

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

Established 1829

The Art of Being a Christian

IT cannot be too strongly or too often said that Jesus did not lay nearly so much emphasis upon how men should think as upon how they should live. Of course He knew, as we ought to know, that thinking greatly affects living, but He did not waste His time elaborating fine theories and involved doctrines, but He did try to get men actually down to the task of right living. And He knew, what we sometimes seem to forget, that right living is an art, and that men learn it by actually trying to do it. He did not teach men merely that they might know, but that they might do, and He was willing to run the risk of their not knowing everything about the right life and having a perfect philosophy of it, before they began to live it. He seemed to think that men actually might learn to live right somewhat in the way that a carpenter learns to build a house, by handling tools, coming to know how to use them by actual experience and then putting that practical skill into service according to some finely conceived plan. And it must be that He was right and that the only way of understanding the Gospel is to be found in the effort to live it.

Toronto, November 5th, 1919

***“Ye are not your own,
Ye are bought with a price”—***

Christ gave all and owns all. The Divine ownership involves human stewardship. If we are His, our energies and abilities and their outflow are His. In acknowledging Christ we acknowledge Him as Owner and ourselves as His Stewards.

METHODIST NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

LEAGUE OF CHRISTIAN STEWARDS

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Stewardship has many forms. “Prayer is an exalted stewardship.” Tithing is a material and partial acknowledgment. Life, with all its constituents and outgoings, is a stewardship for Christ.

***“What I spent, I had;
What I saved, I lost;
What I gave, I have.”***

BURY NO TALENT

“IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM”

The Christian Guardian

(Established 1829)

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY

Published under the authority of the Methodist Church
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Notice to Advertisers—Friday 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.)

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Change of address—In asking for this both the old and new address should be sent.

Trial Subscription—The paper will be sent free to any address for one month as a trial subscription.

The Rambler's Column

¶ And now the jugglers are trying to find a name for Ontario's new political baby. The initials of the two parties being the I.L.P.'s and the U.F.O.'s, we begin to see such combinations as the I.L.P.U.F.O., the U.F.O.L.A. and the L.U.F.O. party. Let the child name itself, for a change. Why not use all the initials and make it a real combination? The Rambler suggests I FLOP U.

¶ Part one of the Christmas carol contest is over. The cheques have been mailed to the prize-winners, and now the musical tug-of-war begins. With three such fair-minded judges as Dr. Vogt, Mr. Healey Willan and Dr. Fricker, the contestants are assured of a fair field and no favor. The prize poems are to be found on pages 29 and 30.

¶ A young and very-much-in-earnest minister, in a casual chat with The Rambler, coolly informed the latter that "his" people would, in a few weeks, place upon the plate a mere bagatelle of some sixteen hundred dollars. On being asked how he came to speak with such assurance, he "came back" with the remark, "Why, we simply blocked it out." Pretty good business that, "blocking" things "out." Think it over, Mr. Leave-it-to-the-preacher Layman. "Block" something "out." Suppose we start on ourselves.

¶ "The Doctor," as our Book Steward Emeritus is affectionately known throughout the Book Room's great plant, is responsible for this one: "An Englishman, thinking to 'put one over' on an Irish friend, said to the latter, 'I say, Pat, if you weren't an Irishman, what would you be?' The somewhat disconcerting retort came back, 'Sure, and I'd be ashamed of myself.'"

¶ The Birthday Number of the GUARDIAN will carry on its front cover a fine portrait of the GUARDIAN's first editor, Rev. Egerton Ryerson. One of the first "disagreeables" of his position was a stage journey to New York and return on a search for type and a press. This trip, taken under the conditions prevailing in 1829, was something to remember.

¶ The Book Room employees, the five hundred or more owners of the willing hands and nimble brains that plan and perfect your books, Sunday-school periodicals, lesson helps and your GUARDIANS—these met last Wednesday night and did honor to one of the Book Room's most faithful servants, Mr. James Dale, who recently resigned after almost fifty years of continuous service for "the house."

In This Issue

NOVEMBER 5th, 1919

	PAGE
REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS ..	5, 6
EDITORIAL—	
The Tyranny of Good Habits —His Lord's Money—Editors and Politics—The Victory Loan—The Political Chaos	7, 8
THE PREJUDICE OF REALITY. R. E. Fairbairn	9
THE BELLICOSE BASIS OF CHEERFULNESS. George E. Robins	10
THE CHURCH IN THE NEW DAY. Arthur W. Brown	11
IS IT OF GOD? Arthur Barner..	12
THE HOME FIRESIDE.....	13, 14
FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS..	15, 16, 17
THE NATIONAL CAMPAIGN.....	18
MOSTLY ABOUT PEOPLE	19
EVANGELISM IN WINNIPEG	20
LONDON CONFERENCE LETTER..	21
NORTHERN ALBERTA LETTER....	22
BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER....	24
MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS, EVANGELISM IN WINNIPEG	26
REJUVENATING THE EPWORTH LEAGUE, THE WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION ..	27
MUSIC	28
SPLENDID RESULTS IN CAROL CONTEST	29
RECENT DEATHS	31, 33

Complimentary Dinner to Mr. James Dale

For nearly fifty years Mr. James Dale has been a familiar figure in the Methodist Book Room. He commenced his labors when the Book Room was but a small institution, and he has seen it grow until it is now the largest printing establishment in the Dominion; and Mr. Dale's well-nigh fifty years of faithful and effective service have helped to secure the results of which Methodism is rightly proud. For a score of years past Mr. Dale has been manager of circulation and advertising for the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN and the twenty-three other publications of the house, and he has never stinted his efforts nor spared himself to make good at his task. But years bring their burden, and Mr. Dale is dropping out of his place in the Book Room; and it was fitting that the house should give him a complimentary dinner. This took place at the Central Y.M.C.A., on Wednesday evening, Oct. 29th, and most of the 450 employees of the Book Room were on hand for the occasion. The supper was good, the entertainment was good, the speeches were few and brief, and the singing was most enthusiastic; and we think everyone enjoyed himself or herself. The gathering was one of the most democratic we have been privileged to attend, and there were absolutely no distinctions of rank or grade, but everyone, from the smallest boy or girl to the most efficient superintendent in factory or office, rubbed shoulders and enjoyed the proceedings in true democratic fashion. Mr. Dale was presented with a fine chair, and he made a brief and characteristic speech. Rev. Dr. Briggs and the new Book Steward, Mr. Fallis, made short speeches, which were greatly enjoyed. The gathering was universally voted a great success. The Book Room's best wishes will go with Mr. Dale wherever he goes.

Mrs. Brown was at the back of the church, waiting to have her baby christened. Baby was getting restless, so she beckoned the verger. "Is the sermon nearly finished?" she whispered. "No, mum," replied the verger; "another half-hour of it yet. He's only on his 'lastly.'" "But," said Mrs. Brown, "will it take him half an hour to get through his 'lastly'?" "No, mum," was the demure reply, "but there's the 'one word more and I'm done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in conclusion' to come yet. Don't be impatient."—*London Tit-Bits.*

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Every thoughtful chap, everyone that was progressive, seemed to be taking the Pelman Course."

The Rev. Canon Hannay

No less a personage than the Rev. Canon Hannay (George A. Birmingham) the famous author, advances his belief in Pelmanizing by saying:

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Canadian Branch
742 Temple Building, Toronto

Sirs: Please send me, free of all obligation or expense, copy of "Mind and Memory" and other particulars of the Pelman Course.

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Town or City.....

Christian Guardian

Established 1829

The Reds are Still Fighting

THE news items from Russia seem, putting it mildly, to be slightly misleading. Only a few days ago Cronstadt had fallen, and General Yudenitch was at the gates of Petrograd. But now we find that the Red Flag still floats over Cronstadt, and Trotsky, with his Chinamen and Bolsheviks, has driven Yudenitch back, so that Petrograd seems to be safe for the winter. And still another message tells us that while the Reds did really score a success over Yudenitch, yet they lost so heavily themselves that Lenin now declares that Bolshevism is, for the time being, a lost cause, and its best plan is to get quickly underground and remain there until international revolution makes the pathway to the elysium of the Reds much easier than it is at present. Apparently the Reds are under heavy pressure from many sides and nearly at the end of their resources, but he is a bold man who would prophesy just now how long they would be able to hold out. In the meantime British money is flowing pretty freely towards Russia in the attempt to combat Bolshevism. How long the British Government and the British people will agree to supply the funds necessary to defeat the Reds we cannot say, but it is certain that not a few Britons are beginning to grow weary of the drain.

A Religious Survey

THE town of Bowmanville took a religious survey a few days ago, and the results have been published in the *Statesman*. The survey was confined to the town itself, and 974 record cards were filled out. The analysis of these cards gave the following result: Methodists, 510; Anglicans, 177; Presbyterian, 149; Disciples, 68; Roman Catholics, 27; Salvation Army, 7; Hebrews, 2; all others, 34. This last group included those who were not at home and concerning whom no definite information could be gathered. The group also includes about a dozen people who declined to give their preference. The survey is interesting from the fact that nearly every family and individual in town appears to be more or less closely attached to some church. Whether the families who call themselves Methodists attend the church, and attend it regularly, is a matter for earnest consideration on the part of the local church. It might not be amiss to take such surveys upon many other fields, and, closely following the survey, it would be very interesting to keep a six months' record of every family's church attendance, and to secure as quietly and as accurately as possible the reason for non-attendance. We think a good many preachers would be surprised to discover how much the preacher's personality counts; and they would, in not a few cases, be still more surprised to find out what kind of sermons the people appreciate the most.

Don't Like Reform Laws

THE liquor men have never taken kindly to legal enactments which curtailed their business, and they have never failed to raise the cry that "you can't make men sober by Act of Parliament." They have insisted, in season and out of season, that legal enactments were utterly useless in effecting reforms, and that the proper method was by moral suasion and the preaching of the gospel. We are not surprised at the liquor men for making this plea, but it does seem strange to find a Roman Catholic journal like the *Northwest Review*, of Winnipeg, adopting these old liquor arguments. The editor says: "The idea of effecting moral reform through legislative enactment is, of course, distinctly non-Catholic. Ever since the Reformation the Protestant Churches have shown a predilection for invoking the strong arm of the law as the shortest and most effective

method of reform. The Reformation itself not having been preached as much as legislated, this idea of bringing people to the gates of heaven in handcuffs is thus a natural reformed product. . . . How different the example of Christ and that of the saints! How different also the effects of a missionary zeal to soften the minds and hearts of sinners and inculcate a hatred of sin because it is sin! Christianity will never take root where it is hammered in; neither will goodness ever naturally spring out of coercion." Evidently the editor is laboring under the delusion that prohibitionists are aiming at softening the hearts of the brewers, distillers and liquor dealers. We wonder where he got that idea! Certainly not from the prohibitionists. The appeal to law to restrain wrong-doers is as reasonable as is democracy. If the people have the right to govern themselves, then they certainly have the right to refuse to license men to ruin their fellow men. And it is a most peculiar thing that the very paper which tells us we can't reform men by legislative enactment is at the same time most insistent upon the necessity of making Ireland "free" by legislative enactment. And we might add that the Roman Catholic Church has never hesitated in Peru, in Spain, in Quebec, to seek to secure legislative enactments to strengthen their Church and, where possible, crush out Protestantism. The Church believes in law as an aid to religion, but not as an aid to sobriety. And, speaking of prohibition, is it not on record in more than one State that Protestantism was absolutely prohibited, on pain of death?

The Baptist Heresy Case

NOT many weeks ago in the *Canadian Baptist* there appeared a lengthy editorial on "The Inspiration and Authority of Scripture," in which the editor referred to the views which are current amongst the English Baptists, and argued that the Baptists upon this continent would have to recognize the facts. Rev. T. T. Shields, of Toronto, took strong exception to the statements of the editor, and declared that he would bring the matter before the Baptist Convention. This was done last week at Ottawa, and a most vigorous discussion followed. According to the press reports, however, it was all one-sided, as the "heretics," if there were any, did not care to accept the challenge. Mr. Shield's motion, however, while censuring the editorial, was very specific in declaring that the Convention had "implicit confidence in the editor," and the motion passed with only ten dissenting voices. The strange part about the discussion was that, so far as we could gather from press reports, the discussion centred, not about the truth or falsity of the statements in the *Canadian Baptist*, but about the advisability of publishing them. Mr. Shields argued that a part of the denomination had been held up to ridicule, and this, if persisted in, meant division. The case was heralded far and wide as a "heresy trial," but so far as we could discover it was nothing of the kind. The Baptist Church will still go on its way with its radicals and conservatives thinking, and preaching, just as they did before, but Bro. Mackay will be more careful of the feelings of the Conservative brethren. Candidly, we are glad the discussion did not take the form of a "heresy hunt," as this would only have meant, in all probability, a most regrettable and wholly unnecessary division in the Baptist Church in Canada.

The Cost of Illiteracy

AT the national educational conference at Winnipeg, last week, Dr. J. L. M. Anderson, of Regina, gave some startling figures on Canadian illiteracy, and he estimated that this illiteracy cost Canada annually \$75,000,000 in lowered production. We are not able to check Dr. Anderson's figures just now, but

the probability is that illiteracy is a much more costly thing than we at present realize. And, more than that, the lack of higher education is probably still more costly. Education means more than the ability to read and write; it means mental quickening and alertness, and this is an asset of incalculable value in agriculture and trade as well as in the professions. Higher education ought to mean increasing the value of a workman's output by hundreds of dollars every year, and yet with almost inconceivable folly we place a heavy toll at the gate, and only a small percentage of our young folks ever secure that higher education. If knowledge is power, let us place no tax upon it, but throw open all our schools to all our people.

The Fight for Public Ownership

THE Government's proposal to take over the Grand Trunk is being bitterly contested at Ottawa, and appears to be developing into a straight party fight, with a few bolters on each side. The new Liberal leader, the Hon. Mackenzie King, is opposing the bill, but he does not seem to relish the job much, and Judge McKenzie, a pronounced opponent of public ownership, is said to be really leading the attack on the bill. The challenge has been thrown down to the Government to go to the country on the bill, but this certainly will not be taken up. We have no doubt, however, that if the Government were to submit the bill to the people in the shape of a referendum, with the plain question, "Do you favor taking over the Grand Trunk Railway?" the majority in favor of public ownership would be a surprise to many. The *Toronto Globe* comes out very plainly in favor of public ownership and says: "The truth is that competing railways are as great an absurdity as competing highways or competing post-offices would be. The only safeguard against monopoly is ownership and operation by the people for the benefit of the people." We all recognize that our Government-owned railways in Canada have occasionally been cursed by politics, but this is a fault that can be remedied, and it does not hold good so far as we know either of Ontario's Government-owned railway or of Ontario's Hydro-Electric system. There may be improvement possible in the terms upon which we are agreeing to take over the Grand Trunk system, but there should be little dispute over the advisability of the Government taking this action. We cannot afford to loan the G.T.R. sufficient money to float it, and we certainly cannot afford to let it go to the C.P.R.

The Coming Premier of Ontario

MR. E. C. DRURY, of Barrie, was the unanimous choice of the United Farmers of Ontario to lead their party in the coming Provincial Parliament, and incidentally, we suppose, to be the new Premier of Canada's foremost province. Mr. Drury is not a well-known political figure, and naturally a good deal of curiosity exists to discover what manner of man he is. First he is a farmer, and the son of a farmer, his father being the Hon. Charles Drury, the first Minister of Agriculture for this province. This seems to us eminently proper, and we are glad that a real farmer is to head the Government of the province. Mr. Drury is also a graduate of the O.A.C. of the class of 1900, and he has also been more or less prominent in farming circles for some years as a sturdy opponent of special privileges and a defender of the rights of the agriculturist. In his speech of acceptance last week he said some things which are well worth noting as the indication of the future policy of the U.F.O. party. He said: "In a very real sense we represent not alone the forty per cent. of the people who are on the farms, but also the great bulk of the common people of all classes, the people who are desirous of good government, of stability, efficiency and economy, and of the fair and equal enforcement of law. Our success, therefore, depends, not on political manoeuvring, but on the breadth and fairness of our policy, and on our adherence to the high ideals of democracy and public service which have made this movement a vital thing in the life of the nation. May we not hope that before long this movement, which has had its birth in one particular class, may expand and broaden till it shall become, not merely a farmers' party, but in a very real sense a people's party." He also noted three other things: "(1) Our legislative programme must be framed for the benefit of every just and honest and legitimate interest in the province. If, in the carrying out of such a programme, the unjust and dishonest

interests get in the way, so much the worse for the latter. (2) If called to power, one of our first administrative duties must be fearlessly and effectively to enforce the will of the people as expressed in the recent prohibition referendum. (3) The people look to us to make an honest attempt to solve a problem which bears heavily on all, and which, as wages and price of farm produce decline, may become an intolerable burden—the high cost of living." To carry through this programme will require a will of iron, and this, we are told, is one of the things which Mr. Drury fortunately possesses. In religion Mr. Drury is a Methodist, and he is a man of unspotted integrity. The citizens of Ontario generally will, we are sure, extend their heartiest good wishes to the man who has been called to face a task of such delicacy and such difficulty at this important period in our national development.

Alberta to have Proportionate Representation

PREMIER CHARLES STEWART, of Alberta, has announced that before the next provincial election the Province of Alberta will have proportional representation. This is a concession to the U.F.A., and doubtless was intended to stem somewhat the political tide which is flowing so strongly to-day in the direction of the farmers' party. As proportional representation is also a plank in the platform of the Ontario farmers, it is likely that Ontario also will have this new method of voting in the near future. Under this system every electoral unit of 10,000 or 20,000 votes, as the case may be, will elect a member to represent them in Parliament. To-day it is possible for one man to receive 6,000 votes and his opponent to receive 5,999, and the 5,999 will have no real representation in Parliament; and it is also possible for a party in power to hold 80 seats out of 111 and at the same time poll less votes than the minority. For instance, suppose the 80 seats were carried by majorities of 100, and the 31 seats were carried by majorities of 300, the 80 seats would have a total majority of 8,000 and the 31 seats a majority of 9,300. On the other hand, Mr. Drury says the rural vote is only 40 per cent. of the total, and that will mean under proportional representation that it could only elect 40 per cent. of the candidates if it came to a straight issue between city and country. And the difficulty will be, even if proportional representation does work injustice to the rural communities, if once it is brought into effect it will be hard to get rid of it. However, every system has its defects, and we can test this one, as it will certainly enable each man and woman to make sure that his, or her, vote counts.

Teachers' Salaries

THE question of an adequate wage for teachers is one that needs some ventilation. Recently the *Journal of Education* gave the following facts from a certain section of the United States. "In a certain mining community in Illinois, during 1918, August Smelzer and Charles Sulygski, miners, received for their wage \$1,680 and \$1,720, respectively, for mining coal. Many others received \$2,000 or more. These men, who were aliens, were just two of the thousands who fared as well or better. In this same community sixty teachers received an average salary of \$660 a year, or a monthly wage of \$55 a month, not one-half the amount that the drivers of milk wagons in Chicago receive. The high school teachers in the same locality received on an average \$800 a year, or \$65 a month. These teachers had from three to four years of college training." The minimum wage for certain trades in Toronto is over \$1,500 a year. No one contends that this is any too much, but our minimum wage for lady teachers is \$800 and for men \$1,400. And outside of Toronto, in certain sections we have fully qualified teachers trying to exist upon \$500 a year, while an eighteen-year-old boy who fixes the brakes on a "Ford" will get more than twice as much as his teacher. There is no question that our country should have better school facilities, particularly in the rural sections, and we are glad to see that the United Farmers stand pledged "to provide equal educational opportunities for all the children of all the people." One of the first steps in this direction should surely be to pay the rural teacher and the urban teacher alike adequate salaries. When a community is content to pay a hired man \$800 a year or its equivalent, and a teacher \$500, the educational outlook is certainly bad.

THE TYRANNY OF GOOD HABITS

WE believe in good habits, and we trust we ourselves have a few that are very useful. And we believe in training children in good habits, as they will prove an invaluable help to them in later years. We admit all the good that can be said about the importance and value of good habits, and we heartily commend them to all. But we would like to call attention to the fact that sometimes a good habit may stand in the way of a man's moral development, and may really interfere with manifest duties. That is to say, a good habit may sometimes, for the time being, cease to be good.

A habit is an imperious thing which usually claims the right of way, and if it be a good habit its claim is supported to a certain extent by a man's conscience. This is as it ought to be, usually; but occasionally we find that a new duty presses upon us and insists upon having the right of way, and just here the good habit may assert its power in such a way as often completely to override the claim of the new duty. There is an inertia in ordinary humanity which makes it easy to travel in the rut, but exceedingly hard to get out of it. New occasions should teach new duties, but they too often fail because we have grown so accustomed to the old duties that we fail to recognize the greater importance which sometimes attaches to the new duties.

Illustrations of this fact abound on every hand. We sometimes see a married woman whose good habits have crystallized into certain regularities of church-going, bible reading, social visiting, and mental development by means of lectures, good reading, etc. Then comes a little babe, and he upsets all the fine programme. Usually the mother-instinct is strong enough to put the babe first, but sometimes there is quite a long struggle before the good habits, for they were good, are displaced by new duties. And early rising is another good habit which should be cultivated under ordinary circumstances, but we venture to say that no matter how a preacher starts out, there will be found few of them who continue long to rise at four or five in the morning, and if they did in most cases they would be sinning against their own bodies.

Then there is the habit of saving, the habit which every child ought to form, the habit which may make all the difference between distressing poverty and comparative opulence, and yet the habit which above all others, possibly, hardens the heart, contracts the vision, and makes war upon humanity. It is a good habit, when the man controls the habit, but if the habit controls the man it not only spoils his own life but the lives of those who have to deal with him. We have known this habit to become such a tyrant that it made a Christian man squirm, and make excuses, and almost lie, when a demand was made upon him for 25 cents for missions. We have known it so to tyrannize over a well-to-do man that it made him refuse to provide the common necessities of life for his own family. Well for the man who recognizes these evil possibilities in connection with his own good habits.

And we have known, even preachers become the slaves of their time-table, and the slaves of their habits to such an extent that they would hardly interfere with their time-table to attend a sick person, or go upon some pressing errand of mercy. This is surely a great mistake. Order is good; system is valuable; and it is important to have regularity in life; but it is still more important to see that the habits which were intended to be helpful should not so tyrannize over us as to become a serious injury instead of a help. Even good habits need watching, as their goodness ceases when it becomes a bar to greater goodness. The good is not good when it antagonizes the better.

HIS LORD'S MONEY

OUR Lord's parables are still marvellously in touch with human life. The characters which He sketched to His spell-bound audiences nineteen centuries ago are still instinct with life, and the lessons which they taught when the parables were first uttered they teach with equal power to-day. The men to whom their Lord loaned money in the parable of the pounds have many modern representatives, and it behooves us to emphasize now, as then, that it is still "the Lord's money"; and the money which was intended to be used in active service for the betterment of men in legitimate business activity must not

be allowed to remain idle and unproductive, but must be used to make the world busier and better.

This sorely-needed lesson of the parable, that money (or wealth) is simply a trust from our Lord, is not very popular to-day amongst the well-to-do. Many of us utterly refuse to admit it, and we insist, with not a little righteous indignation, that what money we may have we have earned by our own hard toil, and it is a strange thing if we are to be debarred from spending it, or using it, in any way we please. But when we begin to look into the matter more closely we are astonished to find that our money in every case is a joint product. We might have labored until the day of doom and we should not have made it if it had not been for the co-operation of others. We are but cogs in a great human machine, and at best we are only doing our share of the world's work, and we have a right, at most, simply to our share of the joint product. We have not time to deal further with this argument, but would simply point out that if one of us takes more than his share someone must inevitably take less, and too often one man claims as part of his honest earnings what really belongs to another weaker co-operator in the world's busy hive. That this claim is sincere does not make it correct, for after all it is easy for most of us to believe what is profitable or what flatters our vanity.

Suppose we get possession of money and it is really our earnings, is it therefore ours? This is one of the crucial questions of to-day, and the answer which is coming from millions of honest, straight-thinking men is that it is really a trust, and our country, our world and our God hold us responsible for its proper use. To misuse, waste, or keep idle what we hold in trust is unpatriotic, unbrotherly and un-Christian. There are few things which test out a man more fully than his use of what he considers his own money. As we look round about us and consider carefully the conditions under which the bulk of our people live, it is impossible to resist the conviction that in view of the hard conditions which govern so many of our fellows profuse personal expenditures on the part of the rich are a sin against humanity and against our Heavenly Father.

Wealth is a trust which we have no right to use simply for our own comfort or gratification, and we have no right either to bury it in the earth, or put it somewhere where it will merely be safe. Wealth should be employed in the creation of more wealth, not for selfish, but for patriotic and religious, purposes. One of the curses of the old world was that its gold was "rusted," which meant simply that it was non-productive, being used merely for selfish aims. One of the most fertile sources of to-day's world-wide and revolutionary unrest is to be found in the conviction, as widespread and deep as the unrest, that the wealth of the world is not being held in trust for the many, but is being used for the advancement and advantage of the few. And in the determined protest against this misuse of a sacred trust the world of workers is absolutely right. Our money, our wealth, is ours in trust for humanity and God, and when we are false to our trust our claim to possession is seriously weakened. The so-called "owner" of wealth should realize that to-day the very worst foes of private ownership of wealth are the private owners themselves, wherever they have forgotten their trust and proceeded to use their money for themselves alone. Not the Church alone, but the world, is demanding that men abandon the outworn doctrine of each for himself.

EDITORS AND POLITICS

THE editor has been in charge of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN for thirteen years, and during that time he has been unfortunate enough to offend not a few of his friends on both sides of politics. He has been accused of being a rabid Grit, and he has been accused of being a dyed-in-the-wool Tory; and every time he has trodden upon somebody's corns he has been told that a religious paper had no business whatever to meddle in politics, and he has been told so with an emphasis that was very pronounced. But as yet the editor in his blindness sees no place for repentance.

He has acted throughout on the assumption that the readers of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN want the editor to give them, so far as he is able, an absolutely unbiassed view of the political situation, and he has always aimed to do this. That he has succeeded in some degree he is assured by the unsolicited testimony of friends

upon both sides of politics. He has no expectation whatever that anything which he may say will influence any who place politics first, whether wittingly or unwittingly; but he does expect that not a few of his readers will be glad to get a view of the political situation which is certainly candid, and which is as unbiassed by political prepossessions as the editor can make it.

Moreover, it seems to the editor that the day of violent and unreasoning political antipathies is doomed. He has been surprised at the number of men, mostly young men and men of middle age, who have reached the point where they have voted against their party candidate for moral and patriotic reasons; and he believes that these days of feverish unrest are still further loosening the political ties. It is inevitable that on great questions such as public ownership, the tariff, and radical measures such as the initiative and referendum, recall, and similar subjects, there will be a very marked difference of opinion, and the editor aims to give his readers a fair view of both sides of vexed questions, and he aims to lead his readers to see that a political opponent may be, and often is, just as honest and just as conscientious and patriotic as themselves. We have a right to differ from our fellows upon questions of public interest without being accused of being disloyal and dishonest. Let us combat a man's arguments as strenuously as we can if we believe them to be misleading or mistaken, but at the same time let us never refuse to that opponent the same liberty which we demand for ourselves!

The editor differs from many of his readers in their estimate of public men. We believe that as a rule our public men are honorable and upright; liable to mistakes, of course, but still patriotic, and anxious to see Canada reach the highest destiny which a kind Providence makes possible. We think a great deal of harm has been done by unfair and untrue criticisms of the probity and patriotism of the men who are in high position in public life. Only the other day we noticed with great regret an article of this kind in the *Farmers' Sun*, the official organ of the United Farmers of Ontario. In this article the Hon. Mr. Rowell and the *Toronto Globe* were accused of advocating conscription disingenuously, with the desire of putting Sir Robert Borden "in a hole"; and the writer scouted the idea that they were really honest in the matter. This type of article is neither fair nor wise. The *Globe* has its faults, but personally we cannot but admire its courage in daring so frequently to assert its independence. While we may differ at times from the *Globe*, we freely concede its honesty of purpose and its true patriotism. If the United Farmers are prepared to crucify every member of their party who dares to assert his freedom, then it will be a poor outlook for them and for the country. The type of mind that cannot admit the honesty and patriotism of a political opponent is a menace to Canada and to free institutions.

In these iconoclastic days, when many political institutions and creeds are being sent to the scrap-heap, it will be a strength to every true reform movement if its leaders recognize gladly the honesty and ability of the men, whose policies they are led to assail. The fact that a man does not favor the legislation which we clamor for does not prove him to be incompetent, and, above all, it does not prove him to be a rogue. In these stirring days we have need to remember this. The editor sometimes finds himself out of accord with men for whom he has profound respect, but while he insists upon the right to follow his own rational conclusions, he recognizes at all times that others have exactly the same right.

THE VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN

THE campaign for the Victory Loan is in full swing, and at the time of writing it seems certain that the amount set as the objective will be over-subscribed. From every part of the country come reports of gratifying success, and the amount of application for the loan exceeds the amount reported during the same period last year. There seems to have been a little hesitancy on the part of some over the fact that the income from this loan will be taxable by the Dominion, but after all this is a very small thing, as the income on \$5,000 at 5½ per cent. is only \$2.75, and the tax on this, if it is taxed at all, will only be a comparative trifle. The truth is the loan is a necessity, and our Government had better borrow from its own people than from strangers; and it is just as true that in such a case those of us who have money to loan had much better loan it to our country than to private corporations or to strangers.

THE POLITICAL CHAOS

THE Dominion by-elections last week were a surprise to no one. Out of five seats, the Conservatives won one, the Liberals one, and the other three were captured by the Farmers, one being in New Brunswick, one in Ontario and one in Assiniboia. Some Liberals hail the result as a blow to the Government, but more of them realize that the blow is one which hit the Liberals just as hard as it hit the Conservatives. Coming on the heels of the Ontario elections, it seems to support the view that the country at large is seriously dissatisfied, not only with the Union Government, but with both the Liberal and Conservative parties; and the probability seems to be that any election in the near future will result in the defeat of any Government, whether Dominion or Provincial (except possibly Quebec), which decides to go to the polls.

The country is not satisfied with the Dominion Government, and it sees no hope in a return to a Liberal Government, and if it has a chance to express its feelings it will possibly return enough Farmers and Labor men to form a new Government. The reasons are not far to seek. The high cost of living is a very serious problem with millions of our citizens, and it has been so for years, and the Government has done little to change it. It is true that we have a Board of Commerce, but what difference does it make? Prices are really rising instead of falling. It may be that the Government can do nothing to remedy this, or it may be that the remedy would be worse than the disease; but the Government does not say so, and, so far as we can judge, the people are overwhelmingly of the conviction that the chief reason that the Government is afraid to tackle the problem of making all men, big and little, refrain from profiteering.

No doubt the Government is blamed for things for which it is not responsible, but the point is that it is blamed. And not only is the Government blamed, but its great opponent, the Liberal party, stands to lose also. The only really advanced reform programmes before the country are those of the United Farmers and the Labor party; and it is significant that these are the parties to which the electorate of the Dominion is evidently turning. There is a strong, an intensely strong, plea being made to "let well enough alone," but it is being made by a small, if powerful, minority. There seems little doubt that the masses of the people are determined upon upsetting the old order of things, and establishing our civilization upon a different basis.

It may be that the new movement will be but short-lived, and that the country will soon settle back contentedly into the old ruts. But to many of us this does not seem probable, and it looks as though it would be a wise plan to prepare to reckon with the new spirit and the new vision, and to insure that the changes which inevitably come shall be under the guidance of wise and conservatively radical, rather than revolutionary, forces. Canada never needed more than now leaders of dauntless courage and sanest political foresight, and with such men at the helm we shall escape many a disaster.

We have urged before the importance of our leaders in agriculture and manufacturing getting together to plan a tariff policy which would meet the needs of both; and we still insist that this is a counsel of wisdom if, as may well be possible, the day for compromise has not already gone by. Unfortunately, as it seems to us, our manufacturers do not appear to sense the coming storm, and are not prepared to confer with the farmers. To us this unwillingness to make any concessions, this unwillingness even to discuss matters calmly together, is ominous of future disaster. We do not see any reason to think that we can continue as we are at present, and we believe that the highest political wisdom dictates a policy which will at least lessen, if it cannot get rid of, the friction which undoubtedly exists to-day between our agriculturists and our manufacturers, and between our workmen and our employers of labor. In these days of national upheaval a "fight to the finish" is the last thing to be thought of, and merest prudence will warn us that it is likely to be a most costly experiment. We must be prepared for reforms, more drastic and complete than any we have known before, and we should be prepared to usher them in with the least possible disturbance to our national life. A new era has dawned; let us make it an era of truer, more democratic, and more far-reaching brotherhood than our fathers ever dreamed of.

The Prejudice for Reality

By
R. E. Fairbairn

IN its customary usage, involving always a bad sense, "prejudice" is not, the right word. But there is no other which can express the writer's thought forcefully enough; while etymologically it is exactly correct. Prepossession, preference, instinct, are too weak. They do not carry the idea of an intelligent purpose, consciously adopted and elevated to the rank of a habit of mind. That the word "prejudice" does. Consider its structure. The prefix suggests that which has been before accomplished, and stands as an established fact. The rest of the world is akin to "judicial," which implies the examination of a case, and the pronouncement of a verdict. There is nothing in the word to confine the verdict always to condemnation. It is a pity that it has come to mean only adverse verdicts. But it is a calamity that, instead of implying the sober act of the mind, it is used to indicate only blind, unreasoning partiality that ignores sense and reason. Structurally, and for the purposes of this article, "prejudice" signifies a definite judgment arrived at, fixed as a mental statute, and carried round for application to the common business of life, as the carpenter carries round his foot rule. In fact, the carpenter's rule is precisely a prejudice in this sense. It is a judgment of size, prepared as a standard for measurement.

The person who loudly boasts of his freedom from prejudices is too often literally correct. He has no established judgments of moral value. But whoever has no proper prejudices is less than a man. Certainly no religious person can be other than violently prejudiced. Jesus Christ is Himself the supreme example of prejudice. That was why He could not stand those Pharisees. What is it but a statement of the prejudices of the Almighty when Scripture says, "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and his ears are open to their prayers; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil?"

It may be said that the function of education is the creation of sound prejudices. Unless the teacher can implant in the mind of the pupil certain mental and moral standards, no amount of mere knowledge will constitute a person educated. That there has been a measure of failure in regard to the moral side of education is suggested by the effort being made at the present time in the west to secure increased efficiency at this point. The truly educated man has not to stop at every juncture to ask himself what is good, or true, or beautiful. He has established automatic reflexes in his mind, which, like the physical reflexes of the spinal column, act immediately and without effort, just as the skilled auto driver manipulates his levers and pedals without conscious volition, though at first he bungled over them confusedly.

The word "reality" also needs defining for our purposes, because, especially among religious people, it often stands for sincerity and earnestness. Here it must mean

much more than that. It represents that which is real, the world of things-as-they-are. Reality may not be what we imagine it. (That by way of a sop to the philosophers.) But however illusory our conception of it, reality is what it is, and it must be sought and dealt with as it is. All prosperity and progress, all science and religion, depend upon our discovery of, and faithful dealing with, reality. The will to seek reality, the willingness to let reality be what it may, whether that accord with our desires or not, and the purpose to align ourselves with reality when we see it—nothing is more urgently needed by this war-racked, strife-torn, confused old world. But this is a surprisingly difficult business for human nature, which is prone to expect truth to be according to predilections, and frequently finds it to be so—when it is not so at all. The scientific spirit of detachment, which is so exasperating to the lay mind, is really a magnificent achievement in this direction. It is not that the scientist does not care what the truth may turn out to be, but that he cares so much that he will not allow any prepossession of his own to warp his judgment. He certainly has the prejudice for reality, a stubborn, disciplined habit of mind, concerned to see and know just what is there, in the world of matter and mind.

But while the scientist has developed a loyalty to reality in the sphere of his special interest, he sometimes fails to apply it in the other departments of life. The materialistic scientist discussing religion is often a painful example of inconsistency with the scientific method. But, in fact, most of us commit this intellectual sin. We have but a partial sense of truth. Along certain lines we follow it instinctively; but off those particular tracks we blunder and wander pitifully. That is why loyalty to reality needs to be inculcated as a universal principle, as a violent prejudice. There are no such pernicious lies as those which depend upon half-truths. Have not all the great controversies of history exemplified this contention? If in these days disputation is losing something of its old acerbity, that is not because men are less passionately in earnest about the truth, nor because they are oppressed by a sense of truth's many-sidedness. Such a feeling of the complexity of things in general may produce a cowardly paralysis in the mind, which is very far from toleration. It is rather because the sense of reality is growing in the world. There is more disposition to acknowledge the immensity of our ignorance, and a consequent consensus upon that of which we can be reasonably sure. But this loyalty to reality must evolve much further to meet the needs of this time of reconstruction.

We have heard substantial men of affairs, like the banker and large merchant class,

who are accustomed to utter their views with an air of calmly magnificent authority, deliver themselves of inane drivel on the subject of the industrial unrest of our times. Conversely, we have heard quite intelligent artisans talk inane twaddle about the employing class generally. We are sure that nothing but continued friction, with the possibility of grave social disturbance, can come out of such attitudes of mutual hostility. We are also sure that no solution can begin to solve our industrial problems which does not begin with the creation of the will to see all the truth. Again we say that this is no easy prescription for human nature to swallow. It is so difficult for the average man to take this attitude of mind that nothing short of a religious consecration to reality can bring it into being.

Believers in democracy have to face a most disturbing phenomenon to-day in the growing lack of confidence in Parliaments and regular legislative methods. The general public is losing faith, if not in the actual honesty of legislators, at any rate in their ability to keep out of the clutches of the Big Interests. Legislatures have never yet existed consciously for the welfare of the people at large, in spite of lofty utterances at election times. That is rather the far-off ideal. Before the war, however, there was steady progress in the direction of legislative reality against serious obstacles. Whenever legislators, or the public mind, develop a new conscience for reality there will be renewed efforts in this direction.

Religion, for its part, has nothing to lose, but everything to gain; by an increased sensitiveness to reality, meaning by this, let us repeat, not sincerity or earnestness, but rather a feeling for actuality and the fitness of things. There has been a tendency to suppose that spirituality was somehow independent of facts, and almost incongruous with them. This appears strongly in Browning's "Death in the Desert," which urges that the gospel, once launched upon the world, can waive all questions of its origin and credentials as irrelevant. But the gospel can never cease to depend upon the strength and solidity of its historical basis. Without a recognition of that basis in fact, Christianity is apt to decline upon a pious sentimentalism. No campaign, however ingeniously efficient its programme and organization, can make the Church what it ought to be if it does not bring to birth in individuals a new sense of the solemn and immediate fact of God and the objective truth of the gospel. The peril inherent in all such efforts as the present National Campaign is just that they succeed in stirring men mightily *from without*, but fail to create that inner will and initiative that will continue not from mere momentum of the external push, but from inner conscious purpose.

Of course there is a good deal in religious life as it exists in the Churches with which a robust sense of reality could not feel at home. This is notably the case with our hymns. The great old hymns must be pre-

served, of course. But no normal man, living a man's life and doing a man's work in the world, can honestly sing the rhapsodies of, say, a St. Anne de Bourignon. Nor does any healthy-minded person express with sincerity a longing to depart this life. It is a handicap to religious progress among the men and women of to-day that we have so many hymns which cannot be sung without a good deal of worrying mental accommodation, and so few which express the splendid vision of our modern Christian outlook.

That mere devotion without the stabilizing influence of reality may be in effect a peril to religion is clearly seen in the case of the many fanatical sects. The sincerity of their adherents is undeniable. They all appeal to the Bible, usually with an exag-

gerated assertion of its verbal infallibility. But they feel free to force all sorts of unwarranted interpretations upon Scripture to suit their peculiar notions. The same thing is true in principle of the many quasi-religious cults. No one could be influenced by them who had developed anything like an appreciation of reality.

Epoch-making developments always take men unawares. The day of the Lord always comes like a thief in the night. God's operations always startle us by their unexpectedness of manner and method. Even those who might be supposed to be most wideawake to religious principles are often antagonized by new and fruitful movements because they are unable to see the reality in the uncouth or unanticipated form. Why

should it be so? A pregnant saying of Scripture gives the answer. Those who fail to see the finger of God in contemporary happenings do so "because they received not the love of the truth." They had not developed the instinct for reality as such. This does not come "by nature"; it must be "received." We may inherit or absorb prepossessions and partialities from our environment. We are at their mercy unless we consciously and purposefully adopt and cultivate the sense of the real, of what is, even though we do not find that to be according to our desires. The cure for all such crippling and blinding prepossessions is in a conscious and purposive prejudice, the prejudice for reality.

Petite Riviere, N.S.

The Bellicose Basis of Cheerfulness

By

George E. Robins

CHEERFULNESS is a fighting quality. It is won by courageously facing the unpleasant facts of life, wrestling with grim circumstances, marching boldly against opposition and recognizing that the unseen and seen principalities and powers, who with evil intention muster their array, cannot ultimately triumph.

To appreciate the real significance of cheerfulness it is necessary to strip it of those verbal robes and fanciful adornments which conceal it. Cheeriness, gaiety, mirth, shallow optimism and boisterous laughter sometimes attempt to masquerade as cheerfulness until some discerning mind exposes the deception. In "Crabbe's Synonyms" this important distinction is made. "*Cheerfulness* is an habitual state of mind; *mirth* is an occasional elevation of the spirits; *gaiety* depends altogether on external circumstances."

The professional exponent of *mirth* is sometimes a very sad man. Emerson tells this story. "When Carlini was convulsing Naples with laughter a patient waited on a physician in that city to obtain some remedy for excessive melancholy, which was rapidly consuming his life. The physician endeavored to cheer his spirits, and advised him to go to the theatre and see Carlini. He replied, 'I am Carlini.'"

What is the qualification for obtaining cheerfulness? It is won by fighting. The person who would be cheerful must be a warrior. G. K. Chesterton, in his "Life of Charles Dickens," says, "No man was more filled with the sense of this bellicose basis of all cheerfulness than Dickens. He knew very well the essential truth, that the true optimist can only continue an optimist so long as he is discontented. For the full value of this life can only be got by fighting; the violent take it by storm. And if we have accepted everything we have missed something—war. This life of ours is a very enjoyable fight, but a very miserable truce."

Robert Browning has been called the modern apostle of cheerfulness. But the biographers are careful to point out that his optimism had a bellicose basis. In "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious

Teacher," the author, Henry Jones, states: "Carlyle's cry of despair is turned by Browning into a song of victory. While the former regards the struggle between good and evil as a fixed battle, in which the forces are immovably interlocked, the latter has the consciousness of battling against a retreating foe; and the conviction of coming triumph gives joyous vigor to every stroke. Browning lifted morality into an optimism, and translated its battle into song. . . . Browning's optimism is a conviction which has sustained shocks of criticism and the test of facts; and it therefore, both for the poet and his readers, fulfils a mission beyond the reach of any easy trust in a mystic good. Its power will be felt and its value recognized by those who have themselves confronted the contradictions of human life and known their depths."

The courageous wrestling with grim circumstances was the basis of Robert Louis Stevenson's cheerfulness. In one of his letters from California, when he was lonely, ill and poor, he writes, "I lead a pretty happy life, though you might not think it. I have great fun trying to be economical, which I find as good a game to play as any other. I have no want of occupation, and though I rarely see anyone to speak to, have little time to weary." When he was very ill and absolute silence was ordered, we read, "In silence and the dark, and in acute suffering, he was still cheery and undaunted." Our beloved R. L. S. fought a good fight and left us a splendid legacy of cheerfulness.

The cheerful Christians are undoubtedly the fighting Christians. The saints who sit and sing themselves away in everlasting bliss will probably develop melancholia in an acute form. The man who says that the Church should not touch those politics which have a moral import does not know the first letter of the alphabet of real religion. The person who tries to drive the wedge in between what he calls the sacred and the secular is not a scholar in the school of

Christ. The laughter of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways has a hollow ring. But, on the other hand, look at such genuine cheerfulness as possesses the Salvationists. The very order has a bellicose basis. It employs military terms throughout. These people recognize evil and go after it without the aid of gloves. Harold Begbie says, "It is the rejoicing, singing, irrepressible happiness of the Salvationist which often makes him such a powerful saver of other men." Protestantism had a war genesis when Luther and his friends protested at the second diet of Speyer. Nonconformity was not dieted on milk. The present Forward Movement is a campaign with a marshalling of forces and objectives outlined. All these movements spring from a cheerful recognition of foes to face, and that there is a collective mind anchored to the belief that right must win.

The cheerful man, then, is not one who prepares a great feast and then issues gilded invitations to the various devils requesting their presence at the banquet. Oh, no! The truly cheerful man marches up to the strongholds of evils, throws down the gauntlet as a challenge to come out and fight. The prophet Elijah enjoyed himself immensely as he faced the prophets of Baal. The shepherd David seems to have had a very cheerful spirit as he went to meet the taunting Goliath. Surely Luther must have chuckled as he posted his theses on the door of the Wittenberg church and said to himself, "Well, the fight is on." Abraham Lincoln's deep-rooted conviction of the triumph of his principles made him a perpetual source of cheer.

Let us reiterate this fact. Cheerfulness is not like a garment which can be put on or off as mood dictates. It is rather a quality evolved by fighting many battles. Battalions of fears have to be met. Giant Despair has to be conquered. The spectres of the mind have to be faced and fought. That is borne out by the vocabulary of the whistling philosopher, "Keep a stiff upper lip," "Never say die," "Keep up your spirits," "Take heart." It is embodied in such popular songs as "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." It is the

theme of such "glad books" as "Polly Anna," "Mrs. Wiggs," "Daddy Long-legs." Such phrases, songs and books do not dodge the unpleasant facts of life or the inconveniences, but bravely face and grapple with them.

So to cultivate cheerfulness we must adopt a belligerent attitude towards the scowling facts of life. "Cheerfulness is cultivated by looking beyond the visible to

the invisible, by hearing the inaudible and gripping the intangible. As a spiritual quality it can only be won by those who believe that, in spite of appearances, the universe is organized for righteousness, and who see in the far future 'the whole work, time's completed plan.'" The apostle Paul had developed the habit of cheerfulness to such a degree that he wrote his famous joy epistle from a prison cell.

Again and again he tells the Philippians to rejoice.

But a greater than Paul, facing the climax of His life, after only three crowded years of public service, the last of which is called the year of opposition, exhorted His disciples in two short sentences which sum up the whole secret of cheerfulness, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

The Church in The New Day

By

Arthur W. Brown

THE programme and objectives of the National Methodist Campaign staggered some of us at first. Our looks said "Impossible." Our lips framed the words, "It can't be done." The flesh felt very weak before so mighty a task, and the spirit showed nothing to boast of. But we of the local church are beginning to feel that if we are to be true to our traditions and ideals we must heed the cry, "Forward!" Have we arrived at another

" . . . Red Sea place in our life,
Where in spite of all we can do,
There is no way out, there is no way
back,
There is no other way but—through?
We must wait on the Lord with a trust
serene
Till the time of our fear is gone;
He will send the wind, he will heap the
floods,
When he says to our souls, 'Go on.'"

A pastor said to a layman at a recent financial district meeting where these spiritual and financial objectives had been outlined, "That's a mighty big thing they are asking of us." "Yes," answered the layman, "but to carry out that, even to attempt it, would be a wonderful blessing to the Church."

Should not we focus our attention on the blessing, the more abundant life the campaign means? Leadership in this movement is calling the Church to higher, deeper, broader Christian experience and service that will save from poverty, cure anemia and check decline.

The city church that recently had a strenuous time in effecting extensive improvements, draining their resources, as some thought, had hoped to go on vacation for a while when this programme arrived. They feel it is hard to say where the enthusiasm for this new venture will be found. A little country society says, "We have just worried through getting a new organ, and it is not quite all paid for yet, and now this bigger thing is put up to us." The charge of moderate resources at the small market town is wondering if the authorities of Methodism have not rated their capabilities a little too high. There is an O'Connor disposition to bring the figures down.

In answer to these, let us remember the challenge is not so much to provide the richest contribution as to realize, through the adoption of the objectives, life at its richest. It is not worry, it is not a draining that is asked for, nor yet a crushing demand that is laid on the Church. Rather it is a wider life set before us, to convert

the water of religious routine, convention, tradition, task-work, into the wine that gives warmth, joy and invigoration to crown the board of life. Of course, to follow up the parabolic allusion, there must be, to ensure amplitude and satisfaction, strict attention given to the Lord's commands, "Fill to the brim" with what we have available, then "draw," "bear."

No amount of worry will accomplish anything. Faith is demanded, not worry, to address ourselves to great spiritual tasks. That faith must be full fledged—no bird with a broken wing, fluttering along as best it can with drooping feathers and pathetic appearance. To the timid and those who feel so incapable the reminder comes that the lofty programme, with its attractive adventure, wonder and achievement, is not only a safeguard against impoverishment and deterioration, but a wonderful tonic and strength to the soul. We can only find satisfaction and enrichment in something bigger than ourselves. "We must have room to stretch or we shall shrink." Methodism in handicapped situations and centres has so often won the compliment, "Warranted not to shrink." Our people in the most difficult places would have their pride wounded if they were rated as people who felt the impossibility of doing a big thing for the kingdom of God. Any Church knows there is untold blessing in reaching out to "the things that are before." Canada is immensely enriched by the service and sacrifice of her sons in France and Flanders; more enriched than she could ever be by the easier and lesser task of promoting commerce and effecting fine, favorable trade balances. So the larger and more blessed life, the richer character comes to the Church that serves sacrificially and sheds blood. "Without shedding of blood there is no—no anything, nothing, no mighty result, no achievement, no triumph, no high thing accomplished."

The National Campaign recalls the Church to that condition expressed for us as "more life and fuller." This is no time for sleeping, no occasion for the Church to be lurking in corners or lagging in the rear. The challenge to spiritual awakening, efficiency and enterprise, the appeal of a great missionary need, the irresistible demands of Christian educational institutions and services are the bugle call of our Lord himself from the ramparts of the kingdom

of God, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Our fullest life will be found in employing to the full all our capacities for these gracious results. There are ungirt loins, unused muscles, unworn armor in the Church. How great would be the blessing if brought into use!

The sleeping giant had but to snore to frighten some of his lesser foes. He would lift an arm without disturbing himself, and accomplish some tasks that midgets attacked in vain. But the day came when he had to shake himself, step forth mightily, now to reap a great harvest for his giant needs, now to rescue a friend from some evil monster. Our great Church is being moved. There is a feeling that a leisurely posture and a downy couch must be left behind. The role of feaster must be changed for that of harvester; the position of ease for the activity of a noble crusade.

By way of the Forward Movement programme, if adopted, salvation will come to many a dying cause. A Church cannot die with such an enterprise. Here is reason and tonic, passion and pledge, to live again the more abundant life. The Church has no right to die. "Let me alone; let me die," said the would-be suicide. "No," said the rescuer, as he pulled him out of the water. "You have as much right to live and pay taxes as I have." To live and meet the responsibilities of to-day's strenuous life and needs is the Church's task. To shirk, to refuse to go over the top—the lesson during the war was burnt in our soul—is to court cowardice and suffer defeat. In the ashes of the altar fires surely there is some smouldering to be found that will create heat and flame as this spiritual fuel and these spiritual responsibilities are presented.

The Polish Jew in his city evidently thought the Germans did everything thoroughly. He said, "When the Russians came I wanted to hang myself. When the Germans came there wasn't a rope left to hang myself with." Our Church leaders, in their breathless invasion of our local church life and activities have gone one better than the Germans; with a glowing optimism and splendid faith they have set before us an alluring picture of the more abundant life. The pitiable feature of much of the religious life of to-day is a dull and weary mood, its mean expectation, the low view of the possibilities of the hour. The prevalence of this mood and disposition will result in the scantiest life and probable

extinction. There must be a spontaneous response to the larger life.

We must also emphasize that this Forward Movement calls for life at its costliest. We are to be concerned about the cost of high living. Our notion, if we have entertained it in the Church, about waiting for our ship to come in, is shattered. The Church's glory and heritage is not a legacy that will float to us on the tides of time as we idly wait on the shore living on hope and watching for signs. "Launch out into the deep," is a command of the Lord significant of daring enterprise and vigorous venture. Organize! is a watchword of this campaign. Organize to employ the brainiest, alertest and finest of leadership, and to enlist every last Christian worker. Agonize! is another watchword that calls for a costly trawling of soul, and this must be if souls are to be won.

"We find that prices have gone up in the spiritual world as well as in the material world," to quote the London *Spectator*. The Church cannot live cheaply these days. The ease and even tenor of life seems no more. The conflicts of interests, the clash of parties, the complexities and the perplexities of our social and national problems are to the Church that meets the situation costing her tremendously in time, sweat, service, blood and manhood. The Church cannot any longer be simply an adornment of a community—a flower in its buttonhole. There is a greater mission for her than a passive patronage of worthy movements. Silhouetted against the skyline of time on the stormy waters of the present day, the Church should be a Grace

Darling in purpose, word and action—"Who can sleep when men are dying?"—and pay the price, the high price of peril and progress.

Any Church that touches the National Campaign programme will find itself in the firing line where national interests are put before sectarian, and where is found the agony of conflict against sin. Faith will be fiercely challenged and authority submitted to tests. So much style will have to be laid aside and some comforts sacrificed. The old routine will be broken. Commonplaces will be of little account. Old sermons will not do. The pulpit will have to quiver with a passion to redeem. There will be evident the urge and passion of Chalmers, of whom it was said, after his confession of a great personal spiritual revolution, that he no longer preached to the man in the moon. "He would bend over the pulpit and press us to take the gift as if he held it that moment in his hands and would not be satisfied till everyone got possession of it." People as well as pastor "in labors more abundant," "in watchings often," and in sacrifices with abandon must meet this spiritual challenge. Stagnation after such a call is unthinkable or criminal. The selfish safety-first venture will never do. A high price must be paid to preserve self-respect and supreme achievement of the Church. The minimum of prayer will not purchase it, ridiculous fragments of time given to religion, the narrowest fringe of possessions rendered are not going to pay the price. The building up of the kingdom of God is going to cost like everything. If national worship and

altars are to create new attraction and fresh delight the price must be paid. David showed us the way when he said to Araunah, the Jebusite, who suggested the cheap and the easy way, "Neither will I offer . . . unto the Lord my God that which doth cost me nothing." The costliest for the highest must be our motto in times like these. In the spiritual world of high prices the payer profits most. As Dan Crawford says, "The Lord crosses His Church before He crowns it." Another missionary—James Elliott, of our North-west—said prayer, pain and high faith in Jesus Christ will accomplish everything that it is God's will for us to do.

If by the Church the price is paid; if the richer, fuller life is entered upon by the multitude, what great harvestings there will be. Dr. Jowett once said Morley's "Life of Gladstone" revealed to us how marvellous were the harvestings which the great man made in the mere corners of his fields." If the spirit and urge of this divine movement seizes the Church, from the corners alone there will be marvellous returns. And the big centres will unfold a wondrous tale. From city, street and countryside rural Methodism will tell of her rejuvenated and victorious life. The story of the elimination of strife, rancor and grudge; the rousing and consecrating of energies, the surrender and stewardship of self and possessions, will thrill the nation. Thereby the Church's entering into her glorious privileges and heritage of holy convocation, healing ministries and renewing grace will ensure for herself a front place in the ranks of national leadership.

Kirkton, October, 1919.

Is it of God?

By
Arthur Barner

THE Centenary Movement in the United States, which has already proved such a great blessing to thousands, maybe millions, was not launched and carried through without strenuous opposition. *No one now doubts that it was of God.* We are learning from no less an authority than Dr. Doughty that its birthplace, as far as the earth is concerned, was probably in the prayer life of one man, Dr. S. Earl Taylor.

In the earlier days of organization in Canada of the Inter-Church Forward Movement there was expressed scepticism on the part of many regarding the divine origin of the movement. To some it was an ambitious scheme of church leaders, to others it was simply an attempt to secure a large sum of money. Many of the pronounced doubters were people of deep spiritual temperament and life, who have been praying for years that God would pour out of His Spirit on our land; but they had made the common mistake of demanding that the Spirit manifest Himself in a certain way, and when He decided on a way strange to them they allowed Him to pass by and they did not recognize Him. *It is now becoming a common opinion that this movement in our fair land is also of God.* May I suggest that if we were able to trace to its human channel source the wonderful

stream which is so rapidly changing the spiritual temperature in Canada, we might find it in the lives of those men and women in the United States who, seeing the vision as far as their own land is concerned, had their eyes directed to this and other lands. Shall we be untrue to the heavenly vision? Have we not learned the lesson that we may be used in spreading this revival throughout the world?

The fundamental condition of such usefulness is found in intercession. The Headquarters has published a small pamphlet, entitled "A Cycle of Prayer," in order that our intercession may be united. This is very important. Spasmodic, fluctuating prayers; prayers without system, or method, or united conviction on the part of God's people, have led to the impoverishing of our prayer life. The predominating note struck by the disciples in the upper room was "one accord." "One place" is not essential. That is a matter of circumstance. But "one accord" is filled with potentiality. The "Cycle of Prayer" will help to provide this for all the uniting Churches in this great movement. Just think of it, and it will kindle our imagina-

tion—all Canadian Protestantism joined together in one common task. If this "Cycle of Prayer" is taken seriously, and the League of Intercessors grows to good proportions, no power can prevent a mighty revival sweeping our land. But unused by the people who call themselves Christians, the "Cycle of Prayer" becomes so much waste paper, and the labor and expense involved in sending it out a thing of nought.

This movement is of God, and in order to be true to Him we must go forward. We must adopt as our slogan: Pray as though all depends on God, work as though all depends on us.

A GLOAMING CALL

Sometimes at close of day,
As children leave their play
And dusk dips into dark;
When winds sweet-scented blow
Up from the past, for voices dear I hark;
Then this comes soft and low:
"Come in, my child; for quenched is
day's last spark."
Once more my feet those dewy fields do
roam,
And through the gloaming shines the light
of home!

—Alexander L. Fraser.



THE HOME FIRESIDE



The Fireplace

"Burn, fire, burn;
Flicker, flicker, flame.
Whose hand above this flame is lifted
Shall be with touch of magic gifted
To warm the hearts of chilly mortals
Who stand without these open portals.
The touch shall draw them to this fire,
Nigher, nigher,
By desire.
Whoso shall stand on this hearth stone,
Flame-fanned,
Shall never, never stand alone.
Whose home is dark, and drear and old;
Whose hearth is cold,
This is his own.
Flicker, flicker, flicker, flame,
Burn, fire, burn.

—Florence Converse.

There are fireplaces and fireplaces. Every one of us knows where to find a fireplace around which no memories are linked, where artificial flowers bloom perpetually. Don't you always leave that house with a feeling of depression, and mentally resolve that it will be a long time before you go there again. Then there is the city home, where in the living-room the big cosy chairs invite, the old book friends beckon to you from their places, and the hearth fire shines a welcome. In one such home, in the grey stone above the hearth, are the words, "Good Friends, Good Cheer." Immediately there is conveyed to you a sense of welcome, of good-fellowship. The summer camp boasts a huge fireplace, and on chilly fall evenings a fire crackling there has a companionable sound, and before you know it you are yarning to the rest about the wonderful fish you nearly caught on the long canoe trip just ended.

In a very few of the oldest homes we can still find the hearth with the swinging crane, and Whittier's description of the hearth in his home comes to mind. Do you remember how the family gathered there during the storm, how they made a ceremony of putting on the back-log, and how, through the window, the fire seemed to burn in the bushes "where the witches were making tea"?

Down in the little fishing villages along the Atlantic coast is found the prettiest fire. The children gather the driftwood and pile it on the hearth. The most wonderful pictures can be discovered if you watch the vari-colored flames closely and let your imagination have full sway.

The centre, the very heart of the home, is the fireplace. It is here the family councils are held, the welcomes are given and the good-byes are said. A cheery fire has a fascination and casts a magic spell over all who come near. A congenial atmosphere prevails, and everything is right in the world.

No invention of modern days can ever take the place of the "really-truly" fire. Gas and electricity may be cleaner, but no matter how cleverly contrived they cannot

produce the effect of the natural. You could not say of them:

"Whoso shall stand on this hearth stone,
Flame-fanned,
Shall never, never stand alone."

The Pot of Gold—An Allegory

When the buds were red on the maples, and the clouds were sending showers down upon the earth, a young girl and her mother were standing in the doorway looking at a rainbow that was arched across the eastern sky.

"Mother," said the girl, "I must find the pot of gold which lies at the foot of the rainbow."

"Very well, Helen," said the wise mother. "How will you do it?"

"I shall go far away from here to the great city, where everybody is searching for one. I feel sure that there will be one for me if I hunt diligently."

"What will you say to John?"

Now John was Helen's neighbor and best friend, and, although John adored Helen, she thought him stupid and slow. Nevertheless, John had broad fields and rich crops.

"I shall say 'Good-bye, John; I am going away to find the pot of gold; when I come home again I shall be rich and famous.'" And Helen gave her head a toss which meant disdain for John and his broad fields.

The next day she started forth on her quest. As she passed John working in his fields she called to him:

"Good-bye, John; I am going away to find the pot of gold."

"When will you come back?" asked he as he came to her.

"When I have found the pot of gold and have made a famous name for myself."

"There are lots of things better than pots of gold, Helen," said John. "Contentment is a lot better."

"It is only snails that are contented," she said scornfully, as she walked away.

The first part of her travels was very pleasant, for from each house that she passed a happy voice would call out, "Come in a moment, Helen; I want to show you something." Sometimes it would be a baby just learning to walk; sometimes a new brood of chickens, a new rug, or a spring flower.

"How can they be so pleased with these little things?" thought Helen. "I am on the right road; I shall really progress."

It was different at one house; the father and mother were mourning over the death of a little child. The couple were trying, despite their tears, to comfort each other. "How can they be so absorbed in their own grief? They will never progress."

And Helen left them to their sorrow with no words of sympathy.

Leaving this happy, sunlit country behind, she soon came to a strange neighborhood where the inhabitants were different from her friends, and their speech was strange to Helen.

"Now," she thought, "I shall soon find the pot of gold, for these people know much more than I. I must learn their speech, for then I can hunt with them."

Many times she asked them to teach her, but they were always too hurried to listen to her.

"I must keep up," she heard them say;

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but what they were trying to keep up with Helen could not discover.

"Can't I help you keep up?" she asked. At this they would stop a moment.

"What can you do? Are you rich? Have you rich friends?"

"I am searching for the pot of gold," said Helen.

"Well," said they, "you will never find it, or if you do you will want another right away."

"It is so dark here that I don't see how you can see the rainbow. I don't see any children; where are they?"

"Oh, there is never any rainbow here; at least if there is one we don't have time to look at it. Our children go to an expensive school; they must keep up, you know."

Helen went on. No one had time for her. The way grew darker and darker as she hurried along. There could be no rainbow in this smoky country. Here the inhabitants were talking in the streets; each one had books and papers under his arm. Helen joined one of these groups; the people were all talking together, and each seemed to be asking questions.

"Here is a new person," said one. "Have you any questions?"

"Perhaps you can tell me where I can find the rainbow and the pot of gold," said Helen.

At once they all began to talk, with no thought of answering Helen.

"Why don't you give me an answer?" she asked.

"We never answer questions, we only make new ones," they replied. "If the questions were answered there would be nothing more to do. Here comes someone else. Perhaps he has a new question." And they surrounded the new arrival excitedly. The other people that Helen met were walking with their heads bent, and she could hear them mutter, "Question, what is the next question?"

"Where do you live? I see no homes," inquired Helen of one of these, hardly expecting an answer.

"Homes?" said the person in a dazed voice. "We have no time for homes. What good would a home do us?"

This country was so disagreeable that Helen was glad to leave it behind. Now she came to a medley of noise made by bells, horns, cars and trains. This so confused her that she knew not which way to turn. A signboard in front of her caught her eye. "The Rainbow," she read.

"Ah!" said Helen, "at last I have found it."

She entered the door under the sign, but there was no rainbow there. Everything was dark, dull and dusty. The place was filled with seats. At one end was a stage, on which a few girls were practising a dance. Helen sat down near the front. Soon the dance was over, and one of the girls came down to sit beside her.

"Where is the rainbow?" said Helen.

"That doesn't come until night," said the girl. "And then, when the lights are lighted and we are all dressed in bright colors things look different. Then we really look like a rainbow; but I am sick to death of it and tired out. If I didn't have a kid sister to support, I would chuck the whole business."

"Then you haven't found the pot of gold?" said Helen.

"Pot of gold! I guess not," she said. "You have to be young and pretty and pay to get that. If you are all those things, and don't care what you do, you may catch a millionaire. Sometimes they marry you—but not often," she added bitterly.

"I must go farther," said Helen. "Evidently I can't find what I want here."

"No," said the girl, "you aren't the type. You'd never catch anybody."

For the first time Helen felt discouraged. The rainbow seemed so much farther away here than at home. In fact, she had not seen a sign of one since she had been away. She left the gloomy building and, coming out into the noise and confusion again, she walked rapidly along, finally reaching a quiet section of the city. Here she ascended a hill.

"Perhaps," she thought, "I can see far away, and that will help me to know where to go."

When she reached the top she found groups of women—some with fine, patient faces, some with faces distorted by anger, some actually quarreling. Helen went up to one of the quiet groups.

"What is the matter with those women?" she asked, pointing to the wranglers.

"They are trying to reform the world," one of them answered. "But they will never succeed until they reform themselves." The wrangling grew louder and louder. "I am afraid that I shall have to interfere," she continued.

The woman went over to the group. It separated, and each one of them at once hurled a question at the peacemaker. Helen recognized some of the people that she had met in the dark places—those who were trying to keep up and those who were asking questions.

"They will never accomplish anything," said the fine-faced woman when she returned to Helen, "because they don't know what they want. If they should get what

they are demanding, they would not know what to do with it, and there would be more confusion."

"What should they do?" asked Helen.

"Be patient," said the woman. "And gradually these problems will be solved. Reforms cannot be made in a day. If these would do the work that is really needed instead of wasting their time, they would become valuable citizens."

Helen was rather ashamed to ask this woman about the pot of gold, but as she was trying to make up her mind to do so the woman said, "I hope that you are not going to join these wranglers."

"No," said Helen. "I came to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; but the rainbow has disappeared and never seems to shine in these skies; I cannot tell where to go or what to do."

"My dear child," said the woman, "this is no place for the rainbow, and only a very, very few find the pot of gold."

Helen could see for many miles around from the hill on which she stood. In the distance was a shower which hid the horizon. Suddenly a gleam of light shone out, and she caught a glimpse of the rainbow.

"There it is," she exclaimed. "I must follow it. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the kind woman. "In that direction you will find that for which you are searching."

For a time in the congested city streets and in the dark settlements she would lose sight of it. The people often tried to divert her, but her face was toward the bow and she could not be turned from her purpose. On and on she went, stopping for a moment at the house where the baby had died.

"I am following the rainbow," she said. "There is nothing like true love in the world."

The bow grew brighter and brighter as Helen drew near home. Soon she could see that one end was in a wonderfully fertile field belonging to John; the other rested upon her own house.—*M. E. Fabens, in "The Epworth Herald."*



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FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



"Go to the Ant"*

BY N. TOURNEUR.

When Solomon, held up the example of the ant to the sluggard, he most possibly had in mind the harvesting ant, which is to be found all round the littoral of Palestine and the coasts of the Mediterranean. It gathers such large quantities of seeds and grain that in Greece, Italy, France, Spain and other countries bordering the inland sea of Europe it occasions serious loss to the farmers.

But in the southern States of the North American Republic another harvesting ant is to be found, sometimes called the agricultural ant of Texas. This ant, unlike the European harvester which lives underground and stores its grain in galleries, builds large circular nests, that are fully exposed to the sun. It is so fond of light and air that, if a tree overshadows the nest, the colony either strip all the leaves off the tree or remove their habitation.

Round the nest the ants clear a space, wide and circular, on which nothing is permitted to grow. Then they make roads extending several hundreds of feet in all directions, which, usually five inches or so wide toward the nest, are, like the open space, kept most carefully in order.

These ants eat insects and gather seeds, but in especial they grow one or two kinds of grass known as "ant rice." This they sow for some distance round the nest, and allow nothing else to grow near it, destroying all weeds. When the seed is ripe, thousands of harvesters come out, each with its reaping machine—its seven strong, black, minute teeth. The seeds are collected and conveyed into the nest, and the chaff and stubble cleared away.

But just as the ant is the well-known example of industriousness and providing beforehand for the rainy day, so it is one of the most terrible menaces to life and limb.

The great equatorial forests of Africa are subject to many dangers, but none so dreadful as that proceeding from contact with the great bull ant, which is reputed to be the most dreaded thing to be found in that region.

It is gluttonous in the extreme. That which it attacks it eats on the spot; nothing is carried away for further convenience. Even animal kind—elephants, leopards, gazelles, lions, snakes, gorillas, monkeys—flee from any neighborhood in which they find it; while the aborigines are in abject terror of its approach.

These bull ants travel like locusts, in vast armies, marching in a line two inches or more broad, and, according to trustworthy authorities—De Chailles in particular—extending miles in length. One of the armies

has been known to take twelve hours to pass a given point. The bull ants prefer the shade, and, rather than be exposed to the blazing sunshine, burrow under the surface of the ground, and thus travel miles until they reach the shelter of trees.

Any animal which, unaware of the proximity of the bull ants, happens to be attacked, has no chance of escape. It is devoured with an irresistible fury, and within a few minutes of the attack a pile of bones mark the spot where it fell. The native tribes, when a man or woman is condemned for witchcraft, generally fasten him or her to a tree before an inroad of these ants. After they have passed only a shining skeleton is left to tell the tale. A similar death has too often been dealt out by the native Indians of Central and South America, Mexico and South California.

A very singular species of the ant genus is that which grows mushrooms. This industry is carried on by the leaf-cutting ant of South and Central America. The mushroom beds, sometimes as big as a man's head, are inside the nest, and the smallest ants have the supervision of them as well as of the family in general. The ants next in size are the leaf-cutters and collectors. The biggest ones act as superintendents, and never take part except in emergencies.

The mushroom beds are composed of decayed leaves. Garden plants and trees the ants strip wholesale, but of the forest growths they take only the leaves of the lower boughs. Thousands go out on the leaf-cutting expeditions, and come home each carrying a bit of leaf like a sunshade. At a distance they look like a multitude of walking leaves.

The pieces of leaves are carefully dried and cut into atoms by the workers, to form the mushroom beds. Sometimes they use cow manure instead. The beds for the mushrooms, which are very, very small and of a bright claret color, require plenty of water, and if there be none at hand the ants dig a well a few inches in diameter and sometimes as much as thirty feet deep.

Nothing seems to be able to keep these leaf-cutting ants out of a garden or plantation which they wish to visit. Trenches of water have been utilized, but these have been tunnelled under, though one trench

was twenty feet deep and thirty feet wide. Eating rice, maize, tapioca and farina, these ants work great havoc. Alas for the stores discovered by the tireless leaf-cutters.

The Hunting of Furs

Just about the time when my lady's furs are sent home from cold storage, the trappers of the great fur companies are setting out on their toilsome journey for the great white hunting grounds, to provide the pelts which keep her and her friends so snug and warm. Far from the haunts of civilization

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* Ants that grow mushrooms.

they lie, these hunting grounds once sacred to the folk of the wild and the almost as savage Indian or Eskimo. The trackless wilds of northern Canada, the dreary forests and plains of Siberia and Asiatic Russia, the ice-bound isles and inhospitable coasts of Labrador and the Hudson Bay region—these it is that supply the rich furs which all women love, and which shield them so well from the winter blasts. Well they may do so, indeed, for no winds that ever blow here can compare with the icy breath of those frozen solitudes. There, with the mercury at thirty, forty, or fifty degrees below zero, any living thing—Indian, white man, or denizen of the wild—must needs go warmly clad, or die.

Four big companies, and only four, handle the whole fur supply of the world. Despite a certain rivalry which exists, these companies work together to control supplies and prices, especially of the more rare and costly pelts. First and most important is the Hudson's Bay Company, dating from Stuart times, and long practically the sole ruler of British North America. Next we may place the Russian-American Fur Company, with its headquarters at Moscow. In addition to Russia and Siberia, this company holds the monopoly of the sealeries of the frozen islands in the north of Asia, of which those of the Commander Islands are the most important. Russian gunboats, in normal times, patrol these continually to keep off the daring seal poachers—Japanese, American, and even British—who occasionally, in spite of everything, make a rich haul. The Royal Fur Company, of Greenhouse, a Danish association, and the great French house of Revillon Frères, complete the list. The latter has the exclusive monopoly of no special region, but draws its supplies from every fur-producing country on the globe.

Ultimately, however, all these companies

depend for their supplies on the trapper—white, half-breed, or Indian. A wild, fierce life is his, always at war with nature and the forces of the wilderness; sometimes, too, though more rarely now than formerly, with his human rivals, when knife or rifle may be called in to settle the right to some specially promising hunting ground or cached store of pelts. The autumn leaves will be falling fast when he bids good-bye to a remote trading post to which he is attached.

With only axe and rifle and traps for comrades, he must depend for his food on his hunting skill, just as do the denizens of the wild, against which he must match himself; and, as a hunting animal, not one of them, be it the mighty grizzly or the fierce-eyed lynx, can count itself his equal.

Throughout the summer he has been busy enough. The skins of animals do not all come to perfection at the same time. Autumn, for instance, is the best time for trapping the beaver and muskrat, before they retire for their winter sleep to the snug-built houses which the trappers know too well to interfere with. Summer or autumn, too, is the best time to deal with the bear—black, brown, or grizzly. Sometimes these fall to his rifle; but, beside the damage done to the pelt, the last-named, at least, is a foe not to be attacked lightly. Any hunter will tell you tales enough of the giant grizzly of the Rockies; how, after receiving bullet after bullet through heart and brain, he has yet retained life enough to avenge himself on his slayer. So traps, cunningly constructed, with a gigantic tree trunk suspended in such a way as to fall and break the animal's back, are generally used instead. Sometimes a heavy revolver is so arranged that it will be fired at any animal disturbing the bait. Only last year a trapper in Ungava was killed while carelessly examining such a trap; and a bear, coming later and endeavoring to drag away his body, also received its quietus from the deadly automatic pistol. Afterward another trapper found the bodies of both, though the bear had dragged itself some distance before it fell.

With regard to the animals of the farther north, January or February is the time when the skins are at their best. Shooting being out of the question, they are usually taken in steel traps. The ermine, however, is an exception. This little animal—it is really a species of stoat or weasel, which, like all animals in those frozen lands, turns white in winter—is too precious for any risk of injury to its skin to be incurred if it can possibly be avoided. So the trapper must exercise his ingenuity. His method is very interesting. When he comes across the tiny dotted trail which shows its prey has recently passed, he takes out his hunting knife and rubs the blade with a piece of fat, then lays it down in the animal's track, knowing it is almost sure to return. When the little creature comes along, fiercely hungry, as are all the animals during the long winter, it sniffs the tempting odor. Very timid it is, but there is nothing to indicate a trap. So at last, putting out its long red tongue, it licks the blade. But in that intense cold, where

a rifle barrel will peel the skin from the naked hand that touches it, the tiny tongue freezes to the steel and cannot be withdrawn. The knife is too heavy to drag away, and soon the trapper's store is enriched by a choice pelt.

More valuable even than the ermine is the fox—blue, silver, grey, or red. A common grey fox skin is worth a dollar to the trapper, and a silver fox will net him anything from \$50 to \$150. Nor is this to be wondered at, as a fine specimen, untreated, will sell in London or New York for close on to \$2,000.

Of late years black foxes have been reared in Prince Edward Island, and blue and silver and grey foxes in Labrador and the Aleutian Islands. A well-known old trapper says that a son of his anticipated this kind of stock-raising many years ago in Manitoba. The lad had taken several minks alive in specially constructed traps. The mink, it may be worth mentioning, is a species of stoat or martin, and produces a very fine fur, worth to the trapper some \$5 and upward per specimen.

The lad tried to rear his prizes in captivity, built a house for them, and found they thrived well and bred freely. For a good many years he derived quite a large income from the sale of their skins. Later, however, he went to Winnipeg, and the mink house fell into decay. Ever since, however, trappers of the neighborhood say that the place has a strange attraction for the wild minks, and that no place far or near offers such good prospects of taking them in traps.

Otter, skunk, wolverine and dozens of other fur-bearing animals of greater or less value complete the tale of the trapper's spoils. The capture of the skunk needs care. If the trap is not so arranged as to kill the animal instantly, a foul-smelling liquid is ejected, which renders the fur valueless. So well is this unsavory property known that even the grizzly bear fights shy of the skunk, and no animal, however hungry, will tackle him.

Even the wolf is not despised, though the \$2.50 bounty on his head is perhaps a greater temptation to his slayer than the skin. Still, if the skin is in good condition, it brings a fair price.

In March the trapper comes back with his spoils. At the trading post the factor or agent values the skins and hands over the price. The whites take theirs in cash; the Indians in tallies exchangeable at the company's stores for such things as they require. Each tally is supposed to represent the value of one beaver skin, and will pass current for \$1.

A journey of some six thousand miles awaits these spoils of the north. By canoe,

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"The House of Plenty"

"When I run in to Toronto for a day or two of shopping,"

little Mrs. Harper said, "I always stay at **The Walker House**. You see, Jim is away so much in the West I have to get around alone. But I never have any qualms there. There isn't even a suggestion of anything objectionable and I go and come just as freely as at home."

The Walker House has a reputation for its treatment of women and children travelling unaccompanied. They are quite as safe and comfortable as at home.

"Just a step from the Union Station"

rail and steamer they find their way at last to London, New York, or Paris, where the great fur sales are held. It is said that by reason of the war New York has become the great fur market of the world, even surpassing London. Here they are disposed of by auction to the dealers, some twelve million pelts changing hands each year in normal times.

Next comes the preparation of the skins. They must be dyed, dressed and treated in various ways before they can be made up into the costly garments they are destined to become. Even the furs destined to be worn in the lands where they were procured—say in Canada or Russia—take the same long journey before they reach the wearers. This process of preparation is an intricate one, and only the most skilled workmen are entrusted with it. In all it lasts about a year.

It is this fact which accounts for the great difference between the price of the raw furs, costly as these often are, and the finished garment. Even inferior skins—rabbit, for instance—treated by this process, may sell for quite a surprising figure. Sable, fox, sealskin and sea-otter are probably the most expensive furs. Of the genuine skins there are really very few on the market. "Sealskin," for instance, when not coney (rabbit) is almost invariably musquash or muskrat cut and dyed. A high official of a leading fur-trading firm stated not long ago that only twenty-eight genuine sealskin coats in all were produced that year. What their price would be may be imagined.

In fox—whether silver, blue, or red—only small articles, such as muffs, can, as a rule, be procured, and these are mostly secured by royal personages and American millionaires. A sable coat might cost anything from \$15,000 to \$40,000. Of sea-otter, too, perhaps one of the loveliest furs of all, the supply is failing. Indiscriminate killing in the past is responsible for this, and now strict measures of preservation are necessary if the species is not to become extinct. Only four hundred skins were brought to market last year.—*Edwin Tarrisse, in "The Junior Herald."*

The Value of Smiling

Here is what a woman has to say of the value of smiling:

"Smiles are the language of love," the poet has said. Perhaps, however, it would be more correct to say that "Love is the reward of beautiful smiles"; for what attracts and wins the confidence of man, woman or child more than a genuine smile, which reflects sunshine in the heart!

There are smiles, however, which neither win love nor in any way enhance the beauty of a face. In fact, they more often than not detract from a girl's comeliness. One of these is the smile which has no meaning or expression in it. It is what might be termed the "polite or courteous" smile, demanded by circumstances. One readily sees through such a smile, for it plainly says: "I suppose I must be polite and appear interested, but I am awfully bored."

What a difference in the sunny smile of welcome, which lights up the whole face and makes one feel that your coming is a real pleasure which has been looked forward to!

The plain-featured girl, with a happy, genuine smile, is far more attractive and fascinating than the doll-faced girl, on whose pretty face is never reflected a happy spirit and pleasing disposition. Real beauty is something deeper than color and regularity of features. One often meets with comparatively plain women whose genuine, heart-warm smiles and sweetly modulated voices become perfectly beautiful to people who understand them, and even more so to those who live with and love them.

Many girls possess the idea that the mirthful laugh and smile are unbecoming and should be restrained except when at home. Why they should think so is rather hard to understand, for the mirthful smile is one of the prettiest. It betokens cheerfulness and animation, characteristics

which are far too rare among girls of to-day. What girls should guard against, however, is the boisterous laugh, which is apt to distort the features and grate on the nerves. It generally creates the impression that it is too loud and long to be genuine.

And then there is the quiet, dignified smile, which girls would do well to cultivate. It has a charm all its own. One always feels drawn toward a girl who possesses such a smile. Its attractiveness lies in its refinement and kindness. The whole face seems to light up at once in a sincere, womanly manner, which, while quiet, is distinctly encouraging and, therefore, pleasing to the eye and mind.—*The Chronicle.*

Dr. E. B. Service, of the Northern Minnesota Conference, was reappointed by Bishop Wilson to the First Methodist Church, Little Falls, for the fourth year, at a salary of \$1,800.

Over 200 Replies

Came from an advertisement which was inserted in the last three issues of the "Christian Guardian."

Mr. Business Man:

Have you seriously considered the possibilities there are if you used the columns of the "Guardian" for your announcements? Has it ever occurred to you that the Methodist Church people who pay pastors' salaries, build churches, buy organs and carpets, operate Sunday schools, maintain foreign and home missions and other church work, are among the largest buyers in the community, the most intelligent people in the community and the wealthiest people in the community?

Has it occurred to you that these efficient church members who are so wealthy and so influential and so liberal and such large buyers are readers of the "Christian Guardian"? You are one of them, but there are many thousands like yourself.

Then again, if the "Christian Guardian" has great prestige in your home, if you regard it more highly than you regard secular literature, if you hold it to a higher

standard of morals and righteousness, do you not realize that your advertisement would have greater prestige in the homes of the religious people into which the "Christian Guardian" goes, if your ad. is printed in the "Guardian"? The "Guardian" can give you very large circulation (now about 30,000 weekly) but it also gives you the greatest possible prestige among the very people whose trade you want. If your business covers one or more provinces and in particular the province of Ontario, and if your business is on an article which sells to the substantial, tax-paying, good, professional element, **the "Guardian" is one of your best charges for publicity.**

We have just instituted an Advertising Service Department with a view to preparing copy which will appeal particularly to our special class of readers. Please let us have copies of catalogues or any other literature descriptive of your products and we will prepare gratis a series of suggestive advertisements to give some idea of what we propose for your interests.

DO IT NOW!

Address:

Advertising Manager, "Christian Guardian"

299 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO

Using the Church Anniversary

The Best Time to Plan Present Tasks for Future Triumphs

In the opinion of many pastors there is no greater opportunity of linking up the local church and the Methodist National Campaign than that afforded by the church and Sunday-school anniversaries. The basis of this opportunity is the connection between the congregation and the community, and the fact that an anniversary is incorporated, as in individual, life a time for taking stock and laying plans. The church's birthday is no longer an occasion merely of feasting.

"A small boy may think of his anniversaries only in terms of the number of tit-bits consumed or the number of inches added to stature; but when he has grown up he takes some time on his birthday to reflect on what he has achieved during the year—and, well, the church has grown up," said one minister in explanation of his advocacy of taking the church anniversary as a serious opportunity for retrospect and resolution.

The Church's inventory naturally takes precedence over anything merely oratorical if the times are serious, and who shall say that the times are not critical in Canadian

life? If the Church had not grown up during the war into realization of the vital relationship between itself and the nation, then it would always be at the lemon tart stage of existence and would never have the worth or will to be recruited into the national or community service.

The small boy may imagine that life is merely for enjoyment; but the young man, rejoicing in his strength, offers himself for life service. To him a birthday is a time of judging himself sternly in matters of service, of efficiency and usefulness and sacrifice. If the minister's claim that the Church has grown up is a correct claim, then it is time to use all opportunities for taking into remembrance the former times, surveying the needs of the whitened field and girding ourselves for greater effort on behalf of the communities.

The denomination does not regard its conferences as mere "bun fights" or baskings in the reflected glow of our mutual self-satisfaction. As with the denomination, so with the congregation and the Sunday school. The social side need not be neglected, but there is better use to be made

of the occasion than merely to congratulate ourselves on our eloquent pastors, wealthy boards, energetic Ladies' Aids and comfortable edifices.

The Methodist National Campaign is not a congratulation, but a challenge. It relates the church to its environment. It does not ask the church to omit or slight its birthday, but to use its anniversary for the programme of the present year. With whole-heartedness the Methodist congregations of Canada and Newfoundland are combining to relate the activities of each congregation more definitely and completely to the community needs. Thus the whole Church will attack more significantly the national problems.

In making of their anniversary sermons challenges to their audiences to take up the vital work of Christians, are not ministers speaking along the right line? It is not for the sake of the past, but for the future, that thoughtful Canadians celebrate Dominion Day, or Trafalgar Day, or Armistice Day. On those occasions we remind ourselves of old triumphs, for the purpose of strengthening ourselves for present tasks and future triumphs. It is well when the Church on her anniversaries uses the time to fortify herself for the stupendous spiritual tasks of such a campaign as that of Methodism to-day.

Campaign Notes

Mr. Arnup Strengthened.

Rev. J. H. Arnup, national executive secretary of the Methodist National Campaign, has returned from the West, refreshed in spirit, mind and body. Having met campaign leaders in the four Conferences, he is able to report on the basis of careful reviews of the situation that the campaign is taking strong hold and filling a vital need. Many of the following notes are based on his observations.

Revivals and Census Under Way.

In Saskatchewan every district has accepted its financial allotment and formed a district executive, with the chairman as district organizer. Special evangelistic services are under way in many a rural church. Only those areas which have waited for a definite lead from the Inter-Church Movement are behind with organization. Weyburn district has plans for a religious census of its whole area—a big task undertaken with commensurate courage and faith.

Evangelism in Many Quarters.

Although with reservations, due to crop failures, the financial objectives have been accepted along with the spiritual objectives in all the districts of the Alberta Conference. Very gratifying is the report of evangelistic services in many quarters. High River district is working on a plan to conduct such special services on every field. And all this without the inspiration that comes through receiving informative and inspirational literature, as up to Nov. 1st very little literature had come through to the province from national headquarters.

Gipsy Smith Aids at Coast.

Gipsy Smith in Vancouver, and later in Victoria, is expected to prove of great practical aid to the M.N.C. throughout British Columbia. His evangelistic services may be a formal interruption, but a direct impetus and inspiration to God's people are looked for. Gipsy Smith conferred with the national secretary of the M.N.C. and the leading ministers of the Conference recently, and a spirit of deep earnestness and sympathy prevailed. British Columbia has had difficulties in effecting complete organization, but a wide and deep revival of religion is developing.

The Stelzle Emphasis

The publicity expert who is giving ideas and driving power to our campaign has had a varied experience that qualifies him to speak on the essentials of success. He began life as a newsboy, worked as a machinist for eight years, and is still a member of their union. He has done great things in social survey work in America and Europe. He has helped to give higher outlook and ideals to the Labor movement. Because of

Dr. Stelzle told the organizers and others that the greatest emphasis must be put on the spiritual aims.

"Character, not conditions, is the chief thing in making the world new," he said. "The Church must speak with authority on religion. The great world problems are, at their basis, religious."

He told us as a good sign of the times that he was writing a religious editorial every week for 400 daily newspapers, and the managing editor, although not especially religious, told him to put in straight, strong religion, for that was the most vital need.

The ideals, inspiration and strongest dynamic for world betterment are to be found in the Christ spirit and teaching.

Couldn't Keep Out

"There was a barn raising in my neighborhood and you know I would rather go to a barn raising than to a prayer meeting any time, but I decided that this movement was too great for me not to do my part," said a farmer at a recent group conference in Ontario. He had driven old Dobbin fifteen miles away from the vicinity of the raising.

such an experience his testimony is of great value.

He agrees with Dr. Fred B. Fisher, who was campaign director under Dr. S. Earl Taylor in the Centenary Movement, and said to the leaders of the Methodist National Campaign, when here: "There never has been a church campaign where such a programme of Prayer, Christian Stewardship, Evangelism and Life Service was faithfully carried through to success and the finances failed. And there never will be."

Field Flashes

Goose Lake district, Saskatchewan, reports an evangelistic plan which includes every field.

Big delegations from every circuit is the ideal set in the Stratford district for the group conferences.

The campaign in the Methodist Church, Charlottetown, P.E.I., is receiving good newspaper attention.

A girl who has just entered her teens asked for a pledge card in Calgary, and her pastor found her qualified to become an Intercessor.

The idea of group conferences within the districts is being worked out in the West, where distances are too great to allow of frequent district gatherings.

Those parts of Ontario which held over the campaign inaugural until after the referendum are out for another victory, and are making up for lost time.

Everywhere throughout the Church the Church's need of the spiritual revival, many-sided and sweeping, which is at the heart of the M.N.C., is being recognized.

Three minute men and two minute women for Listowel! Will the women of other Ontario towns succeed in beating this proportion?

MOSTLY ABOUT PEOPLE

The Rev. Dr. William Horace Day is moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Churches in the United States. The term of office for this important post runs through three years, and Dr. Day has still a year to serve. The National Council has been meeting in Grand Rapids, Mich., and the Moderator's opening address was a strong and masterly one. Dr. Day believes that one of the great needs in the Church to-day is adequate leadership. And that leadership, he believes, is dependent upon three things—first, great consecration; second, great education; third, great backing. He says that the men of to-day who stand high in national and international leadership are always men who have been fortunate in receiving strong backing. He thinks also that one of the things that keep able young men out of the ministry is the realization that so often the work of the minister is made futile through lack of backing. By the way, Dr. Day is the son of a minister, and he has the somewhat unique distinction of having occupied the same pulpit with his father, Sunday after Sunday, for more than ten years.

Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, commander-in-chief of the British Army in Egypt and Palestine, and the captor of Jerusalem, has recently been made a freeman of the city of London and presented with a sword of honor. In presenting him with these tokens of regard, the City Chamberlain spoke of Lord Allenby as the latest and the greatest of the Crusaders. In a very happy and interesting speech in reply, the hero of Palestine explained that he only went into the army after failing to pass for the Indian Civil Service. He was now glad that he had failed. Lord Allenby has seen service in nearly every part of the British Empire. He was born in 1861.

The Bishop of London, who is known as one of the leaders of the extreme High Church party in England, has recently been expounding his scheme for reabsorbing the Wesleyan Church into the Establishment. For two years now he has been holding informal and unofficial conferences with individual Wesleyans, though who or how numerous these are is not quite known. A plan has been arrived at which works out in a rather interesting way. It provides that after January, 1921, there shall be no ordination in either Church which shall not be considered valid in the other. A bishop will be with the "presbyters" at the laying on of hands, and at the end of forty years there will be no Wesleyan minister who is not ordained by an Anglican bishop. Twelve Wesleyan "presbyters" are to be ordained at once, so as to get a supply on hand. The Bishop of London thinks that his Church should recognize "the unordained Wesleyan ministers" as prophets, and allow them to preach in its pulpits; but, of course, not administer the sacraments. The proposals are to be given official presentation, it is said, at some early date. How it will be received we think we can imagine.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox died at her home, "The Bungalow," Short Beach, Conn., on Wednesday, Oct. 30th. She was born at Johnstown Centre, Wis., in 1855, and was educated at the University of Wisconsin. Mrs. Wilcox was the well-known author of many volumes of poems, and in 1918 published her autobiography, "The World and I." During the war she gave of her time and talents to patriotic work, and was the representative of the Red Star in Europe in 1918.

The death of Sir Edward Cook, editor of the *Daily News*, London, calls attention to the fact that Charles Dickens was at one time editor of that journal. But he did not long occupy the position—in fact, only for the short period of twenty-six days. And, apparently, he was anything but a success in the position. Sir Edward Cook himself said in his "Literary Recollections" that though Dickens was the first, he probably was the worst editor the *Daily News* ever had. The great novelist seems to have had something like scorn for the editorial task, and frequently expressed his regret that he ever had anything to do with it. Of course, never having taken his editorial duties seriously, it is small wonder that he did not greatly succeed at them.

Mr. John Drinkwater was born in England, June 1st, 1882. He is a well-known poet and playwright, the co-founder of The Pilgrim Players. At present he is in New



MR. JOHN DRINKWATER.
English Author of "Abraham Lincoln."

York, arranging for the production of his play, "Abraham Lincoln," about which Arnold Bennett wrote: "Nobody can dine out in London to-day and admit without a blush that he has not seen 'Abraham Lincoln.' Monarchs and princes have seen it. Archbishops have seen it. Statesmen without number have seen it." Mr. Drinkwater is so modest a person that he will not talk of his play, but in view of such praise he does not have to.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *British Weekly*, entered the other day upon his sixty-ninth year and the thirty-fourth year of his editorship. He is now the senior editor in all London. As is well known, the *British Weekly* began its existence under his editorship, and it is com-

monly believed that it had a very precarious and discouraging existence for the first few months of its history. Together with the editor, the writers who helped first to lift the *British Weekly* into prominence and an assured place were J. M. Barrie and Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren). S. R. Crockett, the novelist, also wrote early for the paper, as did also Robert Louis Stevenson.

At the fifty-fourth annual Provincial Convention of the Ontario Sunday School Association, held in Toronto, Oct. 21-24, there were many notable speakers from all parts of the United States and Canada. Prof. N. E. Richardson, dean of the faculty of religious education, Northwestern University, was one of the speakers, and won his way into the hearts of all the delegates by his clear-cut and logical forcefulness and lofty ideals. He was born at Bethany, Ont., in 1878, and is the author of many books dealing with religious education. Dr. K. L. Butterfield, president Massachusetts Agricultural College, was another speaker who brought before the delegates the problems of religion in rural life. Dr. Butterfield was born at Lapeer, Mich., 1868, and has been associated in agricultural work for many years. He is the author of many books on rural work, among them "The Country Church and the Rural Problems." Mrs. A. N. Karnell, chairman Home Department Com. International Sunday School Association, won the admiration of the younger delegates of the convention. One of her themes, "Building a Christian Nation," was so well handled and proved so interesting that the time allowed was all too short.

Mr. T. B. Macaulay, of the Sun Life Assurance Company, Montreal, is responsible for the following statement, which, as a practical business truth, is well worthy to be kept in mind: "Beer drinkers do not have merely a heavier mortality than total abstainers, but a heavier mortality than strictly moderate spirit drinkers. This is well realized in life insurance."

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350 positions filled last year by competent students. Students may enter at any time.
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Evangelism in Winnipeg

By R. O. Armstrong

A religious revival in Winnipeg was long overdue. Something of a fusing character was needed. The community was "torn" by factions. There were many different interests, not fundamentally antagonistic, but which were more or less opposed to each other. They were aiming at the same goal, but were hindering each other in reaching it. The religious leaders looked about for some unifying influence. Under these circumstances the opportunity to have the widely-famed Gipsy Smith conduct an evangelistic campaign was heartily welcomed. The Ministerial Association backed it practically to a man. When your proposition gets a welcome from the "key-men" it stands a good chance for success. That is what the Gipsy Smith campaign got. Preparations were made rather hurriedly, but with tolerable efficiency. Gipsy came, saw, conquered. Many had known him and had heard him before. His experiences "in the trenches" gave him an open door to the soldiers and to their friends. No better agent for conducting a religious campaign could have been selected at this juncture in our history.

To those not familiar with his life, a word of explanation might be given. The evangelist is a real gipsy, and was born among his own people in England, in 1860. He has a keen sense of humor, and concerning this event speaks proudly about being born in a field, "anybody could be born in a house." His mother died of smallpox when he was a lad of five or six. Her passing made a deep impression on him. His hunger for a mother's love had a good deal to do with the consecration of his life to a God who loved all. Through providences beyond the power of human minds to explain, his father and some uncles were converted. At the age of sixteen he experienced a similar transformation. At seventeen he was preaching. He never went to school in a technical sense in his life. In his early life he was connected with the "Christian Mission," known later as the Salvation Army. The rigid discipline did not suit his spirit and temperament, and, without intending, he offended the powers that be and was dismissed. For the last forty years he has been a public evangelist. He claims to have preached the gospel to more human beings than any other living man, and has held campaigns in five different continents.

He is now fifty-nine, but retains his health and vigor unabated. There is scarcely a trace of grey about his dark moustache and heavy head of hair. He stands up erect and sprightly, though his form is too stocky for suppleness. He has a good many features of the John Bull type. He is sturdy and steady. He thinks quickly and prudently, and sees every move around him with the keenness of natural instinct. He reminds one of the Old Country railroad engine—the machinery is on the inside. The only way you can judge what is going on is to watch for results. In this he differs decidedly with Billy Sunday. If you want to know what Sunday is thinking about just watch his face. Both are masters of assemblies, but in their personality and methods are very much unlike.

Gipsy Smith is a man of great humility. He knows what he was, and never allows himself to forget it. He is always learning. He thinks he needs to, and that is one secret of his great success. He is a comrade, not a commander. He commands by serving. He has a minimum of peculiarities about him, and always gets right down to business.

His theology has the individualistic stamp, but he keeps it free from dogmatism. He is not provoking and antagonistic in his remarks at any time. He avoids the controversial, even to a fault. He sounds

the wooing note constantly. Men are possessed by a great hunger for reality, for God through a Christ who once dwelt in flesh and blood among us. Men must be definite about their religious attitudes. People do not get converted when they are asleep. It is a question for a wide-awake man. In other words, Gipsy Smith is an evangelist, and does not pretend to be anything else. He does not think his work is the only work in the Church. But he does think there is something of the evangelist in every preacher, and that the gift—like the sugar in the bottom of the cup—wants stirring up now and then.

The faults—if we may speak in that way—are those of his profession rather than of his personality. He has had a marvellous experience. He has capitalized all this, and draws from it constantly. In this way he often appears egotistical. Few men care to talk so much about themselves as an evangelist has to. But apart from that, his life is a "romance of grace." The Spirit of God is remarkably individualistic, and at the same time democratic, because He bestows His gifts among the people. Think of the poor gipsy boy who, in the midst of a land of churches and Bibles, grew up like a heathen. No one looked for leadership in that direction. But this boy was taken like God took David, the shepherd boy, and made a "king over Israel." Can you wonder that Gipsy Smith is never, never tired of praising the God of all grace? He is not afraid to stand before assemblies, because he knows God has given him a message for them? The righteous are as bold as a lion!

Gipsy Smith emphasizes the joy, power and blessedness of religion. He does not stress the sacrifice a man must make, but the triumphs he will achieve by getting right with God. He idealizes a good deal. One of his favorite subjects was his experience with the soldiers. He idealized them. The smile of a soldier was of more worth than the sober-faced piety of an orthodox church member. There are lots of the best in every boy, he remarked. His

evangelism has not made him narrow. He claimed to be less of a sectarian than ever. John Bunyan, though a Baptist, had not "baptized" Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress." "If he had," he naively remarked at the Ministerial Association one day, "there would have been no 'Progress'!" His war experience had taught him to emphasize the fundamentals more and talk less of those things about which men will always differ. He loved reality, and hated pretence and show. Hymnology was more correct than our theology. The soldier's need, not his creed, was what most concerned him.

It was said by those who recommended Gipsy Smith that he never knocked the Churches or the ministers. That is a statement that will bear qualification. He does "knock" them, and does it hard, but he "goes the right way about it." He speaks the truth in love. When a man is not a croaker or a cynic he can say almost anything. Gipsy Smith said in effect that the more he had to do with the organized Church and clericalized religion the more he saw the need of another kind. That is what a good many say, and what more feel. It takes a skillful surgeon to deal with the fact in a sympathetic and effective way.

"The great contribution of the meetings," said a local editorial, "was the demonstration of the power and practical influence of the Christian evangel in the life of the individual and the nation." Crowds were constantly in attendance. "From Gipsy Tent to Pulpit," the story of his life, the last week-night of the campaign, proved a record for attendance, with a voluntary offering of over \$1,200. The religious life of the community was stirred. The church folks of the city got together and learned how much alike their problems were. The religious leaders—many of them came from outside points—will take up their task with a new faith and a new vision of the message and work of Christianity. The general result will far transcend the tabulated results.

Suppose a man took the trouble to write you a letter concerning the work of the kingdom, and suppose he called on you a few weeks later to talk it over and found you had put it in the waste basket unread, what would you say? Moral—don't!

AN APPEAL TO THE FRIENDS OF TORONTO DEACONESS WORK RELIEF DEPARTMENT

We give you a hearty invitation to use our Deaconesses as your agents in the distribution of your Christmas cheer and relief money. In former years many homes have been cheered at the Christmas season through the generosity of our friends.

Our emergency fund is now exhausted.

However, our great work of relief is carried on by our Deaconesses throughout the entire winter season; for rent, food, fuel and clothing are continually asked for and, after proper investigation, are cheerfully given.

Please do not send bills—postal notes or money orders are safer.

We need clothing for babies and children. Clothing should be in good repair, and baby clothes should be new.

The need for quilts is very great.

While we acknowledge all gifts privately, we also print an annual report, the last one being about ready for the press, in which the names of our contributors appear. Please be careful to give your name and address with each parcel.

We thank you heartily for your past interest, and pray that you may be blessed as you remember our work at this time.

Yours "For Jesus' Sake."

Address: HIRAM HULL, Superintendent.

135 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto

London Conference Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

CREDITON GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Crediton Methodist Church has been in a celebrating mood. That, however, is quite natural when it is remembered that their church has been a force for good for fifty years. The church was beautifully decorated, and the choir loft enlarged to make room for a new piano, which has been recently installed in commemoration of the occasion. On Sunday, Oct. 5th, Rev. John Veal, of Dorchester, who was pastor there thirty-four years ago, preached to a large congregation in the morning; and Rev. Geo. Baker, of Toronto, who had been pastor twenty-five years ago, preached at night. Both old pastors addressed the Sunday school in the afternoon. At this service the Junior League occupied the choir loft and gave two selections. The day was one enjoyed by many, and will be long remembered.

But the celebration did not stop when the Sunday was over. On Tuesday, Oct. 7th, a fowl supper was given, at which about 1,200 people enjoyed the good things the Ladies' Aid prepared. After supper a grand concert was given in the church. The proceeds of the evening were over \$640.

On Thursday evening there was an ice-cream social, and on Friday afternoon an athletic field day was held. On Friday evening a missionary banquet was given to the laymen by the ladies of the W.M.S. Rev. A. J. Langford, of St. Mary's, and Rev. A. Lloyd Smith, of Toronto, were the chief speakers at the banquet; but several laymen of Crediton and neighboring circuits also made speeches. Several solos also added to the evening's enjoyment.

The celebration was continued on Oct. 12th, when Rev. J. G. Yelland preached in the morning, and Rev. James Husser in the evening. Both brethren addressed the Sunday school in the afternoon.

Over \$800 was realized in connection with the jubilee. A souvenir of the occasion was prepared which, I am told, gives a history of the church for fifty-nine years, and some original verses by the present pastor, Rev. C. W. Baker. I have not seen the souvenir or read the poetry, but if I can prevail on the modest pastor to allow it we may hear more of the matter.

TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD, REOPENING.

For six weeks the Trinity Church congregation worshipped in the auditorium of the city hall while their church was being renovated. The inside of the church has been beautifully decorated. Forty-five assembly chairs were put in the choir gallery, and Mr. H. J. Near presented the church with a new pulpit. The Epworth League have supplied a new steel bulletin board. On Sunday, Oct. 5th, the reopening services were held. Rev. Dr. Manning preached at both services. The pastor, Rev. J. E. Holmes, asked the congregation for

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\$1,500, to cover the cost of the improvements, but the congregation evidently did not wish to be limited by the pastor's request, so they gave \$2,265. It is incidents like this which give us courage to face the tasks of the Methodist Forward Movement. The Forward Movement looks like a mighty undertaking, almost too great, but then—our people always do better than we ask.

BROWNSVILLE EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

I received a letter from the recording steward of Brownsville circuit, which is so concise that I give it as it came. It tells briefly the story of the evangelistic meetings there as follows:

"This quiet little village, in the county of Oxford, located in a most fertile belt and recognized as a great dairy centre, has been aroused and quickened in its church and Christian life as never before in the history of this community. Under the wise guidance of the pastor of the Methodist Church, Rev. W. A. Walden, B.A., the Rev. E. DeWitt Johnston and party were secured to hold union services in the church shed, which was equipped with every comfort and lighted by Hydro, and capable of seating 1,400 or more. Presbyterians, Baptists, Anglicans and Methodists met as in one common brotherhood, with the one aim and purpose of extending the Master's kingdom throughout the surrounding communities. Even under the handicap of the harvest season the seating capacity of the shed was often taxed to the utmost by congregations in interest intent upon the messages as presented by Evangelist Johnston, whose appeals at all times were logical and convincing. Over 300 took a definite stand for the Master and united with the church of their choice. The freewill offerings amounted to over \$2,200, which, after all obligations were paid, left a credit balance, which will be donated to the Upper Canada Bible Society. 'Behold, how good and pleasant (and effective) it is for brethren to dwell (and work) together in unity.' To God be all the praise.—A. Fulton, Recording Steward."

I was in to call on Rev. W. J. Ashton and Mrs. Ashton a short time ago, and am glad to report that both are improving and hope very soon to be about their work with the usual vigor. It was feared by some that recovery from such serious operations was doubtful, but medical skill has another triumph to its credit.

GROUP CONFERENCES.

So many group conferences in connection with the Forward Movement are being held that it is difficult to give any account of them. Great activity is being shown in arranging for them, and it appears that just now in them is the force to be developed that will take us forward.

W. R. O.

Wise and Otherwise

"Come upstairs and let me wash your hands," said mother. "I don't want to go," wailed Alice, aged three. "Let her wash them down here," called grandma; "she can do it here just as well." "No," her mother said firmly, "I want her to come up with me." Alice came as slowly as she could. "Oh," she howled, turning a wrathfully tearful face to her mother, "why don't you obey your mother?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Sentimental Youth: "Do you know, darling, I used to kiss the very stamps you sent me, because I knew they had touched your sweet lips?"

Unsentimental Maid: "Oh, Jack! and I used to damp them on dear old Fido's nose."—*London Bystander.*

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I am going to wear intellectual blinkers at the side of the eyes of my mind at least two solid hours every day, that, absolutely impervious to wandering thoughts and scattered impressions, I may concentrate upon real study.

I am going to be out of bed at six o'clock every week-day, that I may get one of these hours in before breakfast.

If I can gain some intellectual self-respect in this way, I am then going to try to gain some spiritual efficiency. Scientifically and diligently I am going to see just what powers of communion with the Unseen I do possess, and I am going sincerely to appraise them and develop them.

I am going to clean up my inner life. There are three distinct demons that have troubled me much in the past that I am going to lay for good this winter. I have been drifting; this is going to be a winter of mastery.

I am going to cut out all that has become unreal in my life and conversation, stock pulpit prayers that mean nothing any longer, pulpit phrases that have lost their savor, and all social cowardices and hypocrisies.

I am going to try and find out what Jesus really did mean and whether His gospel works in my life.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

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**E. H. MCKINNEY
Victoria College, Toronto****Northern Alberta
Letter***(From Our Regular Correspondent.)*

From all parts of the northern part of our province messages come indicating the commencement of a response to the great programme of the Church that will be in the event full and adequate. Services of increasing power are being held, and the men are uniting in seeking a baptism of the Spirit, the only satisfactory preparation for the campaign.

At Camrose the inaugural day of the campaign was a remarkable showing of strength. The aim was to have a 100 per cent. attendance, or 176 present at the rally day services in the school. Only one enrolled scholar was absent, and the attendance was 204. As each scholar arrived the church of 176 blocks was built, and only one block was missing to complete the structure. But three additions were added to the building, to the delight of all present. The programme was unique. All ages of five-year periods were represented in the graduated readings from three years to eighty-five. The little tot said as her verse "God is love," and Grandma Carey repeated "I was once young and now am old, yet have I not see the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." Addresses were given on the topics, "The Foundations of the Church," "The Light of the Church," "The Ideal of the Church." The services created a deep impression upon the people, and we believe that we shall have the Normal School yell that Camrose will shine proven true in the campaign.

Metropolitan Church, Edmonton, held its anniversary services last Sunday, and the preacher for the day, Bro. C. A. Sykes, of Calgary, appealed for organization and a full individual response, in order that the Church may be successful in its great mission. The Church as an organized institution is promulgating the principles of Jesus more effectively than individuals could possibly do acting separately. He made a telling appeal for the members of the congregation to identify themselves with the activities of the Church and take a part in the great work the Church is attempting to do. The trustees were hopeful of raising \$2,000 to meet interest charges and reduce the debt, but we are not informed whether this was accomplished.

Grace Church, Edmonton, held its anniversary services the same day, and the addresses of the preachers of the day proved to be inspirational.

Last week's GUARDIAN gave several helpful suggestions regarding the unity of the service, hymns, anthems, lessons, all chosen to assist the message forth. We happened to be reading over the announcements for last Sunday in the *Journal*, and we cite the following: Subject, "The Hypnotism of God"; anthem, "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah." Very appropriate, that. The next read: Subject, "The Disappointments and Misunderstandings of Life"; and the anthem, "How Firm a Foundation." Still another subject, "Why One Church Failed"; and the anthem, "Come, Thou Weary Soul." Church perhaps failed because weary in well doing.

The Red Deer *Advocate* devotes two columns to a report of a sermon by Bro. G. D. Armstrong regarding Christian Science. It is a timely sermon and a common sense treatment of the subject. After giving a short history of the Christian Science movement, the foundation of a Church which assumes infallibility, has an autocratic form of government and commercializes re-

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ligion, he outlined its amazing assumptions, its claim that God is not a Person but a Principle, that matter and sickness are but subjective states of error or delusions which can be dispelled by mental processes. If, as they affirm, "God is incorporeal," He becomes a mere abstraction, a nonentity. Strength, goodness, love, etc., have no meaning apart from moral or spiritual personality. The Christian Scientist's statement that sin is a mistake, and that all mistakes are sins, is a very flip-pant way to treat the great moral and spiritual struggles of the race. He then gave some practical experiences with exponents of the views held by the Christian Scientists. He had seen Christian Scientist practitioners bowing intently before the forms of dying people in vain attempts to check the ebbing flow of life; had met with them as they tried to do the work only medical skill could accomplish, and failed, with serious results to the victim left to their ministrations. But Bro. Armstrong admitted that some forms of sickness were capable of treatment by mental processes. He believed in a Christian Science which finds God in the shining of the stars, in the flowering of the fields, in God's dealings with men. He believed that the discoveries of the ages come to us as the revelation of God; that the institution of schools, hospitals, churches, is Christianity applied scientifically to life. He regarded the laws of biology, physics, chemistry and psychology as the laws of God. The researches of the student, the work of the physician, are divine. Medical science has made the death-rate of London the lowest on record, has made typhoid a negligible factor, and has stretched out its saving hand to the maimed, the blind and the sick with healing power.

We think such talks, throwing real light on the issues involved, are essential in this day of wonderful gullibility. Since the war it is astonishing how easily minds are deflected from the truth to all manner of error. Christian Science literature is all over this province, it is freely distributed in railway stations, on the trains, and to the homes of the people.

A good deal of interest is being taken in the larger circulation campaign of the GUARDIAN. The ministers are aware that the GUARDIAN is a wonderful assistant, is

one of the few papers they can without any qualifications endorse, and with the prospect of a much-improved paper before them they are going to double the lists of subscribers this year. That is the report we have from various points.

The Ukrainian salutation is not like ours, viz., "Good morning," etc., but "Glory to God"; the answer to this is "Glory to Jesus." Seeing a man working in the field, the salutation is "God help you," and the answer "Glory to God." How empty our salutations are compared with these.

Bro. W. E. MacNiven reports that few districts have yet sent in their contributions toward the Athabasca relief funds. He thinks that this money ought to be collected early, lest it interfere with the larger campaign. Lamont has sent in \$30 of its \$50, and this was the first to reach headquarters.

The Hardisty district is well organized for the winter's work.

Bro. R. B. Steinhauer moved early this month to Saddle Lake, and has entered upon his duties with zest.

Permission was given Bro. Taranty Hannechko to attend college for the winter. This was given to enable a valuable worker to become better acquainted with our language, so as to be able to read our literature with greater ease. It was felt that, there being so little literature in Russian of a helpful nature to such a worker, we ought to make it possible for him to use ours. Bro. Hannechko is an able, devoted, lovable soul, and we wish him a time of refreshing in this winter's work. We ask the Edmonton workers to enable him to attend English services, so that he may think in English as much as possible. To give him Ukrainian work in the city will be a loss. T. D. J.

Lessening No Objective

"The grace of our God hath brought us to this day and placed this great programme before us for inspiration. It is a great trumpet call to make full proof of our ministry, and in faith we greet you in this work. No part of these spiritual objectives can be lessened or omitted. The urgency of this hour is too great to admit of hesitation. The Lord calls. Where sacrifice is needed, may the gracious Master lead us."—Message to the Pastors from the Stratford District Committee of the Methodist National Campaign.

Seldom has keener insight into the realities touched by the programme now before the congregations been expressed than in the foreword to the campaign orders for Stratford Methodism during October and November. It is small wonder that such a spiritual message is followed by a simple yet complete plan for immediate district activity. After an exchange of pulpits come the four group conferences, seasons of inspiration and consultation at Kintore, St. Marys, Mitchell and Listowel. Next is published the first list of twenty-three Minute Men, three of whom are women, and the request for more volunteers for this work.

Stratford is the home district of Rev. W. H. Graham, organizer for the Conference, and his brethren are out to make their campaign a model. The keynote for the district meetings of London Conference is to be struck at their district meeting on Nov. 10th. Afterwards the work will be carried even more intensively and uniformly than has been possible in the limited time since the inauguration of the M.N.C. It is the Lord who calls and inspires, and in this faith Stratford goes forward.

Invest the interest from your Victory Bonds in more Victory Bonds.

EVANGELISM

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Every member of the Church (official or private) is called to become an Evangelist, and by Intercession, Personal Conversation, and Consecration of Life lead his friends and companions to Christ.

Every Organization within the Church is included, and all must unite in the Great Campaign, if the worthy Objectives will be achieved.

The Methodist National Campaign appeals to every Congregation, Board, Society, Minister and Member to immediately enthrone Christ as Sovereign of all, in all their activities, undertakings and associations. The work must not delay—to achieve its share in the objective, each congregation must BEGIN NOW.

Revival meetings? Yes! Pastors and People heartily co-operating to assure their success. Use an Evangelist? Yes! But nearly all the worth while Evangelists are engaged throughout the Campaign, thus emphasizing that each Pastor, Official and Member must be an Evangelist, and every gathering an Evangelistic Service.

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British Columbia Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Gipsy Smith, the noted evangelist, opened a two weeks' series of meetings in Vancouver on Wednesday, Oct. 15th. The General Ministerial Association of the city are managing the campaign, and there has been a very hearty response on the part of all the churches and ministers to the call for workers. The meetings are held in Wesley Church, and from the first night large numbers have had to be sent to the overflow meeting. The need for a larger auditorium is keenly felt, and the church is filled a

few minutes after the doors are opened. Meetings are being held each afternoon in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and this has been filled to its capacity. The messages of the famous evangelist are reaching the hearts of the people, and it is refreshing to hear the grand old hymns of the Church used in revival meetings, instead of the lighter kind that are in general use among modern evangelists. Rev. R. J. McIntyre, pastor of Wesley Church, is chairman of the committee in charge of the meetings, with Rev. J. Richmond Craig, of Westminster Presbyterian Church, as secretary. For the first few nights the overflow meeting was held in the First Baptist Church, but the distance was too great from Wesley Church, and from the present date the overflow meetings will be held in Christ Church hall, just across the road, which has been kindly lent for the purpose. The hearty manner in which all the churches are uniting for these meetings, speaks well for the success of the united inter-church cam-

paigu, and Mr. Smith's coming to the city will mean much for the great work that has been undertaken in this movement.

Last month Sixth Avenue Methodist Church, New Westminster, had about two hundred guests at a banquet tendered the returned men of the church. There are sixty-nine names on the honor roll of the church, and of these eleven paid the supreme sacrifice. Rev. R. W. Hibbert, the present pastor, and Rev. W. S. A. Crux, a former pastor, took part in the programme, which was as follows: "Our Boys," proposed by G. Copeland and Mrs. O'Connor, was responded to by Major T. Cunningham. "The Empire," proposed by Lois McDonald, was responded to by Sydney Pattenden. "The Fallen" was commemorated by a standing silent toast. The toast to "The Ladies," by Lieut. Harry Bond, was responded to by Mrs. Hibbert and Mrs. Tupper; while the concluding toast, "The Church," proposed by B. M. Copeland, was responded to by Rev. R. Hibbert and Rev. W. S. A. Crux. The latter was specially invited, as he was pastor of the church during the time that most of the soldier members proceeded overseas.

Special services were held in Grand Forks in connection with the opening of the Inter-Church Forward Movement. The call to the services was signed by Rev. W. Gordon Tanner (Methodist) and Rev. Hillis Wright (Presbyterian). On Sunday, Oct. 12th, Rev. M. C. Campbell, M.A., of Kaslo, preached in the Methodist and Baptist churches; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th, Rev. Robert Hughes, also of Kaslo, gave addresses in the Presbyterian church; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16th and 17th, Rev. Dr. Ferguson, Superintendent of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, gave the addresses; and on Sunday, Oct. 19th, Rev. J. Ferguson Miller, B.D., of Penticton, preached in the Methodist and Baptist churches. The music was arranged by the massed choirs of the churches, and the meetings aroused interest and enthusiasm in the great movement.

Rev. Thos. C. Colwell, M.C., and Rev. Wm. Deans are among the latest arrivals from overseas in the British Columbia Conference. It was not known at Conference time when Mr. Colwell would be free to return to work, and hence he was not stationed by the committee; but Mr. Deans was expected, and will leave for his appointed work at Smithers, in the Hazelton district, on Oct. 27th. Both of the young men have had many experiences in the war zone. Mr. Deans was twice wounded, and also had hospital treatment for sickness; Mr. Colwell was one of the men who enlisted in the ranks, and was picked out as of chaplain material by the officer commanding and recommended for the position. Both in the ranks and as chaplain "Tom" made good, as the letters after his name testify. These brethren are given a hearty welcome home to the work that awaits them.

Rev. John G. Gibson, who returned two months ago, has entered heartily into his work as superintendent of boys' work at the Turner Institute, and has organized the forces for aggressive work among the boys in the centre of the city. The constituency is a large one, and offers unbounded field for effort. The organized classes of the institute are assisting in the work, and the senior boys' class, The Canucks, has developed several good leaders.

Under the auspices of the Religious Education Council of British Columbia, a boys' leader conference was held in Vancouver the first week in October, and girls' leader conferences were held in Victoria and Vancouver. These were all well attended, and the leaders of the work in all the churches took deep interest in the development of

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Remember always that the cause is worthy---that not only will your Society's funds be materially aided, but that the work of the Church, of Ladies' Aid Societies, and all good things, will be helped by getting THE GUARDIAN into the homes in your community.

The Campaign closes November 11th. That is, all returns should be in THE GUARDIAN office so soon as possible after that date.

ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS TO
**MANAGER CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN TORONTO**

leaders. These conferences are being followed by gatherings in various parts of the province that will prove a stimulus to activities among the teen-age boy and girl. Rev. W. E. Galloway, B.A., B.D., field secretary for the Methodist Church, and Rev. E. R. MacLean, M.A., field secretary for the Presbyterian Church, have been working together in the Conferences, and have proved a very workable team. Miss Isobel Harvey, M.A., of the Y.W.C.A., and Mr. T. H. Hutchinson, of the Y.M.C.A., have also assisted in the programmes given; local speakers from all the churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, Anglican, Baptist and Congregational—have also taken part.

Rev. Hugh Dobson, field secretary of the Department of Evangelism and Social Service, has been spending some time in British Columbia in the interest of his work. At the Provincial Fair, at New Westminster, the child welfare exhibit, under his direction, attracted a good deal of attention. Visitors thronged the exhibit each day, and the lectures and explanations of different portions of the exhibit were eagerly listened to by the crowds. It is expected that arrangements will shortly be made for the exhibit to be shown in Vancouver and Victoria. While in Vancouver Mr. Dobson addressed a meeting of Methodist ministers and laymen on the aims of the Methodist National Campaign, and also a meeting of the Baptists on the claims of the Inter-Church Movement. Both addresses were greatly appreciated. A. E. R.

Winning Life Service

The right view of life is that it came from God, it finds its truest ideals and purposes in God, and should be spent for God and His Kingdom. George Macdonald's beautiful life was due to his life-creed, "I

came from God and I am going to God, and I am determined there shall be no gaps in the middle of my life." Whatever the life-work may be, all of life should be regarded as a calling in active partnership with God.

This view will prepare both parents and young people to face sympathetically the question of life-investment.

Each congregation will have a few to whom, by literature and personal appeal, the great question should be put, "Does

God want me for a minister, missionary, deaconess, or worker in some kind of exclusive life-service?"

Such appeals should be made with tact, sympathy and privacy to the ones most likely to respond or to render the most efficient service. The need of such service is great at home and abroad, and will grow greater as the Kingdom spreads.

Long and patient training will be required; so the list of volunteers must be large.

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S. N. B.

MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

On the Mountain Top

Our lesson for to-day joins itself naturally to that of last week about Peter's great confession, but it stands related to the words of the Master that followed that confession rather than to the confession itself. Those words had regard to the coming day of tragedy. It is stated that, following Peter's confession, Jesus began openly to tell His disciples that He saw the clouds of coming disaster ahead of them, and that He must go up to Jerusalem, suffer many things at the hand of His enemies, and at last be put to death. Now Peter's confession was a confession of faith in Jesus as the Son of God and the Messiah long looked for. But the elation which came to Peter and the others through the Master's strong appreciation of the confession was modified greatly by the dark forebodings which He gave expression to. And as the week went by and Jesus kept up His sad prognostications their depression increased. They had not yet much idea of His kingdom as a purely spiritual one, and they couldn't see any way for the realization of their faith and hope if Jesus' prophecy of His death was to be taken seriously.

We may be sure that the week between the lesson for to-day and the one of a week ago was a disquieting and trying one. It was hard for these men to hold on to their faith, even though their love for and loyalty to their Master held firmly. The transfiguration, therefore, seems to have been given at a critical time and for a very specific purpose. Their faith sorely needed strengthening, and their confidence in spiritual realities needed to be put upon a new basis of assurance. The transfiguration was well qualified to do for them the very thing that needed doing very badly.

A miracle is wrought for the purpose of building up a new faith and courage in the

hearts of these men. We need not think that wonderful, for, after all, if men have not faith and courage and assurance, they will never get anywhere. There is nothing better you can do for a man than to put the new heart into him that comes from a fresh baptism of confidence in himself and his cause and his leader. And often in the stress and struggle of life there is nothing needs doing more urgently than that. And, talking of miracles, who of us has not had them granted to him in a very similar way and for the self-same purpose? The miracle in this case was that men who were too close up to their life and its duties got a good glimpse of its distances and saw, as they had not seen before, the great spiritual realities and forces that control and make it. And that same miracle has many times been wrought for us all, and hard material things and forces have been transfigured before us and the glories of the spiritual realities have filled our life and shone over our pathway.

A very striking and cheering thing about Jesus' companionship with His disciples in His earthly ministry was the consideration He gave to their moods and tempers. He seems to have taken very close note of how they were feeling, what they were thinking and talking about among themselves, and of how life looked to them at the moment. That these things were not matters of indifference to Him, but rather of real concern, is very instructive and cheering to us. He who was so solicitous about His disciples of old and who wished to direct their thinking and inspire their hearts as there was need, cannot be indifferent about us in this same direction. And if we will let Him He will come to us through His Spirit and through His providences to give light and inspiration and help just as they are needed. And He will work even miracles in bringing us out to new visions and views of life, and new inspirations for all its duties and difficulties. There are

mountain tops near every way of life, and every man may have a view once in a while from heights which reveal all its splendor and glory.

But such experiences are not to be sought merely for their own sakes, but because they bear a helpful relationship to life's stern duties and responsibilities. The disciples stayed only a little while upon the Mount of Transfiguration, even though Peter strongly urged that it should be otherwise, and even though the experiences had there were so altogether helpful and inspiring. And that surely emphasizes this thought, that mere enjoyment, even if that enjoyment can be spoken of as the "joy of the Lord," is not to be sought for in itself or made to any extent an end of our living. We live to work and serve, to bear burdens, and face stern duties, and the joys and pleasures and resting places along the way are only intended for renewal and invigoration, and as giving fresh courage and fresh vision for new and harder duties.

William Black

Evangelism in Winnipeg

BY REV. E. THOMAS.

This breezy western city is not abandoning the extra-church crowd to the Labor Church. Beside interpreting the Forward Movement to Young and Grace churches, I was invited to four other places, and chose two theatres. In the far north-eastern part of the city Rev. Philip Barker has carried his work beyond the church building, and his men's council have taken a local theatre for Snuday afternoons.

After Grace Church service at 8.30 a few brisk paces brought me to Dominion Theatre, by the corner of Main and Portage. Here was a motley crowd, certainly non-church-goers and mostly artisans, with a good sprinkling of women. The stage was prepared in a most attractive setting. A band of thirty-five, members of the *Free Press* staff, led the music. Leading soloists sang to the people, and familiar Christian hymns were sung from printed sheets. Dr. G. F. Salton, who has led the enterprise, backed financially by some citizens, handled his crowd with tact and ease. But they needed handling. Jews formed no small part of the audience. A reverent invocation was listened to in silence and followed by applause. But there they were—the theatre full to the roof, in competition with other theatres close by ministering vaudeville. 'Twas different from preaching in Young Church. But a few stories of Jesus—"a first-class Jew and a first-class Christian"—gained the kindest hearing. So it was Jesus himself, and not traditional theology, which appealed to this mixed multitude.

Then came a four-reel film, telling the story of a young surgeon who has lost his God in his science, but in the wilds of a mining camp finds his manhood challenged to more than its own ability. In the new life he finds a new spiritual power, and the last scene was his remark, "Yes, the fool said—there is no God."

So Winnipeg knows the Forward Movement. The Sunday vaudeville crowd is being definitely reached. God bless Salton and Barker! Go to it, Winnipeg! Who's next?

It was a painful shock to his many friends to hear of the sudden call of Dr. Charles E. Treble, of Toronto, who was in charge of the X-ray department of Grace Hospital. He was stricken in the X-ray room, and passed away without a struggle. The deceased was in his forty-fourth year, and was the elder son of the late John M. Treble. Mrs. (Rev.) A. I. Terryberry and Mrs. (Rev.) Dr. L. Barber, both of Toronto, are sisters. The bereaved family have the sincerest sympathy of a host of friends.

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Rejuvenating the Epworth League

If there has been any doubt as to the future of the Epworth League in Ontario, that doubt has been dispelled by the enthusiasm which has marked the several Conference summer schools and biennial Epworth League conventions held during the past few months.

In July a training school for Epworth League leaders, which was held at Elgin House, in Muskoka, attracted so many earnest young people that the large summer hotel could not accommodate all who wished to come, and many had to be declined the opportunity of the training which they sought for Epworth League work in the local churches.

Last week, in Port Hope, the first Bay of Quinte Conference Epworth League convention to be held in nearly four years exceeded in attendance the hopes of its most optimistic leaders. Every district but one in the Bay of Quinte Conference was well represented, and a total paid registration of 240 delegates was augmented by many who came as visitors but did not register.

The war has certainly made it difficult for the League to carry on in many places. The young men went away to fight, and Red Cross and other war work societies found ready response from the young women, and in some communities war work societies supplanted the Epworth League.

Intense enthusiasm and adoption of practical plans of work, as well as the loyal response to the call of the great Inter-Church Forward Movement, were striking features of the Port Hope convention. At most of the sessions of the convention the great old church, seating nearly 1,500 people, was packed, some even standing.

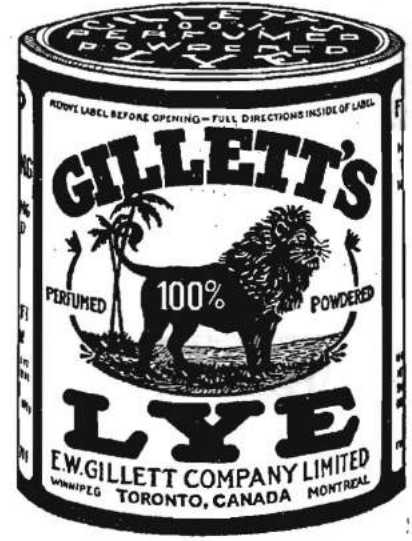
In the closing session of the convention the cumulative effect of its inspiring hours

was seen in the way in which the young people responded to the continuous call of the convention for a forward step. One young man offered himself for the ministry. Two young men and two young ladies offered their lives for foreign missionary service. Three young men and one young lady made their first great decision to give their hearts to God and submit their lives to His leadership. Four young women offered themselves for deaconess work. One young man decided upon life service, either in the ministry or the mission field.

In addition to these splendid decisions for the whole life service, there was a magnificent response to the appeal for workers in the Methodist National Campaign. Thirty-seven pledged themselves to social work; sixty offered to teach Sunday-school classes; seventy-six pledged themselves for greater work in the Young People's Societies; twenty-three pledged themselves to organize mission study classes in their home church.

There is still a great place in our Church for an organization that is doing such a practical work in raising up and training leaders for the various spheres of service in the Methodist Church. The Epworth League, which has trained three of Ontario's provincial leaders in their earlier days, still has a great work to do, and should be given every encouragement to go on with its service to the Church. We have no organization to take its place.

Officers: President, G. H. Griffin, Belleville; first vice-president (Christian Endeavor Department), Miss Florence Hall, Wicklow; second vice-president (missionary), Miss Tilly Wood, Ivanhoe; third vice-president (literary and social), Rev. C. S. Applegath, Port Hope; fourth vice-president (citizenship), E. Brown, Port Hope; fifth vice-president (Junior League), Miss Bay



Farrell, Belleville; secretary, Major (Rev.) Harry Frost, B.A., Trenton; assistant secretary, Claude Ives, Bowmanville; treasurer, Rev. W. H. Clarke, Cavan; assistant treasurer, Rev. A. McLaughlin, Pontypool; registrar, Mrs. Claude Ives, Bowmanville. —Com.

The World's Sunday-School Convention

During the first two weeks of October, 1920, Tokyo, Japan, will be the scene of the eighth convention of the World's Sunday School Association. The last convention was held in Zurich, Switzerland, July, 1913, when the invitation was extended to hold the next convention in Tokyo, and unanimously accepted. The war prevented in 1916, but the enthusiasm has increased during the intervening years, and thousands of enquiries and letters requesting information have been received.

The convention is backed by a Promoting Committee of sixty of Japan's leading men and a committee representing the missionary and native Sunday-school forces.

It is probable that the theme of the convention will be "The Sunday School and World Progress." The programme will emphasize the missionary and church advance. The world's outstanding Christian statesmen, educators, Sunday-school and church workers will be drawn upon to present the different day-by-day themes.

Sightseers will not be accepted as delegates. Each person wishing to go will have to have the proper credentials from the pastor of the local church, the State or provincial Sunday-school secretary, as well as the association.

There is a choice of ten tours, including Tokyo convention and travel through Japan, ranging in price from \$480 to \$1,250. This price includes first-class passage on all Trans-Pacific steamships, first-class rail travel in the respective countries visited in accordance with itinerary; hotel accommodation for the time specified in each tour, which provides bedroom and full board; all conveyances, guides, interpreters, etc.

Full particulars of the tours are given in Tokyo Bulletin No. 1; and Dr. F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto, will give any required information.

Mrs. Taylor, the beloved wife of the Rev. David H. Taylor, of the Hamilton Conference, now resident in Southport, England, has for five weeks been confined to her bed from a most serious illness, for a week or more her life being despaired of. Her many friends in Canada will be glad to know that the danger point is now passed and that, by the divine blessing, she is on the highway to recovery. Mr. Taylor's address is 87 Sidney Road, Southport, England.

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GIUSEPPE VERDI

A Short Critical Biography

Giuseppe Verdi, the grand old man of music, the idol of the boot of land we call Italy, was born of plebeian parents in the little village of Le Roncale, on Oct. 9th, 1813. It is told of Verdi that when he was ten years old he had made such progress with his music that he was able to succeed his teacher as organist in the local church. And, though you may not wish to believe it, he was refused admission to the Milan Conservatory because the directors were unable to discover any talent in the boy.

The biographers divide Verdi's life, like Beethoven's, into three productive periods—the first covering his early years to about 1850, the second extending to about 1870, and the third and greatest period terminating with his death at Milan, on Jan. 27th, 1901. Verdi confined himself almost exclusively to operatic compositions, with the exception of the "Manzoni Requiem," a few church works and an important string quartette.

Of his thirty masterpieces, "Oberto," "Nabucco," "I Lombardi," "Ernani," "Macbeth" and "Louisa Miller" belong to the first period. Had Verdi died in 1850 his fame would certainly have been obscured by the works of later composers, although many of his early works, notably "Ernani" and "Louisa Miller," are filled with beautiful and effective passages. In 1851 he produced "Rigoletto," which proved an immediate success. Then followed "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Les Vespres Siciliennes," "Simon Boccanegra," "Un ballo in Maschera," "La Forza del destino," "Don Carlos" and others. This second period was one of great melodic invention, and it is not to be wondered that "Il Trovatore" is to-day, nearly seventy years after it was written, the most popular of all his scores.

The third period commenced with the production of "Aida," in 1871, at Cairo, Egypt, and includes "Otello" (1887) and "Falstaff" (1893).

In this final stage of development the master reaches the heights of his art. Unquestionably influenced by Wagner, he

equals his great contemporary without imitating him. Verdi's marvellous ability to recreate himself and attain new levels even in advanced age is one of the remarkable phenomena in musical history. A comparison of the earliest works of Verdi with "Falstaff" is as startling as a comparison of a folk-song with a Beethoven symphony.

An account of Verdi's life is incomplete without some mention of his great generosity. After a lifetime of giving he endowed an institution called the "House of Rest for Musicians," in Milan, giving a fine building and a fund of \$500,000 for its support. In 1893 Verdi was given the title of Marquis of Busseto by the King of Italy.



REV. JOSEPH S. COOK

Author of the First-prize Carol in the GUARDIAN'S Contest

The London *Times* tells us that on this occasion there was nothing for the Fusiliers to do but stick it out until their guns could beat down the fire of the German batteries. In the meantime the shelling was about as heavy as troops could be called on to stand. At the height of it all one of the Fusiliers began singing an army version of "In These Hard Times," which begins:

"You've got to put up with anything
In these hard times."

Other voices took it up till, from the whole line of shell-holes, where the men crouched with the dead in the blood-stained water, and the fragments of trench where the living and wounded lay together, the chorus welled up mightily. The earth shook to the shell bursts, and the air was thick with fumes and dirt and debris, and through the crashing and the murk the song rose rollicking on:

"Oh, if you live to be ninety-four
And carry on to the end of the war,
You may get leave, but not before,
In these hard times."

Our men back in the support lines heard it, and they took it up. The enemy across the way must have heard it, too, and marvelled. The Fusiliers tended to their dead and cared for their wounded, singing while they worked. They squatted, bowed in their shell-holes, while the great shells

shrieked overhead, or, plunging, heaped them with mud, and still they sang:

"You may get more or you may get less,
But apple and plum's your best I guess,
For the strawberry jam's for the ser-
geants' mess,
In these hard times."

MR. PEWHOLDER, LEND A HAND!

How many of your congregation ever dropped in to see singers at work on choir-practice night? After many years spent in handling choral work under various conditions the writer believes that the greatest fault to-day with reference to music in the church is lack of appreciation of the efforts of those who lead the musical service.

The idea seems to be prevalent that all the choir need to do is to rise in their places on Sunday and sing. This is but a small (though very important) part of a choir's duties. To the conscientious leader and chorister practice night is the great event of the week, musically speaking. When this state of mind ceases to exist, it's time to secure a new leader—and, perhaps, some new choristers. The singing of a couple of anthems and the leading of some hymns at the Sunday services are but a small issue in the proper agenda of a choir. True, the choir exists (so far as concerns the average pewholder) to perform this very necessary function; but the choir that does not put in hours of solid work on music for special purposes, and of a higher musical type than is ordinarily required of it, soon grows stale.

Get up a concert, study some six or eight-part music, though it may be beyond you; work on some fine unaccompanied numbers, even though you can never hope to perform them in public. If you don't aim high, you're not a real choir leader, and you can't hope to retain your singers.

If, some evening, some of the congregation who appreciate your efforts and want to show they really care, should slip in to choir practice just to cheer you and your singers on the way, don't develop heart failure; they may have read this article and have experienced a change of feeling.

The writer counts it one of his greatest joys to have had a big-hearted pastor who used to take a minute, practice nights, to drop in on his choristers. This pastor apparently didn't count it wasted time to give a friendly pat on the back to those from whom he expected loyal support on the Sabbath.

The fine collection of hymns and sacred songs recently used at the mammoth Sunday-school Convention in Toronto, under direction of E. O. Excell, is now obtainable. The book is the best offering of Mr. Excell's many fine collections and should be in every Christian home.

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SPLENDID RESULTS IN THE CAROL CONTEST

The Prize-winning Poems and Their Authors as Chosen From Over Two Hundred Contestants--One of Our Own Preachers the Winner

Splendid has been the result of the first section of the GUARDIAN'S Christmas Carol Contest. Shortly after the announcement of the competition verses began to trickle in from various parts of Canada, and within the last few days before the closing, manuscripts simply poured in. Something over two hundred poems in all were submitted, and thus it can be imagined that the judging of these was anything but a sinecure.

The result was somewhat surprising from another standpoint, that of the high standard of the verses submitted. This will be proven in the prize-winners, reproduced on this page. The fact that the judges were not entirely unanimous in their selection is another evidence of how closely the first four or five poems measured up to the standard. The decision, however, was finally made as follows:

1st prize-winner—REV. JOSEPH S. COOK, S.T.D., Ph.D., 111 Pears Avenue, Toronto.

2nd prize-winner—REV. T. GRIFFITHS, Rutland, B.C.

3rd prize-winner—MISS CAMILLA SANDERSON, 1869 Beersford Place, Cleveland, Ohio.

That the contest awakened very general interest was evidenced in the fact that verses were submitted not only from every province in the Dominion, but also from Newfoundland and three or four points in the United States. A considerable number came from our own Methodist preachers, some of them from our preachers' wives, and there were also some pleasing offerings from a few of the recognized Canadian verse-writers.

The poem adjudged the first place will, we believe, appeal generally for its simplicity and heart-touching qualities. The Christmas story is told beautifully, most reverently, and all the qualities of good versification are evident throughout. A feature worth noting perhaps is the remarkable climax gained by the repetition of the first stanza with the slight changes, giving an appealing modern touch to the last lines. This poem, we believe, is quite worthy of being placed alongside a good many similar carols already published. We hope it may find a place some time in the future in some of our Church Hymn Books.

SECOND PRIZE POEM

BY REV. T. G. GRIFFITHS.

Mid the lowing oxen,
Pillowed deep in hay,
Nestling down in slumber,
The Lord Jesus lay;
Round about the manger,
Wise men told the tale,
Of the star that led them
Over hill and dale.

Shepherds from the hillsides
Told how they had feared,
When they saw the angel,
And the music heard;
But the angel told them—
"Christ is born to day,
For a sign, behold Him
Cradled in the hay."

Down they knelt adoring,
And the holy child,
Wakened out of slumber,
Looked at them and smiled;
While the angel chorus
Swept across the sky—
"Glory in the highest
Be to God on high."

It will be seen that the same qualities of simplicity apply in almost the same way to the poems given second and third place. Several of the carols submitted contained rather more of the modern spirit, which in one or two cases was beautifully utilized, after the incidents of the natal story were told. The standard carol type seemed to appeal to the judges, however.

Peculiarly enough, it did not dawn on those conducting the contest that the carol signed very plainly "J. S. Cook" had come from the pen of Rev. Dr. Cook, well known in the Toronto Conference. Dr. Cook, whose photograph appears on the opposite page, is a Methodist preacher of thirty-nine years' standing, his time being given up to pastoral work in the London and Toronto Conferences. He was superannuated by the Toronto Conference this year, and has his membership now with the Metropolitan Church. For four years, from 1909 to 1913, Dr. Cook was pastor of Gerrard Street Methodist Church, Toronto. In commenting

FIRST PRIZE POEM

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH S. COOK.

Gentle Mary wrapped her child,
Laid Him in a manger;
There He lay, all undefiled,
To the world a stranger.

Such a babe in such a place—
Can He be the Saviour?
Ask the saved of all the race
Who have found His favor.

Angels sang about His birth;
Wise men sought and found Him;
Heaven's star shone brightly forth,
Glory all around Him.

Shepherds saw the wondrous sight,
Heard the angels singing,
All the plains were lit that night;
All the hills were ringing.

Gentle Mary wrapped her child,
Laid Him in a manger.
He is still the undefiled,
But no more a stranger.

for a moment to a GUARDIAN representative regarding the decision, Dr. Cook noted that the prize-winning poem came as somewhat of an inspiration. Two others were submitted, but, peculiarly enough, neither of these found a place near the winners. Dr. Cook has written some other verse, and is an occasional contributor of articles on social and religious themes to the GUARDIAN. He is British-born, by the way, his natal year being 1859, and we fancy that some of the experiences and surroundings of his childhood have found their way into the prize-winning poem.

Rev. Thomas G. Griffiths, the second prize-winner, is also one of our own preachers, a member of the British Columbia Conference, and now in his fourth year at Rutland, in the Okanagan district.

Miss Camilla Sanderson, winner of the third prize, is well known in Ontario as a writer of religious and general verse. Her poems have been published widely in the GUARDIAN and others of our own papers, in several of the magazines, the Toronto *Globe* and in *Acta Victoriana*. A year or so ago a little book, "Good Morning," a collection of her writings, was published and received a good deal of favorable comment. While resident for the present in Cleveland, Miss Sanderson is a thorough Canadian, a daughter of the parsonage, and has had a wide experience in social welfare work.

The attention of musicians is directed to the announcement on another page regarding the contest for a musical setting for the first-prize carol.

(Continued on page 31.)

THIRD PRIZE POEM

BY MISS CAMILLA SANDERSON.

A stable floor for kingly birth,
A manger for a princely bed,
Oh, sing for joy, ye sons of earth,
By all the choirs in glory led.
A son is born of David's line,
A rightful heir to power Divine.

The wise men from the East are there,
With treasures rich of myrrh and gold,
His mother marks their reverent air,
Her tender arms His form enfold.
They pour their offerings, rare and sweet,
In humble worship at His feet.

The shepherds hear the angels sing,
They marvel at the glorious light,
And into Bethlehem they bring
The message of this wondrous night.
They come to find that holy One—
The Christ of God, His chosen Son.

Join every voice with loud acclaim
The mighty hallelujah song.
Emmanuel shall be His name,
Anthems of praise to Him belong;
Good-will and peace to man from heaven,
Through Christ, the new-born Saviour,
given.

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Here is an Interesting Opportunity

A great deal of interest has been aroused in the **Guardian's** Christmas Carol Contest. The announcement as to the winners in the first part of this, for the writing of suitable verses, is made on another page of this issue. The first prize poem is presented on this page.

We are now announcing the second part of the Contest, for musical settings suitable for the poem here reproduced.

THE PRIZES

- FIRST PRIZE**
\$25.00 in cash
- SECOND PRIZE**
\$10.00 in cash
- THIRD PRIZE**
\$5.00 in cash

These prizes are for the most suitable musical setting for this poem.

THE JUDGES

The following Judges have kindly consented to make the decision in the Contest:

DR. A. S. VOGT
MR. HEALY WILLAN
DR. H. A. FRICKER

The First-Prize Carol

By REV. DR. JOSEPH S. COOK

Gentle Mary wrapped her child,
Laid Him in a manger;
There He lay, all undefiled,
To the world a stranger.

Such a babe in such a place—
Can He be the Saviour?
Ask the saved of all the race,
Who have found His favor.

Angels sang about His birth;
Wise men sought and found Him;
Heaven's star shone brightly forth,
Glory all around Him.

Shepherds saw the wondrous sight,
Heard the angels singing,
All the plains were lit that night;
All the hills were ringing.

Gentle Mary wrapped her child,
Laid Him in a manger.
He is still the undefiled,
But no more a stranger.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All Compositions must reach the **Guardian** office not later than Tuesday, November 25th, 1919.
2. No employee of The Methodist Book and Publishing House may participate in the Contest.
3. No reference to other matter may be enclosed in the same envelope or parcel, with the manuscript.
4. All prize compositions will remain the property of the **Christian Guardian**.

Be certain your name and address are written on the manuscript, and if you wish the composition returned, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Address communications re the contest to

The Christmas Carol Contest Department

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

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TORONTO

SPLENDID RESULTS IN THE CAROL CONTEST

(Continued from page 29.)

NOTES.

Possibly a score of the verses submitted were thrown out by reason of a disregard of the announced conditions. The writers of three or four otherwise excellent poems submitted more verses than the contest calls for, or took other liberties which disqualified their offerings.

It may be worth noting that copies of the poems submitted were sent the judges, so that the names of the contestants were not in any way in evidence.

A number also of otherwise excellent poems were disregarded because of a little carelessness in the arrangement of accent. These carols began very promisingly, but one or two lines were so unfortunately arranged as to mar the lyric beauty of the whole composition.

It was quite evident, in considering the poems submitted, that considerable reference had been made to the Christmas hymns in our hymn books. The metrical forms utilized in the well-known carols were repeated over and over again. Half a dozen contestants were original enough to cut loose from the generally accepted forms, and consequent attention was given their offerings.

OBITUARIES.

CALLANDER.—Mary Elizabeth Callander was born in Cooksville, in 1840, and entered into her heavenly home Aug. 9th, 1919. Her married life was spent in Clinton, and her husband, Robert Callander, preceded her to the heavenly home forty-one years ago. Of their five children, there are four living—Thomas, of Vancouver; Harvey, of Peterboro; Mrs. C. Hicks, of Boissevain, Man.; and Mrs. C. M. Colville, of Grand Ledge, Mich.; the youngest son, Curtis, of Vancouver, having gone home last December. After her husband's death she went to Manitoba, and was there through the pioneer days and until a few years ago, when she went to Vancouver to live. The last year and a half of her life was spent with her oldest daughter, Mrs. C. M. Colville, of Grand Ledge. Early in life she became a Christian and was always a most devout follower of her Lord and Master and an earnest worker in His service. She was a life member of the Missionary Society, a Sunday-school teacher for many years, a lifelong reader of The Guardian, and always ready to extend her help and sympathy in any good cause. Wherever she has lived she will be remembered by her friends as one possessed of fine qualities, and her children are blest with the memory of a good father and mother.

HOUGH.—The Avonmore circuit has suffered a serious loss in the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Hough, both of whom went out to the great beyond this summer. Mrs. Hough, who was Miss Maud Tinkiss before her marriage, was the first to leave us on June 2nd. She was only confined to her bed four days. Her death was a distinct shock to the community. Her funeral service, which was largely attended, was held in the Methodist Church, Avonmore, conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. T. E.

Blanchard. Mr. Hough and his son, Brock, continued on in the old home until death claimed Mr. Hough on August 11th. Like Mrs. Hough, Mr. Hough was sick only a few days. His funeral service was held in the Methodist Church, Wednesday, Aug. 13th, conducted by his pastor. They are both sadly missed in the community and church life. Mr. Hough had been superintendent of the Sunday school, also local preacher, practically all his life, and many persons throughout the whole countryside

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testify to his faithfulness and devotion to the work of God. He was a good man and his influence abides. Mrs. Hough was an ardent worker in the Sunday school, a member of the choir, and was always ready to help in any good cause. She had taught the primary class in the Sunday school for years. Her place will be hard to fill. Mrs. Hough was fifty-five years of age, while Mr. Hough had reached the ripe age of eighty years. They both rest side by side in the Methodist cemetery on the hill south of the village in which they had lived all their days, waiting the resurrection morn: "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

PENNOCK.—On September 28th, 1919, there passed away to the heavenly home, in the person of Mrs. James T. Pennock, one whose piety spoke eloquently of the power of divine grace. Her maiden name was Eliza Bullard. She was born July 4th, 1836, in Gouverneur, New York, U.S.A. On July 9th, 1856, she was married to James Pennock, and moved with him to Canada, settling in Ottawa, then known as the village of Bytown. From the early days of childhood she had loved her Saviour, and found great joy in Christian service. Shortly after settling in Ottawa, with her husband she united with Dominion Methodist Church, where she remained a member until the Eastern Methodist congregation was formed, when with her husband she joined the Eastern church, remaining a member of this church until the time of her death. This woman of kindly ways and gentle deeds was a lover of the Bible, one in whose life prayer was a great factor, and "the road to Emmaus a continual journey." As a church worker she was much sought after, holding with remarkable frequency official distinction in the women's organizations of the church. She was on a number of occasions elected president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and held the unique honor of being first vice-president of the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary since its inception in Eastern church. She lived a long life, replete with beautiful service for home and friends and church; "in her tongue was the law of kindness; she looked well to the ways of her household, and her children and children's children rise up to call her blessed." She is survived by her whole family of eight children, three sons and five daughters. The names of the sons are: W. H. Pennock, Albert W. Pennock, Philemon P. Pennock. The daughters: Mrs. H. M. Matthewson, Mrs. Alfred Trudel, Mrs. R. P. King, Mrs. C. F. Dawson, Mrs. W. G. Hurdman, all of whom were at her side in the last sad moment. The husband and father predeceased her some ten years ago. Although invalided for some years, yet her spirit was ever sweet and patient, her mind clear, her faith unwavering, and her hope triumphant, and in the quiet calm of the Sabbath morn, while the angels waited, she passed peacefully away from this earthly home, to find fellowship with the saints of light.

BAILEY.—Jane Macmillan Campbell, beloved wife of Seth Bailey, Brussels, fell asleep at their home, on August 15th, aged 70 years. During her last illness the departed loved one showed true Christian patience and fortitude. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. W. E. Stafford, B.A., pastor of the deceased. Mrs. Bailey was born at Dundas, later moving to Galt. In 1870 she was married to her now bereaved husband. For a short time they lived in Paris, but moved thence to Rockwood. Here they spent many happy years, and made a host of warm friends. About fifteen years ago the family came to Brussels. Here, too, Mrs. Bailey identified herself with the Methodist Church, and soon won the admir-

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ation and esteem of all whom she met. She had so much of the religion of our blessed Lord in her life that she seemed to radiate goodness and sunshine everywhere. The home life was darkened during the later years by the loss of three sons. These died, William at North Dakota, John at St. Joseph, Minnesota, and Lesley at Brussels. Besides her sorrowing partner, Mrs. Bailey leaves to mourn the loss of one of the best and most devoted of mothers, Fred. A., Edmonton; Mrs. J. A. Smith and Miss Olive, Calgary, and Miss Ida at home.

Deep as their grief is, they do not sorrow without a hope, for

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is passed;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Calmly now the words we say.
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day."

IN MEMORIAM.

WILKINSON.—In proud and loving memory of Bombardier Harold Marsh Wilkinson, of the 10th Battery, C.F.A., third and dearly beloved son of Rev. and Mrs. James W. Wilkinson, 112 Grace St., Toronto, killed in action near Mons, November 1st, 1918.

"We grieve with those who loved him,
but glory in the manner of his death."
"The sadness of victory, the joy of peace."

—Father, Mother, Brothers and Sisters.

MARKLE.—In loving memory of our dear husband and father, Mr. Daniel Showers Markle, who died one year ago to-day, Oct. 27th, 1918.

Do not ask us if we miss him,
Oh, 'tis such a vacant place;
Oft in fancy we hear his footsteps,
Or we see his smiling face;
He has gone to brighter regions,
Free from every pain and care;
We shall meet again in heaven,
And there will be no parting there:
His loving wife and family.

TRIBBLE.—In loving memory of Sapper John William Tribble, 4th Canadian Divisional Signal Co., who died of wounds received in action at Passchendaele, Belgium, Oct. 23, 1917. He freely gave his all.

J. N. T., Ottawa, Ont.

FOSTER.—In precious memory of our dear Marion Foster, Trenton, Ont., called to the angelic choir October twentieth, nineteen eighteen.

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Sickness or disabling accidents might come to some of us—but death certainly comes to all of us sooner or later. Common sense should teach us to prepare during the days when our earning powers are greatest for the future protection of our loved ones.

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Notices under this heading cost two cents each word, including initials and address. Four insertions are given for the price of three.

They should reach this office by Friday afternoon in each week as, although orders for insertion are received up to 10:45 a.m. on Saturdays, insertion is not guaranteed.

An amount of money in figures is counted as two words, example: "\$110.56." Groups of three figures are counted as single words, example: 321 is one word. 3219, 32190, or 321901 are each two words.

Initials count as one word each. Compound words are counted as two or more words. Example: "Niagara-on-the-Lake," four words; "St. James," two words, etc.

When answers are sent care "Christian Guardian," five words extra should be counted to include key number. Answers will be held until called for, unless stamps are sent for forwarding. Cash should accompany orders.

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WANTED—By elderly lady, one warm, unfurnished room, in quiet place. E. S., 161 Broadview Ave., Toronto.

WANTED—Two or three furnished rooms, light housekeeping, within a mile of Toronto Conservatory of Music, from November 8th, till June. Notify Miss Ruth Mahood, 2 Orde Street, Toronto.

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GOOD opening for qualified lady music teacher; plenty of pupils to take up whole time. For information apply Rev. Dr. Hughes, Newdale, Manitoba.

WANTED—A Doctor to take charge of a Hospital and do medical work among Indians. Apply to Rev. T. Ferrier, Brandon, Man.

WANTED—Organist and Choirmaster for Grace Methodist Church, Weyburn. Apply stating salary expected to J. K. Brimacombe, Weyburn, Sask.

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A COOK-GENERAL, highest wages, four adults, no washing. Mrs. E. C. Wakefield, Phone Hill. 3577; 1 Shorncliffe Ave., Toronto.

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BEST wages to working housekeeper; also experienced nursery housemaid or practical nurse for one child. Mrs. Johnson, 20 Edgar Ave., Toronto.

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HOUSEMAID, experienced, with references. Apply Lady Gibson, Ravenscliffe, Hamilton, Ont.

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MAID, or girl attending school or Business College, for family of three; no washings, would advance fare from east if necessary. References exchanged. Communicate, Advertiser, 332 39th Ave., West Calgary, Alta.

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TORONTO family, consisting of four adults, can offer a comfortable permanent home and good wages to a reliable young woman to do general housework. Every modern convenience in the home. Please give references. Mrs. Hayhurst, 1401 King St. West, Toronto.

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WORKING housekeeper wanted by small adult family in Toronto. A comfortable, permanent home and good wages are offered for the right person with good references. Mrs. Hayhurst, 1401 King St. West, Toronto.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

AN elderly lady, willing to help with light housework, wishes board in a quiet Christian family about the middle of November. Would take a position as companion. Box 19, Guardian, Toronto.

EFFICIENT housekeeper desires position where her boy of twelve could be accommodated. Mrs. Herbert Cross, Wood Mountain, Sask.

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REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, 88 Avenue Road, Toronto (Hillcrest 5662), would conduct Evangelistic Services. References and credentials on request.

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FOR SALE, at a bargain, by the Millbrook Methodist Sunday school, a library of about 300 books, in good condition and well chosen, ranging from stories for the children to the latest books for the adults. Apply at once for prices to J. A. Brown, Millbrook, R. R. No. 3.

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WANTED—An organist and choir-leader for the Methodist Church, Carleton Place, duties commence as soon as possible, applicants to state salary and give references. There is a good opportunity for a class in music in the town. R. C. Rose, Carleton Place.

BOOK COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee of the Central Section of the Book Committee will meet in the Board Room, Wesley Buildings, 299 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont., on Wednesday, the 19th of November, 1919, at 2 p.m.

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Rev. R. B. Rowe, Moncton, N.B.
Rev. A. B. Chambers, LL.B., D.D., 76 Hogarth Ave., Toronto. Telephone, Ger-
rand 7089.
Rev. J. W. Magwood, 34 St. Andrew's Gardens, Toronto. Phone, N. 2075.

Connexional Notices

DISTRICT MEETINGS.

Owen Sound.—The district meeting will be held in West Side Church, Owen Sound, Nov. 11th. Afternoon session at 2 p.m.; evening session at 8 p.m. Rev. Peter Bryce, of Toronto, will speak at both sessions. At the afternoon session the work of the National Campaign will be discussed under the following subjects: Evangelism, Prayer, Work, Christian Stewardship. Each circuit is expected to send a layman as delegate. T. G. McAtter, B.D., chairman; C. A. Belfry, Fin. Sec.

Woodstock.—The November district meeting and Epworth League convention of the Woodstock district will be held at Beachville, on Thursday, Nov. 20th. The district meeting, which is called especially to consider matters of the National Campaign, will commence at 2 p.m. sharp. All pastors of the district are urged to secure a large attendance of representative men and women from their circuits. A brief session for organization in connection with the

Epworth Leagues of the District will be held at the close of the afternoon session, after which tea will be served in the lecture room of the church, followed by the evening session, commencing at 7.30. Major Lavell and other speakers will be present. Let there be a large attendance of young people both afternoon and evening. John M. Haith, Chairman; Edward Sheppard, Fin. Sec.

Cannington.—The Cannington district will meet at Cannington on November 18th. Sessions at 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 7.30 p.m. Special discussion of E. L. and S. S. work (district Young People's convention); also Conference organizer and speakers from headquarters on National Campaign. Each circuit is urged to send a good delegation, as the meeting will be of great importance to the district. G. R. Clare, chairman; A. K. Edmison, Fin. Sec.

Barrie.—The district meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Orillia, on Thurs-

day, Nov. 20th, commencing at 1.30 p.m.; evening session at 7.30. Each Quarterly Official Board in the district is expected to send two or three delegates. The Conference organizer for the National Campaign will be present both afternoon and evening. R. J. Fallis, Chairman; A. J. G. Carscadden, Fin. Sec.

Brockville.—The November National Campaign meeting of Brockville district will be held in the Methodist Church, Brockville, on Tuesday, Nov. 11th, at 10 o'clock a.m. A session for Sunday-school workers will be held at 2 o'clock p.m., and one for Epworth League workers at 4 o'clock p.m. A rally of all workers and others interested will be held at 7.30 p.m. Rev. Geo. I. Campbell, B.D., organizer for Montreal Conference, will be present at all sessions. W. A. Hamilton, Chairman; T. J. Vickery, Fin. Sec.

Hamilton.—The district meeting will convene in Wesley Church, Hamilton, Fri-

day, Nov. 14th, at 2 p.m. Programme: Addresses (1) "Our Spiritual Objectives," Rev. F. W. Hollinrake, B.D.; (2) "Intercession, Personal Work and Stewardship," Rev. J. D. Fitzpatrick; (3) Reports of organization from circuits; (4) Address, "Organization of the Local Church," Rev. Dr. Lavell. Following each of these addresses, opportunity will be given for fullest discussion. 6.15, luncheon; address by Rev. Dr. Endicott, Secretary of Foreign Missions. A large representation from every circuit is earnestly desired. Rev. C. L. McIrvine, Chairman; Rev. F. W. Wootton, Sec.

Ridgetown.—The November meeting will be held in Dutton, Friday, November 14th, sessions commencing at 9.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. Revs. W. H. Graham and Dr. T. Albert Moore will be present in the interests of the National Campaign. It is hoped there will be a strong delegation from each circuit, which will include the members of the Circuit Campaign Committee. W. L. Hiles, Chairman. A. S. Whitehall, Fin. Sec.

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St. Thomas.—The district meeting will be held at Grace Church, St. Thomas, on Wednesday, November 12th. District Campaign Committee at 10 a.m. District Business session at 11 a.m. Conferences in the afternoon at 2 p.m. and in the evening at 8 p.m., to which all the circuits are asked to send not less than ten delegates. The President of the Conference, Rev. W. H. Graham, Chas. Austin, of Chatham, and one of our General Secretaries of Toronto, with others, will give addresses. R. H. Barnby, Chairman. Geo. A. King, Fin. Sec.

Brampton.—The November District Meeting will be held in Park St. Church, Chatham, Thursday, Nov. 13th, at 9 a.m. Full plans for the National Campaign will be formulated, and full reports from all charges as to the progress of the Campaign will be expected. An Epworth League convention will be held in the afternoon. The evening session will be in the interests of the National Campaign. Rev. W. H. Graham and another speaker are expected for the forenoon and evening sessions. A large delegation is desired from each charge. The full Committee from each church is urged to be present if possible. The annual Sunday school convention will be held on November 14th, starting at 9 a.m. A. E. M. Thomson, Chairman. A. E. Jones, Fin. Sec.

Chatham.—The November District Meeting will be held in Park St. Church, Chatham, Thursday, Nov. 13th, at 9 a.m. Full plans for the National Campaign will be formulated, and full reports from all charges as to the progress of the Campaign will be expected. An Epworth League convention will be held in the afternoon. The evening session will be in the interests of the National Campaign. Rev. W. H. Graham and another speaker are expected for the forenoon and evening sessions. A large delegation is desired from each charge. The full Committee from each church is urged to be present if possible. The annual Sunday school convention will be held on November 14th, starting at 9 a.m. A. E. M. Thomson, Chairman. A. E. Jones, Fin. Sec.

Galt.—The November Meeting, Galt District, will be held in the Methodist Church, Hespeler, Thursday, Nov. 13th, at 2:30 p.m. and 7:45 p.m. Special speakers will give addresses on National Campaign work. A large delegation from each circuit is urged. J. H. McBain, Chairman. G. K. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.

St. Catharines.—The Meeting will be held at Welland Avenue Church, St. Catharines, on Wednesday, November 12th, commencing at 9:30 a.m. The afternoon session will begin at 2:00 p.m. Every circuit is asked to send a strong delegation. Final arrangements for the Methodist National Campaign on the district will be completed. Rev. Major A. E. Lavell, D.D., Conference Organizer, will be present. J. A. McLachlan, Chairman. J. J. Liddy, Fin. Sec.

London.—The November Meeting of the London District will be held in the Empress Ave. Methodist Church, London, on Tuesday, Nov. 11th, at 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. The morning session will be given to the consideration of general business, and the afternoon to the discussion of the "Forward movement in its relation to the local church." One of the General Secretaries from Toronto will be present and deliver an address. Each circuit is requested to have ten representatives at the afternoon meeting. W. J. Ashton, Chairman. H. T. Ferguson, Fin. Sec.

Montreal.—The Montreal District will meet in St. James Church, Montreal, Wednesday, November 13th, at 9:45 a.m. A most interesting and helpful programme is being prepared for the day. Rev. Dr. Kilborn, of West China, and Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Japan, are expected to be present, also one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church North, U.S.A. This is the critical district meeting in connection with the Forward Movement. Every pastor and lay representative is urged to attend and to bring two other delegates, at least, from their field. There will be a special exhibit of literature, lectures and lantern slides for use in the campaign. B. I. Hart, Chairman. J. H. McConnell, Fin. Sec.

Births, Marriages, Deaths

Notices under these headings will be charged for at 50c. for each insertion. Memorial notices without poetry, 50c., and 25c. additional for each verse of poetry.

BIRTHS.

PICKETT.—In Milton, on Friday, Oct. 24, 1919, Mary C. Hamilton, daughter of Margaret and the late David Pickett. Funeral took place on Monday, Oct. 27, 1919, to Lowville Cemetery.

FIELD.—On Oct. 22nd, at the General Hospital, Vancouver, B.C., to the wife of Rev. Alvin W. Field, deceased, late of the C. & M. A. Mission, Wuchow, South China, a son.

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