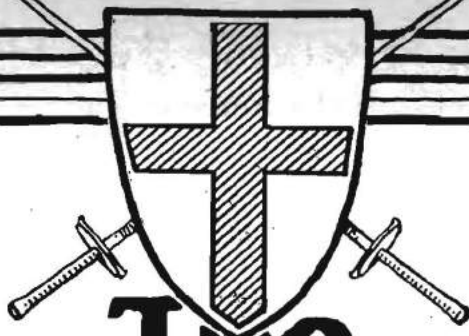


VOLUME
91



The Christian Guardian

Established 1829

NUMBER
10

TORONTO

MARCH 10th

1920

Worrying Over the Weather

A CERTAIN well-known writer tells us that we give altogether too much thought and attention to the weather. After giving somewhat close scrutiny of our own and other folk's habits in this regard, we have come to a very pronounced opinion that he is right. It is true that it has been very cold in this part of the world during the past few months. The street cars have been hideously cold, we have nearly perished on the bleak street corners waiting for them to come, and even our homes, do what we would, often have been chilling and comfortless enough. But we will venture the assertion, that the people who willingly let their minds run on the discomforts of the cold, and have made it a frequent subject of comment and discussion, have added at least fifty per cent. to their actual suffering from it. We have decided that there are three things we should do in this matter. First, absolutely refuse to talk about the badness of the weather. Second, refuse to think about it if we can get anything else to think about. Third, get the wholesome philosophy that it is better to make friends with the weather than to be always and pugnaciously at outs with it.

For a sane Christian man to spend about half his time complaining against God's weather scarcely seems consistent, does it?

On to Five Millions!

REPORT TO MARCH 5th, 1920

		Percentage of Objective	Objective
City of Toronto	\$1,032,000.00	128	\$ 800,000.00
Total, Toronto Conference outside the City....	275,000.00		
Total Toronto Conference	1,307,000.00	117	1,100,000.00
London	540,000.00	98	550,000.00
Hamilton	601,470.00	100	600,000.00
Bay of Quinte	338,231.00	94	360,000.00
Montreal	595,218.00	125	475,000.00
Nova Scotia	183,280.00	120	150,000.00
N. B. & P. E. I.	161,616.00	107	150,000.00
Newfoundland	Canvass in April		112,000.00
Manitoba	269,000.00	76	350,000.00
Saskatchewan	277,287.00	92	300,000.00
Alberta	75,000.00	37	205,000.00
British Columbia	133,763.00	89	150,000.00
	<u>\$4,481,865.00</u>		

THESE totals are based on returns received up to March 3. They represent an addition of \$200,000 since February 17, although for a fortnight some Conferences have not reported.

Storms and influenza have prevented many churches from completing their canvass, and we are encouraged to believe that complete returns will enable us to report \$5,000,000, a worthy expression of the spirit of the Methodist people.

This hope can, of course, only be realized if the churches press the canvass to completion. Representatives of the five central Conferences are asking their constituency to complete the canvass as far as possible by March 15.

The National Executive recommend that the whole strength of the Church be now turned to the attainment of the personal objectives, with Easter as a culmination of the campaign as a whole.

All reports indicate that where the financial objective has been reached, the church has been stimulated in every respect.

We strongly urge, therefore, that the financial drive be finished speedily and thoroughly on every field, so that all may concentrate on unreached objectives.

Methodist National Campaign

Subscription Rates: The Subscription price of The Christian Guardian is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance.

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Manuscripts and all matter intended for publication should be forwarded direct to the editor.

Discontinuances—The subscription is never dropped without a definite request from the subscriber. Unless notified to the contrary the publisher presumes that the subscriber desires to continue.

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

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

The Christian Guardian

(Established 1829)

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

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

Display Advertising rates will be gladly given on inquiry.

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



Items from the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN,
March 13, 1830.

The remarkable island of Heligoland is situated in the North Sea, near the mouth of the Elbe, the Weser, the Eider. It was for many years in the possession of Great Britain, who formed an establishment there on account of its naval importance. From a large island it has decreased to the small circumference of 13,800 feet. From authentic documents it appears to have contained in 1010 two convents and nine parishes. In 1300 it had but two parishes. It is easy to foresee that it will one day be entirely swallowed in the sea, which is constantly wearing off large masses of it. Its population at present is but 3,400, who support themselves by fishing.

A canal has recently been cut in Cochin China, twenty-three miles in length, eighty feet in breadth and twelve feet deep. The whole work was performed in the space of six weeks, although it was necessary to carry it through extensive forests and vast marshes; 20,000 men were occupied night and day, of whom it is said 7,000 perished of fatigue.

Portion of a speech from the Throne to the Legislative Council and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

"The assiduity with which the public business of this session has been transacted now enables me to relieve you from your legislative duties. Among bills passed are none which can afford more general satisfaction than those which secure the long-expected remuneration for war losses; the repair of roads; a convenient entrance to Burlington Bay; and the completion of the Welland Canal—a work as advantageous to the conjoint interests of the province as it is peculiarly favorable to the agricultural and commercial prosperity of some of its finest districts."

We are not able to supply subscribers with any more copies of back numbers; they are all gone.

A lady of intellectual tastes found it difficult to recollect all the facts she wished to remember. She therefore secured the services of a professor of one of the best memory systems.

Scarcely had the professor taken his departure, after a successful first lesson, when a loud double knock was heard at the front door.

"Who was that, Mary?" the lady inquired of the servant.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," said Mary, "it was the memory man; he forgot his umbrella."

In This Issue

MARCH 10, 1920

	PAGE
CURRENT EVENTS	5, 6
EDITORIAL—	
The Jane Addams Incident—	
The Rights of Labor—	
"The Dying City"—Decision Day and After—The	
Need of Hard Reading—	
Preacher Who Played ...	7, 8
PERENNIAL PERTURBATION AND THE SENSE OF THE KINGDOM.	
A. L. Phelps	9, 10
RACE-TRACK GAMBLING. A. W.	
Hone	11, 12
THE GREATEST METHODIST IN THE STATES. Prof. John A. Faulkner	12, 22
THE FIRESIDE	13, 14, 15, 16
FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS...	16, 17, 18
MOSTLY ABOUT PEOPLE	19
AT THE FEDERAL CAPITAL.	
"Candidus"	20, 21
THE SUNSET PROVINCE	21, 22
SOUTHERN ALBERTA HAPPENINGS	22
METHODISM IN MANITOBA	23, 24
THE CONFERENCES	24, 25
MUSIC	26, 27
THE FORUM	28, 29, 30, 31, 32
CONNEXIONAL NOTICES	33
MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS	35



¶ The Rambler had an interesting visit from Mr. R. H. Carney, of the Soo, a few days ago. Mr. Carney reports that his church, under the stimulating influence of the pastor, Mr. Bowles, set out to raise eight thousand dollars in the recent financial drive, and succeeded in "corralling" the entire thirty thousand of it. As a matter of fact, the National Campaign was made the very good excuse for clearing up a number of "impossible" local things that had needed doing for some time. Call again, Mr. Carney.

¶ We used to consider a person who wore a straw hat in February either a victim of extreme poverty or a fit subject for mental treatment. Remarkable how much poverty—or insanity—Toronto advance style devotees suffer from, isn't it? Straw hats in mid-winter—bring on the "deadly hemlock."

Anecdotes

¶ The prize-winning stories for this week appear below. The Rambler again reminds his friends that original items only are desired. Interest in the story contest continues unabated, but it does seem too bad not to be able to include more of the good stories in each issue, doesn't it? One good friend of the Rambler who sent in the story about the goat, appearing below, sent also a clever illustration of the orator in the act of making a complete goose of himself. Please don't forget that all the anecdotes must be brief and have some bearing on church life. Address them to the Rambler, in care of the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

No. 1. The preacher for a certain occasion was eloquent and intensely earnest. His subject was the historical fulfilment of Dan. 8: 5-7—the vision of the great he-goat with the mighty horn in the centre of his forehead. He proceeded to declare that the goat of Daniel's vision represented the military power of Greece, and that its mighty central horn represented the mail-clad phalanxes of the Grecian soldiery, which made Alexander's armies invincible. He stood at the end of the hall facing the audience. Above his head to the left was hung a large colored lithograph of the goat, with its tremendous frontal horn, which, with a long pointer, he frequently touched by way of emphasizing its destructive force. Growing more fervid on this topic, and facing his audience more directly, with his left arm pointing back to the picture, and his right sweeping circles to the front, he cried in stentorian tones: "Behold the mighty weapon with which he conquered—before whose stroke the enemy was scattered and swept away as chaff before the wind! Not his great head, nor his broad shoulders, but this, this (tapping as he supposed the horn) was the instrument of his power!" As the

(Continued on page 27.)

Mites in a Mighty Outpouring

Volunteers Challenge a Church---Sacrifice and Efficiency ---A Superannuate's Feat---Newfoundland Next---While in Hospital

All the Chinese and Japanese congregations in British Columbia went over the top early.

Rev. John S. Allen, of the New Brunswick and P.E.I. Conference, fifty-nine years in the ministry, led the congregation of Nakusp, B.C., through the campaign.

On many country circuits most of the money subscribed was paid on the spot.

Lakefield Methodists had an advertisement in the local paper just as the canvass opened, and much of the three-quarter column was devoted to the Inter-Church aspect of the drive.

Stewardship is a live topic at Lethbridge these campaign days.

The personal objectives are being sought earnestly by the isolated circuits of Newfoundland, and the financial objective is faced with courage, according to letters reaching the organizer from the pastors.

"The figures look big, but we shall do our best and not worry," says one. "Two thousand one hundred dollars is a big amount, but we are praying for success and will do our best," says another. After grumbling beautifully over Toronto Headquarters, another brother adds, "It is a big movement, and there is no time for pessimism."

The drive will probably be made in St. John's in Mid-April, and in the out-ports three weeks later, with \$112,000 as the objective.

At St. Vincent, Ontario, the pastor's wife died and the parsonage was under quarantine for five weeks until after the drive week. Then the drive was commenced.

Contributing \$3,100, Dundalk set the pace for the Owen Sound district.

"The showing of the co-operative charges which we took over from the Presbyterian Church in Northern Ontario has simply amazed us," said Rev. F. L. Brown, Superintendent of Missions.

A \$50,000 building fund went along with the National Campaign at Pembroke without hurt to either, thanks to the people's vision of local and national opportunity.

Organizers tell of a church near the Georgian Bay where a journeyman tailor with a large family gave \$25, setting the standard for the farmers.

Enrolment of eighty-eight new members went along with the successful financial drive at Collingwood.

"Most of our pastors deserve the M.M., and some of them the D.S.O., and a few of them the V.C.," writes a Conference organizer.

Gloucester Street, Ottawa, was asked for \$1,200. In three days this was exceeded. The canvasser was the minister, a superannuate and seventy-five years old.

Parkland, Alberta, was asked for twenty stewards and secured thirty-eight; for twenty personal workers and secured forty-three. The drive comes when the flu goes.

An aged lady, unable to attend church for some years and now ill in hospital at Pembroke, fearing that the campaign would close without being canvassed, asked the nurse to telephone the pastor and request a call.

"I would not want to miss this opportunity," she said, handing out her cheque for \$25 when the pastor entered the ward.

When eight volunteers for Life Service had spoken the cards were distributed, and Grace Church, Edmonton, responded at once with \$3,500 of its \$4,000 objective. "It was next door to heaven in that meeting," writes the pastor. Four young men of the congregation are preparing for the ministry; one well-educated young Chinaman will return to work for Christ in his native land; a young man and his wife will enter home mission work; and a young woman has volunteered for social service.

A Toronto canvasser was given \$5 by an old lady who rooms in an attic. At the next house he was given \$10 by a contractor who explained that "business was bad."

Olds, Alberta, had an epidemic of scarlet fever and then of the flu, and will have the canvass later.

Rev. J. W. McConnell tells the world through the *Wesleyan* that in Mr. J. T. Wilson the Nova Scotia Conference had the ablest and most energetic of Conference finance chairmen.

Before the drive opened seven men were ready to give \$100 each, almost half of the objective, at Margate, N.B.

"Our churches now are seeking double their objectives, in order to reduce church debts," says the British Columbia report.

The El Shadi class of fifty young men were canvassing at Pembroke. Eleven of them had just joined the church. One is a volunteer for Life Service.

"Our flax is under the snow, which means that the money will come when spring permits threshing; but we have \$800 in sight," writes Rev. J. Semple from Eston,

Sask. "Everybody seemed blue, blue on this district, with surplus cash under the snow, and nothing but hard luck talk. But after careful prayer and thought we said that this thing must go. When we asked, men borrowed in order to give. The pastors used to dig themselves out of snowbanks when canvassing, and then think of Headquarters—and laugh."

"Our literature went astray, but we have a candidate for Life Service, will hold evangelistic services, and hope to be there for the final count," writes a Newfoundland pastor.

"I had to ask some poor people to subscribe less than the sums they had named," writes Rev. A. D. McLeod, of South Devon, N.B. "When our drive for \$1,628 was about closed we found that the walls of our old church were caving in badly. It would cost \$3,000 to make repairs and put in a basement. So I canvassed the people again for subscriptions, to be paid on the same basis as for the Forward Movement. By Feb. 19th I had \$1,027. Then men in Fredericton heard of our plight and three gave us \$60, which greatly heartened us. Also some Scottish Presbyterians and other outside folk here have subscribed. I thank God for my generous people."

Carman, Man., which went far beyond its financial goal, had just raised \$4,000 and cleared its church debt.

An Alberta pastor suggests the provision of free lantern slides "in the next campaign."

During the week of Feb. 9-14 every lay and ministerial leader on the Welland district received a daily printed report of the work done to date on each circuit. On the Orangeville district the chairman struck off on the typewriter and mailed such a list every night, or in the wee sma' hours. And they were banner districts!

There is a pastor at Maberley, in the Montreal Conference, who leaves home on Saturdays, so as not to ruin his horse by the long country drives. But he is campaigning.

Rev. C. E. Manning has gone to Bermuda, and will assist in the financial drive on the "farthest south" district.

Six cottage prayer-meetings were held as an introduction to the drive at Parry Sound.

On motion of representatives of the Anglican, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian laity, Lakefield, Ontario, decided to repeat its inter-church banquet annually.

Eight Chinamen have enlisted as Intercessors at Nanaimo, B.C.

How times change! In December last Rev. Mr. McLeod wrote to the campaign secretary: "There is no particular interest taken here in the campaign. Through serious illness I have not been able to do anything much since last July. The men are away in winter, yet we will try to do our best." This was in South Devon, N.B., where a great triumph has since been won by a pastor who did his best.

Reports and Remittances

¶ Circuit Campaign Treasurers are reminded that all reports and remittances should be sent to the Methodist National Campaign, 526 Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

¶ Make cheques or drafts payable to "The Methodist National Campaign."

¶ Individual subscribers are requested to make all payments through their local Circuit Campaign Treasurers instead of remitting direct to Headquarters.

¶ Whether there be one or six appointments on a circuit, the Circuit Campaign Treasurer should handle all subscriptions and payments and forward all reports and remittances to Headquarters.

The Christian Guardian

Established 1829

The Teaching Profession

THE Hon. Manning Doherty, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, has announced that a complete readjustment of the salaries of teachers at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, will shortly be made, and that the amounts paid will be made to correspond much more nearly with the salaries given to teachers in the universities and other colleges throughout the country. The fact that the teachers at Guelph have not been nearly as well remunerated as the teachers in the universities will, probably, be news to many, some of whom at least will find it exceedingly difficult to understand why it should be so. Surely in a country like Canada the importance of the work being done at Guelph cannot be thought of as second to that being done in any other higher institution of learning. But whether bringing Guelph up to the standards already existing in other institutions will be sufficient looks to us extremely doubtful. The whole teaching profession from bottom to top has been very seriously underpaid for years, and what is needed is a very real scaling up all round. Under-paying the teacher, wherever he or she may be, is not only putting a hardship upon individual men and women who, from the spirit and nature of their work, are the last to deserve it, but it is as well placing a serious slight and handicap upon a great profession. It will be very hard to make the young people of the country think that we believe tremendously in education if the teachers in our institutions are struggling along on half salaries.

"A Thievish Measure"

THIS is how the *Freeman's Journal*, of Dublin, characterizes the British Government's new Home Rule proposals. Ulster does not talk quite so strongly; but Ulster is not very anxious for the new bill to become law. The new proposal is that Ireland shall have a sort of Home Rule such as we have in Canada, or possibly rather as they have in the United States. But part of Ulster is given its own local government, and while provision is made whereby it can unite at will with the rest of Ireland, it is under no necessity of so uniting. Naturally this pleases neither party, and yet we do not see any possibility of Ireland securing any measure which will suit her better. The Sinn Feiners want separation from England, but deny the right of Ulster to separate from Ireland. Ireland is apparently ready to fight for separation from England, and Ulster seems just as ready to fight against separation from England. So far as we can see now the prospects of an amicable settlement are still a long way off. England would be perfectly willing to allow Ireland to choose her own form of Home Rule, providing it was not separation from England; but the prospect of Ireland agreeing upon any form of Home Rule is not yet visible even in the imagination. The Sinn Feiners insist that Ulster must come under their control; and Ulster is just as determined that she will not. He is a wise man who can foretell the end of the struggle.

Suggested Educational Reforms

PROF. H. H. GAETZ, of Alberta University, spoke to the Edmonton Canadian Club a short time ago, and made some interesting suggestions as to radical changes in educational methods which he thought Alberta might carry out with profit. He urged that in all secondary education only half the time be

spent on books, and the other half be used in fitting the children for some trade or profession. Moreover, he suggested that as agriculture was the basic industry of Alberta, all the high schools should be removed from the cities and located on big farms, where the pupils would build their own buildings, mend their own machinery and manage their own establishment, under the supervision of trained teachers. Prof. Gaetz argued that the plan suggested would make it possible for many more children to get high school education, as they would really pay their own way. He further suggested that regular correspondence courses should be organized in different parts of the province, under the control of the university. Many will doubtless pooh-poo these suggestions, but they cannot be dealt with so summarily. It is becoming increasingly clear that our educational system must co-ordinate more than it has ever yet done the cultural and the practical; and it is certain that our universities must reach out to the farthest bounds of the province if they are to do their best work. Education must be brought more than ever to all our people.

The Reason for Passchendaele

LAST week General Sir Arthur Currie was in Ottawa, and to a gathering of soldiers he told the inside history of the assault upon Passchendaele. It was known that the attack, while victorious, was frightfully costly, and there was a suspicion that from the military point of view it was a mistake. General Currie admits that there were 17,000 casualties, but rumor had these magnified to 40,000. The reason for the attack lay in the fact that almost every part of the British army had been engaged, and the great battle was held up in front of Passchendaele, and the failure to advance was affecting the morale of the whole army. Moreover, the Allied Governments themselves had become more or less affected by the apparent hopelessness of the situation and were not unwilling to consider terms of peace. Under the circumstances Sir Douglas Haig decided that Passchendaele must be taken, and to the Canadians was committed the perilous task. No one wanted to go there. General Currie himself says he cursed the place with all the curses he could summon. The prospect was black, as every attack hitherto had signally failed. Yet the Canadians went and won one of the most important victories they ever won. And while it cost 17,000 men, yet it sent a thrill of victory through England and France that was well worth the sacrifice, and it helped to establish the reputation of the heroic Canadian army as one which was hard to beat. This is the story of Passchendaele as told by General Currie.

The St. Lawrence Canal Scheme

LAST week the International Joint Commission was in session at Buffalo considering the proposed plan of deepening the St. Lawrence canal system sufficiently to allow ocean-going ships to proceed westward as far as Chicago, thus making Chicago and intervening ports veritable ocean ports. Of course this would cost something, and the estimate of \$100,000,000 is probably below the mark; but it is estimated that along with the canal the water-power of the route could be developed to the extent of probably 2,000,000 horse-power, which would itself be sufficient to carry the cost of the canal. Such is the scheme. It is evident that if successful it would be an unspeakable boon to the great grain-growing States and provinces, and naturally these are

anxious that the plan shall be carried out. On the other hand, the great seaport of New York views the project with ill-concealed apprehension and is determined to balk it. It is argued that the new scheme is but a wild dream, which, if it could be carried out successfully, would render the Erie Canal useless, and would burden the State of New York with needless millions of expenditure. Finally, it is insinuated that the new project will help Canada at the expense of the United States. But this appeal to national prejudice loses all its force in view of the fact that it is the Western States themselves rather than Canada who are pushing the big project. Moreover, New York State itself, while not anxious for the canal, is very anxious for the water-power which the scheme would develop. Of course if the present scheme goes through the United States Government would have to become jointly responsible with the Canadian Government for the \$100,000,000 or more which would be necessary; and from our experience of the United States Senate we are inclined to doubt the possibility of putting such a plan through Congress. The possibility that Canada might receive some benefit from the canal would itself be sufficient to kill it in the opinion of some of the narrow-gauge senators.

The Black-Coated Brigade

IT is proposed to form in England what one has called "the black-coated brigade" as a branch of the great Labor organization. This is to consist of a federation of professional, technical and supervising workers, and the aim is first to bring this class of workers into much closer touch with the regular trades unions; and secondly, to form a union which shall voice the complaints and protect the interests of these black-coated classes, who just now are in many cases a great deal worse off than are the manual workers. In Canada also it is time that the black-coat brigade had some attention paid to its urgent claims. There is no bookkeepers' union, no clerks' union, no teachers' nor preachers' union, and the consequence is that while organized labor has secured an increase in wages somewhat corresponding to the increase in the cost of living, the black-coat brigade has been compelled to accept a wage which in many cases is grossly inadequate. And even more important than this is the urgent need of consolidating the working forces of the nation. The workers should rule the nation, but no one class of workers is competent to do so. All workers, male and female, should have a voice in the government of the country, and it is a wise thing that there should be a union of all the workers of the nation.

"Candidus" Once More

WE know that very many of our readers will be pleased to see that our letter from the Federal capital, which has been discontinued almost since the war began, once more finds a place in this week's issue, and that the writer is none other than "Candidus," who so greatly pleased us all for the many months that he contributed regularly to the columns of the paper. It was our great regret that he was compelled to relinquish his work for the GUARDIAN shortly after the war began, and that it seemed impossible to secure anyone satisfactorily to take his place. A practised writer, with full knowledge of our political history and problems, honest and single-purposed in all he writes, and as free from party bias as mortal man may be, we are convinced that "Candidus," in his

story from week to week of the working out of the problems of Government at our Federal capital, will be found full of interest and instructiveness. You may not always agree with him, it is true; but we know you will always feel that he is an honest man trying to tell the story as he sees it.

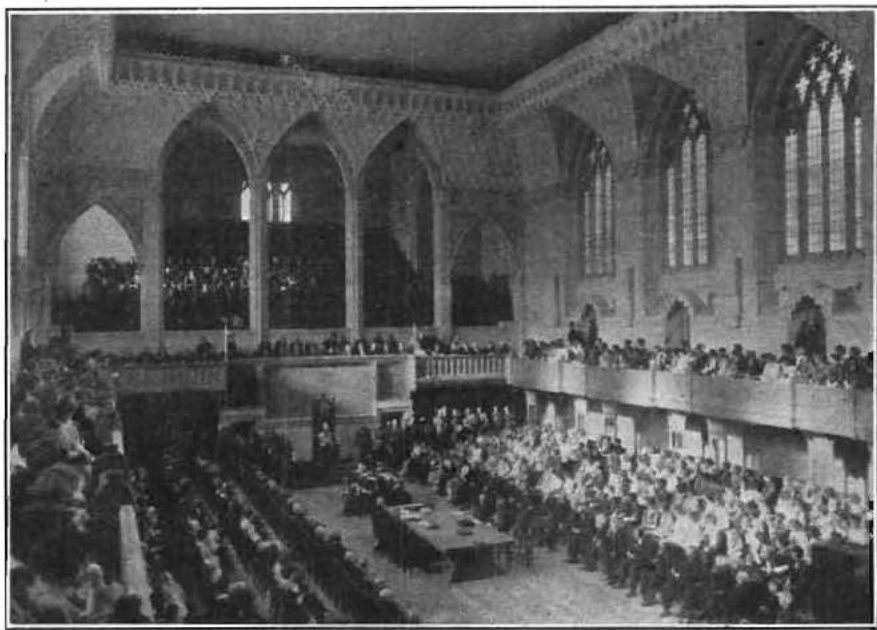
United States Aviation Expenditure

SOMETIMES the records of a nation's blunders are just as useful as the stories of her achievements, as they provide warnings by which other nations may profit much. A short time ago a special committee appointed by the United States Congress to report on the cost of the war revealed the fact that during nineteen months of war the United States Government spent \$1,051,000,000 on aviation, and sent to the front only 213 "clumsy and utterly dangerous" De Haviland-four observation planes. The United States aviators on the fighting line had 740 planes, but of these 527 had been "begged or borrowed from the Allies." The report says that 4,000 of the De Haviland planes were built in America at a cost of \$50,000,000; but the plane was "defective and dangerous," and Col. Deeds, who was in charge of airplane production up to January, should have been court-martialled. The United States prides itself upon its "efficiency," but an expenditure of over one billion dollars and 213 planes on the firing line is surely an awful record. Even "effete Europe" could not do much worse.

Provincial Prohibition Convention

BEFORE this paper reaches our readers the annual provincial prohibition convention will be in session in the city of Toronto, where it meets on March 9th, 10th and 11th. One of the matters for discussion will undoubtedly be the next step to be taken in the prohibition campaign. There are those who desire a plebiscite to be taken on the importation of liquor into the province, as provided by the recent legislation of the Dominion House, and there are those who seem to be opposed to this. Then the provincial branch of the Dominion Alliance has asked the Ontario Government to make certain changes in, or additions to, the provincial law, and the Provincial Government does not think it wise to accede to the request. One thing is clear, that if the prohibition forces of the province are to exert their full influence, either in Toronto or Ottawa, they must be a unit. Nothing would

please the Liberty League more, and nothing would injure prohibition more, than disunion amongst the prohibition forces of the province.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, READING SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, THE FIRST TO BE DELIVERED IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Dismantling Heligoland

WHEN Britain handed over Heligoland to Germany in 1890 it was hailed as a triumph of international brotherhood; but no sooner had it come into Germany's possession than Germany began to make it one of the strongest fortresses in the world. She spent \$175,000,000 upon it, and yet its great guns

were used only once in the great war. And now for a year men have been at work dismantling the fortress, and while much has been done, yet it is estimated that it will take another seven years to complete the work. The foundation of the harbor, which is about 2,400 feet long by 1,500 feet wide, consists of solid blocks of concrete, and all these have to be blown up. The guns are gone, and the great fortress has no longer any military value.

THE JANE ADDAMS INCIDENT

THEY have been having quite a flurry of excitement in Toronto University circles during the past few weeks over the proposal to bring Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, to Toronto, to give an address. One of the departments of the university announced their intention of getting Miss Addams to speak on the work with which she has been connected for so many years; but immediately their purpose was made public a strong protest against her coming began to find expression, and this grew in volume and intensity until those who had the matter in hand decided most reluctantly that it would be better that Miss Addams do not come, and the engagement accordingly was cancelled.

It will be remembered, of course, that Miss Addams was a member of Mr. Henry Ford's somewhat ill-starred get-the-soldiers-out-of-the-trenches-before-Christmas peace expedition. It will be remembered, also, by those who, fortunately or unfortunately, have a somewhat long memory, that Miss Addams, as was the custom with numbers of her fellow citizens at that time, had some very uncomplimentary things to say about the British Empire and her Allies, and said them in the somewhat high and mighty way that was then the fashion across the line. It was because of these things that such strong exception was taken to her coming to Toronto.

We will leave it to those who are much wiser than we are to decide whether the feeling which prompted such strong opposition to Miss Addams' visit is to be thought of as a virtue or a vice. There is, however, one practical consideration that we would like to refer to. We all readily admit, as was urged by some in the public discussion over this matter, that Miss Addams' pacifist sentiments could not in any way discount her ability to speak helpfully on the subject of social settlement work, about which she is such an authority. It is true, as was also urged, that the war is over, and that we ought to try to get over it just as soon and as completely as we can. And yet it is a fact that our stubborn humanity has a way of absolutely refusing to get out of the way of even such irrefutable logic as that. Whether it is right or whether it is wrong, we can rest assured that, for a little time at least, under anything like similar circumstances there will be exactly a similar state of feeling stirred up. In the interests of general good feeling, therefore, we are very strongly convinced that care should be taken that we have a minimum of such regrettable incidents as this one. And in giving that advice we are not, as some would urge, yielding beforehand to an unreasoning spirit, but asking rather for the exercise of a wholesome amount of common sense.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR

WE were struck the other day by a remark of General Atterbury, one of America's ablest railroad men, who was sent to France to deal with the railway situation which the war had developed, and who is a man intimately associated with the "big business" interests of this continent. Speaking of the present situation, General Atterbury said, "Perhaps America's greatest gain from the war is our realization of the rights of those who labor." Coming from a man in General Atterbury's position, and with his experience, the remark is noteworthy as going to the very heart of the questions which are vexing us to-day.

The heart of all our difficulties seems to lie just here. It is not a question of low or high wages, nor of greater or less education, but of the "rights" of man; and this is what makes the question one with which the Church of God absolutely must deal. So far as the science of political economy is concerned the Church can well afford to let rival schools fight their battles without interference; but so soon as the question touches a matter of justice the Church must take her part in the struggle. More than two thousand years ago the prophet hurled the challenge at his people, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" and this challenge is sounding in the ears of our own generation more loudly and more clearly than ever in the past.

"The rights of men!" This is the pivot around which revolves the greatest conflict of this or any other age. Men are not seeking mercy; they are not appealing for charity; they are demanding their rights. And no appeal to the past will suffice

to justify what in the present appears to be manifestly inequitable. The fact that men are demanding to-day more than they ever demanded in the past is no proof that they are wrong, but is rather a proof that they are wide awake.

In days that are gone we have stressed the rights of kings, the rights of governors, the rights of the rich and the mighty, the rights of the noble and the learned, the rights of the Church and the rights of the classes; but now a new note has been struck, and we are considering as never before the rights of the men and women who labor. We have long insisted upon the rights of the men who own the coal mines, but now we have reached the point where we are insisting upon the rights of the men who mine the coal. Our laws for centuries have testified to our regard for the rights of property, but now we are beginning to see that the rights of men are vastly more sacred.

What are the rights of the men who toil? The right to health and happiness, the right to his own home, the right to a liberal measure of the good things of life, the right to education, to amusement, to decent shelter and a living wage, the right to all life's necessities and to some of its luxuries, the right to freedom of speech in factory and foundry at home and abroad, the right to labor and the right to leisure—these are some of the rights of men, and that they may secure them for themselves and their children the men and women of to-day are fully prepared to defy hoary custom and the practice of the ages, and to insist that, if necessary, our present world be turned upside down. And in this struggle the Church of God cannot be neutral, and it is hers rather to lead the van in this greatest struggle of all the ages.

"THE DYING CITY"

THIS is the name given by Mr. Pollock, in the *Illustrated London News*, to the city of Petrograd. Less than four years ago the Russian capital was one of the busiest cities in Europe. Its population was estimated at 2,500,000, its streets were thronged with people, its factories were hives of industry, and its palaces seemed worthy of a great empire. But to-day there are only about 400,000 inhabitants left in Russia's great capital, and its streets are deserted and cheerless. As Mr. Pollock sees it, it is "a dying city." Where have the people gone? Mr. Pollock puts it simply, "they are dead." They did not go away, for they had no place to go. They waited in unheated homes and starved, or fell victims of typhus, smallpox, cholera and all the dread scourges that follow in the wake of war. There came a time when coffins could not be bought, but had to be rented, to be used again and again. Finally it was impossible to dig single graves fast enough, and so great trenches were dug, and numbers were buried in a common grave. There are no children in Petrograd, says Mr. Pollock, for disease has swept them all away. And only two years ago this same city was cheering like mad for the inauguration of the Bolsheviki régime, which was to usher in the Russian millennium! It may be that this dismal picture is overdrawn, but we fear it is all too near the truth. Poor Russia. Truly the road to international brotherhood seems a hard and strange one.

DECISION DAY AND AFTER

JUST at this time, while we are making strenuous efforts to bring men to Christ, and not a few of our churches are looking forward to, and preparing for, Decision Day in our Sunday school, we feel like asking what we are going to do with the young people who on Decision Day signify their desire to serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

What does Decision Day really mean? We were talking not long ago to a pastor who had not a few young church members who had been brought into the church largely through Decision Day, although some had been gathered in through an evangelistic campaign. Speaking of these young people the pastor lamented that few of them seemed to have the assurance of salvation. They were members of the church, and outwardly their lives conformed fairly well to Christian standards; but the pastor doubted if many of them were really sure that they were children of God. To him, and to us, this seems a very serious matter. The religious life that carries with it no assurance of salvation, and no conscious communion with Christ, is surely a long way from the ideal; and it should be the aim of every pastor to lead

his young people into a much more definite and satisfactory experience. For their own sake, and for the Church's sake, we covet for them a more positive and joyous spiritual life.

But how shall they reach this more definite experience; how shall they achieve this more triumphant faith? Some would argue that the lack in their faith springs directly from the lack of a well-marked and clear conversion; and they would urge all the young folks to seek this clear-cut conversion. But unfortunately when this advice has been given, in many cases we have had young folks seeking earnestly for months, and sometimes for years, an experience which never came; and at the end of the seeking they were still walking in the darkness. The truth is that either despite our teaching or because of it our young folks have a very mistaken idea of conversion, and almost invariably associate it with some peculiar form of religious experience of which they have heard or read. Conversion to them means something like St. Paul's experience, or is associated with supernatural light and unspeakable joy; and it is safe to say that this experience does not come to many of our young people, and it is not likely that it ever will. A child's conversion is so different from that of an adult that it is doubtful if we should use that term at all in speaking of their Christian experience.

We should face this fact fairly. There are probably not a few of our young church members who, if asked if they had ever been converted, would answer truthfully that they did not know; but if they were asked if they loved the Lord Jesus Christ they would answer just as truthfully that they did. To doubt the standing of these young people and to speak as though we were not sure of their salvation seems to us like a crime, a sin against the Holy Spirit. And yet we fear that in much of our preaching and teaching we imply that the Philippine jailor conversion is the normal and ideal type, and the type to which we have referred is a lower and much less satisfactory type. No matter who teaches this it is assuredly an error. We have no right to appoint a Decision Day and ask our young people to decide for Christ, and then turn around and tell them there is some other and much better way by which they should have entered the kingdom of God. And we have no right to teach our young folks to look for an abnormal and unusual change in their spiritual lives, such as has come to a few adults in the past.

We have a right to teach, as our fathers did, that when a young man or woman gives himself or herself to Christ, he or she is accepted then and there, even if there is no startling change in their feelings, or even if their hearts feel like stones. Christ never did reject an honest soul, and never will. More than this, we think we cannot afford to ignore the intellectual difficulty in which many thousands of our young people find themselves. When we talk about conversion we are speaking in what is to them an unknown tongue; and when we insist that without conversion there can be no entrance into the kingdom of God, we cause our young folks to question whether or not they have a right to call themselves Christians.

It is well to have Decision Day. It is well to have special services to help our young people to give themselves definitely to Christ. But when it is done, it would be well to see that somehow or other these young people are "built up" in the faith by wise and clear and scriptural teaching, so that they may not only "hope" that they are Christians, but may also have a very clear and definite testimony that they are indeed "children of God through faith in Christ Jesus." Decision Day does not end religious experience, it just begins it; and thereafter we need a good deal of sympathetic, wise and Christly counsel and teaching.

THE NEED OF HARD READING

MOST of us like something easy to read, something that makes no tax on our mental muscle, something that interests us, and perhaps charms us, but with a minimum of mental effort. And we read so much of this kind of material that when a writer treats us as thinking beings and writes in such a way that it requires some little mental effort to grasp his meaning, we unceremoniously throw him aside with the expressive verdict, "Too dry." And yet, in refusing to read anything but "easy reading," we are robbing ourselves of needed mental development, and cutting ourselves off from any possibility of improvement beyond a certain narrow limit.

Not very long ago Sir John McClure was addressing the Congregational Union at Bradford, England, and, speaking as a lay-

man to ministers, he said: "It may be necessary to spend time over newspapers and the popular books of the day; but it is much more important that time should be found, day by day, for hard reading and vigorous thinking, as well as for meditation and prayer. The value of the help you can give to others depends upon mental alertness—the mind made strong by knowledge and regular discipline—and not only upon experience and sympathy. The problems of the future in church life and in national life will not be solved by benevolent ineptitude or altruistic rhetoric, but only by 'mind and soul according well,' the enthusiasm of love directed by knowledge and understanding."

We cannot but think that these words are very necessary at this time, but we should apply them not to ministers only, but to teachers and statesmen, and to all who would secure an intelligent grasp of the hard problems which our age is asked to solve. It is amazing and disheartening at times to find leaders of the people, in discussing grave questions, feeling off platitudes by the yard without ever once getting at the heart of the subject which they are attempting to discuss. There is no lack of half-baked schemes for social regeneration, no lack of political and economic and religious cure-alls, whose wild and untenable claims are only too good evidence that their authors and advocates have never really come to understand the genesis and nature of the difficulties for which they so glibly and so confidently prescribe a remedy. In most cases the cocksureness is in inverse proportion to the study which has been bestowed upon the matter discussed.

We do not claim that "hard reading" will be a sure cure for this, for it will not, as we have only too many illustrations of men who have certainly worked hard at securing the facts and figures they needed, and who have worked just as hard in attempting a solution, but because they lacked a judicial mind they utterly failed to grasp the far-reaching nature of the problem in hand, and necessarily their solution was really no solution at all. But even admitting this, the fact remains that these men have at least done their best. They have failed to reach a wise conclusion, but for that failure they are not wholly to blame. And their failure makes it all the more imperative that the men who possess greater mental poise, the men who can achieve a saner solution, shall not fail because they have been too indolent or too indifferent to go to the root of the matter. We need wise leaders in every land and in every church, men who will patiently and intelligently think their way through the problems that are pressing us so hard, and who will be able to counsel us wisely and to lead us hopefully towards a better day. And as a necessary part of their labor there must be the willingness to do a good deal of "hard reading."

THE PREACHER WHO PLAYED

WE read last week of a good British preacher who loved to be with children so much that he would take part in their sports. One day the boys had gathered on the green for a game of cricket, and they thought they needed the preacher, so one of the little fellows ran over to the parsonage, cricket bat in hand, and when the preacher's wife came to the door he said, "Please, Mrs. S—, can Mr. S— come out to play?" Just what Mrs. S— said is not recorded, but probably Mr. S— "went out to play."

To some people this would appear shocking. That a minister of the gospel should forsake his books, and forget his sick saints, and lay aside his ministerial dignity sufficiently to play a game of cricket with the children will seem to some good people a strange and unaccountable thing. But to child-loving humanity, to fathers and mothers whose children listen to that preacher's sermons, it will seem a good thing, a wise thing.

Waste time! Not a bit of it. Sometimes the time in the study may be waste time; sometimes the time spent in ringing door-bells may be very unprofitable; sometimes the time spent in multitudinous committee meetings may be worse than wasted; sometimes even the time spent on one's knees may be not very profitable; but the time spent in making boys feel at home with the preacher is well spent, and its effect upon the coming years of the life of those boys will be incalculable.

We have heard of "the children's church," and we must confess that often we have viewed it with a little suspicion, but the true "children's preacher" is a man whose life will surely be a power in the community. It isn't the preacher's preaching that is the chief thing, but the preacher's personality.

Perennial Perturbation and the Sense of the Kingdom

I.

By

A. L. Phelps

NOW that the February boards are over and done, and the invitations have been accepted, or successfully evaded, or not received at all, throughout our Methodist parsonages the season of perturbation begins. The question in many a ministerial breast (male and female) is: What are the possible moves, what are the likely moves; and, of the likely, what is the best; and, of the possible, what is the worst; and would a letter to the chairman help, or will So-and-So hold his board off, or will So-and-So urge his board on? And so on.

Not all of these questions are selfish questions, if indeed any of them are. In some cases "best" move means a move to a place with a high school, to a place with a convenient and comfortable house for an afflicted wife, to a place with a church auditorium easy to preach in, necessary on account of a weak throat. In some cases (if there are two such throughout our Conferences the plural is justified) "best" move may mean from town to circuit, because of a love of farm folk and farm homes and country life, and a disregard for the tags and labels of conventional success. And, of course, in some cases (plural unquestionably justified) "best" move means a "move up," that is, a move from a circuit to semi-station, or from semi-station to station, or from town to larger town. The desire for a "move up" is not necessarily selfish, though short-sighted laymen and ministers sometimes claim the contrary. A move up may mean a larger arena for the exercise of possessed powers. It may mean that sermons worthy to be widely heard, heretofore delivered on a Sunday to two hundred people, will, by virtue of the move, be delivered every Sunday to two or three times that number. A move up may mean the bringing of a minister into contact with a jurisdiction he is peculiarly fitted to serve; it may put him into a place where he may far more adequately lose his personality in the interests of his church. If a minister in his own soul feels that his move up really means this, he is independent of anybody's comment as he legitimately and regularly moves up, and the fact that he may be going to receive two or three hundred dollars more in salary becomes an infinitely small detail in the transaction.

But a "move up" does not always mean any of the above-mentioned things. It may mean the very reverse of them. A move up, when achieved simply as a bit of engineering, may mean the placing of incompetency into the wide arena with the utmost opportunity to display inadequacy (how often does not the vital life of a whole Canadian town or city go on irresponsible and irresponsible because the religious leadership in the community is in feeble or unclean or fumbling and ignorant hands). There is a certain type of move up, always achieved only as a result of various

"activities," forcings of the pace, and connivings, that may jeopardize the spiritual welfare of a community for a generation. Moves motivated chiefly by the desire to rise to "standing," or to maintain "standing," invariably stultify the areas of the Church's life in which they occur. There are cases where all the finer things of brotherhood seem lost underfoot or buried beneath a whispering campaign as "position" and "standing," symbolized by "the best things in the Conference," is sought after. A pitiable picture is that of a young man gradually losing his larger vision and his spiritual quality in this game of precedence; a pitiable picture is that of an older man manipulating to the last to keep that place to which he has risen. These are the moves, and the moves up, even though they may be few and far between, that threaten the life of the Church. The man whose moves are so governed cannot stand as a clear man in his community, and subtly the law of his insufficiency for religious leadership will work. His failure may not be always apparent to the materially judging eye (indeed, sometimes the very sign of failure in these cases is feverish and spectacular activity), but the soul intuitive to perceive spiritual effects will take note of it.

It would be missing the truth to imagine that between now and Conference time there will not be considerable perturbation throughout Methodism in connection with the last-mentioned type of moves up. No one who has been at all intimately connected with Conferences would claim that they are the home of nothing but all the virtues, or that the Methodist system and personnel is flawless. Chairmen are chairmen, and also human. Ambitious men sometimes forget to enlarge their ambitions. The system is the system. And there is enough short-sighted and ambitious perturbation over the chances of a move up simply for its own sake, for the sake of the standing involved and the precedence achieved (for every Conference knows that there emanates from a man a different atmosphere from the moment when he is "down" for a town or city charge!) to justify comment and grave for remedy.

It is time someone inside the Church talked out in meeting about this condition, raising it by open discussion from the plane of gossip and scandal and even slander to the plane of a problem to be met and solved, taking all the risks of being charged with self-righteousness, taking all the chances of being accused of hurting the Church he believes in, and ready for the letters from the brethren who do not question his sincerity, but only his wisdom.

A young man, fresh to the business, came out of a Stationing Committee, of which

he was a member, the other year dazed and grief-stricken over the loss of illusions. "I can't understand it, I can't understand it," he repeatedly said. A chairman remarked to a young man as they journeyed together on the train one day, "The only way for a chairman to get anything in Stationing Committee for his men or himself is to fight for it. And I won't fight. I cannot do it."

The ring or group system apparently in operation in some of the Conferences round about and prior to moving time is, to the uninitiated, interesting and intricate, and something else—and sometimes also disastrous! The practice of mutually "opening up" a board in order to effect an agreeable trade, and the trick of "holding off" a board from inviting are phenomena adhering to the system which are not without their scientific interest for the psychologist who loves to analyze human nature. The ways of Official Boards in inviting constitute also a vivid subject matter for the psychologist. One blunt layman testified that the board he sat on "got stung" as often when they invited as when they didn't! He for one was against any more inviting.

A board in a certain Conference wanted a man (apparently because some of its members had seen his smooth smile); and refused one of the solidest, all-round ministers in the whole connexion. Two years later they invited and held out for a man who proved unsuitable. They then retained this man for four years, as one of the board put it, "to save their face and be decent." Most superficial standards of judgment are often used among boards. Selfishness is on occasion quite manifest, and spiritual short-sightedness sometimes seems to characterize every action that is taken. Certain of the laymen move about Conference like detectives, or stand in groups like secret societies. The telephone and telegraph offices are kept in a constant agitation, and no session of Conference but has its lobbies among the ministers, its lyings in wait and whispered questionings. One man is characterized by certain of his brethren as being "cute as a fox." Another "knows the chairmen." Another "knows just which members of his board to have sent to Conference in his moving year." So the system merrily or tragically goes annually on, turning out its lists of stations and charges.

All of this seems to grow out of one main root, the root of short-sighted ambition. Boards lose sight of larger issues when they become hot in the pursuit of a man they have set out to get. Ministers become limited in their outlook when they begin to think in terms of "standing" and "position," and to manipulate boards and themselves in the ever feverish and more feverish game. It becomes finally of more moment to a board to land their man than to save their town; of more moment to a

minister to gain standing than to keep his soul's fineness; short-sighted ambitions rise up and thwart the growth of that idealism which should be the flower of the Church.

II.

This article began by guarding itself, by the early analysis it made, against the charge of unmitigated pessimism. But it would be a sorry pen that, claiming to be optimistic, impaled an evil and could not emblazon an ideal. The underlying principle of all the above writing is a grounded belief in the Church's inherent and natural idealism. The proof that belief is simply made manifest when the hope is expressed that certain thwartings of this idealism of the Church might be more frankly recognized and, by being more frankly recognized and understood, be eradicated. No one, as far as the writer knows, has ever said half of the above things in print. But nearly everybody concerned at all for the spiritual welfare of the Church has voiced them quite loudly, or has thought them in troubled silence. Our system has been growing more hectic and feverish of late, and the writer believes that nobody really likes the condition, and that the fundamental passion of the Church is for a return to quiet health and wholesomeness in the stationing of men.

Discussion of these things, once initiated, might take two or three lines. A body of opinion might arise and organize itself to deny the existence of any such situation as pictured. Certain other types of mind would admit the existence of intricacies and involutions in our system and defend them, and admit also the existence of the Conference manipulators, and defend them on the ground that something of the kind must be done by somebody. Still others will admit the whole situation as outlined and hinted at, and, deploring it, set about to analyze it and go on search optimistically for remedy.

The writer, as will have been gathered, numbers himself in the latter class. To his mind it is not enough to say that all the comic and tragic and pitiable annual happenings of the past few years in connection with the stationing of men have come about simply because of the inevitable mixing of the invitation system with the Stationing Committee system. Without the addition of short-sighted ambition (a vigorous, whimsical, dangerous element), it is surely possible that this inevitable mixing could easily take place, and continue its process, and evolve for the good of the Church into something, composite and new, it might be, but vital and straightforward and firmly defined.

The analysis may be all out, and the writer utterly beside the point, but this element of shortsighted ambition in the Church seems to be in the main responsible for the things that cause earnest and sincere men, young and old, to be troubled about the operation of our stationing system. Not selfish ambition. To claim that would be to lay a charge from which even the forwardness of this pen would shrink. But shortsighted ambition, a far different, and far less hopeless thing. "But you've

got to get on in your conference!" said a young man, justifying the fight he had allowed his chairman to put up for him against odds. He was voicing a fine and keen ambition, which ambition in itself, as far as it went, was laudable. But "to get on in the conference"—just what does it mean if not guarded very carefully, and to just what blindness to larger issues and finer ends may it not eventually lead? Is it not a truth, and not a sentimental and hyperbolic thing at all, that many a man seeks and finds "standing," "gets on" in



BAINBRIDGE COLBY,
The new American Secretary of State.

his conference, and, at the same time, loses something more precious, loses breadth and inner satisfactions and depth, eventually becomes enamoured of a little world of risings and fallings and loses the very spirit that is the Kingdom? . . . People coming in contact with such a man feel that he has lost out, that a surrender has taken place in his soul, that the quality of the issues he cherishes has depreciated. Again let it be said that the attempt here is not to picture a selfish man or a crass man, but rather a limited man, a man who has so limited his ambitions as to be in turn limited by them. There is a tragic subserviency in the subserviency to parochial ambitions which Wesley never knew. No man more surely loses his awareness of the world than the man who narrows his horizon to church politics and reduces his sense of values till it is only a sense for "standing" or loss of "standing," "dignity" or "indignity," convenience or inconvenience, in a Methodist conference. No man is more dependant than such a man. To such a man only to think of taking a "lesser" field or a step down in "standing" is to contemplate unendurable calamity, calamity to be forestalled by almost any means the system will provide. Such a man has become the victim of a shortsighted ambition, and the losing of what is after all but a little thing among the eternal values of the world has become to him the losing of all.

The writer is convinced it is this shortsighted ambition, already started in its growth in the young man who "must get on in the conference," that creates in the

attempt to relieve its perturbation, the additional and unnecessary "machinery" alongside the regular machinery of the Church's stationing system. It is this added mixture that makes our trouble. This is the thing that motivates the wrong kind of moves up which thwart our idealism.

It sounds too platitudinous to be vital, but the truth is, the remedy lies simply in achieving a sense of the Kingdom and keeping it. The writer knows this is the truth because he has watched men for whom in certain crises it has worked to give peace of mind instead of a riotous mood, and a quiet heart in the place of grievance. After all, the Kingdom and its issues and eternal values is bigger than a loss or gain of "standing," and more important than a particular kind of parsonage or a particular type of people or church plant or field. And a man verily can achieve and maintain a glorious spiritual independence by keeping in touch with those issues and those values, so that the details in connection with moving remain the details and the verities remain the verities.

A man who is really aware of human life (and that is to keep the Kingdom and its issues and values in mind and heart), who reads more than the daily press, who is interested, for instance, to know in these days the original backgrounds of Marxian socialism and its modern applicability and inapplicability (this is the Kingdom business), who wants to understand Russia, and has tried to study the Peace Treaty as history will study it, who, as he stands in his pulpit in some little town or in the church in the country by some bending road or in the heart of the great city, thinks of the earth-full of religions and races and passions and ecstasies, of the populous hopes and despairs burning themselves out on the map of the world, who stands there quiet and aware, and quietly tries to set forth His few eternal verities that underlie it all—that man has achieved his emancipation from the worst of the perennial perturbations that vex at this time of year our parsonages.

He has been delivered from shortsighted ambition.

Feb. 27, 1920.

On a warm afternoon last summer a motorist stopped at a village in Vermont and entered the only drug store in quest of liquid refreshment.

"Give me a plain soda," he said to the somnolent octogenarian who presided over the fountain.

"What flavor—choc'lit, strawb'ry or v'nilla?"

"No flavor; just a plain soda."

"We ain't got no plain sody."

"Why, of course you have," insisted the motorist; "just plain carbonated water, without any flavoring."

"Oh!" said the patriarch, scratching his beard. "Waal, what kind of flavorin' do you want it without?"

The motorist stared, then grinned.

"I'll take it without chocolate flavoring," he replied.

The old man pattered about for some moments among an assortment of untidy looking bottles. Finally he straightened up and said:

"You'll have to take it 'thout some other kind o' flavorin'. We're all out o' choc'lit."
—*Evening Post Magazine.*

Race-Track Gambling.

By

A. W. Hone

AS the whole question of race-track gambling is likely to come before the present session of the Dominion Parliament, it behooves us to be upon the alert lest a small group of men, who are financially interested in the race-track gambling business, succeed in balking the will of the overwhelming majority of the people of Canada, just as they did in 1910 when the Miller Bill was defeated. A few prominent Ontario men seem to possess a hypnotizing influence over the law-makers at Ottawa. Thus prohibition is thwarted for the sake of the Ontario breweries and distilleries, and in the past race-track gambling has been tolerated for the sake of the Ontario Jockey Clubs, for six out of the eight Canadian racing clubs in operation in 1917 were located in that province. It is probably more than a mere coincidence that Ontario is likewise the headquarters of the Liberty League, which exists to prevent the extinction of the whiskey business, and which has come out as the champion of race-track gambling. This explains the League's bitter opposition to the Hon. W. E. Raney, Ontario's new Attorney-General, who has earned the commendation of all good citizens by his indefatigable labors in exposing the iniquity of Canadian race-track gambling. Much of the information here presented is gathered from a Report upon the Business of Race-Track Gambling, prepared by the Hon. Mr. Raney, and published under the direction of the Social Service Council of Canada. If this report could be placed in the hands of every Canadian elector there would be no question of the fate of race-track gambling. Should the business be allowed to get under way again now that the war is ended, it would be to Canada's dire shame.

The race-track gambling issue came prominently before the country in 1910, when the late H. H. Miller, M.P., introduced a bill designed to make race-track gambling an offence under the criminal code. As it is, the criminal code provides a penalty for all other types of commercialized gambling, but expressly excepts the business of gambling when carried on under horse-racing auspices. A Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the bill, and after hearing a mass of evidence this committee reported in favor of it. From the nature of the evidence the committee could not come to any other conscientious conclusion. In spite of the committee's favorable report the bill was defeated by one vote. This was owing to an intensive lobby maintained by the racing interests of Ontario, and to the opposition of members of Parliament who were financially interested in the race-track gambling business. Such men as Sir Edmund Osler and Sir Allen Aylesworth were bitter in their opposition to the bill. Of course the fact that some opponents of the bill were making anywhere from 200 to 2,000 per cent. annual profits on their investments in Ontario race-tracks had nothing to do with their strenuous opposition to the measure. This latter fact may serve to explain the connection of certain

prominent men with the Liberty League. As a sop to public opinion the Jockey Clubs consented to place a limitation upon the number of days' racing to be allowed in any one year; and they also recommended that race-track gambling be carried on only by incorporated racing associations, and that no new associations should be incorporated saving under certain stringent conditions. Of their own accord they abolished the malodorous "bookie," and substituted betting machines known as "pari-mutuels." From these machines the Jockey Clubs derive a "rake-off" of from six to twelve per cent. of all the money passing through them. The net result of the defeat of the Miller Bill was to give race-track gambling a new lease of life, and to create a monopoly of the business, to the enormous advantage of the holders of Jockey Club stock. Race-tracks increased in number, and the gambling business increased by leaps and bounds until in 1917, when the war ban was placed upon race-track gambling, the money passing through the betting machines amounted to a staggering total, being not less than \$25,000,000 in one year.

The waste of time and energy expended in horse racing, together with the colossal waste of the people's money, compelled the Dominion Government to put an end to the scandal for the duration of the war and six months thereafter. This period having expired, the Jockey Clubs are preparing to continue their gambling business in the same old way. However, the Government, with the time-honored purpose of shifting responsibility, last year appointed a commission to inquire into all phases of the horse racing and race-track gambling business. Strange to say, a Dr. Rutherford, who was one of the chief witnesses in behalf of race-track gambling before the Select Committee in 1910, was appointed chairman of this commission. Dr. Rutherford has not yet presented his report, but it is anticipated that it will be none too harsh upon the race-track gambling industry. In 1917 the Ontario Provincial Government took a hand in the matter, and appointed a well-known firm of chartered accountants to attend the race-meets and make a full report as to the receipts and expenditures of the racing associations. The material gathered by the Select Committee of 1910, the Provincial Government accountants, and the Rutherford Commission, make as damnable an indictment against race-track gambling as could well be made against any social evil. In the light of the evidence produced, how any self-respecting man can maintain his association with the race-track gambling business is beyond comprehension. An inordinate love of money affords the only solution.

Space forbids a full resumé of the evidence produced at these three investigations,

but here are some of the things brought to light.

The counsel for the Jockey Clubs made much of the high auspices under which the race-track gambling was carried on. It was under the distinguished patronage of knights, judges, senators and members of the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments. This truly is one of the most pitiable features about it. Without a doubt the time is coming when no man financially interested in any gambling enterprise will be tolerated in the public life of Canada. But the Jockey Club counsel quite forgot to mention some of the other men who own controlling interests in Ontario race-tracks. They kept discreet silence regarding the notorious American gamblers, who, driven out of the United States by anti-race-track gambling laws, found a haven of refuge in Canada. They completely neglected to state that when the war ban was put upon the business eight out of nine Ontario tracks were controlled by professional "rake-off" men, some of them with notorious records. These eminent counsel neglected to point out that the periodical invasion of race-track undesirables gave the Canadian immigration authorities grave concern; that the American managers insisted upon employing their followers from the United States, many of whom were pro-German during the war; and that in employing help, these alien professional gamblers gave preference to pro-Germans over returned Canadian soldiers, and that, when remonstrated with, one of these track owners said that he did not care for the soldiers. The fact is, as the Hon. Mr. Raney points out in his report, the United States race-track gambling fraternity, having been driven out of their own country, dumped themselves upon the Province of Ontario, bag and baggage. Truly race-track gambling is carried on under most distinguished auspices.

The financial returns from the race-track gambling business made it one of the most profitable investments in the Dominion of Canada. In the light of these returns the apologists for race-track gambling cut a ludicrous figure as they solemnly declared that they were actuated solely by a love for good sport and concern for the horse-breeding industry. They would have gained at least the respect of the public by a plain intimation that they were fighting for their pocket-books. One member of Parliament secured a block of stock for nothing, and after spending five or six thousand dollars, sold his stock for \$45,000. A certain judge received a present of \$4,000 for his services and a bonus of \$1,000 per year. A senator and an ex-M.P. each received a bonus of two shares of stock, valued at \$10,000. The sale of the stock of one club yielded the owners \$100 for every one dollar invested. The capital stock of another club was increased from \$10,000 to \$600,000, and each person who paid in \$100 now owns \$6,000 worth of stock, upon which an annual dividend of 10 per cent. was paid at the time the war ban was enforced. Each shareholder re-

ceived \$600 for every \$100 invested. This is the kind of thing bound to develop an all-consuming sporting instinct!

The accountants appointed by the Ontario Government reported that for the half-season of 1917, at eight race meetings, on seven tracks, upwards of \$12,500,000 passed through the betting machines, yielding the seven clubs concerned a "rake-off" of \$1,162,000; and this not counting gate receipts or other income. If racing had been permitted for the entire season of 1917, it is estimated that \$25,000,000 would have passed through the betting machines, with a "rake-off" of at least \$2,225,000. As it was, on the half-year's business the Woodbine paid 5 per cent. on its \$600,000 worth of stock, \$590,000 of which was bonus stock; and the Hamilton Club paid 8 per cent. on its \$600,000 worth of stock, \$596,000 of which was water. These figures explain why racing charters became worth at least \$50,000 each.

One of the chief arguments advanced in behalf of race-track gambling is that the abolition of the gambling would destroy the horse-breeding industry. This argument runs as follows: No race-track gambling would mean no horse-racing, and no horse-racing would mean no thoroughbred horses. Plenty of evidence has been produced to show that the type of horse bred for racing is of little use for any other purpose. But even if such were not the case, there was a

decline in the number of such thoroughbred horses long before the war ban was placed upon race-track gambling. In 1906 there were seventy-eight registered stallions of this type. During the next three years, in spite of unrestricted racing and gambling, the number had dwindled to thirty-one. In 1917 the number still stood at thirty-one, having made no gain since 1913, despite unlimited race-track industry. Last year there were nineteen such horses registered, a decrease of twelve during the period of the war ban. Supposing this decrease of twelve to be due entirely to the cessation of racing, surely it would be the utmost folly to maintain the whole racing and gambling machinery at full blast for the sake of twelve thoroughbred horses. The fewness of the thoroughbred stallions even when racing was at its height shows the insignificant nature of that type of horse-breeding. Must the Canadian people put upwards of \$25,000,000 into betting machines each year for the sake of maintaining a small number of thoroughbred stallions? In view of this argument in behalf of the horse-breeding industry, the following extract from the Hon. Mr. Raney's report is most amusing: "But the Americans bring their own horses—weedy racing machines, without stamina, and of little use for breeding purposes, except as, after they have served their short lives on the Canadian racing circuit, they may be

shipped down to Louisiana to become dams for mules." Race-track gambling, even though it could be shown to be necessary to the welfare of a few horses, is of great injury to human welfare. If the choice lies between a few thoroughbred stallions and the economic and moral welfare of thousands of Canadian men and women, there should be no question as to the course of action our Government should take.

Upon the evidence of the racing interests themselves, the Ontario tracks are operated mainly as gambling instruments. Without the gambling there would be little financial incentive to keep the tracks going. Behind it all is the greed for gain. The Jockey Clubs are indifferent to the welfare of the community so long as they can draw fabulous dividends from the avails of gambling. Police testimony shows that the closing of the trace-tracks greatly decreased the number of such crimes as embezzlement, which means also that there was a decrease in the number of suicides. But the racing interests are as callous as the liquor interests to such considerations as these. It is up to the people of Canada to say whether they will longer tolerate race-track gambling for the financial benefit of a few "prominent" men in Ontario and Quebec, and for a number of American professional gamblers who are forbidden to carry on their nefarious occupation in their own land.

The Greatest Methodist in the States: The Late Dr. Buckley

By

Prof. John A. Faulkner

Drew Theological Seminary

SOME think that the man who passed away a few days ago, at his home in Morristown, N.J., after a brief illness, was, on the whole, the most influential factor in Methodism since the days of Wesley. I would not go so far, because comparisons are uncertain. Jabez Bunting was a mighty force, Thomas Jackson was another, and Asbury had a vast deal to do in the shaping of early Methodism in America; but certainly since the death of Nathan Bangs, in 1862, no one in America exercised in our Zion for a long time a wider, deeper and, on the whole, a more beneficent influence. He was a member of every General Conference from 1872 to 1912, the most frequent debater (so much so that editors of secular papers in cities where the General Conference was held referred to that Conference in the words, "Dr. Buckley is in session"), and the chief power in legislation. He was editor of *The Christian Advocate* from 1880 to 1912, and his influence here was incalculable. He took positive sides on all questions before the Church, but when once decided he loyally stood by the decision. And even before they were decided, he tried faithfully to reflect the general mind of the Church. That was one reason why the paper did not at once declare itself, and people joked about Buckley being on the fence until he found out which way the wind was blowing. But he was not on the fence. No one ever had clearer convictions, or less hesitation in declaring them,

and his attitude on women in the General Conference lost the paper thousands of subscribers. But he always put the Church above his personal views, and loyally defended her position. His wide reading and universal intelligence made the reading of the *Advocate* a liberal education in those thirty-two years. We all remember his series of articles, each worthy of being reprinted in book form. He underwent large and costly research in getting up some of these articles.

In questions at issue among Christians he was conservative-progressive. On biblical criticism he saw the trend and did not fight it, so long as revelation was guarded. In this he was unlike his contemporary, Mendenhall, of the *Methodist Review*, who ran amuck in a wild way. Buckley believed thoroughly in the general Protestant doctrines in which he was trained, but his mind was a scientific one, and he was ever on the search for light.

He was much interested in the borderland of sanity and insanity, became an expert in it, and a trustee of the Morris Plains Asylum, N.J. His medical knowledge was extensive, and I was not surprised to see many medical books in his library, especially on the psychological side. He was behind Seney in his magnificent beneficence

in founding a Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn, was president of the board of trustees for years, and made the *Advocate* an organ of hospital work.

He was a trustee of Drew Theological Seminary, 1878-1920, and the seminary never had a warmer friend. Largely through his advocacy in the board two of the most eminent scholars in America, Rogers and Curtis, were placed in the chairs, and one other professor had also to thank him. He was himself able to fill with preparation any one of two or three chairs; but he had his work, and he kept to it.

As a lecturer he was a favorite, clear, lucid, interesting, full of fact, anecdote, principles. An omnivorous reader, wide traveller, keen observer, tenacious memory, all he said and wrote was instinct with intellectual life and information, and guided by a judgment and common sense never surpassed. For this reason his books will well repay reading for many years to come. He studied his subject with care, and ran up clues to the farthest light. His book on "Extemporaneous Speaking" is the best ever written; that on "Christian Science and Kindred Phenomena" is as informing as it is convincing; that on "Fundamentals and their Contrasts" is a clear-cut discussion of the vital issues of religion; that on the "Theatre"—you need no other; that on "Woman Suffrage" is on the unpopular side, but it is probably the best ever put out; and his two "Histories of Methodism

(Continued on page 22.)



THE FIRESIDE



St. Patrick

Scotland, England, France and Wales all claim to be St. Patrick's birthplace. But all agree that he was of a patrician family. He was born about the year 372, and, when sixteen, was carried off to Ireland by pirates, who sold him into slavery. Here he passed seven years, during which time he acquired a knowledge of the language. Escaping, he at last reached the Continent, where he was successively ordained deacon, priest and bishop. And then Pope Celestine sent him to Ireland to preach the gospel. His principal enemies there were the Druidical priests of the more ancient faith, who, being magicians, would have been formidable antagonists to anybody with less miraculous powers than St. Patrick. Their antagonism was so great that he had to curse their fertile lands, so that they became dreary bogs; to curse their rivers, so that they produced no fish; to curse their kettles, so that with no amount of fire and patience could they ever be made to boil; and, as a last resort, to curse the Druids themselves, so that the earth opened and swallowed them up. A popular legend tells that the saint and his followers found themselves one morning on a mountain without any fire to cook their breakfast. St. Patrick made them collect a pile of ice and snowballs, which he breathed upon, and it instantly became a fire.

The greatest of his miracles was the banishing of venomous reptiles. Colgan relates that St. Patrick did this by beating a drum, which he struck so fervently that he knocked a hole in it, thereby endangering its success. But an angel appearing mended the drum, and the patched instrument was long exhibited as a holy relic.

The shamrock is almost universally worn in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day. The popular notion is that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity he used this plant, bearing three leaves on its stem, as a symbol of the great mystery. The trefoil in Arabic is called "Sham-rakh"; and Pliny, in "Natural History," says that serpents are never seen upon trefoil, and it prevails against stings of snakes and scorpions. This, considering St. Patrick's connection with snakes, is really remarkable. An old poem regarding the shamrock says of it:

"The plant that blooms forever,
With the rose combined,
And the thistle twined,
Defy the strength of foes to sever.

"Firm be the triple league they form,
Despite all change of weather;
In sunshine, darkness, calm or storm,
Still may they fondly grow together."

—Taken from "*A Chronicle of Holy Days and Holidays*," written in 1863.

The Adopters who Came Back

Proving that Life is Stronger than Logic

Mrs. Merton thrust her needle viciously through the meshes of the pretty blue serge frock she was tucking.

"Yes," she insisted, "we must take Eunice back to the home. It isn't as though we hadn't done our best to win her. She never even thanked me for this new dress! Only said it was too long and asked me to tuck it up for her! Besides, she lied to you this morning, just as she has done every day since she has been here."

"But she has had such a dreadful start in life, you must remember," protested the man. "Perhaps if we gave her a little more time—"

"Eunice has had three months to forget in; but she knows what no child can ever forget. She knows the seamy side of life. Some children would never have learned it, no matter what they experienced. She is naturally coarse-minded.

"Lawrence, there is nothing else to do but take her back. And you know it in your heart as well as I do. We may as well stop talking about it and go with her right away to-morrow. I'll pack all the things she has been given and get her ready. Perhaps we can be happy again

after this awful experiment is over with. We wanted a little child, not a little encyclopædia of evil knowledge. Come, Lawrence, make up your mind to take her to-morrow and get it over with."

Lawrence Merton stepped to the door.

"Eunice," he called.

A small figure in a pretty pink gingham bounded into the room.

"You were listening," he accused.

The child's handsome, old-young face wrinkled apprehensively. She stared shrewdly from one anxious countenance to the other.

"Couldn't help it," she protested.

"That is the reason, Eunice, I am going to take you back to the home to-morrow—that and other things. You don't try to tell the truth and be good," announced Mr. Merton. He knocked the ashes from his pipe ostentatiously and walked out of the room.

"Can I wear the blue dress?" inquired Eunice. "It would look real swell to the other kids. Will you drive right up through the grounds with the car, and me on the front seat?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Merton dully. She had

hoped that the child would at least be sorry to go.

The next afternoon the Merton car rolled away from the orphanage gates at a faster clip than it had ever been driven before. Eunice and her bag of new clothes and toys had been left with the matron, and the two middle-aged people in the car were eager to forget the experience. The twenty-mile ride from Lowelltown to Syracuse with a strangely quiet Eunice had nearly broken their decision to return the child to her place in the orphanage. Nevertheless, each knew it was the only thing to do.

"I feel like a hangman," muttered the man as they swung up the broad avenue leading to the university. "I had even planned some day to send her there." He nodded toward the great buildings that dominated the sky line.

"I know!" comforted his wife. "But the matron herself said she knew Eunice wasn't the kind of child to get fond of. She had never been the least affectionate to anyone, and she had been in the orphanage since she was a wee thing of five."

"Poor little kiddie!" muttered the man, giving the car an extra touch of power.

"She told me to-day she wanted to warn us when we took Eunice," went on the woman, "for she feared we were misled by her prettiness and her bright ways. Only she didn't think it right to spoil the child's chances for a good home."

"Oh, there isn't anything for us to feel badly about, of course," assented the man. "We took the child only for three months' trial, and she has gone back with all the pretty things you gave her. I—I don't think she was at all disappointed, either."

"No," assented his wife soberly; "that is the hopeless part of it. She didn't seem a bit sorry to go, and she never said a word about all the things we have given her. She was only a little scared about what the matron might say to her. That's why she was so quiet on the way in. That child is only capable of fear, not of love. She—she took everything for granted, and she was old enough to understand we were trying to be good to her."

"How old is Eunice?" inquired Mr. Merton suddenly.

"Ten, and sophisticated enough for thirty! But that wasn't the real reason I wanted to give her up, John. We might have made her forget the things she should never have known. Besides, she wasn't to blame for not having had a child's protection. The worst of it was she wasn't lovable of loving. She could never have loved us, and after the first I knew I couldn't love her. We were too hasty in selecting her."

"I don't think so," quietly insisted the man. "We had been looking several years for a chance to adopt a pretty, healthy

little girl, without any relatives to bother with her. And when we found Eunice, with only a little lame sister she had never seen and was never likely to see, it seemed too good to be true. But it is all over with, and we have to forget it, or pretend to."

Presently they left the city pavements and struck the pleasant asphalt State highway. But for the first time in their lives neither sensed the glory of the autumn woods through which the road wound, nor the smart tang of the pine and gentian-scented air that blew down from the hills.

"It was not until the sun had dropped in a splash of vermillion behind the shoulder of the hill beyond which lay their home that Mr. Merton spoke again.

"Elizabeth," he suggested. "I know it's going to be mighty lonesome for you. A girl is lots of company in the house. You—you don't suppose she'd have been more loving and—nice—if we'd kept her a little longer, do you?"

"Now Lawrence, I thought we'd threshed that all out! I thought you'd even made up your mind to take her back before I'd ever spoken of it!"

"That's so," he admitted. "I had even talked it over with the minister. And he said he was afraid we would be disappointed if we kept a child of her tendencies. He—he thought we ought to adopt a real little child, just a baby, with nothing of the world to unlearn." He threw out the suggestion tentatively.

"No, Lawrence," interrupted Mrs. Merton. "We're too old to bring up a baby, or even a very young child. We're too set in our ways. That was half the trouble. We've put it off too long."

Mr. Merton found no answer. He turned in at the farmhouse gate with a flourish that indicated to his wife that he was dismissing the matter definitely from his mind.

But neither was able to dismiss it actually. The next few weeks were a nightmare of loneliness for both of them. Nevertheless, the strain of trying to love an unresponsive child was lifted, and they were conscious of a shamed relief.

They decided to close the house for the winter and go to New York. Neither felt equal to an existence by themselves after their disheartening experiment.

Sometimes Elizabeth found herself wishing her husband's lucky strike in Pennsylvania oil fields had not been made, and that

they were still dependent on the actual working of the little farm for a living. Now that the farm was no longer a necessity to them, it had in some way ceased to be a home. The sense of futility was on them, and made them weary even of each other.

But to their dismay the city proved no refuge from their growing morbidness. Elizabeth found her unwonted pleasures worse than empty, and John failed to work off his rasped nerves in a series of mild but unsuccessful speculations.

At last, in the middle of a January blizzard, Elizabeth decided to go home. To her amazement she found her husband more eager than she was. Lowelltown, at least, could be no worse than the emptiness of a great city with nothing in it either of them was in the mood to enjoy.

In fact, Elizabeth was a little frightened over the state of nerves she realized they were both in, and made up her practical mind to force them both into a more wholesome attitude. She realized, too, that their failure to find a new interest in Eunice had been but the climax of a gradual failing of their interests in life. In the face of this she rather dreaded the return home, though it seemed to be the only thing to do.

Their train crawled into Lowelltown station late in the afternoon, delayed hours by the blizzard. Mr. Merton tried to persuade his wife to stay at the hotel and go out home in the morning. She refused, scorning the terrors he painted of the cold and empty house. There had been no time to arrange ahead for opening and warming it, so hasty had been their panic-driven decision.

So they got the horse from the stable where he had been boarded during their absence, and with a load of groceries from the store started for the three-mile distant farm.

To their amazement, something of the home-coming spirit descended upon them as they drove along the white, far-stretched village street. The scattered street lamps came winking out before they had covered half of the distance. They rode in a strange peace between the rows of great trees that stood, snow-covered sentinels, along the roadside. From the widely-scattered houses, set in comfortable grounds, cheerful lights came streaming out.

"I declare it's good to be home again,"

suddenly announced the man. "City is all right for excitement, but this is home to a fellow born in it. There's room to breathe without rubbing elbows with a garlic-smelling crowd."

"Everybody in the city doesn't eat garlic," amended his wife, laughing a little. She remembered this as an unreasoning old grievance of her husband's whenever he was in a crowd.

They stopped at the nearest neighbor, separated from their place by a little rise of land, to get milk and eggs and butter. Of other things that would keep in their frost-proof cellar there was plenty.

"Why, I thought you were home!" exclaimed their friend as she greeted them. "I saw smoke from your chimney, I thought, blowing over the hill yesterday. I'd have gone over if it hadn't been for the storm."

"It must have been a mist," explained Mr. Merton. Nevertheless he quickened the horse's pace to a gallop up the hill and down around the bend of the road to the house.

At the gate he drew rein with an exclamation of surprise. Up and down the snow-filled path to the porch were criss-crossing little tracks. Otherwise the snow was undisturbed from the previous night's storm. A thin cloud of smoke was puffing lazily from the chimney. The kitchen curtains were up.

"Tramps!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton.

"With feet that size," chuckled her husband. He opened the gate and drove into the yard. At the kitchen door he sprang from the sleigh, his wife at his heels.

As they stepped on to the porch the door flew open, and a little figure in one of Mrs. Merton's blue aprons appeared in it. Beside it snuggled a still smaller figure, that of a very tiny girl, swaying uncertainly on a small, crooked crutch.

"Eunice!" gasped Mrs. Merton. The little girl caught the apron up from under her feet and ran to her. She grasped Mrs. Merton by both hands.

"Please," she said, all in a breath, "they said at the 'sylum that you couldn't love me 'cause I was too big. So I've brought my little sister out for you to try to love. She is awful teeny and cunning—and—and lame now, only she's going to get all over that. She just loves to be snuggled, but there ain't nobody at the 'sylum to do that for her, and she's got too old to stay any longer at the babies' home, where they keep real little babies. She came to my home 'fore Thanksgiving, an' she's just cried an' cried ever since, she was that lonesome. I did my best, an' they let her sleep in my ward by me, but I couldn't be a real mother to her somehow. I'm not big enough, quite. So I thought of you, an' I just brought her on for you to try. I'm goin' right back, of course, an' I'll take her with me if you won't try her. Only it seems as though anybody ought to love Rose Marie," finished the blue gingham figure hopefully.

During this recital, evidently long planned, they had all been standing ankle-deep in the snow of the porch, motionless from astonishment. Rose Marie brought them to their senses. She lifted up a bell-clear little voice in a wail of piteous fright.

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Mrs. Merton shoved Eunice ahead of her and picked up the lame baby in her arms. She stalked into the kitchen and sat down in the chintz-covered rocker beside the stove. A great fire was roaring there, and the room was comfortable. Mr. Merton and Eunice stood on either side, rather uncertain and frightened, both of them.

Rose Marie stopped crying as suddenly as she had begun. She snuggled her head contentedly on Mrs. Merton's shoulder. The woman looked at her closely. She recognized the little blue frock on the baby as the one she had made for Eunice just before sending her back to the home. It had been cut down and taken in for the baby's tiny form with the success one might expect a child of ten to achieve.

But in spite of her awkward garb little Rose was a child to tug at one's heart. Her small head was covered with tow curls, filmy and fine as cornsilk. Her eyes were a wonderful dark blue and her skin a creamy satin. She was not at all like Eunice, who had a strutting, dark beauty quite unusual in so young a girl. This baby had an appealing sweetness entirely independent of her good looks.

On the silence of the room suddenly fell Eunice's high, insistent voice:

"She's just half as old as I am. She's five. Her mother died when she was teeny, and that's why I went to one 'sylum' an' she to another. I was too old then to go with her to the real babies' home. She's real little for five. She needs to be loved a whole lot!"

Still neither the man nor the woman spoke. Mrs. Morton rocked the tiny form, and her husband stared fixedly at the window.

Eunice looked uneasily from one to the other. Perhaps she had not presented her case strongly enough, after all.

"The doctor at the other 'sylum' did something to her last year, and her leg is going to walk just like the other, just as soon as she gets real strong. He said she needed mostly to be fed up. I heard the matron say so! But she didn't get exactly what you would call fed up at my 'sylum, where they brought her just before Thanksgivin' Day." The clear voice dropped with a strange little quiver.

For the first time Mrs. Merton looked closely at Eunice. She saw that the child had on one of the other dresses that had gone back to the orphanage with her. There was an unfamiliar expression on the shrewd little face, that had somehow or other lost most of its hardness. Her keen eyes met Mrs. Merton's questioningly.

"If you will just keep little Rose Marie and love her so she will get well and walk like other little children and be happy, I'll go right back this minute. I can walk to the 'sylum. It isn't more than fifteen miles the shortest way. Somebody would give me a lift, too," she added encouragingly.

"Come here, Eunice," said the woman.

She caught the child by the chin and tilted up her head to look in her eyes. "I believe you really love Rose Marie," she asked gently.

Eunice nodded, unwontedly shy. As she looked at the child in Mrs. Merton's arms her eyes filled with tears.

"I never saw her till 'fore Thanksgivin'; but she's my sister, an' I love her like anything."

"I should think you would want her to stay where you are, then," probed the woman.

"I want her to be happy and get well and walk—and—and—be good and nice like you and the rest of the folks out here. You're different from the 'sylum folks. Please," she finished abjectly, "will you keep Rose Marie?"

"I shall keep you both till the storm is

they sat down to a hastily-prepared supper. Eunice had helped deftly and interestedly. It was evident she was exerting herself to provide a welcome for her little protégé sister. Both the children were very hungry. Little Rose Marie drank her glass of warm milk with an eagerness that bore out Eunice's suggestion that she needed feeding.

"I do believe the little thing is half-starved," exclaimed Mrs. Merton.

"No," protested Eunice. "I fed her after we got here, only I couldn't find anything but potatoes and cabbages and some crackers. I cooked the potatoes and she ate some, only she never liked them much. But I didn't let her starve. There was a can of condensed milk, and I opened that and made her a drink."

"How long have you children been here, and how did you get here?" demanded Mr. Merton. They had purposely delayed questioning the children till after they had been fed and warmed.

"They let me take Rose Marie out to walk yesterday morning. It hadn't begun to snow then. I saw it was my chance. I had been planning to get her here for some time. So I just slipped her dress on over her 'sylum dress and pinned it up under her coat. I did mine the same way, too. Then, when we were out of sight I let them down so nobody could see the uniform and guess we were runaway 'sylum kids. I had the dollar you gave me when I went away, and that paid our fare most here on the cars. After that we caught a ride on a milk wagon part of the way, and then we walked a bit. I carried Rose Marie when she got tired. She is so teeny I could. We got here by noon, before it had snowed much.

"Of course," concluded Eunice, "it made me feel a little queer to find the house shut up, but I thought sure you'd be home pretty soon. Nobody would think of leaving a nice house like this for long! I didn't like the snowstorm, either, but we slept right here by the fire, and it wasn't very bad."

"But how did you get in the house, you and that baby?" wondered the man.

"I looked under the back door doormat. You'd forgotten the key you used to leave there. That let us into the shed. Then Rose Marie, she's so little she just squeezed through the hole you'd cut for the big cat to go in and out. She pushed back the bolt on the door and turned the key you'd left in the lock, and then I got in."

"Crawled through the cat hole," exploded Mr. Merton. He got up and spanned the cat hole with his hands. Then he lifted Rose Marie appraisingly.

"Bless your little heart!" he commented. "You'll soon be too fat to get through even big Thomas Peter's doorway if you stay here with us."

"And then," continued Eunice, evidently eager to tell her whole story, "I brought in a hod of coal from the shed and built



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL ROBERT EDWIN PEARY.

over, and then we'll see what is to be done," promised Mrs. Merton.

"Then it's all right," exulted Eunice, shining-eyed, "for nobody could have Rose Marie that long and not love her. Then, too, she'll get used to you before I go back."

Mr. Merton, who had been listening interestedly, turned away abruptly and went down the cellar stairs. A second later he was heard tackling the long-cold furnace with unnecessary vigor.

"I believe he is glad to see Eunice again," thought Mrs. Merton. "I don't know but that I am! She seems different, some way." Then she put sleepy Rose Marie down in the big chair and began making things comfortable in the house for the night.

Half an hour later, with the warmth from the furnace seeping through the rooms,

a big wood fire and put the coal on when it was going like anything, just the way you used to. And I cooked us some potatoes right away—and—and—I got us each a spoonful of jam from the big stone jar. I'd told Baby Rose Marie how good it was, and she wanted some the first thing. Then I found the crackers and milk, and we just kept the fire going and waited for you to come. And that is all, except where is Thomas Peter?"

"Thomas Peter" has been staying with Mrs. Dixon over the hill. He always boards there when we are away. He'll be coming home as soon as he sees signs of life around."

"And the fat white hens and the brown cow," persisted Eunice. "I thought maybe I should have found them and fed them."

Mr. Merton shot an approving look at her. "They're all over the hill. I'll get them to-morrow. But you said you got

The First Spring Day

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet.
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate;
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kidding one by one.
Sing, robin, sing,
I still am sore in doubt regarding spring.
—Christine Rossetti.

here before the storm began yesterday. How about all those footprints in the snow leading to and from the gate?"

"I kept running down to the gate to see if you were coming, and to call poor Thomas Peter," explained Eunice with simple lucidity.

Mr. Merton rose, put little Rose Marie, whom he had been holding, into his wife's lap, and strode into the still chilly front hall.

"I'm going," he explained to his wife, "to telephone to the orphanage and tell

them the children are here, and that we're going to keep them for a while."

Mrs. Merton put out her free hand and drew Eunice toward her. She looked searchingly in the little too-old face.

"Eunice," she asked quietly, "would you like to stay here and help me take care of little Rose Marie?"

"Me! stay here with Rose Marie!" whispered Eunice unbelievably.

"Yes," confirmed the woman; "I'll keep Rose Marie if you'll stay and help me take care of her."

"Oh, won't I be good!" carolled Eunice. She dropped on her knees beside the rocking chair, and began taking off her sister's tiny shoes.

"Lawrence," called Mrs. Merton, "when you get that connection, tell them we want to keep both children—all the time."—Gertrude Robinson, in *"The Epworth Herald."*



FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



The Tuck

When mother fashions Mary's gown
She always makes a tuck,
Because the skirt must needs go down
When Mary's going up.

—Agnes Cairns Pohlmann, in *"The Youth's Companion."*

A Visit from a Mocking Bird

There is an Alabama man who, though a lover of birds, has never been at all fond of keeping them caged. Canaries never interested him, as he had not seen them in their wild state; and all our wild beasts seemed to him unhappy in captivity. But when a friend who was going north on a month's visit asked him to take care of her mocking bird while she was absent, he quite willingly consented. He thought he knew the bird well; he had heard it sing often, and knew that it could sing well. He also knew that it was a sociable fellow, so tame that it was often allowed the freedom of his friend's house.

The bird bore the name of *Mimus*, which seemed strange to many people; but the Alabaman knew just enough of ornithology to be aware that this was, as a certain old lady once called it, the mocking bird's "botanical name." In the books the mocking bird is called *Mimus polyglottos*.

This specimen had been permitted to bear the book name to this extent in the hope that it would turn out to be a famous mimic. As a matter of fact, it never seemed to mimic anything during its sojourn at his house except the cat. This one accomplishment in mimicry it certainly did display to an alarming extent.

Mimus came to this man's house in his cage, which was all wrapped up so that he would not suspect that he had been moved. He did seem to suspect it, however, for during the first day of his stay he did not

utter a note, and eyed everybody with suspicion. Through the second day he was more agreeable, and was allowed to fly about the room.

On a little tray on a dressing case the Alabama man's wife kept some simple articles of jewelry—a ring or two, a brooch, and some gold buttons. On the second afternoon of *Mimus*' sojourn she went to put on the brooch, and found that every article on the tray had disappeared.

She was somewhat agitated, for she had no doubt that a thief had been in the room. She made some search, but found no trace of her jewelry.

When she reported the matter to her husband on his return at night he was as sure as she that her articles had been stolen. He reported the theft at police headquarters. There was no one in the house whom they could for a moment suspect of the theft, and they had no doubt a sneak-thief had entered the house.

The day after this was Sunday. The husband was at home nearly all day. In the afternoon, as he was lying on a sofa, half asleep, while the mocking bird was flitting furtively about the room, the man was surprised and interested to see the bird fly to a bookcase that stood against the wall, alight on the top of a row of books, and then drop down out of sight behind the books—for they were all so ranged that there was a little space between them and the back of the case.

He heard a singular rattling there, and in a moment *Mimus* reappeared on the row of books, and in his beak was something that glittered.

The man was, of course, wide awake by this time, and in another moment he saw the bird go to his cage with the bright object in his mouth, deposit it in his feeding dish, and fly back to the bookcase. This time the object which he fished up from

behind the books was so large that the man could plainly see that it was his wife's brooch. He wanted to shout with laughter, but he lay quite still, in order not to disturb the bird in his performance. The room was perfectly quiet.

It took the bird about ten minutes to transfer from the bookcase to his cage every one of the "stolen" articles. Here he seemed to gloat over them, much as the real, old-fashioned miser gloated over his coins. He turned them over and over, pecked them, rattled them, turned from one to another, hopped up and down, and showed his glee in every movement, though he made not a sound with his voice.

In the midst of this performance the wife came into the room, and the bird at once flew upon a perch, where he began to call out, "Chuck! chuck-k-k!" in a very loud tone, which one could very easily fancy was a perfectly wicked and defiant one; but he did not offer to resume his play with the rings.

When the wife had in some degree recovered from the astonishment which the discovery of her jewelry in this place caused her, the husband persuaded her to take a chair and go into a closet, through the half-open door of which she could watch the bird without being seen by him.

Mimus flew about the cage a little while, and then, apparently thinking that quiet had been completely restored and that his victim had disappeared, he uttered a much louder "chuck," dropped down to the bottom of the cage, picked up a ring and flew to the bookcase. He deposited the ring behind the books, came out, inspected the man and everything else in the room with close attention, went back to the cage, and one by one transferred every article to its former hiding place.

Then the wife emerged from her hiding place, and she and her husband had a

hearty laugh over the "theft" and its discovery. Mimus maintained this place as a sort of "fence" for his stolen property—which soon began to consist not only of jewelry, but of pins, needles and any other bright objects he could carry—as long as he was in the house.

They had had him three whole days, and he had not sung a note; but at midnight of the third day the man was awakened by what seemed to him, in his half-dreaming state, the notes of the most heavenly music, floating in from the next room. As soon as he was fully awake he became aware that the mocking bird was singing. He continued to be aware of it for the space of about two hours and a half! Mimus was not singing quite all this time, however. Part of the time he was uttering his "chuck" with the most ear-piercing force, which the quietude of the hour magnified. The man did not sleep a wink during all this time, and awoke next morning somewhat fatigued as the result of this beautiful but somewhat ill-timed "concert."

The next night—after a day in which the wife said Mimus did not sing a note—the husband was in a sleep that was sounder than usual, by way of making up for the time lost the night before, when he awoke with a start at what he took at first to be the shriek of a woman in distress. He leaped out of bed, and as he did so the mocking bird's "chuck" led him to realize that he had been fooled by that farce-loving bird. He got back into bed. There was silence for about three minutes, and then Mimus began his wailing imitation of a cat which was his sole accomplishment in mimicry. After that he sang, and then he "chucked" for about ten minutes; and this din of alternating sounds he kept up for at least another two hours, during which all attempts at sleep were vain.

The same programme was begun the third night; it may as well be said that it was repeated, for though as soon as the man was awakened he rose in his wrath and shut the bird in his cage in a small pantry, he kept up his uproar, and the man could hear it through the partition.

The midnight *musicales* were continued throughout the month during which they kept the bird. The husband and wife were reduced to a state bordering on nervous prostration by loss of sleep and by worry, for it was summer time, when windows had to be kept open, and the neighbors began to complain of the bird's midnight shrieks. They wrote to their friend in the north, begging her to come back as soon as possible, but she was unable to return sooner than she originally intended; and as they knew that she was unwilling that Mimus should go to a bird store, they keep him.

The strangest part of the matter was that, in spite of the trouble they had with him, they grew very fond of the little rascal, and though they were glad, on account of their shattered nerves, when their friend returned and reclaimed her pet, they nevertheless had a genuine sense of bereavement when they saw his cage go out of the door.—*Edwin Tarrisse, in the Junior Herald.*

THE FOOLING OF ST. PATRICK

By Bertha E. Green

Ever since Ireland was Ireland at all there have been two lochs there that have never changed. They are the Loch of the White Fairy and the Loch of the Yellow Fairy.

Neither loch is as splendid nor as broad as is Killarney, but round about them are memories and tales of good St. Patrick in the far-off years.

In summer time the Loch of the White Fairy has a broad ring of white water lilies on its mirror surface. 'Tis then, too, that yellow lilies float their magic ring on the waters of the Loch of the Yellow Fairy.

'Tis so they looked ever so long ago, and good St. Patrick knew them both. He couldn't help it very well, for, in the time that you must know about, he lived nearby and saw them every day.

St. Patrick was the busiest man in Ireland, and, what is more, was busier than he was at most times himself. Now all this came about because the saint was making plans to banish from the Emerald Isle all of the snakes, and toads, and frogs that lived there.

He said to himself that the snakes were the first that he would deal with. Some of them were dangerous, and, besides that, the fork-tongued wrigglers were very saucy to the good saint himself. Whenever he passed by them in the road they even hissed at him.

Did you know that once upon a time frogs had turned up noses and wore gay colored coats? Good St. Patrick didn't like them at all and determined to banish them from Ireland. How the frogs fooled him is told by Mrs. Bertha E. Green in this week's issue. We think "The Fooling of St. Patrick" one of the best stories Mrs. Green has written for us.

It took some time to clear the country of the snakes, but St. Patrick worked night and day until at last there was not even a single one left in all Ireland.

Then the saint turned his thoughts to the frogs. You never saw such frogs in all your life as those that lived in good St. Patrick's time. There were pink-streaky ones, and blue-dotted ones, and frogs whose coats were gay with orange curlicues. Each and every one of them turned up an impudent nose at St. Patrick.

The saint was thinking all the while, and as he thought he talked out loud, which was a way he had.

"Nixt come the saucy frogs. Into the sea the spalpeens all must go, whether they like the water salt or not. It won't improve their bright clothes any, but sure it will their manners, which are 'most past the mendin'."

This talking aloud to himself was a bad

thing for the saint's plans. For it came about that, as he walked along the path that led between the two lochs, the smallest frog there heard the saint talking, and didn't like it. The little frog told all the other frogs, and not one of them liked St. Patrick's plan a bit.

Then the frogs held a big meeting in a very wild, wet spot, and there thought out a way to keep themselves at home. The plan was all a dark secret until the very day on which St. Patrick intended to start chasing out the frogs.

The good saint had just breakfasted, and had gone out upon his morning walk past the two fairy lochs. He found the little lakes as beautiful as ever, and also found the biggest kind of a surprise.

Instead of big and little frogs in rainbow-colored suits, he found that all had changed their clothes and were now dressed in richest green.

St. Patrick was astonished, and all the more when, as he neared, the green-coats started singing:

There was a king in Ireland, not very long ago,
Who wore a robe of velvet blue, with trimmin' white as snow;
Cocked over his left ear, a crown was sittin' on his head,
While on his feet were purple shoes, wid tassels all of red.
Sure, when he went a-walkin' out upon the king's highway,
The dogs all started barkin', and you could hear folks say,
"The rainbow's comin' down the street; fine feathers make a show,
But niver make up half for all the gay bird doesn't know.
But when the king heard what was said, he was so sad and sore,
He then and there made up his mind to wear gay clothes no more.
A suit of shamrock-hue he donned, shillelagh and caubeen,
And singin' with his happy folk, "The Wearin' of the Green."

The frogs had known how much St. Patrick loved the shamrock's emerald hue, and thought that if they each put on a gay, green uniform, St. Patrick's heart might soften, and that he would still allow them to live in old Ireland.

And so it was, for when St. Patrick saw the frogs, his keen mind also saw right through their plan. A smile spread over his round, ruddy face, his blue eyes twinkled, and he said:

"Ye are the cute ones, but I will have ye know that I am cuter than yez all. I can see why ye put on new, green clothes, and I have half a mind to teach yez all a lesson. But no, I love old Ireland and its shamrock green, as ye well know. It seems that ye do, too, so I will let ye stay; but there must be no turned-up, saucy poses when I'm passin' by. Yes, ye may stay, and just so long as ye keep on the emerald coats I'll never drive yez from the Emerald Isle."

So to this very day, round the two fairy lochs in summer time, you can still hear the talking frogs, and see their bright green coats. But you can look, and look again, yet never see a single turned-up nose.

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The Stamp Collector's Corner

Damaging Stamps

There is no lesson that an amateur stamp collector needs to learn earlier or more thoroughly than the lesson of taking good care of his stamps. A damaged stamp is generally more of an aggravation than any source of pleasure or satisfaction to the real stamp collector. Most collectors will not have them around at any price or for any reason. That may be going a little too far, for we fancy we would rather have even a damaged copy of a Canadian Twelve Penny Black than no copy at all; and yet that damaged condition would modify our joy of possession most seriously. At any rate any collector who carelessly damages a stamp is guilty of one of the cardinal sins of the pastime of collecting.

Never snip around stamps with scissors. If you do you will be almost sure some day to cut off a little corner of a perforation or otherwise make an irreparable injury.

Never try to pull a stamp off its cover without first of all soaking it thoroughly in water. If you do you run very great risk of either making a little tear at some corner or of making a thin spot in your stamp, which damages it just as fatally as any other injury you might give it. A good soaking in water will never damage any stamp. If you wish to take an un-



The Three-penny Stamp of the handsome New Zealand Victory series of six stamps.

cancelled stamp off a piece of paper to which it has been stuck and preserve as far as possible the gum on the back, a good way is to place the stamp between two pieces of well-moistened, clean blotting paper, and leave it there until both paper and stamp are moistened through. If the paper is not of a too-adhesive kind, the gum will mostly stay with the stamp.

Do not ever try to remove a heavy cancellation or any other mark from a stamp with a penknife, eraser, or anything of that sort. If you think it has any mark on it that is a disfigurement and may be removed, take a few spoonfuls of benzine in a saucer, let your stamp lie in it for a few minutes, gently moving it to and fro. Any mark that can legitimately be got off will be removed in this way. Benzine will never damage any stamp, and it evaporates in a few minutes.

Do not handle your stamps with your fingers any more than you have to. If you are going to be a real collector you should get a pair of stamp tongs and use them systematically. They will not cost very much, will last you your lifetime, and you can hand them down to your children.

And, of course, if you are going to take

care of your stamps you will need to keep them in an album or book of some kind. But this matter of albums is one by itself, which we will come at again some time. Meanwhile, always treat your stamps with respect, or you will never make a real stamp collector.

Esperanto and Stamp Collecting

We have received the following very interesting letter from a prominent barrister in a Western Ontario town. It shows from how many points of view this most interesting hobby of stamp collecting may be indulged in. We had heard of others doing as this correspondent has done, but did not think that such fine results from the stamp collector's point of view could be obtained:

"Mr. Stamp Man,—Would you like to know how I got into the stamp game? A few years ago, seeing mention of the help language, Esperanto, curiosity to find out what it is compelled the investment of five cents in a booklet, 'The Whole of Esperanto,' containing the grammar and vocabulary of 1,891 roots. I got busy, and after one month's study essayed my skill by writing to a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Russ and a Jap, all of whom understood me perfectly, and ever since I have been corresponding with Esperantists all over the civilized world.

"But some of my foreign friends asked if I would send them Canadian postage stamps, and right there is where my trouble began. I knew nothing about the stamp game, and did not even suppose that there was much to learn about it. Luckily I had on hand, stored in old envelopes, a plentiful supply of stamps aimlessly detached from business letters received from 1876 down; therefore a fairly good assortment could be sent. Several transmarine friends insisted on sending as recompense stamps of their land, which, being of no use to me, were given away to Canadian 'faddists.' Soon this discovery was made, that these foreigners knew a great deal more about Canadian stamps than the writer, and self-pride prompted getting a stamp catalogue, so that, by study of it, too glaring an exhibition of ignorance would be avoided.

"Two years ago this question suggested itself—how much of a collection can be obtained through Esperanto correspondence by exchange—no purchase? By that means solely a collection of 2,365 good stamps, no two alike, has been acquired, costing me not one cent beyond for outgoing postage, pen, ink and paper; not a very large collection, but there has been a whole lot of pleasure in the correspondence, with broadening of one's vision, not to mention the historical and geographical knowledge philately brought. Every collector, young or old, may learn enough Esperanto in a month to render himself intelligible to a foreign Esperantist. The right of others to space prevents me saying more than that, knowing the enthusiasm for the help language of my young friend, Mr. E. M.

Gunday, 173 Spadina Road, Toronto, he will pardon me referring to him for information any Torontonians wishing to study Esperanto as a means in stamp collecting. A collection obtained in this way has an interest and value to its owner not possessed by one secured through purchase.

"Sincere via, ESPERANTISTO."

Changing Color

"Mr. Stamp Man,—I am an amateur stamp collector, and am taking a great interest in your stamp page. I think that it would be a great thing to have a stamp club, and would be glad to belong to it. I am writing you to ask questions, however; not to talk about myself. The other day, when looking over a box of old letters I found three one-cent Queen Jubilee's. As you know, these are supposed to be orange, but these were a clear brown, not quite as dark as our present three-cent stamp. Could you explain this change in color? Do you think they are of any special value?

"Yours truly, MAURICE W. ARMSTRONG.

"Bridgetown, N.S."

(Thank you, Maurice. There will be more about the stamp club later on. The change in color in these stamps is no doubt due to a process of oxidizing that has gone on through the years, possibly by reason of dampness. Orange and red shades are particularly likely to be affected in this way. "The Stamp Man" has several copies of the 1870 Three-Cent Red, Canada, that are of a beautiful golden brown. This change of color adds much to the interest of the stamps, but does not markedly increase their value.—The Stamp Man.)

Albums for Advanced Collectors

Does any advanced collector among the readers of this page know of a completely satisfactory loose-leaf album for the use of the advanced collector? Numbers of enquiries have come to "The Stamp Man," and he has had to confess that, though he has seen and used many kinds, he has not yet come across the ideal thing. If any reader who has had a more satisfactory experience in this regard would tell his brother collectors about it we know he would confer a great favor, and we would be very glad to publish his letter.

A number of letters of enquiry are still unanswered, but will be reached at the very earliest date possible. Address all communications "The Stamp Man," the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN, Toronto.

The children of an African mission compound had a fox terrier, with properly cut tail, which was a source of much wonder to the native boys and girls.

Finally one little black boy got up enough courage to ask a question,

"The tail of the dog—was it bit off or drove in?"—*World Outlook*.

STAMPS.

OUR "Get Acquainted" packet contains 250 ALL different postage stamps. Excellent value, 25c. Clubs, secretaries, write H. B. W. Turner, Box 702, Walkerville, Ont.

MOSTLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Dr. Charles Gordon Hewitt, D.Sc., F.R.S.C., Dominion entomologist and consulting zoologist, died in Ottawa of pneumonia, on March 1st. Dr. Gordon was born in Macclesfield, England, thirty-five years ago, where he attended school, and later he entered Manchester University and carried off the honors as university prizeman. In September, 1909, he accepted the post of entomologist to the Dominion of Canada. Dr. Hewitt contributed many articles on zoology and entomological subjects in different scientific journals. In 1907 the degree of master of science was conferred on him for his researches, and in 1909 he received the degree of doctor of science.



MR. F. E. "DADDY" SIMPSON,
Kamloops, B.C.

When the migratory bird treaty was being drawn up Dr. Hewitt was one of the principals connected with its drafting.

Mr. Richard D. Waugh, ex-Mayor of Winnipeg and chairman of the Greater Winnipeg Water Commission, has been named by the Government as Canada's representative on the Saar Valley Commission. This commission consists of five members chosen by the Council of the League of Nations. These include one citizen of France, one native of the Saar Basin, and three members of three other countries other than France or Germany. Canada was honored by being asked to name a representative. Mr. Waugh was born in Melrose, Scotland, in 1863, coming to Winnipeg in 1883. He was chairman of the Public Parks Board for a number of years, and city councillor for four years and mayor for three. The commission will visit the Saar Valley in Alsace-Lorraine, to determine the value of the coal fields.

F. E. ("Dad") Simpson, Kamloops, threatened with blindness, has retired after forty-four years in the newspaper business as printer and editor in the west. He came to British Columbia many years ago with one morbid objective, to die; but lived and prospered. He has been fighting ill-health all his life. He has been president of the British Columbia and Alberta branches of the Canadian Press Association; founded the Lethbridge Herald, as partner with Mr. W. A. Buchanan, M.P. Born in Oquawka, in the State of Illinois, Mr. Simpson was a

full-fledged journeyman printer at seventeen, and since then has worked on or started and managed papers in Iowa, the Kootenay district of British Columbia, Victoria. At Kamloops, the uncrowned capital of the interior of British Columbia, Mr. Simpson amalgamated the *Standard* and *Sentinel*.

Mr. John L. Cope, F.R.G.S., is the leader and organizer of the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition, which is to sail from London, next June, in the *Terra Nova*. For the first time in history an aeroplane will be used to fly to the South Pole. The machine, which will carry three men, a sledge, provisions, tent and equipment, will start the flight from the great ice barrier.

President Wilson gave the politicians of the country a little surprise when he appointed Bainbridge Colby, of New York, Secretary of State, to succeed Robert E. Lansing, it being generally believed that the office would go to Frank L. Polk, acting Secretary. Mr. Colby is a well-known New York lawyer, and has been associated with Charles Evans Hughes and other prominent attorneys. He has held office under the President's Administration, serving as a member of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation in July, 1917. Mr. Colby was a lifelong Republican until the Chicago convention in 1912.

Capt. O. D. A. Stevenson, who has just returned to Toronto from the East, where he served the British Intelligence Department, spoke to the Women's Press Club of Toronto last week, and compared the women of the little kingdom of Georgia with the Turkish women. Georgia is halfway between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, and is an island kingdom of Christianity surrounded by Kurds, Turks and atheists. It was the ancient kingdom of the Amazons. Here the women are recognized as the equal, and sometimes the superior, of the men. They are in all the professions, and in Tiflis there is a great co-operative store and a railway, both run by women. In Turkey, on the other hand, the women are held down, not even allowed to visit with their neighbors, and dressed always in three dark colors. Capt. Stevenson said that there were four million women in Turkey, two million in Persia, three million in Egypt, and three or four more in Tripoli, Arabia and Palestine, who labor under the same conditions.

Dr. J. W. Robertson, a leading authority on trade matters, after an extended tour throughout Canada, has gone to Ottawa, where he will give an official report to the Department of Trade and Commerce. He says that Canadian producers are beginning to realize their great opportunities, and there is no doubt that this year will be one of the greatest from the point of view of trade that the Dominion has ever had.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Canadian explorer, is in Ottawa, where he will report to the Government on his recent explorations in the Polar regions. Stefansson was born at Arnes, Manitoba, Nov. 3rd, 1879. His first trip to Iceland was made in 1904. He has added many new features to the map of Canada, including Horton River, over 500 miles long. Stefansson lived a year with Eskimos who had never seen a white

man and whose ancestors never had. In 1913 he commanded the Canadian Arctic Expedition, and it was on this expedition that he, with two companions, made the 600-mile sled journey over broken and moving ice from Martin Point, Alaska to N.W. of Banks Island.

Lord Bryce, who knows the Near East with a fulness and accuracy of knowledge that is probably unsurpassed by that of any other British statesman, has this to say about the Turk in a most enlightening article in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*: "Turkish rule, in any form or under any pretext, must absolutely vanish from the lands it has ruined. 'No Turkish control east of the Taurus Mountains' must be the principle from which any plan for the future administration of those lands will have to start. The Turk is hopeless, incapable, incurable. To replace him as a ruler over populations of another faith and race whom he has plundered and slaughtered for many centuries, would be a crime against those principles of right and humanity for which in this war millions of noble lives have been given." And there isn't a word of exaggeration in that putting of the case.

Sir Oliver Lodge, who, notwithstanding all the excitement that he is causing by his spiritualistic teaching, will probably be finally judged greater as a scientist than in any other realm, tells us that this earth has now had life upon it about four hun-



MR. JOHN L. COPE, F.R.G.S.,
Leader of Antarctic Expedition.

dred million years, and that it probably only has about twenty million years yet to survive. It is thus coming on to old age, but as recorded human history takes us back less than eight thousand years, the future for our old world stretches out quite a distance still. For most of us it will be as easy to accept Sir Oliver's estimates as to disprove them.

Greengrocer's Wife (indignantly): "Wot yer bin 'ittin' 'im for?"
Greengrocer: "Why, I caught him knockin' the dirt off the potatoes afore weighin' 'em."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

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At the Federal Capital

By "Candidus"

Parliament has got down to business under circumstances that indicate that it is to be a fighting session. The Opposition leader opened the debate on the address by moving an amendment demanding the holding of a general election.

Whether this means that there will be an election—that is another story. The situation may change, of course, before the end of the session; but the present indications are that this session, though it may be characterized by vigorous political fighting, will not be followed immediately by an election. There is reason to believe, indeed, that an election is not desired by either the Government or the Opposition. The Government has two years of office in the normal course of events, and it is not in any hurry to throw away its opportunities of carrying out its policies. The Opposition has only recently started a vigorous organization campaign, and it is not anxious to have its organization thrown into active warfare before all its divisions are up to establishment and its lines of communication have been strengthened.

This is not to say that the Liberal amendment demanding an election is not genuine politics. The amendment is merely an out-post action. It is in that light good politics. It will give tone to the party. It will prepare the way for further attacks. It will in due time help to bring about a condition when there will be a frontal assault on the Government position, which cannot be lightly pushed aside and which must be fought to a finish.

Mr. Mackenzie King's speech in support of his resolution causes Candidus to think that there is a chapter of Canadian political history which the Liberal leader would do well to read. This is the chapter which concerns the "Canada First" party and the birth of the National Policy.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the spirit of the "Canada First" party was captured and exploited by the Conservatives under Sir John Macdonald—using exploited in its good and not in its sinister sense. It is not so generally known that "Canada First" was the watchword of a group of men who were Liberals quite as much as they were Conservatives. Goldwin Smith was a protagonist of "Canada First." *The Week*, which he edited, was its chief organ. Edward Blake was another bright and shining light in the camp of "Canada First."

How, then, was it that Sir John Macdonald was able to swing the "Canada First" spirit into the services of the Conservative party and by means of the National Policy to drive the Liberals into eighteen years of the cold shades of opposition? It was that Sir John had a keener appreciation of the national spirit of the Canadian people. He saw that they would be attracted by a "National Policy," a policy which had as its central principle an appeal to the love of country and the desire to make the Dominion an independent nation—independent not in the political sense but in the economic.

Now Mr. Mackenzie King has not apparently taken this lesson at heart. He is not attacking the National Policy, which is connected with the tariff—in fact, he has been quite canny on that issue. But he has taken issue with the spirit of the Canadian people which found expression in the part played in the Great War.

"If one examines the speech from the throne," he said, "one cannot help being struck at the outset with the fact that His Excellency's advisers appear to be infinitely more concerned with external affairs than with the business of this country."

Mr. King would not have spoken in this manner if he had fully realized how deeply the hearts of the Canadian people had been wrapped up in the struggle which has barely closed. He laid himself open by this and other similar utterances to a sharp rebuke and Sir George Foster did not fail to administer it.

"Let me tell my hon. friend," said the acting First Minister, "that Canada has been largely living abroad during these last five years. It has been living in the hearts of its soldiers, living in prayers for their success and their welfare, echoing their desire for victory for the cause which they championed and glorying in the reputation and the honor which those brave men conferred upon their country and ultimately brought back unsullied when the cruel war in which they fought was at an end. Why should he disjoin this Canada of ours from the part we have taken in external affairs in the last few years which, may I not hope, is but the beginning of that common world-wide interest which helps to make a people less provincial and directs them into the life movements and currents of the great body of humanity of which they form a part?"

This lesson of Canadian sentiment and tendencies which Mr. King disregards in speaking slightly of Canada's part in foreign affairs had, it may be remarked, been taken to heart by his predecessor in the leadership of the Liberal party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier fully understood that the Canadian people had a national spirit and were prepared to sacrifice immediate economic gain to it. He knew that the loyalty cry was too often used for mere party gain, but he none the less realized that it was not good politics to give the other side all the advantages of shouting patriotism.

During the debate on the reciprocity pact in 1911 a motion was made by the Conservatives as an amendment to the adoption of the treaty—a resolution declarant of the loyalty of the Canadian people to the British throne. There was no doubt of the loyalty of Sir Wilfrid Laurier or of that of the Liberal party. There was little doubt that the motion was made as a mere play in the political game. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, however, did not hesitate; he accepted the amendment. Shortly afterwards while the motion was still before the House, Candidus was talking the matter over with one of the chief lieutenants of the Liberal chieftain. The lieutenant was extremely "sore" over Sir Wilfrid's action. To him the acceptance of such a motion was a reflection on his loyalty—a loyalty which has been bravely proven by a greater issue. But Sir Wilfrid was wiser than his lieutenant. He knew what the Liberal party had lost by allowing the other party to cast aspersions on its loyalty; and he did not propose to allow the same game to be played further. Mr. Mackenzie King will do well to emulate in this regard his great predecessor, whom he holds in such high regard.

In another part of his attack upon the Union Government Mr. King was speaking to much better purpose. This was in his reference to the causes of the present unrest in Canada and throughout the world.

"Men," he said, "have faltered in faith where before they stood firm. Their faith in government is shaken, and in religion and even in themselves. What we speak of to-day as Bolshevism had its growth in a country where they have had not so much in the way of religious and governmental institutions to cling to. Wherever that has been the case, there the world has suffered most. What is needed to-day to bring about a

change in conditions is a restoration of the faith that has been weakened, faith in an over-ruling providence, faith in our political institutions, faith on the part of men and women in themselves."

"Faith in our political institutions." That is undoubtedly one of the greatest needs of to-day. The men who appealed to the power of a general strike in Winni-

peg had lost faith in our Parliament. They thought they could find a shorter way to justice. Restriction of individual liberty in some ways was necessary during the war. It is well now that liberty should be restored as rapidly as possible. Government by Order-in-Council is of the past! Under present conditions it is a menace to social and industrial peace.

The Sunset Province

Guardian Staff Correspondence

Sorrow has come to Methodist parsonages in Vancouver recently in the passing of Arthur Osterhout, son of the Rev. S. S. and Mrs. Osterhout, and Evelyn Wright, daughter of the Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Wright.

Arthur Osterhout had returned from overseas service with a splendid record. He had earned his commission on the field of battle and returned home a lieutenant, also being recommended for the Military Medal. Upon his return he had decided to pursue his studies in medicine, and last fall entered the returned student class at Toronto Medical College. Early last month he was taken sick, but thought he could fight off the fever as he had done while overseas. His friends, finding him sick in his room, called in a physician, who immediately ordered him to the hospital, as he was found to be suffering with pneumonia. The dread disease had done its work, and Arthur Osterhout passed away with a message of love to his parents and of confidence in his Heavenly Father on his lips. The body was brought to Vancouver for burial, and an impressive funeral service was held in Sixth Avenue Church. Rev. Dr. Campbell, the acting pastor, was in charge of the service, and was assisted by Rev. Dr. Sipprell, Rev. E. L. Best, Rev. Dr. Sanford, Rev. R. J. McIntyre, president of Conference, and Rev. Dr. Henry, of Chalmers Presbyterian Church, whose own son was in the same battalion with Arthur overseas. Arthur Osterhout was a great favorite with all his companions, and many touching messages have been received from those who knew him both overseas and at college.

Evelyn Wright, daughter of Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Wright, was a student at the British Columbia University, a member of arts '21 class. During the "flu" epidemic of 1918 she suffered an attack of the malady, but had seemingly recovered until last spring, when evidence of the presence of tuberculosis was discovered, and immediate steps were taken to check the ravages of the disease. She was sent to Kamloops, to the Government Sanitarium, and every care taken, but the disease had too great a hold, and after months of continued increasing weakness and a final few weeks of somewhat intense suffering she breathed her last in her home at South Vancouver. Miss Wright had a most cheerful manner and an abundance of good nature, and this won for her the genuine love and respect of all her fellow students. She took a keen interest in her studies, and always took a high place in examination results. She was popular with the students of the university, and in her first year she was literary representative for her class and a member of the inter-class debating team; in her second year she was vice-president of the class, and as convener of the Bible Study Committee of the Y.W.C.A. of the university did much to make this class successful. This year in the university she was elected vice-president of the Woman's Literary Society, but was unable to undertake the duties of the office, as she was not well enough to attend the university at all. Last year Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Wright were bereaved by the death of their son Douglas, who was killed in action, and this double sorrow is keenly felt in the home.

The sympathy of British Columbia Methodists goes out to these parsonages where

there is a vacant chair and missing loved ones. There is great comfort in the thought that both these young people lived noble, Christian lives, and had set a worthy example to all those with whom they came in contact.

Now that the financial part of the campaign is over, the Methodists of British Columbia are reviewing the situation to find out just what is the next step and how best the splendid results of the Forward Movement can be conserved. The province eventually will be able to record that it has gone over the top financially. Owing to local conditions in Victoria, West Kootenay and Simpson districts, the financial campaign has not been completed, but the workers have every confidence that they will secure their full quota. This will mean that the province will secure more than its allotment of \$150,000, but apart from the matter of securing the money the new spirit that has come into many of the churches, and the enthusiasm with which the work has been developed, and is being developed, proves that it is indeed a "forward movement," and not a mere campaign. The Methodist ministers in Vancouver met to discuss the continuation programme, and have decided upon aggressive plans for the securing of church attendance and membership. In British Columbia it was found advisable in many cases to link up the financial canvass with a campaign for local church funds, and in tabulating the results it was found that at least \$35,000 had been secured by local churches for their own programme in addition to the Forward Movement fund. In every case these churches secured first their Forward Movement allotment before attempting anything for themselves. In many cases the Forward Movement canvass was continued with the local canvass, so that every one of these churches which report the securing of local funds have gone over the top as far as the Forward Movement is concerned. It has been a real blessing to the churches, and the opinion is freely expressed that the Movement is now just beginning—the tithes have been brought into the storehouse and the churches are now looking for the blessing to be poured out upon them.

Very successful anniversary services were held in Sixth Avenue Church, New Westminster, this month. The preachers for the day were Rev. R. J. McIntyre, president of Conference, and Rev. J. G. Brown, M.A., of Kerrisdale. The Rev. R. W. Hibbert, M.A., is just closing a four years' pastorate, during which the church has made considerable progress. Every organization of the church is in a flourishing condition, and the Official Board and members have worked heartily together for the extension of the kingdom of God. The Forward Movement campaign was carried on with enthusiasm, and, in addition to securing the full objective for the special fund, a substantial amount was subscribed for local church purposes. The anniversary services, coming in the midst of the campaign, were of the Forward Movement spirit. The sermons both dealt with phases of the Movement, emphasizing the personal objectives and the great call that had come to the Church for a step forward. At a recent meeting of the Official Board a unanimous

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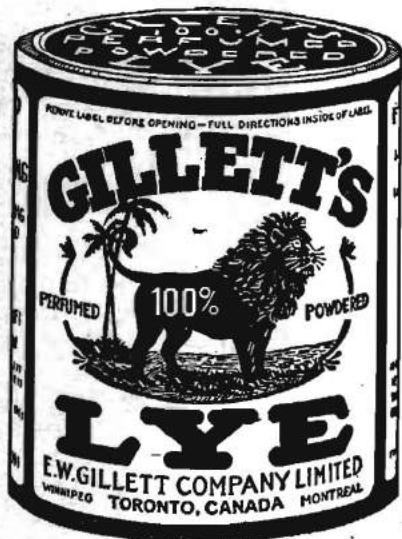
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invitation was extended to the Rev. H. A. Ireland to be pastor, in succession to Mr. Hibbert. Mr. Ireland has accepted the invitation, subject, of course, to the Conference authorities.

Rev. W. R. Welch, of Merritt, B.C., led his people very successfully in all phases of the Forward Movement campaign. Shortly after Christmas Rev. Dr. Sipprell visited the field in the interests of the Movement, but owing to the severity of the weather only a small number attended the meeting; yet enthusiasm was aroused, the workers went forward in the Movement, and final success was achieved. Like other churches in British Columbia, Merritt realizes that the real Movement is just beginning.

One of the districts that has perhaps the best record in the Forward Movement is East Kootenay. There Rev. R. W. Lee, the chairman, reports that every field has gone over the top in all its objectives. There have been a band of splendid workers on every field, who have gone forward with enthusiasm at every step of the Movement. One of the young probationers in recording his subscription told his chairman to turn over his entire missionary cheque in May to the fund. This means a subscription of \$125, proving that the spirit of sacrifice possesses the young man. The district, under Mr. Lee's leadership, has done splendid work.

The February Quarterly Board meetings brought many invitations to pastors to return. Among those that have been noted are: Rev. John Robson, B.A., Mountain View; Rev. H. S. Hastings, Grace Church; Rev. John Pye, Dundas; Rev. John Laycock, Tolmie Street; Rev. R. J. McIntyre, Wesley Church; and Rev. E. Manuel, Wilson Heights. A. E. R.

Southern Alberta Happenings

Guardian Staff Correspondence

A general topic of conversation in Alberta this winter is the weather. "Never so much cold, never so much snow," are statements so frequently heard. All of this has made it hard for church work, especially on country fields. In many places in the south it is impossible to run the autos, and the horses are so poor from lack of feed that it is impossible to drive them. Plans have been made again and again, only to be disturbed on account of the elements. But in spite of all this our men are bravely at their tasks.

The Forward Movement has, of course, been delayed along with all other things. On some fields it has been impossible to get to the people with the information, and out of the question to make any canvass. But on most, if not every, field the canvass will be made, and eventually Southern Alberta will show up well, in spite of the failure in crops and the action of the elements. The provincial organizer tells your correspondent that up to this date, Feb. 26th, \$55,000 have been reported to him as subscribed in the south; and this is from twenty-six fields only. There are still nearly fifty fields to report. To the people on these fifty fields may we say—it is true that the Dominion has gone "over the top," but those of us who have not yet reported must "keep faith" with those who have done their share and more. Some churches have done remarkably well. Central, Calgary, started out with an objective of \$12,000 for the Forward Movement and \$6,000 for local needs. She has now \$25,000 in sight, of which \$19,000 will go to the Forward Movement. Victoria, Calgary, had an objective of \$2,500 for the Forward Movement. Already \$3,250 have been subscribed. Well done, Victoria! Cayley, one of our fields in the dry area, has reached its objective of \$1,000. Let us who are behind line up with these fields that are right up to the front. Alberta as a Conference has reported up to date \$87,000 from forty-five fields. We ought to nearly double this amount before the canvass is completed.

Mrs. Coulter, the wife of our genial president, has been very sick with the "flu." The president was under the weather himself for a few days. Glad to say both are recovering.

Carlsland; Rev. F. F. Lund, pastor.—The work on this field is progressing very well indeed. At the Dalmead appointment at Christmas time the people paid in their subscriptions for the year, and gave the pastor a cheque for the total amount of salary due to the end of the Conference year. The Superintendent of Missions spent Sunday, Feb. 15th, on this field in

the interest of missions and the Forward Movement, but on account of so much "flu" the congregations were very small at all points.

We are glad to hear of some boards that are increasing the salary of their pastors. Olds has recently voted \$300 increase, making the salary \$1,500. Barons is planning to give their pastor \$125 extra this year, and will make the salary \$1,400 and ear keep next year. Good, faithful pastoral work on the part of the pastor at Barons, and a fearless preaching of the truths of the gospel, are making the church a vital force in this community.

Rev. F. Cook and wife, of Champion, have left for the coast, to spend a few months there. Champion will be supplied till Conference, when another man will be stationed there. We hope that a sojourn in British Columbia will completely restore Bro. Cook to his full measure of health.

Rev. A. T. Bell, of Lomond, is leaving his field at the end of February. Rev. Fred Forster will take charge till Conference time. R. W. D.

PROF. JOHN DUXBURY

'Of equal honor with him who writes a grand poem, is he who reads it grandly.'—Longfellow.

We call our readers' attention to the announcement in our advertisement columns regarding Prof. Duxbury's prospective reading tour in Canada. His eldest son (who was wounded whilst serving with the Canadian Infantry in France) is now in Toronto arranging his father's itinerary, and as soon as possible we hope to publish a list of the professor's engagements, in order that the thousands of his warm friends will have the opportunity of hearing again his famous scriptural readings. What is your church doing about the matter?

The Greatest Methodist in the States

(Continued from page 12.)

in America" are standards. Many of his richest and brightest things, as well as careful histories like that of Mormonism, are in the files of *The Christian Advocate*. His little reprint, "A Hereditary Consumptive's Successful Battle for Life," has probably saved thousands of lives.

Dr. Buckley was a noted pedestrian. I walked with him five miles between Morris-town and Madison when he was eighty, and was out with him two weeks before he died. He had about twenty pairs of shoes, and wore a different pair every time he went out. He was an entertaining companion, a rare conversationalist, and a kind and true friend. He was a widower, married three times, and left a married daughter in Morris-town and a lawyer son in Philadelphia. His last two years were afflicted with a singular aphasia, which struck him in that in which he was always most brilliant, viz., the power to readily wed words to thoughts. He was a man of earnest faith, which he was always ready to defend; a knight of the gospel, without fear and without reproach. Take him all in all, he was the greatest and best-known Methodist in the States in the last fifty years, and the only one, I think, who had his "Life" written in his own lifetime ("James M. Buckley," T. P. Mains, New York, 1917).

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Methodism in Manitoba

Guardian Staff Correspondence

The Forward Movement made a good start in Manitoba. The plan, pray, push, publicity method had its effect. There is no question about the money being in the country. The question is how to get it turned in the right direction. One problem solved opens the way for another to show up. People will soon forget this effort, which seemed so large at first, and begin to think of larger things to do. In addressing the Ministerial Association this week Rev. H. W. Dobson said we were making a wrong use of "over the top" in applying it to the Forward Movement finances. This movement is only a mobilization at the best, and it won't be even that if we do not organize and direct the forces at the disposal of the Church. The Church must not break faith with the life service volunteers and others. The work started by the organizers of the Forward Movement must be carried on by the united efforts of all church members. Everybody must get busy! Drones and idlers, "honorary" members and seat warmers, must "move on" or go to work. "To the work, to the work, we are servants of God." New opportunities and new responsibilities call for new altitudes and new efficiencies. The Forward movement is just a beginning!

CHILD WELFARE.

A child welfare exhibit in the Winnipeg Board of Trade building this week is a centre of attraction for people interested in human problems. A series of oil-painted panel screens, illustrating the many phases of health and moral education, are on exhibition. These pictures have been secured at considerable expense by the joint Departments of Social Service in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. Rev. Hugh Dobson is supervising the exhibit and, through these striking panoramas, preaching some intensely practical sermons. Charts on the wall adjacent show the result of various surveys of social and educational conditions in our west. One wonders where folks have been living all these years. We have been singing, dreaming, prophesying and boasting about the west. But its social problem, if we have regard for moral law, is of the most serious kind. For example, we have 200,000 teen-age boys and girls in the three western provinces. Only about 20,000 of these can be accounted for in schools and churches. For years we have been content to congest workers and overlap territory with other Protestant bodies, while whole municipalities were left entirely unchurched. For the last few decades we have heard a lot about "increases" and what we had done. We are surely "old enough" now to talk about what hasn't been done, and of unreaped fields white unto harvest on all sides.

Mr. Dobson expects to visit many eastern points. "Everybody" should see his exhibit. The views are classified under such heads as "Personal Hygiene," "Health and the Community," "Child and City Planning," "Early Habit-Forming," "Growth Through Play," "Vocational Guidance," "Growth Through Study," "Growth Through Religion," etc. There are seventy-five panels in all. Mr. Dobson is literally travelling in the byways and highways.

Wawanesa; Rev. A. E. Parson, pastor.—In the "seventh annual report" of this old field—now local union church—besides giving detailed statement of contributions, the report gives the details of a religious survey. Wawanesa is an English-speaking, Protestant town, in a prosperous farming country. What are the conditions? "A careful survey of the constituency of Wawanesa union church circuit shows that we should serve 460 people, represented by 110 families, with 188 children and 68

young people over twenty years. Of the 272 adults, 83 are church members, 100 are contributors, 172 contribute nothing, and 65 never attend service. Of the families, 40 attend regularly, 35 occasionally and 35 never attend. Of the 68 young people, 32 are regular, 20 go occasionally and 16 not at all. Of the 188 children, 90 are Sunday-school members, 98 never attend, and 20 or more have not been christened."

The Methodist Ministerial Association of Winnipeg extended a formal and friendly welcome to Rev. J. A. Doyle at a luncheon on Feb. 23rd. The "luncheon" for Dr. Darwin, his predecessor, was held when he was retiring from the position of missionary superintendent. The brethren felt that a welcome luncheon was better than a farewell one, so they took the first opportunity of arranging it. Mr. Doyle is a hard man to catch at home!

Rev. T. G. Bethel, president of the association, voiced the welcome of his brethren. Mr. Doyle, in expressing appreciation of the welcome given him, said he felt the time had come when more money must be spent on the "home base." He mentioned some of the projects in mind for the province. But the great difficulty, he said, was to get men to take charge of work. A large number of volunteers for life service are wanted. All wish him success in his new charge. He has made a special study of the "foreign problem" in relation to Canadian citizenship.

Fort Rouge Methodist Church was the first one to reach its financial objective on the Forward Movement. They were ready to report before 9 a.m. on the day the "drive" opened. Large additions to membership have been made recently. Rev. Dr. Armstrong is pastor.

Rev. G. A. Colpitts, of Harding, has been compelled to relinquish his pastoral duties for a time, owing to an attack of rheumatism. His circuit took a leading place among rural fields in the Forward Movement work.

Young Methodist Church has increased its pastor's salary \$1,000 per year, now standing at \$4,000. They expect to exceed their Forward Movement objective by \$5,000. On a recent Sunday, while the pastor, Rev. B. W. Thompson, was eloquently and impressively emphasizing the need of honest and conscientious men as a basis of good society, some fellow of contrary nature, apparently, "lifted" the preacher's fur coat from the vestry. How's that for a study in life?

Brandon made a splendid record in reaching after its Forward Movement objectives. The Brandon Sun gave valuable assistance through its columns. Rev. J. W. Churchill, chairman, has worked energetically on behalf of his district.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

Hon. Dr. Thornton, Minister of Education, speaking on the educational work of the past year in Manitoba, said in his report to the Legislature:

"Since the policy of placing English-speaking teachers in non-English communities has been followed a remarkable change has taken place. Three years ago it was practically impossible to do business in any of these communities without employing the services of an interpreter. To-day public meetings can be held, and the business conducted in all of them in English. Seldom are the services of an interpreter required."

The report showed that eighty-three new school districts had been organized in 1919, 139 new school buildings erected, fifteen consolidations carried out, the total consolidated schools in the province now being ninety-nine. The total amount paid in educational grants in 1919 was \$920,000, and during the past four years the grants showed an increase of \$1,200,000 over the preceding period. In the new Canadian settlements during the year twenty-four schools had been built and twenty-six teachers' residences erected. In the four years in these districts there had been built 158 schoolrooms and ninety-three teachers' residences.

WHAT THE PUBLIC READ.

"That the average citizen is endeavoring to grasp a comprehensive knowledge of proper sociology is shown by the great number of people consulting books on trade unions, Government ownership of railways, co-operative management, effects of prohibition, proportional representation, etc.; and that interest in these subjects almost approaches an evolution in the endeavors of the people to establish in their own minds policies on sociology that will stand alone. All classes seem to be awakening to this new incentive toward right thinking." So Mr. J. H. McCarthy, of the Winnipeg Public Library, reports.

We have received recently a marked copy of the Neepawa Register. There is abundant evidence that the local press believes in the Church, and that the Church folks believe in the press. About two dozen ads. and locals and articles on church work appear in the columns of one issue. One of the articles included Rev. D. W. Snider's "Worship." Dr. W. A. Cooke, pastor, is doing splendid work both locally and as district chairman.

Mrs. Annie McPherson, the "Woman Billy Sunday," is holding special services in the old Wesley Church, Winnipeg. Visitors say she is positive in her statements rather than critical or censorious. That is a good feature in these times. Healing the sick, the second coming, as well as old-fashioned evangelism are featured. Large crowds attend the meetings.

Tamarisk Circuit; Rev. T. Merryweather, pastor.—Tamarisk, south of Grandview, in the Dauphin district, was formerly a part of Grandview circuit. The following notes indicate the encouraging trend of the work:

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"The new charge of Tamarisk, organized under the co-operative plan, held its first anniversary in November last. The services on the Sunday were conducted by the Rev. C. S. Elsey, pastor of Roblin Union Church, and large congregations greatly appreciated the very thoughtful and inspirational sermons. On the Monday evening the ladies of the congregation served a Thanksgiving dinner in the church, after which an excellent concert programme was given by local talent. The proceeds were devoted to the building fund of the new parsonage. This is the first building erected under church co-operation in the Dauphin district, and is a most desirable residence, well furnished, and an ideal rural location, with stable, garage, and three acres of land—a splendid monument to the co-operative plan of church union. A new church is also under course of erection at Mount View, the other congregation on this charge, but owing to the early winter build-

ing operations had to be suspended until spring. The spiritual objectives of the



TAMARISK NEW PARSONAGE.

Inter-Church Forward Movement have been presented to the people."
Winnipeg, Feb. 26th, 1920.

THE CONFERENCES

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Port Simpson.—On Feb. 16th Miss Nickawa, the Cree entertainer, gave a recital in our village. The programme occupied two hours. Among the many selections were some from Pauline Johnson and the famine scene from "Hiawatha." Several were in dialect. It would be hard to say which was best. She delighted the audience, and exhibited a high order of talents along the line of work she is pursuing.

Revelstoke.—The pastor, Rev. R. R. Morrison, has been invited to remain for another year and his salary has been increased from \$1,500 to \$1,800. The Junior Choir will wear white surpluses commencing with Easter Sunday. The surpluses were the gift of a member of the congregation. The pastor will conduct special services during the week previous to Easter.—W. J.

MANITOBA

Carberry Methodist Church finishes the financial year with a balance in the bank, after paying off a mortgage debt of \$1,380; and the pastor, Rev. J. W. Bowering, has been invited to return for a fourth year.

Wesley, Fort William; Rev. E. C. Laker, B.D., Ph.D., pastor.—This church is experiencing an all-round good year, all departments being in a growing condition. Subject to Conference control, the pastor has accepted an invitation to remain with us for the fourth year, the present salary being \$2,500. The young people are being well looked after by a large and thriving senior Mission Circle and an Epworth League of some sixty members, organized last September. Plans are being formulated to have a Junior Epworth League in the very near future. The actual attendance of the Sunday school hovers around the 400 mark. Five groups are in the C.S.E.T. course. At the annual "white gift" service the missionary offering amounted to a little over \$175. The general missionary subscriptions will show a most substantial increase over previous years, there being no longer a special appeal for Wesley Institute, which, under the capable superintendence of Rev. J. M. Shaver, is doing a splendid work in Canadianizing and Christianizing the "strangers within our gates" in this city. Subscriptions to the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN increased over two hundred per cent., one of the ladies of the congregation acting as official agent. Possibly owing to peace conditions, watch-night was observed with more than usual attendance and fervor. With more to follow shortly, several adult members were received into full membership on the first Sunday evening of the New

Year. At the close of this service a social hour, with music and refreshments, was spent in the lecture room, when new members, returned soldiers of the congregation and their friends were entertained by Mrs. Laker, assisted by the wives of the stewards. The Forward Movement is well organized and progressing very favorably under the leadership of our pastor. To date signed subscriptions amount to within \$300 of our objective (i.e., \$6,000), though several have not yet responded, owing to the influenza epidemic. The lists are still open for a few days, with C. W. Grandy, Esq., manager of the Merchants Bank, as our local treasurer, and it is confidently expected that we shall substantially over subscribe.—S. G. C.

LONDON

Westminster Circuit.—The old Westminster circuit, which has been a double circuit for the past forty-four years, is no more, it having been divided at the last Annual Conference, in the face of a majority vote of the Quarterly Official Board against the decision, and greatly against the wishes of the three appointments that now compose the Westminster circuit. This old circuit has been the training ground of no less than thirty-five probationers, who, under a kind Providence and the guiding counsel of judicious and godly superintendents, have all become worthy, and in some cases prominent, brethren in the ministry and Conferences, with the exception of two, who have been "called up higher." Those young probationers proved to be a great blessing to the young people of the community, and very many of the people on the circuit, as well as scores who have removed to other parts, attribute their conversion to the influence of those probationers as they met with them and labored for them in evangelistic services and otherwise. The last Conference wisely gave us a comparatively young man, in the person of the Rev. W. M. Kiteley. Bro. Kiteley came to us under new conditions, but he, with the Quarterly Official Board, faced the vexing problems in a spirit of submission and optimism. All three being country appointments, and all having been used to a daylight service, no one appointment wanted the evening service; however, a compromise was effected, each appointment agreeing to take it for four months for the first year, and await results. Then we had to face the financial requirements. An ordained married man's salary had to be provided, and the parsonage had to be kept up by three instead of six appointments, while we had lost considerably by removals. However, the Quarterly Official Board had confidence in the people, and have shouldered those

obligations with good assurance that they will be met in due time. The February quarterly meeting was one of spiritual power, and our hearts were made glad when five young people of the North Street appointment united with the church. Our young men canvassers took hold of the National Campaign drive in a way that did credit to themselves as well as the circuit, which went over the objective by \$300, as well as making a substantial advancement in the connexional funds. At the recent meeting of the Quarterly Official Board a unanimous invitation was given Bro. Kiteley to return for the second year. Those who read this will readily see that Bro. Kiteley and his good wife have done good work on the circuit during the past year, and we trust nothing will prevent his returning.—E. S. Hunt.

At the recent February official meeting of Park Street Church, Chatham, Rev. Dr. Daniel was unanimously invited to return for the fourth year, with an increased salary of \$2,500. It was also announced, in connection with the Forward Campaign, that Park Street Church had exceeded its objective by more than \$4,000.

HAMILTON

Grimsby; Rev. J. A. McLachlan, M.A., pastor.—The Forward Movement has proven to be a great blessing in many ways to this charge. Our financial objective of \$3,300 has been passed and is rapidly nearing \$4,000. There will also be a substantial increase in the current connexional funds this year. The Quarterly Board two years ago increased the salary of our pastor from \$1,200 to \$1,400, and again this year from \$1,400 to \$1,600. We have a united and loyal people, who, under the leadership of the pastor, are seeking to promote the spiritual as well as the financial interests of His Church.—J. W. Eaton.

At the February meeting of the Quarterly Official Board of the Colpoys Bay and Oxenden circuits, a unanimous invitation was extended to Rev. E. F. Chute, B.A., to return for the second year; also an increase of \$100 in salary.

BAY OF QUINTE

At the Quarterly Official Board meeting of the Camborne Circuit, held on Feb. 2, 1920, the pastor, Rev. Captain Ernest Hars-ton, received a unanimous invitation to return for a second year at an increase of salary of \$150.

Tamworth.—We have just closed an evangelistic campaign here which was under the direction of Evangelist Joseph Robinson, late of Belfast, Ireland. The services were held in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, the two congregations uniting in the campaign. Evangelist Robinson is a direct and forceful preacher of sound, healthy, wholesome doctrines. Quite a number of young men and women of the town reconsecrated themselves to the Master's service and the general membership of the churches was quickened in spiritual life. Mr. Robinson makes a forceful appeal to the young men especially of the community, as he knows by experience the things that appeal most strongly to young men, having travelled himself in his early years the way of the prodigal, not only from the Father's house, but also the way home again. The story of his life and his conversion, which he related on the last night of the campaign, was exceedingly interesting and made a profound impression on the minds and hearts of the large congregation present.

Mr. Robinson, who, as we have said, hails from Belfast, is thoroughly informed as to the real cause of Ireland's troubles. If you would know the facts get in touch with him, and many of the problems regarding

the Irish question which appear to be so difficult will be more clearly understood. Mr. Robinson and his daughter, Winnie, who accompanied him in his mission here, are both good singers. The solos and duets were very effective in carrying home the truth to the hearts of old and young. At the close of the campaign many, both old and young, lingered and said good-bye with regret, wishing him and Miss Winnie abundant success in their career as evangelistic workers in this country. Evangelist Robinson is under the direction of the Department of Evangelism and Social Service of the Methodist Church, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.—S. G. Rooke.

TORONTO

A very practical acknowledgment of the efficient and satisfactory services of Rev. Dr. F. Louis Barber, pastor of the St. Clair Avenue Methodist Church, has been given by the Quarterly Board of that congregation, which has invited him to continue his pastorate there for another year, and has increased his salary from \$1,800 to \$2,000 per year, with an agreement for \$2,500 next year.

MONTREAL

Bell Street, Ottawa; Rev. Geo. S. Clendinnen, pastor.—The thirty-second anniversary was celebrated with great enthusiasm on Feb. 8th and 9th. Rev. A. J. Harvey Strike, of Granby, Que., preached two stirring sermons and gave a popular address. The Sunday services were most inspiring, and about 900 people attended the supper on Monday. As a memorial to the men who fell in the great war a beautiful Casavant organ has recently been installed, at a cost of \$10,700, and, with a choir of forty, under a consecrated director, the service of praise has been greatly improved. By the time the organ was dedicated in November more than half the purchase money had been provided. On anniversary day the congregation was asked to place on the plates the usual payment on the church debt, and, in addition, enough to pay the balance due on the organ. The response was most gratifying, more than \$3,000 being given, and the trustees are confident of having the organ and choir equipment all paid for by next July. The financial drive of the National Campaign was postponed to March 1st, on account of the anniversary; but more than half the objective is already in sight, and the whole amount will be secured promptly. At a recent meeting the Official Board unanimously asked for the return of their pastor for the third year. The unattained spiritual objectives of the National Campaign constitute the greatest task of all, and to that undertaking the best energies of the people are being devoted.

Mascouche Rapids.—I would like to have space in the GUARDIAN to mention the circuit of Mascouche Rapids, Que., which has worked long and faithfully with no such recognition. It has but eight families of Methodists, and is completely surrounded by French. Recently it was considered whether it should be closed, because the people were so few and their ranks were thinning on account of those that obeyed the call of the West to more fertile acres, but finally it was decided that a student could be sent at week-ends to conduct services. These eight families do not possess large farms and herds, and their means are moderate. They have always given liberally to the church funds, and thus their financial objectives in the campaign were correspondingly large. At first it seemed utterly impossible, but when Mr. J. W. Alexander, the captain of the Financial Committee, made the canvass, to his own great surprise and the joy of all the objectives were reached with more than \$125 in excess. Their other objectives have been reached in the same way.

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The Organ : A Brief History of its Development

The organ of the Old Testament (Gen. 4: 21)—"Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ"—had nothing in common with the organ as we understand the term to-day. We are assured, however, that the three classes of organ pipe—stopped (constructed as the old pitch-pipe), open (built on the principle of the open-ended tin whistle of our boyhood), and the reed, typified by the clarinet—were known in principle, at any rate, to man at an early period in the world's history. Pipes of the "stopped" variety were doubtless the first used in combination, and most likely consisted of a row of reeds of varying lengths bound together, and across the end of which the player blew his breath in succession, in much the same manner as one secures a musical tone by blowing across the openings of an ordinary "mouth organ."

The history of the development of the organ from this primitive instrument, known as "Pan's pipes," down through varying stages to the noble instruments that to-day grace so many of our fine churches, is as interesting as it is long. The moving of the mouth from pipe to pipe must have become wearisome to the primitive performer, for we find by means of sculptured traceries that sometime, somewhere, someone hit upon the happy idea of conducting wind into the series of tubes from below instead of above. It was also discovered that one might blow the pipe from below by means of a narrow slit at the bottom, near the front of the pipe, and another horizontally above the slit with a sloping notch bevelling upward and outward.

There yet remained to be solved the difficulty of passing the mouth rapidly from orifice to orifice of the various pipes. This was finally accomplished by the building of a wind chest, containing a row of holes into which were placed the lower ends of the pipes. The wind supply was furnished by two or more attendants, who blew through pliable tubes (such perhaps as the bagpipe reservoir) into the wind chest. The bellows, you see, had not yet been devised.

In the early days the pipes of the organs, numbering from eight to twelve, all sounded at once! Those not required to be heard were silenced by means of the hands of the operators, and a busy time they must have had of it. The next step, therefore, was the devising of a set of slides or tongues of wood that slipped across and stopped the holes at the bottom ends of the pipes. These tongues were each perforated to correspond with the pipe-holes, so you see the pipes could not sound till the particular slides of the desired pipes were drawn by the operators. The instrument in this stage of its development was believed to be in use by the Ancient Chaldeans, and known as the mashokithra or magocaketha.

To the Hebrews is accredited the addition of hand bellows to the Chaldean achievement, the resulting instrument being possibly their magraphah. Somewhere in these early days another genius, in order to obviate the unsteadiness of air pressure resulting from inexpert use of the various bellows-blowers, invented a hydraulic system of air-blowing, which, by the way, persisted through many hundreds of years, to the commencement of the fourteenth century, to be explicit.

Of this we are then certain, that the early development of the essentials of the organ, even as we know it to-day, were complete before the birth of Christ.

The next step to be recorded is the existence of a simple key-action, described in Hero's account of the organ of Ctesibus. Claudium, who lived about A.D. 400, refers to the nimbleness of an organist of his time. On an obelisk erected by Theodosius (died 393) at Constantinople, is given the earliest record we have of the bellows of the organ being operated by the weight of the human body. Two people are shown standing on (presumably) two sets of bel-



ORGAN OF YONGE ST. METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

lows placed side by side, and in proximity to a primitive instrument of eight pipes, the latter operated by two players. The profession of bellows treaders was one which flourished for many years in various countries; in fact, we have a description from the pen of Pretorius, in 1620, of a set of twenty bellows operated in this manner in an old-organ in the church of St. Aegidius, in Brunswick.

(The development of the organ will be followed in a further article in the GUARDIAN of March 31st.)

An Early Start

The Advantages of Good Home Music

The Music Man has taken occasion more than once in these columns to affirm that the foundations of a musical education are laid in the home. Children who from babyhood hear the best music, intimately enjoyed in the heart of the home, have a basis of appreciation and understanding which it is difficult to acquire later. Music for them is connected with all of their home life, their rest and their entertainment. Music which is thus woven into the home experiences becomes so closely associated with them that all through life it is alive with memories of the days of childhood. How often one hears such an expression as this: "Isn't that beautiful?" Do you know, that brings back dear memories to me. My mother used to play that when I was little, and I never hear it without being taken back to the old home and its hal-

lowed associations. The tender tones of the lullaby, and the simple strains of the hymns of my early childhood well up in my heart and memory, and keep my footsteps aright when other agents fail me."

Music heard intimately at home exerts an immeasurable influence upon the after-life.

A Treat for the Kiddies

Haydn's "Toy Symphony" and Currie's "Toy March"

The "Toy Symphony" (Columbia Record No. 1295), played by Prince's Orchestra, is a quaint conceit of the composer, revealing the fund of musical humor that he had within himself. Haydn was court musician to the House of Esterhazy, and both he and the men of his orchestra had many odd experiences in their lives as they lived at the palace, isolated from their families and friends many months in the year. These various experiences, with their comic or pathetic sides, furnished Haydn with much material for many of his symphonies.

The story goes that Haydn got seven toy instruments at a fair in a small town, and, taking them to the castle, summoned some of his orchestra to an important rehearsal. When they found they were expected to play a new symphony upon these toys (the only real instruments in the score are two violins and a double bass) the musicians failed to play in time, they laughed so heartily.

The toy instruments employed are a "cuckoo," a trumpet, a drum, a whistle, a triangle and a "quail." There are three movements, the last one being played three times over, faster and faster each time.

Nothing could better exemplify the quaint and charming humor of Haydn than this symphony. The man who was affectionately called "Papa Haydn" by so many endeared himself to them by this very love of a joke. The sweetness of character and charm of manner of the man run through all his music. Haydn's music is essentially happy music.

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) was born in the southern part of Austria, of peasant parents. He became one of the foremost composers. His symphonies and chamber music are models of correct form. Haydn's sweetness and quaintness are reflected in the delightful melodies with which his music abounds.

The reverse side of this record contains another item of never-failing interest to the kiddies. This is the "Toy March," by Currie, and has such a rib-tickling hop-and-go-fetch-it sort of a lilt that you, even if you're unfortunate enough to be a grown-up, lose your heart at once to the compelling tump-tump-tiddly-tump of the "Toy March," join hands with the tads, and skip round the gramophone like mad.

Everything goes along swimmingly until some mischievous sprites get into the instruments and run up and down the scale, or unexpectedly blow some queer tone. You'll love the "Toy Symphony," but you'll giggle your sides sore over the "Toy March." Get the record and see if the Music Man hasn't told the truth.

"Home, Sweet Home" seems still to be the outstanding choice of those declaring for a favorite song. Other names suggested have been many and varied, but the Music Man finds "Home, Sweet Home" to have secured the greater number of supporters.

HYMNS WORTH LEARNING

There is a Green Hill

(Tunes: Horsley, Stebbins.)

No. 61 in the Hymn Book.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, the writer of this beautiful hymn, was the daughter of Major John Humphreys, of Dublin. She was born in that city, in 1823. Her husband was the Rt. Rev. William Alexander, Bishop of Derry. This hymn was written at the bedside of a sick child, who eventually recovered and always claimed the hymn as her own. Gounod claimed it as the nearest perfect in the English language, and his setting has added greatly to its overseas popularity. Mrs. Alexander greatly prized the autograph copy of Gounod's music which he sent her. In speaking of her hymns shortly before he died, Gounod said that many of them set themselves to music.

This is a most attractive hymn to tune-makers—literally so commonplace and yet so quiet and tender, with such a theme and such natural melody of line. Mr. Stebbins' composition, the second tune in our Hymn Book, comes nearest to being the favorite on this side the Atlantic, if one can judge by the extent and frequency of its use. Mrs. Alexander died in 1895.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Music

"In moments of great exaltation the soul finds its best expression in music, and on such an occasion the spoken word, after the sweet strains of music, is as the Pipe of Pan, which seems harsh after the lute of Apollo. During the French Revolution many thousands of speeches were made in the exultation of that great uprising, but only the fragments remain in memory; while 'The Marseillaise,' the battle-hymn of freedom, still remains to thrill the emotions of men and spur them to greater

The Influence of Hymns

Few things in literature exert a greater power over us than good hymns; they are to be counted as amongst the most potent factors in religious nurture. They are to very large numbers of people all that the Hebrew psalms were to a small number. Religious truth, which in the form of syllogism or sermon would have failed to find welcome in the mind, has entered freely and been fully apprehended when presented in the form of the sentiment of hymns and on the wings of their metres.

Many a heart, in the trying hour of fear or doubt, has suddenly discovered light or the way—light radiating from some stanza or line of a hymn that had long lain in memory. The hymns of the English-speaking people have done more to mould their characters than all the sermons spoken or written.

Did you ever find yourself repeating over and over a sentence from a book or a sermon, find such a sentence gradually working forward, as it were, from the margin of consciousness to the focus of attention? Not often. Yet how frequently have lines and stanzas of hymns thus stolen in on our field of thought, the same truth coming again and again in this manner, and every time deepening its impression, its power over the mind and will, and increasing the facility of its entrance.

The subscription lists are now open for the "Elijah" performance by the Toronto Oratorio Chorus. This organization is giving Mendelssohn's greatest oratorio in Massey Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 23rd, under the direction of Dr. Edward Broome, and will be assisted by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra of ninety-four players. The chorus is now up to a total strength of 240 voices, and is better balanced and more enthusiastic than ever before. The orchestra is one of the most powerful, capable and highly trained in this hemisphere. Such a combination will, therefore, produce a masterly performance of Mendelssohn's famous oratorio. The "Elijah" is a work of transcendent genius, and no lover of music—especially music interpreting some of the most profoundly moving scenes of the Old Testament—should fail to hear it.

Rambler's Column

(Continued from page 3.)

audience turned their gaze to the wall on which the pointer was now vigorously tapping, the orator was astonished to see a broad grin on their faces, and to hear from the back seats suppressed, but still audible laughter. An elderly man rose from the front seats, and with very evident effort towards gravity, said, "Elder, we ax your pardon, but for the last five minutes you've bin pintin' to the critter's tail."—G. H. P.

No. 2. In an endeavor to squelch some over-talkative maidens at a large public gathering, the Rev. John Scott, some forty years ago, told the following story: A certain Scotch minister used to jog along through his parish on horseback, on a horse of the kind with a very high backbone, and a tail that bobbed from side to side. Some wags on the tavern stoop one day hailed him with the question, "Say, Mister, what makes your horse's tail go wiggle-wobble so much?" Just for the verger same reason that makes your tongue gang wiggle-wobble—sheer weakness!"—J. S. C.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

The writer once had a boy in his academy class reading some lines in which occurred the word "Contemporaries." The boy pronounced the word accurately, but did not seem to know its meaning. "That's a big word; do you know what it means?" "No, sir." "Have you any contemporaries?" "Not that I know of, sir." "Well, it's strange if you have none; for I have this number." Turning to the blackboard I wrote 1,650,000,000, the approximate population of the world. "Now, what do you suppose they are?" "Sins, sir." The boy had his opinion of the Master.—J. V. H.

¶ The easy-going man usually travels downhill.

(Continued on page 34.)



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AN APPRECIATION

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—In the issue of THE GUARDIAN of February 4th, under the heading 'The Farmer and the Senate,' you reprint a caustic editorial from the *Farmer's Sun* regarding what the editor calls the "evil influence of the Senate on the political life of the country," the occasion of the attack being, as stated by you, the appointment of Mr. Lorne C. Webster to the Senate; and as the reprinting of the article and your comments thereon have now become public property, and in order that you may have the opportunity of properly appraising this latest addition to the Senate, and also in order that the Methodists of Canada may know what kind of a man Mr. Webster is and congratulate themselves on having such a representative there, I send these few lines. Lorne C. Webster is a man in the prime of life, a member of the Methodist Church for many years, an honored official of Douglas Church, the superintendent of Douglas Sunday school, the open-handed president of the Old Brewery Mission, in which he is deeply interested and which has for many years done such heroic work in rescuing and saving many of the "down and outs." Mr. Webster is a generous contributor to almost every good work in Montreal. He is a man of high Christian character and of unblemished reputation—true, he is a successful business man, but his success is of that kind that has been produced by wise and careful consideration of the proper conduct of business in legitimate enterprises and not by trampling on the necks of honest competitors. He has been "diligent in business," and while great success has crowned his efforts, he has consistently followed the advice of that grand old man, John Wesley, who urged his people "to make all you can, save all you can, give all you can," until to-day Lorne C. Webster is one of the largest contributors to the various enterprises of the Methodist Church of Canada. We laymen of Douglas Church, and in fact all Montreal Methodists, hailed with great satisfaction his appointment to the Senate, for if, as it often has been stated by some of the best thinkers on the continent of America, it is the duty of men of independent means, sound judgment and high character, to step into positions of public trust and responsibility in the councils of the nation, then we should rejoice that men of the character of the subject of this sketch are willing to devote some of their valuable time to the affairs of State in the interests of the public weal.

You state "he is said to be an affable and agreeable man." That is correct. He is so in the best sense, as his attitude is the outcome of the courtesy of the Christian gentleman who recognizes the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. What Canada needs now is the inclusion of a half dozen or a dozen men of similar character in the Senate who will safeguard the financial and moral interests of the people of Canada.

I am writing this tribute entirely unsolicited and without Mr. Webster's knowledge, therefore I sign myself

VIATOR.

(We intended no criticism whatever of Mr. Webster, who is one of the few Methodists who have been appointed to the Senate. Such men as Mr. Webster, if there were enough of them, would at least redeem

the Senate from the accusation of blocking the wheels of progress. The point of our criticism, however, was not that Mr. Webster was not a representative man and a good man, but that the Senate as a body represented almost exclusively the classes rather than the masses, which is not a wise thing in these democratic days.—Editor.)

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—One thought must impress and encourage all those who are engaged in Christian work, and that is the generous response of the people to the appeal for funds in the interests of the Forward Movement. No better vouchment could they have given of their sincere belief of the great work which has been accomplished by Christianity through the Churches, and is as well a declaration of that which they hope and believe it will continue to accomplish in the future. The work of the Churches may in the present be in the midst of upheaval and unrest; but it is not going to be wood, hay or stubble. We think the magnificent financial results call for rejoicing and special thanksgiving.

Toronto. JENNIE BARLTROP.

A MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I read with interest the note by Rev. W. Howitt, of Almonte. If the Board of Administration were to begin to consider such cases as he gives there would be no end. I taught school three years and saved money to go to college. A call came to enter the ministry in 1871 to fill the place of a pastor who had given up the work. In those days young men did as the Church Fathers told them. I spent all I had saved to buy horse and outfit to do the work on a large country circuit. When I paid my board and horse keep at the end of the year I had just \$8 for salary.

After I was ordained and married I had circuits in Quebec with heavy travel at less than \$700 per year with a horse to keep. We had sickness and extra expense. I had to borrow, but we paid it all back, though our expenses increased. I had good towns in Ontario for thirty years, but the salary was always \$1,000 per year. We gave our children college education, though never stationed in a college centre. We had saved \$2,000 in life insurance. Not being in business, I listened to Methodist preachers who were in business and allowed them to invest our hard earned savings. We have never been able to even get interest on what they invested. I was not worn out, I was not sick, but younger men needed the places and they were entitled to them. I saw men of my age in the ministry being crowded out, some with very sore hearts. I said: "Allow me to retire and give the younger men their chance." I did so without bitterness of spirit. I preach often, but have no salary—last Sunday I took three services and drove twenty miles. I hate to go into business of any kind—I was called to preach. My son, who gave his precious young life in the war, wanted to make a home for us in Montreal. I was visiting a sick boy recently; when I came downstairs a lady said to me, "You would have made a good doctor, and at your age your service would be of most value." I met a business man recently whom I knew in Ontario years ago. We were teaching school side

by side. He is worth \$350,000 to-day and is widely known. We are living on our superannuation allowance. If we could even get what the dear preachers invested for us years ago it would help us wonderfully. The only thing I envy any man is the opportunity to preach the gospel regularly with income sufficient to live respectably. One thing I made up my mind to upon retiring was that never by word, look, or act, would I make it harder for any honest pastor engaged in the regular work. Ask my pastor if I do not live up to that regulation. I love my pastor and he loves me.

S. J. HUGHES.

'REVIVAL OR RECONSTRUCTION'


To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—For some time past we have been hearing and reading of the necessity of reconstructing the Church of Christ. I have often wondered, and as yet have found but little to show me, just what is meant by reconstructing the Church, and what the Church would be after those reconstructors got through with their work.

In your issue of Jan. 14th L. S. Albright has given his thought re the above caption. In said article he has stated his idea of at least one side of their task. There he leads us to believe that he would entirely destroy the "class meeting, the prayer service, the Young People's Society," etc. Certainly such as he have gone a long way in that direction already; but, thank God, they have a considerable to go yet before they effect their task. And should the time ever come when these God-recognized services shall be things of the past, one thing will be sure—we shall find to our regret there will be but little of the Church to reconstruct.

Mr. A. tells us that all these things should go "because they failed to supply present-day needs." Let us believe so much the worse for "present-day needs." Certain it is that when people get to feel their *real* need they turn to those things that such as Bro. A. would destroy. Since I came to Morden I was requested to revive the class meeting, and to-night we had a "love feast," with a bit of the old-time spirit in it. Let me ask, who is at fault when such exercises as "prayer, hymns, address . . . more hymns and prayer" is an objection to a Christian Church service? Who is to blame if such exercises have to be "conducted by an old person or an outsider"? Also, why is there nothing for young people to do in the means of grace? Where does the difficulty lie? Does it lie in the church service, or the parties who object to these things which have shown, and shall continue to show, the Church's pulse and vital power for all time to come? Can our friend find us a single individual who is truly given up to God, as the physician, or lawyer, or merchant is given up to his profession, who finds nothing to do in the prayer service or the spiritually-conducted Epworth League? I presume if we would go into reconstruction and introduce a few of the questionable devices of social life of to-day, we would increase our average attendance at our mid-week meetings. But what would the results be?

God demands, and our people need, results, profitable to the kingdom of God and the souls of men. The question Bro. A. raises is—which does the Church of to-day need, "Revival or reconstruction"? To find an answer let us find, if we can, wherein lies our difficulty. It is claimed by our foes, and admitted by our friends, that there is something wrong. Can we locate that wrong? If we can, like the physician, we may be able to find a remedy. For years we have had to admit that the greatest Church difficulty is Church apathy. The topic given for the second Sunday of the week of prayer was "The Church Awakened by the Rediscovery of the Reality and Power of Prayer." This, then, is the disease of the Church of to-day, according to the opinion of our staff officers.



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A slumbering Church which has lost the reality and power of prayer, or "sleeping sickness." The question then is, how to find that which we have lost. Can it be done by the reconstruction of the Church? Or must it be brought about by the rediscovery of its vital force, "the reality and power of prayer"? When "prayer, hymns and more prayer" will be good food, and pleasure for the Christians of the twentieth century. Of course there cannot be, nor will there be, the slightest objection to literary and social evenings; instance, the two nights of each month set apart in our Epworth League programme for this very thing and citizenship. But surely we need some food for the soul, such as the prayer service and the consecration service of the Epworth League afford?

Suppose you call a physician to a drowning man in whom life has become extinct; by what process will he undertake to bring back the life of the victim—by "reconstruction," or by "restoration"? Would he remodel the body or restore the life? Or it might be well for Bro. A. and all such to take a look into Ezekiel's "valley of dry bones," and tell us the process by which "the breath came into them, and they lived and they stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army," Ezekiel 37: 10. Then tell us the real difference in the mind of God between the "valley of dry bones" and a Church out of which has gone "the reality and power of prayer." Then they might inform us as to the difference in the same mind between "restoration" and "revival"; also which is needed in the Church that has lost its relish for "prayer, hymns and more prayer."

In conclusion, let me say that the hearts of many have been made glad by the call of the watchman's voice as he heralded the day-dawn in such programmes as that given

for our Inter-Church Forward Movement, especially that for the week of prayer, "the awakening of the Church"; when we are seeking the conversion of thousands of souls, and the laying on God's altar of millions of money to send the gospel to those who have it not, that their souls and bodies may be brought into vital touch with God, that they shall "be born again."

When the Church is "restored" to the "reality and power of prayer," then she will seek again the old Pentecostal power; and souls, "such as are being saved," shall be brought into her communion "three thousand in a day." Our prayer is, God hasten the day. Sincerely, etc.,

Morden, Man.

W. G. WILSON.

TITHING AND STEWARDSHIP INSEPARABLE

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Had some of the ancient Pharisees come to some of our modern philosophers with the question, "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar or not?" they would in all probability have received the astonishing answer, "You stupid Jew, will you never be able to realize that paying taxes is virtually in your case a recognition of your subjection to a foreign power to the extent of all that you have?"

What a fine slap that at the Jew. Anything more out of place or unnecessary could scarcely be imagined, and the very wise philosopher, in speaking thus, would only prove himself more stupid than the Jew, for was not that the very thing the Jew did realize? That was the very thing which made paying tribute to Caesar such a hateful thing.

Is it not quite as unnecessary to tell the tither that he lacks the larger outlook that

all belongs to God; that stewardship involves all that we have—time, talents and opportunity? When was it discovered that stewardship was so all-important and all-inclusive? Was it not the teaching of the tithe which brought it into prominence?

Your correspondent, L. S. Albright, has taken much trouble to present the subject of stewardship in a light or angle "that makes tithing sink into relative insignificance." We fail to see that there is anything to be gained by exalting stewardship at the expense of tithing. They are inseparably joined together. To preach stewardship as something opposed to or contradistinct from tithing is simply exalting a lot of fine sentiment without any assurance that it will materialize into any practical demonstration of sincerity whatever. An indefinite "all" sounds very good, but a definite "some," a definite portion, is just as good a guarantee that stewardship is in hands that can be depended upon to give a faithful account.

Tithing, we are told, tends to obscure the teaching of Jesus. Why not go a step further and say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," obscures the teaching of Jesus? The classification, "haphazard giving," "proportionate giving," "systematic giving," "tithing" and "stewardship" looks like an attempt to create distinctions for the sake of support to the peculiar angle which sees stewardship as something opposed to tithing. Can anyone say that tithing is not systematic giving or proportionate giving, or that it is not stewardship put into practice? To be sure, proportionate giving, as defined by your correspondent, is very distinctive; but the general acceptance of the term, we think, does not sanction an extension of meaning to the extent of dividing up on this or that fund of the Church. Is it because giving in proportion to your income is so closely identified with the tithe that it becomes necessary to change the angle?

As a tither I have never felt that my Christian freedom was interfered with by adopting the tithe. It was a law unto Israel, and the Christian is free to make it a law unto himself. Tithing, the writer tells us, is good and useful. If it is good to-day, it was just as good in Paul's day; yet we are told Paul opposed tithing as an imposition on Christian freedom. That remains to be proved. In writing to the Church at Corinth Paul said, "Let each one of you lay by him in store as he may prosper." We do not think Paul meant to give all; it must have been a percentage he insisted upon, and the same percentage all around. You cannot have a systematic, or proportionate, or equitable system without a divisor. Did Paul make one, or had he the tithe in view? It is highly improbable that he suggested the haphazard way in which, without any definite rule as a guide, one gives according to means and another according to manner. D. DAZELL.

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ONE FARMER'S EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—I have been moved to write to you on the subject of farmers' incomes and profits because of the opinions you have expressed on this subject at various times in making comparisons between their incomes and others, all tending to show that in your opinion their incomes and profits were so great that a spirit of niggardliness was manifested to the Church. I would like to disabuse the mind of the editor of this idea, which I am satisfied is very erroneous.

In your issue of January 17th you say ministers' sons and the pastor see men of very ordinary ability banking from one to two thousand dollars annually, and I am quite assured that such cases are so very unusual as to be negligible and not the fruit of everyday farming, but come from some side lines, like stock dealing or speculating, in which they may be experts, like dealing or breeding fancy farm animals.

Now for a resume of my own experiences as a farmer. I am now an elderly man, retired from active work for twelve years, and physically unable to do manual labor. I commenced as a young man farming one hundred acres of really good farming land, mostly cleared, but with little or no buildings; on a good road, close to a country cross-roads village, with school, church and tradesmen. I farmed that for thirty-two years, with the addition of forty acres after twenty years. My wife and I were both healthy, very industrious, not deficient in ordinary business sense, did not have any serious losses or sickness, tried to get value for every dollar spent by buying and selling in the best markets, and was considered in the locality as a hard-working, successful farmer. Now for the results.

We raised seven children to adult age. They all had the benefit of a good common school education up to fourteen or fifteen years of age. The two older boys each had two seasons at the O.A.C. under President James Mills, a privilege which at that time did not entail a heavy money cost. All the children assisted in such farm duties as they were fitted to do. The first cost of the farm was \$3,500, for which I paid a rental value of \$200 per year for twenty-two years. During that time I improved the property at a cash cost of \$2,500 in buildings and \$700 in draining, after which the 100 acres was willed to me, so I had no more rental charges. After that I bought an adjoining forty acres without buildings, good land, at a cost of \$1,800, and had it all paid for at the end of the thirty-two years. You will thus see that I had added to the value of my holding in that time buildings, draining and land, \$5,000. In order to compute my profit I must deduct interest on capital for the last twelve years, which would amount to \$3,000, leaving a net saving to myself and wife of \$2,000 and live stock and implements, say \$2,000 more—\$4,000 as the net savings of myself and wife after thirty-two years of diligent, economical farming.

TOILER.

Our correspondent did not intend us to publish this letter, but it is so sane, so reasonable, and so clearly put that we trust he will excuse us for publishing the letter, as we do not attach his name. Our brother's experience is the experience of thousands of Canadian farmers: but we think recent years have been better. We do not think the farmers of twenty years ago could buy McLaughlin and Overland cars. But if any one has a right to own and enjoy a good car it is the farmer. The only thing is that now that better days have come we think he ought to pass them on to the teachers and preachers. The farmer is none too rich, but the preacher is too poor.—Editor.)

THE IMMINENT RETURN, ETC.

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—THE GUARDIAN of December 31st has just reached me, and I note in the Forum a friendly criticism by Rev. Thomas Voaden of my letter which appeared in the issue of November 19th.

In reply, will you permit me to say that Bro. Voaden will find the outline of the five acts of the drama to which I referred in the second chapter of the Book of Daniel, and that, in my opinion, the counterpart of the first four acts may be found in the history of the four great empires of Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome during the last two thousand five hundred years. The fifth act referred to is represented by the fall of a stone cut out of a mountain without hands. What is portended by this tremendous imagery time alone can show, but when one remembers that the most extraordinary revolutions the world has seen are pictured by a mere change from one metal to another in a great image, and that the change now impending is depicted as an

interposition which destroys the image and replaces it by an entirely new order of things, he is led to infer that the last act of the drama will have the most awe-inspiring characteristics, the most sublime concomitants and the most far-reaching consequences.

Will you let me add, too, that I think Bro. Voaden is mistaken in supposing that the words of our Lord in Acts 1: 7: "It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father hath put within His own authority," must always apply, to all Christians, for all times. In the connection in which they stand they can only mean that it was not God's purpose to reveal to the questioners the scale by which "the times and seasons" (already revealed in the Book of Daniel, as destined to elapse ere the restoration of Israel's kingdom) were to be measured. I presume Bro. Voaden will admit that if at some future time the kingdom is restored to Israel the scale of measurement of the "times and seasons" will become indubitably clear. I hope he will also admit that a system of "times and seasons" to which no key could be obtained until after the entire completion of the events whose duration it measured would have no practical value to the Israel of God, or any one else, at any time. On the other hand, a system to which a key was given immediately prior to the consummation of the events predicted might be of immeasurable service. Such a key to the "times" of Israel's subjection to Gentile powers is given in the year day principle. Guided by that principle I was led long ago to anticipate, along with many other events associated with the great war, the liberation of Jerusalem in 1917. I regard that event as the signal to Christendom and to the world of the speedy fulfilment of the words of Gabriel recorded in Luke 1: 32, 33, "The Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the House of Jacob forever, and to His kingdom there shall be no frontier." With Bro. Voaden, I work and pray for a revival of religion. It will assuredly come, though perhaps not in the way in which either he or I imagine. "God fulfils Himself in many ways."

Yours faithfully,

EDWIN MOORE.

EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of Jan. 21st re "Teachers' Salaries" you state: "A girl may spend as much as a boy upon her education; she may be as good a student

as he; she may be as successful a teacher as he; she may have as many dependent upon her as he has, but because she is a girl she must work for less money. This inequality will surely have to be rectified."

While taking issue with you on such a statement, allow me first to state that while I am heart and soul in favor of extending "women's rights" to women, I am also in favor of extending "men's rights" to men, and "home's rights" to homes. A little consideration will show that these rights are not all the same, neither can they all be met by equal pay for men and women, as you suggest; nor upon the principle of equal pay for equal work done, which, while you roughly suggest, you do not state clearly.

To my mind there are two principles which can be stated quite briefly: (1) Equal pay for men and women; (2) equal pay for equal work done.

The first of these you have stated fairly clearly, hence let us consider it. The life of our nation depends on homes; we have not yet placed the responsibility for home-founding upon our women. Where you may find isolated cases of homes sustained—not founded—by working girls, the cost of founding these homes has generally been met by a father deceased. And, further, the longer such homes continue the smaller they become through marriages and deaths; while a man's home under normal conditions has to increase in numbers and expense. But since our economic principles cannot be built up on exceptional cases, let us consider the issue on the basis of a man being responsible for founding a home, and the working girl being free from this responsibility. Then for a moment let us assume another of your implications, "that woman-power per hour is equal to man-power per hour." Now let us imagine a man and woman working side by side for one dollar per unit of time. The woman has her salary to herself, except in cases which should be covered by national superannuation or national insurance; while the man has his divided by the ever-increasing family needs. The result is that while the man (and his family) may be on the verge of starvation, the woman working beside him may be doing very well financially. If families were a selfish luxury I could not argue thus; but if they are the most pressing need of our nation we may see more force to the argument that pay cannot be judged by money received, but by the commodities each will have for himself or herself after the real economic principles of nation-building have been satisfied. Hence, if a man and woman are working side by side, each drawing the same pay, each fol-

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lowing our general economic tendencies, the woman is receiving more commodities for herself than the man. And that, of course, is not fair.

The next principle, "Equal pay for equal work done," I find, is not taken very seriously by many people, except in isolated cases where one might be pardoned for thinking that the sponsors of the argument felt sure the principle would not go any further. This has a much wider application, if at all, than in the man and woman argument. Consider it in our schools. Are we willing to cut out all increases due to continuance in the profession? Obviously, on the principle, a teacher fresh from Normal, given an appointment any place, should have the same salary as the teacher—man or woman—of any number of years' experience holding a similar appointment. Then the salaries of principals will also have to be attended to, for many of them, after a number of years of experience, are drawing money altogether out of proportion both to that paid in grades next to them and for the extra time necessary for the added duties as principal.

Again, it would be difficult to prove that the increased salaries in high over public schools is directly in proportion to extra work done. And when we carry the argument right up to the university we find seven months' work drawing more than ten months at either public or high schools.

But why stop with the educational field? Let us consider business. On this principle the man who spends thirty minutes cutting hair, or selling a pair of boots, or selling a piece of real estate, should get the same pay each time. This would mean considerable change in the business world, for at the present time such work, though roughly equal, draws as its pay fifty cents, four dollars, or a few hundred dollars.

Obviously, Mr. Editor, the principle is unworkable, for cutting right across it are other recognized economic laws, such as that of "supply and demand," which cannot safely be set aside by will under our present system.

The reason that so many women are employed in the teaching profession is largely due to two facts: (1) They can teach some grades at least equally as well as men; (2) they have been obtained cheaper. Some men supporting the movement of equal pay for men and women in the teaching profession are fully expecting that the result will be, not that many women will draw equal pay with themselves, but that women will be let out and men employed instead.

If the principle of "equal pay for men and women" is raised to the status of an economic law it will be interesting to see how it works out; but I fear it will entail hardships on homes, will unnecessarily increase the cost of education to municipalities, and will give women salaries out of proportion to men.

I am painfully aware, Mr. Editor, being a teacher, that our salaries are nothing to be envious of; but I think that the homes where needs are real should be considered in this age before rights which not only are not pressing, but are very open to question.

ROBERT E. COLLIS.

HE APPRECIATES THE "GUARDIAN"

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir, Having been a reader of the GUARDIAN for some thirty odd years, I thought I would ask for space for a few lines. First let me commend the management on their various new departures—"Ninety Years Ago," "The Rambler's Column," and "Music." Why, my boy was trying the National Campaign hymn on the piano last evening. I am in my sixty-third year. My earliest reading of the GUARDIAN dates back over fifty years, in my father's home, the late John Chambers, father of Rev. A. B. Chambers, of your splendid city. I loved to read the accounts of the departed, under the title "The Righteous

Dead." How varied were the different accounts! Some made so much more impressive reading than others. By thus reading I acquired some ability in this line, and this week I have written two obituaries of entirely different style, because of two entirely different men (these are for the local paper). Thus our youthful reading helps to mould our future lives, and I am persuaded these new features will grip the youthful reader who will later make the old-age subscriber. I am an admiring reader of the articles by Edith M. Luke, Byron H. Stauffer and other of your frequent contributors, thereby forming an acquaintance with persons whom I have never met, until they seem to be personal friends.

This is for the benefit of the person in charge of the Rambler's Column. In a recent issue he told us of a landslide of several thousand new subscribers. Never heard tell of an upgrade landslide before. The arrangement for your paper to reach your most westerly readers is just what it should be, thus making good Sunday reading. Lastly, I love the GUARDIAN because it is the organ of the great Methodist Church of Canada, the land of my birth; love it for its broad catholicity of spirit; love it because it has kept me in touch with the minds of many of the strong men of Methodism; love it because it records the passing to a higher sphere of service of such men as a Dewar, a Potts, a J. F. German, W. H. Emsley, and many others; and some day, whether I am spared to read it or not, it will record the passing of my dearly beloved brother, A. B. Chambers, who gave the Church many years of service.

Respectfully yours,

Hamilton. T. R. CHAMBERS, M.D.

MATILDA DISTRICT.

The third district meeting was held at Avonmore, Ont., Feb. 26th. Most of the morning session was devoted to an informal discussion on the subject of Tithing. In the afternoon the financial phase of the National Campaign was considered. Mr. Irwin Hilliard, the district captain, made a vigorous address in connection with this report. Six circuits have gone over the top. Winchester is at the head, followed closely by Cornwall. Six circuits are approaching the completion of their financial task. Six, for various reasons, have not yet commenced work. Plans were made whereby it is hoped to accomplish the work by the middle of March. The district hopes to reach its financial objective.

Rev. J. K. Curtis gave a helpful address on the adult Bible class, and Dr. Pierce spoke on "The Nature of My Evangelism." His work is along the line of personal effort. He has had good success on the old Matilda district. Dr. Pierce is strong on organization. He does not seek to do all the work himself, but enlists bands of Minute Men and sends them out after their unconverted friends or neighbors.

The Shanly circuit, which adjoins Matilda, is experiencing a wonderful work of grace. The Rev. W. E. Wright's method of evangelism is the very opposite of Dr. Pierce's. Bro. Wright is a young man of the old school. He believes in the old-time religion and the old-time method of evangelism. Commencing in November, special services were conducted at the Ventnor appointment for five weeks, and at Shanly for six weeks. At each of these places God has graciously blessed the preaching of the old gospel. At times the churches were too small and at times penitents could not find room at the altar. Hundreds have been converted or restored and sanctified. Brother Wright has a wonderful story to tell. It was most encouraging and inspiring to all who heard it in the evening. It was regretted that so many of the brethren left before the evening session. The Rev. W. T. Cosens also gave a helpful address on prayer, which Brother Wright had mentioned as one of the elements of success in his work.

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Connexional Notices

NOTICE.

The first list of acknowledgments to city-fringe Sunday-school work will be published in the Christian Guardian, March 17th. Rev. A. E. Baker, Victoria College.

BAY OF QUINTE CONFERENCE EXAMINATIONS.

The attention of Superintendents of Circuits is hereby called to Discipline, paragraph 158, sec. 3. Kindly report to the Secretary of the Board of Examiners, Rev. M. W. Leigh, Fraserville, Ont., not later than March 20th, the names and addresses of all candidates for the ministry, so that arrangements may be completed for their preliminary examination on April 20, 1920.

F. W. White, Chairman.
M. W. Leigh, Sec. Bd. of Exam.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

The annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Department of Finance will be held (D.V.) in the Board Room at Wesley Buildings, Toronto, on Thursday morning, April 29th.

S. W. Dean, General Secretary.

RECENT DEATHS

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

McILROY.—James McIlroy passed away on November 3rd, 1919, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Frizzle, Medicine Hat, Alberta. Mr. McIlroy was born near Belfast, Ireland, on March 25th, 1824. He came out to Canada when he was four years of age, and the family settled at Matilda, Dundas County, Ontario. Mr. McIlroy was a member of the Methodist Church, and liberal provision was made in his will for the support of church and charitable work. He is survived by three sons and three daughters. The funeral service was held at the Wesley Church, Calgary, and was conducted by Rev. Joseph Lee, assisted by Rev. C. E. Bland.

McKEE.—Rosanna Harriet Stinson, beloved wife of Hugh J. McKee, of Asquith, Sask., passed away on Thursday, January 22nd, 1920, aged 27 years three months and sixteen days. Mrs. McKee was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Stinson, of Colgate, Sask., and grand-daughter of the late James Stinson, of Harriston, Ont., whose photo and death appeared in the The Guardian of Feb. 27th, 1917.

Two precious ones from us have gone,
Their voice forever stilled;
Their place, now vacant in our homes,
Can never more be filled.
Father, Mother, Brothers and Sisters,
and Husband and Children.

SHOTWELL.—John B. Shotwell passed away at his home in Strathroy, on Tuesday morning, February 24th. He was born in Lobo Township, 1845, and was a school-teacher by profession. He was a man of superior intelligence, a great reader, and loved by all who knew him, because of his sterling Christian character. Besides his widow, he leaves to mourn his loss, one son, Prof. James T. Shotwell, of Columbia University, New York, at present in England as geographical-history expert for the United States Peace Commission. The late Mr. Shotwell's other son, William, died in 1901, when principal of Hawkesborough high school.

A. E. J.

Trinity Methodist Church, of Kitchener, of which the Rev. J. H. McBain is the efficient pastor, is completing details to engage a director of religious education for the new Conference year. This go-ahead church is running neck-and-neck with Metropolitan Church, Toronto, for honors along educational lines. Success to them both in their new and promising venture.

We regret to note the death, at Guelph, on Feb. 29th, 1920, of Josephine Hattie, the beloved wife of Rev. E. B. Stevenson. The funeral was held on Tuesday, March 2nd. The bereaved ones have the sincerest sympathy of their many friends.

The Port Hope Methodist Church at its February Quarterly Official Board meeting invited the Rev. C. S. Applegath to remain as pastor for the second year, and also increased his salary to \$2,000.

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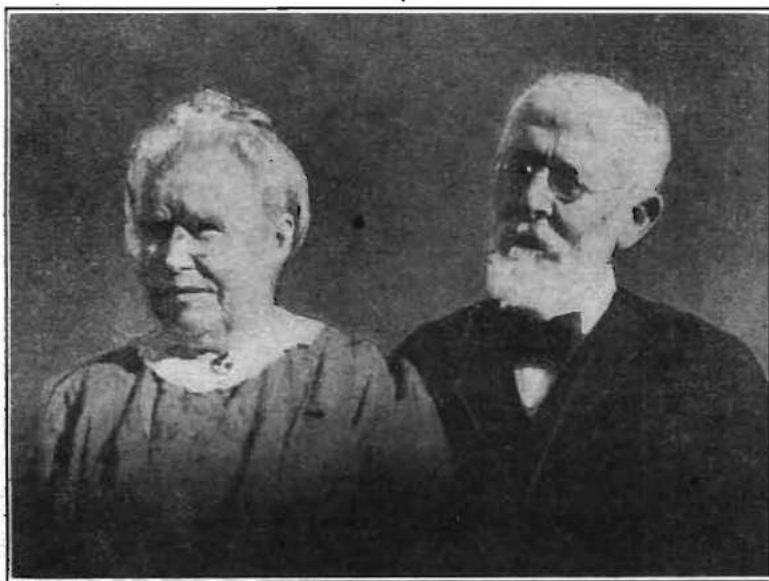
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DIAMOND JUBILEE



MR. AND MRS. A. CHORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Chord, of Todmorden, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding on January 9th. Mr. Chord, who is now 83 years of age, was born in Falmouth, England, and Mrs. Chord, whose maiden name was Henrietta Ford, was born in London, England, 80 years ago. Mrs. Chord was, in her early years, a scholar in Westminster Abbey Sunday school. Mr. Chord, at 15 years of age, went to Australia as a cabin boy on a freighter, where he remained for about 20 years. In the year 1860 Mr. and Mrs. Chord were married in Ballarat, Australia. In the year 1875 they came to Canada and settled in Toronto, where they have lived ever since. Mr. and Mrs. Chord immediately after coming to Toronto united with what was then known as Spadina Avenue Methodist Church, later known as Broadway. About eight years ago they moved to the east end and be-

came identified with Danforth Ave. Church, with which they are still identified. Mr. Chord was for over thirty years teacher of the infant class in Broadway, and class-leader for many years, and still holds that position in Danforth, meeting his class every Sunday morning. He has been a subscriber to The Guardian for over forty years. The children born to this worthy couple were, Mrs. Burgess, of Todmorden; Mrs. Force, of Windsor; Arthur F., of the W. J. Gage Co., of Toronto. It is worthy of special note that Mr. Chord has been for forty years in the shipping department of the W. J. Gage Co., and though now 83 years of age, still continues to contribute his daily share of labor in the employ of that firm. He is a local preacher and vice-president of the Local Preachers' Brotherhood, and has been conducting services once a month at the Haven for twenty years.

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LITTLE "PERSONAL SERVICE" ADS.

Notices under this heading cost four cents each word, including initials and address. They should reach this office by first mail on Wednesday. When answers are sent care "Christian Guardian" five words extra should be counted to include key number. Answers will be held till called for, unless stamps are sent for forwarding. Cash should accompany orders. Address all communications to the Advertising Department, "Christian Guardian," Toronto, Canada.

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WANTED—Capable maid, to do light housework and assist with children. Apply, 69 Indian Road, Toronto. Phone, Parkdale 6737.

WANTED—A competent, trustworthy cook-general, about thirty years of age preferred; comfortable home and good wages; no laundry. Mrs. Smith, 395 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

WANTED—General; no washing; second maid kept. Mrs. Davis, Metropolitan Parsonage, Toronto.

WANTED—Young Girl as domestic for an apartment. Apply Mrs. Harris, 315 Lonsdale Road, Toronto.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED—Bookkeeper and stenographer for insurance office in Lethbridge, Alta. A trustworthy business woman, capable of taking full charge of office routine required. Previous experience not necessary if qualifications and references satisfactory. Preference given to soprano singer or soloist to assist in Wesley Church. Initial salary \$100 per month. Address replies to Box 35, Christian Guardian, Toronto, Ont.

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

EXCHANGE.

WANTED to hear from ministerial brother in London, Hamilton or Toronto Conference, open to exchange with brother occupying considerably better than average circuit in the Manitoba Conference, both as to salary and standing. Apply, Box 41, Christian Guardian.

NURSES WANTED.

YOUNG women of good education, desiring to become graduate nurses, may receive three years' training in "The General Hospital," Port Arthur. For further information apply Superintendent.

EVANGELISM.

REV. R. A. SCOTT, Ph.D., Napanee, Ont., is available for evangelistic services.

REV. JOSEPH W. HAKES, evangelist and soloist, member of the Inter-denominational Association of Evangelists, Winona, Ind., has open dates after May 16th. Testimonials sent on request. Address 705 East 179 Street, New York, N.Y.

PROPERTY WANTED.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

MINISTER WANTED for the United Church, Central Butte, Saskatchewan; salary \$2,000, with a free manse and a month's vacation; state in first letter when can come to preach for a call. Address replies to Union Church Correspondent, P.O. Box 11, Central Butte, Sask.

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WANTED—For adoption, baby girl, between two and three years of age. Fair hair, dark blue eyes. Box 39, Christian Guardian, Toronto.

a man lay down his life for his friends." Lovingly inserted by his wife, Margaret Curran-Wilkinson.

HUGHES.—In loving memory of our dear parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hughes, 154 Third Avenue, Ottawa, Ont. Father left us October 17th, 1913, and mother (Helen Stephenson), March 5th, 1919. "Faithful unto death."

INVITATIONS.

Second year: T. P. King, Vienna. Fourth year: W. A. Lewis, Macleod; J. C. Speer, Westmoreland, Toronto; G. E. Smith, Hagersville.

During the regular pastor's summer vacation the sermons at the Baptist church were preached by well-known ministers from other churches. A list of coming attractions was posted in the vestibule. One morning, when making his announcements for the coming week, the day's incumbent mislaid the slip containing the name of his immediate successor, but he supplied the information in this fashion:

"On the way out you will find the preacher for next Sunday hanging up in the vestibule!"—*New York Times*.

(Continued from page 27.)

A LAMENT.

The Rambler, "speared" these verses whilst they were en route to the editor's sanatorium. They came unsigned. Their composer will please pardon their insertion here; also some liberties taken with the stanzas by way of amputating and grafting on an occasional syllabic foot. The lines, of course, refer to the Guardian short story contest now in progress.

I send you this in sadness,
With a feeling far from gladness,
And not from any real badness,
As you will plainly see, sir.

The GUARDIAN sought a story,
And hoping for some glory
Before my head grew hoary,
I decided a story to write, sir.

But alas! for high pretension,
Though spurred by good intention,
I'm sorry to have to mention
Writers are born, not made, sir.

I could not form a plot,
Ideas would not be sought;
'Tis so hard, now is it not?
To catch the inspiration, sir.

A hero I couldn't create,
The heroine seemed out of date,
And the villain arrived quite too late
To be of any real use, sir.

Turn the tap and the water flows,
Press the button, the light then glows,
Crank the Ford and away she goes—
What will start a story, sir?

Won't you tell me how 'tis done,
How to end when once begun,
For it isn't the slightest fun
To write when you don't know how, sir.
W. Toronto. E. M.

How It's Done.

Take a measure of common sense,
Some situations rather tense,
A heroine of looks immense,
And then you've made a start, ma'am.

You'll need a plot that's sure to thicken,
A villain that will do some kickin',
And a hero who can take a liekin',
And a couple of breaking hearts, ma'am.

A happy ending kept in store,
Some tribulation less or more,
A wedding march, and gifts galore,
That's all there's to the art, ma'am.

—The Rambler.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

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

MARRIAGE.

NEELY—OSBORNE—On February 10th, 1920, at Shannonville, Ontario, at the home of Dr. John and Mrs. Moore, sister of the groom, Mr. Henry Neely, of Lemberg, Sask., was united in marriage to Miss Keitha A. Osborne, one of the most highly respected young ladies of the county, and daughter of the late Samuel Osborne, Shannonville, by the Rev. W. W. Jones, S.T.L. The happy couple will be at their home in Lemberg, Sask., after March 15th, inst.

DEATH.

CLIPSHAM—On Sunday morning, Feb. 22, 1920, at the Cottage Hospital, Toronto, Norman Wood, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth M. Clipsham, aged five weeks. Interment at Woodstock, Ont.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILKINSON.—In loving memory of my dear husband, Gunner J. Wilkinson, who died on March 9th, 1919, as a result of a gas attack received at Passchendaele, while attempting to rescue a comrade under fire. "Greater love hath no man than this, that

This letter reached the Circulation Department a few days ago. It is a matter for conjecture whether many other papers now being published can claim successfully to have such a faithful and continuous reader as he who sends this letter:

"I write to give you notice that the GUARDIAN subscription expires this month. I must ask you to drop my name, as my eyesight is becoming so dim that I cannot see to read. I am getting old; will be eighty-eight in a couple of months. I have taken the GUARDIAN for nearly sixty-two years, ever since I was married. My father took the GUARDIAN from the time it was first printed. We have a copy now in our home issued in 1845.

"Yours truly,
"(Signed) THOMAS WELBANKS,
"Milford, Ont."

¶ Many a man would like a raise of salary if he could get it without working for it.

¶ You cannot deceive others without first deceiving yourself.

MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

The Vision Splendid

One comes to the study of such a matchless passage as that which is before us with a feeling that perhaps it would be just as well to forget all about analysis and exposition and attempt at explanation, and just let the beauty of the language, the charm of the figures used, and all the tender and lovely pictures that are conjured up before us, have what effect they may upon mind and heart and will. In that way it might be that we would come nearer to sensing the great thoughts and feelings that surged through the soul of the great apostle when he wrote, and that he tried to bring home with a great comfort and strength to those for whom he was writing then. How far do we get after all when we try to explain this wonderful passage? We confess that if any one were to ask us what it meant we would have to say that we did not know. Even if one were to ask us if we thought that John were trying to picture heaven to us in these verses, and if from them we could form legitimate and definite pictures as to what the great future is to be, we hardly know how positive our reply would be. But if any one were to ask us what pictures and thoughts these verses called up to our mind, we could have something to say. We could tell them of the vision they brought to us of the old white haired apostle who, in the midst of all his suffering and hardships, still had a transcending and all-conquering faith in God; of how he struggled to bring home to the stricken and smitten Church of his time a great and overcoming conviction of the truth that, no matter how things might look for the time, faithfulness to God's will and purpose and a faithful endurance of everything for His sake, would one day bring its all-comforting and all-satisfying reward. And if we couldn't understand and explain all the figures used we could rest content in the realization that the reality would far transcend any attempt at picturing it. Yes, we believe it will be far more profitable to try to feel John's message in our souls than to try to reason out too closely what it all means.

That the writer did not intend that a too close and literal interpretation be given to his messages, might be inferred by making a comparison between the vision in to-day's lesson and the vision which immediately precedes it. In the latter the redeemed are pictured as of a fixed number, sealed and secure, from each tribe of Israel, and the whole picture is strongly Jewish Christian in its atmosphere and setting. But in the vision before us to-day the redeemed are a great multitude which no man could number, from all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues throughout the whole world. If we were compelled to make an exact and literal interpretation of the visions it would surely be impossible to harmonize these two. But when we remember how highly symbolical John's language is, and how he is struggling in vision after vision and picture after picture to compass the fulness of the message which he is trying to bring home, we are not troubled by any thought of inconsistency. One vision or picture presents one phase of the truth which he wishes to bring home, and he turns from that to another without any inconsistency or contradiction, because he is trying to vision forth the great thoughts and truths that are given him, and not describing actual concrete scenes and happenings.

We need, however, to guard carefully against the delusion and mistake of think-

ing that because John's language is highly figurative and symbolical therefore the things he is speaking of are shadowy and unreal. No greater and more fatal mistake than this could be made. The future blessedness of those who remain faithful to God even in trial and great affliction is the thought which he is striving to bring home. Even though he makes use of highly symbolical terms to convey his meaning, the reality of the things he is talking about are not affected thereby, but the truth he is proclaiming is true past the power of any words he may use to describe it. After reading this vision of John's who could fail to believe that there is a glorious future for those who suffer and are true!

Note how effective John's method of bringing home his message of comfort and strength really is. He is writing to the ones and the twos and the little scattered groups of Christians, driven by the bitter persecution into the dens and caves of the earth, and prevented in every way possible from getting any comfort or strength out of fellowship with those who are likeminded. It has always been the sore trial of times of persecution that the persecuted have been scattered and have had to bear their trials and their sufferings so much alone. To the Christians to whom John was writing, the Church, in spite of themselves, must have seemed little and despised, and many thousands of them must have been suffering the sore trial of loneliness. And to such as these what a picture John presents! Whatever the Church in her sore trial is, the Church triumphant is a great multitude which no man could number, glorious and splendid past all words of description, with fellowships and social joys indescribable. How wonderful a message in its inspiration this would be perhaps no one could fully realize save he who needed it so badly as did these early Christians.

Those who complain that John has too much to say about the rest and the reward and the glory that are to follow Christian faithfulness forget all the tragic circumstances under which those to whom he wrote were placed. Surely for such as they were no message could be too full of consolation and comfort and courage, and it was in the School of Christ and through such long years of faithful experience that he had learned to suit his message to the need of his brethren. Getting to heaven and coming to all the joy and reward that are laid up for the faithful are not the great things to be thought of in Christian living, but John nowhere intimates that they are. He talks about the Holy City, it is true, but he does not miss also to talk about the New Jerusalem let down from heaven to earth.

William Black

MISSION ROOMS' RECEIPTS

To March 3rd, 1920.

GENERAL FUND.

Receipts to date	\$196,180.42
Same date last year.....	235,764.29
Miscellaneous receipts to date..	3,581.21

In answer to enquiries concerning the date of publication of the article on "Wesley's Philosophy," read by Dr. F. Louis Barber, before the Toronto Ministerial Association at a recent meeting, a letter from Prof. Shailer Mathews, editor of the *Biblical World*, of Chicago University, says that the above article will appear in the March number of that magazine.

The International Sunday School Lesson for March 21st, "John's Picture of Worship in Heaven." Rev. 7: 9-17. Golden Text, Rev. 7: 12.

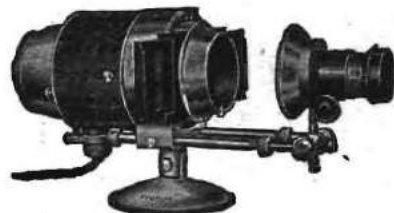


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Wise and Otherwise

"Don't tell me that worry doesn't do any good," said Mrs. Frett. "I know better. The things I worry about don't happen."—*Boston Transcript.*

Staff Colonel: "Your reports should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Sergeant: "Well, sir, what part is it that you don't understand?"—*Selected.*

Disraeli was much troubled by literary aspirants sending him their books to read. The formula he adopted in acknowledging was: "Dear Sir (or Madam)—I am much obliged for your book, which I will lose no time in reading."

An Englishman and a Scot, travelling north together, had a game of cards to pass the time. On settling up as they neared Carlisle, where the Englishman was to get out, it appeared that he owed the Scot one shilling and sixpence halfpenny. He paid one shilling and sixpence, but found he had no coppers.

"Aweel," said the Scot, "never mind! I'll just be takkin' your evenin' paper."

Good, absent-minded, old Dr. Wilder was greatly dependent upon his practical wife. One morning Mrs. Wilder sent up an announcement after he had entered the pulpit with a footnote intended to be private.

"The Women's Missionary Society," he read aloud, "will meet Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock sharp. Your necktie is crooked; please straighten toward the right."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

A preacher, travelling in the backwoods, came to the cabin of an ignorant old woman. He asked her many questions, but could not get an intelligent answer. Finally he asked her if she knew there was a judgment day coming.

"No," she answered. "Will there be only one day?"

"Only one day," was the reply.

"Then I reckon I can't go," she replied. "We've only got one mule, and John goes every place first."—*Exchange.*

From the Mail Bag

"We have been subscribers (with a very short intermission) for fifty years. I am always glad to have a weekly visit from the **GUARDIAN**."

"We think the **GUARDIAN** is improving all the time. It has always been a source of inspiration. I especially appreciate the new features, the Music Page and the Story Contests."

"I think it is one of the best papers published in Toronto, and should be in every Methodist home."

"I wish to express my appreciation of the marked improvement in the **GUARDIAN** all the way through, and am sorry that the 'rank and file' of our clergy do but 'half try' to increase its circulation. I think it their duty to do so. You have coaxed them a lot; why not 'roast' them somewhat? You can publish this letter if you wish."

"We have at least one in three of our families as subscribers, which is a pretty good showing, although, of course, I would like to see the paper in every home."

"The weekly visit of the **GUARDIAN** is the most inexpensive pleasure I enjoy."

"I hope to be able to read the **GUARDIAN** my few remaining years. It was among the first papers I read in my father's home sixty years ago."



A New Canadian Author

Speaks in the first book on our list this week. Mr. MacIver is Professor of Economics in the University of Toronto, and is exceedingly well known by reason of his addresses on economic and social problems.

LABOR IN THE CHANGING WORLD.

By R. M. MacIver.
The place of labor in our industrial system, what is to be the issue of the present struggle between labor and capital, what is the best solution of the problem, treated practically as well as theoretically, and strong enough to warrant publication by one of the best United States houses as well as in Canada. Cloth, 230 pages, \$2.00.

CREATIVE IMPULSE IN INDUSTRY.

By Helen Marot.
A study in modern industrial efficiency and its tendencies. The book is the result of a survey of conditions made by the author for the Bureau of Educational Experiments, and very heartily endorsed by authorities. Cloth, 146 pages, \$1.50.

THE LAW OF SOCIAL JUSTICE.

By Hugh Evander Willis.
The author is Professor of Law in the University of North Dakota, and has written half a dozen books on legal topics. This one very uniquely presents the law of Jesus from a lawyer's standpoint, or, put in other words, the place of the Law of the Kingdom of Heaven. There are a dozen good sermons locked up in this book. Cloth, 182 pages, \$1.10.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH.

By Henry E. Jackson.
Answering constructively the vital question of to-day, "What's wrong with the Churches?" and introducing the author's own experiences. An exceedingly readable book with a good deal of practical thought. Cloth, 390 pages, \$2.00.

READING THE BIBLE.

By William Lyon Phelps.
Really three chapters, "Reading the Bible," "Short Stories of the Bible," and "St. Paul as a Letter-Writer." The author is exceedingly human and discusses the Bible from the literary standpoint rather than otherwise, with a view to helping readers to become familiar with the most interesting parts of the Great Book, and to read it with intelligence and enjoyment. Cloth, 140 pages, \$1.40.

GREATEST THOUGHTS ABOUT JESUS CHRIST.

Compiled by J. Gilchrist Lawson.

Said to contain the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all the ages concerning the Deity, influence, ministry, atonement, resurrection, symbols, saving power, mediatorship, and dozens of other themes. This would be exceedingly helpful to preachers who like to use quotations from great men in backing up their sermon points. Cloth, 320 pages, \$1.75.

STREAMS IN THE DESERT.

By J. H. Morrison, M.A.
Sub-titled as "A Picture of Life in Livingstonia." This appears to be a most readable "history-story," of a missionary's experiences in Africa. Frequent illustrations add a good deal of interest. Cloth, 176 pages, \$1.25.

KINDERGARTEN STORIES FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HOME.

By Laura Ella Cragin.
Miss Cragin's books of stories for children are notable. Here is a new one of somewhat different type, with the stories placed under subjects and practically all of them illustrated. The song suggestion with each lesson should be helpful, and a suggestive introduction as to procedure will also add interest. Cloth, 320 pages, illustrated, \$1.75.

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