

# The Christian



Founded in 1829 by  
Egerton Ryerson

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Winnipeg  
Man

# Guardian

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Religious Weekly

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In this issue: More a Question of Anaesthetics, by R. E. Fairbairn—Religious Education:  
A Survey, by J. H. Philp, M.A., Ph.D.—Seeing Great Britain by Motor, by M. E. McCulloch



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**Editors**

REV. W. B. CREIGHTON, B.A., D.D., Editor in Chief.  
 REV. W. McMULLEN, B.A., Assistant.

**Publisher**

REV. SAMUEL W. FALLIS, Book Steward.  
 REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, D.D., Book Steward Emeritus.

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# THE WORLD OUTLOOK

## Measures the Stars

PROF. A. A. MICHELSON, of the University of Chicago, has invented a new device for measuring the diameter of the stars, and has applied that device to the measurement of the star Betelgeuse, in the constellation of Orion. According to this measurement this star has a diameter of 260,000,000 miles, and its volume is 37,000,000 times that of our sun. If it were as close to us as the sun it would fill the whole visible heavens. Such magnitudes are so great as to be staggering to the imagination, and yet while we cannot fully grasp them there is left upon us a distinct impression of a universe greater and grander than what we had hitherto imagined. If Prof. Michelson's device should prove to be all that is claimed for it, our knowledge of the starry heavens should be considerably increased.

## Canada and the Privy Council

ABOUT a month ago the Hon. Justice Riddell delivered an address upon the above subject and strongly contended for the right of Canadians to carry appeals before the Privy Council. Then last week the Hon. Mr. Raney gave an address upon the same subject, and he took direct issue with Justice Riddell. And not only so, but he also quoted from a memorandum by Sir William Meredith, in which Sir William pointed to the anomaly that Canada should have practically unrestricted power to pass such laws as Parliament deems best, and yet the interpretation of those laws should ultimately be determined by an outside body in which Canada has no voice. It is argued that every British subject has the inalienable right to appeal to "the foot of the throne," but the Privy Council is no more "the foot of the throne" than is our own Supreme Court. And not only so, but when a man is on trial for his life he has no appeal to "the foot of the throne." It seems probable that the majority of our lawyers are in favor of continuing this appeal to the Privy Council, but we doubt if a referendum of our people would show ten per cent. of the electors in favor of it. And in the end, in every democracy, we may expect the majority's will to be carried into effect.

## Report on Cancer Cure

WHEN Dr. T. F. Glover, of Toronto, announced his discovery of what promised to be a cure for cancer there was naturally a great deal of interest aroused, and there was a public demand for a thorough investigation of the remedy and its effects. The Academy of Medicine promptly undertook the investigation, and for some months a committee has been at work trying to find out just what merit the new remedy might possess. Last week this committee reported, and the report is adverse to the claims of the "cure." The committee first requested Dr. Glover to allow them to visit his laboratories and examine his cultures and material; and they asked him to demonstrate his ability to culture cancer cells and organisms, and to show them that he could produce cancer by inoculation, or immunize animals against it. Dr. Glover did not accede to the request of the committee, and the committee then proceeded to examine the fifteen cases selected by Dr. Glover as showing the value of his serum. Their report is that "From the data, as far as obtained, the committee has found no evidence to warrant the hope that a specific cure for cancer has been discovered by Dr. Glover, nor that a cure has been produced by the serum in any case definitely established as cancer." Some of Dr. Glover's friends still look for a corroboration of his view that he had discovered a definite cure, but the report of the committee leaves little ground for such hope. That a cure will be discovered is exceedingly probable, but Dr. Glover's serum does not seem to be the long-looked-for boon.

In justice to Dr. Glover perhaps we should say that he still insists that his clinics show that he has apparently cured a number of cases of cancer which could not be helped by X-ray, operation, or administration of radium, and he declares that both his patients and some brother doctors are satisfied of this fact; and he proposes, as soon as he has perfected his serum, to place it at the disposal of the entire world.

## The Rift in the U. F. O.

WHEN the United Farmers of Ontario undertook to govern this province it was certain that the responsibilities of the new duty would considerably modify their attitude upon certain public questions. And when the Superannuation Bill was introduced by the Government it was generally felt that the new Government had acted wisely in changing its view in regard to such a measure. But Mr. J. J. Morrison, secretary of the U.F.O., but carrying no legislative responsibility, insisted that the Government, as a U.F.O. Government, should have had nothing to do with such a bill. The U.F.O. members of the Legislature, however, wisely followed Premier Drury's lead, and the bill became law. But now Premier Drury, face to face with the great Dominion issues in a general election, which cannot long be postponed, and after conference with Mr. Crerar, who will probably lead the U.F. forces in the Dominion election, declares that the Farmers' party must become a People's party, with a national programme and open to all who are willing to accept that programme. But if that is done, what is to prevent city men stepping in, and even running the party? And what is to become of the farmer if this People's party decides to govern Canada from the national point of view instead of the party point of view? Again Secretary Morrison jumps into the ring and tells Premier Drury that if he keeps on talking this way the farmers would have to hunt another premier, as the Government is a U.F.O. Government, and must continue so, or the U.F.O. will get an-

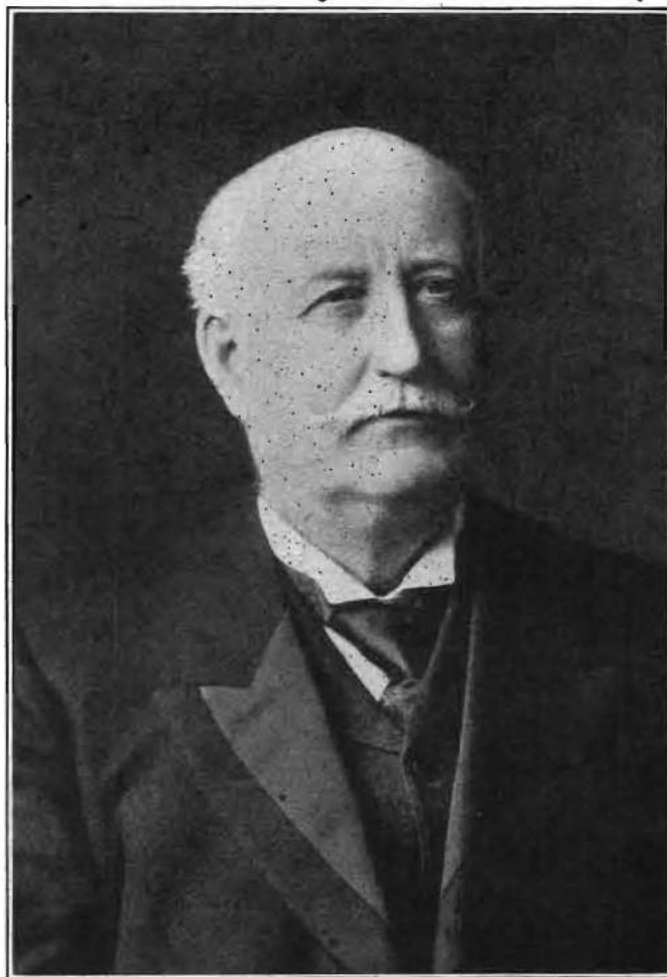
other that will be more obedient to what Secretary Morrison says. Candidly, we are sorry for this division in the U.F.O. The fact of this open division will not strengthen the U.F.O., and it seems a most unnecessary and regrettable incident, the more especially as Mr. Drury's course seems to be the only statesmanlike one open to him.

## Sir William Gage

IN the death of Sir William Gage, on January 14th, the Province of Ontario loses one of its most prominent and public-spirited citizens, and the Methodist Church loses a loyal and devoted member. Sir William was born in Brampton, Ont., seventy-one years ago. His earliest young manhood was spent in teaching school, but he soon entered business life, and was very successful, at the time of his death being president of the W. J. Gage Company, one of the largest paper dealers and manufacturing stationers in the Dominion. His business ability was widely recognized in business and financial circles. But it is not as a business man that he will be longest remembered, but as the public-spirited citizen who was foremost in fighting the great white plague, and in the establishment of sanitariums for its cure. To this work Sir William devoted much time and spared no expense, and he had the satisfaction of seeing permanently established those homes for tuberculous patients upon which he had set his heart. In religion the deceased was a Methodist, and a regular worshipper in the Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto. At the funeral service Rev. Dr. Tovell described him as "one of the kindest and truest friends" he had ever known during his ministry, and this description seems truly to characterize him. In his busiest years he found time to teach a Bible class of young men, and the activities of his church found him ever sympathetic and helpful. His knighthood came to him as a fitting recognition of his highly valuable service in providing proper hospital accommodation for the treatment of consumptives, and it was never more worthily bestowed. The bereaved friends have the consolation of knowing that the departed has left behind him a record which Canada will cherish with pride.

## West Peterboro Election

THE peculiar political situation in the Dominion at the present time could hardly have a better illustration than in the riding of West Peterboro. This riding was made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Burnham, who is so good a Conservative that he refuses to follow the Hon. Mr. Meighen, and insists upon a complete purging of the party by getting rid of all the former Liberals who still remain in the Government. Mr. Burnham is therefore running as an independent Conservative. But the Government is not satisfied with Mr. Burnham, and Mr. Roland Denne is their choice. The Liberals, naturally, have little use for either of the Conservative candidates, and so they also have a nominee, Mr. G. N. Gordon. Then the U.F.O. sees a chance of beating the Government, and Mr. Jas. C. Campbell is running as the Farmers' candidate. But West Peterboro is a busy manufacturing centre, and the Labor men think it possible to elect a Labor candidate, and they have nominated Mr. Thos. McMurray. Evidently there is something doing in West Peterboro just now. The Government feels that it cannot afford to lose the riding, especially after the defeat in East Elgin, and the Hon. Mr. Meighen himself has been addressing the electors, telling them that the whole question of a protective tariff hinges upon the support of the present Government. But Mr. Burnham is certainly a devout protectionist; the Liberal party is not a Free Trade party; the Labor candidate favors protection; and it is certain that even a U.F. Government, if elected tomorrow, would del rather gently with the tariff.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM GAGE

# More a Question of Anaesthetics

By R. E. Fairbairn



NOT from any native captiousness, but because I deem it of sufficient importance, I would like to return to a point raised in a recent article. Subconsciously I realized when writing it that music lovers might feel the comparison between the spiritual thrill of fine music and the spirituous exaltation induced by alcohol to be a kind of blasphemy. So it evidently appeared to Dr. Herbert Sanders, whose recent article, "A Question of Aesthetics," expressed, among other things, a sense of outrage thereat. By the way, let me offer him my congratulations, not unmixed with envy, at the full-flavored humor he has achieved. Let me confess that it is one of my secret ambitions to contribute to the uplift of humanity by producing indubitable and sellable humor. But—such is the irony of life—the only material I can place on the literary market is of the stodgy essay type. But this trick of taking literally the facetiously self-depreciatory remarks of the English writers and painters about their deficiency in musical culture is exquisitely funny. Of course Dr. Sanders knows that the English are never in such deadly earnest as when they are facetious and self-depreciatory. It is highly probable that each of the persons quoted is really a passionate devotee of musical art, but is much too shy to say so explicitly.

There is really no issue between Dr. Sanders and myself. I had protested in my article, "The Realization of God," against the foolishness which flouted worship and preaching, and extolled music as though it were independently adequate for the support and exercise of the religious life. With this Dr. Sanders specifically agrees in his comment on Charles Wesley's hymn. The substance of it is true and calls for emphasis, he says. So we are at one in this, that whatever may be said of art as an essential element in the complete life, it is patent that art, in general, or any particular form of it, if divorced from the rest of life, becomes morbid and grotesque. When it is pursued as a substitute for religion, its effect upon the hunger for God is that of an anaesthetic. It lulls; it does not satisfy. This is not mere theory. I have had intimate relations with a number of persons who, otherwise admirable, were examples of this, and, indeed, rather plumed themselves upon the fact. I have no jealousy of music as such, but I am stirred to protest against anything which arrogates to itself the place and functions which can only be fulfilled by a sound and complete personal religion. I do not forget what is to be said of the place of art in life. But it is for me to make the protest, and it is for musical experts to pronounce the eulogy. So, naturally, Dr. Sanders is the protagonist of aesthetics, and I am the antagonist of anaesthetics.

Here I believe it might be well to descend to the intimately personal, for the personal equation bulks largely in every discussion. And quite apart from any matter of dispute, it were well that readers should be informed about the mentality of any given writer, if only for the purpose of making due discounts. I make no further apology for a statement of my personal idiosyncrasy. I am ashamed to confess it, but it is a fact that I am a person of volcanic emotions. I am really afraid of my feelings. I dare not contemplate what might happen if ever I let myself go, so I endeavor always to keep a tight rein upon myself. In this I may say I partially succeed. At any rate, my acquaintances, if not my friends, think of me as a callous and sullen cynic, but of course they are much mistaken. On the other hand I have accidentally developed the habit of seeking for myself, and expecting from others, a candor in regard to reality, a fairness towards others, and a carefulness of thought and work, which might give the impression that I claim to be an expert in these things. Not so, however. I am a man of very third-rate intelligence. About that I have neither illusion nor false humility. I stress these things because they represent my own weak spots. That is where I personally need to grade up. For these reasons I entertain at the same time a critical and a sympathetic feeling towards a writer, for instance, who could perpetrate a sentence like this of Dr. Sanders: "I often think that it is never possible to tell who is a Christian, for only he is one 'who thinks Christ's thoughts after Him,' and these thoughts we can never

know." I well know how easy it is to get tangled up in the expression of an idea, especially if one has not first got that idea clearly defined in his own mind. I also have to make agonized efforts to find out just what the thought is that wishes to be expressed, and then to discover just how to express it lucidly. I am less inclined to be exigent in the demand for clarity of thought in this case, because I think I see that a musician or other artist, highly expert though he may be in the representation of more or less impressionistic emotions, is usually, perhaps for that very reason, somewhat at a loss when dealing with precise ideas.

I want to say, however, that I am deeply wounded in my tenderest susceptibilities when Dr. Sanders includes me, by implication, among the novelists, journalists, painters, and other "talkative children," who have such poor taste as to speak irreverently about music. I protest strongly. I would not think of doing such a thing. Why, I rather like music. Of course I am not addicted to it; but if I am not musically expert, I am certainly musically sensitive. In fact I am too sensitive for my own comfort. When I have to sit in becoming dignity in a rostrum while some soloist demonstrates what an expensive musical training he (more often she) has had, I suffer acutely. A psychic in the audience would see lurid flames rising around me. Wobbles, slurs, and other modes of monkeying with the pitch make me furious. I can make allowance for a person singing flat. That is a natural human failing. But for that peculiar form of accentuation which consists in singing slightly sharp of the accompaniment I have nothing but contempt. It is a deliberate and unpardonable impertinence. If the psycho-analysts are right something terrible will happen to me in the future when all this repressed emotion breaks out and covers my soul

powers are limited and whose art is crude, but to whom it is a privilege to listen. Their music so obviously would be better if it could; therefore it is so much better than it sounds. Dr. Sanders wishes for me, not very confidently, that some day I may "hear good music and hear it as it is." Why, I can do better than that now! I can not only hear music as it is, but I can hear it as it would be if it were what it ought to be and isn't. I do hope that is sufficiently lucid.

I believe Dr. Sanders hurts the cause he is advocating by claiming too much for it. Music operates in the realm of the sensuous, and its effects are primarily emotional. Its value consists in what it can do for us through the sensuous. It is, perhaps, the most striking example of what Browning meant by—

"All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh  
helps soul."

Music has intellectual associations, but it is not in itself intellectual, and nothing is to be gained by urging that it is. What Dr. Sanders describes as the intellectual, or aesthetic, appeal of music, is really the expert's interest in technique. No doubt that sense is justified. But it would be equally correct to say that a piece of delicate surgical work, deftly carried out, would have an aesthetic appeal for a trained surgeon, who might exclaim, "What a beautiful operation!" While the ordinary person would see nothing more than a sanguinary mess. So, conversely, there is an emotional aspect of the game of chess, which in itself is a piece of pure intellectual mechanism. At least I usually get palpitation when I play it!

Dr. Sanders' case for an ethical element in music is particularly unsatisfactory. I believe I could make out a better myself. Is he quite fair to the great composers, whom he cites as shining moral examples? Is it not more than a little invidious to mention but one negative virtue, while referring in two places to "all their failings," "all their faults"? They may all have been noble ethical specimens, but even if they were rather under than over the average, I would feel that they had still done pretty well. One must make allowance for people like musicians, ministers, sailors, and coal-miners, who, for the sake of producing something of human value, live necessarily strained and, in a measure, abnormal lives. But the question is really this: Does music tend to make those who revel in it more swiftly loyal to the call of an enlightened conscience? I cannot profess to be able to answer that. But there are persons of judgment who think not—at least, not necessarily. William James thought that too much music might be an evil thing for ordinary people. "The habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up." E. E. White says: "The indulgence of excessive feeling without action enfeebles the will and makes the character limp and flaccid. It is for this reason that the theatre has never been a very effectual school of morals." I believe that Dr. Sanders will agree that the drama is capable of a much more definite degree of intellectual and ethical appeal than music, which is chiefly emotional, and somewhat indefinite at that.

Let us think just what it is that music does for us. In itself it is simply the combination and movement of sounds. But it has the property of calling up emotion in the mind of the hearer, which emotion varies according to the character of the music. Just how music rouses emotion would be a pretty psychological question. We will be satisfied with the admitted fact. Life also creates emotion as we move through its various situations. But in life, emotion rises naturally out of the reality of experience, and is absorbed in action and state. Music can describe or arouse emotion, or a sequence of emotions, corresponding to those which certain situations call forth, so that it can, in a limited way, represent or recreate life for us, which is the function of all art. But the

## IF

BY A. L. READ

If I suffer Faith to go,  
What can take its place?  
If I lose my Charity,  
What have I of grace?  
If the lamp of Hope burn dim,  
Truth, how may I see?  
If Love vanish, who will share  
My cold hearth with me?  
Fearfully I bind my faith  
Closer to my heart;  
Pray that ne'er sweet Charity  
From my home depart;  
Trim my poor, uncertain lamp  
Till it glows with light;  
And to Love repeat my vows  
By the hearthstone bright.

in patches with psychoses or neuroses or psycho-neuroses of a masochistic or sadistic type. Heaven help me!

There is music, and there are singers, however, that fill me with heavenly delight. I do not know whether it is good music or not, but I know it blesses my soul. In this case, also, I have to repress my feelings and utter banal compliments when I ought to embrace the artistes in Continental European fashion. Also there are unaffected singers whose

musical description of emotion must always be ambiguous, since remarkably similar sequences of feeling are produced by widely differing sets of circumstances. Thus the same music might emotionally describe the gradual onset of toothache, the exacerbation of discomfort, the agony of making up one's mind, the horror of the visit to the dentist, and the happy deliverance from the tooth and the pain, or it might just as well be a dramatic representation of the course of true love. This apart, to have emotion roused within us by artificial means, and divorced from actual life, of which emotion is normally a by-product, may, or may not be, a desirable thing. If its purpose be to create an atmosphere helpful to some further end, such as worship, or to rally exhausted soldiers in battle, or even merely to soothe the jaded nerves, or loosen up the frigid social instincts, all well and good. I am not prepared personally to bring an indictment against concerts, oratorios, grand opera, etc., but I would draw attention again to the opinions of the thinkers cited, that peril to the character occurs unless æsthetic enjoyment can somehow

be linked up with life. If it be isolated from activity, then music becomes just one form of intoxication, and intoxication has always been the most vicious of man's amusements.

Whether or no Dr. Sanders over-estimates the sphere of music, I am sure that he underestimates the emotional, intellectual, and even the ethical stimulation derivable from alcohol and some other drugs. Otherwise he could not be so shocked by the comparison. Nevertheless it is an undeniable fact that some drugs, in their first effects, do cause astonishing psychological phenomena, though to the accompaniment of serious physical, mental, and moral peril. Music accomplishes similar ends with a comparatively negligible amount of danger. Intoxicating drink would never have obtained the hold it has over mankind if it had not met a real need of the mind. It breaks down the stiff social barriers, and frees the instinct of good-fellowship. It dodges mental inhibitions, and throws open the door of creative imagination. It enables the careworn to forget their

troubles—for a while. Given the right dose, the taciturn and selfish become cheerful and generous, and the timid become heroic. Just how drugs can act on the mind in this inspirational way I do not know. But they do. Why, is it not a common form of speech to say of a person in the first stage of intoxication that he is "slightly elevated"? The fact is that in his own consciousness he is highly exalted. We prohibitionists hardly realize as yet the responsibility we have incurred to find and advertise an adequate substitute for liquor. Music lovers, of greater enthusiasm than discernment, may not think it a compliment to their beloved art, but it is really one of the truest and best things that can be said about it, that music is wonderfully fitted to play this role, and that its attendant risks are, comparatively speaking, infinitesimal.

Music must minister to life, and not merely to enjoyment. It has intellectual and ethical associations; but it is not in any sense so intellectual or ethical that it can suffice as the only, or even the chief, means of culture for the complete personal life.

# Religious Education: A Survey



HE evangelism of the future is not three weeks' special services, but fifty-two weeks of special service—weeks of Christian nurture. Paul is the first and greatest evangelist in the Christian Church. His religious experience is that of an adult who had been in manifest trouble with his heart and conscience. His was a clear case of what Prof. James calls the "divided self, or the sick soul." His preaching, in non-controversial days, was the message of a dying and risen Christ (mingled with an eschatology which had an extra-Biblical origin in his Jewish environment). It was a message to adult sinners in an immoral Græco-Roman world. In the first serious conflict within the Christian Church, Paul fights a winning battle against those who, like Peter and James, would have Christianity a reformed Judaism. This conflict gave birth to Galatians and Romans. In these, especially the latter, Paul uses all the rhetorical arts of the rabbis. It is in Paul, and especially in these his most polemical epistles, that evangelists to-day find their texts and piece together their theology.

It is worthy of note that at Corinth, where Paul dwelt some eighteen months (Acts 18: 11) the great evangelist was forced to note that they were like "babes in Christ" (1 Cor. 3: 1). His gospel was not primarily one of nurture; the work of evangelism was forced by the nature and need of settled churches to widen its message. The oral traditions of the Jerusalem church were written. The story of the public ministry of Jesus was added to the simple evangel which Paul had preached. The first Gospel to be written (Mark) gives us no record back of the baptism at the Jordan. Matthew and Luke (who use Mark) in giving the records of the early life of Jesus, show the need in the churches of a gospel of nurture. The evangel of Paul, used in gaining adult converts out of an immoral world, was thus supplemented by the evangel of a life of growth in a home, in a pious environment, in the more stirring scenes of John's preaching, and then in the public ministry of Jesus. Paul's message was first in its call to the Gentile world—the Gospel records came second in order of time. It was the day and circumstance that gave this order, and it is not necessarily an order of messages for all time. The gospel worked at first extensively; the intensive followed of necessity.

In the middle ages the Church had developed along lines which regulated the lives of the believers in every particular. Penance, confession, and catechism made the impress the Church sought, even as with the Roman Catholic Church to-day. But the Church has become formal as Pharisaism was in the days of Paul.

Protestantism marks the re-birth of religion. Luther, with his "present salvation by faith," is the reincarnation of Paul. With the repudiation of "salvation by works," the well-regulated life ideal of the older church was rejected. Morals were made subordinate, and, indeed, seemed in danger of rejection, lest any trust in morality should endanger the salvation of the soul by faith.

Evangelism, as in the days of Paul, was but a converting gospel. History (within Protestantism) has

J. H. Philp, M.A., Ph.D.

not yet repeated itself, and added again, as in the early Church, the larger and inclusive message of nurture. Protestant denominations have wasted effort in emphasis on the non-essential and separating doctrines and ritual. They have not made, and do not make, an impress on their communicants such as the older Church makes. It has been a message again to adults about conversion. It calls attention to the experience of the new birth, and gives little care to those whom it wins. Its theology of the Atonement and its code of morals alike are narrow. As with Paul, vision is focussed on the sufferings and resurrection of Jesus; and the moral test is the forsaking of certain very popular amusements. The teaching work of the older Church was discarded as well as its false doctrines.

To-day the comparative futility and narrowness of this Protestant evangelism is being forced home upon us. Most evangelists are pre- or post-millennial. The victorious life of faith is linked to a superstition taken over from early days as to the end of the world and a bodily return of Jesus. The cure of all the unrest of to-day—social and economic—lies in the imminent end of all such doings in the re-appearance of the Christ. What a futile remedy! A confession of impotence.

Meanwhile the main current of human life is sweeping on. From outside the Churches, humanitarianism is forcing its way in and re-emphasis is being laid on the life of Jesus and His teachings. Secular education is making religious education appear so inefficient that at last scientific methods are making headway in our Sunday schools. Christian nurture is again coming to its own.

Coincident with this re-birth of religious education comes the increasingly intensive work of the Church. The saddle-bag itinerant and the double circuits are passing, and the single station with its

daily claim on the Church is now the usual situation. Evangelism of the older form is increasingly fruitless; the individualism of the narrower theology of evangelism is broadening out into the message to the home that finds so much material in many marks of the home life of Nazareth evident in the character and words of Jesus. The wider social and economic sweep of the gospel is also in evidence. The Church (willy-nilly) is being forced to take up again the pre-eminent task of education and nurture.

The psychology of religion, whose results creep out in almost any discussion of religion and morals, has done much to clarify our ideas as to God's ways with His children. Graded teaching, graded in method and matter, is now firmly in the saddle in Sunday-school work. The "survival of the fittest" is in evidence in the passing of the *non-studious* local preacher, and the unrest of both pulpit and pew when the minister is not a student and his ministry not a teaching ministry. The Church has not the wide range of teaching that the earlier Church assumed of necessity, but in its own line the pulpit must become expert if the Church is to escape contempt in a world where knowledge and education and the power that accrues with knowledge are found in every line outside of the Church.

If Protestantism would have an assured future it must take Christian nurture as its pre-eminent method of evangelism. This calls for the gospel of home and school, as well as the personal work needed to touch those who seem prone to slip through the home fence and to become prodigals. The Churches must become schools of religion and *all* must go to school. Those who cease to learn cease to grow.

This will not replace conversion with education. It includes all that conversion ever meant, and besides implies a programme for the Church which will prevent the many from straying out of the Christian fold who wander away now during the many weeks of the year when the fences of the fold are down.

It implies that souls may grow up in homes and mature along lines of Christlike virtue, may face many crises and form decisions implying higher living, and the whole process take place *within* the Kingdom of God. The new birth may take the form of growth within the Kingdom or a turning again to God as in the case of one who has become an outlaw from the Kingdom. The intensive task before the Church to-day reveals that the greater part of the work lies with the former. The latter part of the task will be less the more thoroughly the former is carried through.

The study of religious experience has made it clear that the typical conversion experience is not an experience which furnishes *information*. It quickens and increases *feeling* and sentiment or strengthens the purpose or *will* of the new convert. Thus psychology confirms the verdict of history that a converting gospel *per se* is not a teaching gospel. The latter is the inclusive one. Here is the task of religious education.

It is the job of a grown-up Church; a task for men and women who are measuring up towards the stature of that Jesus of whom is said so often, "He taught."

## Life's Twilight

By GRETA G. BIDLAKE

Twilight begins the day,  
Twilight ends it—  
One short hour of sunny noon—  
God sends it.

I have had morn's twilight  
And my sunny noon;  
Soon must shadows lengthen—  
Ah, my soul, how soon!

Twilight begins the day,  
Twilight ends it—  
Sunset is like the dawn—  
God sends it.

# Seeing Great Britain by Motor

By Mercy E. McCulloch



IN the morning of May 31st there was just a delay to collect plays, knockers, and a spoon because of Shakespearean sentiment, and petrol and oil for purely utilitarian reasons, and we were off to spend a day, revelling in places fairly steeped in history—Warwick and Kenilworth. My husband, being better versed in history and Scott's novels than I am, was better prepared for the feast of interesting things set before us, but we both came near to having mental indigestion. We visited the church first, and the verger showed us the Beauchamp Chapel, leading us up worn spiral stairs to have a walk on the roofs, showing us the narrow "squint" where some fair lady who did not wish to appear in the public congregation could peep through and watch the elevation of the Host at the High Altar, and conducting us through the crypt where generation after generation have been laid to sleep. A ducking-stool for scolding wives was in the crypt. It is connected with a wheelbarrow affair, very convenient for trundling a belligerent female off to the pond where her excitement might be cooled by a sudden plunge.

The verger was very proud of the splendid recumbent figure in bronze of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. The detail work was wonderful. In the chapel there are some very old panes of Flemish glass. Even now glass workers bring samples over to compare them with the blues and blacks. An alabaster effigy of a child in a long, full skirt commemorates a little lad who died at the age of four. The epitaph calls him "The noble Imp," not because of any tendency to mischief, but meaning the offshoot of the family vine. We saw, too, a decree that all persons must be buried in wool only. This was made to encourage the wool trade, and while not now observed, has never been rescinded. A number of loaves of bread are distributed every Saturday to poor widows in accordance with an old bequest to the church. On the handsome lectern is a Bible presented by King Edward. We learned why the lecterns are so frequently brass eagles—the eagle was the sign of St. John the Evangelist. When I enquired the verger slipped into the choir and examined the carvings of the apostles on the choir stalls, then told us which had the eagle. The line of the Beauchamp family has passed several times to the female side of the house. The verger remarked that "the little habit of getting beheaded that they had was very hard on the male succession."

Warwick Castle deserves a book in itself. As the names and dates and historical incidents poured nimbly from the tongue of the guide, we felt the abysmal depths of our ignorance. On one window were a number of crests. One, he explained, was quite wrong, as anyone who knew "is 'eraldry" would instantly detect. Personally, he couldn't tell one musical note from another, but in heraldry he was quite at home. When a man marries he puts his arms on the right side of the crest, and his wife's on the left. The chief thing that was disturbing the guide was an allusion in the papers to the Prince of Wales' crest—the three feathers—having been shown at his welcome in New Zealand. He declared that it would never do at all for every son to be taking up a crest of his own. He adopts his father's, with a bar with three droppings across it. A son's crest is on a shield to show that he recognizes he must fight for his father if necessary. A daughter's is on a lozenge, as she does not fight. There are different markings for the second, third, and fourth sons, but this much only of my lecture on 'eraldry have I inwardly digested.

In the hall hung a fine painting of Sarah Siddons, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. That artist never signed his pictures. The story goes that one day Mrs. Siddons said to him, "I have given you many sittings; this shall be the last." "I want nothing better," said the gallant Sir Joshua, "than to go down to history on the hem of your skirt," whereupon he wrote his name across the skirt in the portrait. The signed painting was not in Warwick Castle, but at Guy's Cliff. Mrs. Siddons' father tried to break up the attachment between his daughter and a player by sending her as a housemaid to Lady Percy, at

Guy's Cliff, but she was secretly married there and went off to become the greatest tragedienne of her time. Along the hallway hung armor of various kinds. In a recess stood two heavy leather bottles, not unlike the present-day bedroom ewer in size. These were carried to the field for the farmers, and were tilted over the outside of the elbow for the man to have a satisfying draught. As the vessels were heavy when filled with beer, this custom gave rise to the expression, "More power to your elbow."

The state bedroom was furnished with Queen Anne's suite, and a portrait of her showed her as very stately and distinguished. It was the work of the court painter, who had to make it flattering or lose his job—and perhaps his head. There were many fine portraits of bygone Warwicks, and of Charles I and Charles II. History had been made within these walls often since the days of the old king-maker. The guide quoted the speech of one Parliamentary Warwick to his soldiers—a splendid thing that I should like to see in full. Amidst some wonderful coronetted china hung a greyish square of coarse embroidered linen. "That," he said, "was the handkerchief of Queen Elizabeth. In the days when we knew all about knives, and nothing at all about forks, such an article was necessary." Commenting on a magnificent Buhl dresser, he explained that the design was cut from silver for one piece, then the piece from which the pattern had been taken was used on the corresponding piece. In the great hall where the castle inmates used to gather, a splendid organ is now installed. Some one was singing at the grand piano as we came along, but left the room as the visitors entered. Near the window seat, from which the view was most enchanting, stood a huge copper bowl. The bowl used to be used in the courtyard to cook two or three sheep at a time for the garrison. Isaac Walton's wife's treasure chest stands in this room, too, and the little suit of armor made for the "Imp" who lived so short a time to enjoy it.

Our tour of the show rooms over, we wandered a while in the beautiful park, enjoying the magnificent, laughty peacocks, who walked about or perched on the high walls. In the conservatory is one of the chief treasures—a huge vase that belonged to Emperor Hadrian. It was exhumed in 1770 from a lake near Trivoli, and is attributed to Lysippus, a Greek artist of the fourth century B.C.

It was time for lunch when we reluctantly departed from the castle gateway, so we found a temperance hotel that supplied our needs adequately. We set out for Kenilworth, then decided to visit



A PORTION OF THE CROWD OF ONLOOKERS AT THE DERBY.

Gray's Cliff, where a garrulous old lady pointed out the beauties of the old house, the old Saxon mill, the Americans' wishing-tree that is a thousand years old, the row of trees planted in memory of the twelve apostles, and incidentally, bemoaning the happy days gone by, the while she sold us some picture post-cards. She thought at first that I was the lady of Warwick Castle—I was so much like her. An old man then put in an appearance and spotted Ed at once as an American. He had shown too many tourists about not to recognize an American at once, he said; but the lady wasn't an American. I'm

doubtful whether it was a compliment or not, after my remarks on the womenfolk in Liverpool. However, in the country we have been meeting the apple-cheeked lassies we expected to see.

Kenilworth is a wonderfully picturesque ruin. Cromwell destroyed it, I believe, and with it a nest of bad actors. Where the gaily caparisoned knights used to joust, the peaceful sheep are now nibbling, and over the narrow apertures where lynx-eyed bowmen stood on guard, ivy and grass are growing—*Sic transit gloria mundi!* Down in the dungeon, open now to the fresh winds of heaven, lay a dead crow, sole victim of the present-day conditions. "Why didst thou slay the raven, knave?" "Because, ha, ha! Because, ho, ho! Because, forsooth, he gave me caws."

But the afternoon was passing, so we embarked again in our faithful machine and were off over hill and dale back to Warwick, and then to Banbury, where the famous lady rode on a white horse, you know. We didn't see her, but we visited a garage for petrol and had an offer to purchase our tin horse. Then straightway to the world-renowned town of Oxford. The residential street through which we approached was charming, but we were ever so disappointed with the dingy, grey colleges, built flush to the street, and failing to show what beauty they possessed through lack of perspective. We found a hotel and some supper, and then, being really too tired to absorb any more sight-seeing, we went to the theatre, and were delighted with the presentation of the "Scarlet Pimpernel," by Fred Terry and Violet Farebrother. It seemed to fit in with the things we had been seeing—scenes of the English revolution, followed by scenes of the French revolution; the fair ladies with their powdered hair, the gallant gentlemen and that elusive person, the Pimpernel, who escorted the French nobility by secret means to England. The Prince of Wales, later George IV, was a prominent character, and the ill-favored spy of the French republic played his part remarkably well. No one, least of all his beautiful French wife, suspected the lazy Sir Percy Blakeney of being the Scarlet Pimpernel. "My wife's a demned clever woman," he declared, but he suspected her of aiding the republic, and only after heart-rending scenes were the matters cleared up between them. For further details see the novel as written by Baroness Orczy.

The play was long, and we were locked out! But a strenuous handling of the knocker, and an interview with the proprietor's head thrust from the window, procured us an entrance and a candle. No reading in bed in that hotel!

In good time in the morning we set off for the metropolis of the world. The road was excellent, and the climb over the Chilton Hills from High Wycombe to Stokenchurch and down to Tetsworth very beautiful. We followed the Uxbridge Road into Ealing and West Kensington, where we arranged for a temporary abiding place. The cheerful welcome of our cousins, Lacey Amy, the well-known Canadian war correspondent, and his energetic wife, made us feel at home at once. Mrs. Amy has been doing excellent pioneer welfare work in the munition factories, having thousands of girls under her supervision. She showed us the bright, attractive cafeteria which is under her management, and the splendid sports ground that the company lease for their employees.

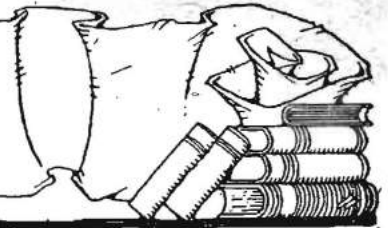
We had descended upon London just when we did because we wanted to take in the one great event to which all London goes—the Derby. We tore Mrs. Amy from her beloved work and set gaily forth in our modern chariot soon after nine o'clock.

We thought the longest way round would be the shortest, so travelled by devious routes, with the war correspondent dictating the course from his map. By ten-thirty, however, we were among those going to Epsom. There were 'buses, char-a-bancs, motor lorries fitted with seats, coster carts and donkeys, Cadillacs, phaetons, jaunting cars, wagons, motor-cycles, bicycles, people on foot, big cars, little cars, swanky coaches with a trumpeter clad in scarlet winding the horn lustily, more donkeys, more 'buses, more everything; and so at last we came to Epsom. A zealous youth was anxious to park our car in an en-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



# EDITORIAL



## Spiritual Spurts and Spasms

**N**OT long ago one of our United States Methodist contemporaries had an editorial on this subject which attracted our attention. The editor admitted that it was a delicate subject to handle, but he thought it ought to be dealt with, and he proceeded to deal with it in his own way. He said: "The chief objection to much of our effort in soul-winning is that it has been too periodic and too brief. Ringing the bell and holding a two or three weeks' meeting does not free us from the blood of our fellows, nor is it giving the glorious gospel of Christ a chance at the perishing of our parties. Our evangelistic endeavor has been largely a concert of religious convulsions or it has been apathy and death. In many places we have won only when we whooped it up or we have not won at all. In many places, the Church has had two weeks of mountain-top and fifty weeks of misery. Expressed in another way, the Christian experience has meant much endurance and little enjoyment. This is so characteristic of our work in certain localities that people who think they are hundred per cent. Christian seldom go to church except while the 'big meetin'' is in progress."

This is pretty strong language. Whether it applies to the editor's constituency or not we cannot tell, but it certainly does not apply literally to any Canadian constituency with which we are acquainted. And yet it does apply with modifications. It is only too true that in very many cases the efforts at winning men to Christ are "too periodic and too brief." It is true that in some cases most far-reaching work has been done in a very few weeks of special meetings, but in nearly every case the success of these brief efforts has been largely due to the preceding months and years of unremitting Christian activity of a few faithful men and women whose hearts God had touched and who never grew weary in well-doing.

We have not yet probably reached the place where we can afford to omit the "spurts and spasms," during which brief periods many people find opportunity to do Christian work, which they never seek at other times; but we have reached the place where we are able to appreciate more fully the value of the work which runs from year end to year end without boastfulness and without cessation. There are some so-called Christians who seldom go to church except when a "big meeting" is in progress, but the Kingdom of God depends not upon these, but upon the men and women who, in the home, in the workshop, and in the church, quietly for 365 days in the year, "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour." It was rather the fashion, not so long ago, to laugh at those sleepy-headed old Christians who never made any "big noise," and who were very weak on ecclesiastical fireworks, but we have come to realize that the Church owes more than it realized, and very much more, to these non-advertising saints whose religion never froze up and never evaporated.

And while it should be the aim of the Church to enlist every extraordinary agency in the service of the Kingdom, our main effort should be directed towards strengthening and developing the ordinary agencies which lie right at our hand, and utilizing them twelve months in the year. The idea that every soul-destroying agency should run all the year round, and evangelistic agencies should suspend operations for ten months in the year, is opposed both to reason and religion. The Church's evangelistic activities must not be limited to "spurts and spasms," but must continue in a steady and uninterrupted stream if they are to reach their full effectiveness.

The idea that we can forget a man for years and then suddenly by one spasmodic effort convince him of the value of religion, is not reasonable. If we want to help men during a revival we must help them before the revival, and we certainly must continue after the revival is over. And we are convinced that if the average Christian would keep more closely in touch with unconverted friends there would be a continuous ingathering into the Kingdom of God. Men are longing for human sympathy and human help, and the Church, in meeting this longing, is doing

more than she realizes to build up the Kingdom of God. Every Christian is a centre of greater or less evangelistic power, and it is the Church's business to develop that power to its greatest capacity, so that it will be available every day in every year. It is true that there are seemingly specially favorable seasons for certain kinds of religious work, and the Church should avail herself of these to the full; but this does not change the other fact that the Church whose religious activities are continuous and uninterrupted has an enormous advantage over the one whose activities are but intermittent and spasmodic.

## Missions and World Problems

**O**NE of the greatest missionary meetings the writer of these lines was ever privileged to attend was that held in Massey Hall, Toronto, a few evenings ago, and addressed by the Hon. N. W. Rowell and Mr. Fletcher Brockman. Mr. Rowell, as our readers know, was one of the Canadian representatives at the League of Nations Conference, and has also recently made a somewhat extended tour of Africa, where he came into very close touch with missionary work and needs in that continent.

The meeting was in no sense spectacular, beyond the fact that the hall was crowded, and an overflow meeting also filled the Metropolitan Church to the doors. The addresses were quiet and earnest, and without any artificial appeal whatever. Yet they did come home to the audience in a most impressive way, and every listener left the hall with at least two great thoughts impressed upon mind and heart in a way never to be forgotten.

The first of these was the thought that the Christian nations must in some way become vastly more Christian in their relations with the non-Christian nations before mission work in foreign fields can hope to have the success that it ought to have. Over and over and over again during the addresses emphasis was laid upon this thought, that the great problem of international relations must be solved in the Christian way, and that the big task ahead of the Christian world to-day was the solution of that problem. It was shown with most impressive clearness that the mission forces sent out from Christian lands could never quite get ahead of the unchristian conduct and attitude of the commercial and political representatives of those same Christian nations. And it was shown, too, with equal clearness, that the mightiest mission call of this day was the call to the Christian nations to themselves become Christian.

The other thought which was given special emphasis was this: That the world to-day is, after all, one great neighborhood, and must climb up to better things together, and that there is safety for no nation and no people save as righteousness and justice and the will of God are established everywhere. The thought that conditions in the heart of Africa, or in Central China, were only of the merest sentimental interest to the Christian man in Canada was shown to be an altogether untenable and foolish one. The great fact of human solidarity fetches the problem of every man's life and conditions and lays it down at the door of every other man, and there is no escape from the obligation and duty.

These thoughts surely give a new urgency and a new meaning to the work of Christian missions. All the great world problems of to-day are mission problems, and all the great tasks ahead of the world to-day are along the line of making life in all its outreach and expression truly Christian. The idea that mission work is propagating a creed or extending an ecclesiastical organization is gone forever. It is seen that it is not merely the preaching of the Gospel, as that phrase was understood in former days. Christian mission work is an effort to make the lives and relationships of men everywhere Christian, and to organize human lives and human society everywhere the world over on the basis of Christ's golden rule of brotherhood and service. Nothing less than this can be enough, and nothing less than this can ever succeed.

## Why Men Do Right

**I**F a man does right, we rank him as a righteous man, on the principle that the tree is known by its fruit. But we soon learn that actions which upon the surface appear to be very similar may turn out upon investigation to be as wide apart as the poles. The action depends for its moral value upon the motive which prompted it, and a discovery of motives is altogether a different thing to a survey of deeds. John's smile may be much more friendly than Peter's, but John's may have a business basis and Peter's may be pure friendship. A \$100,000 gift to the Church looks big, and yet it may not be half so valuable as the poor widow's two mites. The Lord trieth the hearts. Men stand revealed not so much in what they do as in what they purpose. The justification or condemnation of any deed lies back of it, in the motive which produced it. And so of two men who seem equally to "work righteousness," one may be vastly more righteous than the other.

What lies back of our right-doing? In most cases, probably, there is the desire to do right because it is right. The voice of God has spoken, we have heard the command, and there is nothing left but to obey. Our eyes are not keen enough to pierce the future; we cannot tell whether our deed is to bring us sorrow or fame; we do not know whether it will add to our friends or create new enemies; but even if we did know that it would cost us much it would make no difference; we do the right because it is right. Somewhere in our career we have met our God, and from henceforth His law is our sole guide, and no number of real or imaginary lions in the way can ever turn us aside.

But humanity often does right from a less rigorous motive. Many a good deed is done because it promises to pay. Even the Ten Commandments, in their received form, recognize this when they say, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." There can be no doubt that many a man refrains from certain evils because he recognizes that they are costly, and he practises certain virtues because he has found them to be profitable. Neither saints nor sinners are wholly blind to their own welfare, and the fact that certain actions will win us friends, or assist us in business, or add to our pleasure, does influence us to some extent. It may be true that we would do certain things because they are right, apart from other considerations; but it is also true that the consciousness that they will profit us in this world or the next helps us to do those things with greater zest. We do not follow Christ because of the "loaves and fishes," but we follow Him more confidently because of them. This is not very flattering, but it is very human. And even where the good deed is done wholly or chiefly because we see that it will be profitable, it remains true that even so it is better done than undone, although its moral value, as measured by our motive, is very small.

And then we reach another stage where our good deeds are not done consciously because they are good, but because they express our very hearts. The Christian really needs no law. Christ put the matter clearly when He said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." God Himself is under no law but that of His own nature, and Christians, who represent Him upon earth, are in a similar position. The man who clamors to have everything in black and white, and who acknowledges no duty for which we cannot quote a definite and specific, "Thus saith the Lord," has not yet reached a very exalted plane of Christian living. The Christian who is still "under law" has yet to discover what "love" means. The highest ideal of Christian living is where all actions flow spontaneously from a heart where love sits enthroned, and in such cases no promise of present or future reward has much control over the action. When we reach that point we do right because love inspires the deed, and the only reward we seek is to know that we are helping others. The highest form of goodness is not the made-to-order kind, but the kind which is the outgrowth of a redeemed soul.

# OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

## A Literary Analogy

By Betty B. Hall

**R**EADING of a "Court Lady of Old Japan," in a current issue of *Asia*, the writer was at once struck by the analogy between a portion of her diary, written over nine hundred years ago, and a twentieth century poem.

The Lady Sei Shonagan, as she was called at court, was maid of honor to the Empress of Japan nearly a thousand years ago, and amused herself and others by keeping a sort of diary or record, which has become a classic. It is known as "The Pillow Sketchbook," from its having been written on the sheets of white paper that cover a wooden sleeping pillow in Japan. L. Adams Beck, writing of "The Pillow Sketchbook," says: "It is a very human document, a light-hearted journal of the happenings of many days in the sunshine of the Emperor's tremendous presence and under the protection of the very gracious Empress. The book, so lightly undertaken, has become of extremest value as an authority on the lost and lovely culture of the Fujiwara period."

Those qualified to judge of her literary perfection of style, her sure command of the resources of the Japanese language, and the humor that shines through all that she writes, say that the book is as modern as though it had been written yesterday instead of during a reign that lasted from A.D. 987 to 1011.

"In the elegant brush characters of China she wrote her impressions of the life around her—of the magnificent daimyo whose notice was distinction, as they stalked by in trailing trousers and stiff-winged sleeves, and of the court ladies who were her friends and rivals. Like a faint, but very clear, echo, her voice comes across the centuries and revives a life of grace such as the world will probably never see again."

It was when reading of the Lady Sei's charming way of classifying the things that pleased or displeased her fastidiousness that the writer was reminded of a modern Englishman's list of loves. In Rupert Brooke's poem, "The Great Lover," he writes:

"These I have loved:  
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,  
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;  
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust  
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;  
Rainbows; and the blue, bitter smoke of wood;  
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;  
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,  
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;  
Then, the cool kindness of sheets, that soon  
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss  
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is  
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen

Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;  
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;  
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—  
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,  
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers  
About dead leaves and last year's ferns  
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;  
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;  
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,  
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;  
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam  
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;  
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold  
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;  
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;  
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy new;  
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass:  
All these have been my loves."

In the list furnished by the translator of "The Pillow Sketchbook" the things which the Lady Sei considered "hateful" come first, and a very human and modern list they are: "Bad writing on pink-tinted paper; a quite ordinary person talking in a boastful way; a baby that cries when you want to listen to something; a dog who barks in recognition of your lover when he comes to pay you a clandestine visit; rats running about are also very hateful."

Here are a few of the "things that

make your heart beat": "When your lover takes out a letter and hands it to you; watching horse races." And among "things that do not look promising" figures "a flighty husband who takes to staying out all night."

Among "things enviable" she mentions "People who learn their prayers

without trouble, while you have to repeat the same passage over and over again and still forget it; people who overtake you without effort while you are panting uphill to a shrine."

The Lady Sei Shonagan writes as a Japanese lady should of the loveliness of blossoming trees and flowers; and of all the little humors and incidents of the court, as she lived her life that drifted on, as she herself says, "like a boat under sail."

In a few years, however, we are told, the lovely Empress died, and the Lady Sei sought peace in a Buddhist convent—strange place, surely, for all her gaiety and grace. We wonder, vainly, if she found peace there.

"Theirs was the play of charming children in the childhood of the world," concludes the writer. "One pictures the court the Lady Sei loved translated to some strange Buddhist paradise, of figures loitering in quiet gardens, where the eternal sunshine falls on peonies and peacocks in the languid afternoons; and the soft, subdued talk and laughter is of beautiful things in their lower essence, which appeals to the eye and the mind, but never to the spirit."

"Japan has since trodden the way that leads to mighty things and to awful realities and chivalries. She is forgetting her happy youth. But Sei Shonagan's little clear voice still sounds across the dead centuries and the fragrance is left as in the dead heart of a rose."

## The Snowfall

By Mina A. Hume

**T**HE wishes of little children may have had something to do with it. Be that as it may, twenty-four hours before, in our part of the world in Southern Ontario, there had been only mud, rain and sleet. Nightfall intensified the fog so that driving homeward, we only sensed the shadowed nearness of the old mountain and felt our way over icy roadbeds past a solitary pine or group of bushes that loomed suddenly, ghostlike and perilously near.

Christmas in the country with lowering skies, bleak winds, mud—no chime of sleigh bells, no stamping of snowy feet across the threshold that would announce the hungry, happy folk, home-coming for Christmas on the old farm—it was unthinkable!

And then, imperceptibly at first, the sleet gave place to snow, a soft heavy fall that draped every limb and twig in clinging white, that weighted the great outstretched arms of the pines and spread pristine whiteness over road and field. All day it stormed.

"A white Christmas, after all," we

Morning brought a transformed world. "Wonderful!" exclaimed Wallie, the starry-eyed guest from the faraway South. And "wonderful!" she continued to exclaim all through her first thrilling experience of snow-tramping, sleigh-riding and winter enjoyment in the country.

To those of us who had latterly strayed to the city and were refreshing mind and body in the wind-swept, open spaces of the old homestead, the winter holiday was scarcely less enjoyable. Just to trudge through unbroken paths to the mail box at the road, was in itself a treat, though it was hinted that a daily dutiful performance might have worn the keen edge off even that pleasure, in time! The old dog, so crippled, so pathetically helpless where chores were concerned, developed a surprising agility at these times and bounded along all on the alert for squirrel chattering—and just one word of encouragement.

Whatever secrets the interior of the great wood held this morning—and there may have been whisking of bushy tails around tree trunks or twittering of chickadees—there were no markings on the new-fallen snow of the roadside. A closer inspection along the weedy course of the stream or amid clumps of wild raspberry might have revealed signs of life beneath the snow-blanket. Visible above, was only the faint stirring of tall weed stalks and slender grasses in the wind.

The split rails of the roadside fences, each immaculately rounded and the fence posts white-topped, formed an unbroken perspective up the long ascent of the road, except where pine branches drooped languidly over or a great elm stood out in all its winter beauty of intricate and delicate tracery. A silvery network of branches with here and there a pointed cedar touching the sky, outlined the summit of the height of land. The sunshine warming the sloping hillside blended all in a faint blue-gray haze.

"Soft weather," the old weather prophet would have said. "What did I tell you—an open winter!"

As though to verify his claim, a long "caw" suddenly broke the sunlit, snowy stillness. It came from the shelter of the great wood. But though we waited, the polished black of his wing against the winter landscape we did not see.



AFTER THE SNOWFALL



# Pen Portraits of Progressive Women

By Hilda Ridley

**Y**ES, you will wonder how I came through!" said Mrs. Sidney Small, with an arch smile, when in the course of an interview with her the fact was divulged that she was born in the United States.

Of course, one deplores the fact that Mrs. Small is not a Canadian, but she has really become the next best thing to being that—for she has Canadianized herself. During many years she has been intimately associated with the constructive social welfare work of the city which she had made her home, and she has given to Canadian problems and conditions the most earnest thought and study.

A Philadelphian by birth, Mrs. Small was brought up in the diplomatic circles of Washington, D.C., and she comes of political people.

Her grandfather was Mr. Justice William D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, who was a born leader and administrator. For nearly twenty years he was the leader of the Republican party and Father of the House of Congress. At the Chicago convention of 1860, he had the honor of nominating Abraham Lincoln.

It is indeed a very valuable contribution that Mrs. Small will make to the work of the City Council. Both on the practical and scientific side she is well prepared

to play an important role in active municipal life. On coming to Toronto she took up work in the Evangelia Settlement, and later on she helped to found the Riverdale Settlement, of which she afterwards became vice-president. For over two years she has been president of the Big Sister Association—that organization which is peculiar to Toronto and unique in Canada—and which may be regarded as the forerunner and ensample of many kindred associations in other cities of the Dominion. As president, during six years, of the Club for the Study of Social Science, Mrs. Small gave herself up to the most exhaustive study of municipal, provincial and national conditions, and, with her *confreeres*, neglected no opportunity to gain a scientific and accurate knowledge of the affairs of government.

In these two departments—the practical and the scientific—Mrs. Small's work has been so outstanding that some particular reference to each will help to elucidate her position and attitude.

Let us take, first, her work in connection with the Big Sister Association as a demonstration of the more practical side of her activities. The Big Sister movement took shape as a committee in the Toronto Local Council of Women in April, 1913. It began as the result of an appeal by Judge Starr of the Juvenile Court for volunteer big sisters to help round out and follow up the work of his probation officers. In February, 1916,

Mrs. Sidney Small



MRS. SIDNEY SMALL

the committee became an independent organization, with Miss Hilda Burns as first president. What is a "Big Sister?" She is one "who is seriously interested in girls and their protection, and who volunteers to take under her special care and protection one particular girl, and to be to her all that the name of 'sister' implies." The girls who are befriended and helped are those who live in the most miserable and cheapest boarding houses, and are not easily reached either by the Y.W.C.A. or the settlements. Since the inception of this movement a large percentage of "Little Sisters" have been found employment, have received necessary medical attention, and have been protected by the finding for many of them of suitable homes or boarding houses; but it was under the presidency of Mrs.

Small that the greatest achievement of all took place. The "Big Sisters" and the "Little Sisters" lacked a place where they could meet on common ground for work or play. There were no proper recreational facilities for the girls in connection with the movement—and bearing these facts in mind, an enthusiastic sub-committee of the association was formed, with the direct object of raising a sufficient fund to open a club house for the girls. Under the able presidency of Mrs. Edward Byrne, this committee realized its objective—and the "Girls' Club," at 21 Carlton Street, came into being.

The "Lady with the Lamp" was the title given to Florence Nightingale, and the "House with the Lamp" might well be the title given to the house on Carlton Street, where all night long in one of the front windows there burns a lamp.

"It takes a soul to save a soul," declares Mrs. Small, and the lamp that sheds its kindly beams out into the night is a symbol of the friendship which stands ready to succor and to serve. There, in the quiet house on Carlton Street, many a young life has been saved from the "tragedy of loneliness" and has found the friendship, counsel and protection that has been its preservation.

In connection with her presidency of the club for the Study of Social Science, which represents the scientific side of her preparation for municipal service, Mrs. Small has been associated with an organization that has had as its slogan, "Principles, Not Party."

"The influence of women as citizens will count for more if they are able to decide upon federal, provincial and municipal questions from the standpoint of principle rather than party," she declared in expounding, on one occasion, the attitude of this club.

And this attitude is quite in accord with the recent statement which she made

when speaking as a candidate for municipal service.

"I don't want people to vote for me because I am a woman," she declared, "but because they feel that I can be of service to the city; because they feel that I am willing to take an unpopular stand if it's a stand for the welfare of the community; because they realize that I have no axe to grind; that I am thoroughly non-partisan; that I am standing with no political backing, and that I am not coming out under the auspices of any organization."

Education in citizenship, with free discussion on social and political questions on purely non-partisan lines, is the *raison d'être* of the Social Science Club—and Mrs. Small has great faith in the part which women may play in constructive citizenship.

"I do earnestly believe that women should devote themselves now to public service as heartily as they devoted themselves to war work," she declared. "Every woman should ask herself, 'What does reconstruction mean to me?' Light and vision are women's special constitution. You remember Browning said to his wife, 'See and make me see new depths of the divine.' We must go before and show the men that only when the individual is made safe for the state can the world be made safe for democracy."

One of the projects which Mrs. Small has very much at heart is the establishing in Toronto of a properly-equipped detention home for children. For some years now, in her capacity as president of the Big Sisters' Association, she has specialized in the study of the various juvenile courts in the States and Canada, and during the past year she has acted in an advisory capacity in connection with the Juvenile Court in Toronto, so that she has had ample opportunity for informing herself on the relative values of the Juvenile Court systems as worked out in some of the representative cities of this continent. She has arrived at the conclusion, which is endorsed by many other thoughtful minds, that Toronto does sorely need "a proper Juvenile Court, with 'Detention Home' for boys and girls attached, including schoolrooms and hospital accommodation, school teacher and psychiatric specialist in attendance, to carefully study the children and advise the court of their mental condition."

Enough has been said, perhaps, in this brief outline, to indicate the nature of some of the activities with which Toronto's new woman member of the City Council has been associated. Of her own charming personality one can only say that she strikes one as having an affinity with things French. She has, in truth, something of the vivacity, the wit, and the *chic* which mark the clever French woman—and it is really very delightful to find, in combination with a strong mentality, so much personal attractiveness. "For goodness sake," said a recent English visitor to this side, "let us try to make goodness attractive." Well, we do believe that Mrs. Small has succeeded in doing this very thing—and she has made not only goodness, but cleverness, attractive.

## Golden Wedding

About sixty guests gathered on Wednesday evening, December 8th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hamilton, at Fairmede, Sask., to help celebrate the 50th anniversary of their wedding day. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were both born in Russell County, Ontario, where they lived until they came west many years ago. On December 8th, 1870, Andrew Hamilton and Letitia Shelp were united in marriage by the Rev. W. H. Peake, minister of the Bearbrook Methodist circuit. Their bridesmaid and "best man" were Miss Jane Hayes and Mr. John Hitsman, respectively. To this

happy union was born thirteen children, eleven of whom survive, and sixteen grandchildren—and all but one were present. The company, which included all the old-timers of the Fairmede district, sat down to a splendid banquet. The Rev. S. A. Harry, pastor of Wawota circuit, proposed the toast of honor to the fifty-years bride and bridegroom, and spoke of the very great respect in which they were held by the whole community.



MR. AND MRS. ANDREW HAMILTON

Mr. Hamilton having responded, the Rev. Dr. Henderson, of Vandura, ex-Moderator and Clerk of the Presbyterian Provincial Synod, also spoke in a felicitous manner and presented his best wishes and congratulations. Friends vied with each other to show by gifts (which were quite numerous) their good wishes and appreciation of the friendship of many years.

The sons and daughters presented to them a comfortable, luxurious rocker and a fumed oak Morris chair. The evening was spent in singing and indulging in reminiscences of former days, and the gathering broke up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."



Items from the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN, January 29, 1831.

## "Late at Church"

Bear with me while I say the crime is great  
Of those who practise coming in too late;  
As if God's service were by far too long  
And none rejoice to praise him in a song.

A little less indulgence in the bed;  
A little more contrivance in the head;  
A little more devotion in the mind  
Would quite prevent your being so behind.

If you complain you have so far to come,  
Set out a little sooner from your home;  
But those who live hard by have no excuse  
Except in idleness, or sleep, or use.

I grant, lest I should seem to be severe,  
There are domestic cases here and there—  
Age, illness, service, things quite unfore-  
seen.

To censure which I surely do not mean.  
But such will not (unless I greatly err)  
Among the prudent very oft occur;  
And when they do you surely should endeavor

To come at last; 'tis better late than never!

Population of Upper Canada, March 1830:

County of York	23,588
Population of Upper Canada	
Town of York	2,860
March, 1830	211,187
Official return for 1829	197,903

Increase years 1829-30 . . . . . 13,284  
The population of the City of New York and of the Province of Upper Canada, are nearly alike.

# Progress and Problems in Religious Canada

## Most Interesting Meeting of the General Board

**F**OR two strenuous days, January 12th and 13th, the General Board of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies faced the responsibility of the Methodist Church for its children and young people. Never have those responsibilities loomed so large as this year, and never, perhaps, were there more encouraging signs of healthy progress.

The work of the board is first to outline a programme of religious education for the people called Methodists, and second to promote the programme it believes to be most helpful. During the past year it has been the deliberate policy of the board and its staff to spend a minimum of time and effort on the preparation of new programme, and to devote every energy to the promotion of the programme already adopted. The results of the year's work, as reported to the board, were viewed with hearty approval.

The field work, in which the secretaries of the board have participated, has been particularly delightful. The district secretaries of religious education, who are in all cases busy ministers in charge of circuits, have arranged for institutes, conventions and other gatherings on their districts, and have devoted themselves unsparringly to their task of leadership. In many cases the field secretaries of the board have assisted in the programmes, but in many others the institutes have been carried out on the entire responsibility of the district secretaries and local ministers and laymen, with most satisfactory results.

One of the most interesting phases of the work this year has been the Young People's Campaign for young people. The object was to lead the organized young people's forces of each local congregation to feel their responsibility for winning other young folk into fellowship with Christ and the Church. On some districts splendid results have been secured, and the board intends to go right on with the propaganda for another year, so that still others may be induced to set and attain for themselves definite spiritual objectives.

District Epworth League work is in a healthier condition now than for several years. Every district in the Bay of Quinte and London Conferences has a district Epworth League organized and working. In Hamilton Conference two new districts have been organized, and only two are now without district Leagues. In Toronto Conference all but the districts in "New" Ontario are organized and busily at work. Most of the district Epworth Leagues invite to their conventions representatives from all the young people's organizations of the local churches, such as Girls' Circles, organized Bible classes and clubs. In every line and from every angle the figures presented show increase in the young people's work in every Conference in the Church.

In this connection it is of interest to report that an interdenominational Young People's Committee has been at work for some two years, and has very recently issued a little book as a report of progress. It deals with general principles and methods of young people's work in the local church, and points out some lines along which progress should be made in the immediate future.

The work among boys and girls of the "teen age" continues to be most significant. Thousands of these boys and girls are called together annually in Conferences, lasting from Friday to Sunday. Dur-

ing these three days wonderful and far-reaching results are achieved in the lives of the boys and girls, and when they return to their own churches they spread the leaven of Christianity that has come into their lives. But the deepest and most permanent results are accomplished by the summer training camps, where a group of from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty boys or girls meet under strong Christian leadership for a week or more, and face the "Call of the Cross" so definitely that many lives are wholly given up to the service of Christ. No work of the board and its officers has in it larger promise than this.

The summer schools have been more successful in point of attendance than ever before, more than three thousand young people having registered. Yet the board is convinced that there is room for progress along several lines. Every summer school should be organized as an independent, self-sustaining unit, but there should be some clearing or central committee for certain areas, which would include reasonably adjacent schools. Through this committee matters of common interest, such as promotion, programme, conservation of results, staff and finances might be cleared, with great advantage to all. The board will lend its influence to securing such committees this year.

But the board did not spend all its time on the boys and girls and the young people. It was recognized that the time is ripe for renewed emphasis on the adult Bible class. Special literature dealing with adult work is to be secured and circulated at the earliest possible date, and aggressive plans are being laid for the enlistment of very large numbers of men and women in Bible study and Christian service. It is confidently believed that there is no other organization for men and women that is so elastic and yet so usable as the adult Bible class.

In all these many and varied activities, and in the thousand and one details of organization connected with them, the general, assistant and field secretaries of the board have been constantly active, giving counsel, guidance and leadership to the local, district and Conference workers. Not a single man of them all has been able to respond to one-half of the demands made upon him, but their reports showed that they had been "in labors abundant." The board passed a hearty vote of confidence in the secretaries, and appreciation of their splendid services to the Church.

One great item that cost the board much anxious thought, was that of Sunday-school extension. There are reported to be hundreds of public school districts in the pioneer districts of the three Western provinces, where there is no religious service of any kind. It seems almost impossible for the home mission departments of the churches to establish regular missions at once in all these places, for neither money nor men are in sight for such a gigantic task. But surely there is a nucleus of Christian people in a large proportion of these communities, who could and would carry on a Sunday school for at least a part of each year, if some one would persuade them to organize and give them a start. The board feels that it must launch out on a campaign to do this type of work and has made an appropriation accordingly in its budget for next year.

The secretaries and the members of the board are conscious of an enormous field

for work which falls legitimately within the scope of its activities as set forth by General Conference, but which must be very inadequately done unless a very material increase in revenue is provided by the Church. The treasurer reported that up to date Sunday schools had remitted \$19,902, and Epworth Leagues \$893. It is hoped that the revenue for the current year may reach \$35,000. But in the face of the urgent need for expansion in every phase of the board's activity, the appropriations for the year 1921-22 could not be reduced below \$44,450. If the board had provided for all the work committed to its care, it would have appropriated at least \$65,000.

In view of this situation, it was decided to seek to secure the presentation of the work and needs of the board, not only in Sunday schools and young people's societies, but in the public congregations as well. The work among the children and young people is surely of sufficient importance to the men and women of the Church that they will support it with one good offering each year. It is safe to say that no money contributed in Methodist churches will bring in larger dividends than that invested in Sunday schools and young people's societies.

## Grace Church, Winnipeg, Young Men's Club

Grace Church Young Men's Club, Winnipeg, which is probably the pioneer organization of its kind in the West, has survived all the vicissitudes of the last few years and is still exerting a great influence among men. During the war, while the young men were away the older men took hold of the work and carried on till the boys returned.

## An Interesting Rally

The Sunday schools of Montreal Methodism gathered in "Old St. James" New Year's morning for the ninety-second annual rally. Thirty-one schools attended in a body, comprising boys and girls, adults, teachers, officers and pastors. Three schools were non-English-speaking, the Italian, the French, and the Syrian. Big St. James Church was filled to her utmost capacity with an audience numbering about 3,500. The arrangements for this yearly gathering are in the hands of the Methodist Sunday-school Association of Montreal, whose president, till recently, was Senator Lorne C. Webster, and whose president now is Mr. Wm. Geraghty. The Association has for secretary, Mr. G. E. Laing, and through the capable management of both the president and the secretary, excellent arrangements had been made and they were carried out with admirable precision.

The programme lasted from 10.15 to noon, opening with a fifteen-minute song-service. A very friendly atmosphere was generated at the start by an exchange of New Year's greetings between Chairman Geraghty and the schools. In response to his expression of good wishes he received a hearty reply from the boys and girls in chorus, "Same to you!" And the friendliness between platform and pew was maintained all through the morning by fresh exchanges inspired by each leader on the platform. Patriotism, too, was a recurring note. At 10.30, after the use of the Doxology, patriotic fervor was awakened by the singing of the noble strains of "The Maple Leaf." Then, when Principal D. L. Ritchie, fraternal delegate from the Congregationalists, was speaking, he incidentally eulogized the British Navy and brought forth a roar of warm-hearted applause. And again, when Rev. A. E. Runnells read a reply from the King to a message already sent by the Association, over three thousand loyal sons and

The Sunday afternoon meetings which have been a prominent feature of its work, have created an interest far beyond the bounds of Winnipeg itself.

Professor Henry W. Wright, M.A., Ph.D., who occupies the new chair of Philosophy in the University and is an influential Presbyterian layman, attracted large crowds of earnest men and created a great deal of healthy controversy by a series of addresses prior to Christmas on Evolution and Religion, in which he proved from the standpoint of a philosopher, that science contradicted materialism and evolution proved rather than disproved the existence of God.

Professor (Capt.) J. W. Melvin, before the war lecturer on Comparative Religions in Wesley College, who went overseas with the 203rd Battalion, and subsequently became a chaplain, commenced on January 9th a series of ten addresses on "The Faiths of Mankind," in which he discusses the religions of the world, beginning with Primitive Man's Belief and culminating in Christianity.

Under the guidance of the President, Mr. R. J. Lewarne, the Club has been conducting a very successful Mock Parliament, Thursday nights during this winter, in which national problems are discussed.

A supper on Sunday afternoons constitutes a bright spot in the lives of many young men in the city who are lonely or strangers.

The Secretary of this organization is anxious to know of any young men who are coming to Winnipeg, so he may get in touch with them. Such clubs not only give men opportunities for development in public speaking, but help them to make friends of the right sort in a great city where so much temptation lies about.

daughters of the Empire sang with the heart, "God Save the King."

The programme included three most interesting musical features. There was the chorus-singing of a high order by the well-known Fairmount Church Junior Choir of fifty voices, led by Mrs. A. R. Moore of that church. Two members of the choir sang solos, exhibiting well-trained juvenile voices. The other two features were choruses in their own languages by the Italian school and by the French school. These were received with much sympathy and appreciation and were both heartily encored. An interesting diversion occurred when Mr. Geraghty, as chairman, persuaded Senator Lorne C. Webster, sitting beside him, to sing a verse of the French hymn by himself. The Senator has a voice and understands French.

The address of the morning was given by Mr. J. W. Knox, a past-superintendent of Douglas Methodist Sunday School, who also has the distinction of having attended the last fifty annual rallies. Mr. Knox possesses great power of personality and his object-talk was listened to with the greatest attention. His principal approach was through "eye-gate" and his effort was obviously effective.

A regular feature of this yearly rally is the reports by the several schools as to their missionary offerings during the year, together with increase or decrease. This year Montreal Methodist Sunday schools report \$5,600 given to missions, a net increase of \$170 over last year.

In conclusion, the value of the Sunday school to the Church and to the community is undoubted. As the chairman pointed out, eighty-five per cent. of the members of the Church come from the Sunday school, and also the well-nigh exclusive agency of religious education for many families in every community is the Sunday school.

ROY P. STAFFORD.

# The Wrecking of the Boat "Thomas Crosby"

By Rev. J. H. White, D.D., Mission Superintendent

The many friends of our Pacific Coast marine missions will be interested to learn particulars of the wrecking of the new power launch, *Thomas Crosby*, which took place on the night of December 4th last at a point about three miles north of Skidegate Indian village, Queen Charlotte Islands, during a south-east gale, said by old residents to have been the worst for many years.

As has been explained, the original *Thomas Crosby* was sold last spring to the Fisheries Department of the Dominion Government, it being decided that the work could be done more effectively by dividing the territory covered into several smaller missions, worked by launches. Of these, one covering the eastern shores of the Queen Charlotte group of islands, and extending from Sandspit to Cape St. James, and known on our station list as "Thomas Crosby Marine Mission, No. 4," was at once the largest and most exposed to storms. It was decided to secure a staunch, seagoing launch, which was to be under command of our veteran skipper missionary, Capt. Wm. Oliver, whose home is at Sandspit, the head of the mission. With him was Mr. Gordon H. Jolliffe, a young man who had just completed ten years' service with the Royal Navy, and who was accompanied by his wife. When the former boat was sold we had retained the name so intimately associated with mission work on the coast. After much consultation with experts, it was finally decided to purchase the *Giffordine*, a new boat of exceptionally sturdy type, and fitted with engines of the best and latest make. All boatmen agreed that we had secured a very fine bargain. She was specially equipped for our work, rechristened, and cost complete \$9,162.00. She carried stores sufficient to last till next Conference, to the value of several hundred dollars more.

On December 2nd our missionaries returned from a very successful trip to the lighthouse at Cape St. James, visiting all camps en route. Saturday, the 4th, was spent in cleaning the engine and putting things in shape for the next trip. Mr. Jolliffe was to hold service at Sandspit and Queen Charlotte City next day, and, as the night was fair, it was decided to sleep ashore, leaving the *Crosby* moored in safe anchorage directly in front of Capt. Oliver's house. Several times during the evening, both the Captain and Mr. Jolliffe went to the door to look out, and each time, —the last being at 9.30 p.m.—saw the *Crosby* at anchor with riding lights burning brightly. At that time it was noticed that the wind was rising and the captain decided to sleep on board, Mr. Jolliffe volunteering to accompany him, though the boat was not thought to be in danger, as she had a heavy anchor and extra length of chain cable. When they reached the shore the light could not be seen and the wind was rising to a gale. On pulling out to the mooring ground it was found that the *Crosby* had disappeared, having evidently fouled her cable, thus loosening the anchor from its hold.

It was now about ten o'clock and very dark. The men on a halibut boat lying near, were at once roused and the party started in chase across the inlet, which at this point is about nine miles wide. By this time the gale had so increased that the men were in great peril, and with extreme difficulty made their way to shelter near Skidegate village.

Next morning at daylight the Captain and Mr. Jolliffe started to walk home along the coast, and about three miles

from the village found the *Crosby* on the rocks with the great waves breaking over her, a total wreck. News was got to the village just as the bell was ringing for morning service. Rev. Mr. Allen, the missionary, at once cancelled his service, and with about sixty of his men proceeded to the scene of the wreck. The tide had gone down so that they were able to spend some hours in salvaging parts of the wrecked ship and cargo, including parts of the engine. They worked till the rising water drove them back. That night the gale was renewed, breaking up and scattering along the shore all that remained of our gallant little ship.

The following extracts from a letter just received from Mr. Jolliffe will interest you. "There is tremendous need for the work which the *Crosby* was accomplishing. Our trip to Cape St. James convinced me of that fact, and although we roughed it at times, Mrs. Jolliffe and I hope that an opportunity will be given us to continue the work, by the building of a boat similar to that which has just been lost. You may be surprised to know that the Captain and I narrowly escaped drowning. We were endeavoring, in a heavy sea, to tow some goods loaded on a raft, made from pieces of the *Crosby*, to a place of safety, when a big sea broke over us, completely swamping our boat. We managed to reach the raft, but only in time to catch another wave, which knocked the Captain into the water again. It was pitiful to see him striking out for shore, and had it not been for help rendered by Mr. Allen I do not like to suggest what I fear would have happened. With the waves breaking over me, I maintained my hold on the raft



WRECK OF THE MISSIONARY POWER LAUNCH "THOMAS CROSBY," LYING ON THE ROCKS THREE MILES NORTH OF SKIDEGATE INDIAN VILLAGE, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, ON THE RETURN OF THE TIDE, AND WITH A FRESHENING GALE SHE WAS COMPLETELY BROKEN UP AND THE WRECKAGE SCATTERED ALONG THE SHORE.

till a boat came to my rescue. But if you could have seen the Captain undressing on the beach on a cold December morning, wringing out his clothes and putting them on again in readiness for a three mile walk to the village, you would not be surprised at his keeping his bed on account of sickness. He is better now and is always speaking of the boat which he hopes will be built for him to command in the near future: I hope the Missionary Society will not disappoint him, for I believe a refusal to build would prove almost fatal."

The *Crosby* carried insurance of \$5,000.00, which will be paid as soon as claim papers are complete. We wish now it had been more, but a rate of seven per cent. per annum seems high. Yet regular commercial boats in these waters pay as high as twelve per cent. Incidentally the Captain and Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe lost all

their personal belongings. I have not an exact statement of the loss, but in the case of our missionary and his wife it would be heavy, as they were making their home on board. I am sure that sympathetic friends will make up their loss, and if more than sufficient should be given the surplus can be applied to the furnishing of a new boat.

Two things I should like to make plain:

1st. No possible blame can attach to our men. We have suffered from a peril of the sea which no skill or foresight can avoid. Abundant confirmation has been received of this, if any were needed. I have sailed many trips with Capt. Oliver, and there is no man on the coast to whose skill and care I would rather commit myself in any weather.

2nd. It is absolutely essential that some provision be made for carrying on the work. It will always be attended with danger and hardship, especially on the more exposed parts of the coast. But the

needs are great and the Methodist Church has never yet turned from a field because of the difficulty or danger of working it. Every one who has ever made a trip on one of our boats, has been impressed by the needs of these lonely and isolated settlers. This was particularly true of the late Mr. Allen, who made several trips on the *Crosby*. We shall learn by experience the best type of launch for the several stations and shall always have to face the possibility of accident. But our fishermen and loggers are facing these perils every day, and we shall not show less courage than they.

It may be that this unfortunate accident will call the attention of the Church, not only to the needs of the work, but to the devotion to duty of our heroic missionaries, both men and women, who gladly suffer toil and hardship that they may carry the gospel, not only to those who need it, but to those who need it most.

## The Ukrainian Holy Days

By J. K. Smith

Ukrainian Christmas Holy Days begin on January 7th. The Christmas numbers of the Ukrainian weeklies come out, therefore, in the first week of our New Year. The meaning of this Christmas to the people is so well set forth in an editorial of the *Ukrainian Voice*, issue of January 5th, 1921, that I thought it worthy of a wider circle of readers. The translation follows:

### "Thoughts of the Festive Season"

"Now comes the occasion when every family on this side of the ocean will sit down together to the festive supper, will sit down expressing their good wishes, as they do, so that all may meet together again next year at the sacred meal. And after the supper the carolling begins and lasts on till the bells of dawn remind us that it's time for church.

"A great moment! We keep this time in memory of Him who brought to earth the doctrine of liberty, love and brotherhood. There were people who were jealous of that liberty. They sent out soldiers. 'Let them kill off all the children in the country, that among them may be killed that One who should declare love to the people.' A cry arose over the whole country such as had never been before.

"This festive season reminds us of this act and brings also before our eyes the grief and the mourning that in this solemn moment hangs over our Ukrainian land. This is the more terrible because it is now the eighth year that the Ukrainian people in their own land have been surrounded, not by carolling and joy, but by weeping and grief. For eight years Herod's men have raged, killing children, killing mothers, killing fathers—killing everyone who dares think of liberty. And if we to-day think of our unhappy brothers and sisters across the sea, it is certain that they think of us still more. They need help, and we are left to-day the only people who are able to help them.

"Therefore when we sit down to the festive supper let us think of our people, our loved ones in our native country, and wish them the very best that is possible; wish it not in words only, but in act. Let every individual, not excepting even the children, give such a gift as he is able.

Let there be no one whose conscience can say that he has not given a holy gift—to the orphans, to the widows, to the mothers, to the cripples, far away across the sea. One cent of ours will give great help over there, will give more satisfaction than a dollar will give here. Only then will it be seemly for us to sing 'God the Eternal One has been born,' for we will feel in our spirit that He has been born in our hearts and in our actions. Then we shall be reminded of His word: 'What you have done to one of these little ones you have done to me.' And those 'little ones,' the unhappy, hungry, unclad, sick and homeless, number thousands. And a great part of their future happiness or grief depends upon us.

"The Ukrainian Red Cross turns to all the Ukrainians in Canada that with the coming of these Christmas days every Ukrainian man and every woman, every grown person and every child may make an offering to give help in his native country. The third day of the feast has been chosen for this offering, and this is the day of that holy first martyr, Stephen, the 9th of January. Let every father of a family, every neighbor, every man of intelligence, upon this day (or earlier) take a collection, passing no one by. Everyone should give something. No one will be impoverished by it, and the money which one gives is not the last money of his life. He will live and earn more. But if he gives not, he is not enriched thereby, and, more than that, his conscience and the community will reproach him. Therefore at this time of the Great Feast let us open our hearts for the great and holiest act; then with faith we shall sing of better days to come:

"We beseech Thee, O King

Lord of Heaven,

To bring years that are happy

To this steward of Thine."

I may add that the Red Cross collections so far amount to \$18,500. The objective is \$160,000. The 9th of this month was called "The Day of Salvation." Collections were taken among the Ukrainians everywhere for the purpose of keeping alive the unhappy victims of the Russian "steam roller," the aggressive Poles, the merciless Bolsheviks, to say nothing of famine, disease, and all the other miseries that follow in the wake of war.

Chipman, Alta.

# Youth and Service

## The Simplified Life

Senior Topic for February 6th

Micah 6:6-8. Matt. 22:34-40.

By Rev. H. T. Ferguson

**W**E have all felt, I think, that life with us tends to become irritatingly complex. A multitude of demands are made upon time and thought and interest. The attempt to keep pace with all who call to us makes our life a feverish and undignified scramble that robs us of the capacity to do anything well or to enjoy anything thoroughly. Never was there more need than in our time of some simplifying standards for our life. We need to be able to discriminate between what greatly matters and what matters much less. We shall find, if we think carefully, that the really worth while and satisfying things of life are few in number and simple in essence. It is a matter of finding what the essential meaning of life for us is and compelling the subordinate things to keep out of the way of the principal things. "Aspire to simple living," said Pastor Wagner. "That means aspire to fulfil the highest human destiny." One cannot fail to note as he reads the great passages of the Old or New Testament that they are simplifying passages intended to help us see through the confusion of detail about religion. Such are the portions of Old and New Testament Scripture chosen as the lessons for this topic.

The Jews of our Lord's time seem to have, with few exceptions, lost the essence of religion in the attempt to comply in a mechanical way with the endless detail of tradition and commandment taught them by their Rabbis. Jesus simplifies the whole matter in His answer to the lawyer's question as to which is the "great Commandment." His answer is indeed a quotation from their own Scriptures—but one they had lost sight of in their concern about items of only fractional importance. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." This will be found, by any test, to be the most satisfactory answer to the question—as to what is a man's duty to God. Immediately following this Jesus voiced another simple proposition as the full statement of a man's duty to his fellowmen—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." These two commandments, He said, include in themselves the whole teaching of the Law and the Prophets. This is a wonderful simplifying of Christian duty, not in the sense that it removes all difficulties, but that it provides a simple standard, easily comprehended, and as workable for a child or an uneducated person as for a philosopher. The possibility of such "loving" is the miracle work of the Spirit of Jesus in the heart of man, but there is nothing complex about its application to the varied circumstances of life.

Very suggestive, too, as a lesson in the Simplified Life is the passage from the Prophet Micah—"What doth the Lord require of thee—but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God." Many things are required of us in these days. We are all but distracted by their variety and insistence and the difficulty of finding their relative importance. Here is the simplifying standard—"What doth the Lord require?" If the many requirements made upon us are right require-

ments, right in themselves and right in the emphasis with which they make their appeal to us, then may they properly be gathered up into the question—"What doth the Lord require?" But as surely as we get to putting any one of these first, as the great requirement before which others must bow down like the sheaves in Joseph's dream, then are we sure to lose our perspective in our view of life, become confused and lose our spiritual way. It will be worth while to ask, when in any perplexity,—"Lord, what dost Thou require of me?"

Micah shows the Lord's requirement to be one quite in harmony with reason and moral sense. Remembering that in Micah's time the idolatrous neighbors of Israel had terrible conceptions of the requirement of their gods, even to the sacrifice of their children—"the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul"—one is greatly impressed with the inspired insight of this prophet. If we are not willing to submit to the "Lord's requirement" we cannot excuse ourselves by saying—"It was unreasonable." We are disarmed before it. It is what Paul calls "a reasonable service"—"Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly with thy God."

We will not fail to note, too, that this essential requirement is shown to be of such a kind as to be entirely free of temporal or national or denominational limitations. There is nothing at all outward about it having to do with the ceremonies or creeds of religion. It is an appeal that any man, of any time or place or previous training, must feel the force of.

Let us look more particularly at these three simple words with which the prophet sets forth the Divine requirement.

### "Do Justly"

This word comes first because it is fundamental. When Paul described the Kingdom of God, he spoke of "Righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." His first word is closely akin to Micah's. "Righteousness"—"Justice." Paul would insist that the delights of Christian experience "Peace" and "Joy" can have no reality where "Righteousness" is a stranger. And Micah would have us know that no amount of "religiousness" can atone for the lack of justice in one's daily life. My first glimpse of a snow-capped mountain peak, many years ago, was through a rift in a morning cloud that overhung the snow line. For a moment I did not know what it was. It seemed to rest upon the cloud, and surely this beautiful, pearly-white object gleaming in the sunlight, was much more akin to the clouds than to this rough and commonplace earth. Yet in a moment the illusion had disappeared. A movement of the cloud betrayed the real connection. This "thing of beauty" was firmly based upon the rugged old rock mountain at the base of which we stood. The fine things of religious experience, to be real and abiding, must have some firmer foundation than the thrilling emotion of some passing hour. To do right though the heavens fall; to be just, when the temptation is to be unfair

or mean in business, in the social group, in all life's relations, this is fundamentally the Lord's requirement.

### "Love Mercy"

Mercy, often thought of as the contradiction of justice, is better considered, perhaps, as the excess or overflow of justice. If we may use the Master's illustration we will speak of mercy as the "second mile." "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." The first mile of the Lord's requirement is justice, the which he who runs faithfully, does well. But the "love of mercy" is the second mile—the spontaneous expression of that spirit that has caught the contagion of the Master's eager, solicitous, forgiving concern even for His enemies.

In that modern parable of the Prodigal in Ian MacLaren's "Bonny Brier Bush," Lachlan Campbell, elder of the kirk, is shown drawing his pen through the name of his erring daughter in the family Bible, then moving with his own voice in the session meeting that his daughter Flora's name be removed from the membership roll. He thought it just and right to do so, however difficult. Then better counsels prevailed. He was led to see that if his God had dealt with him as he was dealing with his daughter, he would have been long since beyond the reach of hope and mercy. He wrote a real father's letter to Flora in London and he set his book of stern theology in the window, placed the well-worn Bible on it and on that a lighted candle, that if Flora should return in the night she would know she was welcome. Flora came back as fast as the train from London could bring her and Lachlan Campbell

had found in the second mile the daughter he would never have found in the first. All aggressive work in winning folks for the Christian life will be done in the spirit of the second requirement.

### "Walk Humbly with thy God"

"Walk" is an everyday word to describe the common activities of life. "Humbly"—We will have no difficulty here when we complete the sentence and remember that the meaning of our daily life is a "walk with God." If we are not humble it is because we have thought of our life as a walk with men. Looking at the man who walks his daily walk beside me, I may be vain enough to say, "How weak he is to stumble like that at what is to me no temptation." Possibly he wonders why I stumble where he walks firmly. But when I know that my walk is "with God," then do I turn my shamed face to the earth and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." A walk with God will always be a "humble walk."

It is well to note, too, that this last requirement, like all the requirements of God (if we could see it so), holds in itself a great privilege. To "walk with God" is not only a standard but a fellowship. If we have not yet found it, we will find that life has some experiences in which, when the waters become very deep, the only reassuring and comforting consideration is the unseen presence of Him with whom we walk.

These passages suggest the simple standards of life. He who learns to look upon life this way shall walk in calm and strength and get from life its gladdest and best.

## An Idle Tree and God's Message

Junior Topic for February 6th

Luke 12:6-9

**J**ESUS heard some people telling how Pilate had killed some Galileans and also how a tower had fallen and crushed eighteen men. These people did not think such disaster could come to them. They believed the Galileans were guilty of some great sin and deserved this as punishment. Jesus read their thoughts and said, "Suppose ye that these Galileans . . . I tell ye nay: but, except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

These happenings should really be regarded as a warning that they as individuals or as a nation might meet a similar fate. The important fact is the spiritual life which never dies. An individual life and the life of a nation must bring forth fruit. The Jewish people were like a fig tree, enjoying every advantage, but bearing no fruit, and so Jesus tells them so in this beautiful parable of the fig tree.

"A certain man had a fig tree planted in his garden and it bore no fruit."

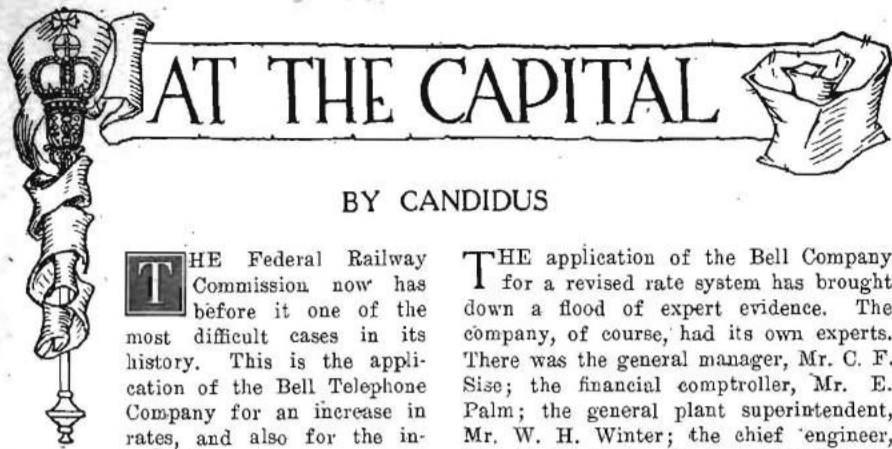
Show the juniors that there are many people in the world who are doing precisely what the fig tree did, receiving all the good things which have been given to them and never once giving fruit in return. We are the product of all noble work and suffering in the past. The easy paths of to-day were trodden by men and women who cheerfully carried the burden. Give examples in the field of medical science, of invention, of religion. Then ask the question what their atti-

tude must be. Whether they can be merely a sponge soaking in all the good gifts of life and giving nothing in return, or must they not also be torch-bearers and blaze a new and still better trail for those who follow after.

Have one of the boys come forward on the platform with numerous signs pinned on his coat: the works of the flesh, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, idolatry, etc. Galatians 5: 19-21. This represents the selfish person. Then another lad will come out with other labels which are: the fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, goodness, etc. Galatians 5: 22, 23.

Tell a story to illustrate, for example: In Toronto there is a very important business man. In the early days when he received a small salary he considered that one-tenth did not belong to him. That much at least belonged to God. During the recent war he sold his splendid motor car and gave the entire proceeds to the Red Cross. He is a very popular man, has wise insight and good judgment, but the quality which makes his circle of friends so large is the fact that he is most lovable. The beautiful spirit of this man is reflected on his face, which is a very happy one. To-day this man is giving forty per cent. of his income in the service of God and humanity. He does not expect praise for so doing. To him it represents the one way to experience true happiness in life. "A man's life consisteth . . ."

L. C. S.



BY CANDIDUS

**T**HE Federal Railway Commission now has before it one of the most difficult cases in its history. This is the application of the Bell Telephone Company for an increase in rates, and also for the introduction of a measured system of charges for local calls. The hearings began last September, and, after an adjournment, are still going on this week. The evidence may be all in before this letter is published; but at the time of writing it is expected that judgment will be reserved. The purpose of the present letter, however, is not to discuss the merits of the case, but rather to describe the workings of the Railway Commission as illustrated by this case.

**T**HE body which is hearing this application is normally a board of five commissioners, but owing to certain special circumstances only three are sitting in the telephone case. The chairman of the board has always been a lawyer of outstanding ability with special aptitude for making the commission a tribunal of speedy justice. The present chairman, Hon. F. B. Carvell, is not sitting at this hearing, as he has interests in the telephone corporations in the Maritime Provinces. His place is taken by Dr. S. J. McLean, assistant chief commissioner, who has been with the board since its inception. Assisting him are Deputy Chief Commissioner Hon. W. B. Nantel, and Commissioner A. C. Boyce. The absence of a fourth commissioner is due to the recent death of Mr. A. S. Good-  
eve, who has not yet been replaced.

The Railway Commission sits as a court; but does not allow itself to be bound by legal red tape. It has very wide powers and appeals from its decisions are closely limited. On questions of law an appeal lies to the Supreme Court of Canada; but on questions of fact the only appeal is to the Cabinet. Appeals have been few and have seldom been successful—the lack of success tending mightily to check the number of appeals.

The commissioners follow the role of judges, though they are not bound by the strict rules of the ordinary courts. They hear both sides of a case and adjudge between them; but they also at times make investigations by means of their own officers, in this taking a step outside the regular judicial function. For the most part, cases are decided on the basis of evidence which is presented by the parties to a dispute. Sometimes, as in the telephone case, the number of parties represented is large; and many experts are brought to give the commission the assistance of their special knowledge.

**L**ET us take the present case as an illustration. To begin with, the Bell Telephone Company is represented by three or four lawyers and by as many more of its leading officials. In addition, there are represented by legal or technical agents the following list of bodies:—Union of Canadian Municipalities, Ottawa Board of Trade, Montreal Board of Trade, City of Toronto, Government and Attorney-General of Ontario, Board of Education, Toronto; City of Hamilton, Toronto Board of Trade, Canadian Manufacturers' Association, City of Ottawa, Retail Merchants' Association of Canada, Canadian Lumbermen's Association, City of London, City of Sherbrooke, Montreal Publicity Association.

**T**HE application of the Bell Company for a revised rate system has brought down a flood of expert evidence. The company, of course, had its own experts. There was the general manager, Mr. C. F. Sise; the financial comptroller, Mr. E. Palm; the general plant superintendent, Mr. W. H. Winter; the chief engineer, Mr. N. M. Lash; the superintendent of traffic, Mr. H. E. Scott; and Mr. K. G. Dunstan, a vice-president—all these were Bell Company officials. Then there were called on behalf of the company officials of associated companies. These included Mr. H. G. Atwater, assistant vice-president of the American Telephone Company of the United States; Mr. J. H. Winfield, general manager of the Maritime Telephone and Telegraph Company of Nova Scotia; and Mr. C. F. R. Jones, sales manager of the Northern Electric Company. The last-named company has been playing a considerable part in the hearing, as it is a subsidiary to the Bell and the Bell buys supplies largely from it.

It is evident from the list of officials just given that there has been a wealth of information and opinion showered on the commissioners from the point of view of the company which is asking the increased rates. On the other side the list is perhaps not so long up to date, but it may be before the inquiry is closed. It began with Mr. W. T. Burrows, a Montreal accountant; and has included Mr. W. J. Hagenah, a prominent telephone expert from the United States; Colonel Gordon and Mr. H. E. Guilfoyle, accountants of Toronto; Mr. W. A. McKenzie, a financial broker of Toronto; and Mr. C. B. O. Sauter and Mr. R. T. Jeffrey, of the Ontario Hydro Electric.

These experts in each instance gave their evidence first under the guidance of a friendly lawyer, and later were taken in hand by the opposing counsel. There is very little badgering of witnesses; jury methods do not get cross-examiners far with the commission. The opposing counsel naturally cross-examine on the advice of their own experts, and sometimes they succeed in picking flaws in the statements made by the experts. It is usually very technical, and often the witness takes several minutes to figure out his answers with pencil and paper. It is all designed to get the facts in the clearest state possible for the commissioners, who will later (before giving judgment) make a thorough analysis of the evidence with the assistance of their own officers.

**T**HE company witnesses devoted themselves chiefly to setting out the need for increased revenue, the general manager dealing with the broad issues and other officials supporting him at various points—one pointing out the increase in cost of material or of wages, and another calling attention to the great demand for telephones which demanded extensions of plant. Mr. Atwater and Mr. Winfield gave evidence as to the working of measured rates. On the other side, the evidence of accountants was chiefly in the nature of analysis of the company's accounts to show the over-valuation of the investment or the improper charging of accounts so as to turn a surplus into a deficit. Mr. McKenzie testified that the market was favorable to a flotation of Bell company bonds, thus indicating that the company would have no difficulty in getting money for extensions. The Hydro Electric officials gave evidence as to declining

costs of materials and as to the proper rate of depreciation to be charged, the Hydro rates being much below those of the Bell company. The effect of the evidence in regard to depreciation, if sustained, would be that the Bell charges to this account were too heavy and that thereby the year's accounts were given too unfavorable a showing. Mr. Hagenah dealt generally with telephone problems and differed sharply with Bell testimony that wages were not likely to decline.

**A** PICTURESQUE phase of the case is the opposition which has been developed between the new and the old in the control of public utilities. The Bell company is one of the best managed of the privately-owned public utilities in the

country, and the Ontario Hydro Electric is one of the most successful public utilities under public control. In this case their experts have been brought face to face. Public bodies are making use of the experience of experts in the public service to meet the experts of private capital. The perspective opened out is alluring. As public operation of public utilities extends, the practice is likely to grow. The practice may benefit both public and private ownership. The meeting of the two bodies of experts invites mutual criticism. The two principles are now launched into unavoidable competition. Mutual criticism before public tribunals should bring out the best that is in both.

## The Wishbone of Needul

By Bertha E. Green

### Chapter VII.—The Coming of the Books.

**T**HE Kent family were both glad and sorry that the gift of music had been taken away. That is, Mrs. Kent and the two girls were glad; while Mr. Kent, little brother, and Bobby were sorry. However, little brother had a drum bought for him, which, while not such a large one as the Genie's gift, had bells around its edge, and was noisy enough to suit even little brother.

Mr. Kent often sat down at the piano, picking out tunes with one finger, until one could tell what tunes he played—almost. He even went so far, one day, as to declare he would buy a ukulele for himself; but he didn't.

Bobby was sorry, too, and now that his reed-pipes were gone, he lost no time in getting something to take their place. After much bargaining with Andy Summers, he became the possessor of a jewsharp, somewhat hard on the teeth, but with a great "twang."

For several days Bobby's wishes were no trouble to himself or to anyone else—he didn't make any wishes.

Saturday afternoon came, finding Bobby in the house on account of a cold, and bad weather outdoors. Even the carpenter's bench in the woodshed was forbidden ground—on account of the drafts. It was a dreary, dismal afternoon altogether.

Six o'clock came at last. Mr. Kent and the evening meal livened up Bobby considerably, and Bobby started on a hunt for some desirable reading. Papers, magazines and books, pictures and print, were all either old stories to him or uninteresting new ones. It was too early for bed yet, so he settled himself down to read his "Swiss Family Robinson" for about the twenty-second time.

It was no use. Bobby could not keep his mind on a story in which he knew "what everybody was going to do next." "I'll just wish for books and that sort of thing, then nobody will get into trouble this time," thought Bobby.

He reached down into a pocket and drew out the wishbone, looked at it, and wished. Then he put the wishbone back in his pocket, and looked around him with eagerness. What had the Genie sent him this time? He soon saw, and heard, too, for the Genie was not one bit stingy, and had brought "books and all that sort of thing" for the whole family.

The "Swiss Family Robinson" that Bobby had laid on the table had disappeared, and in its place was a small pile of thin sheets of polished brass, held together by rings that ran through holes in one end of the sheets.

Bobby picked up the brass sheets, and discovered strange letters scratched on the surface. They were not like the

alphabet he had learned at school at all, but in some strange way Bobby could read the words on the brass plates. It was a most exciting story of battles and tigers, and had to do with people who lived ever so long ago, and ever so far off.

Meanwhile Bobby's two sisters had discovered that the magazines which they had been enjoying were no longer the kind that one buys at a book store. The girls each held a roll of thick, yellowish paper, on which were crooked and wiggly red and black marks. They were not long in finding that they could read the strange writing, and both started to talk at once:

"This book says a girl should never go out of the house without a veil over her face—finger nails must always be kept dyed scarlet. What kind of books are these, anyway?"

Bobby looked over at the girls' books and saw that they were both the same kind, telling what girls should wear and do if they lived in an eastern country—Bobby thought it must be an eastern one.

"Did you ever read anything like this?" exclaimed Bobby's mother.

"Listen," she went on, "it says here that pepper-corns and melon-rinds, put in vinegar and then dried, make a fine pickle. And that is just one bit of nonsense in this cook book. There isn't a single sensible recipe in it."

Mrs. Kent's new cook book was a strange looking volume; it was a book, all right; but written, instead of printed. It had thick wooden covers, on which were carved pictures of strange looking people who appeared to be baking something in a sort of Dutch oven.

These pictured bakers reminded Mrs. Kent of someone, and then she said:

"Why, the men in these pictures are dressed just like those strange cooks who came and went away so suddenly."

"Perhaps they forgot and left their cook book," suggested Bobby, helpfully.

"I am sure I don't see how—" began Mrs. Kent.

"Will you listen to this," interrupted Bobby's father, with a rising voice: "Mr. Cheops is visiting friends up the Nile. He is resting after building his pyramid. What newspaper is this?"

Bobby looked at the paper which his father held in his hand, and saw that there were hardly any letters on it at all, just pictures. It was a fine kind of newspaper, Bobby thought. All one had to do was to look at the pictures—they told it all.

Mr. Kent was greatly interested, and Bobby glanced over at little brother, wondering why he was so quiet. The little fellow had a big square of wood in front  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21).

# Our Montreal Letter

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

## An Evening with the Unemployed

THE Old Brewery Mission is to Montreal what the Jerry McAuley Mission is to New York. Those who have passed under Brooklyn Bridge and proceeded down Water Street to that well known place will, I am sure, share with me vivid recollections of what they saw and heard. On that Sunday afternoon that I visited it some years ago the meeting was given over to reformed drunkards, who had been won back to industry, usefulness and happiness through the power of the gospel as revealed in that Mission House. These and other memories came to me as I approached the Old Brewery Mission one evening last week, and passed through the portal that bears in big white letters, the inspiring sign, "Pardon—Peace—Power—Plenty." I found Mr. D. H. Scott, the Superintendent, having a pleasant game of quoits with the men, and after he had appointed some one in his place, we turned into his office for a chat about unemployment—that cruel word that is on our lips so often now. I counted it four times in the index to the *Gazette* one morning last week! That dreadful bogey that we forgot during the war has come back to us, gaunt, lean, rapacious! Mr. Scott, by the way, is a thorough-going Britisher from Aberdeen, who has been in charge of the Old Brewery Mission some four or five years, so understands our problems.

"We are feeding about 150 to 200 men per day," he said, "and they are a different class of men, on the whole much more respectable than in former years. A very clean, well-put-up man came to me last week and told me that he had been out of work eight weeks and had neither food nor fuel in the house. He was ashamed to tell his church people, so came to the mission. I may say that a large percentage of the unemployment at present is from closing down factories and other large plants, and not from bad habits as much as formerly. I sent one of my trained social workers away out to the north end to investigate this man's case, and she found a clean, well-kept home, a tidy mother, and little family of children, with just two things lacking—*food and fuel*. They had spent their little savings during the early weeks of the unemployment and were facing starvation.

"We do not run a dining room now," continued Mr. Scott, "but instead, give out meal tickets by arrangement with a nearby restaurant, and those who are homeless may return here to sleep. We have to raise \$25,000 a year, by voluntary subscription—our budget amounts to that—and we are undenominational. I am not here to make Presbyterians, or Methodists, but to turn out Christian men and women, redeemed from the power of sin. If a man stands up in one of our meetings and says that he truly repents, I ask him in what faith he was brought up. If I find he is a Roman Catholic I send him to his priest, for my experience is that if you tear a man away from his early moorings you often cast him on the sea of doubt and do him an injury.

"Do we work among women?" Yes, we have mothers' meetings and girls' meetings on Thursdays, and Mrs. Scott and our social workers make it a point to teach them to keep their homes scrupulously clean, to do good plain cooking, to sew and to mend. We hold that those are the first essentials to godliness in their case."

The game outside was now at an end, and a sing-song was about to commence, interspersed with lantern slides. I got

away into a corner seat, where, unobserved, I could watch the men come in, and perchance read something of their story in their countenances.

"How many of you men have been to the City Hall to-day to get work," asked Mr. Scott. "How many have applied for work in the lumber camps?"

"Well, we won't be discouraged, we'll try again to-morrow" (this with a cheery, brotherly smile that would warm the men's hearts.) "In the meantime Mrs. Scott is going to play some of those hymns that we used to sing when we were boys; let's all sing heartily, it will do us good. Then we'll have some lantern slides."

It may here be said that we now have a Citizens' Unemployment Committee and a Provincial Unemployment Bureau (10 St. James St.) to cope with the situation, the number of unemployed being estimated at 25,000. The police also have received orders to investigate unemployment on their rounds, and to relieve pressing cases of distress.

## Broken Nurses in Britain

Nestling in a beautiful garden between Major Hamilton Gault's magnificent residence on the one hand and stately Erskine Church on the other, is a low-lying red brick house that in summer is so framed in its bower of green that I have always privately called it "The Snuggery." It is so cosy, so English in its retirement behind garden walls. It was here that Mr. George Washington Stephens brought his Italian bride some years ago, and now it is the home of Mr. and Miss Clergue, through whose courtesy the Women's Press Club held a reception there last week in honor of Sir Martin and Lady Harvey. The former, on account of spraining his ankle on shipboard and contracting a chill, was unable to be present, his physician wisely insisting on his retaining his strength for his exacting work in "The Burgomaster" and "David Garrick." Lady Harvey, however, was present, and also Miss Harvey, who closely resembles her distinguished cousin. Among other notable guests was Lady Drummond, and after we had browsed in the wonderful library fitted with books to the ceiling on all sides; had partaken of the delicious refreshments and chatted with friends, Lady Harvey addressed us, making an appeal on behalf of the broken nurses in Britain. She wore the Red Cross uniform, which has been her daily garb since the beginning of the war, and told us a touching story of the heroism of the nurses who, amid bursting shells and torpedo attacks, remained at their post and have returned so broken in health as to be unfit for further duty. Lady Harvey wore the Red Cross Service Medal, which she received after three and a half years on the Western Front, where she maintained a service of fifty ambulances, specially detailed to pick up men who were lying out, and thus minimize the frightful loss from exposure. She also wore the Mons and Victory Medals and the Oak Leaves for having been mentioned twice in despatches. Her wonderful power as a tragedienne rendered her appeal very moving, and many eyes were brimming with tears as she told

us of the distressing condition of those broken nurses, two of whom a few weeks ago were brought out of the poorhouse to be decorated by the King! Lady Harvey has opened a home for worn-out nurses in the Isle of Wight, at the inauguration of which Princess Beatrice presided. Already it is full to overflowing and there is a long waiting list, so that extensions must be made and other homes opened to meet the need. She laughingly told us that there was only one rule at the home, namely, that the nurses must have their breakfast in bed—a rule that they found it easy to follow. Lady Harvey said that unfortunately many people in the Old Country were so tired of the war that they would like to escape even the mention of it, so when Sir Martin and their company had visited a hospital for the blind some weeks ago near Aberdeen, those dear young boys, who were doomed to perpetual darkness, said they had not had a single visitor for six weeks! During that time no one from the outside world had come to cheer them up and thus help them to carry their heavy cross. Lady Harvey declared that as for her there was but one work to do outside of her profession, and that work for the rest of her life would be to help the broken nurses and the blinded and maimed men—a work incumbent on us all. A liberal offering followed this moving appeal, which Lady Harvey has been making to English audiences and proposes to continue wherever they play in their tour of Canada.

On Thursday evening we saw Sir Martin Harvey, Miss N. de Silva (Lady Harvey) and their London Company in David Garrick, at His Majesty's. I think few who were present will ever forget Sir Martin's exquisite portrayal of the famous actor of fifty years ago. It is a role that most great actors have essayed, and someone said that Sir Charles Wyndham's Garrick was all mind, that E. S. Willard's



A BEND IN THE LACHINE ROAD—ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST HISTORICAL HIGHWAYS IN CANADA.

Garrick was all heart, while Sir Martin Harvey's portrayal was soul.

One of the most revered of the older ministers in Methodism remarked not long ago that he believed all those people had passed away who would be shocked to see him enjoying a good play—so permits himself that relaxation in this more liberal age. When one thinks of Sir Henry Irving in the Merchant of Venice, with Ellen Terry as Portia; of Madame Helena Mod-

jeska as Lady Macbeth; of Sir Herbert Tree as Sir Francis Drake, or as Cardinal Wolsey in Henry VIII; one realizes that in the best drama one touches the zenith of enjoyment, at once intellectual and spiritual.

## The Truth About Russia

I suppose we are all groping after it, striving to gain a true idea of the real situation in that vast country, that while nominally western, is really so oriental that it baffles us. In Hugh Walpole's books, "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City," one gets the atmosphere of the Russian front during the war; while in Stephen Graham's book, "Russia in 1916," one gathers some idea of that mysterious country in pre-war days. Lately in *The Gazette* we have had H. G. Wells' articles, covering an account of his recent visit to Russia; then last week we had a visit from Major Washburn, who lectured here under the auspices of the Women's Directory—that wonderful agency for rehabilitating unmarried mothers and helping them and their innocent children to find a useful place in society. The lecture course of the Women's Directory last winter was the best of the season, and proved such a splendid means of raising money that they have opened a second course this winter, of which Major Washburn's lecture was the premiere. Major Washburn, who is from Washington, D.C., should know Russia as well as it can be known by an Occidental, for he spent the entire period of the war on the Eastern front and some years previous in Moscow and St. Petersburg—I see that many are preferring now to return to the old name. What, then, does he tell us? First, he said, that no proper conception of the present situation in Russia is possible without an understanding of Russia's heroic part in the early years of the war, when, without adequate artillery or ammunition, the Russian soldiers were mown down in tens of thousands before the superior equipment of the Germans, offering their bodies as a sacrifice to hold the enemy at bay while the allies were organizing on the western front.

Major Washburn made the statement that the only gold that the Soviet Government has is what it has stolen from the Russian banks, being the fortunes of private citizens, and what it has robbed from Rumania. He is also of the opinion that to trade with the Bolsheviks, or have anything to do with them, is compounding felony. They have made three great mistakes in Major Washburn's opinion—first, they have done their utmost to destroy and dismantle the Church and abolish all forms of religion; second, they have destroyed the sacrament of marriage. It is only necessary to go before a magistrate and sign a paper to become man and wife; and should either party change his mind a few days later, he has only to go back and make a declaration to that effect and the marriage is void! Think of the position in which that would place women and children! The third great mistake is that there is no attempt at representative government. The representative assembly convened by Kerensky, whom Major Washburn characterized as a good man, was forcibly broken up by Lenin and Trotsky, and that was the end of representative government in Russia. The lecturer predicts the downfall of Bolshevism, which he said could not stand because it was not founded on any spiritual or ethical basis.



### John Frost, Artist

"An artist bold am I,  
And I love the wintry weather;  
To paint the world I try,  
And the critics call me clever."

**T**HE children, Bob and Betsy, were playing near the fire, when from the region of the northwest window the sound of music came to them. Immediately every toy was dropped and there was a rush to see who could get there first. And they drew up so quickly they almost over-balanced when a clear little voice asked: "Why did you interrupt me?"

They had to rub their eyes and look and look again to make sure they were not deceived. He was such a little fellow, the speaker, dressed in a suit of shimmery white stuff that was hard to distinguish against the frosty window pane. The sparkling black eyes in the round, roguish face were impishly mischievous, and the tip of his nose and his cheeks were scarlet. He really was a funny little chap, and Bob gave a shout of laughter after taking a good look at him.

"Who are you?" demanded Betsy.

"John Frost is my name, but most people call me Jack Frost. And the strangest thing about it is, the majority of people do not like my playful habits. Between ourselves, I don't think they have much sense of humor. It's the greatest fun to pinch their toes and tweak their noses, but they exclaim as though a little fellow such as I could hurt them. My father roars with laughter when he sees my antics, and sometimes when my mother comes with us she smiles, but she doesn't let me do so much pinching and people do not seem to mind so much when she is along.

"And won't you tell us who your father is, Mr. Jack Frost?" Betsy asked.

"Why, he is with me now. At least he is outside the window, and he'll call for me pretty soon. People call him North Wind. And he is the best playmate. We do have the finest times together in the winter. I come only in the winter months, and although he sometimes comes in the summer, he likes the winter best, too. My mother, the West Wind, likes best to come in the summer time when she doesn't have to be always watching our pranks and scolding when we get too boisterous. She isn't quite as good a playmate, but I love her, too.

"To change the subject, don't you think I paint beautifully? You see, I use a very fine icicle pencil and it makes a splendid tool. Can you see the picture I've drawn here for you?"

Both children had been so busy watching their visitor they hadn't observed the picture he was so busily sketching upon the window pane. But now they looked carefully. It was a magnificent castle with many turrets and towers, and it was on the top of the highest mountain peak.

"That," said Jack Frost, "is a picture of my home in the land they call Northwest, and it is just behind the Sunset Land. Of course it is many, many miles from here, but it takes very little time to get there when my father carries me in his arms. It is there I stay all summer."

"And when the winter comes," he continued, "and the North Wind is preparing to leave for a long visit, I can hardly sit still I'm so excited to know whether or not he is going to bring me.

I love to come down to your land on a visit. Don't I just enjoy myself!"

"But you must be cold!" exclaimed Betsy with a shiver, for it was rather cold there by the window. "Won't you come over by the fire for awhile?"

Before Jack Frost could reply, Bob burst out into a shriek of derisive laughter. "That's all you know about it, silly. He would melt if he came too near the fire!"

"No, I wouldn't melt," Jack Frost contradicted. "But I would be very uncomfortable and I do not like heat at all."

Just then a most terrific blast of wind shook the house and came in through the partly opened window. While the children shivered Jack Frost laughed merrily and said, "Why, that is only father coming for me. Good-bye."

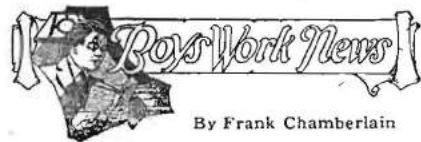
The tiny figure disappeared as if by magic, and the only proof that Bob and Betsy had of his visit was the picture of the North Wind's castle on the window pane. But next morning it, too, had disappeared, and upon asking mother, the children found that the West Wind was blowing, and she, of course, is much more gentle than her husband.

"I suppose Jack Frost and his father went home in great glee and told all about the pranks they had played," said Bob. "I wonder if they counted all the toes they pinched and the noses they tweaked."

"And I suppose the West Wind listened," said Betsy. "And after North Wind and Jack Frost had gone to sleep, she slipped out and came down to see if she could remedy a little the pain the others had inflicted."

"She must be something like all mothers, don't you think, Bob?" the little girl asked. "They always are on the job to make the pain of things, like frozen noses and frost-bitten toes, easier to bear."

And Bob, deep in a book, absently nodded assent.



By Frank Chamberlain

**O**NE could not be but thrilled by the words of Rev. J. J. Paterson, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Sarnia, when he said a few weeks ago: "It is many years since I have seen such an exhibition of courage and pluck in the face of adversity as I witnessed on the field on Saturday. Though outweighed, the collegiate boys stuck to it to the last whistle. If the participants in the battle of the gridiron show the same pluck, courage and steadfastness in the battle of life in later years, they will go far."

There was a liveliness in the life of Edmonton last week when the first Older Boys' Parliament held session. Lieut.-Governor Brett—the real Lieut.-Governor—honored the assembly with his presence and spoke briefly. Two bills were put through the first stage, one providing for promotion of Trail Rangers and Tuxis boys, and the other providing for a "Father and Son" week at an early date. Great praise is due to "Wally" Forgie, who is mainly responsible for such a gathering of older boys.

As the new year enters into the presence of the Canadian boy it finds him secretly making resolutions—resolutions

"to live, not be; to think, not muse; to believe, not-doubt; to work, not potter; to act, not falter; to row, not drift; to arrive, not flounder."

There is no doubt that to-day is *Youths' Day*. Twenty years ago you would have been amazed had you heard of a boys' Sunday-school class conducting a Watch Night Service. Yet this New Year's Eve found many classes holding such a service, with the boys leading in every item on the programme.

The basketball, football and baseball teams of Ossington Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto, after many hard fights in church sports—fought manfully and cleanly—were tendered a banquet by the ladies of that church recently.

As a fellow reads the wonderful records of the full life of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and what a dandy chum he was to his boys, he sometimes feels that his own dad could be a better pal if he co-operated just a little more.

Fifty thousand! That represents the number of teen-age boys there are in Saskatchewan. A large number, isn't it? Forty thousand! That represents the number of Saskatchewan boys who are not in touch with an adequate programme suited to their needs. The need for Boys' Work leaders in that province is great, indeed.

A Sunday school in Winnipeg, realizing that the opening and closing exercises could not be made to interest both the young girl of eight and the young man of eighteen at the same time, has inaugurated a separate boys' department where all the boys over eight years meet. The plan has met with much success so far.

Mr. C. Chamberlain, former secretary of boys' work for Woodstock, Ontario, is now attending the University of Toronto, taking the boys' work course. He is succeeded by Mr. Alexander Donald, who has been editor of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, and is well known as an athlete of ability.

St. John, N.B.—Fifty-six boys from five churches, and the Tuxis Conclave with one hundred and nine boys from eleven churches, met recently at the "Y." A supper, a practical talk and inter-church games made up the programme.

"Ed." Chamberlain, one time president of the Ontario Older Boys' Conference, and a member of the First Ontario Boys' Parliament, has returned to Toronto from Moose Jaw, Sask.

Mentors' Clubs—that is, groups of men leaders in boys' work—have recently been organized in Victoria, B.C., St. John, N.B., and Edmonton, Alta. Great good comes from the companionship of men interested in the same great ideals.

The Tuxis Hockey League, of Kitchener, Ontario, will be composed of about fifteen teams, and the Trail Rangers' League ten. There will be splendid fun—if spring doesn't come too soon.

The public library in Georgetown, Ontario, has been opened to the boys and girls who are working under the C.S.E.T. and C.G.I.T. programmes.

What does C.G.I.T. mean? Canadian Girls in Training—in training for almost the same fourfold ideals that the boys are striving to attain.

Maurice Armstrong, of the Tri Mu's Tuxis Square, of Bridgetown, N.S., was the first Tuxis boy in Bridgetown to win a Tuxis badge. Congratulations, Maurice! The badge was presented at the first anniversary of the organization of the square, and the lady friends of the boys were special guests.

That part of the year when Father and Son Banquets are frequent is here. The Trail Rangers of Wolseley, Sask., held their banquet recently.

Harry Hart, who is the National Boys' Work Secretary for India, has sailed from Vancouver to resume his task. While in Vancouver he spoke to a conclave of Tuxis boys at the "Y."

Arthur M. Gregg, Maritime secretary with the National Council, is rendering an effective service to thousands of boys by the sea.

Rev. Dr. Byron Stauffer addressed a large gathering of Riverdale Collegiate (Toronto) boys recently. His subject was: "If I were a High School boy again." The meeting was held under the auspices of the High "Y." Club of that school.

Last week I had the pleasure of seeing the moving picture films that were taken at Tuxis Camp, Algonquin Park, last summer. For half an hour I was back on the shores of Canoe Lake, and could see "Bill" Vaughan behind the supply counter, "Joe" Shortt building a fire, Rev. Manson Doyle setting the dinner table, Rev. W. P. Fletcher eating pancakes, and Taylor Statten trudging around in high top boots. I saw "Wally" Forgie paddling across the bay that Jack Miner named "Galilee Bay," Rev. C. Melville Wright stirring a pot overflowing with beans, and Fred Maines of St. Kitts, Rev. S. T. Bartlett of the Book Room, and Magistrate James Edmund Jones. And there was "Joe" Smeeton, of Calgary; James A. Cruikshank, the editor of the *American Angler*, New York; James Williams Butcher, of England; "Skid" Watson, of Orillia; Judge H. S. Mott, of the Toronto Juvenile Court, and tribes of other friends. The pictures were mightily interesting, and will live in history.

### An Appreciative Reader

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—Allow me to express my appreciation of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN as a Church and religious paper. I like its editorial, sermons by Dr. Bland, the life of R. L. Stevenson by C. A. C. given last week, and Mr. Black's Bible Class, and all its other good reading in its different departments. The *Youth and Service* news is excellent; in fact, it is a good paper as a whole, and should be taken in every home. The Christmas and New Year numbers were splendid. May God fill you with His spirit to carry on His work. Wishing you much success.

Yours truly,

A READER.



MRS. FIDELIA L. WILSON

Mrs. Fidelia L. Wilson, of Kingston, Ont., is probably the oldest minister's widow in the Canadian Methodist connexion to-day. The photograph reproduced herewith was taken a few days ago and shows her sitting in her room in the home of her son, Mr. H. W. Wilson, in her eighty-ninth year. Mrs. Wilson is still active, in excellent health and in possession of all her faculties, taking a keen interest in everything, and a very faithful reader of *The Christian Guardian*. She is the widow of the late Rev. Richard Wilson, who died in Ottawa nine years ago, and who was a prominent minister of the Primitive Methodist Church before the union. The *Guardian* wishes Mrs. Wilson still many years of health and usefulness.



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# The Old Year in England

By Rev. Wm. Wakinshaw

**I**n a few hours we shall be shaking hands with 1920 and bidding him good-bye for ever. Before his disappearance is complete, I will try to describe some aspects of the last lap of his chequered career. The Christmas he brought us has been the jolliest we have enjoyed for years. We were carried back to pre-war days at a bound. As we shall see presently, the nation is still in the trough of the sea in many respects. But during the holiday season the average Englishman abandoned himself to a festival of joy and good will. Many elements were in our favour. The weather was phenomenally warm. On one or two days ladies were actually strolling about the London parks protecting their complexion with sunshades. Yielding to a terrific bombardment of appeals, the Minister of Transport sanctioned a considerable return to cheap railway fares during the holidays, and this welcome boon enabled thousands of comparatively poor people to gather around the family hearth for the great social festival of the year. For the time being the unconquerable spirit of hope that can extract sunbeams from cucumbers was in the ascendant, and thus by various aids we managed to enjoy the most delightful Christmastide of recent years.

The dark background to this bright picture has undoubtedly been provided by the growing lack of employment. In my letter immediately preceding this I touched on this subject. Since then the prospect has darkened. It is calculated that we have somewhere between three-quarters of a million and a million of men out of work. The tragedy of the situation is that so many of them are soldiers and sailors who fought so gallantly for us during the war. The Government has at last been goaded into activity in trying to provide remedies. The Labor party have been particularly energetic in applying the goad, and yet, strange to say, it is amongst trade unionists that we find one of the strongest barriers to the engagement of the workless. To be precise. The Government have offered £5 each for every unemployed man that the building operatives will take into their ranks. I find in this morning's paper that the Trade Union officials are still boggling over the exact terms of the compact. Of course, I am not in the secret of these delicate negotiations, but to an outsider it seems incredible that when the Government wants to place 50,000 idle men in an industry that alone can meet the acute famine in houses, the apparently reasonable offer is held up by technicalities. One can only hope that even before these sentences are printed the way out of the tangle will have been discovered.

In any survey of the last weeks of the departing year the League of Nations must bulk conspicuously. There is nothing in its proceedings to compel us to effervesce with enthusiasm. It strikes a chill to the heart to notice how the epoch-making congress at Geneva has been ignored or belittled by certain sections of the press. It is also disheartening to remember that America was not represented at the council board of the nations. But even with these severe limitations, the prevailing opinion here is that we have very substantial cause for satisfaction. The gains have far outweighed the losses. Both directly and indirectly it is realized that the League has accomplished priceless results. These results may not be immediately so valuable, but they are precious because of the promise for the future which they ensure. It is believed that one of the most valuable of the by-products of the

congress has been the public opinion it has generated against bloated and aggressive navies. America, Japan and England seem on the verge of launching a big and beggaring shipbuilding programme. It is an indescribably fatuous proposal. All the sanest men here in both Church and State have pronounced publicly against it. The signs are now more favorable. It appears as though their emphatic condemnation of this warlike spirit has struck a responsive chord in the breast of both America and Japan. If public opinion in those countries is ripe for scrapping this ambitious and menacing policy, I am certain that here there will be no hindrance to the preservation of all that makes for the comity of nations. All but a few fire-eaters in this land have had enough of war and its desolations to last them for the remainder of their natural lives. I have so often dealt with the Irish question that I will not now linger on this painful topic. But it is so prominent that it cannot be ignored. It is intensely gratifying to record that at last there are some hopeful portents in the inky sky. Both sides seem weary of the strife and the bloodshed which for months have cursed the unhappy island. The Labor party have held a commission there and are striving to ingermine peace. General Sir Henry Lawson has been over to investigate, and in a weighty letter to Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck, M.P., he outlines proposals which happily may enclose the seeds of a just and lasting settlement of an apparently intractable question.

The findings of the recent Pan-Anglican Congress, commonly known as the Lambeth proposals, are now producing keen and widespread discussion in all religious



THE REV. C. A. WILLIAMS, PASTOR OF TIMOTHY EATON MEMORIAL CHURCH, TORONTO, WHO HAS ACCEPTED, SUBJECT TO THE ACTION OF THE TRANSFER AND STATIONING COMMITTEES, A UNANIMOUS INVITATION TO THE PASTORATE OF WESLEY CHURCH, VANCOUVER, IN 1922.

circles. Nowadays no Church newspaper or magazine is complete without an article on the irenicism of the bishops, and wherever ministers of any shade of denomination congregate these advances provide them with a stimulating theme. So far the results of this eager discussion have been highly gratifying to all of us who are wishful to soften the asperities of ecclesiastical life. The extremists on both sides are being severely and deservedly pommelled. All sensible Christians feel that life is too short and

that the times are too critical for the maintenance of positions that imply aloofness, intolerance, exclusiveness and ultimately and logically excommunication with bell, book and candle. With all its hideous harvest of destruction and death, the war has certainly taught all the Churches the significance of the truths that we hold in common and the triviality of the forms and ceremonies that separate us. To describe bishops as being on the rampage is to employ language that does not comport with ecclesiastical dignity. But some strong and pungent word is required to depict the eagerness with which sundry of our mitred Anglicans are hurling themselves into the effort to bring the followers of Christ into closer and happier relationships. It need hardly be added that all the responsible leaders among the Free Churches are quite as eager to promote federation where corporate union is not immediately attainable.

Turning now to our own endeavors as Methodists to promote fusion, it is a pleasure to record that the healing process steadily advances. Combined meetings of all the three negotiating sections for conference and for propaganda work are multiplying. All the five British Methodist weekly papers are on the side of the angels, and each of them in its own way is giving full attention to these gatherings and noting their increasing number and significance. Recently two Wesleyans have flung what they term an irenicism into the arena of discussion. They ask us all, especially those of us who follow the old flag, to call a halt. They argue that the report of the Joint Committee of the three Churches will be fatal to Wesleyanism, and they have obtained a certain amount of cohesion from the Thomases among us. But the main current of opinion cannot be stayed or even deflected. The very fact that extremists on both sides jibe at the report is evidence that the central and decisive forces in all the trio of denominations are behind it and will ultimately carry it, in substance, into actual legislation. Our Mission House authorities are more than ever men with a vision. They see the fields that are already white unto harvest. Months ago when budgeting for the current financial year which ends in January, they decided to aim at an increase of a third in the revenue. This advance was required partly by the depreciation in the purchasing power of money and partly by the growing demands of our ventures. At the eleventh hour the expected increase is not visible. But it seems likely, and to make it certain, the first week of the new year is to be a term of self-denial in our Churches so that the goal may be won. I must not close without a tribute to Dr. Arthur T. Guttery. Undoubtedly he was one of the foremost Free Churchmen of his generation, and his death is an irreparable loss. It is interesting to note that he was born in Toronto when his father was a Primitive Methodist minister there. May God soon send us the warrior who can wield the fallen sword of this chivalrous knight!

—The *Expositor* (December), Edited by Rev. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Contents: "A Primitive Onomasticon," Pro. Rendel Harris, Litt.D., LL.D.; "William Sandy, the Man and His Message," Rev. Prof. Vernon Bartlett, D.D.; "The Work of the Christian Ministry in a Period of Theological Decay and Reconstruction," Rev. Prof. George Jackson, B.A., D.D.; "John 7: 37, 38," Rev. T. Herbert Bindley, D.D.; "Some Notes on the Development of Jesus," Rev. J. Robertson Cameron, D.D.

This number concludes Volume 20 of the Eighth Series, and the Forty-Sixth Year.





**All Things Are Now Ready**

WE have to-day another remarkable parable spoken by Jesus for our study and exposition. Remember we have found out before that these parables usually were intended to teach just one or two central truths, and that it is not safe to press for an interpretation of all the details. The parable has to be a consistent story or it would not be listened to with interest, but if we wander away into an effort to give some special meaning to every detail of the story, we not only run the risk of finding a number of grotesque ideas and teachings that were never intended, but also of missing the full meaning of the central truth for which the parable was spoken.

In trying to understand this parable we must, first of all, remember where and when it was spoken, and the audience to whom it was addressed. And fortunately we have all the details in regard to these questions. The parable was spoken on the Tuesday of Passion Week. On the Sunday previous, the triumphal entry had taken place. Then on the Monday Jesus had returned to the city and had shown his authority by driving out the traffickers and money changers within the Temple Court. This, of course, had stirred up still bitterer enmity against Him on the part of the Chief Priests and religious leaders of the people, who were themselves very much mixed up with the whole nefarious business. Jesus returned to Bethany on the Monday evening, but Tuesday finds Him back again in Jerusalem and in the neighborhood of the Temple, where the Jewish leaders crowd around Him again, and question Him as to His authority and right for doing the things that He had done the day before. To this crowd, made up for the most part of bitterly hostile people, Jesus spoke three parables of warning, first the parable of the two sons, one of whom professed obedience to his father, but did nothing, and the other refused but later repented and did his father's will; second, the parable of the wicked husbandmen; and third, the parable of the marriage feast which make up to day's lesson.

There wasn't any doubt as to the application of these parables. The Pharisees knew perfectly well that they were aimed at them, and there must have been some among them, at least, who realized how well the severe arraignment suited their case. They had been guilty of false professions of obedience to God, and the very publicans and harlots, who repented at the preaching of John and Jesus, had pressed into the kingdom before the Pharisees; like the wicked husbandmen they had been guilty of murderous plotting against the Son of God; they had rejected the great invitation and refused the rich blessings of the Kingdom. But though they realized the justness of the accusation which Jesus made against them, they were only hardened against Him the more by the charges.

But this, clearly, was not Jesus' intention. Notwithstanding all that had gone before, it seems clear that right up to the last He hoped against hope that His people might yet receive Him, and the faithful dealing with them that these parables reveal had that end sincerely in view. Jesus could not and did not give His people up until the very end. But He was faithful

in dealing with them, and warned and admonished without fear, even though He knew that His faithfulness to them might be preparing His cross for Him.

The application of this parable to ourselves and to present day life and conditions, is both plain and impressive. The first great fundamental thought is, that God's plans for men are plans of blessing and goodness and love. A wedding feast, suggesting joy and gladness and satisfaction, is a fitting symbol of that which God calls men to when He asks their allegiance and service. Life in the Kingdom is a life of fullness and blessing, not a life of negation and doing without. And it is not easy for some of us to see in what a big and wonderful way this is true.

But, even so, men may slight and overlook and even scorn that which is so good and so well worth having. The folly of so doing is manifest and yet how many there are who are guilty of the folly. That a starving man should refuse to come to a table laden with abundance is in conceivable, but it is not nearly so hard to understand, when we see matters aright, as that refusal of men to accept God's offers of blessing and fullness and joy.

But our parable has another and a most impressive lesson. One of the invited guests did not scorn the invitation, but came, presumably, with eagerness and anticipation. But when the King came to overlook His guests he found that this one of all the crowd did not have on a wedding garment. He had accepted, gladly, but he did not take the time or the trouble to prepare himself in a seemly way for the occasion and opportunity. There is something more needed than mere acceptance, then. One must come, but he must also come prepared. Behind the figure is this impressive thought: character is the thing which counts and without it mere profession is of no avail. We may be in the right place, but we must have the right spirit before it avails us anything. Righteousness, the righteousness that is of God, is the living of the Kingdom, and the man that has it not has no place left for him within that Kingdom.

*William Black*

**The Late Rev. C. H. Coon**

The sudden demise of Rev. C. H. Coon, President of the Bay of Quinte Conference, on Tuesday, January 18th, came as a painful shock to his many friends. He was just about to open the evening session of the Presbyterian and Methodist Co-operative Committee, when he was stricken. The deceased entered our ministry in 1885, and had spent nearly thirty-six years in active and successful ministerial toil. That he was beloved and honored of his brethren is demonstrated sufficiently from the fact that he was elected last year to the presidency of the Conference. He was a faithful and effective toiler and his work upon his different circuits is his best encomium. The bereaved family have the sincerest sympathy of their many friends in this hour of sudden and sore bereavement.

Rev. S. M. Roadhouse, of Tara, has been invited to College Avenue Church, Woodstock.

The International Sunday-school Lesson for February 6th: "The Marriage Feast." Matt. 22: 1-14. Golden Text, Luke 14: 23.

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- ☞ Of course not.
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# Northern Alberta News

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

**R**EV. DR. BUCHANAN, of Edmonton, and Mr. W. J. Hunt, of Calgary, recently made a trip to the Peace River in the interests of the Missionary Society. The particular reason of the trip was to discover, if possible, the points of greatest need for hospitals. At Waterhole, great need was found, the town being fifty-five miles from the nearest hospital and seventy-five miles from the next nearest. Beaver Lodge was also seen to be in real need of such missionary work as is done by our Church hospitals elsewhere. Upon their return, recommendations were in preparation, when the news came that the Red Cross Society had decided to plant hospitals at these very places.

During the trip Griffin Creek was called at, and Rev. G. T. Elsdon and bride were found doing good work. Dunvegan was another point of attack, where Rev. E. H. Winfield is getting hold of the work and the mission is flourishing. He has five appointments and drives about thirty-five miles each Sunday and preaches at least three times.

Lake Saskatoon is well manned by Rev. Geo. A. Kettlys. We are sorry to say Bro. Kettlys' health is very indifferent, and sometimes it is a struggle to keep going, but we are glad to say his work is very successful, and his devotion is meeting a hearty response in the lives of the settlers.

Beaver Lodge was also visited and the people are still lamenting the death of Bro. O. Puffer. The mission is still vacant and awaits the coming of a similar type of young man. If a young man who has no yellow streak should read this, let him ponder a minute—is he the one to go north to take up Bro. Puffer's work?

**Ponoka Union Circuit.**—Anniversary services were held on the Ponoka circuit on Sunday, November 28th. Rev. J. W. Wilkin, of Wetaskiwin, a former pastor, was the special preacher, and his old congregations at the Eastside and Ponoka appointments were delighted to see and hear him. His sermons were all timely and stimulating, and a good spiritual tone characterized all the services. A financial appeal was made by the pastor for connexional and trustee funds, and \$255 was subscribed. On December 8th the Ladies' Aid gave the anniversary supper, and a sale of work was held in connection with it. The net proceeds were \$200, making a total of \$455—about \$30 in excess of the amount aimed at. Ponoka is one of the small western towns that has adopted church union, and is awaiting the same action by the various church bodies. They enjoy a very pleasant sense of harmony, and under Bro. Chas. Bishop's care a good work is being done. After trying church union for about five years the people are in no danger of reverting to the old competitive conditions, whatever the vote by the next General Assembly may be.

**Calder Methodist Church, Edmonton.** celebrated the burning of their mortgage with a banquet held on Monday evening, January 3rd. The church was built in 1911, and since then various missionary probationers have done valiant service there with much success. The banquet was a very home-like, enjoyable function. The tables were laden with the very best of fare. Rev. T. Reid, the pastor, was in a happy mood as toastmaster, and many joyful speeches were made by members and friends of the church. The Ladies' Aid were repeatedly complimented for their work in helping clean off the

debt. Mr. T. Musto, ex-pastor, and Mrs. Fraser, president of the Ladies' Aid, performed the most interesting ceremony of the evening, in burning the mortgage document. Both pastor and people have reason to be much encouraged, and they are looking forward to great progress in the immediate future. This is fine work for a "student pastor."

Some time ago these columns said that Rev. J. W. Bell was a young man of great promise, being only seventy-three years of age and making three appointments each Sunday by means of a bicycle. That prophecy has been fulfilled. A short time ago Bro. Bell built and dedicated a church at one of his rural appointments, Kelsey, and now another has been opened and dedicated at the adjoining town of Ohaton. These two points, with Pawlf, make a good circuit. Two churches since Conference is good work. It is true both are union charges, but affiliated with our Church. We congratulate you, Bro. Bell, and we are glad to know you are still young enough to interpret the most insistent demand of

# Southern Alberta News

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

**Elmoras; Rev. G. A. Sander, pastor.**—Since Conference this circuit has been making noticeable progress. The congregations have more than doubled and larger seating accommodation has had to be added. A new organ, costing \$160, has been bought and paid for. Under the leadership of Mrs. W. S. Duncan a good choir has been built up. The anniversary occasion was favored in the presence of Rev. Dr. G. W. Korby, and Mrs. Skene, of Mount Royal College, Calgary. Not only was this special occasion a great success, but the Ladies' Aid has been rendering fine service throughout the year, having raised \$250 for parsonage furniture.

**St. Paul's Church, Calgary; Rev. W. A. Smith, pastor.**—The Quarterly Official Board of St. Paul's Methodist Church, at its last meeting, some few days ago, gave a unanimous invitation to its pastor, Rev. W. A. Smith, President of the Alberta Conference, to remain for the sixth year. Mr. Smith is deservedly popular with the people of his present charge, but, for reasons beyond his control, he could not see his way clear to accept the invitation. St. Paul's has enjoyed a time of fine, all-round growth and progress throughout the pastorate of our President, and this year he is carrying the double responsibility splendidly.

**Red Deer; Rev. G. D. Armstrong.**—"Red Deer welcomes the C.N.R." This is a news item that is of general interest. And from all press notices, Red Deer is the home of a thriving Men's Brotherhood. Among the recent speakers we note Rev. G. D. Armstrong, on "Social Evolution;" Prof. Gaetz, on "Industrial Democracy;" Inspector A. R. Gibson, on "Alberta's Public School Curriculum;" and Rev. Dr. Huestis on, "The Outlook for Religion." The doctor drew attention to the fact that when he came to Red Deer there were four churches, now eight; he was satisfied they were forming the wrong way. "The time has come for Christianity to take over the Churches. The things which Jesus thought important have not

this growing country, viz., organic church union. We believe this to be the only solution to the religious problem of hundreds of our smaller centres of population.

Great interest has recently been stimulated among the older boys of the province by the holding of a Boys' Parliament. The boys came from points covering the province to Edmonton, where the sessions were held in the Legislature Buildings. The parliament met with all the pomp and ceremony of a genuine provincial parliament. Apart from the lieutenant-governorship, the offices were assigned to teen-age boys who comprised the gathering. The cabinet appointed to take charge of the seven departments consisted of boys from different points throughout the province, each minister being from a separate city or district. Bourinot's "Parliamentary Procedure" was used as the final authority in the passing of bills or any other legislation. The premier, the leader of the opposition and the speaker all happen to be Edmonton boys. Many bills were introduced and some were passed and became law; others were amended and some were tabled. As we sat and watched the efficiency and despatch of these youngsters there came into our hearts a great regret that many of those who comprise our Annual Conferences had been deprived of these privileges when they were young.—G. F. D.

always been the things which the Church has emphasized in its preaching. Jesus never seemed to worry about heresy, but pharisaism He lashed with merciless zeal. Samuel Butler tells of parishioners "who would have been equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted, and at seeing it practised."

### Here and There

Parkland has gone over the \$1,200 mark for Forward Movement and missions.

Claresholm has reached \$1,500 for similar purposes, with an objective of \$2,000.

The usual Christmas and Watchnight services were held in Central Church, Calgary, under the leadership of Rev. Jos. Lee, President of the Methodist Ministerial Association. At the Watchnight service Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Knox Church, and Rev. Dr. Bland, of Wesley, were the speakers. We were not able to remain for the close of the meeting, but report saith it was a fine service.

Lethbridge district has launched an evangelistic campaign, continuing for the next two or three months. The series opens at Barous, with Rev. R. H. Whiteside, of the Manitoba Conference, co-operating with Rev. S. Pike.

Good reports keep coming from Carceland, where Rev. Fred. Cook is getting in splendid touch with his work, and from Tudor, where Rev. J. H. Garden is putting in strenuous days. At Rockyford especially, the work is developing fast.

We are glad to report that Rev. Dr. Kerby, who has been in the Calgary General Hospital, and Mrs. A. A. Lytle, who has been in the Lamont Hospital, have been able to return to their homes.  
208 16th Ave. N.W., R. W. D.  
Calgary.

Visitor—And do you find people come in here during the week of meditation?  
Sexton—Ay, sir, that they do; why, I caught two of 'em in 'ere only last week.—Cassel's Saturday Journal.



# Our Readers Forum

## Seeing the Needs of the West

Mr. Quayle Replies

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—In writing you to express my dissent at officials of the church referring in public addresses to Western Canada as a "menace" to the country as a whole, I did not for one moment expect my letter to be construed as an implied attack on the appeal for recruits for the Western missionary fields. On the contrary, I should glory in the fact should there be such a response to the appeal as would challenge the membership of the Church at large to the utmost generosity and enthusiasm. I repeat, however, that such appeals could be made without creating in the minds of Eastern people an impression of Western Canada the reverse of complimentary.

I have to confess that my references to the Macleod district were based on my former personal knowledge of the district, and I was amazed to learn that there was such a falling off in the supply of ministers. I had the privilege of sitting on the first "Co-operative Committee" in Macleod, and in the distribution of territory such as the Methodists relinquishing Granum and taking, for example, Parsons or Carmangay, we sincerely thought that a number of men would thereby be released for service elsewhere, in addition to ending foolish competition in some fields, which meant little more than a perpetual drain on the general missionary funds of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.

I have looked over the district outlined by Mr. Day, and looked up the 1916 census returns for each township. After a careful study of the map I am compelled to the view that there is not much prospect of establishing a self-supporting church anywhere in the townships, and that it is clearly a situation which calls for co-operation and the placing of men in the field who would work from given centres, such as Macleod and Pincher Creek, and rely more on personal visitation and the organization of Sunday schools, with as frequent general services as possible. The most densely populated township is the one adjoining the town of Macleod, with a population in 1916 of 213 souls. Others scale from that down to five people, and in one, the most south-westerly township, there was in 1916 exactly one of a population, the average for the townships being 130 persons. In the district outlined by Mr. Day is the whole of the Piegan Indian Reserve, and fully one-half the Blood Indian Reserve. The south-eastern section is preponderantly Mormon, and south from Pincher Creek the French-Canadians are numerous and there is a German settlement.

There is, no doubt, room for activity in the sections indicated by Mr. Lewis, and they could all be worked from Macleod and Pincher by two or three active men with the missionary spirit. Indeed, if Canadian Methodism gave local preachers the recognition accorded by British Methodism, such places as Mud Creek and Olsen's Springs could frequently have services. In the whole district of 1,440 square miles indicated by Mr. Day, there are 7,432 people, exclusive of Indians. Of these, 3,339 live in urban localities, and 4,093 in the townships. There is a Mormon population of 1,328 in Macleod federal riding, and of this number fully 900 live south of Claresholm, the great bulk of them "on" Mr. Day's map. When you eliminate Mormons, Hutterites,

Lutherans, and Roman Catholics, who are supposedly looked after by their own Churches, one can gather at a glance how difficult it would be to establish a mission with any hope of it ever becoming self-sustaining, unless the population of the country greatly increased or underwent a decided change.

I repeat that the situation calls for the "saddlebags" and the organization of Sunday schools, so that people of an evangelical turn of mind would not be absolutely neglected.

I conclude with the promise not to further offend by repeating that I have nothing but whole-hearted sympathy with the missionary activities of the Church, coupled with a whole-hearted fondness for the people of Western Canada and of Alberta in particular, regardless of creed.

Even the "foreigners" cannot be so serious a "menace" when, according to Mr. Lewis, only one rural poll gave a majority against prohibition.

T. W. QUAYLE.

Ottawa, January.

## A Generous Tribute

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—I have enjoyed the GUARDIAN so much these thirty years and more, especially since the GUARDIAN has been under your editorial care, that I thought I must write a line to tell you how we feel about it. Now if you ask what I like best about the GUARDIAN I would say I like best the spiritual aroma that emanates from its leaves. Next, I like its sane, pithy, pointed editorials—they appeal to an old blacksmith like me; they stimulate the mind and heart to a wholesome enjoyment of the robust activities of Christian living. So to keep my letter from being too long, I'll just say I like all the practical suggestions on the outside of the two covers; I like the poetry and the prose between the covers, especially that elegant little poetical tribute to McDougall, the missionary. I like the looks of the dear old paper, and, like the coal I burn on my forge, I like the smell of it. I like the make-up of the whole journal, and I like the price and the clean smiles in Wise and Otherwise. Now I think I have made it clear to you that the GUARDIAN is one of my old friends. I met the editor some years ago, and the pleasure lingers yet, so I just wish you a happy New Year and close. I am, as ever,

Yours sincerely,

J. O. CHURCH.

Smiths Falls, Ont.

## Stirring Up Interest

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian:

Dear Sir,—I met a Methodist pastor of a country circuit who gave me a wall card containing his sermon topics for the next three months. The date and the initials of the church on the circuit where the topic is to be given are mentioned.

He told me how interested his people are in these themes, and how they hang up the card in their homes so that people might see them. It simply shows how the interest may be maintained on any circuit.

Sometimes where the topic has a unique text hidden in it, he depicts the device of having people conjecture about what the text may be and thus adds interest for the young people.

BYRON STAUFFER.

Toronto.

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# THE CONFERENCES

## TORONTO

*Searboro North Circuit; Rev. R. Learoyd, superintendent; Rev. Geo. Hall, pastor.*—

All roads led to Malvern on Sunday last upon the occasion of the re-dedicatory services, after completion of re-decorating and re-seating of our church. The services were conducted in the afternoon by Rev. McCloud, of West Hill, and in the evening by our popular pastor, assisted on both occasions by the choir of Washington church; leader, Mr. W. D. Annes. Overflowing congregations were the order of the day, many being unable to gain admission; attendance and offerings far exceeding Malvern's palmiest days. The whole work was executed entirely by voluntary labor, under the supervision of our pastor, and a most enjoyable time was spent day by day by all who participated. The scheme of decoration is of Romanesque style, in the Basilican type, the colorings being in old ivories, tastefully relieved with appropriate shades and tones; the ceiling is in quartses, the motif used in relief being the laurel leaf and bud. The pendant beneath is symbolic of the Arch of the Lord, with lily and vine intertwining, which motif has also been employed to give form and relief to window headings, the vine design dropping down to and forming a cresting over a broad dado-band which surrounds the whole church, and which contains numerous medallions, holding sacred emblems of the life and work of the Master. Upon the altar end of the church and over choir and pulpit is a splendid specimen of the church decorators' art. A flying ribbon drops gracefully from pendant to either side, curling around and being pierced by the Rose of Sharon in full leaf and blossom. Upon the centre is perched the dove and olive-branch, while the words of Acts 13: 39 stand out in old English lettering. Directly beneath in medallion is the emblem of the Paraclete, with outstretched wings and descending rays of light, supported by two graceful scrolls with appropriate texts.

The whole of the designs and their execution is the work of our pastor, of whom we are justly proud. We knew Brother Hall to be an artist of no mean order, by his lightning cartoon and chalk talks to the children, but his art as shown by this decoration is a revelation to all of us. During the three years of the present pastorate our church has been steadily regaining its former prestige; great strides forward have been made. The church yard, once an eyesore and by-word, has been levelled, tombstones straightened, lawns laid, porch re-fixed, whole exterior thoroughly overhauled and repainted, and now, with our new and comfortable pews, new altar rail, new carpets and drapings, presented by the Girls' Club (president, Miss Gertie Brown), with our splendid decorations, steadily increasing congregations, "our cup floweth over," and we have every reason to thank God and take courage.

The Christmas tree on Monday evening, under auspices of G. P. C., was another inspiring success, a capacity audience giving unstinted applause to the children's many numbers, and to their tutor, Mrs. Empringham. The pastor was the recipient of a handsome cheque, as a small token of the appreciation of the congregation. L. R.

*Brampton.*—The evangelistic campaign which has been conducted by Dr. Honey-

well and his party in Brampton during the last three weeks, terminated on Sunday, December 12th. Dr. Honeywell labored hard and assiduously, often leading no less than three meetings a day, in an effort to impress upon the people their need of Christ, and to show all their way to eternal life. The gatherings were largely attended, a deep interest being shown, especially by the young people, who filled the choir loft and went in and out amongst the congregation doing personal work, thus endeavoring to win others to the Saviour. Many of those who rarely come to any religious meetings were persuaded to take their stand for Christ and at the consecration services later signed cards, showing their desire to belong to some church. If one can judge by the large number of men, young and old, who, on the four successive Sunday afternoons, decided to become followers of the Son of God; and also by the twenty-five or thirty young people who gave themselves for life service in the work of the Master last Friday night, it must be acknowledged that these meetings were a wonderful help and inspiration to all and that they were the success it was hoped they would be.

Bethesda appointment of the Stayner circuit has been the scene of one of the most gracious revivals this community has witnessed for many years. The services were conducted by our own pastor, Rev. Thos. Laidlaw, who carried on for five weeks, despite the fact that each night's meeting meant a drive of almost five miles each way. During that time some forty-eight persons accepted Christ as Saviour and surrendered their lives to Him. A goodly number of these were heads of homes—fathers and mothers. We, as a church, are very grateful to our pastor, who preached the word of truth which brought conviction through the power of the Holy Spirit. From the very beginning great stress was placed upon prayer. The people were led as seldom before to stand upon God's promises, especially the words of Christ: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." We are also grateful to our pastor's wife, who on many evenings ministered in the service of song. But, above all, our thanks go out to God, Who giveth us the increase; and our prayer is that those whom He has so wondrously saved may be kept by His power in lives of Christlike service.

M. E. M.

*Davisville, Toronto.*—The spirit of Christmas so permeated Davisville Sunday school that it needed only a suggestion from the pastor on Christmas Sunday that we send to those less fortunate than ourselves to bring forth a generous supply of good things the following week. Supplies were received and packed in the Sunday-school room. Baskets containing twenty-two dinners were sent to the Fred Victor Mission after our own needy had been supplied. The Ladies' Aid also fell in line, donating thirty-five of their hard-earned dollars.

## LONDON

*Glencoe; Rev. R. J. Garbutt, LL.B., pastor.*—Sunday, January 9th, recorded another of time's milestones in the history of the Glencoe Methodist Church. The anniversary of the opening of the church was celebrated most happily, and the Ladies' Aid rejoiced in the consummation

of their united effort. One unique feature was that Rev. W. J. Smith, of Yonge Street Methodist Church, Toronto, the special preacher of the day, is an old Glencoe boy, and his oldtime comrades of the village received him right heartily. Mr. Smith is an original thinker and has a happy faculty of giving his thoughts a tongue. His message of the morning service was the old, old topic, "Love, the Greatest Thing in the World." The inspiration of a man who loves his theme was distinctly felt, and the application of power, which is the mainspring of life, was clearly portrayed.

The musical part of the morning service was well sustained; a tuneful anthem and a selection by the church male quartette were well received. The evening service was the climax of the day. A happy custom of uniting all three churches to rejoice together was faithfully carried out—Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists—and their ministers were all present and took part. Every available seat was taken and chairs added in the aisles to accommodate the overflow. Mr. Smith caught the inspiration of the audience and excelled himself in his subject, "The Pioneer." He graphically pictured old Abraham leaving Ur of the Chaldees at the command of God, not knowing whither he went. Beginning with a picture of our own Canadian pioneers carving homes and history out of our native forests in the early days, he went on to show us how much we owe to the trail-blazers, in literature, science, and religion, modernizing his story with vivid illustrations and telling effect. Again the choir measured up to the occasion, and Mr. Stanley Humphries' powerful baritone fittingly rendered Tennyson's beautiful hymn, "Crossing the Bar." The new pipe organ, played by Mr. R. Singleton, enriched the music and added to the attractiveness of the services.

## BAY OF QUINTE

*Keene; Rev. W. E. Honey, B.A., B.D., pastor.*—A gracious revival of religion has taken place in this locality through special services in the Methodist Church from December 5th to the 19th, under the direction of Evangelists Crossley and Leonard. Interest and attendance increased till the seating capacity was overtaxed, and the final service was held in the more commodious Presbyterian Church. Under the good hand of God, the community has experienced a remarkable awakening, the gospel having won its way into the hearts of many, both youthful and mature in years, through the winsome and persuasive appeal of the evangelists in sermon and song and the earnest co-operation of personal workers and the choir. About one hundred and thirty persons accepted Christ in these meetings, either in conversion or reconsecration, and others have followed since. On Sunday, January 2nd, the pastor baptized eight persons on profession of faith and received over fifty into the Church. The impressiveness of this service was increased by the use of the service for the Renewal of the Covenant. At Bethel on January 9th, two young people were baptized and six joined the Church. An undenominational Social Welfare League has been formed to give Christian direction to the social life of the neighborhood, and a young people's society has been organized in the Church. We thank God and take courage. We have had our three Church anniversaries, with the assistance of Rev. L. S. Wight, B.A., B.D., of Cannington, former pastor, at Bethel on October 10th, of Rev. Dr. F. H. Wallace, of Victoria College, at Keene on November 28th, and Rev. G. E. Ross, of Peterboro, at Zion, on the evening of January 9th. Large congregations, excellent music and able, earnest and practical sermons, made these services occasions of very great interest and spiritual profit.

## Seeing Great Britain by Motor

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

closure, but my expensive husband spied a £2 sign and made for that. No one would move to let him pass, so he did a hair-raising turn around a 'bus with the Ford travelling at an angle of forty-five degrees. I did not regret having neglected to secure my driving license, for I could never have negotiated that corner. Soon we were backed up as close to the fence as possible, and Ed. and I set off to see the sights. There were people, and more people, and then some. Here an Indian fakir danced and shrieked; there an alleged jockey offered to sell dead sure tips; here a trickster threw pencils and gold rings about and then sold nothing much for a good deal of the coin of the realm; there a man was peddling slices of pineapple; here there were drinks for sale; there were men throwing coppers on to linoleum, those landing on certain squares bringing certain rewards, and everywhere there were chances to put your pile on the favorite or a rank outsider. Everyone has a bit on the Derby; even the Hon. Mr. Asquith at a presentation to Miss Bonar Law began his speech by saying that he had just had the satisfaction of backing the winner at the Derby, and he was greeted with prolonged cheers. And this was in the House of Parliament! Weary chaps were stretched out here and there on the grass after walking since daybreak to see the great race. One fellow was acting as a pillow for no less than three others, all four utterly oblivious to the babel going on around them. Returning to the car we found that Mr. and Mrs. Amy had been besieged by gipsies, who told Lacey that he had such a kind face and begged him to "give the baby a copper for luck." We unpacked our luncheon supplies and the gipsy girl, clinging to the side of the car, begged us to give the baby a cake. Woolworth's paring knives were not

an unqualified success as butter spreaders, and the key failed to open the butter tin neatly, but we made a good and jolly meal, liquidating with the popular Schwepps' minerals that are rather a poor substitute for Coco Cola in our country. It was very warm there in the sun. When the races began we had to put the top down, and the umbrellas did not preserve our necks and noses from a good burning. We saw the horses come out from the stables, caught an occasional glimpse of striped jockey clothes, and saw the horses come in again after the finish, then sat down for half an hour until the next spasm. However, one goes to Epsom to see the people, not the ponies. The Derby was exciting. It was a much longer race and we could see the horses at several points in the course. The favorite was badly beaten, and Spion Kop, against whom the betting had been forty to one, and just before the race seven to one, came in easily first. Our chariot was a favorite roost for eager onlookers. At one time sixteen were on the running-boards or in the car. Ed. ordered a small boy off the top, and his mother said, "Such impertinence." When we were cooked to a neat scarlet, people began to move away, so we pulled out about five-thirty, and thus avoided the jam of vehicles on the road that makes travel so slow and tedious. As it was the streets were lined with children shrieking, "Throw out your mouldy coppers; throw out your mouldies." When a penny was thrown they scrambled and fought for it and endangered their lives by scrapping right in front of the oncoming stream of motors and rigs. Well, we are game to try anything once, and we've been to the Derby and are quite satisfied to take future events of the kind as read. Their Majesties were there in the royal box, but as they were in the opposite corner of the course we did not see them.

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## THE EMPIRE'S BREAKFAST



# PURITY OATS

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## The Wishbone of Needul

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

of him on the table, on which Bobby could make out splashes of brilliant color. Little brother was saying quietly to himself, "Nelfunts, nelfunts, nelfunts," and, finally, his voice rising, he added gleefully, "And taggers."

Bobby edged around little brother's chair and looked over his shoulder, and saw the little brother's square board was indeed covered with elephants and tigers of all sizes and colors.

Bobby was almost as interested as little brother, when a question from his father startled him:

"Robert, did you bring this comic paper into the house?"

The Genie was not through granting Bobby's wish, and Bobby was saved from replying to his father by the door opening and the entrance of two brown-skinned men carrying a hand-barrow. On this barrow, or wooden stretcher, were piled a great number of reddish objects, which were shaped like phonograph cylinders, excepting that they were six-sided. The cylinders were dented all over with arrow-like marks. Strange though these marks were, Bobby could make out words and knew that these were more of the Genie's "books."

"What does this mean?" demanded Mr. Kent of the two brown men.

The strangers bowed until their heads almost touched the floor, as they replied, "Library."

"Well, of all things!" gasped Mrs. Kent.

"Ridiculous! stormed Bobby's father.

Bobby concluded that the Genie was overdoing it, so he stepped quietly into the hall and closed the door. Turning on the light, he took a good look at the wishbone, and, standing on his head in a convenient corner, he wished that the Genie would come to his aid once more.

Bobby opened the door and stepped into the room again. His mother was hunting for a recipe in her favorite cook book; his sisters were both deep in their magazine stories. His father was somewhere behind his evening paper. Bobby's own "Swiss Family Robinson" lay on the table.

But, for all that, Bobby knew that the strange books must have really been there, for little brother was looking at something held in his hand.

It was a small chip of wood on which was painted a blue-spotted, yellow elephant, and little brother was saying:

"Nelfunt—booful nelfunt," and he added regretfully, "and there was taggers."

*The Wishbone of Needul Series. Copyrighted by B. E. Green.*

### Toronto Methodist Ministerial Association.

The Methodist Ministerial Association of Toronto will meet in the Board Room, Wesley Buildings, Monday, January 31st, at 10.30 a.m. An address will be given by Prof. W. G. Smith on "National Problems for the Canadian Church," illustrated by slides. Visiting ministers cordially invited.—J. J. Coulter, Sec.

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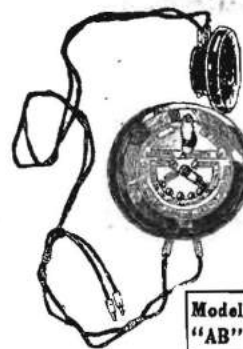
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# London Conference Items

GUARDIAN STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

## Evangelism

**T**HE great problem before the Church has been and still is—evangelism. It is not a question of whether the Church is to be evangelistic, but a question of how. Sometimes it seems as if the old methods have grown obsolete, but just as the conclusion is about established that the old methods have passed away, behold, something happens that shakes the seemingly firmly established conclusion.

In many quarters within our Conference, it is the general belief that the old method of having a series of meetings conducted by the pastor cannot now be made a success. Sometimes that really does seem to be the case. We know of one brother minister who conducted such a series of meetings. He visited every family in the community, some of them more than once, and talked to them about the meetings. He did all he could, both in a personal and a public way; but the sad fact seems to be that the community cared but little for those things. Other affairs, to them more important, took up the time and thought of the people. That is not an isolated case. Many a community would show a like attitude.

Other methods have been tried within the Conference with considerable success. The outstanding method of recent years has been the large evangelistic meeting under the direction of an evangelistic party, with one or more churches co-operating. In some of our towns there have been some largely attended and influential meetings of this sort. Sometimes it looks as if the day of the professional evangelist had come back, which day we thought had passed away.

This kind of effort has been in a large measure successful. Permanent good has been done and membership rolls have been lengthened. But sometimes there have been those swept into the Church who were not wholly converted and who thought they were. Such meetings also have sometimes taught the Church, without intending to do so, that evangelism is the work of evangelists and not directly the work of the whole Church. Hence there is the tendency for the Church to wait for the evangelist and rest sleepily until he comes.

If, then, neither of the two methods is entirely satisfactory, where is to be found the method that is? Where, and how shall we find it? Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury, when he was in this country attending the Ecumenical Conference, gave an address on the subject, and at the beginning of his address he said: "There is no new evangelism; a new evangelism waits to be born." There is no complete answer, so far as we know, to the question just asked. That, however, is not a very satisfactory or dignified way to dispose of the matter, especially when even unsatisfactory methods have some good to their credit.

Recently there came to our knowledge two examples of evangelistic meetings that upset our conclusions about old methods. Rev. A. S. Whitehall, of Thamesville, has been having an old-fashioned revival at his Croton appointment. There was no professional evangelist, but the pastor and people worked together with splendid results. The people had a mind to work, and under the leadership of the pastor sixty-four were led to acknowledge Christ. It was a remarkable revival.

Rev. J. W. Hedley had also a remarkable revival at Sharon, on the Byron circuit. He was assisted by Rev. W. E. Millson. At these meetings the old

methods were used. People were asked to come and repent at the altar, and they did. Nothing in the palmy days of evangelism excelled this. Men and women repented and found Christ.

These two cases disturb the conclusion that the old methods have passed away, especially when it is remembered that these two communities are not backward ones where unprogressive people live.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? No doubt there can be no final conclusion in our generation, but surely we may learn something as we pass along. Knowing something of the churches and towns where evangelistic meetings have been held during the last few years within our Conference, there are some lessons that the observant may learn. These lessons are, after all, rather commonplace and yet vital.

First of all, it is surely plain that real evangelistic effort which leaves permanent results depends more upon the soul the Church puts into it than upon the method by which it is conducted.

Secondly, the soul that a people are able to put into any campaign depends upon the soul culture that has been practised through the common days. That makes righteous living and soul culture through all the year a matter of primary importance, since the Church gets out of a revival campaign just about what it puts into it.

In the third place, it becomes increasingly clear that both ministry and people must train themselves in spiritual perception, so that when the Holy Spirit begins a time of refreshing they may be able to see it, and put themselves in line with Him and follow His leading.

There came under my observation some years ago the workings of some churches where these lessons were hinted at and which further observation has confirmed. At one church some leading people (and there were some leading people) urged their pastor to hold some special meetings. After some urging and planning the meetings were held. The preaching and singing were not out of the ordinary, but the people prayed and worked. The Holy Spirit honored the work and prayers, and there were conversions. But there had been faithful living and praying before.

Another church held a series of similar meetings. That church lacked the leadership in good living. The results were meagre and the meetings soon forgotten.

Yes, we must have campaigns sometimes; but, more important, we must have patient, faithful work at the task of good living all the time.

## Goderich Summer School

Organization has been completed and arrangements are being made for a summer school at Goderich. Rev. Alvin E. Millson, of Auburn, has been elected president, and Rev. J. F. Reycraft, of Goderich, Secretary. The sessions are to be held at the North Street Church, which gives ample opportunity for large audiences or small classes. Already part of the programme has been arranged. Rev. J. H. Arnup and Professor Reynolds, of the O.A.C., are each to give an evening address. Rev. W. Conway has been appointed physical director. We wish the new school success.

January 4th, 1921.

W. R. O.

"I don't know what we can make of Ethel," said the mother; "she sleeps so much."

"I know, mamma," said Tommy. "Make a chaperon of her."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

## The Court of Appeal

Report of Session held in Room No. 513, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, at 10 a.m., Wednesday, January 12th, 1921.

Present: Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., in the chair. Rev. Drs. Graham, Moore, Rose, Ross, Shorey, Stewart, Hon. Mr. Justice MacLaren, A. W. Briggs, Secretary.

The first case considered was the Appeal of the Rev. S. W. Fallis against the action of the General Board of Missions, which at its annual meeting on October 4th, 1920, had declined to recognize the authority of Rev. R. N. Burns, D.D. (who had been appointed by Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., the General Superintendent, substitute and attorney for the latter during his absence in Japan) to act as chairman of the meeting of the board.

The authority given to Dr. Burns was on the strength of the supposed right of the General Superintendent to do so, under Paragraph 100 of the 1918 Discipline. Before the case was heard, Dr. Chown, Mr. Briggs (who had drawn a power of attorney from Dr. Chown to Dr. Burns, which largely formed the model for the one under which Dr. Burns acted), and Dr. Shorey, a member of the Board of Missions, were excused from acting on the Court in this case. The remaining members of the Court, after hearing the arguments presented by Mr. Fallis, the appellant, in person, and by Rev. Thos. Marshall, of St. Johns, N.B., for the board, decided as follows:

"Appeal dismissed on the ground that the interpretation of Paragraph 100 of the Discipline as giving the General Superintendent authority and the right to appoint virtually another Superintendent, would bring this paragraph into direct conflict with other provisions of the Discipline, and of the basis of union in respect of the office of General Superintendent, the method of his appointment, his duties and his powers."

The second case was that of Rev. John W. Cooley against the action of the Central Book Committee on May 7th, 1920, in granting certain bonus additions to the salaries of the Book Steward and editors. Mr. Cooley pointed out that the 1918 General Conference had fixed the salaries (unlike the Conferences prior to 1910, which had left them discretionary), and contended that the Book Committee had exceeded its authority. Mr. E. S. Caswell appeared for the Book Committee and pressed for recognition of the need for an increase because of the increase in the cost of living, and also for recognition of the fact that the money voted was a "bonus," and therefore to be distinguished from an attempt to increase any "salary" fixed by the General Conference. The Court decided that the Appeal should be sustained on the ground that the Book Committee exceeded its jurisdiction in granting this monetary increase.

The third case was the Appeal of Rev. W. T. D. Dunn, of Catalina, Nfld., against the action of the ministerial session of the 1920 Newfoundland Conference in permitting Warwick F. Kelloway, a probationer of two years' standing, to go to college though appointed to a mission. Rev. Mark Fenwick, represented by Rev. R. J. D. Simpson, answered the Appeal on behalf of the Conference. In view of the fact that the Conference had taken action in the matter, the Court decided that the Appeal would have to be dismissed, because the Conference had dealt with the case within the scope of its authority.

Rev. George Jewitt, President of the London Conference, at the request of his Conference, presented a "stated case" in the form of an Appeal. It was decided that the Court had no jurisdiction to consider the case in the form presented.

A. W. BRIGGS,

Secretary of Court.

Toronto, Jan. 13th, 1921.





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Sub-titled, "The Handbook for Churchmen Engaged in Boy's Work." The book deals theoretically as well as practically with various aspects of boy life, including the choosing of a vocation, training for citizenship, and the boy's religious life. It will be helpful both to parents, teachers, and to leaders of boys. 175 pages, with frequent photographic illustrations. \$1.25.

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Mary, at church, had heard a sermon preached on behalf of the Lord's Day Alliance, and was much impressed with it. The following Sunday, seeing her small sister playing a certain game, she said:

"You mustn't play that game on Sunday because the Lord's Day Alliance will get you."

The little girl rushed to the front door and carefully opening it a bit, looked out. She withdrew her head, exclaiming indignantly:

"I don't see any Lord's Day Lions anywhere. They aren't on our street at all. Anyway, I'm not afraid of their old lions."

A well-known missionary to Turkey was offered a consulship in one of the chief Turkish cities, at a princely salary. A young man asked in amazement, "Why in the world did you not accept such a chance?" "Well," was the quiet reply, "I declined to step down from an ambassadorship to a consulship."

The late Dr. James Monroe Buckley was asked one day to conduct an "experience meeting" at a colored church in the South. A colored woman arose and bore witness to the preciousness of her religion as light-bringer and comfort-giver.

"That's good, sister," commented Dr. Buckley. "But how about the practical side? Does your religion make you strive to prepare your husband a good dinner? Does it make you look after him in every way?"

Just then Dr. Buckley felt a yank at his coat-tails by the colored preacher, who whispered ardently: "Press dem questions. Dat's my wife!"

"Where were you yesterday, Tommy Cribbs?" asked the teacher.

"Please, mum, I had a toothache," answered Tommy.

"Has it stopped?" asked the teacher, sympathetically.

"I don't know," said Tommy.

"What do you mean, boy? You don't know if your tooth has stopped aching?"

"No, mum; the dentist kept it."

Little Willie had heard his grandfather say that a certain hen would not lay, as it was moulting. Contrary to expectation, the following morning the hen laid an egg and Willie found it. Carrying it in his hand he ran in, exclaiming: "Oh, grandfather, that hen that was voting has just laid this egg."

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale, declares he gets credit for only twenty-five per cent. of the after-dinner speeches he actually makes. "Every time I accept an invitation to speak I really make four addresses. First is the speech I prepare in advance. That is pretty good. Second is the speech I really make. Third is the speech I make on the way home, which is the best of all, and fourth is the speech the newspapers next morning say I made, which bears no relation to any of the others."—*New York Tribune*.

"Please hurry," said the wife, impatiently, to her husband. "Have you never buttoned a dress behind before?"

"No," replied her husband, also impatiently, "you never had a dress that buttoned before behind."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

"One day," says Mr. Carnegie in his autobiography, "my eleven-year-old nephew was seen to open the door quietly and peep in where Herbert Spencer and I were seated. His mother afterward asked him

why he had done so. The boy replied, 'Mamma, I wanted to see the man who wrote in a book that there was no use studying grammar.'"

Two Scotsmen had wandered south of the Tweed for the first time. They had strolled into an English church. Service was in progress. One of them picked up a prayerbook and casually turned over the leaves. Suddenly his face assumed a look of deep concern. "Look, Sandy. 'Collect,' 'Collect,' 'Collect.' Mon, we maun get out o' here or we wilna hae a bawbee left."

### The Late Rev. Wm. Sheridan

Rev. William Sheridan was born in 1834 and came with his parents to Canada in 1849. At the age of eight he gave his heart to God, after reading Richmond's memoirs of "Elizabeth Walbridge, the Dairyman's Daughter." In 1851 he united with the Methodist Church and was influenced by some of the pioneer preachers of that day. Brother Sheridan especially referred to Rev. Jonathan Scott, at one time editor of the *CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN*, who continually said to him, "Brother Sheridan, the Lord has a work for you to do and you ought to be preparing for it." This led him to offer himself for the ministry, and in May, 1858, he was recommended by the Toronto district meeting, and at the Conference of that year was received as candidate by the Wesleyan Methodist Church. After four years' probation he was ordained in the old Pinnacle Street Church, Belleville, Rev. Enoch Wood being then president of the Conference.

In 1862 Brother Sheridan was sent to Minden, in the township of Anson, county of Victoria, Ontario, and the hardships of those early days can hardly be understood, even by those who call themselves pioneers of this Western land! Minden mission spread over eight townships. It was impossible to use a horse, so the preacher had to tramp on foot until winter came to freeze the lakes and the lumbermen made tracks it was safe to follow. And the salary reached the magnificent sum of \$300. The winter of 1862 Brother Sheridan was united in marriage to the partner in life who has been with him through all the trials of the early days and through the sufferings and isolation of later days, when deafness came to deny the pleasures of conversation.

All of the years of active ministry were spent by Brother Sheridan in Eastern Canada. He was a member of the Montreal, Niagara and Hamilton Conferences, respectively. In 1884 a serious breakdown in health caused his superannuation at the age of fifty, and from that time he ranked as one "who also served, though he only stood and waited." Who shall measure the influence of a good man's prayers? And Brother Sheridan was always in close touch with the Almighty. He lived a life of prayer, and never failed to remember the Methodist ministers in his petitions.

In 1905 Brother Sheridan was transferred to this Conference, and lived in Victoria up to the time of his death. He was a man of wonderful insight, and kept himself well abreast of the times by judicious reading and careful study. A well-written commentary on the Book of Romans is to be found among his manuscripts. He had a beautiful faith in God and his prayers were a benediction. He died as he had lived, in simple trust in his Heavenly Father. During the early hours of the morning of November 10th, 1920, he awoke in pain and when relief came he fell asleep again, to awake in the land where pain and suffering are no more. In his eighty-seventh year, and after sixty-two years in the ministry of the Methodist Church, Brother Sheridan passed to his reward.

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