

The CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

VOL. XCV.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1924

No. 4

On Taking the Consequences

THAT attitude of mind that allows us not to reckon too greatly of the consequences is one that many of us find it difficult to attain unto. Of course what is going to happen as a result of any course or action is a matter that we ought not to be altogether indifferent about, but to think too much of consequences seems to be the bane of many lives, and it is the one sure way of making life altogether inconsequent and ineffectual. If a thing is right it is right, and the only sure way of making it work out rightly is to tackle it on the basis of its rightness, and to carry it through as if any thought of consequences never entered into the situation at all. The indecision and lack of sureness that always result from temporizing and counselling as to consequences are terribly weakening and disastrous things in any life. Aggressive living of any kind always has its dangers, and the man who gets the habit of keeping his eyes open too much for the risks of things will never attempt or carry through any heroic or fine achievements. The greatest risk any man can run with life is to decide that he will not take any risk at all, but will always play along the safe margins of things. A man may save his skin by doing that, but that is all he will do, and in the end even he is very likely to decide that that was scarcely worth the doing. Paying big prices for safety is a height of folly.

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Maple Trees in Canada

AT a banquet, in Folkestone, England, a couple of years ago, Mr. Palmer, an educationist, of that town, told the story of their schools being closed one day in June, ever since the war, to enable all teachers and pupils to go down to Shorncliffe, to decorate the soldiers' graves.

This story so much impressed Miss M. Edith Day, who was a guest in town from Canada, at the time, that she asked Mr. Palmer if he would plant seeds from Canada, should some be sent him. His answer, in the affirmative, was so hearty, that, on her return to Winnipeg, in September, she suggested to one of her senior commercial classes, in St. John's Technical High School, that they participate in the ceremony. Consequently, pansy, columbine and

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Manitoba Maple seeds were sent in the early spring.

It was very gratifying to Miss Day and her class, about two months ago, to receive a photograph of some of the maple saplings, which had grown to the height of three feet; and how rewarded they felt, later, when it was announced in the press that a number of boys, from the Folkestone Boys' Schools, had gone down to Shorncliffe Garrison Cemetery, on Armistice Day and planted the hundred small maples on the graves of the Canadian soldiers who lie there. The work was done under the supervision of Mr. Elliott, school gardener of Folkestone and the cemetery staff, in the presence of several of the head masters of Folkestone schools.

We are glad to know the sending of the seeds by those young school girls is so much appreciated in England.

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By David Lloyd George

Issued last year about the time of Mr. Lloyd George's visit to America, this book caused perhaps as much interest and stir in England as any other published during the year. The great statesman expressed clearly for the first time his position regarding the problems confronting Europe to-day. 371 pages, cloth. The book was formerly sold at \$3.00. We have a few copies on sale at.....\$2.25

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THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

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NUMBER FOUR

THE WORLD OUTLOOK

Poland and Peace

WHEN the world war resulted in the defeat of the central powers, one of its legacies was the pledge given by Russia, Austria, and Germany, that Poland was to receive some form of autonomy, and the present Poland with its mixed population of probably about 30,000,000, and its erratic and straggling boundary line was the response of the Allied nations to Poland's demand for its resurrection as a nation. But already this new Polish Republic has had to wage two wars, and the future prospect is by no means reassuring. A recent book, "Poland and Peace," by Count Alexander Skrzynski discusses the whole situation from the Polish point of view, but with remarkable candor. He points out that while Poland is maintaining rather a large army, yet that is really necessary for defence. They have taken most valuable agricultural and mining areas from Germany; they have taken Vilna from Lithuania; Upper Galicia from the Ukrainians; and Russia and Czechoslovakia are both disposed to be distinctly unfriendly. Count Skrzynski admits that no less than seventy-five per cent. of the Polish frontier will remain a constant challenge to her neighbors, and he thinks her only salvation lies in a large, permanent army. But apparently, he forgets that if Poland maintains such an army, Germany, Russia, Ukraine, and Czechoslovakia will respond to the challenge. But Poland has internal as well as external difficulties. One-seventh of her population is Jewish, and they are estimated to control seventy per cent. of the trade of the nation, and fifty per cent. of the finance; and between them and their Roman Catholic fellow citizens there seems to be scant sympathy. The count fears that if the Jews are accorded equal privileges with the Poles, they will rule Poland, yet, unless they are allowed such privileges, they cannot be expected to be loyal to the new republic. It is not a very reassuring picture which the count draws, yet it is undoubtedly true to fact. Poland, as at present constituted, will require magnificent and broad-minded statesmanship if this latest effort to rebuild the Polish nation is to have any chance to achieve success.

Government Inspection of Banks

THE collapse of the Home Bank, with the startling revelations of mismanagement that followed it, has created a state of public opinion that will probably demand some drastic change in the methods of bank supervision, and one of the least objectionable of possible demands will probably be that for efficient government inspection. The bank managers themselves are well aware of the growing tide of popular opinion and they may be prepared to yield the point to the popular demand. President W. G. Gooderham, of the Bank of Toronto, at the annual meeting referred to this matter, and said, "Recent events have led to an expressed desire in many directions that the Government should undertake the yearly inspection and audit of banks, and to this there should be no objection by the banks if the Government is willing to accept the responsibility that would necessarily follow such action." It seems probable that if the public now press the demand Government inspection of banks would be made a legal requirement. But will this give much security to the depositor? The banks seem sceptical and the thoughtful public is by no means sure. Government inspection might have prevented the heavy losses which the Merchant's Bank suffered, and it might have prevented the Home Bank mismanagement from proceeding so far. It might have done this, but there is the disquieting possibility that it might not. Government inspection, if it is to be worth anything, must be absolutely

free, and the inspectors must be big enough men for the job; and if a bank finds it hard to get managers and general managers big enough to secure the bank against mismanagement, it seems by no means certain that Government inspectors could guarantee the country against such mismanagement. What the public wants is not Government inspection as such, but some better guarantee against loss. Could not the banks themselves suggest some feasible plan. We have now a practical guarantee of the currency; would it not be possible to guarantee deposits, if not in full, at least, in part.

The Peace Award

THE award has been made in connection with the much-discussed proposition of Mr. Edward W. Bok for competition throughout the country, for the best practicable plan by which the United States may co-operate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world. Out of 22,165 plans submitted the award goes to plan Number 1,469. The name of the author of this plan is to be kept secret until after the voting of the people as to their approval or otherwise of the plan shall have taken place. The committee in charge of the matter, of which Mr. Elihu Root was the chairman, was unanimous in its selection, though not a single member of that committee is yet aware whose plan it is that they have selected. That there should have been so many plans submitted is an indication of the great interest taken in the matter, especially when we remember that many of the plans represented composite work on the part of organizations, universities, etc. The plan accepted is, even in its full form, very briefly stated, and it has been further condensed for submission to the people into the following very brief statement: "I. The United States shall immediately enter the Permanent Court of International Justice, under the conditions stated by Secretary Hughes and President Harding, in February, 1923. II. That without becoming a member of the League of Nations, as at present constituted, the United States shall offer to extend its present co-operation with the League and participate in the work of the League as a *body of united counsel*, under conditions which 1. Substitute moral force and public opinion for the military and economic force originally implied in Articles X and XVI. 2. Safeguard the Munroe Doctrine. 3. Accept the fact that the United States will assume no obligations under the Treaty of Versailles except by Act of Congress. 4. Propose that membership in the League should be opened to all nations. 5. Provide for the continuing development of international law." The reaction of the nation to the plan proposed will be watched with keenest interest.

Union Winter School

SPECIAL announcement is made in this week's issue of the Winter School to be held January 28 to February 8th, in Knox College and Victoria College, Toronto, under the joint auspices of the two institutions. The programme announced appears to be a most interesting one and it is hoped that the attendance from outside the city will be large. "The opportunity is one that should not be overlooked. For the general public the evening meetings in Victoria College chapel should be especially attractive. Rev. Professor J. T. MacNeill, of Knox College, will lecture on Tuesday evening on "John Knox and the Scottish Reformation," and on Wednesday evening on "The Evolution of the Scottish Church." On Thursday evening the Rev. Professor A. J. Johnston, of Victoria College, will lecture

on "John Wesley and the Eighteenth Century Revival," and on Friday evening Professor Johnston will speak on "The Growth of Methodism." On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, February 4th and 6th, Rev. Professor T. B. Kilpatrick, of Knox College, will speak on "Cardinal Points of Doctrine in the Basis of Union of the Co-operating Churches." These lectures should be especially valuable at this time. The morning sessions of the school have very full programmes of study in various fields, while the afternoons are given up largely to recreation and visiting various points of interest. If you think of attending the school, write Professor Langford, of Victoria College, Toronto.

Methodist Testimony

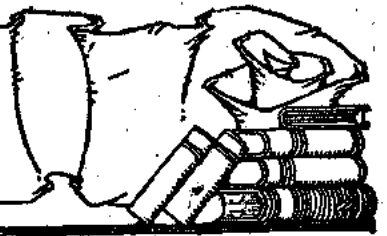
THE METHODIST TIMES, of London, has been publishing a series of rather interesting testimonies from Methodist candidates in the recent elections, in which they aim to give the reasons for their victory or defeat as the case might be. There is nothing specially new in the explanation given, in fact, they are very similar to ones we have heard made use of nearer home. Those who were elected seem to think that they succeeded chiefly because they had a good cause, and their friends rallied around them splendidly, while those who were not elected, for the most part, lay their defeat to some combination of untoward circumstances. The most interesting testimony of all we think was that from the Hon. Arthur Henderson, the secretary of the Labor Party. Mr. Henderson polled a larger vote than he did when elected the last time, but unfortunately for him, he had only one opponent instead of two, as previously, the parties having united to compass his defeat. But the interesting thing is that the chief reason for his regret at his failure of election was the fact that he would not be in the House when his two sons took their places among the newly-elected Labor members. Mr. Henderson's pride and satisfaction at the election of these same two sons are very manifest, as well they might be.

Great Jubilee Meeting

MARKING the Japan jubilee and the general effort of the Laymen's Missionary Council of Toronto Methodist churches, the Massey Hall meeting, on January 16, provided a splendid testimony to the progress of a Church which puts missions foremost. Within a few steps of the historic spot where fifty years ago the Wesleyans of a small city, themselves a comparative handful in numbers and wealth, bade farewell to their first foreign missionaries, there assembled the representatives of seventy city and suburban congregations to commemorate half a century of fruitful Christian contact with an Oriental nation in missionary effort and to devote hearts and minds more fully to tasks which look difficult until compared with their heroic origins. The speakers were Rev. James Endicott, D.D., himself an ambassador of Christ for many years in China, and Rev. H. Hatanaka, dean of Kobe College, Japan, one of the sound Christian scholars and administrators who have been produced by Japanese Christianity of the second generation. Their appeals for a reaffirmation of faith in Christ and His programme for the world were met by a hearty resolution which was moved by John Macdonald, Esq., son of the famous layman whose vision and generosity made possible the great venture of fifty years ago, and seconded by Mayor W. W. Hiltz. Sir William Hearst, K.C.M.G., former premier of Ontario, presided.



EDITORIAL



The Crying Need of Europe

THAT millions of people in Europe, and most of all, perhaps, in Germany, are today facing absolute want, shading down into actual starvation, is a hideous fact that can no longer be turned aside. It will be quite impossible for most of us to conjure up any picture of the half that is involved in that statement, but we can all have some little vision of it. Not only the poor, but many of the great middle class, including such people as teachers and ministers and others who do not work with their hands, have been reduced to the very verge of positive suffering, and apparently will only be saved from actual starvation through comprehensive and vigorous relief measures introduced from the outside. And, of course, as is nearly always the case, the children are the greatest sufferers. Among these not only will there be a terrible toll of deaths, but malnutrition will interject into the future some things that are worse even than death itself.

Plans are now under way for the raising of a fund for relief throughout Canada that shall be somewhat adequate to the need. Much has already been done in the United States through the Society of Friends and other organizations, while the "Save the Children Fund," in Great Britain has reached very large proportions. It is probable that Canadian gifts will be sent forward through the United States organizations, but announcements as to that will be made at an early date. We expect to be able to give full particulars as to the whole matter almost immediately. Meanwhile we hope that the readers of this paper will be seized with the fact of how really desperate the situation is, and will be making up their minds to contribute most generously and promptly. Our liberality just now may help a little to heal the sore of the world.

Does It Pay to Be Rich?

THIS seems to be a senseless question, for most of us are only too eager to acquire wealth, and we all recognize that it possesses certain advantages, which all desire to obtain. In every community the rich are but few in number and they are usually envied more or less by their poorer neighbors. And we are faced with the fact that for wealth men and women are often willing to barter reputation, friends, honor, and their very souls. Surely it must be a heavenly thing to be rich when men are willing to pay such a price for it! And yet there are not a few men and women who, standing quietly by and watching as carefully as they can the workings of wealth, are prepared to say that wealth is a curse to its possessor oftener than a blessing.

It certainly does not pay to be rich if it costs too much. If a man has to sacrifice honor and justice in order to win a fortune he had better far let the fortune go. If a woman has to give up the man she loves and tie herself for life to a man whom she does not love, all the gold in the universe cannot pay for the folly. A man must live with himself, and a tarnished name and a guilty conscience turn any palace into a hell. If riches are the reward for selling our souls, then riches are to be shunned like the plague.

But what about wealth which is honestly gotten? Some may argue that there is no such thing, but we cannot agree with this sweeping dictum. We believe wealth comes at times as the legitimate reward of skill and industry, and the man who amasses it in this way is no more to be accused of dishonesty than is the man who in the same way accumulates a modest competence. But even when wealth is accumulated in this way, is it really a blessing? This question, we think, is not quite so simple as it looks, and there are reasons why some men look askance at even this type of wealth.

First, we grant all that may honestly be urged in favor of wealth. It relieves a man from the grinding pressure of poverty; it enables him to indulge himself in a beautiful home, in fine music, in most beautiful pictures and works of art; it enables him to indulge in travel and to visit the world's beauty spots; it enables him to help strug-

gling genius; it enables him to endow hospitals, and colleges, and greatly to beautify his chosen town or city. It enables him to give his family all the advantages of higher education, and to secure them against poverty in future years. It does all these things, but it also does more, and some of these other things are not so good.

One of the very first things wealth does is to minister to our selfishness in making possible indulgences that were before impossible, and some of these indulgences are distinctly hurtful. Most of us like to make a display, and if we have wealth we show it in every conceivable way. Rich clothing, costly jewels, magnificent equipages, beautiful mansions, expensive entertainments, all are supposed to be the natural accompaniment of wealth, and few there are who escape the snare. Once in a while we find a rich man who is wise enough to live simply, but this does not seem to be the general rule. This lavish scale of living but makes more noticeable the gulf between the rich and the poor; breeding in the heart of the poor bitterness and envy, and, too often, contempt and indifference in the heart of the rich.

Then, wealth only too often loosens the family ties. Common hardship, and the fellowship of toil, bind the family of the poor together; but too often the family ties of the rich are sorely strained; and even disrupted. Luxury breeds black sheep; and wealth seems to minister to greed or selfishness rather than to brotherhood.

Wealth multiplies care. It banishes the burdens of poverty, but it lays on men more harassing burdens. The rich woman often has more trouble with her home and servants, than the poor woman with her family of six or eight children. And disguise the fact as we may, the poor man's son or daughter seems to have a better chance to make good than does the son or daughter of wealth. The poor man's children learn how to toil; the rich man's children only too often learn rather how to spend both time and money.

Most of us believe firmly that we should be much happier if we were rich; and yet we venture to say that if we only look about us we shall find in every locality most striking illustrations of wealth which brought a curse instead of a blessing. Wealth used for self means degeneration, and yet there are few of us wise enough and Christian enough to use wealth as a trust rather than a possession. If we could see things in their true light, we should probably esteem it as one of our chief mercies that we are not rich.

Severing Wit' France

PROFESSOR GEORGE M. WRONG, of Toronto University, in a lecture given in Convocation Hall last week on conditions in Europe, gave it as his conviction, after most serious consideration of all the issues, that the time had come when Great Britain should make a definite break with France. It ought to be said that this announcement of opinion was made in a very noticeable tone of regret. It might be said, also, that it did not call forth any great enthusiasm from Professor Wrong's large audience.

It is undoubtedly true that France's attitude toward Germany has seemed to the average Britisher an altogether impossible one, and her persistence in it has caused him no little uneasiness and very much regret. But we do not think that that same average Britisher has yet reached the position where he could think of a break with France either as a wise or even a possible proposition. Maintaining the *entente* may be a somewhat difficult, or even at times a very exasperating, task, but it is not at all evident what would be gained, for the peace and welfare of the world, by breaking it.

The average Canadian, at least, finds his sympathy with France persisting, even in the face of conduct that he can hardly understand, and certainly cannot condone. Perhaps one reason for this is, that he has a feeling that, perhaps, he cannot quite understand all the reasons and impulses that help to produce the French state of mind. He finds it somewhat easy to be generous in his judgment of the Frenchman, because he has a very vivid recollection still of what the Frenchman has suffered, and he knows that suffering often has

some strange aftermaths. And he finds it easy to be patient with the Frenchman, too, because he is hoping and expecting that a change of mind may come to him at some day not too far distant. Whether he has any foundation for that hope time alone may tell. But, meanwhile, he finds any thought of the breaking of the *entente* a very objectionable one.

If Labor Rules

THE British public seems to be anticipating the advent to power of the Labor Party, and so far as we can judge from newspaper comments, there is almost an utter absence of the horror which the prospect of such an event would have caused a few years ago. One reason for this may be the fact that if Labor does take control it will be in such a minority in the present Parliament as to be absolutely prohibited from making any very rash movements in the political world. What Labor would do if it had a majority of sixty or seventy in Parliament might be very much different from what it will even attempt to do when in a minority of the same size. This fact alone may have some effect in causing the British public to face with comparative equanimity the prospect of a Labor regime.

But there is more than this. Britain is coming to understand Labor better, and she is finding that while Labor's attacks upon Capitalism have been numerous and not seldom rabid, yet, whenever faced with national responsibility Labor has been really singularly conservative. The plan of a capital levy has been adopted by Labor, but the Labor leaders have been careful to emphasize the fact that this levy would be carried out in such a fashion as to disturb as little as possible the financial and commercial life of the nation. Labor is evidently not going to run amuck, no matter what a few of its extreme advocates may say; and commercial England seems to be reassured upon this point to such an extent that she faces without serious fear the prospect of Labor rule.

And with regard to foreign policy, there seems no reason to assume that Labor will not be able to handle the situation satisfactorily. Sometimes in a heated argument the Labor orator may see very red, and he may leave the impression that he is prepared to turn the world upside down, but when he gets off the platform and sits in council with others, we find that even the most fiery orator is not altogether unreasonable, but shows a really remarkable sense of what is politically possible or impossible, and he is not the man to seek to achieve the plainly impossible. Labor is patriotic, and possesses a fund of sound common sense which can be absolutely depended upon in a time of national crisis, and the British public has slowly come to a realization of this fact, so that the prospect of Labor domination is nothing like the bugbear which it was only a few years ago.

British Labor is convinced that the Russian Soviet Government should be recognized, but it will be remembered that at the same time, British Labor has broken with the Russian Bolsheviks, and has refused to admit British Communists to membership in the Labor party. The Party has its plan for dealing with unemployment, and if it accepts power it will have to deal as best it may with this pressing need, and it may possibly be that when it comes to the carrying out of its platform suggestions, it will find, as other parties have found before, that it is much easier to criticize one policy than to invent a better.

Practically everything depends upon the leader. If Mr. Ramsay Macdonald can succeed in uniting the diverse elements in his own party, which in itself is no mean task; if he can succeed in formulating sane and workable schemes for dealing with the many perplexing questions which are now before the British public; if he can succeed in convincing enough of his Parliamentary opponents of the merits of his plans to enable him to carry on; and if he can succeed in convincing the British public that the Labor Party is really able to govern Britain with justice and skill; he may make his party so strong and secure that the next general election will see it returned to power by a good working majority. Can he do it?

Editorial in Brief

WE read somewhere that "the grateful heart is never a gloomy heart," and it set us wondering. We wondered just how close the connection was between gloom and ingratitude, and we began to suspect that it was altogether too close to be comfortable. Get rid of the ingratitude, and see what becomes of the gloom!

OUT of the four appropriations, aggregating \$2,725,000, recently announced by the Rockefeller Foundation, two come to Canada. A gift of \$1,000,000 comes to the medical school of the University of Toronto, and \$500,000 is given for the endowment of the medical school of the University of Alberta.

WE are glad to learn that the exodus of Nova Scotians to the United States is diminishing. At one time, two-thirds of the population of the city of Boston were originally from the province by the sea. According to the Secretary of the Canadian Club in Boston, the tide has turned the other way, and Nova Scotians are "wandering back to their native land."

AN English newspaper has recently noted the death of Miss Eleanor Mary Evans, a niece of George Eliot, and one more link with the famous author has passed away. Miss Evan's father was a brother of Robert Evans, George Eliot's father, and the original of Adam Bede. As land agent to the aristocratic family of the Newdigates, who lived at Asbury Hall, near Nuneaton, Robert Evans and his family knew the locality well, and George Eliot used the material gathered here in childhood in the stories that appeared later.

DR. JAMES L. BARTON reminds us of an interesting thing to say about Mr. H. G. Wells: in Constantinople, which was written by an Egyptian six thousand years ago. The message on it reads: "Our earth is becoming degenerate in these latter days. There are signs that the world is rapidly approaching its end. Children no longer obey their parents. Everybody wants to write a book. The end of the world is manifestly drawing nigh." Have you ever heard any thing similar to that said about our own day and time? Probably it is just as true now as it was then.

AN English correspondent has the following interesting thing to say about Mr. H. G. Wells: "It is one of the fine qualities in Mr. H. G. Wells that he always takes his readers along with him into new ranges of thought—he never hesitates to confess his own change of mind. In his earlier books he scarcely ever mentioned the name of God; now he cannot for long keep the "name" out of his pages. The God on whom he is always gazing is not one whom any Church would confess. But He is everything in these days to Mr. H. G. Wells." To have a God of any kind in whom you really believe is, after all, the essential thing. It is really a fine achievement sometimes to be able to change your mind, and to make a public admission of the fact that you have changed it frequently requires considerable courage. The man who doesn't change his mind about a great many things as the years come and go isn't a supremely wise man at all, but just a very stubborn and foolish one.

IT is interesting to note from the registrars' figures at the Boston University, that business and theology vie with each other in attracting the largest numbers of foreign students. From the students enrolled, representing twenty-eight different countries, thirty-one per cent. are in the College of Business Administration, and thirty-one per cent. are studying to enter religious work. Forty per cent. of the students are Asiatics, coming from China, Japan, Korea, Siam and the Federated Malay States. England and Canada are among other countries who contribute five per cent. each of the foreign group.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY tells us that the colleges of the United States are decidedly stiffening up on the matter of prohibition enforcement and drinking on the part of students. The University of Chicago recently expelled one man and suspended two others for drinking at some college function, while some college fraternities have been very strict in dealing with members who have been guilty of a breach of good taste in this

matter. We would like to see a similar tendency showing itself in connection with some of the colleges and universities of Canada. Where it does not get open opposition prohibition receives a very half-hearted support from quite a number of college professors in Canada, some of them in Methodist colleges, too, we are sorry to say.

DR. L. P. JACKS, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, in his new book, "A Living Universe," says one thing that has nearly always needed to be said, but never needed worse than at this very moment: "When the highest things have been turned into themes of eloquence, or into subjects for the war of minds between contentious philosophers, and when everybody is eager to talk about them, there is a terrible danger that the habit of arguing about these things, and talking eloquently and learnedly about them, may become a substitute for doing them." Dr. Jacks thinks that some of the deepest troubles of our civilization have re-

quietness in these days of palatial hotels and constant hustle, is a comforting thought indeed.

RED" RYAN, bank-robber, jail-breaker and general outlaw, has been brought back to Canada and is now securely lodged in the penitentiary. The story of his bringing back, and of his achievements in outlawry, has been told in our daily papers at great length, whole pages being devoted to it. And the story has been so told as to stir up a great deal of sympathy with the very much misguided young man with whom it deals. Perhaps there is not much to be regretted about that, for sympathy after all has nearly always some saving quality about it. But the story has been told, also, in such a way as to present the subject in quite heroic colors and to magnify his skill and cleverness and courage in a most effective way. We doubt not that thousands of boys and young men have already set "Red" Ryan down in their gallery of heroes. And is not the effect of that very bad and very far-reaching in its badness? Unhesitatingly we think it is.

THE American Society of Friends have planned to feed two million German children during the present winter. Major-General Henry T. Allen, who commanded the United States forces on the Rhine, will have charge of this splendid work of relief, which will be very carefully done by representatives on the ground.

IT is announced that the biography of Sir William Robertson Nicoll is to be prepared by the Rev. T. H. Darlow, who has been for many years in charge of the literary work of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. Darlow was a very intimate friend of the late editor of the *British Weekly*, and his selection as biographer has met with very general approval. As to the dimensions and method of the biography, nothing has been decided as yet.

ON news of the death of Rev. Dr. Jowett, King George sent a personal message of sympathy to Mrs. Jowett, in which he spoke of his own sense of loss and paid a tribute to the great preacher's wonderful spiritual influence and power. The king was personally acquainted with Dr. Jowett in a somewhat intimate way.

"I HAVE had a splendid innings," is the way the late Dr. Jowett referred to his life and work when he retired from his more active duties some time ago. After all, the length of it is not the all-important thing, but rather how well the game was played and the spirit and mood in which it was done. Dr. Jowett was not sixty when the end came, but surely his record will abide through many years.

THE French Government has made a grant of 40,000 francs a year for her lifetime to Madame Curie, the discoverer, with her husband, of radium. It is twenty-five years ago since this discovery was made, and those years have seen the greatest advance in knowledge in the world of physics and chemistry of any other thousand-year period in the world's history. The Curies made most of their investigations with equipment prepared by themselves, carrying on their investigations while earning their living, he, as a professor in the Sorbonne, and she teaching in a girls' high school.

THE busy life of Dr. Maurice Frances Egan is at an end. He died at his New York home on January 15th, at the age of seventy-one. Dr. Egan's life has been devoted to literature, journalism and teaching, and he is the author of a great many books on a wide variety of subjects. The only break in his career as a literateur was the twelve years spent as Minister to Denmark. President Roosevelt appointed Dr. Egan to the post which he resigned in 1918 owing to ill health. President Taft and Wilson offered Dr. Egan the ambassadorship to Vienna, and he declined. As a literary critic, Dr. Egan was well known, his articles appearing in many of the leading newspapers and magazines of this continent.

THE *Jewish World* tells us that there are thirteen Jewish members in the present British House of Commons. However, we are not to think that of necessity the number is an unlucky one. The present House is the first one since Jews were admitted that has not had a Rothschild in it.



THE LATE SENATOR MACDONALD
To whose generosity and far vision was largely due the establishment of the Canadian Methodist Mission to Japan half a century ago. Senator Macdonald Esq., Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, took an active part in the great Jubilee Meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, last week.

sulted from the habit of doing the very thing that he describes.

A PLAN similar to that of the American Peace Award, offered by Edward W. Bok, is that offered by Edward A. Filene, of Boston. Prizes totalling \$50,000 will be awarded for the best practical plan for the general maintenance of peace, submitted by French, English and Italian writers. Leon Bourgeois, formerly president of the Council of the League of Nations, has agreed to preside over the French committee, provided Senator De Jouvenel, editor of the *Matin*, serves as acting head of the committee. Tomasso Tittoni, president of the Italian Senate, has accepted the chairmanship of the Italian committee, and in England, George Gilbert Murray is doing the directive work. Competitors may write on any subject which they consider will be helpful to the peace movement.

WE learned some time ago that Henry Ford had purchased the Wayside Inn in old Sudbury town, made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." It will be open to the public as it has been in the past. The old inn has an interesting story. It dates back to the year 1686, when it was known as the Red Horse Tavern, and was kept by D. A. Howe. Thirty miles from Boston, over the "Great Road," lumbered the old coaches, and it was this way that Longfellow and the characters who figure in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" travelled down to Sudbury. The knowledge that here and there throughout the country, on almost forgotten byways, stand one or two of these old inns, serene and peaceful, where one can find

Labrador Days

An Account of a Winter Spent at Sandwich Bay

By Greta Gaskin Bidlake



THE autumn season is short on the Labrador; a few weeks at best; though it is somewhat more prolonged in the sheltered bay regions than elsewhere. Fine weather, calm waters, shining skies and exquisitely lovely foliage on every stripling bush or tiny creeping plant give way to fall rains, moaning winds, leafless trees and the quiet melancholy of seeming desolation. The tang of frost gives a nip of keenness to the morning air and a dark chill creeps over the land at sundown. All at once some morning in October the liveyeres wake to find the bald-topped hills powdered with snow and every spindling evergreen from the tree line down to the back door sprinkled with white flakes that somehow give a soft, stippling effect the exact like of which can be seen nowhere else. The snow melts in the morning sun, but it comes again at night. A cold snap strikes in, the bay skins over with ice, yellow slish and lolly churn up in its waters and freeze to the shore; every incoming tide washes up more of this stuff till all the coves, pockets, inlets and creeks around are frozen over out to the broad Bay itself, and gradually this closes over, too, except for The Run, a sort of channel where the current is so strong that it seldom catches over until midwinter, and where the dark heads of sleek, shining seals may be seen bobbing up and down in the distance. All the boulders along the landwash become covered with ice and coated with frozen spray. The surface ice cracks around them and shoves up against them in crystal, green or bluish slabs which allow the tide to work up underneath and deposit dark strips of kelp and tatters of bladdered seaweed at the crest of the hummock. During the winter season such rocks are known as "bally catters" and are much avoided of dog teams.

FROM the coming of the last boat, usually the first week in November, these picturesque outfits are the predominating feature of winter in the Atlantic north. No snowy landscape is quite complete or effective without a dog team or two strung out somewhere upon it. The Labrador huskie is a creature characteristic of the country, and unlike any other dog on earth. In fact, they have a wolf-like reputation. Faithfulness and devotion among them are rare. Shrewdly sagacious, crafty, alert, sly, or boldly vicious, they differ from the commonly-conceived idea of a dog about as much as it is possible to do. They have two strong points which redeem them. They love their work to the limit of endurance—and beyond; and off on a journey they enter into the joy of the road as does no other beast of burden I have seen. Tails curled over their backs, haunches set for pulling, ears cocked alertly, tongues lolling, they come dashing down the hillsides, tugging through the deep snow of the forest trails or skimming across frozen ponds and marshes as if for the sheer fun of it. Their drivers run along beside them on racquets, the beaver-tailed snowshoes of the Labrador, crouch on the front of the komatik, or sit astride the handy box strapped upon it and steer with one leg, calling to the flying dogs or directing the leader which way to turn. For this love of the going, which all dogs share with their masters, they will still be kept for the trail despite all reindeer projects—or, this is my opinion. Perfectly true stories of their fierceness and untrustworthiness are recounted, and one needs to be masterful and always on guard when among them. In the team they wear collars, side straps and traces of sealskin, sometimes with colored rosettes on their collars. They are harnessed fan-shape, each to a single trace. All traces are joined a foot or two from the komatik and fastened to the front of it.

The drivers of these teams wear the characteristic Labrador dress. They have hooded, fur-

trimmed dikeys (a sort of parka which slips on over the head) of white cloth decorated with rows of colored braid around cuffs and hem, and embroidered about the pocket with colored wools. Under the hood they wear a cap, sometimes a fur one. Some are fortunate enough to possess dikeys of sealskin for long, cold trips; but nearly all have sealskin trousers, which they wear on the trail,



ALONG THE WOOD ROAD

She does not say so, but we think the lady in the photograph is Mrs. Bidlake herself.

and everybody has high sealskin boots, drawn up at the top with brightly-colored gartering braid, and "skin mitts" to wear over knitted ones.

PEOPLE in Sandwich Bay told me "we always have a spurt of wonderful cold weather afore Christmas." When that comes there is nothing but to keep busy, see that the fire does not get down, and endure. Blazing, crackling fires in old-fashioned kitchen stoves are kept going, consuming "chunks" of "var" wood, like pieces of paper thrust into a hot stove. The keen winds, the



Dr. Paddon of Indian Harbor and his driver making ready to start on a trip

penetrating chill, the sifting, driving snow, make themselves felt in the tiny, weatherbeaten houses hidden in lonely, sheltered nooks all about the Bay. At the Hudson's Bay Post or the Grenfell Mission stations, the great piles of wood—a thousand "sticks" or so, to the pile—which are stacked about the houses, are sawed by gasoline power, and they disappear at an alarming rate. As soon as winter has settled in, however, the men go up on the hillsides to cut more. Sometimes they haul it, almost

as fast as they cut it, and sometimes they pile it, to be hauled later when there is a crust on the snow. Usually they have lunch in the woods with tea boiled at a small fire, and hard bread, or white flour bread, which has to be thawed very often, to go with it. The Hudson's Bay men have a tilt or shanty which shelters them, and the men from the Mission station take up a small, thin cotton trapper's tent which they line with boughs. There is a tiny, oblong, tin stove which goes with such outfits, and it is surprising how comfortable such a makeshift shelter can be. Nearly every liveyere has a round of traps set near his house and goes daily on racquets to tend them. Rabbits, weasels, and a fox or two are the most one can hope from these. These men shoot spruce partridges in the woods and ptarmigan on the hills, to help out the salt fish diet or mainly one of flour and tea. Others are trappers, and before Christmas they take to the inland trails. Some go up one of the long rivers by canoe, and take their provisions along on a sled when the country becomes frozen over, even going as far as three and four hundred miles inland, which constitutes an encroachment on the territory of the Indians that they sometimes resent. One man who had been in farther than any other white man had ever gone, told me he was two months without seeing a human being, and used to almost cry with loneliness. He made two trips that winter, and, indeed, most of them do. Those who keep nearer the coast carry their tent, traps, pelts and supplies on a little sled which they drag behind them. A well-to-do trapper, who never failed to make at least a thousand or two at "the furrin'," told me they made up their outfits to weigh about two hundred pounds, and stayed in from six to eight weeks. Still other men operate pit-saws, which they set up near some hamlet, and with which they get out boards, frames, sills and boat timber for local needs all winter long. It is hard work and rather poorly paid. Some make racquets if a sale for them can be found, and those who are fortunate enough to own, or have a share in, a seal net set outside in the late fall now dispose of the carcasses and dress the skins. The women weave lovely grass baskets of a coarse kind of dry, native grass, knit socks, vamps and mitts, or make them of duffie, keep the dikeys and skin boots in repair; hook pictorial mats, and make beautifully embroidered deerakin moccasins, even tanning and dressing the hides themselves. They need more of these cottage industries to help to give them, at least, the idea of some little economic independence.

HIGHER and higher drifts the snow all winter long, deeper and deeper strikes the frost. Three or four days a week the snow comes down, the storms swirling in smoky tempests across a whitened, indistinct waste, but the fine, clear days are ones long to be remembered. Even with the thermometer showing thirty degrees below zero one can tramp the hillsides and frozen level of the snow-covered Bay, leaving a lacy pattern of racquet prints behind, and find it only exhilarating. The dark hills, the long, white reaches, the sparkling frost and strong sunshine streaming down, the river valleys winding inward, ptarmigan disturbed in their search for berries on the bare spots of the hill-tops scuttling before you, rabbits bounding warily aside in the bush, a sleepy owl going over the snow-laden trees, and the intense, frosty silence, broken only by the crunch of the crust beneath the feet, the snapping of a twig, or an avalanche of snow showering down from an over-weighted tree, all make such days unutterably lovely and for ever impress one that this far, lone country has an indescribable beauty of its own.

With the coming of February and March, winds usually sweep across the country frequently, but with the advent of the latter, the worst of the

(Continued on page 22)

Vital Force

The Secret of Achievement—Can We Do Anything to Attain It?

By Katharine Murdoch Davis



OU see," writes my friend, "I have very little vital force."

She is an Englishwoman in the thirties, contentedly unmarried, possessed of an average income and more than average brains. She has charm, too, and social standing. She is seldom sick. Yet, when she writes she describes visits paid to her friends in various parts of the country. She tells, too, of reading aloud to an aged aunt. Excellent pursuits are these, but hardly fit to occupy the whole energies of such a woman. So I wrote and questioned her, reminding her of various openings she had had into the worlds of journalism and social reform, and asked her why she had not taken advantage of any of these opportunities for wider usefulness. In her answer she gives none of the lame excuses which others less honest might have adduced, but gets straight to the point—"I have very little vital force."

Her words have set me thinking. My friend has diagnosed her case correctly. Though never sick she is not strong. She soon tires. She told me once that when she wakes in the morning it is with a feeling of fear as she measures her stock of energy against the day's demands. Before the war she was active in the cause of Woman's Suffrage, but she was borne along on the current of others' energy. During the war she did fine work in a munitions factory, but like many others, she drew on her reserve forces to a perilous extent. Now that the great incentive is over, she is like a sailing vessel in a calm, all her canvas hanging flaccid because the winds have fallen. She is not a steamboat moving by the power of its own engine.

My friend's case would not deserve so much attention had it not many duplicates. Vast numbers of us feel that our talents are of no effect because of the lack of vital force. What it is and whether it can be cultivated, are questions worth considering.

I have known a few great men and read the intimate life histories of many more, and have observed that it is the possession of this quality—vital force—in a marked degree, which distinguishes them all from other men. Some are vain and others modest, some are jealous and others generous, but whether it be in art or literature, in military tactics or in statesmanship, that they excel, they all have this persistent energy, this keen, knife-like quality which cuts through obstacles as if they did not exist, this mental robustness which defies exhaustion and strain. They are able to toss off piles of work which would appal ordinary men. They seem to need but little rest. Napoleon never slept over five hours, at a time, and Edison tells us that the same number suffices him. Physically they tire, but spiritually they never weary, and they know how to make the body obey the spirit.

This quality is not genius. We do not agree with Michael Angelo that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. The great sculptor shared with many successful people the amiable delusion that others could do just as well if they worked as hard. No, vital force is not itself genius, but it is this quality combined with genius which makes the towering figures of history. Moreover, vital force, when united with even moderate talent makes very notable men. In my childhood I had the opportunity of observing such an one closely. My grandfather was a Scottish divine*, a professor in a world-famous theological college, president of I knew not how many philanthropic and religious societies, closely connected with movements for church reform all over Europe, editor for many years of a well-known magazine, and author of a whole shelf-full of books on social and religious subjects most of which had a wide circulation and were translated into several languages. One of them now ranks as a classic. He had time to entertain largely, to travel widely and to spend many cheerful hours on the golf links. During the years I spent in his house I took all this for granted, but, looking back, I am amazed at his record. How did he do it?

This was his day. Every morning he rose at six. He went to his study till eight, when he assembled

the family for prayers, which lasted five or ten minutes. After breakfast he went back to his study. His wife saw to it that no one ever interrupted him. None of us would ever have dreamed of going into the study on any but the most serious pretext. At ten he went to the college and stayed there till afternoon, when he usually had committee meetings. He enjoyed a social cup of afternoon tea with the family, then went back to work till dinner time. After dinner he read a while, then spent the time cheerily with his wife and family till 9.30, when once again the household were summoned for worship which lasted but a few minutes. Then, as the rest of us went off to bed, he returned to his room and in the quieted house did the most serious part of his work. At midnight he went to bed, to rise again at six next morning. He made no fetish of this routine, interrupting it for social reasons, but adhering to it pretty steadily, nevertheless. I never heard him complain that he was overworked or even busy. I



I looked out of my window in the morning to see that fine old worker, Winter, weaving his fleecy blanket to cover the cold, grey hills. To and fro, in and out, his invisible shuttle passed.

To-night I look out again and see that the day's task is ended, and that not only the hills, but the whole landscape, including many things that before were not pleasant to look at, are covered with his beautiful white handiwork.

And the lady moon looks down serenely, and all the stars twinkle: "Well done!"—*Jean Amey.*

never saw him nervous or hurried, I only once saw him lose his temper.

How, if at all, can we achieve this vital force? Possibly more might be done about it in childhood. Children are seldom quite without it, and if what they have were cultivated instead of repressed, the result might be fortunate. We should find out by kindly sympathy what our children want, and if the aims are legitimate—even though rather foolish—we should strive to whet the children's desire for them. It is strength of wish that brings about strength of will.

Perfect health is a great help. There are exceptions, but for the most part those who attain prominent places in public life are physically robust. How could they otherwise sustain the burden of their days?

There is a gift shared by all great and successful people which is of much value in the conservation of vital force. It is the power of closing

up one compartment of the mind completely and bringing another into play. In this way rest and refreshment are produced. Years ago I had the difference between those who have this power and those who lack it very forcibly put before me. We had visiting us at the time the travelling secretary of a large philanthropic society. She was rapidly wearing herself to death by the fuss she made about her work. She would sit down to lunch with a hurried air and exclaim: "Seventy letters to get off by the next post." Or she would tell us how much she had done that morning or last month. It is to be feared we young people used to laugh at her behind her back and call her "Chanticleer," after Rostand's celebrated rooster, who believed the sun could not rise in the morning till he had crowed.

While this visitation was in full progress, I was invited to dinner to meet a really great man, at once a statesman and an author of world-wide repute. I had read and admired his books, and my one fear was that with his mind burdened by the most responsible of the ministries, combined with anxiety relative to the coming election, we would get none of his lighter side. Never was I more mistaken. For that one hour he laid all care aside while enjoying the many courses of an excellent dinner. His talk was of poetry, of which he had a wide and intimate knowledge. When the cars came to take us to the great meeting of the evening he went out to take his place, evidently cheered and refreshed. A few minutes later we listened to one of the ablest political speeches I have ever heard.

Another gift which many great men possess is the power of taking a two-minute nap. Some of them are able to resolve to sleep a given time and wake at the instant previously decided on. Thus they are able to refresh depleted vital force. This is, no doubt, a gift which might be cultivated.

But, after all, the source of vital force is something deep and mysterious. Looking back at the picture I have drawn of my grandfather, which might have been that of several of his day and school, I wonder how much of his strength depended on that habit he had of gathering the family round him, twice daily, for prayers. And we who lived with him knew that he spent many solitary hours in communion with One who said, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." Perhaps, the metaphor I used earlier was wrong. We should not attempt to be steamboats, forging ahead in our own strength. Rather, we should be sailing vessels with all our canvas set to catch the winds of God.

*This is "a true story," and the gentleman mentioned was the late Dr. W. Garden Blaikie, the still well-known Scottish professor and author. The statesman mentioned is still living and still prominent in English public life, and for that reason we do not mention his name.—THE EDITOR.

Croatan, by Mary Johnston. (Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company.) \$2.00.

"*Croatan*" is a tale of the experiences of the band of courageous souls who embarked from Plymouth in 1587 to settle in Sir Walter Raleigh's newly-founded colony of Virginia. Miss Johnston attempts to recapture the romance and adventure of this bygone day, the day when the Indian had possession of America. It is a tale of adventure, of Indian raids and massacres, of hardships and privations, with the romance of Virginia Dare, the first child born in the colony, as the background. Those who have read Miss Johnston's earlier works, "1492" and "To Have and To Hold," know what to expect from her. To those who have not it seems only fair to say that her work is distinguished by neither ability in characterization, beauty of style, nor insight into the complex emotions of the human animal. It is made up of incident only and is but the framework of a novel. The highest praise that can be given it is that it would make a very good scenario for a movie.

Christmastide in England

Interesting Political and Ecclesiastical Outlook

By Rev. William Wakinshaw



SOME of those who have the courage and the patience to struggle through this monthly letter may be wondering what sort of a Christmas we had in England. This laudable curiosity will no doubt be most intense in those who are British born. Well, in a sentence, it has been one of the jolliest for many years. It has been the kind of Christmas in which Dickens would have revelled. The spirit of his incomparable "Christmas Carol" has more than ever pervaded our social life. The returns from the great railway companies are among the truest gauges of the condition of the country. These returns top all records. They show how the delightful spirit of the season has produced family reunions in every nook and cranny of the land. Unfortunately, the holiday has been spent amid almost unprecedented snowstorms. I can see the white shrouds of a lingering winter all around me as I peep out of the window. But in spite of the discomforts of travelling, as I have said, the season has been a time of exceptional enjoyment.

ALMOST of necessity there has been a truce or an armistice in the political battlefield. In the letter previous to this I discussed the issues of the then impending general election. My forecast, was in the main, substantially correct. Common sense and moderate counsels have smashed the extremists in both parties. The vote against Protection, propounded by the Conservatives, was decisive. But the poll against the Capital Levy, the favorite nostrum of the Labor party, was overwhelming. The Conservative Government is sure to be ousted in double quick time as soon as the House of Commons assembles. Then we are all wondering what will be the next Administration. The Laborists, or Socialists, as their opponents brand them, will probably have the next chance. But they will have to walk circumspectly. A cat travelling on a wall lined with broken glass suggests the wariness with which Mr. Ramsey MacDonald will have to walk if his Government is to be something more than a nine day's wonder. His followers will still have to wait and sigh for their political millennium. For he cannot possibly pass any Bills without the approval of the Liberals who hold the balance in the new House. It is, of course, risky to speculate. But it is far from improbable that in a little while the Liberals may be installed in office, if not in power, because they more truly than their parties on their left and their right represent the sober, reasonable and practicable ideals of the nation as a whole. As soon as the holidays are over the strife will begin in grim earnest. Our political Donnybrook fair will speedily be proclaimed. In the meantime the moral forces of the country are rejoicing. Temperance, for example, is more strongly represented in the new House of Commons than it has been for almost a couple of decades. The fate of Dagon has overtaken at the polls many of the boldest champions of the liquor traffic. This happy result is said to be due to the influence of the votes of the women. If so, it is very much to their credit. But whether that be so or not it is noteworthy that all the three ladies who sat in the last Parliament have been returned and that they have now been reinforced by five very capable representatives of the gentler sex. This means, at least, that the questions concerning women and children are bound to receive more consideration than is usually bestowed upon them.

TURNING now from the political to the ecclesiastical world, the most exciting topic of the hour has just been introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Recently a Conference has been held at Malines, in Belgium, between a group of priests or bishops and laymen of the Anglican Church and a similar group from the Roman Catholic Church. This has followed one or two preliminary discussions some months ago. All these confabulations are a development of the proposals of the Lambeth Conference, or more correctly they are the fulfilment of the intentions expressed at that gathering of the bishops of the Anglican community throughout the world. Already the Nonconformists of England have been in counsel with Anglicans.

I have several times referred to this subject and have pointed out that no real union for the present is likely to be achieved because the representatives of the State Church will insist upon reordination as an essential condition of fusion. It need hardly be said that on this point our leaders generally are as firm as a rock. They consider that we ministers have received our commission to preach and administer the sacraments direct from Christ and that we need no more human mandates to justify us in the prosecution of our commission. Kindlier feelings have undoubtedly been engendered between

Age

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

There was a dream, so dear
I hid it in my heart,
Lest any alien fear
Should lure it to depart;
Yet, though, I tended there,
Live as a sacred flame,
Its beauty sweet and rare—
I have forgot its name.

There was a grief so great,
It covered night and day,
Where only shadows wait
It bore my dream away.
Yet, though, for toil and tears,
My joy was held in fief:
In vain I search the years—
I cannot find my grief.

the Anglicans and Free Churchmen and this is a source of unalloyed satisfaction. Probably the conferences with the Romanists will produce similar results. There will be no fusion, but there will be a softening of denominational asperities. In my usual morning paper I note that Sir Robert Perks was interviewed on the subject yesterday. As might be expected he does not live in a world of illusions. He says that if Union between Anglicans and Romanists was seriously proposed, the Protestant Church would be broken into fragments, because Rome will insist upon absorbing the Anglicans and will never deal with them or the representatives of any other Church on terms of equality. But while this projected scheme for amalgamation, or at any rate for a working basis, is too far away to be within the scope of practical politics, other plans for Union are maturing. It has been publicly announced that our Methodist plan of pacification is nearing completion. The Executive are steadily forging on their anvil an instrument which will command general approval when the whole Committee is convoked to consider the amendments that have been proposed to the tentative scheme. It appears that the opposition are in a far more reasonable frame of mind. They are willing to concede points, for which, at one time, they fought like dragons in their prime. All this is most satisfactory, for what, after all, are the issues on which British Methodists differ compared with those on which they are agreed? I wish all these malcontents or half-converted malcontents would read the letter from Dr. Wardle Stafford that appears in this week's issue of the *Joyful News*. He tells us that the proposal to combine Methodists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians in Canada has just been endorsed by a series of immense gatherings in Toronto. Surely, if three Churches with inevitably so many points of divergence can join their forces, there cannot be any insuperable difficulty in blending together the three main branches of British Methodism.

For the last week or two all our religious weeklies have appeared, figuratively speaking, with a deep black border. We are prepared to part with Dr. Clifford. He has served his generation by the will of God. But Dr. Jowett had not reached his

sixtieth year. For at least another decade he might have held his indisputable position as the foremost English preacher, if his strength had not ebbed away. The tributes to his work and his character are singularly tender and beautiful. It has been a means of grace to read them. I have seldom known a man age so rapidly. About twelve months ago I heard him preach for the last time. When I first heard him, some thirty years ago he was spruce and alert. But the strain of the last few years has exacted from him a heavy toll. Like the artist in a famous allegory he has painted his pictures with his heart's blood. The law of compensation has enacted its inexorable penalties. Jowett was incontestably one of the greatest preachers of the age, and he had to pay the price by scorning mean delights and living laborious days. In the current number of the *Joyful News*, the editor, the Rev. Samuel Chadwick, tells us that Dr. Jowett read that journal every week, and that every day he read a portion of Wesley's Journal. The intense spirituality of the man was his supreme distinction.

This week I have read one of Stephen Leacock's books. I am quite ready to be set down as a barbarian because I have been so long in reading one of his volumes. I have no idea as to the extent or the intensity of his reputation in Canada. But here his books sell by the cart load. I have been delighted by this book of essays. Thousands of English readers are grateful to the Dominion for producing or developing such a brilliant man of letters.

This morning I was glad to note that the *Methodist Times* is in a more optimistic mood. For some time rumors have been abroad that it could not survive the loss caused by the death of Sir Henry Holloway. The editor frankly tells us that his death was a severe blow to the paper. But the crisis has been survived, and apparently this journal has renewed its lease of life. Probably Canadians are more loyal to their denominational journals than Methodists are here. There are now six Methodist journals published here every week and if an adequate proportion of our people subscribed to these papers their shareholders would be in imminent danger of rapidly degenerating into millionaires.

Great Student Convention

The Student Volunteer Convention, held at Indianapolis recently, brought together seven thousand student delegates of the United States and Canada, and represented over one thousand institutions. The purpose of the gathering, as Dr. Walter H. Judd, president of the Student Council, said, was "to study intelligently the present world situation and find the way out." Among the speakers during the early sessions, which were devoted to the presentation of the existing industrial, racial, and international problems, were the Hon. W. Rowell, who addressed the convention on "International Affairs and the Christian Ideal," Dr. Sherwood Eddy, Dr. Robert E. Speer, and Canon S. Wood, of Cambridge, England. Dr. Studdert Kennedy, of England, made an outstanding contribution to the convention.

One of the most significant features of the convention was the forty-nine student discussion groups. Regarding the different viewpoints expressed on the war, it is interesting to note that less than one hundred favored military preparation, five thousand favored the elimination of war by education, five thousand favored the prevention of war by the League of Nations and World Court, and seven hundred favored pacifism.

Short Missionary Plays, by Margaret T. Applegarth. (New York: George H. Doran Company.) \$1.00 net.

Short missionary plays for use in Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies that are simple in arrangement and require but a minimum of equipment to produce. They are mostly for quite young children, though the appeal is occasionally quite a mature one. There are ample instructions for reproduction.

Of Interest to Women

In Workshops of the Woman's Missionary Society

Interesting Incidents in Hospital and School

By Mrs. W. E. Ross



Of the twentieth century are seeing the fulfilment of the prophecy, "That which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops," for we are reading "Reminiscences," which reveal secrets of diplomacy, of statecraft, of army and navy affairs; nothing seems exempt, even conjugal life and love letters, which we used to think sacred literature, are all heralded abroad. How far such revelations are justifiable is a debatable question. However, this is a changing world, and we take advantage of that in giving incidents and facts from letters recently received which will strengthen the faith of those who pray, encourage those who give half-heartedly, and bring joy to those who not only pray and give but pour out their love in devoted service.

Mrs. Homer Brown, B.A., (nee Muriel Hockey) who underwent a very serious operation in the W.M.S. Hospital, Chengtu, from which she happily made a remarkable recovery, wrote while there: "Having enjoyed the wonderful privilege of being cared for in this splendid hospital in a time of great need, I wish to extend my thanks further than to the dear people who are managing it so effectively. I want my gratitude to reach all the women who have made possible this hospital with its fine equipment. It is wonderful to be able to come here and be nursed by these capable little Chinese nurses, with the conveniences of the hospital, instead of taking the time and strength of our fellow laborers. Miss Wellwood did her work wonderfully well, and her successors have followed worthily until now—well, you would need to be a patient to appreciate it all properly. Dr. Henry has just given me a beautiful tea-rose from a plant brought from Japan in her hand, so to speak, by Mary Totten Smith."

Mrs. Brown has praise, not only for the doctors, but for the Chinese nurses in charge of the sterilizing and preparation of dressings, and so on. "You will be interested to know that my day nurse, a senior, is the daughter of one of Miss Brooks' teachers, one of eight daughters; two are married and the other six are being trained in various W.M.S. institutions. All are considered unusually fine girls. The night nurse is not far behind in character and efficiency. She is one of nine children, boys and girls, from the O.I. Mission. The whole family is Christian, and all but the youngest are studying in mission institutions. The father is also a mission teacher. It warms one's heart to see the second generation coming on, a great force. Long before this reaches you you will have heard of the home-going of Miss Wheeler after an operation similar to my own. From the first there was only a little hope because of heart conditions, but how we did cling to that hope. Her loss is, and will be, heavily felt. The funeral was yesterday (Nov. 4th), and there were nine brothers-in-law and a nephew, Leslie Kilborn, to assist with the services. There are nearly as many of your married daughters in Chengtu as of unmarried. Mr. Small took charge. Mr. Jolliffe and Mr. Beaton conducted the service, and the other eight were pallbearers."

We who knew and loved Miss Wheeler can imagine with what tenderness and reverence those, not brothers-in-law that day, but brothers in love, carried their co-laborer to her last resting place.

Her loss—no, our loss—is mourned by the Society at home, and we pay tribute to a true, large-hearted daughter of the Church, devoted and efficient, who counted not her life dear unto her that she might serve the Christ through His children. We think with gratitude of the noble women who have for the Society and the Church consecrated the ground of China, the Misses Jennie M. Ford, Mary Totten Smith and Myrtle M. Wheeler.

"Heroic spirits, take your rest;
Ye are richer; we are poorer;
Yet because ye have been with us,
Life is holier, heaven surer."

A Progressive Lady. "At present the most interesting character in the hospital is a militant suffragist. Girls have been allowed to enter the Law School, men students objecting. They were annoyed with her the other day, and gave her a terrible blow on the head with a form. A great fuss is being made in the papers about it. In the meantime she has taken a great fancy to Dr. Henry, and at every opportunity is questioning her about Christianity." This incident shows that the East follows the West, and not afar off. We predict that these ambitious girls will "win out" as we say, and we pray that while this young lady is under our care she may enter through Jesus Christ the law school of love.

Mrs. Brown writes of the wonderful two years her mother, Mrs. Hockey, has had while visiting her two daughters. Her experiences have been amazing and often exciting, but through all she has kept her natural cheerfulness and poise. She has been a blessing, not only to her own families but to the many whom she has mothered who needed her care. We hope soon to hear the story of Mrs. Hockey's adventures, as she is returning with the Misses Barnett and Campbell, who are coming home on furlough. One morning Mrs. Hockey, when visiting her daughter in the hospital, saw a very interesting demonstration. "Miss Wu, the assistant superintendent, was bathing a few-days-old baby before eight boy nurses from the men's ward, General Board hospital. The baby didn't even whimper, and the boys were intensely interested. Can you picture them trying to teach their wives some future day?"

Normal School. That educational dynamo, the Union Normal School, furnishes many illustrations of progress, but they must wait for another day. However, we may refresh ourselves with the knowledge that thirty-seven Christian young women (emphasize that word *Christian*) graduated last year—twenty-seven belong to our mission, and four are the first graduates from the Kindergarten Training School. This latter rivulet we hope may become a broad river watering all our school terri-

plaster before it was dry. However the shocks are subsiding. Has any one told you, I wonder, about an incident that occurred at the terrible Army Clothing compound in Honjo, where 32,000 people were burned to death? A young Japanese Christian, seeing the hopelessness of their condition, as the wall of fire surrounded and shut them into death, got up on a box and preached a wonderful evangelistic sermon. He held that great crowd, already given up to death, as he poured out from his heart the story of the love and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then, gathering his friends around him, talked on to the end. Two women who, by miracle, escaped from that awful place, sought admittance afterward to the Church, and are now going about carrying the message to other women. The young man's brother also survived the experience and he is working among the people in the barracks, taking his brother's last sermon as his starting point.

"One longs for a thousand tongues to tell the message, and a thousand lives to live it, and certainly for more grace and power to make one's life count, and show forth more abundantly and more perfectly, the grace of God and His redeeming love.

"With Shimada San, our Bible woman, I have gone a few times lately, after school, to visit the tent hospital presented to the Japanese Government by the American Army. We visited first the tents full of wounded men and women who had been injured in the earthquake and fire. The stories the nurses told us about the dreadful experiences of some made us sick at heart. We came home feeling something of the weight of their burdens, almost too grievous to be borne. Then we visited the sick and diseased, and last week we went, carrying post-cards and Sunday-school papers, to see the children. We found a child who used to be in our school, and an old woman whom Shimada San knew; also the young sister of one of my former Bible-Class men. So we felt doubly glad we had gone. In each tent we gave out tracts, and had hymns and a little talk or a prayer by Shimada San. It is easy to get access to people now, when hearts are sore and tender, ready for the right word. May there be many in these dark days who will come to know, through pain, the love of the Father, and to hear amid the confusion of the times the voice of the one true Shepherd.

"Christmas is close upon us. A good and happy season when the weight and trouble of the world seems to grow less in the blessed light of that great day. A time when we lay aside our masks and cloaks of worldly wisdom and vain knowledge, and through the gate of child-like humility and simplicity of heart, enter the heaven that is shut to us so often because we do not humble ourselves enough to pass in. A little while we dwell in His Kingdom. A little while His will prevails, and peace and good will reign. For one brief passing moment we 'Rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing.'

"May the song of the angels be heard, not only for a moment, but every day of the New Year by the countless host who seek to follow the Christ, and may multitudes be added to their number."

Her Question

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

"Aren't you bigger," she used to say,
"Than anything that can happen you?"
"Aren't you bigger," she used to say,
And I had to confess that it was true,
Or else be labelled a puny, small
Person of not much use at all!

"Aren't you bigger?" she used to ask,
"Than anything that can happen you?"
So now if I fail in any task
- If I find that I can't help feeling blue,
I just remember her asking eyes,
And my abashed, shamefaced replies.

And though she's gone, her question still
Keeps me in fighting mood and will.
I hear her, when things don't go my way,
"Aren't you bigger?" she used to say.

tory. Visualize the schools under this new educated leadership, and be glad to have a share in them.

Japan. From the Azabu School, Tokyo, Miss Kathleen McArthur writes: "Under this roof four schools are represented in addition to our own, and thankful we are to have the roof. We are quite upset with plasterers repairing the walls all through the building. One room was just finished when a heavy shock last Friday, Nov. 30th, cracked the

Select Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons, Improved Uniform Series Course for 1924, by Amos R. Wells, Litt.D., LL.D. Fiftieth Annual Volume. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$2.00.

What is generally known as Peloubet's Notes, most popular of all annual volumes on the Sunday School Lessons, has now reached its jubilee of publication. It has been a great achievement to keep this enterprise going through fifty years, and to keep it maintaining its standard or even improving through all that time. The new volume is quite up to the standard of recent years, and makes use of the familiar plan and method.

A Day at a Time

"The Trials That Never Come are the Ones That Fret Us So"

By C. A. C.



WITH some of us present trouble has a way, in our morbid hours, of not only projecting its magnified shadow into the future, but deepening that shadow by importing into it all the regrets, sorrows and failures of the past. Under such circumstances it is not difficult to make ourselves about as miserable and down-cast as it is safe to be, and those around us as correspondingly uncomfortable. Life, indeed, presents a dreary and depressing aspect, and it may take some sane reasoning or a sharp jolt to convince us how futile and mistaken such a mood is, and how demoralizing and disheartening this undue multiplying of our fears.

In the words of the Sanskrit, "Yesterday is but a dream and To-morrow is only a vision"—the first outside our power to recall, the other beyond our power to actually endure before its allotted time. The heat and burden of yesterday will never oppress us again in the same way, and who knows what turn in the tide of affairs may brighten and relieve to-morrow? "To-day is ours and to-day alone"—our only concern, to bear up steadfastly under to-day, its toil, its pain, its grief or disappointment, confident that, whatever the morrow brings us it will also assuredly bring grace and

strength to bear us over the flinty places of life's road.

"Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of a Master, faithful and dear.
Choose not the cross for the coming week;
For that is more than He bids thee seek.

"Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load—
Thou mayest leave that to thy gracious God.
Daily, only, He saith to thee.
"Take up the cross, and follow me!"

We have only to take a glance over the lives of really great men and women in any walk of life, and the truly brave and inspiring people of our own acquaintance, to see that one of the secrets of their strength and serenity is this higher wisdom of the art of living a day at a time. Who of them has not had his sorrow, his difficulty, his failure and despair?

A noble disregard for yesterday or to-morrow is neither a refusal to learn from the mistakes and defeats of the past nor neglect to plan for and fortify against the future, but it is a courageous and sanctified common-sense disinclination to burden the heart and paralyze the energies with the hampering lumber of what has been and what may possibly be to-morrow.

That wonderful man, the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, the influence of whose life and writings has been incalculable, handicapped from early manhood through a long lifetime by ill-health, wrote with characteristic imperturbability out of an understanding heart, born of the wisdom of the years: "It is wisest to make the best of our allotment and to live tranquilly one day at a time. The most burdened can see to the end of one day; he who can do that will come to the last day and see to its ending also."

"Only a day at a time. There may never be a to-morrow.

Only a day at a time, and that we can live. We know

The trouble we cannot bear is only the trouble we borrow,
And the trials that never come are the ones that fret us so.

"Only a step at a time. It may be the angels bend o'er us,

To bear us above the stones that wound our feet by the way.

The step that is hardest of all is not the one just before us,

And the path we dread the most may be smoothed another day."

Young Canada

Home of the Free

By Bertha E. Green

The Bobcat Wouldn't Pay



CHUT-CHUT, the black squirrel, had been sitting up on Don's left shoulder while he recited the verses about "everybody's ears." Master Whitey Weasel, perched on Don's right shoulder, and though he listened to every

word that the black squirrel said, his head was full of mischief. Just as the black squirrel finished, Whitey reached across, grabbed Chut-Chut's fuzzy tail, and with a quick jerk sent the black fellow flying into a snow-drift.

Don had felt something going on, and guessing from Chut-Chut's cry that the weasel had been playing tricks on him, reached his hand up quickly and sent Master Whitey into the same snow-drift that had covered up the squirrel. In a moment you would have thought that the snow-drift was alive for the snow began flying in chunks and clouds, and the sharp, angry voices of both squirrel and weasel could be heard telling each other what they thought of tricky ways.

Dot, who could never bear to have her outdoor friends angry at each other, ran over to the snow-drift, and, as soon as the squirrel and the weasel could be seen through the flying snow, grabbed one in each hand, and held them out, squirming and kicking, in front of her.

"Now, you must both promise to be friends again, or I will tie you by your toes to the nearest stump-top, and then the juncos will tease you until you do promise," said Dot.

Both the weasel and the squirrel promised as soon as they were asked, for they knew that Dot had a way of keeping her promises. Whitey ran off as soon as Dot let him go, and Chut-Chut, having the steep slope that led to the main path through

no one to quarrel with, began teasing the bobcat, who tumbled him in the snow, and washed his face well. The two pine finches were hanging upside down by their toes from the branches of a near-by pine tree. Don and Dot would have liked to have watched the two new bird friends, and have asked why they hung, or perched in such a queer way,

the woods. Across the smaller path, on which they were standing, was stretched a high, white wall, that shone and glistened. Along its even top a row of small spruce branches stood, between each spruce a flaming red pompom of the sumac.

"Oh, what a pretty house some one has built!" exclaimed Dot. "I do hope that whoever built it will invite us to have a look inside."

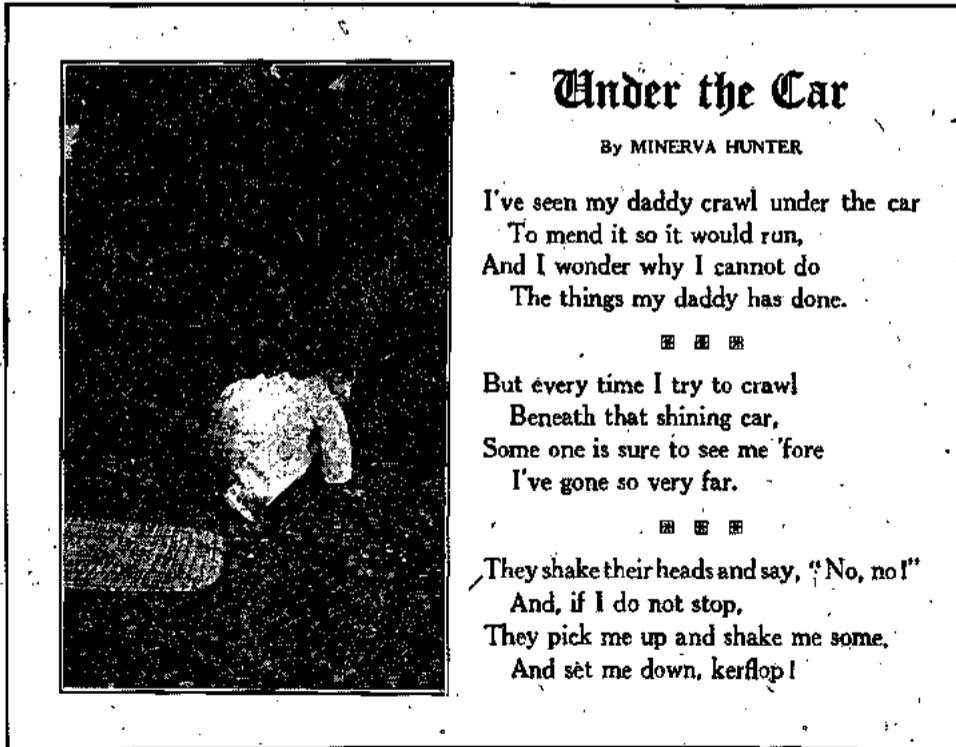
There was no sign that any one was behind the wall, as Dot walked quickly towards it, followed by Don, and, last of all, by the bobcat, who seemed to feel that a white wall across the pathway was something not to be trusted. Nothing happened until the three were not more than ten feet from the white wall, when, without any warning whatever, the air seemed to be filled with big, squashy snowballs, and with noise, too.

Stranger than the snowballs, was this, every one of them seemed to be coming directly for the bobcat. Neither Don nor Dot were hit once, but poor Judge Fuzzer was pelted and pounded until he rushed for the nearest brush-pile and burrowed his way underneath it.

As soon as the bobcat had disappeared, ever so many heads came into view above the top of the wall, and Don and Dot knew every one to whom those heads belonged. There was Old Pop Porcupine, Harry, the hare, Talky Tooter, the bluejay, Prowler the Fisher, and ever so many more, and each wore a little tuft of sumac-red on top of his head. Almost as soon as the heads appeared, all the wallhiders began to sing:

"Hip, hip, hurroo! Hip, hip, hurray!
We've made Judge Fuzzer run away,
And now we know our new snow wall,

(Continued on page 15)



Under the Car

By MINERVA HUNTER

I've seen my daddy crawl under the car
To mend it so it would run,
And I wonder why I cannot do
The things my daddy has done.

■ ■ ■

But every time I try to crawl
Beneath that shining car,
Some one is sure to see me 'fore
I've gone so very far.

■ ■ ■

They shake their heads and say, "No, no!"
And, if I do not stop,
They pick me up and shake me some,
And set me down, kerflop!

but the bobcat had walked some distance away, and was calling to them to hurry and join him.

The twisty-eared fellow had called only once, and then not very loudly, and when the children came to where he was standing, Old Judge Fuzzer said not a word, but pointed ahead of him down

Southern Alberta News

Some Calgary News

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

IT HAD been the hope of the correspondent to have been able to give a fairly complete report of recent happenings in connection with Calgary Methodist churches. But so many of the brethren in that city seem to be troubled with such modesty that all efforts to secure replies to enquiries have been somewhat futile. So we have just to fall back on newspaper items of a few events for the present. The delay in forwarding these items is due to waiting for replies that have not yet come. By the way, that may remind the brethren in different parts of our constituency that the correspondent does not lay claim to any special psychic powers. Being just an every-day sort of person we are dependent on information received in regular channels, and we prefer very much to have the information come direct from the circuits and missions. We are anxious also that it should come promptly, so that it may more nearly be current news by the time it is seen in print. Put it modestly, brethren, if you will, but write it down and send along to the correspondent promptly.

Central Church Progress.

THE Calgary papers gave encouraging reports of the very successful "Thanksgiving Services" held in Central Church, when the Rev. H. H. Bingham, pastor of First Baptist Church, Calgary, was the morning preacher and the Rev. C. A. Sykes, B.D., occupied his own pulpit in the evening. The morning theme was "Corn and Character," and the evening theme was "The Power of the Gospel in Our National History." The services have been spoken of as a "real thanksgiving festival." At each service opportunity was given to the congregation to make a thank offering in aid of the general finances of the church, and over \$1,200 was contributed. This was most encour-

aging to pastor and officials, as it puts the finances into excellent condition. Spiritually the work of the church is also progressive, eighty new members having been received during the fall months, the majority of whom have been received on profession of faith. The encouraging part of this is the fact that these have come into the church as a result of the regular services of the church.

Wesley Church Anniversary.

A FORMER pastor of Wesley Church, in the person of the Rev. Dr. C. E. Bland, now of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, was the special anniversary preacher recently. Dr. Bland was greeted morning and evening with large audiences, both messages being listened to with deepest interest and profit. The efforts of pastor and officials in a financial way resulted most satisfactorily, the objective for the day, \$3,500, being practically realized. With the close of the calendar year of 1923 it was expected that this amount would be actually in hand, placing the finances well in advance. Considering the general financial difficulties of the past year, there is good reason for thanksgiving. The Ladies' Aid of this church continues to be an active, and aggressive organization, not only in a financial way, but also in a social way. The pastor is greatly aided in his work among the newcomers in the district. The personal visits of the members is a factor in the life of the church. The annual bazaar of the Ladies' Aid, held on November 17, brought in \$1,350, the highest realized in the history of the organization.

Anniversary at Barons.

THE Lethbridge *Herald* reports successful anniversary services at Barons, with Brother H. H. Cragg, of Calgary, as the preacher at morning and evening services. These messages, together with special music rendered by the choir,

contributed to the inspiration and success of the anniversary. The usual anniversary supper was held on the Wednesday evening following, when the men took complete charge of the arrangements, and carried everything through commendably. After the supper an excellent entertainment was given, largely provided by local talent, and very much appreciated by the large audience present. Rev. S. R. Hunt, B.D., is meeting with encouraging success in his work at Barons.

Bow Island News.

THE Rev. T. D. Jones, of United Church, Lethbridge, was a recent visitor to Bow Island, on the occasion of their chicken supper, when he delivered his illustrated lecture on "The Craft of the Potter." The lecture has been spoken of as informing, instructive, and entertaining, showing the growth of the craft through the ages, and also having some telling references to its suggestiveness in the realm of character-building. Mrs. Archie Gage, formerly of Calgary, and Mrs. Pippard, of Calgary, contributed vocal solos that were greatly appreciated. The treasury of the Ladies' Aid was increased by about \$175. Rev. C. G. Hockin, B.D., is the energetic pastor at Bow Island.

Olds Anniversary Services.

THE Rev. A. B. Argue, a highly-esteemed former pastor of the Olds Methodist Church, was the anniversary preacher this year at Olds, and was heartily welcomed by his old friends, who listened with interest to two excellent sermons. As in former years, the Presbyterian church withdrew their evening service, and joined with their Methodist fellow-citizens in their anniversary, their pastor, the Rev. J. S. Shortt, M.A., taking part in the service. On the Monday evening, from 6.30 to 8.30

(Continued on page 16)

London Conference News

The Christmas Spirit and other Matters

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

WE HAVE been pleased to observe the manifestations of the Christmas spirit in certain of our churches and among some of our people. In some instances it has been "The Sick Children's Hospital," "The House of Refuge," and, in one case that came before our notice, "The Common Gaol." Why not! Even for the prisoner awaiting trial for some indictable offence Christmas is the one season of the year when he expects an extra slice, and the Christian churches and people are surely not abettors when they manifest around the 25th of December a little of that spirit that has made Christmas the happiest time of the year. We took particular delight in looking up the church announcements for Sunday, December 23rd, just to see if that Christmas fable (?) was losing any of its attractiveness. We were impressed with the fact that even more than ever Christ and Christmas are indissolubly bound together. In one church the pastor preached on the subject: "No Room in the Inn;" in another, "Room for Jesus;" again, "The Bethlehem Star;" and we could fill this column with like and kindred subjects. No! Christmas has not been refuted. What has been refuted and put to shame is the pagan doctrine of force.

Gleanings From Many Quarters.

REV. DUNCAN McTAVISH is being assisted in special services, at Brinsley, by Mr. Reg. Hudson, who will have charge of the musical part of the services.

The date of the Annual Conference has been changed. Ministerial session will meet on Wednesday, June 4th, and the general session the following day.

We bespeak the sympathy of the entire Conference for our friend and brother, Rev. G. C. Gifford,

in the sad bereavement which has befallen him. Mrs. Gifford, nee Miss Edna Zeigler, after a long and painful illness passed to the homeland on Tuesday, January 8th. Service was held in the Methodist Church, Lucan, of which Bro. Gifford is pastor, and the interment took place at Stratford. To the sorrowing husband and little one the sympathy of our people will go out.

Yarmouth parsonage has been wired for hydro and the "juice" turned on, giving light "to all that are in the house." The Yarmouth people have done great things this last year and not a little of the credit must go to the energetic pastor, who is a Trojan for work. This is Bro. Bartlett's third year and promises to be the best of the three.

Rev. Dr. Knowles, of St. Mary's Methodist Church, and the Rev. A. B. Farney, of St. Mary's Anglican Church, exchanged pulpits on a recent Sunday.

We wanted to write a letter to Rev. S. J. Bridgette, of Wardsville, the other day; but were not just sure whether we should address him as Councillor, Rev. S. J., or Rev. Councillor, S. J. However, we noted with a good deal of curiosity that Bro. Bridgette had been elected councillor of the village of Wardsville.

A series of evangelistic services is being held, at the present, in Grace Church, St. Thomas. The pastor, Rev. A. E. Moorehouse, has the assistance of other ministers in the city, and Misses Jackson assist with the musical part of the services. The congregations are on the upgrade and a deepening interest is being manifested. The services will continue for four weeks. We hope to give more in a later letter.

Rev. Frank Langford, B.A., General Secretary of Religious Education, paid a visit to Port Stanley recently and gave several interesting and inspiring addresses. His visit was appreciated and

will result in greater interest being taken in the department over which he presides.

Rev. Leonard and Mrs. Bartlett were the recipients of a very fine Christmas present from the Yarmouth Centre congregation in the way of a handsome electric reading lamp. No need to burn the midnight "oil" now.

The Agricultural Department of our Provincial Government for the past two or three years has held a number of winter courses at certain centres for the benefit of farmers' sons and daughters. Such subjects as household science, millinery, nursing, care and raising of stock, poultry raising, horticulture, etc., are taught by experienced speakers. At the present we have seen of such schools being held at Exeter, Essex and Belmont. They cannot but result in a better understanding of rural problems and requirements.

We are glad to be able to give a brief summary of the progress of the work at Seaforth. The pastor there is blessed with an enterprising and industrious Ladies' Aid, who are just now raising funds for a pipe organ which they hope to install some time in the future. The anniversary services were very successful; Rev. J. E. Holmes, of Goderich, was the preacher and his sermons were greatly appreciated. After the customary "Week of Prayer," a series of special evangelistic services will follow. The pastor has prepared a unique card which serves the dual purpose of a communion card and a questionnaire. Some of the questions are very searching and cannot help but be a "light unto our path." The work under the ministry of Rev. R. F. Irwin is yielding splendid results.

Rev. W. E. Donnelly, of James St. Church, Exeter, is in much demand as a lecturer. His famous lecture: "Marriage the Pike's Peak of Success," has appeared in several announcements in newspaper columns recently.

H. B. P.

A Letter from Ireland

The Present Outlook in State and Church

By Rev. W. J. Robinson, B.A.



THE IRISH FREE STATE has launched its first great loan, and it has secured the £10,000,000 aimed at. The Protestant Episcopal Church applied for £250,000 of the loan and the Methodist Church in Ireland £10,000. The loan has not the financial stability of Britain behind it, but the action of the Churches, the leading commercial houses, large insurance corporations, etc., will encourage Irish investors to have faith in their own country. The Free State Government is doing very well, and has come successfully through great difficulties. Political prisoners have been on hunger strike, and one man has died in consequence of his voluntary starvation. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork pronounced it a case of suicide, with all the ecclesiastical implications of *fels de se*. A Protestant journalist has put the pertinent query: Why was Lord Mayor McSweeney's death as a hunger-striker so praiseworthy, and the death of D. Barry a case of suicide? The fact that Mr. McSweeney was fighting the British authority and Mr. Barry an Irish government should not alter the standard of moral judgments. One of our very greatest problems in Ireland to-day is this uncertainty about moral standards. People have been doing evil that good might come, and persuading themselves that the good hoped for would make the seeming evil a thing of righteousness. And thoughtful citizens have despaired of their religious leaders, whose pronouncements seem to alter to suit the political need of the moment.

The Rev. James M. Alley has been elected as President of Trinity College, Dublin, Christian Union, for the ensuing year and at the inaugural social, presided over by Dr. Baillie, he delivered an address which was listened to with rapt atten-

tion by a large gathering of undergraduates. Mr. Alley was President of the Irish Methodist Church last year, and is a minister of whom his Church is proud, for his ability, energy, versatility and charm.

THE revival of the last two or three years in Ulster has brought responsibilities as well as joy. It has accentuated the need in Belfast for more churches. A "Forward Movement" has been inaugurated to raise money for this purpose, and to provide additional evangelists, deaconesses and ministers. In addition to the building of several new churches, it is proposed to rebuild Grosvenor Hall, Belfast, our great mission centre, and to erect a church house on the site of the venerable church in Donegall Square, Belfast. Laymen and ministers in Ulster have promised most generous donations, and large subscriptions have been given by English friends. On February next three of our ministers: Revs. Robt. Byers, G. A. McIlwrath, and W. L. Northridge, M.A., Ph.D., are to visit the United States to interest former Irish Methodists in this great scheme of advance. They also hope to visit Canada. Northern Ireland is enjoying a time of tranquillity, and there is no serious lawlessness within its borders; it is, moreover, the only part of Ireland where we can look for any considerable growth in Methodism. Many families have moved from lonely parts of the Free State and settled in Northern Ireland. Owing to the unprecedented depression in manufacture and trade, the time is not opportune for any large financial scheme, but, spiritually, the fields are white unto harvest.

The *Irish Christian Advocate* in its new and enlarged form has been eagerly welcomed in Irish Methodism, and the circulation has enormously increased. We had not, hitherto, realized how much

latent literary talent there was in the ranks of our ministry. Some of our men who preach to twenty or thirty people every Sunday, can now reach thousands by the printed word. I am convinced that nothing could more effectively promote the better cohesion and development of Irish Methodism at this juncture than a widely circulated paper such as we now possess.

SPECIAL Constable John Meeke, of Dervock, County Antrim, has lately died. He served with gallantry in many battles of the Great War, as a soldier in the Ulster Division. He will be best remembered, however, for his attention to the late Major William Redmond, M.T., of the 16th (Irish) Division, whom he found lying badly wounded. Though suffering from a shattered ankle himself, Meeke rendered first aid to Major Redmond and stayed with him until both were picked up by a party of the Ulster Division returning with prisoners. The unit to which the present writer was attached on active service had the honor of taking care of Major Redmond in his last hours, and doing it as lovingly as if he had been one of their own trusted leaders, instead of a firm opponent. Meeke was an Orangeman, and was acting in accordance with the true principles of his order in rendering kindly service to a wounded Nationalist. The 16th Division was largely made up of Southern Irishmen, and the 36th still more largely of Northern Protestants, but the best of good fellowship and loyal comradeship grew up between them on Flanders' fields. We have often wished that these good relationships had been utilized for some constructive purpose in Irish affairs. The two Divisions, representing two extremes in Irish politics, could have evolved a better solution of the Irish problem than Royal Commissions, Sinn Fein

(Continued on page 23)

A Look Backward and a Look Forward

From a Paper read at a Recent Conference of Deaconesses at Toronto

By Miss Caroline Wilcox of Hamilton



SEVENTY-NINE years have passed since deaconess work was started by the Methodist Church in Canada. It will not be possible in a short article to review the whole history of the work throughout these years, but we can trace some of the outstanding features of its growth and development.

This might be viewed in many ways, but in glancing over the old reports, any one could not but be impressed by the steady increase in the Homes and other institutions, under the control of Deaconess Boards. As we follow the development along this line we cannot fail to see how year by year more and more people have been putting their lives into this movement and an ever-increasing number feeling its helpful influence.

In 1894 a meeting was held in the Wesley Buildings, Toronto, composed of ladies representing the Methodist Churches of Toronto and vicinity. There was a large attendance. The meeting was presided over by Rev. Dr. Parker, President of the Toronto Conference, while Rev. A. M. Phillips acted as secretary. A Deaconess Aid Society was formed for the purpose of furnishing a Deaconess Home and providing for the general running expenses.

On May the fifteenth a suitable "Home" at 28 McGill St. was rented by the Toronto Conference Board, and a superintendent was secured from the Chicago Training School, in the person of our late beloved Miss Alice Thompson. Thus deaconess work in Toronto was started with a "Home" which was also used as a training school. It is interesting to note that this Home was furnished at a cost of \$651.80. It was supported by voluntary offerings of money, supplemented by the "Saturday basket," which in turn the Toronto churches filled with provisions.

In 1898 property valued at \$18,000, at 257 and 258 Jarvis Street was given by the late Hart A. Massey for a new and larger home and training school, as 28 McGill St. was already too small and the lectures for the students were being given in Carlton Street Methodist Church.

In 1900 a Rest Home on the lake was provided, where the deaconesses might find rest and recreation during the hot summer months.

In 1901 Fresh Air Work was commenced at Whitby in a cottage loaned for the purpose. In this year, also, the Deaconess Home and Training School at 257 Jarvis St. was freed of debt.

In 1903 the present Fresh Air Cottage at Whitby was built and dedicated free of debt, at a cost of \$4,438. Children from all over the Dominion earned and saved pennies to help build this cottage, where little, undernourished children might receive health and blessing during the summer.

Mrs. W. E. H. Massey furnished a charming home at Dentonia Park for a rest cottage for deaconesses.

A Deaconess Home was started in Hamilton. A furnished house at 109 Hughson St. N., was rented and Mrs. Day appointed superintendent. Through the kindness of Mrs. Sanford, "Elsinore" was opened to fresh-air parties taken there by the deaconesses.

In 1904 the first Hamilton Home was found to be too small, and 58 Vine Street was rented, and Miss McCartney sent as superintendent.

In 1905 a larger and more beautiful rest cottage was provided at Dentonia Park. Words cannot tell the joy and benefit derived by the deaconesses at this beautiful spot.

In 1906 Winnipeg decided to have a Deaconess Home, and a house and property was purchased at 85 George Street for \$8,500.

In 1907 a furnished lower tenement was rented at 46 St. Matthew Street, Montreal, and the three deaconesses moved in.

In 1908 plans had been steadily maturing for a new Deaconess Home and Training School in Toronto, and finally the site of the present beautiful building was secured. In the issue of the *GUARDIAN* for Nov. 11th, 1908, there is an interesting account of the ceremony in connection with the turning of the first sod by Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, of the Chicago Training School.

In 1910 the third Hamilton Deaconess Home, a larger one, to meet the growing demands of the work, was rented at 405 King St., East, Montreal, too, rented a larger house at 4156 Dorchester St. The work was organized in Vancouver and a Home purchased and furnished, value, \$6,825, Miss Annie Irwin being Superintendent.

In 1911 the present Deaconess Home and Methodist National Training School was opened and dedicated in Toronto, and the former Home at 257 Jarvis St. was opened, as Barbara House, a boarding house for young girls.

A campaign was conducted in Hamilton for funds, and a Home purchased at 279 Main St. E., value \$10,000, with Miss Bessie M. Scott, as Superintendent.

In Winnipeg a fresh air building was erected at Gimli, Manitoba, at a cost of \$5,775.95, all of which was raised before the end of the summer, Miss Priscilla Smith being Superintendent.

In 1912 a campaign for \$20,000 was launched in Montreal to purchase a Deaconess Home. The result was \$24,785.85, and the property at 7 and 9 Coursol St. was purchased and fitted up as a Home and community centre.

In 1913 Rest Cottage was again enlarged and improved.

(Continued on page 16)

The Spirit of Jesus in the Early Church

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles

By REV. G. C. PIDGEON, D.D.

Philippi—The Beginning of European Christianity

Lesson for February 3

Acts 16: 13-40.

A DRAMATIC spiritual transformation is the best start for a Christian Church in a heathen land. Personalities are the most interesting of all subjects anyway, and striking experiences of this character thrill all who hear about them. The best apologetic for Christianity is its effect on human life, and when instances of its regenerating efficacy are presented from among themselves the people cannot but be interested in it. They know what these men were, and also the difficulties and temptations that surround them, and when the new life in Christ triumphs over all obstacles, changes the man's nature and fills his soul with a new joy and power, they cannot but acknowledge its divine character and their own need of the grace it brings. The conversion of Africaner struck the imagination of the world, and showed, not only the natives of South Africa, but also the Christian Church everywhere, the real character of Moffatt's work. When our missionaries went to China, only the down-and-outs would come near them, but some of these were so gloriously saved that all the district was compelled to recognize that a new force for righteousness had appeared among them. What these modern examples have meant to modern missions the conversions recorded in Acts 16 meant to Philippian Christianity. They gave the little church its character, and impressed all who would heed with the real nature of the Gospel.

THE first convert in Philippi was Lydia, (verses 14-15.) She is described as "a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, one who worshipped God." On reaching Philippi Paul had acted as usual on the principle, "the Jew first." There seems to have been no synagogue there, but the devout of the city met in a sheltered spot by the river-side to worship. In every place earnest-minded seekers after truth turned for enlightenment and comfort to the servants of Jehovah, and among these "proselytes of the gate" was Lydia. The purple garments in which she dealt were among the most costly articles of Eastern commerce, so that she was evidently a woman of means. The conjecture that she was a widow, carrying on the business established by her husband, is probably true. In the message of the Gospel she found the full satisfaction for which she had been longing, and at once enrolled herself among the believers. Her entire household came with her into the Christian faith, and they were baptized together. No sooner was she accepted as a Christian than she insisted on entertaining at her home the little apostolic band. (Acts 16: 15.) This was her first service to her risen Lord. Christianity in Europe had a splendid start with the conversion of this high-minded woman. In her own generous and practical way she laid a foundation of love for the Christian com-

munity, and in no church that he ever founded had Paul as much confidence, and joy as in Philippi.

THE next conversion was sensational, and resulted in persecution. There was a young slave girl in the city possessed by what was called "a spirit of divination." The descriptive phrase used meant then a ventriloquist. Ramsay says that "the idea was universally entertained that ventriloquism was due to superhuman influence, and implied the power of foretelling the future. The girl herself believed this; and in her belief lay her power." It is difficult to state what this meant in the language of to-day, and little is gained by trying to define it. Enough that the poor disordered mind recognized in Paul and his companions the representatives of a higher power and the bearers of a message of life. Her whole nature cried out for what they had to give. She became obsessed with the idea; her strange abilities gave her words authority with the crowd, and day after day she followed the missionaries, loudly proclaiming their character and commission. At last Paul could stand it no longer, and, turning in the crowd, bade the spirit leave her. She was instantly restored in mind and soul. But, as the Spirit of God took possession, her abilities and inclination for the old fraudulent soothsaying went from her. It was a miracle of grace of the type familiar wherever the name of Jesus is known. But trouble arose immediately. Her salvation destroyed her masters' prospects of gain through her fortune-telling, and they stirred up a riot against the apostles. How familiar their methods: "These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and set forth customs which it is not lawful for us to receive or to observe, being Romans." (vs. 20-21.) Supreme power was in the hands of Romans; Roman citizenship meant peculiar rights and privileges; the insincere curried favor with the rulers by shouting that they were Romans. In like manner discredited politicians in Ontario blind the public to the selfishness of their aims by waving the old flag and affirming their loyalty to the Empire; the same class in Quebec raise the race cry against those who oppose their own schemes. In every battle against intemperance, men who wanted only the privilege of making money out of the degradation of the people claimed that they were maintaining British liberty by upholding the drink traffic. These men in Philippi were ancient representatives of a class that is large in every age: men who want to make money at the expense of their fellows, and who are quite ready to destroy others in order to increase their own gains. Behind every destructive vice is the sinister influence of the men and women who encourage the evil habit in order to make money out of its victims. In Philippi then, as in Canada now, the spirit of Jesus is the deadly enemy of such

(Continued on page 22)

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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How to Feed a Growing Child in Winter

To keep growing children well in winter feed them properly.

"Excess Acid" foods are "denatured" white flour, refined cereals, sweets, and meats. These make the blood acid and lower the body vitality of the child. The blood gets rid of these food acids through the skin and lining of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach, etc. In winter the skin is sluggish and the linings of nose, throat, lungs, etc., have to do it all. These parts become irritated in the process and adenoids, tonsils, bronchitis, pneumonia, diphtheria, ear disease, etc., find an easy victim in the child fed largely upon "Excess Acid" foods.

Feed your child richly alkaline foods like Roman Meal, milk, eggs, nuts, beans, potatoes, leafy vegetables, and fruits. These keep the blood normally alkaline or non-acid. There will be no acids to irritate the nose, throat, lungs, etc., in winter, and your child will feel better, be better, and remain free from disease.

Roman Meal is the most alkaline (opposite of acid) food known. It makes normal non-acid blood, nourishes better than meat, prevents indigestion, positively relieves constipation, and "Keeps the Family Fit."

Roman Meal is not only very nutritious and especially delicious, but it can be made into delightful baked products, as well as porridge, puddings, etc., and, with one exception, it is the lowest priced cereal sold, and by far the best.

Your child deserves the best and Roman Meal is the best food money can buy. At all grocers.—(Advt.)

Our Manitoba Letter

News from Several Circuits

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

THE thirty-fourth annual New Year Rally of Methodist Sunday Schools, in Grace Church, Winnipeg, had an entirely new feature this year of grace, 1924. The whole service was broadcasted. The unseen audience, we surmise, was greater by thousands than the total number of all the previous gatherings together. Such are the wonders of science. Your correspondent, by "listening in" for part of the service, heard every voice distinctly. The singing of "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam" sounded good. The lad who recited "Sheridan's Ride," was heard distinctly, and he did splendidly. Dr. John Maclean's benediction was no doubt heard in heaven!

Future Leaders

SPEAKING of the theological students at Wesley College, Principal Riddell has publicly stated: "All who are offering themselves for the work of the ministry are young men ready to give the time necessary for adequate educational training. Their attitude towards the work is most gratifying and they are eager, inquiring and independent in thought, not satisfied with anything short of the truth, while they are evidently the possessors of creative minds. Altogether, they are convinced that the field of the Gospel ministry offers the greatest opportunity for the investment of a life's service." There are nineteen of them—in college and extra-mural students.

Good Advice

THE *Free Press*, of January 1st, had a very pertinent and practical editorial on "Canadians and the New Year." Just an extract: "What is to be done about it? Just one thing. We have to scale ourselves down. We will have to get along with what we can afford to pay for. We will have to stop pouring so much of our money into things that produce little or no national wealth for Canada. A greater surplus must be available to put into the things that will mean development, increased productivity, more jobs and more people. Thousands of citizens will have to get rid of get-rich-quick ideas. Canadians will have to get rid of the idea that the whole thing is to make enough money in a few years to spend the remainder of their lives in California. The country cannot afford these kind of people. It must encourage people who will be content with a fair profit, a fair chance to make a fair living, a decent environment in which to bring up their families. All these are available to Canadians if they are willing to get down off the high horse they have been riding, and proceed with a revival of energy of hand and head to develop the resources that are all around them. About the best resolution that Canadians can make for 1924 is to get a good deal of high-flying nonsense out of their heads, and to get back to plain living, plain working, plain thinking, plain government. Upon our willingness and ability to do this will depend the amount of new life blood that will flow through the country's good veins and arteries during the coming year."

"Moderation"

DELORAINE, it appears from the papers, came near having something decidedly obnoxious put over

them recently, in the way of beer and booze. It reminded me of old days when such acts were in vogue and the people could whistle. The brewers wanted to start a "depot" at Deloraine (not many miles from the American border). Local authorities had no official knowledge of the plan, but were suspicious of something when a local store was being remodelled with a view to handling "wet" goods. When the "wet" players really showed their cards, there was something doing in the old town. They voted strong last summer for prohibition, for which they had special reasons. A decided democratic dissent was voiced on the matter and has most likely given a veto to the proposition. But, a few months ago "moderation" was urged because it would "discourage" drinking. Now it appears vigilance must be observed or people may wake up some morning and find the brewers in charge.

Dr. McIrvine

REV. G. L. McIRVINE, D.D., has been invited to remain another year as pastor of Grace Church, Winnipeg. He has had a heavy task, especially during the period of financial depression, in raising funds to save the "Mother Church of Western Methodism." But Dr. McIrvine isn't one to turn his back on difficulties. He has gone bravely forward and we understand has been successful to date. Last Sunday evening he was preaching to the athletic clubs of the city on "Playing the Game"—from the text, Micah 6: 8: "What doth the Lord require."

Dauphin

DESPITE many hard knocks for farming and business, Dauphin is maintaining its church work steadily. Rev. Thos. Neville, pastor, has been unanimously invited to remain for a fourth year.

Fisher River

THE Christmas tree in the Methodist church on the reserve is an annual event of great social importance. Probably they have the biggest and best Christmas tree in Canada. The men get a great spruce tree, and erect it in the church and then the people bring their gifts. These are not expensive, but are such as please the children. Moccasins, gloves, etc., of moose and deer skin, tastefully embroidered in silk, hand-knit gloves, etc., are much in evidence. All kinds of presents are to be seen and the general appearance of the tree is resplendent. After a short programme by the school children, several hours are needed for distribution of the presents. Then candy, and other good things are passed around.

Rev. F. G. Stevens, missionary in charge, has been at Fisher River for nearly seventeen years of a continuous pastorate. Heretofore all the services have been conducted in the Cree Indian language, in the speaking whereof Mr. Stevens is an expert. He finds himself using Cree or English, quite unconscious as to which language he is speaking. This past summer he began holding an all-English service every Sunday evening. This service is quite popular, a sign of educational advancement. Mr. Stevens is dispenser of medicines for the Department of Indian Affairs, at Fisher River. The department sup-

plies free to the Indians medical and hospital attendance and medicines. This was not stipulated in "Treaty," but is done for humanity's sake. The Canadian Governments have kept perfect faith with their treaties with the Indians, and they have done very much more than they promised. Mr. Stevens does a lot of work along medical lines. He attends to accidents and sickness from day to day. The missionary, in constant, intimate touch with the Indians, is recognized by the department as the greatest factor in the uplifting and civilizing of the Indians, and valued, too." The above is taken from the "Western News" page of the morning daily. Fisher River used to appear a long way out, but it's coming in gradually, thanks to missionaries.

Russell

THIS large Union congregation, of which Rev. F. C. Middleton is pastor, has had a good year. The printed report indicates a W.M.S. of thirty-five members, which raised \$400 for missions; a Girls' Club of twenty-four members, raised about \$500, part of which went to missions, and the rest for local work; a Ladies' Aid, with a membership of thirty-one, raised \$700; a Mission Band raised \$66; a Sunday school of 284 scholars and twenty officers and teachers, C. F. Bowles, superintendent; and a C.S.E.T. programme taken by eighty-five boys and girls. The present membership is 204. J. Allison Glen is chairman of the board. Nearly all of the \$5,000 budget was paid, Rev. J. A. Cormie, the Presbyterian Mission Superintendent, and also Moderator of the Synod, was present and congratulated the congregation on its fine showing—"one of the most successful in the province." The following are the officials for 1924; Elders, A. G. F. Smellie, P. McRostie, A. Moynes, W. Cowitis, N. R. Park and James M. Matheson; board of stewards, J. A. Glen (chairman), Alex. Greig; envelope stewards, K. Millar, Melville Shaw, N. R. Park, W. B. McMurray, James Rea, Jr., J. Robertson, C. Whitmer, S. F. Hughes; A. E. S. Warrington, secretary-treasurer.

The Provincial Boys' Work Board has a special agent in the field again this winter, with a view to strengthening district councils and raising a budget of \$6,250.

Waskada

THE Union Church closed its second year on December 31st. The membership has increased and the finances are in good condition. The Sunday school, with 135 on the register, had an average attendance of eighty-five per cent. Two additional Sunday schools have been formed at Mimosa and Homefield. The official board and Sunday-school officers were all re-elected. The official board passed a unanimous resolution of appreciation and confidence in the pastor, Rev. W. L. T. Patteson, and also his wife, who has led the musical activities.

The Other Day

THE writer came across some data which was of little or no value to him, but comes under the head of things earnestly requested by Dr. J. Maclean, Church Archivist, Wesley College, Winnipeg. They are being sent on. May be others could do the same.
High Bluff, Jan. 10, 1924. R. O. A.

Canadian Biography of Great Men

January 11, 1815—John Alexander Macdonald, Canadian Statesman.—Died June 6th, 1891

By E. A. Taylor

BORN in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, John A. Macdonald, was brought to Canada when only five years old, and so can be called a Canadian. A clever, hard-working boy, whose great fault was a passionate temper, John A. Macdonald was well acquainted with the hardships of pioneer life, though his parents were able to send him several terms to the Royal Grammar School at Kingston. (This was before the days of public schools, and the private grammar schools ranked with our high schools.) At fifteen the boy entered a law office, and studied, as well as worked, to such purpose, that he was able to pass the necessary examinations, and was called to the Bar when only twenty-one!

This was in 1836, when Canada was seething with the rebellions that were to break out the next year. Earnest but one-sided speakers, were rousing the people against an alleged "Family Compact," by which, it was said, certain families had made a ring to keep all Government positions among themselves. The accused "Families" were the children of the first pioneers, who by their thrift and business ability, had secured the best lands, and grown rich as the country became more peopled. They were angry at the charge, and said they had made no such compact. However, they believed they had more right to rule than these others, who had not long been in Canada, and were often illiterate. The "Patriot" leaders in Upper Canada were all men born and educated overseas, and coming out to Canada, they deeply resented being shut out, together with the illiterate newcomers, from any share in the government. One strong point they made was the corrupt system of government, votes being almost openly bought, and bribes given and taken even among government officials.

John A. Macdonald, was, by his family connections, drawn to the side of the "Family Compact," and living in the times that he did, he could not feel the same horror of political bribery that he would have done had he lived in our day. But though a Tory—as the Conservatives were then called—he had many friends on the other side, for he was very popular socially. Instead of arguing seriously and angrily with these friends, he would laugh at them, saying that it was silly to raise rebellions over conditions that would adjust themselves in a few years—"To-morrow" was the word he used, and half-vexed, yet half-convinced by his reasoning, his companions gave him his nickname, "Mr. To-morrow."

In 1839, when the last of the rebellions had flickered out, leaving the memory of sundry black gallows with hanged men as a weight on the heart of the country, it was "Mr. To-morrow" who was asked to defend the weak and wicked Von Schoultz, who had led a murdering raid into Canada from the United States. Von Schoultz was tried, found guilty and hanged in due course, but his young counsel had made his name. He could not save his wretched client, but with "noble and impassioned eloquence" he showed that conditions were such in Canada as made rebellions inevitable.

The next few years were brilliantly successful ones. In his profession, and in society, he was sought after, and unfortunately he let himself get into the habit of drinking. These

were hard-drinking days, but Macdonald, realizing that such indulgence would murder the keenness of his magnificent intelligence, by his own will power, made himself a strictly moderate drinker. It would have been better, of course, if he had become a total abstainer, but such was not the spirit of that age, and John A. Macdonald was very much the man of his day, changing when the day did. Another influence that helped to steady him was his love for his cousin, Isabella Clark, whom he married, and who was the mother of his two sons.

In 1844 he was elected to Parliament by Kingston, which city he represented for many years. In 1854 he became a Minister, and in the following years he gave all the strength of his will, and all his tact and ability, in managing men, to bring about Confederation. He had long since conquered his quick temper, and with a good-humor that no suspicious or retorts could ruffle, he joked and reasoned with "Irish-Catholics and Orangemen; with French Canadians and English; with anti-federalists, and agitators for complete independence, and somehow, everywhere he won." So, on July 1, 1867, the Dominion of Canada was born, and the next day, July 2, Sir John A. Macdonald became its first Premier.

The biography of John A. Macdonald for the rest of his life is one with the history of Canada for the same period. His two great works were: (1) the opening up of the North-west, and the uniting of British Columbia with Canada, by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and (2), the national policy of a high tariff to protect and encourage Canadian industries.

Every Canadian honors Sir John A. Macdonald as the Father of Confederation. He did splendid work in opening our North-west, though we may wish he had managed this without the "Pacific scandal." He was always strictly honest for himself, only to help his country, as he thought, he sometimes *did* consent to political dishonesty, which was a great mistake.

There are too many sides to the question of Protection vs. Free Trade for us to give any opinions on the subject, but the "National Policy" has certainly made the cities of Canada grow.

In 1858 Sir John A. Macdonald lost his wife, but a few years later he married again, Susan Agnes Bernard, who had one daughter. On his death, June 6th, 1891, his widow was raised to the peerage, as Baroness Macdonald of Earnslcliffe.

Home of the Free

(Continued from page 10)

By no one can be passed at all. So, who along this path would take, His way, to us a gift must make. Not something red, or white, or blue, Yet something old, or something new, Not fat or thin, yet long and wide, Enough to hold the world inside. Guess what it is, then to us pay The toll, to pass you on your way."

"Now, whatever do the rascals want?" said the bobcat, crawling from under the brushpile and shaking the snow from his furry coat.

"Something old and something new, and wide enough to hold the world," repeated Don. "Yes, it must be—it's a story."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Old Judge Fuzzer. "If it's stories they

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 INLAND TRANSPORTATION MARINE SPRINKLER LEAKAGE

want, I'm the one to tell them. I might as well begin now. Once upon a time there was a twisty-eared bobcat, who was king over all the porcupines and bluejays—"

There was an angry grunt from Old Pop Porcupine, and a scream from Talky Tooter, and two snowballs hit the bobcat on the nose at the same time.

"I think I would be a little more careful about the story that I told, Fuzzer," said Don, laughing.

The bobcat was now thoroughly angry, as any one would be after being hit by two snowballs at once. He stood up on his hind feet, and whispered to Don: "Lend me your woolly cap, Boy Don, and I'll show you how to pass their snow wall."

Don took off his wool toque and handed it to the bobcat, who pulled it over his own head, nose, eyes, ears and all, like a stocking over a foot. Then with his loudest squealy squall, Old Judge Fuzzer bounded towards the snow wall. In three jumps he was up to it, another jump and he was over it, but after that fourth jump there was not a thing to be seen or heard of the bobcat.

When Judge Fuzzer jumped over the wall, all the heads had popped down out of sight, but they now reappeared, and the bluejay, hopping to the top of the wall, said:

"You may come near enough to look over and see what happens to a wall-jumper."

Don and Dot hurried forward, looked over the wall, and saw a smooth, steep slope beyond that crossed the main path, and ended at the brook. Down this slope the bobcat was sliding, and, just as they looked, he reached the stream, bounced on the ice, broke through, and disappeared.

"Oh, Don!" cried Dot, "poor Old Judge Fuzzer is going to get drowned again!"

(To be continued)

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A Look Backward and A Look Forward

In 1915 the Deaconess Home and National Training School at Toronto was freed of debt.

And so the work has grown. There have, it is true, been losses as well as gains, but we now have forty-four deaconesses in active service, three Deaconess Homes and our splendid Training School, sixteen cities and nine Conferences in which Deaconess Work is carried on, property valued at approximately \$300,000, and most important of all, a heritage of inspiration from the lives of those who in the early days laid the foundations of this work, undaunted by difficulties and discouragements.

A Look Forward

TEN years have elapsed since we met in conference in 1923. Another and a larger conference is in session. The conferences which have been held annually have steadily grown in interest and helpfulness. Representatives are present from all the Conferences of the Dominion, as well as from Newfoundland.

In the intermission between the morning sessions, and singly and in groups, I note the deaconesses reading and discussing the current number of the *Canadian Deaconess Messenger*, with its interesting news from fields far and near. No longer do we hear the remark, "I know very little of what is going on in Deaconess Work, outside of my own field." The Conference is being called to order and according to the agenda reports of the work in the different fields is the order of the day.

Miss A., the deaconess working among the Six Nations Indians, is the first speaker. What is she saying? "One thousand pagan Indians within sixty miles of Hamilton and Braithford." Another worker, is her plea, for she finds her two Sunday schools three mothers' meetings, her baby clinic and her Canadian Girls in Training groups keep her very busy, but do not nearly meet the needs of these people.

Miss B. holds the attention of all, as she tells of the success of her district work. This is a new field. She is employed by a district in one of our Ontario Conferences, and her services are available for the organization of C.G.I.T. Groups, Mission Circles and Young People's Leagues, which she afterwards visits for the encouragement and help of the young people. At other times she has assisted a pastor with visiting during a series of special services.

Miss C. says her work is somewhat similar. She lives in Toronto, and under the direction of the superintendent, spends from one to three months at a time with a busy pastor whose church cannot afford the services of a deaconess all through the year.

Miss D. says she cannot understand why we did not before recognize the wonderful opportunities that have been waiting for just such service as we can render in our large Tuberculosis Sanitarium, so many letters has she had from relatives thanking her for her ministry of cheer, and messages of comfort to their lonely loved ones.

Miss E. is a hospital visitor, from Winnipeg, and values greatly the many occasions she has had of being a real friend to the girls and women far from home.

Miss F.'s face is beaming as she is telling of the dear old people in the Wesley Home—old people whose loved ones have gone and who, while they have some means, are too old or not quite well enough to take care of themselves. They are both comfortable and happy in Wesley Home, and Miss F. counts it a privilege as superintendent, to be able to bring sunshine into their lives.

Miss G., Superintendent of our Methodist Deaconess Hospital on Jarvis Street, reports that ever since it was opened, it has been filled to capacity, and a new wing is to be added shortly.

THERE are still reports to be given by Deaconesses in large city churches, settlements, missions and Travellers' Aid Work, as well as in the Immigration and Social Service Departments. But we cannot wait to hear them as there are some duties to be attended to in connection with the Altmann Society banquet to be held to-morrow evening. Over two hundred expect to attend.

Our former deaconesses are doing a splendid work, besides supporting Miss G., who works among the patients at the sanitarium, they each create a deeper interest in Deaconess Work in the district in which they live. And they are now raising funds to furnish a room.

Southern Alberta News

(Continued from page 11)

o'clock, the basement of the church was a very lively scene, the Ladies' Aid, the C.G.I.T. groups, and the Trail Rangers, advertised their wares for sale in separate booths, consisting of tempting things to eat, and plain and fancy articles for sale. This was followed by an entertainment and moving pictures in the church audi-

torium, which were also greatly enjoyed. A pleasing feature of the anniversary was the completing of the payment of a note for \$400, a floating liability of the church, the most of which has been carried over from the effort when the mortgage debt of the church was paid about two years ago. This puts all the finances of the church in excellent condition, all indebtedness being now fully met. The pastor, Rev. F. W. Locke, and his officials are to be congratulated.

Brieflets Here and There.

EYREMORE Ladies' Aid has scored another success in their annual bazaar, where \$277 was raised as a result of their activity. When it is remembered that this Ladies' Aid Society is operating in a rural district more than twenty miles distant from any railway, but with an energetic membership of fourteen, they are proving a real asset in the life of the church in that community. Probably there are few organizations that could duplicate their success.

We were sorry to learn of the illness of Mrs. Sykes, wife of our energetic minister at Craigmyle, who was brought to Calgary for hospital care and treatment, suffering from appendicitis, but we are pleased to note that she has made satisfactory progress since her operation, and has been able to return home.

Oyen Methodists have suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. C. M. Coote, who has been filling the offices of Sunday-school superintendent and choir leader for some time, as well as taking an active interest in other phases of the church activities. His godly life leaves its impress upon the church and the community, and his place will be a hard one to fill, as recent pastors at Oyen testify. The remains were taken to Edmonton, the service being held in the Norwood Church, where he and his wife formerly worshipped.

CLARESHOLM and Toronto were linked in sorrow through the death of Warren Hillerud, tenor soloist of Wesley Church, Toronto, who died in the Toronto General Hospital on Tuesday, Dec. 11th, in his twenty-fifth year. The son of the Rev. M. Hillerud, a Norwegian minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he came to Clareholm about nineteen years ago, where he spent his boyhood days, winning the esteem and confidence of the community in a marked degree. The passing of the young life of such great promise at the beginning of what promised to be a brilliant career, brought a deep shadow of gloom to the whole community. Clareholm regarded it as a great community sorrow, and expressed their deep sympathy with the bereaved family. The funeral service was held in the Clareholm Methodist Church, on Sunday, December 15, and conducted by the pastor, Rev. Geo. G. Webber, and left a deep impress upon the large congregation that assembled.

G. G. W.

FRESH CROP OF HOWLERS

Manna was Moses' sister.

Rabies are Jewish priests.

Medusa was one of the Grogans.

An expert is a man who knows nothing else.

Indian summer is mighty near all that's left of the Indians.

The zodiac is the zoo of the sky where lions, goats and other animals go when they die.

There are two genders, masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate, the feminine into frigid and torrid.—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Readers' Forum

The Failure of Individual Interest

Another Reply to Mr. Parsons

To the Editor of Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—During the last few years large employing concerns throughout Canada and the United States have adopted many ways and means of bettering the social and material conditions of their employees. Safety appliances, facilities for education and recreation, sanitary conveniences, health supervision, etc., have all featured in their efforts, and are, of course, worthy of commendation. Marked improvements have been made, too, in the settlement of industrial disputes by means of committees and conferences, which to a large extent have done away with the enmity and mistrust which formerly were present. Mr. Parsons, in your issue of Nov. 7th, outlined one of these schemes which apparently was working satisfactorily in a certain unit of industry with which he was familiar. His contribution, so far, is interesting, though not unique or original. I believe such schemes have been in use in certain large concerns for many years. But we have no quarrel with him for stating this scheme, nor with you, Mr. Editor, for devoting a page of your valued paper to this somewhat inconsequential article. With the issue of Jan. 2nd, however, we find a letter from Mr. Parsons, which suggests ideas strange to be found in a Christian journal.

We find a quotation from the "words of a celebrated French writer," to the effect that "individual interest is the indispensable incentive to labor and economy," words which sound very foreign to our ears. Mr. Parsons accepts them; they have his approval. We are to suppose, then, the reason the heads of the unit of industry, of which Mr. Parsons speaks, introduced this scheme of bringing about industrial harmony, was to advance their own individual interest, reducing labor turn-over, getting more work for the same wage, etc. We thank him for such a clear exposition of their motives; organized labor has often suspected that such was the motive underlying all these acts of "benevolent paternalism," but seldom has it heard a member of the employing class so clearly enunciate it.

However, our quarrel is not with Mr. Parsons, but with the celebrated French writer. Possibly, he has never heard of a Teacher who lived 2,000 years ago, and taught that self-sacrifice, and not self-interest was the only indispensable incentive to life. Possibly, he was not acquainted with the recent studies which have shown clearly beyond all disputation, that mutual aid has been just as great an incentive to labor and economy as self-interest. Possibly, he has not read the biographies of great men, doctors, teachers, artists and poets, who worked, not for any individual interest, but for the value of creation—the creative experience. We could hardly have expected a French writer, however celebrated, to know of Steinmetz, of the General Electric, who died, leaving \$1,500 life insurance policy and a ten-year old automobile, but we should have expected him to know of thousands of French peasants who died and endured privation for France in the recent war.

This quotation is an attack on the fundamentals of Christianity. If it be true, Jesus was a misguided idealist, if not a wilful deceiver. If it be true, the millions who have entered

into some beloved community since His Day, and who have toiled and sacrificed and died, happy to die or endure hardship "if only from their death and endurance "life that should richer, fuller be," might spring forth for that community, were fools. But it is not true. Individual interest has never been the indispensable incentive to anything but greed and vice and corruption. From the time of the primitive man, who lost his own life in the service of the tribe, to the present, individual interest has not been the great motive of life. It was only when the economic and social life of the past two centuries stimulated the latent individualism in each one by the promise of undue rewards, that individualism, as we have it to-day, came into being. And it has made a sorry wreck of the world, too.

The sanest economic thinkers of to-day are facing this stupendous fact that there is no incentive to work. Employers are crying, "Men won't take an interest in their work—if we could only get men who would take a pride in their work as in the good old days." The very realm in which individual interest was supposed to be so indispensable has witnessed its insufficiency. A new incentive is needed. Men will work for individual interest, as a galley slave will row, because he is forced to do so, but it will be slave work, and Mr. Parsons cannot expect anything else. But the creative work—the pride of mankind in his work, the joy of the working—these things cannot be bought by any bargain-counter individual interest.

Thus I believe our General Conference suggested the transference of our economic life from the basis of profits and competition to a basis of service. Mr. Parsons declares that to be a revolutionary statement. There is no doubt that he is correct; it is a revolutionary statement. But the world to-day needs something more than a namby-pamby, sugar-coated pill. And the Gospels tell us of one who continually was making revolutionary statements, as well.

How shall the transference be made? It won't come in a day or a year. Nationalization of industry seems to be incompatible with the rugged North American individualism and tendency to graft; co-operative buying and selling does not seem to be favored; the communistic system, of which Mr. Parsons speaks, which involves "an open, legalized community of women," according to his interpretation, would not do. What is left?

No one can tell. Economic changes come as a rule by the trial-by-error method; experiments are made—and fail—to be succeeded by experiments which fail in their turn, till some day an experiment succeeds. But the inventive genius of employers working in groups can surely devise methods of giving expression to new principles, once they are convinced of the necessity of giving that expression. They have never been found wanting yet. But alongside of these experiments must go a steadily-developing "social like-mindedness," stimulated by school, church, lodge, club, which will break down barriers, till men realize they are in very truth members of one another and of a group.

Mr. Parsons' contribution is interesting, but inconsequential. I have in my files twenty-six pamphlets describing similar schemes. But the celebrated French writer is talking through his hat.

Yours truly,
Welland, Ont. H. G. FORSTER.

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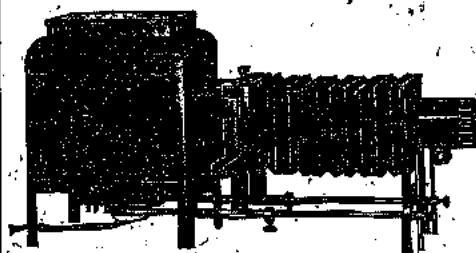
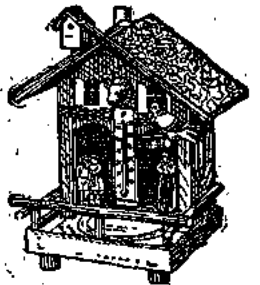
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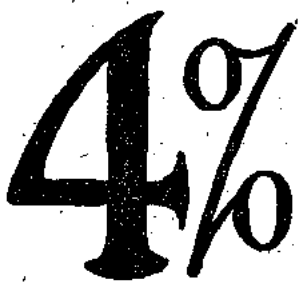
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Lovingly,
Peggy

Youth and Service

Young People's League

Senior Topic for February 10

Methodism in Canada before the Missionary Society was Organized

DURING the half century preceding the organization of the Missionary Society in 1824, Methodism was introduced into Canada by godly men and women from Great Britain and the United States. These Methodist were pioneers, not only in nation building, but also in establishing higher ideals of life by example and through personal work among the settlers, who with themselves were founding homes in the great, new land. When in 1763 Canada became British the population was about 60,000, located chiefly in the neighborhood of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. The city of Quebec had a population of about 7,000 and Montreal, 9,000. West of the Ottawa River, scattered in small settlements along the St. Lawrence and the Niagara frontier, were about 10,000 settlers. Farther west were trading posts for the fur trade with the Indians.

The early settlers represented many classes—merchants and city workers, farmers and mechanics, university graduates, soldiers from disbanded regiments, retired officers from army and navy, and men and women who dared all in the great adventure of coming to the new land to ensure for their children a heritage of opportunity. In these early days schools and schoolmasters were scarce. Protestantism in Canada was represented by two Anglican and two Presbyterian ministers, while as late as 1804 there were but three or four Presbyterian ministers and possibly the same number of Anglican clergymen. Canada was one great mission field, with people in danger of utterly disregarding the development of their spiritual life.

In Newfoundland

WHILE Newfoundland has not become part of the Dominion of Canada, it is included in Canadian Methodism and can claim for it the first Methodist volunteer preacher, Lawrence Coughlan, an Irishman who reached the rugged shores of His Majesty's oldest colony in 1765 and began work among the people, whose moral and religious condition, it is said, was deplorable. After three years of hard, faithful work, without any visible results, Coughlan was so discouraged that he decided to return to Ireland. At the time of his deepest despair over the work, he states, "The settlements around Conception Bay were swept by a mighty revival. Many cried, 'What must I do to be saved?' Some who came to scoff remained to pray. Hours that had been wasted in Sabbath-breaking, drinking, gambling and vice were now spent in praise, prayer, and reading of the Scriptures." Changed lives resulted in changed homes, and better communities, and Methodism continued to be a living force.

In the Maritime Provinces

IN 1772 the first party of Yorkshire immigrants reached Nova Scotia, and other parties followed during the two succeeding years. Among these hardy, loyal Britishers were Methodists of the enthusiastic Yorkshire type, who, in the new land, found conditions for worship very discouraging. There was only one minister, roads were bad, the country was in an unsettled state, and there was religious

division among the people. So they held meetings for prayer, and exhorted the people to turn to God. Among those who accepted the earnest appeals of the Methodist volunteer workers was William Black, a young man nineteen years old. When Black was twenty-one, he answered God's call to life service and began work with no Church or Society behind him to guarantee his support. In utter dependence upon God, he began itinerating throughout the territory which now constitutes Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. In 1782 he wrote to John Wesley asking him to send a missionary. Wesley's reply was disappointing. No worker was sent, and Black struggled on alone. The following year thousands of Britishers came from the revolted American colonies to settle in the Maritime Provinces. Black could wait no longer. He went to the Conference in Baltimore, Maryland, and his appeal for ordained missionaries resulted in Freeborn Garrettson and James Oliver Cromwell volunteering to join Black in his great field. In 1786 the first Conference in the Maritime Provinces was held, and six unordained preachers were stationed.

In 1788 Wesley appointed James Wray, an English preacher, to superintend the work in the Maritime Provinces. Black and two other Nova Scotia preachers attended the Conference at Philadelphia and asked to be ordained. This was readily granted and the men returned to their work with recognized official standing. Later Black became Superintendent of Missions in the great field where he began work. The volunteer service of young men established Methodism in the provinces by the sea.

In Quebec

IN 1780 there were only two Protestant ministers in what is now the Province of Quebec. One of these was stationed in the city of Quebec and the other in Montreal. The French had their priests, but the religious needs of the Protestants were almost unprovided for. Tuffy, a commissary of the 44th regiment, then stationed at Quebec, was a Methodist local preacher, and, seeing the need for religious services among both soldiers and Protestant immigrants, for three years he preached whenever and wherever he could find opportunity. His regiment was disbanded in 1788 and he returned home. His volunteer service prepared the way for workers who came later. For some years the people scattered throughout the settlements were left to "carry on" as best they could. They did not forget the preaching of the good soldier, so that when the first missionary arrived in 1799 he found many prepared to welcome him.

On the Niagara Frontier

MAJOR GEORGE NEAL, a British cavalry officer, whose regiment had served in the Revolutionary War, came to Canada in 1786, and took possession of an officer's grant of land at Queenston. Neal was a warm-hearted Irishman and a whole-hearted Christian. He pledged himself to work for his Master and he soon found work to do in his own neighborhood. He preached against the sinful conditions which prevailed. This stirred up opposition, and he was often stoned by the rabble, but Neal was a soldier, and never gave up the battle against sin. His work resulted in the conversion

of many of the settlers scattered over a wide district. In 1795 the first ordained preacher, Darius Dunham, was appointed to the field Neal had prepared.

The Bay of Quinte District

PAUL and Barbara Heck, through whose efforts the first Methodist Society in America was organized in New York, with a number of other Methodist families came from New York and settled near the town of Prescott in 1778. They at once formed a class meeting and established Methodism in their new home in the Canadian wilderness. A visitor to the district, William Losee, of the New York Conference, preached here and there as he travelled west toward Adolphustown where his friends lived. The people were so glad to have a preacher that they drew up a petition asking the New York Conference to appoint a missionary. Losee went to the Conference, presented the petition, and then volunteered to go as the missionary to Canada.

Permission being given he left with instructions to "form a circuit," without promise of salary or support. He travelled for weeks through the wilderness of western New York "through a country almost without roads and nearly without inhabitants," crossed the frontier at Kingston and reached Adolphustown in February, 1791. At the New York Conference of 1792, he reported a membership of 165, and pleaded so earnestly for an ordained minister that Darius Dunham was appointed. These two pioneers, as they travelled together from the New York Conference, planned the work for the great territory of their mission field. Among other plans they decided to hold a quarterly meeting. Upon reaching their field the meeting was announced, and the news that it was to be held reached even the remotest settlers. On Sunday, September 15th, 1792, this historic and first quarterly meeting in Canada was held in Mr. Parrott's barn in the township of Ernestown. For the first time the Lord's Supper was observed, and the people rejoiced in the privilege of the fellowship of the sacrament.

A Great Mission Field

FROM Newfoundland, to Upper Canada was one great mission field. If space permitted, it would be interesting to follow the development of the circuits, the founding of churches, the struggles for civil and religious liberty, the adjustment of the work after the war of 1812 with the United States, and the part Methodism took in the earliest pioneer days in laying the foundation of our great Dominion.

The First Conference and the Missionary Society

IN 1824 the first Conference of the Canadian Methodist preachers met in the village of Hallowell, August the 25th, 1824. Thirty preachers composed the entire Conference. It was at this Conference that the Missionary Society was organized and the first report of the Society was received at the Conference in 1825.

Volunteer Workers Among the Indians

THE organization of the Missionary Society grew out of the efforts of Edmund Stoney, a young shoemaker and a Methodist local preacher at Brantford, who worked among the Indians of the Six Nations, who had come to Canada after the Revolution-

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ary War. He held services in the house of Chief Davis, read the Scriptures in the Mohawk tongue and taught some of the Indian young men to read. Stoney worked with good success, and a few Indians became Christians. A little later, another volunteer worker, Seth Crawford, came to the district. The first great awakening among the Indians followed the preaching of the two young men. Among the converts was Peter Jones, who became the first missionary of our Missionary Society. The Rev. Alvin Torry, who was the minister to the white people of the district, formed a class of the Indian converts which was held in the house of Chief Davis. Elder Case, whom we call "the father of Indian Missions," had much to do with the oversight and development of the work. This year we celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Society, which all through the years has depended upon the spirit of volunteer service for the carrying on of the wonderful work God entrusted to Canadian Methodism.

The Call To-day
TO-DAY the call is urgent for consecration of money to carry on the work. Volunteers are waiting to be sent. The work is waiting to be done. Pioneering in Canada is still a great work of the Church. What shall we as young people contribute toward making the carrying on and extension of our work possible?
 A. D. STEPHENSON.

For further help read "The Methodist Church and Missions in Canada and Newfoundland," by A. Sutherland; paper, 40c.; cloth, 60c. Order from F. C. Stephenson, Mission Rooms, Toronto.

Junior Topic
How People in Canada went to Church a Hundred Years Ago

A HUNDRED years ago there were very few churches in Canada. Many meetings were held in farmhouse kitchens during the cold weather, and in the summer out of doors or in nice, clean barns. To-day in new districts church is often held in the homes of the settlers, just as it was when our great grandmother one hundred years ago made everything ready for the meeting at her house.

The Camp Meetings in summer were great out-of-doors churches. Mothers and fathers and children all attended. These meetings in the beautiful woods lasted for days. Ministers preached what we would think very long sermons, but the people were glad to listen, for not many of them were able to hear a minister every Sunday. Men and women were asked to give their hearts to God and many did. Some of these, who made up their minds at Camp Meeting to live better lives, when they went home began to work for God by trying to get their friends to give their hearts to God.

There was a great going-to-church time once in three months, when what was called "Quarterly Sunday or Quarterly Meeting" was held. Sometimes a special building was put up for this special time, as the little church could not hold all who came from far and near. Usually the friends began to arrive about Thursday; Friday and Saturday services were held. The people living where the meeting was held entertained those from a distance so that there were many happy reunions of friends and relatives. Babies and older people were baptized and on Sunday the Lord's Supper was observed.

The people who went to the first Methodist Church built in Toronto in 1818 began to think about the girls and boys who went to church, and began a Sunday school. Jesse Ketchum was one of the three officers. He was very fond of books and put in a library so that the girls and boys would have good reading. In those days books were very expensive. This was the first organized Sunday school in Upper Canada. The men who went to church a hundred years ago were the men who thought about the boys and girls who some day would take their places.

A. D. S.
The Late Rev. F. H. Sproule

Rev. Frederick Henry Sproule, B.A., passed away in the Montreal General Hospital on Monday, Jan. 7th, after a short illness. Bro. Sproule, who was born in Kingston, Ont., was a graduate of Victoria University and had held many pastorates in the Montreal Conference, his last change being St. Henry Church, Montreal. He retired from the active ministry in 1918, on account of ill-health, but as a member and church secretary of the Dominion Methodist Church, Westmount, retained a sympathetic interest in the work. He was known to his friends as a man of culture and tolerance, widely read and broad in his sympathies, and he enjoyed a wide circle of friends throughout Ontario as well as in Montreal.

He leaves a widow, Dorothy M. Corrigan, and two sons, Frederic A. Sproule, civil engineer, of Ottawa, and Hubert D. Sproule, Montreal; also one brother, James, and a sister, Elizabeth, of Westbrook, Ontario. The funeral service was held on Tuesday afternoon at 5 p.m., in charge of Rev. S. E. Marshall, of Dominion Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Robert Smith, chairman of the Montreal District, Principal Smyth, of Wesleyan College, and Canon A. P. Shatford.

A large number of the officials of the Dominion Church, and ministers of the city were present, as well as representatives of other organizations, showing the high esteem in which the deceased was held in this city. The remains were conveyed to Kingston, Ontario, for burial in the family plot, Catarqui Cemetery.

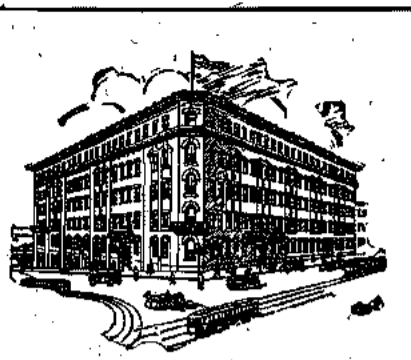
An Incorrect Statement

To the Editor of Christian Guardian:
 Dear Sir,—A sentence in *The Globe* of Friday, Jan. 11th, referring to a statement of mine made before the General Board of Religious Education is incorrect, and conveys an entirely erroneous impression. It is: "Yet ministers were the only ones speaking doubtfully of undertaking such an advance among young people." This is, of course, quite incorrect, both as to my statement before the Board, and to the fact. The original statement was, "In more than one instance, the only negative voice in the discussion of this programme was that of the minister."

Needless to say, I appreciate how unfair to the hundreds of effective and faithful leaders of young people among our ministers such a statement would have been.

Yours sincerely,
 M. DOYLE, Assistant Sec.

"And how is your little baby sister, Ronald?" asked the vicar, who was making a call.
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 —Brisbane Mail.



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The Book Steward's Corner

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The Incarnate Glory

A Review of Dr. Manson's Book by Rev. G. R. Turk, President of the Toronto Conference

THE late Principal Sparling's definition of a good sermon was "A sermon that does good." According to this wisdom Professor Manson's book bears the guinea stamp. This book has done me good. I have taken deep breaths out of this spiritual gospel. I have entered into the holy place, and have seen there One greater than the temple. I have stocked up my sermon provender with the corn of Canaan, and will not for a long time need to go down into Egypt to buy a little food. I do not pose as a guide to readers, but as only a friendly sign-post pointing the way. While not avoiding critical problems, Professor Manson has opened up a clear path for the traveller to behold the transcendent religious importance of the Fourth Gospel, as "the presentation of a new discovery and experience of the living God. Touching the authorship of this Gospel, the writer, after showing his familiarity with the critical pros and cons, faces us with the satisfying conclusion that whether the author was the son of Zebedee, John the presbyter, or some other disciple named John, he must have received the data from "the disciple whom Jesus loved," who was an eye witness of His majesty. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." As a framework for this stupendous historic fact the author says, "When a Greek thought of the Supreme Being as entering into intelligible relations with the world, it was primarily through the medium of the Idea or Reason. But when a Jew thought of God drawing near to him, it was primarily in the form of Personality or Action. This difference divides the entire histories of the two peoples. The leaders of the one race are philosophers and idealists; those of the other are prophets and reformers. Jews ask for signs, and Greeks seek for wisdom. It accords with this, that among the Jews religion never becomes a speculative thing, but remains rooted and grounded in history . . . and that when they think of God's future action in bringing in His Kingdom, the expectation centres around the appearance of an elect personality—greater than Moses or David—who shall be the sign of God's presence, and the instrument of His purpose." It is refreshing to know that while later on Jewish and Greek minds gravitated together, touching the incarnation of the Logos, John did not necessarily come under the influence of Greek ideas, but travelled along a line entirely native to Palestinian Christianity." All those claims which the Greeks have made for philosophy are here transferred to the Christ, in whom the true Word or Wisdom of God has been revealed in the flesh.

DEALING with the purpose of incarnation, Professor Manson puts, to the fore John the Baptizer, who seeing Jesus coming to him for baptism, soliloquizes: "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the world's sin." The author of this Gospel reads into the title "Lamb of God" all that the Church and he himself meant. The key to the conception is not found in Psalm 23, as some aver, but in the Paschal Lamb of Exodus, or the martyred Servant of Jehovah of Isaiah 53. "Long before the Fourth Gospel was written, Jesus, at the institution of the Supper, had spoken words which made the Supper the inauguration of the final and forever determinative stage in His ministry, and prescribed for all time; the interpretation of His death. His body

and blood were then presented as a sacrificial means by which the reconciliation of men with God, for which He had labored and suffered, would be effected. This was the aspect of Jesus' work which most indelibly wrought itself into the souls of His followers, and it explains why after the resurrection, as Professor Bacon says, "not only Paul, but those before him who had come to the vision of the glorified Redeemer, refused to go back to the mere gospel of Galilee, taking instead the new and larger Gospel of atonement in the blood of the Crucified." The conviction that Christ died as the Bearer of sins not His own, was also inseparable from any just consideration of the manner of His death."

TOUCHING the New Birth, our author refers to Nicodemus as a traditionalist, "brought up to subject both mind and life to an external system of ordinances." What soul-probing words. "From the Christian point of view, he had never known what it is to live, to be in direct contact with the living Spirit of God, for tradition is the opposite of the Spirit. The whole religious experience of Nicodemus has been second hand. His faith, his thoughts, his prayers even, his holiest aspirations, belong to a system, and are not really his own. He has never had a first-hand experience of the power of God, therefore, he has never had a first-rate experience of any kind." This enables us to understand the Master's words to him, and the reason of his surprise. "The first thing he has to learn is that the Kingdom of God does not come to man by external approach; but that a man comes to it by a spiritual birth. This is the only passage of the Fourth Gospel where the Kingdom of God, so familiar to us as the theme of Jesus' teaching in the Synoptic Gospels, is mentioned. (And, even here, Jesus' words imply that the Kingdom is not to be looked at apocalyptically, as a thing which belongs to a future age, but inwardly, as . . . a thing which belongs to the eternal present of the soul." The birth by which men enter into the Kingdom of God can come only from above." Strange and staggering as these things are to Nicodemus, "the new birth, and the new life in the spirit, are things verified in Christian experience." Regeneration comes within the range of what we call scientific fact. In Christ, a man becomes a new personality. He enters into a new world of spiritual values, and on a personal religious experience.

THE central conception of the Fourth Gospel is the Cross, as that which assures eternal life to the believer in Christ. It has the same place in the new economy of salvation, as the serpent lifted up by Moses had in the wilderness. "As Moses lifted up the serpent . . . the Son of man must be lifted up." This "lifted up," as our writer remarks, is a favorite phrase in the Fourth Gospel, which keeps before the reader the fact that the Cross was Christ's glory, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." "Because in the Cross we have the sovereign effort of the love of God, we have also the sovereign attraction: "God loved the world so much, that he gave his only Son." "There is no statement given why the Cross is necessary, or how it becomes the means of salvation. It contents the evangelist to hold the fact before us against the background of the love of God, and let it do its own work." Well may the author add, that all the theories of the

atonement are as nothing compared with the power of the fact. "We can only dimly in our age imagine what a revolution in religious thinking this theology of the Cross brought with it. That the love of God should speak to man in the language of sacrifice—His own Sacrifice—no one ever dreamed of God's relation to man being like that." Yet out of it, and in harmony with it came experiences, normal experiences, and out of these, Christianity. One cannot but reflect on what a revolution would come in our day if men would experience and more fully restate this Gospel of "The Incarnate Glory," and the Cross. One cannot but note how John and Paul tally in their statements. "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom, but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto those who are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Thus through all the events and acts in the life, death, and the resurrection of the Son of God, Professor Manson leads us. One is constantly reminded that this book is not a critique but an exposition.

I would modestly suggest to all Bible students, if you only buy one book this New Year, buy this. In the same spirit I would ask my preacher brethren to tote up their lists of sermons, and find how many they have preached from the Fourth Gospel. The result with me is disappointing, but I am resolved to improve. Much helpful study there has been in the Synoptic Gospels, along the line of the humanity approach to Christ, His birth, His increase in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and with man, the attesting signs, and parables illustrating the Kingdom. In the Fourth Gospel, "The Incarnate Glory" strides forth like the meridian sun from the cloud rack. Paul said: "I could not see for the glory of the light," still that light brought vision and healing to his spiritual nature. "The Incarnate Glory"—how elusive the words, yet they linger with me like the sunrise among the mountains.

Here's to Professor Manson, that he may write some more, but he will never write a better book than, "The Incarnate Glory." Here he has reached the peak.

The Conferences

MONTREAL

Shawville; Rev. Mahlon I. Robinson, pastor—On Friday evening, December 28th, the Young Men's Bible Class gave the Young Ladies' Bible Class a sumptuous banquet. Some months ago the young men had challenged the young ladies to a contest in Scripture memorization, and the young ladies won, one of their number, Miss Beulah Conley, reciting seven and one-half chapters without a single mistake. At the banquet Miss Conley was presented with a silver cup. Mr. Nellis Hodgins acted as toast-master, and the Sunday-school orchestra furnished music throughout the banquet. The speeches were most creditable and the young people had a very enjoyable time.

Mr. Black's Bible Class

Looking Back Instead of Forward

THE people of Israel had come to the edge of the Promised Land. They were encamped on the south, with a convenient way before them for invading the land. Already they had sent spies into Canaan, and these men had made an extensive investigation of the country and of the possibility of the successful invasion of it. On one thing all the spies agreed, that it was a good land, in fact, they brought back fruits of the land to prove it. The majority, however, reported that the land was too strong for successful conquest by the Israelites. Their report was accepted by the people, a feeling of pessimism and despair seized the multitude, and they turned against Moses, whom they looked upon as having led them into an impossible situation. As mobs in like circumstances have always done, they forgot all that their leader had done for them, and declared their intention of choosing another leader and returning to Egypt. Even the bondage in Egypt, under which they had groaned, looked attractive to them as compared with what they thought lay before them.

In this crisis two men, Joshua and Caleb, stand out. These two had been among the twelve spies, and they presented a minority report. Without minimizing the difficulties at all, they declared themselves quite sure that the Hebrew tribes could conquer Canaan if only they had courage enough to go up in the faith that Jehovah their God would be with them. The old Jewish stories have much to say about the noble part played by Caleb at this critical time. When the spies, so it is related, began to excite the people against Moses, and hissed Joshua, who attempted to act as peacemaker, Caleb rose and said, "This is not the only thing the son of Amran has done for us. He has taken us out of Egypt, he has divided the sea for us, and he has fed us with manna. Now, therefore, if he were to command us to make ladders and scale the heavens, we should obey him. Let us go up at once and take possession." Caleb had the same faith as the old negro preacher, who told his congregation, "If de Lord commands me to jump through a stone wall, I am goin' to jump at it; goin' through belongs to God, jumpin' at it belongs to me."

What the ten spies and the Israelites lacked was courage and faith. It is the great lack with us to-day, so we should not blame the Israelites too hastily. We face the Promised Land of a Better-World Order, yet there are those among us who scorn the League of Nations, and the World Court, or any attempts to outlaw war and to secure a better understanding among the nations. "You cannot change human nature. Men have always fought and always will fight." Thus they speak. With their lack of faith they would hinder and thwart those who would go ahead to lay the foundations of a better world civilization. There is the Land of Better Social Relations ahead. Yet there are those who tell us that we are now in the twentieth century of the Christian era, and still the world's social ills are not healed, and never will be, that the conflicting aims of men can never be adjusted to strict social justice, and so on. Any one who has studied social questions knows the difficulties of adjustment, but it is only

International Sunday School Lesson for February 10—"The Failure at Kadesh." Numbers 13: 17 to 14: 35; Deut. 1: 26-40; Numbers 14: 1-10. Golden Text—"The Lord is with us, fear them not." Numbers 14: 9. Home Readings—Monday, Num. 14: 1-10, The Failure at Kadesh. Tuesday, Num. 13: 17-24, The Spies Sent to Canaan. Wednesday, Num. 13: 25-33, The Report of the Spies. Thursday, Num. 14: 11-19, Moses' Intercession. Friday, Num. 14: 26-35, Results of the Failure. Saturday, Deut. 32: 44-47, Moses' Final Charge. Sunday, Rom. 8: 31-39, "More than conquerors."

men "of little faith" who will look at the difficulties and declare that the Kingdom of God which Jesus came to preach cannot be realized on this earth. Then there are those who talk of the impotence of the Church, and make that their excuse for doing no work at all, those who view with alarm the present struggle of opposite schools of thought in the Church and refuse to see that out of it all must come a greater emphasis upon the essential things of Christ. No! Lack of faith and courage was not a possession peculiar to the Hebrew tribes.

What gave Joshua and Caleb their courage? Was it not faith in God, what He had been and what He would be if His people would only go forward? If we are not entering our Promised Lands to-day, it is because of a practical scepticism that God is willing and able and active to help us achieve the victory of righteousness over evil. I listened recently to a saintly, retired professor of philosophy as he addressed a group of theological students. In the course of his talk



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he referred to the excuse sometimes given him by young men for not entering the Christian ministry, that they could not face the annoyances and difficulties which they must inevitably get into with their congregations if they preached the truth as they saw it. Said the old man quietly, "If you believe in anything hard enough, you will fight for it." There in one brief sentence, is the lesson of the failure at Kadesh.

A New Book

The Rose of Santa Fé. By Edwin Sabin. (Toronto: The Ryerson Press.) \$2.00.

A stirring tale of the old Santa Fé trail, when the Indians were still to be reckoned with, when railways were unknown, and bows and arrows, and muzzle-loading guns were the customary weapons. The author has the proverbial contempt for Mexicans and the greatest respect for Americans, but his heroine is a Spaniard. Love, jealousy, a wonderful gold mine, some savage Indians, and a couple of wonderful Americans, make an interesting mixture and provide plenty of thrills.

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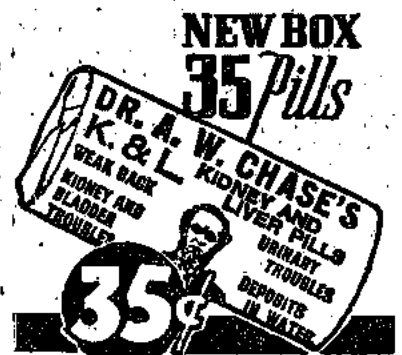
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Labrador Days

(Continued from page 6)

winter is gone. Travel increases and dog teams pass almost daily. The sun, which has described a narrow arc in the south, then climbs higher, and comes noticeably back from its winter retreat, stretching out the short seven-hour winter day appreciably. It is so strong, burning and dazzling that all the dog-team drivers dashing up to one's door are tanned to a ruddy, healthy copper color, and all wear black sun goggles to shield their eyes from the blinding glare of the sun on the snow. They usually overturn their komatiks as a signal to the dogs to wait, and "stop in" for a cup of tea, bringing a whiff of the fresh outdoors with them. A good many letters and a great deal of news gets passed along in this way, though it is not alone for this that winter visitors are welcome. A doctor making a two-hundred-mile journey along the coast arrives one week; a clergyman from an even more remote station may chance along after him, very likely bringing that kind of "dirty weather" referred to locally as "clergyman's storms," a nurse on her way back from a case of sickness is apt to follow; an early fur-buyer, seeking prime skins of marten, otter, mink, white fox and silver fox—of which a surprising number are trapped every year—comes down, and, perhaps, some tiny settlement will have two or three of these bidding in sharp rivalry for the best skins; other visitors are live-yes going up the Bay to get a load of rock cod for dog feed from a village where they are fishing them through the ice, or to make a round of visits to relatives about the Bay. The snow usually melts a little in the sunny March days and freezes again at nights, forming a crust which makes the going lighter, and makes it possible to discard raquets very often except in the deep woods, but it also cuts the feet of the dogs till they bleed and sometimes have to be provided with moccasins.

LABRADOR weather is uncertain and contrary. A terrific gale may abate, to be followed immediately by a "mild" of almost soft weather; it may freeze to-day and shower down huge, melting snowflakes to-morrow; or it may blow up a blizzard that will last for days, and block all trails. One never knows. Yet with April the snow begins to assume a dirty, melting appearance, and for a week or two is filled with tiny, black bugs like sand fleas, which make a handful of it an interesting study; and, perhaps, it rains a day or two now and then. May is divided between rains and strong spring sunshine. Ice shows through the snow of the Bay in bluish patches, to be later shot over with ponds; boulders show darkly through on the hillsides; the trees stand out in faded bronze-green, free from the snow capping their branches for months; the drifts shrink and become soft and honeycombed; the cracks in the ice grow daily wider, and the foaming torrents of half a hundred tossing, turbulent brooks pour their yellow waters over the ice of the Bay. As the last of the month draws near they continue to run with a gurgling energy that wears through ice and snow and threatens to break the main ice free from that along the shore. There is then a last round of going, but it must be around the landwash, for the ice stands ready to go out. Long after it is cut up into swinging pans, forming vast floes, people come and go among the "bally catters" along the landwash where it still holds fast, but at last even this fails, so that there is no more going, unless it be by foot over-

land, until the season of open boats. The last komatik mail arrives just previous to this, and, perhaps, an airplane comes down from St. John's to startle the monotonous quiet of the shut-in days. The men rush about the spring work, taking in the last of their furs; caulking, painting, overhauling old boats, and building new ones; mending the trout nets ready for setting; hauling down the last of the wood and getting the salmon gear ready or fishing smelts.

All this time the pan ice is breaking up, swinging in and out with veering winds and changing tides till there is open water in the Bay itself, but shot over with drifting slog coming down from up the rivers and inlets. At last even this goes out to sea. The snow line on the hills recedes every day till only a few patches are left scattered here and there in crevices or ravines and—unfailing sign—the Bay folk begin their preparations for moving out of the winter house to their salmon fishing posts in the Narrows, or the lee of a large island, while talk of the accumulated mail and freight to come down by the first boat sets everybody watching for her smoke against the horizon and keeps them alert to hear her whistle—all tokens that the long months of the snowy winter are gone for another year, and spring has come at last.

Philippi—The Beginning of European Christianity

(Continued from page 13)

practices. There cannot but be conflict between the Church and the supporters of evil when the Church is loyal to her Master.

THIS dramatic deliverance of an oppressed soul provided the occasion for the jailer's conversion. The selfish interests succeeded too well in arousing the prejudices of the mob. Paul and Silas were dragged before the magistrates and beaten and imprisoned. As a Roman citizen Paul had a right to a fair trial, and, even if found guilty, could not lawfully have been punished in this way. But the magistrates were so eager to assert their loyalty in the circumstances, that they paid no attention to the rights of the accused. The two strangers were beaten and thrown into the dungeon and their feet made fast in the stocks.

The Roman Stoic of that day prided himself on his ability to bear adversity with calmness. Christians made no pretensions to stoical indifference, but no suffering could turn them from their purpose, and Christ, in the richness of His love and sympathy, was with them in their suffering for His sake. Hence Paul and Silas, beaten and bleeding and bound, found in the dungeon the joy of the Lord and voiced it in prayer and praise. The jailer could steel himself against ordinary protestations, but the spirit of these men was different. Then, when the power of God shook the prison and released the prisoners, and when Paul, released by his Divine Master's hand, thought first of his jailer's safety, the man was completely broken down, and, falling on his knees before them, asked the way of life. Paul's answer has pointed the way to God for multitudes in every generation, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." The jailer and all his family were led into the Kingdom of God.

THE character of the Philippian Church was largely determined by these wonders of grace. It will be noted, too, that Luke himself joined Paul at Troas, and was with him in Philippi. The "we" sections of the Acts begin here, showing that the au-

thor was an eye-witness (verses 10: 18.) After this section, the third person is again used until Paul returned to Philippi as described in Acts 20: 5. It is clear that Luke remained in Philippi after Paul left. To Paul Luke was "the beloved physician." With him as leader of the Church, and Lydia and the others as its members, it is easy to understand this Church's devotion to Paul and his love and confidence in them. It was only from this Church that he felt free to accept support. (Phil. 4: 15-16.) Their unity with him in the Gospel was so complete that he and they shared each others' burdens and successes. To the very end they stood behind him with their prayers and support, and Philippi was his "own heart's home."

The temper of the members governs largely the spirit of a Church, and its spirit is the source of its power. Luke and Lydia and their companions never dreamed how much they were doing for the cause of Christ by making love and kindness their church's chief quality. Through these commonplace virtues the finest work of Christianity is done.

A Letter from Ireland

(Continued from page 12)

visionaries, or opportunist British statesmen. Parodying a great poet we would say:

"There is neither North nor South,
Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

THE HON. W. F. MASSEY, premier of New Zealand, was born in Ulster, Ireland, and was much feted during his recent visit to his boyhood's scenes. Queen's University of Belfast conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on this great Imperial statesman. Many of the students were made-up as Maoris, and Mr. Massey was good-humoredly "ragged."

Two of our Belfast churches have been celebrating their jubilee; Ormeau Road and Sydenham. There are twenty-five Methodist churches in Belfast, but not a single new one has been erected during the past twenty years.

Another of our ministers has died—Rev. William Addy of Downpatrick, who was in his forty-fifth year in active work. Three of his sons served in the Canadian forces during the war, one of them being killed. Mr. Addy was a vigorous worker, an earnest and effective preacher, and a truly good man.

Sir Wm. Whitla, one of the representatives to the Imperial Parliament for Queen's University of Belfast, has voluntarily made way for another distinguished Professor, Dr. Sinclair. Sir William is a member of the Methodist Church, and a good friend of the Foreign Missionary enterprise. The Laymen's Missionary Movement, in which he has shared, has done much to stimulate the zeal of our people for the world-wide extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

A sign-painter put the final artistries on a masterpiece: "Ladie's and Gent's Restaurant." "Why do you put the apostrophe before the 's'?" "The what?" he questioned courteously. "The little curly-tailed mark after that 'e' and that 't.' The apostrophe." "Posserphie! That's a good one; I'll have to spring it on the gang. Some painters always paint it after the 's,' but I always put it before the 's,' because I think it looks more artistic there."

Births, Marriages, Deaths

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

Death

TERRELL—On December 17th, 1923, at the family residence, 927 Pembroke St., Victoria, B.C., Samuel Terrell, aged 87 years, born in Plymouth, England. He is survived by one daughter, Miss Mary Terrell of Victoria. The remains were forwarded to Guelph, Ontario, for interment in the family plot there.

Marriage

VANDERVOORT-HART—Mrs. Edgerton H. Hart announces the marriage of her daughter, Dorothea Mansell, to Mr. Charles T. Vandervoort, December 14th, 1923, Shanghai, China. Mrs. Vandervoort is a daughter of Dr. Edgerton H. Hart, formerly of Wuhu, China, and a granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. Virgil C. Hart. She is a third generation missionary in China.

Invitations

Rev. Frank M. Wootton, of Brant Avenue Methodist Church, Brantford, has been invited to become the pastor of the Methodist Church, Brockville. Rev. Geo. W. McCall, B.A., B.D., of the Brockville Church, has been invited to the Brant Avenue Church.

Rev. H. B. Parnaby, of Belmont, has received a unanimous invitation to the Mount Brydges circuit for next year.

The Rev. W. J. Johnston, B.D., Montreal West, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become pastor of Centenary Church, Montreal, at the beginning of next Conference.

Japanese Relief Fund

From January 9th to 15th

Merritton, Ont., \$1; New Bay, Nfld., \$6; Victoria W.M.S., (Ashton), Ont., \$3.75; Flinton, Ont., \$30.55; Finch, Ont., \$15.25; Sidney, Ont., \$1; Central, Windsor, Ont., \$16; Millmore, Sask., \$2; Castleton, Ont., \$23; Wesley, Calgary, Alta., \$1; Third Ave., Saskatoon, Sask., \$50.20; Varna, Ont., \$7; Union Church, Dunchurch, Ont., \$2; Mitchell, Ont., \$5; Cape Mudge Indian, B.C., \$1.50; Carnduff, Sask., \$16.25; Morrison St., Niagara Falls, Ont., \$5; Trowbridge, Ont., \$15; C.G.I.T. Class, Elhoro S.S. Alta., 7c; Cape Wolfe & O'Leary, N.E., \$46.85; Coaldale, Alta., \$10; Centenary Hamilton, Ont., \$21; Dundas, Ont., \$137.75; Skidegate Indian, B.C., \$10; Macklin, Sask., \$12.40; J. W. Hamilton, Unity, Sask., \$2; Fenelon Falls, Ont., \$145.75. Total receipts to date, \$97,808.54.

Methodist National Campaign Report to December 31st, 1923

COLLECTIONS.

Conference	Subs.	Collected	%
Toronto	\$1,326,558	\$1,194,413.80	90.1
London	577,187	523,120.44	90.7
Hamilton	642,277	585,077.50	91.1
E. of Q.	392,775	361,746.92	92.3
Montreal	601,010	532,601.98	88.6
N. S.	192,607	165,075.25	86.0
N.B. & P.E.I.	172,519	161,214.19	93.7
Nfld.	40,050	29,189.53	72.8
Man.	345,814	219,175.54	63.5
Sask.	300,991	178,753.23	59.5
Alberta	102,600	72,453.48	71.0
B. C.	142,235	117,812.74	82.3
	\$4,897,513	\$4,140,634.59	85.6

DISBURSEMENTS

Special Objectives	
Missionary Society	\$1,477,000.00
Superannuation Fund	1,477,000.00
Educational Society	733,500.00
	\$3,687,500.00

Repayments of advances from Departments for expenses of campaign from July 1, 1913, to April 30, 1920	152,567.94
Special Fund for Current Revenues	250,000.00
Current Expenses May 1, 1920, to Dec. 31, 1923	42,357.00
Balance in Bank	3,209.65
	\$4,140,634.59

Methodist Ministers' Wives' Association

The Methodist Ministers' Wives' Association of Toronto, are holding a reception for missionaries home on furlough, at the Methodist National Training School, 135 St. Clair Ave., W., on Thursday, January 31st, at eight o'clock.

Personals

Mrs. Phelps, wife of Rev. L. Phelps, passed away at the parsonage, Markham, after a long and painful illness, on Thursday, January 10th, and the memorial and funeral service was conducted on the 14th, by Rev. C. W. Watch, assisted by Revs. T. W. Pickett, A. Auld, W. Lambert and N. St. John. Her many friends in the Bay of Quinte and Toronto Conferences will unite in sincerest sympathy for the bereaved husband and family.

An Interesting Letter

The following letter, on file in the Mission Rooms, was sent by the then missionary secretaries to the Rev. Dr. George Cochran, who, with Dr. Macdonald, began the mission work of the Church in the Empire of Japan:

"Dear Brother:—The committee to whom was confided the responsibility of making choice of brethren to commence a mission to Japan, have, with great unanimity nominated you to take charge of this important enterprise of the Church.

Personally, we express our gratification that it is our duty to present this request for your acceptance, and trust the Spirit of God may abundantly rest upon you, inclining your heart to this noble work, and baptizing you for this special service to extend the Gospel of the grace of God to the millions who are so destitute of the knowledge of salvation.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,
E. WOOD,
L. TAYLOR."

The Rev. G. Cochran, Toronto.

Wise and Otherwise

"I rather pride myself on one thing," said the young father. "Although I have the brightest, smartest, cutest, best youngster I ever saw, I never brag about him."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Mrs. Brown—When I was a girl we used to have proposing parties. I don't suppose you ever hear of such a thing now.

Miss Bright—Why-er-yes. I had a proposing party call on me only last evening. How do you like my ring?

History Professor: "What is the contribution of the Middle Ages to modern college life?"

Freddie: "Chaperons."—*Purple Parrot.*

"I'd like to try that new dish they're all talking about," began the important-looking patron. "Bring me a double portion of mah-jongg."—*Country Gentleman.*

Caller—So the angels have brought you a new baby sister.

Elsie (disgustedly)—To see the fuss nurse makes over her you'd think she came from Paris.—*Boston Transcript.*

Frank: "When you proposed to her I suppose she said: 'This is so sudden'"

Ernest: "No, she was honest and said: 'The suspense has been terrible.'"—*Medley.*

He: "I would do anything for you."

She: "Would you really?"

He: "Put me to the test."

She: "Very well. Go and make love to that Stubbins girl and then let me cut her out."—*Boston Transcript.*

A guest of a small southern hotel was awakened early one morning by a knock on his door.

"What is it?" he called drowsily, without getting up.

"A telegram, boss," responded a negro's voice.

"Well, can't you shove it under the door without waking me up so early?" the man asked irritably.

"No, suh," the darky answered, "it's on a tray."—*Clipped.*

Missionary Campaign 1924

LAYMEN are coming to leadership again in missionary thought and action, judging by the opening stages of Toronto's effort for 1924. The banquets of the three districts brought to light the new situation. Following wise planning in committees, the public addresses of Mr. W. H. Goodwin of Montreal, and Mr. George A. Warburton, reached new heights. Formation of the laymen's missionary council, which co-ordinates the aims and undertakings of the three districts, was in itself a significant beginning.

At the West District banquet in Parkdale Church there was, in addition to the lay representation of twenty-nine congregations, a striking appeal by Mr. Goodwin for the Christianizing of all life. The speaker brought missions from the borders to the very citadel, making giving to the cause a central feature of Christian life. With unerring courage he made the challenge constitute the appeal of missions to the people.

The personal reminiscences of Mr. John Macdonald and the applied statistics of Mr. G. K. Quarrington, chairman of the laymen's council, at the central district banquet, served to bring all hearers to grips with their problem. Turning to the famous page seventy-four of the missionary report, where Canada's luxuries are totalled, Mr. Quarrington gave as his reckoning that \$917,000 was being so spent by Toronto Methodists annually, if they were buying proportionately with other Canadian Methodists.

Toronto's objective of almost \$234,000 shrank visibly before these facts and principles, and Mr. Warburton's appeal for the search for God's will in personal missionary effort was well received. The people who were really giving to the missionary cause were the missionaries. If the people at home were hard up, could they give this as excuse to the crucified Jesus who stood in their midst?

At the East District banquet Mr. Warburton was again a speaker. Searchingly he pleaded that it was scarcely the will of Christ that we should have all comforts—homes, books, art, music, amusements, expensive food and clothing and not give more than hitherto to the progress of the Gospel in the world. Money could be so sought as to frighten the asker and so given as to be a drudgery, but it could also bring a great spiritual blessing.

So pertinent to the financial needs and possibilities of the situation were these appeals that Rev. C. E. Manning, D.D., and Rev. A. Lloyd Smith, M.A., B.D., could devote their speeches to a report of the actual forces moving at home and abroad as affecting missionary activity. With ringing confidence they gave utterance to their conviction that the Church of Jesus Christ had the message, the men and the money to bring the world to their Lord.

Mayor W. W. Hiltz and Dr. W. Addison submitted a resolution, urging that a special effort be made to reach the financial total for the city. Discharging their responsibility with enthusiasm and earnestness, the chair-

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ALBERT E. GREENLAW, colored soloist, evangelistic and concert singer. References gladly furnished. Write for particulars. Box 248, Christian Guardian.

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EVANGELIST HERBERT C. BROWN, is booking engagements for the New Year. Apply Dr. T. A. Moore, Wesley Bldg., Toronto, or Box 23, Newboro, Ont.

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men of the districts and their missionary secretaries were an evidence to the missionary committees of the churches that the ministry were heart and soul with their laymen in making an unexampled effort on behalf of the work now being maintained under the Methodist Missionary Society.

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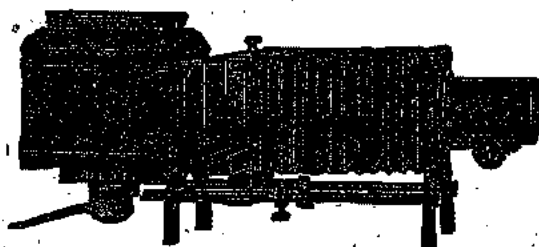
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Toronto, Ontario

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Read the advertisements. It pays.

The General Board of Religious Education

"The Church Needs Us and Our Message Right Now"

ADDRESSING the General Board of Religious Education at its annual meeting on January 10, the general secretary, Rev. Frank Langford, B.A., said:

"Perhaps the one thing that constitutes the greatest need in our Church to-day is that we should get a clearer apprehension of the Gospel we are teaching and a surer conviction that it will solve all the problems of even this complex modern world. Men and women throughout the Church are puzzled and hesitant, when they should be sure and confident. No-where else is there such an opportunity as with our boys and girls, our young men and women. They, at least, will respond to confident leadership in the things of God, and our officers and leaders in the department of religious education can swing the whole Church forward if we understand the victorious note in the life of Jesus, and use it as a challenge. The Church needs us and our message right now. Let us not fail her."

The decisions of the board can best be viewed in the light of this confident and moving message. The board initiated strong advances along several important lines. It reduced its estimates, but refused to pare away the possibility of effectively carrying out its programme. Following the heartening appeals voiced by the General Superintendent and Rev. J. T. Stephens, who represented the undaunted faith of the West, the board will continue measures to publish abroad among the congregations the vital character of the work under its direction.

Week-day religious education and adult class work will be further developed during the year, in accordance with plans formulated and approved. The decisions can be summarized briefly. Every province will be represented on a standing committee on week-day religious education which is to be appointed. The committee is to provide a clearing house for experiences, methods and proposals. It was decided also to put before the Church the results actually achieved along this line by ministers and others. The board also reaffirmed its faith in the basic principles of this enterprise as adopted by the Religious Education Council of Canada. It was the report of Rev. Manson Doyle, assistant secretary, that along this line lay the great modern opportunity of the Church. He stressed the point that in most provinces the school laws and regulations would permit of far more being done if public opinion were keen about having it done.

Owing to the financial outlook, the board regretfully turned from efforts to obtain expert direction for work among the smaller children. Realizing the splendid actualities and possibilities of the programmes now operative among teen age boys and girls, the board took up the improvement of programme for adult classes. During the year the secretaries are to outline a series of practical alternative studies for such groups, with a view to providing opportunities for service. It may be that the adult classes will be challenged with the task of fostering home religion. It was thought that home departments had long needed more organized support than a few faithful individuals could fairly be asked to give. It was also realized that a sound basis for asking young people to graduate into adult classes would be the holding before them of

an opportunity for service. This year the Sunday schools are asked by the board to see that every eligible pupil is given opportunity to graduate into an active adult class with a programme of study and service.

Steps were also taken in the direction of providing summer school facilities in all parts of the country. A summer school committee was authorized and the granting of certificates on completion of standard courses will be considered. Interrelation of camps and schools will also be worked out in consultation with other responsible groups.

A strong beginning in the adaptation of temperance instruction to changing requirements was also made. Alberta's pledge signing campaign among Sunday school scholars was endorsed and it was resolved that Sunday schools everywhere should form temperance committees and have a temperance programme monthly.

At the moment of meeting the board's receipts were excellent in total and expenses were being kept below last year's figures, but to guard against any unhappy possibilities the budget was cut to \$33,850, or a figure \$1,700 below the total for the previous year. It was felt that the confidence of the Church in the board's operations was steadily increasing and must not be treated lightly.

R. P. S.

Is This the Last Word?

To the Editor of Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—A unique appeal for the support of the Educational Society has just been made by the Chancellor and Bursar of Victoria College.

This appeal states that for every dollar paid in fees, somebody else paid nine dollars to enable the college to carry on. Also that this nine dollars came through annual educational society collections in the churches, endowments and gifts of liberal patrons.

With over fifty per cent. of her enrolment young women, and less than twenty-five per cent. of her students in training for missionary or pastoral work, it seems an opportune time to review our whole policy affecting secondary and higher education.

The nine dollar proportion of cost referred to above, means an expenditure of not less than \$75,000 per year on students who are not being fitted primarily for pastoral duties. Since the state is prepared to assume this responsibility, why should we pay as a fetish-tribute so large a levy to maintain a system for whose maintenance the need no longer exists?

Yours faithfully,
A. E. BAKER.

A red-headed Irish boy once applied for a position in a messenger office. The manager, after hiring him, sent him on an errand in one of the most fashionable districts. Half an hour later the manager was called to the phone and the following conversation took place:

"Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes."
"Well, this is the janitor at the Oakland Apartments, where your boy came to deliver a message. He insisted on coming in the front way and was so persistent that I was forced to draw a gun."

"Horrors! You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No, but I want my gun back."
—Chipped.