little family was discovered she decided to remove them to the barn—and bring them up in the way they should go.



FORTRESS OF YANGTSE, TIBET

# Conference Presidents for Year 1924-25

The new President of the Toronto Conference has won his position by faithful, energetic, and capable service in his Conference for many years. "Andy" does not look very old, and he has all a young man's activity, but the records say that he entered our ministry in 1891. From the very beginning he showed that he was a worker, and his pulpit ability, his skill as an organizer and an administrator, combined with his admirable social qualities have given him a high place in the esteem of his brethren; and we confidently predict that the business of the Conference this year will not suffer in the hands of its President. "Andy" is a Canadian born and bred and a graduate in arts and theology of Victoria University.

Just thirty years ago Herbert J. Uren entered the Methodist ministry in the London Conference, and his ministerial work has been entirely within its bounds. He does not advertise, and his gifts are not of the showy variety, but he never falls down in his work. His preaching is thoughtful, earnest, and effective, and his pastoral work is never neglected. Wherever he has been stationed, whether on rural

degree from Yale University. His M.A. followed next in 1899, from Toronto. And in 1904 he received his



REV. H. J. UREN  
President London Conference

is a graduate in arts and theology of Victoria University, and has ever aimed to keep up his habits of study. He is a student still, and his preaching never lacks freshness. Most of his ministry has been spent in the Bay of Quinte Conference, but he put in a few years in the Toronto Conference. He is not only a good preacher, he is also a good executive officer, and as chairman of district and President of Conference he has shown himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He is a worthy son of a worthy sire, and never fails to make good wherever he is placed.

To be President of Conference and pastor of St. James' Church, Montreal, would seem to be a combination too difficult for an ordinary man, yet this is what Rev. George A. McIntosh faces this year. Born within the bounds of the Conference, Bro. McIntosh has spent his entire ministry in it, and the honor which has come to him is but the fitting recognition of his splendid service. Graduating in arts and theology from Victoria University, "George" has ever been a student, and his studies have helped to make

ing pulpit in the Maritime Provinces. He is a man of the people who understands human nature and is possessed

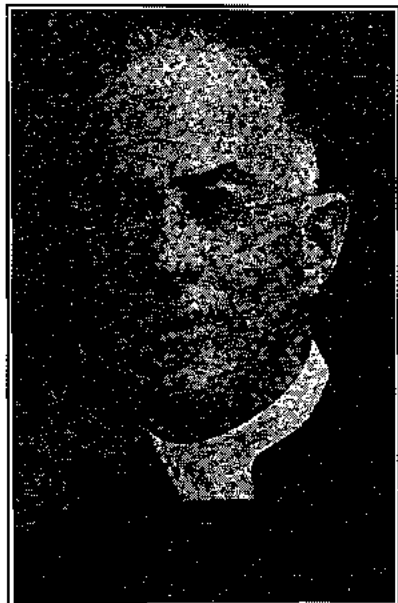


REV. GEORGE A. MCINTOSH, M.A., B.D.  
President Montreal Conference

Doctor of Philosophy Degree from Illinois Wesleyan University. With such an intellectual background, it is not surprising that Dr. Dougall has done considerable work outside the pulpit as a lecturer and a writer.

His ministerial career has been spent in two conferences, Hamilton and London. It was in the former that he was ordained and spent the early years of his ministry. He was loaned to London Conference for a short time to do work in Goderich, St. Thomas and London. But in 1918 he returned to this Conference as pastor of Wesley Church, Hamilton. He is now stationed at Oakville, where he has one of the finest if not the best equipped Sunday school plant in the Methodist Church. We are confident that the same success which has marked Dr. Dougall's career thus far will follow him in his work as Conference President.

The new President of the Bay of Quinte Conference is a son of the parsonage, his father Rev. J. C. Wilson,



REV. J. S. IVISON WILSON, B.A., B.D.  
President Bay of Quinte Conference

of tact and practical wisdom. As a man of affairs and as an administrator he has shown great ability. A new church at Woodstock, a modern Sunday School Hall at Chatham, and the renovation of the brick church at Charlottetown stand as monuments of his practical ability. But if his greatest ability is as an administrator, he has no mean gifts as a preacher, which is evidenced by the fact that he has rapidly risen to occupy the leading pulpits in Maritime Methodism. A pleasant voice, a sympathetic understanding of human nature and an easy but dignified bearing in the pulpit are among the gifts which have made him popular.

His wife was Miss Josephine M. Fraser of Grand Manan, and they have a son at Mount Allison and a daughter in the High School.

Rev. F. E. Barrett, the new President of the Nova Scotia Conference, was born at Springhill, N.S., fifty



REV. ROBERT G. FULTON  
President N.B. and P.E.I. Conference

charge or in the city, he has shown himself a painstaking and successful worker, and he has been specially prominent for his work amongst the young. He has won his way to the esteem and confidence of all his brethren, and the presidency this year is but one token of that confidence.

Rev. Hugh S. Dougall, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., the newly-elected President of Hamilton Conference, is possessed of particular gifts and graces for the honor and responsibility his brethren have accorded him this year. His ancestors were Scotch Highlanders of Argyllshire, Presbyterians in religion, which fact ought to prove of great value, now that the task of bringing about the functioning of the United Church of Canada is upon us. Nor in this alone is Dr. Dougall qualified to occupy the presidential chair. A man of genial personality, of high intellectual attainments and splendid executive ability, it would seem that the members of Hamilton Conference were honoring themselves in thus doing honor to Dr. Dougall.

In 1892 he obtained his B.A. degree from Victoria, being Gold Medallist in Philosophy. In the same year he was ordained. In 1894 he earned his B.D.



REV. HUGH S. DOUGALL  
President Hamilton Conference

now superannuated, having himself been President of the Conference just twenty-three years ago. "Ivison"

his thoughtful and earnest ministry all the more effective. With kindest heart, with a friendship that does not fade, and a belief in humanity that is never obscured, Bro. McIntosh's personality has made his pastorates memorable and productive of permanent results, and everywhere he has made warmest friends. He has a heavy task this year, but he will certainly do his best.

The Rev. Robert G. Fulton, President of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference comes to the chair in the prime of a vigorous manhood. He is a man of fine physical appearance and forceful personality and is possessed of a generous supply of common sense. He was born in Saint John and received his early education in the schools of that city. At a later time he attended Mount Allison University where he pursued the literary and theological studies required by the Church. He was received on probation in 1894 and ordained in 1899, and immediately entered upon a very fruitful and successful ministry, and is now pastor of Centenary Church, Saint John, which in many respects is the most command-

years ago, and is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Barrett, long residents at Truro, N. S. His mother, formerly

Miss Hortense Langille of River John, now deceased, was a niece of the Revs. James and W. H. Burns, D.D., formerly of the N. S. Conference, and later members of Conferences in the M. E. Church of the United States.

Mr. Barrett was educated at Truro and Mount Allison, he was received on

missionary to Labrador in 1905-6. He was the first ordained man who was stationed all winter in Hamilton Inlet. He was secretary of Conference last year, and this year his brethren have given him the highest honor in their power to bestow by electing him President. This is surely a warrant that he is an excellent preacher, a capable administrator, and a brother beloved.

Rev. Thomas Neville, President of the Manitoba Conference, was elected by a popular vote. Few men are better known in Manitoba. Nature and grace have generously endowed him with the gifts of neighborliness and urbanity. There is both Irish and English blood in his veins—fervidness and dignity. He was born in Manchester, England, and in early life was connected with one of Britain's most historic churches. About 1890 he found his way to Owen Sound in Canada. From there he was recommended to the ministry under the superintendence of the late Rev. J. W. Holmes, and given a commission to preach in New Ontario—one of the pioneers in that vast field. Church leaders had an eye on men of his type and he was asked to go to British Columbia where he did pioneer work, organizing and building. About the beginning of the century he was transferred to the Manitoba and N.W. Conference. He was chosen to take up the

and every essential asset encouraged and conserved.

John Isaac Thorn of Welwyn, Sask., was born at Port Stanley, Elgin Co., Ontario, where he spent his childhood days—attending the public school until he entered an office in view of learning

Rev. A. D. Richard, President of the Alberta Conference was born at La Have, Nova Scotia. He was received on probation in the Nova Scotia Conference in 1896; graduated in arts and theology from Mount Allison University in 1901, and was ordained at the Conference at Lunenburg, June 23, 1901. After serving Victoria Church at Sydney, C.B., for three years, Mr. Richard was transferred to the Alberta Conference, where he has been stationed in the following fields: Blackfalds; Stettler; Camrose; MacLeod; Medicine Hat; and is now at Scarboro Avenue Church, Calgary. During the war, Mr. Richard was captain and chaplain of the 191st Battalion. He has also served the Conference as secretary for two years. Our prayers and good wishes go with Mr. Richard as he undertakes the responsible duties of this high office given him by the Alberta Conference.

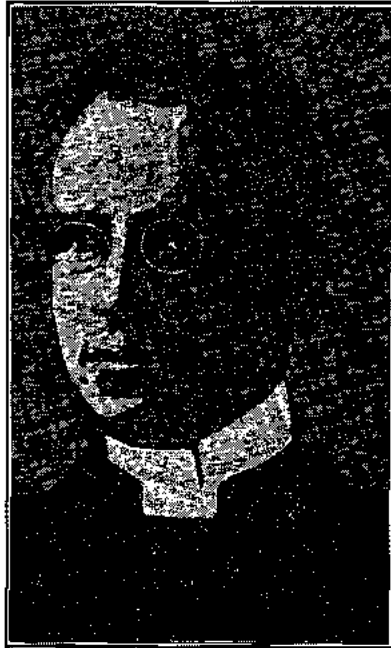
Rev. J. P. Westman, the President of the British Columbia Conference, was born in the County of Middlesex, Ontario. In 1895 he was received as a candidate for the ministry in the London Conference where he spent all his probation. Immediately following his ordination he went to Golden, B.C. The pastorates following this were: Centennial Church, Victoria, Cranbrook; Mount Pleasant, Vancouver; and Nelson. Following his first pas-



REV. F. E. BARRETT  
President Nova Scotia Conference



REV. J. I. THORN  
President Saskatchewan Conference



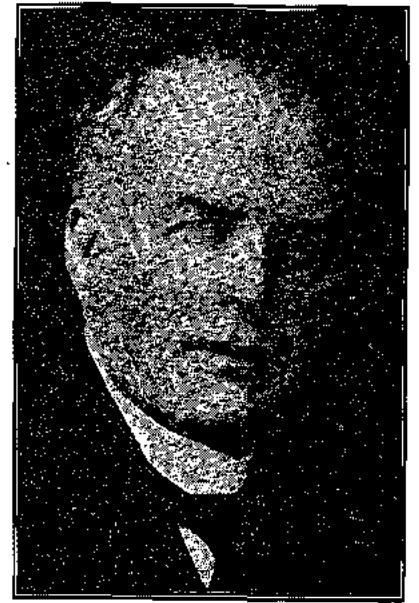
REV. THOMAS NEVILLE, B.A.  
President Manitoba Conference

and following the business of telegraphy.

In youth he was led into the Methodist Church fellowship during a special campaign conducted by Evangelists Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, and the Misses Howard and Stewart of London, Ontario. The Church gave him work as Sunday school teacher, exhorter, etc., thus unknowingly preparing a man for a larger sphere of activity.

Rev. Dr. Woodsworth, then superintendent of missions for Manitoba and the North-West Conference was calling for volunteers to occupy charges in the West. Mr. Thorn responded to the call, and has since been serving the Church in the prairie provinces. He is a graduate in theology of Wesley College, and was ordained during the Presidency of the late Principal Sparling of Wesley College. He is known as a man of untiring energy, a faithful pastor, and as an able pulpit man.

Appreciation in his faithful service and confidence in his executive ability have been frequently expressed. For twelve consecutive years he has been Chairman of Districts, was a member of the last General Confer-



REV. J. P. WESTMAN  
President British Columbia Conference

torate at Nelson, Mr. Westman was appointed Field Secretary for Sunday Schools and Young People's Work. He was a pioneer in summer school work in British Columbia, having organized a school at Elcho eighteen years ago, and as Field Secretary he attended as many as six schools in one year. Mr. Westman's leadership in athletics is well known, and he pioneered in forming athletic associations in connection with the Church, which have proved such a splendid means of interesting young people in better and higher things.

After eight years as Field Secretary, Mr. Westman went back to Nelson. He is now the pastor of Mountain View Church, Vancouver. So ably did he discharge the duties of the Presidency last year, handling very difficult situations in such a masterly fashion, that the Conference has given him a second year in the chair.

### Personal

Rev. and Mrs. Hartley W. Watts and family are spending the summer with the former's mother, Mrs. M. L. Watts, of Toronto, at her summer home, "Limberlost Point," Restoule, Ont.



REV. EZRA BROUGHTON,  
President Newfoundland Conference

work of James McLachlin, at Berens River, after the unfortunate drowning accident, September, 1903. Other fields in Manitoba have been Austin, Rapid City, Holland, Norwood and New Dauphin. In all these places he left many tangible memorials of activities and devotion. While at Norwood he interested himself very largely in the better life of Winnipeg and Manitoba at large; and through Ministerial Associations, Social Service Council, Manitoba Curling Association, the Oddfellows, and other organizations he exerted a splendid influence for good. During the Gypsy Smith Evangelistic Campaign he was secretary of the committee in charge.

We hope to elicit more details from our brother in an "interview" at a later date. He has a story to tell which should interest our historians. Suffice here to say that Bro. Neville is an every-day comrade who wears his cares, honors, and responsibilities with an apparent minimum of worry. His work is shared by a faithful helpmate in Mrs. Neville. They have two children living.

The affairs of the Conference in this closing year will be carefully watched



REV. A. D. RICHARD, B.A.  
President Alberta Conference

ence, and is now honored with the chief office of the Saskatchewan Conference.

Conference is very meagre. He entered the ministry in 1901 in the Newfoundland Conference, and was sent as

# About Saskatchewan

## Summer School and Camps, and Ministerial Conference

### GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

**T**HE GUARDIAN correspondent is at the time of writing in the home-land on account of family sickness, and at his request we are recording such news of Saskatchewan as we are conversant with. We extend to Mr. Ranns our sympathy in his affliction, and hope to hear soon that all is well.

We wish also to express our sympathy with the Rev. and Mrs. George Dorey in the loss of their daughter Alice, who passed away after a brief illness in the Regina Hospital. Brother Dorey had just completed four years' missionary work at the Hafford Settlement Hospital, and was enjoying a brief respite before resuming work in the pastorate at Rouleau, when this sad experience overtook them. We are sure the deep sympathy of the entire Conference is with the bereaved family.

#### Girls' Camp, Boys' Camp and Summer School,

**L**UMSDEN BEACH during July is a busy spot. The first contingent to arrive consisted of some one hundred and twenty of the C.G.I.T., under the leadership of Miss Bona Mills, the Girls' Work secretary. About ten days were spent with a busy programme of an educational and recreational nature. Dr. Stephenson, Director of Religious Education at Knox Church, Regina, gave a most helpful series of Bible study lectures and some studies in psychology. The work accomplished can hardly be calculated. We know, however, from the testimony of those attending, that leadership in Girls' Work throughout the Province will be greatly reinforced by the annual output of this camp, as it has been in other years.

The C.S.E.T. boys arrived on the scene immediately the girls' camp was broken. "Curley" Taylor, of Regina, was in charge of the physical activities, Dr. Stephenson taking up the study periods.

The Summer School opened as the boys dispersed. The Rev. Charles Morgan, who had prepared an excellent programme, was in the old land, and the leadership fell on the capable shoulders of Rev. Bert Howard. The Revs. Dr. Stephenson, Archibald Young and A. E. Whitehouse were responsible for the study periods, and the Revs. E. J. Chegwin, C. B. Lawson and Dr. Stapleford gave the evening lectures. The Rev. Charles Endicott gave two inspiring addresses. The arrival of Rev. T. Johnson with about fifty new Canadians from the Insinger Settlement, accompanied by a number of teachers from that locality, gave a practical demonstration of the Church's interest in a cosmopolitan population. This enterprise is made possible by the generosity of the Insinger Club of Saskatoon, which arranges the transportation facilities—a fine example that might well be emulated by other citizens in our cities. The registration of the school, apart from the new Canadians, reached one hundred and thirty, nearly trebling last year's number.

One other feature, which was a new departure, is the organization of a children's department under the leadership of Mrs. (Dr.) Stephenson. The splendid result led the executive to decide to repeat the experiment next year under the same leadership.

No account of the summer activities of Lumsden Beach would be complete without reference to "Auntie" Martin. By universal consent she is the one indispensable personality in the camp. We understand that her appointment as "Minister to the interior" is likely to be permanent for many years to come.

The thought expressed often this year was that the Summer School had turned the corner and promises to reach again its erstwhile proud position in Saskatchewan.

#### Regina College Ministerial Conference.

**A**FIVE-DAY conference was held in the college, Aug. 5th to 9th. The number attending was slightly below that of last year, due no doubt to uncertain conditions in the province, which happily have improved since the genial rains have descended in abundance. Some of the men, too, desired a complete "let up" after the strenuous plebescite campaign. More than usual, too, others were availing themselves of a trip overseas.

A pleasing phase of this year's conference was

the large proportion of Presbyterian ministers that were present. The fine wholesome fraternizing among the men placed all distinctions in the background, in fact, when the election of officers took place a Presbyterian brother was voted in forthwith.

Dr. Edmund Oliver, the honored principal of St. Andrew's Theological College, Saskatoon, and the Rev. T. Jackson Wray, of our own Conference, were the special lecturers—a splendid team, which fully maintained the high standard set by their distinguished predecessors of other years.

Dr. Oliver's series, "The History of Social Service in the Christian Church from its inception to the Present Time," was a comprehensive and thorough treatment of the theme. The series had an academic interest somewhat unique, covering a field of study more or less neglected in general church histories. In these days, when the ethical note is being sounded by the churches as never before, we need to know something of the process of evolution leading up to what is now an accepted phase of Church work. Social service is not a new thing. Dr. Oliver has produced a treatise that should find an enthusiastic reception. The feeling was voiced in the Conference that its publication in book form would fill a very urgent need. In his concluding lecture, Dr. Oliver proposed that the



The Japanese farmer in Ontario, his family and Dr. and Mrs. Norman and their daughter. Dr. Norman's article on "The Japanese Farmer" appeared in the GUARDIAN of August 20th.

programme of the Church should include the following objects:

"It must exercise its age-long prophetic vocation and serve as a conscience to society. It must keep free from all entangling alliances that will hamper free and constructive social criticism. It must never permit ecclesiastical interests, economic considerations, social connections, political affiliations or a regard for its own past, present or future to dull its sensitiveness to wrong."

"It must educate and inspire. The Church is evangelical and it must employ its power to awaken and stimulate. It must remind members of the community that they are 'to work together in God's service.' The Church must be the interpreter, the stimulator and the guide."

"The Church must be the pioneer and must never cease to be pastor. It must seek out fresh fields of helpfulness and have the courage to tread a new path of service. The Church must inaugurate and initiate and it can never escape working itself, for the unfit, the failing, the weak and the sinful. It must preach the Gospel to the poor, proclaim release for captives, set free the oppressed and it would never do to have this work done by proxy."

"It must study and seek to prevent as well as cure. The Christian Church is continuously adaptable and the process of lifting is not complete until the objects of its compassion have had kindled in their hearts a pity and a love to seek and to save. The church must believe that all humanity is not only redeemable, but also usable for and in the Kingdom. The impulse to social service must be transmitted to all members of the social organisms before the work is complete."

The Rev. T. Jackson Wray's lectures on "The teachings of the Master according to the Synoptists" provoked a good deal of discussion. Brother Wray is a modern Socrates both as to method and personality. Whether you agree with him or not (and how often this phrase was used to Jackson Wray's enjoyment) you cannot get away from the impression that his one intense desire is to get at the very heart of things. He is a trail-blazer who obviously enjoys his work.

Jesus came to establish a very real and concrete Kingdom, and this was the constant theme of His addresses and parables. (No calamitous eschatology for Jackson Wray. And we think he is right). His idea of the Kingdom rarely coincides with the exclusively mystical idea that Paul emphasized. The Apocalyptic thought of the subsequent writers of the New Testament was colored with "the end of the world." The Master's genius lay in His simplicity—the simplicity of the earliest stratum in the Synoptists. He lived and died to establish the Father's Kingdom. The lecturer was careful to recognize, however, that, in view of the tremendous opposition and persecution that the sociological teachings of Jesus aroused, this mystical stream of thought was necessary if those teachings were to be preserved.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the fact that the King of the Kingdom is a Father, and that the Kingdom is to be a family; the subjects are brothers and sisters, its law the law of love. All sin is a denial of the claims of this family—the seeking of a particular gain instead of the good of the family. The failure and dislocation of human society is due to the fact that our institutions, religious, economic, political and social, for the most part are due to a faulty conception of the family.

The conditions of entering the Kingdom are the same as entrance into the family—as a little child. As applied to-day this is suggestive of the open mind and a willingness to reconsider our prepossessions that we may change our way of thinking, which is indeed the meaning of repentance. In modern times this is not easy for those who have identified themselves with the present order, having given hostages to fortune.

Herein is the reason of the being and the opportunity of the Church. That agency alone can hope to give substance to the thought that Jesus lived for. It is the body wherein the Spirit of Jesus can live and operate to-day.

The sessions closed with a hearty appreciation of the lecturers. Dr. Stapleford, whose untiring efforts and enthusiasm makes these Conferences possible, was accorded the thanks of the delegates. The following officers were then elected for 1925: Hon. President, Rev. E. W. Stapleford, D.D.; President, Rev. J. W. Robinson of Abernethy; Vice-president, Rev. C. B. Lawson, B.A., of Strathburg; Secretary, Rev. A. E. Whitehouse, B.A., of Regina.

A. E. WHITEHOUSE.

Regina.

At the consecration of the new Cathedral of Liverpool, on July 19th, at which the King and Queen were present, one feature of the service was the gracious expression of the Bishop in welcoming members of the Protestant communions outside the Church of England.

"Brethren," the bishop said, "I bid you welcome, you who sail in other ships when forth we go to cast the net of everlasting love. . . . May He who has fulfilled His gracious promise to us in the beauty of this place, grant also unto us to see the fulfilment of His promise that we shall all grow into visible oneness in the fulness of Him in whom we are even now one spiritual temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

# Newfoundland Summer School

## Interesting Event in the Ancient Colony

**L**IKE Jacob of old, the Newfoundland Summer School, which started in the single person of Rev. Oliver Jackson, and a "staff" which he conscripted through his own energy and faith, has now become "two bands," for this year a second school was held at Lewisporte on the northern shore, as well as at Brigus, the home of the original venture, and the locality of the third repetition.

There was a good registration at Brigus, and a fine reception by the loyal and open-hearted people on the spot. Most of those attending from other places were billeted together in the Cabot House, where in the intimacy of meals valued friendships were established. The social contacts made possible at such times, and in the studies and games and hikes, form by no means the least useful part of the curriculum.

China, which at the two previous schools had been represented by Dr. Martin, a Methodist St. John's boy now serving the Kingdom in the Presbyterian work, was this year represented by another St. John's boy, Rev. Sam H. Soper, a worthy successor, who also proved himself to be "Style all the while, all the while." Mr. Soper runs an industrial school for Chinese young men under our Mission Board at Janshow, Szechwan. He fascinated his hearers by his inimitable method of presenting his work by dramatizing it in Chinese style, himself being a whole cast of actors in one. He arranged a pageant with a few of the young people and a set of costumes to illustrate the China of to-day. Best of all was the dialogue between himself and his own small boy and girl, in which they jabbered Chinese to the amazement and amusement of the audience. Mr. Soper took the school through a series of studies in the book "In China Now." Later in the week he again lectured on his work, illustrating it with lantern slides, most of which had been prepared by his Chinese boys under his oversight.

Rev. O. Jackson, the "Big Chief," conducted a series of studies on "Principles and Methods of Teaching Religion," and a course on "The Pupil." He also led some studies on "Specialization in Boys' Work," and gave a much appreciated lecture the first night on "Youth and the Social Order."

Rev. G. B. Pickering was a new member of the school staff. He is a "Yorkshire Tyke" from the Old Country, of characteristic energy and solidity, by no means slow when games were the order of the day, and his lectures on "The Teachers Study of the Life of Christ" evoked much favorable comment. He is a decided acquisition to the school.

The "Specialization in Girls' Work" was taken up by Miss E. Snelgrove, who has had considerable experience with work among older girls, and drew on it freely for the benefit of others desiring to give the best kind of guidance to developing girlhood.

Rev. R. E. Fairbairn was called in during the week to use his lantern for Rev. S. Soper's lecture, and to exhibit the picture gallery of previous summer schools at Brigus. Considerable interest and vigorous applause greeted the picture of the two "youngest" members of the first school, Rev. W. Swann and Magistrate Thompson, snapped unawares at the Red Rocks

picnic, both of whom were present on this occasion also. Mr. Fairbairn enriched his collection of pictures with a number of snaps of the school members in serious moments and in sportive moods; these will add joy to future summer schools.

At the request of the leader, Mr. Fairbairn lectured on "The Challenge of the Closed Door." This was received with groans—not perhaps because of the personal disfavor of the lecturer, but because, having been initiated into one of the two Indian tribes into which the school had been divided, and not being able to "nail his colors to the mast" he did the next best thing, and "pinned them to the desk."

The community picnic to Red Rocks was an occasion to cherish in the memory. Here the ladies of Brigus entertained the school with a generous spread in a delightfully romantic spot where a still pond nestled in a wooded valley among the craggy rock-piles.

An event of special interest was the report of the World's Sunday School Convention at Glasgow given by Rev. Hammond Johnson of Gower Street Church, St. John's. Naturally his description of the United States Delegate who "told the world" present at that gathering that America (!) had no such thing as mid-week religious education activities for boys, was received with amazed indignation, seeing that, even if the gentleman forgot that Canada, with its C.S.E.T. programme, is an integral part of "America," there is still the fact that the programme has been taken up in the United States under the caption "The American Standard Tests."

At the final meeting, before the break-up and singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the members manifested their appreciation of the courage and energy and faith of Mr. Jackson, and their interest in the summer school work of which he was the pioneer, and remains the inspiration, by making a presentation of a piece of gold.

After the morning service on the next Sunday, Revs. Jackson and Fairbairn, with Miss E. Snelgrove, made a cross-country car journey to catch the north-bound express, with Rev. Soper on board, for Lewisporte. To old-country people the word "express" conjures up visions of two or three hundred mile non-stop runs at an average rate of sixty miles an hour. But such persons must get rid of such notions when they come West. In the cramped quarters of the narrow-gauge cars with their rattle and jolt, even a short trip is a tribulation to be endured "for the good of the cause." But all such tribulations come to an end at last. In the early hours of the morning the weary staff distributed itself between the two hotels, and sought an hour or two of repose before the resumption of their labors.

This being a new venture we were curiously interested in seeing how it would turn out. Unfortunately the publicity part of the preparations had failed, owing to the removal of one minister and the arrival of his successor. Mr. Wilkinson, the present Lewisporte minister had done what he could, and helped by his presence. The local friends, as soon as they realized the scope and purpose of the school, rallied round it in fine style. The sessions were held in the school house, and the evening meetings in the church and the Orange Hall. The whole of our Methodist premises at

Lewisporte are a model of neatness in design and fresh tidiness in appearance.

The summer school spirit of comradeship was soon established; the members threw themselves, after a preliminary shyness, into the games, songs, and stunts, that helped to create the social solidarity that makes for real fellowship.

Rev. R. E. Fairbairn gave a series of talks on "The Spirit and Purpose of Jesus," taking up in successive periods "The Real Jesus; The Background of His Thought; the Law of the Kingdom; the Scope of the Kingdom; and the Future of the Kingdom." After the first session free discussion greatly helped to a fresh grasp of what Jesus means to our own generation. Rev. O. Jackson, Rev. S. Soper, and Miss Snelgrove repeated their work as at Brigus. We had hoped for the presence and help of Rev. W. T. D. Dunn, D.D., now superannuated at Grand Falls. He was unable to be present, however, and his projection lantern, upon which we had relied for

use with the slides, was out of commission.

Owing to the exigencies of travel in these parts, it was necessary for most of the members to leave Lewisporte early on the Friday morning, or be marooned there for a week. The school therefore was obliged to close on Thursday evening. Two extra afternoon periods enabled the staff to cover the programme of work. Examinations were arranged for in the near future.

The friends of the local church had been so much impressed by what they saw of the school that they presented a cordial invitation for a repetition next year, and undertook to make due preparation, and accord a real Methodist welcome.

Recognition of the self-obliterating enthusiasm of the School leader, Rev. O. Jackson, now affectionately referred to as "Uncle Oliver," was again spontaneously made, before parting, by the members whose golden gift was but the symbol of golden opinion and feelings.

## A Sense of Humor

By W. T. Miller

**W**HAT is humor? The writer's idea is, that, generally speaking, it is what gives the other fellow the incentive to laugh harder than you do. Webster more specifically defines it as: "That quality of the imagination which gives to ideas a wild or fantastic turn and tends to excite laughter or mirth by ludicrous images or representations."

How much better one feels if he can enjoy listening to or telling a good story or joke, and, after all, is it not jolly to meet the collector, around the first of the month, and, through the crack in the door, smilingly wish him better luck at his next stopping-place.

Humor enters largely into the question of health. It helps a lot to joke with those around you, for it certainly drives dull care away and forces you to forget yourself. You rarely find time to be sick or downcast if you can crack a joke and laugh.

The writer's father was never guilty of passing around fun tabloids promiscuously. He was a sedate and dignified lawyer and yet he thoroughly enjoyed wit and humor when the family were manœuvring to secure the warmest place at the fireside. His mother possessed a keen sense of humor and her conversation, at times, fairly scintillated with wit. Possibly, from both parents, he inherited the spark which he has kept alive all these years in the fond hope that it would some day burst into flame. Up to the present time he has not found it imperative to call out the fire department. It is yet possible, though, that they may be obliged to respond to a still-alarm. Here's hoping!

Writing in a humorous vein is an ambition-killer, if it is not "bred in the bone." To be convinced take a pad and pencil and try to grind out humor by the yard and you will soon find yourself on intimate terms with chagrin and disappointment.

The literary world has always had its full quota of humorists and to specialize would be a matter of super-erogation.

Even in the olden times the kings

had their "court jesters"—humor on tap, as it were. If their overlaid stomachs rebelled and their dispositions were all awry, the jesters, with their caps and bells, were summoned forthwith. The taps were turned on and the merry quips and jests poured forth.

Cartoons play a great and important role in the realm of humor, by causing the people to both laugh and think. A group of present-day cartoonists create clever and amusing situations, by means of their comical pictures and apt, accompanying texts. Their work is simply humor *per se*. Their sole object is to create a hearty, wholesome laugh.

Again there are others of a distinctly different class who aim to make the people do more than laugh. Their creations are intended, not only to instruct, but to compel or persuade people to think, ponder over and weigh the burning questions of the day, both of an economic and political character. Their work calls for—yes, demands—a high ideal, and their objective is to sway the will of the masses in one direction or the other with their pencils and brains.

An aspiring writer was grinding out his product by day and at night was feverishly dreaming of the fat prices he expected to receive in return for his literary efforts. On one occasion he timidly suggested to a kindly-disposed managing editor that the attenuated check sent him by the newspaper official was a trifle short in amount. His benefactor took him to an adjoining file-room, produced a handy and well-worn yard-stick and proceeded to measure, with infinite care the exact length of two of the writer's articles, which had been published in the columns of his paper. After careful figuring he admitted that there was an actual shortage in the amount of the check and that the mistake would be remedied.

What a revelation to the writer, to find that he was being paid by the inch, at so much per. He chuckled to

(Continued on page 22)



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# Youth and Service

## Young People's League

Senior Topic for September 21

### Nature in Prose and Poetry —William Wordsworth

By Grace R. Hallam

**I**F THERE is one thing more than another which is the function of true poetry, it is to interpret the meaning and end of Nature. To define Nature is as difficult as to define life itself and as unnecessary, for we are not so much concerned with definitions of life as with living, nor so needful of knowing what Nature is as of making ourselves ready to accept her message, "Knowing," as Wordsworth says, "that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."

To every normal human being the great out-of-doors ministers to body, and spirit in so far as the individual has power to withdraw from Nature her healing forces. The earth was man's natural home before shops and houses, and the pleasures of out-door life have a power of creation and recreation not to be found in the artificial pleasures of the drawing-room. A whirl of social duties, pleasurable though they be, soon palls; but who tires of stars and trees and wind-touched waters? No wonder that thousands of people seeking relief from the pressure of city life, go to the woods for solace and rest. In the cities,

"The world is too much with us; late and soon

Getting and spending, we lay waste  
our powers,

Little we see in Nature that is ours."

Every one who essays the role of interpreter, either of Nature or of life does so from the peculiar bias which environment, heredity and self-development have helped to create. Born of sturdy Yorkshire stock, in a class neither gentry or yeomanry, Wordsworth's early boyhood gave plenty of freedom for the development of that love of Nature which was part of his natural inheritance. At the age of eight he went with his three brothers to Hawkeshead: "an antique village, standing a little way to the west of Windermere, on its own lake of Esthwaite and possessing an ancient and once famous grammar school."

In those days the restraints of school life were few and far between—evidently more honored in the breach than in the observance and to one boy in particular it meant freedom to wander at will with time for explorations, games and the hundred and one things any healthy, growing boy delights to do. But it meant more, if we are to read his recollections of early childhood aright. In those precious years before "shades of the prison house began to close upon the growing boy," there was vouchsafed to the child-mind a vision never to be effaced.

"There was a time when meadow,  
grove and stream,  
The earth and every common sight  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light—  
The glory and the freshness of a  
dream."

When later years had brought disillusionment and the discipline of sorrow—when the "glory and the freshness of a dream" was overshadowed by days of doubt and despair because of the burden and weight of a seemingly unintelligible world—Wordsworth lost the "first, fine careless rapture" of his childhood's unquestioning acceptance

and emerged with a soberer and a surer faith. He speaks of the change of thought in what is perhaps his best-known Nature poem, lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey. Of his boyhood years he says:

"For Nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish  
days

And their glad animal movements all  
gone by)

To me was all in all. I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding  
cataract

Haunted me like a passion; the tall  
rocks,

The mountain, the deep and gloomy  
wood,

Their colours and their forms, were  
then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love  
That had no need of a remoter charm  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye."

With the advent of maturity comes  
another and deeper experience:

"We are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul  
While with an eye made quiet by the  
power

Of harmony, and the deep power of  
joy

We see into the life of things."

Whatever Nature has meant to other  
men, whatever great and holy things  
she has brought to them, nothing could  
be greater or holier than her gift to  
Wordsworth.

"And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the  
joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense, sublime  
Of something far more deeply inter-  
fused

Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns

And the round ocean and the living  
air

And the blue sky, and in the mind of  
man,

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thoughts,

And rolls through all things."

### Devotional

Psalm 107: 1-9.

By Professor S. P. Rose

**T**HESE verses are part of a noble poem in which our Psalmist summons his readers to praise Jehovah for His redemption of His people from distress and peril. The four straits from which He delivers them are (1) perils of caravans lost in the wilderness (vs. 4-9.) "They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way; they found no city of habitation; hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them." Their peril led them to cry to God for help, and He graciously brought them "to a city of habitation."

(2) vs. 10, 12, 13-16 describe the plight of prisoners, who sit "in darkness and the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron." Possibly the nation's plight in the time of captivity may be in the poet's thought. Once again Jehovah intervenes, and He breaks "in pieces the gates of brass, and cuts the bars of iron in sunder."

(3) Deliverance from sickness is commemorated in vs. 17-22. "Their soul abhorreth all manner of food; and they draw near unto the gates of death." But again His mercy is great towards them, and "He sendeth His word, and healeth them, and delivereth them

from their destructions," (4) Deliverance from the perils of the sea is celebrated in vs. 23a, 25, 26b, 28-32. These verses are very graphic and true to fact. "They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths; their soul melteth away because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man." In answer to their cry, God "bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

In each of these poetic records of divine mercy two verses recur. "Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses." "Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His loving kindness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" These recurring utterances offer food for thought. Taken together they may be regarded as a rebuke and as a message of encouragement; they likewise summon us to a too-often neglected duty. "They cry unto Jehovah in their trouble." How characteristic this of many of us! Our prayers are so often cries of distress instead of songs of praise and of triumph. We bring God into the exceptional and trying hours of life instead of walking with Him day by day, as did Enoch. We must be stung and driven to prayer by calamity or peril. We are inclined to make a convenience of God, very ardent in our petitions when we are threatened with disaster, but sadly indifferent to His fatherly goodness when all seems to go well with us. How unworthy this is alike of His mercy and of our claim to be His children!

But there is another side to all this. Such is the mercy of God that He welcomes the cry of anguish, even though it come from lips that have forgotten to praise Him, because He would knit our souls to Himself by His gracious response to our appeals, for deliverance, even from straits into which we have come by reason of our own folly (v. 11, q.v.) If in the hour of our sore need we remember that we have forgotten God in the day of earthly prosperity, let us not refrain from crying to Him in our distress, supposing that thus we shall atone for our past negligence. Though it was hunger that drove the prodigal to resolve upon return to the home where there was bread enough and to spare for the servants, he was welcomed none the less by the father, who saw him a great way off and ran to meet him. It were infinitely worthier of us if we always shared our joys with our Father in heaven, but we shall only grieve Him the more and add to our shame, if when we are overtaken by misfortune, we do not cry to Him, penitently and hopefully, for relief.

As we contemplate a mercy so amazing our hearts respond to the Psalmist's repeated exhortation, "Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His loving kindness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" How we must grieve Him by our speedy forgetfulness of all His mercies. He who lived "the human life of God" was keenly responsive to the gratitude of those whom He served, and equally sensitive to their failure to confess their debt of love. "Yes, this Samaritan has returned to thank me, but where are the nine?" To take the blessings of heaven as a matter of course, and to resent their withdrawal

as a wrong done us, when as a matter of fact we have no claim in ourselves to any good thing He sends us, surely this is an all but unpardonable offence. In our distress let us cry mightily unto God, even though our whole past may be marked by forgetfulness of His goodness; but when He has graciously ministered to our necessities, let us keep alive our sense of debt, and day by day praise Him for His loving kindness to us and to the children of men.

### Citizenship Meeting

By Rev. John Coburn, Field Secretary Evangelism and Social Service

THE TOPIC list calls for a report of the citizenship committee at this meeting. It is suggested that in the province of Ontario, in view of the approaching plebiscite on prohibition, the report deal largely with that subject.

It is strange, but true, that the success of prohibition has created one of our greatest difficulties. We have today, a generation of young people, thousands of whom, through the operation of local option and the O.T.A., have been saved from any real experience of the liquor traffic in action. They know little of its horror. Consequently they lack the strength of conviction on the subject of those who know what a curse it is. On the other hand, these young people are being bombarded by a propaganda of misrepresentation and exaggeration to the effect that the O.T.A. is a failure. It is not true.

The O.T.A. has among many other things: (1) Practically banished the drunkard from the streets of the towns and cities of Ontario. (2) Almost entirely wiped out the poverty and distress formerly caused by drink. (3) Reduced the convictions for drunkenness, to about one third of what they were previous to the enactment of prohibition. (4) Greatly reduced the crimes invariably associated with the use of intoxicants, such as vagrancy, disorderly conduct, assaults, breaches of the peace, etc. (5) Created better home surroundings for thousands of children by restoring their drunken fathers to decency and good citizenship.

It is true the bootlegger and the moonshiner are abroad in the land, but the sum total of their efforts is very small, when compared with the terrible results of the legalized liquor traffic.

There is, however, a real danger that many fine young men and women, through lack of personal experience may be indifferent or even hostile to prohibition. They will not be so if they are in possession of the real facts in the case. To this end a vigorous young people's committee should be organized at once in each community. This committee should not be confined to Epworth Leaguers, but should include, if possible, representatives of all the Churches and others who perhaps are not actively identified with any young people's society, but are deeply interested in the welfare of their country.

The Epworth League can render invaluable service by taking steps to have such committees organized. The committee should arrange for meetings of young people at which the facts can be presented. The Department of Evangelism and Social Service of our own Church, has a magnificent assortment of leaflets, posters, post cards, and lantern slides, giving the very latest information on this subject, and which can be obtained at cost price.

It is Young Canada's fight against John Barleycorn. Let every Epworth Leaguer be in it to the end.

(Note.)—For Leagues outside the Province of Ontario it is also suggested that their citizenship committee make a report on the local prohibition situation.

### The Late Rev. J. G. Fallis

Rev. J. G. Fallis, one of the oldest ministers in the London Conference, passed away at his home in Essex, Tuesday morning, June 24th, in his eightieth year. For some time he had been suffering from hardening of the arteries and ailments due to his advanced age, so that his death was not unexpected by the family and friends.

Born at Millbrook, April 3rd, 1845, Brother Fallis entered the work of the ministry when quite young and was engaged in active service for forty-four years, prior to being superannuated eight years ago. Two years ago he addressed the London Conference on the occasion of his jubilee of fifty-two years' service. For some years in the '80's he was editor of the *Scott Act Review* and was one of the active workers in the temperance cause in those days. He was stationed on the following fields in London Conference: Walton, Corunna, Parkhill, Warwick, Cottam, Point Edward, Hyatt Ave., London, Port Stanley, Ruthven and Auburn. In 1907 he was transferred to Saskatchewan Conference and was stationed at Grand Coulee, Beresford and Nipinka. In 1916 he was superannuated and returned to Essex, Ontario. Brother Fallis was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mary Le Gear who died while they were living in Saskatchewan. In 1916 he married the widow of the late Dr. James Brien, Essex, who survives him. Three sons and three daughters also survive: Miss N. E., Fresno, California; H. L., Edmonton; Rev. Col. George O., Vancouver; Mrs. R. Magee, Winnipeg; Mrs. John McIvor, Seattle, and Nelles R., Toronto. The funeral service was held in Grace Methodist Church, Essex, and interment in Greenhill Cemetery, Kingsville. The services were conducted by Rev. J. W. Hibbert, Chairman of Windsor District, and three of his brother ministers paid tribute to his fine Christian character and bore witness to the permanent results in goodness of a long life of splendid service. Out of the flowers of love we weave our wreath to his memory, but he has gone up to receive a more enduring crown at the imposition of a mightier hand.

J. H. J.

### The Lonely Road

(Continued from page 5)

back his head. "Thank God for that! Shall we go up now? Right! Carry on."

As they climbed upward, leaving the darkness of the woods and mounting to the brightly lit gardens above, the man stumbled heavily. Swiftly the newcomer thrust his hand through the other's arm, and so guided him along the narrow sloping paths.

For a year ago Fate had set the man's feet upon the road of sacrifice, which he must walk in darkness and alone. Paul Blakeney was blind.

"Every time I have an argument with my girl I enter it in a small diary."

"Ah—I see. You keep a little scrap-book."—*Show me.*

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WINNIPEG

# Where Success Awaits Newcomers

By Allan Longstaff

**F**OUR years ago an engineer without farming experience; to-day acclaimed as the world's championship seed wheat grower, this is the remarkable record of Major H. G. L. Strange, of Fenn, Alberta, a point on the line of the Canadian National Railways. Farming in Alberta for less than four years, Major Strange was an engineer in charge of a gas project in Hawaii before the war, and during the war an active member of His Majesty's forces in the poison gas department. Although no more remarkable agricultural achievement has been recorded in Canada, Major Strange modestly affirms that it is all "very simple." Registered seed, good cultivation and good weather conditions are all that are necessary, he declared, when the writer met him at the Edmonton Seed Fair.

But if it seems "very simple" to Major Strange it is little less than marvellous to the other agriculturists of Alberta, who are singing the praises of the young British officer, who came, and who demonstrated,

ward. For months he made a thorough study of soil conditions and climate in various districts and finally he decided to locate at Fenn, not very far south of Stettler. Once he had made up his mind to settle at Fenn the Major laid out a definite programme, which involved consultations, intimate and prolonged, with experts in the employ of the Dominion Seed Branch, the Agricultural Department of the University of Alberta and officials of the Provincial Department of Agriculture. Wanting to know just what could be done to advantage, he proceeded slowly and carefully.

After all the study he gave to the question he decided that seed grain offered a wonderful field for development in Alberta. Purchasing about 1,000 acres of good land, he had it cultivated to his satisfaction as nearly as first-year cultivation would permit;

purchased Marquis seed wheat and Victory oats, and other seed of the best quality he could find, imported "Large Black" pigs from England for bacon hogs,

the country, Major Strange, a newcomer to the farm, stepped into the forefront of Alberta agriculturists. He is President of the Alberta Seed Growers' Association; representative for Western Canada on the Dominion Advisory Seed Board, and Secretary of the Alberta Record of Production Breeders' Association.

A stickler for the best stock and seed that can be obtained, Major Strange has taken as his motto: "Get the best and then improve it." His seed-cleaning apparatus is regarded as the most efficient in the world, and this year he has 6,000 bushels of seed wheat, worth from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per bushel. His "Large Black" hogs he considers the ideal bacon type and he is confident that these will produce bacon which will command a premium in the British or any other critical market. As for eggs and poultry from his "Fennedale Farm," as he has named it, they always bring him a few cents more than those of his competitors.

Four years ago Major Strange was an engineer without farming experience; to-day he is one of Alberta's leading seed growers, and his slogan is before other newcomers: "Get the best, and then improve it."

Samples of his prize-winning wheat are being placed on exhibition in the Union Station at Winnipeg and in other places by the Canadian National Railways as a means of showing newcomers and visitors to the country the high class of grain that is grown along the lines of the National System.



A typical harvest scene in Western Canada

in the keenest competition, that Alberta, and particularly the territory along the lines of the Canadian National Railways in the province, can produce the best grain in the world. Previous to last year it was a sort of accepted fact that Saskatchewan produced the best wheat in the world; now Alberta, thanks to Major Strange, is inclined to doubt it.

In addition to taking first prize, Major Strange annexed fifteen of the twenty-five prizes awarded for seed wheat at the Chicago show. And as a side issue he took first place with his yellow peas.

"How did he do it?" is the question one hears on every hand. And the Major answers: "Very simple." First of all, he gives chief credit to his wife, for he says she made it possible.

Coming to America in 1920, without any particular intention of locating in Alberta, Major Strange looked over California first, and then came north-

and acquired "Barred Rock" fowls. Then, just three years ago, he was ready to start operations.

The best seed-cleaning machinery available was purchased and in 1922 improved machinery was imported from France at a very considerable cost. Meanwhile, he was growing grain from selected seed and re-selecting seed. He lost no time in securing data on the Chicago show and, in 1921, exhibited there and got third prize for his wheat, second for oats, fourth for peas and seventh for barley. This in itself, after a little more than a year's farming experience under new conditions, was an astonishing agricultural achievement. In 1922 he came eighth with his wheat, third with oats, and fifth with barley.

In 1923 he swept the boards. During four brief years, when farmers were protesting that there "was nothing in farming" and that thousands of good Canadians were leaving

## Late Rev. G. A. Comerford

On Friday, August 15th, the Rev. George A. Comerford, a superannuated minister in connection with the Montreal Conference, passed quietly away at Carleton Place. He entered our work in 1912, and was compelled through ill-health to superannuate two years ago. His last charge was Westport. He came to us from a sister Church, and proved himself to be a quiet, earnest Christian worker, not without the gift of tact. He leaves a good name, well-earned.

## Missionaries on Furlough

Dr. A. J. Barter, Mrs. Barter and family, Kirkland, Washington. Mr. P. M. Bayne, M.A., Mrs. Bayne and family, 135 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto, Hill 0318. Rev. E. R. M. Brecken, M.A., B.D., Mrs. Brecken and child. Rev. J. R. Earle, B.A., Mrs. Earle and family, 104 Sherwood Ave., Toronto, Hud. 1853J. Rev. H. H. Irish, B.A., Mrs. Irish and family. Rev. D. S. Kern, B.A., Mrs. Kern and family, 94 Pinewood Ave., Toronto, Hill 7403J. Miss A. Morgan, sister of Rev. E. W. Morgan, B.A., B.D., of West China, care of Mr. Harry A. Morgan, 63 Bridge St., Belleville, Ont. Rev. W. J. Mortimore, B.A., Mrs. Mortimore and family, care of Mrs. R. W. Bartman, Port Burwell, Ont. Dr. H. J. Mullett, L.D.S., D.D.S., Mrs. Mullett, care of John L. Mullett, Drinkwater, Sask. Mr. T. E. Plewman, Mrs. Plewman and family, care of A. E. Plewman, Richmond Hill, Ont. Rev. Walter Small, Mrs. Small and family. Dr. J. E. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson and family, Sunderland, Ont. Dr. T. H. Williams, 1860 Assiniboine Ave., St. James, Man. Rev. H. W. Outerbridge, M.A., B.D., care of Rev. W. A. Outerbridge, Hantsport, N.S.

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## Our Readers' Forum

### Mission Work on the Coast of British Columbia

To the Editor of Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—In the March and July numbers of the *Shantyman*, the organ of the Shantyman's Mission, an association professing to do Christian work among the logging camps of British Columbia, there appeared statements which reflected most unjustly upon the work done by the Christian Churches which for almost a quarter of a century have been carrying on work in the interests of the loggers and settlers scattered along the British Columbia coast line. The substance of these statements appears in a threefold form to the effect that thousands of lumbermen, fishermen, Orientals and sailors are living on the British Columbia coast, and that the Christians of Vancouver and British Columbia are doing nothing to help them spiritually; that the literature which is being circulated among these people by representatives of the Churches denies the veracity and inspiration of the Bible and the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that it is therefore necessary in the interests of the salvation of these thousands that Shantyman missionaries be sent to these people.

As the *Shantyman* circulates in eastern Canada where funds are solicited to carry on that work and as the articles referred to are both false as to actual facts and a gross misrepresentation of the attitude of the Churches toward Christian teaching the undersigned deem it their duty to make the following statement that our people may be aware of the work the Churches are doing and be warned against the insidious propaganda which pictures these Churches as disloyal to the Christian message.

1. The literature referred to is being circulated by the Rev. G. C. F. Pringle, of the Presbyterian Church. It is the leaflet series prepared by the United Free Church of Scotland, setting forth the doctrinal belief of that Church. It was approved by the Home Mission Committee and the Presbytery of Westminster. Dr. A. Herbert Gray, the author of the tracts attacked is too well known to the Christian world to need any defence at our hands. The fact is that the quotations in the *Shantyman* are individual sentences, wrested from their context, and, as quoted, misrepresent the teaching given. In justice to all concerned the *Shantyman* should publish the leaflets in full. The method of quotation in the *Shantyman* if applied to the Bible would result in chaos and could be used to justify the things the Bible condemns.

2. The work done. The Anglican Church maintains four well-equipped boats as follows: one in the northern diocese of Caledonia, one at the Massett Mission, one at Alert Bay and one at Quathiaski Cove, all in charge of ordained ministers. In addition several of the settled clergymen on the coast have smaller boats enabling them to visit the adjacent camps and settlers. Special mention must be made of the three well-equipped hospitals which serve the needs of thousands along the coast. The Methodist Church has three launches, stationed at Cape Mudge, Alert Bay and Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, ministering to the needs of the people within their respective bounds. The Presbyterian Church has two boats, one at Vananda and the other covering the coast line of Barclay Sound. The work done is much greater than the above equipment and staff indicates. Special

work is carried on for the native Indians in school residences and missions, and a strong educational and evangelical work is established on behalf of the Orientals at strategic points. In addition to those specially equipped and set apart for extensive work and occasional service along the coast line, each of the three Churches has settled ministers and missionaries at various points stretching from the international boundary line to Alaska. In many instances these minister to the adjacent camps and settlements.

All these devoted ministers and missionaries are seeking in every way to meet the needs of the population, which comprises all classes. Circulating libraries, social life, athletics, educational opportunities as well as distinctive evangelical appeal are combined to make life Christian, normal, strong and clean.

It must be borne in mind that the lumber industry is not confined to the lower mainland, but flourishes in every part of the Province. Whilst there is not the same necessity for special missions as on the coast the policy of the Churches is to reach every camp through the nearest minister or missionary. Each of the three Churches has over one hundred ordained ministers, besides student missionaries, covering the whole province and these keep in touch with the logging and mining camps.

In view of what the three Churches are doing to minister to the spiritual and other needs of the people along the coast and elsewhere the appeal of the *Shantyman* for funds and missionaries on behalf of the thousands of needy on the ground that nothing is being done for their salvation is seen in its true light. We do not imply that the needs of all points along the extensive coast line are yet adequately met, but in the light of the above it will be apparent that the need of the people has been a burden upon the spiritual life of the Churches which are meeting the opportunities as rapidly as funds and workers are available. We deplore the attitude of any association or organization which seeks to further its ends by misrepresenting both the spiritual ideals and actual service rendered. We trust this statement will correct any false impression the *Shantyman* has created.

A. U. DE PENOIER,  
Bishop of New Westminster.


O. DARWIN,  
Superintendent of Methodist Missions for British Columbia.

G. A. WILSON,  
Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions for British Columbia.  
Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 7, 1924.

[The Methodists have, beside their mission boats, well-equipped hospitals and educational institutions ministering to the needs of the fishermen and loggers along the coast.—EDITOR.]

An "eating competition" was organized in a mining town in the north of England. One competitor, a giant collier six feet in height, and broad in proportion, succeeded in disposing of a leg of mutton, a plentiful supply of vegetables and a plum-pudding, washed down with copious draughts of ale. He was unanimously declared the winner, and was being triumphantly escorted home when he turned to his admirers and said:

"Eh, lads, say don't hee say nowt of this to my old woman, or she won't gie me no dinner!"



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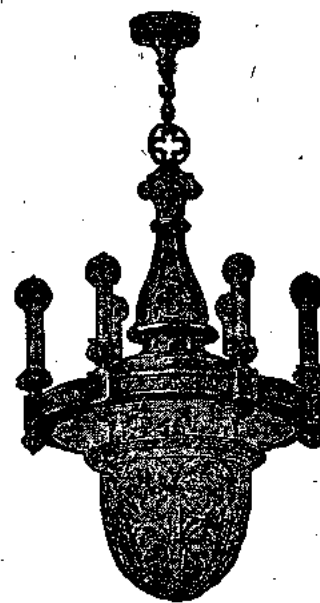
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# Voices of the Silent—Robert Burns

## The British Poet Seems to Express Our View

By N. Lawson

**I** AM taking quite a liberty as an Englishman in attempting to interpret the character of a Scotchman. There will be no disposition on my part to be hypercritical in my views of Burns' character, for I shall view it in the light of days very different from ours, which will give its own coloring to my picture. I have read this saying of a Scotchman: "It takes a Scotchman to understand his Scotch comrade"—that a eulogy on John Knox in church or Robert Burns out of church is always welcome to Scotch people.

Years ago it was a dangerous venture of any preacher who brought our subject to the lecture platform, especially into the pulpit, but in the "new dawn" we think in broader terms of brotherly love.

It may be wise to separate the character of Burns from his noble teachings of the highest things, for as one well says, his character is an "unquiet theme, where gentlest judgments may misdeem."

We leave his character to the final test of the Judge who will judge righteously, and dispense with all prejudice about the religion and churchmanship of a man whom we must not measure by our tape-line standards, or we may make this great poet-prophet a heretic worthy of expulsion for pouring vials of satire on the conventional religion of his day. Was it without reason, may I ask, or had he similar cause with his gentle Master, Jesus Christ, for doing the same on conventionalities of the Church and Rabbis, who would have none of His corrections or wrathful rebukes? We are inclined to think if Burns did not practise the religion of the Master, he understood and appreciated it far more than his narrow critics, and was more generous to their faults than they to his. The British poet seems to express our view: "He said 'tis meet that man possess The will to curse as well as bless, To pity and be pitiless, to make and mar, The fierceness that from tenderness is never far."

We have heard quite a few Scotchmen call people "unco' guid" who ventured to say Burns should not be heard as a singer, because he was not a Christian, and these people were wrong. If right, we should not hear some of the greatest poets of many lands, as Byron, Shelley and Edgar A. Poe. God gives us a lesson on this point, by employing a heathen leader, Cyrus, to fight for and deliver His people from their enemies. Paul is with us in the same thought, quoting a heathen poet to teach such a great truth as the Fatherhood of God. He brought that wondrous truth out of a heathen poet's song, although he charged against every practice of the heathen religion. We mind not many of Burns' songs are love songs; he sang some hymn songs, and gave us verse-pictures of religion in hymns now sung, and which will be sung for ages, as well as those by the most Christian hymnologists. At one time at his worst, far away from religion, and in his best moments in closest quarters with religion, his "Hyde and Jekyll" conduct made a problem which even now is hard to solve. We can explain that blending of moral excellence in his heart with the weakness of character, in the high endowments of his parents and forebears. His loftiness, and nobility of soul, which often towered above

his stains in character, had their springs in the pious home, which he so prettily pictures in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." His great head he said was his father's, his great heart his mother's. This is why his soul was ever an arena upon which, like the man Paul was with the experience of the seventh chapter of Romans, feeling "A law in my mind warring against the law of the spirit," he fought hard for the mastery of the angel over the beast; the former sometimes won, and vice versa, and he never came, it seems to us, to be all saint, and we never can think he came to be all sinner. He made his own double tragedy, watching his fight as the pugilist in the ring, and trembling in weakness and fear when his foe was strongest, but with conscience and knowledge oftener stronger, yet with an almost infantile will, to bring the fight to the best issue. I will never say that the weaker forces of his nature finally mastered the stronger, but give him credit of seeking and finding his soul's home in God after an apparent failure in life. The great poet-preacher, so near to us, furnishes a clue to our thought in this direction, without approving weakness, but showing that nature and God blend generous impulses of the flesh with those of the spirit, and making both necessary to the development of an ideal and worthy character.

"Let us not always say, spite of this flesh to-day  
I made head, gained ground upon the whole!  
As the bird wings, and sings, let us cry, 'All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more than flesh helps soul.'"

We would not dream for a moment that our poet would excuse Burns or anybody else so richly endowed with such a splendid opportunity of being an ideal saint and making a bright, spiritual future for himself, for his failure in both, by lack of self-mastery—control of his lower faculties and tendencies by the higher. God gave the rudder of his bark to Burns, to steer over life's sea, not to leave him to the mercy of wind, wave and storm. He gave him the chart for all rough Galilees and he was asked to follow Him, the Pilot wise, who would lead his frail bark into the haven of peace. This the poet was conscious of, and yet plunged violently headlong over his impulses, to a self-made tragedy of which he sings in his, "A Bard's Epitaph."

"Is there a man, whose judgment clear  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs himself life's mad career  
Wild as the wave!  
Here pause, and through the starting tear  
Survey his grave!"

"The poor inhabitant here below,  
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the kinder glow,  
And softer flame,  
But thoughtless follies laid him low."

There lies to full view the secret of his moral failure! He knew the right, but did the wrong, he disregarded chart, compass and pilot and never sailed on, but drifted like a helpless derelict, aimlessly, with passing tide or current. J. W. Dawson tells of a young medical man who just at the zenith of his success, after years of

labor, was asked to perform an operation of a very questionable character at a great price. His prompt and wise reply was: "I cannot afford to do it, sir!" Ah! Had poor Burns felt he could not afford to drift, had he stood steadily at his helm, kept the ideal goal in view, and not allowed the swift chariot of nature to master the swift oater, to reveal himself to himself, the weakling dragged, instead of giant keeping all in his wake! He sang this pathetically of his own drifting:

"Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme of livin'!"

The great moral lesson of such a life is that of the wise man of old, "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city."

"Prudent, cautious self control is wisdom's root!"

No true, real Scotchman will want to canonize as his saint, Robert Burns, neither should any one else anathematize him as a devil who made such a life-long struggle for his best against his worst, if to fail for any human reason. Find another lesson from his lips, for which to sing his praise, in the expression of his wide sympathy with the purchasers of the freedom of which he sang so well, the noble Scotch Covenanters:

"The solemn League and Covenant,  
Cost Scotland blood; cost Scotland tears,  
But faith sealed freedom's sacred cause;  
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers!"

What a democratic soul Burns was in those days of autocracy and high caste! He placed actual values above relative values, and made the man, not his money, position or power, the true estimate.

"The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that!"

Pity that Burns could not have been grasped by some really Christly hand, at the time when the cold formalities of the Church called forth his scathing criticisms, instead of condemning him and ostracizing him! What a man might have been saved to the Church and the world! But when he fell for lack of a friendly heart and hand, into excessive vice, against which, at first, his noble nature protested, he fell into despair and melancholy, in the midst of which his soul went after God as the needle points to the north. Like the Psalmist he said: truly: "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee!" What a prayer!

"Sure Thou Almighty, canst not act  
From cruelty or wrath!  
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,  
Or close them fast in death!"

"But if I must afflicted be,  
To suit some wise design,  
Then man my soul with firm resolves  
To bear, and not repine!"

What truer resignation could any preacher teach than Burns preaches in those lines? I tell you, fellow men, you must suspend your harsh judgment on a man who prays such a prayer to God! Give him all the hope such a God as ours gives to worse men when they cry unto Him. His sensitive and sincere soul, in presence of infinite goodness, while it may not have seen the glory of the "shekinah," surely saw

the "mercy seat," and out of its failing found rest in the warm home of his Father's loving heart! Rather sing:

"Not ours to gauge the more or less,  
The will's defect, the blood's excess,  
The earthly humours that oppress  
The radiant mind,  
His greatness, not his littleness,  
Concerns mankind!"

This is not an apology for Burns' sympathy, but a plea for leniency and sympathy with the revolt of his soul against the conventional orthodox, not true, religion of his times, sung in his songs, but entering more into his inmost thoughts and letters and life than many find difficult to believe.

A professor in one of our Canadian colleges, also a great Baptist divine, of Toronto, told us recently, that Robert Burns bears testimony to religion in many forms. Read this letter in his life and you will say "Amen" to preacher and professor. Writing to Cunningham, a friend, he says, "I do not remember that you and I have ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it as a trick of the crafty few to lead the undiscerning many; or at most as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know anything of, or with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for irreligion, any more than I would with his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what to me and to others were such superlative sources of enjoyment.

Let that, fall deep into the heart of any man now who is apt to be a bigot, and argue, if not quarrel with doubters and scoffers of religion, and learn the spirit of the Master towards such practices by this poet-seer, Burns, who saw through the earthly veil by imagination, supported by faith's lenses, clearly into the future, and like all true seers saw and declared a future with God for the soul.

Truths about such things there are which cannot be proved, need not be proved. He saw, felt and sang triumphantly, and expressed things "spiritually discerned," not patent to reason or discoverable to acutest logic, but to a divine faculty. He would pity men who lacked the eternal verities, but not damn them. As Edison, the world's wizard, says: "No man can be a true scientist, study electricity and be an infidel," so Burns—whether he had religion you may doubt, let God decide—said: "A mathematician without religion is an improbable character, an irreligious poet is a monster." If you still doubt the religion of Burns, listen to him again writing to the same friend, Cunningham, and see if you find it difficult to discern a fine testimony to the enlarging, enriching, and increasing joys of the Christian life. "These are no ideal pleasures, they are real delights, and I ask, what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal to them? And they have this precious, vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own, and lays hold of them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God." Again he writes: "Religion has ever been to me, not only my chief dependence, but my dearest enjoyment. I am, I must confess, too frequently the sport of whim, caprice and passion, but reverence to God and integrity to my fellow men, I hope I shall ever preserve." And in his "Commonplace Book" he leaves these words: "In the first place, let my pupil, as he tenders his own peace, keep up a warm, regular intercourse with the Deity." Mark well those words of a young man, who was charged as a revolutionist by the Church, against whose hypocrisies and

exclusive orthodoxy he struck hard, high and low, he himself hating a sham, and as many leagues away from hypocrisy as you can well imagine. Hear this:

"But twenty times I rather would be  
An atheist clean,  
Than under Gospel colours hid be,  
Just for a screen!"

We can readily see from this that his natural fear of being a hypocrite, his utter disgust with the Pharisaic spirit, produced his "Satires" and led him, in the stern reality of his soul, to acknowledge the woman he wronged as his wife against inclination and duty. Let men mark that down with some good scoring when they sneer at Burns whose religion had not its full purifying and ennobling influence upon his life, and put down their stone with which they intended pelting him! Another thing to remember is, this man Robert Burns placed us under great debt, for the modifying influence he exerted on the straight-laced pulpit teaching of his time, because the benefit has come down to us in a measure not appreciated to the full by us. He spoke more the theology of the warm heart than the hard head: "The heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind!" What a truly human religion he produced, whose projection of goodness cast out the merciless conventionalism of the Church. How tender his heart was let the "Wounded Hare" declare: let the little "Daisy" speak for him, and let the "Ourie cattle" that must bide the blast, witness for his tender heart.

What a beautiful, tender—because Christly secret—he opened of the only truly, godly life according to Jesus and James, when he sings out his soul:

"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,  
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

We are not surprised, then, to find him a faithful member of the Church—whose formalities he had to smite, and true enough to it to stand up and receive rebukes for his sins—how many who doubt Burns would so do to-day?

He loved nature, as we see, but his soul was with his fellow men, and when his plough crushed the daisy it brought forth his song of the "Fate of artless maid by love's simplicity betrayed. Guileless trust!"

### The Late Mrs. Cushing

In the early morning of July 25th, Mrs. Cushing, wife of the Hon. W. H. Cushing, of Calgary, slipped away peacefully to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." She had been in her usual health and any thought of her death was most distant from the minds of all in the household, but in the midst of life's activities she ceased at once to work and live.

Mrs. Cushing, whose maiden name was Mary Jane Waters, was born on the 5th August, 1849, in the township of Arthur, county of Wellington, Ontario. She came of pious parentage and early in life was converted to God and soon became active in church work, especially in the Sunday school, a form of Christian activity which she followed for years, both at her home appointment and in Calgary, and many are they whose minds were enlightened as she explained to them the Scriptures and whose hearts were touched by her fine Christian spirit. She was married to her now sorrowing husband on April 4th, 1883, and joined him at Calgary in the spring of 1884. With her husband she set up a Christian home which contributed much to the Christian atmosphere of the then

small but growing town of Calgary. Many a minister of the Gospel, as well as others, enjoyed the hospitality and refining influence of their home. She was a devoted worker in the Ladies' Aid Society, the W. M. S. and in the Y. W. C. A. She was active in hospital work and many sick ones in the hospital as well as in the homes of the people were refreshed in spirit by her Christian personality. No one could be acquainted with Mrs. Cushing without being impressed with her quiet, patient, unassuming manner and her Christlikeness of character. She had a large circle of friends who held her in high esteem and her name will be fragrant for many a day in Calgary. As a helpmate she excelled, for she was calm, hopeful and ever looking for "the silver lining in the cloud." Her husband says of her, "If there has been any success in life it has been largely due to her loving spirit and quiet Christian life."


The funeral service was held in Central Church on Monday, July 28, conducted by the writer who was intimate in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cushing for many years, assisted by the Rev. A. D. Richard, President of Conference, Rev. G. F. Driver, and the pastor of the church, Rev. H. W. Avison. Notwithstanding a heavy rainstorm, a large congregation was present which bore silent testimony to the Christian life and character of the deceased, and the great wealth of the floral tributes indicated the high esteem in which she was held in the community.

T. C. BUCHANAN.

### A New Book

"A Man in the Zoo," by David Garnett. Illustrated with wood engravings by R. A. Garnett. (Toronto, The Macmillan Company of Canada.) \$1.50.

This is the second of Mr. Garnett's unusual stories. The first, "Lady Into Fox," had a well-deserved success last year. Those who read it will, one imagines, lose no time in procuring "A Man in the Zoo." They will not be disappointed. The story concerns a young man and a young lady who fall out in the Zoological Gardens in London. Harsh words are bandied, with the result that the young man writes a letter to the Society, pointing out that their collection of the earth's fauna, though admirable, leaves man unrepresented, and offers himself. He is accepted and installed, flanked by the chimpanzee and the orang-outang. The world, and the young lady throng to see "The Man in the Zoo." Love, despite the wire netting, still burns in the breast of each, and after the many ups and downs attendant upon it, finally triumphs. Mr. Garnett has succeeded in making a fantastic story thoroughly convincing. One feels that, given the circumstances, what happened would happen. In particular, the episode of the letter and the Society's decision to admit the new specimen are admirably done. Too often such a business smacks of the magician and his box of cheap tricks. The theme gives Mr. Garnett an opportunity for philosophy, and for a display of his insight into the strange gyrations of the human organ in the throes of emotion. Unlike most stories, seemingly sane, but actually only a step from the madhouse, "A Man in the Zoo" is seemingly mad and proves to be sane. It goes without saying that it is a welcome relief. The publishers have done well by the book in the matter of binding. They lean to the belief, fast passing out, that the cover of a book is somewhat more important than the jacket.



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### The Group Study Courses, 1924-1925

"If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it from him."—Benjamin Franklin

WITH THIS prospectus we begin the sixth year of the Group Study Courses. The interest in the courses is growing with each year. The students of the Church are more than ever organizing for study. No introduction is necessary and without further ado we give herewith our electives. We have as usual tried to keep the list as small and as scrupulously chosen as possible, at the same time bearing in mind the widely variant interests of those who are using the courses. We have also tried to keep the prices of the books down, but cheapness has not been our aim. The many suggestions offered during the past year have been thankfully received and incorporated where possible.

### Suggested Rules for a Group Study Course

#### 1. Organize by Districts:

1. The best one to give the Group Study course the proper impetus is the chairman of the district. Many chairmen of districts and several presidents of Conference have made it a part of their official duties to organize these groups.

2. The first district meeting of the new Conference year is the time to start the interest in the courses. No business you will have on the agenda can surpass this in importance.

#### 2. Group Organization:

1. Divide the district into groups of sixes or sevens. Anything larger becomes unwieldy in most cases.

2. Appoint a group director, who also acts as secretary-treasurer. His duties will consist in keeping a record of the names and addresses of the members of the group; a record of the books selected for reading, the amount collected from each member, and the name of the book each member elects to keep. He also corresponds with the Book Room, has a copy of each book on the course mailed to each member of the group and sees to it that the books are kept moving.

3. Each member of the group will have a number. This is to facilitate the books rotating in their proper order. Number one reads his and forwards it to number two, who reads his and forwards to number three, and so on to number six, who reads his and forwards to number one. This continues until each member receives his own book back. It is necessary, therefore, that the book each member receives first from the Book Room shall be the book he intends to keep.

4. No book shall be retained longer than four weeks. This allows plenty of time to make notes and pass it on. Where convenient each group might meet and discuss some of the problems arising out of their reading. At one or two district meetings, one or more of the best of these papers might be read, speakers being chosen from each of the groups where there are more than one. The possibilities of a real contribution to the intellectual and spiritual life of the district rising out of the intellectual and experimental life of the district are gloriously certain.

5. The fee collected from each member will depend upon whether the cost of the books shall be divided evenly, or whether each member agrees to pay

for the book he elects to retain. These deposits are paid to the group director with whom the Book Room deals, and to whom the books are charged. This method saves time and bookkeeping.

#### I. Biography

"The Life of Alexander Whyte," by G. F. Barbour (\$2.70.) Record of his life and ministry, with interesting sidelights on the social and religious conditions of his day, especially his championship of the moderation group in the Scottish Church Union crisis.

"Dr. John Clifford, C.H.," Life, Letters and Reminiscences, by Sir James Marchant (\$3.90.) "J. Ramsay Macdonald," by Iconoclast, introduction by Oswald Garrison Villard (\$2.50.) A clear and penetrating life of the Premier of England, and a refreshing commentary upon present-day politics in Great Britain.

#### II. The Bible

"Byways in Early Christian Literature," by A. F. Findlay (\$3.00.) The Kerr Lectures, Glasgow, 1920-1921, being studies in the uncanonical Gospels and Acts.

"The Old Testament and To-day," by J. A. Chapman and L. D. Weatherhead (60c.) A simple and non-technical investigation of the spiritual wealth in the Old Testament, and its applicability to our own times.

"The Literature of the Old Testament," by Julius A. Bewer (\$6.00.) A volume in "Records of Civilization: Sources and Studies" published by Columbia University Press, exceedingly valuable in showing the historical development of the Old Testament, the process by which its makers "drew upon their sources and framed the miscellany into a canon." A book valuable not only for its historical and critical scholarship, but also for its intuitive spiritual insight.

"The Legends of Israel," by Lewis Johnson (\$3.00.) A fascinating book of twenty-eight Old Testament stories retold in the light of modern scholarship, with skilful, re-interpretation.

#### III. The Ministry

"The Hebrew Prophet and the Modern Preacher," by H. J. Pickett (\$2.50.) The Hartley Lecture on Preaching for 1923, which seeks to answer the question, What can the modern preacher and minister learn from the prophets of old?

"The Pastoral Office," An introduction to the Work of a Pastor, by James A. Beebe (\$3.00.) This book covers the whole task of the preacher, combining ideals with practical methods, and deals in order with Worship, Administration and Pastoral Relations. The best book in the field.

#### IV. Theology

"The Ethical Teaching of Jesus," by Ernest F. Scott (\$1.75.) The records of Jesus' teaching, His methods, religious backgrounds, social and religious non-conformity and the permanent validity of His proposals.

"Present Tendencies in Religious Thought," by A. C. Knudson (\$2.00.) The Mendenhall Lectures for 1924. They endeavor to show how Christianity is adjusting itself to its new environment.

#### V. Social Studies

"Creative Experience," by M. F. Follett (\$3.00.) Those who have read the author's "The New State," a study of group organization as the solution of popular government, will be eager to secure this new work, which seeks to discover a constructive way of dealing with conflict. How may human interplay be made productive and contribute to progressive experience? A truly significant book.

"The Social Origins of Christianity," by Shirley Jackson Case (\$2.75.) The contribution of the early Christian communities to the Christian message down to the time of its triumph as the religion of the Roman Empire.

#### VI. The Church

"New Churches for Old," by John Haynes Holmes (\$2.25.) A striking plea for a community religion by the pastor of the Community Church of New York.

"The Vocation of the Church," by J. H. Leckie (\$1.80.) A volume of The Living Church Series, dealing with the principles of development of the Church through divisions and reconciliations to its final vocation as prophet, priest and servant of the Kingdom.

"The Thinkers of the Church," by A. B. D. Alexander (\$1.80.) The debt which the Christian Church owes to the thinkers of Christendom.

"The Ideals of the Early Church," by W. M. Grant (\$1.50.) An interesting exposition of the religious ideas of the Acts of the Apostles.

#### VII. Inspirational

"Classics of the Inner Life," edited by F. B. Macnutt. An interpretation of some of the greatest masterpieces of Christian devotion (\$1.50.)

"Prophecy of Yesterday" and Their Message for To-day, by John Kelman (\$2.00.) A master preacher and man of letters discourses upon Hebraism and Hellenism, Carlyle and Arnold and Robert Browning with friendly ease and a richness of understanding which makes him an admirable mentor.

#### VIII. Literature

"The Quenchless Light," a novel by Agnes C. Laut (\$2.00.) A stirring romance of the court of Agrippa, the flight of Onesimus and his conversion, and the remarkable heroism of the early Christians.

"Looking Backward," by Major-General G. Sterling Ryerson (\$2.50.) The life of a Canadian doctor, professor, soldier and philanthropist, founder of The Canadian Red Cross Society and The St. John's Ambulance. An interesting and valuable contemporary record.

"Poetical Works of Albert Durrant Watson" (\$3.00.) Dr. Watson is supremely the poet of the mind and spirit. He is one of our greatest Canadian prophets as well as a singer of charm.

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"In Hawaii they have the same weather the year round."  
"How do their conversations start?"  
—Texas Ranger.

## Mr. Black's Bible Class

### Spreading the Message

**T**HIS lesson records the enlargement of the scope of Jesus' work. He had had an exceedingly busy Sabbath in Capernaum, speaking in the synagogue service and performing many cures upon sick—this on into the late evening. He gave of Himself so much in sympathy, love, and healing touch that He became exhausted, both in body and spirit. The spiritual refreshment that He required He sought from His Father: "And in the morning, a great while before day he rose and went out, and departed into a desert place, and there prayed." In Jesus' recourse to prayer at critical periods in His life we have the secret of His power. Whatever else prayer may mean, it meant for Jesus refreshment of soul and renewal of life. From it He could go out to meet and banish temptation; with the courage which He drew from it, He could face His cross. The disciple of Jesus who does not imitate Him in His habit of prayer misses the source of the strength and power of the Master.

The morning after the Sabbath the people of Capernaum looked to see the wonderful deeds of the previous day repeated in their midst. The wonderful healer was not to be found, however. A minute search of the town did not reveal Him. It appeared to the disciples of Jesus that their Master was missing a splendid opportunity to advance His cause, and they tracked Him to His desert retreat, and greeted Him with the enthusiastic message, "All are seeking thee!" Their enthusiasm met with a response from Jesus contrary to that which they had expected, a decision not to return to Capernaum and take advantage of the popularity He had evoked there, but to push on to the near-by towns, "that I may preach there also; for to this end came I forth."

The significance of Jesus' action at this time should not escape us. Two things stand revealed. In the first place, the situation of affairs at Capernaum seem to have presented to Jesus something of the same insidious elements that he had fought against in His temptation in the wilderness. The whole city of Capernaum had been moved by Jesus' wonderful deeds; a great opportunity was before Him. The people expected a repetition of the wonders He had performed. Could He not pander to their desire by working His cures as His sympathies prompted Him, and at the same time find opportunity for His real work of healing their souls? Such a course would mean immediate popularity and a wide extension of influence. Would He be justified in refusing to embrace the opportunity? In the wilderness, the temptation to seek a popular and outward success won by signs of power was only in prospect; here at Capernaum Jesus was faced with the actual temptation. Just as He had done in the wilderness, so now He turned aside from it. The kingdom He had come to found was a spiritual kingdom. Men must be won to such a kingdom, could indeed only be won to it, by spiritual means. Jesus wished disciples of spiritual faith and insight; He had no desire for the sort of following that could be gained by signs and wonders. Many a man has yielded to the subtle temptation that it does not matter by what means a good end is reached. Jesus

knew that it did matter, that yielding meant a loss of spiritual power and failure to achieve the end desired. He therefore "rose up and went out" from Capernaum that He might seek other fields where His reputation as a wonder-worker had not preceded Him.

The place which Jesus gave to His ministry of healing is revealed here also. That ministry He very definitely places secondary to His larger task of preaching. If He had remained in Capernaum, His time would undoubtedly have been taken up with the work of physical and mental healing and His words would have received little attention. Jesus had come to preach to men, to satisfy by His words their moral and spiritual needs. He did not abandon altogether His ministry of healing. When the leper came to Him; He was moved with compassion and made him clean. Thus He worked His cures whenever His sympathies for men and their ills were stirred. We are troubled now and again to-day by the question of the stand the Church should take on physical healing. There are those who claim the power to work physical and mental cures, and they sometimes stir up considerable discussion by their cures, real or alleged. We may not be able to reach a satisfactory solution of the problem, but in the light of to-day's lesson we can be quite certain we are on the right road if we emphasize the Church's mission "to seek and to save the lost." The Church's Master healed men's minds and bodies, but that was never His primary mission. His great work was to bring sinning humanity into right spiritual relations with their God.

Jesus' missionary methods were both intensive and extensive. He chose a special body of disciples to be with Him wherever He went. To them He gave intensive training, letting them into the deeper secrets of His work and life. His purpose was that these men should be the leaders to carry on the work after He should have gone. But his work was extensive also. As a real beginning of His ministry, He made a tour of Galilee, covering the entire province, finding His centre of operations in the synagogues. Galilee was a much more hopeful field for this work than was Judaea. The Galileans were less conservative than the Judeans, much more warm-hearted and receptive. Here, if anywhere, a foothold could be gained for the new Kingdom of God. Jesus planned first a thorough evangelization of His native province. With Galilee as a centre, the scope of the work could subsequently be enlarged with much more chances of success.

### This Internationalism—Where Will It Lead?

(Continued from page 6.)

hold." In trying to work upon the opposite basis—the hypothesis of the battlefield—we destroy ourselves. Meanwhile God moves through history justifying His own wisdom.

Idealistic internationalism appears to be the will of Heaven for the world now. It is the sole counter-irritant: it is full of constructive possibilities. Whereto it will lead no one can foresee distinctly. So far the road which opens before our feet tapers into a thin silvery streak, which finally merges into the seeming nothingness of the ever-receding horizon line. But like to the star of Bethlehem

"It seemed to bid me follow  
And I could not choose but go."

The future? It is in the mind of God. But whoso wills to do His will shall know! The spirit of Truth will reveal all things in His good time.

International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 21. *Jesus Makes a Missionary Tour.* Mark 1: 35-45. *Golden Text—Thou canst make me clean.* Mark 1: 40. *Home Readings—Monday, Jesus Makes a Missionary Tour.* Mark 1: 35-45. *Tuesday, The Missionary Pattern.* Acts 10: 34-43. *Wednesday, Christ's Parting Command.* Matt. 28: 16-20. *Thursday, Helping People.* Matt. 25: 34-40. *Friday, A Missionary Call.* Isa. 60: 1-11. *Saturday, The Persistence of the Gospel.* Luke 19: 29-40. *Sunday, "Unto thee shall all flesh come."* Psalm 65: 1-7.

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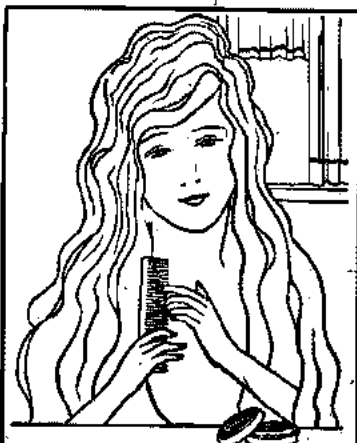
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## Quebec Religious Education Association

**T**HE OUTSTANDING speaker at the annual convention of the Religious Education Association of Quebec, to be held in Montreal, October 14th and 15th, will be Miss Margaret Slattery, who is well known as a speaker and writer on the religious life of the girl. The *Pilgrim Press* gives the following facts about Miss Slattery's personality and work which give added interest and expectation to those who will hear her in Montreal.

At nineteen years of age Margaret Slattery was a teacher in the grammar school of Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Her influence over her pupils was remarkable and her pioneer work in educational methods soon attracted the attention of the principal of the State Normal School, located in that city, who asked her to become a member of the faculty of the School of Observation and Practice. Miss Slattery's promotion was rapid and she was made supervisor, then principal of the school of Practical Arts, connected with the training department of the Normal School. During this time Miss Slattery became interested in the religious education of youth and developed a remarkable Sunday school in one of the local churches. She was in great demand for addresses at conventions and conferences of both public and church school teachers and articles from her pen were requested by professional magazines. While principal of the School of Practical Arts, Miss Slattery wrote several of her best known books.

In 1910 she resigned her position at the State Normal School and has since given her time to writing and the lecture platform, specializing on problems that concern the girl in her teens. She addresses forums, women's clubs, welfare organizations, business women, and numerous bodies interested in religious education. Miss Slattery's engagements are made through her secretary who makes her dates more than a year ahead.

In 1912 the Governor of Massachusetts appointed Miss Slattery on the State Board of Education, of which she was a member until her resignation because of long periods of necessary absence from the state.

Miss Slattery spent seven months in Europe during the war in the interests of the publicity department of the Y.W.C.A. In 1920 she took a trip around the world visiting Japan, China, The Straits Settlements, Ceylon, India, Egypt and Palestine. Her latest books are "Highways to Leadership" and "New Paths Through Old Palestine." (*The Pilgrim Press.*)

"Margaret Slattery is a noted lecturer and writer upon general subjects of secular and religious education and child welfare. She has devoted special attention to the welfare of girls of teen age and has addressed forums, women's clubs, religious and educational conventions all over the United States and Canada. She has rare genius that takes the commonplace things of life and fills them with both significance and beauty. Her deep, spiritual insight makes her a wise seer and interpreter and a wise guide for both young women and young men. She gives a message to the people, a message stripped of creeds and cant, freed from prejudice and bias, presented fearlessly and convincingly—'A nation that makes things and cannot make men to match those things is a failure.'"

"Miss Slattery returned last spring from a trip around the world. She

visited Japan, China, India, Egypt and Palestine, having studied conditions surrounding the life of young people in these countries and addressed the students of both government and mission schools. She is a woman of strong personality, with an intensity of purpose and deep insight into human life. So vividly does she paint the commonplace pictures of every-day life that she holds her audience tense with a realization of their importance and significance in the making of history.

Some of Miss Slattery's best known books are, "He Took It Upon Himself," "Just Over the Hill," "The Charm of the Impossible," "A Girl and Her Religion," "The American Girl and Her Community," "The Highway to Leadership" and "New Paths Through Old Palestine." Some of these have been translated into Chinese, Japanese, Spanish and Swedish.

### A Sense of Humor

(Continued from page 13)

realize that it was not by weight, as in that case his articles would be comparatively valueless.

The following humorous episode well remembered by the writer, is headed by this appropriate verse.

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
As their pages o'er we turn,  
That we're apt to leave behind us  
Letters that we ought to burn."

The man who was the outstanding figure in this amusing story had an extremely frugal wife. They were intimate friends of the writer's parents and were calling one evening. Jim, the husband, related excitedly how he had, that very day, discovered that his wife, Nancy, had been using their old love-letters as covers for jelly-jars. He maintained that it was unnecessary frugality and then followed this stern admonition: "Nancy, for heaven's sake, don't cover any more jars with our old love-letters. Rip them off and burn the rest. Do it at once or I will, as it might put us in a ludicrously incriminating attitude in the eyes of the hired help."

This might justly be termed humor outside the family, but quite the reverse within. The moral to be drawn is simply this: It is more dignified and much safer to use paraffin.

Another and final incident attaches to a cousin of the writer. Before proceeding this quotation is appended: "Is my friend all perfection? Has he not humors to be endured?"

This cousin had a most distressing habit of starting a laugh simultaneously with the launching of his story and as it slid down the ways the laugh was kept up until the finish. There was more humor to us in his advance laughter than in the story which trailed behind. First appeared a faint smile, which gave warning of what was to follow. As the inflection progressed, the smile changed into a laugh, low at first, but gradually swelling in volume until it became a guffaw! In the meantime the story was progressing by easy stages and his patient listeners were furnishing forced and sympathetic grimaces to help out, as it were, but when the climax was reached his exhausted audience were too far spent to respond in a fitting manner, even if his story warranted it. It only remains to state that if his story was only

mediocre, as it often was, you had that laugh fired at you with machine-gun rapidity, just the same, and what's more, you had no possible chance to dodge it. Moral: Save your laugh till the end.

And so it goes. The wits and wags have followed each other down the centuries, and to chronicle all their humorous sayings would be a stupendous task. It is fitting to remark, however, by way of encomium that, collectively, they go to form a class which has proved a most valuable asset on the happy side of the ledger, an asset which we could not very well do without. For, after all, what would life be if we could not laugh once in a while and make the other fellow laugh with us.

### The Late H. C. McMullen

Harvard C. McMullen had in the family name and characteristics a goodly heritage. He was the eldest son of Rev. Daniel McMullen, one of the early Methodist ministers, and his mother, Eliza Conger, was of United Empire Loyalist descent. He was born in the county of Prince Edward, and died at Picton, August 13th, 1924, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. A graduate of Victoria University, he spent some years in teaching, practised law in Cincinnati, was finally associated with his brothers in their various business enterprises. The impression which Mr. McMullen made in every department of life was that of a cultured Christian gentleman. The graces of politeness, courtesy, gallantry, were conspicuous in him. The virtues of Christianity found beautiful expression in his character. He loved the Methodist Church, was imbued with its spirit, served it faithfully in official capacities, knew its history and rejoiced in its progress. In the presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends, with many tokens of affection and esteem, his body was laid to rest in the family plot of Glenwood Cemetery. His pathway went up to the heights of success and down into the valleys of disappointment. It turned hither and thither in perplexing providences. It was shadowed by affliction and sorrow. It was the path of the just, and the light which never left the long and lonesome trail was bright at eventide.

A. BROWN.

### The Immemorial Lily

(Continued from page 8)

lime or ashes in any form. One year I spoiled some choice Rubrums by putting wood ashes around them. Before planting, it is a good plan to dust the bulbs with sulphur or powdered charcoal to prevent decay.

If one has much patience, propagating lilies is interesting work. The bulbs are usually formed of scales, and each scale if planted will form little bulbs at the base and down the sides. These bulbs if planted will in time reach blooming size. Experts grow lilies from seeds and even cross different sorts to produce new kinds.

Jane: "I want to give notice, ma'am."

Mistress: "Why, whatever is wrong, Jane?"

"Well, I haven't minded Miss Veronica using my fingers as glove stretchers, nor putting the master's new boots on to make room for 'is corn, but I ain't a-going to sit on the family Bible for two hours to press leaves for young Master Eric, nor nobody!"—*Epworth Herald.*



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## Connexional Notices

### District Meetings

**MOOSOMIN**—The financial district meeting will be held at Grenfell, Sask., Tues. and Wed., Sept. 9, 10. First session at 1.30 p.m., Tuesday, 9th. "Missionary rally" in connection, and a joint meeting of the Qu-Appelle Presbytery and Moosomin District, at the same time. Notable speakers from both bodies.—J. I. Thorn, *Chairman*; Wm. Keall, *Fin. Sec.*

**CHATHAM**—The financial district meeting will be held in Victoria Avenue Church, Chatham, on Sept. 16th. Business session at 9.30 a.m., missionary conference at 2 p.m.—A. E. Jones, *Chairman*; E. F. Armstrong, *Fin. Sec.*

**SIMCOE**—The financial district meeting will be held in St. James Methodist Church, Simcoe, on Tuesday, Sept. 16th, with sessions at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. All churches in the district should be well represented.—Thomas Green, *Chairman*; E. S. Moyer, *Fin. Sec.*

**QUEBEC**—The financial district meeting will be held in Wesley Hall, Methodist Church, Sherbrooke, Que., on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, at 10 a.m. Delegations are expected from all churches of the district.—William H. Stevens, *Chairman*; Walter S. Lennon, D.D., *Fin. Sec.*

**WEYBURN**—The financial district meeting of the Weyburn district will be held in Estevan, on Thursday, September 11th, on arrival of the train from the north. The Revs. C. Endicott, Dr. G. H. Williams and C. Morgan are expected.—G. H. Bennes, *Chairman*; J. C. Sibley, M.A., *Fin. Sec.*

**SWIFT CURRENT**—The financial district meeting will be held in Swift Current, Wednesday, Sept. 10th, at 4 p.m.—J. H. Toole, M.A., *Chairman*; Warren Rothwell, *Fin. Sec.*

**SUDBURY**—The financial district meeting of Sudbury district will be held in Sudbury on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, commencing at 10 a.m. Rev. A. J. Paul, President of Conference, and Rev. F. L. Brown, Supt. of Missions, will be in attendance.—R. E. Morten, *Chairman*; E. W. McBrien, *Fin. Sec.*

**WELLAND**—The financial district meeting will convene in Stevensville Methodist Church, on Thursday, Sept. 18, with morning session at 10 a.m., afternoon session at 2 p.m., and a great temperance rally in the evening at 8 p.m. The usual district business will be dealt with in the morning and inspiring addresses will be given by the representatives of the great departments of our Church in the afternoon. All ministers and elected delegates are urged to attend the three sessions, while every organization in connection with each church in the district is requested to have as many members as possible present in the afternoon and evening.—I. M. Moyer, *Chairman*; T. B. Edmonds, *Fin. Sec.*

**MOUNT FOREST**—The financial district meeting of the Mount Forest district will be held in the Methodist Church, Arthur, on Friday, 5th September, at 10.30 a.m. The afternoon session will be devoted to the interests of the Missionary and Evangelism and Social Service Departments, with special reference to the Missionary

Centennial. At 8 p.m. a grand rally will be held, when Rev. John Coburn will deliver an address regarding the plebiscite vote soon to be taken regarding the Ontario Temperance Act. Every circuit is urged to send a large delegation to the afternoon and evening sessions.—John E. Peters, *Chairman*; Louis E. West, *Fin. Sec.*

**TORONTO**—The financial district meeting of the Toronto central district will be held in Carlton St. Methodist Church, Tuesday, Sept. 23rd, at 2 p.m.—A. J. Paul, B.A., B.D., *Chairman*; A. N. St. John, B.A., *Fin. Sec.*

### Bay of Quinte

Financial district meetings and, combined with these, district missionary conferences will be held throughout the Bay of Quinte Conference from Sept. 12th to 29th inclusive. The following is the schedule of meetings:

Sept. 12—Madoc District at Madoc.  
Sept. 15—Cannington District at Cannington.  
Sept. 16—Lindsay District at Queen St. Lindsay.  
Sept. 17—Peterboro' District at Trinity Church, Peterboro'.  
Sept. 18—Campbellford District at Campbellford.  
Sept. 19—Napanee District at Grace Church, Napanee.  
Sept. 22—Whitby District at Whitby.  
Sept. 23—Bowmanville District at Hampton.  
Sept. 24—Cobourg District at Welcome.  
Sept. 25—Brighton District at Smithfield.  
Sept. 26—Belleville District at Bridge St., Belleville.  
Sept. 29—Picton District at Picton.

Unless different arrangements are made locally, the first session will open in each case at 10 a.m. The President of Conference and representatives of the Missionary Society and the Department of Evangelism and Social Service are expected at each conference and deliver addresses. It is earnestly desired that every circuit shall be represented by as large a delegation as possible.—Andrew McLaughlin, *Secretary of Conference*.

**EXETER**—The financial district meeting for Exeter district will be held in the Methodist Church, Parkhill, on Friday, Sept. 19th, beginning at 9.30 a.m. The morning session will be devoted to district business and connexional matters; the afternoon session to a missionary conference connected with the centenary; and the evening session to the prohibition question. At least six delegates should attend from each circuit.—G. W. Rivers, *Chairman*; Arthur Sinclair, *Fin. Sec.*

**NEW LISKEARD**—The financial district meeting will be held in the Methodist Church on Thursday evening, Sept. 11th at eight o'clock, at which Rev. A. J. Paul, B.A., B.D., President of Toronto Conference, and Rev. F. L. Brown, B.A., Superintendent of Missions will deliver addresses. On Friday, two sessions for district business will be held at 9 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.—J. Albert Leese, B.A., B.D., *Chairman*; E. C. Moddie, *Fin. Sec.*

**WOODSTOCK**—The financial district meeting will be held in College Avenue Church, Woodstock, Thursday, Sept. 18th, at 10 a.m. Important matters pertaining to missionary, evangelistic, educational and temperance work will be under discussion, in which representatives of various departments will be heard. In addition to regular lay delegates, we strongly urge

the attendance of interested workers from every circuit.—S. M. Roadhouse, *Chairman*; M. E. Sexsmith, *Fin. Sec.*

**WALKERTON**—The financial district meeting of the Walkerton district will be held in the Methodist Church, Paisley, Thursday, Sept. 11th, at 10.30 a.m., and 1.30 p.m. The afternoon session will be addressed by representatives of the Mission Board and Social Service Department. Every church is urged to send a good delegation to this session.—F. G. Farrill, *Chairman*; A. W. Sheppardson, *Fin. Sec.*

**UXBRIDGE**—The financial district meeting and district conference will be held at Uxbridge, Vroomantown circuit, on Thursday, Sept. 18, at 10.30 a.m. A representation is desired from each church on the district as matters of great importance are to be discussed.—C. W. Watch, *Chairman*; G. E. Coulter, *Fin. Sec.*

### Minister's Address

The permanent address of Rev. S. W. Hann, M.A., B.D., is 151 Neeve Street, Guelph.

## Births, Marriages, Deaths

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

### Death

**COLE**—At his residence, 725 Durocher St., Outremont, Montreal, P.Q., William Learmont Cole, only son of the late Rev. Benj. Cole, aged 62 years and nine months. A widow, two daughters and one sister (Mrs. A. E. Shaw) survive.

### In Memoriam

**BAYLEY**—In ever loving and grateful memory of Rev. Sedgewick Alexander Bayley, B.A., who passed from time into eternity, August 28th, 1919. "The memory of the just is blessed."  
"To live in the memory of others, is not to die."

## How is Your Baby?

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—Judge.

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**A MEMBER** of the New Brunswick Conference would like to hear from any one in any of the Ontario Conferences, who would like to be transferred to New Brunswick before the Church Union becomes law. The application to come before the next transfer meeting, which no doubt will be the last. Address, Box 264, Christian Guardian.

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**DR. HAROLD H. CUMMER**, Dentist, 398 Bloor Street West (Corner Brunswick Avenue), Toronto. Phone Trinity 1616.

### Architects

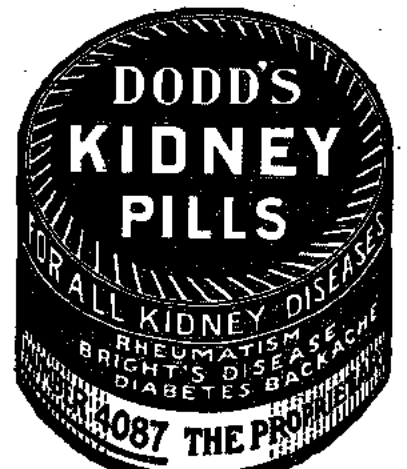
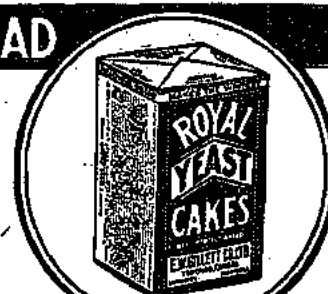
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## Mr. Liu Dse Ru

CANADIAN Methodism is favored to-day with a visit from a Chinese Methodist layman, from the city of Chungking. He cannot talk English, but with one of our returned missionaries as interpreter he gets along famously. Luncheons and dinners have been given in his honor and it has been the delight of Toronto Methodist laymen to do all they can to help this brother from China to "see Canada" and to see Canadian Methodism. The visitor's name is Liu Dse Ru, and he has quite an interesting history.

His father was a farmer near Chungking, and Mr. Liu is fond of telling how he left home to seek his fortune in the city, eighty miles away, with fifty cash, or about two and one half cents, in his pocket. But the young lad was willing to work, and he soon succeeded in getting a solid foothold financially, and his abilities secured his rapid advancement to such an ex-

to open an industrial school so as to equip the orphans for their life work. He hopes the orphanage will grow, till upwards of 500 are taken care of, all at his expense. Largely through him, the native church he attends has become self-supporting. He plans to establish twelve schools in his native district, to be operated by the Church. He will erect, support and endow them. He also gave \$10,000 to build the chapel at the Chentu Union University.

Twelve years ago he bought his coffin and prepared tombs for his wife and himself, thus signifying that the old life was past, its needs to the very last provided for and that henceforth his life was wholly devoted to living for Christ. Instead of retiring from business or impoverishing himself, as orthodox Chinese custom might suggest, he has devoted himself to the extension of business and the development of his orphanages and schools.



MR. LIU DSE RU  
Christian Philanthropist

tent that now his income is about \$100 a day. But this Chinese Christian holds all he has to be a sacred trust from God and he is using it as such.

The reason for this lies in the fact that shortly after he came to Chungking, he saw a Methodist church, and entered it to find out, if possible, the truth which both his ancestors and himself desired to know. The Methodist missionary welcomed the young man, and pointed him to the Word of God as the revealed truth. Young Liu read the Scriptures, studied them, and found for himself the truth as it is in Jesus. He began to preach, but refused to become a minister, deeming it better to continue in business. When the reward of his patient toil came and wealth increased, he refused to spend it upon himself and family, and limiting strictly his personal expenses he invested the rest in the regeneration of China. He has erected a reading-room and street chapel in Chungking for the Methodist Church at his own expense; he has established an orphanage, just outside Chungking, where 180 orphans are housed; he feeds, clothes, houses and teaches them all. He plans

Instead of immersing himself in the heaping up of wealth that he would never use, he has become worthy of the title, Christian philanthropist; and it is in the capacity of friend of the Church, of world-wide missions, and of the rising generation, that he has made the world tour. But, besides coming to our churches and homes as the first fruits of our youngest foreign mission, he moves among us as an urbane gentleman, in whom the best of the cultures of East and West find common expression.

"Handle me carefully, Lizzie; this dress was worn to a dinner given at the White House in 1825 to General Lafayette."

"Law, Miss, an' it fits you yet."—Life.

Ethel: "So Arthur proposed last night?"

Maude: "Yes."

"And did you accept him?"

"I was so awfully excited I don't know whether I did or not. If he comes to-night I did; if he doesn't I didn't."—London Answers.

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