

# The Christian Guardian

· Established 1829 ·

## The Venture of Faith

THE world has got on because men and women have had visions of something new and better, have risked and ventured their all upon their realization, and in the long last something new and better has come. Of course it has taken infinite patience and cost and sacrifice often before the consummation was reached, and while it tarried and halted men mocked and said such fine things could never be. But in the end, and after many days, they came. And this has happened so often that it almost looks as if we could set it down as an axiom that every fair, fine thing that men dream of may, perhaps must, one day come true. Just now men are mocking and saying that a League of Nations will not work, that the world will always be afflicted with war, and that the thought of a great world brotherhood of man is altogether idle and empty. But men have had their vision of these things, and we believe the vision is of God, and that somehow both God and all that is godlike in man is set for their realization. Can such a combination fail?

TORONTO  
May 21  
1919

## ECONOMICS OR CHRISTIANITY?

A former president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has asked in his haste if the clergy of a denomination which recently adopted an advanced resolution on reconstruction, are attempting to teach the manufacturers economics. The retort in essence, if not in words, is that the clergy are attempting only to show the manufacturers Christianity.

The idea that a manufacturer or a business man of executive capacity—apart from a few scattered and negligible university professors—is the only person competent to pronounce upon economics is disconcertingly general. How much foundation has it?

Very little, we should say. Economic thought nowadays crops up in the most unexpected places. Many clergy in all churches have a sound grasp of the subject. Not a few sermons are based on it. The ethics of profiteering, for instance, or the immorality of the high cost of living, are frequently explained in the pulpit. Again, the labor men are notable students of the working of economic laws. Nothing has been more remarkable at the sessions of the Industrial Commission than the knowledge of economic factors possessed by trade union representatives and witnesses.

So it will be seen the manufacturers have rivals in a field they may perhaps consider peculiarly their own. And these rivals are bringing to the subject a dangerously significant point of view, namely, that of humanizing it, even Christianizing it. That point of view is simply that man is more than meat and human welfare than the manufacture of much raiment.—*Editorial in Vancouver "World," May 10th.*

## HALIFAX—SUFFERER FOR THE WORLD

BY GEO. J. BOND.

"In the mist my guardian prowls put forth,  
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie.  
The Warden of the Honor of the North,  
Sleepless and veiled am I!"

—Kipling's "Song of the Cities."

Halifax suffered by the explosion of Dec. 6th, 1917, as really, though not as directly, from the war as if she had been bombarded. Indeed, no bombardment by air or sea could have wrought the havoc caused by that explosion. No city in the world, outside the very centres of the armed struggle of the past four years, has suffered as Halifax has done. The appalling suddenness of the calamity, the large area involved in utter desolation and ruin, the vastly greater area receiving extraordinary damage, the terrible number of fatalities, and the yet larger number of the blinded, maimed and burned, all combined to stagger humanity with a sense of the awful happening. Yet none outside of the people of the stricken city can form any adequate conception of the magnitude of the disaster. Apart from any other consideration, on the bare principle of humanity alone, the claim of Halifax for sympathy and help is strong indeed.

But Halifax has a stronger appeal than that. Halifax suffered for the world. As no other city did, Halifax suffered for the world. Neither of the ships whose collision in her harbor was the immediate cause of the explosion—the munition ship and the relief ship—would have been within its ample embrace had it not been for the war, and for Halifax's unique position and importance as the "jumping-off place," the final port of departure and despatch for men and munitions, for supplies and relief stores, in the service of the world. Who can number the gallant men from all over Canada, and from all over the United States, who took transport at her piers, or calculate the cargoes of supply and of succor that sailed direct from Bedford Basin to the other side of the sea? From 1914 the

war work of Halifax has thus been done, a work unique among the cities of Canada and of the continent for honor, for indispensableness and for risk. And for that risk she has suffered terribly; but all the same it has been quietly and unostentatiously braved to the very end of the war. Happily the risk no longer hangs over her, and for months she has been holding out the glad hand of welcome to Canada's returning soldiers, the first city in all our wide land to greet them, as she was in so many instances the last to bid them God-speed in the work they have valiantly and victoriously done. And not till the last Canadian soldier has been repatriated will her good offices cease or her war work be over. The suffering of Halifax, let it be distinctly borne in mind, was vicarious suffering. The city's awful baptism of blood and fire and ruin was suffered for the Dominion, for the continent, for the world.

Appeal is being made to the far-flung Methodism of Canada on behalf of the Methodist churches of Halifax damaged by the explosion. Not one of them escaped. The one nearest the focus of the calamity was utterly destroyed. Another was so shattered that it will have to be rebuilt. And all have received more or less serious damage, involving immediate need of extensive and costly repair. Seven churches within the devastated area, seven Methodist churches, shattered in war work that has helped mightily to keep the other Methodist churches of Canada in peace and security, are stretching out their wounded hands to these safe and scathless churches of their communion, and asking help to rebuild what in their service has been destroyed. Surely that appeal will be met from Atlantic to Pacific with sympathetic and grateful and liberal response.

One hundred thousand dollars would set the Methodist churches of Halifax on their feet. One hundred thousand dollars to the shattered, stricken Methodists of Halifax, not strong as in many other Canadian cities, and weakened by this terrible happening, is a sum overwhelming in its added weight to obligations already portentous. But what is the sum of one hundred thousand dollars among the Methodist congregations of Canada? It can be raised without a single sacrifice. It can be raised and exceeded without delay and without demur when the minds of our generous people throughout the Dominion are once seized of the need

and their hearts touched with the pathos of the appeal. Shall Halifax have suffered for others, and others not rally to mitigate the suffering so far as lies in their power? Assuredly not. That is not like Canadians. And it is not like Methodists. That has been proven again and again. It will be proven now.

## Personals

The Quarterly Official Board of the Methodist church at Shawville, Que., recently passed a resolution expressing their appreciation of the work of the pastor, Rev. F. Tripp, during the past four years.

Mr. George H. Locke, the Chief Librarian of the Public Library of Toronto, has been nominated as the first vice-president of the American Library Association. There is a membership of five thousand in this association, representing public, college, university, professional, technical, business, and indeed all kinds of libraries in the United States and Canada, and the president for the year is the Chief Librarian of Denver, Colorado.

We regret to record the passing of Harriet, the beloved wife of Rev. A. G. Hudson, of Epworth Methodist Church, Toronto. The deceased had been ill for some time, and her death was not wholly unexpected. The circuits upon which she labored will recall with kindly remembrance the truly Christian character and native kindness of heart of the deceased. She bore her share of the burden of the Methodist itinerant's life, and her friends and her sorely bereaved family rise up and call her blessed.

## INVITATIONS.

Second year, R. G. Halbert, Huttonville;  
third year, J. W. Down, Pickering.

## MISSION ROOMS' RECEIPTS.

To May 15th, 1919.

General Fund.

Receipts to date .....	\$528,609 33
Same date last year .....	429,638 43
Miscellaneous receipts to date .	3,260 39

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# The Christian Guardian

Established 1829

## Italy, Belgium, Greece and Austria

THE Italian difficulty is not yet settled, but it need not arouse any very great concern. Italy has everything to gain by signing the Peace Treaty, and even the possession of Fiume and the Dalmatian coast would not make up for the loss of being isolated from her Allies. Fiume will probably be internationalized, and will be under Italian control.

And the rumored difficulty over the river Scheldt is largely a reporter's vision. The Allies owe nothing to Holland, but they would hardly rob her of her control of the Scheldt without better reason than is yet apparent.

Greece is taking over Smyrna, and probably part of the contiguous territory. This is certainly a boon to Greece, for which she may thank one man, Venizelos. As the territory concerned is peopled largely with Greeks, there is good reason for Greece taking charge, and there is certainly good reason why the territory should not remain part of Turkey.

Austrian delegates have now reached the Peace Conference, and they will probably have little difficulty signing the peace terms, as already the war has settled Austria's fate. The Hapsburgs and the Austrian Empire went down together. The German-speaking Austrians would probably like to unite with Germany, but for the time at least this will be absolutely forbidden, and Austria must work out her own salvation.

## Bolshevism Begins to Wane

THE news last week was distinctly favorable to the anti-Bolshevists in every part of Russian territory, giving color to the impression that the Bolshevik movement is at last on the down grade and will shortly be numbered with the things that were. Admiral Kolchak is preparing for an advance on Moscow, and is aiming to link up his forces with those operating from Archangel, and also with General Denekine in the south. Lenine sent forces northward to drive the Allied troops into the sea; but the Allied troops didn't drive very well, and the Bolsheviks concluded that if the Allies would not retreat perhaps they themselves had better move backwards. And now the Dvina River is open for the Allied gunboats, and Allied aeroplanes also are operating in that section. And General Denekine, the leader of the Cossacks in South-Eastern Russia, has declared in favor of a unified Russia and a Constituent Assembly, to which Admiral Kolchak also stands committed. And in view of a Finnish-Allied advance against Petrograd the Soviet Government proposes to abandon the capital, and the inhabitants have been advised to leave before July 1st. Perhaps it is too soon to be sure, but Russian affairs look better now than they have looked since the fall of Kerensky. Apparently Russia has had enough of war, and restoration of a settled Government, with great constitutional reforms, will doubtless be welcomed by all. It may be that Trotsky and Lenine can yet come back, but it looks just now as though their day was over.

## Germany's Protests

AS was expected, Germany is protesting very vigorously against the drastic terms of peace which have been offered to her. The military party throughout the country refuse to consider surrendering the Kaiser to the Allies, and they call the terms submitted "history's most vicious peace." Some of the leaders declare that they are too overwhelmed to discuss the matter, while Prof. Schiemann, a friend of the former Kaiser,

declares that "President Wilson is a hypocrite, and the Versailles Treaty is the vilest crime in history." The stipulation that Germany must surrender milch cows, swine, bees and other domestic animals to replace those lost by the Allies through the war is declared by the *Tageblatt* to be "monstrous and impossible." And Philip Scheidemann, the German Premier, has issued an appeal to the British people to consider "the appalling position Germany is placed in by the peace conditions." He insists that these conditions mean really the reducing of the German people to a state of slavery, and he implores the British people not to demand that Germany in her hour of weakness sign away her birthright. And even Holland protests unofficially against the terms of peace. But Switzerland thinks the terms as lenient as could be expected. Maximilian Harden declares that the terms are no harder than he expected, and he declares bluntly that "if Germany showed its good-will to do what is in its power to comply with the Allies' request the Allies would see that conditions were changed in favor of Germany." But despite all the fierce protests Germany must have peace. There are few Germans foolish enough to dream of fighting again, as the very first step would mean that Germany would be invaded and all the horrors of war would be let loose in the heart of Germany. This Germany will never allow, and while protesting and threatening she will sign the treaty, and the Allies will see to it that she carries it out. There can be no question that the peace terms are hard, but there can be just as little question that they are not only fair, but necessary. Germany has proved herself a menace to the world, and the world in self-defence is compelled to strip her of her power to work evil to her neighbors.

## Winnipeg's Great Strike

THERE is at present in Winnipeg probably the greatest and most significant strike in Canadian history. The metal workers are demanding an eight-hour day, and this appears to be the real reason for the strike. The employers declare that it is impossible for them to stay in business and comply with the demand, and it looks like a fight to a finish. But the widespread unrest makes a sympathetic strike a very easy thing just now, and so policemen, firemen, telephone operators, telegraphers, press employees, bakers, and, in fact, nearly every organized trade in the city has joined the metal workers. What will the issue be? It is significant that the metal workers in Toronto also are on strike, also for an eight-hour day, but so far there has been no sympathetic strike. The air is, however, electric with tremendous possibilities, and there is a mass-psychology with which we must be prepared to reckon. With the Government itself admitting that the cost of living is more than double what it was four years ago, and the wages in many cases only twenty-five per cent. higher, it is evident that something has gone radically wrong with our economic machine, and a remedy must be found. If we wait till the whole country is aflame it will mean a most serious state of affairs, more serious than we care to imagine. So far as we are able to interpret the spirit of Canadian labor there is not much of lawlessness at present in evidence, but there is a universal grim determination to secure a change of conditions, which shall be more favorable to the workingman. With this spirit nearly the whole country will be found to be in accord. But if we refuse to listen to this plea, we shall be playing into the hands of a much smaller element, which seeks not better conditions, but absolute control of all industries. This is the time for compromise and agreement, and not for a fight to a finish, which may easily develop into a widespread conflagration wholly beyond our control.

### Tired of Being Bishop

**B**ISHOP GORE, who has occupied three Sees in succession—Worcester, Birmingham and Oxford—and who has been very widely known outside his own communion as a scholar of first rank and a writer of unusual gifts, is to retire from the active duties of his office, though only sixty-five years of age, and devote himself to literary effort. An explanation of this retirement seems to be found in the fact that Bishop Gore is an extreme High Churchman, and that these days, with all their movements toward church unity and co-operation, are hardly comfortable days for church leaders of that type. Bishop Gore is extremely radical as a theologian, and in social questions is one of the most advanced Churchmen in England to-day. His literary output has been considerable and varied, and always interesting. Devoting his whole time to such work, he ought to produce much material that would be of great value. And yet, if it be true that he has gone out of official church life because he could not breast the inevitable currents that are moving there, that fact may militate against his production of a literature of great and permanent value.

### Keep Your Eye on Special Appeals

**T**WO weeks ago this paper published a page advertisement relating to the very serious famine conditions that are reported as existing in India at the present time. For years it has been the invariable custom that the editor should be consulted before any advertisement about which there could be any possible question was allowed to appear. Very unfortunately and regrettably this excellent regulation was overlooked in this particular instance, and the editor did not know that the advertisement was appearing until a large part of the edition was printed. Had he known in time, he is frank to say, the advertisement would not have appeared. In the first place, it does not seem quite reasonable or fair that the Church machinery, unless under exceptional circumstances, should be used for the raising of money for enterprises that lie quite outside the sphere of the Churches' work. There are exceptions to this rule, but each case should have very careful examination before it is admitted as exceptional. But unfortunately for this particular case a somewhat close examination does not seem to reveal any exceptional plea in connection with it. In fact, practically all the missionary societies in Canada who have any connection with India have been busy the past few weeks trying to authenticate a famine of anything like the dimensions indicated, and up to date they have not succeeded. Summing up all the evidence that can be secured, it would seem as if India was not suffering from famine to any much larger degree than has been the case normally, though the "flu" epidemic has caused great loss of life and much suffering there, as it has everywhere both East and West. And, while we would not like to say anything that would seem like attempting to dry up the springs of generosity in any hearts, we think it ought to be said that it is only the part of wisdom and sanity to examine somewhat narrowly any appeals for help that may come from anything but the most fully authenticated sources.

### The Farm Income

**A** FEW weeks ago we published an item from the Government paper, *Conservation*, referring to the income earned upon Mr. Christie's fifty-acre farm in Winchester. One of our readers challenged the correctness and fairness of the report, and we published his letter. Now Mr. Jas. White, Assistant to Chairman of the Commission of Conservation, writes us that Mr. Christie's farm is not on what can rightly be called the Winchester flats, and he says: "His yields were no higher than could be obtained on the adjoining farm, and no doubt were obtained on many adjoining farms." He says also: "We have found that a very wide notice and discussion of this statement has taken place, and we believe that while some may think the figures high, and we know they are much higher than received on the average farm of the same size, yet it has started a great many farmers thinking, and we hope that many will act in the way of putting into practice the methods of more intensive farming on their own home farms." We notice that in the May number of *Conservation* the average "net labor income" on the farms which were "surveyed" in Oxford County in 1918, on farms of from

46 to 60 acres, was \$647, while Mr. Christie's figures were \$1,901.87. The "survey" of Dundas County dairy farms gave the following figures: On farms of 21 to 45 acres, \$399; on farms of 46 to 60 acres, \$555; on farms of 61 to 75 acres, \$853; on farms of 76 to 90 acres, \$983; on farms of 91 to 110 acres, \$1,080; on farms of 111 to 135 acres, \$1,061; on farms of 136 to 160 acres, \$1,460; and on farms of over 160 acres, \$1,738. The net income on the best three farms in the survey was \$2,705. These surveys show a remarkable diversity. For instance, while the average net income for 60-acre farms was only \$555, the best ten farms of this size averaged \$1,227. Out of the "net income," of course, has to come clothing, fuel, groceries and lighting. The average cost of producing milk on the different farms varied from \$1.27 to \$3.72 per hundredweight, the difference arising largely from the fact that the cows varied from less than 4,000 lbs. to much more than 7,000 lbs. of milk per annum. These figures surely are suggestive enough. A farmer's income is evidently very much in his own hands, and poor farming means poor pay.

### Roman Catholics and the Peace Conference

**W**E are sorry to find the *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, so disloyal to the British Empire as to publish in its editorial columns, apparently with approval, the following quotation from the *Buffalo Times*: "President Wilson has for some time been eloquently preaching the 'Gospel of Humanity,' and yet, when he comes to the practise of what he has preached, he is found supporting the one power in the world that has been the historic exponent of 'man's inhumanity to man.'" Surely this is a most unwarranted and unmerited attack on the great "Mother of Nations"! And when it comes to deal with the Peace Conference, the editor of the *Register* seems fairly to froth at the mouth. He says: "The whole business up to the present has been done by representatives of five powers—England, France, Italy, the United States and Japan. Four of these are supposedly Christian nations, but the representatives sent to the conference are about the most un-Christian that could be found. Balfour, who for the wanton slaughter of unarmed people at Mitchelstown was called 'the Bloody,' in Ireland, and who is practically a professed atheist and super-aesthete, who cannot be expected to bring down the blessing of God upon his endeavors. Clemenceau, of France; Orlando, of Italy; and House, of the United States, are not men who are seeking the glory of God in anything they do. They are poseurs and seculars in the very worst sense, and some of them are actively hostile to true Christianity." And, speaking of Japan's participation, he gives the following vitriolic effusion: "Why the Shintoists and idolatrous Japs were given such a high place in the conference nobody knows, unless it was at the suggestion of the Evil One as a further insult to the Christian God." And when he comes to deal with President Wilson he can scarcely find words to express his disgust. "His chief role seems to be to throw the mantle of respectability over the shameful system of grab instituted by France, England and Italy. He has also been acting consistently in the role of Paul of Tarsus, holding the coats of the stone-throwers while they are pelting their victims to death! In his over-eagerness to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire for her, and in his timid, chary and unfriendly handling of the Irish issue, President Wilson seems to have sold himself body and soul to the English Tories, and to have resolved to stand by them, even if he has to swallow his own principles of 'self-determination' and 'autonomy of small nations.' That any permanent benefit to mankind can come from the deliberations of such a group is against all reason to expect." No doubt the *Register's* rage is due partly to the fact that the Pope has been so ignored by the Conference, and partly to the fact that Ireland has not been handed over to the tender mercies of the Sinn Féin; but we can scarcely conceive a more effective way of injuring both the cause of Ireland and the Roman Catholic Church than to attempt to stir up a religious animus against Britain, France, Italy and the United States, and especially by the attempt to stir up trouble between Britain and the United States. Apparently the Sinn Féiners in Canada would have no hesitation in embroiling the world again in another great war if thereby they could avenge themselves upon their most hated foe, Britain. But to see a Roman Catholic journal, which is not irresponsible but which speaks for the priesthood of a great Church, deliberately attack the Empire to which it professes loyalty is not an attractive spectacle.



## SERVICE AT COST

THE stand taken by the last General Conference in reference to service for profit has attracted very wide attention, and criticism, both favorable and unfavorable, has been very common. It is significant that in the present Dominion inquiry into labor conditions the investigating commission is meeting this same view in many different places, and it is certain that there is a growing body of public opinion back of the claim that big business and small business, public business and private, should alike be conducted with the idea of service dominant in the management, rather than the idea of profits.

One of the most recent converts to this theory is the Toronto Railway Company, which is supposed to be managed by Mackenzie and Mann. Yet this company is now publicly advocating what it calls "service at cost," which, if not identical with the General Conference proposal, is at least a very close relation. The company argues that the shareholder has a right to a moderate interest on his cash investment, but that all profits other than this should go into the extension and improvement of the service, and the fare charged the public should be simply the real cost of the service, including in that cost no heavy dividends, but simply a fair interest upon the *bona fide* investment.

We confess that we were rather startled at first to find the Toronto Railway Company had reached this advanced ground, but the company declares that this is the basis on which most of the great street railways upon this continent are now being operated. We do not care to discuss the matter as it concerns the Toronto Railway Company, for, unfortunately for the company, the public does not seem to have any too implicit confidence in them, and will probably refuse to take seriously what they say about themselves in this connection; but the fact that they have reached the point where they are ready to put forward such a theory is surely significant. It is clear that if this plan were adopted in all the great enterprises of the country, the crop of millionaires would be suddenly cut short, and the records of enormous profits in milling companies, paper manufacturing, meat packing and cold storage, etc., would never be repeated.

It is natural that this suggestion, running counter to the business instincts of a thousand years, and cutting sharply across the path that human greed and ambition would gladly travel, should awaken not only opposition, but bitter resentment; but the issue is clear-cut, and must be met with solid argument and convincing illustration. If the thing is impossible, it can't be done; if it is undesirable, it should not be done. But its impossibility or its undesirability must be established to the satisfaction of the multitude, or there will be an increasing demand for its incorporation into the economic life of the nation.

The question is, "Is it possible for a nation to live and thrive, and hold its own both at home and abroad, if the abolition of profits be believed in and practised?" Everyone recognizes that many schemes which appear well on paper are absolutely impracticable, and schemes which are intended to do good are sometimes found in practice to work ill. If this is one of these schemes it needs only to be demonstrated to be abandoned. But this has yet to be shown. There is no occasion for wholesale and violent denunciation, and there is no reason to complain if men to-day are inclined in their arguments to call a spade a spade. The war has brought men face to face with the realities of life, and there is no question that there is a determination on the part of many millions of men and women in all civilized lands to make this a better world for all the men who toil. And this determination is certain to change, perhaps revolutionize, our economic systems. If rightly and wisely guided we shall reach a better and fairer division of the world's wealth, and at the same time, probably, a state of unprecedented prosperity. But if the masses of men, under ignorant and unwise leadership, are led to espouse wild and impracticable economic theories, we shall quickly arrive at economic chaos.

We think that this, above all other periods, is the time when the wisest, best educated, most far-seeing, and withal most human and sympathetic, of our citizens, should bend their energies collectively to the task of so reconstituting our social structure as to preserve all its manifest advantages while eliminating as many as possible of its weaknesses. The world never had greater need of its Joshuas and its Lincolns, its Mazzinis and its Gladstones, than it has at this hour. And the Church of God must insist, in

season and out of season, that the new era to be ushered in must be one founded upon the Christ-law of universal brotherhood. This is no day for self-seeking and hate, for revenge and lawlessness; but rather for self-sacrifice, genuine brotherhood and law-abiding progress. The reforms which are due and overdue must be begotten in justice, and cradled in uprightness.

## ARE WE GOOD NEIGHBORS?

WE read last week that "no one can call himself a good Christian who is not a good neighbor," and we began to wonder just how this test would work if applied to the lives of many who really believe that they are good Christians. Of course we all know that Christ bade us "love our neighbors as ourselves," but it seems a little difficult to relate that command to the special neighborhood where we happen to live. No doubt it ought to apply to China, and Africa, and Russia, and even to distant parts of our own country; but to bring it down to our own backyard, and our own particular neighborhood, is, to put it mildly, a little bit embarrassing. And yet Christianity must surely mean neighborliness if it is to mean anything. And so, if we are going to be good Christians, it seems absolutely necessary for us to be good neighbors.

But just here we may as well admit that this test is one of the hardest and most searching that can be put to many a man. It is easy to get along with a man when we have nothing to do with him. It is easy to love a man when he is a thousand miles away. It is easy to be kind and patient with folks we never have dealings with. But when our neighbor's dog worries our sheep, or buries his bones in our flower-bed; when our neighbor's chickens scratch up our seeds as fast as we sow them and eat up our garden stuff as fast as it shows a green shoot above the ground; when our neighbor tries to put his fence a few inches, or rods, over on our land; when he, or she, borrows everything we have except our troubles; when he is too proud to work, too lazy to beg, and too tired to steal; when he has all the airs of a saint with none of his virtues; well, when this is the case, it surely tests our religion to be neighborly. Someone has said that it is difficult to tell whether or not a man is religious unless you have lived with him; but living next door to him is sometimes an eye-opener.

One of the very first claims of neighborliness is that we bear with our neighbor's faults. Of course a neighbor should not have any faults, or at least he should not have any that will affect us. That is why it is so easy to love people in far-off mission fields; their faults are not provokingly visible to us, and they do not seem anything like as bad when 10,000 miles away as they do when next door. The boy who is learning to play the cornet or the trombone is no trial to the man ten miles away, but he sometimes makes his neighbor very weary. But one of the very foundation-stones of neighborliness is patience with our neighbor's faults. Whether this is common or not let our readers say; but where it is lacking, the good neighbor is lacking.

We are very apt to insist that our neighbors have no claims upon us and we have none upon them; but this is the denial of all neighborliness. It is true that we should not annoy our neighbors and our neighbors should not annoy us; but it is true also that so long as we and they are human there is the possibility of annoyance. And yet there are certain pretty clearly defined limits beyond which patience ceases to be a virtue, and where as a citizen a man is almost compelled to insist upon his rights. Society as such cannot well exist unless there is a mutual recognition of obligation, and when the recognition is all on one side some cure is imperatively demanded. But even this may be done without losing our sense of neighborliness. It should be no hardship to any neighbor to respect the rights of his neighbors, and it is well that he should be made to do so. But even while this is true, we must not forget that there must be give and take on both sides.

And in every neighborhood the law of kindness should rule. There are not a few who are all too ready to appeal to the laws of the country, forgetting that there is a higher law, and that higher law is more effective than the law of force. Neighborliness can never rest merely upon the restraints of law nor the rights which the law assures; if it exists at all it must rest in large measure upon mutual kindness and appreciation. If we are good neighbors it is because we are good men; if we are not good neighbors, it is because we are not at heart good Christians; that is, we have not yet acquired the power to love our neighbors.

## SUPPOSE HE SHOULD STRIKE

WE have heard of certain ministers' wives who have threatened to go out on strike, though we have not seen the precise demands set forth, the granting of which would prevent that dire calamity. But somehow we have not become very much exercised over this threat. Wives of any kind do not make very formidable strikers, for if they did something would have happened long ago. There has been justification enough, as most husbands would have to admit if they would take an honest and unprejudiced review of the situation.

But suppose, if instead of the ministers's wives, the ministers themselves should go on strike! As matters stand in other lines of life a ministerial demand for shorter hours and an increased wage would not seem very much out of place. The printers just now are asking \$32 for a forty-hour week, with a fairly good prospect that they will get it or something very near to it. But there are hundreds of Methodist and other ministers in Canada who do not get \$32 a week, and as for a forty-hour week, twice that would come very much nearer to the mark in most cases. Yes, a ministerial strike would have as much to justify it as most other strikes have.

And yet we are not looking for it to come. And it is because we know it will not come, and that the average minister will not go so far even as to state his own case in the matter of salary, or plead his own cause to any degree, that we feel inclined to press the matter just a little insistently. The people, generally speaking, are not hard-hearted or mean in a matter of this sort, and they are not disposed to do or tolerate injustice; but, though well-disposed, they are sometimes thoughtless, and need a little, sometimes vigorous, reminding.

We think this is a fair putting of the case; if any minister's salary has not been substantially increased during the past two or three years, either one of two things is a fact—he was getting too much a few years ago, or he is not getting enough now. And we leave it to anyone, if the first supposition is a very probable one. And the Official Board that has failed to look at the matter in that way ought to begin right now to take that very view of it.

*The Congregationalist*, of Boston, has been putting up a very vigorous campaign for ministerial salary increases during the past months, its editor having given his readers no less than ten editorial appeals relating to the matter in as many issues of his paper. From week to week he has reported the names of churches or fields which have granted an increase of salary, and his list now of those making an increase since Jan. 1st, 1918, numbers 608 throughout the Congregational field. And quite appropriately he calls that list a "Roll of Honor." The increases range all the way from \$100 to \$1,000 a year, the average being a quite respectable sum. We wonder what the record in Canadian Methodism would be during the same period. We know that many circuits have done splendidly. If any have not done anything, it is more than time that they should take this matter up with real seriousness. That it is a serious and very important matter we are altogether convinced.

## BUILDING AN EMPIRE

IT is fitting that Canada should develop a feeling of nationhood and sterling independence. But it is also fitting that she should bear in mind that she is a part of what is in many respects the greatest Empire the world ever saw. Assyria and Babylon, Persia and Egypt, were great, greater than we now perhaps can realize; but they were nothing like the Empire to which we belong. And Rome in her palmy days was but a pigmy compared with Britain. And when we read the history of our Empire we are impressed by the fact that our forefathers have ever been lovers of freedom and sturdy defenders of the rights of man. There are blots upon our escutcheon, as we frankly admit; but it is true that in nearly every case where Britain has taken possession of a country it has been to make that country richer, freer and more intelligent. Britain has been a great colonizer, and her colonies have been successful largely because her rule has been just.

One of the marvels of our Empire is its apparent looseness and lack of cohesion. The idea of self-government has been carried to what more autocratic neighbors have deemed to be a most unwise and dangerous extent; and it has been prophesied again and again that this "rope of sand" would go to pieces in

the first breath of an international squall. But, strange to say, the colonies have done more for the Empire, unasked, than they would probably have done if pressure had been applied. The British Empire is the strangest experiment ever tried, and even yet wiseacres do not hesitate to tell us that an Empire so loosely constituted cannot hope to endure. But it may be that the wiseacres are mistaken now, as they were before.

In one respect the Empire is hardly an Empire at all in the old sense of the term, as Britain asks for nothing from her colonies, and receives nothing from them. She does not tax her colonies; she does not attempt to govern them; she does not interfere with their parliaments, their laws, nor their customs tariffs, even when they shut out her own goods; and yet she feels in duty bound to help defend each colony to the limit of her power. And yet this very unselfish conduct on the part of the Motherland seems to bind her colonies all the closer to her. It is true we have a few men, some of them in public life, who never lose a chance to find fault with Britain, her people, her customs and her government; but these men are relatively few. It is easy to pick flaws. It is easy to find fault. But a wise man, while not blind to the weakness of the British Empire, will find himself compelled to admire the lusty vigor of what some had deemed an effete race; and to praise most heartily the work that Britain has accomplished in making freedom possible to men. We esteem and admire other nations, but we must confess that for some hundreds of years the British nation has been the greatest world civilizing force amongst all the nations.

Is her work done and her story told? Surely the record of the past few years is sufficient answer. There never was quite such a world-crisis. There never was such a sudden and peremptory demand upon the nations to show what was in them; and never in all her history did Britain more fully vindicate her right to a foremost place in the councils of the nations. And every colony of the vast Empire shares in its hard-won glory. And the blood of every race which owns Britain's rule stains the plains of Flanders, or the sands of Arabia, to-day. In the world's greatest fight for freedom Britain was not found lacking.

And from the Empire is going forth continually a stream of holy influence, as her Christian Churches send out their missionaries and their benefactions to every corner of the world. We cannot pray for wider dominion, for already our flag floats on every sea and on every continent; we cannot pray for greater wealth, for this is not always a blessing and may easily prove a curse; we cannot pray for greater manufacturing supremacy, for this is not a test of true greatness; but we do pray for a fuller, clearer realization of the debt we owe humanity, that within our Empire may develop the highest civilization, that shall enthrone brotherhood instead of self, and shall esteem a man more precious than gold; while from this Empire shall be stretched a helping hand to every weak and struggling sister nation.

## OUR MENNONITE CITIZENS

THE Mennonites in Canada are a peculiar problem. The Canadian Government, in 1873, invited them into Canada, and set apart 184,320 acres in Manitoba for their use, promising them by Order-in-Council to allow the fullest exercise of their religion and the fullest control over their schools. The legality of this Order-in-Council is questioned, but at any rate it has shaped our policy, and now Dr. Oliver tells us that in thirteen Mennonite schools which he visited not one teacher out of thirty-two knows English well enough to teach it, and not one possesses any professional qualifications whatever. All the schools have backless seats, and none possesses maps, pictures, or charts. They sing, pray, read the Bible, and work a little at arithmetic and writing; and one of the teachers, with eleven children of his own, gets \$200 a year for his teaching.

Some of the younger Mennonites would like the Government to interfere, but so far nothing has been done. It certainly looks as though the present Canadian Government should notify our Mennonite friends that the Order-in-Council is no longer valid. The settling of foreign immigrants in solid blocks is bad enough, but when they have their own schools, in which little or no English is taught, the welfare of the future citizens of this country seems to demand that some change be made. We should deal kindly, very kindly, with these people, but we should insist that if they are to control their own schools they must at least have schools that are efficient.



# The Lifting of the Curtain

By:

W. J. Rose

ONE way of describing the march of civilization would be to call it the removing of barriers. A belief in one God certainly brings with it the conviction that some day, somehow, a sort of unity of all who name His Name must be realized. This is only possible when the "togetherness" of men has become more than a dream. But we must get to know one another before we can be friends.

The chief success of German politics and German culture has been this—that it has drawn a curtain for at least half a century across Europe, a curtain so dark that neither light nor knowledge could penetrate it. The thing has been going on for centuries, and began to shape itself as a policy from the days of Frederick the Great. It was Bismarck who made it into a science. Every department of life has contributed to it, even the organizing of the touring system, which was so complete that the visitor from the western world saw just what the authorities wanted him to, but had no chance of seeing the things they didn't want him to.

It is clear that only one result was possible. The whole group of larger and smaller nations lying between German Germany and Russian Russia, and reaching right down to Turkish Turkey, was slowly being driven, in its sordid isolation, to believe what the Germans told them—that their one hope of salvation lay in their accepting kultur with all its consequences, since no one else in the world (except Russia, which was Asiatic and barbarian) cared a hoot about them. Had it not been for a few courageous spirits, the task would have been accomplished long ago, and this war would have come too late. Some of these, such as Sienkiewicz, are gone to their rest; others, like President Masaryk, have come through the fight for their existence, and may still see years of service in a world that has become for all those peoples a veritable New Jerusalem.

This does not mean that the war as such has transformed Europe; far from it! Conversely war in itself never can transform anything except into ruins, as it has done this in Picardy and in wide reaches of Poland. But war does clear the ground, and it ripens human spirits for a sowing and a reaping of new and noble harvests. One of my friends in Ligotka put it all with his usual clearness in a small conference of religious workers, held just in the days of the revolution before and after Hallowe'en of last year. He said in effect:

"Europe is at this time exactly like a grand house that has changed hands. The new masters are not satisfied with the old plan, and are rebuilding it from top to bottom. The process is a difficult one; but it is the only way the place can be made to suit the wholly new temper which has come over our world!"

That pastor felt keenly that his people there were not able themselves to comprehend the sheer greatness of the changes that were taking place at that moment, and

are still going on. For those nations it means in very truth the lifting of the curtain which has kept them out of sight and out of mind in the world for generations, and for us in the new world it means the opening up of one-fifth of the human race, the part this war has set free, to all the influences for good which Anglo-Saxons can command.

The discovery of America by Europe was coincident with the dawn of a new age. No one will deny that the discovery of Europe by America can mean just as much as that other event. For as yet we are two worlds. The war has begun to draw us together. Let us see to it that the peace does not let us get severed again. I had the feeling while I was in London, during December, one wholly new to me, that the British capital, even at that time, was more important for the future of Europe than Paris. Let the treaty be signed where you will, but London is the place where the elbow rests whose hand will lift Europe out of her present disorder. England does not belong to Europe, and has not since the Great Charter. Now she must begin to belong again in a new way; and we must all begin along with her.

But London can do little unless New York, and Toronto, and Melbourne, not to mention other equally representative places, are behind her with sympathy that is real as well as avowed. And the work to which we are committed by the victory we have won is given to us when the collapse of German civilization, or uncivilization, has left a mighty vacuum, which the Anglo-Saxon world is bound to occupy. Whole peoples are holding out eager hands, not so much for visible gifts, though these, too, are needed, as for those invisible gifts which will help to build up the breaches and restore paths to dwell in in the things of the mind and the spirit.

Human relations, and those with God as well, float about between the extremes of fear and trust. Primitive religion is one tissue of terrors. Jesus Christ even as a child has no fear on earth, for He felt that wherever He was He was in His Father's house. Politics is no different. I shall never forget the frightened look which would come into the eyes of the Slovak children when we spoke to them on the roadside in the Carpathians, a few weeks before the war broke out. A Czech poet has a wonderful passage, in which he tells of an incident in the desert. The caravan is encamped for the night and supper is ready, when a commotion is heard among the drivers. Upon enquiry being made, they say they must move on at once. Why? Because there is a lion about. They admit that they have not seen him and that there are no traces to be found; but the camels are sure of it, and that camp must be struck. The faces of the men are full of a nameless dread—they cannot get over it.

Now the new map of Europe will remove the first cause of all this—political oppression. But two other kinds of oppression remain—that wielded by the Church and that wielded by industry and commerce. In some places the tyranny of religion has already been broken, to be replaced *pro tem.* by something just as godless as the other, which is, however, only a phase. The only good thing I can see in Bolshevism is that it will put an end to what is called clericalism, which, as Gambetta said long ago, is the enemy. The long-proclaimed goal of social democracy seems at last to be in view—the time when every person will be free to settle between his own conscience and his Maker whether he will make religion a reality in his life or not. This will mean the final lifting of the curtain, to let in light and air.

But let Anglo-Saxons beware of thinking that the peoples in question are "primitive" child-nations, without any measure of the thing we call culture. Far from it! The truth lies in another direction—that they had the finest elements of true culture long ago, but found themselves as trees are which grow up under the spreading limbs of others, which grow faster or stouter; only to find themselves denied "a place in the sun," or even crowded and choked out altogether. So that what might well have come to the fairest fruition was dwarfed and warped, and turned into a poison and a curse. Not one of the blessings which the Elizabethan age brought to England was not also shared by Poland—except the deliverance won by the disaster to the Spanish Armada. It was this which made the greatness of England possible in the days of her triumph over the principle of the divine right of kings. And the seventeenth century was as fatal to Poland as it was fruitful to England, just because no one was at hand to deliver her; she fell a victim to Jesuitism.

German kultur has collapsed. The two pillars on which the whole system rested, altar and throne, are gone. In Germany the Kaiser was head both of Church and of State. In Austria it was a case of the unhappy union of Kaiser and Pope, of Hapsburg and Vatican. The difference is immaterial. A Protestant pastor said to me in Warsaw: "We are not so much afraid here now of Catholic Jesuits as of Lutheran ones," referring to the experiences Poland had with the German army chaplains. The question is, what is to come in the place of all this? German educational system and theories are exploded, and forever. The German language is as barred from playing a part in the future of those peoples as is Siamese. But *natura abhorret vacuum!*

Everybody in the length and breadth of Central Europe is shouting for a chance to learn English! There was no end of complaints to be heard, even at the German universities in Austria in the last two years of the war, because no lectures in English were given. No such opportunity has existed in history. Millions of people are

anxious to study the living and thinking of the Anglo-Saxon race, if for no other reason than that it alone has availed to smash the power of the hated Prussianism and set the captives free.

Before the war there were only three Slav universities tolerated in Central Europe. With next October thirteen will be opened for work. In addition to these a still larger number of schools of practical science, commercial and agricultural colleges, etc., will be organized, as soon as means and men can be found. Now nothing will be so popular, nothing more necessary, at all these institutions than the teaching of English, lectures and study-courses in British and American ideals, whether political, social, commercial or religious. Most popular of all will be everything which can help in getting education on its feet and making it a possibility for the last and least in the community. The greatest of Reformation psychologists was the Czech Jan Komenski, apostle of the Moravian Brethren. It was Poland which possessed for a few short years, until Russia and Germany put an end to it, the first ministry of education in Europe, headed by men who were forerunners of Pestlozzi and Wilhelm von Humboldt. The finest treatise on education I have come across, which was a product of the last generation, is the work of a Polish engineer, who saw with marvellous clearness the cul de sac into which German education was leading, and pleaded for the liberty of British methods. I should add that I saw work being done in the schools of Warsaw three months ago which would be a credit to the most advanced pedagogy of the New World. Would to heaven that I had had such a schooling in my younger Canadian days! All this in spite of the fearful burden of the war.

But it is with religion as such that I want to deal briefly here. "Now that the recognized forms of church organization are crumbling we shall be able to win men for the gospel," said one man to me last fall. Certainly all organized religion has suffered a blow from which it can never recover. For its main business was not to prepare men to meet their God, but to keep them provided with just as much spiritual manna as would make them loyal, or at least subservient to the existing political order—but no more! For a pastor to insist on raising his voice in civic affairs in order to get an abuse redressed, or to maintain some moral principle, was to challenge the rights of the gendarmerie, which had long since constituted itself guardian of the morals of the nation. The Church was meant to prepare men for heaven, but certainly had no right to interfere in matters of earthly living!

The Churches of Calvin's Reformation in Bohemia and in Hungary had a certain connection with Switzerland and with Scotland, even to the right to send their young men on scholarships for a year to New College, Edinburgh, for theology. But the Lutheran connexions were reduced to the dire fate of taking all their teaching from German sources and in the German tongue. The Polish nation, though it possesses at least a million Protestants, has never had a place where its men could have a scrap of theological training in their mother tongue. Nothing was so calculated as this to cripple them for the life-work to which they were called of God. And when one considers the atmosphere of the German universities where these boys found themselves—chiefly the Vienna one!

One of my friends tells of how surprised the people were in Halle, where he was a member of the Student Christian Movement

circle, to learn that he was a Pole and see that he did not look like a Mongolian. Another had this experience with the leader of the circle at his university. The two were out walking, and my friend was telling something of the history of his people and their ideals in life. The German listened with interest, and finally remarked, "Yes, yes. You Poles are of noble blood. We can use you!"

How far such a diabolical purpose is removed from the lofty moral law of Immanuel Kant! And at last the day has come when the dangers are removed, the barriers are gone, the curtain is lifted. All that Protestant and many a Catholic in the lands of the Danube world has longed for will be possible. Czechs may realize the high aim their immortal Huss set before them, and Poles may recover the unity they have been robbed of for so long. This must be achieved in the field of religion if the country is ever to lift its head as a nation. For the Catholics it will be easier, although they are divided into two camps, and the writer hopes and believes that the progressive and not the reactionary party will prevail. The Evangelicals will have a harder task, but the more glorious. In Silesia all around Ligotka, the place where the Student Christian Movement House stands, there is grouped the only large body of them which has been able to maintain a measure of independence and call its soul its own. They are close to 100,000 in number, and have a few strong spiritual leaders. Only two things are to be desired—that the Peace Conference will not divide their territory, giving some of it to the Czechs for the sake of coal and a railroad, and that the Protestant world outside will lend a hand in the initial stages of reconstruction. If this is done the future is assured. And it will be a grand one.

## Walt Whitman as War Worker

By

C. A. C.

BIOGRAPHY, and even the autobiography of some people, has a delightful way of interposing, to the reader, between a man and his genius. It is ever so with the life of Stevenson, and scarcely less so with other occasional men, not least among them that of Walt Whitman, whose centenary occurs May 31st, 1919. Reading "Specimen Days in America," one quite forgets Walt Whitman, the poet, and his critics, in Walt Whitman, the man, and his tireless deeds of mercy and ministry during the American Civil War of 1861-65.

Whitman was born on a farm on Long Island, about thirty miles from New York city, of Dutch and English ancestry. "These ancestors," writes John Burroughs, "on both the paternal and maternal sides kept a good table, sustained the hospitalities, decorums, and an excellent social reputation in the country, and they were often of marked individuality. If space permitted I should consider some of the men worthy of special description, and still more some of the women."

Whitman's infancy, youth and manhood were all passed on Long Island, "which I

sometimes feel as if I had incorporated," he says. "Nothing of the varied life of the island, inland or mainland, seems to have escaped him, and always after it was his greatest delight to spend his holidays on his former island home. Years later he wrote:

"All along the islands and its shores I spent intervals many years, all seasons, sometimes riding, sometimes boating, but generally afoot, absorbing fields, shores, marine incidents, characters, the bay-men, farmers, pilots—always had a plentiful acquaintance with the latter, and with fishermen—went every summer on sailing trips—always liked the bare sea-beach, south side, and have some of my happiest hours on it to this day.

"As I write the whole experience comes back to me after the lapse of forty and more years—the soothing rustle of the waves and the saline smell; boyhood's times, the clam-digging, barefoot, and with trousers roll'd up; hauling down the creek; the perfume of sedge-meadows; the hay-boat, and the chowder and fishing excursions; or, of

later years, little voyages down and out New York bay, in the pilot boats."

While still but a lad Whitman went to work in a weekly newspaper and printing office at Brooklyn, to learn the trade. Later he taught school, returning to newspaper work as printer and writer—"mostly prose, but an occasional shy at 'poetry.' " Up to this time Whitman's life had been one of ceaseless activity and of a vivacious interest in music, literature, the opera, the drama, the everyday sights and sounds afforded by the varied life of New York and Brooklyn, and, not least of all, in people, particularly odd types and characters among all sorts and conditions of men.

In 1861 the Civil War broke out between North and South, and in December of the following year Whitman's brother, an officer in the New York volunteers, being severely wounded, Whitman hurried to the field of war in Virginia. For three years, until the close of the war, he devoted himself to voluntary and unremunerative war work among the sick, wounded and dying men of the army, both on the field and in the hospitals in and around Washington city. It is in these hurried, scrappy notes of his



war ministrations, jotted down without a thought of self-glorification or reward, that we get our truest glimpse of the real nature of Whitman—his unwearied faithfulness to his self-appointed task, his kindness, gentleness, judgment, tact, affection and ever-well-ing sympathy with the wounded, the suffering and the dying.

"From the first," he says, "I kept little notebooks for impromptu jottings in pencil, to refresh my memory of names and circumstances, and what was specially wanted, etc. In these I brief'd cases, persons, sights, occurrences in camp, by the bedside, and not seldom by the corpses of the dead. Some were scratched down from narratives I heard and itemized while watching, or waiting, or tending somebody amid those scenes. I have dozens of such little notebooks left, forming a special history of those years for myself alone, full of associations never to be possibly said or sung."

It is not our intention to reproduce the gruesome, pitiful scenes Whitman witnessed. Indeed, he himself does not needlessly emphasize them, mentioning them rather as a background for the bravery, courage and uncomplaining endurance of the hapless victims of that sanguinary conflict, among whom, he says, he found "courage and scorn of death the rule, exceptions almost none."

Whitman's first entry reads thus: "Falmouth, Va., Dec. 21, 1862. Begin my visits among the camp hospitals in the army of the Potomac. Spend a good part of the day in a large brick mansion on the banks of the Rappahannock, used as a hospital since the battle; seems to have received only the worst cases. . . . The large mansion is quite crowded upstairs and down, everything impromptu, no system, all bad enough, but I have no doubt the best that can be done. . . . I went through the rooms, upstairs and down. Some of the men were dying. I had nothing to give at that visit, but wrote a few letters to home folks, mothers, etc. Also talked to three or four who seem'd most susceptible to it, and needing it."

Later the same month he says: "I go round from one case to another. I do not see that I do much good to these wounded and dying; but I cannot leave them. Once in a while some youngster holds on to me convulsively, and I do what I can for him; at any rate, stop with him and sit near him for hours if he wishes it. Besides the hospitals, I also go occasionally on long tours through the camps, talking with the men, etc."

As Whitman's work became known, funds came in, and he writes: "Am now able to do a little good, having money (as almoner of others home), and getting experience. To-day, Sunday afternoon, and till nine in the evening, visited Campbell hospital. . . . went thoroughly through Ward 6, observed every case in the ward without, I think, missing one; gave perhaps from twenty to thirty persons, each one some little gift, such as oranges, apples, sweet crackers, figs, etc. . . . In Ward F supplied the men throughout with writing paper and stamp'd envelope each; distributed in small portions, to proper subjects, a large jar of first-rate preserv'd berries, which had been donated

to me by a lady—her own cooking. Found several cases I thought good subjects for small sums of money, which I furnished. (The wounded men often come up broke, and it helps their spirits to have even the small sum I give them.) My paper and envelopes all gone, but distributed a good lot of amusing reading matter; also, as I thought judicious, tobacco, oranges, apples, etc."

It would be impossible to give instances of the variety and extent of Whitman's services among the soldiers in briefer form than in his own hastily jotted down words, and nothing could better indirectly illustrate his solicitude and human interest in individual cases. No one better than himself seems to have realized the importance of physical fitness and a right mental attitude in dealing with the men; thus we find him taking excellent care of himself, body and mind, that he might render the more effectual service.

"In my visits to the hospitals," he writes, "I found it was in the simple matter of personal presence, and emanating ordinary cheer and magnetism, that I succeeded and help'd more than by medical nursing, or delicacies, or gifts of money, or anything else. During the war I possess'd the perfection of physical health. My habit, when practicable, was to prepare for starting out on one of those daily or nightly tours of from a couple to four or five hours, by fortifying myself with previous rest, the bath, clean clothes, a good meal, and as cheerful an appearance as possible. . . . Another thing became clear to me—while cash is not amiss to bring up the rear, tact and magnetic sympathy and unction are, and ever will be, sovereign still."

Returning to the notebooks, here are a few extracts gleaned from many entries made during the experiences of that strenuous period which Whitman years after referred to as "the most profound lesson of my life."

"When eligible, I encourage the men to write, and myself, when called upon, write all sorts of letters for them (including love letters, very tender ones). Almost as I reel off these memoranda I write for a new patient to his wife. Wants a telegraphic message sent. I agree to send the message—but to make things sure, I also sit down and write the wife a letter, and despatch it to the post-office immediately, as he fears she will come on, and he does not wish her to, as he will surely get well."

". . . I walked on to Armory hospital; took along with me several bottles of black-berry and cherry syrup, good and strong, but innocent. Went through several of the wards, and gave them all a good drink of the syrups with ice-water, quite refreshing—prepared it all myself, and served it around."

"One hot day, toward the middle of June, I gave the inmates of Carver hospital a general ice cream treat, purchasing a large quantity, and, under convoy of the doctor or head nurse, going around personally through the wards to see to its distribution."

"I stayed to-night a long time by the bedside of a new patient. . . . Evidently very intelligent and well bred—very affectionate—held on to my hand, and put it

by his face, not willing to let me leave. As I was lingering, soothing him in his pain, he says to me suddenly, 'I hardly think you know who I am—I don't wish to impose upon you—I am a rebel soldier.' I said I did not know that, but it made no difference. Visiting him daily for about two weeks after that while he lived, I loved him much, always kissed him, and he did me. In an adjoining ward I found his brother, an officer of rank, a Union soldier, a brave and religious man. It was in the same battle both were hit. . . . Each died for his cause."

"I am back again in Washington, on my regular daily and nightly rounds. . . . Dotting a ward here and there are always cases of poor fellows, long-suffering under obstinate wounds, or weak and dishearten'd from typhoid fever, or the like; mark'd cases needing special and sympathetic nourishment. These I sit down, and either talk to, or silently cheer them up. They always like it hugely (and so do I). Each case has its peculiarities, and needs some new adaptation. I have learnt to thus conform—learnt a good deal of hospital wisdom. Some of the poor young chaps, away from home for the first time in their lives, hunger and thirst for affection; this is sometimes the only thing that will reach their condition. The men like to have a pencil, and something to write in. I have given them cheap pocket diaries and almanacs for 1864, interleav'd with blank paper. For reading I generally have some old pictorial magazines or story papers—they are always acceptable. Also the morning or evening papers of the day. The best books I do not give, but lend to read through the wards, and then take them to others, and so on. In these wards, or on the field, as I thus continue to go round, I have come to adapt myself to each emergency, after its kind or call, however trivial, however solemn, every one justified and made real under its circumstances—not only visits and cheering talk and little gifts—not only washing and dressing wounds (I have some cases where the patient is unwilling anyone should do this but me)—but passages from the Bible, expounding them, prayer at the bedside, explanations of doctrine, etc. (I think I see my friends smiling at this confession, but I was never more in earnest in my life.) In camps and everywhere I was in the habit of reading or giving recitations to the men. They were very fond of it, and liked declamatory poetical pieces. We would gather in a large group by ourselves after supper, and spend the time in such readings, or in talking, and occasionally by an amusing game called the game of twenty questions."

In conclusion one cannot do better than give Whitman's own summary of his three years' work:

"During those three years in hospital, camp or field, I made over six hundred visits or tours, and went, as I estimate, counting all, among from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand of the wounded and sick, as sustainer of spirit and body in some degree in time of need. These visits varied from an hour or two to all day or night; for with dear or critical cases I generally watched all night. Sometimes I took up my quarters in the hospital, and slept or

watch'd there several nights in succession. Those three years I consider the greatest privilege and satisfaction (with all their feverish excitement and physical deprivations and lamentable sights), and, of course, the most profound lesson of my life. I can say that in my ministrings I compre-

hended all, whoever came in my way, Northern or Southern, and slighted none. . . . I was with many rebel officers and men among our wounded, and gave them always what I had, and tried to cheer them the same as any. I was among the army teamsters considerably, and, indeed, always

found myself drawn to them. Among the black soldiers, wounded or sick, and in the contraband camps I also took my way whenever in my neighborhood, and did what I could for them."

So much for Whitman the man; Whitman the poet is "another story" for the critics.

## Canada, the Church and the Future

An Interesting Interview with the Rev. Trevor H. Davies, D.D.

"WERE you at church yesterday?" said someone coming into the office one Monday afternoon not long ago. "The truth of the matter is that I came down town Sunday morning without the faintest intention of going to church," he went on; "but I happened to pass the Metropolitan about eleven, so I went in. And let me tell you, they've got a real preacher there. He stands up and talks to the congregation just as quietly as though he were speaking to you personally; and his voice is good, too. And he has something to say!"

Then there followed a synopsis of the previous day's sermon, which showed that one man at least, who did not attend church very regularly, had been impressed and helped.

In the pulpit Mr. Trevor H. Davies, pastor of the Metropolitan Church, is a quietly impressive figure. Rather under than over the average size, he yet impresses his personality upon his congregation. Never raising his voice, he at all times leads the service. His sermons not only compel thought and give comfort, but delight the ear as well with beautiful English, correctly spoken. He is, in every point, undoubtedly well fitted for his position.

Seen in his study, Mr. Davies loses none of his charm. Essentially a student, he is yet keenly awake to present-day questions. The problem of church attendance naturally came up early in the interview. Mr. Davies thought that no more people attend church now than before the war.

"I think," he said, "that there has been an awakening to religious interest of people who were not interested before, but I do not think it has expressed itself in church attendance."

Practical materialism was one reason given for this.

"I want to say," Mr. Davies went on, "that there are two reasons—the first is in the world, which lacks spiritual sensitiveness; and the second is in the Church, which is conscious of a sense of inadequacy to awaken the soul of the community. It is almost impossible to apportion the blame, but one acts and reacts upon the other."

Mr. Davies regarded the Church as not wholly to blame for the condition which marked the pre-war period. The intense materialism of the people and the lack of interest in spiritual things, he thought, had contributed their share towards producing the conditions which existed before the war. Going still farther, he said:

"The war has disclosed what I might describe as a marvellous development of religion outside the Churches."

Mr. Davies regards the Church in Canada as a greater force than in the Old Country.

It counts for more in the national life, he thinks, and, of course, the opportunity for it is greater, as it is working at the foundation of the national life. That it means more to the people, he also thinks.

Speaking of the problems of present-day business life, Mr. Davies was of the opinion that the present system of industrial competition would, sooner or later, be brought to an end.

"I believe that ultimately we shall look upon the spirit of competition as out of harmony with the Christian faith," he said.

In answer to a question as to whether this did not seem merely a dream of Utopia in view of the situation which now exists, Mr. Davies said that he thought men were already awakening to the fact that competition need not be a part of business life. The decision to give it up would grow out of an awakened conscience, he thought, pointing out that a hundred years ago good, Christian men not only justified, but were actually engaged in, the slave trade. Yet the public conscience awakened, and the time came when people looked with horror upon it.

"This is the first time that Christians have declared war to be incompatible with Christianity," he added, saying that it was his opinion that, as men were declaring war must be no more, so they would some day declare that unjust industrial conditions must end.

Asked as to the part the Church would play in these industrial reforms, Mr. Davies emphasized that the Church's mission was pre-eminently a spiritual one.

"This is my supreme conviction," he said. "The Church is here to create and to deepen a spiritual experience. It stands for the supremacy of the spiritual through the soul's sense of God. The elimination of God is ultimately responsible for the tragedy of the last few years. Whatever the Church does, she fails in her mission unless she deepens this sense of God in our lives. We want the Metropolitan Church to be primarily a spiritual force in the life of the community."

"Almost all our social and national problems depend upon the success of this mission," he continued. "Ultimately the League of Nations will depend upon the changed mind of the nations, or else it will fail, as the neutrality treaty failed."

Mr. Davies emphasized broad-mindedness and a wide vision of things which must be acquired by Christians if the Church is to measure up to the standard Christ set for it.

"When our Lord came to initiate the new age," he said, "what troubled Him most of all was the fact that people were quib-

bling about little things. He cried out, 'Ye blind guides!' We must have something in the Church corresponding to patriotism in the nation," he concluded.

This preacher, who has had, both here and in the Old Land, all the problems of a downtown church to deal with, and who has not had to resort to sensationalism to draw large congregations, says that he feels that there is a good spirit abroad in the country—an expectant and a hopeful spirit, coupled with a great desire to meet the new situation brought about by the war.

While emphasizing the paramount importance of the spiritual in church life, Mr. Davies is by no means blind to the obligation of social responsibility on the part of the Church. We shall have to create such a spirit and comradeship there that the men will go to church when they want company or help, he said.

In this connection it is worthy of note that between two and three hundred girls lunch daily in the dining-room of the Metropolitan Church, and it is planned to start clubs for young men as they return from overseas.

In the latter part of the interview Mr. Davies touched upon something akin to church union. Just before leaving England he had received an invitation to meet the Bishop of London, in order to discuss the possibility of closer union between Methodism and the Church of England. He regards the two bodies as much closer together in England than in Canada.

"It was gratifying to me," he said, "to find that so many of the leading dignitaries of the Established Church were already prepared to throw open their pulpits to Free Church ministers. At the present moment there is in the Old Country a larger interchange of pulpits between the Church of England and other Churches than I have found in Toronto."

The beautiful service at the Metropolitan is often a subject of comment among visitors to the church. The introduction of the Apostles' Creed and the excellent work of the choir form especially delightful features. In this connection Mr. Davies said:

"My idea is that we should have in our Methodist Church a service which combines the utmost reverence and dignity, together with the freedom and warmth which have always been characteristic of our Church."

Mr. Davies came here from Holly Park Church, London, and had previously occupied pulpits in Manchester, Stockport, West London Mission, Edinburgh and Southport, remaining nine years in the latter place. He is a Welshman, the son of a Welsh minister, entering the ministry himself in 1895. He was educated at Didsbury College.



# Rival Tendencies in Labor Movements

By  
Ernest Thomas

LANGUAGE veils as well as reveals thought. Words, names and phrases, if misunderstood, make the free intercourse of souls only more difficult. Especially is this true in the attempt of labor organizations to convey their real aspirations and programmes to people who do not share the working-class spirit. Labor men are reasonably annoyed when at this date men of respectable education use interchangeably words which stand for widely-separated movements—as when socialism, communism and Bolshevism are grouped together. But beside culpable ignorance there is much natural misunderstanding, and the purpose of this note is not to advocate, but merely to interpret, the spiritual movement represented by current phrases.

"The right to organize." This is fundamental, and the claim to this right will always be treated as non-debatable. Any attempt to deny it in any one sphere will invite resistance from the whole body of organized labor. Why? In 1795, when the industrial revolution was in its infancy, clear-visioned men said that vast perils were involved, and the British Parliament was asked to protect the standard of living by fixing a minimum wage. For many years this was refused, on the ground that competition between laborers would bring wages to their natural level. Then labor began to organize, so as to eliminate this destructive competition, and at once laws were passed making such combination a criminal offence. The State would not protect nor allow the workers to protect themselves. The anti-combination laws no longer exist on the statute books, but the mentality which inspired them in 1808 still lingers to confront the world of 1919. Is it strange that we have collision between the world which is determined to come and a world which declines to retire? Now Britain is declaring by statute more than was asked for in 1795, and the right to organize has become the duty of organization at the nation's request. But is it wonderful if, in such conditions, the demand that labor trust the justice of Parliament carries little weight, in view of the fact that it has taken a century and a quarter to recognize the justice of the claims made for labor in 1795?

"The closed shop." This suggests all the horrors of a new despotism. Why should men be forced to join a union? Why should employers not choose what men they like as employees? Two answers come. First: An employer cannot be regarded by a Christian as "owning his business." The "business" is an affair of human activities and relations. The Peace Treaty declares that labor is no longer to be regarded as a commodity; and this labor, as well as the co-operation of consumers, is essential to the business. The employer is one trusted with the organization and direction. If he interprets this as ownership he will conflict with Christian standards. But while he interprets his powers as held in trust for general welfare, then indeed he may claim the right to select his helpers. But this leads to the second answer. Seeing that

the improvements in the living conditions of labor are brought about mainly by those who in unions accept the cost, responsibility and risk of the struggle, is it fair that these benefits should come to workers who decline to share the cost, responsibility, or risk? Is it well that large numbers of men stand detached from the organized life of the class instead of contributing thought and influence?

"Recognition of the union." When employers deal with their employees through the officials of the union organization they recognize the union. This simply guards the right of collective bargaining. No free contract can be made on equal terms between one man dependent for a living on another man's good-will, and this other man holding the weapon of unemployment in his hand. Free contract in labor imperatively demands the right of men to be represented by an official not in the pay of the employer. The demand of many employers to deal only with their own men would eliminate the disinterested but expert aid of the detached union official. Such demand in Britain, with the effort at discrediting union officials, has aggravated the difficulty by leading employers to deal directly with "rank and file," revolts which have proved least amenable to discipline.

The British Government has adopted as basal in British policy the requirement that all labor be fully organized, that employers be united also in unions of their own, and that each great industry be governed by a National Industrial Council, composed of equal representation from labor and employers' unions. Over all a Labor Council sits, with four hundred members as the final voice of British industrial organization. This will speak with final and compelling authority to Cabinet and Parliament. This is now part of the British Constitution; and Canadians are still fighting for freedom to achieve effective organization. Such opposition makes directly for extremist measures of revolt. Positions of responsibility alone can develop sense of responsibility.

"Industrial unionism." The old-time craft unions combined the workers of some particular trade. This tended to leave masses of unskilled laborers unprotected. Then unions were formed for these men. But such unions were comparatively weak. This weakness led to the proposal that the more expert, wealthy and disciplined workers merge with the less skilled. Then in a shipyard, for instance, the unit would not be the carpenters or the boilermakers, but would be the industry itself. This leads to the proposal made at the Calgary convention to form "The One Big Union."

Certain advantages are obvious, but the policy demands high self-renunciation on the part of skilled unions possessing large reserve funds and benevolences. Perhaps the demand for self-renunciation is so great

as to be fatal to the project. But it is not for Christians as such to denounce the policy. On the other hand, it centralizes control of labor and gives power to make a terribly effective strike. The last consideration awakens grave misgivings with all who resist industrial self-government.

But how shall labor assert itself and gain effective freedom?

Socialism proposes that all the indispensable means of production, motive powers and transportation shall be collectively owned and democratically controlled. This would deprive private owners of the existing power to prevent a worker getting a job. But socialism does not propose the equal distribution of wealth. This forms the programme of communism.

From the first socialism was international, and it sought to promote "class consciousness." By this is meant that members of the working class should be more conscious of oneness with the working class in other countries than of citizenship in their political nation. This tends to act as a solvent to patriotism of the nationalist type; but it would be unjust to say that socialism is unpatriotic. In fact, it awakens a devotion, religious in intensity, for its own patria; but that patria is an international group united by common aspirations rather than a political or geographical unit.

Socialism, however, looks to gaining its ends by political means—securing by the ballot a majority in each national Parliament. Thus it is definitely opposed to movements which simply ignore the political State and set in its place a purely industrial organization, as in Russia.

"Syndicalism" voices distrust of political action, and looks for working-class control by means of "direct action" in the industrial sphere. It assumes the fundamental fact of existing conditions to be "the class war" in which, despite any amount of personal good-will, the interests of workers and of those who employ them for profit are irreconcilable. Therefore syndicalists regard all negotiation as worse than useless, because lessening party discipline and obscuring the sharpness of the class issue. Pressure may be exerted by making production under existing conditions unprofitable; by sabotage or injury to machinery; and finally, by a general strike.

The question confronts constructive thinkers: Shall we co-operate with labor in providing industrial councils, in which labor will have a voice in governing industry, and thus open the way for further changes brought about by co-operative effort? Or shall we encourage the workers to look to political action by facilitating the election of sufficient labor representatives to councils and Legislatures? Or shall we, by obstinately "standing pat," drive labor into the paths of syndicalism? This last way leads to Bolshevism. The others are incompatible with Bolshevism. Constructive reform, sufficiently radical to be effective, is the one choice—violent upheaval is the alternative. Delay in adopting the first invites the advent of the second.



# THE HOME AND ITS OUTLOOK



## A Prayer at Planting Time

Now I shall make my garden  
As true men build a shrine,  
An humble thing where yet shall spring  
The seeds that are divine,  
Since each a prayer I sow them there  
In reverential line.

Oh, little is my garden space,  
But great the prayer I pray;  
With every seed against earth's need  
That men may sow to-day,  
My hope is thrown, my faith is sown  
To make the harvest gay.

Oh, gardens spacious, gardens small,  
For you my prayer is said:  
That God's own hand may touch the land  
And give His people bread,  
As once before on that far shore  
His multitudes were fed.

—Theodosia Garrison, in "Good House-keeping."

## An Old-Fashioned Sunday School Picnic

BY GEORGIA M. COOK.

The kiddies and mother were sitting around the supper table one evening, and, daddy being absent, they were begging for a story from her before they cleared away the dishes.

"Please tell us something you did when you were a little girl," coaxed Eleanor, the oldest of the flock. "I just love to hear what you tell about the good times you had in the country in those early days out west. Seems as if nothing worth while ever happens in the city; it's always the same, summer and winter, and the kids never have the kind of fun you used to have."

Mother smiled, but a far-away look came into her eyes. She had told her little folk many a tale of the days when she was a little girl, and knew their keen delight in those stories of early joys and hardships, struggles and successes. The magic words, "when I was a little girl," were ever the signal for a brightening of little faces and a chorus of pleas from little lips.

"Oh, mother, tell us about it; please do."

This particular supper-time the children had been telling about the coming Sunday-school picnic from the big city church out to the big city park, and there was talk of "special street cars" and promised "motor cars to take as many as were at the church by ten o'clock"; and there was the usual begging for "nickels" for "ice cream cones" and so forth.

And through the hubbub of their planning mother got to "thinking backward," and made the remark:

"When I was a little girl we used to have great old picnics."

Then it was that Eleanor had put in her plea for a story of those (to her) wonderful far-off days, and, to her delight, mother said:

"Now if you kiddies will promise to keep still, and to do the dishes without coax-

ing or scolding as soon as I'm done, I'll tell you all about one of the picnics I went to when I was a little girl."

Eagerly the promise was given, and mother began her story.

"One Sunday along in May, about the year eighteen hundred and ninety, our Sunday-school superintendent got up, just before time to close, and said:

"Well, children, isn't it about time we planned for our annual picnic?"

"A chorus of 'Oh, yes, please,' was the answer.

"Then 'When shall it be?'"

"One of the officers or a teacher suggested a date some time about the middle of June.

"All in favor, hands up.' No dissent to this: then the question, 'Where shall we have it this year?'"

"Instantly we all shouted, 'Musgrove's grove; Musgrove's grove.'"

"This suits everybody, so the next thing is the appointing of committees; the wagon committee, to see about wagons to take all those who could get to the church, but had no way of getting out to the grove, a drive of several miles. There was a refreshment booth committee—ice cream, orange and lemonade booth, with candy and nuts as side lines; the committee of ladies to look after the tables; the sports committee, to arrange for the various games, confests and prizes. Say, kiddies, take a look at me; do I look like a person who ever won a prize in a foot race?" She laughed so heartily at the imaginary picture of her solid two hundred pounds in a "sprint" that they all laughed too.

"Well, I did, and I've got it yet, a little autograph album, and there are names in it of two of three ministers now in our big church here in the city.

"But the picnic—I almost was forgetting that. After all committees were appointed the superintendent announced:

"Meet at the church at nine-thirty, and everybody bring baskets; and, girls, don't forget the bachelor boys. Cook extra for them, you know."

"Well now, youngsters, those next two or three weeks were so long we children just couldn't help thinking someone must have tied lead to the legs and wings of every blessed minute. Oh, they went so slow! We longed for each night to hurry another day away. But the night before the picnic came at last. How anxiously we studied the almanac's wonderful weather forecast, as well as the appearance of the setting sun that evening, to see if it would promise us a fair day to-morrow.

"Oh, dear, it's all clouded over," someone wails about bedtime.

"And then, away in the middle of the night, a rush of wind, a flash, thunder, and a heart-breaking sound (to picnickers).

"It's raining"; and a despairing silence. But sleep comes, then daylight, and—"it's raining!"

"Still we hope; it's only six o'clock, and we know the old rhyme,

'Rain before seven,  
'Twill clear before eleven.'

So everyone gets up; the boys feed the horses, for we have a ten-mile drive in a lumber wagon, and we must pick up neighbors and baskets on our way. Big spring seats and extra boards, with blankets for cushions, hay and oats for the horses—all is got ready, and then, O joy! Our faith is rewarded, the rain has stopped, and it's only six-thirty. Clouds seem a little lighter, and everybody is beginning to scan the sky for a patch of blue in the north, for, as Jim remarked, 'You know, if there's a patch of blue in the north-west, big enough to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches, it will clear up soon.'

"Sure enough, by seven the patch of blue is there; by seven-thirty the radiant morning sun is shining on a freshly-washed and glorious June prairie; the little, anxious, worried hearts are dancing with joy, and somehow, miracle of miracles, mother (your grandma, I mean) has managed to get a family all ready, breakfast over, dishes washed, the huge baskets and boxes of lunch ready, and by nine o'clock we're off! Grandpa is driving, with grandma beside him, and the baby of the family (that's me, kiddies) tucked in between them. The others occupy the other seats; suits are tidy and pressed, dresses and ribbons crisp and fresh, sashes fluttering; everybody is happy.

"That drive; oh, how I wish I could give you kiddies a day like that some time." And all at once mother's eyes looked a bit suspiciously bright and glistening. But she smiled at the eager faces around the supper table, and went on:

"What a delight it was to drive along those moist country roads that deliciously sweet June morning. Sweet because it was just the time when the wild roses were filling the air with their fragrance, mingling with that delicate perfume that is given out from the sweet-scented grass, and the heavier odors from the wolf-willows and clover. Often we would stop to gather a bunch of June roses, so lovely that it seemed as if we just couldn't pass them by. Or we would drive up to some waiting neighbor's door, with merry shouts of 'All aboard for the picnic; bring along your baskets.' And, by the way, you'll hear more about those baskets later on.

"On we went, filling up the old wagon with a jolly crowd, at every stop the little bay broncho, Dan, giving a real circus exhibition as, with the noise and confusion, his wild prairie spirit grew more and more excited. His sober mate, a quiet, old herd-pony, had all he could do to keep his restless companion in control at all, and I remember I used to tell daddy I thought Dan was on rubber balls instead of four good pony feet. But finally, about eleven



o'clock, we arrived at the picnic grounds, along with other vehicles thronging over the hill. From every direction they were coming—wagons, buggies, buck boards—"

"Buck boards, mamma," said mother's namesake, little Georgina; "whatever is that?"

So mother had to stop and explain, and if any of you young readers do not know what a 'buck board' is, or was, you just ask your grandpa, or uncle, or anyone else who used to travel our prairie trails thirty years ago. Maybe they own a Hupmobile, or a McLaughlin Six, or whatever they call it, now; but I'll venture to say they haven't forgotten the old-time "buck board."

Mother continued her story. "Some came on horseback, some on bicycles, some on foot; but over that hill and down into the ravine they streamed, till hundreds of laughing, shouting, joyous boys and girls, and almost as noisy grown-ups, had congregated in the little grove, and the day of merriment had begun. I can see in my mind's eye the very spot where we drew up by a clump of poplars, unhitched Dan and old Pete, and tied them to the wagon; and while daddy got out the boxes and 'baskets, and pails and dishes, all we younger fry went under mother's inspection; a tie was put straight here, a bit of brushing there, ribbons were retied, hats and dresses straightened out, while we just *ached* to 'get into' whatever might have started. I have had some good times, but oh, those picnics in Musgrove's grove! There never was such a wonderful place, and I'm sure there never will be again. I've seen bigger hills, I've crossed wider rivers, I've picnicked under the stately elms in old Kildona Park; but that tiny, babbling brook down there, which we kiddies skipped across in two steps on two big flat stones, and yet was so wide that big sister had to cling to the assisting hand of someone's big brother to safely cross, was a real source of joy to us then.

"Someone has said 'It is better to live in a cottage and have a Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at,' and I guess it's so. Was there ever such fun as the games we played?—the older boys football and baseball; the great swings; the races—fat men's race, old ladies' race, old men's race, babies' race, potato and 'egg and spoon' races, three-legged and wheelbarrow races, 'thread the needle' races, and just plain races. There was croquet for the quieter folk who enjoyed that game; but even grandfathers and grandmothers caught the spirit of play, and the fun grew more hilarious, until the sound of a big dinner-bell called us all, hot, dishevelled, hungry and thirsty, but tingling with happiness, under the shelter of the little grove of poplar trees, which was 'the grove' to all the young folks for miles around.

"And right here, kiddies, I'm afraid the job is going to be too big for me," and mother's eyes were laughing. "That picnic dinner—just shut your eyes and see if you can see it while I tell about it. Long tables of boards, covered with our mothers' best tablecloths, the corners weighted with stones to keep the June breezes from running away with them. And all those mys-

terious boxes and baskets had been emptied of their lavish, delicious contents, and the tables were a sight to make hungry folks' mouths water with teasing anticipation.

"Let me see; we had salads—chicken salad, cabbage salad, celery salad, beet salad, and every other kind of salad. Not one tiny teaspoonful on a lettuce leaf, you know, but great big generous bowls, and we could eat all we wanted to—and we wanted to.

"Then the meats—cold roasts of ham, beef, turkey and chicken, in great, tempting slices, to go with the salads, with devilled eggs on the side. And the sandwiches—not a scared little lettuce leaf between two tissue-paper thicknesses of bread, but real, eatable sandwiches of ham, salmon, beef, and eggs, and we just never did have enough of those home-made bread-and-meat sandwiches.

"And we had pies—oh, dear me! Say, are you kiddies hungry?" as a chorus of "M-m-m-yum yum," greeted mother's recital. "Pies of every kind and color—apple pies, lemon pies, cream pies, raisin pies, custard and pumpkin pies, pies big and little, but every one fat and luscious. How those bachelor boys used to see which one would get Nell's lemon pie, or Mary's cream pie. They knew their own special kind of pie—I suppose they must have tested that kind somewhere beside 'at the picnic.'

"And the cakes! Name your favorite; we had it there. Fruit cake, marble cake, gingerbread, chocolate layer cakes, layer cakes of every kind. One, I remember, we called 'sister's best,' and its four layers of delicate creamy cake, filled with a rich lemon custard and topped with a half-inch frosting, sprinkled with coconut, was a dainty to be remembered with delight and a longing for more. There were spice cakes; fat, tempting doughnuts, rolled in sugar; tarts and cookies of every kind you read about in cookery books; and scattered generously among the other good things were jams, jellies, pickles, crisp red radishes, young tender onions (we're more *refined* nowadays, but those fresh onions were real appetizers), cheese, home-made bread and butter, and even soda biscuits, just for fear we might not have enough of other eatables.

"How we ever lived through one of those lavish picnic dinners, accompanied by hot tea and coffee (enriched with real country cream), which the men-folk of the 'dinner committee' supplied from large boilers kept hot on real camp-fires down by the tiny brook I told you about, I really can't imagine. But we did, and 'topped it off' with oranges, ice cream, lemonade, nuts and candies—if we had nickels and dimes, we little ones, and if sister's beau was of a generous mind, for these dainties were sold at the little refreshment booth, and didn't belong to the dinner donations I've described.

"More games followed, and after the day was spent we had supper, almost as lavish as dinner; and then the hot, tired, sticky and sleepy babies were once more bundled up, and their equally hot and tired mothers got into waiting vehicles and hushed their fretful cries; weary, but happy, crowds of

boys and girls climbed into wagons, with ribbons and dresses and suits all ready for the morrow's washtub. Bigger boys escorted shy sweethearts to their waiting buggies; fathers and mothers gathered up the remains of the feast worth taking home, packed up boxes, baskets, pails and dishes; put away the croquet sets; big brothers hitched the horses to the wagon, and by now a big, round June moon was peeping over the hill. Presently the stream of horses and wagons, buggies, buck boards and bicycles wound up out of the ravine and over the hill, and only the shy squirrels and saucy little gophers stayed behind to enjoy the unusual feast left for them.

"Out across the sweet-scented June fields, with their fragrant roses and clover blossoms, we scattered. Some of us went soberly and quietly happy, others making the glowing night ring to the old-fashioned southern melodies, such as 'Swanee Ribber,' 'Ole Black Joe,' or 'My Old Kentucky Home.' Now and then a venturesome lad would race with a neighbor lad, to prove the superior mettle of his 'driver' for the benefit of 'the lassie by his side'; and all were happy with that unalloyed joyousness that comes with a day of pure, innocent fun and frolic."

Mother had got a bit dreamy in her memories, when she was suddenly brought back to present-day affairs as her oldest "young hopeful" remarked, in rousing, envious, city-bred tones:

"Gee, mother, but I wish we had some of those *eats* at our picnics."

### "He Cured My Hogs"

"I don't know about his theology, but I do know that he cured my hogs. I'm for him."

It was thus that a member of the Lakeville, Ohio, Methodist Episcopal Church justified the theory that if the country church would do more for country people the people would respond and do more for the church. About five years ago Charles McConnell went down there, fresh from a theological school. When McConnell reached the place—a cluster of houses and a railroad station near Wooster, Ohio, he found an emaciated church, and an epidemic of hog cholera. He found also that the farmers were worrying little more about the church giving up the ghost than they were about their hogs dying. So the young pastor began to preach a rather lively brand of religion. Then he sent to the State university for some cholera serum. Both preaching and medicine began to take effect.

Two of the members met one day. They pulled up hub-to-hub to chat a bit about the preacher. One of them expressed some doubt as to his theology. It was then that the other made the above observation.

Five years now McConnell has worked here. The country is dotted with abandoned churches, but Lakeville Methodist Episcopal flourishes. It is the social, religious and instructional centre for the entire countryside. It boasts the 'only moving picture outfit within several miles. It has a community memorial hall, dedicated to the lads from Lakeville section who helped clean up the world in the Great War.

Hogs were only one of the things the farmers were losing money on from unfamiliarity with modern methods. So McConnell arranged with the State university for a series of farmers' institutes. They are held at the church. Since they were begun the farmers have better orchards, better cattle, better crops, and the prosperity is reflected in better health, better babies, better homes and barns—and a better church.

Progress seldom comes easy. McConnell, for instance, began to talk a new church almost as soon as he arrived. The more optimistic said he might raise as much as \$1,500 toward one. He started a campaign—and got about \$400.

Then he took the bull by the horns. He learned that a church of another denomination twenty-two miles away was to be sold. He bought it at auction on his own responsibility, outbidding the farmers who wanted it for a cowshed.

He hurried back to Lakeville and summoned his Official Board. "I bought that old church at Killbuck the other day," he told them. "I paid \$448 for it. Since then I've been offered over \$800 for it. If you want it you can have it for the price I paid. Then we'll go down and move it up here and put up that addition to the church I've been talking about for so long."

Here, apparently, was a bargain, the Official Board decided. They went down to Killbuck with tools and teams, tore down the church and hauled every splinter the twenty-two miles to Lakeville. It rose as the Lakeville Memorial Hall.

But what are the spiritual results? They are the greatest of all. They are the first things you note as you approach Lakeville in the pastor's Ford. He calls your attention to a comfortable farmhouse. Prosperity is written all over the place.

"It wasn't always that way," says McConnell. "Less than five years ago that man was addicted to strong drink. He was gloriously converted in our revival services two or three winters ago. Now he's a pillar in the church."

In fact, the whole countryside has been regenerated spiritually. Seventy-five youngsters crowd the Sunday school every Sabbath, while the church now numbers eighty active—almost militant—members.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

## Cameos and Their Family Tree

If you chance to possess a good cameo, prize it, for its ancestry traces back to the dimmest of dim ages. Five centuries before Christ, amid the scarabs and the scaraboids, the cameo began to edge its way into favor, appearing first on the reverse side of intaglios. The intaglios, it may be mentioned, were carvings or incisions on gems, etc., but not in relief, and which gradually gave place to the cameo. In those "high and far-off times" cameos were pierced and hung as pendants around the neck of royalty, though some of the ancient ones would have done duty as breastplates, judging from their size.

There are only about twelve fine antique cameos in existence. These were not ex-

cavated; but have been preserved in imperial and ecclesiastical collections, passing from these to the national and royal collections of Europe. There are some splendid specimens at Petrograd and Vienna, dating from the third century, B.C., and this form of art was made much of in the Roman Empire during the first century.

The material most used for these was the onyx and sardonyx, sometimes called banded stones, because of the different-colored strata of which they were composed. The onyx stone is black and white or brown only, while the sardonyx has other and warmer tones.

There are two specimens of ancient cameos that are famous, the great agate of the Sainte Chapelle, in the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris, and the Augustus cameo in the Vienna collection.

The former is a sardonyx of five different layers, and of irregular shape, as all antique cameos are, twelve by ten and one-half inches in size. When we reflect that twelve inches make a foot, we realize that this is a jumbo among cameos. However, it is none too large for the scenes that are depicted on it. On the upper portion, deified members of the Julian family appear. The centre portrays a reception given to Germanicus on his return from his great German campaign, by Tiberius and his mother, Livia. The lower division shows captives in attitudes of woe and dejection.

The Vienna gem is thought to be more artistic in workmanship. It is an onyx, eight and five-eighths by seven and one-half inches in size. The upper part bears an allegorical representation of the coronation of Augustus, the emperor, as Jupiter, and Livia as the goddess Roma. Deities of earth and sea and members of royal family occupy the centre of this picture stone. Below are Roman soldiers preparing a trophy, barbarians, captives and female slaves.

In the fifteenth century this gem was at Toulouse, placed there, tradition claims, by Charlemagne. In the sixteenth century Emperor Rudolph obtained possession of it for the enormous price of twelve thousand ducats. One cannot help conjecturing as to whether the man who executed that wonderful piece of workmanship received anything like an adequate compensation for it.

The principal cameo in the British Museum is a sardonyx, eight and three-fourths by six, and appears to be some emperor and empress representing Serapis and Isis.

Gem engraving waned in the early part of the third century, B.C. Later it was briefly revived under the first Christian emperor, Constantine. There is one fine cameo portrait of him extant. Scripture subjects, such as the lamb, ship, anchor, dove and Good Shepherd, began to appear at this time, but the work was rude and inartistic.

During the Dark Ages cameos were used chiefly for reliquaries and altar furniture, and were purely scriptural or ecclesiastical in design. Also the motto, or complimentary cameos, having only inscriptions and ornamental borders, came into favor. The cameo at that period was held in a sort of

superstitious reverence, and was thought to possess healing properties.

The sixteenth century brought another revival in cameo work, and some products of this period rank with antiquities in beauty. Shells began to be used at this time because of the scarcity of the Oriental substances of which most of the ancient cameos were cut.

The cameo seems to have had as many comebacks as the cat, for interest in it was again revived in the eighteenth century—which is getting out of the shades of antiquity and a little nearer to our own time.

There is nothing of value in the world that has not its counterfeits and imitations, and the genius of man that can manufacture "antique" furniture in unlimited quantities can, of course, fake ancient cameos. The faking is not confined to modern times, either; but began a good while ago. It takes something akin to real art to imitate antique cameos. They were carved from rich, warmly-tinted stones, and were frequently drilled through with a minute hole to allow them to be worn as pendants. The work was done in lower relief than later cameos, and the projecting portions were dull and chalky looking from age. The enterprising imitators stuffed their stones into the gizzards of turkeys to give them this antique look.

Some of the ancient stones were signed with the engraver's name, and these signatures were also counterfeited. It became extremely difficult to distinguish the genuine from the imitation, and after a thorough sifting of the subject it was decided there were only about fifty genuine signatures extant. This was proved in cases where the signatures were in relief—as a part of the design—and where the specimens were known to be so old that the signatures could not have been forged.

Cameos of glass are as precious as any because of the fragility of the material and the great difficulty in carving it. It would be practically impossible to counterfeit a carved glass cameo, though casts could be made of them.

There are the commonest kind of plaster-of-paris imitation cameos, the design flat and lifeless in appearance, and easily detected from the hand-carved sort after a little observation. One characteristic of the former is that the delicate curve of the nostril on the head designs are never hollowed out—a little thing that makes a great difference in the appearance of a cameo.

It is an interesting sight to watch a cameo cutter at his work—and a rare one, too, for there are few of these workmen nowadays; and fewer still who carve cameos by hand. If the carving is to be from a shell, he selects a rough queen conch perhaps, with its rose-pink inner surface, and on its slightly rounded cheek draws his design with a pencil. Then, with his sharp-pointed tools that remind us of the picks with which the dentist gouges into our teeth, the carver chips away the shell from about the oval until it stands up in high relief. The design on the oval is worked out in the same manner.

If a pink background is desired, the oval is cut back to the pink layer of the shell, and the design worked out in the white



layer next to it. The same process is employed with the helmet shells whose layers are black and white and greyish white. When the carving is complete it is oiled and polished, and mounted in various ways. Onyx, being a very hard substance, requires diamond-pointed tools for cutting.

A real hand-carved cameo of artistic design, even if made of shell, costs \$50. When the delicacy of the carving is considered, and the fact that dozens break in the making, or are marred in some trifling detail, the price for a perfect specimen will not seem too great.

Portrait cameos naturally call for more skill in drawing as well as cutting, and if a fair lady can secure a recognizable likeness of her face on a cameo she has at least something that is rare. I have seen a few very good portrait cameos.

Many cameos follow the subjects of ancient mythology in design, and the classic conceptions of goddesses lend themselves very beautifully to this branch of art. I have in mind several very lovely hand-cut cameos of this kind. There is Ceres, her beautiful head crowned with exquisitely-carved heads of wheat; Bacchante, framed in tiny clus-

ters of grapes and leaves; and Flora, garlanded with flowers.

In days gone by the gift of a cameo of this sort conveyed also the wish that there might descend on the recipient the bounty of vine or harvest, or whatever blessing the goddess carved on this particular cameo might have the copyright on.

One beautiful adaptation of the cameo idea was by Josiah Wedgewood, who introduced the method of making imitation cameos on his pottery by producing white figures on colored grounds.—*Dephia Phillips*, in "The Junior Herald."



## FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



### A May Message

O May, sweet May!  
If only you would stay!  
If life could only be  
One glorious symphony  
Of green leaves newly set,  
Of bud and bloom! And yet—  
Fruition's joy to miss  
From out our lives! Ah, this  
Doth reconcile the pain  
That must attend each gain,  
To make our lives complete.

Then May, fair May!  
I prithee, do not stay!  
On to the perfect flower  
And fruitage!—this the dower,  
The pain of parting leaves,  
E'en while the spirit grieves.  
So hasten on thy way,  
Radiant, elusive May!  
Bring us or gain or loss,  
A crown or heavy cross,  
Each will we gladly meet.

—Helen M. Richardson.

### Rings Raccoon Helps Capture a Pirate

Rings Raccoon, the eight-ringed Raccoon, had profited by the teaching of his parents in woodcraft and trail tricks so that he did a great deal of exploration in the harvest moon by himself. Several times he had raced away to Farmer Goodword's and had tasted the juicy green corn, and liked it very much. No matter how hungry Rings might be, he never ate his ear of corn until he had carefully washed it off with water.

That was a lesson that every member of the Raccoon family learned early. Moms and Pops Raccoon were both enemies of dirt in every form, and taught the youngsters to be most sanitary. It might bother almost any other-woods dweller to scrub his food, but the paw of the raccoon makes it an easy matter. In fact, the front foot is more a hand than a paw, and if you notice for yourself the next raccoon that you see, you will observe that his handy paws are almost human.

Every last bit of food must be washed, scrubbed, and then washed some more by the handy paws of the ringed-tail family before eating. Even a tame raccoon will not always forget this habit, and will search

for water instinctively when food is given to him. Rings Raccoon just naturally liked to puddle and play in the water anyhow, and every time he stripped the husks from an ear of corn he raced quickly to water with it. A blue pool that was in the pasture along the brook that rippled through the back lots was a favorite and convenient place to make the corn ready for eating.

If you have ever seen a woman washing clothes in a stream of water you know just how Rings Raccoon looked there at the blue pool in the moonlight. He planted his rear feet on a flat stone near the water's edge, and then took the ear of corn in his front paws, just as handy as a boy could do, and splashed it up and down in the water, exactly as deftly as any washerwoman. Not content with this operation alone, Rings gave the kernels a scrubbing with one paw—holding it as he did so in the other—something like you yourself would do in washing an apple or orange before eating it.

Rings had just finished washing a big, glistening ear of field corn in the brook, when he heard someone laugh in the bushes. His nose at once told him that the visitor was none other than the foul-smelling Foxy Fox, that woods pirate, whom all forest dwellers early learn to avoid and dread. Rings felt perfectly safe because Foxy Fox did not eat corn, so he would not attempt to steal it, and the Raccoon knew well that he could easily climb any nearby tree, where the dirty pirate could not follow him. Seated upon a mossy log, Rings ate his dinner, all the while keeping one eye upon the thief in the bushes.

The Raccoon family dislikes the Fox family very much, for they have nothing at all in common. A fox is the most insanitary woods dweller there is. He never gets into the water for a bath, like his domesticated cousin, the dog. He would rather allow his fur to become matted and filthy than spend the time and energy to keep it clean. Often he will carry burrs and stick-tights about for weeks and months at a time on his sides, and allow his fluffy tail to drag in the snow until it is wet and frozen full of ice.

Not only is Foxy Fox careless in his habits, but he despises all of the other woods

folks. He is a little like the lynx in his habits, and likes nothing better than to sneak about through the forest, surprising and pouncing upon some unsuspecting individual. Often he will torture a captive partridge instead of killing it at once. Racer Rabbit has been compelled to run him many a race for life in the green timber. In fact, Foxy Fox likes, above all else, to make everybody dislike him, because he thinks that if people hate him they will be afraid, and so he will be respected by all forest folks.

Just as Rings Raccoon finished his dinner, Foxy Fox slipped from the bushes that hid him, licked his dirty jaws, and slipped away toward Farmer Goodword's house. The Raccoon was most curious, and so he followed along at a safe distance to see what was going to happen. Many stories he had heard about the piracy of the fox family, and he decided to see for himself.

The dirty red pirate sneaked along a stump fence, crawled through it into the old orchard, and crawled slowly within the shadow of the stone wall toward the farmer's chicken house. When he reached the blackberry patch just back of the chicken coop the thief stopped and waited a long time, listening.

Just as Rings was getting almost too restless to wait longer, Foxy Fox slid like a shadow across the open ground to the enclosed chicken park, entered the open gate of the yard, and soon disappeared through a tiny door into the hen house. It so happened that the red pirate was able to get into the coop on this particular night because someone had forgotten to close down the small door in the end of the hen house, which was just large enough to allow the fowls to get in and out one at a time. Also the gate of the wire-enclosed park by chance had been left propped open with a short board. It seemed to be a lucky night for the chicken pirate.

Soon there was a fluttering of wings inside the hen house; then silence. Presently a bloody nose appeared at the small opening in the end of the chicken coop. This red nose showed up plainly against a background of white feathers. You see, Foxy Fox held a hen in his mouth. Next the nose

disappeared within, and the fox sneaked out without the hen. Again he went in, and again the red nose attempted to wedge the fowl out of the tiny door. It was a difficult task, for the size of the pirate's body and head when he held the hen in his mouth was too large to allow him to crawl out with his booty.

Rings didn't know what to make of the peculiar happenings, so he came nearer to get a better view. Evidently Foxy Fox was in trouble, and the Raccoon was delighted with the prospect of seeing and jeering his defeat. The better to see all the fun, Rings sprang to the top of a small building that was roofed and shaped just like a real farmer's house, but was much smaller.

In scrambling upon this tiny house Rings made a great deal of noise. Instantly there was a clanking racket within the building under him, and Rings looked down from the gable of the roof, to see Farmer Goodword's watch-dog come out. You see, he had climbed upon the dog's kennel.

Instantly the terrified Rings leaped down and raced away. The dog smelled Raccoon and tugged hard at his chain. Suddenly the staple which held the dog's chain gave way, and the hound raced away after Rings. The frightened Raccoon saw no tree nearby to give him shelter from the yelling dog, so he headed straight for the gatepost of the chicken park.

Up this post he hustled, knocking away in his haste the stick of light timber that held the gate propped open. At once the gate swung shut. Rings looked down from the top of his perch to see how Foxy Fox was getting along with the problem of getting out of the small opening in the hen house with his booty.

The hens were now thoroughly aroused to the danger, and set up a loud cackling and calling, the watch-dog howled loudly, and Foxy Fox suddenly gave up his interest in getting the dead hen from the poultry house and raced about within the enclosure looking for a chance to escape. The more the dog barked at Rings the louder the hens cackled, and the more frightened Foxy Fox became. He raced and tore about wildly, panic stricken, but no place could he find where the high fence permitted him to get out.

Presently Rings saw a light flicker from a window of Farmer Goodword's kitchen; soon the door opened, and out ran several people. When the dog saw help coming he yelled all the harder, the chickens raised their racket a pitch higher, and Reddy Fox became a crimson streak inside that wire enclosure.

When the terrified red pirate saw that there was no means of escape he dodged under the hen house, but not before Farmer Goodword caught sight of him. Of course he supposed that the dog was barking at the fox, and went inside the wire enclosure, taking the dog with him and securing the gate behind him.

Rings Raccoon was not slow in making up his mind that he had better hustle down from the post and race away from danger. In spite of the fact that the hound barked wildly up the post, Farmer Goodword never thought to look up ten feet above his head at Rings, but got down on his knees and

peered underneath the chicken coop, where he had seen the fox disappear.

This was Rings' opportunity for escape, and he leaped down quickly from the high post and ran with great, bounding leaps for the green timber. As he paused for breath along the pasture brook he heard a loud report that sounded much like thunder. It was Farmer Goodword's gun, of course. Rings raced on to the hollow beech tree home. It had been a most exciting night. The eight-ringed raccoon, all unwittingly, had helped capture Foxy Fox, the hated woods pirate.—F. E. Brimmer, in "The Junior Herald."

## Among the Books

—A CRUSADE OF COMPASSION FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS. By Miss Edna Walker, M.A.

In selecting, as the study book for 1919-20, "A Crusade of Compassion for the Healing of the Nations," the Woman's Missionary Society is following out the thought that has had such a prominent place in the hearts and minds of women during the four and a half years of war. For the most part the energies of women were turned to the comforting and healing of the tired, sick and maimed bodies of our soldiers, and in creating comforts for the women and children of the devastated areas. It is not a far cry from that to the healing and care of the bodies of our sisters in non-Christian countries. We have heard of medical missions, and know something of what they have done and are doing for these women, the victims, even more than men, of ignorance and superstition; but here is a book entirely devoted to putting the matter clearly before us. Just to glance at the titles of the chapters gives an idea of the comprehensiveness of the book: "The Battalion of Life"—what an inspiring name—the organization that has gone forward to help "India," "China," "Korea," "The Philippine Islands," "Siam," "The Near East," and "Africa." These are the countries where, except for Christian missions, women and children live and die without any medical care whatever, or where the so-called "care" is worse than useless. In conclusion, let me quote from the "Foreword": "To circulate this book widely among men and women is to render a great service to humanity and its Saviour. We no longer ask 'who is my neighbor?' That question has become an accusation. These world neighbors of ours need immediate aid. The Red Cross taught us how to minister to the needs of our soldiers. The cross of Christ alone can enable us to meet this greater need adequately."

—THE RISING OF THE TIDE. By Ida M. Tarbell. (Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada.) \$1.50.

Miss Tarbell is widely known in the literary world in America, but this is her first long novel. It is a story of the war, and depicts with fidelity and great graphic power the experiences of a small town which scarcely knew that such places as France and Belgium existed until the war began. It is the story of the awakening of America, and it has a vivid and most human interest. Its characters are well drawn and with a kindly and appreciative hand.

—CHRISTIAN LIBERTY, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Herbert Hensley Henson, D.D. (Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada.) \$2.00.

These are sermons preached by the Lord Bishop of Hereford, mostly in Durham Cathedral, during the past two years. In the preface Dr. Henson takes occasion to protest against the charges of heresy which

members of his own communion had levelled against him. The bishop has some strong and very kind words for British Nonconformists, while in his teaching he is eminently sane, as, for instance, when he rebukes those who insisted that victory was delayed because of the sins of the Allied peoples. The volume is well worth a careful reading.

—FAITH AND FREEDOM. By Charles H. S. Matthews and others. (Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada.) \$2.00.

This is a volume of constructive essays in the application of modernist principles to the doctrine of the church, by Alfred Fawkes, W. Scott Palmer, Charles E. Raven, A. Clutton-Brock, Harold Anson, Winifred Mercier, and Charles H. S. Matthews (editor). The book is unique in this, that each essayist is alone responsible for his essay and no other. The essays are thoughtful and reverent in tone, while modern in spirit and in treatment of the problems which they discuss.

## Personals

The Official Board of the Quebec Methodist Church substantially increased the salary of their pastor, Rev. Isaac Couch, M.A., B.D., and made it retroactive.

We regret to record the death, on March 30th, 1919, of Rev. John Garvin, a superannuated minister in connection with the Montreal Conference. Bro. Garvin was ordained in 1890, in the Montreal Conference, and gave twenty-four years of faithful and effective work to the Church of his choice. He was compelled to superannuate five years ago, and has since been residing in Montreal.

The Rev. Joseph Philp has resigned his position as associate pastor of Centenary Church, Hamilton, and pastor of Garth. He is going to British Columbia for the benefit of Mrs. Philp's health. A few evenings ago a jubilee celebration was held at Garth, as Mr. Philp is now completing his fiftieth year in the ministry. Many complimentary things were said about him, and the marked success he has enjoyed in his work in Hamilton. A valuable fountain pen was given him by the Mothers' Association, a beautiful umbrella by the Ladies' Guild, and a purse of money by the Sunday school and congregation. His address henceforth will be Baynes Lake, B.C.

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# MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

## The Sixth Sense :

The chapter from which most of our lesson text is taken begins with something like a definition. Let us take a good look at that definition and try really to understand the word before we note the wonderful illustrations of it that are recorded for our instruction and inspiration.

The Revised Version gives our definition this way, "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen." Dr. Moffatt's translation puts it this way, "Now faith means we are confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see." In a general way, therefore, it would be correct to speak of faith as the vision faculty of the soul; it is that which makes the unseen real, the hoped-for as if it were actually present, that discovers what is beyond sight. It is, in fact, what a great philosopher has called the sixth sense, the sense of the unseen. As our sense perceptions make this material world that is all around us real to our intelligence, so this spiritual power of faith brings us into touch with the spiritual things of life and being, which are hidden from sense, and makes that world a positive and throbbing reality.

Another way of putting the matter is to say that the man of faith is the man with ideals, the man who sees more in life than the things he can touch and handle, the man with aspirations, the man who insists that life isn't life at all unless it has noble purpose and lofty ambition and upward striving, the man who sees the reality of the things of the Spirit and does not let the things of the flesh blind him and load him down and compass him about, the man who is capable of devotion and sacrifice in the interests of honor and patriotism and love of home and kin.

Faith in this general sort of way is, then, an attitude of soul. It is the way a man looks at life and duty, the temper and attitude of his life.

Now when we turn to look at the men and women who illustrate this great quality in this wonderful chapter we find that they are strangely unlike each other in very many ways, and that the deeds for which their names are put in the list do not seem to have much in common. And yet can we not see, shining out through the recorded action of each, something of this quality about which our chapter treats. They were deeds that men do when they look into the future and are moved by idealism and lofty purpose, and are not thinking selfishly of their advantage and profit. Samson wasn't a very ideal man as we would see it to-day, and his life wasn't a very ideal life; and yet, living in his own rough and unideal time, he had some vision of better things, and was ready to make noble and heroic sacrifice in order that those better things might become realities in the life of his nation and of the world. And in that way he was in reality a hero of faith, a man ready to give up his life for the things that were unseen.

The official title of our lesson is "Faith, What It Is and What It Does." That latter portion of the title might easily receive whole pages of discussion and illumination. The man of faith, the man of vision, the man who sees things that are not commonly seen, is the man who achieves, the man who plans great things for the future and actually brings them to pass. The man who

doesn't see, whose ambitions and efforts are limited to the little, selfish things of his own life, is the man who doesn't count in history or in the great undertaking of setting up the kingdom of God in the earth. The men and women whose names are recorded in the honor roll of this chapter were all men and women of faith, and there have never been any additions made to the list throughout all these years of human history save on the basis of the same achieving and glorious possession. And it ought to be possible for any Sunday-school teacher who stands before a group of boys or girls or men or women to expound and apply this lesson to send every last scholar from the lesson hour filled and thrilled with a holy ambition to achieve in the name of God and for the good of man.

What does faith do? It is the basal thing in any fine and lasting work that the world has ever seen. It is the foundation of courage and hope and all aspiring after better life and nobler service. It is the impulse toward all that is idealizing and forward-looking in the thinking and planning and labor of man. Surely we ought to pray, and keep on praying, "Lord increase our faith, make the great spiritual things real to us, help us to believe in the future and in God and goodness, give us that wonderful power of making the ideal and far-off things actual and real!"

## William Black Northern Alberta Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Our request for information as to reporting the money raised for Victory Bonds by the Sunday schools brings forward the statement that these sums must be reported in the column "Raised for other purposes." This is to avoid confusion, and since everyone reads our notes, we hope that all will follow this rule.

Dr. F. C. Stephenson wishes to thank all the members of the Sunday schools which have raised this memorial fund money. A tour throughout the land by this enterprising leader would be very helpful, for the note of appreciation he so aptly sounds would do much to stimulate interest in the memorial scheme.

We are pleased to report a significant amalgamation of city board interests for the city of Edmonton. The Presbyterian and Methodist Mission Boards convened to consider co-operation in work among European foreigners in the city. The Methodist Church has quite an organization for this type of work, as will be seen by the following list of departments: The printing plant of *The Canadian*, with the able editor, Mr. Bellaguy, in charge; the W.M.S. Home, with Mrs. Dever and her associate workers in charge; the Sunday schools, under Bro. W. H. Pike, and his other evangelistic work; and the new Ruthenian department in Alberta College, under the care of Bro. J. K. Smith. We have entered into a remarkable work, and the way things are shaping is very encouraging. The Presbyterian Church has native workers in the city,

and also building equipment which will be the natural complement of our work. The united board voted unanimously in favor of co-operation, and the scheme will no doubt come up before the Conference at its next sessions.

A convention of Sunday-school workers has just been concluded in Edmonton, and from the press reports it has been stimulating. The Alberta Government has set apart May 25th as a "go-to-Sunday-school Sunday," recognizing the importance of the Sunday school in the formulation of the morals of the people. We are told that only one in nine of the population of Alberta goes to Sunday school. This sets us to work looking up our figures. The Methodist population of Alberta in 1916 was 80,000, and our school membership is over 22,000. The membership of the Sunday school does not carry much dead weight; the lists contain only the names of those who are attending, and are constantly being revised. Padding of reports has never been considered a vice in this department, so we take the figures and we notice that of the Methodist population one in four goes to Sunday school. Where is the discrepancy? We think a large part of the poor showing is due to the large foreign population. These foreign churches do not get credit for their Sunday schools even where they have them, and in the majority of cases they do not hold meetings which correspond with the Protestant Sunday schools. There is room for improvement in our attendance, and we must, for the sake of others, work with increased enthusiasm in the future, with a view to making the Sunday school a full course of religious instruction covering the entire life of the individual.

Many workers in Alberta seem to think that our field secretary ought to be available for giving assistance to weak Sunday schools, and also for the work of instituting new schools in isolated places. Hitherto his time has been demanded, or at least it has been spent, chiefly in conventions, summer schools, and in looking after the work of the schools in the larger centres. Might he not for one year at least be released for the type of work we have in mind? It will not be spectacular, but it will be very valuable. He might take up the question of decision day, the question of our Sunday-school periodicals from the standpoint of usefulness to the small school, and many other questions too long neglected. Think it over and be ready to discuss at Conference.

When a good Methodist preacher dispenses the Sacrament in a leading Baptist church it is time to take notice. This happened last Sunday in the First Baptist Church, Edmonton, and we do not fear to see the changes that are sure to come if this principle is followed widely.

Alberta College reports a record attendance again. Principal McCall, with his usual energy, is facing the big problem of increased accommodation for the enlarging body of students. The enrolment in 1914 was 550; in 1915, it was 675; in 1916, 1,120 registered; in 1917 there were 1,308; and this year the students number over 1,500. This is a wonderful record in itself, but when we consider the development of the work among the Ruthenians, which is now proceeding along with the other work, we cannot but praise God that we have men with vision able and willing to lead the Church in its forward movement. As a missionary institution Alberta College is becoming very valuable. Back of all this work stands our Superintendent of Missions, Dr. T. C. Buchanan, whose labors have been abundant enough, but whose intuitions have been a determining factor in many a critical situation. When he took a leading part in the foundation of Alberta College he could not see the development a few years would bring, much less could he see that the college would be a missionary centre

of the first order; but, guided by an invisible power, he urged action. He must be greatly encouraged by the results.

"God has made thee to be light among the nations" was a text of the writer some years ago when he urged that Canada should make righteousness its ideal; and now behold a strange thing, for the nations are sending representatives to spy out the land and to see whether prohibition is proving a good movement, etc. Alberta expects these men from all the countries of Europe at the end of the month, and some may be at our Annual Conference. A reception by the Lieutenant-Governor has been graciously proposed by the Lieutenant-Governor, and every facility for gaining knowledge of the conditions brought about by prohibition will be offered the delegates.

The Industrial Commission, with Justice Mathers in the chair, is sitting in Edmonton, seeking to obtain an understanding of the causes of industrial unrest in Canada. The fair attitude of the commission is creating a feeling of confidence throughout the province, because it signifies a real desire to know the problems affecting the laborer, and also an intention to meet them in a practical way. Mayor J. A. Clarke presented some twenty-nine points, each

partly responsible for its measure of unrest. Some of them are worth noting, because they do not follow common lines. (3) "Such appointments as this board and the one Foster headed one day in each large city, and not a minute for the rural districts." (Farmers have long wondered where they come in. It has been theirs to be ignored or legislated against throughout the ages, and they are frankly tired of this treatment.) (12) "The unfair censorship, both official during the war and at all times by capital interests." (13) "The unfair administration of justice." (Several cases cited to illustrate.) (15) "The increase of the cost of the barest necessities since the armistice." (25) "The favoritism shown to property over persons." (27) "Failure to make healthy sport and amusement as legal and protected and encouraged as collection of interest or rent," etc. But all are included under his twentieth point, "Man's inhumanity to man in so many ways." And the way out; which way shall the nation take? Nothing has occurred to suggest any changes in our General Conference programme. It alone seems to meet the needs of the present situation.

And now we draw this letter to a close; by the time it appears we shall be near Conference sessions. The programme is

fixed; it follows the same old lines. Committees will meet and report. We shall have the usual services, and some of the usual evening meetings; but, with many others, we shall pray that the 1920 Conference will have a programme different vitally from any of the past, a programme that will serve to give the men from the rural places some inspiration and assistance in the facing of their peculiar tasks, and a Conference devoted to waiting upon God for the power He alone can give. We need inspiration for educative evangelism, for in the appeal to the emotions the Methodist Church is becoming deficient. Yet the emotions are the expressions of the highest self, and we must so seek after God that He may kindle our souls to a passion beside which the flame of patriotism will pale to a shadow! We mention this because there seems to be increasing dissatisfaction with the present devotion to, amounting almost to a worship of, committee reports.

T. D. J.

## Saskatchewan Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

### DR. MILLIKEN'S WARNING.

The Regina Leader recently contained a full column report of a sermon by Rev. Dr. Milliken, of Metropolitan Church, in which he charged the newspapers of Regina with attempting to work up a real estate boom in the city. Since he had resided in Regina the most blighting thing in the life of the city had been the boom spirit, when men tried to get something for nothing. Dr. Milliken stated that he considered that a real business revival was going on, however, and he questioned whether the business men of the city would agree to put in their pockets that for which they had given no equivalent in service.

There is no doubt that in speaking thus straightly Dr. Milliken has rendered a public service. Regina is not the only western city where there appears to be an attempt to revive old "boom" days. One wonders whether the newspapers are to blame, however. If business firms offer their large "ads." what would you have the papers do? The trouble lies back of the papers in the minds of the gambling real estate men, who fancy this an opportune time for them to begin again the "get-rich-quick" schemes of some years ago. Not so many years ago the talk wherever men congregated was real estate, lots, snaps, rake-offs, fortunes in a day, and so on. We have had a welcome rest from that sort of thing, and the speculators have been busy getting an honest living. But the war is over, business is picking up, so here they come again. The remedy is with the public—refuse to "bite"! If it does not pay, the bubble will soon burst. In the present dangerous days, when the temper of labor, as revealed in the reports of the Mathers Commission, is so menacing, it would be madness to confront the workers with the provocation of seeing fortunes made and wealth flaunted by mere gamblers. Self-interest even would counsel restraint.

### WHAT THE AIDS DO.

The correspondent has observed with interest reports in the Saskatoon and Regina papers of work done by the Third Avenue (Saskatoon) and Metropolitan (Regina) Ladies' Aids. These make interesting reading, and show how large and useful a part this institution plays in the work of our Church. The total receipts at Saskatoon amounted to \$3,080, and have been

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Lines following show Size of Type.

*mf* 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

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The triumphs of His grace!

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*mf* 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

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applied to various church funds. The loyal support given to the Church by the society was commented on by the pastor, Rev. G. K. B. Adams. The Regina Aid reported receipts of \$2,720, a membership of 112, considerable patriotic work, and sewing for the soldiers, in addition to church work. Visiting, parsonage and flowers committees had faithfully attended to their duties. These two reports are only instances of what our Ladies' Aids are doing, though, of course, they are prominent ones. In many a prairie town the Aids are doing proportionately fine service and getting very little praise for it, too. In some places they are not being worked as they might be as a most valuable part of the local church work in social, financial and devotional ways. Let us honor the ladies for their good work.

#### GRINFELL REPORTS PROGRESS.

Rev. Hugh Nixon is closing a most successful and happy pastorate at Grinfell, and states that he cannot speak too highly of the kindness and generosity of the people. The membership has steadily increased, the circuit is well organized in Sunday-school and League work, and is reckoned one of the leading rural circuits of the Conference. Some idea of the financial progress is indicated in the figures given below, showing increase in salary and missions during the past four years: 1914-15—Missions, \$740; salary, \$1,300. 1915-16—Missions, \$1,020; salary, \$1,400. 1916-17—Missions, \$1,210; salary, \$1,500. 1917-18—Missions, \$1,500; salary, \$1,500. 1918-19—Missions, \$2,000; salary, \$1,800.

#### SUCCESSFUL YEAR AT THIRD AVENUE.

At the recent annual congregation meeting of the Third Avenue Church, Saskatoon, a most encouraging state of affairs was reported, showing all departments of the work in good shape. The financial report showed gross receipts of over \$20,000. The sum of \$14,268 was received from collections and subscriptions for the debt; the sum of \$937 was on hand for the Missionary Fund; the Ladies' Aid had raised \$2,895; the W.M.S., \$548; the Circle, \$307. Sunday-school and Epworth League work was satisfactorily reported upon, and Red Cross work showed \$304 raised in money, besides garments made. A committee has been appointed, with the pastor as convener, to arrange for a successor to Mr. Adams, who completes his full pastoral term at the close of next Conference year. The board has also voted an increase of \$200 in the pastor's salary, to take effect at the beginning of the church year.

#### IMPERIAL DOES WELL.

Dr. Stapleford recently visited Imperial in the interests of Regina College, preached on the Sunday at all appointments, and lectured at Imperial, on the Monday, on "The Rise and Fall of the German Empire." Good attendances and keen interest marked all services and also the lecture. In support of the building fund of Regina College, Dr. Stapleford saw the leading men of the circuit, and received promises of more than \$4,000, with the prospect that this would eventually be increased to \$5,000. Dr. Stapleford informed the pastor, Rev. A. W. Ingram, that Imperial was the third best rural field in point of contributions to Regina College.

#### SMALLER ITEMS.

The correspondent hears that they have been busy at Viscount (Rev. E. Smith). A two weeks' campaign has resulted in promises amounting to \$4,000 for the purpose of enlarging present basement and erecting modern church edifice. Plans are being prepared, and work is expected to begin at an early date.

A welcome postcard tells us that Rev. E. C. Evans is home again after three years' service in France. He is at present supplying at Watrous, Rev. J. MacLachlan being away in British Columbia. Glad to know you are home, Bro. Evans.

Rev. E. C. Cuming, of Midale, has recently spent two weeks in the east, and visited Montreal, where he took part in a class welcome to returned men at Montreal Wesleyan.

According to the Regina Leader, Rev. A. E. Allin, of Creelman, is spending a "well-earned and much-needed rest in the east" just now.

A very fine "cut" of Capt. (Rev.) J. W. Graves, of our Conference, now with the Siberian Force as Y.M.C.A. chaplain, adorns an article on "At Vladivostok," in Canadian Manhood this month. Apparently Capt. Graves is doing good work as business manager of the "Y." in Vladivostok. It is quite likely that Capt. Graves will be home in time for Conference.

District meetings next; then Moose Jaw, for Conference. H. D. R.

Carievale, May 11th.

The Daily Ontario, of Belleville, is publishing a series of "Messages for the Times," by Rev. S. F. Dixon, of Stirling. The message last week was on "A Shepherd Prophet," being a study of Amos.

## The Conferences

### TORONTO

At the last meeting of the Quarterly Official Board of the Methodist Church, Penetanguishene, Rev. E. T. Douglas was unanimously invited to remain on this circuit for the fourth year, and his salary advanced to \$1,500.

At the May Official Board meeting at Iroquois Falls, Ont., the pastor, Rev. R. E. Morton, was invited to return for a fourth year. It was also carried unanimously that the Official Board and the Board of Stewards organize a special campaign, both educational and financial, with the object of becoming a self-sustaining charge one year hence.

### MONTREAL

Kemptville.—Four years ago Rev. John and Mrs. Webster came to us and received a most hearty welcome. For more than twenty years they had been on circuits in this section of the Conference, and were well and favorably known to many of the people. During the term now closing the attendance at the church services, as well as membership, have both shown marked increases. All debts have been paid; the parsonage repainted, and a modern verandah has replaced the old structure. The church buildings and grounds are in excellent order, while the parsonage is well situated and the interior kept in spotless order. Givings to all Conference funds have been largely increased. The missionary funds have almost doubled, and other funds more than doubled. The pastor's salary is paid to date, and he has been given a bonus of \$200, as a token of our appreciation of his faithful services during the term now closing. Kemptville charge is in first-class shape for the right stamp of a man to follow up our various church activities. Church and village are well located, being on the C.P.R. Prescott and Ottawa branch, and main line from Toronto to Montreal. The Prescott and Ottawa highway goes by the church and parsonage doors. We have here also good high and public schools, while the Government Farm and Agricultural College are located at the edge of the village. All these conditions point to a bright future for the Methodist cause in this district, for which we are grateful.—Com.

At a recent specially called meeting of the Quarterly Official Board of the Shaw Memorial Methodist Church, Amherst Park, Montreal, the hearty thanks of the members was extended to the Rev. Daniel Mick, S.T.L., for his past valuable services to the church during his pastorate, and proffered to him a very cordial invitation to remain as leader for a fourth year, subject to the anticipated approval of Annual Conference. At this same meeting a resolution was unanimously passed whereby the reverend gentleman's stipend will be increased. Shaw Memorial has long been regarded as one of the most aggressive churches in the connexion, and the present enthusiastic manner in which the work there is being carried on augurs well for the future. Although it is situated in one of the newest of Montreal's suburbs, it has one of the most complete "plants" of any of the larger Montreal churches, including a splendid pipe organ, which has been erected during the incumbency of the present pastor. The past year has been a record one in many respects, not the least of which has been a marked increase in contributions to the missionary funds, the Sunday school alone having easily surpassed its avowed aim in this regard. One of the most encouraging aspects of the work at Shaw Memorial is the splendid way

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in which the younger folks are interesting themselves in "their" church. A boy's class (the "Beaver Club") of less than fifteen members recently laid their contribution towards current expenses of \$100 on the offertory plate, and a few Sundays later took entire charge of the evening service, including the sermon. Then, on the girls' side of the Sunday school, a class of about the same membership has done equally well. Special efforts are now being directed to the complete extinction of a heavy mortgage, and if optimism is any criterion, there will be no mortgage on Shaw Memorial Church at the end of the 1919-20 Conference year.—W. M. P.

### BAY OF QUINTE

*Wesley Church, Trenton.*—Rev. W. D. Harrison is closing a very successful four years' pastorate here. There has been a substantial increase in missionary and other connexional and special funds each year, and over \$5,000 paid on church improvements. The financial statement this year

is one of the best. Encouraging reports from all departments; also an increase in membership, notwithstanding some removals. A very complimentary resolution was passed expressing appreciation of the faithful and fruitful services of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. Several members of the board spoke of the tender ministrations in the many cases of sickness, and pleasant associations in church work during their term.—R. S.

### LONDON

*Thamesford Circuit; Rev. R. I. Hosking, pastor.*—Sunday, May 11th, was Mother's Day in our village. About twenty of the mothers of our congregation formed the choir and did well. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to the largest number of communicants that ever partook of it here at one time. As the result of pastoral work twenty-one new members were received into the church, fifteen of whom were heads of families, ranging from thirty to seventy-five years of age.

To God be all the praise. Considering the many calls we have had, and the "flu," that resulted in closing our churches four or five Sundays during the year, all the connexional funds are well sustained, and we have paid our minister \$100 more salary than last year.

### HAMILTON

*First Church, Hamilton; Rev. C. L. McIrvine, pastor.*—The First Methodist Church people celebrated the fifth anniversary of the opening of the new edifice on May 4th. It was a special day in the church in other respects as well, for it saw the wiping out of all the debt except the mortgage, and the start of a new campaign to raise \$25,000 in three years, the object being to further reduce the debt on the building from \$65,000 to \$40,000 by the time the mortgage matures in September, 1922. Two of the strongest preachers in Methodism in Canada were the speakers of the day—Rev. R. P. Bowles, D.D., LL.B., Chancellor of Victoria College, in the morn-

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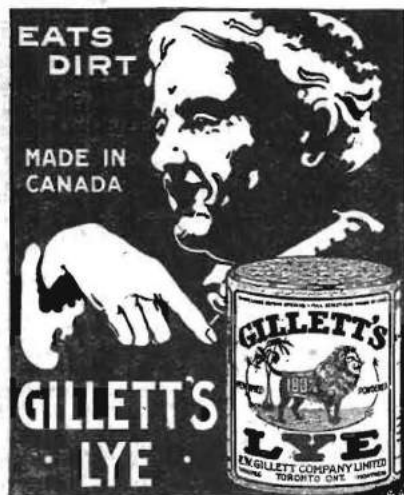
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ing, and Major (Rev.) Chas. A. Williams, pastor of Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, Toronto, in the evening. At both services a short statement of the finances of the building was presented. Forty-two months ago, when the erection of the school was completed, the net debt was \$107,600. To-day it is only \$65,000, having been reduced \$42,000 in forty-two months. The boards of the church, with the co-operation of the pastor's aid and Sunday school, have undertaken to raise \$25,000 in three years by a continuation of the system of church boards issuing bonds of \$60 each, payable yearly, quarterly, monthly or weekly. A large number of these bonds were subscribed for.

**Erin; Rev. J. A. Jewitt, pastor.**—A brief review of the year's work on the Erin circuit may be of interest to friends abroad. It was found that the parsonage needed "many things." The Parsonage Trustee Board met and authorized committees to undertake the work. Their labors have resulted in an improvement to the extent of about \$300. Successful harvest home and anniversary services were held at every appointment. Rev. Dr. McArthur delighted old friends by preaching the harvest home sermons at Coningsby. The pastor was requested to conduct the anniversary services at Erin and Ballinafad. The L. A. and S. S. at Erin and Ballinafad remembered the Sick Children's Hospital, the Deaconess Home and the Armenian and Syrian Relief with generous donations. Our contributions for connexional funds are in advance. The Missionary Fund will advance fifty per cent. Subsequent to General Conference the chairman of the district, Rev. H. B. Christie, B.A., visited the circuit and encouraged the willing workers on the board to formulate plans which had the new minimum for pastoral support as an objective. Reports at the fourth board meeting, at which a larger number of members were present than for

years, showed that two of the appointments would reach their share of the new objective, and the other is on the way. Early in the New Year evangelistic services were held at Coningsby by the pastor. From the first it was evident that God was with the people. Before the meetings closed a goodly number confessed faith in Christ. Eighteen new members were received at Coningsby and six at other appointments. The fourth board meeting unanimously expressed confidence in their pastor, Rev. J. A. Jewitt, and invited him to return for another year. —R. S. H.

**Grace Methodist Church, Dunnville; Rev. Thomas Green, M.A., B.D., pastor.**—Dunnville Methodism desires to report progress. The church suffered, as others, through the "flu." The pastor has officiated at twenty-seven funerals, fourteen of whom were members. We were closed for six Sundays. During the year twenty-six new members were received. A systematic canvass of the church for missions and church funds made by forty-four men, under five captains, was most thorough and successful. The givings for missions this year have reached high-water mark for Dunnville—\$975, plus \$100 missionary bond by the Sunday school and \$300 raised by the W.M.S., a total of \$1,375. The increase to all connexional funds is over \$400, and the church has also raised for other benevolences—such as Bible Society, Sailors' Fund, Halifax Relief, Trinity Church (Calgary), Italian Mission (Welland), Dominion Alliance, etc.—upwards of \$400. The total givings for all purposes is \$6,020, an increase over last year's splendid givings of over \$1,350. The pastor was unanimously invited to remain for a second year, and, owing to the increased cost of living and the satisfactory condition of the finances, the board increased the pastor's salary \$200, making it for next year \$1,600.

**Elora; Rev. Robert Keefer, pastor.**—The annual report of this church is most encouraging. The membership and contributions are the largest in the history of the church. We introduced the quarterly tokens during the year, and the attendance at the sacramental services has very appreciably increased. Our missionary contributions will exceed \$870, while other connexional funds are well in advance of former years. The salary has also been increased by \$200.

**The Congregationalist, of Boston,** in its last issue reports that the Rev. C. S. Laidman, B.A., Ph.D., has become assistant superintendent of the Chicago City Missionary Society. Dr. Laidman, who is a member of the Montreal Conference, has been pastor of Lake View, Chicago, for some time, while pursuing post-graduate studies at Chicago University, from which he has received his Ph.D.

## The Forum

### THOSE EXCEPTIONAL CASES

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—A "Minister's" letter in last week's GUARDIAN reads thus: "Something in the nature of the churches affected which makes them exceptional cases would be consistent with the whole section." This refers to the extension of the pastoral term. I would suggest that he add "something in the nature of the ministers affected which makes them exceptional cases would be consistent with the whole section." He writes further: "Exceptional circumstances, such as mission work . . . or building operations that need him specially would agree with the spirit of this section." Why not add, "Exceptional circumstances, such as the minister's health, or the education" of his children, or inconvenience and unsuitableness of moving, would agree with the spirit of this section." It is not sufficiently understood, either by the people or by the ministers, that a minister's preferences, conveniences and adaptabilities require consideration. THOS. MANNING.

### SECURING AND RETAINING MINISTERS

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—The Conferences are upon us now, and I suppose one of the vital questions which shall be discussed is the problem of the scarcity of preachers. The disturbing fact must also be faced that there are very few candidates offering themselves and very few probationers coming up for ordination. I have it on fairly good authority that unless some unusual developments take place one of our Western Conferences will conduct no ordination service this year.

Laity and clergy have submitted many reasons why there is a dearth of preachers, and it is not the purpose of this short letter to add to that discussion; but I would like to ask what definite steps are being taken to retain some of our fully-ordained men who are contemplating an early withdrawal from the work. There is only one institution, and that is the Methodist Church, which will go to the trouble of picking, training and ordaining men for its special work and then allow them to slip away with practically no protest whatsoever. I know of two young men in my own Conference who are quitting this year. The fact of their anticipated retirement has been brought to the notice of men higher up in our ecclesiastical courts, but so far not one effort has been made to induce these men to remain. They are being quite successful in their ministry, and are leaving against the wishes of their respective congregations. Apparently any one of our older preachers, who are men of influence in the Methodist Church, would inconvenience himself greatly, if by so doing he could secure a promising candidate for our ministry, while on the other hand he refuses to cross the aisle of his church in order to retain a brother who contemplates retirement.

It is difficult to interpret this peculiar and fatal attitude. The Y.M.C.A. and its kindred organizations, as well as the churches in the south, are securing many of our most promising men just at a time when the Methodist Church has carried the cost of training and equipment. I cannot conceive of any business organization giving up without strenuous objection any one of its trained employees. It realizes the value and sound common sense of retaining those who are acquainted with its methods, while the Methodist Church places greater emphasis upon the speculative material discovered in a raw recruit than it does upon

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a trained and tried man. A few years ago Methodism occupied first place in the Dominion; to-day it shows a poor second, perhaps a third, and unless she immediately shakes herself loose from some of her old fossilized and decadent customs she shall pursue her weary course down to ignoble defeat.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM HENRY.

May 6th, 1919.

#### REPLYING TO "STYLUS"

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Kindly convey to "Stylus," your gifted and interesting New York correspondent, this friendly intimation that Canadians are not supremely interested in partisan prejudices attaching to domestic politics in the United States. His references to President Wilson and the Peace Conference in your last issue can scarcely add to the writer's reputation among our people, and his effort to influence or inform Canadian public opinion by such a line of argument is no great compliment to our intelligence or understanding of world affairs. As Canadians we have our own points of agreement and of differences with Woodrow Wilson, both as a world-figure and as President of the United States. But we are capable of forming our own judgment and deciding upon our own line of action without the intimation of "Stylus" that in his own country Mr. Wilson is regarded as a deceiver, and his modest concession "that the wealth, the strength, the intelligence of the nation are overwhelmingly with the Republican party." Well, suppose they are. Or, to make it easier, grant that "Stylus" believes they are. Some of us are more interested in the terms of the treaty of peace and League of Nations covenant, which reached us on the same day that these world-shattering words of "Stylus" appeared in print. And we shall continue to hold our own opinion regarding the taste and courtesy of publishing to an allied nation such remarks about one's own Chief Magistrate, and at such a time. Fie! "Stylus." Even Annual Conferences should not have put you in mood for such an act.

CANADIAN.

#### POINTERS RE MINIMUM SALARIES.

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Roughly speaking, contributors to church support and pastors' salaries may be divided into two classes.

First, there are those who contribute from a sense of duty, prompted by their love for the cause, and often to what they believe to be the extent of their ability.

The second class of contributors acts less from a sense of duty, and more as they happen to feel about it. If the church, the congregation, and, above all, the preacher, please them, they may respond to solicitation quite liberally. Frequently, however, those in this class are inclined to be critical and exacting, and seem to give grudgingly the little they do give.

Of course, between these two classes no sharp dividing line can be drawn, for they dovetail into each other at many points. A sense of duty and of personal responsibility is often present, though but little heeded at times it may be, among members of this second class as well. And herein lies the Church's chief hope in regard to them, since under favorable conditions this dormant sense may be roused and developed, and in time they may be brought to join in heartily with their brethren of class number one; while, on the other hand, even those who are honestly trying to do their duty in this regard may be influenced by feeling and environment.

Now all this has more or less bearing on the question as to whether or not the pastor's salary in each particular instance can be raised above its present level. Perhaps, justice to the preacher himself, it should

be. We are not discussing that phase of the question just here. But facts are difficult things to overcome at times, and one of these awkward facts is this—in the *modus operandi* of collecting church funds a great deal actually depends upon the relations existing between pulpit and pew, between pastor and people.

As we have already intimated, our first class of contributors, taken as a whole, will give anyway, whether they approved of their minister or not. But when we come to consider our second class the case is quite different. And right here, much as the fact

is to be deplored, it is really up to the minister, or rather, should we say, to the pastor. For he is bound to reach these people. He must reach them somehow, or they cannot be reached at all. Curiously enough, his power to do this depends rather less on pulpit ability than many preachers suppose. Regular and systematic pastoral visitation, coupled with a genuine love for his people and an interest in them as individuals—the whole linked together with tact and good common sense—will go a long way toward the winning of this second class of givers. Those strictly responsible to the pastor

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for the securing of his salary as members of the Quarterly Official Board, and especially the stewards, know from experience how much easier it is to collect for some than for others. When contributions are voluntary, as in our own and other Protestant Churches, the collector of funds to meet church expenses, and especially the pastor's salary, soon comes to appreciate at its full face value the help or hindrance which the preacher's popularity, or its reverse, can be to him in the prosecution of his work. Be it the former, then he has a fairly level run ahead of him; but if the latter, he is in for a deal of uphill work.

Possibly Conference may have decided upon the higher minimum for married than for single men because it was felt they were more in need of it. But the payment of that minimum—if it is paid—does not take place upon quite the same basis. Usually, of course, the married men are placed on the stronger circuits, hence it is easier to raise the larger amount. But aside from this, the people as a rule are willing to pay the married man the higher salary, because they believe he should be able to do more and better work.

And so he can, if the partner of his joys and sorrows is of the right calibre. She, too, has it in her power to be a help or a hindrance. To be a real helpmate to her husband, by manifesting interest and sympathy with him in his work; or to weaken his every effort, should her attitude be one of cold indifference. Unfortunately, some ministers' wives do take the position that they have no responsibility in this matter. But such are making a serious mistake. And while we should be the last to expect or demand impossible things, yet we believe there are many ways by which the preacher's wife can help indirectly in the securing of that higher minimum salary.

ALBERT C. WALLACE.

#### MEN AND THE CHURCH

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I have been requested to forward you a report of the work among men commenced in Central Methodist Church within the last few weeks, under the direction of our new pastor, Rev C. A. Sykes. It is scarcely necessary to say that this request emanates, not from him, but from the men themselves, who are so pleased with what has already been accomplished that they wish your readers to know of it.

The movement has as its principal aim the receiving of the returned veterans back into the church, the creation of surroundings suitable for their reception, so that they will find it comparatively easy to enter some branch of the church and become identified with it. The "problem" has received plenty of publicity already, and your readers will be pleased to know that the men of Central Church are attempting to find a solution.

Several leaders arranged a banquet, at which nearly two hundred were seated, and where various phases of the subject were fully discussed in the presence of about one hundred veterans invited as the guests of one of the members who had shown intense interest in them. Much enthusiasm was manifest, and the men's organization was given a rousing send-off.

Among the sub-committees appointed were those on Soldiers' Welfare, Pastor's Assistants, Sunday Morning Class, Sunday Afternoon Meeting, familiarly known, as in former years, as the Men's Own, Visiting and Social Service.

The committees which have produced the most noticeable results to date are those in charge of the Sunday morning class and the Men's Own. Mr. H. J. Sanders, formerly of Centenary Church, Toronto, is the devoted leader of the class, and Mr. H. H. Cragg, one of the earnest men of the church, is president of the entire organization, as well as chairman of the Men's Own. Ex-Commissioner Garden, who has always taken

a keen interest in this society, is also actively connected with it.

At the first afternoon meeting about two hundred men were present when Miss Roberta McAdams, M.L.A., soldiers' representative, gave an inspiring address. The Y.M.C.A. orchestra and the Masonic choir furnished excellent music and well maintained the reputation of the Men's Own in that regard.

The hearty response which has greeted the revival of this excellent society leads us to recommend similar action in other churches where there is none. A good men's club or brotherhood gives life to the whole church.

Yours very truly,

WILBER H. HORNER,  
Honorary Secretary.

#### THE RETURNED PROBATIONERS

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—May I reply to the letter of Mr. Barnèr and state what are the wishes of the returned probationers I have met? There should be, as far as possible, uniformity of action by all Annual Conferences; each man treated on the same basis. If left to Annual Conferences there will be variety of decisions, which may cause dissatisfaction. General Conference might have drawn up some plan last year.

A probationer's case should be influenced by two principles—his present academic standing and length of service overseas. No man who has served less than one year abroad should be considered. If a man has two years' college work and two years' service overseas he should be ordained if he so desires. At least only one more year at college should be asked.

The Church will find it advantageous to ordain men who have never attended a theological college, yet who will have literary and spiritual qualifications and two or more years' active service. I would strongly advise against burdening any such ordained men with courses extra-mural. These men

will have their hands full with ordinary circuit duties without having examinations staring them in the face every year. Probably it would be wise to arrange a course of reading, but nothing further.

I know how professors and college principals will fight to keep these men at college, but there are certain things they must remember about returned probationers, and the need of men is so great and the services of these men so invaluable, that every advantage should be given to them.

Further than this, we will need many young men to enter the ministry who should have a college training. In England a few months ago the Anglican Church started a big scheme for training three thousand young men—returned soldiers—for holy orders. I enquired about it while I was there, and understand that they are taking a short theological course and are receiving financial aid while doing so. The Methodist Church in Canada should immediately adopt a similar scheme that will keep our colleges full and supply our pulpits with the right kind of men.

One word further. I hope that we will soon have a system of helping young men through their college course, so that it will not be necessary for our divinity students to spend their summer vacations selling books or cooking utensils, etc.

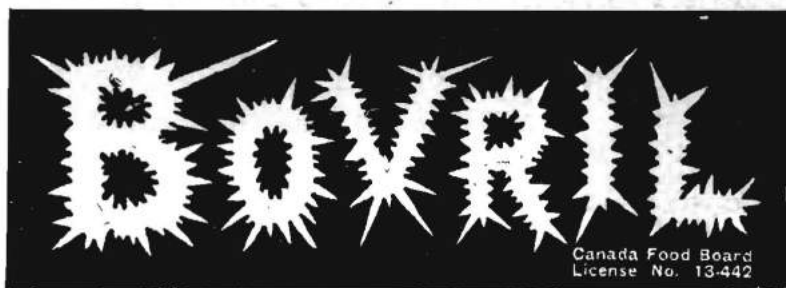
HERBERT S. COBB.

Seagrave, Ont.

#### TO HOLD TRUTH IN CHARITY

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Permit a few lines suggested by the communication in your issue of April 30th, by H. D. Ranns, concerning the good and otherwise in Roman Catholicism. Citing history in a spirit of detached fairness, he credits its service to Christendom in the preservation, through a long period, of the great verities of Christian faith, its encouragement to art and architecture, its recognition of the service of women, and makes mention of saintly characters in its category.



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Without entering into pros or cons, some further deductions might be wisely drawn from later observations, one of which is the continued reliance of its pulpits upon the sustaining note of certitude as against negation and doubt in relation to those elemental verities. In the next place it recognizes that each succeeding generation begins with childhood and a responsive human nature essentially as it has been, and with unwavering determination builds upon that basis. In the third place, it most thoroughly schools its individual exponents, orders and sisterhoods, not only in its doctrinal tenets, but in an absolute life-surrender to service, the fidelity of which at least commands admiration. Its capacity to recognize current movements is shown by the recent pronouncement of the American National Catholic War Council, represented by four bishops, who have issued an advanced declaration and plan for the improvement of the industrial system.

That the foregoing concepts, applied in polity, are basic, vital and far-reaching in scope is confirmed by the dimensions and perpetuity of the Church, and therefore

merit thoughtful recognition by contemporaries. No matter what dissentient views we entertain on the subject, we must remember that Roman Catholicism, according to the last Dominion census, is the religion of nearly 2,900,000 of our fellow Canadians, or over 39 per cent. of the total population. Differentiating them from the modern pagan, it is their *via* to God and the fundamental factor in their lives. It is the faith in which they live and die, and we may be certain will continue the faith of great multitudes in the future. Now, deploring ecclesiastical intolerance and exclusiveness, are we yet to manifest a spirit and attitude the final outcome of which is to segregate and solidify this very large body of people with whom our lot is irrevocably cast? For weal or ill the fortunes of these divergent types of religion are inter-related? May we not with reason ask now that conceptions of truth be held, presented and exemplified in such charity by all communions as will further the efforts of any who sincerely desire righteous solutions for the perplexing conditions in the administration of the affairs of our common country? Those who in constancy exercise a broad charity with faith in that overruling Providence within whose ken are all these folds of the flock universal, will assuredly not be the ultimate losers.

W. T.

Ontario.

## THE MATTER OF TITHING

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I see in your issue of April 29th that Mr. Fairbairn has accused me of making a mistake in regard to tithing; but it seems to me that the mistakes have been on his part. I purposely mentioned that the giving which was blessed was of "faith," for I do not believe, any more than he, in a "tax," and was surprised that he mentioned Christ and the tribute money; as I had never seen it used in connection with this matter. He made another mistake in regard to the effect of "literature," as my education and practice began nearly half a century ago, and I use the Bible for my guide and instructor therein. But he seems to show that he believes in systematic giving, and by preaching and practising it I have no doubt that he, too, will be blessed therein. The fact that the Master approved of the tenth still seems to me to be beyond dispute.

HENRY ATKIN.

North Malden, Ont.

## ANNUAL CONFERENCE LOCAL UNION AND CO-OPERATION

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—On account of a typographical error in my article on a "List of Changes made by the General Conference," under the heading "Annual Conference," Item 1, I have been written to asking where to find the legislation referring to Annual Conference Local Union and Co-operation. It is found in the Journal of the General Conference, 1918, page 295.4; not 205.4.

As many persons interested in this subject have not ready access to the General Conference Journal, I will quote the whole paragraph as found in the report of the Committee on Church Union: "Memorial 3. We recommend the adoption of this memorial, slightly amended, as follows: That the General Conference authorize each Annual Conference to appoint annually a committee to act with other similar committees from other Churches as the Committee on Local Unions and Co-operation; that the Methodist section of the local committees be the Superintendent of Missions, chairman of the district concerned, and two others, preferably laymen, to be appointed by the chairman of the district; the Superintendent of Missions to be the convener of the committee, and, where there is no Superintendent of Missions, the President of the Conference be the convener of the committee."

J. S. ROSS.

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What sort of missionary work does the Crosby do? Let me give some samples of the thirty-five services which were held during that eighteen days. A shack on the shore, at the foot of an unscalable mountain far from any chance of religious service with a public congregation, is being passed. The Crosby stops, a boat is lowered, the captain, one of the crew and the missionary row to the shore and find as inmates of the shack a white man, an Indian woman, and an Indian boy of about eighteen years. After some conversation the parable of the Prodigal is read, with brief comments; a hymn is sung, and all are asked to join in the prayer that follows. The man volunteers that this is the first visit of a minister they have ever had. All appear interested. A parcel of Sunday-school papers is left, and we row back to the Crosby.

A lighthouse is to be visited, for the Crosby brings the mail to each of the lights once a month. Again the boat is lowered, and the captain and missionary are



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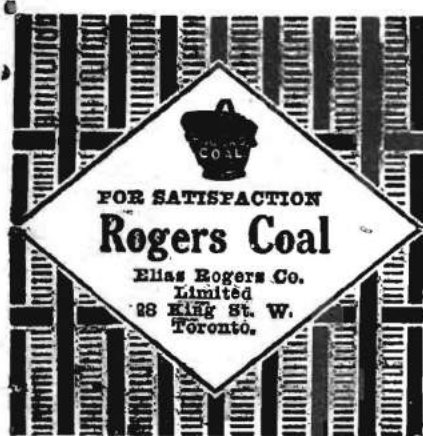
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given a chance to leap to the rocks, slip-  
pery with seaweed, and climb as they may  
to the house (a very difficult task in some  
cases), where, after the letters have been  
opened and the outgoing ones made into a  
packet, there is Scripture reading, singing  
and prayer, with exhortation to keep the  
soul light bright. Papers are left, some of  
the most striking world news is related, and  
we are back to the *Crosby*, which has been  
keeping close in as possible under control  
of the mate.

Again we tie up at a wharf and trek to  
a logging camp, two miles up a temporary  
railway, where, in the reading room, we  
preach and have a sing song, with sixty of  
the men taking part. Walk back to port,  
and call the families there together for a  
half-hour service, which closes at 9 p.m.

Again we tie up to a sawmill and pulp  
mill wharf, arrange for a service in the hall  
an hour hence, and captain and missionary  
scout among the houses, calling all to the  
service. Then, with the baby organ from  
the boat and a plentiful supply of hymn  
books, we have a sing song, with Mrs. Camp-  
bell at the organ, and a gospel message of  
warning, love and invitation by the mis-  
sionary. What the harvest will be from  
such a service who can tell?

Some of the points touched give large  
promise of good, and some give no such in-  
dications at all. Maintaining the *Crosby*  
is very costly—cannot be otherwise—for dis-  
tances here are great. Does it pay?

When the mission boat work was begun  
the camps of Indians along the coast  
formed the constituency served. But now  
fish canneries, pulp mills and sawmills are  
rapidly being established. The largest of  
these would be best served by a young man  
who would go in for the summer, work part  
time in the mill, and conduct sing song and  
preaching services as might be practicable.  
At present nothing is being done efficiently  
to offset the Bolshevik agitators, who find  
these gatherings of men great stamping  
ground. A visit by a missionary at long  
intervals accomplishes but little. Yet a  
finer missionary opportunity for the sum-  
mer months who could desire? The task is  
too nearly impossible for any man to face  
it alone, but there is a choice opportunity  
for some of our young men with unshakable  
faith in Christ and His gospel to prove out  
in our day the old-time gospel. How can  
the Church afford to miss this opportunity  
in this day of peril to our country?

Does that mean that the day of the  
*Crosby's* usefulness is past? By no means,  
for there are smaller groups of men at work,  
and there are the many scattered settlers  
along the coast, and there are the lighthouse  
keepers, all of whom would not be served at  
all if the *Crosby* ceased plying up and  
down the coast. No smaller boat could  
safely meet the dangers of tides, currents  
and storms that beset these waters. Indeed,  
a good nautical knowledge and skill is ab-  
solutely necessary for safe sailing. Capt.  
Olliver has these in full measure, but where  
are they to be found to man the numerous  
launches that some advocate as a substi-  
tute for the *Crosby*? Even my limited ob-  
servation persuaded me that disasters  
would be invited by any such change as that  
indicated.

The work of the *Crosby* never can loom  
up large in tabulated form; it cannot build  
up a membership roll year by year, but if it  
is given a crew of missionaries—English,  
Indians, Chinese and Japanese—each shar-  
ing in the work of the boat, and each  
ready on occasion to preach the gospel to  
those whose language he can speak, I be-  
lieve the glory yet to come will eclipse the  
best it has yet won. And incidentally a  
considerable offering toward its expense can  
be secured from those it serves. On this  
trip collections and donations amounted to  
about \$150, but circumstances made this  
more than what would be expected on an  
average.

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religious work fascinating. Some of the  
services held will not soon be forgotten.



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The rugged natural scenery of the coast and islands, the dreary lonesomeness of many of the lighthouses (the Triangle is on a rock that rises 1,000 feet above water level), the storm that delayed but did not make us sick, and the pleasant fellowship of the boat, all conspire to leave a most delightful memory of the Crosby trip.

W. F. CAMPBELL.

#### A HINT TO THE PREACHER

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—The breezy letter under the above heading from your correspondent, "Edmontonian," calls for comment. No exception can be taken to the plea for bright, live services, not only in the interest of the returning soldiers, but of every other worshipper; and the writer's own experience in the early days of the war bears out fully the enormous value of the "sing song" as an adjunct to the regular services. But decided objection will be taken by large numbers of your readers to the argument that in order to make the service more "interesting" the sermon should be cut down to a ten or fifteen minute talk on some "straight gospel without frills." Everywhere to-day the preacher is in evidence. Captains of industry, veterans, labor leaders and even farmers are grappling through the written or spoken word with the colossal problem of reconstruction. Among the rest, the prophet of God also thinks and knows he has a message, which he is burning to deliver. Now it is at least a curious thing that, of all others, he alone is the one who must be admonished to "cut it short or—cut it out." And it is equally suggestive that the breezy west, as well as the effete east, joins in the protest against preaching "on all subjects under the sun," and in favor of the "straight gospel." Does it never enter into the minds of critics that the subject matter of a discourse bears an intimate relation to its length and to whether it is interesting or not? Will they never appreciate the fact that, by the very terms of his calling, the man of God is at least as well qualified as some others to determine what, for him, is the portion of the "eternal verities" he is called upon at any given time to declare?

Moreover, are we quite sure the soldier himself will not resent being used as a text from which to deliver all sorts of homilies on the present-day duty of preachers and others? The writer has had the honor of having three sons in khaki, one of whom lies in the sunny fields of France, and numbers many soldier boys among his friends, and his conviction is that, to use a somewhat unclassical expression, the men are getting "fed up" on this sort of thing. Lest we succeed in doing the very thing we would avoid, namely, create in them a distaste for the Church and its services, let us cease looking upon them as abnormal human beings, who must be treated in a special manner, or they will be peeved, and instead, stand shoulder to shoulder with them and all good men whose aim is to build up in this country a "nation that loveth righteousness."

PREACHER OF A FULL GOSPEL.

#### THE LATE REV. T. E. BARTLEY, D.D.

It was with pained surprise that Toronto Methodism heard of the sudden death, on May 13th, of Rev. T. E. Bartley, D.D., pastor of Woodgreen Tabernacle. The deceased had not been in robust health for some time, but he had been able to attend to the duties of the pastorate, and no immediate danger was anticipated. Bro. Bartley was born in Ireland, but came to Canada as a young man, and entered our ministry in 1882, being ordained in 1887. He had thus given thirty-seven years of active and successful service to the church of his choice. He was an excellent preacher, a diligent pastor, and possessed no little administrative ability.

He was many times chosen chairman of district, was president of Toronto Conference in 1908, and was also elected to General Conference. He was for seven years field secretary of the Methodist Union, Toronto, but resigned four years ago to become pastor of Woodgreen Tabernacle. A widow; one son, T. H., of Ottawa; and two daughters, Gladys and Kathleen, at home, survive him. He was a good man and a faithful toiler, and he has fallen as perhaps he would have wished, in the harness, and the Church and community are the better for a noble life.

#### ONE VIEW OF CONFERENCE

The editor of the Bowmanville Statesman evidently appreciates the Methodist Conference. This is what he says about it:

"Her sister towns will almost envy Ontario's county town, the historic and aristocratic town of Whitby, on being chosen as the scene of Bay of Quinte Methodist Conference for this year, and it may be as a permanent meeting place if the accommodation at the Ontario Ladies' College proves entirely satisfactory after a fair trial. We always consider it a great honor and a spiritual blessing to a community to have from 200 to 300 ministers and devoted church laymen sojourning among them for a week. Bowmanville has always so regarded the meeting of Conference in this town, and our people do not understand why the other towns object to billeting the members in their homes. It is an honor and a privilege to welcome and entertain representatives from over the district, and Whitby will share in the pleasures without extra effort of entertaining in their homes for the week beginning June 18th next. May the Conference prove a real blessing to the people of Whitby and vicinity just the same."

#### A RECORD INCREASE

What is surely a record increase in missionary givings is reported from the Hepworth circuit, Hamilton Conference, which to date reports \$1,152.69, as compared with \$348 last year. Naturally the pastor, Rev. Walter C. Almack, is greatly delighted at the showing. If any other circuit can match this, now is the time for them to tell us about it.

#### AN EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION

The General Board of Education of the Methodist Church of Canada has sanctioned the appointment by the Massey foundation of a commission of three, to investigate and report upon the educational institutions, schools, colleges and universities throughout the country operating under the General Conference of the Methodist Church. The commission is composed of Vincent Massey, of Victoria College; George H. Locke, chief librarian of Toronto; and Dr. James Smythe, principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. The commission has begun its work by a recent visit to Albert College, Belleville, and in the early autumn is planning to inspect the Methodist schools and colleges in the various provinces, after which a report will be prepared embodying recommendations as to the future of these institutions, and presented to the Board of Education.

Several members of a women's war-working party had assembled at the house of another member, and were chatting with the little daughter of their hostess.

"I hear you are a great help to your mother," said one.

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl, "mamma gives me a task to do every day."

"Oh!" remarked the lady; "and what is your task for to-day?"

"I have to count the spoons after you have all gone."—*Tit-Bits*.

## Where Honor Is Due

Since the dawn of history, man has delighted to honor the illustrious dead. Witness the pyramids of Egypt with their inscriptions containing records, graven in stone, of ancient heroes.

Surely there has never been in all the world's history records more fitting to preserve than of those who fought and fell in the Great War.

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#### DISTRICT MEETINGS.

Peterborough.—The annual meeting will be held in George St. Church, Peterboro, May 27th and 28th. Ministerial session on Tuesday, 27th, at 2 p.m.; general session, Wednesday, 28th, at 9.30 a.m. A public meeting will be held Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at which an address will be given by the Rev. T. Albert Moore, D.D., on "The Church and the Present Crisis." Superintendents of circuits will please send the S. S. schedules to Rev. W. H. Clarke, Cavan, all other schedules to Rev. Andrew McLaughlin, Pontypool, five days before District meeting. William Higgs, Chairman; William T. Wickett, Fin. Sec.

Balcarres.—The annual meeting of the Balcarres District will be held at Cupar, on Tuesday, May 27th, beginning at 2.30 p.m. A public meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, to be addressed by Rev. O. Darwin, D.D., on "The Church and Reconstruction." W. F. McHaffie, Chairman; C. H. Cross, Fin. Sec.

#### CHANGES IN PROGRAMME.

Montreal Conference.—Change in pulpit supply for Sunday: Douglas Church, a.m., Rev. W. S. Lennon, B.A., B.D.; Mountain St., p.m., Rev. W. A. Hamilton.

Bay of Quinte.—Sunday, June 22nd, Military Hospital, 9 a.m., add the name of Major (Rev.) H. A. Frost.

## RECENT DEATHS

Items under this heading will be inserted for \$1.00 each, up to a limit of 150 words. For those over that limit a charge of a cent a word for all extra words will be made.

**LAWRENCE.**—In the death of Amos Jesse Lawrence, B.A., LL.B., which took place Jan. 9th, 1919, after a short illness of influenza, the Munson circuit suffered a great loss. The late Mr. Lawrence was born in Southampton, Cumberland Co., N.S., in 1855. He received his early education in Pictou Academy, and graduated from Dalhousie University in arts in 1909 and law in 1911. He was one of the first settlers in Munson, Alta., where he practised law since 1912. During these years he has been actively identified with church work, having been recording steward for years, which position he held when God called him to higher service. In 1912 he was united in marriage with Blanche, daughter of Rev. G. W. F. Glendenning, Truro, N.S. Living next door to the parsonage, their home has been a rendezvous for the ministers, thoughtful in their hospitality, generous in their kindnesses. He was a man of clean habits and clean lips—out of the heart are the issues of life. One of his ambitions was to see a new church built at Munson which would be worthy of the cause. He leaves to mourn his sudden and early departure his wife, Helen aged four, Hibbert aged two, and little Jessie, born Feb. 7th, 1919; also a father and mother, three brothers, Richard, Hibbert and McCully, and three sisters, Mrs. A. Mielkie, Delburne, Alta., and Abbie and Susan at home. A short service was held on the street corner by his pastor, Rev. T. E. Armstrong, public gatherings being prohibited, before the remains were forwarded for interment in the family plot, Southampton. "There must be other nobler work to do."

**WALKER.**—Elizabeth Maginnis, widow of the late Joseph Walker, died on April 15, 1919, at the home of her niece, Mrs. George Hutchinson, of Alliston. For two years she and her only surviving sister, Mrs. S. Spink, had lived at Long Beach, California, but last May she returned to Alliston and spent the last few months of life amongst the friends and acquaintances that knew her so well and esteem her so highly. Converted in her early girlhood she was a life-long member of the Methodist Church, to which she gave her time and talent gladly and generously. Her special fields of Christian service were the Sabbath school, the social circle and the musical department of the Church. Blessed with a happy, sunny disposition and splendid musical talent she gave added charm and life to all she associated with and was a welcome guest wherever she went. The end of life, or rather the beginning of the larger life beyond, was quite in keeping with the character she bore and the profession she made as a child of the King. Serenely and joyously, in the early morning she came to her coronation, and was not, for God had taken her to Himself.—G. F. Lee.

**SISLER.**—On July 30th, 1918, at the age of eighty-seven, there passed away from this world, in the person of Mrs. James Sisler, one of whom it could truthfully be said that "she walked with God." She had a very bright and clear religious experience, and so long as her strength would permit her, was exceptionally faithful in her attendance at the church services. For about ten years before her death, her hearing gave her a great deal of concern, and towards the last, deafness set in. Nevertheless, even when she could not hear, she continued to go to church, maintaining that she could still worship God and read the hymns. She cheerfully gave of her substance to the support of Church enterprises, and was a sympathetic friend of the minister, whoever he might be. She greatly enjoyed a visit from her pastor and, although probably she did not know it, was to him a source of encouragement and strength. For more than forty years Mrs. Sisler was a reader of The Christian Guardian. She was married three times. Her remains were laid to rest in Mount Albert cemetery on August 1st, 1918, Rev. D. Roy Gray officiating at a largely attended funeral. She, being dead, still speaketh.

**BRENT.**—Susanah Clemence, beloved wife of H. C. Brent, entered into rest on December 12th, 1918. The late Mrs. Brent was born in Darlington and early in life gave herself to Jesus. In 1860 she was married and the young couple moved into Uxbridge township, locating at Roseville. Sometime later they moved to the suburbs of Uxbridge town and then to her late home on the sixth concession of Scott. Her whole life was lived for the Master. The elements for the sacrament were always prepared and furnished by her hands. This was her delight for nearly forty-five years. The last Sunday that she was permitted to attend public worship on earth she brought the bread and wine. She came to her pastor at the close of the service, her voice trembling as she spoke, asked to be relieved of this duty. Before another Sabbath came

because of advancing years she fell and injured herself so that she never was permitted to attend service again on earth. Mrs. Brent was a past president and one of the original members of the W. M. S. at Ashworth. On the desk at Ashworth Methodist Church is found a new hymn book placed there by one who has learned to admire God's patient, devoted and consistent Christian women. It is inscribed "In memory of Mrs. Henry C. Brent, Mrs. Joseph Barton, Mrs. John Card and Mrs. Joel Hackner."

**PASCOE.**—Just three weeks after the remains of her husband were laid to rest in the cemetery at Crandall, Manitoba, Hannah M. Tindall, wife of the late Thos. W. Pascoe and sister of the late Rev. Wm. Tindall, rejoined them and many other relatives in the heavenly home. Mrs. Pascoe, who was the youngest child of James Tindall, one of the pioneers of West Willimbury, Ontario, was born in that township on June 23rd, 1835. Guided by devout parents, she early recognized her relationship to the Divine Father, and united with the Methodist Church in 1852, remaining an earnest, consistent, and as long as health permitted, an active member of that body. She was married in 1853 to Thos. W. Pascoe, and together the aged couple celebrated their diamond wedding last September. During her long life, the late Mrs. Pascoe held many important positions. As a school teacher before her marriage her education and refinement left its impression upon the whole district. She was a Sabbath-school teacher for many years, and rejoiced that she had been instrumental in leading many of her pupils to their Saviour. She was a life member of the W. M. S. and the work of that society was always dear to her heart. Though belonging to a past generation, of which she was pleasantly reminiscent, she was always cheerfully optimistic, and was never heard to remark that the former days were better than the present. She passed through many hardships and bereavements, borne with true Christian fortitude, and though declining in health for some years, she was seriously ill at the last for less than a week. At noon on April 15th, 1919, the messenger came to say, "It is enough." At the funeral service, conducted by her esteemed pastor, Rev. T. W. Price, B.A., her favorite hymn was sung, from which these words are redolent of the close of her Christian experience:

What hath He at last?  
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed.

**ROSS.**—In the death of John Ross, the township of Osprey lost one of its oldest and most respected citizens. He was born in Cumberland, England, December 6th, 1839. He came to Canada with his parents in 1854, settled in York County, but soon moved to Osprey, where he resided until his death, April 12th, 1919, at his home, Maxwell. His partner in life was Olivia Russell, of Charing Cross, County Kent, Ontario, to whom he was married January 27, 1875. She now mourns the loss of a loving, faithful husband. The others sharing the loss are one brother, William, of West Toronto; one sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Heron, of Toronto, and three sons, George, of Maxwell, Foster, of Redvers, Sask., and Winser, of Vancouver. John Ross was a member of the Methodist Church. For sixty-four years he faithfully followed his Lord and Master and he constantly manifested the fruits of the spirit. Few men command the universal good-will of their fellows in the measure enjoyed by him. He was the embodiment of love and good-will. He did not accumulate wealth, but he left a good name which could not be bought with great riches. "For he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith" and he died full of years and honor.

**EBERLIE.**—On Sunday, March 2nd, the people in the vicinity of Florence, Ont., were greatly shocked at the death of Mrs. Jason Eberlie. She contracted influenza, which developed into pneumonia. After all that medical skill and loving care could do, she gradually sank and entered the Church triumphant. We felt the loss more keenly because she apparently had enjoyed very good health. Her maiden name was Lulu Bilton, and was born at Florence in September, 1852. As a girl she gave her

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heart to Christ, and identified herself with His Church. She took an active interest in the Sunday school and Epworth League, and up till her death was faithful in attending the means of grace. On December 27th, 1905, she was united in marriage to Jason Eberlie, and their home life was ideal. We regret that God so early called her home, yet we are comforted with the fact that she has gone to be forever with him. There are left to mourn her loss a beloved husband, a devoted father, Mr. J. W. Bilton, of Florence, and an affectionate sister, Mrs. Fred. Huston, of Briercrest, Sask. The funeral service was conducted by her pastor, the Rev. Joseph Jones, and the remains were laid away gently at Thamesville until "the morning breaks and the shadows flee away." J. J.

**HUTCHESON.**—After a brief illness of only two weeks "the Angel of Life whispered, 'Come,'" and the beautiful spirit of Mrs. George Hutcheson answered the invitation to holier realms. Mrs. Frances Ann Hutcheson was the daughter of Mr. William Wilson, of the Township of Emily, county of Victoria. Later mother and family moved to Bruce County, where on the 18th day of Sept., 1859, Miss Wilson married Mr. George Hutcheson, a successful builder and contractor throughout that section of Ontario. At the close of the American War he branched out into lumber manufacturing business, and in 1881 moved to Muskoka, and continued his business in the Lake Rousseau region. In the year 1885, Mr. and Mrs. Hutcheson and family moved to Huntsville, entering mercantile life,

where they have lived gaining and retaining many friends as years passed. Throughout all the years, Mrs. Hutcheson has been a helpmeet indeed and her family call her blessed; her husband also, he praiseth her. From earliest years Mrs. Hutcheson was a devoted and active Christian, a loyal Methodist and earnest Christian worker. Every Christian cause received her generous support and wise counsel. She was the first president of the first Temperance Society in Huntsville, also active in W.C.T.U. and W.M.S. Societies, also in Church and benevolent organizations. She was a Past County Organizer for W.C.T.U., also a life member of several societies. Her husband and family mourn their loss. All members



MRS. GEO. HUTCHESON.

were present as she passed on to her rich reward: William E., Robert J., Theodore W., Mrs. J. R. Boyd, Mrs. A. C. Bernath, Mrs. H. E. Rice, of Huntsville, Mrs. A. R. Raymer, of Beaver, Pa., and S. A. Hutcheson, K.C., of Swift Current, Sask. Her faithfulness in all things must ever be an inspiration to all who knew her. She being dead, yet speaketh. A private service, in charge of Rev. A. A. Wall, was held at the home, where many tributes of respect and sympathy were received from former pastors and other friends, for we look not on the things which are seen but on the things which are not seen.

**GRIFFITH.**—John Burley Griffith was born July 31st, 1870, in Middlesex County, Ont., where he spent his boyhood days. After a business course at Hamilton he came west, locating at Red Deer, where he was given the position of farm instructor at the Industrial School, which post he held for two years prior to his settling permanently with his family in Stettler, in 1906. Here he carried on a successful business until the time of his death, on November 21st, 1918. Some twenty-eight years ago our deceased brother had been converted in services conducted by Crossley and Hunter. He became a faithful member of the cause of Christ and Methodism. He was a loyal worker in the Sunday school and a valued member of the Quarterly Board. As a citizen of Stettler he was foremost in all good work, and took a lively interest in all that made for the welfare of the town and district. For several years he was one of Stettler's councilors, and a member of the Board of Trade. Throughout all his dealings he was noted as a man of high ideals and of the highest integrity. He leaves a wife, two sons, Granton and Pendleton, at home, and two daughters, Mabel and Alma. The eldest son, Meredith, was killed at battle of Lens, August, 1917. Granton, who served three years, was overseas at the time of his father's death, but has recently been permitted to return home. The funeral services were conducted on Sunday afternoon, November 24th, 1918, at the residence by Rev. A. B. Argue, and interment was made in the Lakeview cemetery. The floral tributes were very numerous, and the attendance at the funeral exceedingly large, testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held, and assuring to the bereaved family sincerest sympathy. The name of Bro. Griffith is a precious memory in the home, the church and the community.

**KEMP.**—We have suffered much in our little community from the scourge influenza, one among our chief losses being the death of Hazel Pearl Kemp, age twelve,

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youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Kemp, of Sunnyside, Alberta. Professional care and motherly love failed to protect the loved one from the ravages of the dread disease, and she passed away on March 6th, 1919, at the Royal Alexander Hospital, Edmonton. The sunshine of father and mother, companion of her grandmother, she was the centre of their home world. Her sweet nature radiated its influence to her youthful companions at school and play. Our sympathies go out to the bereaved with sincerity that can be felt rather than described. Though her going has left a chill shadow, yet her spirit of sunshine must still stream down upon us from her home with the Father. The funeral service was held at the home of the deceased, and the sympathy of the district was reflected in the large number present. The many beautiful wreaths spoke eloquently of the place our little sister held in the affection of neighbor, schoolmate and companions. The Revs. Lobb, Stark and Macdonald conducted the service, using the favorite hymns of the departed—"Jesus wants me for a sunbeam," "Take time to be holy," "When peace like a river." Interment was made in Little Mountain cemetery.

**BEDFORD.**—Winnipeg Methodism lost a sympathetic and consistent supporter in the death of Mrs. (Prof.) S. A. Bedford, of 194 Walnut Street, on Friday, March 28th, 1919. Her death, as a result of Spanish influenza, came as a great shock to her many friends who for years worked with her in Young Methodist Church. Mrs. Bedford was one of God's elect ladies. While she did much Christian work along ordinary lines, yet those who knew her best testified to her untiring efforts in many of the unnoticed spheres of Christian service. About forty years ago she came to the West and pioneered in the Moose Mountain district, where her husband was member for the first Legislative Assembly of the territories. In 1888 she moved to Brandon, and for twenty-five years the Bedford home in Brandon was an inspiration and ideal to many scores of young men and women. About ten years ago the family moved to Winnipeg, and Mrs. Bedford at once found her place in the city and church life, devoting much of her time to all charitable and public undertakings. She was an ideal mother, and her children rise up to call her blessed. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, Prof. S. A. Bedford, one son, Harold, of Brandon, and three daughters, Olive (Mrs. McKinnon), Marion (Mrs. W. F. Lough) and Grace, a nurse in training, all of Winnipeg; one sister, Mrs. Wm. Poole, of Leeds County, Ontario, and two brothers, Ferris Bolton, M.P. for Lisgar, Manitoba, and J. Henry Bolton, of Darlingford, Manitoba. A suitable service was conducted at her late residence, where many gathered to pay respect to her memory. The Canadian West has had many fine pioneer women, who have done much to make the wilderness into a home to dwell in, but there has been no finer example of womanhood than Minnie Bolton Bedford. B. W. T.

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## British Columbia Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Another portrait has been added to the splendid collection now in the possession of Columbian Methodist College, New Westminster. This spring a very speaking likeness of Rev. J. F. Betts, a former chairman of the board of directors, was unveiled in the college chapel by Rev. Dr. Whittington, who presented the portrait to the college on behalf of the many friends who had made it possible by their gifts. The portrait shows Mr. Betts standing in a favorite attitude, as though about to address an audience. It is a fine piece of work, and will grace the college halls. Mr. Betts was a pioneer of Methodism in British Columbia, coming to the province in 1889. He took a prominent part in the affairs of the Conference, and was honored with all the gifts in the hands of his brethren, being chairman of district, president of Conference, member of General Conference, again and again receiving large votes, testifying to the good-will of the Conference. At the time of his death Mr. Betts was chairman of the college board, and from the beginning of its history took an active part in the management of the college. At the time of the unveiling Mr. D. S. Curtis, chairman of the board of management, accepted the portrait on behalf of the college, and Rev. Dr. Sipprell paid a tribute to the worth and character of Mr. Betts.

Many of the churches have made good progress during the year that has just closed, and reports coming from all parts of the province show that there will be increases both in the matter of membership and of money raised. Mount Pleasant Church, Vancouver, under the leadership of Rev. Dr. Sipprell, has made splendid advance in all lines, and the report of this church will easily lead all others in the Conference. The congregation raised the handsome sum of over \$21,000 for all purposes, and the increase in membership is very large. The board are considering the matter of an assistant pastor, in order to make a speciality of the work among the boys and young men of the neighborhood.

Mountain View Church, which has been so well assisted by Mount Pleasant, has also had a good year under the leadership of Rev. John Robson. At the annual meeting the reports showed that the church was coming up splendidly in the matter of finances and had paid \$1,000 off its mortgage indebtedness. All the organizations of the church have done fine work, and the membership of the Sunday school is now over 500. Grace Church, Vancouver, has also had a good year. Rev. H. S. Hastings, the pastor, has had the hearty support of all the congregation, and Sunday school, young people's organizations, and every department have been in good working condition. At the annual congregational meeting very satisfactory reports were read, the increase in amounts raised for missionary purposes being very marked. Grace Church has also made a move forward towards self-support, and it is expected that in the near future they will be branching out in this direction.

British Columbia has the honor of being the first Conference to admit women to the courts of the Church, in accordance with the legislation of the General Conference last fall. At the Vancouver East district, on May 6th, four ladies were in attendance—Mrs. J. Bryan, from Lynn Valley; Mrs. Hadfield, from Beaconsfield; Mrs. F. B. Lane, from Robson Memorial Church; and Mrs. Shoemaker, from Sanford Church.

Mrs. A. N. Miller was elected from Ferris Road Church, but was not able to be present at the meeting. The Westminster district two days later also had ladies as members of the district meeting, and already reports have been received that a number have been elected delegates to the Annual Conference.

From reports that have been received it is almost certain that British Columbia will have a forty per cent. increase in its missionary givings, instead of the twenty-five per cent. that was suggested as the quota necessary to reach the objective set by the General Board.

Many friends will regret to learn that Rev. A. B. Osterhout will be compelled to ask for superannuation for one year, on account of the severe illness of Mrs. Osterhout. A few weeks ago Mrs. Osterhout went with friends to California, hoping that the change would restore her to health. Complications set in while there, making an operation necessary, and Mr. Osterhout was called south by wire. Last reports are that there is slight improvement, though at present the doctors do not hold out much hope of complete recovery.

Wesley Church gave Rev. Ernest Thomas a farewell on May 1st that was very largely attended. The spirit of the church is shown by the following resolution, which was handed to Mr. Thomas, accompanied with a well-filled purse: "Resolved, that this Quarterly Board places on record its appreciation of the services of Rev. Ernest Thomas during his pastorate of four years. Mr. Thomas has given to the Sunday services a form and a dignity which induces reverence and worship. With rare scholarship, spiritual insight, and knowledge of the world about us, he has interpreted the Scriptures, and given them a practical application to individual and community life. He has brought into active church work a large number of strong men and women whose ability had not been utilized. He has organized the whole educational work of the church, so that it is properly co-ordinated and so fitted for most efficient service. In social and community work he has been a leader, combining knowledge, perseverance and undaunted courage. During the crisis of the great war he served on many committees and boards, bringing high honor to himself, credit to this church and the denomination to which we all belong. He has led us to see in the changes of the social organism taking place around us the striving of mankind for more adequate expression, and to realize we have a place in the process, doing God's will on earth, following the footprints of Christ our Saviour. Mr. Thomas has been assisted in his work by Mrs. Thomas, who has taken her place in church and community work in a way to win universal approval. Mrs. Thomas has brought to her work education, refinement and social qualities of such a high order that she is to-day respected and loved by all. The best wishes of this board go with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and family in their new field of usefulness." A. E. R.

### MONTREAL CONFERENCE.

#### Travelling Arrangements.

Delegates attending must purchase first-class full fare one-way tickets (fare for which must not be less than seventy-five cents) to place of meeting (or to nearest junction point if through ticket cannot be obtained), and secure certificate to that effect on Standard Certificate Form, which must be presented to the secretary at the place of meeting immediately upon arrival. Going tickets and certificates will be issued May 24th to 30th, and properly validated certificates will be honored for tickets for the return journey, up to and including June 9th, 1919. Above regulations apply to travelling by the Canada Steamship Lines as well as by railway.

As the billet system has been discontinued in the Conference, delegates will please register at Conference church immediately upon arrival in the city.

G. S. CLENDINNEN, President.  
D. MICK, Secretary.

### NEW CALENDAR VICTORIA UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF THEOLOGY

BY REX.

I have been enjoying myself with a perusal of the calendar of the faculty of theology of Victoria University for 1919-20, which has just been issued. I use the word "enjoying" advisedly. One of the best things the last General Conference did was the appointment of a Commission of Studies, to go over at their leisure the entire course of study of our probationers. Too often previously the changes in the course of study were made by a small committee and rushed through in the last hours of Conference without due consideration or debate. This year the Conference decided that a large and representative commission should deal with the important question of the training of our future ministers, and that—a wise provision also—the same commission should "carry on" until the next General Conference. The commission met early in this year. The result of their deliberations is to be found in the new Discipline, so I shall not attempt to give the details here.

One matter might be mentioned, however. It was decided that during his three years at college a student in the ordinary course should take a total of twenty-seven courses of study, nine in each year; nineteen and one-half courses were subjects that each student must take, seven and one-half he might choose for himself. Here was a splendid change. When I took my theological work every student was run through the same mould, no matter what his tastes or capabilities. Now, if his desire runs to Bible study, he may take extra work in Bible subjects; if he wishes to fit himself for special work among the children in the Sunday school, he has plenty of room for specialization; if, on the other hand, his heart is set on social work in down-town city districts or in the country, he can devote seven and one-half courses to study of the problems involved. This was a forward step in theological education such as had not been taken for years.

The plan and arrangement of the courses of study were, however, left in the hands of the theological faculty of each of our various colleges, and what I was anxious to see was how they would work them out. I now had a sample of it in the Victoria Calendar. The commission enacted that the student need take only one Old Testament course a year during his three years at college. He may take more; but he is compelled to take only one. But then there used to be in my time Old Testament history (two courses), Old Testament introduction, Pentateuch, prophets, poets, etc. Something would have to be left out, it seemed to me, and what should it be? I find the problem solved in the new calendar in statesmanlike fashion. Course one in the Old Testament is "History and Literature of the Old Testament from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Samaria, with reading of selected passages from the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Amos and Hosea." Course two is similar in character, but covers the period "from the Fall of Samaria to the End of the Persian Empire, with reading of selections from Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Micah, Nahum, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, and 2 Kings." Course three covers the Greek and Maccabean periods, with reading of selections from Chronicles, Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, Daniel, Maccabees and Jewish Apocalypses." The old history, introduction and literature courses always involved considerable overlapping. The new secures co-ordination of work, with no repetition. History, development of literature, thought, all are treated as one organic whole. If this does not mean interest on the part of students, and an all-round knowledge of the Bible such as the old courses never did give, then I despair for Bible teaching.

When the New Testament department is



turned to, the same co-ordination of courses is to be found there, with work prescribed in "The Life of Christ," "Life and Letters of Paul" and the "Remaining Books of the New Testament." History and literature are thus here studied together, too, and the same end must be achieved, the securing by the student of a good general knowledge of the whole of the New Testament.

Study for the probationer in the department of sociology and economics was also prescribed by the commission. Victoria University meets this prescription with a new department of sociology, and it offers such subjects as "The Social Gospel of the New Testament and Its Application to Modern Life," "Modern Social Theories and Movements Examined and Tested by the Social Teaching of the Bible," and others. There is a new department also in religious education, and it outlines appropriate courses. Then there are—but I must stop. I know the editor of the GUARDIAN to be long-suffering, but I also know that he can put his foot down on occasion, especially upon wordy contributors. Before doing that, let me advise you to do as I did, send to the Registrar of Victoria College for a copy of the new calendar, then choose a free hour to go through it. I am certain that you will end as I did, envious of the present-day student, sorry that you yourself cannot go back to college once again.

### Wise and Otherwise

Sign in New York: "Cup of Coffee and a Roll Down-stairs for 15 Cents."—*Boston Transcript*.

Hard-Boiled Drill Sergeant: "Straighten out that line there! Wha' d'ya think this is—the Rainbow Division!"—*Judge*.

"My son, why are you always behind with your studies?"

"So that I may pursue them, father dear," was the reply.—*Tit-Bits*.

"De man dat never complains," said Uncle Eben, "mebbe ain't takin' enough notice of what's goin' on to make his opinions worth noticin' nohow."—*Washington Star*.

The chauffeur had been haled into court for speeding and running down a pedestrian. "Your Honor," said the chauffeur, "it was all my fault. The pedestrian was not to blame." And the poor judge never recovered.

"Well, what have you done about it?" "Done?" returned J. Fuller Gloom. "Why, I haven't done anything about it, of course. I have been too busy writing pieces to the papers demanding that something be done."—*Judge*.

"It says here that a Missouri man boasts that he has an umbrella that has been in his possession for twenty years," said Smith. "Well," replied Jones, "that's long enough. He ought to return it."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"That young man stayed very late again, Edith."

"Yes, papa; I was showing him my picture post-cards."

"Well, the next time he wants to stay late, you show him some of my electric light bills."—*Boston Transcript*.

It was a mile over Mount Clemens. The pilot of the plane from Selfridge Field was giving a visiting officer his first air voyage. He cut off the motor. "See those people?" shouted the pilot. "Fifty per cent. of them think we are going to fall." "They've got nothing on us," was the reply that streamed for half a mile back of the plane; "fifty per cent. of us do."—*Detroit News*.

"Take a good look at this ladder, my boy." "What for?" "And then remember that if it were possible to get to the top at a single bound there would be no need for the bottom rungs."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A woman who was troubled with chronic nightmare and who frequently cried out in her sleep, advertised for room and board "with a family who would not object to screaming in the night." Among the answers she received was one which asked, "How often would you require us to scream?"—*Boston Transcript*.

A visitor to a Sunday school was asked to address a few remarks to the children. He took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elisha on his journey to Bethel—how the young ones taunted the prophet, and how they were punished when two bears came out of the woods and ate forty and two of them.

"And now, children," said he, "what does this story show?"

"Please, sir," came from a little girl in the front row, "it shows how many children two bears can hold."—*Selected*.

—The Methodist church at Pontypool will be dedicated the first Sunday in June, by the Rev. S. C. Moore, B.A., B.D., president of the Bay of Quinte Conference.

### MEMORIAL ORGAN

A memorial pipe organ, erected to the memory of the fallen soldiers of the congregation of the Methodist church at Chapleau, was dedicated Thursday evening, May 1st, free of debt, by the pastor of the church, Rev. C. S. Applegath. The organ, a two-manual, of electro-pneumatic action, was designed specially for the church by C. Franklin Legge, organist of Central Methodist Church, Toronto, and cost \$1,800. The opening recital was given by Mr. Legge, assisted by J. T. Coleman, flute soloist, of Toronto, and the local choir. The memorial tablet on the organ case bears the names of five fallen soldiers: W. Hartley, J. Hewitt, H. Wraugham, G. Skerry and W. Haskins. The tablet was unveiled by Mrs. A. Haskins, mother of the last-named, who gave three sons to the war. A feature of the evening was the presentation of an illuminated address and well-filled purse to the choir leader, Mr. Wilfred E. Wolfe, who is leaving Chapleau to make his home at Sault Ste. Marie.

### THE LATE LIEUT. A. B. WHITESIDE.

Lieut. A. B. Whiteside, M.C. and bar, was killed in an aeroplane accident at Andover, England, April 22nd, 1919, with four brother officers. He was the son of Rev. Arthur Whiteside, of Jerusalem, New Brunswick, and brother of Miss Julia Whiteside, of the Methodist Training School, Toronto. Lieut. Whiteside was born in Fort Qu'Appelle Methodist parsonage, on Dec. 13th, 1891; "born from above" what a lad of thirteen, on the Beaver Creek Mission; saved from drowning that same year a schoolmate named Gladys Holmes who had fallen in the creek during recess. He attended Lachute Academy, taking highest marks each year, and graduating A.A., entered for B.A., McGill, 1912. He enlisted in No. 5 Field Ambulance Corps, August 11, 1914. He remained with the Medical Corps in France, attending to hospital work for a year not far from the firing line, when he asked his commander for a transfer to the Princess Pats, as he was a medically fit man. He was wounded at Ypres by shrapnel. Early in January, 1917, he got a commission in the Royal Flying Corps and has been a flight lieutenant until the disaster of 22nd of April last. He was home in July and August, 1918. When he returned to England he received his decorations of M.C. and bar from the King and has been instructor of the large Handley-Page airplane up to the time of the fatal accident. A letter from Rev. B. B. Brown, Montreal, says: "As pastor of Barlow in two different churches, Lachute and St. James,

Montreal, I can bear testimony to the superior quality of his young manhood. His quiet, unassuming, manly, frank and cheerful way won for him a large place in the hearts of all his friends, teachers and fellow-students at Lachute Academy and McGill University.

"His Montreal boarding mistress once said to me when I was calling on her that she



THE LATE LIEUT. A. B. WHITESIDE.

never had in her home such a kind, thoughtful, considerate boy, whose spirit was so unselfish and altruistic. He gave promise of being one of McGill's most brilliant graduates. He exemplified the splendid Christian training of the godly home of the parsonage."

### RECENT WEDDING.

The marriage took place on April 19th at the United Methodist Church, Padstow, Cornwall, England, of Rev. G. H. Hamilton, of the Methodist Church, British Columbia, Canada, and Ivy, second daughter of the late Rev. T. Rowe, ex-Bible Christian minister, and Mrs. Rowe, Padstow, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. S. Shortridge, Bible Christian minister. Rev. J. Rawlings officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. H. S. Rowe, of Bristol, was attired in a pale mauve crepe de chine dress with hat to match, and was attended by her two sisters, Blanche and Gladys. Mr. S. T. Rowe, brother of the bride, was best man. Miss Niles presided at the organ and rendered Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The honeymoon is being spent at Penzance and the Scilly Isles.

The happy pair were the recipients of a large number of presents, including a silver teapot from members and friends of the Padstow U. M. Church. The bride was a valued member of this church, was a member of the choir and secretary of the Sunday school, and has taken a prominent part in all branches of church work and in the musical activities of the town and district.

Mr. Hamilton left England a few years ago for Canada. Previously he was actively associated with the U. M. Church, Sunderland, and for twelve months assisted Rev. V. H. Culliford with the work in the Padstow circuit. For over three years Mr. Hamilton served with the Canadian Field Ambulance in France, and he has had the memorable experience of being ordained, in February last, at La Hulpe, about five miles from the historic battlefield of Waterloo. Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Hamilton's numerous friends wish them God-speed in their new sphere in Canada, whence they are sailing shortly.

### LONDON CONFERENCE, REDUCED RAILWAY FARES.

Reduced rates have been secured for the delegates to London Conference. Going tickets will be issued June 7th to 11th, 1919, inclusive. Persons attending must purchase one-way ordinary and first-class fare ticket and secure certificate to that effect on Standard Conference Certificate Form, which must be presented to the railway clerk immediately upon arrival at Conference. When certificates are validated they will be honored by tickets for the return journey up to and including June 14th, 1919. Special agent will be present at Conference June 7th to 10th to vise certificates. B. SNELL, Sec. of Conference.

# The Christian Guardian

(Established 1829)

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## A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

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Notices under these headings will be charged for at 50c. for each insertion. Memorial notices without poetry, 75c., and 25c. additional for each verse of poetry.

### BIRTH.

PHILPOTTS.—On Monday, May 5th, 1919, at the parsonage, Caistorville, to Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Philpotts, a son, Lawrie Evan.

### MARRIAGE.

SAUGSTAD-FORTNEY.—On May 3rd, in the Methodist Church, Bella Bella, B.C., by the Rev. George E. Darby, B.A., M.B., Miss Ruby P. Fortner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Fortner, of Lambeth, Ont., to Mr. Randolph Saugstad, son of Mrs. Christian Saugstad of Bella Coola, B.C.

### DEATHS.

CHADWICK.—In Islington, Ont., on Sunday, May 18th, Jinnett Chadwick, beloved wife of C. W. Chadwick, in her 63rd year. Buried at Prospect Cemetery, Toronto, May 20th.

GARVIN.—On March 30th, at his home, Montreal North, Que., Rev. John Garvin, beloved husband of Ray Gillis Garvin.

WILSON.—In the General Hospital, Toronto, of pneumonia, on Sunday, May 11, 1919, Reginald Hartley Wilson, only son of the Rev. Jos. E. and Frances B. Wilson, 350 John St., Sault Ste Marie, Ontario.

### IN MEMORIAM.

MURPHY.—In loving memory of Ada Murphy, wife of Sheriff G. E. Murphy, of Moosomin, Saskatchewan, who departed this life May 20, 1917.

NIXON.—In loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. John Nixon, who was called to her heavenly home, April 22nd, 1918, to meet with her dear husband, who had gone before, and be together with their Lord, whom they both loved and served faithfully for many years while here. Her children arise up and call her blessed.

One year has passed; oh, how we miss her, Never will her memory fade, Loving thoughts will always linger Of our happy home together, As long as life and memory last, We will remember mother.

—From her loving children.

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Rev. H. M. Manning, 624 Rubidge St., Peterboro, Ont.  
Capt. (Rev.) J. W. Magwood, 344 Lake Shore Ave., Centre Island, Toronto. Phone Adelaide 7563 M.

### GOLDEN WEDDING.

Thursday, May 8th, was the golden anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Erven, and was fittingly celebrated by their many friends here. Mr. Erven was born in London, England, but came to Canada a good many years ago. Mrs. Erven's maiden name was Emily Elizabeth Pew. They were married in the township of Tinsy, County of Simcoe, by Rev. John Flood, fifty years ago. They have had six children. They moved to Dinsmore, Saskatchewan, in August 1908, and in 1917 moved to Bawlf, Alberta, where they still reside. Mr. Erven was for a time Sunday-school superintendent, but failing health compelled his resignation from the responsible post. The Ladies' Aid placed the annual congregational meeting on the date corresponding with their golden wedding, in order to do them honor. At this meeting the Sunday school presented Mr. Erven with a piece of gold, and the Ladies' Aid presented Mrs. Erven with a beautiful blooming plant as a slight token of the love and esteem in which they are held. A beautiful address was read by Mrs. Hanna, president of the Ladies' Aid Society. This part of the proceedings of the evening had at least as much human interest as any other. Ice cream and cake were served to all, so a very pleasant and profitable evening passed into history.—J. W. Bell.

### RECENT WEDDING.

Miss Ruth Flanders, daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles R. Flanders, was married to Capt. Frederick M. Brickenden, Canadian Engineer, on May 6th, in Broadway Methodist Church, Winnipeg. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Flanders, father of the bride. The bride's gown was of white georgette and old lace. She wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms and carried a shower bouquet of valley lilies, bridal roses and sweet peas. She was attended by her sister, Miss Marjory Flanders, who wore a frock of pink georgette. Miss Ruth Weston Flanders, niece of the bride, was the little flower girl. During the signing of the register, Mrs. John Flanders sang, "Oh, Perfect Love." A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents at the close of the service. Capt. and Mrs. Brickenden left for a trip to the West before going to London Ont., where they will make their home.

**MINISTER** wanted for the Rosburn Union Church, paying \$1,500.00 per year with free residence. Apply at once. Pulpit vacant July 1st, 1919. C. W. Wickett, Secretary, Rosburn, Manitoba.

**WANTED**—Teachers for Indian Schools, also ladies capable of instructing girls in cooking, laundry, sewing and housework. Apply, stating line of work preferred, to Rev. T. Ferrier, Industrial School, Brandon, Man.

**EXCELLENT** opening for a newspaper and general printing in Delburne. For particulars apply Rev. G. E. Graham, Delburne, Alberta.

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References by permission to Chancellor R. P. Bowles, Vict. Univ., Toronto; Rev. E. I. Hart, Montreal; Rev. C. A. Sykes, Winnipeg. Rates and booklet furnished on application to Dr. W. C. BARBER, Med. Supt.

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