

The Christian Guardian

· Established 1829 ·

Opening the Window

WHEN we come to think of it, there is so much of good in every day that it does seem too bad that any of us should go around with our eyes shut and our souls closed. Life has its ills and its burdens and its tragedies, and you and I are compelled not only to see them, but to carry our share of them, and at times they do seem to make a grievous and taxing load. And yet there never was a day so cloudy that there was no hint of sunshine in it, there never was a night so dark that there was no sign of a star of hope anywhere, there never yet was any man so compassed about with care and trouble that he could say that God had left him to himself or that joy and gladness had flown quite away. And what a pity it would be if we missed the sunlight by staring blankly into the clouds, if we looked so steadfastly at the darkness that we missed the star, if we hugged our care and trouble so closely that they became monster obstacles shutting out God and all the gladness and glory of life.

TORONTO,
JAN. 22
1919

A STIRRING MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN

On Monday of this week hundreds of the men of Toronto Methodism started out on a house-to-house canvass of the membership, for the purpose of securing subscriptions for home and foreign missions, totalling \$250,000. The magnitude of the task they are attempting will be realized when it is learned that this represents an increase of no less than 120 per cent. from \$114,000, the amount subscribed last year. It also involves an average contribution from the homes of Toronto Methodism of about \$20.

For the purposes of the campaign the city is divided into two districts, the east and the west. In order to facilitate the work of providing workers for the campaign, the every-member canvass in the west will take place Jan. 20-24, and that in the east Jan. 27-31.

The campaign got off to a good start on Sunday last, when laymen occupied most of the pulpits at the morning service.

Among the unique features of the campaign now in progress is the circulation of a four-page newspaper, called "The Big Idea," which contained much information going to prove that the Methodists of Toronto not only were able to contribute \$250,000, and that their home and foreign missions were worthy of increased support, but that the rank and file of the Church realized that the war had so revealed what they could do in a big way that the old standards of service in the Church had to be scrapped. This is really the keynote of the campaign—that is, the conception that the objectives of the Church must be of a character to appeal to the heroic and sacrificial spirit developed by the great war. Another novel form of campaigning is the publication of quarter-page advertisements in the daily papers, setting forth the reasons for attempting missionary work on an unprecedented scale. Particularly emphasized were the fact that the foundation for all reconstruction must be Jesus Christ, and the fact that the surest protection against the evils associated with materialism, European immigration and the development of the colored races was the widespread application of the teachings of Christ.

A feature of the campaign is the remarkable enthusiasm of laymen and preachers, and the hearty co-operation between them and all organizations within the churches. Old campaigners say that they have never seen anything like it, and they freely predict that Toronto will go a long way ahead as the most generous city in the world in supporting the cause of world-evangelization. Nevertheless, the Toronto workers are being kept modest as well as being greatly stimulated in their efforts by the wonderful showing of some of the rural circuits. For instance, while the Toronto objective requires \$7.50 per member per year from the 33,000 church members on the rolls, the Pomeroy appointment in the Roland circuit, in Manitoba, already is subscribing \$65 per family. There are only thirteen families at this appointment, yet it is giving \$2,100 for missions. Toronto laymen take off their hats to the Methodists of Pomeroy and wish them more power, and for themselves a little more of the spirit shown by our Manitoba friends. And they hope that all the rural circuits will take example from Pomeroy, in which case, no matter how the campaign may end in Toronto, the objective of one million dollars for all Canada will be left far behind.

Among the city churches who have caught a vision of what the modern church can do is Centennial Church, on Dovercourt Road. This church raised \$2,675 last year, but expects to record an increase of 150 per cent. for the year 1919. Centennial Church is in the west district. Other churches intend to give it a hard run for first place.

The chairman of the Laymen's Co-operative Committee for the city is J. H. Gundy. After laying the basis for the campaign, Mr. Gundy had to leave the city for the benefit of his health. Those who are carrying on the work in his absence include G. K. Quarrington, the vice-chairman;

F. A. Magee, the secretary; and the chairmen for the permanent districts: East, G. H. Wood; Central, W. G. Watson; and West, J. E. Shortt.

THE HALIFAX CASE

The following is the copy of a letter sent to Rev. A. J. Terrill, of Wellington, Ont., by Rev. A. S. Rogers, of Halifax. It is worth careful reading.

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for your interest shown in us by your offerings on our behalf, and your personal inquiry as to individual cases of suffering and loss. It would be an easy matter to write many such, many of them with circumstances so tragic that those of us who witnessed them wish we could forget. However, I may mention two or three incidents which came under my own observation, and which you can well pass on to others. Our Kaye Street Church and parsonage were totally destroyed. Nothing save outline of the foundation left. Bro. Swetnam and little daughter had a marvellous escape. Mrs. Swetnam and little boy were cremated. The little fellow was practising a song for Christmas, his mother at the piano accompanying him, when the crash came. The piano fell on top of them as the house collapsed and took fire. A short time before I had spoken with her—a fine, large woman. In company with a squad of soldiers and Rev. Mr. Barrett I dug in the debris, and with my own hands gathered up the few fragments of bones, the only remains of both, and carried them in an old tin can to the morgue. One's feelings under such circumstances it is not easy to describe. The leading layman of the same church, both in spiritual and financial matters, was also burned. We have reason to believe he was at least unconscious when the fire reached him. He was a man over six feet in height and two hundred and twenty pounds in weight. I buried him in a small infant's casket. Well known in the city and respected by everyone, he would have been followed to his grave by a large number under other circumstances. As it was, we could not even secure a hearse. I shall never forget the grey winter afternoon when I committed his remains to the ground, the only others present with me being the man who drove me to the cemetery, and the teamster who brought the little casket upon a flat sled. My own church schoolroom, though badly damaged, was hastily put in rough shape for a hospital and shelter. We housed some sixty people till midsummer. (Only a few weeks ago did we again get the building in shape for our work. This, of course, has seriously affected our interests. Our church proper is still to be repaired. We have made it weather-tight, and are using it, but it will need a large outlay to put it in condition again. The damage was assessed at \$10,000.)

"One of the first cases brought in was a little girl of five, soaked to the skin and black as tar. The substances exploding left a slimy black matter scattered far and wide. When questioned she said, 'The water chased me.' At the explosion a sort of tidal wave swept inland and, receding, carried hundreds to be drowned. The little tot had been saved by a fence catching her in the backward rush of water. For five days we searched in vain for her people. At length, in answer to our advertisement, a woman came. The meeting was pathetic (I shall never forget the little one's cries for 'mamma' during those days; she could not make us understand her name or address). That woman told us she had lost, by the explosion, her husband and six children. This little one was the only one left of a happy home circle of a few days before. Such tragedies were all too common.

"Lieut. Howley, a member of my choir, back a few days on furlough from France, had been through Vimy Ridge and other actions. I had called at his home on the Monday. Tuesday, he and his wife and the

choir spent the evening with us at the parsonage—a most profitable gathering. Thursday he and his wife and little girl were cremated in the ruins of their home. The soprano soloist of my church, a beautiful young woman, was, with her sister, employed in a large paper mill. At the explosion shock the concrete walls collapsed. With others she was pinned down in the ruins. Then fire came. Her sister sat by her, and held her hand until forced off by the flames. Then she was compelled to leave her to the awful death, which thirty-five young women met, in the ruins of that one building that awful day.

"So I might go on; but I forbear. The horror of the experiences we had no one outside can appreciate. We need help. In two instances our congregations are still worshipping in temporarily repaired basements. In others we have undertaken expenditure, trusting to the aid promised by Canadian Methodism. But our work is suffering grievously until we know that we will be justified in incurring further obligation in enabling us to carry on our work at all adequately. Allow me to again thank you for your interest. Any help you can give will be desired and greatly needed by our people. With all best wishes for you and yours, and trusting that your district will respond to your appeal on our behalf, I am, Very sincerely yours,

"ALFRED S. ROGERS.

"Halifax, Dec. 28th, 1918."

(It is worthy of note that last year, despite all hardships, the churches of Halifax gave their customary large and loyal contributions to missions and to all regular church charities.)

PERSONALS

At the January meeting of the Official Board of Welland Methodist Church the minister, Rev. H. W. Avison, was unanimously invited for the third year.

The Quarterly Official Board of the Corinth circuit, London Conference, has extended an invitation to Rev. W. G. Fagan, of the Straffordville circuit, Hamilton Conference, to become their pastor next June. Mr. Fagan has accepted, subject to the action of the Transfer and Stationing Committees.

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Harden Tells Unpalatable Truths

LAST week Maximilian Harden, writing in his plain-spoken fashion in his journal, *Die Zukunft*, tells Germany just what the world knows of her deeds, and leaves it with his fellow citizens to think over. He tells of the fifty-one months of German rule in Belgium, with its open thefts of raw materials, machinery, and \$750,000,000 in money, the violation of individual rights, forced labor, deportations, and pillage and destruction of towns even to the last moment. And he calls attention to the pitiless and useless devastation of France, the use of Zeppelins, and the torpedoing of passenger and hospital ships. And after giving the awful catalogue of crimes (and he might truthfully have lengthened the list), he closes the bitter indictment as follows: "On all sides there has been corruption, fraud, theft, the open or secret violation of all rights, while entire fields have been soaked with blood, as in the case of the Armenians. With all that we have been defeated. Can we wonder that not one voice is raised in favor of Germany?" And even now in extending the armistice we are told that one item in the extension provides for the punishment of Germans for the murder and ill-treatment of all the Allied prisoners. Never had a civilized nation such a record before, and never did the world's loathing go out so clearly and so strongly toward any other nation. The Hun chose to be frightful, and now he stands pilloried in his shame before a righteously indignant world.

Who was to Blame ?

THE reporters once in a while get an interview with the ex-Crown Prince of Germany in his quiet residence on the Zuyder Zee, and Wilhelm declares that while Clemenceau and Lloyd George would like to get hold of him, they never shall, as he would sooner put an end to himself than face a public trial. But the poor fellow had many a chance to put an end to himself when he lost 500,000 men at Verdun, and many times after that he could easily have stopped a British or French bullet; but evidently the Hohenzollerns are not built that way. And Wilhelm declares most emphatically that he had no hand or voice in starting the war. He lays a good deal of blame for the prolongation and non-success of the war upon Ludendorff. Poor Ludendorff is in Sweden, and is said to be writing a book to prove that, whoever else was to blame, he at any rate was not one of those who started the war. And Dr. Zimmerman, formerly Foreign Secretary for Germany, declares that not Germany, but Russia, was to blame for the war; while the very next day the cables tell us that Herr Kautsky, appointed by the German Government to examine the archives of the Foreign Office, declares that the Kaiser was one of the principal agents in bringing on the war, and the proofs are in his own handwriting. Who is to blame? We do not know precisely, but the world intends to find out, and to punish the wrong-doers.

Spartacans Scurry for Cover

"BERLIN is quiet!" This is the important news that now flashes across the cable. If this be true, then Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg and their followers were greatly overrated. It seems clear that the Ebert Government was afraid to tackle "the Reds," for fear "the Reds" might get the best of it. And it is clear that Liebknecht thought that some of the other large cities of Germany were quite prepared to join him in an attempt to establish a genuine Soviet Government. But so

soon as the Government began to act with a firm hand, and met bayonet by bayonet and machine gun by machine gun, it was discovered that the Spartacans were not only not very numerous, but also their troops were not really first-class fighting men. It seemed to be the old story again of Napoleon and his "whiff of grape-shot." The Reds were determined and aggressive fighters so long as they met no effective opposition, but so soon as they faced trained troops their organization gave way. Liebknecht and his lieutenant, Rosa Luxembourg, are both dead, and are believed to have been murdered after being taken prisoners. A few Spartacans here and there seem prepared to give trouble, but their smallness of numbers is very significant. The comparative numerical insignificance of the "Reds" is shown by the civic election at Chemnitz, where, in a total vote of over 117,000, the "Reds" polled only 6,269 votes and the Majority Socialists 64,534. If this is representative of other cities, it is plain that so far the Bolshevik leaven has not permeated the German nation to any very great extent. At present the course of the Government seems to be satisfactory to the people, and the country may settle down into comparative quiet; but in conditions such as prevail to-day in Europe short prophecies are far safer than long ones.

The Peace Congress

AT last it has been decided that Britain's Overseas Dominions shall be represented at the Conference. The fact that each national delegation will vote as a unit makes the number of delegates representing any nation of comparatively little importance, and at the same time the Overseas Dominions of Britain, everyone of which sent contingents to the war, will have the satisfaction of taking their place at this greatest international congress which the world ever saw. One thing which will be generally disapproved on this side of the Atlantic is the decision to hold the sessions of the Conference in secret, and to give out to the world only official statements of what is actually accomplished. It is understood that Britain and the United States favored very large liberty in the publication of the proceedings, but the French, the Italians and the Japanese held the contrary view. We do not think that we have a right to impose our views upon all the other nations, and yet at the same time we had hoped that in this great Conference the principle of widest publicity would have obtained. We understand the difficulties in the way and the possibility of some of our sister nations having their susceptibilities wounded, but despite that this continent generally would be much better satisfied if the reporters were allowed free play.

The Work of Religious Education

THE General Board of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies of the Methodist Church held a very important and somewhat epoch-making meeting last week in this city. A fuller report of that meeting from its official scribe will be published in our columns next week, but a few of the important items of business transacted might be mentioned here. In the matter of appointments the following are reported: The Rev. Manson Doyle, B.A., of Manitoba, was made Assistant Secretary and will reside in Toronto; Rev. J. P. Westman, formerly Field Secretary for Alberta and British Columbia, has been made Field Secretary for the Province of Saskatchewan; and the Rev. W. E. Galloway, B.A., of Calgary, appointed to succeed Mr. Westman.

A decidedly forward step was taken by the board in arranging for co-operation with the various theological colleges, whereby men will be appointed to give part time as field secretaries for the board and part time as professors in religious education in the colleges. The Rev. Fred Langford, B.A., was the only appointment made under this arrangement, and it was not definitely decided where his field of service will be. That decision, however, will be reached in the very near future, and other appointments are to follow at an early date.

The Future of Flying

PLANS are being laid for an early attempt at a trans-Atlantic air trip, with every reasonable hope that the attempt will be successful, and that it will be followed in the not distant future by a more or less regular air service between this continent and Europe. An Englishman, Major-General W. G. H. Salmond, D.S.O., has accomplished the feat of flying from Cairo, Egypt, to Delhi, India, his purpose in going being to confer with the Indian authorities relative to the establishment of an aerial route and service to India. The machine General Salmond used was a Handley-Page that had flown from England to Cairo and had taken an active part in the latter part of the Palestine campaign against Turkey. The trip from Cairo to India was by way of Damascus, Bagdad and Bushire, the journey from Cairo to Bagdad, which in the ordinary way occupies from two to three weeks, requiring just twelve and a half hours. Part of the journey was made over waterless desert country, and the machine carried a ten days' supply of water, besides provisions for the party. It is very difficult to conceive of the developments that will take place when once the newly-acquired ability to fly is turned to various commercial and other uses. The world will become even more than ever a mere neighborhood.

Sympathy with Law-breakers

WE have seen many illustrations in recent years of the fact that a certain element in the community has a sneaking sympathy with those who break the law, especially if it be the law in regard to the sale of intoxicants. We referred last week to the London *Advertiser*, which, in its editorial comments on the Windsor liquor prescription case, took occasion to distort the facts so that it made it appear that two Methodist preachers had lied, and acknowledged that they had lied, in order to entrap a poor doctor into giving them a prescription for liquor. The *Advertiser* had never a word of condemnation for the physician, who was fined \$200 for his breach of the law, but the editor poured out his vials of righteous indignation upon these "Methodist ministers" who had done such a naughty thing as to get evidence against a doctor who was issuing liquor prescriptions at the rate of 1,244 a month. Apparently the editor had no fault to find with the doctor, but the Methodist ministers had committed an unpardonable crime. But three of our Methodist preachers were mean enough to call the editor's bluff, and after a quiet interview with them the editor agreed to retract his statements, and he did so, admitting editorially (1) that the two men were not Methodist ministers, but only probationers; (2) they were not known to the doctor as Methodist ministers; and (3) they did not lie to the doctor. The facts are that these men did not tell the doctor they were sick, they did not even ask for a prescription for liquor, and they did not need to in order to get it. Yet the *Advertiser*, while retracting its falsehoods, still holds that the action of these men was "reprehensible"; but it has no word of condemnation for the doctor. And yet we remember the day when the *Advertiser* was the staunch supporter of prohibition, and the outspoken ally of every reform, and its editor was known far and wide as a Christian gentleman and a pure-minded patriot! Surely it has fallen on evil days when its editor has no word of condemnation for evil-doers, but makes it his business to denounce the men by whom evil-doers are brought to punishment.

Roman Catholic Educational Apathy

IN an address by Rev. Father MacMahon, at the Knights of Columbus banquet at Regina, the speaker used very plain language in regard to the apathy of English-speaking Roman Catholics in Canada towards the higher education of boys. In Saskatchewan, he said, the result is seen in the fact that while Roman Catholics "number thirty-two per cent. of the total (popu-

lation), yet of the sixteen members in the Federal House there is not one Roman Catholic; of the sixty members in the local House there are only three; of the 450 lawyers in the province there are not more than fifteen of our faith, and the same is true of the other professions." And the *Northwest Review* insists that this holds good also of many other provinces. The *Antigonish Casket*, dealing with the same subject in the Maritime Provinces, calls attention to the fact that in devastated Poland, even amidst all their poverty and suffering, they are going to put \$4,700,000 into a Roman Catholic university at Warsaw, and it says: "May we not express the hope that the Holy Father may soon do for Canada what he is now doing for Poland, and what his predecessors did for Belgium, the United States and other countries—take the matter in hand and decide what institutions may go forward with God-speed, and what institutions shall cease to cumber the earth with high-sounding names. We have all heard of the optimistic westerner who boasted that his town had two universities, and that when he left home the neighbors were cutting the logs for a third. With the same ingenuous facility have we been going on with a self-satisfied air, while the judicious smiled and our young people were handed out a crust." The *Northwest Review*, commenting on this, says: "Such expressions of opinion are seldom met with in Canada, mainly because of a seeming lack of courage to call a spade a spade. We hesitate as a rule in offering criticism of our own institutions or organizations—we might be labelled 'kickers,' or 'knockers,' or 'pessimists,' if we did. But facts cannot be ignored with impunity; the sooner they are admitted and faced with courage the more readily shall difficulties be overcome." To us this is the most hopeful sign that we have seen in the Roman Catholic press for years. If the editors would but dare to speak out some flagrant abuses would soon be remedied. Protestants generally would be glad to see Roman Catholics wake up to the need of providing their people with a better and more practical education. Theology is good, but there can easily be too much of it.

Sinn Fein Wants Separation

A GROUP of United States journalists have recently visited Ireland, and one of them, Mr. W. R. Moody, writing to the *Springfield Republican*, makes the startling statement that "no one in Ireland wants Home Rule." He believed strongly in Home Rule for Ireland, but when he visited the unfortunate island and interviewed the Sinn Feiners and the Ulstermen he came very speedily to the conclusion that neither party has any use for Home Rule. The Sinn Feiners are determined that Ireland shall be made free once for all of the hated British yoke, and the men of Ulster are just as determined that Ulster, at least Protestant Ulster, shall never be ruled by the Sinn Fein. The utter unreasonableness of some of even our Canadian Roman Catholic Irishmen is very apparent. The *Northwest Review*, discussing the Irish question, has the following significant paragraph, which reveals the hopelessness of any attempt to have the Irish question settled on any rational basis: "Redmond failed to take advantage of the stern stress that had come down on the British people, Germany thought to have had the British Empire in the toils of racial division, and Redmond's failure to take the advantage that was his, if he had kept in view the policy of Parnell, was a lapse that was made all the more apparent, when the old marks of the beast revived in the tempest of a teacup that took place during Easter week of 1916, and which was visited by reprisals worse than any employed by German savagery." (Italics are ours.) Apparently the *Northwest Review* would like to have seen Ireland on Germany's side in the great war. If Ireland had sided with Germany, where would she be now? And it is a most patriotic touch which depicts the British as worse than German savages. When this is the attitude of Roman Catholic Irishmen in Canada, it is no great surprise to find Mr. Moody describe them as unpractical, bigoted, reactionary and incapable of even formulating, let alone carrying out, a sane national policy for Ireland. They repudiate public secular schools, and would virtually hand over control of education to the Roman Catholic Church. And yet they expect Ulster quietly to submit to come under their control. Ireland to-day is more prosperous than ever before, and she has greater freedom in some respects than is allowed in the United States, and yet the south is in an attitude of utter irreconcilability to British connection, and the north is just as irreconcilably opposed to being ruled from Maynooth.

THE DIGNITY OF COMMON HUMANITY

THE world worships its heroes. Its favored sons are demigods, made of different clay from ordinary men, and worthy of all homage which it is possible to pay. But the very spirit which breeds hero-worship is apt to produce indifference to, and even contempt for, those who are but "common men." As to the hero-worship we have little to say, as it seems "bred in the bone"; but we do plead for the true Christian attitude towards the rank and file of the world's workers. The day is coming when the ordinary man will no longer be paid merely a starvation wage, when his children will not be barred by their poverty from reaping the advantages of our highest schools, when his home will have more luxuries, he himself more leisure, his contribution to the world's work will be no longer despised, and the Church and the world will recognize upon his brow the stamp of the divine. We have travelled a long way since the United States Republic was born, and we are travelling still, and not slowly, towards the coronation of labor and the elevation of the common man.

In Russia and Germany the Red Flag is flying, and the Bolsheviki are hurrahing for the under-dog, and the proletariat is assuming the throne of the autocrat with, unfortunately, much of that autocrat's unwisdom and inhumanity. But back of the Red Flag and its horrors lies the deep-seated recognition of the fact that we have referred to, the regal dignity of the common man. Ignorant and short-sighted, the Bolsheviki realizes chiefly the old old truth that James long ago referred to, "Rich men oppress you," and he eagerly seizes rifle and torch to win his long-sought freedom, and only dimly does it come to him that the stamp of the divine is upon rich and poor alike, and he has yet to learn that love, and not hate, is the regenerative force which shall bring in our Golden Age.

Theoretically the Church of to-day has grasped this truth, and from many a pulpit we have stirring sermons upon the brotherhood of man, and we love to think that we are in the very van of the great brotherhood procession; but when honors are to be distributed in the Church the poor man notices that they seldom come his way. We are willing to send him to heaven, but not to district meeting nor Conference. And even in our handshake there is often a subtle difference between the rich man and the poor man, or the great man and the nobody. We have the correct theory, but we fall down rather badly in practice.

The truth is that we do not see the divinity of the average man; to us he is but common clay, and very common at that. We look at him once and say there is nothing in him of greatness or glory, and we live and die in that belief, never getting close enough to him to understand his real nature. The soul of man is hard to fathom, and its hidden heights and depths are often wholly unsuspected. God still "breathes into men the breath of lives," but few there are who ever suspect the divine yearnings and strivings of the ordinary man, and fewer still could interpret them aright.

In the war it happened more than once that certain lads of whom their town was ashamed, and of whom it was glad to be rid, have returned as heroes, and brass bands and complimentary speeches and state dinners were none too good for these boys who, a few months before, had been voted a nuisance. God alone knows just how much of greatness, and just what undreamed-of goodness, lie hid in the average man; but it is the business of God's men, God's servants, God's representatives, to do their best to find out. We have often heard the story of the angel in the stone, but we must confess that we have not met any too many men and women who could see the angel in the stones in their neighborhood. Let us apply our religion to our own doorstep; let us see the angel in the man next door!

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

A FEW weeks ago there was published in this city a large volume bearing the above title, which purported to be a series of psychic revelations granted through a medium—or instrument, as he prefers to call it—to Dr. Albert D. Watson, a well-known physician of Toronto and a prominent layman of the Methodist Church. These so-called revelations are claimed to have come chiefly from a group of men and women associated in the other world, presumably on the ground of congeniality and common spiritual attainment, a group which includes such names as Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo

Emerson, Robert G. Ingersoll, Dorothy Wordsworth, Walt Whitman and others. Besides these, messages are also given as having come from such ancient worthies as Plato and Socrates, and we have one said to have come from Jesus himself. The subjects dealt with in these supposed communications possess chiefly a literary or philosophical interest, though there is considerable alleged information given as to the conditions and surroundings of life in the spirit world, which, after all, is not quite a spirit world, but a kind of attenuated physical world. These communications are said to come partly through the "Instrument's" use of a Ouija board, and partly through him direct as he lapses into a trance condition. The "revelations" set down in this volume are claimed to be only a small proportion of those received by Dr. Watson; in fact, he tells us that he is receiving them almost all the time, and has access through his "instrument" to the other life almost any time that he wishes to seek it. Of course it is not necessary to add that Dr. Watson's claims have stirred up considerable interest and even excitement.

What are we to think of these statements and claims? In these wonderful times one does not like to be too positive and insistent that everything that is new or startling must of necessity be untrue. One does not like either to disagree *in toto* with the apparently sincere convictions and claims of a man of Dr. Watson's high standing. And even a matter of this sort is one concerning which extreme dogmatism or anything like intolerance would be quite out of order. But looking at the matter, as far as anyone may, without prejudice, and after having gone through the book with some care and thoroughness, we unhesitatingly give it as our opinion that the claims Dr. Watson makes are as preposterous as they are foolish; that instead of genuine revelations from a spirit world we have in "The Twentieth Plane" a theosophic, spiritualistic hodge-podge without method, or meaning, or value.

If it were not for the limitations of space we think it would be possible to give fairly satisfactory reasons for reaching such conclusions. Some half-dozen reasons at least could be given. These reasons lie in the nature of the supposed revelations themselves, both as to their content and their form. If we leave out some supposed hints as to the conditions of life on "the twentieth plane," these whole pages of "revelations" tell us absolutely nothing and add no single item to our knowledge. In fact, they darken more than they enlighten. It is very evident that the Plato who speaks through Dr. Watson's pages does not know as much about what the real human Plato taught as do quite a number of the still mortal students of the great philosopher. And we do not think it would take a very close examination of Dr. Watson's book to lead any unprejudiced reader to the conclusion that all the "revelations" in the book have been run through the same spirit and thought mould. And surely a consideration of the manner by which these messages are supposed to come makes the suggestion that they come from heaven and are of God seem utterly preposterous.

But we have not mentioned this matter merely to say that we cannot accept Dr. Watson's "revelations" as genuine. As we see it, to say that his investigations are absolutely hopeless is only to present one side of them. They have, through the publicity which is given to them, a disturbing and altogether unwholesome effect upon many minds. They raise hopes that can only end in disappointment, and in days like these and with the people thereby affected, this is a cruel and a wicked thing to do. The whole thing is morbid as well as fruitless, and it is the part of wisdom to think as little about it as one can.

SALVATION, WHAT IS IT?

WE sing of it, we read of it, we preach of it, we talk about it, and yet its meaning is probably different to each man who uses the word. One man declares he is "saved," and he believes it; another man declares that he also is saved, and he believes it; and yet the lives of the two are so very dissimilar that the ordinary man is apt to declare that if the one man has "salvation," the other certainly has not. But the difficulty springs from the fact that salvation to one man is really something very different from what it is to another.

Some of our readers may be puzzled over this, and yet it is clear enough. Each man who is saved is saved from "sin," but what is sin to one man may not be sin to another. The effect of early training and environment is very great, and it is seen in

the very widely differing views as to what sin is. To one man the pipe is a disgrace, to the other it is a comfort; to one man a quarrel over a line fence is a thing most un-Christian, to another it is the act of a village Hampden; to one it is a monstrous sin to pay low wages, to another it is simply good business; to one it is a sin to give grudgingly to the Church and to humanity, to another it is prudent and wise; to one smuggling is a crime, to another it is at most a trifling peccadillo. And hence we have in the same church, and perhaps in the same pew, two professed Christians, neither of whom has faith in the other's religion.

But someone may urge that salvation is not only salvation from sin, but also salvation from self in all its forms, and undoubtedly this ought to be true; and it is true in some cases. But here again we find the same trouble. The Lord deals with men as they are and saves men as they are, and when He saves a man from self He saves him from what the man regards as his baser self, but He does not save him from the self which the man looks upon with approval, and here again we have the strange spectacle of one man saved from being a home tyrant, while another in the name of religion rules his household with a rod of iron. One man is wise enough to realize that religion means a broad charity, and another is foolish enough to decry that charity as a doctrine of the devil. One man is saved and self-willed, while another is saved and tolerant. Each man is saved from what he regards as his baser self, but one man is wiser than the other, and hence his salvation is more complete than that of his brother.

But, someone urges, salvation is not only salvation from something, it is also salvation into something—Christianity means Christian activity. This is true, and yet here again we have abundant illustration of the fact that salvation depends, not on Christ alone, but on the man, as Christ saves the man only into what he is able to recognize as duty. One man immediately upon conversion enters upon certain Christian activities which another never attempts. One man is saved into a life of busiest evangelism, while the other is saved into a quiet and almost voiceless religious life, and it is hard for the talker to believe in the religion of the non-talker, and probably it is hard for the non-talker to put up with the talker. And when one man is saved he gets busy trying to turn the Church and the State upside down, and another insists that the Christian's only business is to save men's souls and let the devil run the political machine.

The moral of it all is this, that salvation is a vastly different thing to different men and to different communities, and we must be prepared to recognize the fact that another man may be just as honest as we are and yet act very differently. It is useless to scold and abuse men who differ from us, and the wise man will not try it. But the solution of the difficulty lies in turning on the light. Men are usually very slow to admit their mistakes, and if their mistakes have been consecrated by the practice of ages they may perhaps be excused if they hate to admit that they are mistakes. But if we keep the light turned on the end is sure, and will come all the more quickly if we refrain from unwise pressure. We may depend upon it that the Lord will let a lot of people into heaven whom we would not even consider as candidates, and it is well for us, while holding our own views stoutly, to be careful not to impugn the honesty of those who do not agree with us. But while we do so we should not forget to let the light that is in us shine. The fact that another good brother doesn't like it and complains that it makes him uncomfortable should not cause us to hide it. God means men to have the light, and only to the extent of that light can we expect salvation to come to them.

JOHN BARLEYCORN TOTTERING

THE twentieth century has already seen many strange things, and it is making history at an unprecedented rate; but there are few, if any, of its great events which can compare with that recorded last week, when thirty-eight States out of forty-eight in the American Republic declared themselves for the total prohibition of the liquor traffic in the United States. The greatest republic the world ever saw goes dry by writing into its Constitution a law forbidding the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Such an event is unprecedented in the world's history, and may well mark the doom of the evil traffic. It is true that by the Czar's ukase Russia went dry for a while, but that was not a national act, and unfortunately it is no longer in force. But in

the case of the United States we have the deliberately recorded convictions of as intelligent and well-educated a people as exists in the world, that the liquor traffic is a national menace and must go.

The fight against the traffic until about three years ago was largely a State fight, and at first it was rather a discouraging one, as the traffic was wealthy, bold, utterly unscrupulous and very strongly entrenched. But year after year as the fight progressed the temperance forces became more firmly cemented together, and the fact developed that with the issue clearly before the people and the fruits of the traffic visible on every hand the result at the polls was almost a certainty, if the liquor forces were not able to queer the vote. State after State went dry, and the hopes of the temperance forces rose as they realized that at last the nation was awaking to the real nature of the traffic.

And then the idea developed of making the prohibition movement a national one instead of a State movement. At first the liquor men ridiculed the idea unmercifully, but soon they began to see that the temperance men meant business. To write prohibition into the federal constitution would take the vote of thirty-six States out of forty-eight, and the heads of the temperance movement declared it could be done. And last year, as the States began to roll up the vote, it was evident that the liquor men were on the run. Dry States ratified the amendment, and then wet States ratified it, and, so far as we can recall, not one State so far has really voted straight against it. And now thirty-eight States have voted dry, and probably more will vote the same way.

On July 1st the Republic goes dry as a war measure, and probably it will then remain dry permanently. What it will mean to the country remains yet to be seen. It will mean a yearly financial saving of over \$2,000,000,000, and it will mean an increase in efficiency in all trades which will be worth as much more. If it results, as we expect it will, in a sober nation, it will make that nation a more formidable trade competitor than ever to other nations, and will tend to force other wet nations to go dry as a trade defensive measure.

That the British Empire will shortly follow the lead of the United States in this matter is our fervent hope. Already some of the Overseas Dominions are partly or wholly dry, and the victory for the temperance forces in the United States will give great encouragement to the temperance workers in Britain. We noticed last week a "wet" letter in one of our Canadian dailies arguing that in regard to prohibition we should "trust the people," but this is emphatically what the liquor traffic dare not do. Even in England if they trusted the people enough to allow them to vote on the traffic it is probable that a good part of the country would go dry at once. We rejoice unfeignedly in the great victory which the United States temperance forces have won, and we trust it will not be interfered with nor hampered in any way by any legal technicalities.

A GREAT MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN

WE publish in this issue a page advertisement under the heading, "The Big Idea," which is a page taken from a four-page circular issued in connection with the missionary campaign at present under way in Toronto, largely under the auspices of the Methodist laymen of the city. This advertisement is published here chiefly to show what a fine spirit of practical enthusiasm is at work in this campaign, and also with the idea, of course, of spreading the fire as much as possible.

It is not too much to say that a real revival of practical religion is in progress among the laymen of our Church in this city, a revival that we believe will bear much fruit that will abide. That a similar movement is on foot in many other places we have no reason at all to doubt. May we not hope that the fire will spread until it reaches every centre and congregation throughout the Church.

While the war was on it was not possible for many to give the time and thought and energy to missionary campaigns and other enterprises connected directly with the work of the Church that they would have been ready to give under normal conditions. But the war is over now, and it is very encouraging to find that so many are ready to take up again work of this sort, and take it up with freshened zeal and enthusiasm. And all this zeal and enthusiasm will be needed if the objectives set up are to be reached in this year of "flu" epidemics and other hindrances.

The Medical Work of the Canadian Methodist Mission in West China

I.—OUR STAFF.

WITH the first contingent of Canadian Methodist missionaries sent to West China in 1891 there were two doctors. Thus from the beginning of our work our Missionary Society and our Church recognized the place, the importance and the value of the medical arm of missionary enterprise. Our present medical missionaries, who give their whole time to medical work, are thirteen in number. In order of arrival they are: Doctors Service, Cox, Allan, Crawford, Sheridan, Barter, Wilford, McKinley, Wolfendale, Kelly, Birks, Simpson and Best. In addition are O. E. Kilborn, W. E. Smith and three missionaries' wives who are physicians, viz., Retta Gifford Kilborn, Maude Killam Neave and Mabel Cassidy Mortimore, most of whom devote very little, if any, time to dispensary or hospital work. We have at present seven nurses, as follows: Misses Switzer, McNaughton, Morgan, Dale, Haddock, Hartwell and Thompson. Our present dental staff is as follows: A. W. Lindsay, J. E. Thompson and H. J. Mullett. Mr. E. N. Neuser is our only pharmacist, and is attached to the Chengtu Hospital.

II.—OUT STATIONS AND PLANT.

There are ten stations in our West China field. What is the present situation? We have only three good hospitals—one each in Chengtu, Tzeliutsing and Junghsien, with a capacity, present or prospective, of about 350 beds. In Chungking our hospital, with a capacity of seventy beds, is very unsatisfactory. Chungking is the largest city in, and the great commercial centre of, West China, and therefore needs the best of plant and equipment for medical work. The other six stations of our district have no hospitals. (The so-called hospital in Kiating is not worth mentioning.) Good, and in most cases excellent, dispensaries are found in Chengtu, Kiating, Junghsien, Tzeliutsing, Luchow, Chungking, Fowchow and Chongchow. At present there is accommodation for about one hundred patients in the several dispensaries where there are no hospitals. Jenshow and Penghsien have neither hospitals nor dispensaries, although considerable medical work has been done there in temporary structures.

III.—SOME STATISTICS

Which reveal what has been done:

(a) *Medical.* From 1892 to Dec. 31st, 1917, about 18,000 patients were admitted to our hospitals as inpatients, about 18,000 operations of all kinds were done, and about 550,000 treatments in dispensaries were given. It will be noted with great satisfaction that since 1912, when our missionaries returned to West China after the Revolution the statistics of our medical work have steadily increased year by year, making it more apparent that fruition has at last come for all the preparation of the first twenty years of our mission work in

By

C. W. Service, B.A., B.D.
West China

West China. It is also very noteworthy that, except in the one item of grand total of all treatments, the combined figures for the last two years (1916 and 1917) are considerably in excess of those of all the years up to 1915 inclusive. These results are remarkable when we consider the very meagre and unsatisfactory plant and equipment and the insufficient staff. However, in the future greater stress must be laid on the quality, rather than the quantity, of work done. There has been a steady increase in the medical receipts on the field. In 1917 these amounted to about \$14,000.

(b) *Dental.* Although during the past several years there has been but one dentist at work on the field, the volume of work done has been very great. In 1917 there were 695 new patients, of whom 458 were Chinese and 237 foreign. There were 1,960 return visits. Thus there was a total of 2,655 treatments during the year, in addition to all the mechanical work required in the laboratory and workshop. The receipts were about \$2,700.

IV.—THE SCOPE OF OUR MEDICAL WORK IN WEST CHINA.

During recent years there has been not only a change in, but a widening of, the scope of our medical work. This is necessitated by new conditions in China. In addition to the regular routine professional work in all the stations, which is ever increasing in volume, there are other noteworthy features.

(a) Increasing attention is being paid by some of our doctors to the all-important work of sanitation and hygiene. There is a growing consciousness that the Christian Church is facing a new opportunity, nation-wide in its scope and world-wide in its possible influence, viz., to engage with the Chinese in the public health educational movement. This work is so important that there should be in West China at least one foreign doctor giving his whole time to this work.

(b) During the last three years our doctors and nurses have done very much in the line of Red Cross work. All of our hospitals have been crowded with wounded and their staffs worked to the utmost limit. Thousands of wounded have been cared for.

(c) The troublous times in China have given us unwonted opportunities to preach, teach and demonstrate the gospel. In addition to many wounded there have come to mission hospitals countless refugees, of whom thousands were of the better class Chinese. Most of these had never come under Christian influences before. The missionary significance of large bodies of refugees, who remained days and weeks, was early seen by the missionaries, and there was

thorough organization of classes and meetings. More comprehensive teaching was accomplished in a few weeks than would ordinarily be possible in months, or even years. Long experience has demonstrated that mission hospitals are unique places for doing intensive and continuous evangelistic work.

(d) The hospital and the dispensary are ideal places for the systematic distribution of literature. In West China hundreds of thousands of Scripture portions, gospel tracts, and pamphlets on contagious diseases, flies, cigarettes, alcohol, immorality, personal hygiene, etc., are distributed annually. And for every one given there are probably five or more readers.

(e) In a few of our hospitals there have been organized training schools for Chinese nurses. For instance, in the Woman's Missionary Society Hospital for Women, and in the Men's Hospital of the General Board, both in Chengtu, there are such schools for female and for male nurses respectively. The Chengtu Men's Hospital has the distinction of granting a diploma to the first graduate male nurse in West China.

(f) In view of the paramount importance of developing medical education in China, our West China Union University, in Chengtu, already has a department of medicine. Our doctors stationed in that city have, as an important part of their work, the duty of teaching the medical students. Thus the doctors work in hospital, dispensary and university. Three Protestant hospitals in Chengtu furnish the patients for clinical teaching.

V.—THE NEEDS OF OUR MEDICAL WORK IN WEST CHINA.

(a) Each of our ten stations needs a modern hospital as well as a dispensary, with every necessary adjunct; but, above all, a splendid laboratory. Not one station has a well-equipped laboratory. Seven new hospitals and three or four new dispensaries are needed. In Chengtu there is great need for better accommodation for sick foreigners.

(b) *More doctors* are needed. Our ten stations need foreign physicians to care for the health of fellow missionaries and to carry on regular medical missionary work. At present (1918) two of these stations have no doctor, although there are other missionaries there. Moreover, the medical work in some of these stations needs at least two doctors. For instance, the Chengtu hospital this year has but one, whereas for three years it has had two. Tzeliutsing and Chungking need two. We have at present but thirteen doctors, only eight of whom are on the field. To supply the urgent needs of the ten stations and of the medical college at least twenty-two doctors are needed. Thus nine new doctors are required in the very near future.

(c) *Sixteen new nurses* are required in addition to the seven now in West China.

Our nurses have raised the tone and greatly improved the work in our hospitals. Moreover, they are indispensable for purposes of training Chinese nurses. Unfortunately, being few in numbers, they are overworked. At present there are foreign nurses in only three of our hospitals, viz., Chengtu, Tzeliutsing and Chungking. Very much depends on the capable management of our hospitals by well-trained, physically strong and spiritually alert Canadian nurses.

(d) The Medical College needs to be immediately strengthened by a large increase of plant, equipment and staff. Our contribution in men to this college will be in proportion to the medical work done by our mission. How important it is to stress this institution is seen from the fact that West China needs at least 40,000 doctors, of whom our own mission territory needs 5,000.

(e) There is crying need for a dental college. Our dentists already have a number of carefully selected students in training. Think of hundreds of thousands of Chinese mouths in Chengtu alone, not to mention the tens of millions in our province of

Szechwan. Obviously the only way by which our dentists can even begin to meet the awful need is by multiplying themselves. Here is a great field in which Christianity can render service to China.

(f) Facilities for teaching pharmacy students are required. Every well-conducted modern hospital needs an expert pharmacist to stock, compound and dispense drugs. Obviously the over-worked doctor cannot be expected to do this. Nor can such important work be entrusted to untrained Chinese assistants.

VI.—THE OUTLOOK FOR OUR MEDICAL WORK IN WEST CHINA.

Our medical work is past the stage of experiment. Its value as a direct evangelistic agency is beyond question. As a means of bringing healing and health to multitudes it has a well-established place. The doors of opportunity are wide open. Suspicion and distrust have largely gone. The people now seek the services of our medical workers in far larger numbers than can reasonably be handled. In older centres the

readiness to undergo operations is rapidly increasing. Multitudes now know what good Western doctors, nurses, hospitals and treatment are. These are believed in and trusted to an amazing degree by ever-growing numbers who seek missionaries and their institutions for healing, for refuge, for counsel and for instruction.

Like any other big business, the world's evangelization, and especially the medical phase of it, cannot be pushed forward with any force or efficiency without strong financial backing. But more important still is the personal factor, that gift of the rich personal wealth of lives which throb and pulsate with the passion of high purpose and are warm with the life-blood of glowing hearts. Given sufficient money to build, equip and adequately maintain hospitals, dispensaries and medical college; and given sufficient doctors, nurses, dentists and pharmacists with satisfactory professional and other missionary qualifications, there is scarcely any limit to what can be done with the help of Him who sent men to "preach and to heal."

The Watch on the Rhine

By
Exeter Hall

THE river Rhine has only one serious rival—the Tiber—that is, in relation to historical interest. Rising in the Alps, its general course is north by north-west to the sea, or, shall we say, the late German Ocean? The total length is about 850 miles. It leaves Swiss territory at Basle, having fallen nearly 7,000 feet. From Basle to Mainz, or Mayence, it is shadowed on the east and west by the ranges of the Black Forest and the Vosges. It is very wide at Mayence, but at Bingen, where stands the historic Mouse Tower, it turns north, entering a narrow valley. This is considered the most poetic part of the whole stream—castles, crags and vineyards all conspiring to bewitch the traveller. The current at this point is at least six miles per hour. I entered Bingen one early evening in the fall some years ago; the twinkling lights on either side of the river, seen from my bicycle as I was nearing the little town, made an enchanting picture which is hard to forget. Rudesheim lies just across the river, from which place the great

National Monument, which towers high above the river on the wooded height of the Niederwald, can be conveniently reached by railway. The monument commemorates the unification of the German Empire in 1870-71. This colossal statue of Germania, adorned with historical and allegorical reliefs, will surely silently rebuke every war-seeking German who looks upon it for all time to come.

* * * *

Taking a sharp turn before reaching Coblenz, the stream runs for a little distance in an exactly opposite direction to its general course. Coblenz is the capital of Rhenish Prussia, although Cologne, higher up the river, has the greater population. At the former place very formidable fortresses exist, and the Moselle River, coming in from the west, joins the Rhine

on its journey to the sea. Beyond Bonn and Cologne the banks flatten, and the hills disappear at Dusseldorf. Entering Holland, the river grows sluggish, and grows still sleepier as it nears the ocean, owing to the unfriendly levels. It can be navigated from Basle to its mouth, a distance of 550 miles, 450 of which lie in Germany. Trains run on either side of the stream, and pleasure steamers do an immense business in the summer. But the greatest asset of all which the river provides for Germany is that of a mercantile highway. Running the entire length of the kingdom, it becomes at once the main artery of commerce, especially for the western frontier. Hence the wisdom of our occupation until a proper settlement can be reached regarding the terms of a permanent peace. Perhaps the words of the song were never truer than they are to-day:

"Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here."

The Rhineland watch to-day is the most peaceful that ever bivouacked by the historic waters. Hence the Fatherland has nothing to fear. No truer friends—strange as that word may sound—ever posted sentries, stacked arms, or sounded the reveille along its echoing banks. Nothing was more fitting than the entry of the Canadian armies into Cologne and Bonn just before Christmas; they came from a land of peace, they were men of peace, their mission was peace in the truest sense of the word, and their coming was at the season of peace and good-will toward men. The Canadians stopped the terrible gap in those early days when the enemy, at the height of his power, was pressing to the Channel and to the very heart of France, so that the historic message, "The Canadians saved the day," can never be forgotten. To these brave lads of the Maple Leaf it was given to enter Mons—



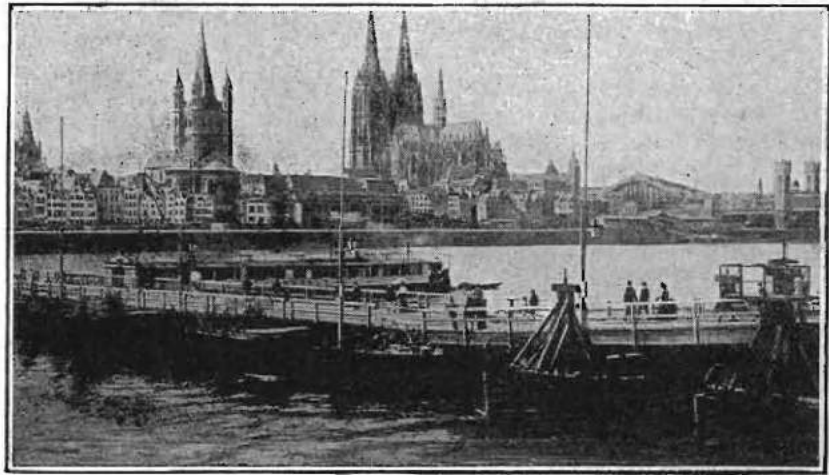
THE CITY OF COBLENZ.

where early in the war the British fought those terrible rearguard actions and so saved the armies from complete disaster—just before the armistice was signed, and thus it becomes their crowning honor to only cease their onward march for righteousness on the banks of the proud river which has witnessed many a conquest since the days of Julius Cæsar, but never with so great and far-reaching issues. The militant German will witness the astounding spectacle of an army, many units of which never lost an inch of ground and never failed to gain an objective, made up of men who have never known barrack life, and amateurs as compared with the Germans in military training, occupying their main highway as conquerors! The words will have a new meaning now, since the lusting god of might has been laid in the dust:

“Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.”

* * *

No better lesson of the superior Imperialism of the British people could possibly be staged for the enlightenment of the enemy than the northern watch on the Rhine. A self-governing people, with no knowledge of



THIS IS THE BRIDGE OVER WHICH THE CANADIANS PASSED INTO COLOGNE.

war, elect to enter the bloody lists, choosing to suffer affliction rather than to be untrue to the national conscience. The policy of might left no room in the German mind for ethics. To-day they see thousands of men in their midst who would scorn to touch a thing that was not their own; that will treat women with gentleness and courtesy; and whose manner of life will be above reproach. God grant that our brave

men may thus exert an influence for righteousness over those who, in their mad fury, on entering Belgium committed those unspeakable crimes. It is not too much to hope that in this time of transition in the Fatherland the presence of the Canadians, with their high ideals and freedom-loving natures, will contribute something to the new Germany that in due time may arise from the dust of defeat and repentance.

Detachment in Reconstruction

By

David R. L. Howarth

DETACHMENT, as we are taking it here, is the mental and social attitude of a consecrated Methodist. It means the elimination of the obstructive self in the honest effort to arrive at right solutions of the problems that press upon us in this great day. It involves a unanimous self-forgetting. It assures a patient attention to the voice of the social consciousness, a pristine hearing uncolored by anticipation, preconception, prejudice or special pleading either from the soul of the hearer or the soul of the advocate. This detachment is the exact opposite of isolation, for it seeks the point of view, at once judicial and sympathetic, which shall perfectly relate the seeker to the sought, or, in other words, place a man fairly in touch with his complex and kindred environment.

Ian Hay, in happy satire, sketches for our friends of the American Y.M.C.A. “Some things you may not know about us.” Humorously he pivots about his countryman’s native idiosyncrasy, the Englishman’s desire for his very own “castle.” The thought leaps to vision as he places in contrast the American and the British idea. He compares great national institutions; for example, the railroad. The American builds the large, social, single compartment coach; the Englishman the small, exclusive, multi-compartment coach. He acknowledges regretfully that the Englishman has a constitutional bent for isolation. He prefers the compartment life, the hedged-off existence. This is a point where the aggressively friendly American can and does missionize the Englishman. Yet the Englishman excels in detachment. That world-wide phrase leaps to mind, British fair play. The British satirist implicitly differentiates between isolation and detachment. Isolation is the curse of England to-day.

It is filling the little isle with inhuman castes. Isolation is destructive of the social instinct. Detachment, on the other hand, is the first mental and moral step in real social living.

Am I my brother’s keeper? Then I must know my brother. I must become detached from the powerful pleas of my personal world, that I may give fair attention to the cause of my brother. We are in the midst of the stern days when a noble detachment will characterize the men—the big, red-blooded men—who shall build into enduring forms of beauty the broken things of our national and industrial life.

There is a fact we cannot feel too deeply. Let it be writ deep in our souls by frequent and grateful repetition. It is the sacrificial fact of heroic detachment that gallantly held our seas, that urged our bleeding armies through the battle to their new Watch on the Rhine. Our brave and patient brothers stood peremptorily aside from the dear ambition of personal aspirations and tender affections that they might lift high a “torch.” I fear that we easily forget the price they have paid. The lamented Col. John McRae breathes unconsciously the pathetic yet glorious fact of this sublime detachment as he sings wistfully,

“We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.”

Ah, yes! They lie there still, and the gallant singer among them now. We shall

never forget our noble, anxious dead. But we? We are the living. The memories of the poppy-blown fields of Europe will blossom within us in immortal flowers of living deeds. We are the living. Our dead shall sleep content.

What is it that holds the world at the feet of Jesus to-day? It is the detachment of Jesus. Men may strike at His divinity, and mine the mountain of dogmatism that has heaped up about His simple words and His prolific life; but no man points to the ulterior thing in the Master. It is not there. He possesses the supreme attribute of God—perfect affection, perfect love.

Our Methodism, beautiful and humble evangelist that she is, turns her hands to the task of the great rebuilding in the spirit of consecrated detachment. Judged by the spirit and objective of her General Conference, and thence down through all our courts and personnel to the last Methodist boy and girl, she goes into the grey dawn of to-morrow to the task of the new re-fashioning, confessedly detached. She has burned her bridges behind her. Never has she been more beautifully clad in the garments of salvation. She will preach good tidings unto the meek . . . bind up the broken-hearted . . . proclaim liberty to the captives . . . the opening of the prison to them that are bound. She will serve. The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. She will not preach dogma, but truth. And she will preach it with such sublime detachment that every unit of our vari-collective life will feel it—political, economic, religious, ethical. She will have two arrows in her quiver. With one she will pierce the social consciousness, and thus redeem the individual. With the other she will purge the

individual conscience, assist the individual to splendid self-determination, and thus redeem society. This double drive is possible only through detachment.

Let our minds rest for a little while on the place of the man who gives us the message each week from the editorial pulpit of any great Church organ. He must be a living, pinnacle thinker, progressive, palpitating, guiding in faithful detachment the thought of the mighty audiences which greet him. Were he a partisan, what hopeless confusion would arise in a single issue. He must be detached. Following knowledge like a sinking star; the handler of truth. Through the human alembic of his own honest, seeking, impressionable character he must pass the problems and facts of the great moment—he must pass them on to thousands of us, to help us on "o'er moor and fen until the night is gone." Since the King of Truth was unable to please all religiously-inclined people of His day, we

can hardly expect representatives in editorial chairs to meet with happier results.

But these Methodists are our representative selves. So logically we, too, must be detached seekers of the truth and lovers of men. To live is to love. He who does not love does not live. Let us go down into the dust of other lives and grapple their ugly problems to our breasts with our own. Let us get into the same boat with humanity. Surely it shall never be said of me,

"I lived for myself, I thought for myself,
For myself and none beside—
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died."

No, brothers of the great evangel. We are the living, and our dead shall

" . . . sleep,
Though poppies blow in Flanders fields."
Pilot Mound, Man.

A Platform for All Christians

By Arthur Barner

SPECIALIZATION is the tendency of the age. This tendency will become a settled condition. All efficiency will depend upon specialized study and specialized pursuit. This statement is also true concerning Christian activity as differentiated from commercial life. Gradually all forms of activity will become Christian. Still specialization of study and work will continue.

Herein we face a grave danger which has already wrought some mischief. Specialization without vision tends to narrowness, so that the only way of escaping disaster is to enlarge our vision as we become more expert as specialists at our respective tasks. By this method we will be able to see the other person's viewpoint and appreciate the efforts of others.

Much discussion has been conducted, and a great deal of bitterness engendered, by lack of sympathy between workers in different departments of Christian activity. The writer is convinced that all this must be eliminated if the "new day" is to be what we hope and expect. Another word which is pressing for recognition—co-operation—must take the place of antagonism and bickering.

Is there a platform upon which all Christians can stand and from which all Christian activity can be directed? The following is suggested: First, child training; second, personal evangelism; third, social and political purity; fourth, world wide missions.

First.—In regard to child training, which naturally comes first, the Master's words are clear, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." Our business is not to push the children into the kingdom, but to recognize their position in the kingdom. They do not need to be "saved." They are "saved." One of the principal things in child training, then, is to lead the child to recognize and acknowledge his or her relationship to Jesus Christ, and then bring them up in the

nurture and admonition of the Lord. We must always recognize the fact that children are the creatures of atmosphere much more than of training, therefore the home atmosphere must be Christian, in order that the children continue Christian in character and life. The day school, the Sunday school, the young people's organizations and the church will all have their share of responsibility in this department of effort.

Second and third.—Personal evangelism. Social and political purity. Surely neither of these planks can be dispensed with if the work is to be thorough and far-reaching; but there remains much misunderstanding between many of the workers on both sides, judging by what is said and written. How long would social and political reform run a successful course if the "evangel" were not deeply rooted in individual hearts and lives? Ask history. Well may we dread the day when personal evangelism may be dispensed with as a plank in the all-Christian platform. Just as necessary is a larger programme of social and political reform. This is in a special sense the "war department" of Christian activity. Sometimes by the nibbling process, and at others by frontal attack, the strongholds of social sin and political corruption must be razed to the ground, nevermore to be revived.

At times social reform effort has cleared the way for personal evangelism. On other occasions personal evangelism has recruited an army for social and political reform effort. Both arms of the service are needed, and there must be no misunderstanding, no antagonism. Co-operation is the word. It will be a happy day, a day pregnant with possibilities, when the allied forces of righteousness stop cross firing at each other and direct all their energies against the forces of evil.

Fourth.—World wide missions. If normal, every form of Christian activity will broaden out into the world field. In this "new day"

the one who fails to catch the world vision will fossilize. There can be no real opposition between the world work and any local phase of Christian activity; but if the smaller ignores the larger it will pay for its impertinence by shrinkage. How, then, are we to relate ourselves to this great platform?

1st. By selecting the department of effort in which we will specialize; then by denying ourselves, taking up the cross and following Christ in that selected way of service. We must not count our life dear.

2nd. By relating ourselves to all the other departments of effort through the ministry of intercession. This is the great lesson that modern Christianity has to learn. We may enter the entire field by this "most multiplying of all our activities," intercession. Our work will no longer be confined to our own little department of professional effort. As we pray earnestly for all the rest of the work and the workers our hearts will warm, our sympathy will enlarge, and we shall all stand together on the same platform, shoulder to shoulder, facing a common foe.

James Whitcomb Riley

Wave your hand to him! Let him go
Back from the dusty paths we stray,
To the land where his boyhood's rivers flow;
He is not dead—he is just away,
Gone to laugh at 'Lizabeth Ann,
And swap old yarns with The Raggedy Man.

Hush! Do you hear, in the distance dim,
Faint and sweet as an elfin tune,
Orphant Annie is calling him,
Counting him in with the old-time rune—
Intry, mintry, cutery, corn,
Apple blossom and apple thorn.

Wave your hand to him—call good-bye!
Faintly his answer echoes back;
Voices of children eagerly
Lure him on by the fairy track
To the wonder-world, where all hearts are
gay;
He is not dead, he is just—away.
—From "Spun Yarn and Spindrift," by
Nora M. Holland.

Mrs. Exe: "Did the lawyer for the defence submit you to a cross-examination?"
Mrs. Wye: "No, indeed; he was just as pleasant about it as he could be."—Selected.



REV. C. A. SYKES, GRACE CHURCH,
WINNIPEG.

Who has accepted a call to Central Church, Calgary.



THE HOME AND ITS OUTLOOK



The Heart of a Soldier

He was only a quiet laddie,
Quiet and awkward and shy,
With cheeks like a rosy apple,
And eyes as blue as the sky.
Only a boy we thought him,
With many a boyish plan,
And never once had we reckoned
He had the soul of a man.

One day in the early springtime
When apple trees were in bloom,
He came from the task he was doing
Into my quiet room.
"Mother," he said, then faltered,
For the words were hard to speak,
And the blue of his eyes grew misty
And the glow faded out of his cheek.

"Mother"—again he faltered,
But bravely hastened to say,
"I hear them call, and I'm going,
Going this very day.
By day and by night they call me,
The mothers and children too,
And if I refuse, I'm a traitor,
To them, to my country, and you."

I looked in his face for a moment,
As only a mother can,
And saw there the soul's awak'ning
And knew my boy was a man.
I knew the call he was hearing,
My laddie so quiet and shy,
I knew he'd the heart of a soldier
And was not afraid to die.

I kissed him good-bye at twilight,
With never a tear or moan;
I called him "my dear brave laddie,"
And sent him away from home;
But oh! my heart was breaking
And the world had lost its light,
As I kissed him, and blessed him, and sent
him
Over the sea to fight.

I waited long for a letter,
And then, one wonderful day,
A message came from my soldier,
In France so far away.
"I've been over the top, dear mother,
I am glad I'm in the fight;
If I never come home, remember
I died for God and the right."

And he never came home, my soldier,
Though I tried to believe he would,
He was such a dear brave laddie,
So clean and pure and good.
Over his gun they found him,
Under a foreign sky,
With lead in the heart of my soldier,
Who was not afraid to die.

So I'm glad and proud, but heart-broken—
These feelings all blended in one—
And yet, could some magic word spoken
Restore him, my wonderful son,
Would I take back the life he has given
Or ask the crown he has gained?
Would I call him to come back from heaven
That our flag and his soul should be
stained?

They will care for his grave, those French
mothers,
Keep it bright with flowers they love;
He will quietly rest with the others,
While angels keep watch from above.
Some day I'll see him and know him,
And rejoice to know he is nigh,
My wonderful, wonderful soldier,
Who was not afraid to die.

—Nellie D. Morgan, in "Zion's Herald."

"When I was Twenty-four"

"Unless you have a message for several young men who are attending this Conference we shall lose them from the ministry. They have seen visions of a decadent old age spent in rural communities like those in which they began their work so hopefully less than five years ago; they are envious of you who have reached pinnacles of fame which they are now persuaded they can never attain; they have all but decided to enter vocations where recognition is reasonably sure and the financial reward satisfactory. Gentlemen, our need of these young men in this State is very great."

Among the group of speakers who had gathered in the church parlor before an even session of the State Conference sat a man of fifty whose name was known throughout the religious world. As the moderator closed his appeal this man arose and offered his services. "I should like to preach a sermon to-night on the text, 'Do the duty that lies nearest,'" he said, with a wonderful smile of understanding; "but I think, with your permission, I shall tell a story that has never been told in public. As it is not a long story I shall simply close my address with it. The title of this story will be, 'When I Was Twenty-Four.'"

This is the story that was told that evening:

"It was on my twenty-fourth birthday that I delivered my first Conference address. At the close of the last evening session I was standing on the steps of that beautiful village church when, within the half-open door, I heard a tired, resigned voice—a woman's voice.

"'He was so young I thought he'd kinder liven things up. Of course I enjoy hearing old Father Kimball and the others—they're such good men; but I'd been lookin' forward to a fresh, young voice. But I guess he's goin' to be like all the rest. What he said was good, but there wa'n't much I could catch on to to carry back to Dan and the boys. You don't suppose it will rain to-morrow, do you, Sister Martin? I'd hate to have to drive home eight miles in a downpour.'"

"My friends, those words burned themselves into my memory as no other words have ever done. My sense of guilt was as heavy as a physical burden, for I knew that the address I had planned to make that day would, indeed, have 'livened things up.' I had quickly wearied of the monotony of my work among the simple country people to whose spiritual needs I had left my city home to minister. I welcomed this opportunity to speak before an intelligent audience, and hoped my impassioned message would result in a call to some prosperous village church where my ability would be recognized.

"But the large and appreciative congregation I had fondly pictured during my

sixteen-mile drive failed to materialize. For one reason and another the attendance at that conference was the smallest recorded for years. I listened critically to the first four speakers on the programme, and decided that my paper, shorn of several striking illustrations, held much more of interest than those I had just heard. These same illustrations I should need at an important gathering of pastors which I had that day been invited to address. I could see no reason for wasting so much brilliancy upon that uninteresting assembly of venerable clergymen and hard-working farmers who had driven in from the surrounding towns. The representation from the village churches was surprisingly small.

"'He was so young I thought he'd kinder liven things up.' Not until the words of my critic fell upon my ears did I realize that I had failed miserably, unpardonably that day—because I wished to be heard of men. The opportunities of that conference were closed to me forever, but I prayed as I never prayed before for a chance to redeem myself. More quickly than I deserved came the invitation to assist in the installation service in a struggling rural church. No artist ever produced his first exhibition picture with more loving zeal than I bestowed upon the paper I prepared for the coming event. With youthful disregard for the feelings of others, I cherished a hope that it would rain upon the day set for the installation, that the proof of my repentance might be the more genuine. My unspoken prayer was granted; it rained throughout the services, and when it didn't rain it hailed. The attendance was gratifyingly small.

"When at last my name was announced I mounted the platform and gazed compassionately down upon those forty people, who looked at that moment as if their lives, like that of the speaker who preceded me, had been spent in a vale of tears. I glanced at the windows, against which sheets of rain were driving furiously, and turned again to my congregation. My subject had no marks of originality to commend it; it read simply, 'The Joy of Service.' But my words seemed to burst from my heart rather than from my lips. Before I had fairly begun I saw points of light leap into the tired, grey eyes of a woman directly in front of me; when I closed an hour later every face was radiant. I sat down, my heart overflowing with gratitude that, with my Master's help, I had fulfilled my mission so successfully. I knew that I had given my best, and asked no further reward than the consciousness of duty done. I was entirely unprepared for what followed.

"Immediately after the benediction men and women flocked about me and talked as if they had found a friend. 'You have such a pleasant look I know you won't mind if I tell you how much I enjoyed every word you spoke. You made my heart burn

within me. Before you'd got half through I whispered to Jim that you reminded me strong of Beecher.' If I confess that those words were music in my ears I am sure you will remember, friends, that I was only twenty-four. Again, 'It didn't seem as if I could come to-day, I was so tired; but Hiram said a change would do me good. Oh, it refreshed me so listenin' to you. Why, it's still rainin', and I thought it had stopped. But I don't mind ridin' home in the rain with your sermon to think about.'

'And then I received four invitations for the night. The one I finally accepted came from a dear old grandmother, who begged me to come home with her and cheer up her rheumatic husband. We found grandfather sitting by the kitchen stove, patiently waiting for 'mother' to come home and tell him 'all about it.' That pleasant task was delegated to their guest. Grandmother's memory proved as tenacious as that of the sermon-taster of Drumtochty, for she recalled to my mind point after point of my address until I had repeated it to my audience of one. Never have the plaudits of a multitude meant so much to me as did the tear that fell from this aged man's eyes as he thanked me for the joy I had given him. I turned my face—I think to hide a tear of my own—and discovered grandmother in the act of pouring a cup of tea. I hope, friends, I shall not be called upon to enumerate the articles of food that were served at our banquet last night, but I can tell you exactly what I ate at that midnight supper in Grandmother Holcomb's kitchen—four slices of steaming toast, generously buttered; five spherical doughnuts thickly sugared; three slices of fruit cake, so rich, so delectable, that I have never seen its equal since. But remember—I was only twenty-four. And caraway cookies! I fear I have forgotten how many caraway cookies I ate, for there was grandmother bending over me, urging me to have one more, and telling me about the little brown-eyed boy who would have been a minister, God willing, if he had only lived. Grandfather had been slowly hitching his chair up to the table, and now the dear old souls told me the story of their lives—the corn husking in Uncle Josiah's barn, at which they met nearly half a century ago; the wedding day, when the apple trees were in blossom; God's great gift of children, all living but the one little brown-eyed boy; the financial struggles there on the old farm, the care of which was now entrusted to John, the oldest son; their church life in all its phases of prosperity and adversity—and through it all rang their triumphant faith in God and man. The address I had delivered that day in the little white meeting-house on the hill was a schoolboy's essay compared with the lessons their life-history taught me.

'The next day I hurried back to my people—my people they were now, not the inhabitants of a rural community which I longed to leave for a sphere of wider influence. From that hour I dwelt among them, ministering unto them in the light of the revelation of their needs I had so miraculously received. No congregation was too small for the best that years of study enabled me to give; no home was too humble

for any service that I could render. The days were far too short for the work I found awaiting me there among those glorious hills.

'And then came the call to a city parish. Should I leave the church whose growth I had watched until its fame had spread abroad? Never! I loved that church as I loved nothing else upon earth. And my people loved me, and their love was so unselfish that they drove me from their midst as a wise mother bird pushes its young from the nest. I was their son, and must go forth and make my name in the world and bring glory to their church. And so I accepted that call, and the calls that followed, and for the sake of those dear people I had to succeed. They were father and mother to me, for my parents passed on years before; they wrote me long, homey letters; they sent me Christmas and birthday packages of good things from the farms that would have ruined my health had I not shared them so generously; they made me godfather of all the pastors who followed me; over half my vacations I have spent back there among those hills. This ends my story, except that I have promised to go back this week and marry the first babies I ever baptized. It means a journey of three hundred miles, but I wouldn't miss that wedding for all the honors you could confer upon me. I watched those two beautiful children grow up in the church, I directed in part their education, I watched their progress from year—my friends, it is fortunate I must leave on the ten o'clock train. I find there is no end to this story.'

The moderator had time for only a word of farewell. 'I watched those young men while you told that story,' he said. 'I saw points of light leap into their eyes as they listened to your words; before you closed, their faces were radiant. The safety of the rural churches they represent is assured.'—*Mary S. Warren, in "Zion's Herald."*

When Healing Humbled Pride

Nyagina, "every inch a king," held unquestioned sway over his little village of mud huts. When the missionary from the nearby station made friendly approaches to any of his people he was met with the words, "Nyagina will not let us have to do with you. Nyagina hates you." And so he did. Through fear of his anger parents would not send their children to the mission school, and other chiefs refused to allow the missionary to preach in their villages.

But one day a native man who had been seriously injured was ordered by the Native Commissioner to be taken to the mission for treatment. His friends did not dare to disobey the Commissioner, but on reaching the mission they tried so persistently to interfere with the white doctor's treatment that finally three of them were put in jail.

The sick man's father, who was the brother of the great Nyagina, felt sure that his son must have died. So he summoned all the people of his kraal to the funeral exercises. After the whole village had howled itself hoarse, the father went to the

mission to recover the body of his son, only to find that young gentleman in very good spirits and well on the road to recovery.

The father stayed on at the mission until his son was completely cured. To him the works of healing which he saw the white doctor perform were all miracles. Once, when the doctor had been trying to explain to him the uses of certain medicines, the old African burst out: "It must be that when God gave out the medicines He called the white men first and gave them all the good medicine; but when He called up the black men He found that He had already given away all the medicines that were any good and had only a few leaves and roots remaining."

When he and his son returned to their village they told Nyagina of the many wonders they had seen and experienced, but the old chief still hardened his heart against the mission.

Several months later a young man, very sick and down-hearted, appeared at the mission and asked for treatment. He was so ill that the missionary did not try to discover his name or from what village he came, but did everything in his power to bring about his recovery.

One day when the young man was convalescent the missionary was astonished to see the great Nyagina standing before him. Humbly the old chief bowed his head. "Nyagina is sorry for the evil he has done against this place and against this man," he said. "This young man is my favorite son. They told me he must die. I had heard stories of the healing here, and so I sent him to you."

Since that day Nyagina has been the firm friend of the mission. His word is law among his people and the other chiefs, and so the missionary now has the right of way everywhere.

Rhodesian Christian Pastors

Several years ago lack of funds threatened to put a stop to the work which the Methodists had started in Rhodesia. At the opening session of the district conference the treasurer stated that unless all the pastor-teachers were willing to wait six months for their salaries missions would have to go out of business.

The native pastors listened in heavy silence until the treasurer had finished his report. But he had hardly seated himself when Philip Chieza was on his feet.

"God has sent me to teach His people," he said. "I have few food, but I will not say no."

Andrew Mbenga was not quite so impulsive in his decision. It was after some deliberation that he spoke.

"First my heart felt it not good to stay seven months without money," he stated naively. "But I cannot leave my people," he finished in a firm voice.

And, when the vote was taken, every pastor-teacher present endorsed this sentiment.

Mistress: "How do you manage to make such a noise in the kitchen?"

Cook: "Well, just you try to break four plates without making a noise."—*Ideas.*



FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



"Jes' Me"

I'm awful glad 'at I'm jes' me and not that Tommy Jones
'At lives up in a great big house, all built of cobblestones.

His father's jes' the riches' man, I guess, in all the town,
An' Tommy always has to have his teacher taggin' roun'.

He can't play marbles, 'cause his clothes is always spick an' span;
I never see him throw a ball—I don't believe he can.

He never went a-fishin', an' he never made a sling;
An' when it comes to playin' games he doesn't know a thing.

He ain't allowed to whittle, for fear of gettin' cut;
I'm sure he never climbed a tree, or found a hick'ry nut.

I bet he couldn't run a race; he doesn't swim, or skate,
He's jes' the kind of boy you've got to pity, not to hate.

He's got a pony an' a cart—they make him drive so slow!
He's got a boat, a dandy; but they never let him row.

He's got an awful lot of toys—an engine, cars, an' all
With steam 'at makes it go real fast, all up an' down the hall.

You ought to see his air-gun—which they never let him touch!
He's things enough to have some fun; I guess he don't have much.

He has to wear kid gloves to church! They want his hair to curl!
If I was him, I do believe I'd wish I was a girl!

My, friends! But I'm awful glad 'at I don't have to be
That Mr. Jones's little boy! I'd rather jes' be me.—*Dora Marchant Conger.*

Rachel of the Ghetto

BY ARCHER WALLACE.

Rachel lived in the Jewish quarter of a great city. There she played with hundreds of other children who, like herself, were Hebrews. She had little or no education, but one day she said a very wise thing. She said that—but there, it would spoil the story if I told right now what she did say. Let me tell the story as well as I can remember it after having read it somewhere in a book by Dr. Edward Steiner.

Rachel's father was poor, and away down there among his fellow Hebrews he did not seem to count for very much. He was a tailor by trade, and worked long hours plying his needle. But once every week Mr. Greenberg was really a very important person. That was on Wednesday evening, when he attended the Jewish lodge, of which he had the honor of being secretary. Just what kind of a lodge this was I am unable to say, but it was something corresponding

to the numerous lodges we have among ourselves. Scores of Hebrew men came together and discussed matters pertaining to their welfare. They arranged to visit sick members and to relieve any distress which might exist among the brethren. If any member of the society had died, then arrangements were made to bury him with all the ritual of the order.

Mr. Greenberg felt himself very important when he took his seat next to the president on the platform and began to take notes of the meeting. At the shop where he worked he was known as "Mose Greenberg," but when he assumed his place at the lodge members called him Mr. Greenberg.

Mr. Greenberg was certainly very proud of the position he held as secretary of that lodge, and when he hurried home late on Wednesday evenings he used to regale the members of his family with some accounts of the glory which his office carried with it.

One evening after the lodge was dismissed Mr. Greenberg hurried home through the now deserted streets. He lived on the second story of a tenement house. It had been a long and trying meeting, and he felt the need of some refreshment. When he arrived home the members of his family had not retired, and so he began to tell them of the many things he had to attend to. Several members of the society were sick and must be visited. One man had died, and arrangements for the funeral rested upon Mr. Greenberg's shoulder; in fact, they had had a very busy "meefunk."

While her father talked little Rachel played on the floor with her doll. She was only ten, and had not advanced very rapidly at school yet; but she was, nevertheless, a keen observer of all that went on around her.

"Father," she said, "why don't you try to be president of the lodge, just for once?"

"Why, my child," said her astonished father, "don't you know I gets paid for being secretary, and if I get elected president then I gets nothink—only the honor, that's all."

Rachel looked up quickly. "Why, father," she said reproachfully, "don't you know that honor is more than money?"

Then Rachel went on turning over the leaves of a book, and soon she had forgotten all about the incident. But Moses Greenberg did not so easily forget. It seemed to him a wonderful thing for a child to say, and so true.

Next day when he went to the shop he said to his work-mates: "What you tink my little child, Rachel, say to me? She say, 'Fader, why don't you try to be president of your lodge?' I say, 'There's notink in it; no money.' 'Oh, she say, 'Fader, honor is more than money.' Now what do you think of that?'"

And all the men agreed that Rachel was a very wise child.

Nora's Dream

It was a warm Saturday morning in July, and although Mrs. Moxley was very busy, she stood for a few minutes on the back porch, drinking in the soft breeze which came to her, sweetly scented by new-mown hay. She had placed on the floor a pan of apples and a paring knife, and for the third time called "Nora!"

Presently a pair of very reluctant feet could be heard coming through the kitchen, and a very cross little girl, who had seen one dozen lovely summers, appeared in the doorway.

Now Nora had planned to spend the morning reading the new book which Uncle Jim had given her, and she was very much annoyed that her reading had been interrupted. Anyhow, she hated paring apples. She slammed the screen door, and in a decidedly sullen manner seated herself on the top step and started to work.

Her mother was plainly worried as she went back to her baking, and in her heart was a prayer that her little daughter might soon learn the joy of usefulness and service.

Nora, on the porch step, soon gave herself up to her task as though decided to make the best of it. Somehow she felt too tired to pout any longer, and her usually big, bright eyes were growing very dull and heavy. A great, big busy bee went "buzz, buzz!" around her apples, and a little grey bird stopped to rest on a shrub almost at her feet. Nora thought how grand it would be to be born a little bird and never have anything to do but fly about and have a good time all day long.

Presently a very strange thing happened. Nora suddenly became a bird, and oh, how grand it was to be able to fly all over. She started off in search of the very tallest tree she could find, and perched herself on the very highest branch. Soon a gust of wind came and shook all the leaves, and swayed all the branches so hard that Nora nearly fell off. So she flew away to find a more secure resting-place.

It was a long while before she could find anything quite to her liking, but after a while she came to a great big barn with a funny little house on top of it. She put her two tiny feet on top of the little house, but before she could get her breath out came a great, big old bird, looking just as cross as ever she could look. She was about to order the little bird to get off her house, but Nora was so scared she flew away just as fast as she was able. And she didn't dare stop for a long time, thinking that perhaps the cross old bird was following her.

She was all out of breath, and her little heart was beating so hard she could almost hear it; and her poor little wings were so tired she could scarcely wiggle them any more, when she saw a farmhouse not far away. She decided to rest near the kitchen door, and perhaps she would find some bread

crumbs lying about. Soon she was nestling her hot little feet in the fresh, cool grass, and was nibbling a weed, when she spied a pair of green eyes staring at her from under the hedge. At the same instant a big black cat pounced down upon her, and she escaped only by the skin of her teeth.

She took refuge on the porch roof, and right below her sat a little girl, paring apples. My, how she envied that little girl sitting in the shade, resting all the day, and in no danger of being eaten by a cat.

Just then Mrs. Moxley called, "Nora, are the apples ready?"

Nora raised her head, rubbed her eyes, and decided she had been asleep. And what a funny dream she had had!

Five minutes later a very smiling little girl entered the Moxley kitchen, carrying a dish of carefully pared apples. And ever since that warm Saturday morning in July Mrs. Moxley has had a cheerful helper in Nora.

School teachers sometimes ask their pupils queer questions, if one may believe a story told by the youngest member of the Withington family.

His mother one morning discovered a shortage in her supply of pies, baked the day before, and her suspicions fell upon Johnny.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know what became of that cherry pie that was on the second shelf in the pantry?"

"Yes, mamma," he replied, "I ate it. But I had to."

"You had to!" exclaimed his astonished mother. "What do you mean, child?"

"The teacher asked yesterday if any of us could tell her how many stones there are in a cherry pie, and I couldn't find out without eating the whole pie, could I? There's just a hundred and forty-two."—*The Christian Endeavor World*.

Mrs. Commuter had lain awake with a headache till one o'clock. Then in the balance of the night she had responded to several calls for a drink, a doll, and all the other nocturnal infantile orders. At five in the morning, as she was just beginning to round out the first continuous hour of slumber, the little six-year-old girl called softly from her crib:

"Mother."

No answer. Again, a little louder: "Mother."

Mother said nothing. Again the child's voice, this time mezzo-forte:

"Mother."

"Well, what is it?"

"Mother, isn't it too bad that one of Harry McCole's polliwogs died?"—*New York Times*.

A LITTLE CARE

A little daily attention and a little CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM will give the woman who cares a perfect complexion. All druggists sell it, and E. G. West & Co. are the Wholesale Druggists, 80 George Street, Toronto.

MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

How God Does It

We come again to the old story of the manna and the quails in the wilderness, a story that has stirred the imagination of many hundreds of generations of children, and has brought its message of comfort and assurance to an unnumbered host of those in maturer years. Because it is a story with a great truth and a wonderful message at its centre it has lived, and is to-day as fresh and stimulating and instructive as it was a thousand years ago. Above all things we ought to try to get at the great centre truths of the story and not waste too much time talking about and thinking about its details.

For instance, to spend our half-hour talking about where the Hebrews were when the incident happened, or discussing the question as to whether or not the quails and the manna could be accounted for in any natural way, would be far from making the best use we might make of our time. These matters have a certain interest and value, but only in a very relative way. We can believe that the quail were there when Israel needed them, just as they had often been there before; and we can believe, as some do, that the manna was a natural product, and if there was any miracle in connection with its being given that miracle lay in its being there in such abundance just when and where it was required; but it does not make any difference whether that is our belief or whether the whole story to us is flooded with the miraculous—in either case the story itself brings to us the same message and lays emphasis upon the same truths.

Our lesson has to do with the supplying of the daily food for our ever-recurring wants, and the first great truth that the story lays emphasis upon is that God's hand is in the preparation and dispensing of that supply. Suppose we hold that the quails and the manna can be explained in a natural way, we haven't by that explanation shut God out of the process at all. Suppose we believe that this whole story has an altogether miraculous foundation, our belief doesn't say that God must be shut out of the process by which we to-day get our daily bread. The method by which we get the wheat from which our flour is made requires the divine power and presence quite as much as this other method did, even though we believe that the manna was actually bread rained down from heaven. The fact that we follow the process in the former case does not at all say that we can explain it, or that all the powers and forces producing the result are within our control and manipulation. They are not, and they cannot be. Dr. Maltbee Babcock's verse is beautiful poetry, but it is also plain, matter-of-fact science as well.

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,

Back of the flour is the mill;

Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower,

And the sun, and the Father's will."

You cannot have the daily bread if the sun and the shower and the Father's will are left out. We cannot have it to-day one whit more than Israel could have had it four thousand years ago.

But the old story doesn't end there. First we are reminded that God is in the process and has His vital and fundamental part to play; but in the second place we are just as surely told that man has his responsibility, and that it is absolutely necessary that he fulfil it. The men of Israel had to catch and kill the quail, and pick and pre-

pare the manna. And quite likely neither one of these undertakings was a very easy one. If the manna, as is most likely, was the juice of the Tarfa tree, that exuded at night and might be found on the ground in small particles in the morning, the work of gathering it would involve a good deal of labor. This must be done, and it must be done according to the plans and arrangements that were made, man and God working together to the supplying of the inevitable and ever-recurring human wants.

God never intended that any man should have any ready-made meals dropped into his mouth for whose production and preparation he had not made some contribution and rendered some service. God does for men what they cannot do, but just as surely as He does that He does not do for them what they can do for themselves. God works; but so, too, must we.

We wonder if our old story might not well be taken as teaching this lesson, that in the matter of the supply of our physical wants enough is enough, and that the ideal toward which the great divine purpose is working is that condition where every man shall have enough and no man shall hog and hoard. The old Hebrew who thought to corner a little on the daily supply found that decay set in and his overplus was no good and brought no enjoyment to him. And can we not see the same law at work even in our own day and time, for the man who gathers and hoards more than his just share of the world's supply, more often than not finds his satisfaction in and enjoyment of it spoiled and thwarted by the very overflow and abundance which he had striven so hard to secure. All men working, God's rich bounty over all, and something like the spirit of a true brotherhood and family relationship in the sharing up of the products of such a partnership—that surely is the great ideal toward which we are being divinely led.

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The International Sunday-school Lesson for Feb. 2nd. "The Giving of the Manna." Exodus 16: 1-36. Golden Text, Matt. 6: 11.

Nova Scotia Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Church work in Nova Scotia has been very seriously handicapped this season by the influenza epidemic. Many churches have been closed from five to eight weeks. The number of deaths from this disease in Nova Scotia since Oct. 1st is estimated by the Board of Health at about 600. It looks very much as though the epidemic will be with us all winter, sometimes seeming to abate and then breaking out as bad as ever. Fall campaigns of all kinds have been much handicapped. District meetings have been announced and then had to be postponed. Connexional funds, such as missionary and superannuation, have not had a chance for their usual fall inings, but we hope they will not suffer at the end of the year.

The Victory Loan proved a great success, in spite of the "flu." Over thirty million dollars were subscribed by this little province, whose apportionment was considered high at twenty-five millions. Has not the Church something to learn in the matter of financing her great projects from the successful way in which the Victory Loan, the Y.M.C.A. and Knights of Columbus campaigns have been carried on?

Just a year ago the whole Dominion and the whole world were startled by the news of the awful explosion in Halifax harbor. The total number of deaths resulting can never be stated. Official records have a list of over sixteen hundred dead; but there were many killed of whom no trace was ever found. The casual visitor to Halifax and the stranger would not realize to-day what was the dilapidated look of the city for weeks and months after the explosion. The business section of the city bears practically no trace of the disaster, and thousands of homes have been repaired inside and out at the expense of the Government Commission. But the square mile of devastated area is still a waste. The debris has all been cleared, but the cellars speak their silent story of the tragedy of twelve months ago. Another twelve months, however, and the developments in this part of the city will be notable.

Five thousand people, it is estimated, had to have temporary homes provided for them, and thousands of families have had to be rehabilitated. Most of these are living in temporary houses hastily erected by the Relief Commission on the South Common, and others erected by the "Massachusetts Relief" on the Exhibition Grounds.

The people of Massachusetts have rendered practical aid from the very first, when their doctors and nurses were among the first arrivals after the explosion. They have kept a committee at work refurbishing the homes of those who suffered, co-operating with the Halifax Relief Commission. They have undertaken to refurbish stricken homes with every needed appliance, from a clothes pin to a buffet. And it has not been cheap goods they have donated, either. Recently Governor McCall, of Massachusetts, was in the city and personally received the grateful thanks of the Halifax people.

The churches have been practically the last object of concern on the part of the Relief Commission. Now is the time for churches to remember Halifax and send in their donations to Dr. T. A. Moore, Toronto, so that the \$100,000 needed may be forthcoming as soon as possible.

For four years the great troopships have been carrying our men overseas. We have seen about 30,000 sail off at one time, while tears flowed and sad good-byes were spoken, and loved ones who had given them to their country turned home from the wharves with heavy hearts. But to-day, thank God, the scene is changed. The big boats are bringing the men home, and the piers are scenes of joy and glad reunions.

The work of soldiers' civil re-establishment now becomes of greater interest and of more vital consequence than ever. It is good to know that the work being done in Canada is being copied in the United States. Here in Nova Scotia the work is under the supervision of Prof. Sexton, principal of the Nova Scotia Technical College. At this institution many of the returned men are receiving instruction in machine tool making and repairing, stationary engine operation, automobile mechanics, shoe repairing, mechanical drawing, wood-working, etc., with all their branches.

Over three thousand men enlisted from the coal mines of Cape Breton. The disability which would disqualify any of these men as a soldier is likely also to disqualify them as miners. Many of the returned men are being given a chance to qualify for such positions as shot-firers, fire-bosses, underground managers, managers of collieries, and several other of many positions on the staff of a well-equipped colliery. A school for men taking these courses has been opened at Glace Bay. Here they are assisted to qualify for the certificates which the Government requires of all who hold such positions as I have mentioned. Other ex-miners, who have been badly disabled in the war, are being trained or assisted into jobs as gate tenders, watchmen, relighters, lamp inspectors or check-weighmen. Of course many once miners are taking the training at the Technical College or learning other trades.

The men from the great steel plants present a more difficult problem, as there are not the same number of opportunities for training in similar work where their previous experience will be of value. The electrical repair shops and machine shops absorb quite a number as welders, armature winders, repair men, garage workers, etc. Others are educated for office work and drafting. Quite a few are able to obtain positions as watchmen and gate tenders without re-education.

The steel plants of both our great corporations are generously co-operating with the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Commission and reinstating returned men in their former positions where possible, even if they have to shift the new men to other jobs. They are also giving occupation to returned men who were not former employees, but for whom they can provide some occupation.

So far I have heard of nothing being done for the men who were students at college to help them continue and finish the course interrupted by their call to arms. It is as vital to the future welfare of the country that these students be assisted to complete their course of study as that others should be taught a trade.

The men on the mission fields of this Conference are rejoicing in the more generous salary fixed by General Conference and made possible by the Mission Board. Only eleven circuits in this Conference paid as much salary last year as the men on missions will receive this year. The Sustentation Fund will have a greater burden than it can bear, for nearly all the independent circuits must push up their own apportionments or come on that fund. Some of them will find it very difficult to increase the stipend. Other circuits will be compelled to go again on the list of missions.

It is to be hoped that some arrangements can be made with the Presbyterian Church whereby both men and money can be saved for extending the kingdom elsewhere. If we stand on a policy of an equal exchange, it can hardly be done in this province. It is a positive wrong to spend hundreds of dollars of missionary money on some of our fields just for the sake of the Methodist Church, for it is certainly not for the sake of the kingdom of God. What inspiration is there, either, for the man who is sent to a field where he has to hold ground for Methodism rather than clear a field or gather a harvest for Christ?

Some pressure is being brought to bear on the missionaries to hand over \$100 of their advanced salaries to the Superannuation Fund. Personally we do not think the suggestion a fair one to make, unless men not in missions, getting \$1,200 and over, are asked to do the same thing. Few of the men getting under \$1,200 would want to take anything from another man's salary. Some other means must be found for leveling up. Possibly this year the disparagement must remain.

Manitoba Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

GRAIN GROWERS.

The Grain Growers met in Brandon the past week. They are growing reputation as well as grain, and all eyes turned to the end of the table where they sat. They are ploughing some "deep furrows" these days. Rather an interesting feature of their leadership is that a Methodist minister is their president. One of our daily papers says editorially: "The re-election of R. C. Henders as president of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association is a striking tribute to the confidence of the farmers of Manitoba in his leadership. All over Canada it is admitted that the farmers of the west have been fortunate in the calibre of the men who have led the Grain Growers' movement. Policies have been framed on a sane, progressive basis, and have been applied with good sense and a regard for the welfare of the whole community."

The parting of the ways confronted them when they came to the question of "fixing" the price of wheat. The anchor held! They had consistently advocated free trade. They decided to stand by principle. The daylight saving plan was dubbed a bit of "fool legislation." A commission was appointed to investigate the profits of milling companies. A resolution asking for the Order-in-Council prohibition legislation to be made permanent was carried unanimously and enthusiastically. They urged the Agricultural College to start a training school for rural problems.

The woman's section passed resolutions of far-reaching importance. They asked for the Government training of nurses for the "flu" epidemic, and that returning war nurses be placed in charge. They asked that health certificates for both sexes be produced when applying for marriage certificates; that a child welfare campaign be inaugurated; that the high cost of food be investigated.

The farmers are showing the right hand of fellowship, as, for instance, the resolution: "That we strive for a closer co-operation with labor unions and returned soldiers and all kindred associations, and that a committee be formed to devise ways and means of bringing about a better understanding between those bodies and organized farmers."

Hon. Edward Brown, Provincial Treasurer, was one of the speakers. He recalled some of the good works of the Government—which is the people. They had been the first to declare for prohibition, for woman's suffrage, English in the schools, Mothers' Pension Act, etc. They spent \$250,000 more on education last year than in 1913. This was the first province, he stated, to make a survey of health conditions. They intend to spend \$50,000 on that work this year. His peroration can be taken for what it is worth by other provinces. Those of us who live in Manitoba think he is talking, in the main, according to facts.

"Candidly, I was never prouder of this province than I am to-day. We may have made mistakes; but every test of war that has been applied to the province has been

nobly answered. This province is not only the premier farming province. It is a manufacturing province, with the cheap power and satisfactory labor market right here; also a wealth of minerals which make it the envy of many others. I firmly believe there is a sounder national sentiment here than can be found in any other province. Manitoba stands for business administration, honest and straightforward, and that is the thing which is going to make for the higher type of citizenship."

Rev. R. A. Hoey, of Chater, and Rev. T. E. Taylor, of Franklin, were delegates. Rev. W. Ivens gave an address on "Labor Problems," and drew, as usual, some strong criticism.

MISSIONARY.

The missionary banquet for the Winnipeg districts, on Jan. 3rd, at Young Church, was generally conceded to be one of the "livest" functions in years. Your correspondent has already forwarded an article sketching it in more detail. Winnipeg Meth-

odism, though facing a good many tasks, will, we think, respond to this appeal. The objective was set at \$18,000. We think that will be reached and possibly exceeded. Young Church aims at \$5,000—the largest objective in the city. According to well-founded rumor a rural circuit is likely to make the Conference record this year. Roland, we hear, is aiming at \$6,000, or one-third of the entire Winnipeg objective. Some of our urban capitalists may be saying, "Well, if we were as rich as those farmers we would do more!" Rev. J. W. Churchill stated that the Conference objective was \$60,000. Now if the circuits keep Roland in mind that amount will be raised. Rev. C. E. Manning, Rev. Dr. Endicott and Rev. J. H. Arnup gave splendid addresses. They need a country big as Canada for talks and vision like that. They stayed over Sunday, the 5th, and filled city pulpits. Larger congregations than usual attended where they were announced. Some of the churches have already overshot their objectives.

ST. JAMES FIRE.

St. James' Church, Winnipeg, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday, Jan. 5th. This was one of the most imposing structures in the community where it was located. It had been purchased from the Baptists about a year ago, and could not be replaced under \$20,000. There was very little insurance balance after mortgage indebtedness was met. Rev. T. G. Bethell, chairman of the South Winnipeg district, is pastor. The congregation was just getting reorganized after the break caused by "flu" and the pastor's illness. The board is facing the situation heroically, and has determined to carry on the work and build a new—perhaps a more useful—church. It is suggested that the fire started from a soft coal furnace just previous to the morning service.

The "flu" ban is again on at many points. Dr. Darwin, Superintendent of Missions, reports cancellation of several engagements on this account lately.

With reference to affiliation with the Trades and Labor Council, the Ministerial Association of Winnipeg are acting with prudence and sympathy. They intend to put some statement of their attitude before the public. They were accused of encouraging content with one's lot and being more interested in the world to come than in this one. Their affiliation was cancelled without any opportunity for explanation or defence. Some members of the ministerial ranks were indignant, some saw evidence of better things, some were pessimistic about the general outlook.

In my last letter reference was made to a young man who had stepped into his deceased father's place and taken the office of recording steward. The sad tidings goes this time that the young man, and also one of his brothers, have fallen victims to the "flu." Our rural circuits have known their own bitterness this year.

Watch-night services were more numerous than usual. It looks as if the "ancient" custom would be revived and become a rich means of grace.

Classes for church and Sunday-school workers, senior and junior, "advanced" and "preparatory," are being organized and run concurrently in Manitoba and Wesley Colleges. This is an answer to a long-standing request for college assistance in this great work of religious education. Leaders are much needed, and they much need training. The Sunday School Association is working in co-operation with the colleges. The "Pupil" and the "Teacher" of the training course are used as text-books in two of the classes. The staff of teachers is: Rev. J. W. McMillan, D.D., Rev. E. G. Perry, D.D., Dr. W. A. McIntyre (of the Normal School), Rev. Dr. Riddell and Rev. Chas. M. Ross. The two latter teach at Wesley College. Mr. Ross has a splendid record in the training work.

Rev. C. A. Sykes, acting pastor of Grace Church, is receiving congratulations on a call to Central, at Calgary.

Rev. Dr. Crummy, of Moose Jaw, supplied a Presbyterian pulpit in the city yesterday. He is helping out Rev. Leslie Pidgeon, who is travelling westwardly in the interest of the big educational gathering proposed for Winnipeg next autumn. "The best sermon I have heard in years," commented an expert about Dr. Crummy's evening discourse on "The Meek Inheriting the Earth."

Winnipeg, Jan. 13th, 1919.

Rev. H. B. Kenny, pastor of the Methodist church, Cobourg, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Campbellford Methodist church for next Conference year, to succeed Rev. A. R. Sanderson.

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Montreal Letter

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

"You that still have your sight,
Remember me;
I risked my life, I lost my eyes,
That you might see.

"Now in the dark I go,
That you have light.
Yours all the joy of day,
I have but night."

Those who know John Oxenham's beautiful poems on the war will remember "Blinded!" which I read for the first time the day I heard Sir Arthur Pearson, who, before the loss of his sight, was one of the foremost publishers in the British Empire, and who for the last six years has devoted his splendid talents to the amelioration of the condition of the blind. Sir Arthur is a man of commanding and charming presence, whose blindness is not noticeable—that is, his eyes are of normal appearance. He told us that one day he was riding in one of the small compartments of an English train where there was just one other passenger, the man who sat opposite. When the latter was alighting he said to Sir Arthur, "I hope you'll know me next time you see me."

"I'm afraid I shan't, old fellow," said Sir Arthur.
"Well, then, you must have an infernally bad memory, for you have done nothing but stare at me all the way."

Sir Arthur related to us how Mr. Otto Kahn, a wealthy and philanthropic New Yorker, placed St. Dunstan's at his disposal for the exclusive use of those blinded in the war. St. Dunstan's is in the heart of London, bordering on Regent's Park, and has sixteen acres of ground around it. Sir Arthur said that in the early days of the war he was continually cabling Mr. Otto Kahn, asking permission to make this or that necessary change for the benefit of the men. Finally he received a message which read, "Make any change you like; don't consult me further. Consider the place yours." So the blind came into their own.

Sir Arthur refuses to consider blindness an affliction. "Get rid of that beastly word affliction," he said. "Never use it to a blinded man. For if you tell him often enough that he is afflicted he surely will be at last. Our first thought is to raise the men's spirits, to show that, though blind, they can be normal, useful men, living nobly and happily. We have green carpets at St. Dunstan's, with strips of linoleum as paths for the men, on which visitors are asked not to walk. The men are taught to find their way about on these paths, and to walk erect—no *groping*. This is one of the first and most essential lessons.

"There is a lake at St. Dunstan's," continued Sir Arthur, "and on fine days it is covered with all sorts of pleasure craft, skilfully handled by our blinded men, whom we encourage in all manner of healthful outdoor and indoor sport. Our Friday evening dances are most popular, and the London ladies who come to dance with our men sometimes blind their own eyes, so that the men may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing all the guiding themselves; and, believe me, they do it as perfectly as any sighted person.

"We teach the men to rise above their handicap. It is more difficult than taking Vimy Ridge, but it can be done. Come with me into the cobbler's shop at St. Dunstan's, and you will hear such a chorus of song that sometimes I must ask them to be less boisterous. The men are happy, for they have by this time learned that the spirit can triumph even over darkness. One of our cobblers, who is now in business for himself,

is making far more than he made before the war when he had his sight.

"Many of our men at St. Dunstan's learn poultry farming, and can tell any breed of fowl as well as a sighted person. Two men were watching one of our poultry farmers the other day looking over the fence at him, when one was heard to say to the other, 'You needn't tell me that bloke is blind; I won't believe it.'

"We also train the men in massage, and they have passed the most difficult examinations, taking high standing in anatomy and all branches of the work, after which they enter and fill with distinction highly-paid positions. A blind man's handwriting rapidly deteriorates, so we teach him type-writing very early after his arrival at St. Dunstan's. I remember one man taking it up so rapidly that I asked, 'How long had you been using a typewriter before the war, my lad?' 'I never saw a typewriter, sir,' was the reply. We teach all branches of secretarial work, and our men are now filling some of the most highly-paid secretarial positions in London and all over Britain. I do not want to talk in terms of money, but it is a handy thing to have around the house, and our men, almost without exception, are making more money than before they lost their sight."

With Sir Arthur Pearson was Capt. Baker, who, at some financial sacrifice, has consented to take charge of the Canadian Association for the Blind, of which Sir Arthur Pearson is honorary president. Capt. Baker is one of our most distinguished Canadian blinded heroes, and was trained at St. Dunstan's. "Do not think I am talking into darkness," said Sir Arthur. "I see you all, including the ladies in the gallery, whose sympathy and co-operation I wish particularly to enlist on behalf of the blinded. I see you all, for when all is said, the eye is but a physical organ. We see with the mind."

It is significant that two of our leading piano dealers in Montreal, Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Layton, are both blind, yet are at the head of large organizations as a result of their own genius. Sir Arthur spoke admiringly of both of them, and also of Mr. Septimus Fraser, who is blind, yet is a brilliant pianist. One of our post-war duties—shall I say privileges?—is to help those who have lost their sight for our sake, that we may live unmolested.



"Nay, then, Christ's vicar,
You who bear our pain,
Ours be it now to see
Your dark days lighted
And your way made plain."

Harry Lauder, known as a minstrel on two continents, is now a prophet with a great message. I shall never forget the beautiful summer morning in July, 1914, when I saw his castle on the Clyde; but since 1914 Harry Lauder has been spiritually reborn in his sorrow for his noble boy who fell in France. One of his intimate friends in this city is Rev. George Adam, of Emmanuel, who came to us from Edinburgh a couple of years ago, succeeding Dr. Hugh Pedley. A great service was

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arranged at Emmanuel Church for Sunday afternoon, at which Harry Lauder spoke on problems of reconstruction. Sir William Peterson, of McGill, also a distinguished Scot, was to preside, but suffered an apopleptic stroke just after mounting the platform, whence he was borne to the Royal Victoria Hospital. All Montreal is shocked at this sad mishap, for Sir William has shed lustre on us by his great learning, and has been indefatigable in all work pertaining to the war.

Harry Lauder's speaking voice is like a bass viol—surely it is not given to many to be great in speech and great in song. Someone will say at once, "Lauder is not a great singer." Perhaps not. He is just Lauder, with his whimsical gait, his inimitable way of wearing the kilts, and likewise his wonderful power of touching the heart, and alternately moving his audience to laughter and tears. Who can ever forget "The Wee Hoose 'mang the Heather," "Back, Back to Where the Heather Blooms," or "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"?

When he began to address us at the Windsor there was a laughing request that he mount a stool, for in height he is more like David than Goliath. He called back that he did not wish to be seen, but only to be heard; then, kissing his hand to the women, he said, "There, tak that, and divide it amang ye!" Six pipers of the Fifth Royal Highlanders played him a welcome, which was reinforced by prolonged cheers when he rose to speak.

"Great things have happened since I was here," said Mr. Lauder. "Since then the war has been fought and won, and I want to say that the victory has been achieved by the plain man. It was not won by the superior man or the genius, nor was it won by the striker, the slacker, the pacifist, or the grumbler. The religion of those at the front was different, and I wonder how the religion of those who opposed it would stand to-day. This war was won by the plain, ordinary man, who left his ordinary life to become a soldier. He became a plain, ordinary soldier, and fought as such, and kept on fighting until he won. Marshal Foch is just a plain, ordinary man; so is Field-Marshal Haig, and Clemenceau, and Lloyd George; and so are the other great generals who have won this war. I have met them, and their simple humanity was the thing that always struck me.

"Now that the conflict is over," continued Mr. Lauder, "the great question confronting us is reconstruction. We are building for the future of the world, and we are building upon a wonderful foundation—that of the bones of the finest men the world has

ever produced. They gave their lives for liberty, and now that we are rebuilding the world let us rebuild it to the skies—yes, to God himself—so that we may make sure that there will be no recurrence of this horror. Thank God, we are British! I love to say it over and over; it means so much. We belong to the nation that sent eight and a half million men on all fronts to save civilization. And there was another army of over five million women working in Great Britain to see that they were properly supplied with food and ammunition. I am facing the Union Jack, and I thank God for it."

Besides Harry Lauder and Sir Arthur Pearson we have among us this week Capt. Alfred Carpenter, R.N., V.C., D.S.O., the hero of the *Vindictive*, which blocked the Bruges Canal at Zeebrugge.

* * * *

The Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene is one of the utilities for post-war reconstruction, hence we require to know something of its programme. One of the most important aspects of the public health problem has been designated mental hygiene, in which field there have been few Canadian workers up to the present. But as we have among the soldiers returned to Canada from overseas more than five thousand cases of mental and nervous disorders, we are obliged to consider this subject. Hence the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene, since its organization in April, 1918, has been doing its best to assist in the solution of the great problems presented. The president is Lt.-Col. Chas. F. Martin, M.D., and the executive offices are located at 143 College Street, Toronto. The vice-presidents are Lord Shaughnessy, Sir Vincent Meredith, Sir Lomer Gouin, Sir Robert Falconer and Sir William Peterson.

To interest the Montreal public in this great national movement, Major Frankwood Williams, of the Surgeon-General's Office, Washington, came here a few days ago and spoke to us in Strathcona Hall, relating in a modest manner the efforts made in the American army to cope with mental disorders, including shell shock and nervous collapse. Major Williams' great point was that the methods which have been followed so successfully among the soldiers must now be applied to civilians. He urged us to get away from the antiquated idea that mental disorder is any more mysterious or any more disreputable than physical disorder. He told us how, when the United States entered the war, Dr. Thomas W. Salmon had been sent to England to study the problems of mental disease, while other men of note had been sent to Canada, and freely

admitted that much valuable information had been thus obtained. "We were told by authorities overseas," said Major Williams, "on no account to send feeble-minded men, not even for laboring work; that such a type required constant supervision, and no one had any time to give to that class of men."

The question is entirely too large to be handled here, but the committee will gladly send pamphlets to those interested. Address the Toronto office, or Dr. Gordon S. Mundie, 660 Sherbrooke West, Montreal. The whole idea is conservation. So much human material has perished during the war that every effort must now be put forth to improve the conditions of life for every human being, thus bringing each to maximum efficiency. EDITH M. LUKE.

Montreal, Jan. 15th, 1919.

London Conference Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

ANNIVERSARY AT WALLACEBURG.

On Sunday, Dec. 15th, Wallaceburg Methodists had another day to be remembered. It was their church anniversary. It was expected that Dr. Chown, the General Superintendent, would be present and preach, but he was ill. Rev. Dr. Sparling, of Hamilton, came in his place. The day was fine, the congregations large, the music special and the preaching powerful. The congregation was asked for a collection of \$1,200, and they placed \$1,720 on the plates. That was done without subscription or canvass. It is no wonder everybody had a good day. Congregations which gather to receive are blest, but those which gather also to give are twice blest. It was ever so. The war has been teaching people everywhere to give. On Monday night following the largest audience ever gathered in the church listened to Dr. Rice, of Detroit, deliver his lecture on "World Reconstruction." Dr. Rice has become a great favorite with Wallaceburg people, and their expectations were not disappointed. These things are surely evidence that Rev. A. E. M. Thomson and his people are having profitable times together.

SOME NOTES FROM BLYTH.

Rev. R. J. McCormick, of Blyth, has been ill a great part of the last summer, but his people have been loyal and the church has not suffered. The Quarterly Official Board with great generosity became responsible for the supply a good share of the time. The anniversary, at which Rev. W. G. Howson preached, was the most successful in years, and the offering was \$350.

The Jackson's appointment of the Blyth circuit has been closed by an almost unanimous vote of the people, and now the people of that appointment will go to Blyth, where they were publicly welcomed and received on Dec. 15th. The finest spirit of harmony prevails. So now Blyth is a station, and the salary has been placed at \$1,200.

The Brotherhood is again organized, with many new members. They have planned to have "Men's Day" on Jan. 12th. Rev. R. A. Miller is to preach, and on Monday night a dinner is to be given. Feb. 9th is to be a special brotherhood day.

Miss Pearl Gidley, the organist, is in her place again, having recovered from a nervous breakdown.

THE STORY AN OAK MIGHT TELL.

It is a patriarchal oak. Of course many oaks look so, but this is a patriarch of the patriarchs. We have never heard of a Methodist oak, but if this old oak is not one

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it ought to be. There it stands, almost in the middle of a village street, in front of a Methodist parsonage, and looks down upon the Methodist church not far away. If it could speak it could tell of the time when there was no village. It saw those Methodists come and build their church, and then put up their parsonage. It is too bad, but truth demands the confession from that oak heart that the parsonage fell into a bad state. Thus it stood, a sorrow to the old tree, until, under the inspiration and leadership of a new preacher, the old parsonage was made new. Then the oak lifted its branches in pride. Those Methodists cared for their preachers, after all. Again the branches lifted higher when the church was repaired. Now the great tree looks down upon a comfortable parsonage home and a solid old church separated from the parsonage by an ample garden. The sympathetic old tree now looks down upon the pastor as he passes in and out, and concludes from the smile upon his face and the light in his eye that he serves a noble people. It has floated up that just recently the pastor's salary has been increased to \$1,300.

The old tree, too, has seen a sad sight, for just recently sorrowing friends carried to the last resting place the remains of Mr. Lenton Purdy, the treasurer, and one of the pillars of the little church.

If only such trees could sometimes preach, what sermons those would be. There would be sermons about courage and kindliness, and perhaps the greatest of all would be a sermon to Methodists, saying, "If you want good preaching from your pastor, use him well and stand behind him, for something of the spirit of the people enters into the sermon."

If you would like to see that patriarchal oak, go to the village of Wardsville, and Rev. Selby Jefferson will show it to you in front of his home.

JUST SOME NOTES.

Doris, eldest daughter of Rev. Selby Jefferson, has been very ill of typhoid after the influenza. She is in the Sarnia hospital, where she is in training as a nurse, being in her third year.

Rev. J. H. Knight and Mrs. Knight, of Milverton, have been ill of the influenza. Rev. Mr. Knight had pneumonia, and was very low for some time.

Rev. Mr. Herbert, of Putnam, is also ill. Rev. Murray Stuart and wife and child have all been ill of the epidemic.

Rev. S. Anderson, of Lambeth, has accepted an invitation to Ontario Street, Clinton; and Rev. Byron Snell has accepted an invitation to return to Hale Street for a fourth year. Rev. W. F. Ashton has also decided to remain at Wellington Street for a fourth year. W. R. O.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mrs. Irwin, wife of the Rev. W. H. Irwin, of Edmonton, Alta., which occurred on Sunday morning, Dec. 29th, after only a few days' illness with influenza. Mrs. Irwin was formerly Miss Laura Booth, of Toronto, a very prominent and useful worker in connection with Euclid Avenue Methodist Church. For some time Miss Booth was assistant to Dr. E. N. Baker during his pastorate at Euclid Avenue. The funeral took place in Toronto, the service being conducted by Capt. the Rev. J. W. Magwood. Mr. Irwin has also been very ill, and was not able to come to Toronto. Two sons survive.

Saskatchewan Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

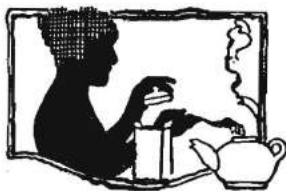
MORE ABOUT "FLU."

Once again this letter must have a "flu-ish" flavor. We were too premature in our rejoicings that we had got rid of the pest. Now again in many rural parts of this province the churches and schools are closed down, and indescribable conditions prevail. From different parts of the province come reports of interruption of church work and, what is infinitely more important, news of great losses in personnel. It will be our painful duty to chronicle some that have come to hand since the last letter was sent off to Toronto. Further testimony also comes to hand, prompted by previous paragraphs in the letter, of splendid service rendered by our ministers. The correspondent is coming to the conclusion that if he is to mention every minister who is reported by his brethren to have done good service during the epidemic, he had better put in a list of the ministers of the Church in Saskatchewan at once.

All the same, news has come to hand from different sources of specially creditable work done at Yorkton by Rev. J. H. Toole, by Rev. George Dorey at Prince Albert (who worked night and day for three weeks), Rev. James Semple at Eston, Rev. G. Crabbe at Kindersley; Rev. J. Griffiths at Kinistino, Rev. T. C. Hargreaves at Tisdale, Rev. D. Patterson at Star City, Rev. T. H. Sendall at Rokeby and Rev. W. R. Tanton at Melfort. One case is apparently unique—at least we have heard of nothing like it. At Morse our minister there, Rev. H. H. Kerley, did service that was so much appreciated that the Town Council recently met and awarded Mr. Kerley a grant of \$100, sending along with it a letter expressing the utmost appreciation. The Red Cross Society of the town also made Bro. Kerley a Christmas present of valuable articles.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

There comes to the correspondent news of the death of one of our finest New Canadians, a man who was doing remarkably fine service for the Church of Christ and for our new Canada—his name, Peter Yemen, of the Insinger settlement. Mr. Yemen labored unceasingly during the epidemic and did wonderful work, but in his heroic self-abnegation caught the disease and died. Before me as I write are two beautiful tributes to his memory, one written by Rev. J. H. Toole, of Yorkton, and the other signed with the initials "J. T. M. A.," which but thinly disguise Dr. J. T. M. Anderson, of Yorkton, educational expert for "foreign" work. Both deserve quoting in full, but space considerations would hardly allow that Dr. Anderson tell of the sacrifices that have been made all over Canada in the heroic effort to stay the plague called "flu," and especially the work done in the non-English-speaking districts. "When people of their nationality, cowed by superstitious fear, have held aloof, our Canadian teachers and others have hurried forward, and how many lives they have saved can never be told." He goes on to say, "One of those Good Samaritans was Peter Yemen, one of the noblest specimens of Canadian manhood, physically, morally and spiritually, the writer has ever met"—a fine tribute. Dr. Anderson gives instances to point the power of Mr. Yemen's influence. One man said, "I have wandered around among English, Americans, Galicians and others. There may be as good men as Mr. Yemen, but I never met them." Another man said, "Pete say to me, 'Never lie; a lie never get a person anywhere. A truthful man always wins out.'"



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Two or three years ago Mr. Yemen was chosen as the best man available to take charge of the Methodist settlement among the Ruthenians at Insinger, Sask. Despite all manner of difficulties Mr. Yemen has stuck to his service, and he has taught the children, been adviser-in-chief on the strangest subjects in many cases, helped them in their farming operations, besides doing work that we call, with our desire for divisions in life, spiritual and religious. Dr. Anderson tells how, even at the point of death, among his last words were, "The foreign problem can be solved." On which Dr. Anderson remarks that it can and must be solved, largely along the lines used by the Canadian hero, Peter Yemen. The large number of Ruthenians present at the funeral told of Mr. Yemen's influence. He is survived by a wife and three little children, to whom will be tendered the sincerest sympathy of the Methodist Church in Saskatchewan.

A FINE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

A cutting from the local paper of Eston tells of the death, through "flu," of Mrs. Morley J. Treleven, one of the finest Christian workers on the Eston circuit. The notice in the paper tells that her short life (she was only twenty-six) had been a path marked by deeds of kindness and cheer. "For service given in her Master's name, few lives, even in ripe years, have such balance on the credit side of the record in the book of life," declares the notice. Mrs. Treleven went to Eston six years ago as a bride, and has shown her helpful spirit in the church and Sunday-school work, as organist, and in a fine hospitality in her home. The memorial service was held in the Methodist church, on Saturday, Dec. 21st, and was conducted by Rev. James Semple. Mrs. Treleven leaves a husband, her parents at Alma (Ont.), and a large circle of friends to mourn her passing. Her presence and helpful service will be greatly missed by our church at Eston.

AN UNUSUAL DISTINCTION.

Rev. George Dorey, of Prince Albert, has attained an unusual distinction for a minister. In the recent civic elections in the city of Prince Albert he has been elected to the public school board. Mr. Dorey came out second at the poll, only missing the top place by two votes. This would seem to indicate that there are exceptions to the truth of the saying that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country." Evidently Mr. Dorey stands high in the opinion of the mass of the citizens of his northern city. Congratulations.

"GET ACQUAINTED."

The latest minister of our Church to be honored in this popular column is Rev. Frank M. Mathers, of Saskatoon. As Mr. Mathers has not been long amongst us, the correspondent copies some of the particulars given. He was born in Bruce County, near the village of Lucknow, and spent his early days on the farm. Originally destined for a teacher, Mr. Mathers taught for two years, after which he became a probationer and was trained at Wesleyan College and McGill University, graduating B.A., B.D. During his course he was awarded the gold medal in physical science and the Douglas prize in homiletics. (The Star says "honolities"—apparently the reporter was at sea this time.) Mr. Mathers was ordained in 1894, married Miss Della E. Sherlock, daughter of the late Rev. B. Sherlock, of Toronto. The Star adds: "Mr. Mathers preached his first sermon in Saskatoon on July 20th, and since that time has won an enviable place in the hearts of the people of Saskatoon."

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

Rev. R. H. Whiteside has been conducting an evangelistic campaign at Morse. He was accompanied by Peter Olsen, a boy singer, who was a great help to the meetings. Each

evening for three weeks the church was filled with people, who listened to the addresses, which were strong and true. Numbers of people made public decisions for Christ, and many others were awakened to renew their consecration. The local pastor, Rev. H. H. Kerley, declares, "The meetings have given us a good start for the winter's work." H. D. R.

Carievale, Jan. 6th, 1919.

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The Conferences

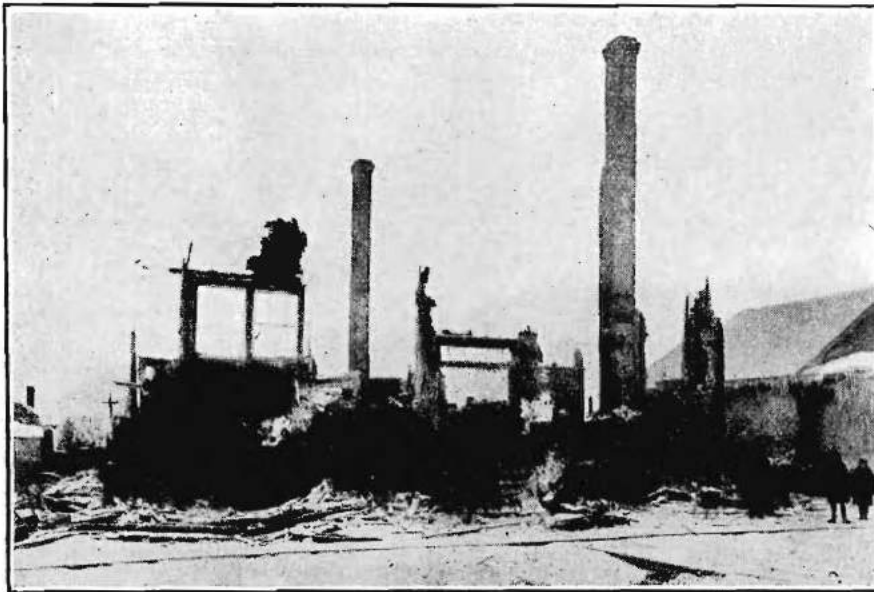
MANITOBA

St. James Church, Winnipeg.—The pastor, Rev. T. G. Bethell, B.D., writes as follows: "Just a word to let you know that we have lost by fire our church home and all its contents. This loss includes a complete equipment, pianos, organ, pews, chairs, Sunday-school equipments for two well-organized divisions (junior and senior), library, hymn books, pulpit Bible, etc., and part of my lantern outfit. Insurance was sufficient to meet mortgage, leaving a balance of \$1,650. We are on the road with nothing. All I want to say is that our trustees met and decided to face the problem of building again. We had not been in our new church home long, and had only

excepting one thing. He asked everyone in the church to move toward God—some perhaps in reconsecration, some in seeking for the forgiveness of sins, and some in other ways; but all should move Godward in this service, and, when the opportunity was given to show their determination to do this by standing, the large congregation rose in a body. Not one was left sitting. Then all bowed their heads while the pastor led in the prayer of consecration.

ALBERTA

Crossfield Union Church; R. Kells Swenerton, pastor.—This is a co-operation charge assigned to the Methodist Church. The co-operation is working harmoniously. A Mission Band of twenty-nine members was organized here some months ago, with Mrs. Swenerton as leader. The meetings have been well attended, accompanied with much enthusiasm, and it is hoped by this means to create and sustain interest in missions among the rising generation. The pastor



RUINS OF ST. JAMES' METHODIST CHURCH, WINNIPEG.
This church was burned to the ground on January 5th, 1919.

made one payment on it. Our Ladies' Aid equipment is gone—dishes, linen, knives, etc., everything in this line. If from any source help in any of the above can be had it will be thankfully received and put into use. We have opened a building fund, and are well on the way with the second thousand dollars. Our people are loyal and true, and have decided to build as soon as possible."

TORONTO

Parry Sound.—On Sunday evening, Jan. 5th, Rev. Dr. Smith, the pastor of Parry Sound Methodist Church, conducted the annual covenant service. After preaching a short sermon and speaking for a few minutes on the nature and importance of making a covenant with God, the pastor told the congregation that he wasn't going to confine them to any definite public action,

purchased a magic lantern and gave views of West China for the benefit of the Mission Band. He has also exhibited other sets of slides secured from the University Extension Department, and aims to have a magic lantern evening at regular intervals. A Victory Bond for missions was purchased by the Crossfield Sunday school. The circuit has six appointments, and travelling is done by automobile. There are four Sunday schools, two of them being newly organized since Conference, and it is hoped to secure leaders and open schools at the remaining two appointments in the spring. One appointment, Bottrel, twenty-five miles away, was taken on as a war measure. It was in pre-war days the head of a large circuit, the other appointments of which are at present entirely without services. The people are very appreciative, and should be supplied with a minister as soon as one can be secured. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." Crossfield circuit has decided to pay this year a salary of \$1,500, and, in addition, \$150 for car-keep and \$85 for moving expenses. The epidemic closed the town appointment nine weeks, and the outside appointments already eleven weeks, but the financial situation is encouraging, considering the adverse conditions of drought and epidemic. This speaks well for the interest and devotion of the people. The board has taken the burden of finance off the shoulders of the pastor. The Ladies' Aid surprised the parsonage folk with a Christmas gift of a cheque for thirty-five dollars as an expression of their good-will.

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DEATHS.

PATTERSON.—On December 20th, 1918, at the Methodist parsonage, Crystal City, Manitoba, Henrietta, wife of Rev. D. R. Patterson. Internment was made in the Crystal City Cemetery, December 24th, Revs. B. W. Allison and D. R. L. Howarth officiating.

CLARE.—At the Methodist parsonage, Warsaw, on Jan. 11th, 1919, Edgar Harold McCamon, beloved twin son of Rev. and Mrs. D. R. Clare, aged 6 months and 2 days.

IN MEMORIAM.

HORTON.—In loving memory of my dear mother, Harriet Horton, widow of the late Rev. Thomas Horton, who passed away at Sheffield, England, January 14th, 1918. "To fall asleep is not to die. To dwell with Christ is better life." Her son, Fred Horton.

CLEMINSON.—In loving memory of Frank Allan Cleminson, who died in Windsor, Ont., Jan. 5th, 1912.

Not dead, oh no, but borne beyond the shadow
Into the full clear light.
—Mother and Family.

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PORTRAITS.

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A private hospital scientifically equipped for the treatment of all nervous affections arising from financial, domestic or troubles due to the war. Rates are moderate, considering the quality of service.

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

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Chilliwack	50 55
Graham and Morsby Isl.	55 50

Total Receipts to date	\$125,687 77
Same date last year	\$148,246 23
Miscellaneous receipts to date	\$1,548 46

Connexional Notices

TORONTO WEST DISTRICT W.M.S.

The Toronto West District Woman's Missionary Society will hold their Annual Convention in Carman Church, on Monday, Jan. 27th. Afternoon and evening session. Dr. McKenzie, returned missionary from Japan, will give an address at the evening session. The members of the Woman's Missionary Society and their friends are cordially invited to attend this Convention. as an interesting programme has been arranged. Mrs. C. H. South, District Sec.

MINISTER'S ADDRESSES

Rev. John H. Oke, 1262 Lansdowne Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Rev. H. B. Parnaby, R. R. No. 3, Exeter, Ont.

TORONTO METHODIST MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

The next regular meeting of the Toronto Methodist Ministers' Association will be held in the Board Room, Wesley Buildings, on Monday morning, Jan. 27th, at 10.30. The Rev. Prof. McLaughlin will give an address on "The Interpretation of Prophecy in the Light of Modern Events." All ministers resident in the city and vicinity are cordially invited.

A. I. Terryberry, Sec.

LONDON DISTRICT.

The February meeting of the London district will be held in Wesley Hall, London, Tuesday, February 18th, commencing at 10 a.m. In addition to the regular business of the district meeting, there will be an open conference devoted chiefly to the interests of Sunday Schools and Evangelism and Social Service. Rev. Frank Langford, B.A., General Secretary of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies, and Rev. Walter E. Millson, Field Secretary of Evangelism and Social Service, will be present. Each circuit is urged to send, in addition to the regular District Meeting representation, four or more Delegates.—J. E. Holmes, Chairman; W. J. Ashton, Fin. Sec.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION.

The Rev. H. L. Roberts wishes through these columns to thank those who have sent to him messages of sympathy in his hour of great loss and grief. A competent housekeeper is doing splendidly in caring for the two little daughters. The members of Lundy's Lane Church have been exceedingly thoughtful and kind.

Wise and Otherwise

Wounded Tommy (to nurse, leaving hospital): "Thank's very much for yer kindness, sister. I sha'n't never forget yer. If ever there was a fallen angel, you're one."
—*Passing Show* (London).

"Don't keep calling me 'General.' I'm only a colonel."

"Scuse me, boss. I ain't disputin' yo' word, but any military gent'man dat gives me a dollar tip is jes' natcherly a 'Gen'ral.'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Village Pedagogue: "Darwin says we're descended from monkeys."

His Auditor: "Well, what about it? My grandfather may 'ave bin a gorilla, but it doesn't worry me."

Voice from the fireside: "P'r'aps not, but it must have worried yer grandmother."
—*London Opinion*.

"Yes," said Simpkins, "I want to do my bit, of course, so I thought I'd raise some potatoes."

"Well, I thought I would do that," said Smith, "but when I looked up the way to do it I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

THREE FUNERALS.

A Bad Man's funeral is a grand good thing!

Hallelujah!

Sound out the timbrel, dance and sing!

Hallelujah!

Three bad men are dyin' to-day!

Hallelujah!

Whinin' for mercy and yellin' away

Hallelujah!

Bill Hohenzollern's weak in the knees!

Hallelujah!

Old John Barleycorn's startin' to sneeze!

Hallelujah!

And Mars 'as a cough as rattles like peas!

Hallelujah!

Dig while ye may, boys, dig as ye sings

Big deep graves for the bold bad kings!

One big grave for the Bum-Bum Bill!

One big grave for the Rum-Rum Still!

One big grave for the Dum-Dum Kill!

Hallelujah!

Bury them deep in the leagues of sand!

In leagues of nations that ever will stand!

In temperance leagues that bless the land!

Hallelujah!

A-knockin' at the door is a gran' new day!

Hallelujah!

Oh listen to the drums of the mornin' play!

Hallelujah!

So bury the rubbish of hell away!

Hallelujah!

—*Bromide Smith, in "The Survey."*

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HOMES WANTED, in Christian families, for two children—boy, aged five years, dark hair and eyes; baby boy, aged four months, brown hair and blue eyes. Parents died with influenza. Apply to Rev. W. W. Ryan, Box 590, 34 Worthington St., North Bay, Ont. Phone 428.

WANTED, immediately, a housekeeper, to take charge of two small children (younger one age one and one-half years) and to look after the house generally. Good, comfortable home. Must be woman with good references. Write to Percy Hembruff, Little Current, Ont.

WANTED—Private family to board and give some necessary care to old gentleman in good health; good remuneration. Apply, Miss Rumsey, 25 Alymer Ave., Toronto.

THE BIG IDEA

Being an Exposition of the Purpose and Effort of the Methodist Churches of Toronto to Raise \$250,000 for Home and Foreign Missions

ISSUED BY THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY COMMITTEE OF TORONTO

SERIES I. No. 1.

For Campaign Ending January 31, 1919

The Call of Christ

G. A. Warburton, M.A.

We hear Thee call us, Lord,
In every need of men who wait for light,
To banish ignorance and superstition:
For when men cry for Liberty,
They cry for Thee, although
They know it not!

We hear Thee call us, Lord,
Great Brother of mankind!
If we have thought of Thee
As King and Lord,
Help us to see
That still Thou wear'st
The Beggar's rags,
Living in those for whom Thy blood was
spilt,—
"The least of these my brethren."

We hear Thee call us, Lord!
And gladly will we give
Our best, our all, to Thee,
Walking the way that Thou thyself did'st
take,
Bearing our cross for Thee,
And serving for Thy sake
Those lands beyond the sea.
Until at last we come to our reward,
And hear Thee speak again the gracious
word,
"Ye did it unto Me!"

Note.—This poem was written on request especially for the Toronto "Quarter Million" Campaign.

The Challenge to Methodism

The moral forces of the world have overthrown German military autocracy and the hateful things for which it stood.

This great triumph for the right has swept away many conditions that checked the progress of the Christian Church. It now becomes the imperative duty of the religious forces to intensify the campaign against the strongholds of heathendom and the evils threatening our own Dominion from within.

Unrivalled opportunities are offered to us. A horde of European immigrants soon will enter Canada, and it is vital that we be prepared to assimilate them. The character of the changing civilization of the yellow races is being determined in our day, and if we fail in our duty the next generation may be called upon to go through an ordeal even worse than the one we have experienced.

The last four years of struggle have shown us that men and women will not stint earth's dearest treasures when under the impelling force of a big idea. Old standards of service and sacrifice will not do. To be worthy of the times, the Church must place bigger objectives before its membership.

This is why the \$115,000 raised for Home and Foreign Missions last year is not enough for the year 1919, and this is why the challenge comes to Toronto Methodism to-day to raise the figure to \$250,000.

Make your personal contribution a fitting thanksgiving offering for the blessing of peace.

The Effort of Toronto Methodism

Our need is \$250,000—we have 50 churches to provide it—we are able to raise the amount. This is the BIG IDEA—we accept the challenge.

TO raise \$250,000 from Toronto's fifty Methodist churches for the missionary work of the Methodist Church of Canada—this is the Big Idea. This objective is a 100 per cent. increase over the missionary givings from Toronto churches for 1917-1918. A Bigger Idea is the raising of \$8,000,000 during the next five years by the Methodist Church in Canada for the Mission Enterprises of our Church. In the meantime we have the Big Idea.

Our objective—our Big Idea—means about \$5,000 per Sunday from our fifty congregations.

Our members and adherents have the means—the wealth—to provide this weekly sum with individual ease. What is required is a clear perception of the great Christian work which the missionary funds of our Church enable us to perform, and of individual obligation. Accordingly we have, in this issue of THE BIG IDEA, defined the work and the obligation, perhaps with some iteration, but certainly not with any too much insistence or vigor. Just why we expect and need the \$250,000 being asked is set forth in what follows.

I. The World is Rich

The surplus wealth produced during the first fifty years of last century was estimated to equal all the surplus wealth produced before that period. During the next thirty years the wealth production equalled that of the previous fifty years. This was equalled again in the next twenty years. The following ten years, 1900-1910, equalled that of the previous twenty.

II. Canada is Rich

Canada has shared largely in this vast and rapid increase in the world's surplus wealth. Foreign trade is an index to a nation's wealth. Here are figures to show how Canada's wealth has increased.

In:	Canada's exports were valued at:
1905	\$190,000,000
1910	280,000,000
1915	410,000,000
1918 (fiscal year ending Mar. 31)	1,540,000,000

or a gain in three years of \$1,130,000,000.

The favorable balance of trade for these three years was \$1,117,000,000, offsetting the unfavorable balance of the past seven years, which were our great borrowing years, and exceeding the total war cost for those three years by \$250,000,000—a quarter of a billion "profit" on the war.

The "increase" in the value of our agricultural products in 1917 was \$400,000,000.

III. Canada Has Saved Her Wealth

The wealth that has come to Canada since war began has been widely diffused and has been invested, for the most part, in Government war bonds. The amount of this invested wealth and the remarkable increase in the number of its possessors are shown by the following record:

The War Loan of	Total Subscribed.	No. of Subscribers.
1. November, 1915..	\$113,729,500	24,862
2. September, 1916..	201,444,800	34,526
3. March, 1917	270,768,000	40,800
4. November, 1917..	419,289,000	\$20,035
5. November, 1918..	690,000,000	1,079,900
Total for five loans	\$1,695,231,300	1,999,223

In:	The total deposits in our Chartered Banks were:	The total deposits in the Savings Banks were:
August, 1914....	\$1,002,830,595	\$346,069,908
" 1917....	1,392,587,080	952,591,321
" 1918....	1,569,618,382	1,014,711,865

Also, our people have been spending \$80,000,000 a year on automobiles alone. Meanwhile, Canadian insurance companies, industrial concerns, financial institutions and other commercial enterprises have piled up reserves, and our farmers have paid off mortgages, improved their farms and added enormously to their possessions.

IV. Toronto is Rich and Generous

Toronto's achievement in the matter of her givings to Red Cross, Patriotic and other philanthropic funds, and of her subscriptions to War Loans, has been a thing of wonder. In three years the citizens of Toronto gave \$30,000,000 to war philanthropies—one-third of the amount from all Canada! Last November, on top of all previous subscriptions to War Loans, Toronto's citizens invested in Victory Loan, 1918, the huge sum of \$144,000,000. Among Toronto's givers and investors Methodists surely contributed their share and probably something over.

In peace, as in war, for the Kingdom as for the Empire, each Methodist is called upon to do his bit in the present campaign.

TORONTO GIVINGS IN 1917-1918

District	Total Contribution 1917-1918	Objective for 1919	Members relied on to give	Average required from each member 1918-1919
East	\$56,000	\$110,000	10,000	\$11.00
Central	30,000	65,000	8,000	8.12
West	28,000	90,000	15,000	6.00
	\$114,000		33,000	