

# The Christian Guardian

• Established 1829 •

## The Land of Beginning Again

THE poet sighs "I wish that there were some wonderful place, called the Land of Beginning Again." Well, there is, we know that there is, because we have found it. And we think that it ought to be specially easy for any one to find it on this opening day of the new year. And of all the wonderful gifts that God has given unto men that privilege of being able to come into that land of marvellous opportunity is the very choicest. It ought, perhaps, to be said that it is not always an easy land to come to; it takes a good deal of courage and determination and perseverance before a man arrives. Nevertheless every man, woman and child in all the world may come. God in heaven has set no restriction to that statement. Perhaps it ought also to be said that some of us may have to carry a few handicaps with us as we come. There are handicaps of race and creed, ignorance and weakness, folly and sin. Yet here again there is much hope, for heaven seems to have a special mission for helping people with handicaps. Why not every one of us come to that land to-day!

TORONTO  
JAN. 1  
1919

### THE LATE LIEUT. MERRIL S. TAYLOR, R.N.A.S.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. Taylor, of Regina, whose son, Lieut. Merrill Samuel Taylor, R.N.A.S., was killed in France on July 7th, 1918, will appreciate the following sketch of the life of this intrepid officer. Lieut. Taylor was born at Singhampton, Ont., in 1893. His father and his mother have always been active church workers at Singhampton, Yellow Grass and Regina. Fifteen years ago the family moved to Yellow Grass, and it was here that Lieut. Taylor received most of his education. For a while he was a student of Regina Collegiate, graduating with first-class certificate. He was highly esteemed both by the faculty and pupils, not only as a brilliant student and athlete, but as a young man of great promise. At the outbreak of



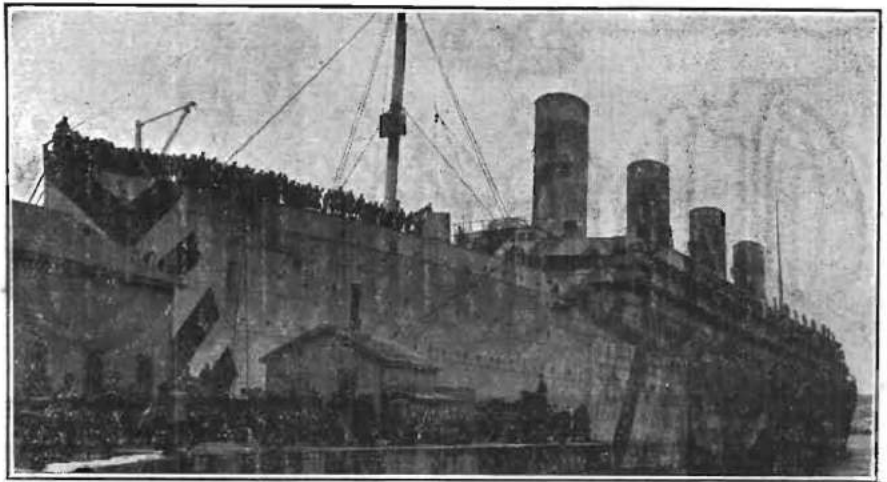
THE LATE LIEUT. MERRIL S. TAYLOR, R.N.A.S.

the war he was attending Toronto University, and about to graduate in practical science. On the 1st of April, 1916, he enlisted in the University Officers' Training Company. In January, 1917, he was appointed to the Royal Naval Air Force, and went overseas January 31st, and was sent to France as a flying scout in September, 1917. He was a cool, quick thinker, daring and brave, and rapidly won a place for himself. He was engaged in the great aerial battle of July 4th, and acquitted himself so well that the French Government awarded him the Croix de Guerre. Unfortunately, he did not live to have it presented to him. While on a dangerous reconnaissance July 7th he was shot down. He was buried eleven miles east of Amiens. The Croix de Guerre, together with a kindly letter of sympathy has been forwarded to the parents by the French Government. Lieut. Taylor was not only a fearless aviator, but a thorough, conscientious Christian. His letters often spoke of the nearness of the Master to him, and he ever sought to bring good cheer and comfort to the hearts of the anxious ones at home. Under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Stevens, a former Yellow Grass pastor, he, when only a lad, joined the Methodist church here. While living at Regina he was a member of Metropolitan, and at Toronto of Trinity. A very large circle of friends, both in the East and West, deeply sympathize with the bereaved family. Another brother, N. J. Taylor, who is also in the air service, has been for some fifteen months a prisoner in Germany. The remaining members of the family, besides his father and mother, are Mrs. Dr. C. H. Welcker, Jno. Taylor, Regina, Mrs. F. Cathcart, Dolly and Mrs. J. Reynolds, of Yellow Grass. P. I. T.

### THE LATE REV. J. W. HOLMES.

On Wednesday morning, Nov. 20th, the Rev. J. W. Holmes, while attending to his usual duties about his home, was not, for God had taken him. His heart ceased to beat, and his eyes were opened to see "the King in his beauty." The home at 420 West Twenty-sixth Street, Saskatoon, Sask., was desolate, but the homeland was the richer by an added treasure which, for many years, was in process of preparation for translation.

Born in Sligo, Ireland, on Oct. 24th, 1834, Mr. Holmes came over to Canada when he was twenty-eight years old, and became a pioneer Methodist minister in Western Ontario, where for forty-six years he preached the Word, and gave to his appreciative congregations a full measure of Christian sympathy from his warm Irish heart. As a mark of loving gratitude, one of his congregations sent him back to Ire-

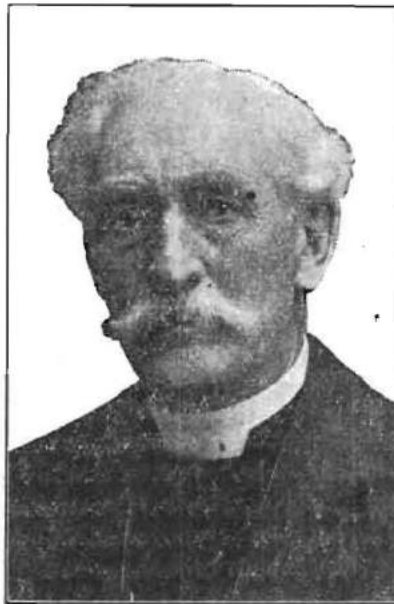


THE OLYMPIC DOCKING AT HALIFAX

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land to spend a three months' holiday with his mother in 1874.

The esteem and confidence in which he was held by his brother ministers is evidenced in the fact that he was honored by being placed in every office in their gift, from chairman of the district to president of Conference. He was also a member of the General Board of Missions, for many terms a member of the General Conference



THE LATE REV. J. W. HOLMES.

and for twelve years a member of the Book Room Committee.

As a preacher his sermons were energetic and evangelistic, and were marked by deep fervor and spiritual power, stirring men and women to an enquiry into their position before God, and leading directly to conversion and consecration. The writer can never forget the only sermon he heard

Mr. Holmes preach. The text, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me," and its unfolding were an inspiring presence for months after the delivery, and have been a powerful factor in the development of his spiritual life. The last public act of worship in which Mr. Holmes engaged was eminently befitting one held in such high esteem by the members of the congregation with whom he constantly worshipped. Pronouncing the benediction it was felt by many that the power of the Holy Spirit fell directly upon the people.

Covetous of souls, he labored diligently to lead his fellows into the kingdom, and was honored of God in revivals of religion which resulted in large accessions to the Church, and in the addition of many whose names are recorded in the Lamb's book of life.

Mr. Holmes was twice married, first to Miss Charlotte Rapley, of Strathroy, who died seven years later. His second wife was Miss Lucretia Burke, of Cobourg, Ont., who, with four sons and two daughters, survives him. The members of the family are: William Rapley Holmes, of New York; Lt.-Col. J. Elliott Holmes, deputy director of Dental Services for Canada at Ottawa; Charlotte, wife of Mr. George M. Haldane, of Strathroy; Joseph H. Holmes, of Saskatoon; Capt. G. Ernest Holmes, C.A.D.C., at Saskatoon, and Clara L. K. Holmes, of the home address.

The funeral services were held over until the arrival of Lt.-Col. Holmes, from Ottawa, and on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 24th, after prayer at the family residence by his pastor, Rev. G. K. B. Adams, the casket was taken to the Third Avenue Methodist Church, where a large congregation engaged in a beautiful service, tributes being paid by Rev. Wylie C. Clark and Mr. Adams to the exemplary life and sterling worth of the true "man of God." The choir sang "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," a favorite anthem, and as the triumphant notes of the "Dead March" in Saul suggested the resurrection from the dead of the grand Christian hero, his earthly tabernacle was borne forth to be laid in Woodlawn cemetery by six members of the Ministerial Association, of which body he was secretary for a number of years. They were Rev. C. B. Freeman, of the Baptist Church; Rev. Wylie C. Clark and Dr. J. L. Nicol, of the Presbyterian; Rev. J. E. Purdie, Anglican, and Rev. C. Endicott and Rev. F. M. Mathers, Methodist.

G. K. B. A.



HOW CANADA LOOKS TO THE RETURNING CANADIANS.

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## Will Not Coerce Russia

IT was announced last week that the Allied nations had reached a decision not to interfere in Russian affairs. Just what this may mean is not clear, but we presume it means that the Allies will not assume the herculean task of pacifying Russia by means of military expeditions. We have, however, troops and supplies near Archangel, at Vladivostok and in the interior, and our ships control Reval, in the Baltic, and Odessa, in the Black Sea. At this very time a contingent of Canadian troops is in Siberia, and, we suppose, will stay there for some months. In the interior of Russia the fighting still goes on, with the Bolsheviks supposed to be losing ground. And there is not only fighting, there is also famine and winter, and Russia's lot is admittedly a hard one. What the future holds we cannot say, for the Russian masses are ignorant and leaderless, and anything may happen. At present it looks as though any power, or powers, which might step in to help Russia over these trying years would have a permanent job and a thankless one, and we do not wonder the Allies are not anxious to try it. And yet Russia should be saved from her mad rulers, and it almost appears as though none but some of the Allies could save her, and the United States or Britain seem to be the only ones fit for such a task.

## The Last Dishonor

BRITAIN hated the U-boats, which were simply pirates; but there was one of the German submarines, the U-9, which, so far as known, was not a pirate. This boat had sunk three British cruisers, but it had done so in fair fight with ships of war, and when the list of U-boats to be surrendered to Britain was made out this U-boat was exempted. As a tribute to the valor of a brave foe Admiral Beatty agreed that Germany should retain this boat. But when the long line of U-boats surrendered to the British fleet the U-9 was amongst the number. The German Government had agreed to give the crew of each U-boat \$125 if they delivered their boats safely to Britain, and the crew of U-9 insisted on earning their \$125, and so the U-9 hauled down its flag, not because Britain demanded it, but that its crew might pocket a beggarly \$125. The *Cologne Volks Zeitung* tells the amazing story and says: "Can it really be true? Many a tear would flow in the German Fatherland. So everything is lost, including honor. We could not then sink lower in the estimation of the world—it is impossible." And yet this is the nation which only four short years ago determined to conquer the world, and which not twelve months ago proudly boasted that they would defend the Fatherland "to the last man." "How are the mighty fallen!"

## Beyond the Rhine

CONDITIONS in Germany do not seem to change very much, but food seems to be less plentiful, and the conflict between the moderate Socialists and the extreme Socialists is still in progress. There was a rumor that Premier Ebert and his Cabinet had resigned, but they seem still to hold their places, subject, apparently, to the will of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils. It was also asserted that Liebknecht and George Ledebour had been effectually silenced, but this rumor appears to have been even more incorrect than the first, as only last week Liebknecht headed a body of revolting sailors and for a time secured control of part of the Berlin streets. The *Vorwaerts* publishing plant was seized and held for a time by Liebknecht's followers, who claim

that *Vorwaerts* has apostatized from true Socialism. Meanwhile General Hindenburg still controls the army, but it is only subject to the Soldiers' Councils. It was said that Germany would send 800,000 troops to Poland to help hold part at least of Prussian Poland, but the rumor seems doubtful. One thing, however, there is in which all seem agreed, and that is that the Allies have used Germany very badly. Even General Hindenburg makes the complaint that Germany is suffering from the Allied action, and that, to Germans, seems to be reason sufficient why the Allies should change their methods. So long as Belgium or France suffered Germany could see no reason to be concerned, but now that it is Germany which is feeling the pinch they cannot understand why it should be. They simply smiled when France or Belgium suffered, but now that they themselves are suffering they fill the air with their lamentations. Never was there a nation which seemed so to enjoy the infliction of punishment upon her victims, and never was there a nation which made a louder outcry when it came her turn to suffer punishment.

## British Prisoners Come Home

THE British prisoners who have been held in Germany are now coming home, and their stories are full of tragic interest. Some of them apparently had not very much to complain of, but others tell a story of German brutality which is maddening. Some of these men were never sent to Germany, but were kept just behind the firing line, and no record was kept of them, so that if they were killed there would be no awkward questions to answer. If there was dangerous work to be done the British prisoners had to do it, and many of them were killed by British shells and bombs. They were fed so poorly that they could hardly march, and then they were kicked and prodded with bayonets to help them along. And now the authors of this brutality are actually pleading for better treatment, and grumbling because they are getting a very small taste of their own medicine. If Germany had been less brutal, if she had been more decent, the Peace Conference would have commenced with a very different tone, but as it is the record which Germany has written during the past four years will undoubtedly witness against her in the day of reckoning—and so it ought to do.

## Wine Manufacturers and Prohibition

FOR a good many years the Province of Ontario has had special legislation on its statute book favoring the manufacturers of native wine, so that they could sell to anyone who came to them, providing they sold in quantity and for consumption off the premises. The idea of the Government was to foster the trade in native wine, so that it would gradually take the place of imported wines and of spirits. But though the industry has thus been singled out for special favor the desired result has not been attained, as for some reason or other our people have not become to any noticeable extent a wine-drinking people. Free wine has, however, in some cases resulted in boys becoming drunk on native wine which they were able to purchase in quantity cheaply. The specially favored treatment of the wine industry sprang partly from the desire to foster a native industry, and partly from the popular belief that native wines were practically non-intoxicating. But there is no more reason for fostering the native wine industry than there is for fostering the native beer industry, and the wine usually contains a much larger percentage of alcohol than the beer. But last week the

wine manufacturers waited upon the Ottawa Government to secure the removal of the ban upon their product, which takes effect on Jan. 1st, 1919. But if the breweries and distilleries are closed by Federal order it is hard to see what excuse there is for allowing the manufacturers of native wine to continue. It seems probable that the whole matter will shortly be submitted to a vote of the people, and if the people vote "dry" it should mean the end of the native wine industry as well as of its much larger relations, the beer and whiskey industries.

### Spain Wants Gibraltar

**D**URING the war Spain, officially, was neutral, but with a very pronounced pro-German leaning, and it seems probable enough that the rumor was true that said that in the event of Germany's triumph Spain was to have Gibraltar. But Germany did not win, and now Spain is making a rapid shift, and avows that she was with the Allies all through the war, and she thinks that in exchange for her friendly interest in their success she should have Gibraltar, for which she is willing to trade Ceuta, in Morocco. She is also willing to let France have Spanish Morocco if France will hand over to her \$200,000,000. The matter has been up for discussion in Paris, but no action has been taken, and one would think that just now France would scarcely feel like investing such a large amount in African real estate. The abandonment of Gibraltar by the British has not yet been discussed very much in Britain, and probably it would hardly get a hearing unless it was suggested from some very influential quarter. The fact that Spain was rather opposed to the Allies during the war will certainly not help her case very much now.

### Britain Honors Wilson

**F**OR the first time in history a President of the United States has been the guest of Britain's King. Last week President Wilson paid a visit to England and was the guest of King George at Buckingham Palace. He had a marvellous reception in London, and it is estimated that 2,000,000 people thronged the streets to do honor to the President of the world's greatest republic, and to the ally whose timely and magnificent aid brought the war to such a satisfactory and swift conclusion. President Wilson's visit will doubtless help to bind together still more closely the two great English-speaking peoples of the world. This is certainly an object of desire to all who look for the triumph of democracy and the upbuilding of the kingdom of God upon earth. There will naturally be considerable commercial rivalry between these two great nations, and there will arise no doubt some difficulties at times, but we should like to see what Col. Roosevelt suggested—an agreement between Britain and the United States to settle all future disputes, of whatever character, by arbitration. The war has brought Uncle Sam and John Bull closer together than ever before, and the strengthening of this tie will do much to insure world peace and to safeguard the world against any form of autocracy. With Britain and the United States presenting a solid front to the world, the cause of freedom would be rendered secure for generations to come.

### Property Right in News

**H**AS a news company any property right to the news which its agents gather? This was the question which the Supreme Court of the United States was asked to decide recently, and which it did decide on Dec. 23rd in the affirmative. The Associated Press annually spends about \$3,500,000 in gathering and supplying the news to its patrons, and the International News Service undertook to secure some of this news by copying it from bulletin boards and early editions of Associated Press newspapers, and also by other more secret methods, and supplying it to its own patrons; and when the Associated Press complained the International averred that the Associated Press did the same thing. The case was somewhat complicated in that the sale of a paper or the publication of news on a bulletin seems naturally to carry with it the right of the reader of the paper or bulletin to spread the news; but the court held that while this is admitted, it does not carry with it the right to transmit that news for commercial purposes in competition with the original purveyor of the news. The majority of the Supreme Court judges agreed in the verdict, but Associate Justice Brandeis

dissented entirely, declaring that while he recognized that the injustice of the use of unearned news matter by a competitor was obvious, the court was establishing a dangerous precedent which might result in the denial of news to a great number of people. The present decision, however, establishes the principle that there is a property right in news matter according to the present law, and if this is not a good thing the law must be changed, or else a few more men like Justice Brandeis must be added to the Supreme Court. It does seem strange that two men, or three, can virtually make law, or interpretations of law, which shall bind a nation of 100,000,000 people!

### United States' Illiterates

**P**ROF. W. S. ATHEARN, chairman of the Educational Committee of the International Sunday School Association, in a speech some time ago called attention to the following facts. In the United States to-day there are 5,516,163 illiterates over ten years of age, and 700,000 men of draft age are unable to read and write in any language. Of these illiterates 4,600,000 are over twenty-one years of age, and nearly 3,000,000 are between twenty-one and forty-five years of age. Of this vast army of illiterates 58 per cent. are white and 1,500,000 are native-born whites, and 3,700,000 are farmers, which means that 10 per cent. of United States farmers can neither read nor write. Of the men who are now in the United States army between 30,000 and 40,000 cannot sign their own names nor read a signal, nor a notice, nor a dispatch in any language. When we remember that of those who can read and write there is quite a proportion which have only the scantiest rudiments of education, it will easily be understood that in the great republic there is quite a considerable number of men and women to whom the Bolsheviks and the I.W.W. may make a strong appeal. If ignorance was ever dangerous it is surely more dangerous now, and this continent needs both school and church more than ever before. And Canada, with her large foreign population, and the prospect of an unprecedented immigration inside of a year or two, had better be wise in her day and see to it that there is no large element of her people which is untouched by our schools and our churches. The very life of a nation depends upon the intelligence of its people. In Ontario last year more than 13 per cent. of the prisoners committed to our jails could not read nor write. This is surely very significant.

### A Department of Health

**A**MONGST other reforms which the war has indicated as necessary is the creation of a Department of Health, to supervise and safeguard the health of the nation. In Britain Sir James Galloway, commissioner of medical service in the national service ministry, declares that the medical condition of some 2,500,000 men who have been subjected to medical examination during the past twelve months is really startling. He says that at present vast numbers of persons, some of whom are sick with infectious diseases, are carrying on their daily work in crowded buildings where they are a constant menace to their fellows, and tuberculous folks are acting as milk dealers, butchers, bakers, grocers, hairdressers, bus conductors and factory workers, and are a constant source of infection in the community. Sir James favors the creation of a Department of Public Health, which would have authority to institute and compel public medical examination of all citizens, to give medical treatment where required, to prevent housing or work conditions which are detrimental to health, and to adopt all necessary measures to keep the health of the nation at high level. It seems probable that the British people would at first refuse to agree to such a system, but if the proposals were toned down a little to allow for the natural prejudices, the result ought to be beneficial. The health of the nation is not a local, but a national concern, and it is to be improved, not only by dealing with cases of disease, but by conserving the public health in every possible way. These are the days of prevention rather than cure, and to increase the national vitality is to do more than a hundred hospitals. Playgrounds, good food, sanitary surroundings, fresh air and sunlight, plenty of outdoor recreation, and a wise conservation of work power will do much for any nation; and the churches, the schools and the doctors should lead in the movement to safeguard the nation's vigor.



## CAPITALIZING THE WIGGLE

**I**N an article in "The Vocational Summary," issued by the United States Federal Board for Vocational Education, emphasis is laid upon the fact that the men who are partially disabled by war will be helped to make the most of what ability may be left. Every man is to be trained to do all that he can do, and if there is enough of Pte. Jones left to wiggle a finger, the wiggle will be capitalized and made to yield a pretty good living in addition to what he draws from the soldiers' pension fund. This is wise treatment for returned soldiers, and we think it would be wise treatment for many who are not returned soldiers. The idea is that no matter how small may be a man's capability it should be utilized to help both himself and the world. It is the story of the one-talent man with a modern setting, and it is a story which needs retelling again and again.

The war has brought home to the nations with tremendous emphasis the need of utilizing every ounce of work-energy which any man or woman possesses. The world is calling for it, the nation is calling for it, the Church of God is calling for it. We are beginning to understand the real value of toil, and to appreciate the toiler; and we are beginning to understand the real nature of idleness and to insist that the idler idle no more. The world can't afford, and has no right to be expected, to maintain idlers. Unless a man or woman can give some excuse for being alive, he or she has no right to burden society with their presence. There are many spheres of toil, and a man may prefer one sphere to another; with that we have little to do. But the point upon which we insist is that he find his rightful place somewhere and do his work faithfully. There is work which he can do and which he ought to do, and there can be no excuse if he does not do it. Each must do his share for the common good.

But one of the very worst hindrances to the carrying out of this programme is the knowledge that some men have very small capacity; to use the language of the report, there is nothing left but a wiggle. The man knows this, and he feels that he can do nothing; the helper knows this, and he is apt to get discouraged. Both are wrong, but the helper is specially to blame. The world has tens of thousands of men and women who are not possessed of any great natural ability, and they know it. But there is still left to them undreamed-of possibilities of happiness and usefulness, and they don't know it; and it is the business of preachers and teachers and all helpers of mankind to encourage these men to make the most of themselves, i.e., to capitalize the wiggle.

But we must have abounding faith in God and man. We must believe in God in man. We must see God at work even in that discouraging wiggle, and we must see Him so clearly that we shall have supreme faith that that wiggle shall work miracles. The trouble with many of us is that we have no faith in modern miracles, unless someone else works them; and we must learn that Christ was speaking to us when He said, "Greater works than these shall ye do." We have pushed God out of the lanes and the byways, we have shut Him up in the church and the college, and then we expect Him to work miracles. Our God is in the crowd, He must be there, and He is always the Omnipotent One; but He works ever in His own way. We are always looking out for the "able" man, for the uncrowned king, for the infant Hercules, and God is looking for the man who has nothing but a wiggle. We want men who have something valuable to bring to God and mankind, and God wants to show us just how much He can bring out of little. The greatness of God is seen, not so much in the great work of great men, as in the great work of little men. The product of the mustard seed is God's handiwork. The building of the human temple out of dust is one of His works, and as we look over society to-day we stand and marvel, as our fathers did, at the weak things of the world confounding the mighty, at the things that are not bringing to nought the things that are.

Are we ready to learn the lesson? The preacher who is looking everywhere for men of talent and finding them not, but who has no faith in the men who have no talents? The teacher who bemoans the fact that nearly all his scholars are dull and hopeless? And we also, who long ago decided that we at least could do nothing worth doing for humanity? Had we not better learn to see in that infinitesimal capacity the divine possibility of infinite development? It is there without doubt, but we need eyes to see it. God give us true vision.

## CO-OPERATION A NATIONAL POLICY

**S**OME foolish people are taking advantage of the present labor unrest to stir up the old strife between labor and capital, and to insist that either one or the other must be supreme. On the one hand, men tell us that all capital is to be confiscated and the masses are to possess all the accumulated wealth which would have been impossible without their toil; and on the other hand we have men insisting that national prosperity depends upon allowing the man with capital to be absolutely free to make the best bargain with labor which he possibly can. It is needless to say that only most deplorable results lie in either of these directions if unwisely urged.

A few days ago, in Paris, M. Clementil, the French Minister of Commerce, speaking upon this subject, insisted that the days of industrial war must not be revived, but instead there must be inaugurated an era of cordial and wise industrial co-operation. "Workingmen," he said, "have learned a lot during the war, and notably that a policy of bungling is abominable—bad for them as well as for the entire country. For the old restrictive forms we must substitute a new form—that is to say, a form of intense and fruitful work with a maximum of production in minimum time, and maximum salary for a minimum of labor."

This means that there must be no idle capital and no idle labor; that the labor laws that kept down production to a minimum must be abrogated, and that the theory that low wages and long hours meant higher dividends must be forever discarded. The war between labor and capital must cease, and justice must be done to both.

This does not mean that men should be speeded up past the safety point, for to kill off the laborer, or to reduce the length of life of a worker, is not efficiency, but waste; but it does mean an honest day's work for the highest wages possible, with a reduction of the hours of labor to the point of highest efficiency, which in some cases may be eight hours, but in more probably will prove to be six hours.

And there should be heartiest co-operation between all classes of labor. The national prosperity depends upon the miners and the factory hands just as much in their own sphere as it does upon the prime minister and the chief justice, and the era of discrimination against the man of dirty hands must give place to the more Christian and more enlightened era of mutual recognition and comradeship of toil. The brotherhood of toilers must be made wide enough to embrace all honest and useful toilers.

In this connection it might not be out of place to repeat here a sentence or two from the pronouncement made at the recent General Conference of our Church touching this very matter of co-operation in industry. "The British Government Commission has outlined a policy which, while accepting as a present fact the separation of capital and labor, definitely denies the right of sole control to the former and insisting on the full organization of workers and employers, vests the government of every industry in a joint board of employers and workers, which board shall determine the working conditions of that industry. This policy has been officially adopted by the British Government, and nothing less can be regarded as tolerable even now in Canada." This is to the point, and most emphatically do we declare that nothing less than the proposal made can be thought of as tolerable in Canada at the present time.

## DEMOCRACY AND THE POLICE

**H**AVE policemen the right to organize a union, and if they have, have they a right to become affiliated with other labor unions? This question is a live one in Toronto to-day, and because the policemen said "yes" and the Police Commission said "no," Toronto for a few days had no police force, or at least only a very rudimentary one. The marvel was, however, that in this city of 500,000 people we have such a law-abiding people that the absence of the policemen was hardly noticeable in the matter of public order. There is no doubt that the orderliness of the city was due in no small degree to the absence of intoxicants.

In regard to the policemen's contention, there seems to be an overwhelming mass of opinion that they have just as good a right to unite as any other body of men. A few do not agree to this, but they are very few. But in regard to the right of the police to affiliate unreservedly with other unions there is a great body

of opinion which insists that while this may be granted, there must be a very definite and clear-cut agreement that there shall be no sympathetic strike, or at least, if there is, the police must give the city sufficient notice of their intention to strike. We think it would be found upon investigation that the present situation is the direct result of an utter failure on the part of the Police Commission to realize that policemen are human, and that this is the twentieth century. The world is moving, and even a police commission must keep up with the crowd or get into trouble.

While we have no desire to step out of our sphere to give advice to the Police Commission of this city or of any other, we are very firmly of the opinion that the day has quite gone by when there can be any hope of settling disputes of this kind after the arbitrary and dictatorial method that has often been successfully used in the past. This is not the right way to settle them, and it cannot be the successful way, and the sooner that men in places of so-called authority come to understand this, and adopt the reasonable, conciliatory, human attitude, the better will it be for all concerned.

### MY DAILY DRUDGERY

WE were astounded the other day to notice that a certain good brother, referring to his daily work, saw fit to term it his "daily drudgery." We don't think he meant it, but it set us thinking, and as our mental machinery slowly revolved there came before us certain pictures of men and women, young and old, to whom their daily task had become a dreary "drudgery." And the marvellous part of the matter was the fact that to many of these people it was only their own work which was looked upon as drudgery, and the drudgery in which some other man was engaged was looked upon as being nothing but play. To the impartial observer the tasks seemed very much alike, each having its own modicum of unpleasantness and its own share of pleasantness; but the laborer envied the other his daily tasks and keenly pitied himself for his dull, hard lot.

And another strange thing revealed itself. There were two men performing exactly the same kind of task, and one man moaned continually because of his drudgery, while the other sang at his task because he enjoyed it. The man who pitied himself found occasion to change his task and take up another which he had often called "a snap," and after a few weeks or months we found him again pitying himself and bemoaning the drudgery of his task, possibly even lamenting that he had ever been foolish enough to leave his former task.

And it came home to us that often the drudgery is in the man and not in the task, and the man who finds his present task pure drudgery would possibly find a thousand others the same. We recognize, of course, that there are cases of notorious misfits, and that no man can expect to enjoy work for which he is unfit; but even this seems offset by the fact that many men do not enjoy even the work for which they are specially fitted.

What is wrong? We think that in many cases the man has adopted a wrong attitude toward life, and to him any hard work is drudgery. He is always looking out for something easy, and grumbling because he can't find it. To such a man earth holds out little hope, and even heaven seems to promise trouble. This busy world has no easy jobs for workers. There are cushioned seats provided by a foolish Government or a foolish people for some men who were "born tired," but even these men are doomed to be sadly hustled at some time, and the "weary Willies" who object to anything save drawing their salaries will shortly have to "work or fight."

But the men to whom we have referred are not shirking work; they are simply grumbling at their work. There is a difference, and a great difference, between the two classes. But in most cases the man who looks upon his work as drudgery is not nearly so far removed from the non-worker as he thinks. His objection, he thinks, lies only to his own toil because of its excessive difficulty, but in reality his objection would lie against practically every form of useful labor. The man who objects to drudging outdoors in rain and snow would object also to drudging indoors with pen or machine. The man who hates the quiet and the monotony and the hard work of the farm would rebel also against the "slave-driving" of the factory or the store. Let us make it clear to our own minds that nature has no "easy jobs," and that after all doing nothing or next to nothing is the worst drudgery of all.

### THE POPE AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

IF there is one thing that some of our Roman Catholic friends would like, it would be to see the Pope's representative at the Peace Conference; and Cardinal O'Connell is reported to have said a few days ago that Pope Benedict "will surely have his rightful place" at the Peace Conference, and he asserted that the Pope's terms of peace "are in reality practically identical with those which were finally proposed, at least tentatively, by the Allies." He suggests that President Wilson's fourteen articles show "little practical divergence from those which had already been formulated by Benedict XV." And yet President Wilson's very first article provides for "the destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world." Where would the Pope himself come in if this were carried out?

The truth is that generally the Pope is regarded, or was until recently, as being sympathetic towards Austria, and rather suspiciously cool towards the Allies. The world may be wrong in its suspicion, but the close relation between Austria and the Vatican was never a secret, and it naturally lent color to the suspicion that the Pope favored the Central Powers. This view was still further confirmed by the Pope's failure to condemn the action of Germany and Austria in beginning the war, and his failure to protest against the atrocities which were deliberately perpetrated in Belgium and France, and on land and sea. It can hardly be wondered at that under the circumstances the world concluded that the Pope sympathized with the Central Powers. And this fact naturally shuts him out from the peace table. The Allies want no secret German sympathizers to sit at the peace table planning to save Germany from her just punishment.

But the claim is made that the Pope was not either pro-German or pro-Ally; he was simply neutral, and as a representative of a neutral power he ought to have a place in the peace deliberations. This claim, however, is surely a weak one. To be neutral when hospital ships were being sunk, and Red Cross hospitals were being bombed; to be neutral when the *Lusitania* was sent to a watery grave and German guns were turned on helpless sailors struggling in the water; to be neutral when Belgium and France were being laid waste with a systematic savagery and a relentless brutality which had no precedent in any civilized warfare; to be neutral when nations were fighting for their existence, to be neutral when the world's freedom was trembling in the balance, is to place oneself forever outside the circle of lovers of freedom, and to forfeit the respect of all believers in righteousness, and it certainly is no qualification for a seat at the council of nations which shall settle the terms of peace.

It is true that the Pope is the head of the Roman Catholic Church, but it is equally true that he is not the head of the Roman Catholic nations. Again and again our Roman Catholic papers have insisted that Roman Catholics own allegiance to the Pope only in spiritual matters, and again and again they have maintained that the Pope has no right to meddle in politics; but we find that whenever there is any great international movement afoot they forget these things and urge that the Pope be allowed his say. One great difficulty, however, lies in the fact that so-called Roman Catholic nations are becoming more and more determined to run their own affairs. In the present case Roman Catholic Italy and Roman Catholic France alike are not only not calling for papal intervention, but are actually determined that there shall be no such thing. Neither of these Roman Catholic nations trusts the Pope when it comes to national affairs.

It has been asserted that the war has helped to rehabilitate the Roman Catholic Church in both France and Italy, and there is no doubt that the loyalty and devotion of some of the Roman Catholic clergy have made a most favorable impression upon the people, but Italy will not soon forget that her great military disaster was accomplished by those who claimed clerical sanction, and France will never forget that in the hour of her agony, when she was pouring out her life-blood in defence of her liberty, the great head of the Roman Catholic faith stood coldly aloof. Before the war the Pope's influence seemed to be waning, and the war has certainly added nothing of respect, or dignity, or power to the man who aspires to dictate its religious faith to the world. The Pope is still the head of a great Church, but he is not recognized as a national ruler.



# Methodism's New Morality

By

Edward Trelawney

**M**ORALITY is not quite the same as goodness. Morality is conduct which accords with the established standard, whatever that standard may be. Methodism at the first was an intensely religious movement, but from the first it sought to create a new morality. In other words, it sought to bring about a new way of living which should finally prevail as the correct thing.

The rules of the Church reveal an effort to enforce the moral standards of the day and to supplement them by a protest against wealth and extravagance. They definitely sought to create a new morality which would have no place for the trade in spirituous liquors, nor for the use of them as common beverages. In Canada, and on this continent generally, crude forms of social life evoked in Methodism a campaign for a new morality which would bar from Christian society the triple evil of social life in the early settlements—universal drinking, associated with gambling over cards, and a dance which was but thinly-veiled debauch. Methodism fought for this new morality not only single-handed, but in the face of opposition from every other Christian body. The forms of life for which she then contended are in part established as integral aspects of national requirements for good citizenship.

It is but fair to admit that in some other respects Methodism sought to establish a morality which wider knowledge and growing culture called her to revise. She is not quite certain to-day that a purely negative attitude to the drama is the final word of wisdom. Nor is she quite as cocksure as at one time about a certain exclusion of literature and humor which was believed to be essential to the complete Christian life. She has heard that John Wesley prepared an annotated edition of Shakespeare which is not usually published with his more theological writings, and for adequate reason. It has even been stated that John Wesley at one time considered whether he could best serve God through the medium of the stage or through the medium of the Church. But the influence of the Methodist people did much to bring into operation new social standards and thus to produce a new morality.

## THE NEED OF A NEW MORALITY.

But gradually the discovery was made that our morality was somewhat chequered. Like a checker board, it took cognizance only of certain squares or spheres of action, while other squares were outside its concern. The high Toryism of John Wesley made it an offence to speak against rulers even of the type of George the Third. For the modern aspiration after self-government he had no sympathy, and therefore it is not surprising that Methodism failed to take any vital interest in informing the

political life of our young nation with Christian ideals of service. Indeed, those who represented the original Methodist tradition did not altogether approve the work of Egerton Ryerson in his conflict with established privilege, just as the same element looked with misgiving on the early efforts of Hugh Price Hughes to preach the gospel in terms of civic and political morality.

Twelve years ago Canadian Methodism committed itself to a new departure the results of which are not yet fully known. The creation of a Department of Moral Reform at first appeared to be but a perpetuation of the old war against the drinking habits and the licensed trade in liquor. But under the leadership of the present General Superintendent, and then of Dr. T. Albert Moore, the department became ever more definitely the articulate voice of Methodist Christianity demanding that the organized life of the Canadian people be Christianized. The effort thus to create a Christian conscience in the nation reacted in the development of such a conscience within our own people. Succeeding General Conferences formulated statements of belief on social problems and principles which ought to be embodied in law and custom. For good or ill Methodism was resuming her early task of providing a new morality—establishing new ways of living which should win for themselves the sanction of enlightened public opinion, and thus become in time the morality of the people.

## THE NEW MORAL CHALLENGE.

But the recent General Conference undertook this work in a less incidental and more conscious manner than before. Social life was envisaged in its wholeness, and there was less disposition to treat evil social activities as isolated faults. They were viewed as evil activities of the society to which we all belong. There was never less evidence of the censorious spirit and never stronger indication of an earnest desire to "see life steadily and see it whole." The relation of the Church to the agony of the world compelled a definition of the work of the Church; and this work was defined as the creation of a society reconstructed in its whole economic organization. The plain facts of history revealed the economic roots of the war. The acceptance of the quest for profit as the guiding principle in production has led to the quest, not for opportunities to meet human need, but for means of acquiring profit on transactions, however wasteful or needless. The whole art of salesmanship has grown up around this desire not to meet actual needs, but to stimulate business transactions on which one can make a profit. This inevitably leads to competitive schemes to obtain control

of raw materials, and not less to competitive effort to obtain monopoly over markets where sale at a profit can be carried on. This competition between rival groups representing different nations rapidly brought about national rivalries and conflicts, and was the mightiest single factor in producing the German demand for what she called "freedom of economic development," a process which British business men described as invading and capturing our markets.

The Conference, after the most thorough deliberation, adopted with substantial unanimity a manifesto setting forth as the great message of the Church to the war-torn nations, the call to reorganize all our industrial life on the basis of service rather than of quest for profit, and by means of co-operation rather than of competition. The Conference rightly held that in issuing this call it was but making explicit its own early teaching that Christianity was simply the life inspired by love expressed in service. Our special contribution to modern religion has been our insistence that Christian perfection is not measured by any standard of orthodox theology or ecclesiastical polity, but is measured solely by the extent to which the life in all its activities and relations embodies the loving disposition.

## THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NEW MORALITY.

The Conference called attention to the fact that the present system not only involves conflict between rival groups of exploiters of material and markets, but also involves a not less deadly rivalry between the owners of the plant, who seek interest on investment and further profit beside, and, on the other hand, those who work the plant and seek the largest wage in return. The British Government policy is to overcome this opposition by demanding that every industry shall be self-governing. It shall no longer be possible for a manufacturer to say, "This is my business." The business consists of three elements—those who provide the plant, those who provide the labor, and those who buy the product. The industry in future is to be governed, not by the more or less benevolent autocrat who owns the plant, but each industry will be under the control of a national board, on which employers and employed will be equally represented. All conditions of work will be determined, not by an employer saying how much he can afford to pay, but by the general council, which will represent self-government and democracy applied to industry. The Conference declares that nothing less than this can be regarded as tolerable in Canada; yet there is no sign of any serious effort to realize even this in Canadian polity. We look to the new Minister of Labor to make good.

But the Conference pointed out that even this policy still accepts as per-

manent the present array in two opposing camps of those who provide the plant and those who provide the labor. The British Labor parties have issued a very different programme. This starts, not with regulating the division of the proceeds, but with legislative assurance to every person of all the requirements of a reasonable measure of the conditions of a full life. The entire system of national finance is to be reorganized on a basis far removed from the securing of great dividends to privileged bankers and others. And the stages already reached in national ownership and control of the means of life are in no way to be sacrificed, but rather to become

the point of departure for further developments in the same direction. This programme looks to the elimination of the opposition between capital and labor rather than to regulating the conflict. And this is the policy which the Conference commends. It is noteworthy that since Conference dispersed the Bishop of Oxford has announced that the Archbishops' Committee of the Anglican Church will present a report on similar lines. So if we are dangerously radical we sin in company which has never before been suspected of any besetments of that kind.

So Methodism stands officially committed to promote this new morality—

society organized for mutual service by organized co-operation. Perhaps fewer great fortunes will be made, but fewer impoverished lives will disgrace the nation. If the Church is to assist this programme her ministers and people must be reasonably informed, and therefore the Conference calls on us all, as a part of Christian consecration, to know the four great documents affecting the case. These are the Report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, the Inter-Allied Socialist Parties' declaration on War Aims, the Labor Party's declaration on the New Social Order, and the British official report of the Whitley Committee.

## From War to Peace in England

By

Rev. William Wainshaw

WE are now in the earliest stages of the transition from war to peace conditions. My latest contribution was sent just on the eve of the signing of the armistice. News so rapidly becomes stale and that is so long ago that we need only glance at the amazing outburst of popular enthusiasm that it evoked. It was like the breaking of a dam. During four long and terribly exhausting years we have been hoping against hope for the dawn of the day when hostilities would end. The agony of waiting was well-nigh intolerable. When at last, swiftly and dramatically, the end came we were like unto them that dream. Here and there we had a streak of vulgar display. But the deportment of the nation was admirable to behold. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." The years of stress and strain and bereavement had strengthened and purified all that was best in the character of our people. England has seldom appeared to greater advantage than she did when, just before noon on Nov. 11th, the news was flashed throughout the land that at four o'clock that morning the armistice had been signed, and that at eleven hostilities had ceased. One of the most gratifying features of the celebration that ensued was the rush to the house of God. This was observable everywhere, alike in crowded city and in quiet and isolated hamlet. The evidences for the truth of Christianity received a mighty vindication. The instinct for worship may be stifled or ignored; but it cannot be destroyed. Thus, at a supreme crisis in the annals of our race, men instinctively thronged to the house of God to pay their vows to the Most High.

One very delightful feature of these public thanksgiving services has been their catholicity. If denominational lines have not been obliterated, they have at least been thinned and broken. Combined services among all sections of Protestants have everywhere been the order of the day. The brotherliness which was such a welcome element among chaplains on the field of battle has gained at least a footing in all the Churches at home. Only two nights ago I attended what was described as a unique service in a certain town. It was held in an Anglican church, and was conducted by the vicar. Four ministers of as many de-

nominations shared the service, and I was the minister selected to give the address or sermon. Here we have unmistakably one of the most valuable of the by-products of the war. That is the weakening or the destruction of the almost rigid exclusiveness of the State Church. Nonconformists, especially Methodists, have always advocated the policy of the open door, and now we rejoice to note that the mother Church, if it has not flung the door wide open, has at least set it ajar.

The flags had hardly been hauled down from fluttering over the close of the European strife before they had to be hoisted again in honor of some of the chief heroes of the war. Mr. Lloyd George has had a tornado of junketings. He has passed in triumph from one city to another to receive its freedom and to deliver a patriotic oration. For the moment he is the hero of the hour, and no one is inclined to dispute or discount the magnificent aid he has rendered to his country in her day of peril. A worthy reception has also been accorded to Marshal Foch and M. Clemenceau. President Wilson is at this moment crossing the Atlantic, and as soon as he touches the shores of Europe, at whatever point within the territories of the Allies, he is certain to receive a splendid and whole-hearted welcome. He never stood higher in the admiration and affection of the thinking part of England than he does now.

All through the tremendous struggle that has just ended the unity of the nation has been extraordinary, and has filled the breast of every patriot with infinite joy. This unity has been now sorely strained where it has not been shattered. We are now in the thick of a stupendous election tussle, and men who for years have been working in happy and effective comradeship are now sniping or bayoneting each other in hostile political camps. This disunion is deplorable, and if it could not have been avoided it assuredly could have been postponed. Let me, as far as I can, briefly and fairly put the case for and against a general election at this particular juncture. Something like twelve million electors have been added to

the roll, of whom about half are women. The Parliament that expired, after repeated renewals of its lease, was elected in 1910. It had survived its authority. The Government was determined to give the new electorate the opportunity to handle the pencil in the ballot box. Moreover, it was imperative that the Coalition should have behind it the mandate of the country when our representatives sat down at the conference to arrange the terms of peace. Finally, it was only seemly that our brave soldiers and sailors who had won the war should have the first possible chance of exercising their political power. The opponents of the Coalition challenge all these arguments, and in the most unqualified terms condemn Mr. Lloyd George for advising the King to dissolve Parliament now. They allege that the nation was enthusiastically behind the Government if and when they entered on the discussion of proposals for peace, just as it had sustained them in the hour of battle. By insisting on the election now the country has been flung into needless turmoil, and the unity which it was so important for us to preserve has been destroyed. Fully one-half of our fighting men will never have a chance of voting, because they are too far away to receive the ballot paper, and if they do vote to most of them the act will be a leap in the dark, because they have never seen the men or women who are asking for their suffrages. It is also affirmed that because a man is known by the company he keeps the Premier, in shedding so many of his Liberal and Labor colleagues and in seeking for his main body of supporters among the Unionists, is not likely to advance those splendid schemes of reconstruction that he has placed before the dazzled eyes of the constituencies. The leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, and it is difficult to imagine that politicians who have been "Die Hards" for half a century have in their old age suddenly developed into ardent social reformers. Mr. George, in words that have often been quoted, declared that drink was a worse foe to us than Germany. But it is a singular and significant fact that Sir George Younger, who is a Unionist and who is one of the two principal party organizers in the present campaign of the Prime Minister, is a brewer.



As to the result of the election I think it is a foregone conclusion. The Coalition is certain to be returned to power. But it is hardly likely that it will remain long in the seat of authority. Yesterday I was talking to a soldier who has come straight from Franco. He assures me that the discontent of the troops abroad is deep and widespread. Avowedly and ostentatiously they have had bestowed upon them the franchise. But what looks suspiciously like a bit of sharp practice is depriving the majority of them of their political right. This week has seen the issue of two of the most pungent and powerful manifestoes that I have ever read. One is from the venerable and beloved Dr. Clifford. He is the lifelong friend of Mr. George. But the grand old man has pronounced most emphatically against the Coalition, and last night he followed up his magnificent protest by speaking for Mr. Arthur Henderson, who, as the readers of this journal will remember, is one of the leaders of the Labor party and one of our own Methodist local preachers. The other manifesto to which I refer fills a column in a daily paper, and

is from the pen of Mr. John M. Robertson, who was a subordinate member of the Liberal Government before the first Coalition was formed. It takes the form of an open letter to Mr. Winston Churchill. The writer, who is a sturdy, self-made Scotchman, refuses to surrender his independence by submitting to the dictation of Mr. George and his Tory allies. Methodists generally are up in arms against the Coalition. Mr. Walter Runciman, who is one of the stewards of the London West End Mission and was for years a member of the Cabinet, is now crossing swords with the Government. So is the Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury, the brilliant superintendent of the mission, who this week has taken the platform in support of Mr. Henderson and his policy. Further, there is a remarkable and natural apathy among the rank and file of our people. We have just recovered from an unprecedented strain. The ordinary man, and still less the ordinary woman, does not want now the turmoil and exhaustion of an election. To sum up, I predict that only a small proportion of the electorate will go to poll, and that the Government that is immediately

formed cannot endure the wastage of public opinion, because it will not have behind it the authority of the masses of the nation, for it must not be forgotten that the Labor party, who claim to represent eighty per cent. of the population, have utterly repudiated the Coalition and all its works.

Away from the strife of the election the land is full of joy and peace. The horrors and sorrows of war are being everywhere softened and ameliorated. The darkened streets, with the nightly dread of Zeppelins and Gothas, are now ablaze with gas lamps and electric lights. More than 50,000 prisoners of war have already landed on our shores, and no imagination can paint too gorgeously the happiness that their arrival has produced in tens of thousands of homes. Liverpool has within the last few days been shouting itself hoarse over the departure of Canadian and American troops and their camp followers. Crowds of munition workers, mostly women, are now thrown out of employment. But they are all receiving a solatium, and it is expected that many of them will decide to emigrate to Canada. Night lingers, but the dawn is breaking.

## The Kind of Pastor she Wanted

By

Byron H. Stauffer

SHE was one of a committee of three who came to consult with me regarding a preacher for their pretty California town. The chairman said what they needed was a mixer, a man who could referee a baseball game, run in and out of the billiard rooms, tell the fellows on the hotel porch a "new one"—in short, be a hail-fellow-well-met. The other man thought they should have a financier, one who could dig up his own salary. The little woman finally remarked that she hadn't thought financing and ball-playing so important, and she didn't imagine that they stood a chance of getting a great orator. "But I did hope we could find an earnest man," she said; "one who really regards his work as shepherd of the flock in a more serious way than most of the preachers I have met since I left my girlhood home."

I have thought of her phrase a good deal. "An earnest man." A State Christian Endeavor secretary said that in three years' journeyings among churches and parsonages he could not recall having witnessed family prayer in preachers' homes more than once. He was a careful sort of man, else I should have challenged his awful statement. An earnest man! Wanted, a man who never forgets for an instant that he is an ambassador for Jesus Christ.

I met Father Minehan on a Niagara boat one summer afternoon. He was going over to spend the night with one of his laymen who had a cottage at Niagara-on-the-Lake. He said he had four families over there, and thought he would avail himself of the opportunity of saying Mass in the early morning for their benefit. It was not required, of course; it was only that he regarded his work seriously. An earnest man! Campbell Morgan stayed with a Toronto man, who after-

wards said, "I wouldn't have missed it for the world. His presence has re-established the family altar in our house. He made ten minutes of reading and prayer a wonderful occasion."

Not long ago I had in my congregation for two Sabbaths a notable pastor on his vacation. The second Sunday I asked him to take the prayer. I had never before known exactly the secret of that man's success. I know now. Oh, the wonderful power he had in prayer! He talked to his Father as one who knew the throne of grace. That prayer was as important to him as my sermon was to me. An earnest man!

Have you read the "Life of Henry Drummond," by George Adam Smith? How on fire with a zeal for souls Drummond was! In every letter he wrote to friends this flame leaped up. "I give you the beautiful text I got this morning," he tells a correspondent. "It is, 'Now the Lord my God hath given me rest on every side.'" He never landed in a town without launching a movement for the uplift of its young men. Never a night was spent in a home without touching the spiritual life of its inmates. When I note how much of work for the Master was crowded into those forty-six years I am ashamed to think how much time we fritter away. An earnest man!

I was blessed by reading Newman Hall's autobiography. Down to the evening twilight of that long life the pastor of Surrey Chapel toiled. But his work was performed with zest. Wherever he went during the week he had the cure of souls in constant view.

Now that the war is ended, let us look

to the task that confronts the Church. Let us not deceive ourselves by imagining that we have an intrinsically new brand of work, brother preacher. We are still to comfort, exhort and teach. Our commission is to lead men to the Saviour, win the little ones to a righteous and helpful career, soften the pillow of dying saints. I have heard it said so often of late that there must be a new sort of Church, that the returning soldier will not put up with the old methods or the old doctrines. Let there be no confusion from these misleading assertions. The army camps will disappear, the men will put off their uniforms and return to their homes, scattering over the land. There will be no new brand of church designed for them, for nowhere will there be a rendezvous for such gatherings. The old Church will serve them; the old doctrines will be preached; the old Ten Commandments will be in force; the old privilege of coming to the Redeemer will be proclaimed. The need everywhere will be preachers who know that their Redeemer liveth, men who have been saved from their sins and who therefore can point the people to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Never before has there been such a demand for an earnest ministry. Oh, for a pulpit of convictions, positive and burning!

A man's real worth to humanity may be well measured by the conception he has of the true relationship he should bear to his fellows.—George L. Wilson.

Not the Methodists this time.—One of the high school pupils, in writing an essay on the Victory Loan, affirmed that "complete victory for the Allies was the only thing that would save the world from the German denominations."



# THE HOME AND ITS OUTLOOK



## Joy Comes in the Morning

Weep thy dark grief, O clouds,  
Till the earth with thy tears be  
drenched,  
Spread thy furrows of gloom o'er the  
heaven's dome  
Till the light of her stars be quenched.  
For thy tears the rivers shall leap  
And the hills shall rejoice in thy sor-  
row,  
When the dawn shall awake the shadows  
will break,  
There'll be singing and sunshine to-  
morrow.

Blow, ye tempestuous winds  
Till the force of thy fury be spent,  
Follow the path of the lightning's wrath  
Till the garments of night be rent.  
There is room for thy troubled soul  
Far out on the boundless deep,  
There, rocked to rest on the ocean's  
breast,  
Thy voice shall be hushed in sleep.

Ease thou thy pain, O heart,  
As the cloud and the sobbing wind,  
Thou may'st go to the depths of woe  
But the God of heaven is kind.  
Thy sorrows shall wear more bright  
The gems for thy soul's adorning,  
Weeping may last till the night is past  
But joy shall come in the morning.

—Nora Jamieson, in "Northwestern  
Christian Advocate."

## Into a New World

BY SUSAN SUNSHINE.

Two short, very similar items in one of the daily papers recently struck my attention. Each told of the sentencing of a young man to imprisonment for two years, less one day, as a punishment for criminal negligence in driving a motor. Each young man had run down and killed a woman. The case of one of these young men I was particularly interested in, because I knew of him personally. He had the name of being a reckless driver. When the accident occurred he was driving across an intersection where passengers were alighting from a street car, without slackening his speed, and, on his own admission, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

He is about twenty-five years of age, and belongs to well-to-do people who have suffered terribly during his trial and punishment. I suppose some will call his punishment disgrace, but the crime is not on a par with those intentionally committed. It is rather negative than positive. Nevertheless, through his recklessness a human being lost life that was sweet to her. Fines have had little or no effect in curbing reckless motorists, and many citizens are injured or killed on Toronto streets every year, so that the courts have been compelled to exact more effective punishment. Personally I am extremely cautious in crossing streets, and have several times had narrow escapes from being knocked down by motorists who speed relentlessly. I think most pedestrians have such ex-

periences. Those who walk must be protected.

These cases led me to imagine the effect of prison life on a nervous, sensitive temperament. I wondered if a month's imprisonment would have a sufficiently deterrent effect. At least half the punishment must be mental. One who has been careless of human life is forced to think on its value and to consider that his conduct has deprived someone of this most precious of gifts. His own plans are demolished. He realizes that as long as he lives he will be a convict or an ex-convict. Whether when his term is ended he meets among his former friends and acquaintances sympathy or antipathy, he will always feel conscious of his prison experience.

It seems to me this mental suffering is greater than the physical loss of personal freedom and communication with relatives and friends. That is why, perhaps, in many cases a very short term might prove effective, and the State would not be deprived of these men's earning abilities, and the men themselves would not run so much risk of degradation. It is the fault of the prison system that many convicts re-enter the outside world worse than when they left it.

Thomas Mott Osborne, chairman of the New York State Commission on Prison Reform, who spent a week of voluntary confinement in the State prison at Auburn, New York, in order to find out the actual effect of the system upon the prisoners, thus describes his sensations during the fourteen hours of his first night in prison:

"While there is light in the cell the bars of the door look grey against the darkness outside—and that is bad enough; but when the lights go out, there is just enough brightness from the corridor below to change the door into a grating of most terrible, unearthly blackness. The bars are so black that they seem to close in upon you, to come nearer and nearer until they press upon your very forehead. It is of no use to shut your eyes, for you know they are still there; you can feel the blackness of those iron bars across your closed eyelids; they seem to sear themselves into your very soul. It is the most terrible sensation I ever experienced. I understand now the prison pallor; I understand the sensitiveness of this prison audience; I understand the high nervous tension which makes anything possible. How does any man remain sane, I wonder, caged in this stone grave day after day, night after night?"

As soon as a man enters prison everything he has on him or with him is taken away; he is carefully examined, photographed and put into rough clothes and uniform, is locked in a cell except at such times when he must work unpaid in a shop, or at breakfast and dinner, which

must be eaten in quick time (twelve minutes only is allowed in many prisons), and on Sunday afternoons, when in some penitentiaries he is allowed in the yard. Communication is rarely permitted with other prisoners, and all individual initiative is forbidden. Hours of each day must be passed in enforced idleness in unventilated, sometimes foul-scented cells, and the slightest infringement of rules, even if purely accidental and unintentional, is followed by punishment either by loss of "credits" or the dungeon. Conditions vary in different penitentiaries, but, broadly speaking, those just mentioned are true in all.

Several years so spent are much surer to demoralize than to uplift. After reading "My Life in Prison," by Donald Lowrie; "Within Prison Walls," by Thomas Mott Osborne; and "Beating Back," in which one learns from scrupulously honest men exact accounts of prison life and stories of innocent men serving long or life sentences; of worthy, heartily repentant men, as well as of real criminals, one cannot but conclude that the prison system and criminal laws of modern days still leave much to be desired. In the majority of cases a brief imprisonment, with release on parole, would seem of greater advantage both to the convict and to the State. In the prisons themselves justice depends upon the humanity and good sense of the keepers and warden, and as too often these are political appointees, fitness for their work is an unconsidered quality.

This subject opened up for me—and probably it would to the majority of law-abiding citizens—an entirely new realm, a realm where thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen pine and suffer in monotonous confinement. Apparently prison reform comes gradually, but it also comes surely, and anyone who has read these vivid and enlightening books will be keenly interested in obtaining more constructive methods of disciplining those who greatly err.

## Earth's First Christmas Greeting

As shepherds kept their lonely watch—  
The midnight darkness on Judean slopes  
was suddenly swept back by God's glory—  
Stars paled and lost their lustre in the  
effulgence—Affrighted shepherds were  
calmed by the angel of the Lord bearing  
good tidings of great joy to all people—  
Mighty multitudes of heaven's choicest  
choristers borne earthward upon illumined  
clouds broke the stillness, with heaven's  
Glory Song declaring Peace on Earth, Good-  
will to Men—Earth's wise men stood spell-  
bound in adoration—Prophetic visions  
faded before realization—Prophecies were  
fulfilled and the redemption of a lost world  
was begun, for "CHRIST WAS BORN."  
—George L. Wilson.





# FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



## Eyes that Saw Not

"Well, I wish I could have been Lancelot, Motherer." It was a wistful little cry, but the tone of the woman who answered it was strong and sweet and cheery.

"Better try to be a Galahad while you're wishing, Son Dear, or even the great king himself. We wouldn't want to be quite like Lancelot, you know, even if he *was* brave and good in most ways."

The child brooded over the thought for a long moment, and his face was intense in the twilight. But the glow had faded when he spoke again and his words fell listlessly.

"I couldn't be them, anyway. They weren't any of them blind, Motherer—not a single one. I guess you can't be much of anything if you're blind."

"Oh, Son Dear! What about Homer and Milton? Don't you know what wonderful things they've written? Why, all through the years people have read their beautiful stories—and loved them."

The boy was not to be persuaded.

"I would much rather be Lancelot," he insisted.

There was another long pause, and he turned his face anxiously toward her.

"I *will* be like them, if you want me to, Motherer," he added hastily. "P'raps—probably I shan't mind it so much when I get to *doing* it."

In the house the shadows were deepening. Mother set the tea-kettle on the hot little stove, and drew her chair close to the window, where she could work the last ray of daylight into the cloth in her hands. Soon even that scanty gleam was gone, and she leaned back and closed her tired eyes. The gate opened and banged crazily. There was the clatter of feet along the boardwalk, and a vigorous tattoo at the door.

The boy's face brightened at the sound. "He came, anyway," he cried eagerly. "You see, Motherer, the other children and Jamie. Did you get through playing ball, Jamie?"

Jamie slid shyly into the room, frozen into silence at first by the presence of a grown-up, shot himself into the largest and easiest chair, and was lost in its comfortable depths.

"How's mother, Jamie?" asked the grown-up, with one of her own particularly reassuring smiles; and Jamie began to thaw.

"Oh, *she's* all right, ma'am, 'cep'n a headache or sump'in'." And having disposed of the initial formalities, he and his small host were soon launched on a flood of talk.

"Guess what I seen to-day, Rafey!" he burst out at last, after a few minutes of boyish chatter.

"Um-m—a new fairy book!" Raphael ventured thoughtfully.

"No—sump'n betterin' that!"

"A white Spitz puppy!"

"Uh-uh!"—with a forgetful head-shake of negation—"betterin' *that*."

"A Shetling pony with a long tail?"

"No. Guess again."

"But I can't think of anything else, Jamie. You'll have to tell me."

"A-right. I knew you never could guess it, anyway. Listen here!"

The boy leaned forward in his chair, and Jamie clasped him about the neck, and whispered in his ear—a hissing whisper, with delightful little pauses to observe the effect. Raphael's expression changed from one of utter blankness to a pale unbelief; then it gleamed out into brightness as if a light had been kindled in the frail, cold alabaster of his face.

"But, Jamie!" he stammered at last. "I didn't know there *was* anything like that—when God didn't give you good ones in the first place! Are you *sure*?"

"Cross my heart an' hope to die!" Jamie persisted stoutly. "'Course I'm sure."

Raphael sighed a deep sigh of bliss and was silent for a long moment before he could find words to question more about the discovery of the wonderful store and its wonderful merchandise. Then assurance and reassurance followed close, until Jamie broke away at last.

"Geel!" he cried, "it's dark! an' I betcha supper's ready."

But the boy caught at his coat anxiously. "Say!" he whispered as Jamie paused, "don't tell Motherer until you've seen 'em again! She'd be so awfully disappointed if—" He did not try to finish the sentence. He could not. For Motherer was not the only one who would be awfully disappointed if—

So mother wondered a little at his flushed face, as they ate their supper together and washed up the tea things afterward; wondered a little, and worried a little; too, for he was a fragile child, and had needed all her tender watchfulness to pad the corners of life that might else have bruised and wounded him.

He always helped her with the dishes. They were among the few lovely things that mother had left, and she often laughed and said that it was an instance of compensation. She had to wash her own china; therefore she had china to wash; one might have a maid, or one might have fine Haviland; never both at once!

And the boy had broken only one piece. He should never forget that one! His fingers had caught in a worn place, where the tablecloth just couldn't be mended any longer, and he had dragged it all forward until a cup came careening over the edge to the floor. He had felt it all over with trembling fingers. Mother loved these eggshelly things so

dearly. And there was a great rough place flaked off inside, right next to the handle. Mother hated them that way worse than when they were really broken, too—which was incomprehensible; but many things were incomprehensible. So the tea-towel was plied very carefully by the boyish little hands, and the dishes were set just so upon the table, to be put away by mother, who could reach.

"Motherer?" He hadn't spoken at all until the dish-pan was scoured and hung on its nail. "You've never told me what color were father's eyes. Were they brown, like yours; or grey, like mine?"

"Why, father's eyes were more like yours, Son Dear—not so dark as mother's."

"But it seems 's if I'd oughta have mine a little bit like yours, mother—er—'count of my being *your* boy, too. 'Course, if you'd *both* had grey—" He sighed perplexedly.

Mother laughed. She laughed a great deal, but this time there was a wee, unaccountable catch in it. "You dear, funny boy!" she cried.

"But say, Motherer!" he cried presently, with a flash of inspiration, "Isn't there any between color—some like grey and some like brown? Blue isn't, I'm pretty sure, nor black; an' I don't know if I ever heard of any other color for eyes. Is there any?"

"Yes, Chatterbox, there is; and I think hazel would come about the nearest to what you want."

"Hazel—that's a pretty name. Isn't it funny I didn't know 'bout it? I'm glad, though, 'cause that'll fix it all right—that's the kind o' color I'll choose. I mean, you know, Motherer," he amended hastily, "that hazel's what I *would* 'ave choosed if I could 'ave."

Next day brought Jamie again, and this time mother left the two children alone together while she went down town on an errand. Before the door had closed upon her, the boy turned to his little neighbor.

"Did you see 'em again?" he demanded. "Are they really there yet?"

"Sure I seen 'em."

Raphael sighed his relief. He had half-feared that store and all had vanished into thin air. But relief soon gave place to perplexity, for Jamie wasn't saying anything at all.

"Something's the matter!" he cried, seizing him and feeling him all over in the nervous fashion that Jamie always hated and endured. "What is it, Jamie?"

"Aw, nuthin'," muttered Jamie, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Yes, there is, too!" urged the boy, imperiously. "I know there is; you didn't bang the door when you came in,

either. Can't they—can't they fix the new eyes in?"

"Oh, 'course," growled Jamie, "else what'd be the use o' making 'em? But—oh, Rafey!" he burst out, "they cost an awful lot. I jes didn't s'pose they *could* cost so much."

"Gee! Is that all? 'Cause I got ever so much money. I got a quarter, an' two dimes, an' five nickels, an'—"

"Jes' you wait a minute an' I'll figger it up," interrupted Jamie.

A very small and grimy bit of paper was disentangled from an all-day sucker and a fish-hook, and a stubby pencil from the miscellaneous mass in the other pocket, and Jamie was ready to embark upon the troubled sea of arithmetic.

"One quarter, an' two dimes," repeated Raphael slowly and with the greatest distinctness, "an' five nickels, an'—"

"Wait a minute!" sternly admonished Jamie. He was in ciphering trim, heels hooked over chair-rounds, shoulders hunched well forward above the table, lead wetted between pursed lips, brows deeply wrinkled. He was a captain of finance, and wanted Raphael to appreciate the fact. "Was it five nickels?"

"Yes—an' forty—forty-one pennies. That's all," and Raphael sank back with a sigh.

The arithmetician drew a heavy line, and added. "Five an' ought is five, an' ought is five, an' five is ten, an' five is fifteen, an' five is twenty, an' five is twenty-five, an' five is thirty, an' one is thirty-one. One an' three t' carry. Three an' two is five, an' one is six, an' one is seven, an' four is twelve. One hundred an' twenty-one! One dollar an' twenty-one cents! An' I got," he went on hastily, "put' near two dollars—"

"My!" ejaculated the boy, awed by the nearness of wealth.

"So that makes more'n three dollars altogether, I guess," he ended with a gulp, "an' I kin earn the rest."

"Oh, but, Jamie! that's what you're saving up for your watch," cried Raphael, protestingly.

"I—I guess I don't want a watch very much," Jamie lied valiantly. "You—you can't *do* nothing much with a watch, 'cep'n to wind it, and tell what time it is; and—and—" Jamie searched wildly for another lie of sufficient weight and roundness—"and I know a boy that's gonna show me how t' make a willow whistle!"

A knock at the door saved the lad from the need of further prevarication. It was high time, too, for his powers of invention were not over-fertile, and, worst of all, his voice was threatening to betray him.

When they were alone again the boy sat blissfully hugging his knees for a few minutes. Then he demanded a repetition of Jamie's wonderful tale.

"Isn't it the funniest thing," he mused, "that Motherer never knew about it. You'd 'a' thought she'd 'a' seen 'em. Right down-town in a store window, too?"

"Yessir! an' nothin' much else in the winda, 'cep'n a few spectickles—jes' a whole lot of eyes, blue an' brown an' black an' grey—"

"And weren't there any hazel?" the boy interrupted eagerly. "That's just halfway between brown and grey, you know," he explained kindly, as Jamie hesitated.

Jamie wasn't certain about that, but he was afraid they might come higher, not being a staple in eyes. Jamie's own eyes were hazel; but he couldn't have told you that, not if—not if a gold watch and chain had depended on it.

"Well," Raphael conceded, a little wistfully, "I'd 'a' *liked* hazel; but just any ole color'll do, so long's I can see. Wasn't it nice of 'em to have a store like that, so's boys like me don't need to be blind any more?"

The gate clicked, and quiet steps came up the walk.

"Tell me about going to the country, Jamie," he commanded excitedly, "and don't say nothing about—about *them*!" For a startling plan had formed in his busy brain. Now that the reality of the eyes was established beyond a doubt, he would still keep it a secret from her, until the eventful day when he should see. It would not be easy to keep anything from mother; never in the boy's life had he succeeded in waiting till Christmas to show her the present he had contrived for her. But this would be such a beautiful s'prise! The boy knew very well that mother would love it better than a silk dress and a diamond ring and a coach-and-four.

So mother heard nothing more suspicious than the much-repeated tale of farm and swimming-hole.

"And the skies are very blue, and the trees are very green, aren't they, Jamie?"

"Uh-huh; awful green, with more apples 'n you kin eat—"

The voices prattled on and on, and mother caught little snatches of their talk, and smiled lovingly as she went about her work.

"An' y' stick yer toes in, an' it's jes' awful cold; an' 'nen y' go in a li'l farther, an' y' hol' yer breath an' duck; an', gee! but it's cold, an' makes li'l squills go up an' down yer back. But it's bully good squills. 'N' after that, y' ain't cold no more."

"And I can go—could go swimming my own self! No," very firmly, "I think I'll proba-ly be *stronger'n* you, Jamie," and the boy felt his puny little arm respectfully. "I got *some* muscle now, and I haven't ever swum nor wrassled, either."

The days passed swiftly now for Raphael, tinted with as many hues as there could be for a little boy whose colors were only names. Besides the dishes there were to wipe, and the dreams there were to dream, he could pull bastings for mother with sensitive fingers that, boylike, loathed the task. But every hour's work meant a nickel earned; and a road knee-deep with basting threads can be trudge through thankfully if the goal at its end is—sight.

As for his little partner, Jamie ran errands, shut his eyes when he passed the candy store, and fled the watch-

maker's window as the Evil One. And summer had come to an end.

It was on an autumn day, that a gentleman coming out of an optician's door ran into a small boy who stood gazing into the window. "Well, sonny," he joked, "intending to make a purchase here?"

"Yes, sir," Jamie responded briefly.

His questioner halted at the unexpected answer.

"Why, it seems to me you have a good enough pair without buying another," he protested.

"Oh, it ain't me; it's Rafey—Rafey Kite. His ain't no good; he can't see nothin' at *all* with 'em. Say, mister, do you own this here store? Them eyes are straight goods, ain't they? They ain't fakes?"

"I think they're as good as yu'll find, son; they'll do everything but see—and no one but God Almighty can manufacture an eye that will do that."

Jamie looked at him in staring bewilderment for a long moment before he could find any voice at all—and then it was a queer, strained one, that didn't seem to belong to him.

"Didn't—didn't He make those?" He jerked his hand toward the window.

It was the man's turn to wonder.

"You surely didn't think those eyes were to see with, did you?" he asked gently.

Jamie raised a white little face to his. "Not to see with!" he muttered; and then, his voice rising shrilly, "then what are they *good* for? 'N' I gotta tell Rafey—'n'—'n'—"

His voice was quite lost now. And dully, with lagging feet and hanging head, he turned the corner and was gone, leaving the stately gentleman to gaze blankly after him.

When mother came up the walk of her little house that evening the boy was not waiting for her on the steps. Probably Jamie had come, then. But the opened door let out no sound of boyish chatter. Jamie *had* come—and gone. And, face down on the floor, hands clenched in a supreme struggle for self-control, lay the boy.

Mother gathered the small, tense body into her arms, and sat down in the low chair where she used to rock him when he was just a little bit of a boy. She brushed back his tumbled hair, and crooned over him with aching, fearful heart, until at last the quivering muscles relaxed in a long, shuddering sigh, and the story came out upon the flood of his tears.

All night long mother hovered over his tragic, sleeping face. All night long he murmured broken phrases that brought the tears anew. And next morning the boy was far away in the half-land of delirium.

Mother, the boy, and Jamie—oh, what heavy hearts that night! And there was



so much sorrow that a little bit was left over, and Jamie's gentleman woke up the next morning with a bad taste in his mouth. And because he was a gentleman with a warm heart, and quite as much interested in a funny, broken-hearted laddie as if he had been an ill-treated horse, or even the latest scientific discovery, he set right out after breakfast to see what could be done about it.

It was so very slight a clue that it seemed most unlikely that anything at all could be done about it. Rafey Kite, the boy had said, and that was all he had to work on.

When he went into the drug store that happened to be nearest his rooms a clerk came forward on the instant, and asked if he might serve Dr. Deane.

"I'd like to see the directory, please!" responded the gentleman; and the clerk was as obsequious as before, which was noteworthy.

Dr. Deane's eye ran swiftly down the list: "Kir—Kitman—no such name!" But he would try the C's before he stopped. "Cisson—ummm—" his eye travelled mechanically along the line—and halted. "Great Jerusalem!" he exclaimed aloud, and started for the door without his hat, writing a number on a card as he went. Once in the speeding taxicab he repeated a name incredulously. "Margaret Coit!" was what he said, again and again. And Jamie and Raphael had vanished from the map of his mind.

It was a dingy part of the city, and a dreadfully shabby house; but when its door opened to the "swell guy that came in the Texas cab," both his hands went out before he even stepped across the sill, and two others came trembling to meet them. Then the door closed on them, and left the neighbors' children gaping on the curb.

There was a great deal to be said and asked and answered, and for a while Dr. Deane had no time for reproaches. But the hour of reckoning came at last. "Margaret Duncan Coit," he asked sternly, "did you, or did you not, know that I lived in this city?"

"One sometimes reads the daily paper," she responded, with faint amusement.

"Ah! Then why, Margaret Duncan—why, in the name of all that's kindly, have you denied a poor, lonely bachelor-man the pleasure of a visit now and then?"

There was just the hint of a tremor in the voice now, and it was very low. "I have been busy," was all she said.

"How long has John—?" He asked it gently.

"He has been dead for seven years."

Dr. Deane's face had changed, and he spoke harshly from a moment's musing silence:

"We have known each other a long time, Margaret. Let me ask you: Did John—"

But she did not allow him to complete the question. "John is dead," she said simply. "And he has left me a son—the dearest a woman ever had. He has very truly been 'the healing of God' to me—

my Raphael. Oh, and if you will excuse me for a moment, I must go to him. He is ill, and the minutes must seem very long. He is only eight, you see, and—blind."

"Oh, Margaret!" he called, when she had been gone a moment. "Mayn't I come? I have a professional interest, you know, besides!"

"Just a minute, Dr. John," she called back gaily, "and boy will be glad to see mother's old friend; won't you, boy dear?"

Before she led him into Raphael's little room she told him in an undertone the whole pitiful story.

"And so," she concluded, "we mustn't let him guess that you are looking at his eyes. I don't know whether he would survive another shock like that; and it is a very hopeless case, the doctors say."

She had been too much absorbed in her narrative to notice her guest's changing expression, but now she stopped short as she became aware of Dr. Deane's look of utter amazement. In reply to the surprised question of her glance he told, in his turn, the experience of the day before.

"God moves in a mysterious way!" he ended reverently. "And now let us look at the boy."

"The swell guy," once he had found his way to Barnum Street, proved a frequent visitor—professionally. And after the third or fourth call he had a long talk with Mrs. Coit.

"There is a chance, and a strong chance," he said, "that an operation would result in sight. Will you give me your permission, Margaret, to make the attempt?"

And Mrs. Coit, who had known what was to come, and had weighed it well already, forced her trembling lips to an assent.

The boy had met the operation as his beloved Lancelot might have met a tourney, and had come out bravely. Thick wrappings were about the sensitive eyes; but his night was only a little blacker than before, and it was lightened by a new presence—a very wonderful new presence, rich in strength, and comfort, and stories without end. These were happy days for him.

The bandages were coming off one by one, and Christmas was drawing near. On the twenty-fourth, only one thickness was left, and Mrs. Coit raised questioning eyes to the doctor's face.

"Yes!" he nodded gravely. "We can make the test to-morrow, and that is what I have hoped for all along."

"What a Christmas gift it would be," she cried, half-fearfully. "My little, little boy!"

Christmas morning came, and the doctor was early at the little house on Barnum Street. In a darkened room gathered the little group, hoping, praying, each, for the gift that *might* not come. Mother held the boy's hot, trembling hand in her firm clasp; and doc-

tor's deft fingers unwound the cloth. The boy winced a trifle before the added light, and then—slowly—the lids opened on their first day. "Mother! my mother!" he cried. And "Mother's little son!" she sobbed aloud. The words were a prayer of thanksgiving.

It was afternoon, and Raphael was lying back in a big armchair, his eyes bandaged against the strain of too much seeing. Mother was at his side, and doctor; and Jamie, of course—to whom he owed it all; and there had never been such another Christmas in all the ages. For one brief moment he had seen the world, and the world was beautiful.

"I guess I got the best present of all," Jamie said shyly, fishing a gold watch from his pocket for the fiftieth time in a minute, and casting a worshipful glance at the doctor.

"Watches are nice, but eyes are the best of all," insisted Rafey happily.

"No, my boy!" and Dr. Deane ruffled his hair gently, "watches are good, and eyes are better, but *my* Christmas gift is better still. My Christmas gift is the very best thing in the whole wide world!"

The boy turned and stretched his hand up wonderingly.

"Why!" he said. "Why, that's—why, that's—my mother."—*F. C. Means, in "The Advance."*

## Among the Books

—GENTLEMEN AT ARMS. By "Centurion," a Captain of the British Army. (Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.) \$1.50 net.

Short sketches of the war, telling chiefly of the actual experiences and observations of the writer, vividly and strikingly told.

—NERVES AND THE WAR. By Annie Payson Call. (Toronto: William Briggs.) \$1.25 net.

Miss Call's book is really a treatise on nerve conservation, and it has as its basis an exceedingly sane habit of thought and a philosophy that has proved itself throughout the years. The economy of human strength and vital force is, after all, the greatest possible and the most needed economy, and yet it hasn't received anything like its due share of consideration. Life is too precious a thing to waste, and it is undoubtedly wasted more by unnecessary nervous and mental strain than in any other way. Miss Call's book will help some. It is a book not only for war times, but for peace times as well.

—CANADIAN POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR. Edited by John W. Garvin. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.) \$1.50.

We have here a collection of 220 poems by seventy-three authors, all Canadians by birth or residence, and these war poems, or rather poems of the war period, are truly representative of Canadian thought and life during these stirring and eventful years. Here we find the free expression of the Canadian spirit, and it thrills and grips the reader with its power and strength. Here we have the viking of the twentieth century civilized, Christianized, but strong, resolute, brave and iron-willed, just as he was fifteen centuries ago. This little volume is soul-stirring and full of martial music.

# MR. BLACK'S BIBLE CLASS

## The Making of a Leader

The great crisis incident in the early and formative period of the life of Moses was that one of his espousal of the cause of his enslaved and ill-used countrymen by the slaying of the Egyptian taskmaster who was found beating a fellow Hebrew. Moses had grown up at the Egyptian court in a position of power and influence and privilege. But it was also a position of special temptation to luxury, to a false idea of life, and a temptation to forget all about his national heritage and ideals and his relation to his fellow Hebrews, whose position in the land of their adoption was coming to be an unbearable one. It would have been very easy for Moses, who knew nothing personally of hardship, or want, or slavery, not to see the hardship and misery and suffering of his countrymen. History has had many examples of men just about as good as Moses was who seemed to have no eyes to see the injustice and suffering and hardship that did not touch them. But the future deliverer of Israel, even amid all the enervating and demoralizing tendencies that surrounded his life at the Egyptian court, kept his sense of justice keen and his interest in the condition and need of his people alert and loyal. We can easily imagine that the lessons that his mother taught him in those early days of his life in Pharaoh's household, and the spirit she was able to instil into him, bore good fruit in these after days.

Moses' interference in behalf of his countrymen in the incident referred to above did not seem to result in any immediate good. We might say that it was a hasty and ill-considered act, and that it resulted as most hasty and ill-considered efforts to right wrong usually do. But when we have said that we have not said everything. The spectacle of the Egyptian ill-using his own countryman roused his sense of justice, and to violently rouse that impulse within him was to give birth to a new passion for righteousness, while his act in hitting out so violently against the wrong committed him absolutely and irrevocably to the cause of the Hebrew people. We might say that it would have been wiser for him to have controlled himself and have gone at his task of deliverer with greater caution and care, and yet we remember that some people are so careful that they make no mistake and do no hasty or untempered acts that they never really get started doing anything. Moses, in an outburst of passion against injustice and unrighteousness, committed himself absolutely and without reserve to the cause of righteousness and goodness, and that committal meant everything for the future, even though for the time being there was nothing of practical significance came from it.

This slaying of the Egyptian taskmaster marked Moses' open and unflinching avowal of the cause of his down-trodden countrymen; but preparation for his task of leadership in their deliverance had yet to be made. It is one thing to set your will and purpose to a task, and nothing will be accomplished until that is done; but after that there must come careful and thorough preparation and training for it, and how well it will be done depends very largely on the carefulness and care of that preparation and training. If Moses had followed up his outburst of sudden passion by equally untempered efforts at deliverance, he probably would not have got on very far. But the days and years of preparation were

necessary for the great undertaking that was before him.

In a general way we can see two directions in which that work of preparation went on through the years. If he was to lead his people out into a new life, two things above all others were necessary—first, that he should have a vivid realization of their need, of their miserable and pitiable condition; and second, that he should see the plan of deliverance as under God's hand, and realize how thoroughly committed to the task were all the divine forces and agencies. And the years spent in Midian brought those two facts home to him with wonderful vividness and realism.

As a keeper of sheep and living the wild, free life in the open, the thought of his people in slavery and bound down with burdens too grievous to be borne, grew upon him until it became unbearable to him, and he felt that something must be done. And at the same time, in the wilderness he realized a fresh sense of God until His greatness and holiness and love became supreme in his thought, and earth was crammed with heaven and every common bush aflame with God.

Moses' preparation for his task was just as every man's must be. First the thought of the greatness and importance of the work that was given him to do came home to him, and following that came the realization of the greatness and sufficiency of the God who stood committed to help him in it. And men never succeed in doing great things in the world until both these things become very vivid and real. If we look upon life as a joke and refuse to take it seriously, or if we shut out of it the strength and courage and sufficiency that come through faith in and dependence upon the eternal, we need never expect that it will show any great or worth-while deeds or achievements.

*William Black*

## London Conference Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

### ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

On Nov. 17th anniversary services were held at Essex, when Rev. J. E. J. Millyard, of Kingsville, preached. Last year a plan was formulated to wipe out the church debt in three years, and this year the church was asked for an offering of \$1,400 as the second instalment. They put \$1,800 on the plates. On Monday night following a victory banquet was held, at which the proceeds were \$170. In every way the anniversary was a great success, in spite of inclement weather.

On Nov. 24th the church celebrated the second anniversary of the revival in Essex. Evangelist Johnson was present, and held the regular services and mass meetings in the afternoon for men and for women. Through the following week services were held each night, and many conversions made pastor and people rejoice. On Friday night, however, the meetings were brought to a close by an outbreak of influenza. The people of Essex and the pastor, Rev. J. W. Hibbert, surely ought to feel thankful that, in spite of inclement weather and the influenza epidemic, they have been doing work over which they can rejoice.

Mt. Brydges (Rev. R. A. Miller, pastor) held their anniversary services on Dec. 15th, when Rev. J. A. Agnew preached to great crowds. The offering indicates that the people and pastor are working harmoniously, and that Mt. Brydges people are generous. When your correspondent saw the pastor on Monday he was still wearing the \$425 smile.

Putnam circuit had the epidemic at anniversary time, and the churches were closed. Mossley appointment held their anniversary on Dec. 8th, when Rev. C. J. Morehouse, of Thedford, preached. Mossley church has been recently decorated, and now presents a beautiful appearance. On Dec. 15th anniversary services were held at Putnam, when Rev. W. R. Osborne, of Thorndale, preached. The offerings at both services were liberal indeed, that at Mossley being \$125 and that at Putnam \$200.

Mrs. (Rev.) Herbert, the pastor's wife, was very ill after an attack of influenza, but has now recovered.

### MISSIONARY BANQUET.

Missionary banquets are coming back again. A most successful one was held at Clinton, in which both Methodist churches combined, at Wesley. About 150 men sat down, and after the banquet a most inspiring address was given by Rev. Dr. Endicott. Substantial increases in missionary givings are expected, not only at Clinton, but also at many other places throughout the district.

### EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

Rev. F. S. O'Kell is having a good time at Auburn. With the assistance of Rev. James Rutherford, of Toronto, he has held a three weeks' series of services at the Westfield appointment. On the Sunday following the meetings the pastor received twenty-two into the membership of the church. The life of the whole church was quickened, and the pastor expects to receive fifteen more into the church on profession of faith. The pastor speaks very highly of the services of Evangelist Rutherford. Plans are also being made for a series of special services at Auburn in January.

### NEXT MEETING OF CONFERENCE.

It has been settled that the next Conference is to be at Goderich. The matter had been left to a sub-committee of the Conference Special Committee. Goderich invited the Conference, but reported to the sub-committee that they could not billet the Conference on the plan laid down by the constitution of the Annual Conference Fund. According to that constitution delegates were to be billeted on the Harvard plan. The following motion of the committee indicates the plan to be followed. By the motion "Conference is asked to billet each delegate for a fee of \$6 (superannuates and probationers to pay a fee of \$3), with the request that all delegates receive private billets."

It is expected that by means of the Annual Conference Fund, which was inaugurated at the last Conference, the expenses of each delegate can be paid, provided, of course that each circuit and station pays into the fund an amount equal to their assessment for the General Conference Fund. These matters will soon be more fully explained by a circular letter from the secretary of Conference.

At a special meeting of the London District Ministerial Association a committee was appointed to deal with the question of evangelism, with a view to concerted action along evangelical lines. This committee will have some things to report later.

### THE "FLU."

During the last few weeks several places have been visited by the dreaded epidemic. Plans have been interfered with in many places, but, worst of all, some places have suffered great losses. Thorndale has had a severe visitation. Many have been ill, and church services were closed six Sundays in October, November and December.

W. R. O.



## Montreal Letter

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Even after the awful carnage of the war, even when the value of every life has increased, as it were, threefold, there are still people in the Province of Quebec who are not ready to admit the child's inherent right to education. And these retrogradists unfortunately are not confined to the ranks of the illiterate, for in a recent issue of *L'action Catholique*, the organ of the Hierarchy, we read the following: "We wish again to refer to the campaign, even in our own province, favoring compulsory attendance in the schools of Quebec. We notice in the Montreal papers that a delegation of Protestants went the other evening to confer with the Catholic School Commission of the metropolis; yet we should say that their efforts were in vain, judging from the firm yet courteous attitude of Judge Lafontaine and Abbé Brophy. . . . Let us say for the hundredth time that the education of children belongs to the parents. To concede such a power would be eminently dangerous, as it would be the first step towards making the school the slave of the civil power."

How can men who themselves have had every advantage of education write like that! As well say that the parent has the right to starve the child's body as to concede to him the right to dwarf his mind. Singular that anyone would dare to maintain that the child belongs exclusively to the parent when God is the spiritual Father of all. Then again, as each child is an embryo unit of the State we are all interested in his education and in a measure responsible for it. We read that in Britain they are adding four years to the compulsory period of education—that is, it is being raised to eighteen years. In the case of a child who is obliged to go to work at fourteen, the employer shall so arrange that the child shall be allowed time to take the extension course, which is not completed until he has reached his eighteenth birthday. We are also informed that in Ontario the compulsory age is to be raised to sixteen; yet here in Quebec, the oldest and

most historic of the nine provinces, we have no school attendance law at all, and our priests are actually advocating that the matter be left to the discretion of the parents!

But a Moses has been found who will lead the people out of the darkness of this Egypt, and he is a Frenchman and a Catholic—T. Damien Bouchard, Deputy, and Mayor of St. Hyacinthe. I had some correspondence with Mr. Bouchard last summer on the subject of education in Quebec, but it was not until he delivered his recent lecture on "School Reform" before the Montreal Women's Club that I had the opportunity of meeting him personally. Mr. Bouchard declares his allegiance to the Catholic Church, and regards national schools as chimerical, impracticable and undesirable in Quebec. He calls them neutral schools, and is of the opinion that differences of language and religion make them undesirable here. On the other hand, he is an ardent champion of the right of the Quebec boy and girl to as thorough an education as any child in any part of the world. How otherwise are we to take our place in science, in art, or in industry in the great reconstruction period upon which we are now entering?

Mr. Bouchard says: "Education, being a necessity for every child, should be free, and no head of a family should be penalized for having a large number of children; the access to the schools should not be hampered by tolls of any kind. On this point I am glad to note that much progress has been made in these last years. In Montreal, in St. Hyacinthe and other large centres the monthly fees have been abolished and primary education is free. Prior to 1913," continued Mr. Bouchard, "the school commissioners were compelled by law to impose the monthly fee, but in that year I succeeded in the Legislature in having a law passed unanimously giving the school commissioners the right to abolish the monthly fee. A bill of the same character, moved in 1903, had found only six supporters in the whole House! This shows that we must not entirely despair of having some reforms accepted in our province, for in my county of St. Hyacinthe most of the school commissioners have availed themselves of this law, and there are only one or two parishes left where education is not entirely free.

"But the access to the school," continued the lecturer, "is not to be made easier by the abolition of the fee only. The children of the poor should not be forced to leave school by the excessive cost of the text-books. One of the chief causes of the high price of text-books is the multiplicity of manuals we have in the province on the same matter. It is easily understood that the cost of printing five thousand copies of twenty different grammars is far higher than the cost of printing one hundred thousand of the same edition. Here practically every congregation has text-books of its own, and every one of them has to make a profit out of the books! Practically every time a school under the direction of brothers or nuns changes teachers the books used by the former congregation have to be replaced by those of the new teachers, and it is the public that has to pay for this lack of uniformity in text-books."

It may here be said that the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction has adopted a report of the Hon. Sydney Fisher, recommending uniformity of text-books; also the Catholic Commissioners have adopted a uniform list of manuals for the Island of Montreal. Mr. Bouchard is one of those who believe that the question of education will be the foremost among those that will have to be discussed in post war reconstruction, and quotes the Belgian economist, Molinari, as saying: "The illiterate man cannot be regarded as an asset, and in most cases is detrimental to his fellow citizens. To rear a man without a good education is to destroy capital and to prepare suffering and loss for society."

"I am going over to England," said a commercial traveller the other day. "I am going over to buy cloth, and I expect to find prices away up again."

"Why so?" asked his friend.

"Because wages have taken another jump of forty per cent. They were already fifty per cent. higher than in pre-war days, and now comes this new increase, which will send prices soaring again."

"But are the spinners justified in their demands?"

"Of course they are, for with both increases they will not make over fifteen dollars a week. That, for a man with a family, surely is not too much! Do you know that before the war a spinner getting two pounds a week was considered opulent, and the average man did not make over thirty shillings!"

It was just a chance conversation, but revealed a great deal, and might be regarded as a key to the times in which we are living. I do not profess to be an economist, but why should the consumer pay the whole cost of everything? Why not regulate profits? Why should anyone be allowed to make more than seven per cent. on his investment? A well-known restaurant before the war paid ten per cent. on its common stock, yet that restaurant has gone on putting up the price of food scandalously, with a view, no doubt, to maintaining fat dividends or increasing them. Why, in such a case, should not the State step in and ask the shareholders to bear part of the abnormal burden by taking down a smaller margin of profit? I would put forward a plea that before any corporation or public utility should be allowed to raise its price to the consumer its financial statement should be laid on the table and its profits scrutinized by a Government auditor. In this way we might get rid of millionaires and abolish poverty.

A well-known business man said to me a few days ago: "I can point you to a church in this city where one of the leading members controls the milk situation, another controls the coal situation, and still another is at the head of the ice trust." Whether the statement is well founded or not, I

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don't know—I did not ask for verification; but whether specifically true or not it is generally true, for we all know of fashionable churches where ice kings, coal kings and milk kings are among the worshippers (?), while not many blocks away babies die for lack of nourishment, and old people are chilled to the bone because the price of coal has soared beyond the reach of their meagre resources. Such conditions as these make the world an easy prey to Bolshevism, and now that the munition factories are being emptied the Government must plan and undertake big public works, or we shall have thousands of hungry, angry men walking our streets this winter.

Sir John Willison, speaking here the other day before the Canadian Club, outlined a splendid reconstruction programme, and stated emphatically that none of our natural products should be allowed to go out of the country in a raw state. He instanced the time, twenty years ago, when an export duty was put on saw logs, which before that were shipped wholesale into Michigan in their raw condition. No sane man now, said Sir John, would advocate for a moment a return to the old foolish and wasteful policy, for by retaining our logs and manufacturing them ourselves we have built up flourishing towns through Northern Ontario which are beehives of industry. The same, he said, would apply to asbestos in Quebec, on which we are still getting only the price of the raw material, all other profits being realized in the Eastern States, where it is shipped.

Councillor Peter Wright, president of the British Seaman's Union, has made two stirring addresses here this week, his first subject being "The Attitude of the British Mercantile Marine towards Germany, Past, Present and Future." Peter Wright's personality is remarkable; his spirit may be likened to a consuming fire. It leaped from his eyes and flamed forth in burning words, as he described the cruelty and treachery of the Hun in the last four years. In one instance, off the coast of Africa, a U-boat, after torpedoing one of ours, ran a stout, steel cable through the line of lifeboats in which our men had taken refuge. Now, they said, we have at last found a merciful Hun commander; he will tow us to shore, ten miles distant. Instead of that, without a moment's warning the U-boat submerged and dragged those men down to instant death! That illustration of barbarism was multiplied by twenty during one of the most vivid addresses I have heard in years, until such a case was made out against the Hun that one cannot wonder at the attitude of the British seamen in refusing to carry any German until he has expiated the intolerable outrages committed. Councillor Wright was deliciously humorous when he told how Ramsay MacDonald tried to embark on a British boat to go to Stockholm to attend the Labor Conference. "Mack," I said, "you had your innings the other day when you would not let me speak at Leeds. You and Snowden could see every other delegate in the hall, but you could not see me. Now I have my innings; we won't take you, or any of you pacifist blokes aboard our ship; so if you want to go to Stockholm, my advice to you is to swim."

M'lle Suzanne Silvercrus, daughter of the Minister of Justice of Belgium, has been sojourning among us during the last few weeks, and has told us in a thrilling manner the story of her country's wrongs. I expected to see a middle-aged woman, worn and anxious, but M'lle Silvercrus is barely nineteen, and looked radiantly beautiful in her Belgian national costume, with the little golden bonnet over her raven curls. Three years ago she could not speak a word of English, but now addresses large audiences with the utmost fluency, animated by a love of country that I have rarely seen equalled.

EDITH M. LUKE.

Montreal, Dec. 18th, 1918.

## Saskatchewan Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

MORE "KILLED IN ACTION."

Our Conference has been very hard hit in the closing period of the great war. In addition to the cases reported in previous letters of recent date, the correspondent has received three letters in a week telling of men killed in action. We are hoping that the circumstances will render it unnecessary to write the above heading in any letter of the future. We have lost too many gallant men among the younger ministry.

The first of which we learned was Lieut. A. J. J. Flook, M.M., one of our probationers on the Balcarres circuit. In connection with the death overseas of Lieut. Flook, memorial services were held on Sunday, Dec. 8th, at Duval, and were conducted by the pastor of the Duval and Clapton circuit, Rev. H. E. Coveney. A letter of sympathy was read from Rev. E. Smith, of Viscount, who knew Bro. Flook better than any of the men at present on the district. Mr. Flook enlisted in March, 1916, when he was stationed on the Clapton circuit, after having been pastor of the Duval circuit for two years. He is still lovingly remembered by the people among whom he labored as a sterling example of Christian manhood. Bro. Flook was awarded the Military Medal for his fine work in organizing stretcher-bearer parties at the battle of Passchendaele Ridge. Every sympathy is extended to his mother in Chatham, Ont., who has given two of her sons in this great struggle.

The other probationer who has made the supreme sacrifice is George Ewart Bee, of the Moose Jaw district. He enlisted in the Army Medical Corps when he was a student at Wesleyan College, Montreal, in 1916, after having made repeated attempts to enlist before he was finally accepted for the 9th Field Ambulance. He was wounded in the great spring drive of the Germans, and was well on the way to recovery when he contracted influenza and died. Rev. E. C. Cuming, a close college chum, writes of him: "With the passing of George Bee I feel that the Conference has lost one of the most brilliant of its younger preachers, and those who knew him best have lost one of the men who make life sweeter and nobler."

A HARD CASE.

The news of the coming of peace brought a gladness that was soon changed to other feelings in the case of one of our ministers. Shortly after the news of the signing of the armistice, Rev. Bert. Howard, of Mossbank, received sad news. On a Wednesday came news of the death of one brother, on the Thursday came news of the death through wounds of his wife's brother, and on the Saturday news of the death of another brother of Mr. Howard's. Two other brothers had been reported killed or missing previously, one being lost when H.M.S. *Moldavia* was lost. Out of a large family, only Bro. Howard and one other brother (who was himself left for dead on the battlefield, but afterwards miraculously recovered) are left. Mr. Howard's many friends will offer him their sincerest sympathy.

DR. BLAND APPRECIATED.

Dr. Bland has been giving a lecture course, lasting eight days, at North Battleford, and the North Battleford Optimist has four extended and most appreciative references to his visit to that northern city. The concluding lecture of the course was on "The Century of Getting Together," and our church was taxed to its capacity with those who wished to hear Dr. Bland. The paper says: "Dr. Bland has a message

which, if it could be given in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the Dominion, would do nothing less than accomplish a revolution of thought and a sounder, more prosperous and happier people." One result of the gatherings was a desire to start a community club, to discuss questions of reconstruction and of social interest, and a meeting was held for the purpose of organization. Dr. Bland was reported in the paper to have been much pleased with his reception and at the large and thoroughly representative attendances.

REGINA COLLEGE BANQUET.


A very successful banquet was held on Dec. 2nd, at Regina College, when interesting addresses were delivered by Hon. S. J. Latta, Minister of Highways in the Provincial Government; Rev. Dr. Whidden, of Brandon College; and by Dr. Stapleford himself. Mr. Justice Brown presided. Dr. Stapleford told of the contribution of the college to the life of the province, and outlined its need for additional buildings for the future. He declared that Regina College was a college of the second chance, a special effort being made to give pupils who had not a previous chance of an education the facilities for which they yearned. In regard to the finances, \$24,000 was needed to meet expenses, and \$21,000 was being raised to cut down the debt. The sum of \$10,000 was asked from Regina city, and on Dec. 11th there had been a total of \$8,525 received. The ladies' department is already full, and the college has had to open up a waiting list for next October, so it is evident the work is appreciated. It is expected that the room in the boys' residence will be taken in January.

THE RUSSELLITE NUISANCE.

The police of the province have been taking quite an active interest recently in the doings of the mischievous Russellite sect in Saskatchewan. Particularly in south-eastern Saskatchewan have there been many prosecutions. In Oxbow, Carlyle, Arcola, Carnduff and Carievale districts the police have searched homes and found the works of Pastor Russell, and in many cases heavy fines have been imposed. The correspondent has heard of bonfires of these works in various places. For the benefit of any who may be harboring these works we may say that the following are some titles of Pastor Russell's works, "The Finished Mystery," "Time at Hand," "Atonement Between God and Man," "The New Creation," "Thy Kingdom Come," "The Divine Plan of the Ages," "The Heavenly Manna," all of which bear the imprimatur of the International Bible Students' Association. The fine is from \$25 to \$5,000, or optional imprisonment, so the correspondent understands.

PRINCE ALBERT CHURCH.

In the last letter, dealing with the Conference Special Committee, the correspondent somehow or other managed to forget to report the discussion on the financial position of our Prince Albert church. This matter was introduced by Rev. C. E. Manning, of the Mission Rooms, who held that something ought to be done to clear this debt, which was a crushing weight on the



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cause at that place and made the work of Rev. George Dorey a burden. Mr. Manning outlined what the Missionary Society was prepared to do, or what he thought they would do under certain defined conditions, and urged that the Conference do something to put the position right. After much discussion to and fro, much of which was a threshing of old straw, with a side tendency to suggest the apportionment of blame in the past history of the cause, it was decided that a committee, to consist of the president of the Conference, the chairman of the Prince Albert district and the pastor of the church, Rev. George Dorey, should be authorized to draw up an appeal for funds to liquidate the debt. It was pointed out during the debate that we were receiving appeals about churches in heavy debt in other Conferences—surely we could do something in a case right at home. Why not? Doubtless this committee will give the circuits of the Conference a full statement of the present financial position of the cause at Prince Albert, where Rev. George Dorey has been doing valiant uphill work.

## MISCELLANEA.

We hear there will be an increase of something like 300 to 400 per cent. in missionary givings on the Goodwater circuit this year. Rev. L. W. S. Reid recently preached missionary sermons on that circuit.

The churches in Saskatoon have been doing well financially recently. Grace Church (Rev. C. Endicott) recently held its annual meeting and was able to report finances in good shape. Third Avenue held its anniversary services on Sunday, Dec. 15th, and asked for \$1,500, but secured \$2,081. Rev. G. K. B. Adams, the pastor, was his own anniversary preacher this year, and the anniversary was a complete success.

Rev. H. E. Hooper, one of our returned men, is now convalescing after a severe attack of "flu," contracted while in attendance at Wesley College. Bro. Hooper, acting under medical advice, spent all last winter and summer in California, where he gave many lectures on his experiences at the Somme front. At the present time, unfortunately, his health is far from good.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Riddell recently conducted successful anniversary services at Estevan, with good attendances and interest, despite the fear of "flu," which had not entirely subsided in that town. The proceeds were divided between the Educational Fund and the Trustee Board.

Rev. H. Record and Mrs. Record have been doing fine work in connection with the "flu" outbreak at Osage. Mr. Record was in labors abundant on behalf of the sick, and Mrs. Record, who was a trained nurse, volunteered her services to nurse the sick in the hospital, and herself caught the infection. She has, however, made a good recovery. H. D. R.

Carievale, Dec. 18th, 1918.

## Southern Alberta Letter

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Prof. Osborne, of Manitoba University, addressed the Canadian Club and the Board of Trade, Calgary, at the Monday luncheon, Dec. 16th, on the general theme of education and citizenship. Dr. A. M. Scott, president of the Canadian Club, was in the chair. It is not too much to say that Prof. Osborne made a noteworthy contribution to the life of the city, and the large gathering of business and professional men paid a compliment both to the speaker and themselves in the sustained interest throughout the (almost) hour and a quarter of delivery. "Canada has the finest human material on earth for the making of a nation"—this was the speaker's defence against the accusation of pessimism; when he went on to say that thus far Canada has been a relative failure in its nation-building. Among contributing causes he mentioned the lack of aggressiveness and enterprise in unified corporate effort, and certain phases of "schism" between English and French, between east and west, and the mutual mistrust of capital and labor. These are not to be regarded as national misfortunes, said the speaker, but simply problems that challenge solution. As one phase of our lack of national enterprise, Washington has become our capital rather than Ottawa, both in the news that we print, the moving pictures that we see, and the literature of our libraries. Especially in the sphere of education we lack a national policy. The nine provinces are so many water-tight compartments in their educational isolation. The Khaki University and its great work for the soldiers should be financed by our national Government, rather than left to the enterprise of a private institution—the Y.M.C.A. The speaker referred to the comparatively low salaries in the teaching profession, the picayune methods of many school boards, and the small number of mature men and women (twenty per cent.) in the profession. Our need is a national bureau of education, whose leadership will lift our standard of text-books from the present plane of "the indifferent and mediocre," for in the sphere of education "the commonplace is criminal." As Germany had been perverted in selfishness and materialism by a system of education, so Canada may be organized in its educational ideals as to capitalize the great victory of our soldiers for social justice within the nation. "Let young Canada dedicate herself deliberately to work out in the practice of her people the spirit of Christianity, which is not the property of a sect, but the hope of society."

Prof. Osborne has already spoken at thirty-five centres in eight provinces on behalf of a national conference on education.

Rev. S. W. Fallis has planned a series of nine Sunday morning sermons, "The High Altitude of Christian Experience," outlined as follows: "Unto the Hills" (introductory), "Mount Sinai" (the law and salvation), "Mount Calvary" (the atonement and salvation), "Mount Beatitude" (in the school of Christ), "Mount Moriah" (sacrificial consecration), "Mount Quarantana" (temptation in reaction), "Mount Hermon" (the transfiguration of the commonplace), "Mount Zion" (Christian joy), "Mount Pisgah" (foretaster and foreviews). Illustrated as it is by the beautiful vista of a mountain, together with selected quotations, we count this a fine example of church publicity.

We regret that Rev. G. G. Webber, of Olds, has had a very severe attack of the influenza, from which he is finding his way back to strength very slowly.

With commendable enterprise the Olds Agricultural College was transformed into an emergency hospital, and from the very first week of the epidemic the Domestic Science Department has been at work providing soups, jellies, custards, etc., which they distributed, reaching out into the country districts even to twenty miles. Volunteer nurses served both in the hospital and in the homes of the sick. In referring to this, Mr. Webber says, "I have never known such a demonstration of unselfish service in all my previous experience."

## ANNIVERSARIES.

These are the days of anniversaries. Rev. Joseph Coulter was the preacher at Cayley. On the Monday evening he gave an address on "The Challenge of the Present to Recast our Thinking in Terms of World Thought." Cayley is unique that its anniversary was without a financial appeal.

Rev. H. E. Gordon was at Bankview, Calgary, for its special day. The people were asked for \$600. When all returns are in it is expected this will be fully realized. Bankview boasts four splendid classes in the teen-age work, probably the largest in the city.

For St. Paul's special day Rev. F. J. Johnson had charge of the morning service, and the pastor, Rev. W. A. Smith, in the evening. The day is reported as reaching high-water mark in spirituality. With a financial objective of \$900, the receipts for the Sunday and Monday totalled the splendid sum of \$920. The Sunday school excelled itself in contributing \$230.

The President of the Conference, Rev. A. S. Tuttle, who is an old pastor, was present at the anniversary of Wesley Church. The financial drive was launched the week previous, when \$3,700 was subscribed at a church banquet. The full amount asked by the board, \$6,000, was achieved.

Under the leadership of a former pastor, Rev. F. W. Locke, the Crescent Heights congregation had a most successful anniversary day, both from the financial and the spiritual viewpoints. Great credit is due to Rev. A. Barner, chairman of the committee. A letter was sent to every member of the congregation, asking each to telephone the response to the need of the church. The people responded beyond all expectation, and the \$1,000 objective was surpassed by over \$100. The evening service closed as a great consecration service.

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## The Conferences

### MONTREAL

**Kemptville.**—If you want to see a live Sunday school take a look in some Sabbath afternoon on Kemptville Methodist School—a vital force in the community, a school with a glorious record and a credit to Methodism. It could not be otherwise when we know the officers and teachers. I question if there is a Sunday school in the whole Conference with a more efficient staff of officers and teachers. Superintendent for some thirty years—Mr. T. A. Craig, inspector of public schools for the County of Grenville; with Mr. Joel Anderson as assistant. Secretary for twenty-nine years, Mr. S. H. Guest, town clerk. Treasurer for forty years, Mr. E. L. B. Cornell, recording steward. Teacher in this Sunday school for sixty-four years, Miss Lucy Shaler, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Shaler, now teaches the "King's Daughters'" Class. What a life and what a record? Seldom absent all these years. Senior Philothea Class, taught by Miss R. B. Johnston, B.A., high school teacher; Junior Philothea Class, taught by Miss F. Johnston, B.A., high school teacher. The younger girls' classes, taught by Mrs. T. A. Craig, Miss May Lattimer, Mrs. J. L. Medcof, and Miss Mabel Lee, president of the Epworth League. The infant class taught by Miss Amanda Smith, one much devoted to the interests of the little folk. The "Eureka Brotherhood" Class is taught by Mr. Fred W. Brown, manager of the

Government farm in connection with the Agricultural College. Mrs. Fred W. Brown and Mrs. Levi Bowen have charge of the boys of teen age, and are a success. The young men are fortunate in having Mr. J. Lidstone Medcof, B.A., principal of the high school, as their teacher. As reserve teachers we have Miss L. Guest, B.A., Miss Stella Anderson, principal of the public school and organist of the church; Misses Flossie Tackaberry, Blanche Mundle, Bessie Mills and Emma Waterson, public school teachers. Representatives appointed by the Official Board: Messrs. C. C. Pelton, choir leader; T. E. Johnston, merchant; and Geo. E. Snider, manager of the Ottawa Bank. The above, with Mrs. Ira Crowder, Mrs. J. L. Medcof, Mrs. T. E. Johnston, Miss Margaret Jackson, and the pastor, looking after the interests of sixty-four members in the Home Department, will give your readers an idea of Kemptville Methodist Sunday School. It is well that we have in this educational centre such a staff of workers in our Sunday school. Add to this a good, live Epworth League and weekly prayer-meeting.—J. M.

### TORONTO

**Collier Street, Barrie; Rev. R. J. Fallis, pastor.**—A short time ago Mr. George Ball proposed to the Trustee Board of Collier Street Church that he would give them \$2,000 towards the church debt if they would raise the rest of the debt, some \$3,500. The trustees at once accepted Mr. Ball's offer, and soon they had in hand not only \$3,500, but \$4,200. This achievement lent additional interest to the anniversary services on Dec. 8th. Rev. W. E. Baker, of Toronto, preached two very fine

sermons, the musical part of the service was exceptionally good, and when it was announced that \$6,196 had been subscribed to clear the church of all debt the congregation sang with more than ordinary fullness of meaning the old doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

**Birchcliffe Heights.**—Just a hundred years after the first Methodist church was built in Toronto, one very similar in size and material has been built and opened almost to a day in Birchcliffe Heights. About four years since a settlement began, principally of Old Country people. It has now about 150 homes of very varied sizes and kinds. Two years ago the Methodist Union of Toronto rented and furnished a vacant store for a Sunday school and public services. The success was such that the union purchased land for a church, and engaged to become responsible for the cost of the building, while the men of the locality undertook the work of the erection in their spare time, and are still working, for much has yet to be done. The building was formally opened and dedicated on Sunday, Dec. 15th. A preparatory service was held by the pastor Rev. Geo. M. Brown, in the morning. At 2.30 the dedicatory service was conducted by the Rev. R. J. D. Simpson, the president of the Conference, assisted by the Rev. Geo. Baker and the pastor. The Rev. S. W. Dean, manager of the city mission work, conducted the service in the evening. On Tuesday evening following the Ladies' Aid provided a very attractive social entertainment. Dr. Frank D. Price, who has taken a very active part in the work and in the Sunday school, occupied the chair. The choir of the Beech Avenue Church, composed of twenty-seven members, under the leadership of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, furnished a first-class concert. Mrs. D. E. Jones, M.E., of Markham, gave several excellent selections, and congratulatory addresses were given by Rev. C. E. Luce, B.A., of St. Nicholas' Church, and the Rev. A. P. Addison, B.A., B.D., of Beech Avenue Church. The ladies served refreshments during the evening. The opening services were continued on Dec. 22nd. A gathering of the Sunday school and the parents and friends took place. A special feature was the singing of Christmas hymns by the scholars and an address by a great favorite, Rev. Dr. F. C. Stephenson, secretary of the Young People's Mission. Rev. Alfred Gandier, M.A., D.D., principal of Knox College, was the preacher for the evening. All the sermons were of a high order. The musical part was greatly aided by Messrs. Sherlock and Sanders, of Beech Avenue Church; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pateman, of Riverdale Church; Miss Linton, of East Toronto; and Miss Bonner, of Birchcliffe. Large, interested and appreciative congregations were present.

### MANITOBA

**Broadway, Winnipeg.**—Sunday, Dec. 15th, was a red-letter day in this church. The occasion was characterized by anniversary services. The special preachers were Revs. Dr. Salton and C. A. Sykes, B.D. The sermons were strongly spiritual, sweetly evangelical, and delighted the large congregations. The music throughout the day, under the masterly direction of Mr. Watkins Mills, was choice, appropriate, and rendered with artistic skill and feeling. A short time ago it was suggested to the trustees that the time had come for paying off a long-standing debt of \$41,200. A most efficient committee of four took the matter in hand, and Mr. Parlee announced that the whole amount of \$41,000 had been contributed, and \$1,800 over and above the entire indebtedness. Broadway's position is unique in Winnipeg Methodism; free from debt, her decks are cleared for action in the great task of moral and political reconstruction directly and insistently imminent in these ominous times.

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## The Forum

### TO DEMOCRATIZE INDUSTRY

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—We are told that our Church is now committed to the task of changing over from a competitive system, with its motives of personal and private gain, to a co-operative system, in which the motive of private gain has been lost in the vision of a life of service for others. Some illustrations of such change are drawn from the control of industries in Great Britain necessitated by the demands of a great and critical war. Others seem to hint at Government or public ownership of certain public utilities, such as the railroads and telephone. The illustrations of both types seem unhappy, as indicating how the change of systems is to be attained.

The change of systems is to mean a democratizing of industrial life, just as our political life has become democratic. Now it appears from experience that Government ownership does not mean any more share for the workers in the management of the industry. They fight now with a directorate appointed by a Government rather than with a board of directors owning an industrial plant. The Intercolonial Railway is no more democratic in its management than is the Grand Trunk. In just as evident a manner the war-time control of industries is undemocratic. The workers are appealed to in the name of patriotism to keep up production. Strikes are kept down by law, or by this appeal. No share in the management of industries is offered by such measures.

Industrial life, however, is being democratized, and the way is being opened up in that land which has led the way in all democratic advance—in England. Democratizing industrial relations means the unifying of the aims of capital and labor. In England the differences of capital and labor have been clearly defined in the strife of centuries. With her back to the wall in a great war, with no desire for any weakening strife within the Home Land, the steps in industrial evolution which peace times might have attained in many years have been taken in the course of a few months. In the darkest year of the war the British Government appointed a Commission to inquire into the causes of industrial unrest and to make suggestions as to the cure. The country was divided into eight industrial areas, to hasten a full inquiry. The Government also established a Reconstruction Department, to study industrial life and its conditions with reference to post-war advance. The result of the inquiry and a tentative measure looking towards better conditions were issued by the committee of the Reconstruction Department and called, after its chairman, "The Whitley Scheme." It was recommended that in every organized trade an industrial council be established, representing both employers and workers, and having as its object "the regular consideration of matters affecting the progress and well-being of the trade from the point of view of all engaged in it, so far as is consistent with the general interest of the community." Here in this suggestion are held in balance the rights of capital, labor and the long-suffering public, the last usually the goat in the struggles between the first two. Nearly all of the trades unions and most of the employers' associations were in favor of such a suggestion. The Minister of Labor has announced the Government's decision thus:

1. That Joint Standing Industrial Councils should be established in all the well-organized industries with as little delay as possible.

2. That these councils would be considered

by the Government as "official standing consultative committees on all future questions affecting the industries which they represent," and would be "the normal channel through which an opinion and experience of an industry would be sought on all questions with which that industry is concerned."

3. That the councils are to be "independent bodies, electing their own officers, and free to determine their own functions and procedure with reference to the peculiar needs of each trade."

These Joint Standing Industrial Councils, of national scope where the trade is well organized, will be further supplemented by councils in smaller sections or districts, and still further by committees in the particular shops, and on both of these men and masters will have equal representation.

In this scheme is found a real move out in the direction of the making democratic

of industrial relations. It will demand that every industry be put on an organized basis. Employers must federate and the workers come together in unions. As yet the general public is not represented on these councils, unless it be in the ultimate accountability of all to a Minister of Labor. This alone may prevent a union of capital and labor to exploit the public. Political democracy was slow of growth, and no genius outlined ahead the course it must take. So industrial democracy will no doubt be slow of growth, and we must guard against both the stand-patter and the theorist who stands ready to tell us all about it ahead of time.

We have in these councils an experiment in the orderly consideration of the rights of labor for their working out and further definition. It is not a quick cure, like the dream of socialism. It promises to include that which Government ownership and

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socialistic schemes do not, viz., the will of the worker, which is the greatest resource in industry and the only hope for permanent and enduring efficiency. Industrial democracy means that the work is carried on under the approval of both labor and capital. For this heritage of industrial democracy we will need intelligent workmen. It will mean not merely technical skill, but knowledge of social relations within the economic sphere.

Whether this democratic advance is to abolish the capitalistic system is still a question to be solved in the future. But the social sense must be brought to see that industry can be stable only if greater equality in status, in opportunity and in wealth between labor and capital is brought about. It would seem that no mere legislation, but the regenerating power of years of blundering will bring the majority of men where they will act on the principle that their obligation to service is measured only by their ability to perform such service, whether it be financial, intellectual or manual ability. If industry is to be democratic, all must be masters in considering the welfare of the community as a whole, and yet feel the obligation of servants in respect to one's special talent—capital, skill, or brain.

J. H. PHILP.

73 Fairmont, Ottawa.

#### EVANGELISTS

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—So much is said just now about evangelism, a few more words may be acceptable. Social reform is linked with it. No doubt it is good, but so far as the Church is concerned it should be regarded more as a means than an end—a means of leading to spiritual results, for the real work of the Church is to lead people to Christ and to build them up in Him. The Church which fails in this fails in its most important work. Those who simply emphasize social matters are trading upon the labors of the past. The appeal is to church members, who are considered to be Christians. But if fresh Christians are not raised up, after a while there will be none. It is easier to tell Christians what they ought to do than to lead people to become Christians. It is easier still to denounce the Church and existing conditions than to lead on to better conditions. Destructive talk is easier than constructive work.

As to evangelists in the strict sense of the term, it seems to me that the Church has hardly developed them as much as she might. The matter has been left to haphazard. Someone desires to engage in it and is permitted. But such parties sometimes have not much education, and so are apt to become unbalanced and perhaps cause some split. Should not the Church train men specially as evangelists, and appoint two or three to each Conference? There have been blessed results even as matters are, as from the labors of David Winters some years ago in the Montreal Conference. But a step farther might be taken. All ministers should be evangelistic in spirit, in faith, in labors; yet some, while excellent preachers and pastors, are not so well adapted for the work of a series of meetings, though such may profit by experience.

Formerly there were two ministers on each circuit, which rendered conducting a series of meetings easier. There are still circuits where the minister can conduct such services alone, or with what occasional help he can get from some neighbor or friend in his own church; but there are many circuits where the ordinary work is as much as one man can do. Here evangelistic help can come in well. A stranger, too, helps to bring people out, and the minister can help also in that way by visiting around. But if he has to conduct the meetings also, he is more or less exhausted and cannot, in most cases, put as much energy and life into his discourses and efforts as the evangelist who is fresh for the meeting. Yet he will find

it in the interests of the work to continue it for a short time himself, and then to shepherd the converts. A falling away afterwards is more apt to result from want of following up the revival by lack of pastoral care than from anything in the evangelist. Jas. Caughey had a wonderful revival in the city of Dublin, in 1842. Seven hundred persons were converted. Twenty years afterwards I found a number of the leading Methodists there were the fruits of that revival. All that I have said presupposes that the church is alive and active. It is a poor business where the church members have to be brought into a fit state in the first place by the meetings. They ought to be in a lively spiritual state through the ordinary meetings; then the evangelist may prove to be the long arm of the church who reaches to outsiders. Merely joining a church is not sufficient. What is needed is a genuine spiritual experience, justification and regeneration, and that is only the beginning of a Christian life.

Yours, W. K. SHORTT.

Kingston, Dec. 9th, 1918.

#### FINDINGS OF GENERAL CONFERENCE

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

Dear Sir,—Those who are interested in the welfare of our Church are always anxious to learn at what decisions our legislative body has arrived. We are told on all sides that this has been the most aggressive and radical Conference since union. In reading your Manitoba letter in a recent GUARDIAN I find that your regular correspondent has departed from his usual method by introducing "Impressions of the General Conference," as realized by certain delegates from the Manitoba Conference to the General Conference. Surely the "Impressions" made on the mind of Rev. T. W. Price do not represent the mind and will of the vast majority of the members of that Conference, or I have studied Methodist doctrine to no purpose.

Is it true that the General Conference thinks that she has "overburdened herself with a complicated organization and faith"? So far as I have been able to discover the official attitude of the Conference I can find no trace of their belief in that statement. On the contrary, they have created at least one new General Conference office. Personally I think for a democratic Church we are over-governed and too centralized; but I am not prepared to accept Mr. Price's statement of faith. The All-Father may suit Unitarians, coupled with the thought

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of Christ as our example. But Methodists did not so learn Christ.

May I quote Mr. Price, that I may not be accused of making undue strictures on his "Impressions"? He says: "A simpler creed—the love of the All-Father divinely manifested in His Son, Jesus Christ, who Himself in His human life is an example of a life perfected through the government of love—here is creed enough to save the individual and society."

There is not one word in Mr. Price's confession of faith re the atonement of Jesus Christ. We are not here arguing for any particular theory of the atonement beyond what is said in Scripture. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's own Son, cleanseth us from all sin." What about the work of the Holy Spirit? How

will Mr. Price satisfy his regenerated individual or society that they are the sons of the "All-Father"? The Word says, "The Spirit himself beareth witness with my spirit that I am a child of God." I fear, if Mr. Price's "Impressions" of the doctrinal attitude of the General Conference be correct, there should be a small committee of the General Conference appointed to revise our doctrinal standards. If I may be allowed to express my opinion of this "confession of faith," I would say that it may be very good Unitarianism, but very bad Methodism.

In the fourth and fifth sections of his "Impressions" Mr. Price is scarcely less unfortunate. We think Mr. Price interpreted the mental attitude of the Conference through the colored lenses of his own mental vision. The fact that the Conference changed the order of the words socialism and evangelism, to my mind, would indicate that they wished to lay greater stress on evangelism. Many ministers and laymen yet believe that the way to heaven the mass is to leave the individual units composing the mass. See our Saviour's parable of the leaven. To my mind we can only save the State by saving the individual units of the State.

What forces were operative in England which saved her from the fate of France in the days of the Revolution? We are told by the historians of that time that had it not been for the preaching of Wesley and his helpers England would also have been deluged with blood. Now we know Wesley dealt with the individual, and through the individual attained his ideal in the societies he formed.

Mr. Price tells us that the "normal entrance to a religious experience is through educational evangelism, rather than evangelism of the revival kind." Therefore, according to Mr. Price's idea, we educationally grow into a religious experience. An experience of what? Not, surely, of the grace of God. We are told in the Word to grow in grace, but not into grace. The seed of grace must first be planted by God's Holy Spirit before it can grow. In what school did Paul learn a religious experience of God's grace? Mr. Price seems to enter the realm of prophecy when he says, or seems to think, that we will graduate Christians from our schools in the near future, just as now we graduate men and women according to their intellectual attainment.

In concluding his "Impressions" he quotes, or rather misquotes, Tennyson in exhorting us to go forward. My "impression" is that we had better send out our scouts to spy out the land, for I fear the direction Mr. Price would lead\* is into an enemy's country. Yours truly,

Chesterville, Ont. J. B. HICKS.

#### HE APPRECIATES THE "GUARDIAN"

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.  
Dear Sir,—For many years I have been a reader of our splendid paper, the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN. Of late years in this great northland of long distances and silent solitude issues of this paper numbering six, eight, and sometimes ten, have reached me periodically, according to our facilities for receiving mail. Never in my life have I received so much good from reading any paper as from the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN! I consider that the short article on the cover of each paper alone is worth the price.

Am quite aware that the editor of such a paper sometimes is the subject of much criticism and receives "cruel stabs." Will you allow me, who may be termed one of the poorest and humblest workers in the vineyard of the Master, to say how much, how very much, I admire your bold, fearless, clean-cut, Christian, gentlemanly way of placing, without fear or favor, before the readers of this paper your unbiassed views on the matters which come up for discussion from time to time, as also the masterly

manner in which you fill the position of editor. That God may give you long life to continue this great work, and that you may have multiplied joy and peace, is the prayer of

Yours very sincerely in the Master's work,

JOHN W. NIDDRIE.

Island Lake, Man., Sept. 28, 1918.

Rev. Ernest Harston, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, who enlisted as a private in the 257th Battalion, Canadian Railway Troops, after serving in the ranks for a year and a half has recently been promoted to the rank of captain, and is now chaplain of a Canadian demobilization camp in Kimmel Park, Rhyl, North Wales. His many friends congratulate him upon his well-deserved promotion.

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Woodham .....	255 00
Harrow .....	67 00
Highgate .....	125 00
Avon .....	100 00
Crediton .....	65 00

## Hamilton Conference.

Lundy's Lane, Niagara Falls .....	100 00
Ainslie Street, Galt .....	200 00
Oxford Street, Brantford .....	90 00
Hickson .....	65 00
Warton .....	175 00
Centenary, Hamilton .....	500 00
Smithville .....	148 00
Hepworth .....	171 08
Allenford .....	129 12
Arkwright .....	100 00
Southampton .....	17 50

## Bay of Quinte Conference.

Holloway Street, Belleville .....	100 00
Hampton .....	226 00
Bridgewater .....	50 00
MHford and Point Traverse .....	36 25
Fraserville .....	100 00
Cannifton .....	150 00
Grafton and Centerton .....	60 00
Little Britain .....	253 02
Plainfield .....	95 00
Carnarvon .....	100 00

## Montreal Conference.

Algonquin, Ont. ....	85 00
Arundel and Pensonby, Que. ....	30 00
Inverness, Que. ....	715 00
Perth, Ont. ....	50 00
Eganville, Ont. ....	109 00
Beachburg, Ont. ....	75 00

## Nova Scotia Conference.

Avondale .....	55 00
Wolfville .....	26 21
Springhill .....	55 00
J. Wesley Smith Mem., Halifax .....	168 68
Canning .....	29 00

## N.B. and P.E.I. Conference.

Oromocto, N.B. ....	70 00
Canterbury, N.B. ....	9 50
Centenary, St. John .....	200 00

## Newfoundland Conference.

Britannia .....	90 00
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## Manitoba Conference.

Forrest .....	75 00
Holmfild .....	25 00
Benito .....	50 00
Oak Lake .....	50 00
Sidney .....	200 00

## Saskatchewan Conference.

Carievale .....	79 75
Grace, Saskatoon .....	316 15
Radville .....	102 00
Abernethy .....	100 00
Mortlach .....	217 00
Wallard .....	30 00
Herbert .....	21 75

## Alberta Conference.

Lomond .....	30 00
Airdrie .....	25 00
Washington Ave., Medicine Hat .....	45 00
Munson .....	24 00

Total receipts to date .....\$87,511 34

Same date last year .....119,041 21

Miscellaneous receipts to date .. 1,414 96

## THE LATE REV. A. E. WAUGH.

Many will be sorry to learn that Rev. A. E. Waugh, B.A., of the Saskatchewan Conference, has passed away, a victim of Spanish influenza. Bro. Waugh was stationed at Quill Lake, in the Yorkton district, and a little over a year ago found it necessary, on account of his wife's ill-

health, to remove to British Columbia for a change of climate, where he has since labored as principal of the high school in Ladysmith. When the epidemic broke out and the school was closed, he threw himself with all his enthusiasm into all forms of relief work among the people. Forgetful of his own safety, he soon contracted the disease, and after a brief illness passed away on Nov. the 30th. Mrs. Waugh was very ill at the same time, and was not able to be with her husband during his last sickness, but is now gradually recovering. Mr. Waugh was one of our young energetic men of much promise, and his death is a sad loss to the cause to which he had dedicated and devoted his life.

Yours very sincerely,  
J. H. TOOLE.

## THE LATE PTE. RUSSELL FRANCIS WOODS.

Pte. Russell Francis Woods, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Woods, of Westfield, Auburn circuit, was born April 21st, 1893. He enlisted in 1915 in the 161st Huron Battalion, trained at Camp Borden, and went overseas in the fall of 1916. He was drafted for France in March, 1918, and fell in the severe fighting in the last week of September. He was first reported missing, then missing but believed killed, then finally killed in action. His body lies in the vicinity of Epering, and his name is enrolled in the long list of heroes who gave their all in the cause of freedom and righteousness. The news came as a great shock to the sorrowing parents, who are thus bereft of their only child. They are consoled by many comforting and hopeful letters received from him from France, and also by one from his lieutenant, stating that Pte. Woods was a splendid soldier and died doing his duty. Pte. Woods was a member of the Westfield Methodist Church, and on Nov. 24th a memorial service was held in the church, conducted by Rev. A. E. Jones, of Clinton, a former pastor. This service was very largely attended, testifying to the esteem in which Pte. Woods was held in his own community.

"So you'll live, you'll live, young fellow, my lad,  
In the gleam of the evening star,  
In the wood note wild and the laugh of the child,  
In all sweet things that are.  
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,  
Where life is noble and true;  
For all our beauty and hope and joy,  
We will owe to our lads like you."

## TABLET TO LIEUT. J. McC. ELLIOTT.

A memorial tablet of embossed brass, mounted on a black marble base, was unveiled in memory of the late Lieut. John McCready Elliott, of the Strathcona Horse, attached to the Royal Air Force, following the Sunday morning service, Dec. 22, in Broadway Methodist Church, Winnipeg. Lieut. "Jack" Elliott was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Elliott, of Winnipeg. He was killed in action on January 16, 1917, near Douai, France.

The ceremony of unveiling the tablet was performed by General H. D. B. Ketchen, C.B., C.M.G., who in a few eulogistic words sketched the career of this brave Winnipeg boy, who, still in the early twenties, laid down his life for honor and native land.

"The example of these brave men who have fallen has enriched the life and exalted the spirit of our country, and we may all be justly proud to belong to a race of men who daily faced great perils with the calm perseverance that has become a tradition to their corps," said General Ketchen. "I knew the late Lieut. Jack Elliott as a boy, and had followed his career with interest from the time he graduated from Royal Military College, to the time he left Winnipeg with the Lord Strathcona Horse."

On arriving in England, and chafing under a strong desire to go over to France, Lieut. Elliott volunteered and was accepted as a cadet in the Royal Air Force. He quickly qualified as a flying officer, and was sent to France, where, after serving a few brief months, he was killed while carrying out his duty in the air and engaged in fighting the aeroplanes of the enemy. He was deeply mourned by his fellow officers of the R.A.F. branch of the British Army, aptly described as composed of the knighthood of the war.

General Ketchen concluded by speaking a few sympathetic words to the bereaved family of this gallant boy: "Whilst deeply feeling the great loss which you sustained on January 16th, 1917, in the taking away of your noble son in the prime of a beautiful life, we can, as it were, but lay a laurel wreath upon his hallowed grave, and offer to you who mourn him the most sincere tribute of our sympathy and pride."

## BIENNIAL LEAGUE CONVENTION.

The Fourteenth Biennial Epworth League Convention met at Harriston on Dec. 10-11th. Despite the recent outbreak of the "flu," a goodly number of Leaguers gathered, mostly from the north of the Conference. The following programme was given: "Recent General Conference Legislation re Epworth Leagues," by Rev. W. S. Daniels; "Recent General Conference Action re the Department of Evangelism and Social Service," by Rev. W. E. S. James; "A Message for the Present Day," by Rev. W. G. Buell; "The Awakening of China," by Rev. J. L. Stewart; "Successful Epworth League Methods," by Rev. C. L. Poole; "The Religions of China," by Rev. J. L. Stewart; "Jesus Christ's Devotion to Us," by Rev. J. E. Hockley; "The Evangelism for the Present Day," by Rev. S. L. W. Harton; "Bible Study for the Epworth Leaguer as a Soul Winner," by Rev. H. E. Walker; and "The Call of China," by Rev. J. L. Stewart. This is very far from the programme originally outlined, but the "flu" played havoc with the speakers. The primary idea, however, of evangelism was kept well to the front, and the convention was a great uplift to all who attended. The newly-elected officers are as follows: Hon. Pres., Rev. G. W. Barker, Burlington; Pres., Rev. W. E. S. James, Rockwood; 1st Vice-Pres., Mr. H. R. Hampson, Guelph; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Annie Jolliffe, Rockwood; 3rd Vice-Pres., Mr. Eric Brink, Woodstock; 4th Vice-Pres., Rev. J. T. Stapleton, Tara; 5th Vice-Pres., Mrs. S. Atkinson, Hamilton; Sec., Rev. N. A. Hurlbut; Treas., Rev. C. L. Poole, Harriston. The Biennial decided to accept the invitation of the Leaguers of Central Methodist Church, Woodstock, to hold their next Biennial there.

## GOLDEN WEDDING.

CROSBY-BARNES.—In Markham, on Dec. 22nd, 1868, at the residence of Mrs. George Flummerfelt, sister of the bride, by the Rev. Michael Fawcett, Peter Perry Crosby to Miss Martha Emily Barnes, youngest daughter of Mr. Elijah Barnes. One of the rare and enjoyable events

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took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Crosby, when they celebrated their golden wedding, Dec. 21st, 1918. Between fifty and sixty friends called to offer congratulations. A number of old friends came in from Toronto: Mrs. George Henry Reed, Miss Margaret Crabbe, Mrs. H. S. Pell and daughter Marjorie, Mrs. Billie Young, Miss Mabel Smith and Mr. Ernest Smith, Mrs. William Casely from Unionville. Congratulations were received from numerous friends by wire and letters. During the afternoon dainty refreshments were served by Miss Reva Stewart, Miss Blanche Crosby, Miss Ellnor Reesor, Mrs. D. F. Gee pouring tea. The rooms were very prettily decorated with old gold and flowers.

In the evening Rev. Edward Baker addressed the bride and groom of fifty years ago. Mrs. J. D. Smith recited a beautiful poem entitled "The Marriage Vow." Mrs. Wonch and Mrs. Edgar Crosby then presented Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, on behalf of the Woman's Missionary Society and Ladies' Aid Society, with a beautiful address, accompanied with a purse of gold. Mrs. George Henry Reed also presented a purse of gold from friends in Toronto and Oakville.

Mr. and Mrs. Crosby were completely taken by surprise, and in a few words they thanked their many friends for their kindness and love and sympathy, closing with one verse of the familiar hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom."

#### AN APPRECIATION.

May I have space to write a few lines in appreciation of my dear friend and brother, the late Rev. John W. Cannom. Until his demise I knew Bro. Cannom for about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years. These years were to him years of heavy toil, alternating with years of great affliction. My brother was a man of intense nature, and gave all that was in his honest soul to his Lord. His work was never slightly performed, and much fruit followed his labors. Bro. Cannom had a keen ambition to be a faithful and fruitful expositor of the Word of God, and strove to reach his ideal. His aim was to be a practical and evangelical preacher. How many there are who will give unending praise to God for His holy ministry! How true and tender his affection for his family they alone fully know. Knowing my brother as I did for many years, I have regarded him as a fine illustration of the Apostle Peter's inspired injunction, "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Heaven is richer and earth is poorer by the removal of my dear Bro. Cannom.

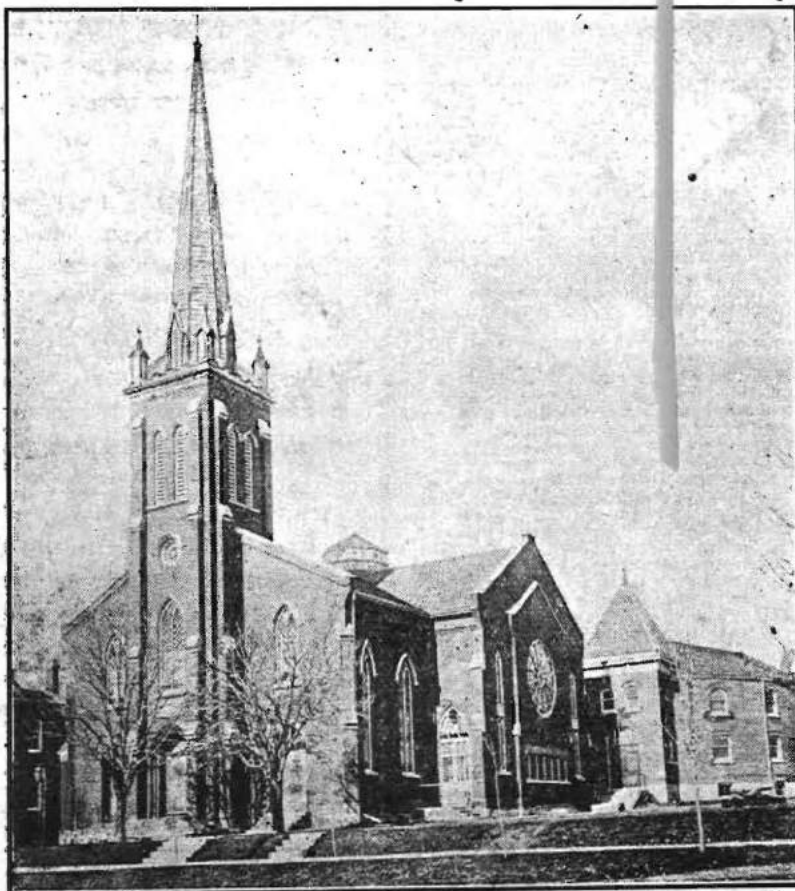
Geo. W. Hewitt.

#### PERSONALS

We regret to note the death, at Hornell, N.Y., on Christmas Day, of Rev. Dr. G. M. Campbell, of the New Brunswick Conference. Bro. Campbell entered our work in 1872, and had been chairman of district, president of Conference, delegate to General Conference, and principal of Mount Allison Ladies' College. He was on war work in the United States when stricken with pneumonia a few weeks ago, and died in the hospital at Hornell. He was an able preacher, a wise administrator and a faithful worker, and the world is the richer and better for his life.

We regret to note the death in Toronto, on Thursday, Dec. 19th, of the Rev. John William Robinson, a superannuated minister in connection with the Toronto Conference. Bro. Robinson entered our ministry in 1869, in the Primitive Methodist Church, and continued in the active work until 1910, when he superannuated, settling in London. Later he removed to Toronto, where he has since resided. He had reached his seventy-seventh year. His ministerial life was not spectacular, but he was a steady, faithful, unselfish and useful minister of the gospel. His heart was in his work, and he gave the Church of Jesus Christ the very best he had, and his labor was not in vain in the Lord. He was a good man and a brother beloved, and the Church is the richer for his years of faithful service.

The Steel King and Director-General of America's Shipbuilding, "Charlie" Schwab, has been amusing the men of the yards with some breezy yarns. Here is one about a man who was dismissed from the shipyard. "This man got slacker and slacker in his work," says Schwab, "so at last his foreman dismissed him, but the man turned up on the following morning. 'I thought I dismissed you,' said the foreman. 'I know you did,' the man replied, 'but don't you do it again; my wife gave me beans for it.'"

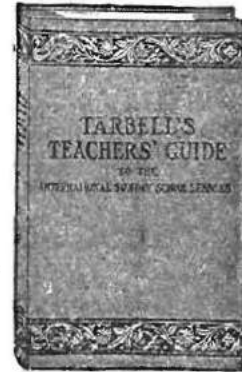


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### BIRTHS.

**CLEMENTS.**—On Nov. 29th, at Schomberg, to Rev. William and Mrs. Clements, a daughter.

**SEYMOUR.**—To Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Seymour, Rockhaven, Sask., a daughter, Alice Margaret.

### DEATH.

**NEWCOMBE.**—On December 12th, 1918, at Clinton, Ont., Rev. Henry A. Newcombe, in his 83rd year.

**SHEPHERDSON.**—At Meaford, on Tuesday morning, Oct. 29th, 1918, Annie Elizabeth Shepherdson, relict of the late Rev. W. M. Bielby, aged 71 years and 20 days.

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## A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE REV. J. W. CANNOM.

By Austin E. Lunau.

The death angel called at Grace Hospital, Toronto, not long ago, and took the Rev. J. W. Cannom, whose life and ministry deserve more than a mere passing notice. As a friend of many years, who perhaps knew him as few men knew him, I would like to pay this tribute to his memory. In my boyhood, he was my pastor for three years on the Whitevale circuit, and during the first year of my ministry he was my superintendent on the Dunchurch mission, in the Parry Sound District. As his colleague, I had the best possible opportunity of learning his true character, and I do not see how any young man could have a wiser, kinder, more sympathetic superintendent. He enjoyed a spiritual experience that is seldom attained. I never knew a man with stronger faith in God, or one who tried more conscientiously to do his Heavenly Father's will. I never knew him to do one inconsistent act or to speak one unbecoming word. As a preacher he was strong, clear, convincing and thoroughly evangelistic. To him all sin was exceedingly sinful. He made no compromise with it; and he had the courage of his convictions, and condemned sin wherever he found it. He excelled as a pastor and personal worker. None could be more sympathetic and kind in dealing with the young, the weak and the tempted. He was gifted in song, and this greatly added to his efficiency in fellowship and prayer meetings, revival services and pastoral visitation. Many have been elevated spiritually as they have listened to him singing such selections as "My Saviour First of All," "The Voyage of Life," and "Once I Thought I Walked With Jesus." Little did the world know how this heroic soul struggled during the greater part of his ministry against physical disability, home affliction, sorrow and bereavement; but that struggle has been a constant inspiration to all who have understood it. However, one could not visit his home without becoming aware that one secret of his mastery over adverse circumstances was the sanctifying and elevating influence of life in the parsonage. And it is only fair to state that the excellence of the parsonage life was made possible by the effort of that sweet-spirited, pure-hearted lady who linked her destiny with his and so nobly helped to share all his joys and bear all his burdens. Though she has been an invalid for some time, her life is a benediction to all who know her.

A sense of loneliness steals over us when we think that never again in this life will we clasp Brother Cannom's hand, look into his honest face and hear his voice; but I cherish the hope of being his colleague on some other mission field, where we will be able to accomplish more for God than we did when we worked together in the days that are gone.

## DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS WATKINS.

Mrs. Thomas W. Watkins, wife of Thomas W. Watkins, one of Hamilton's retired prominent business men, now living in Toronto, died Wednesday night at her late home on Jarvis Street after a brief illness. She was a daughter of the late Wm. E. De Long, of Prince Edward, and was a descendant of the U.E.L. She received her early education at Albert College, Belleville, at the time of the late Dr. Carman's presidency. During Mrs. Watkins' long residence in Hamilton she was prominently known for her charitable and church work, and was a member of the Centenary Methodist Church and honorary president of the Ladies' Aid Society. One of Mrs. Watkins' early undertakings, thirty-two years ago, was the organizing of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. in Hamilton, of which she was first president. She was a life member and a past vice-president for Ontario of the Victorian Order of Nurses, of which society she was one of the organizers. A long time member and helper of Boys' Home Committee. Prominent in work of the Women's Historical Association of Hamilton, of which she was a member of the Committee of Management in Hamilton. The formation of the very useful Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hamilton General Hospital some years ago was the result of Mrs. Watkins' untiring efforts, and which successfully took hold of the matter of re-furnishing the two new wings at a time the governors were hard pressed, and that service, uniquely rendered by the president and her ladies, meant much for the comfort of humanity. Mrs. Watkins was also for many years a helpful member of the Boys' Home Committee and a member of the Executive Committee of Management of the Women's Wentworth Historical Association. In Toronto Mrs. Watkins was a life and executive member of the Women's Art Association. Mrs. Watkins is survived by her husband, Thomas W., and by her three sons, Reginald, Ernest and William, of Toronto.

## Wise and Otherwise

Teacher: "Willie, have you whispered today without permission?"

Willie: "Only wunst."

Teacher: "Johnny, should Willie have said 'wunst'?"

Johnny: "No'm; he should have said twict."—*Boston Transcript.*

At the camp Y.M.C.A. a lonesome and pathetic-looking soldier sat playing the phonograph. His mouth was drawn and he appeared home-sick. The tune he was playing was "There's No Place Like Home." He played the record again and again. Finally a sympathetic "Y" secretary asked him if he was blue and thinking of the folks at home. "Naw," replied the soldier, "I ain't thinkin' of nothin'. All the other records is busted."—*Judge.*

Shortly after the reconstruction period began an old Southern planter met one of his negroes whom he had not seen since the latter's liberation.

"Well, well!" said the planter, "what are you doing now, Uncle Josh?"

"I'se a-preachin' ob de gospel."

"What! You preaching?"

"Yassah, marster, I'se a-preachin'."

"Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossuh. At de fust I used notes, but now I de-mands de cash."

Aunt Jane was not sweet-tempered, and always found fault with little Jimmie. Jimmie had been neglecting his own dinner to watch his aunt, who was very fond of lettuce. Turning to his father, he asked:

"Papa, are caterpillars good to eat?"

"Why, no! Behave yourself. What makes you ask?"

"Well," defended Jimmie, "Aunt Jane had one on her lettuce. I just wondered if she ate it on purpose."—*Harper's Magazine.*

In Tennessee they tell of a judge, well versed in law but self-educated, who had to contend with the difficulties of orthography all his life. He lived in Knoxville, and used to spell it "Noxville." He was educated to the point of prefixing a K; so thoroughly, in fact, was the lesson learned that, a few years later, when he moved to Nashville, nothing could prevent him from spelling it "Knashville."—*Selected.*

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