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The Christian Guardian

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Established 1829

TORONTO FEBRUARY 11th 1920

Speaking the Fit Word

WE all have our failings and limitations, even the best of us. In fact, that is where the best of us do not differ so very much from the worst of us. When any man comes to me and starts in to tell me about my shortcomings, and about the things I cannot do or be, I feel like breaking in and reminding him at once that I am quite as well informed on that subject as he is. There are a great many things that I cannot do that are worth doing—that is true. But there are some things I can do and do pretty well. I'm strong on some things, and I would a great deal rather that any man would come to me and, forgetting for the time being the things I cannot do, would say to me, "Come, man, there are one or two things you can do better than any man I know of; you ought to do plenty of them." It is all right to know about my failings and weaknesses, but to find out what my strong points are will probably do me much more good. To get my peculiar gifts and adaptations into effective work will be far better than sighing over my limitations. I cannot sing a solo or paint a picture. But, maybe I can paint a house better than any other man in town, or make a piano that the great singer will write a letter about.

If you cannot give me the fit word that will help to get me at the things I can do, please do not preach too long a sermon at me about things I cannot.

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The Christian Guardian

(Established 1829)

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY

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Notice to Advertisers—Thursday afternoon is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the ensuing number. Letters regarding advertising should always be addressed to the Advertising Department—not to the Editor.

Classified Want Department—We desire to make this Department of The Christian Guardian a means by which at small cost our readers may communicate with each other and with the business interests of the Dominion. Our charges are only Two cents a word, and we give four insertions for the price of three. (The full directions given on the last page but one of each issue should be noted.)

Display Advertising rates will be gladly given on inquiry.

Advertising Guarantee—The readers of The Christian Guardian are fully protected when buying from any of our advertisers. We know that every advertiser in our paper is reliable and that our readers will be dealt with fairly and honorably. Should any of our readers have cause for complaint we will undertake to have a satisfactory adjustment made or the money refunded. This Guarantee is good only when our readers tell the advertisers when dealing with them that their advertisement was seen in The Guardian.



Items from the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN, Feb. 13th, 1830:

From the Editorial.—We understand that a petition from certain inhabitants of Belleville has been recently presented to the House of Assembly, praying that honorable body to take into consideration the evils occasioned in the province by *intemperance*, and to devise more effectual means for the suppression of that destructive vice. This, we believe, is the first petition of the kind ever introduced to our Provincial Parliament. We have heard that a petition from one or two townships was sent some one or two years since to the Lieutenant-Governor, praying His Excellency not to appoint any more drunken magistrates among them; but we have never heard of the Legislature being appealed to before on this subject.

To Our Subscribers and the Public.—This number of the GUARDIAN completes the first quarter. We commenced our labors under many disadvantages, from some of which we are not altogether relieved yet. When we issued our first number we had between three and four hundred subscribers; that number has increased to between 1,000 and 1,500, and our subscription list is daily increasing. This is a circulation, we believe, unequalled in British North America. A mushroom opposition has, to be sure, been roused against us; but this, by the fiery, malevolent spirit which it breathed, has already doomed itself to an almost silent confusion and, like an evil spirit, is rapidly falling into the pit of disappointment and shame, which it had wantonly dug for others.

We should be glad, in general, to confine our observations to subjects more immediately connected with practical theology; but from the present circumstances of the colony, and from the circumstances in which we are placed, we are induced to take a more extended view of some public questions. But in doing so we trust that we are only rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

In the course of another month we expect that the leading matter of our paper will be original, and that we shall be able to communicate that matter to the public on an improved quality of paper.

One of recent subscriptions sent to Mr. D. Adair, Westmount, for the Canadian Gideons' Bible Fund was a cheque for \$500 from the C.P.R. The sentiments expressed by high officials of the company regarding this work was delightfully refreshing.

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¶ Well folks, the Rambler has at last seen a "proof" copy of the beautiful cover for our forthcoming record-breaking Easter number. Great plans are now being made for this beautiful issue, and it speaks volumes for the energy and ambition of the Book Steward, that such issues as this and the recent Christmas number are being made possible for our readers.

¶ Mrs. Cæsar, of Toronto, is a recent accession to the GUARDIAN subscription list. Her father, as a boy of ten, distributed in the village of York the first copies of the GUARDIAN.

¶ The Rambler is greatly indebted to Dr. Lowry, one of the GUARDIAN's enthusiastic supporters, for a peep at a genuine Murillo. This wonderfully preserved painting of the Holy Family, recently brought from France by a returning officer, is destined to create much stir in American art circles. The doctor took his "find" to New York, for appraisal purposes, last week.

¶ The Rambler has just seen the sixty-third yearly subscription to the GUARDIAN from Mr. John Aikens, of Mitchell, Ont. Mr. Aikens is ninety-one years of age, and writes a letter that is thrilling in its fervor. He speaks in especially glowing terms of Dr. Hineks' historic contribution in last November's birthday number.

¶ A good fairy from Charlottetown (I think it must be a man fairy) has sent along another ten dollars to keep that first one company in the Rambler's subscription purse. One of the GUARDIAN's good friends in Grenfell (the Rambler has seen fine, cheery letters from him before) has also sent in six dollars.

We're not going to feel small any more now when our dear old folks write in stating they have to stop their beloved GUARDIAN. We can just say that the good fairies are looking after them and will see that their paper is continued.

¶ Friend reader, could you tell the Rambler what has happened to him we used to know as the "dude"? May we conclude that the genus is extinct or that mankind has moved "dudwards," so to speak, so far that the extremely dressed person no longer creates the comment he once did? What laughs we used to have twenty-five years ago and more at the caricatures of the so-called "dude" of the yesterdays in *Life*, *Judge*, and *Puck*, didn't we!

Continued on page 38.)

"Watch Your Salary Grow"

**Astonishing Income-Increase Demonstration—
Success of New Campaign for Personal
Prosperity—Enthusiastic Reports
from All Over the Country**

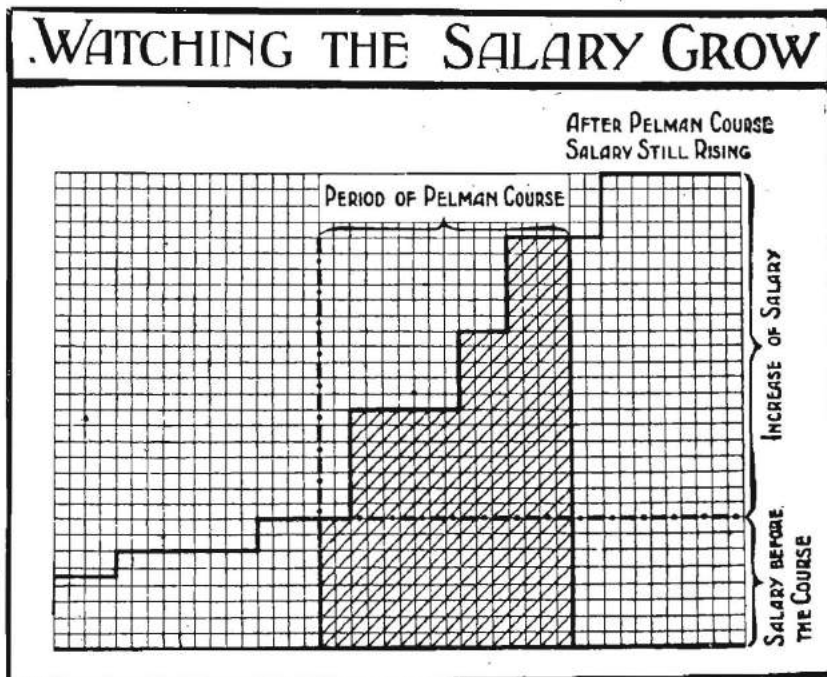
"WATCH your salary grow" is the rallying cry of the great campaign for personal prosperity which has just been inaugurated.

Every man and woman in the land is feeling the need for greater earning power, and it is the object of this campaign to meet that need and enable everyone to raise his or her income to the desired standard.

100 per cent., 200 per cent. and—in some cases—300 per cent. and even greater increases of income are reported by those who have already adopted the means explained below, a means which is open to every Canadian, and of which the fullest particulars are to-day offered free.

Possibilities are, to-day, enormous. In every business, in every profession, in every trade and occupation, progress is being made at a tremendous rate, and everywhere splendid salaries are being offered to those who show efficiency.

A remarkable instance of the rapid increase in earning power which follows on the adoption of the latest scientific methods is given below, and is illustrated by the following diagram:



The above chart, which has been drawn strictly to scale, shows exactly how Pelmanism accelerated the progress in income-earning power of the writer of the article printed above. It will be seen that in the period before he took the course the writer's progress although regular, was slow, and the increases in salary he received small. Directly he began to follow the course, however, his progress was rapidly speeded up, and within a short period he received three large increases in pay. After completing the course he received another raise, and his salary is now nearly *three times* as large as it was before he began to Pelmanize. Readers who wish to follow the example of this gentleman should write to-day to the Pelman Institute, 742 Temple Building, Toronto, Canada (or call personally, if possible) for full particulars of this famous course. This will be forwarded by return mail to any address without charge or obligation.

This chart has been drawn strictly to scale by a professional man who has scientifically trained his mind by Pelmanism.

His progress, before he took the Course, was slow, and the increases in salary he received were small.

Directly he began to Pelmanize, however, his progress was rapidly accelerated, and within a short period he received three large increases in pay.

This was no "flash in the pan," for, as will be seen from the diagram, after completing the Course he secured another increase so that his income is now nearly *four times* as large as it was before he adopted Pelmanism. Here is what he writes:—"In pre-Pelman days I was just an underling. Long before I had completed the course I was promoted to a position of responsibility and trust at the head of other men. Here I found ample scope for my newly-acquired initiative, and I continued the study of Pelmanism with ever-increasing delight and progress. My salary to-day is nearly three hundred per cent. higher than when I commenced to Pelmanize. I have drawn a chart strictly to scale showing exactly how Pelmanism accelerated my personal progress. The man who designated Pelmanism 'the short cut to success' was assuredly right in his judgment."

This is not an isolated case. Hundreds of similar cases are recorded in the huge mails which arrive several times daily at the Pelman Institute. One man recently made \$5,000 from a single idea which materialized by Pelman methods. These methods are explained in full detail in the literature which every reader can obtain to-day gratis and post free by using the coupon printed below. Mail this coupon to-day to The Pelman Institute, Canadian Branch, Suite 742, Temple Building, Toronto, Canada.

FREE COUPON

Send this Coupon, a Postcard (or call) to-day

To THE PELMAN INSTITUTE,
Canadian Branch, Suite 742, Temple Bldg.
Toronto, Canada

Sirs,—
Kindly send me free full information about the Pelman Course, and particulars as to how I can enroll on special terms.

Mr. (Mrs. or Miss)

Street (or R.R.)

Town or City

All Correspondence is Confidential

Christian Guardian

Established 1829

Dzmoo

PLEASE do not ask us what it means; but there are two kinds of it—Jooyn Dzmoo and Gwanhwa Dzmoo. We confess that we do not know much about either, but Dzmoo is Chinese shorthand and Jooyn and Gwanhwa are the Chinese names of the two varieties of it which are now in use. In the Chinese language we have no attempt at phonetics, but each word is represented by an ideogram, and the student must master 4,000 of these before he can read the New Testament. To get around this difficulty we have the two systems of phonetic shorthand which are now being tested in China, and the New Testament is being printed now in each of these systems. This means that in a comparatively short time a Chinese may learn to read the New Testament in his own language. The system is thus being tested, and the results so far are very satisfactory, and Dzmoo is likely to be heard of in China in the days to come.

Farmers Oppose Government Railways

THE executive heads of six large national farmers' organizations in the United States a few days ago drafted a memorial to Congress protesting against Government ownership of railways. These farmers' organizations are opposed both to Government ownership and Government operation of railways, declaring that the latter is "costly, inefficient and inadvisable." These farmers' organizations also opposed "indiscriminate striking" for trivial causes; and they went on record as opposed to Government price-fixing, insisting that if the Government fix the price of any essential commodity it should fix the price of all. Whether this means the Government should allow the railways and coal-mine operators to fix any prices they choose we do not know; but probably not. But these are strange days, and strange legislation seems at times to be almost a necessity. In Canada we stand committed to Government ownership of railways, and hope to make a success of it.

U.S. Reservations will be Acceptable

ONE of the surprises of the week was the public letter from Viscount Grey, which intimated that he, speaking no doubt with the sanction of the British Government, was prepared to accept the Peace Treaty with the reservations which the United States Senate has insisted upon adding to it. He points out that one of the strong objections of the Senate was to the provision which gave to the British Dominions the right to vote in the Assembly of the League of Nations. The contention of the Senate was that this gave Britain six votes as compared with the one possessed by the United States. But this objection is, after all, more apparent than real, as in any really crucial matter the British Empire would have but one vote. However, Viscount Grey evidently holds that the Peace Treaty would be of vastly greater force with the United States a party to it than if she were to remain without, and so he is willing to make every possible concession. The question now is up to the United States Senate and President Wilson. If the Senate accepts Viscount Grey's suggestion, there will still be the President to reckon with. If he agrees the Republicans will be triumphant. If he refuses to

agree, the deadlock will be worse than ever. And there is also the possibility that the very fact that Viscount Grey is willing to accept the Senate reservations will cause the Senate to be suspicious even of its own acts. However, we trust that in the end the United States will ratify the long-disputed Peace Treaty.

Saskatchewan will have Referendum

THE Legislature of Saskatchewan is the first Legislature to take advantage of the new Dominion legislation providing for the taking of a referendum upon the question of the importation of liquor into the province. The Hon. W. F. Turgeon moved the resolution requesting the Dominion Government to take the plebiscite, and there was little opposition. The Government made it clear that it would enforce the law vigorously. The people had voted for prohibition, and the Government would carry out their wishes. The Dominion Prohibition Committee held a meeting in Montreal recently and decided to recommend each province to ask for a referendum in May. This motion passed by a vote of ten to eight. But a few days ago the Executive of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance met in Toronto, and decided against asking for a referendum, on the ground that the Federal bill authorizing the referendum was faulty. This conflict of opinion between pronounced prohibitionists seems rather unfortunate just now, and it is to be hoped that a common ground of action may be found, so that all the temperance forces of the Dominion may pull the one way.

Dewart vs. Doherty

THE present leader of the Liberal party in Ontario is a hard-fighting politician of the old type, and we imagine that a number who helped to make him leader are wishing that he would use a little more caution in his rather savage methods of warfare. The Hon. Mr. Doherty had decided to seek election in the riding of East Kent, and a Liberal convention met last week in Thamesville to consider the advisability of nominating a Liberal to oppose the new U.F.O. Minister. It seems generally to be conceded that it will be both good patriotism and good politics to give the new U.F.O. Cabinet a fair chance before plunging the country into another election; but at Thamesville Mr. Dewart made a slashing attack upon Mr. Doherty and bitterly opposed his election. He asserted that the Hon. Mr. Doherty in 1911 was managing director and controlling spirit of the Maritime Dredging and Construction Co., Ltd., and this company, between 1913 and 1919, received from the Government \$4,571,683.91 for dredging. Mr. Dewart characterized Mr. Doherty as a "profiteering contractor." Moreover, he declared that this Dredging and Construction Co. did very poor work, and he suggested that an investigation was in order as to how much this "war profiteer" should return to the Dominion treasury of his "ill-gotten gains." And, referring to the present Premier of Ontario, Mr. Dewart wanted to know why "Ernie Drury has chosen this profiteering contractor?" No doubt this speech made an impression upon the audience, but possibly not just the impression intended, for when the question of nominating a candidate came up about a dozen delegates arose and declared that

in their opinion Liberal opposition to Mr. Doherty would be ill-advised. When the chairman asked all who were not in sympathy with the convention to retire, half the audience withdrew, and the remaining half decided, by a vote of 34 to 32, not to nominate a candidate. Now Mr. Doherty declares that Mr. Dewart's statement as to war profits is "an absolute falsehood." He says, "I have never had any connection whatsoever, direct or indirect, financial or otherwise, with any business, except my farm, since the outbreak of the war." Moreover, during the three years in which he was manager of the Dredging Company, that company completed its contract six months ahead of time, without a change in the specifications, or a single dollar of extras. We rather suspect that in this first vicious encounter between Mr. Dewart and the farmer whom he seems to despise, the farmer has come off a good deal better than his assailant. These fellows from the farm have sometimes an awful and unsuspected punch; and for the leader of the Liberals of Ontario to have "lied" about his opponent, as Mr. Doherty asserts, will not tend to popularize that leader with honest and fair Liberals. We can respect a hard fighter, but never a man who hits below the belt. We trust that Mr. Dewart will apologize to the Hon. Mr. Doherty for any mis-statements which he made.

Methodist Union Across the Line

THESE are two great branches of Methodism in the United States. In doctrine they are practically the same, and the differences in polity are very slight, as both are Episcopal in their form of government. About the only difference is that one is known as "The Methodist Episcopal Church," and the other as "The Methodist Episcopal Church, South." For some years negotiations have been in progress looking toward the organic union of these two denominations, but difficulties have been encountered which have hindered the completion of the project. A recent meeting of the Joint Commission, held in Louisville, has, however, unanimously adopted a plan for union which will be sent to the General Conferences of the two Churches for ratification. It is proposed to follow the example set by Canada, and call the united body by the simple name of "Methodist," without any prefix or affix. The plan contemplates the setting up of seven regional General Conferences. Six of them would be on territorial lines, while the seventh would include the entire negro membership. We know enough of the good results of Methodist union to sincerely hope that this plan will be carried out.

Spiritualism to the Front

SPIRITUALISM has received quite a boom in the United States recently, largely brought about by the visit of Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent British scientist, who believes that it is possible to communicate with the departed. One man in New York issued a challenge to Sir Oliver, offering that he was prepared to duplicate any of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena by purely mechanical means; but his offer was ignored. The large sale of ouija boards would indicate that many people are giving time and attention to this subject that might be better employed. The authorities of Michigan University state that "ouija boards are more common among the students than Bibles, and that two girl undergraduates had been driven to the nerve specialists in a dangerous state of collapse, and others were unable to give due attention to their studies through nervous strain, induced by 'necromancy.'" The probabilities are that when Sir Oliver returns to England the people will turn their attention to a more practical subject. At least many sensible people hope

The Progress of the Campaign

THIS week the Methodists of Canada and Newfoundland are being asked for a thank-offering of four million dollars. At the time of writing it is not possible to say more than that the indications are certainly promising. The phrase "over the top" has almost become a platitude of late, but we can think of no other term which so well sums up what our people are doing with their financial objective in the Methodist National

Campaign. Among the many lessons taught us during the war was that of the magnificent generosity of our Canadian people. If anyone had suggested six years ago that here in Canada we could raise very nearly *two billions—two thousand millions*—to carry on a war, we should have regarded such a suggestion with incredulity. That, however, was what happened, and the response to the appeal for financial assistance was spontaneous from coast to coast. What happened in regard to the Victory Loans seems likely to be repeated in the case of the National Campaign. A large number of churches have already secured their objectives by special subscriptions, and will this week conduct an every-member canvass of their congregations besides. This means, of course, that many circuits will more than realize their objectives. Here and there churches have complained that too much is expected of them, but such cases are very few, and just now it looks as though the vast majority of our circuits will accomplish what they have undertaken.

When it is Easy to Give

THE other day we heard of one of our zealous preachers who, in the course of an address on the financial objectives of the National Campaign, said, "I have taken the trouble to investigate as to how many of our people own automobiles, and I make the assertion that if every Canadian Methodist who owns a car would give the price of *one tire*, the four million dollars could be raised in that way." At the close of the service one man came forward and said, "I liked that illustration about automobiles, and I think it ought to be put into effect as far as our own congregation is concerned. Let us drop this canvassing arrangement and ask all who own cars to give the price of one tire." The preacher looked at the man a moment. "Have you a car?" he asked. "Oh, no," the man replied; "I haven't a car—but—I rather liked the idea, that's all." It is so easy to be generous with things which belong to other people. A few days ago we heard Rev. Trevor Davies, D.D., tell of a man who refused to join the congregation in singing:

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold."

However, when they came to the lines

"Take my voice and let me sing,
Ever, only, for my King,"

he joined in with great gusto. There are many who cannot sing, but they *can* give. Of course nobody objects to them singing, but they ought to be made to realize that it is not their forte. But what a splendid showing they can make when they are asked to help with the finances. They have no more right to withhold their money than a singer has to hold back from using his talent. Let every man use that particular gift with which he has been blessed.

Is there a Distinction?

OCCASIONALLY a letter reaches us from some brother who complains that the Church is too anxious about the financial aspects of the National Campaign, and that what we need is a great spiritual revival. With that latter statement we find ourselves in hearty agreement, and if some great spiritual uplift does not come out of the campaign we shall be bitterly disappointed. We wonder, however, just what some men mean when they speak of a spiritual revival. Do they simply long to see the church services better attended and larger gatherings at the prayer meetings? These things are good, but it seems to us that until some of our people let go of their wealth, a great revival cannot reasonably be expected. There is more—a very great deal more—in the Bible about our financial obligations to God than most of our people have any idea of. A great many members of our churches are wealthy, and it is their duty and privilege to consecrate that wealth to God; and furthermore, until they do so, not all the praying and church attending in the world will do them very much good. Some people have been greatly blessed by God, but they have never honored Him in their givings, and, in spite of their prosperity in material things they are really poor towards God. Such men are in danger of losing their souls.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE DIFFICULT

THERE are some to whom a hard job is like a death sentence, and they say at once it can't be done. But most men and women are made of sturdier stuff, and a difficult task is but a challenge to their manhood and womanhood, which they accept with alacrity. They like to tackle big things. They like to come to grips with something which will compel them to put forth all their effort, but which, when accomplished, can be regarded with some degree of satisfaction as really a man's job.

The student rather enjoys wrestling with a difficult problem, whose solution eludes him for hours and perhaps for days, but which, when solved, gives him greater confidence to tackle something still harder. The business man likes something that makes heavy demands, but which in turn promises rich rewards. And even apart from all reward, the difficult thing seems to have a challenge all its own for virile men and women. Even the boy likes to go out and wrestle with the wildest storm just for the sheer physical joy of matching his exuberant vitality against the unleashed titanic powers of nature.

"Give me something easy" may be the plea of the idler, but the live man wants something which has a challenge, or even a menace, in it. And when we appeal to men to give their lives to the service of our Lord, it is utter folly to smooth out the difficulties and minimize the struggles. The vision of martyrdom will attract more strong men than the vision of heaven. In trying to coax men into the kingdom by means of ecclesiastical sweetmeats we show ourselves wholly ignorant of human nature. Let us fling out the challenge clear and strong! We are calling men to a life of service which may mean a very *via dolorosa*, but which is worth every drop of blood which it may cost them. The cross is often the very best investment of a man's life.

AWAKENING CHINA

THE great giant of the Orient is awaking. Here are two incidents of that awakening, which are chronicled by our Methodist Episcopal friends. "Thirteen boys came into Sienyu City, China, a few days ago. They had walked two days, over tortuous mountain roads, to get here. 'We want to come to school,' they said to us. Mr. Lo, the vice-principal of the boys' school, and the missionary held several consultations, and again, as we have done many times before, we went over every inch of space in the small, overcrowded school building. But not an empty corner was there for one more bed, to say nothing of enough beds for thirteen. And so those boys had to trudge their weary way back to their mountain home, where there was no chance to study lessons, for the mission school is the only one open in all this bandit-troubled region. Do you wonder that our need for a school building is *urgent*?"

Another story comes from Kiu-Kiang, China. The missionary writes: "Just a few days ago a young man from the college came to me. Why did he come? He worked all summer preaching, paid his own board, tutored in English for all the money he received, getting nothing from his preaching, and has an aged mother at home to support. He said, 'I have but two more years, then I graduate from college. I want to finish, for I'll be a better servant, being better prepared. If it wasn't for mother I could do it. I will work, but there is no work to be done (which is true as yet for a student in China). I need advice, and I'm not begging.' Although I can ill afford to spare the money, I made a place for him in my office as secretary to help me, and from his meagre salary for his fifteen hours' work for me a week he is planning to help that mother in that poor, mud-brick house, with a mud floor for her parlor, with a bucketful of coals for her stove to keep her warm, and with boards for her bed."

The day is near when we shall be compelled to face the problem of supplying much more fully than we have ever done the needs, the pressing needs, of West China, where our own men are now toiling so heroically and so effectively. We have a magnificently organized mission, judging by others; but the needs are so great that the demands are constantly outrunning the supply.

China is awaking! She is looking westward! She is sure to adopt some elements of our Western civilization. Already brewers and tobaccoists have marked her as their spoil, and shortly we may expect Western capital to exploit her almost untouched and

inexhaustible mineral resources; and there comes to us the call that the Christian Church be foremost in the opening up of China, not for selfish gain, but that the gospel of Jesus Christ may thoroughly permeate her new national life, moulding alike her business and her education in conformity with Christian ideals. The call of China is the call of God and the matchless opportunity of the Church.

HOW MUCH OF ME IS CHRISTIAN?

MOST of us are Christians in spots. But the other spots have a very different complexion. It is a perennial surprise to us to discover the peculiar mixture which makes up what most of us call Christianity. Sometimes a man's home-life seems to be almost ideal, while his business life is rabid with love of gain. The same man who will buy his wife a \$10,000 Rolls-Royce, or his daughter a \$5,000 diamond ring, will refuse to pay his stenographer \$20 a week, and close up his factory rather than increase wages 10 per cent. The preacher preaches a magnificent sermon on brotherly love, and then deliberately knives his brother preacher every chance he gets. The editor (God bless him) writes a wonderful editorial upon the grace of patience, and then goes home as cross as a bear. Saved! Yes, thank God, we're saved—but alas! too often it is only in spots.

How much of us is really Christian? We talk about being the Lord's! What do we mean by it? We give ourselves to the Lord, so we say in song and prayer, and the moment the Lord lays hands upon what we have given Him we tack up a "No trespass" notice. We sing "My all is on the altar," and as soon as we cease singing we begin to fight with our neighbor. We sing most heartily "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and we go three blocks out of our way in order to avoid meeting the Lord. We all love that rousing hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers," but we like to keep well out of gunshot of the enemy. We are heroes, of course, but we don't want our heroism to be the death of us.

Common! very common! is this experience; and it means dissatisfaction, unrest, disappointment. The only satisfactory Christian life is the life when Christ really owns our whole lives.

A good many Christians seem to think that if they do their duty nothing more can be asked, and they do it because they fear that the neglect of it will cause them to lose their souls. But this is a very unsatisfactory experience. To the Christian who is wholly God-possessed there is a vastly richer life, when service has become a joy, and self-denial a habit which has lost all sting. Only to such lives do Christ's words apply when He says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." It pays to be the Lord's; but it pays very much better to be wholly His.

WHOSE SON IS HE?

WHEN our Lord began His ministry, and His teaching and His miracles began to attract the multitude, the natural leaders of Israel were indignant, and one of their objections is voiced in their cutting question, "Whose son is he?" To them an unpedigreed mortal had no right to be a teacher, nor to work wonders in the name of the Lord. They believed in the divinity of heredity, and they resented anything which threatened to compel them to admit to their governing circles a man from an inferior caste.

And even to-day, when democracy has grown gigantic and world-ruling, we find in every nation coteries of men who are still asking the same question, and who are prepared to judge a man solely by his pedigree. They don't ask what the man is like, but what his father was like. And they insist that this is both a safe and a fair criterion by which to judge men.

It is true that heredity is a fact from which we cannot escape, even if we would; but it is also true that no man ever yet went to heaven because of his father's good deeds, nor was anyone ever sent to hell because of his father's sins. Heredity is strong; but grace, and environment, and the human will are stronger still.

And one of the lessons democracy is teaching the world is the undreamed-of abilities which may be developed from the men whom we class as "the crowd." On every side we find nameless men springing to the fore, and somehow or other developing a remarkable facility for "doing/things." The schools, the work-

shops and the crowds are remarkable for their discoveries of "men." At times nature really seems to laugh at pedigrees and to set at naught all our calculations, while she pushes to the front a Burbank, an Edison, a Ford, or even a Lloyd George. The masters of the world of to-morrow are probably nameless men in the crowds to-day.

And if to-morrow is to be safe for our children, we must make it so by the education and the Christianization of the crowd to-day. It isn't the Church's business to build up a select colony of hand-picked saints, but to go out into the world, with all its rabidness, with all its ignorance, with all its folly and sin, and "preach the gospel to every creature." We must carry the gospel to the crowd. Are we doing it?

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND

WHAT is the truth about Ireland? Our Roman Catholic journals in Canada seem almost to froth at the mouth as they talk of Ireland's wrongs, and they declare that Britain can never be trusted to tell the truth about Ireland. More than that they assert that our non-Catholic Canadian papers are all in a conspiracy to hide the real truth, and only the Roman Catholic journals are to be trusted in this matter. These editors seem to hate Britain with bitter hatred. The *Catholic Record* says: "English lies about Ireland did not begin recently. London has been engaged in the task of blackening Ireland for two hundred years or more. And ever since Canada has had a press, its editors have been eager echoes for any and every lie sent over here from London."

And then the writer pays his respects to the "Protestant editors." He says: "The Protestant editors of Canada are 'on the other side.' Not only are they on the other side, but they are almost unanimously pretending that the side they take is the only side to Anglo-Irish politics. Not only did we beat the Germans in the war; but we beat them in propaganda. In plain terms, we out-fought them and out-lied them. We lied two to their one. We were all in it; for those of us who did not lie knowingly, gave publicity to the lies of the 'propaganda' managers in London." If there was any doubt as to where this editor stood in the war, this should surely settle it. The accusation that the British "out-lied" the Germans in the war is a startling one that only a German or a Roman Catholic Irishman would make, and most self-respecting Roman Catholic Irish laymen would scorn to make it.

According to the Roman Catholic press the only place where we can expect to get the truth about Ireland is in the Roman Catholic papers. Yet even here it is difficult to discover the truth. The *Catholic Record* says in one issue that "The most unjust oppression of labor by capital ever seen in the world was, and is to-day, the oppression of the Irish farmers by a spulless, money-grabbing, non-resident capitalistic class of landowners." This would seem to imply that Ireland was miserably poor and very destitute. But listen to what the *Catholic Register* says: "The Presbyterian and Methodist ministers from the North of Ireland, who are touring the United States, state that the Irish peasantry of the south are a thriftless and poverty-stricken crowd. Ireland is also a country of lawlessness and murder and anarchy, they aver. S. S. McClure, of *McClure's Magazine*, on the contrary, says: 'Ireland is the most prosperous, comfortable and law-abiding country in the world. The people are well-dressed and well-housed.' Mr. McClure is not paid to misrepresent things; therefore he tells the truth."

The *Catholic Register* and the *Catholic Record* agree usually in blaming England for all the lies about Ireland. But they conveniently ignore the fact that there are hundreds and thousands of Protestant Irishmen who tell exactly the same story as the English. Why should these men lie about the matter? We are told that the Irish farmers have millions of dollars lying idle in the Irish banks at the very time the Sinn Feiners are trying to raise a loan of \$10,000,000 or so in the United States. Why does not De Valera raise the loan in Ireland? To most people it will naturally look as though even the Roman Catholic farmers do not trust De Valera. We don't blame them, but if they won't part with their money in such a good cause, why should the United States Irish Roman Catholic put his money into it?

Ulster Protestants affirm that De Valera has repeatedly declared that those who differed from him would be coerced into submission, and every phase of the present struggle seems to bear this out. Ulster Methodists may be pardoned if they believe that the men who, a few months ago, shot dead an unarmed Methodist soldier as he was entering a Methodist church for worship, will be quite willing to do the same again if by any chance Methodism should oppose the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

Unfortunately for our Roman Catholic friends, their records are written large in too many nations' histories ever to permit us to believe that Rome is favorable to religious freedom; and after reading our Canadian Roman Catholic journals for years we have failed to note one admission that Rome has ever blundered. So far as we can judge, the Rome of to-day is the Rome of Smithfield, and St. Bartholomew, and the Spanish Inquisition, and glories in the fact that she never changes.

And when it comes to accepting the word of Methodist, and Presbyterian, and Anglican ministers in Ireland, or accepting the word of a Roman Catholic editor in Canada, we do not see how we can well be expected to believe the latter.

And it does seem strange that while Scotland, and Wales, and Ulster, and Canada are under the British Government and are not complaining at all, Roman Catholic Ireland is filling the world with its wails. And yet the ones who shout the loudest for Ireland's "freedom" protest the most vehemently against giving the same "freedom" to Ulster. There seems to be no question that religion is one of the chief difficulties in regard to the proper government of Ireland, and the Roman Catholic championship of the Sinn Fein, with its deeds of blood, certainly makes it absolutely impossible for England to hand over Protestant Ulster to the tender mercies of a class which is not only disloyal to England and freedom, but which also seeks its ends by terrorism and cold-blooded murder. The present attitude of the Sinn Feiners, with their lawless and ruthless actions toward all who oppose them, is not doing much to convince Ulster of Roman Catholic good-will.

IT CAN'T BE DONE

WHEN the United States entered the late war she proceeded to construct some hundreds of small 110-foot sub-chasers for the purpose of fighting the submarine. But she had no seamen to man them, and so she took a host of young college boys, nearly all landmen, and used them. When the first squadron of these sub-chasers reached Plymouth, England, under command of Capt. Cotton, someone said to him, "But those boys can't bring a ship across the ocean." The captain dryly replied, "Perhaps they can't. But they have."

It seems easy for most of us to size up difficulties, but the trouble is we usually over-size them. We are altogether too ready to say "It can't be done," when possibly all that it needs is a little more faith in God and a little more faith in each other. It seemed reasonable to old seamen, who knew something of the difficulty of handling a boat and of getting a crew fit for the job, to say that these young college boys could not possibly measure up to the task. Yet they did measure up.

And again and again the war revealed the fact that there was a great deal more in ordinary men than we had imagined. The Prussian, proud of his military system, declared that it was impossible for any system such as ours to develop an army which could hold its own with Prussia's invincible troops. It had taken more than a generation to fashion that army, and it wasn't possible to fashion another like it in a few months. They were right—and wrong. Our army was not a Prussian army; but it became a thing of terror to that army; and the Canadians never went back before their Prussian foes, but broke the Prussian lines at will.

Have we learned the lesson? Have we learned it in agriculture? Have we learned it in manufacture? Have we learned it in our colleges? Have we learned it in our churches? Wherever we go we meet men who say, "It can't be done"; and yet right before them are the young men and women who are able and willing to do it, if only they are given a chance. What tremendous reforms might have in sight if only we had a little more faith in God, and in the ordinary men and women round about us!

Are You a Practical Mystic?

By

Arthur Barner

THOSE who have read a series of brief articles I wrote during the pressing of the spiritual objectives of the Forward Movement Campaign will remember that at every point I stressed the prayer life as being fundamental to any real advance in Christian living. This is what might be called the mystical side of the movement, as compared with the financial objective drive which is now on.

I am persuaded by what I have seen and heard that scores of thousands throughout the Dominion have faithfully kept the pledges they signed. Both they and the Church—yes, and the kingdom of God everywhere—are richer because of this forward step which has been taken.

One of the most unfortunate features of kingdom work in the past has been the division of communities into two schools, those who "pray" and those who "pay." I am hoping that one of the most important changes which will be brought about by the Forward Movement will be the combining of these two very necessary elements in the Christian life as far as thousands in this Dominion are concerned. Then we shall find ourselves strengthened many fold

by the fact that those who have specialized on paying, but have slighted their share in the prayer life, will take up that burden. And those who have learned to pray, but have made the great mistake of thinking this enough, will realize the full meaning of the word, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Whatever have been the results in the pressing of spiritual objectives, it is quite clear that *now the challenge comes for us all to make good in a very practical way* by rallying to the call for finances to carry forward the great campaign upon which we are just entering.

Rich people will give out of their abundance, of course; but we must not depend upon them. This drive must specialize on *the gifts of self-denial*; for the words of Jesus are applicable here, "If you will be my disciples, *deny yourselves, take up your cross and follow me.*"

What a spirit of revival it will bring to many homes when around the table the question is raised, "How much can we con-

tribute to the Forward Movement fund?" and though the inevitable answer in these days of H.C.L. seems to be "nothing," the entire family combines in some form of self-denial which will assure a substantial subscription. Think of the influence upon the children if this be done in a family way. It may be just at this point where many a bright boy and girl will say, "If this task demands *family self-denial*, it is surely worthy of *my life service.*"

It will be a matter of deep regret if any family or any individual who has come into contact with this great movement shall fail to make a financial contribution, no matter how small. Just think that if our membership would contribute an average of \$10 per head to the special fund we would have the following result—400,000 members, \$10 each—\$4,000,000. All amounts may be paid in five instalments, extending over twelve months. This means that the rank and file of the Methodist Church can easily provide the entire amount asked, leaving the results of the labors of the Special Subscriptions Committee as a surplus.

Have you been satisfied with just praying, or are you a practical mystic?

Canada Welcomes her War-Brides—and Others

By

Grace Avard Tomkinson

JEANNE, her baby on one arm, stood clinging with her free hand to the deck-rail of the ship that had brought her safely over wide waters. The voyage had not been a pleasant experience, but the boat had at last grown familiar, and leaving it was like breaking the last link which bound her to Belgium and the old life. Gazing without enthusiasm at the Quebec cliffs, rising sheer and rugged from the blue depths of the river, and then toward the rapidly approaching dock, she assured herself again that this was her husband's homeland, and the eager, curious faces watching from the pier were those of his countrymen.

It was several months now since William had come over, and there were things which Jeanne only vaguely understood. She could not readily grasp the idea of vast distances such as he told of; nor why he was unable to meet her where she landed. There were unpleasant rumors, too, that soldiers' wives were not warmly received in Canada. Back home Jeanne, confident, had laughed at such idle tales; but now, weary in mind and body from the long journey and the care of her fretful child, she was a prey to dark forebodings. A dreadful, sinking feeling seized her as, with both arms full, she made her way down the gang-plank.

Contrary to what some of them had been led to expect, Canada did literally meet her war-brides with open arms. As Jeanne's feet touched solid ground she bumped squarely—baby, bundles and all—into a smiling, blue-uniformed young woman, who held out her arms for the tiny Marie, while

another relieved her of some of her other burdens. Jeanne's aching arms surrendered not unwillingly; but the stout woman who followed could not be prevailed upon to part with either her shawl-enveloped baby or her luggage, and struggled indignantly on alone.

The passengers continue to pour off, some fearfully, others joyfully; men staggering under heavy trunks, women tugging hand-bags; here and there one guarding tenderly some bit of the old home—a potted plant, or a pet of some kind, perhaps a canary or a gaily-colored parrot; children with their treasures, ranging from a headless teddy bear to a baby doll so lifelike that the workers are deceived into offering to relieve the little mother. One woman, triumphantly bearing off a clothes wringer, calls forth an exclamation from an onlooking soldier:

"Well! I can see how they might get so fond of their birds that they couldn't leave them behind, but it beats me how a woman can be attached to a wringer!"

The procession leads into an enormous concrete building, completed by the Government just before the war to meet the needs of immigration, and used since as a military clearing depot. On entering Jeanne and those of her companions who are found to be soldiers' dependants are tagged with a red, white and blue ribbon, which entitles them to special privileges.

Jeanne follows her baby across the wide

floor and then into the cheery, home-like rest-room made ready for just such as she. Her tired eyes feast in amazement on the comfortable cretonne-covered chairs grouped cosily round little tables; on snowy cots, with plumped-up pillows, inviting weary heads. At one end of the long room are writing tables fitted out with Y.W.C.A. stationery. At the other is the babies' pantry. Bottles of fresh milk, an oil stove, a sterilizing outfit—in fact, every convenience for preparing an infant's meals, are here. Scattered about the room are kiddie-cars, rocking-horses and all sorts of delightful toys for the older children.

Straight on to the next room they go, where, welcome sight for travel-weary mothers, stands a row of small bath-tubs, surrounded by all the accessories, and each presided over by a motherly, silver-haired lady, wearing a red cross on her white cap. To one of these goes the chubby Marie, and Jeanne, who wants nothing so much as a chance to rest, watches strange but gentle hands undress her baby. Still more wonderful, while baby is gurgling with joy over the luxury of a bath, a complete outfit of fresh, neatly-made, little garments appears from a cupboard near, and the baby is sweet and dainty once more. Other mothers pass back and forth with little ones, and remarks such as this are heard:

"Just look at those women who are employed to look after the babies! Why, they really seem to enjoy it!" Upon learning that this service is voluntary, the speaker goes away more astonished than before. One worker who kept count on a

busy day was able to report that she had bathed no less than fifty-four infants.

Leaving Marie in charge of another capable person, her mother, who has much real business to attend to before her train leaves, goes back to the main room. There a busy scene lies before her. Hundreds of her fellow passengers are lined up in a long queue leading past the different immigration officials. Long seats are filled with others, waiting.

Other blue-and-white uniforms move among the various groups, guiding the bewildered through a maze of formalities; sending telegrams; giving information regarding the train journey and lessons in baggage-checking; and all with a smiling cheerfulness.

Under this one expansive roof would seem to be everything the traveller can need. The bank, where money is changed and cheques cashed, rubs elbows with a genuine telegraph office, ticking off messages to anxious friends. Across from these the Patriotic Fund offices, where recommended cases can be investigated; and the railway ticket offices. Nearby hangs a useful table of distances, reading, "To Montreal from Quebec, six hours," etc. At the farthest end of the building is another cosy rest-room belonging to the Salvation Army. Near the first door is the Patriotic Fund canteen, where food is supplied free of charge to soldiers' dependants and at a nominal rate to immigrants. Even the Bible Society has its own little corner and worker, dispensing the Scriptures.

Before the arrival of each boat the ladies in charge of the canteen must spend a day preparing the mountains of home-cooked ham sandwiches and fresh iced cake. With these hot soup, tea, coffee and cocoa are served. In one corner luxuries, as they are called, are sold—bananas, ice cream, etc.; and the newly-returned man may here be seen initiating his English wife into the mysteries of eating ice-cream cones, or explaining to her the intricacies of Canadian money. The cost of food for the canteen is estimated at about two hundred dollars per boat. Once last season it is on record that the Patriotic Fund cleared expenses. Food packages, already made up for the train journey, are sold in another part of the building.

Jeanne, being a "dependant," and therefore legally a Canadian, avoids some of the red tape that must be unwound for the ordinary new-comer. When every arrangement has been made and every paper examined, she, in company with others, is directed to a side door, where, close beside the building, looms up unexpectedly the great bulk of a noisy, snorting Canadian locomotive and its train of carriages. Two Red Cross nurses, a medical officer and an immigration official go with each special to

its destination. Here, comfortably settled in a colonist car, the last chapter of the journey opens for the travellers.

Only now can the weary volunteer workers turn with a sigh of relief toward home and their belated dinners or suppers. They have found this form of social service satisfying; but they are all busy women, with home duties, and the work is—well, just plain, hard work. The boats have a provoking habit of discharging their human cargoes early in the morning, which means rising at unseemly hours. The weather man is not always considerate, and once

had sisters. They made quite a procession down the gang-plank—the mother leading, followed by the two little girls, each with a duplicate of Number One in her arms.

Most pathetic of all were the women who failed to locate their husbands on landing, and who were absolutely without other friends on this side of the water. There were various causes for this trouble, and often everything turned out well, though there were cases where the supposed wife must be returned to her own country. Just here is where the Travellers' Aid and Y.W.C.A. were able to step in and help.

There were many unexpected services to be remembered. One warm day in the summer when the room was crowded, men and women obliged to hold their places in the line were wilting with the heat. Occasionally one would be carried out fainting, while those behind surged, perspiring, forward to fill the gap. Suddenly a W.C.T.U. worker appeared with a pail of clear, cold water, followed by a second with a bundle of sanitary cups. The two began to make their way slowly down the line, and before every parched throat had been satisfied the paper cups had been exhausted, and an unsanitary, but no less popular,

granite mug had replaced them. Thus one day was made more endurable for many.

Armistice Day saw an impressive service, the more so as nothing had been rehearsed. The last post sounded on the bugle brought tears to many eyes, as workers and passengers stood silent at attention. It was with a gasp of relief that all began to sing "God Save The King." One girl describing it, said:

"I was just at that time minding twenty-two children, and had to hold one heavy boy in my arms through it all—but it was a good thing to remember." It was a good thing for the stranger to remember, too, and was an occasion calculated to impress anyone with the loyal spirit of Canada and to remind the British-born that they were still very much in the Empire.

It seems to have been recognized as an important part of the season's programme to instil quietly into each newcomer's mind the beginnings of a Canadian sentiment and to plant the first seeds that might ripen into useful citizenship. The Red Cross and W.C.T.U. combined to this end to distribute attractive cards decorated with the Maple Leaf and containing the words of some well-known (to us) patriotic song, such as "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf Forever," etc., on one side, and on the other inspiring quotations.

While the women have been able to render a magnificent service to our war-brides as they landed, it would be unfair to overlook the men, who have often been obliged to spend all day and half the night at their



VOLUNTARY WORKERS LOOKING AFTER THE BABIES AT THE PORT OF DEBARKATION.

last fall, at least, the workers were obliged to face a blinding snowstorm to reach the dock. Frequently two boats, sometimes three even, would choose the same day to arrive, and it would be a long, hard day for all.

This work for the families of our soldiers, which has been conducted similarly in the other ports of entry, was undertaken in Quebec by fifteen different patriotic and benevolent societies, each sending its quota of workers with their particular duties assigned.

Up to September of last season over twenty-two thousand dependants had reached our country, and many came after that. Travelling conditions were far from normal and the voyage out less comfortable than a few years ago. Boats do not always sail as scheduled, and the soldier's wife was often obliged to gather up her little family and leave suddenly, and with insufficient preparation for such a journey. This led to confusion in getting word to friends on this side. Altogether the voluntary workers have had every proof that their services were not only appreciated, but actually necessary.

There were soldier "daddies" caring awkwardly for motherless little ones; elderly women who had never travelled before, coming out to their sons; young mothers so ill that they could not stand; and always babies, babies and more babies, from those who counted their ages in weeks to the sturdy little toddlers. One woman brought her triplets, but these fortunate infants

desks or in their cages, in the Immigration Building, with almost no time to eat. One traveller asked:

"Why is it? What is the matter with them? No tips, yet unflinching politeness everywhere!"

Many are returned men themselves, with an understanding and sympathy born of experience." So, for instance, when a woman appears timidly at the wicket and confides in the agent that she wishes to go to Finley's Corner, he patiently explains in detail just where that remote spot is and how she is to get there.

The officials have displayed endless tact, too, in getting necessary information. It is a delicate matter to obtain from a bashful maiden definite proof that she has a truly bona fide husband-to-be. But these men have a happy knack of inspiring confidence, so that before she knows it, almost, the girl is showing her treasured love-letters. Incidentally she goes away in a pleasanter frame of mind than if some scowling individual had demanded them preemptorily. The impression, evidently intended to be conveyed on the strangers by officials and volunteer workers alike, was that Canada wishes her soldiers and their families to

suffer the least possible discomfort or inconvenience.

The work of welcoming, begun at the docks, has been taken up all over the Dominion. In the larger centres boat trains were met, and where messages had failed to carry in time the travellers were helped to find their friends.

A nation-wide interest has been taken in these newcomers, whom we welcomed first for their husband's sakes, later for their own. Why should not Canada be proud of this splendid type of settler, come to us to make happy homes, and who as a body are sure to prove an asset to our country?

But to return to the Immigration Building.

"What a difference in six years!" exclaims one woman in the rest-room. "When we came out then we were treated not unlike cattle, and now, look! I can't understand it!"

"That," she was told, "was before the war." As if that were an all-sufficient reason. No one could stop to explain how Canadian women came into their first personal sense of responsibility in affairs national, through their work for the overseas army; nor how easy it was to slip from

that into a similar service for their families. And now that they have learned how interesting and even lovable human beings—just any kind—are, should it not be another easy step to some such service for the thousands of new Canadians who hope to reach us this year?

We have learned that the foreigner, dazed by his strange surroundings, magnifies every little evidence of hospitality shown him on his entry into the new land. We have found him more susceptible than to influence, while all the peculiar characteristics of his own country still cling to him, than later when he has become adapted and made friends. Shall we let slip this moment of rare opportunity to gain his confidence?

Our Government has provided adequate building accommodation for immigration, but how cold and dismal these stone floors and bare walls would have been last season, without the human note of welcome conveyed by the presence of the volunteer workers? Are we going to slide carelessly back now into the old grooves of thought and action in this matter, or shall we say, as a people, as the women of Quebec have said: "We could do it for these, why not for all?"

"Smile and Speak"

By

H. D. Ranns

THE other day I noticed in one of our great dailies the above caption in large type across a two-column space. It was the sort of "head" to attract one's attention, and I read the "story"—to use newspaper jargon—below. Briefly, the idea was that a certain set of business men had come to the conclusion that if the people of that western city would "smile and speak" as they passed by, a much better state of affairs would result. The article giving the views of these incorrigible optimists referred to the bad feeling undoubtedly existing in that city between different classes of the citizens, and seemed to intimate that by an ambitious scheme such as this general good feeling between the people could be promoted.

As I read the article I could not help saying, "I wonder." It seems to be a thankless task to throw cold water upon a scheme designed to promote good fellowship. It may be admitted at once that amiability is a social grace and a vastly helpful and desirable one for all to possess and practise. The Scrooge kind of misanthropic person never did either himself or anyone else any earthly good. Undoubtedly one of the great virtues of our Master was the winsomeness of His personality, that set Him apart from average men. The men whom He called to leave all and follow Him would never have done so without any inducement or bargain unless there had been some unique attractiveness residing in His personality. The followers of such a Master should themselves be men of kindly, courteous, considerate character.

But one thought that came to me was the question whether real amiability could be manufactured, called into being by the repetition of a slogan. All the slogans in the world cannot make a grumpy man

amiable. The genuine Simon-pure brand of Christian winsomeness springs from an infinitely deeper source than that. It is the outward evidence of a heart set in eternal peace because the spirit of Jesus reigns therein. The spirit of Jesus means unselfishness of character and readiness to serve all, a very different matter from a resolution made from an outside stimulus that every man and woman speak to the other.

More and more I wonder whether this slogan business is not played out as an effective aid to the conduct of life. On this continent there has been an almost pathetic belief in the power of the slogan. A certain kind of man has invented a slogan on every conceivable occasion, and on occasions that were not conceivable. This man—or woman—turned out slogans by the score, as fast as the rest of us slogan-less creatures could say "Jack Robinson." And we stood by breathless, admiring his skill—then adopted his slogan and finally dreamt we were on the way to that particular millennium. (By the way, a certain type of "prophet" even adopts slogans to prepare people for the millennium itself—"The End of the World in 1920"!)

And now we have a group of men apparently imagining that they can do a lot to end social disturbance by getting people to adopt the slogan, "Smile and speak." The chief promoter is evidently of the "Sunny Jim" type of character, for he says he is optimist enough to believe that if everyone will go about the streets of the city smiling and speaking we shall have less

unrest. We have not yet heard the opinion of the people that it is hoped to conciliate, but we fancy we know it without asking.

The ghost of social unrest and class warfare will never be laid by such superficial means as this. The easy amiability of the man who has all he wants and can lay his hands on more any time he wants seems irritating and unreal to the worker whose living is uncertain and insufficient. Instead of placating his class consciousness, it prods it. He is apt to say, "A plague on your patronage." Very ungracious of him, it seems, and rather bad manners; but such an attitude is natural enough if you come to think about it. So for myself I doubt whether the "smile and speak" business will appreciably alter the social temperature of that city or any other.

The only solution for social unrest and class consciousness is the substitution of the interest of all for the interest of any class. Not until all work together for the good of all, each recognizing his place in the scheme of things and doing his duty in the spirit of service, all being anxious for each to gain a fair share of the rewards of labor and none being willing to imperil the good of others for his own advancement—in short, when the Christian doctrine of love and service, and justice and fair play is lived out among men, when all put into practice the Golden Rule of Jesus, then we shall see the dawn of a better temper in a better day. It is like putting the cart before the horse to place amiability first and justice second.

So "smile and speak" if you like, but do not imagine that you can in so simple a manner evade or defer the necessity and responsibility to do your part to promote the application of the principles of Jesus to social and industrial life.

The New Trail

By

George E. Robins

"HUMANITY has struck its tents; humanity is on the march." General Smuts' post bellum declaration is being strikingly vindicated today. Every sphere of activity is responding to the challenging bugle call of the new era. Educationists are convening in great conferences and outlining aggressive policies; great industrial concerns are setting in operation far-reaching reforms; a fresh trail is being blazed in the political world; aerial transportation is no longer in the experimental stage; religion is marching in a great forward movement with the allied forces of various denominations; there is an attempt at new international relationships in a League of Nations. This surely is the greatest age of pathfinders!

All nature, animate and inanimate, sings the song of the new trail. From the rocks the geologist spells out the story of the earth's formation, tracing it from the archæozoic to the cenozoic era. The botanist traces the different stages in the development of plant life through the succeeding ages. The zoologist investigates fossil remains of tiny creatures and skeletons of prehistoric monsters in order to complete his story of the development of animal life. But it is from the records of the trail-blazers of humanity that we discover how we reached our present moral, intellectual and spiritual development, what lessons we can learn, and what methods to adopt when precedents are necessary for progress.

"The presence throughout history of the pathfinder is, indeed, when we think of it, an impressive lesson on the destiny at once of religion and of the human race." So states the late J. Brierley in one of his stimulating essays. He continues: "Every generation tells the same story. It is of a constantly widening territory, both of action and of thought; of the mass of men, wearied of the struggle by which the new region has been secured, anxious to settle down in it, and to rest a while that they may enjoy it; and then of the call from the elect spirits, ever in advance, to strike tents and move on again to the further realms which they have desecrated. The drowsy mass, waked thus untimely from their slumbers, badger and bully their disturbers, call them bad names and otherwise ill-treat them. But they end by getting up and staggering in their wake."

The book of English kings points to many new departures. What a pathfinder was Alfred the Great! He practically founded the British navy, reorganized the national defences; raised public buildings; reclaimed waste land; and revised all existing laws, combining those which he found good into a single code. He founded schools, encouraged literature in the native tongue, and improved the services of the Church. King John was compelled to sign "Magna Charta" by men who gave a concrete form to the new spirit that forced from him the keystone of English liberty. Charles the First failed to sense the changing spirit, with disastrous results to himself. James

the Second unsuccessfully endeavored to stem the rising tide of Protestantism.

It would have surprised most of the pioneers to have been foretold the importance or consequences of the new trails they blazed. They unconsciously opened up many new worlds and movements. John Wycliffe's translation of the Scriptures, his organization of poor priests, and his championship of national rights indirectly helped in Wat Tyler's rebellion and stirred up fiery spirits like John Ball. Columbus, sailing westward to test his theory of a new route to India, incidentally discovers America. George Stephenson, by his locomotive, revolutionizes all phases of industrial life because he makes the distant places of the earth easily accessible. Modern industrial innovators and reformers like Lord Leverhulme are proving that humane consideration of employees is not philanthropy, but a sound business proposition.

The question of equipment is a vital factor in commencing on a new trail. The cautious city man who goes for his first survey or exploration trip through the wilds stands aghast as the guides overhaul his equipment. They order articles to be *cached* which the tyro thought were indispensable. Fancy garments, elaborate toilet articles and other miscellaneous comforts have to be left behind. At the time he probably expostulates with the guides, but when the serious travel starts the apparently light pack sack grows heavier. He begins to look with affection on the far-seeing guides who, before the initial step was taken, made him discard so many things.

So we must examine our baggage as the

new trail faces us. A recent writer declares: "We are carrying too much luggage. What we call our deposit of truth has grown too bulky. It saps our energy to guard and display it. The original jewels are all there, but their lustre is obscured by the setting. The world can be saved by about one-fifth of the bulk of religious truth which we apply to its problems."

Perhaps a big collection of preconceived ideas is keeping us back and our inherited conceptions are burdening us so heavily that we can scarcely move. Now is the time to sort out the essential truths. While we shall not have to discard all those we have been holding on to so tenaciously, yet it will surprise us how we can reduce the bulk. A nursery and pretty toys are admirable for youngsters, but the time comes when development and the sterner duties of life supplant them. The milk of the Word is good for spiritual babes, but strong meat is necessary for growth in intellectual and spiritual strength. Jesus became unpopular with the traditionalists when He revealed how burdensome and meaningless much of their teaching was. Columbus faced contempt and ridicule when he questioned some of the set opinions of the navigators and persisted in trying his new theory. Wesley originated methods that were not according to the ecclesiastical routine of his Church. The journey ahead of us demands that we carefully examine our intellectual and spiritual baggage. *Bon bon* truths and pink-tea ideals must be discarded; they retard the work of cutting trails.

Naturally dangers will face us on our adventurous expedition. At the outset it may prove to be a veritable forest of difficulty. But if we provide ourselves with the axe of determination and guide it with a few well-directed blows, a root-and-branch clearance here and there will bring us to some good camping ground. We must not dwell there, however; the land of promise lies beyond. The reveille rings out. "Onward" is the cry. The storms and blizzards of opposition greet us. With what terrific fury they attempt to thwart progress. Great trees, victims of decay, are thrown across the proposed path. Chilly blasts of the penetrating winds of supercilious criticism endeavor to cool our ardor and, perhaps, temporarily check us. Swamps of misunderstanding and confusion have to be made passable. At each progressive step the angry beasts of selfishness will contest the right of way.

What is the reward for obeying the clarion call of this new trail? Can we ask questions of such a nature as we look at this or that young veteran physically handicapped, health ruined, sight gone, which is part of the reward he received for obeying the battle-cry of '14? The privileges of pioneer work, the opportunity to remould civilization, the establishment of a kingdom whose specifications shall be the programme of Christ, such inducements are surely sufficiently alluring!

¶ The Short Story Contest is now in full swing. ¶ The Editor will be glad to have your manuscript. ¶ For further details see page twenty-nine.



THE FIRESIDE



Grandmother's Valentine Story

The Keith family had gathered in the living-room after dinner. It was the kind of a room you would describe as "homey," with old-fashioned but very comfortable furniture, many books and, best of all, a fireplace on which a splendid fire burned, shedding over the room a rosy glow. Standing at the window, looking out into the night, Mary Keith decided she would be very much more comfortable indoors, for the wind was howling mournfully and it had been snowing steadily all day.

Twelve-year-old Bob, seated on the hearth rug, paused in his occupation of teasing Prince to question his sister. "I say, sis, did you get a bid to the party?"

Mrs. Keith looked up from her work enquiringly, and Bob continued, "Grace Barton is giving a party on St. Valentine's night, and everybody is to dress up. Wish I was going!"

"Are you going, Mary?" Mrs. Keith asked, turning towards her daughter.

"I don't know, mother," answered Mary. "Herbert has asked me to go, but I haven't a costume, and it is too late now to have one made."

Grandmother, looking up from her knitting, said quietly; "Bob, you run up to the attic and bring down the long, grey box from the shelf in the cupboard. I really believe there is something in it that might be suitable."

Bob, scenting a story, was off like a shot, and before many minutes had passed was back again with the box. Putting it on his grandmother's lap, he demanded, "Now hurry up and let us see what it is, grandma, and then tell us the story."

There were a number of things in the box, but the bottom was reached at last, and from the folds of paper grandmother took a dainty sprigged muslin dress made in the fashion of the seventies, together with slippers and fan.

Mrs. Keith and Mary exclaimed with delight, and while they were examining it Bob asked for the story.

"It isn't a story, my dear," explained the little old lady; "but there is an incident in connection with it that you might like to hear."

"Once—many, many years ago, when I was Mary's age—I received an invitation to go to a St. Valentine's party at Lawton's big house, in the village. Parties were a great event in those days, and as I had a new dress for the occasion I looked forward to it with great delight. The night arrived at last. I had just finished dressing when I heard the knocker on the big door, and knew that my escort had arrived. As I began to descend he came forward with hands outstretched, presented me with

a bouquet of beautiful red roses, and then began to sing that old song of Burns, 'Oh, My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose.' And—but that is all."

"Oh, no, it isn't," contradicted Bob. "Do tell us the rest." But grandmother only smiled and shook her head.

The next few days were very busy ones, but Mrs. Keith noticed that Bob and grandmother seemed to have a secret of some sort. She would come across them whispering together, and Bob was a little quieter than usual, which always was a sign of mischief brewing.

On the night of the party grandmother helped Mary to dress, and thought, as she looked at the little lady in sprigged muslin, that it might have been she herself on that night of long ago. The bell rang, and Mary could hear Bob talking to Herbert in the hall; so she opened the door and walked towards the stairs. Halfway down she paused and stared at the gentleman coming familiar, yet he was dressed in a strange costume. In his outstretched hand was a bouquet of red roses, and somewhere somebody was singing Burns' old song:

Grandmother and Bob were in the living-room, Bob whistling gaily, when Mrs. Keith came in some time later. She sank into a chair, looked from one to the other, and then demanded, "Bob Keith, you tell me this minute where Herbert got that suit and how he knew that story."

"Ask grandma," said Bob; "she managed it all."

The old lady's eyes were sparkling as she answered: "All I did, my dear, was to send a card to Mr. Lawton, on which I wrote, 'Mary goes to the St. Valentine's party in the costume of the Mary of the seventies,' and he did the rest."

So grandmother, after all, finished the story in her own way.

St. Valentine's Day

The origin of St. Valentine's Day is somewhat obscure. The saint himself, who was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century, seems to have nothing to do with the matter beyond the accident of his day being used for the purpose. From "Illustrations of Shakespeare" we get the following:

"It was the practice in ancient Rome during a great part of the month of February to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februata, Februalis and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put in a

box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed.

The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means sought to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstition, substituted the names of particular saints instead of women, and as the feast of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred at the same time."

There are also people who say that it arose from the ancient idea that birds choose their mates on that day. Moresin relates that in his time (1594), in Scotland, it was usual for people to exchange presents on St. Valentine's Day, and that elsewhere men made gifts to women on this festival, and women afterwards made a suitable return. Goldsmith, too, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," speaks of rustics sending true love knots on Valentine's morning. In Pepys' time married or single men were liable to be chosen, and a present was invariable and necessarily given to the choosing party. Under date of February, 1666, the diarist tells us, "Mrs. Price's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names; so that Price, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto and this girl drew one for me. What mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was 'Most constant and most fair.'"

Evidently the British papers of many years ago, as in our own day, gave space to a Question Box. From *The British Apollo* the following question and answer are taken.

"Question—In chusing Valentines (according to custom), is not the party chusing (be it man or woman) to make a present to the party chosen?"

"Answer.—We think it proper to say, drawing of Valentines, since the most customary way is for each to take his or her lot. And chance cannot be termed choice. According to this method, the obligations are equal, and, therefore, it was formerly the custom mutually to present; but now it is customary only for the gentlemen."

In 1868 an enterprising perfumer endeavored to create something of a novel character, and had for sale a large assortment of boxes, containing singing birds and perfumes, in place of the simple letter with its enshrined mottoes. In speaking of it one man says, "So we improve upon our ancestors, and, so to speak, tread out old customs; for whatever may be the gain here in elegance and costly effects, the simple rites of the original festival of St. Valentine are seriously tampered with, and we are not sure whether there may not be a few still living who will regard this daring innovation with an unfriendly eye."

Have we, in our day, gone back to the "simple rites of the original festival"? Cards with mottoes seem to be very popular. At this time of year there are always numbers of people around the counters selecting from the assortment in front of them cards on which are printed mottoes of all kinds. As we grow older the Valentines we choose are prettier, and perhaps a little more sentimental. Do you remember standing outside the shop windows and, from the row of ugly cent Valentines, choosing the very ugliest to send to someone in your own room at school? In those days the boy or girl who received the largest number was, for the day at least, very popular.

It is very probable that when the postman calls at your house on the fourteenth of February he will leave you a Valentine that will read something like this:

"It's the old, old, old, old story
And I've read it many times
In words and in books and writing,
In poor and in perfect rhymes;
But I will repeat it to you, dear,
And you will believe it's true,
Just the old, old, old, old story,
And the chorus, that's 'I love you.'"

The Flowers that Bloom in the Winter

It is the rare things of life that give the greatest happiness. No sunny clime with eternally blooming flowers could ever develop the ecstatic love that makes such a joy of our summer gardens when they follow on the long interlude of snow and ice and cold. But it takes nothing from the joy of summer to simulate some of its pleasures in the winter time. Flowering bulbs and indoor plants do their share, but one can also buy flowers by the yard, not to speak of birds and trees and running brooks and tumbling waterfalls, and many other decorative features employed by Mother Nature for furnishing the prettiest rooms in her old mansion. All these we may bring into our houses by the simple expedient of buying a few yards of our old friends, chintz or cretonne.

The cool, restful restraint of dull grey or white is all very nice in those places where sweltering humanity craves an ap-

pearance of coolness, but we can stand a very warm, lively touch in our interior decorations. The drapery departments are as fascinating as an art gallery this season, and designs were never more beautiful. And these are just the things we need for our rooms where the whole scheme must concentrate on cosiness and warmth, with some strong bits of color to give contrast to the whiteness out of doors. They are not exactly cheap, these flowers that bloom in the winter, tra-la; but they are worth the price. And while the inexpensive lines are not so inexpensive as they were two or three years ago, one can still get lovely effects in the lowest-priced materials.

"Neat, but not gaudy," is a timid standard that does not conform to the high key in which all life is pitched here in the west, where the immensity of our horizons, the height of our altitude and the tremendous contrasts of winter and summer make colorless things too insipid for our taste. We can stand some good, strong color notes in our rooms and, what is more, we really need them. We think many a woman who is shut in her own house for days at a time in the cold weather, and who finds her surroundings getting "on her nerves" is really suffering from monotony. When she looks out of the window, supposing the frost not to have made it opaque, she sees a great stretch of greyness or whiteness according to the mood of the weather man. Then if indoors there is a dead level of color, no wonder she becomes depressed and sometimes irritable.

We would not wish to be understood as advocating that everything in a western home should be of strong color and highly decorated. Heaven forbid! Floors, walls, woodwork are best in plain, neutral tints. Then for contrast and decoration and for the sheer beauty of them, hang the colorful chintz at the window and put it on the cushions. And if for any reason the price of this beauty-by-the-yard is an objection, here is another use for those flour and sugar bags that serve us in so many ways. There are now on the market many "soap" dyes and other easily used dyes. With these for a foundation a short length of flowered material could be used as a border for hangings and would give a design to apply on cushions.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

Little Things

BY CLARE SHEPPAN.

So many things, from day to day,
Spring in our path and hide our way:
Such little things 'tis scarce worth while
To let them dim our hope or smile,
And yet so quickly they increase
They threaten all our hoarded peace:
Thus little things infest our days,
And kill the trustful song we'd raise.

"Old Bill and Me"

The famous creator of "Old Bill" and "Alf" and "Bert," Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, was in Toronto on January 26th, and before a capacity audience at Massey Hall explained just how he came to make his first sketches. They were based on experiences of 1914-15; they were "founded on misery," sketched on scraps of paper and pinned up with bayonets. The Captain one day made a trip across No Man's Land to an old farmhouse, and when the Germans discovered that some one was in the house they sent over six or seven shells. Fortunately he escaped, and when once more in his dug-out he sketched the cartoon, "Where Did That One Go." A friend of his persuaded him to send it to London. In a box he had received from home there were a number of illustrated papers, and from them he selected *The Bystander*, wrapped the sketch in it and sent it off. Previous to being wounded the first time Capt. Bairnsfather came in contact with the Canadians at Ypres, and told of the magnificent stand they made. When in hospital in London, a representative of *The Bystander* came to see him and made arrangements for the publishing of all cartoons. Later on the War Office sent him to the different fronts, and he showed on a screen life in the French, Italian and American armies. When showing the Italian scenes, in which he depicts himself, he assured us that they were not exaggerated. Most of us are familiar with his cartoons of life on the American front, and as these were shown Captain Bairnsfather said "There has been some discussion as to who won the war. I think that if any of the component parts of the allies had been withdrawn the war would have been lost. Belgium held the line, giving France a little time; France did the same for England. If the other armies had been destroyed the Americans alone would not have been able to do anything, but we could not have got along without them."

Capt. Bairnsfather closed by sketching "Old Bill" in 1914, when things looked pretty black; in 1916, when a gleam of hope appeared, and the last view of him was as he is now, in civies, a cheery grin on his face, at peace with the world.

"You seem to be very fond of jazz music."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox; "you don't have to put on formal attire when you listen to it; nobody asks you who wrote it, and you don't have to pretend you understand it."—*Washington Star.*

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The Bogey of Many a Game

TORN clothes are inevitable, yet they remain the bogey of many a childish summer game. Fear of the scolding that may follow the discovery of a ripped blouse, or skirt or trousers, helps turn many a youngster into a prim little old man or a finicky little old woman.

OF course the good mother has plenty to do without the mending of unnecessary holes and the head of the family has sufficient demands on his income without having to buy unnecessary suits of play clothes.

BUT an excellent compromise may be made in this way: Ask at the Cottons counter for "PRUE COTTONS." For example, one

of the *Prue* Cottons is "*Steel Clad Galatea*"—and it *is* steel-clad. On the other hand PRUE Cotton prints offer a great variety of light, clean, cheery long-wearing and washable materials at prices so low as to make a rip or two seem unimportant. If these are not what you wish there is a wide range of ducks or heavy plain cottons, all with the PRUE Cotton mark to guarantee their superiority.



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Snow

You can dig it, you can mould it, you can pat it into balls;
 You can pile it for a fortress with a cannon on the walls;
 You can work it into puddings, you can play that it's a pill;
 You can use it in the freezer, or for sliding down a hill;
 You can build it into goblins, or a fairy's slender shape,
 And it makes a lovely ermine for a dolly's winter cape;
 It's a cushion and a mattress when you tumble down kerflop;
 When you're just a little bigger you can snowshoe on its top.
 It's a friend that never quarrels, and a game without a rule;
 When it's very, very heavy, it can keep you home from school.
 Though we like the toys that sing and walk and bark and climb and go,
 There was never such a plaything as a winter full of snow!

—Marion West, in "Scattered Seeds."

Why Morning-Glory Climbs

Long ago, when children first came here to live, after the fairies had made everything ready for them, no flowers grew any higher than a fairy's head. Of course some blossoms were not even as tall as a fairy; for instance, the violets and forget-me-nots were much shorter, but taller than a fairy they never grew—oh, never!

They were content; why shouldn't they be? They could watch the fairies dance near them every evening; they were easily found by the children whom they loved and who loved them so well; they basked in the sun; they bathed in the rain; they were refreshed by the cooling dew that at night fell upon them. Whenever a pretty fairy fitted past them they smiled and nodded their heads—yes, they were content.

All this, you remember, was long, long ago. But if you will think hard, you will realize that now some flowers do grow to be much taller than a fairy. Morning-Glory climbs even higher than your head! You must have seen him climbing up to the top of the verandah many a time. Yet once he was no taller than the rest of the flowers. And here is the fairy explanation of how it happened:

(Some people say they do not believe in fairies, but I hardly believe them, do you? Perhaps they know of some better reason why Morning-Glory climbs even to this day. If they do, of course they will not care to read this story.)

In the long-ago time there was a very comfortable, especially shady, tree growing right in the middle of a very large meadow—the meadow where the fairies came each night to dance and sing, or hold their fairy meetings to plan work for the next day. They always had many tasks awaiting them, for it was long, long ago, you remember, before the birds knew all their songs, before children had learned all they

could about their little friends the animals, how not to frighten them, how best to see them without walking too near them; yes, even before they had found out how to pick the nicest flowers without tearing them up by the roots. At the foot of this tree grew Morning-Glory, and from the tree—the beautiful Fairy Queen ruled her kingdom, conducted her fairy meetings, watched the fairy dances and issued fairy orders:

The Fairy Queen was very beautiful. Her hair looked like a network of tiny golden sunbeams, and her eyes were like the bluest grass flowers. Her voice was very soft, and her smile—well, her smile made everyone whoever saw it happy for a long, long time afterward! All the fairies loved her, and all the flowers loved her, but not one of them could have been more fond of her than was Morning-Glory, who lived at the foot of the tree which was her throne.

Every night when the fairy meeting was called, the other blossoms were content to watch the fairy dance. Not so with Morning-Glory. To him the little Queen was so much more lovely than her many subjects that he was happy only when looking up at her smiling face. He did not even notice when a group of the very prettiest fairies formed a circle and danced about the great tree. Day after day he tried to reach up a little higher, stretching out his leaves in the hope of getting nearer and nearer the little being whom he loved so well. Gradually he took a firm hold upon the trunk of the tree for support, and grew stronger and stronger, and taller and taller, until finally one day he found himself right up among the branches! At last! He was as near to his Queen as the other flowers were to the rest of the fairies who danced about them in the green meadow! Morning-Glory was very, very happy.

The good Queen was happy, too. She was pleased by his devotion, and then and there promised him that from that time on, forever and ever, as long as flowers should grow, morning-glories should always climb as high as he had climbed, and that they should, through all the years, know the joy of growing near a fairy queen and of looking daily upon her face.

Even to this day fairy queens always live high up—in trees, or under eaves, or even in sheltered nooks under verandah roofs, so whenever you see Morning-Glory near any one of these places you may be sure he is climbing to earn his well-deserved reward—the smile of some dainty fairy queen whom he loves very dearly. Yes, even if it is right on your own verandah that you see him, remember that Morning-Glory never makes a mistake, so the Queen must be somewhere very near, watching him climb higher and higher every day, and knowing well in her own happy little fairy heart just why he is still climbing.—Barbara Hollis, in "The Christian Register."

Uncle Hiram's Helmet

There were great doings at Grandmother Hensell's old farm when Uncle Hiram came marching home from war all decorated with shiny medals and wearing a metal cap which he soon explained to his young nephew, Collins, had become his when he captured a lot of Hun soldiers.

Collins was delighted with Uncle Hiram's stories of the western country, and often, when everybody else had gone to bed, a little boy would slip into Uncle Hiram's bedroom and ask him questions.

Finally Uncle Hiram went back to work on the farm, and Collins, much to his delight, was allowed to remain on the farm also; then it was that the real pleasure began, and after the work was over for the day the man and boy would roam the old house and entertain each other.

But no place was quite as attractive to the boy as Uncle Hiram's room, for it bore the many war trophies that the soldiers had brought home, and nothing was quite as splendid in the boy's eyes as the heavy helmet.

"I think we might put the helmet out of sight," Uncle Hiram said one day as they stood looking about his room for a place to put a lovely new picture, and immediately he thrust the helmet far back in a dark corner of the closet and closed the door.

"Oh, Uncle Hiram!" Collins exclaimed, "if you're going to throw it away, give it to me."

"Very well," Uncle Hiram answered. "You are welcome to it, but I can't imagine what a small boy like you would want with a German helmet."

"I'll show you in the morning," Collins answered as he left the room, proudly bearing the precious gift.

But when Collins went downstairs next morning he learned that Uncle Hiram had been called to the city and would probably be away for some time. At the end of three weeks Uncle Hiram returned, to find his little nephew waiting at the gate to meet him.

"Why, Collins," he laughed, "I expected to see you wearing that German helmet."

"I found better use for it," Uncle Hiram, he answered pleasantly; "but it's in good use. See?" And he pointed his small hand upward.

Uncle Hiram's mouth quickly turned up at the corners; for in the tree above his head he saw his German helmet hanging upside down, with a neat little shingle roof above it, and in the helmet a grey mockingbird was busily arranging a nest.

"That's the very best use I ever saw made of a German helmet," Uncle Hiram said pleasantly as they started toward the house.—Christian Advocate, Nashville.

THE DAY-DODGERS BY BERTHA E. GREEN

WINK-WINK, THE FIREFLY.

THE crickets were singing all around the Hollis house, and every little while there came the "zoom" of a night hawk. It was past the evening hour; there was only the starlight, and it would be some time yet before moonrise.

Dick was standing by the gateway of the hedge that shut in Grandma Hollis' garden, listening to the tunes of the night-singers. Suddenly he was startled by a small voice, sharp and clear, that came from the hedge beside him:

"Shut the gate."

The voice was so tiny that Dick was not afraid, although he could see no one. He closed the wicket gate, and as he did so the same voice spoke again:

"I am so glad you did not go into the garden, for I wanted someone to talk to."

"Who are you, anyway?" asked Dick.

"I'm Mr. Wink-Wink, and I have a new job," said the unseen one.

As he spoke Dick turned toward the gate, and saw a small light glowing at the tip of one of the pickets. This light belonged to Mr. Wink-Wink, and was really part of Mr. Wink-Wink himself. It was not a steady glow, but winked and blinked like the flashes of a lighthouse. When the light flashed Dick could see Wink-Wink quite plainly.

A small, plain-looking beetle stood on its six legs on the picket. Two thin feelers jutted out from the front of its head, and two glossy wing-cases were closed tightly over its back. From the under and lower part of the glossy body there came a clear, glowing light.

"This is a lonesome job when there is no one to talk to," said the beetle in his clear voice.

"What kind of a job is it?" asked Dick.

"Why, I am the night watchman," replied Wink-Wink.

"What is it you are watching?" asked Dick.

"I do not know whether I should tell or not," said the beetle; "but if you promise to keep out of the garden I will tell you."

Dick promised, and Wink-Wink continued:

"All the youngsters are snail-hunting in the garden, and if you went in there the snails would run home, and there wouldn't be any fun, or any dinner, either."

"But what do you do?" inquired Dick.

"I perch on the gate here," replied the beetle, "and flash my lantern to warn travellers to keep out. It is a very important job, I can tell you."

"Are you going to do this long?" inquired Dick.

"Every warm, pleasant night all summer," answered the Firefly. "Even if there

is no snail-hunting I shall be around, for I do like being out nights.

"The youngsters—or larvæ, as some people call them—are always hungry, and like snails and slugs to eat better than anything else. They have brush-like tails, by which they help themselves over the ground, and also use them to clean the skin of the snails they have captured."

"Do they come home after the snail-hunt?" asked Dick.

"They haven't any home," replied Wink-Wink; "they hatch from tiny eggs, and have to get their own meals after that."

"Is Mrs. Wink-Wink with the children," inquired Dick.

"Oh, no," replied the beetle.

"Then why doesn't she come with you up here and keep you company?"

"She could not do that," answered the beetle, "because she has no wings, and could not follow me as I fly around. She is over in the grass near the lilac bushes."

Dick looked over toward the lilac bushes, and saw a larger and brighter light than the Firefly's.

"I know now," he exclaimed; "Mrs. Wink-Wink is a real Glowworm."

"Why do you keep blinking your light all the time?" said Dick; "there is no danger of anyone going into the garden now."

"That is to let my mate know that I am where I ought to be," replied Wink-Wink.

"Where do you get your light?" inquired Dick.

"I do not know," replied the beetle, "nor does anyone else. It grows and glows there without any trouble to me, although I can turn it on and off."

"Doesn't it warm you up too much when you turn yourself into a lantern?" asked Dick.

"No," replied Wink-Wink; "it is a light and nothing else."

The Firefly had been blinking his light steadily, and there was an answering glow from under the lilac bushes. While Dick and the beetle were talking, Dick's little dog, Toots, had trotted over from the house, and, squeezing through the hedge, was in the garden. But the beetle did not seem to notice Toots at all. His light blinked on just the same. He seemed to have forgotten about the children and the snail-hunt, and kept right on talking to Dick.

At last Dick said "Good-night," and, calling Toots, walked toward the house.

The firefly light still blinked on the gate, and Dick laughed as he thought that Mr. Wink-Wink's job was only an excuse to get away from home at nights.

(Copyright, 1920, by B. E. Green.)

Famous Artists

In the year 1755, when Paris was at its gayest and people gave no thought to the terrible days to come, throngs attended the annual exhibitions of the paintings of Jean Baptiste Greuze. The eighteenth century was a very artificial age; the galleries were filled with pictures of dainty shepherdesses and gallant shepherds whose gay apparel would never have withstood a shower. In the latter half of the century simplicity became the fad, and Greuze pictures of cottage life fitted the taste of the times.

People had no praises high enough for the artist, and he had quite as good an opinion of himself as had the public. After he came to Paris he was convinced that nothing save the jealousy of his fellow artists could stand in his way to fame. After a stay of two years in Italy he thought to distinguish himself as an historical painter, and when called upon for a picture to be presented in the Academy should he be elected a member, he chose to paint an historical event. Great was his chagrin when he learned that he had been elected on the merits of his earlier pictures of cottage life.

Greuze will always be known, not by his historical pictures or his domestic ones, but by the beautiful heads of boys and girls. "Innocence," the "Listening Girl" and "The Broken Pitcher" are ones with which we all are familiar. The end of Greuze's life was a very sad one. The Revolution put him out of favor, his noble patrons going to the guillotine. A few of his pupils were faithful to him, but his last years were spent in poverty.

Tenderfoot: "Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"

First-class Scout: "Well, you see, they couldn't have the ocean tide if there were no knots."—*The Yale Record*.



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The Stamp Collector's Corner

Victory Issues

A set of the New Zealand victory issues has just come to hand. They are most beautiful stamps from every point of view. The British lion figures in some way upon almost every one of them. One interesting feature of the set is that one stamp carries the head of a Maori chief, in recognition of the part that New Zealand's native race played in the great war. We hope to give illustrations of some of these stamps next week.

That Canada is not to issue a series of commemorative stamps in the near future will be judged from the following official letter received from the Post Office Department:

Ottawa, Feb. 2nd, 1920.

Dear Sir,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 29th ultimo, making enquiry as to a probable series of Canadian postage stamps commemorative of Canada's participation in the war. In reply I am to inform you that it is not contemplated to make such an issue in the immediate future. Yours very truly,

E. L. TAYLOR,
Assistant Superintendent.

Canada's Five-Cent Registration Stamp

The Stamp Man, CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

Dear Sir,—I have in my possession two registered stamps of the five-cent denomination, issued in the year 1875 or thereabouts. They are green in color and oblong in shape, and, though they are not post-marked, have become rather discolored. Would you be kind enough to tell me if they are in demand or of any great value. Thanking you in advance, Yours truly,

H. L. C.

This stamp, not cancelled, if in the yellow-green shade, is catalogued at twenty-five cents; if in the blue-green, at one dollar. It is to be remembered that catalogue prices are usually, except in cases of great rarities, about twice that actually received. An imperforate copy of this stamp is worth about five dollars.—*The Stamp Man*.

Organizing a Stamp Club

The Stamp Man, CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

Dear Sir,—I am a stamp collector, too, and would be interested in any stamp club that the GUARDIAN readers might organize. If "The Stamp Man" will propose any feasible scheme for such organization I shall be pleased to co-operate.

When I came to Langham, about six months ago, I could not find a stamp collector. I set about to effect an organization. I mailed a copy of Willard O. Wylie's little pamphlet, "The Charm of Stamp Collecting," to the parents of some of the bright boys and girls, and afterwards called a meeting, when six boys were present. We held weekly meetings for a while, and dis-

cussed the better ways of collecting, studied watermarks, perforations, etc. The boys were cautioned about spending money for stamps until they were acquainted with their trading values. The writer has a large number of duplicates, and always sent the boys home from each meeting with a packet. We organized a Junior Club, with the principal of the high school as president, and now have a dozen active philatelists writing to their friends in England, United States, Australia, South Africa, West Indian Islands, etc., to save them stamps. These boys have succeeded so well that several of them have nearly 500 varieties, and are able to do some trading with their organizer, who always accepts any Canadian stamps above three cents in exchange for any of his duplicates the boys may want. They started by arranging their stamps neatly in blank books, but all of them now have the Imperial Album, and are working for prizes (better albums), which will be awarded on Dominion Day, for the better collections arranged in the neatest manner.

I wish the Stamp Corner great success.

Yours sincerely, E. A. BLAKELY, M.D.
Langham, Sask.

Postage in the Old Days

The Stamp Man, CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

Gravenhurst, Ont., Jan. 26, 1920.

Dear Sir,—I am not a writer, but I wish our young people could understand the price of stamps to-day compared with sixty-five years ago. I have an envelope, mailed from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1852. It has a one-shilling stamp, which represented one day's wages for a laborer. This stamp brought the letter only to Quebec; there another stamp, two pence, was attached, amount to be paid on delivery. This is a vast difference from our penny postage of to-day.

Yours sincerely, R. O. MILLER.

Anyone but Amy!

"Another cup gone! O Amy, you reckless, wretched creature! Now we've not enough left to go round that match!"

"Well, you needn't be so tragic about it, Prue; and, anyway, it wasn't my fault. The old thing's been cracked for ages and its time had come—it simply went to pieces in my hand."

"Quite simply—after you'd knocked it against the faucet. It naturally would," said Prue, dryly.

Sally and May, busy putting back glass and china on the shelves of the cosy living room, after the tea, laughed and exchanged a meaning look.

"Why, Prue, of course it wasn't Amy's fault!" said Sally, with overemphasized reproachfulness. "How could you think it for a minute?"

"No, of course it wasn't!" added May sweetly. "Most likely it was no one's fault at all; but if it was anyone's, it certainly was anyone but Amy."

That night, as Amy brushed her hair before the glass, there was a worried pucker between her brows. A broken teacup, more or less, did not matter much, but there had been something in the girls' tone that did matter. They were joking, of course, but it was something she did not like—something different; almost as if they had been talking of someone else—of a girl much less popular and petted and admired than Amy Alston. Bother the miserable cup! If Sally or May had broken a dozen cups, she would have sympathized with them; she would not have made invidious remarks. What did May mean with her hateful "Anyone but Amy!" She had never considered herself as infallible.

Amy paused with head bent sidewise midway of a brush stroke down her smooth, brown locks. There had been that loaf of cake that was burned—but that never would have happened if Sally had not called her off to consult her about something quite unnecessary. She had hurried back as quick as she could; and they could use most of it by cutting off the bottom and one corner. She brushed again, hard. Sally ought to have known better. Cake required a person's whole attention!

"Anyone but Amy!" To be sure, the time she forgot to snap off the storeroom light, and it was on for three days, until the next meeting, she had pointed out that, if Isabel had gone the rounds carefully before locking up, it could not have happened; and if the girl who had the key was not responsible for going the rounds, who was? Why, Isabel had acknowledged that she ought to have made sure about every light, even though she did not know anyone had been to the storeroom. No! Isabel never tried to squirm out of a hole. She accepted consequences.

Just there Amy laid down her brush and sternly addressed the sober young face confronting her in the glass.

"My child," she told it, "you've always considered yourself a pretty good sort, and in particular an all-round, good comrade. Let's hope you are. But there's one thing you've got to learn thoroughly and right away, and that's the art of owning up. You'd be decent enough to take the blame for anything big, I honestly believe, if you deserved it; but it's mean and disgraceable to try to slip out of small responsibilities.

"Now, my dear, you can't drop the best club salad bowl to-morrow and nobly and spectacularly confess the crime, as you'd like to do, because the bowl can't be spared; but you can and will buy six new penitential teacups and present them to the club, to make good with interest for the one you smashed—yes, *smashed!* That is the word you'll use, and you won't even hint that it was cracked! After this, every blessed blunder, fault and accident for which you are responsible is yours, and yours only; you won't let anyone else claim a share, if she wants to! Not anyone but Amy!"—*The Youth's Companion*.

POSTAGE and Revenue Stamps of Canada for sale; big discounts; Scott 32, 33, 40; Unused, Cat. 53c., net 10c., Jubilee 1 to 8 c., Cat. 2.97, net 80c. Packets for beginners, 10c. Joseph Wilks, Millbrook, Ont.

MOSTLY ABOUT PEOPLE

The National Library of Wales is called "A Palace of Books." The library, which is not yet completed, is perched on an elevated plateau, with the town of Aberystwyth nestling beneath in its amphitheatre of hills. The chief librarian of this wonderful treasure house is Mr. John Ballinger, M.A., who would be equally at home in any of the libraries of the world, ancient or modern. He is himself a walking catalogue and encyclopædia of books, loving them, old and new—but preferably old, MS. or printed—outside and inside. He is in his sixtieth year, and gained much of his experience in the Cardiff Public Library, where he worked, first as assistant and later as chief librarian. Everything that science can do to guard against fire has been done. In some of the rooms during the war priceless treasures of the British Museum and National Gallery and Crown jewels were kept out of harm's way. The National Library is to provide material for the future historian, not only of Wales as a whole, but of each county and each locality.

The Prince of Wales since his return is certainly doing a great deal to make Can-



DR. J. E. COTTON,
The discoverer of a new ether.

ada popular. When receiving the freedom of the city of Windsor he told them it was not long ago since he was receiving a welcome at another British city of Windsor, in Canada. And he suggested to the Mayor that he send a message to that other Windsor, and include in it his best wishes. At a dinner given by the Canadian Club recently the Prince of Wales in his speech said that the progressive spirit he found everywhere in Canada was very catching. It was not alone the vastness of their territory, or the magnitude of their resources, but their wonderful spirit, which had made the Canadian people the great nation they were.

In Steinway Hall, London, Eng., a short time ago, a little fourteen-year-old girl faced an audience and read to them her own poems. Miss Annette Bryce-Wilson assured the newspaper man she was not excited, only nervous, and added that she had not read much poetry. She wrote her first

poem when her grandmother died, and "they just come into my head and I write them down." Her favorite is "Fairylad," and when she gave the verses her audience was charmed. Some of the work of little Miss Wilson is expected to appear shortly in book form, and will very likely include "My Old Dog Jim and I," which, one writer says, is the most charming of all.

William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, was in Toronto recently, and spoke in Hart House to a very appreciative audience. He particularly appealed to those of his audience who were Irish. He was born in Dublin, June 13th, 1865, and attended schools in Hammersmith and Dublin. For three years he was an art student, but left art for literature when twenty-one years of age. He is a well-known author and writer of Irish verse.

Sir Harry Lauder was the guest of the Canadian Club in Toronto last week, and in his own inimitable way entertained over one thousand guests. He sang a couple of songs, gave a few reminiscences and some very good advice. He is quoted as saying, "The eyes of the world to-day are in one direction, and that direction is the English-speaking people. There is only one example to be shown the world to-day, and that example is work." He stated that work was man's best friend, not his enemy; was the only cure for a topsy-turvy world; and advised young men to "love their job" or get out and find one that they could love. "I am in a job in which I am today because I love to sing." And he told of his first concert effort as a boy, when the evening's reward was a few pennies.

Miss Edith E. Leach is back in Canada and taking a course in the social service department of the University of Toronto. She has been in England for four years, and was one of the first four officers appointed by the Minister of Munitions in the health and welfare sections to look after the arrangements for the welfare of 20,000 workers imported from one centre to another, engaged in munitions making. Miss Leach is very enthusiastic about the national kitchen movement. There are 161 kitchens throughout Great Britain, 126 of them provided with restaurants, and practically all of them are self-supporting. England has been the pioneer of the national restaurant movement, which has proved a great check to profiteering in the restaurant trade. The London *Evening News* in an article says that the difficulty has been, not to make profits, but to avoid them. Prices are fully twenty per cent. below those charged for similar food elsewhere, the portions have been increased to decrease the revenue, and yet there is a profit of nearly £100 a week on a capital outlay of under £6,000. Miss Leach was one of the first women appointed to the women's section of overseas settlers in the Ministry of Labor Depot of Civil Demobilization and Re-establishment, and is in Canada now with the idea of helping in the immigration problem.

A new ether, known as the "cotton process ether," has been discovered and perfected by Dr. James H. Cotton, a Toronto surgeon. A few drops of this new ether, while it destroys all sense of feeling, will not make the patient unconscious. But if the patient wishes to sleep through the

operation, a few drops more will have the desired effect. Another feature of the "cotton process ether" is that after it has been administered patients will answer any questions asked quite truthfully, and oftentimes have to be prevented from telling the story of their lives.

Peter Chalmers Mitchell, astronomer and secretary to the Zoological Society of London since 1903, was a passenger in a plane which left London, Feb. 4th, for Capetown. The first flights from Cairo to Capetown will be watched with great interest. For over a year work has been going on constructing a landing place and accumulating supplies of gasoline and stores; but as some of the stations are in dense forests, landings will have to be made in daylight and with especial care. Dangers, in the event of accidents, from wild beasts, savages and lack of communications, appear to be very great. The *Daily Times* already has a big airplane at Cairo, to which city it has flown from England. The British airplane DH-14 has also left Lympe, in Kent, for Capetown.

Three hundred and sixty acres of the Peigan Reserve, near Pincer Creek, Alta.,



CHRISTOPHER J. YORATH,
Commissioner of the city of Saskatoon, who has been chosen as the the Comptroller-General of Manitoba.

have been ranched for the past eight years by a woman. Cattle, pigs and poultry have been raised. Miss Jean Laidlaw was the director of kindergartens in London, Ont., before going west, and has managed the ranch with what help she could get. So enthused was she over the work that her nephew went out and is fast becoming a farmer. Miss Laidlaw has not always been fortunate. Last year winds that blew day after day, followed by weeks of drought, ruined her entire crop; but she will soon be going westward again, ready to take her chances with next summer's weather.

That China is awakening rapidly to a sense of her importance in world affairs is indicated by the visit to this continent of Yuan Shih Tao, nephew of the former Chinese President, Yuan-Shi-Kai, and himself the former Vice-Minister of Education in the republic. He is here to investigate educational methods with a view to applying them in his own country.

THE DOMINION BANK

At the Forty-Ninth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of The Dominion Bank, held at the Head Office, in Toronto, on 28th January, 1920, the following statement of the affairs of the Bank as on the 31st December, 1919, was submitted:

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1918....	\$446,503 22
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts	\$1,256,053 83
<i>Less</i>	
Dominion Government War Tax (on circulation)	\$60,000 00
Taxes paid to Provincial Governments ..	26,350 00
	86,350 00
	<u>1,169,703 83</u>
	<u>\$1,616,207 05</u>

Which amount has been disposed of as follows:

Dividends (quarterly) at Twelve per cent. per annum	\$720,000 00
Bonus, one per cent....	60,000 00
Total distribution to Shareholders of Thirteen per cent. for the year	780,000 00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	30,000 00
Contributions to Patriotic and other Funds	10,500 00
	\$820,500 00
Written off Bank Premises	300,000 00
	\$1,120,500 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	495,707 05
	<u>\$1,616,207 05</u>

GENERAL STATEMENT LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$6,000,000 00
Reserve Fund	\$7,000,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	495,707 05
Dividend No. 149, payable 2nd January, 1920	180,000 00
Bonus, one per cent., payable 2nd January, 1920	60,000 00
Former Dividends unclaimed	4,089 00
	7,739,796 05
Total Liabilities to the Shareholders.....	\$13,739,796 05
Notes in Circulation	\$9,525,809 00
Due to Dominion Government ...	5,000,000 00
Deposits not bearing interest ...	\$37,088,399 96
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date....	74,325,657 59
	111,414,057 55
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	878,911 22
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	973,956 16
Bills Payable	197,532 96
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	1,168,405 41
Liabilities not included in the foregoing	606,451 47
Total Public Liabilities	129,765,123 77
	<u>\$143,504,919 82</u>

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	\$1,980,842 69
Dominion Government Notes	15,843,726 00
Deposit with Central Gold Reserves	4,100,000 00
Notes of other Banks	1,170,382 54
Cheques on other Banks	6,816,287 08
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	3,857 96
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	1,988,043 33
	\$31,903,139 60
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value	8,790,080 39
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value	13,334,525 62
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	1,996,115 44
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	9,352,534 25
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada	4,698,984 25
	\$70,075,379 55
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	65,396,248 68
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	1,050,488 62
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra Real Estate other than Bank Premises	5,469 57
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	74,566 85
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off....	5,407,180 30
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	304,500 00
Mortgages on Real Estate sold ..	22,680 84
	73,429,540 27
	<u>\$143,504,919 82</u>

E. B. OSLER, *President*. C. A. BOGERT, *General Manager*.

AUDITORS' REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

We have compared the above Balance Sheet with the books and accounts at the Chief Office of The Dominion Bank, and the certified returns received from its Branches, and after checking the cash and verifying the securities at the Chief Office and certain of the principal Branches on December 31st, 1919, we certify that, in our opinion, such Balance Sheet exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of our information, the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank.

In addition to the examinations mentioned, the cash and securities at the Chief Office and certain of the principal Branches were checked and verified by us at another time during the year and found to be in accord with the books of the Bank.

All information and explanations required have been given to us and all transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have, in our opinion, been within the powers of the Bank.

G. T. CLARKSON
R. J. DILWORTH of Clarkson, Gordon & Dilworth, C.A.

TORONTO, January 20th, 1920.

Evangelism : A Suggestion

The writer believes there are three distinct types of evangelism as held and practiced by our Church. They are personal, educational and, for want of a descriptive word, what we call evangelistic services. We separate them in thought, but not in practice. For instance, we recognize that personal evangelism means the winning of others, as individuals, to a right relation to God; but we know this cannot be effective without something of an educational preparation in the mind of the individuals whom we are trying to help. Likewise any co-operative attempt will be futile unless preceded by educational work and accompanied by personal effort.

How are these three phases of evangelism directed in our Church? I think we are agreed that personal evangelism is more or less perfectly undertaken by the pastors and willing workers in the local church. It must be done by them, although they may be greatly assisted by studying the achievements and methods of others.

Turning to educational evangelism, we find our Church is rapidly adjusting herself to the task before her. Our Sunday schools, with the graded lessons, the increasing number of teacher-training classes and catechumen classes, are doing this work with increasing efficiency. Then our educational institutions, which are training leaders and sending them forth qualified to lead, are contributing in a most essential manner to the accomplishment of the task. Methodism is awake in this, and there is no sphere of our Church activity more bright with promise. The conviction is now definitely and deeply grounded that it is better to bring up a child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord than to neglect his religious education and then try to bring him back by a more revolutionary experience when he is older.

Ideal as this scheme is, it doesn't always work, and then we have to resort to the other way of winning the individual back to Christ. I refer to the series of special services, of old time called "revival meetings," now "an evangelistic campaign." Here, it seems to me, we are still very much at sea. And I will hasten to add that I am not attempting a criticism of our Department of Evangelism and Social Service, although many of us believe the name of the department was thus arranged by General Conference that the emphasis might be placed upon this branch of the work. Meantime, what kind of evangelism are we carrying on in our Church? I want to pay tribute to the ministers who are endeavoring to do this work themselves, or with the assistance of other pastors. Likewise, do those honored members of our connexion merit our appreciation who have faithfully given themselves to the assisting of their brethren in this work. But of late the town campaign has become a feature, the united efforts of the Churches being concentrated for the time upon the one objective. Then the evangelistic party makes its appearance. How careful we need to be in our selection of pastors for this work. There are a lot of "would-be Billy Sunday" parties, and the cheap, tawdry, vaudeville stuff that comes with such parties is an insult to the religious sentiment of a community. The announcing of sensational themes, which invariably are underdeveloped and over-exposed. The over-advertising, under direction of a member of the party. Then the emotionalism, the "hanging over the precipice" type of sensationalism that would make an uncensored movie seem tame. The abuse of the English language and the abuse of all the listeners until under this fusillade of denunciation someone responds to the appeal, and then the effort to stampede everyone under the dominating influence of the herd instinct. Follow this by the carefully-thought-out, scientific way of urging, night after night during the last week, the thank-offering, "which is the only remuneration

that the evangelist receives," and one begins to understand how nauseating this type of evangelism becomes to the one acquainted with the facts.

Why do I write this? Because I am convinced that the Methodist Church ought to provide men who can lead these great campaigns, and ought not to support any party that is not recognized and recommended by the leaders of some one of the evangelical Churches. Surely a Church like ours could well afford to ordain men and set them apart for this most important work. Men trained in our colleges, subject to the discipline of our Church, given a specified salary (it should be liberal), surely can be found who are willing to give themselves to this work. The salary could be guaranteed by the department, and any surplus from offerings go into the funds of the department.

Then, with evangelists trained for their particular work, subject to the same discipline as other ministers, freed from mercenary influences, qualified for and called to this work by the judgment of our Church, ministers could open their pulpits, confident that those sacred places would not be desecrated, and enter enthusiastically into campaigns, assured that their confidence has not been misplaced.

This is written in the hope that it may open up a discussion that may lead to some practical plan which may seem acceptable to the entire Church.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for this space. I am, yours respectfully,

HARRY A. FROST.

Trenton, Jan. 20th, 1920.

A RETURN TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

To the *Christian Guardian*:

Dear Sir,—Because of a painful change in my home life I am spending the winter with the Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Barraclough in the City of Moncton, a beautiful and enterprising little city of some twenty thousand people. Moncton is remarkable as a city of beautiful churches, which are largely attended. Methodism has two strong and influential churches in the city. Some eighty miles from here lies Prince Edward Island, which in summer time is appropriately called "The Gem of the Gulf." The first seven years of my ministry were spent on this beautiful island. Being near, and the weather being favorable, I took a trip across the Straits to see old friends and older scenes.

Your readers may know already something of the geographical limits of "the beautiful isle." It is long and narrow, being one hundred and thirty miles from east to west, with an average breadth of eighteen miles. Its permanent possession was involved in the long struggle between France and England. For fully two centuries the French held the mastery, until with the conquest of Louisbourg in 1745, by General Amherst, and of Quebec in 1759 by General Wolfe, it became permanently a part of the British crown. When it came under the British flag many of the French residents, dreading British rule, left the island. The treaty of Fontainebleau, in 1763 was the final settlement of the long standing dispute. The whole island was soon divided into sixty-seven townships, each containing twenty thousand acres, a division which still exists. With few exceptions these divisions were bartered away to favorites of the Crown, which was afterwards rectified as the people grew in numbers and intelligence. The ecclesiastical struggle for State Church supremacy on Prince Edward Island was the first edition of the same sort of thing that took place in Ontario in the days of Bishop Strachan and Rev. Dr. Edgerton Ryerson, the particulars of which would take too much space here.

The most remarkable change noticeable after an absence for forty years, was the great steel ferry which runs between Cape Tormentine and Borden, a distance of some nine miles, thus connecting the island with the mainland. The great icebreaker is two hundred and twenty feet long, with engines of seven thousand horse-power, her keel being twenty feet in water. Her cabins for both sexes are spacious and beautiful and up-to-date in every particular. The amount of freight carried on this boat is enormous. Cars loaded with all classes of produce on the island are shipped through to Montreal, Toronto and all western points without change. From the first of October last to the first of December, just two months, five hundred and fifty-two cars of produce left the island for the mainland. The value of this ferryboat may be seen in the fact that land values have gone up a hundred per cent. since its inception.

On the Island there are fourteen thousand farmers. In the production of eggs, butter and cheese it is the Denmark of Canada. There seems to be no poverty on the Island, which fact brings conviction to every unprejudiced mind that "back-to-the-land" is the solution of many of our social problems.

I was greatly delighted to observe in the City of Charlottetown and in other outside points, the faithful work being done by our brethren, and the bright outlook for the success of the great National Campaign now being undertaken by the Church.

During my less than two weeks' visit I had the honor of preaching seven times, giving two other addresses, visiting twenty families of old friends, which meant driving fully sixty miles.

It was a great joy to have preached three times for the Rev. George Ayers, of Granville, an able preacher, a faithful minister, and successful soul-winner, who, when a boy, was converted in a revival service which I conducted at Union Road Church over forty years ago. In the great work of the Christian ministry we often build better than we know.

Sincerely yours,

R. B. ROWE.

Moncton, N.B., Jan. 23, 1920.

THE NEGLECT OF CEMETERIES

Attention of our Ministers and Church Officials, Trustees Especially.

We desire to bring to your attention the lamentable conditions into which many of the cemeteries of our country circuits have lapsed. Stones have fallen, grass remains uncut, fences in many cases have perished.

Frequently no successors have been appointed to original trustees of these properties, and what has been everybody's business has proved, as it usually does, to be nobody's business.

A very valuable work for the local community would be performed if our ministers and officials would reawaken interest in these matters, indicating at least a fair regard for the church property and a becoming respect for the memory of the departed pioneers of this country. Many of these have helped lay the foundations of our national greatness as well as of our Christian churches. Filial affection ought to guarantee better care than has been taken; but even this has failed. This is a sad commentary upon our great want of respect for those who have gone before.

All that has been necessary in many cases is for someone to begin to agitate for improving these properties. The organization of active committees or the appointment of trustees to take the places of those deceased may get the improvements under way.

May the awakening of our people to the duty of this task remove from our people the disgrace which some present-day conditions have brought upon them.

S. W. DEAN.



THE PEER GYNT SUITE

For Your Talking Machine

BY EDWARD GRIEG, COMPOSER.

The music man received so many encouraging remarks with respect to the recent article on Schubert's B Minor symphony, that he to-day ventures a bit farther afield. The item for this week's study will involve the purchase of two Columbia records, numbers A 5806 and A 5807 at a total outlay of three dollars, or the same Victor records numbered 35470 and 18042. These being the usual two-sided records, we find ourselves provided with parts 1, 2, 3 and 4 of Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, played by high-class symphony orchestras.

Grieg wrote this suite as incidental music to Ibsen's drama, "Peer Gynt," based on a Norse folk story.

MORNING.

The first number of the suite is called "Morning," and is one of Grieg's finest inspirations. Peer Gynt was a queer boy—an aimless dreamer—who loved to spend his nights in the mountains. Grieg may have pictured him as awakening one morning to find himself upon a high cliff. The sun is just beginning to make the east beautiful with red and yellow and violet rays as they shoot through the gray morning clouds; the dewdrops fall from the glossy leaves; the birds are calling sleepily to each other. On one side, far below the sea stretches away; on the other are the open fields bathed in misty light. Familiar sounds are heard. The dawn grows lighter; the birds begin to sing; the breezes whisper to each other among the branches; the sound of bells comes up from the fields below—the sun shines out over all.

There is but one prominent theme or melody in the selection. This is a simple pastoral theme, much like what we might imagine the shepherd would play to his flock. As this is continually being repeated, the composer has changed or elaborated it in many ways, and has also interwoven with it a smooth, singing melody for the 'cello. By this means he secures variety in his composition. The harmonies all working upward convey the idea of sunrise.

ASE'S DEATH.

When Peer Gynt became a young man, he built a little house high up among the mountains for himself and Solvejg, who came to this home as his bride. He might now have been happy and useful, but having been an idler and dreamer so long, he soon became disoriented. Feeling no responsibility, he decided to leave home and seek adventure. He would visit once more his neglected mother, Ase. It was late evening when he came to the door of her poor cottage. A dim fire burned on the hearth. His mother lay dying. Fumbling with the coverlet, she moaned and called for her son, even regretting that she had ever scolded him. Now, when he had come, she could not see him and could scarcely speak. Finally, Peer, broken hearted with grief, rushed out of the house and wandered far from home seeking forgetfulness in new scenes, in new countries and among strange people.

The movement is in reality a funeral march commonly designated as *andante doloroso*. There is but one theme, eight measures in length. This theme is repeated five

times in a slightly different way. This dark, minor melody theme is emphasized throughout by a sombre background of heavy harmonies which hang like a cloud over all. The very unusual use of accent also intensifies the general atmosphere of gloom.

ANITRA BEFORE PEER GYNT.

We are strongly reminded in this third division of the oriental flavor in the music of the scene enacted before Herod when Salome pleased him so greatly by her dancing that he granted her the privilege of doing away with John the Baptist.

The music of this third part is descriptive of the posturing of Anitra, the beautiful daughter of an Arab Chief, and her maidens, before Peer Gynt. The latter has in his wanderings strayed into Morocco and joined a band of Bedouins. Peer Gynt's yearning for home is several times voiced in a melody of great tenderness, which stands out in beautiful legato above the general staccato of the music, which is continually in progress.

The music, in oriental color, pictures the agile suppleness of Anitra. It is in mazaruka tempo. This record gives the music as it was originally intended, for violins, 'viola, 'cello, and bass. In the last half, the 'cello may be heard in an independent droning, subdued melody.

Though given a highly oriental color and as much of the Arabic nature as possible, it shows distinctly the individuality of the composer. It will be noticed that in this, as in all the other movements of the Suite, a typically Norwegian feature is carried out, in that a main theme is chosen and then repeated many times in varied form and figure. Grieg seems to have been especially devoted to the realm of the fairy folk. His characters are often elves and gnomes from the realms of earth, sea and sky. Naturally the Peer Gynt story gave his imagination full play along a most congenial line.

Almost the entire composition is carried out in staccato effect; and yet the melodic progress is so graceful that it suggests the graceful, gliding motions of the oriental maiden.

IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING.

Peer Gynt's nights in the mountains did not always have a happy ending. Once in wandering about, he came to a great palace, the home of the Trolls. Their leader was King of the Mountains. The Trolls gave him food, for they wished to be kind to him, but Peer was rude and abused their hospitality. Then the King in anger called his gnomes to torment and punish him. They began by dancing around him very slowly, but as they became more angry, they danced faster, sometimes threatening him. Then they became so angry that they struck him, pinched him, tore his clothes, and bit him. At last they tumbled the palace down over him, and he was rolled down the mountain.

The music is so highly descriptive that it is not difficult for the imagination to hear the gruff tones of the King's displeasure in the opening tones of the basses. One can almost hear the taunting and teas-

ing and pinching of poor Peer by the angry gnomes in the staccato tones of the violins. The destruction of the palace is most vividly suggested in the use of several sharp, staccato chords by the whole orchestra at the close. Someone has very aptly spoken of this number of the suite as a "veritable hornet's nest."

The music is in a grotesque, mysterious humor approaching almost to roughness. It is built entirely upon one motive or theme. This theme is only four measures in length and is given out first by the bass and later taken up in turn by practically the entire orchestra. The distribution of this theme among the various instruments of the orchestra is so arranged as to produce a most unique effect. The staccato noticed in the opening theme is maintained throughout almost the entire composition.

The tempo, at first moderate, gradually increases until it reaches a climax which is intensified by most interesting pianissimo and fortissimo effects. The music is highly descriptive.

In this composition Grieg has made extraordinary effects that bring out the grotesqueness of the piece most wonderfully. The four-measure theme is so orchestrated that color after color is developed. The powerful rhythmic beat dominates the whole. No composer surpasses Grieg in the "national" element.

A Warning

Our readers are warned against advertisements appearing in various periodicals requesting song poems which they offer to set to music—at a price. These people play upon the natural desire, so strong in many of us, to create something of æsthetic worth that will give joy to others, and possibly fame to ourselves.

With the exception of an occasional hymn or other classical gem, it is well to remember that songs become popular usually because of their musical worth.

Don't spend money on musical settings for song poems; the odds are nearly all against you.

Canadian Anthem Book No. 2—a limited quantity only—may be had, while they last, at one dollar each, or ten dollars per dozen. The Music Man cannot speak too highly of this fine, cloth-bound collection. It embraces a host of fine anthems suitable for all needs, and could not be replaced to-day at anything like the money. A dollar will bring you a sample copy postpaid; the Music Editor will undertake this for you if you so wish.

"Where are the songs of yesterday?" asked the temperamental person.

"Over at my friend Dubwaite's house," answered Mr. Glipping.

"Eh?"

"He hasn't bought a new photograph record in five years."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Going to buy a new pipe organ some of these days? The Music Man will be delighted to get information as to prices, stop specifications and designs for you if you so desire. This is your department, remember, and the Music Man will be glad to help you in any way he can. There are still a few of those "Olde Tyme Concerte" programmes left. Five cents in stamps will bring you a copy.

HYMNS WORTH LEARNING

"Faith of Our Fathers." No. 372 in the Methodist Hymn Book. By Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863).

Faber was born at Calverly Vicarage, Yorkshire. Educated at Balliol College; Fellow of University College, Oxford. This is one of his eleven great hymns which have become the possession of peoples of all communions. The spirited manner in which this hymn is sung by great congregations seems to indicate that the fire that burned in the martyrs' breasts has not died out entirely. Such hymns as this were popular in England during the recent struggle for the freedom of the public schools from ecclesiastical control, and frequently were sung at popular meetings as well as at religious services in the free churches.

"Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

"Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

"Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

Easy Anthems Worth Learning

Have you tried Herbert Sanders' "Jesu, the very thought of Thee"? It's one of those "grateful" numbers, easy enough for any choir to learn, and sufficiently capable of fine finish to challenge the best efforts of any choral group, however large. The range is easy, and the soprano (or tenor) solo is also simple and pleasing.

"Rest of the weary," by Bertha Louise Tamblin, is another number for medium solo voice and choir that will well repay any pains taken with it. It is beautiful, its principal appeal being that of direct simplicity.

"Softly now the light of day," by John Adamson, is suitable especially for Sunday evening service. A tenor part, of the "moving" type, is an especially laudable feature. The entire number is delightful, and is worshipful in its conception. We congratulate Mr. Hanna on having secured this fine number for his house.

"Teach me to do Thy Will," by Goodwin, requires a contralto or baritone soloist, and strikes the Music Man as a number he'd be sure to buy, provided he had a choir to teach it to. Get this anthem by all means if the devotional type appeals to you.

The Anglo-Canadian Music Co., of Toronto, will gladly submit samples of any of these on request.

If one had a hundred hymns in his memory, and if with every changing mood he was accustomed to have to himself some sweet descant of experience, he would not easily be made unhappy, nor would he wander far from the path of rectitude.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A Choirmaster's Tribulations

The following plaint is a partial reproduction of an article contributed by the Music Man in his choir-leading days to the columns of a western daily. It was entitled "Woes of a Choirmaster," and while it may have at the time created about as much stir as the average pebble that falls in the pool, still the writer hopes that perhaps some of the wavelets may this time reach the shore and incidentally the toes of some "oncer" or "specialist," and may disturb him a bit at any rate.

"Did you ever try to handle a choir, dear reader, and did you ever come across the 'oncer'? The 'oncer,' by the way, is the person with the good voice, whom the choir leader would dearly love to have as a regular member and who could be a great factor in making a good season's work possible. The 'oncer,' owing to reasons—in many cases perfectly good—'really can't attend church more than once a Sunday, don't you know.' These persons, and there are many of them, break up the *esprit de corps* of a choir, if taken on under these conditions, to a far greater degree than he or she can possibly imagine. The choirmaster cannot afford to dispense with their services because of their exceptional musical gifts; but, on the other hand, every chorister can with perfect fairness claim the same privilege as the members in question.

"One choir leader, at any rate, we are told, has come to the point of dispensing with the help of the 'oncer,' believing that his choir will be the better off in the long run by his so doing. Apparently he doesn't believe in the adage, 'Half a loaf is better than no bread.'"

"Another type of singer is he who will only come in for the 'special things.' Some choir leaders carry these 'specialists' on their rolls from year to year rather than lose their services at the critical times when it is desired to put on works of unusual pretension. Let us—and here we include the 'specialists'—remember that choirs do not exist primarily for the performance of this sort of thing, interesting though it may be. We hold that the test of a choir's efficiency is proven, not in one or more special efforts during a year, but rather in continued high-class, efficient performance of duty, Sunday after Sunday, for at least ten months out of the twelve.

"Another annoyance to the choir leader are the complacent worshippers (save the mark!) who criticize adversely everything, from the preacher's gestures to the soprano's top note. These people, while they have nothing in the way of constructive suggestion to offer in most cases, often have a following ready to agree with them. Thus are created centres of dissatisfaction amongst a congregation that make it often exceedingly difficult for a choir leader to recruit new members for his organization.

"These hints are thrown out in the hope that the singers will give greater support to the choirs of their respective churches, if they are already enrolled as members, or that singers who are wrongfully occupying space in the congregations will make a move to ally themselves with their respective choirs, where they really belong, anyway."

All the musical instruments of the symphony orchestra are aristocrats. They are what have survived after centuries of evolution. Behind the violin and its aristocratic relative, the viola, 'cello and contrabass, are a numerous but humbler group of guitars, banjos, mandolins, lutes, zithers and what not. Behind the flute is the penny whistle, and behind that the reed of the fields. The trumpet and trombone are descendants of the ram's horn of the Scriptures.

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Just lift that top dollar off your "roll"—NOW—before the impulse passes. It will mean a warm feeling under your waistcoat.

Let's

Lend the helping hand, brother

Send the dollar to
REV. J. COULTER
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The Forum



THE INTER-PROVINCIAL TRADE

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I have been wondering if all the people of the Dominion are going to stand idly by with folded hands and let the liquor dealers just do as they like without raising a protest. Whether the rest of the people do this or no, I want to raise my voice and vote against the inter-provincial liquor traffic, which is against the expressed will of the people. The Senate is doubtless to blame, but the people will also be to blame if they do nothing to oppose the traffic. Let all the provincial legislatures be immediately and strongly petitioned to place a prohibitive license fee on those wishing to engage in the business, and the traffic could be cut out, say a fee of \$100,000,000.

Hoping you will at once take action in the matter,

Yours truly,

A. M. BRADFORD.

Arrow River, Man.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PREACHER

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—In reply to "Disappointed One," of December 14th, let me say that I too am a layman, but thank God a preacher-loving, rather than a preacher-criticizing one. My attitude is based upon the fact that ministers of the gospel (especially of the Methodist Church), are such, not because of the financial remuneration, but in spite of it.

And let it here be asked, "Is it any wonder that so many of our most promising men of God have filled untimely graves through complete physical breakdown, or what is still more pitiable fill wards in our asylums and other public institutions because of afflictions brought on by undue physical and mental strain and unjust criticisms?"

And after all the arraignment against the minister in question (and I know not to whom it refers) has been made, I must say that I see no justification for his accusations, for show me a minister anywhere of whom the same complaints could not truthfully be made. It is absolutely impossible for any man to satisfy the wish of every one, and he is a fool who would attempt it. It is impracticable for any minister, I care not who he is, or how active, energetic and earnest he may be, to call upon every case where he might really be expected to do so, and where he would do so were it not that he was ministering to the needs of others. I personally know of instances where persons were at death's door and the pastor knew nothing of it; no one had been considerate enough to tell him, but he did not fail to receive the full load of condemnation because of his negligence. Was that just, I ask you?

I think the climax is reached when the writer asks, "Do the preachers not expect to be paid, according to what they earn?" I can't see how he dare even hint at such a question in the face of the exceedingly inadequate salaries that ministers are receiving, and I take pleasure in requesting him to read from December 31st GUARDIAN the letters by David Simpson and "Whip-poor-Will."

"Disappointed One" admits that the minister in question is a very forceful preacher. Then he must also admit that a

great deal of time must necessarily be spent in study and preparation of such helpful messages, and that he who dishes out such nourishing soul food is undoubtedly earning all he receives in remuneration. Any congregation who has a minister who is a good preacher should appreciate him highly and be proud of him, even if he does not get out among the people as much as some pastors who cannot preach. Anyone can go calling, or fulfilling the part of a pastor, but few can preach a sermon that will convict men of sin and that in my judgment is the all-important attainment of a minister's work. He is a hero who can, fearless of the opinion and scorn of men, present the truth of God and convict men of sin. He is nothing more than a coward who preaches merely to please and gain the favor of his hearers and become, as he calls it, popular with the people.

Men honor, love you, praise you not;
The Master praises; what are men?

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for the space in your valuable paper. I would like to hear the opinion of someone else in these matters.

ENTHUSIASTIC LAYMAN.

PEW AND PULPIT

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Co-operation is the principle governing the relations of our large manufacturing concerns. It is coming true in regard to the various political groups. It has already been demonstrated to us by the Churches in the Forward Movement, and what is needed now is the closer co-operation in the individual church between the pew and the pulpit. Too much emphasis has been placed upon the fact that we pay our ministers to do this and "it's up to him."

The advent of a new minister brings an increased effort of will and energy. We hitch him to the gospel chariot and we toil manfully as we put our shoulders to the wheel and one by one get tired. It is easier to ride than push and then we wonder why the willing steed gets jaded so soon.

A friend of mine went to hear Charles Spurgeon and said that at first he wondered wherein lay his power of appeal. But, said he, no sooner did Mr. Spurgeon appear in the pulpit than from many came the quietly audible prayer, "The Lord help him." We of the pew can do this much. Are we doing it?

Given the most modern equipment, an army with poor morale is just a mob; so a Church, with service and music to suit the most aesthetic taste, and possessed of every latest innovation, without the true spirit, will fail.

We had a fine illustration of ministerial effort and its effect on the minds of the people during the influenza epidemic in Macleod, Alberta. Passing the parsonage one might often see something like a scarecrow in a tree. It was a suit of clothes telling us that the Rev. W. A. Lewis had returned from a vigil with the sick. Day after day, night after night, he went, sole nurse and doctor in some cases, until the admiration of the people began to find expression.

"Say," said one to another—the churches were closed—"is Mr. Lewis getting his salary?" The writer got in touch with the ladies, whose genius in matters like this we have come increasingly to respect since

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Boys and girls who leave home sometimes find the city a cold, unfriendly, and even a dangerous place unless someone who *cares* awaits them.

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Our workers appreciate the warm reception and ready response already met with in many homes.

If all are responding according to the measure of their ability, success is assured.

Have you been overlooked?

Call Ger. 518

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house and prove me now herewith."

the commencement of the war. The arrears were quickly made up. Money comes when the right spirit prevails. Again, our minister during the summer went out and planted a garden, and it was no unusual thing to see him carrying the results of his labor to those less fortunate than himself.

There must be spiritual co-operation. Without it no minister, no Church can be efficient. It is the main dynamic in the Church upon which its noblest efforts depend. I know it would make all the difference when the preacher entered the pulpit if he knew that down through those aisles were many who upheld him in sincere prayer. He would be a better man and a better preacher. He couldn't help it.

There is something seriously wrong, not with the ministers, but with the people in the churches, when they can think or speak disdainfully, as I have heard them, of the men and women who pray.

The vision comes before me now of W. E. Gladstone, the "grand old man," as he reads the lessons in Hawarden Church, as he kneels beside the treasury bench and pours out his difficult problems to God. With all his work for his country he found time to develop a noble spirit, and when he died his old political opponent supplied a noble epitaph when he said, "He was a great Christian."

What the Church needs to-day is more men and women who feel the personal responsibility for the spiritual condition of themselves and their fellows.

JOSEPH STENSON.

Winlaw, B.C.

THE UKRAINIAN PAPERS OF THE WEST

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I have read with interest your correspondent's letters re the amalgamation of the Ukrainian papers in the West. Bro. T. Jackson Wray's letter is unfortunate in two of its conclusions derived from particular premises and yet made universal. It is a well established principle in logic that if the premise be particular, the conclusion must be particular also. I therefore suggest that it is unfair when one writer takes a given attitude to conclude that this is an excellent example of the attitude of the men of Northern Alberta. Some of the brethren of Saskatchewan are ready without cause to claim that Alberta representatives are narrowly provincial, but calling us names does not alter our characteristic. Internationalists have nationalistic convictions, and some have individualistic convictions. However, the problem we are dealing with is not that of one Province against another, it is that of a prepared environment against an unprepared environment, it is that of a centre where at great expense we have gained a point of contact against a centre where little has been attempted and less accomplished along this line; it is that of a city with its great Ukrainian problem in juxtaposition against a city with that problem removed to a distance; it is also, and chiefly, that of a centre where we have a well trained group of workers, the largest such group on the continent, against a centre where we have not a single Ukrainian-speaking Anglo-Saxon. It is not province against province, but fitness against unfitness for the task. Because this writer claims that Edmonton is the best centre for the publication of the amalgamated paper, T. J. W. draws his universal conclusion that I claim: "All wisdom—etc., centres in and around Edmonton," surely a preposterous conclusion from such a definitely particular premise.

Bro. Wray gives us the resolutions passed at Saskatoon. I am glad to have them. With the first two all must agree. As a matter of fact, there is not a paper on earth adequately meeting the needs of any given community, much less papers printed in a tongue foreign to the language of the land in which they are issued. Co-operation,

where aims are akin, is certainly better than competition, hence we agree in amalgamation; but if amalgamation means the loss of ground for which we have fought for years, the abandonment of work yielding fruit for the kingdom of God, then we may be called to pay too high a price for the amalgamation.

The committee at Saskatoon did not consider all involved in the working out of their resolution. They could not. The members were mixed, and purely Methodist business could not be dealt with. But resolutions three and four mean this: That one or more of our Anglo-Saxon Ukrainian-speaking workers shall be removed to Saskatoon to act as managing editor. Which can we spare? Again, if the Methodist Church provides this managing editor—and it alone can—then the native editor must be a Presbyterian. That excludes Mr. Bellaguy. Mr. Bellaguy's greatest fault is that he is a Methodist; but God gave him to this work, and his equal surely has not been found in this country. Our workers say that his retention is imperative. That is the word that moved me to strong statement, and our workers hold by their claim.

With Bro. Wray, I have no brief for Saskatoon; Saskatoon has none for itself in this matter, except that it is about halfway from somewhere to elsewhere, and the amount of money contributed does not constitute a claim to priority. If it does, we must go to Toronto. We men of Alberta gratefully acknowledge the work done by the men of the sister provinces; we pray God may continue to bless them in their labors, but our best sacrifice is not material, and some have given unto blood.

Yours sincerely,

T. D. JONES.

THE MINISTER'S INVITATION

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—The letter concerning "The Minister's Invitation," in the last issue of the GUARDIAN, shows a most commendable spirit—a spirit indeed which, if universal, would make Methodism an infinitely stronger force in our Canadian life.

No little dissatisfaction exists at the present time among men in the Civil Service. But the position of these men is much more favorable than that of the Methodist minister. And by this I do not mean that their salaries are greater, for although the minister receives a very small salary compared, for instance, with the wages of a plumber or bricklayer, this is by no means the hardest thing he has to bear. A much harder thing is to constantly face the prospect, which often becomes a heart-breaking reality, even in the time of his efficiency, of being humiliated and deprived of the privilege of properly educating his children through the action of his board in inviting an ambitious rather than a brotherly brother, without any thought as to where their present pastor may be forced to go. The prospective successor "accepts



subject to the action of the Stationing Committee," and then the board, by deputations to Conference, by telegrams, compel by their threats the Stationing Committee to do what the committee all know is a most unbrotherly and cruel thing. No civil servant and no employee of a decent business concern in Canada faces such a prospect. And yet business men of our boards, protected themselves and representing Methodism, forsooth, will thus humiliate a minister of their Church and break his heart, the ambitious successor receiving his congratulations upon his promotion. And then the Church wonders why there is a dearth of candidates for our ministry, and especially in the homes of ministers. There's a reason. The ministers' boys know how father feels—not about the small salary, but about the other thing.

A VICTIM.

Evangelist H. T. Crossley, who has associated with him as an efficient helper in song Mr. J. H. Leonard, has been as continuously engaged in his beloved work as in days of yore. They began the Conference year in New Liskeard last September, after which campaigns were held in Fenwick, Hamilton (Barton Street), St. Thomas (where Crossley and Hunter had their home for eighteen happy years), and then Watford. In each place, except Hamilton, the services were union, and every campaign was crowned with good success. They are now in a campaign in Walkerton with the four evangelical denominations, after which they are booked for St. George, Wesley Church (Hamilton), Bothwell and Mining. At Christmas time Mr. Crossley took a Sunday at home for the third time in thirty-six years. Continuity is the watchword.

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Northern Alberta News

Guardian Staff Correspondence

ALBERTA COLLEGE, NORTH.

Some time ago we expressed our conviction that something must be done to provide better accommodation for the students of Alberta College, North. When we read the report of the college, showing the number of students enrolled for the various courses, and thought of the limited space of the college building, we wondered how the management provided teaching space for the classes; and said surely there must be a limit to the possibilities. Even the most ingenious principal must realize this. Principal F. S. McCall invited the writer to see the institution at work, and now we know how the old lady felt who had so many children she did not know what to do; we know something of the problems of a man at the head of an institution capable of housing some 300 students properly, but with 1,500 students eagerly seeking help in their attempt to prepare themselves for service. Alberta College has a name in the province. People know the college to be thorough in its methods and modern in its teaching. Students will not be told that there is no room. With increasing insistency they press in, and who with any heart can say "our limit has been reached"? The home of the principal used to be in the building; this has been drafted into other service. McDougall Hall, erected for residence purposes, must also yield some space for classes, and the attic has been fitted to this end. Even the basement of McDougall Church has been requisitioned, and several classes meet there for work. From basement to the roof of the college building every available foot of space is given over to classes. The dining-room and the furnace rooms are the only precincts spared. It is pitiful to see seventy students crowded into a room where some of the students cannot see the teacher, telegraphic and other students jammed into small rooms in the basement where it is difficult to secure adequate ventilation, and to realize that there is not a room in the building adequate to meet the demands of the registration. No wonder the building is condemned. The dining-room is a study, for a small room has been made to seat two hundred diners at one time, and the agreement is that those who sit down to the first tables this week will yield their places next week to the students who waited for the second chance this week, and so on.

The enrolment last week was as follows (Jan. 13th, 1920):

<i>Academic.</i> —	
Public and high school courses	204
<i>Commercial.</i>	
Bookkeeping and accountancy	150
Shorthand	257
Telegraphy	87
<i>Music</i>	494
<i>Music</i>	725
<i>Expression and Art</i>	73
Total individual registration	1,496
	1,390

But, crippled as it is, this college is doing a wonderful work. In music it has achieved a pre-eminent name. In its business courses no other school compares with Alberta College; indeed, everything touched by this college is done with commendable thoroughness and distinctive exactness. A class held in the McDougall basement and conducted by the Rev. J. K. Smith is unique. All the students are adults who have not had the chance they needed educationally. Slovaks, Poles, Ukrainians, Chinese, mix with English, Irish, Scotch, etc., in this class. Bro. Smith makes an ideal teacher. His ready sympathy, his

teaching ability, his patience, make him beloved by every member of the polyglot group. Whilst the mixture is seen most markedly in his class, every group in the college has its racial distinctions, and the foreign-born are not slack intellectually—they hold high places in their classes, and frequently win the prizes.

What can we do to give Alberta College the building it needs to carry on? If the Methodist Church does not act in the living present and thank God for the enlarging field for service by erecting buildings suitable for the work we are doing, allowing also room for growth, then surely some other body will build and snatch from our grip the fruits of victory. We have planted, but others will reap where we have sown.

The need is staggering. To erect the building planned some years ago we need at least three hundred thousand dollars. Sums of money this large are not found growing on Alberta bushes; but possibly the Forward Movement has some way to solve the financial need. We are busy reaching our objective as yet, but may we not by immense sums exceed our objectives? The great Being who knows our needs may enlarge the heart of the people for just such needs as Alberta College. Anyway, something must be done, and the problem is not merely local, it is national in scope.

A passage in a letter by Bro. T. Jackson Wray, in the GUARDIAN of Jan. 14th, page 31, ought not to go unchallenged. His first statement that "the committee dealt with the case with every consideration and courtesy" is contradicted by the unfortunate paragraph saying that "Dr. Buchanan and Mr. Pike presented their case in detail . . . and their manner of presentation was anything but courteous to the Presbyterian members present." This ought to be withdrawn. If the first statement is correct, the second is not, and vice versa. Dr. Buchanan is well known throughout the Dominion, and we have never known him to be discourteous in any committee, even to those from whom he most sincerely disagreed. This writer has dealt with the rest of the letter in a letter to the editor.

The Superintendent of Missions is greatly pleased with the progress of the work at Pocahtantas. Our church hall is filling its place.

Bro. Gilbert completed a series of special services at Wesley Church, Tuesday night. This is the third church in the city of Edmonton served by this enterprising evangelist, and in each case we are given encouraging reports.

Bro. E. R. Steinhauer, of Saddle Lake Indian Reserve, tells us that the Indians are crowding to the service, and it's a case of come early to secure a seat. An effort is being made to get the people to fall in line with the Forward Movement, to busy themselves getting right first with their Lord and then to win one for Christ. Several have made their decision, and the work is proceeding. Another item of good news is that school has been started, and the attendance is now thirty-seven, with every prospect of reaching an enrolment of forty-five. This means that every child in that part of the reserve of school age, Methodist and Roman Catholic, will be in attendance at our school. This has never happened since Bro. Steinhauer was at this point twenty-nine years ago.

We would like to have some message re the Forward Movement, but few reports come to hand.
T. D. J.

The Sunset Province

Guardian Staff Correspondence

Port Simpson at Christmas Time.—The summer tourist who chances to call at Port Simpson for an hour on his way to Skagway sees a beautiful and well kept village, with good houses and a commodious church building. He finds also a well equipped hospital and a fine school for girls, known as the Crosby Girls' Home, and cared for by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Most visitors are profoundly impressed by the evidence of progress and civilization, so unusual in an Indian village, and go away with a feeling that there may be something in Christianity that has a decidedly uplifting influence upon those who accept it. For Port Simpson is a monument to missionary toil and sacrifice covering many years and including many well known and highly honored men and women, chief among whom will always be remembered, Dr. and Mrs. Crosby.

But the human interest is lacking in summer, for people are scattered among the various canneries and logging camps. Except for the old people, a few whose business keeps them at home, and the staff and pupils of the Girls' Home, Port Simpson is a deserted village.

In former days the people were at home almost all winter, but as industries have been started which employ large numbers of men, the period of leisure is being shortened more and more, until only for a few weeks at the Christmas season are all the people at home and the village life at its best. It has been the good fortune of the writer to visit Port Simpson recently in connection with the National Campaign, and if he can convey to the readers of THE GUARDIAN but a small measure of the delight that filled his own heart and soul he will find an added joy in passing it on.

No single article could cover the whole scope of the social and missionary work being done in this beautiful northern village, the headquarters of the once powerful and warlike and still virile Simpsen nation. Only barest mention can be made of the hospital under the care of Dr. Large and his staff of nurses. During the fishing season the doctor and most of the staff go to the summer hospital at Port Essington at the mouth of the Skeena River, where a number of canneries are congregated. Miss Deacon and her associates are giving training to about forty girls who will be the future home-makers of the village. The Boys' Home is unfortunately closed, owing to lack of suitable buildings. One result of the Forward Movement should be the immediate equipping of a new Boys' Home, for of what advantage is it to train girls if no suitable companions are being provided for them? The Indian day school has two teachers and is doing good work.

Two outstanding evidences of advancement deeply impressed the visitor. The church is a massive structure built by the Indians in the days of Dr. Crosby. The roof is supported by immense hand-hewed rafters and it originally seated 1,000 people and was for long the largest Methodist Church in the Province. In later years a new foundation was put under the building, the roof reshingled, and several changes made in the way of vestry and choir gallery which have reduced the seating capacity. The roof has also been ceiled inside and a furnace installed. The decorations this year were of an elaborate character and were put up under the direction of Mr. Nathan Lawson, an Indian who has held the position of assistant window dresser in one of the largest department stores. The materials were spruce, pine, cedar and the brilliant green leaves of the Salall. These were intertwined with various Christmas ornaments and mottoes, and with hundreds of red, white and yellow tissue paper roses,

all the work of the clever fingers of Mrs. Lawson. When the Church is lighted the effect is very beautiful. In the choir gallery is the new pipe organ, opened only about a month ago at a cost of \$2,500, all paid for by the Indians themselves. Mrs. Large is organist and Dr. Large is a member of the choir. The rest are all from the ranks of our native members under the able leadership of Mr. Henry Nelson. On Sunday evening the Church was crowded almost to capacity to hear an address on the Forward Movement, and the choir gave a musical service of rare quality and finish, including the choruses, "And the Glory of the Lord" and "Worthy Is the Lamb," from the Messiah, and "The Heavens Are Telling," from the Creation.

During the visit it was my privilege to take part in a wedding between two of our young people, followed by a supper at which 300 guests sat down. But a more able pen than mine must tell of the dress of the bride and those of her nine bridesmaids; and of the groom with his seven attendants, together with all those delicate little incidents of a church wedding, so dear to the hearts of our wives and sisters.

Another great step in advance has been taken by the village council under the able leadership of Chief Counsellor Wm. Dudeward. This is the installing of an electric street lighting plant. The lights were fully turned on on Saturday evening, January 10th, and the official opening took place on the following Monday evening. The light at present is confined to street lamps, but is to be extended in the near future. The cost up to date is approximately \$3,500 and has been all paid. Those who are familiar with the darkness of Port Simpson streets in the past during the long winter nights can appreciate the joy with which the people wended their way to the house of God last Sunday evening in the light of the new lamps.

No wonder the hearts of the people were glad and no wonder they are in the spirit to do great things in the Movement Forward. This article would not be complete without a reference to Mrs. Dudeward, Sr., widow of the late chief. The congregation as a whole needs not the service of an interpreter. But there are a few of the old people to whom the words of an English speaker convey little meaning. For the sake of these Mrs. Dudeward gives a brief resume of the sermon, which grows briefer as the years go by. She has interpreted many hundreds of sermons into the speech of the people and is a leader whose influence has always been for good. When the records of the Forward Movement are complete you may expect to hear a good report from Port Simpson.

J. H. WHITE.

Prince Rupert, B.C., Jan. 20.

SILVER WEDDING

The parsonage at Singhampton was the scene of a very happy event on the evening of January 10th, 1920, when Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Holmes celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day. They were completely surprised by the visit of a large number of friends. Brother Holmes and his wife were made the recipients of an address conveying beautiful thoughts of appreciation and congratulations, accompanied by a beautiful silver ladle, from the Ladies' Aid. The evening was spent in congratulatory addresses and music, the ladies not forgetting the refreshments, including a very fine wedding cake. The event was suitably recorded in the circuit register. Brother Holmes and his helpmate are very highly thought of in Singhampton, and a host of friends wish them many years of continued happiness and pray that they may be long spared for their life work of the Christian ministry.

C. H. F.

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An Interesting Anniversary

On January 18th the Italian Methodists of Toronto celebrated in truly festal manner the ninth anniversary of the beautiful chapel at the corner of Elm and Teraulay Streets, Toronto. The Church was very nicely decorated, and, in spite of the biting cold weather, it was crowded with Italian men and women. Quite a few Canadian friends were among us. Certainly their presence contributed much to render our services more helpful and inspiring. The principal service was held in the evening, and Rev. L. Lattoni, from Montreal, gave the chief address. He had a great message for us all and he delivered it with force and fervid eloquence. Brief addresses were given by Rev. T. W. Neal, the new general secretary of the Methodist Union; by Mr. Ed. Harley and Rev. C. E. Manning, the general secretary of Home Missions. Each of them contended that the effort made on behalf of the Italians had been worth while and the success achieved was the best answer that could be given those timid persons who would not encourage Methodists to attempt anything with the Italian citizens. Rev. C. E. Manning was specially pleased to see so many young men present, and said that the future of Canada was in the hands of young people. He deprecated the idea entertained in various quarters that it was essential for each nationality and race domiciled in Canada to preserve its identity at all costs. "There is no reason for Italians to cease to love their native country any more than there is for Irish, English, Scotch, or people of other races to cease to have love and affection for the land of their birth." But having come to Canada all should strive to do their best in developing a great Canadian race combining all the best qualities of all races so that the Dominion might become the greatest country in the world. This, however, could only be done by all adopting a proper attitude towards God and religion. Education and great wealth are all very well in their way, but without religion they are of no avail in the development of the highest type of citizenship. Rev. Manning's address pleased both the Italians and the English very much.

Rev. N. Cacciapuoti, who, together with Rev. M. Searlatta, is in charge of the Italian Missions in Toronto, gave a short report of the work done during the year at the three "houses," which are operating at three different quarters of the city on behalf of the Italian people. The report was gratifying indeed; the junior work, specially at Dufferin and Claremont districts, is in a very prosperous condition. The attendance at Sunday schools and at different clubs has never been so good. The amount of collections shows that each pupil of Sunday schools has given \$1.25, which is a considerable increase upon last year. Last summer we had at Dufferin Street the first daily vacation school. It met with a real success. The work which the children did proclaimed them to be the apt pupils of painstaking teachers.

The work among foreign mothers is satisfying considering the conditions. Unfortunately the immigrant woman who is making the greatest numerical contribution to Canada's population is most neg-

lected of all the members of an immigrant community. We believe that better spiritual results could be obtained if we had a kind-hearted missionary woman, able not only to speak the Italian language fluently, but able, too, to do some religious work in the homes, and to take charge of the weekly mothers' meeting.

The most satisfying results of the year's work have been among men and young men. The war made a big drain on the church's membership. No less than 123 men enlisted or returned to Italy to resume their military duties. Of these fifteen were killed in action or died of wounds. Many of the others are still in Italy, awaiting permission to return to Canada. During the year sixteen new members have been received in full membership on profession of faith. Each of them has a personal story to tell about his own conversion. One of them came to the pastor one day asking his assistance against a fellow countryman who had offended him. He wanted to revenge himself at all cost, and nothing seemed to calm his hatred. The pastor's words softened his heart; the love of Jesus, which he was told about for the first time, wrought a change in his heart, and he was able to forgive for Christ's sake.

Another related his religious experience in this way: "One day I met the pastor in the street. He gave to me a New Testament, which I at the first felt like throwing away as useless or harmful to the working-class interest. However, I kept it for respect toward the giver. While waiting in a City Hall room I happened to read a few pages of the New Testament. I was so interested by what I read that I continued to read the book at home. The reading of the New Testament gave another direction to my life; I want to join the Church, in order to give a public confession that I accept the leadership of Jesus."

In finishing this short report on the Italian Missions we want once more to emphasize that our aim is not to make the Italians Protestants, still less Methodists. Our real aim is to teach them to live Christianity in a positive way. We lay stress upon the need of a new birth and a right conception of the Christian life.

We believe that much better spiritual results will be obtained when our kind-hearted missionary women, mastering better the Italian language, will be more able to intensify the religious work in the homes.

The Rev. Manson Doyle, assistant secretary of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies, was bereaved of his father, Mr. Henry Doyle, of the County of Simcoe, a few days since. Mr. Doyle died on the farm upon which he was born 72 years ago. His parents were members of the Society of Friends and he continued in the Church of his forefathers all his life, though for most of the time he found it convenient to attend the Methodist Church, in the Sunday school of which he was for many years superintendent and Bible Class teacher. He was an earnest, enlightened Christian, one of nature's gentlemen, greatly beloved by all who knew him. His first wife was Miss Annie Manning, who left him after thirteen years of happy fellowship. Seven years later he married Miss Jennie Lynd, who still survives him. The other children are Dr. Ernest, of Calgary; Langtry, of Princeton, B.C., and Mrs. Gunnett Lynd, of Prince Albert.

The Board of Crawford St. Methodist Church, at a meeting last week, gave a unanimous call to their pastor, Rev. George Purchase, for the fourth year.

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An increase in salary— But are you better off ?

"The more I make the more I spend," has been a young man's cry for generations.

When many a man's salary is \$15 a week he lives up to every cent of it, putting off the time to start a savings account until his wages are increased to \$20.

But when the \$5 a week increase comes, does it go into the bank? Not very often.

Make that salary increase do something for you if it is to be of any benefit. Deposit it in The Bank of Toronto each week.

With the interest it earns, you will find at the end of the year that you have a lump sum with which you can do material things.

THOS. F. HOW

General Manager

13

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Can You Write A Story ?

THE Christian Guardian announces a short story contest open to anyone. It is the Editor's desire to discover capable writers of short stories, and he is therefore offering

3 Awards of \$30.00, \$20.00 and \$10.00

for the first, second and third prize stories submitted.

Stories of the goody-goody type are not desired, nor tales that drag a moral in at the finish. Contributions must be wholesome, snappy and, as far as possible, Canadian in their topographical setting, though of course this is not obligatory. The management cordially request your assistance.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. All copy to be eligible must reach the Editor's office on or before Saturday noon, February 21st.
2. No story may consist of more than 3,000 words, preferably 2,500.
3. Any copy sent in that does not qualify for awards may be retained and paid for at the Guardian's regular space rates at the Editor's discretion.
4. No unsuccessful contributions will be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage for this purpose.
5. Only wholesome stories, calculated to inculcate high ideals for individual and national life, are desired.

THREE COMPETENT JUDGES WILL BE APPOINTED

Address the Story Contest Department, Christian Guardian, Toronto

On Good Ground

To the circuit or church that says "You sent us too much literature," the answer is this: Yes, from a certain standpoint the Church probably did send out too much literature. Just as it may be said the oak drops too many acorns, the maple too many maple wings, and the pine too many cones. But the acorns and wings and cones, to the fundamental view, are the symbols of virility and the guarantees of growth. So with the Campaign literature. It piled up. It even cluttered up. It went to waste, as the cones and wings and acorns.

But it guaranteed the future. Some out of all the scattering fell on good ground; some on all the other kinds of indifferent ground; and only some, after all, was trodden underfoot of man. And now that the Campaign is proving itself so justified, the literature is proving itself justified also. The deliberate policy of abundant and widespread scattering is bringing in the harvest.

It will be noted also that a residue by-product of the Campaign is a literature of Church effort not to be despised. Apart from the more general pamphlets, the various departmental pamphlets, together with the large white booklet, make a registered presentation of Methodism's virility and dreams, of which any minister and any layman may well be proud. No one who loves his Church and believes in her should lose the opportunity of presenting this series of pamphlets which have grown out of the Campaign to friends and acquaintances who are or have been "outside" Church life. Never before perhaps has the Church had to hand so dignified, so practical, and so adequate a presentation of herself registered in black and white. The pamphlets constitute just the kind of appeal thousands of men and women and young men and young women are ready to respond to in these alert days.

The Campaign's literature has justified itself and will continue to do so for some years to come. It is a splendid registration of the Church's essential spirit in this present hour.

What the Pastors Say

On the questionnaire to pastors on the progress of their local campaign appears the following question, "Have you any suggestions to make?"

A British Columbia pastor answers this as follows: "The thing that remains is to go at it and reach objectives."

Another pastor reports 655 Intercessors and ten Volunteers for Life Service. Is there any connection between these two achievements? Pray for recruits and you need not fear crossing God's purpose.

"The more a man has, the more he hates to pledge to tithe," reports another mournfully, wishing that the Stewardship and Tithing were on separate pledges.

Truly the pastors are having an interesting year of it.

Prayer for Children

The mother of eight children asks the prayers of the Church. On the back of her Intercessors' and Personal Workers' enrolment cards she writes as follows:

"I ask the prayers of God's people for the conversion of my husband and one daughter. I am a Christian mother, trying, by the help of God and a faithful pastor, to bring up my family of eight. Pray that they all may be brought to the foot of the Cross. I am willing to do anything that my strength will allow me for the Forward Movement."

Irish? Oh, no!

"I had no objectives last year, and I easily reached them," said an Alberta pastor. This Conference year he has "them" and is getting somewhere with them, although the idea of financial allotments and spiritual objectives did not appeal to him.

Campaign Notes

Ladies' Aid Makes Grant.

The following significant item has been received from Havelock, Ontario:

"At our regular monthly meeting the Ladies' Aid, on January 30, at the home of Mrs. H. Wing, with 36 members present, voted \$200 to the Forward Movement."

Setting the Standard High.

A Pickering report says: "The National Campaign is strong on the Whitby district. The key men are coming across fine. The captains of finance are right on their job."

Three in the Congregation.

Are yours the only weather difficulties? Read the following from Rev. E. W. Stapleford, D.D., Saskatchewan Organizer: "Last Sunday I drove twelve miles through the storm and twenty degrees below zero and preached to three good people. I mention this just to give an idea of what it means for our men on the country fields to get this problem before the people. They are working with good spirit, and already we feel the movement has justified its existence."

Victory Bulletin

If Parry Sound can open the Inter-Church canvass with a street parade, why not some special feature for the closing in other places?

"One pastor is all on fire over this movement; his face fairly shines; he has one Life Service Volunteer, the bright son of very poor parents," reports a conference organizer.

Are you keeping in mind possible volunteers for Life Service? Life must match money gifts or all has failed.

"K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy," sang a thousand Toronto canvassers. Fun has a place at rallies.

"I didn't have any objectives last year, and I easily reached them," said a pastor. He is doing better this year.

At Windermere, Muskoka, a Christian steward led off with \$100 of the \$800 objective.

Ebenezer

For those who have been privileged to watch it from the Wesley Buildings Rooms, seeing it through the eyes of the Church departments, the organizers, and Conference and district and circuit workers, the Methodist National Campaign to date has had a history worth recording. There was a time when it seemed that only those who were blind could go on. Those whose practical eyes were open saw too many difficulties that paralyzed even the beginnings of effort. This was when blind faith had its innings, and a few ardent and mystic souls held on and urged others to hold on. They endured for a while the whole weight of grey impossibilities "as seeing Him who is invisible."

Not that the reticent ones were all cowards, or weak, or without dreams. Some of the reticent ones in those early days months ago had great dreams and great courage, and were strong. But they saw too many difficulties. At that stage only the blessed blindness of the others kept things going, and launched the Campaign with the enthusiasm of second sight.

Let no one doubt the worries and difficulties of those in responsible positions in the leadership of the Church's policy. There were times when leaders not only asked, "Can we go on?" They asked of themselves and of God—should we go on? These were the dark moments when matters of general and particular policy, plans as to the writing and printing and distribution of literature, methods of organization, problems of operation and co-operation, all made worry and raised doubt or enthusiasms, and deposited responsibility with heavy weight. Yet the Campaign went on. The faith of the blind added to itself the faith of the seeing. And God prospered the developing issue.

The Campaign has not moved the Church in all its parts. That is, there will be spots, circuits, areas, of the Church's life unstimulated. But the Church as a whole has been magnificently and wonderfully moved. Something has happened in the very inner life of her which is akin to regeneration, which is regeneration. She is a new Church, re-born into scores of fresh enthusiasms. She has entered into the Kingdom joy of her Lord abundantly. Thus has the Campaign, once launched, progressed and succeeded.

Its effect and various influences will now go on and on to far expanses of the Kingdom's proposal.

By Faith and Pluck

Rev. T. Smith, of Maberley, and his laymen drove thirty-seven miles to the inter-church meeting at Perth and returned that night in order to keep speaking engagements. They reported a determination that their mission should reach its financial objective.

FIELD FLASHES

The Canvass a Crusade.

Four millions the minimum.

"Every-Person" the objective.

Five millions and then keep going.

Let the Forward Movement finish its work.

Some have given twice; now they are "specials."

One man wrote "\$125," but his postscript read "\$500."

Let each child have a part in making history with givings.

Canvassers, report your joys and sorrows to national headquarters.

A railroad man offered \$10; his wife made it \$25, and prepares simpler meals.

After refusing anything, a member subscribed liberally and is praising God for the great blessing.

Half a dozen calls for each team is the plan at Dominion Church, Montreal. That means thoroughness.

Hamilton District has one-quarter of the Conference objective for its objective. Watch for the final results here.

Our money is for the Christianizing of Canada and the world in this generation. Should five millions be the limit?

Shannonville Circuit reported a special subscription on January 25—the forerunner of many of \$500 and over in rural Ontario.

Newfoundland will report late, but watch Mr. Albert Soper and his faithful fellow-members.

Forward! Still Forward!

We are in the midst of victory. Each gift that means sacrifice means a triumph for God in the individual soul. Sacrifice by a congregation means a new sense of God in a community. In the aggregate the givings of Methodism will constitute a victory for the Kingdom—if sacrifice be universal.

The objective is not \$4,000,000. It is as much or as little as will mean a spiritual blessing to our Church and mankind. If the \$4,000,000 be attained without sacrifice, then that amount is not what God is asking of his Church. The leaders of the Church have used prayer and thought in an effort to set an objective which shall be like God's, but they pretend no infallibility. Having calculated needs, they leave the rest to God and to you.

It is God who is asking the Methodist

people of Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda for an offering. His objective is always high. He can always find uses for what His people give. He can raise up the men to administer and the men to go. His is a bigger programme than men can claim to lay down.

Why then should \$4,000,000 be the limit of our offerings? Let us rejoice if congregations "go over the top" and individuals amaze the canvassers. But let none be either proud or alarmed. If God entrusts the Methodist Church with \$6,000,000, He will equip for the service which that involves. It is His marvellous doing.

Let those who have given "until it hurts" give thanks. Let those who can do more ask God to show them their full duty. This is God's time. Forward is still the battle cry.

"God needs you, not only until February 14, but straight through to the end."—J. H. Gundy.

And you are not forgetting the vital maintenance funds of the Church.

The country papers say the farmers are taking hold splendidly.

Clean it up this week if at all possible.

Then—Continuation.

Set No Limits

As the great days pass there becomes more apparent the literal truth of Mr. J. H. Gundy's statement that "\$4,000,000 is not a fancy ideal, but the absolute minimum for the Methodist Church."

And Methodists do not propose to deal in minimums—the least things—in these great times!

Some are saying, "make it \$5,000,000"; others, "it can be \$6,000,000."

Better still, set the new objective at the

five millions and then keep going until the last person has had an opportunity to give. The "every-person" feature is of more significance than the four million feature.

If every Methodist is given full opportunity to do his or her best, there need be no worry as to the amount, and, what is more important, the Church's interest in herself, her enterprises and her mission will be vastly increased.

These are glorious times of revival, but there are better days ahead, if we all enlarge our present opportunity. The campaign may close this year but its effects are "not for an age but for all time" in enlarging the vision of the Church. Therefore, let the campaign finish its work. Let every person be canvassed and every congregation led out into the continuation programme.

A Challenge

Forty of the 160 students of Albert College, Belleville, took the Life Service pledge when appealed to by Dr. Kilborn and Rev. R. Newton Powell. Sixty stood up at the same meetings as having already volunteered.

One hundred students for Life Service! Will the Church match this offering with its money gifts?

Of Mono Mills the organizer says: "They reported with great joy, and we received with much pleasure, the word of three Intercessors and all the work well in hand."

"A great many of our men are in the lumber camps, but we will do our best with the canvass," reports a Northern Ontario pastor. That is the spirit. "Our best."

Rev. G. F. Driver is giving his whole time to heading up the Edmonton canvass. Calgary, take notice.

Unexpected Treasure Discovered

One prominent church (which shall be nameless) had worked out its allotments in this campaign in a manner which ensured that the objective would be nicely reached. And then something happened.

It was quite a feasible objective. Nobody would have been hurt financially. No comforts and few luxuries would have had to be postponed. Perhaps a few who appeared to have more wealth than they had and whose pride would not let them confess their comparative poverty would have had to pinch a little here and there. But nearly everyone would have got off very easily.

In short, there would not have been an ounce of real sacrifice in it all.

But, as we said, something happened.

One man who had been counted on for \$2,000 gave \$5,000. And that meant that all the other men who had been counted on for \$2,000 had to give very good reasons for not giving \$5,000. They have not found the reasons, and of course they are giving the \$5,000. And all who had been planning to give \$200 had to find out why they should not give \$500.

And the man who had been the "key" man, with his \$5,000 subscription as the standard by which all others were to be set,

was given furiously to think. His new mark will have to be \$12,000 or \$15,000, or there will be some serious discussions with his brethren as to just what the Kingdom and the Church's enterprise mean to prosperous Canadian Christians at this time.

So they are scaling up instead of down, and scores of members are making a second contribution—all because one man had a higher sense of capabilities and responsibilities than his fellow-members had realized either for him or themselves.

This whole case is typical of many which have been reported to headquarters. Some objectives are too high—granted. But others are too low. Man calculates his best as to abilities and responses. Then God touches men's hearts and convinces their heads, and it becomes apparent that four millions will not do all that Methodism is determined to do.

Then the plans to give a "nice little" contribution "gang aley" and God has His sweeping way. Away go the tiny paper barriers called objectives and a mighty offering is laid on the altar.

What unexpected treasures of personal devotion the financial canvass is discovering.

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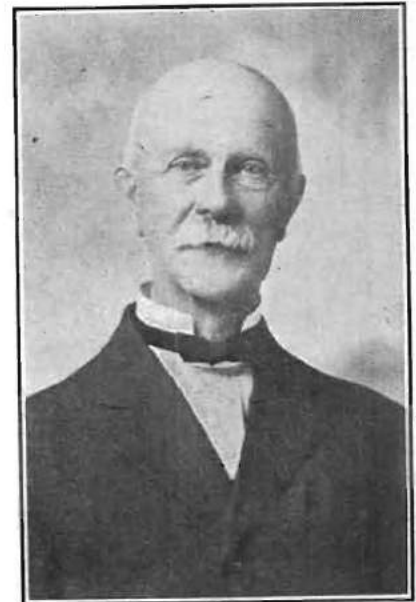
Merrickville.—Sunday and Monday, Jan. 25th and 26th, were anniversary days here. The Rev. J. Howard Philp, M.A., Ph.D., of Ottawa, was with us and did great service. Monday evening the Ladies' Aid, under the leadership of Mrs. John Mills, served a bounteous supper to a large company. The Rev. R. J. D. Simpson, the able secretary-treasurer of the Superannuation Fund, was also with us for Monday evening. Two awakening addresses and several contributions from the choir, under the leadership of Mr. M. G. Corbitt, with Mrs. Johnston, the ever-faithful one, presiding at the organ. About 125 years ago the Methodist ministers first preached in this neighborhood. In 1819 it was part of the great Augusta circuit. In 1821 Rideau circuit was formed. Later on this big territory was divided, and Wolford circuit took form; in 1847 Merrickville became a separate circuit. When the present church was built, something over thirty years ago, the Rev. George Rogers, dearly beloved by his people and fellow ministers, was pastor. Of those who labored with him, William Pearson, one of the building committee, and William Misskelly remain. Mrs. Naomi Watts, now in her ninety-seventh year, is probably the only one living who was a member continuously since '47. Two of the more recent pastors, Revs. Thos. B. Conley, B.A., 1897-1899, and W. S. Jameson, M.A., 1900-1902, have followed each other to their home above within the past few months.—A. E. S.

TORONTO

Metropolitan Church, Toronto.—On Friday evening, Jan. 23rd, the Metropolitan Mission Circle, assisted by the Auxiliary, entertained nearly one hundred Methodist young women students in the parlors of the church. Mrs. J. B. Willmott presided, and expressed a few words of welcome to the visitors. Miss Parkes, president of the Auxiliary, offered prayer. Miss Chantler, delegate to the Des Moines Convention, the first speaker, presented in a very interesting and personal way her impressions of that vast assembly. Very vividly she depicted the departure of the Toronto delegates, the comforts provided on the journey, the linking up with the other Canadian students, 500 in all, from every part of the Dominion; and finally, their arrival and kindly reception in Des Moines. With her we attended in spirit that great auditorium, where 7,000 people were gathered from every country and from every clime, and in that wonderful missionary atmosphere, ethereal and visionary, but withal optimistic, convincing and practical, we listened to the mighty men who presented the great needs of the non-Christian peoples to the earnest hearers assembled before them. The old theology is passing, but have your own theology firmly fixed in your minds before you go out to meet and refute the arguments of heathendom. This was the dominant note. Mr. Boynton then favored us with a beautifully rendered solo, "He Lifted Me"; and then, as a sequel to Miss Chantler's story of youth's aspirations for to-morrow, came our next speaker, Mrs. O. L. Kilborn, China, tried and true, and with a wealth of service already spent in the Master's vineyard. She pleaded for China's need, and explained the gruelling crises through which that unhappy country is passing. A life invested in China is a satisfying one. Refreshments and a social half-hour concluded a very pleasant and profitable evening.—Hattie E. Menzies.

Yonge Street, Toronto; Rev. W. J. Smith, B.A., pastor.—On Sunday, Jan. 25th, this

church unveiled a tablet in honor of the original trustees. The pastor spoke feelingly of Rev. J. J. Redditt, a former pastor and later Assistant Book Steward, who was very active in connection with the erection of the church, being church treasurer during the building period, and to whom the church owes much. The cornerstone of the church was laid May 28th, 1910, and the building was dedicated by Rev. Dr. Carman, Jan. 15th, 1911. Mr. Geo. B. Crown also spoke, paying a fitting tribute to some of the old trustees, of whom Mr. Crown's father, Mr. E. T. Crown, was one. Mr. Geo. Crown himself became a church trustee when twenty-five years of age, and has spent fifty years in the Sunday school as organist and pianist, and he has not missed one service a year. The tablet contains the following names: Hon. J. Macdonald, J. B. Boustead, J. W. Bridgland, Andrew Smiley, John Williams, Samuel Wickson, Samuel Alcorn, E. Y. Crown, Geo. Robinson, John Grainger, James Wallace, J. A. McLellan, Rev. John Doel and Geo. B. Crown. The first named, Hon. Senator



GEO. B. CROWN.

John Macdonald, who died February, 1890, took an intense interest in the welfare of the church, financially and otherwise, and was remarkably active in the church services. J. B. Boustead had long experience in Sunday-school work, and his genial disposition, his firm but kindly manner in dealing with children, qualified him to fill the position of first Sunday-school superintendent. Andrew Smiley, the father of temperance in our church, who was suddenly translated, also taught in the Sunday school, and was a faithful class leader. John Williams was a true Christian, and class and prayer meetings were held in his home before the erection of the old church. Geo. Robinson, our second Sunday-school superintendent, was a trustee, member of the Quarterly Board, pew steward, poor steward, trustee of the church, class leader and recording steward. John Grainger, who passed away in 1891, was a beautiful character, saintly and good, quiet and unassuming in manner. Edward Y. Crown, who was trustee for many years and until he died, was an unassuming good man, faithful in all the church work allotted to his care, and helpful in every department of the cause of Christ. He was always particularly interested in choir work until laid aside by sickness. He had a fine voice, and there was no hesitation or breakdown when he started the tune.

Westmoreland Avenue, Toronto.—The Rev. I. B. Williamson, a Baptist minister and evangelist, is now conducting a very successful series of special evangelistic meetings in this church.

HAMILTON

On the morning of Jan. 5th, at 4 a.m., the parsonage on the Cape Croker reserve was burned to the ground. The inmates were roused from sleep by the dense smoke, and succeeded in escaping with scarcely any clothing and with the temperature at zero. Mrs. Hilditch and her daughter Vera had their feet badly frost-bitten, as they had to run to a neighbor's house in their bare feet. The building was insured for a small amount. Most of the parsonage furnishings and almost all of Mr. Hilditch's household effects were a total loss, with no insurance. Mr. Hilditch and family are at present living in the Indian agent's house, awaiting the action of the Mission Board.

SASKATCHEWAN

The Eston, Sask., Methodist Sunday school, at the annual meeting held on Jan. 13th, set a missionary objective for this year at an average of two dollars per member. Rev. Mr. Oakley, of Brock, Sask., delivered a lantern lecture on Jan. 12th, and at Richlea, Sask., Jan. 13th, on the "Life of Christ and Famous Historic Pictures." The lectures drew a good attendance at both places and they were much enjoyed.

LOUIS REGINALD GRIMSHAW—AN APPRECIATION

BY HIS PASTOR, R. D. HAMILTON.

The subject of this brief testimonial was born in Aurora, Ont., Aug. 18th, 1878. Some twenty years ago he came to St. Catharines, where he was recognized on account of his sterling qualities. He united with the Church as a boy in his home town. On coming to St. Catharines he identified himself with Welland Avenue Methodist Church, where he was held in the highest esteem, and for eight years held the honorable position of recording steward. His greatest pleasure was not in social and civic affairs, but in the work of the kingdom. Monuments are perishable, but the real character of personality lives. Bro. Grimshaw was a transmitted personality which comes as a challenge to take up the torch as it fell from his hand and hold it high in the task of the hour. His was a capacity for business plus mental and religious endowments, and he now dwells where he would wish to dwell—in the loving memory of his friends. He has left us a legacy of dignity, fidelity, courage and religion worthy the highest citizenship. He fell as the sun of his usefulness and popularity was reaching its zenith. Like his Master, he lived not for self, but for others. It would have been a tragedy to have this young, useful and hopeful life cut down at noon were it not that every hour was rich in love, and every moment jewelled with the joy of service. So death is brightened by the star of immortality. The whole Church has suffered a great loss, and we desire to place on record our appreciation of one whose high sense of duty comes as a challenge to all for nobler sacrifice and service. He fell to sleep Aug. 6th, 1919. "Servant of God, well done."

At a well-attended Quarterly Official Board meeting of Oakwood circuit, where the spirit of unity of pastor and people for the advancement of God's kingdom was much in evidence, the board unanimously tendered an invitation to their pastor, Rev. J. A. Connell, to remain for the second year.

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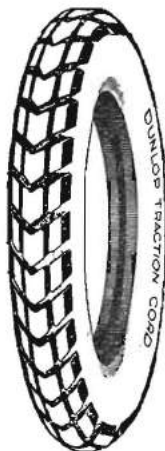


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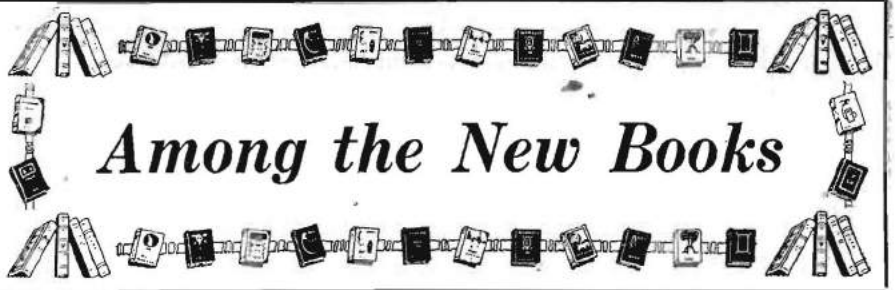
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Among the New Books

—"A Community Church." By Henry E. Jackson, Special Agent for Community Organization for the United States Bureau of Education. (New York: Houghton, Mifflin. Toronto: Ryerson Press.) \$2.00.

What is wrong with the Churches? The answer here given is that they are under the control of people associated with vested interests, first of dogma, and ultimately of money. The latter influence leads to the insistence on individualism and orthodoxy as a protection against ethical and social challenge. But the resistance to the social application of Christianity is rarely open and direct. It generally prefers to criticize the apostolic minister as "unspiritual" and "tactless." Yet the resistance is effective all the more because it is subtle. And there is no place left for an honest minister in the system unless he is prepared to pay a fearful price of indignity and hardship. Mr. Jackson's cure is a radical one—liberate church life from all existing sectarian, financial and dogmatic control, and make it outright a form of community organization, with the community as the unit of organization. This is the result of the experience of the courageous and capable administrator who is now serving his country as efficiently as he previously served the Church. For he is no embittered failure, but a man who quit the Church at the height of all that is usually recognized as success. He has a right to speak, and his testimony is valid enough—all too true of large scale facts. Yet it is not the whole truth. As diagnosis it is powerful and revealing, but it goes not quite deep enough. The minister who is subject to the sway of the world of wealth is rarely conscious of the fact. His is not a deliberate surrender. Rather there has been a process of infiltration. He is ever associating with those whose viewpoint becomes his, and whose outlook becomes his. The definitely Christian view of life, unless securely organized in his life, becomes almost impossible for him because of the social presuppositions which come to dominate all his thought. Ere he is aware of it he is "of the world," and the "world will love its own." There has been no cowardly surrender or wilful betrayal on his part; the world has absorbed him because he had not a sufficiently resistant Christian definiteness. Nor is one sure that the author's way out of slavery to special interest is as effectual as he suggests. Labor churches soon reveal vested interests. They, too, may be dominated by a special interest. Even community churches may be captured just as surely as, according to the view of the author, the great historic Protestant churches have been captured. And one is not sure that the emancipation would involve no serious one-sidedness. Protestantism gained liberation from Italian domination, but it soon revealed a new form of the old power of the dead hand. After all, the great religious bodies do still represent in their main trend certain temperamental varieties, though one wonders whether the complete Church should not deliberately demand that Christians live together with people of other temperaments. Mr. Jackson is out on the quest for a real Catholicism, in which the social unit will be the unit of worship and of fellowship. The book is most suggestive and provocative

of earnest thought and purpose. Its statements of existing facts should receive most serious attention at the hands of our leading laymen, and no better gift could be given to a few hundred of our ruling officials than an opportunity to read this volume. It is all based on facts clearly set forth, and one would enjoy knowing how it strikes, say, the chief officials of the fifty leading churches of our communion. But the challenge is essentially to the minister, and if any one reads this book without some misgiving as to the complete efficiency of his own work, he is clearly bomb proof.

—"When Canada Was New France." By George H. Locke, Librarian, Toronto Public Library. (Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.) \$1.25.

In this book the author aims to tell a story for young people which will inspire them and more vividly fix in their minds the wonderful history of their country during the two hundred years of French exploration and English settlement. He has succeeded admirably. The book is brimful of Canadian history, and leaves with the reader a desire to follow up the trails which the author has indicated—to know more of Cartier, Champlain, Joliet, La Salle, Radisson and the other great adventurers of that period in our history. In a delightful manner the author has also combined the past with our present-day history. The reference to Champlain and the Panama Canal and the one connecting Port Royal with our wheat fields gives the reader a clear vision of the continuity of our history. The illustrations are well selected. Possibly in future editions it might be well to give one or two which include the explorer and the Indian in the same picture. "The Sailing of the Griffon," one of the wall panels in the Historical Building at Buffalo, would admirably suit the purpose. The bibliography is an excellent idea. A brief list of some of the more important histories of that period would also be of great value. There are a few repetitions, such as pages 37, 97 and 118, where the story of the discovery of Lake Huron is repeated; and on pages 108 and 121, the attempt to establish a Jesuit mission on one of the Christian Islands is twice told. The book is interesting to old as well as young. It not only brings to mind the great events connected with the discovery of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, but it tends to inspire all with a genuine desire to know more of their home land. It would be an excellent idea if every public and school library in the country were to have several copies on their shelves.—C. M. W.

Rev. B. Pierce, of Kingston, has published a little tract on "The Reproach of Irreverent and Unseemly Worship," in which he pays special attention to the extravagances which sometimes characterize religion, such as jumping, being prostrated, and ten or twelve all praying together and each offering a different prayer. This tract will be useful to any brother whose congregation is exposed to this kind of thing. If you would like some of these tracts, please write Bro. Pierce, to 58 Victoria Street, Kingston, Ont.

ESTING ITEMS FROM THE INDIAN FIELDS

From far-away Island Lake, in Northern Manitoba, news comes that fur is plentiful. One of the boys caught a silver fox, and received \$300 for the skin. This seems a big price, but when you think of flour, \$25 per 100 lbs.; tea, \$1.75 per lb.; overalls, \$5 per pair, etc., the money soon goes. Moose and deer are plentiful also. The Indians rejoice when they get this kind of food. The rabbits are coming back. This means not only food, but a new outfit of rabbit robes for the people. Rev. J. W. Niddrie is in labors more abundant among the Indians. The services are well attended, and the results are seen in the life of the people. One trader remarked not long ago: "I do not know of any Indians more honest in their dealings than the people of Island Lake."

Oxford House is situated about 180 miles north-east of Norway House by river and lake trail. Rev. L. E. Atkinson is in charge of the mission; Mrs. Atkinson and little Vernon complete the family, but not the household, for Miss Hughes, a sister of Mrs. Atkinson, teaches school there. A distinct improvement is noted in the fact that several of the Indians have made their headquarters near the mission this winter, so that their children may attend school. We hope that this practice will become common. Special services have been held, and the work is encouraging.

A report comes from Rev. Percy Jones, of Beren's River, that his people have already exceeded last year's missionary givings by a substantial sum, and this in the face of the fact that there has been a visitation of hard times. The people of Winnipeg sent out some bales of clothing to help. Rev. F. G. Stevens, of Fisher River, who superintends several points, paid a visit to Beren's River in December, and went as far north as Poplar River, where Mr. Wm. Hope is missionary teacher.

Plans have been laid so that Mr. Jones will attend Wesley College, Winnipeg, next term.

It is with regret we note the fact that the Mission House at Cape Croker, Ont., was entirely destroyed by fire in the early morning of Jan. 5th. Mr. and Mrs. Hilditch lost almost all their personal effects.

A very interesting revival has broken out among the teen-age girls and boys at our Indian Industrial Institute, Muncey, Ont. Let us pray that the work may spread to all the reserves. Principal McVitty and staff are deeply grateful to God for this demonstration of the Spirit's power.

The people at Port Simpson, B.C., are intent upon improving their church property. Two years ago they installed a hot-air heating plant in the church, costing \$745. This year they have installed a pipe organ, which, with certain renovating within the church, has cost \$2,200. This is a form of self-support which is very commendable, and is being carried out under the leadership of Drs. J. C. Spencer and R. W. Large. Step by step the Indian people will be led to the position of independence as far as their church work is concerned, but we must not forget that our native people are only from one to three generations removed from paganism.

Rev. T. Ferrier, superintendent of schools and hospitals, is making a tour of inspection in British Columbia, and will be there till about March 1st. With this task, in addition to the principalship of the Brandon Industrial Institute and the chairmanship of Lake Winnipeg district, he surely has a grown man's job.

It will be of great interest to the readers of the GUARDIAN to know that the Government has purchased a farm near Edmonton as a site for an Indian industrial institute. For many years the buildings at the Red Deer Institute have been in very poor condition, and as Edmonton is more central

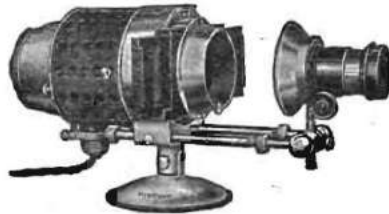
for the reserves from which the pupils come, the decision has been reached to transfer the work to the northern city. The farm consists of 854 acres, more or less, and is principally virgin soil, with a good quantity of bush. It is ideal for the purpose. You will be kept in touch with the developments of this enterprise.

A genuine Cree entertainer has been engaging the attention of large and intelligent audiences in Calgary during the past month. Miss Frances Nickawa is a native of Northern Manitoba, and when a child was for two years a pupil of the Norway House Boarding School. Indeed, Miss Nickawa owes her present position very largely to Miss Riley, who was a member of the staff at that school. Miss Nickawa has native talent, and she has worked hard

and long under the best of teachers to develop it, but Miss Riley contributed the foresight and vision. If the blessing of health is continued, Miss Nickawa will make herself famous as a high-class elocutionist. A. B.

Rev. Thomas G. R. Brownlow, B.D., pastor of the First Methodist Church, Cadillac, Michigan, writes: "We are being ably assisted in an evangelistic campaign by Evangelist H. D. Kennedy and his niece, Miss Clara Kidd, both of Peterborough, Ont. We are now in the fourth week of the meetings; they will continue the fifth week: The church is crowded at all services, and the influence of the meetings is being felt in all sections of the city."

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¶ This in brief is as follows: Send us the names of the heads of any of your Church families (your pastor will supply these) who are not now taking the Guardian. ¶ Give us the name of the Church society or class on whose behalf you are acting, and we will send the Guardian for a month free of charge to these homes. ¶ Accompanying these trial subscriptions we will send a cordial, explanatory letter to each home. ¶ At the end of two weeks or more, by calling on these families, their subscriptions will in most cases be easily secured. ¶ For each new subscription secured, we will pay your society seventy-five cents. ¶ See your pastor or write us direct to-day.

MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

Peter Delivered from Prison

Herod Agrippa began to persecute the Christians in order to please some bigoted Jews. He pretended, of course, to be exceedingly anxious to preserve orthodox teaching and protect the truth; but he was thinking only of himself and endeavoring to "stand in well" with certain classes, hence Peter's imprisonment.

The good man may be imprisoned and made to suffer much humiliation and hardship. That surely is one of the enigmas of life. From the earliest records we have of human endeavor after right living this vexed question crops up time and again. Why are the righteous permitted to be thus humiliated; and why do the evil, even for a season, rejoice in the apparent triumph of iniquity? The Old Testament is packed full with interrogation marks over such problems, and the answer has not yet been given. But the mission of all true religion is to enable men to take large views of life, comprehensive views, and to remember the goodness and wisdom of God, whatever the course of everyday events may seem to indicate.

The little band of believers kept on praying. They had doubtless prayed for James, but he had been put to death; but they still believed in prayer although the answer did not always come in the way they wished. They knew, even in those days, what we frequently find it hard to believe, that the Lord could not be harsher than to answer some prayers as the suppliants would wish. "I have lived long enough," said Jean Ingelow, "to thank God that all my prayers were not answered—that is, in the way I wished them to be."

We have a good illustration of this in the life of Elijah. When, on Mount Carmel, Elijah prayed for fire, his prayer was immediately answered. The fire came quickly in direct answer to the prayer, and the offering was consumed. But on another occasion Elijah prayed for rain, and there was no such immediate answer. He prayed again and again, and not until the seventh earnest petition did the rain come. There must have been special reasons why one prayer was answered so speedily and the other withheld. It has been suggested that if Elijah's prayers had always been answered at once he would have ceased to regard himself as an humble suppliant, but rather as one giving orders.

Peter himself had learned from Jesus the meaning and value of prayer. He, with others, had heard Jesus' answer to the request, "Lord, teach us how to pray." He knew how often and how earnestly Jesus himself prayed. He had witnessed the Master's agony in Gethsemane, and that must have made an impression upon Peter, deep and abiding. In his own ministry Peter had never failed to place due emphasis upon prayer. The great blessing of Pentecost was made possible through prayer, and all Peter's subsequent career, and the epistles he wrote, showed how fully he believed in the efficacy of prayer.

An angel came to Peter and gave certain commands: "Arise up quickly;" "Gird thyself and bind on thy sandals;" these, and many other things the angel said, show that Peter was requested to co-operate in his own recovery. Surely this is ever the divine method of working. God does not do for us what we can do for ourselves. We must exercise our own initiative. How

people find it hard to grasp this truth. Some people have objected to the *National Campaign*, on the grounds that it was "a got-up thing." They have said, "If God wants the Church to have a revival He will open the windows of heaven and pour out His Holy Spirit upon the people." It does not seem to dawn upon such people that God expects and requires co-operation in everything wherein He blesses humanity. We are His "co-workers," and we might wait and wait and wait for a revival; it would never come unless we demonstrated our anxiety and willingness to make it possible. Like Peter, we must "gird ourselves" and "arise up quickly."

The iron gate seemed impassable, but when they approached it, behold, it opened of its own accord. How significant! Iron gates are forever confronting us, and repeatedly the way seems barred; but somehow the way opens up, and we are amazed that our faith was so feeble. Never fear, the iron gate will open; the stone will be rolled away; and the same God who delivered Peter will not be unmindful of His children to-day.

William Black

THE "CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN" AND STEWARDS

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I wish to thank you for your splendid editorial in the GUARDIAN. We take at our home a good many papers, journals and magazines, and we find the GUARDIAN the best. And the other letters and contributions are excellent. For years I have said, "The CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN is the best church paper in Canada," and when soliciting subscriptions for it from my people I recommend it as the best. It has been in my mind for some months to tell you how much we enjoy reading the GUARDIAN in our home, but have refrained until now. A word of appreciation is never too late.

I wish it were read by all our Methodist people, especially our church officials, both stewards and trustees. Then they would learn that their duties as officials in the church are not to find fault with their pastor and criticize him and his work, but to co-operate with him in building up the work of the circuit by earnest prayer.

I am sure that "Discontented One" does not read the GUARDIAN. If he does not take it, Mr. Editor, please send it to him for one year at my expense. He needs to be educated in church work, and taught to be fair-minded and just. He is just like a few church officials I have. Of course some are being educated, for two years ago I got their subscriptions to the GUARDIAN. We find on some of our church boards officials who hinder the work and progress of the church. But we also find some excellent men, under whose leadership the church grows and abounds in every good work. I have a number of such men on my present board, and it is a pleasure to work with them. And I have three others that I never want to see at a board meeting, for the reason that they are contrary, fault finding, and must run the church work, and even their pastor. These are a few that we find. We try to forget them, and to think often of those who have been our friends and our helpers.

COUNTRY PREACHER.

RECENT DEATHS

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

LEE.—George F. Lee was born near Kingston in 1834, and died at Alliston November 29th, 1919. Converted at twenty-one, he joined the Primitive Methodist Church, and was called of God to the ministry. He was thoroughly evangelistic in his preaching, and on all his charges many were converted. Osprey, Napanee, Markdale, Rosemont, Bracebridge, Reach and Laurel were blessed by his ministry. He was thoroughly evangel-brethren, and was President of Conference for a term. He was superannuated in 1884, and spent life's evening in Alliston. His widow and two sons, C. C., of Minneapolis, and Fred M. Lee, of Edmonton, survive him.

AN INTERESTING VENTURE IN BUSINESS

The following brief life-story is well worth reading:

"Nearly nineteen years ago I left my home at the age of sixteen to go to a larger town not far away, in order to learn a trade, which we decided was to be retail dry goods.

"I was apprenticed by my father to a firm, who paid \$100 for the first year, \$130 for the second year, and \$150 for the third year. Needless to say, this was not enough to supply board the year round, let alone clothing and other necessaries, and as my home could spare me nothing except in a pinch, I managed for two years by accepting cast-off clothing and running errands and other work after hours, as well as working in a laundry in the evenings, part time, sufficient to earn my weekly washing.

"After two years I was compelled to make a change in position, as living was going up, and I was fortunate in securing a position at \$2.50 a week and board.

"Just previous to making this change, our pastor preached on stewardship as a Christian's duty. All I can remember is that it so impressed me that from my first pay shortly after I set aside a tenth, or twenty-five cents, a week; but only a short while later, possibly four or five months, our pastor again preached on tithing our gross income, not what was left after living was deducted, and I felt I had not been doing all I should, and about that time I received an advance to \$4 and my board, from which I set aside 75c. a week (board was considered \$2.50 to \$3 a week at that time), and ever since then I have been continually tithing my gross income.

Having learned the value of money, it was not hard to save a little, and about seven years later I built a home and was married. Shortly afterward opportunity presented itself to enter a business partnership. Although I always tithed any profits placed to my credit, I was able, after two years, to get my partner's consent to tithe the net profits of the business. A few years later we formed a joint stock company, and one of the by-laws provides for the setting aside of a tenth every year before dividends are declared, and this amount is distributed during the year to missions and other church charities, as well as to hospitals and orphanages, etc.

"Christ as a partner, although only sharing a tenth of the profits, has been a Guiding Hand and wonderfully prospered us. Our constant aim has been to do all things, whether selling or buying, so that He would accept His share with the knowledge that it had been rightfully acquired.

"We started business with four or five on the staff, which now numbers around twenty-five, sometimes more. We celebrate our eleventh anniversary this coming summer. Our hope is that we may soon be able to do even more than the tenth."

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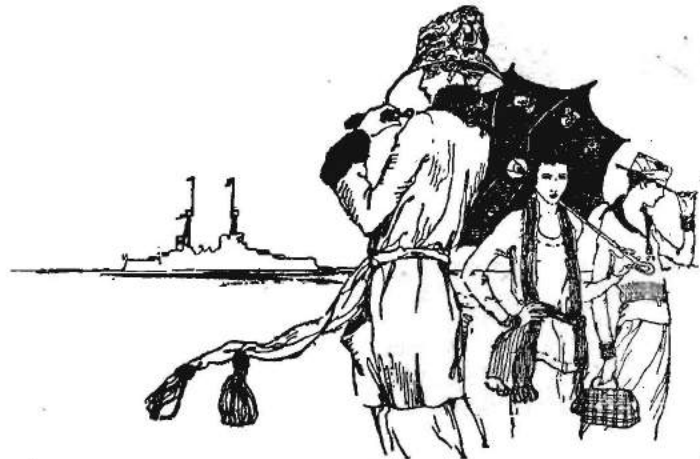
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WANTED—Agency, to be worked from office, by Sec.-Treas. of Agricultural Municipality, Eastern Townships, Que. Box 32, Christian Guardian, Toronto.

Rambler's Column

(Continued from page 3.)

¶ Did you ever hear of "The gospel of the second mile"? It's a great philosophy and works out well all round. If you are "at sea," consult Matt. 5: 41.

Funny how concerned we are about the other fellow's religion when we have to tramp through his snowdrifts, isn't it? The Rambler couldn't help wishing that various chaps who, after a recent heavy snowfall, had cleaned the snow from their walks up to the last millimetre—and no farther—had heard the sermon based on the gospel of the second mile that he listened to a couple of years ago.

That extra six or eight or ten feet of snow, not legally, of course, but morally at the sweet mercy of the householder—if the advice of the text is sound—would have disappeared like magic before the onslaught of his doughy shovel, had he known about the joy of that "second mile."

He didn't go the "second mile" and consequently added to the discomfort and fatigue of many, beside making an open show of his disregard for the comfort of others and missing the pleasure of doing a good turn.

¶ The Rambler, on one of his pilgrimages through the "plant," at the Book Room, came across a mammoth press that he had noticed on several occasions as never taking a holiday. He was surprised to learn that this press worked night and day without "let up," every day in the week (except of course on Sundays) turning out exclusively *Onwards and Pleasant Hours* for the young folk of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Anecdotes

¶ So many, many funny stories have come through to the Rambler this week that his head fairly swam while reading them. Glad to know the Anecdote Contest is so popular. We've had scores of the finest possible stories this week, and it does seem a pity that there's only room for two. One friend suggested that we let the prizes go hang just for once and print 'em all. I wonder what the folks would say if we did print one issue of the GUARDIAN containing nothing but jokes—for it would mean just about that. The Rambler is still looking for more good stories and especially welcomes the nice chummy letters that accompany so many of them. Number one (prize, one dollar) this week is:

"During one of Alberta's Summer School sessions, Mr. — was conducting a song service. The hymns were not being sung with enough enthusiasm to suit the leader, and in order to work up a little competition he asked the men to sing the first two lines and the ladies the last two of the next stanza. The men sang lustily,

"When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,"

but there was a burst of merriment as the ladies concluded:

"Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe
And led me up to man."

That was pretty good, wasn't it? Now, how do you like number two? (prize, fifty cents.)

"The lesson was on 'The Report of the Spies.' I wished to draw attention to the fact that previous to this the troubles the people had encountered were difficulties nature had presented, while now they were meeting men and man-built walls. I mentioned the bitter water; the lack of water; the lack of meat and food, and said, 'What kind of troubles are these that we have studied before?' One boy, with a quaint smile, replied, 'Stomach troubles.'"

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

By Archer Wallace.

The annual meeting of the above board convened in Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Wednesday and Thursday, January 21st and 22nd. In the absence of Rev. Dr. Chown, owing to sickness, Mr. M. E. Boughton, of Manitoba, presided over the meetings.

The General Secretary, Rev. Frank Langford, B.A., read a carefully prepared statement showing the present condition of our work in the Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies throughout Canada and Newfoundland. The enrolment of scholars on January 1st, 1920, was 442,881 and during the past year 10,567 scholars had become members of the Church. There are 3,400 schools of which number 882, or 26 per cent., are using Graded Lessons; 807 observed Decision Day, while Rally Day was held in 2,244 schools. Regular Missionary instruction is given in 1,575 schools. The average attendance for the entire year is about 50 per cent. of the enrolment.

Mr. Langford's report showed there are 2,386 Young People's Societies, with a total membership of 82,918. The Secretary pointed out that two-thirds of these organizations were found in Ontario, and urged the need for aggressive endeavor in other parts of the Dominion.

The following is a very brief summary of the Field Secretaries' reports:—

The report for British Columbia and Alberta was submitted by Rev. W. E. Galloway, B.A. In pursuance of his task Mr. Galloway travelled over 14,000 miles, had attended 279 meetings and spoken 170 times and still felt that the ground had been very inadequately covered. Mr. Galloway attended a large number of Conferences and Institutes during the year and a large number of District Religious, Education Councils.

Rev. C. W. DeMille, R.A., who took up his work as Field Secretary for Saskatchewan last July, gave a brief report of his six months' work. In spite of several weeks' illness, Mr. DeMille attended eight Conferences, met with thirty-five Committees and gave inspirational addresses at a large number of Institutes and Older Boys' Conferences.

Rev. A. E. Hetherington, B.A., gave the report for Manitoba. From the time he took up his work in July last, Mr. Hetherington had visited 33 Circles, 2 Institutes, 2 Boys' Conferences, and 4 Summer Schools had been attended. Altogether 5,689 miles had been travelled and 87 addresses delivered.

The report for the Central Conferences was read by Rev. Manson Doyle. The statement covered the last five months of 1919. In addition to attending a large number of League Conventions and securing the participation of older boys in the Prohibition Campaign, Mr. Doyle visited Newfoundland where he met 28 congregations and delivered 31 addresses. As a result of special appeals at Boys' Conferences, Mr. Doyle had a list of 24 older boys who had offered themselves for some form of life service.

Rev. James King, M.A., Ph.D., read the report for the Maritime Provinces, which extended over a period of four months. During this time 2,941 miles were travelled and 67 places visited in the interests of the Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies. Six Boys' Conferences were attended and the results were very encouraging.

Miss Olive Ziegler gave her report as Girls' Work Secretary. Miss Ziegler visited the Nova Scotia Summer School at Acadia; the New Brunswick Summer School at Mount Allison; and the Girls' Camp at Prince Edward Island. Miss Ziegler also participated in several Training Class Gatherings and Girls' and Leaders' Conferences in Ontario. Miss Ziegler also visited the Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines and gave the Board a very full and complete report of it.

A full report of the business done at the Board meeting will appear next week.

THE DOMINION BANK'S STATEMENT

In order that a banking institution may attain success it is necessary, speaking in general terms, that the management should on the one hand be characterized by caution, and on the other hand by a spirit of enterprise, each being the complement of the other. Among the Canadian Banks which are noted for strength in this twofold respect is the Dominion Bank, as has been evidenced by the results obtained during 1919, and revealed in the annual statement presented to the Shareholders at the Annual Meeting, held in Toronto, on Wednesday, January 28. The Bank appears to have had the most satisfactory year in its long experience. Net profits amounted to \$1,169,703, an increase of \$23,205 as com-

pared with 1918. On the total Capital and Reserve these profits were equal to 9% against 8.35% for the previous twelve months. To the Shareholders a bonus of 1% was paid in addition to the regular dividends amounting to 12% for the year. The total amount carried forward to profit and loss account, after deducting \$780,000 for dividend and bonus payments, \$40,500 for contributions to Pension, Patriotic and other funds and writing off \$300,000 on bank premises, was \$495,700, a sum greater than at the close of the previous year by approximately \$50,000. In respect to assets the Bank has very materially strengthened its position during the past twelve months. In the total assets which at December 31st last amounted to \$143,500,000, there was a gain of no less than \$10,000,000. But the particularly gratifying feature was the growth in the immediately available assets to \$70,075,000, an increase for the year of \$6,546,000, at which figure they are equal to 54% of the Bank's liabilities to the public. Cash assets alone, which stand at \$31,903,000, an increase of \$3,405,000, amount to 24.59% of the public liabilities. An indication of the Bank's expansion during the year is found in the deposits and commercial loans. In the former there was an increase of \$15,307,000, the total at December 31st being \$111,414,000, a result which reflects increased confidence in the Bank, as well as the prosperity of the Canadian people. Commercial loans at the end of 1919 stood at \$66,400,000, an increase for the twelve months of \$2,328,000. The Capital Stock and Reserve Fund of the Bank stand at \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000, respectively, a total of \$13,000,000.

THE PASSING OF MRS. W. TOWNSLEY

On Tuesday, evening, October 21st, 1919, there passed from earthly sight a lady greatly beloved, in the person of Mrs. Townsley, wife of Wm. Townsley, Esq., of North Vancouver. Mrs. Townsley was a native daughter of British Columbia, having been born in Yale, B.C., March 22nd, 1865, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wells, of Sardis, were then living. Two years later the family moved to Chuin-wack Valley, where they have ever since been among the most useful and prominent citizens of the province, and for more than fifty years very active and honored members of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Townsley, or Lily Wells, as she was known to all old-timers, was from her youth associated with the Church and its work, her bright and sprightly disposition making her the life of the little pioneer community in which she spent her childhood and early years. As the daughter of one of the most prominent pioneer families, she also had an extensive acquaintance throughout the province. In 1892 she married Wm. Townsley, Esq., then of Fog-gathorpe, Yorkshire, where she lived for many years. About ten years ago Mr. Townsley and family came to British Columbia and settled in North Vancouver, where they have since resided, and where as always, they at once became actively associated with the Methodist Church. Mrs. Townsley has been in failing health for several years, and the war, in which all her children were involved, imposed upon her a very severe strain. Less than a year ago she submitted to an operation, and for a time it seemed that the hopes of her friends would be realized, and that she would completely recover her wonted health. But the gain proved to be only temporary. In October she came up to spend a few weeks with her parents at Sardis, and it soon became apparent that it was to be her last visit. She gradually grew weaker, and gently passed to rest on the evening of October 21st. The funeral services were held at Carman Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Elliott, B.A., assisted by Rev. Dr. White, a lifelong friend of the family, who gave a brief address. Her body lies awaiting the resurrection call in the beautiful valley which she loved so well and where so many years of her life were spent. Besides her aged parents, her brother, Mr. E. A. Wells, and literally hosts of friends, she has left to mourn the loss of a true wife and mother, her husband, Wm. Townsley, Esq., and three children—Mary, wife of Capt. the Rev. H. B. Cowl, of England; Capt. W. A. Townsley and Lieut. Ernest Townsley, both of Vancouver. She has left behind her a blessed memory, and there are many to whom heaven will seem brighter because Lily Wells is there. J. H. W.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "There is almost no heresy in a hymn book. In hymns and psalms we have a universal ritual. It is the theology of the heart that unites men. Our very childhood is embalmed in sacred tunes and hymns. Our early lives and the lives of our parents hang in the atmosphere of sacred song. The art of singing together is one that is forever winding invisible threads about persons."



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"Now, children," the professor remarked to his offspring on Saturday morning, "I wish you to attend my lecture this afternoon. If you fail to do so, as you have in the past, I will be compelled to chastise you."

For some moments the young folks exchanged consulting glances; then Tommy remarked resignedly:

"Well, we've been licked before and got over it."—*New York Evening Post*.

In the course of one of his lecture trips Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger?" asked the barber. "Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."

"You chose a good time to come" the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture to-night. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Have you bought your ticket?"

"Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" Mark Twain said with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

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

BIRTH.

FAWCETT.—To Rev. John M. and Mrs. Fawcett, of Bentley, Alberta, at 11832 94th Street, Edmonton, Alta., on Saturday, Jan. 31st, a son, Samuel Vernon.

MARRIAGE.

WILLIAMS-NORTON.—On Jan. 26, 1920, in Grace Presbyterian Church, Calgary, Alberta, by the Rev. Andrew Reed, Erma, daughter of the late Theophilus and Mrs. Norton of Glen Williams, Ontario, to Arthur Williams, C.E., Saunders, Alberta, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Williams, Bellevue, Alberta.

DEATH.

ELMES.—Suddenly, at her late residence, Fairacre Ranch, Waseo, Dec. 24th, 1919, Alice Eliza, beloved wife of E. R. Elmes, and youngest daughter of Rev. Thos. Woolsey and Mrs. Woolsey, aged 46 years and 20 days. Interment at Union Cemetery, Bakersfield, California, on December 26th, 1919.

IN MEMORIAM.

WICKETT.—In loving memory of my dear husband, John Wickett, who passed away at Brandon, Manitoba, February 29th, 1915.

"This day brings back to memory
 A dear one gone to rest,
 And those who think of him to-day
 Are those who loved him best."
 Widow and Children.

MASTERS.—In sad and loving memory of my husband, Francis Masters, who was called away suddenly on November 22nd, 1919, at his home, Centerton, Ont.

I cannot say, and will not say
 That he is dead; he is just away.

MISSION ROOM RECEIPTS

To Feb. 5th, 1920.

General Fund.
 Receipts to date \$141,137.95
 Same date last year 166,503.18
 Miscellaneous receipts to date .. 3,261.91

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