

# The Christian

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Canada's National  
Religious Weekly

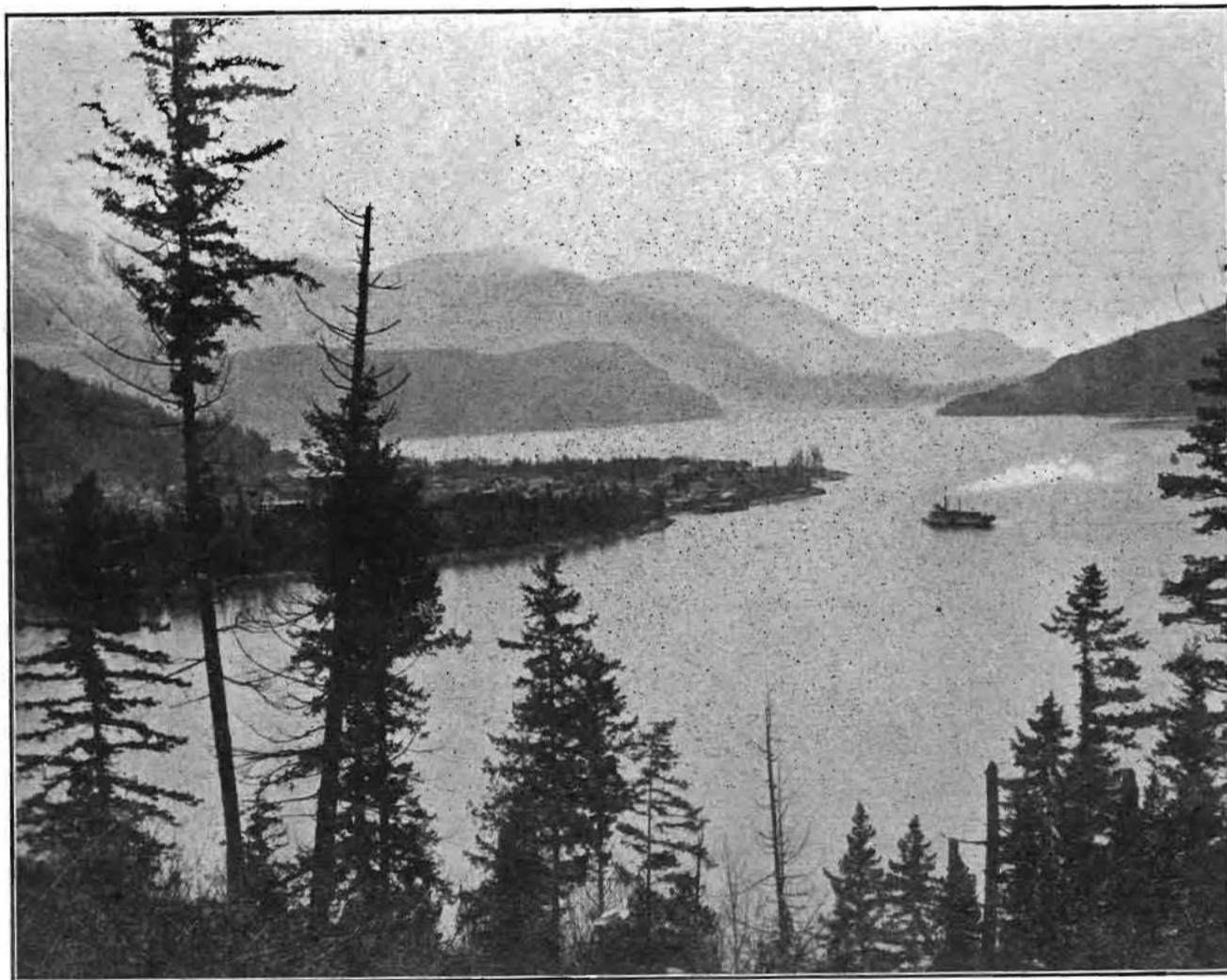
# Guardian

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Vol. XCII

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1921

No. 25



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## On Getting Fun Out of Life



MAKING mere pleasure-seeking or pleasure-getting an aim and object of living hardly seems worthy of us. Such an end and such seeking do not give depth and meaning enough to life, but make it a too cheap and trivial thing. We are surest of that when we are at our best and our vision of the meaning and purpose of life is clearest.

But we are just as sure that, while pleasure, or fun, or happiness, or whatever we may at the moment be inclined to call it, should not be made an object of living it certainly should be an accompaniment of it. It is when our spirits are in the healthiest condition and our outlook upon life the most wholesome that we are most surely convinced that our mortal existence is not intended to be a dirge, that we have given us, not only an opportunity of being happy as we pass along, but also a positive duty of achieving happiness. And we are convinced, too, that not to achieve it is not only to miss something intended for us, but also to commit a positive sin against the great divine purpose and ideal.

How then are we to secure this wonderful, divinely intended gift of happiness, since seeking it makes its securing forever impossible? Surely it would seem to be unpardonable presumption to undertake to answer such a question as that in a sentence and yet a few words will at least suggest the answer. Happiness is something that lives in a man's soul, something that he must himself grow in the secret places of his own heart and life. He will never get it from the mere things and circumstances of his life no matter how favorable these may seem to be, unless he has it first of all to give. And if he has it to give no untoward incident or circumstance will spoil or destroy that gift.

You know how it is. A man goes to his work, it may be easy or it may be hard; it may yield him large, or very small financial and material returns, but there is a smile on his face and a joy in his heart throughout the long day. There is only one reason for it. The man is happy because he has grown a happy soul. And there is no other way of real happiness.



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### Getting Ready for Life-

WITH the lesson for to-day we begin a six months' course of studies on the life and letters of Paul. That we will find the course very interesting and inspiring goes without saying. In many ways the great Apostle to the Gentiles was one of the most interesting men that ever lived, and the story of his life and work is wonderfully stimulating. Few men have lived a more strenuous life. Full of energy and unbounded enthusiasm he occupied a large place in the life and history of his time, and exerted an influence almost unique in its outreach and significance. A man of education and culture he saw life in its broad aspects and planned for great and enduring things. In a most emphatic sense he was one of the great shapers of history, and his influence abides and is still a very vital force even after twenty centuries have passed.

In our lesson for to-day we look chiefly at the early life of this great man and try to estimate the factors and forces that entered into his life and character as these began to take shape. This is always an interesting as well as a profitable exercise. Great men such as Paul was do not just happen, any more than lesser men do. We do not say that they are altogether the product of the circumstances entering into their lives and of conditions surrounding them, but that they are very largely influenced by these is undoubtedly true. And it is possible, if we can become familiar enough with them, to do much at estimating how the people and the conditions that have surrounded their lives have helped to make them what they are.

One of the first things the biographer does is to tell us something about the parentage of his subject. Unfortunately in the case of Paul the records do not give us much in a direct way touching this item. And yet we can learn considerable by inference. Paul had parents who brought him up with a reverence for holy things. The instruction that he had had in religious matters had been so reasonable and so earnest that it had won his allegiance and secured his assent and whole-souled devotion. His home must have been a strictly disciplined one, with its rules and regulations that had to be closely adhered to. Brought up a strict Pharisee he would as a boy know what law and strict discipline meant, and yet he was not alienated from the things that were thus forced upon him, for they won his allegiance in the end. His parents evidently had

learned the very difficult art of disciplining without alienating and antagonizing.

And what a difficult art it is many of us know full well. The strictness and discipline that will win and hold must be intelligent and reasonable and tempered. And if it isn't these things it is very doubtful if it is any better in the final analysis than a measure of easy-going laxness and indifference would be. A too-strict parental rule that hardens and embitters is about one of the greatest mistakes that can be committed.

Paul's parents knew the value of education and gave to their boy the very best that their time and circumstances would permit. And we may as well face this fact without that education Paul could never have done the work that he did. This does not say that without such superior education as he had he might not have become a great man and rendered the church and the cause of Christ signal service. But without the trained mind and the broadened outlook the work of his life would not have been of the fine and enduring quality that it was.

One could imagine John Wesley, without Oxford and the training and culture which it gave, becoming a great man and a flaming evangelist, but without Oxford he could not have done the lasting work that he did or founded the Methodist Church. The men who have left a lasting imprint upon the world and have shaped history and the destinies of their fellows have been for the most part men of education and cultured intelligence, though they may not have always been men of the schools. It is impossible to make too much of education or to set too great a store by it if it be done with anything like intelligence. And the Church of God and the causes of the Kingdom never needed trained and experienced and cultured men more than it does to-day.

Paul enjoyed the cultural and inspiring influences that come through residence in a great and progressive city, situated on the great high-road of travel and movement and life. This is often spoken of as a drawback and hindrance and the quieter walks and ways of life are eulogized, but such eulogy does not cover the whole situation. The great city may have its drawbacks and its distractions, but it has as well its tremendous advantage that we ought not to fail to appreciate these. Paul's references to his native city lead us to believe that he did not fail to appreciate the privileges that came to him as a dweller in a great cosmopolitan centre with an opportunity of mingling in its life and feeling the thrill and trob of its progress.

It is evident that Paul was trained to appreciate the value of citizenship and that he was led to set a high price upon such political rights and duties as came to him. Even though a Roman citizen such rights and duties he possessed were small indeed, compared with those that fall to our lot in this favored day, but it is to be feared that our appreciation does not always measure up to his.

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 3.—"The Early Life of Paul." Acts 21: 39; 22: 3, 28; 2 Tim. 3: 14, 15; Deut. 6: 4-9. Golden Text—Hebrews 3: 7, 8. Home Readings—Monday, Acts 22: 1-3, 27, 28. Saul born in Tarsus. Tuesday, Judges 13: 8-16. Hebrew Parents' Love For Children. Wednesday, Judges 13: 17-24. Samson as a Baby Boy. Thursday, 1 Sam. 1: 21-28. A Hebrew Boy Dedicated to God. Friday, Luke 2: 40-52. The Boy Jesus Visits the Temple. Saturday, 1 Sam. 17: 31-37. A Youth of Faith and Courage. Sunday, Prov. 2: 1-10. The Lord Giveth Wisdom.

# THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

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W. B. CREIGHTON, B.A., D.D., Editor  
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## THE WORLD OUTLOOK

**ace  
ack  
ambling**

THE "Sport of Kings" may at times be anything but a kingly sport. At least such would be the conclusion one might reasonably reach after reading the slashing attack made upon race track gambling in Ontario by the Hon. E. Raney, Attorney-General of the Province. Mr. Raney, though not a Methodist, has to have spoken at the Methodist Annual Conference in London, but was unable to attend and to forward his manuscript, which was read before the gathering, and which created a very profound impression. Its criticism of the gambling operations of the Jockey Clubs of the Province and of the men of high social and political position who were parties to these operations and reaped immense financial returns from them, was of the most severe and unsparring kind, while his arraignment of the evil as of immense proportions and of very serious immoral tendencies was as strong as it could well be made. We presume that Mr. Raney knows his facts and that he stands over the head of all the statements that he has made. He has been studying this matter for many years, and this is not the first time that he has had something to say about it. That he at this time, in view of his official position in the Province, should be tempted into saying any unwarranted things does not seem reasonable. And if the picture he draws is accurate and the statements he makes are true, something radical in the way of reform ought to be attempted at once. Ontario seems to have an enviable notoriety in this matter, which certainly cannot be agreeable to the great majority of her citizens.

**ill  
ooks**

WILL Crooks is dead. The man who graduated from poverty and the workhouse into the field of labor at nine years of age, became a cooper at 34, a strike leader at 37, then mayor of Poplar, then a poor-law guardian and a member of Parliament, and finally one of the most respected of all Britain's great leaders, has laid down his earthly burdens. It is said of him that no one ever doubted his word, and he never was known to break a promise. He was a friend to the poor, and he never forsook his Cockney friends, nor altered his Cockney mannerisms. Life had not dealt gently with him and yet his spirit remained unquenched. Fortune showed him little favor and he never acquired wealth yet he reached a position of eminence and high honor. Even after he had a wife and family to support he knew what it was to be penniless and hungry, and yet he fought his way through to a position of commanding influence. He died honestly and unselfishly and the world will cherish his memory.

**terpret-  
Dis-  
line.**

AT the recent meeting of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church the Committee was faced by the fact that one of the publishing agents, E. R. Graham, had died, and according to discipline the Committee was to "provide for the vacancy," this was done. The Committee did not wish to appoint a new publishing agent and proceeded to provide for the vacancy by arranging for the existing publishing agents to take over the duties which had devolved upon Mr. Graham. The legality of his action was questioned at the time, but the Committee was determined and did as it wished. But a member of the Book Committee appealed to the Board of Bishops, and they have declared that in

their opinion the Book Committee did not "provide for the vacancy" in the manner contemplated by the discipline, and they emphatically declare that "the vacancy still exists." But now the legal tangle is shifted from the action of the Book Committee to the Board of Bishops; and the question is asked by what right the Board of Bishops presumes to sit in judgment upon the Book Committee. The Book Committee may have been right or wrong in its interpretation of the discipline, but there seems to be no doubt that a much graver question has been raised by the Board of Bishops presuming to act as a Court of Appeal. Probably the outcome will be that the next General Conference will constitute a Court of Appeal to decide just such questions.

**Killing No  
Murder**

SALOMON Teilirian, the young Armenian student who shot Talaat Pasha, has been declared not guilty of murder. The case was tried in Berlin before a German jury. There was no question that Teilirian shot Talaat Pasha, as he himself admitted the fact without any hesitation. And technically it was murder. But when Teilirian stepped into the witness box and told the story of the massacre of his own relatives by the brutal Turks under orders from Talaat Pasha, he sufficiently justified his act. No doubt the German jurors felt, as most men would feel, that it was a pity that Talaat Pasha had not been killed years ago, and they refused to call such a deed "murder." And so they decided that the medical experts were right



LORD BYNG OF VIMY  
CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

when they said that Teilirian was not mentally responsible for his deed. And probably they will discover also that the assassin is not dangerous to any but Turks, and will set him free. The Turkish world is said to be incensed at the verdict but they seem to have been very little excited when a million Armenians were being wiped out of existence, and probably any of these Armenians was as good as the murdered Pasha.

**Our New  
Governor-  
General**

IT has been officially announced that the new Governor-General of Canada, who will succeed the Duke of Devonshire, is Lord Byng of Vimy. General Lord Byng was created First Baron of Vimy in 1919, and his title will link his name forever to that of the Canadian Corps. He is 58 years old and the seventh son of the Earl of Strafford. He served in the Soudan Expedition, in the South African War, and in the Great War was appointed in 1919 to the command of the Canadian Corps. It was while he was in command that the Canadian attack on Vimy was planned and successfully carried out, the Canadian Corps attacking on a front of 8,000 yards, penetrating the enemy's position to a depth of six miles, capturing 7,000 prisoners and 67 guns, and taking and holding the strongest position on the British front. Now the General comes to act as His Majesty's representative amongst the Canadian people, and we think we can assure him the heartiest of welcomes.

**Enforcing  
Treaties**

THE United States Government is in a peculiar position when it comes to the enforcement of the terms of a treaty upon its own people. Seventy years ago a mob in New Orleans destroyed the Spanish Consulate and looted the ships of Spanish merchants. Naturally, Spain complained of the outrage, and the United States Government apologized and paid an indemnity but it had to admit that it had no power to punish the wrong-doers. Again about 30 years ago, in New Orleans, some eleven Italians were lynched, and while the United States Government apologized it had no power to try nor punish the murderers. It did pay the Italian Government \$25,000, but it could not touch the murderers. So in 1895 it paid an indemnity of \$10,000 for the killing of three Italian laborers in Colorado, and in 1896 it paid \$6,000 for the lynching of three Italians in Louisiana. But in none of these cases had it any power to punish the wrongdoers. But a bill has been drafted by the American Bar Association and is now before Congress designed to meet this very need, and to maintain the sanctity of treaties even as against the indifference or hostility of the individual state. It does seem unreasonable that a state should be able to repudiate the terms of a treaty which has been solemnly agreed to by the Republic and that the Federal Government should have no power to punish those who have thus defied their own national government. We trust that the bill will become law, but at the same time we recognize the possibility that there may be considerable opposition to this attempt to restrict state sovereignty. The United States Government is in the peculiar position of being bound by a written constitution which does not readily adjust itself to the changing years, but it seems absolutely necessary that the federal authority, which alone has power to negotiate a foreign treaty, should also have power to enforce the provisions of that treaty upon the individual states.

# Canada's Alien Colonies By Erle Palma



It is generally conceded by close students of the new-Canadian problem that the solution depends largely upon understanding what may be called the ancestral background of the people. Offensive classifications of native Canadians and new-Canadians, such as whites and not-whites, will get nowhere because it antagonizes the element you wish to amalgamate. Quite recently the writer heard a Jew storekeeper—a Ukrainian Jew, by the way—speaking of a man who was leaving the district for an English settlement, say, "he is going to a white man's country."

If Canada's Old World colonials are to be understood at all they are to be understood sympathetically. This is true in spite of its tautology. The political, social, and educational development of many of them is some two centuries or more behind ours. They are the product very largely of heredity and Old World environment. To see them at home among themselves in their Canadian colonies needs but little imagination and psychology to see them in the Central European setting. Only last week, in a local store, there stood a woman with a group of interested listeners around her while she talked. The writer saw no difference between her and the rest of the women, in apparel, in looks, and in language. She appeared to be one of the old-time local residents, but as a matter of fact, she was only two weeks out from Europe. She herself seemed to be quite as much at home in her new as she was in her old environment. So small is the difference in the colony atmosphere. Hence it is urged that to understand them one must be on the inside looking out. The theories of the first look may be true but are not likely to lead toward a constructive solution of the difficulty. And a difficulty there surely is.

Take the question of overcrowding for instance. It is no uncommon thing for the whole family to occupy the one room without any intervening partitions. The writer has a friend who taught school for a while some twenty miles from him. After the first few days at his new boarding-house he asked the privilege of having his bed moved to an empty granary rather than suffer the embarrassment in the house. The inmates accepted it all as a matter of course.

Charlie was a Central European but he loved his adopted country so much that he enlisted and fought in France. Being a Canadian he was well treated in England. While there he met a nice English girl of respectable family, and she, looking upon him as a hero, which he was, married him. He brought her to Canada with him when he returned. She never knew of any alien question. When she got off the train at their destination there were Charlie's parents, his uncles, his aunts and all their relations, to meet the English bride. She tripped off the car steps lightly and turned and saw a mass of women bobbing and courtesying and men with caps in hand pulling a forelock, all accompanied by a symphony of vowels and tongue-twisting consonants inextricably mixed. She says that she was so astonished and mortified that she turned and ran for half a mile. She ultimately went with her husband to his people's home. Next day she made a special trip into the village for an abundant supply of curtain material. Charlie's people thought her peculiar.

The first time the writer asked his school children what a nightdress was none of them knew. The word occurs in one of the readers. The best idea they now have of it is that it is a long shirt. Any school teacher in a wholly non-English settlement of a certain kind will confirm that the children as a whole sleep in their outer clothes. How does he know? Go into his school, crowded and warm, on a winter's day or on a summer day after rain has soaked their clothes, and the fact is obvious. The olfactory impact is indescribable.

The press, from time to time, has published reports from Red Cross workers in Europe describing the suffering of infants through lack of necessities. If they have thrived under normal conditions what must their sufferings be now! What are the normal conditions? Surely they may be found right here in Canada. What are these conditions?

## Problems in Naturalization

### II. SOCIAL I.

A small baby was brought into a Protestant dispensary some time ago. Three days before it had got hold of a tin of lye and eaten some. The parents said it cried a good deal at first and then it did not cry so much so they thought it was getting better. Being at last suspicious that all was not well with the little one they brought it in. It died in the nurse's arms. Carl, the sectionman, had three small babies sick with croup, two of them were a few months old twins. The writer one day asked him how the babies were getting along. "Goot," said Carl, "dey dreenk lots tea, all-day dreenk tea. Dey dreenk an' clkkk, an' dreenk an' clkkk; ett never stay down." The writer told Joe one day that he thought Joe's small baby had the chicken-pox. "Naw," he get a'right." The doctor, later, treated it for chicken-pox. The baby is now dead. It happened this way. The parents had been to a wedding and dance (?). All the babies present were placed in improvised cradles and slung to the ceiling. This one caught cold. Again Joe was asked about his baby. "Oh stomik," he said, "guess eet catch leetle col'." The doctor got there just in time to fight bronchial-pneumonia.

A nurse from the Mission hospital ten miles away was sent to the home. For five days and nights the fight for the little one's life continued while the parents slept soundly every night. When the nurse left, strict instructions were given as to how to continue the nursing and the parents were warned that if it caught another cold it would die. The day after the nurse left the mother of the child had a big washing and finished by scrubbing all the floors. They buried the child three days later and the parents are heart-broken. This same Joe, a storekeeper and seemingly intelligent, was once observed by the writer to be taking an occasional good pull at the mouth of a patent-medicine bottle. He then had the bottle almost empty. Joe was asked what he was taking the medicine for. He said it was for a cold; he had a bad cough, and every time the cough got bad he took a good swig at the bottle. The bottle was a bottle of CASTORIA. Joe is a fine fellow and loves every one of his children. He had his dead child photographed—took the writer out of his school to do it for him—and bought a fifty dollar coffin for it to the scandal of some of his neighbors. "What for you get peecture an' buy coffin, when you could mak' box for baby?" One old woman asked, "What for you cry? Eef he beeg man, a' right cry, but for 'dittenna'—mere baby—what for you cry?"

The writer's wife called on a neighbor and her baby one day last fall. The baby was about two months old. Near the baby and just handy was an old saucer containing sugared water, and in this water was a piece of dirty old rag. This rag was the baby's "comforter" when it cried.

The infant's head and feet were sticking out of the opposite ends of a sort of feather pillow which was tied around the middle with a piece of twine. Its forehead was smeared with grease. It appeared they thought the child to have a headache and so had put some salve on it. The same salve was rubbed on the little mite's abdomen as a cure for colic pains.

Some of the children of a certain school come five miles to school, some four miles and many come three. They are often on the schoolgrounds an hour before school opens. The general lunch is a chunk of dry bread which is sometimes smeared with fruit syrup. Last year the teacher applied to the trustees for a hot water kettle so as to make a hot drink for the children at noon. The application was refused because, they said, some of the ratepayers objected to it. Some of the children leave home at seven or before in the morning and do not arrive home until six at night. They got their hot drink, however, for the teacher put a couple of shelves in front of his desk and moved it close to the stove. It was not long before every child was bringing a bottle of tea which warmed on the shelves during the school session.

Malenka was a girl who couldn't be more than fifteen and a half years of age. Some of the school children in the higher grades had at different times told the teacher that Malenka wanted very badly to get married as she was afraid that she would soon be too old for anybody. A man, some forty years old came in from a place one hundred and fifty miles away, went to the girl's home, sized her up, saw the father and asked for her, and got her. They are now man and wife. One does not have to go to India for illustrations of child-marriage; they are taking place right along in Canada's Old World colonies. The law of the province forbids it under sixteen years of age, but it does not stop it. But what can be done? Antonia's birthday is in haying-time and she doesn't know how old she is; Dmytro's is in harvest; Ludovic's in potato-time, while Magda's is on Good Friday. Where the children are not born in Canada the situation is practically hopeless for some parents actually do not know their child's age. In the cases of the Canadian-born, the compulsory presentation of a certified copy of the birth record at the time of marriage would serve a useful purpose.

While the European attitude toward women may be all right—in Europe—it presents a pressing problem in the matter of Canadianism. Father Kolsky, a Russian-Orthodox priest, went to a hard-working woman parishioner and ordered her to come and hoe his potato-patch. This lady explained that she couldn't do so as she was due to help an English woman with her washing that day. "You shall hoe my potatoes," said Father Kolsky. Again she refused, with apologies. "All right," said his reverence, "we shall see about that, I shall go and see your man." He did see her man and she hoed the priest's potatoes according to schedule.

Twenty miles away from a certain Mission dispensary a woman lay dying. The baby was dead and the mother lay in a hideous condition through lack of attention. The livery-man took a nurse out and upon their arrival at the house they found the small room, where the woman lay dying, filled with a crowd of some twenty men. As fast as the nurse got the men out of the doorway they trooped back in again. She called the livery-man, who had to threaten to kill every jack-man of them if they did not get out, before the room was cleared. When the husband was asked why he had not secured medical help sooner, he merely shrugged his shoulders and complained of the expense. Upon being reminded that the expense was nothing compared to his wife's life, he replied: "me soon get anoder woman."

Father Kolsky was asked to go out some fifteen miles to bury a man's wife and although he could have refused to go without first receiving a cash deposit, he nevertheless went. When all was over the man with tear-stained face, told the Father he had then no money but "ma' be see heem 'gen soon. Three weeks after the bereaved man called on Father Kolsky at his home for the priest's assistance. He explained to his priest, "you goot to me when I had no money. Now I got money an' I will please you dat you mar' me." He had brought a young girl up from Winnipeg.

All these are merely instances illustrative of the attitude toward women. But in case it be thought that extreme cases have been cited the following may be of use. The writer rented the lower half of a large house, say at Hombolt. The owner had the upper half and entered via some twenty steep steps at the back of the house. Now this owner was a Russian and an intelligent undergraduate at a Provincial university. One day in the fall his wife and he were picking over their year's crop of potatoes and sorting them at the back of the house. As they picked the over they were carried up the twenty steps. He filled the bags while she lugged the full and swollen bags up the steps ALONE. There used to be an old juvenile conundrum which ran: what is the difference between one side of a line and the other side? The obvious answer was; the width of the line. The prescribed answer was; the distance around the earth to the other side. The difference between naturalization and being naturalized might, in some cases, be only the width of the line but it may also be the circumference of a planet.

# A Summer In Labrador

By  
Greta G. Bidlake



I was in the spring of 1920 that I yielded to the "Lure of the Labrador" and applied to go north with the summer volunteer workers of the Grenfell Mission. So many others had sensed the appeal of that far, lone land that it was only through a volunteer who later found herself unable to go that a place was found for me as a substitute. It was the third week in June when I began my journey and the second week of September before I returned, and I can honestly say that a summer in Labrador has a wonder all its own.

The country is not so bleak and desolate as we have been led to imagine, but it is bleak and desolate enough. This desolation, showing as it does the evidence of the struggle of the elemental forces, gives the illusion of an unexpected and primeval wildness. The long, low hills that face the sea are often of sheer, bare rock, or again, they are smeared thinly with soil and have rough shoulders of rock protruding everywhere. Water courses tumble down them in worn crevices and in the shelter of these a shrubby undergrowth of birch, fir and spruce makes a determined struggle for existence. The islands along the coast are usually bleak and bare except for the great flocks of Puffins and Herring Gulls that sometimes perch upon them. Going inland, away from the sweep of the Arctic current, the vegetation is more abundant. There are mosses, low bushes, flowers and considerable forest growth. The vast number of lakes and ponds are a characteristic feature of Labrador. It is no uncommon thing to stand on a hill top and see a winding chain of lakes stretching away in the hollows of the hills.

I was located at Deep Water Creek, six miles from Dr. Grenfell's hospital at Battle Harbor. This hospital is on an island as is Indian Harbor hospital farther north, and both are more exposed to the weather than my little village, situated as it was, on an inlet near the mouth of St. Lewis' Bay. The inlet was so picturesque and the people were so kindly and hospitable that the hardships and inconveniences which I underwent were soon forgotten.

From Battle Harbor I took passage in a motor dory which was returning to Fox Harbor with a load of salt. The waters looked cold and blue and they were dotted with quite numerous icebergs, and large enough to give me an impression of the Arctic. This was heightened by the appearance of a small whale spouting in the distance. Arrived at this stage of my journey, kind Mrs. Holly having sighted us from afar, came down to meet us. She was so delighted to "meet up" with a stranger that my heart warmed to the whole village for her sake. The very old Eskimo grandmother, now nearly blind, sang Eskimo songs for me in a sweet crooning voice, while her brown-eyed grandchildren sat along the walls on home-made benches and stared in wonder. Mrs. Holly made me a cup of tea and gave me a meal of good bread and jam. I never entered a Labrador house for even the shortest visit without being asked to eat something.

In an hour's time some men from Deep Water Creek appeared and I said good-bye to my new friends and was soon on my way around St. Lewis Cape to the creek.

It was July 7th when I climbed the rocky path up the cliffs to find jolly Aunt Susan waiting for me at the top. The ice had been very late in going out. I came on the first boat of the season and brought the first mail since January 15th, when the last dog team mail had been through.

Kind Aunt Susan took me to her heart at once. She said they had not known if they were to have a teacher that summer, but she was so glad I had come. "Us hopes you will like the creek," she said. I had the largest room of Aunt Susan's four for a school-room. The furniture consisted of three small tables, a flat-topped packing box, assorted chairs and benches, a barrel oven stove and the usual built-in dresser for the family dishes. On the shelves of the dresser

pieces of great-grandmother's copper lustre dishes gleamed brightly among the cheaper common ware.

I had for equipment some American readers dealing mostly with the cat and hen and other unfamiliar topics, some story books, two cloth blackboards and one eraser left by my predecessor two years before. Besides these I had brought a trunkful of exercise books, arithmetics, readers, pencils, and two other blackboards with crayons and erasers. I had at most fifteen scholars, though in the busiest part of the season the biggest boys were out helping with the cod fish traps and cleaning fish. At such times they had their lessons after supper. In their absence I had an enrollment of ten or twelve almost without exception normal, bright-eyed children, and eager to learn to read and write. Many of the parents were illiterate but very anxious for more advantages for their children. The greater number of my pupils betrayed by their broad noses and flat faces the Eskimo ancestry that is almost inevitable in these parts.

On Saturdays I dismissed the school at three o'clock in order that the floors, chairs, benches and tables might be scrubbed. In Deep Water Creek they follow the Labrador custom and every stick of furniture and every inch of floor space is scrubbed clean on Saturday. Women and girls scoured their way through the hamlet, beginning at the foot of the hill and leaving the schoolroom in our house until the last.

On Sunday afternoons I held catechism classes for the children, followed by the reading of the Anglican service, which the grown-ups also attended. Sometimes a fishing schooner anchored in the creek for over Sunday and the men came climbing up the hill to church when I rang the school bell at the front door. A musician might have been annoyed at the shrill nasal singing of my congregation, but church was the event of the week and, whatever faults their voices had, they were hearty and cheerful. A gramophone and some worn records of good old hymns provided entertainment when the service was over.

I often went up on the hills on Sunday mornings and, sitting on the springy reindeer moss, drank in the beauty of the country. In the sunshine, the blue sky and white clouds seemed repeated in the blue sea below where fleets of white icebergs were sailing south; these with the rocks, hills and lakes around me completed a wonderful panorama.

The diet of the "liveyeres," as the natives call themselves, consists of certain staples such as fish,

horse radish. The season is too short to allow of a greater variety of green things, and there are often sudden frosts on the summer nights. A barrel of turnips, carrots, or potatoes may be had in the fall when the winter supplies come north, but all at high prices. It is, perhaps the malnutrition resulting from such a diet that makes tuberculosis so prevalent and so difficult to deal with along these coasts; but to live among these poor, kindly, generous people is to admire and love them. To teach school in their little fishing village for one summer was a wonderful experience.

The fishermen regarded Dr. Grenfell as their best friend. "Us had no help at all before he come," is what they said of him. They certainly had no doctors, no nurses and no schools, but now, thanks to the stalwart doctor's initiative, small schools are being built here and there, and some of the advantages of civilization are being brought within reach of the people.

## A World Poet's Memorial House

By N. Tourneur



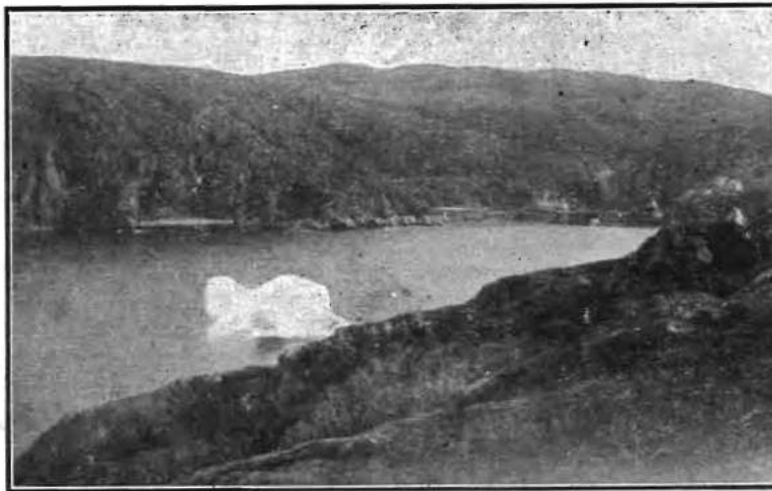
HERE are few streets in the capital of the British Empire more interesting to the overseas visitor than Fleet Street. Here, when some thousands of miles away from home, he or she may see the familiar name of his or her own newspaper emblazoned on a brass plate or across a window, for practically every journal throughout the globe of any importance has its representative here. Here, too, are to be visited the famous haunts of famous Eighteenth century authors, Goldsmith, Johnson, and others—with Goldsmith's lodgings near at hand in the Inner Temple, and Doctor Johnson's home on Gough Square, and others up and down this street of journalism. But few, very few, know of and visited the memorial house of a world-poet. A poet, whose songs of liberty and the nobleness of the human soul have fired the hearts of many hundreds of thousands—and whose works have been translated into such diverse languages as the Russian and the Japanese.

His memorial house is one of the most singular monuments ever erected in the world. More than half a million people pass it every day, but astonishingly few of them are aware of it. Were such a memorial in an American city, and commemorating one of the two great poets of North America there would be pilgrimages to it.

In Fleet Street, on the right hand side going east, to Ludgate Circus, some five or less minutes from the bottom of the street, you come across Byron House. His name is blazoned forth by every stone of it, and his poetry is graven upon its marble walls. You have only to examine the entrance hall—open to every one.

Over the door is a fine medallion of the poet in white marble with Shelley's epitaph, "The Pilgrim of Eternity." Inside, you see on the walls of the hall cantos from "Don Juan," and stanzas from "Childe Harold." You look down on the hall pavement, and read, imprinted on each tile, "Byron, the Pilgrim of Eternity," together with the date of his birth and his death in Greece's War of Independence, 1824. The tiles lining the hall have "Crede Byron" inscribed on each.

On going in, you see another medallion of the poet in the recess beside the life, and the tablets setting out his poems and exploits stretch up as far as the first floor. Other tablets record interesting facts of the poet's popularity. One sets forth that Byron has been translated into thirty languages, far exceeding any other poet another, that his poems have been put to music 318 times, and that millions of his works have been sold. Other tablets give the comparison of the popularity of these sales with Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Whitman, and others, in detailed figures. And Byron heads the list, the poet of freedom.

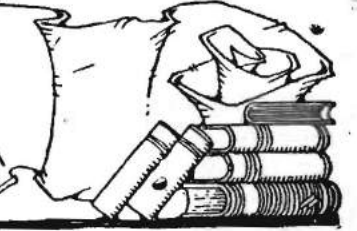


AN ICEBERG IN A SHELTERED BAY ON THE LABRADOR COAST

flour, molasses, pork, tea, oleo and canned milk. This last is used sparingly and now and again they get occasional "fresh"—that is—fresh meat—by shooting a duck or other wild fowl, and in the spring and fall there are always seals. There are at least ten varieties of indigenous berries, none very sweet, but all pleasant to the taste, and these serve for fruit, except when some of the more fortunate families can buy dried apples or peaches or possibly a half barrel of raw apples when the supplies come in the fall. Their little gardens, carefully fenced off from the destructive dogs, provide a sort of cabbage and turnip tops for greens as well as lettuce, endive and



# EDITORIAL



## THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY VOTE

**E**ASILY the most important issue before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which has just concluded its sessions in Toronto, was the question of Church Union. After a consideration of the matter, covering a period of about nineteen years; after a vote which included sessions, communicants, and adherents; after a definite decision in 1916 to enter union; and after a period of wise abstinence from discussion, the Presbyterian Church of Canada again stood face to face with the question whether it should at last proceed to consummate the union to which it had formally committed itself six years before.

It is needless to say that the decision to be taken was a most solemn and momentous one. Every vote which had been taken showed a very large majority in favor of union, but in every case the minority vote was large enough to cause serious apprehensions as to what would happen should union be definitely accepted. The decision was momentous, and yet it could not be either evaded or postponed. And after a lengthy debate the Assembly decided by a vote of 414 to 107 to consummate Union. The gist of the motion which prevailed was as follows: "Therefore, be it resolved that this General Assembly take such steps as may be deemed best to consummate organic union with the above-named churches as expeditiously as possible."

It was generally felt that the Assembly could not very well take any other course. It was not so much that the church had publicly committed itself to such action by a former vote, and it was not so much that the other churches had a right to expect such action; for everyone recognized that if anything had transpired which had made Union less desirable and less advisable, it would only be fair that the Presbyterian Church should take cognizance of such changed conditions, and recede from the Union before it was too late. Neither the Methodist nor the Congregational Churches had any desire to force the issue nor to influence the vote, for it was universally felt that unless the Union were spontaneous and the outcome of deep conviction, it had better never be consummated.

The real force behind the vote was the conviction that has deepened with the years, that the Union movement is of God. No thinking man can fail to recognize the difficulties in the way. The basis of Union is at best a compromise, and will no doubt develop weaknesses when it comes to the practical test. And Methodists and Presbyterians and Congregationalists all cherish tender sympathies for the parent churches from which they sprang, and the Union does not commend itself generally to these parent churches, and in Britain and the United States there are quite a number of good people who are prepared offhand to condemn the Canadian churches for what they deem the wildest ecclesiastical experiment that has ever been tried. But Canadians, viewing their own problems at close hand, facing conditions such as the sister churches in Britain and the United States were never called to face, and above all feeling the full force of a spiritual tide which seems to sweep us on irresistibly towards a closer Christian unity than the past ever dreamed of, and trusting humbly but firmly in the God of our fathers, are prepared to follow the manifest indications of the Spirit and to become pioneers in the pathway towards Christian unity.

Probably one of the greatest factors in the Union movement has been the reflex influence of Christian missions. We have sent from Canada men and women who carried to Japan, China, and India, the gospel of Jesus Christ: and face to face with a pagan world these missionaries have seen a great light. The church distinctions which were counted vital at home are seen to be veriest trifles in India or China: and it was a most significant fact that when Moderator Gordon, at the General Assembly, called for a returned missionary to speak against Church Union he could not find a man to take that side.

But while the Union tide was strong probably it would not have been strong enough to prevent further tedious delay if it had not been for the very widespread conviction that if Union were delayed the West would take matters into its own hands and cut loose from the more cautious and slow-moving East. That this was a real danger and not a mere bug-bear seems certain,

And now we face the untried future with the prospect of a United Church, the first experiment of the kind in the world's history. What is the outlook? We believe it is the brightest which ever faced any church. The church, united, will command new resources of wealth and power, and duplication of effort will be reduced to a minimum, but this will be the least of the gains. To the United Church, which has quietly decided to ignore ancient denominational differences of creed and usage in order more effectively to prosecute the work of the Kingdom of God, there should come such an access of faith, such an inspiration of courage, and such an assurance of divine aid as will increase her influence for good to an unexampled degree.

## THE PERFECT REACHER

**H**E is never too long, either in his sermons or prayers. He never forgets anything he ought to remember, and he never remembers anything he ought to forget. He knows just when to speak and when to be silent. His laughter is always well-timed and his tears are always shed at the precise moment of psychological correctness. His sermons are always well-prepared, well delivered, and appropriate. He is educated enough to be a college president, and unassuming enough for a humble beginner. He never has any financial embarrassments, as he always manages to live comfortably on the smallest salary. He never quarrels with his quarterly boards and yet he always is outspoken and courageous. He is at once an ideal visitor and an ideal student. He is a real leader of Israel's hosts, and yet even his enemies speak well of him. His wife is absolutely without fault, and his children are all just like her. His theology is old-fashioned enough to please the most conservative, and new-fangled enough to satisfy the most radical. There is never any difficulty in stationing him as any appointment is glad to get him, and he is always willing to sacrifice himself for the good of his brethren.

Unfortunately for us we have never met this brother. We have heard of him: we have listened wonderingly to the tales of his perfection: and we have hoped to meet him: but always he has happened to move away or die just before we could meet him. But we are still looking for him, and when we find him we shall have no hesitation in letting our people know just where he lives.

But meanwhile we have some thousands of good men in our ministry who are carrying on the work. They are not perfect, and they know it: and we know it. And yet it is surprising how great a work these men are doing. They have lots of faults, but more virtues; and they are honestly trying to build up the kingdom of God. And it may be that of them we shall say by and by with great depth of sincerity "of such is the kingdom of heaven." If your quarterly official board, or your congregation, is looking for a perfect preacher, we don't want to discourage them: keep on looking; but take our advice and don't wait till you find him, but pick on some brother nearby who has a score of faults but who after all is loyal to his Master and who will be loyal to you.

## ARE WE SURE?

**B**REAKING a silence of some months, ex-president Woodrow Wilson recently wrote a letter to the Stars and Stripes urging that Memorial Day be signalized by a re-dedication of men "to the achievement of the great objects for which the war was fought." He said:

"We shall not be happy, we shall not be able to enjoy the full pride of the day's recollections, until we have made sure that the duties that grew out of the war have been fulfilled to the utmost.

"Are we sure? If we are not, shall we soon take steps to do whatever has been omitted?"

The editor of one of the great Republican dailies commenting upon this letter, says emphatically: "We are not sure. There are millions of us who feel that somehow 'the great objects for which the war was fought' have receded from us since the guns grew quiet that November day." And then he adds: "But we have not despaired."

He might have said: "We are sure," but we are sure that we have not yet realized the goal that then seemed so near. Somehow many of us expected that suddenly after the war the wearied nations would be only too glad to join hands and pledge eternal friendship. And instead of that we see many of them, even those whom the war had sorely scourged, ready to fly at each other's throats on the slightest provocation. And instead of universal peace we have now, even two and a half years after the war's close, British soldiers keeping guard in Germany, Silesia, Turkey, Arabia, and Palestine, in addition to those who are on guard within the Empire itself. And we have Britain, the United States and Japan embarking, or at least preparing to embark, upon a naval rivalry which shall outdistance anything the world witnessed in pre-war days.

And yet, while this is all true, it is also true that Britain and the United States are closer together than ever before: and this in itself is one of the surest guarantees of peace. And it is also true that whatever may be the fate of the League of Nations the ideal which gave birth to that League is as much alive as ever, and somehow the nations will continue to cling together to perfect peace and to prevent war. We recognize the clash of a score of jarring interests, but we recognize more clearly than before the silent yet strangely potent influence of the Church of God which is ever lifting before men the ideals of peace and brotherhood: and we recognize that this church is but the weak expression of the mighty Spirit of God, which is slowly turning the thoughts of man into holier channels, and producing national and international as well as individual "fruits of the Spirit."

## THE PRINTERS' STRIKE

**T**HIS copy of *The Christian Guardian* should reach its readers fairly well on time. Like the two that have preceded it, it is a few pages short of the accustomed size.

We are sure that, under the circumstances, no serious complaint will be made against this. It is our hope that we will be able very shortly to issue our usual number of pages, and that there will be nothing worse than a few hours' delay in delivery, either in regard to this paper, or any other issued by the house. Strike conditions, we confess, put us at a great disadvantage for the first few weeks, but our difficulties are being overcome in a very satisfactory way.

Our experiences of the past few weeks do not tend to make us believe in strikes any more than we have done. They are just as foolish and as stupid as we have always heretofore thought them to be. As a means of getting anything they are the most hopeless affairs ever invented.

Touching the pros. and cons. of the present strike we have nothing here to say. Readers of this paper know very well the views that both its publisher and editor hold in regard to the rights and duties of the employer and the rights and duties of the employee. Those views are just as sound and Christian to-day as they always were, and they are just as consistently held, even in the midst of the present strike. There was only one reasonable thing, so far as we were concerned, that could be done in the situation. And we hold ourselves always ready to do the reasonable and the Christian thing in any new situation that may arise.



# Seeing Great Britain by Motor

By Mercy E. McCulloch

**K**ENDAL introduced us to the Lake District. From Windermere, with its smiling blue lake, the scenery is charming. It was in the height of the tourist season, and we had not previously reserved accommodation, so could not find rooms at Low Wood or Waterhead Hotels, but found cottage rooms at Ambleside that were a new and pleasant experience. We had to climb part way up Kirkstone Pass, and the adjacent shop perfumed our room with a cheerful smell of freshly baked bread. We had a delightful drive to Coniston Water and around its heavily wooded banks. Later we found that other folk failed to share our enthusiasm over this lake, but we saw it in the best of circumstances in the late afternoon, sunshine touching woods, water and the background of mountain peaks into a glory all too seldom seen in cloudy England. A cheeky black sheep challenged us to a race, and ran up the road in fine style for several hundred yards before taking to the bushes and yielding the right of way.

Rydal Water and some long hills brought us to Grasmere and Dove Cottage, the old home of Wordsworth, where some of his sister Dorothy's furniture and his manuscripts and pictures are kept. The situation of the house on the side of a hill was admirably fitted to admit the dampness, so we did not wonder at the ill health of the poet. In the church in the village there are memorials of Wordsworth. On the wall were lists of bequests to charity—the interest of £50 or £100, left about 1800, to be used for the education of poor children in the parish.

We had been advised to visit Buttermere and the Honister Pass. We did. Space forbids a recital of the drive between beetling crags on which the dirty grey sheep looked like blocks of slate from the quarry, the descent where the frightened motorcyclist had run his combination into the hillside because, as he pathetically remarked, "he had someone waiting for him at home," the steep ascent where the petrol refused to feed and the engine said "I climb no farther upward, come what may," the lightening of the load, all shoulders to the wheel and yo heave ho, and at last the gaining of the summit. The scenery was grand, and we wouldn't have missed the trip or the experience for anything, but repetition tends to monotony!

On the road to Carlisle we skirted the base of Skiddaw, upon whose three thousand-foot crest the alarm fires used to flash, but he, like Snowdon, rudely donned his cloud bonnet and refused to remove it for a momentary salute to the four pilgrims who had come from the ends of the earth to see him. To punish him we refused to leave the car and climb any of the inviting paths to the top. When Cromwell was using the Carlisle Cathedral as a stable the soldiers whitewashed the walls covering among other things a series of frescoes on the back of the choir screen, painted about 1400 and representing scenes in the life of St. Anthony. The whitewash has been removed recently. Some three miles north of the city there are remains of the old Roman wall built to keep the wild Picts and Scots in bounds. We asked a lad where it was, and he said he was a stranger from Kent and never heard of it, while a native evidently thought us cracked

to be enquiring for a wall of roamin' like a lost cow! On the middle of the Sark Bridge, over a wee river that would be a nameless creek in Canada, the front wheels of the car were in Scotland and the hind wheels in England. Like many previous couples we made our way at once to the Blacksmith's Shop at Gretna Green. The dainty maids who fled with their gay cavaliers had no neat khaki-clad agent of the Automobile Association to show them the way as we had. The tiny quiet village, once the scene of romantic marriages and violent controversies between young lovers and irate fathers, saw new and strange developments during the war when a model town for 30,000 people was built about a big munition factory. Houses, shops, bank, cinema, two churches, all the comforts and conveniences of a real home town stand waiting, and very few are occupied. With the world crying for manufactured articles and such a plant at hand an enthusiast could help to restore the balance of trade and bring the pound nearer to par value. A large sign marks the historic Blacksmith's Shop, but no business in marriages is going on, as both Scotch and English courts have declared such unions illegal.

What an eye for beauty of scenery and strategic positions the old monks who chose the sites of the abbeys must have had! Approaching Dryburgh Abbey we looked from the high hillside into a natural amphitheatre, the river curling around so as to look in the distance like a race-track, the surrounding hills forming the grandstand. The abbey was begun in 1150 and from the beauty of the remaining fragments we could mentally reconstruct something of the past magnificence of the fine old church. It stood too near the border to

ground is a shelf where the books that the monks read as they walked were kept. The framework of the rose window in the refectory is still perfect. Five wine cellars have been found. "No Pussyfoot then! They did themselves well!" said the verger. Much more of Melrose Abbey is standing. There are still finely carved windows and old figures to be seen, and the walls are being strengthened to preserve them. It is the wreck of successive acts of violence.

What wonder that Edinburgh is the pride of Scotland? The city surely has a wonderful site. Most of the buildings are of plain grey stone, which gives a somewhat somber effect and few flowers are to be seen, but where can one find the equal of Princes' Street? It is unique, with its row of fine stores on one side, its broad roadway, and on the other side the Royal Scottish Academy with its Greek pillars, the Scott Memorial and several statues, then a sunken garden and beyond the frowning crags surmounted by the Castle. I was quite disappointed to find that the greenhouses were actually train sheds! A marvellous horticultural clock, made of the old-fashioned hen and chickens for the most part, really goes and keeps time. Every quarter of an hour it says "cuckoo, cuckoo" in a faint little voice. It is fascinating to watch the hands, made of green tin almost entirely filled with plants, move. A lovely drive in the sunset glow lingers in the memory like a charming panorama. On Calton Hill, from which one can see Edinburgh, Leith, Portobello and Arthur's Seat, is the old observatory, a Nelson monument that resembles a lighthouse and the unfinished columns that some call the national memorial and some Edinburgh's folly. In keeping with her

the skyline. The driveway around Arthur's Seat, after passing through the courtyard in front of Holyrood Palace, was a series of long vistas. Little ponds are scattered among the hills as you wind your way upward, and sheep are feeding on the tender grass amidst the heather. The Radical Road was built by Queen Victoria in a time of great financial depression. Any man needing work could come and help make the road. It is said that King Arthur and his Knights had a battle on the hilltop that bears his name. Salisbury Crag rises next to Arthur's Seat. All around the base lie the suburbs of "Auld Reekie."

We drove out to Roslin to visit Rosslyn Chapel. Some centuries ago an Earl of Rosslyn, knowing that he could not take his worldly gear with him, set out to build a collegiate church. None but the finest workmanship must go into his building. He himself was head of the master masons who lovingly fashioned each leaf and detail of the stone work. One pillar was carved, but the Earl thought it less beautiful than some he had seen on his travels, and sent the master mason to Italy for ideas. In his absence an apprentice worked out a design spiralling about a pillar and continuing up into the ceiling. The Earl was delighted, and the master mason, on his return, recognizing that the pillar surpassed his own work and all he had seen became enraged with jealousy and felled the prentice with his mallet. To this day the master's and the prentice's pillars stand to tell the story. The old Earl died when only the Lady Chapel had been completed. His successors added nothing. Sad days came when Cromwell's men stabled their horses in the chapel during a siege of the castle. Windows were broken and the chapel stood untenanted for two hundred years. Only its wonderful stone roof, so beautifully carved, saved it from destruction by wind and weather. Then came an Earl who restored and refitted the chapel, adding an organ loft and making an ideal place of worship for the neighborhood. On his tomb is written,

"They mourn who knew him not,  
How then must they who knew him,  
weep?"

Had we planned every detail we could not have had a more pleasing view of the great Forth Bridge, one of the longest cantilever bridges in the world. Just as we arrived the sun was setting in rosy glory. We sighed for a painter's skill to record the outline of the navy and the surrendered German ships against the glowing sky. Trains proceeded over the Bridge just to please us, and as we drove on along the river bank and through Lord Linlithgow's estate the lights twinkled out on the ships at anchor at Rosyth across the wide Forth.

Linlithgow Castle, the ancient seat of the Scottish kings and the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots, was the first halting point on the road to Oban. It is a beautiful castle in a charming spot with a pretty little loch, on which swans and geese were sailing. In 1745 it was occupied over night by the Duke of Cumberland in pursuit of Prince Charlie. On leaving he set it on fire. The triple fireplace in the stately banquetting hall has been skillfully restored and a stone floor was being laid when we were there. If the roof were

## Talking Things Over

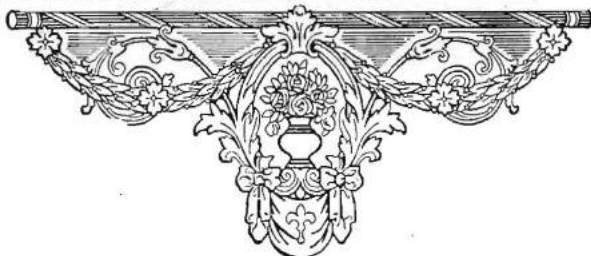
By FLORENCE J. HADLEY

One little hour alone with Thee  
To talk things over, just to pour  
My troubles in the ear of One  
Who trod this self-same way  
before.

To share my grief with One who bore  
More patiently than I the load,  
Who knew the world—His world  
and mine—  
Who knows each pitfall on the  
road.

I cannot ask my earthly friends  
To share the burdens of the day,  
I dare not trust my way to them—  
For trusting, I might walk astray.

So many things that hedge about,  
So many questions puzzle me,  
That I must have a little while  
To talk things over, Lord, with  
Thee.



be scathless in Border Riots and was the scene of four fights before Cromwell's time. One chapel is reasonably intact, and in it lie the mortal remains of Sir Walter Scott, his wife and one son, while at his feet lies the body of Lockhart, his son-in-law, admirer and biographer. Beside the recreation claim to be the modern Athens the

design was to build a new Parthenon on Calton Hill, but when a few pillars had been erected at enormous cost, the national characteristic of the Scotchman asserted itself and he refused to spend any more bawbees on the work. As it is it looks more like the present condition of the Parthenon, and it stands bravely and strikingly against

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# MUSIC

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## Help Wanted

**S**UCH letters as the one given below have so frequently reached the Music Editor, that he feels compelled to print it *in toto*. It typifies hundreds of communities in Canada and the United States, and we assure the sender of the letter that she may have no fear of her church being recognized.

The place in question is the centre of a thriving rural district, one of the finest in the Dominion. There must be among the girls and young matrons of the district plenty of material for a strong soprano section, that absolute essential to a good choir. Some forces would seem to be at work to make such a section non-available for the Sunday service. Jealousy, that cheapest of all forms of churchly diversion, may be at the bottom of all the trouble. The lack of a leader round whom a large group are willing to gather may be the disadvantage suffered, or a general lack of interest in the musical part of the service—a taking of things for granted, may be clogging the wheels.

Such communities should seek out and strive to interest musicians of more than ordinary merit to come and settle in their midst. Along about conference time, every three or four years, the local church, we'll aver, is mightily agog with the prospect of the coming of a new minister. How often does it strike the lay fathers of the church to stir their weary limbs in the direction of the choir gallery?

We know of a number of churches which rightly or wrongly consider it good business to pay for their music, sums ranging from one half to two-thirds of the pastor's salary. We don't say this is necessary, nor do we say the reverse, but we do most emphatically say that music in worship is shamefully ignored by many men and women in authority in the church who ought to know better. The City of Toronto is seeking at the present moment an outstanding musical director for its public schools—why cannot your community follow suit? Surely you could find enough work for a good musician in your neighborhood? There are the school folk to instruct, your choir to lead and perhaps a community chorus to found, all this in addition to the private pupils you might place in his charge. I'll venture that at the present moment, there are competent people aplenty in the large centres who would welcome such a berth. Isn't it worth trying out?

Our friend's letter follows:  
*Music Editor, Christian Guardian:*  
I take the liberty of writing to you, hoping you may give us some much needed advice in securing music for our church choir.

This community is one in which very few regular church singers are available. With the exception of a few permanent residents we cannot keep the same choir for more than a few months at a time. At the present time, our best voices are basses, two of these being strong and capable of solo parts. Tenors are weak and of indifferent quality. We have only one alto, fairly strong, and good in chorus work. Our regular sopranos are very ordinary,

and are few in number, none being suitable to take solo work. To make matters worse there is no one really capable of acting as leader. Some know nothing about music, others very little.

We usually have a book of sacred songs for general use, and an anthem book or sheet music for occasional use.

Could you suggest anything to meet our needs? Would any of the "Church Anthem" series be suitable for us, and would it be possible to get them on approval? Could you name some octavo (easy) anthems which we might use?

Hoping this does not take too much of your time, I am,

Yours respectfully,

The answer concerning music is that the Methodist Book and Publishing House, who print the Christian Guardian, have in stock books suitable to the needs of the moderate sized choir, and are prepared to send on approval to responsible people sample copies of desirable anthem books.

We would strongly recommend the folk of such a choir as the above to "start something." Choir folk who are worth keeping are worth interesting, and the ordinary round of Sunday to Sunday church service music becomes a weariness to the flesh. It's all very well to sit in the music wagon and hold up duty as the carrot on the stick to inveigle the apathetic vocalist into action, but it doesn't work out well. Such service so rendered, lacks the snap and vim of enthusiasm. The person in charge had better look to his laurels and plan for a concert or such a song service as was outlined on this page last week. "Do something different" occasionally—both choir folk and congregation relish it.

The following anthem books have been recommended on this page before, but it is a pleasure to name them again. The prices include postage in all cases on single copies. On prices in dozen lots, the carriage is extra.

"Anthem King" is bound in sun boards, cloth covered, and sells at 90 cents each, \$9.00 per dozen.

"Canadian Anthem Book No. 2" is a volume in cloth boards, published now for many years by the Book Room, and contains items within the range of all classes of choirs. The more difficult items are standard anthems of great excellence.

In limp boards, we commend the "Ideal Anthem Book" at 90 cents each, \$9.00 per dozen. This volume contains a large number of well known and deservedly popular sacred songs arranged for choir purposes and has had a great sale.

"New Service" Anthems at 75 cents per copy, \$7.50 per dozen, contains bright, interesting numbers set to music that is good, and at the same time simple. In addition to the above, are carried "Church Anthems" series, volumes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, any one of which is worth while, and which we especially commend.

Just a note to the choir leader in closing. I do not think that the choir mentioned in the foregoing letter should plan to use octavo music. I should certainly discard the gospel song books *instantly*. Don't do "loud" anthems because they are "loud." Keep



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such items for very special occasions. The quieter numbers will sufficiently tax the brain and voice power of the average choir. Heavier pieces may be tried for variety's sake.

Look over the numbers to be practised before practice time. Listen attentively to any advice given by the individual members during practice as to suitable anthems to practice, but have a mind of your own—and use it.

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# Youth and Service

## Senior Epworth League Topics

For July 2nd

### The New Testament Manuscripts

Hunter, "The Life History of the New Testament," Sec. III, Chap. I.

By G. B. King, M. A., B. D.

WE are embarked this week upon a most interesting study, that of the outward form and appearance of the N. T. books, from the time when they were first given to the Church, down through the centuries to modern times. Nothing that bears on the history of the world's supreme literature can fail to be of value. Four distinct periods may be noted:

1. *The Original Manuscripts.* Of these there is not a trace, due to the persecutions which befell the Early Church, or more likely, to ordinary wear and tear, consequent upon the papyrus material on which they were written. A common size for the papyrus sheets was 5 to 5½ inches in width, and 9 to 11 inches in height. The price of such sheets varied with the size and quality; thus they have been quoted at 6, 9 and 25c a sheet. They were not then exactly a cheap material. For a brief letter, like II. John, a single sheet would be sufficient. When more space was required, a number of sheets would be fastened together into a roll, and the writing arranged in columns, set close together, from 2 to 3 in. wide. On this basis, it has been calculated that: II. Thess. would form a roll about 15 in. in length, while the larger Epistle to the Romans would run to about 11 ft. 6 in.

2. *Vellum (300-900 A.D.).* Note that from this period we have the great Uncials. The story of the finding by Tischendorf of the Codex Sinaiticus reads like a romance. The story may be read in full in Dr. J. Paterson Smyth's "How We Got Our English Bible."

3. *Running Hand (900-1500 A.D.).* The manuscript in this period are written either on vellum or cotton-paper. Some of these Cursives are very valuable as being copied from an early and excellent text.

4. *Printed Books.* Our modern period was ushered in by the invention of printing type by John Gutenberg (1400-1468).

### Better Recreation

I. Thes. 5: 16-24

Rev. H. S. Dougall, M. A., B. D., Phd.

PAUL preached the all-round life, —body, mind and soul. He declared for a religion which makes men,—manly men, not puny ascetics, not weaklings, not abnormalities, but men of dominating force, men with red blood and bright eyes, men strong in limb, sane in mind and pure in heart. He had no more use than we for the type which goes about with clasped hands, long faces, upturned eyes, apart from other folk, and with

sanctimonious whine. Paul was a lover of manly men, and I presume, womanly women.

Every instinctive desire springs out of an essential need, and if properly satisfied will help in the making of proper men and women. The desire for physical exercise, play, is instinctive and therefore essential. Young people want to play, and should want to play. And God has so arranged it that proper sport shall not only be healthful but delightful.

The better a man's moral principles, the better is he fitted for manly sports. And the nearer he lives to his principles, the better will he enjoy himself. The supreme law of all clean sport is fairness coupled with courtesy. If I am playing croquet or bowls and anyone touches a ball with his toe I want to get out of the game; and if I cannot control my feelings or my tongue others should put me out of the game.

The gentle art of living with folk is learned only in the nobler art of living for folk. The person who will not play the game because others will not play it his way will soon be allowed to grumble and sulk alone. The fellow who is in training for real life will study team play. He will not try to hog the whole game; he will play the part assigned to him. And he will so play it that all the other fellows will play their parts the better because of their trust in, and support from, him.

Team play is real life in the small. As he grows the team will get larger and larger to the real man. He will see more and more folk who are lined up with himself. And he will play the life-game so that not he alone may win, but that all who play with him may win. And he will come into his own largest life just as he takes larger and larger numbers of fellow-players into his life.

Sport, like nearly everything, has its dangers. Sport may develop physical brutes. In some games, strength, and weight are important factors and men of this type are sought. And it may happen, as indeed it has happened, that a prominent player is neither a gentleman nor a scholar—coarse in grain, low in thought and brutal in method. Yet such a player may be the "hero" of the game, the idol and ideal of the small boy. Such a fellow is not a good sport. He is a menace.

Sport may have a wrong idea of victory. A game may be played, not as a trial of excellence, of skill, but merely and only to win. If the aim of the contest is simply to win irrespective of real merit, then persons will be elated or disappointed not with the manner of the game, but with the issue. If the issue is simply to win, then win by any means possible. And just here is the curse of much that otherwise would be good sport. Fairness and courtesy disappear. Bets are settled by the issue, not by the excellency, so gamblers do not say play the game, but play to win. Here is inducement to fraud and trickery.

I have written so much about sport as a recreation because play is so important a factor in youth. But better recreation may mean something other than sport. It may mean better rest—rest physical and mental. Jesus knew the need of change and quietness, "Come ye yourselves apart into the desert (country) and rest awhile." Nervous wrecks are everywhere. Doctors often send them to the hospitals. Better send them to the woods and lakes and hills amidst the healing silences of nature. The resinous smell of the pines and spruces, the gleam of the water through the fringe of white birches, the jump of the big fish out in the deep water or the tug of any fish at the end of the line, the smoke of the camp fire, the voracious appetite, the sleep without twitch of a muscle,—Ah! God did not make the big out doors for nothing. Go apart for awhile and let nature do her recreative work.

Better recreation may be change in mental activity. Let me suggest a musical instrument, a camera, a rose-bed, or chickens—anything which com-

bines pleasure with change. Take up a course of reading outside the usual line of work. Or let me ask you just here, what better recreation for many than a vacation at a summer school on some lake or at some pretty town where lectures, concerts and play are happily combined?

Better recreation is renewal for better work. Recreation as a business is criminal, as a means to an end it is essential. It is relaxing the bow that afterwards it may speed a swifter and larger arrow. And it would appear sensible that periods of extreme exhaustion should not precede periods of intensive recreation, but rather such a balance of work and play that each day would take care of itself. It ought to be possible, and I am sure it is, that life can be lived without worry and haste, without destruction and waste, so that each day finished will leave us not bankrupt for the morrow, but wiser and stronger for the enlarging task. If sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, so also in God's good plan is the grace thereof.

## The Happy Life of Heaven

Junior League Topic for July 3rd.

Revelations, 21: 1-4; 22, 1-5.

I HAVE never been privileged to visit the great metropolitan city of London, England, where our King resides, but from books and articles I have read, from pictures I have seen, and from descriptions I have listened to, from those who have visited that city I have a fairly general idea of the city, some of its streets, some of its buildings, of the great river that flows through it, and I know too, some things of the kind of living there,—the wealth of some sections, the business of other sections, the poverty of other parts, some idea of the crowds upon the streets, the sunshine, the smoke, the fog, the lights at night, so that with what information I have, with perhaps a little mis-information, this great city is not a total stranger, but if I propose to visit the city some time in the future I shall probably require further details.

To-day, our topic and text has to do with quite a definite place which we call Heaven, and we shall have to try to have our Juniors understand some of the features that mark Heaven as different from, and better than other places, so that as we journey through life, we shall be familiar with the attractions that we shall find there. Where is Heaven? Why, Heaven is where God is. How do we find it, how do we get there? The book that gives us the best descriptions and the finest pictures of Heaven, and tells us, the road to take to reach it, is our Bible—God's Book.

Heaven—is where God is. To-day we are specially studying two pictures. In the first passage (Rev. 21, 1-4) John pictures Heaven as a new city coming down from God, as "a bride adorned." In our own time, as in the time when this picture was first given, the wed-

ding is the consummation of perfect love, so that our first thought of Heaven is the place or condition of perfect love.

Our next thought will come from the third verse. "The tabernacle of God is with God." Our bodies here are earthly tabernacles, and we should "Let Jesus come into our hearts." If our bodies are God's tabernacles, then we ought to take care of our bodies, and thus honor God, and do nothing that will defile His holy temple. In the fourth verse, we have a picture of some of the things that make life unpleasant for us here, death and sorrow and crying, but God will wipe all these things away, and instead of death we shall have life, and instead of sorrow and crying we shall have joy. It is God's plan for us that we should be happy. It is interesting to note that the Bible is full of this thought, the words joy, joys, joyful, joyfulness occur nearly two hundred times while rejoice and rejoicing occur nearly three hundred times. Would suggest that at this point you take your Sword Drill and select passages in which these words occur, to show how big a place it occupies.

In the second picture which we are given, there is mention of a river of water of life, clear as crystal.

To get our best conception of this picture, we must remember that John first wrote this passage using the new city of Jerusalem as his ideal. Now the old city of Jerusalem is in a hot country, water there is scarce and valuable. There is no river running through it. There is no ready means of washing away the dirt and filth of the city. In Canada where water is plentiful we can scarce realize the

Continued on Page 14.



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The First Methodist Church, Owen Sound, recently presented the pastor, Rev. E. G. McAteer, with a good sized cheque as an expression of appreciation of his highly valued services during his four years pastorate.

We are very pleased to note that Mr. Lester B. Pearson, second son of the Rev. Edwin A. and Mrs. Pearson, of Guelph, has been awarded the American University Fellowship at the recent Convocation of the University of Toronto.

Continued from page 9

replaced the castle might be made habitable again. The room where Mary was born was large and comfortable and one could picture little Mary and her mother sitting on the broad stone window-seats and watching the swans on the loch as we did. Private stairs led from both the queen's and the king's apartments. One king fled that way and his pursuers found the queen sitting quietly spinning, while flags strewn on the floor concealed the trap-door leading to the hidie-hole. It was a great feat of engineering to bring water to the fountain in the courtyard, the first gravity-filled fountain in Scotland. Once when Bonnie Charlie was there the fountain actually flowed with wine! In the adjacent church King James had the vision advising him not to go to Flodden Field. It is now understood that no supernatural being appeared to the king, but the queen, sister of Henry VIII, not wanting her husband to fight her brother, sent a man in white apparel to warn the king at his prayers.

Brig o' Doune, Callander, Strathyre, Lochearnhead, Crianlarich, Dalmally, then Loch Awe and the Pass of Brander. Having occasion to tarry there a little we raved about the scenery, and raved yet more violently about the midges which were present in millions. What a satisfaction it would have been to have "had the Gaelic"! Passing Taynult we spent the night at Connel Ferry and in the morning went on to Oban. The glorious heather-clad hills, forest and the blue waters of the Firth of Lorne, the ivy-decked ruins of Donnollie Castle, the pretty roads between mountain and loch, all combined to make us find Oban the prettiest spot we had seen in Scotland, well deserving of its popularity as a summer resort. Returning, we saw old Ben Cruachan clearly to the very top of his 3,689 feet, the Scotch giant being more hospitable than the Welsh and English ones had been. Picturesque Highland cattle and mountain goats stared at us as we passed. Lured by the strains of Harry Lauder's song, we took the road to Inverary, that quaint little town on the shore of Loch Fyne, with its Tonic cross and the splendid seat of the Duke of Argyll. I don't know whether the Duke who called down blessings on his head by the erection of scratching-posts ever lived in this house, but it surely is a bonny place. From Cairndow Inn we went over the pass to Arrochar. The summit is called Rest-and-be-Thankful, and the guide books truly say "When you reach it you will." It was delightful along the "bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond" in the sunset, but darkness had fallen when we got to Glasgow, and the forty miles from there to Edinburgh took careful driving. Two or three times we ran through stretches of heavy fog. Now and then we could glimpse a milepost and, to make clear to ourselves how far we had to go, would say, "Just from Newmarket now," or "Only in from Oshawa."

The next day Prof. Michael came up from Carlisle and with him we visited St. Giles' Cathedral, where Jennie Geddes objecting to the introduction of the new prayer-book authorized in England, flung her stool at the minister's head, and where the wonderful Chapel of the Thistle, built by dutiful sons in accordance with their father's wishes, and the bas-relief memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson are: John Knox's house; the University; Holyrood Palace; the Forth Bridge; and the Edinburgh Castle

THE END.

where our guide let history flow so glibly from his tongue. A sorry contrast to the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots was the tiny room, scarcely more than a cupboard, where she gave birth to James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, "the wisest fool in Christendom." John Knox was determined that the baby prince should be a protestant. When he was three weeks old Mary lowered him in a basket down the steep castle wall and the precipitous rock beneath the waiting hands of a loyal lord, who took the child to be baptized into the Roman Catholic faith. When we heard that Queen Margaret's Chapel, the oldest part of the castle, built in 1100, had been used as an ammunition store room until the insistence of Sir Daniel Wilson, the antiquarian from Toronto, succeeded in having it restored, our chests swelled with pride for we, too, came from Toronto and Sir Daniel's University.

London, Paris and Toronto beckoned so on our south-bound trip we made few stops for sight-seeing. Crossing Soutra Hill the heather was a most beautiful shade, and lay so flat and close, outlined in neat scallops and designs by green, that it resembled a great Persian rug. At Abbotsford, the home for which Sir Walter Scott was his own architect, copying details of woodwork from Rosslyn Chapel and Melrose Abbey, which he loved, we saw a fine portrait of the author with his dogs and the Chantry bust of him. The homey library, the book-lined study, with the tiny spiral stair leading to the gallery around the upper rows of books, the armour and weapons, the rare treasures, such as the prayer-book Queen Mary carried to her execution, Rob Roy's musket and purse, the pictures—all were so interesting that it was hard to get away. Driving slowly by Jedburgh Abbey, uncertain of the gate, a man called "Are ye for in?" Our stay was brief, and we followed the Roman Road, which people told us pridefully was straight as an arrow for 500 miles—perhaps, still I'd hate to have my life depend on the straightness of an arrow as bent and twisted as that road! It was fine and windy crossing the Cheviot Hills. Just before Carter Bar on the hill-crest, where nothing higher than grass and heather grew, was a great St. Andrew's Cross in evergreen trees. It seemed a lovely touch of Scotch uprightness. The first sight in England was a mountain lake, Catceugh Rest, a fishing club. Miles and miles of heather, sheep, Scotch and domestic cattle, more sheep and wise, smiling sheep-dogs, proud of their own trustworthiness, a quaint inn at Belsay, where we had "a plain tea," and then Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The races were on at York, so we could not stay there for the Yorkshire parkins, pudding and dialect that we yearned for. The road was a series of dust-clouds made by char-a-bancs returning from the races. Thirty-three miles brought us to comfortable accommodation at Doncaster. Grantham, Stamford, Alonbury Hill, Biggleswade, and then Hitchin, with its 200-year-old inn, a survival of coaching days, and the picturesque waiter who had just stepped out of a Dickens novel. It was an exhilarating run in royal weather into London the next day. Before many hours had elapsed our faithful friend, the motor car, had been sold, our belongings had been repacked, and we were off by train for Newhaven and Dieppe. But that and the homeward journey is another story. We had seen much of Great Britain by motor, and look forward to repeating the pleasant experiences some sweet day by and by.

# In the Land of the Anzac

By Fred C. Middleton

I HAVE just returned to Sydney after a month's trip through South Australia—my native state, by the way. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but to me South Australia is the banner state of the Commonwealth. Take Adelaide, the capital of the state—a lovely little city about the size of Winnipeg, situated on the banks of the River Torrens. Sydney is bigger and busier, it is true, but there is a daintiness and an intimacy about Adelaide that charms the average visitor. Speaking of the river Torrens reminds me that it was an Adelaide man by that name who introduced the now popular Torren's Title in real estate transactions. Adelaide has been called a city of churches, and it is certainly well supplied with finely-constructed temples of the Lord. Add to this fact that no suburban trains or street cars run on Sunday mornings, and the consequent result of large congregations at the suburban services, and the appellation seems quite justified.

### Forest, Field and Orchard.

South Australia is mainly an agricultural country, and since the introduction of superphosphate manures as a fertilizer the yield of serials has been very good. In the Wirrabara district, which I visited during my trip, the soil is a heavy red loam, and half a million bushels of wheat were grown here last year within a radius of ten miles of the little town. The average yield was in the neighborhood of eighteen bushels per acre.

Considerable quantities of fruit are also grown, the altitude (1,100 feet above sea level) seeming healthy for orchards. There is a good market, and last year 50,000 bushels of fruit (mainly apples, pears and peaches) were shipped from local centres. Very fine grapes are grown in the district, Sweet Waters and Muscatels being the favorite varieties. I saw a rather unique sight in one of the gardens—a grape vine one hundred feet high with a stately pine as a trellis.

Conservation of forests has been taken up seriously by the government, and South Australia has a number of very fine state forests. On these reserves the natural timber is conserved (local trees being replaced as used), and in addition imported trees are planted. The forester in charge of the Wirrabara forest drove me through the reserve, and the drive proved a real education as to what can be done along these lines. This particular forest covers 20,000 acres, 1,300 of which have been planted with Californian pines. The first trees were planted forty years ago, and the Government has been cutting pines for boxes since 1903. Last year they took a contract at this forest for 60,000 fruit cases. The government also sold 80 acres of standing pines for \$125,000, this when cut yielded the buyers four million feet of lumber. The trees average from 40 to 60 feet in height, with stem diameter of 8 to 12 inches breast high. This growth is reached in thirty years, and the state is thus guaranteed a perpetual yearly "crop," each section being replanted as soon as it is cleared.

### A Model Sunday School.

South Australian Methodism is credited with having the most modern Sunday School in the Commonwealth. It was organized some years ago at Wallaroo Mines, the man behind the movement being the manager of the

mining company, Mr. H. Lipson Hancock, who is at present vice-president of the World's Sunday School Union. The school building is admirably suited for the purpose, and the 107 officers and teachers are doing splendid work among the 441 scholars. In seven of the eight grades provided for, manual, graphic and expression work is much in evidence. Several of the rooms are furnished much after the style of our day schools. Blackboards are placed all around the walls, then there are sand tray, building blocks, and a very fine "museum." This latter contains an abundance of material for the dramatic visualization of the matchless stories of the Bible. Teachers and scholars could stage anything, from the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon to the wondrous event of Easter morning, soldiers and servants in Oriental costumes, priests and levites in clerical garb, even the tomb and the trees for the garden scene of the resurrection are all supplied. The copy-book work in the junior and intermediate grades is all done in class, an improvement I fancy on day-by-day work done at home. Some very fine samples were shown us on the day of our visit. The rainbow system of Bible study is followed. The course begins with certain introductory studies which give a general conception of the bible and how we got it; this is followed by a geographical study of the land of the Bible, and the course concludes with a study of the text of the Bible, grouped according to the natural divisions of history, law, poetry, etc. The teachers in each department meet weekly for the study of the lesson, their own superintendent taking charge. Teachers are "dismissed from the service" if they fail to attend these preparatory classes regularly. The whole school is conducted with the same efficiency as a day school. It is the best example I have seen of modern pedagogical methods applied to religious education.

### The Sane Middle Class.

While I was in South Australia, the state elections were held, the contest being very keen between radical labor and the liberals, with the newly-formed farmer's group as a third party. The Government (Liberal) was returned to power with an increased majority in the house. A large number of the middle class voters refused to follow the extreme labor leaders. The farmers secured four seats, and their party bids fair to become a decided factor in Australian politics in the immediate future.

Prohibition was a side issue in the above-mentioned elections, and the result was what might have been expected—failure. Following up a rejected petition of 58,000 citizens asking for a referendum, the Alliance sought to pledge candidates to support such a measure if elected. Some 25 men gave the required assurance, but only a small number of these were elected.

A local option poll has just been taken in Western Australia, and while a goodly number of districts voted in favor of no license, no single one secured the requisite three-fifths majority. In this connection Australia to-day is where Canada was ten years ago. She will, however, "stay with the job" as we did in Canada, and in less than ten years from now Australia will be dry.

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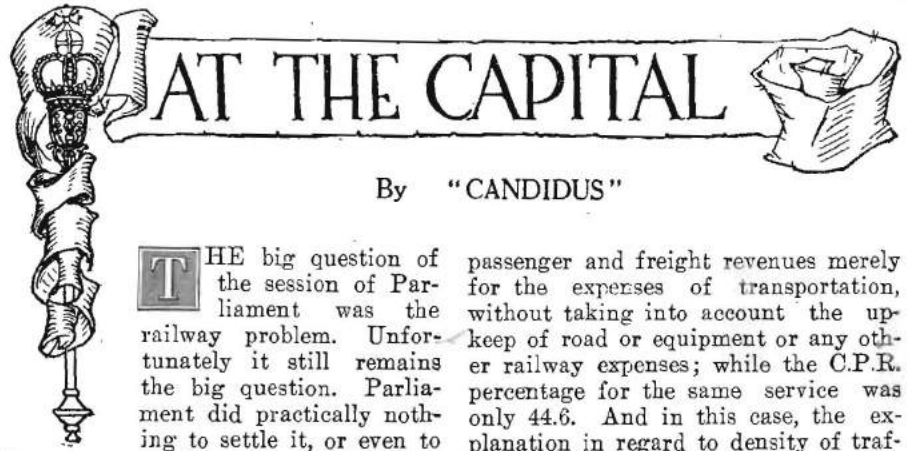
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By "CANDIDUS"

**T**HE big question of the session of Parliament was the railway problem. Unfortunately it still remains the big question. Parliament did practically nothing to settle it, or even to ameliorate it. There was a great deal of talking about it; but not much was done in the way of practical effort or even suggestion of practical effort. The Government took steps to bring the Grand Trunk under state control at once; that was well in its way, but it still left the big problem untouched. The chief accomplishment of the session in relation to railways was the appointment of a select committee to investigate. This committee did not get very far; but it did make a start, and it recommended the continuance of the inquiry next session.

There is little wonder that the select committee did not get a solution. It started late in the session, and dividing its time between railways and shipping, it did little more than hear the statements of the Canadian National officials. They took the stand that, as President Hanna put it, "the basis of all our trouble is lack of business." That is a very easy way out for the officials, especially when they throw a good deal of responsibility for that lack of business on the general public. Indeed, in this connection, Mr. Hanna went so far as to say that "with eight and a half million people, most of them travelling, I do not think that they have measured up to what we have every right to expect." But, though such a shifting of the burden may be easy for the officials, it does not get the railway very far. It does, in fact, raise very sharply the question whether the present management of the system is as efficient as "we (in this case the public) have every right to expect."

This question of efficiency was only glanced at in the course of the twenty-two sittings of the select committee; but, of course, it lurked in the background all through. Perhaps the sharpest form in which it was raised was the criticism of the admitted fact that the freight train loads on the Canadian National are not as heavy as on the Canadian Pacific. In 1920, the C.P.R. trainload was on the average 529.25 tons, while that on the National was only 383.73. The answer of the railway officials was that the C.P.R. has double the density of traffic per mile of road that is possessed by the National and that when the C.P.R. traffic density approached the present figure on the National, its trainloads averaged only 279 tons. This reply had some force but it left out of account the great increase that has taken place in the meantime in the haulage power of the locomotive.

Another finger pointing in the same direction of inefficient management is the fact, evident from an analysis of the figures presented to the committee by the railway officials, that it costs the National fifty per cent. more proportionately simply to haul its revenue producing traffic than it costs the C.P.R. In 1920 it cost the Canadian National 67.6 per cent. of its combined

passenger and freight revenues merely for the expenses of transportation, without taking into account the upkeep of road or equipment or any other railway expenses; while the C.P.R. percentage for the same service was only 44.6. And in this case, the explanation in regard to density of traffic does not apply. For, when the C.P.R. traffic density was close to the present figure of the National system, the corresponding percentage of the C.P.R. was only 40.9. These arguments are not, of course, conclusive; but they do suggest strongly that the easy answer of "lack of business" will not hold water.

An incident which occurred over the civil service bill showed the temper of the House of Commons; but did not reflect any credit upon it. Mr. A. K. Maclean, a close student of public affairs and a faithful member of Parliament, was endeavoring on Friday evening to call attention to an error that had been made in the drafting of the bill. The House would not listen to him; and it was not until Mr. Hume Cronyn (who had been responsible for the amendment under consideration) got up and admitted that Mr. Maclean was right, that any attention was paid to him. In order to get a hearing at all, he had to raise his voice above a hubbub that sounded like a lot of schoolboys in a hurry for the holidays. The error was finally corrected; but it was only by great persistence on the part of Mr. Maclean.

A remark made by Mr. Meighen during the discussion of Mr. Fielding's protest may be worth more than passing notice. "I do not think," he said, "the Empire is going to fall apart, or that we are in any danger or dire peril, if I do not leave on Monday"—that is to attend the conference of the Premiers of the Empire in London. Perhaps this remark may be some comfort to those who are worrying about the autonomy of Canada.

In addition to the committee on the National Railways, the session saw two other important inquiries started. The subjects were the fuel supply of Canada and the system of proportional representation. In neither case was a definite conclusion reached. The fuel inquiry closed with an unsuccessful effort to get at the cost of producing coal. Certain coal companies in Nova Scotia were ordered to produce their "cost sheets"; but they opposed the order on the ground that, if one company was to show its confidential information, its competitors should have to do so, and in the end—partly, no doubt, owing to lack of time—no action was taken to bring this information to light. The committee made no recommendations to Parliament, but contented itself with asking that evidence taken should be circulated throughout the country.

"P.R."—as it is called by its advocates—got a little further than the fuel problem. The committee was unable to agree upon a scheme for the application of "P.R." to general elections. But they did agree that it would be desirable to introduce into our present system the principle of the "alternative vote." This principle finds its usefulness in ridings where there are

## THE CONFERENCES

## Hamilton Conference

Wesley Church, Hamilton, has just closed a most successful pastorate, which in many respects is a record for this historic church, under the direction of its indefatigable pastor, Rev. H. S. Dougal, Ph.D. Every activity of the church has increased its membership, and the actual number on the roll has been increased by over 90. The reports to the Official Board showed substantial increases over the contributions of the previous year, in every department; the total amount raised for all purposes being over \$20,000. Our pastor is an expert with the lantern, and at the annual meeting of the congregation, showed the figures on the screen, which greatly added to the interest of the gathering. During the evening, the Recording Steward, Mr. J. H. Robinson, on behalf of the congregation, expressed their regret at losing Dr. Dougal and family, all of whom had greatly endeared themselves to Wesley people, and presented him with a well-filled purse of gold, assuring him that wherever he was, he would have many warm friends in Wesley, as long as life lasted. Dr. Dougal expressed his appreciation in a few well chosen words. Rev. Dr. Sparling for the Methodists, and Rev. Dr. Sedgewick for the Presbyterians, extended congratulations to the pastor and church for the splendid showing made during the past three years. During this pastoral term, the salary has been increased by \$500, making it \$2,500. Mr. S. H. Kent, the Church Treasurer, presided. Mr. A. Partridge, Choir master, and the choir, furnished a musical programme, and the Ladies' Aid served refreshments. Altogether it was one of the best gatherings Wesley has had for many years.

## Alberta Conference

On May 29th, 1921, Parkdale Methodist Church, Calgary, celebrated its eleventh anniversary with appropriate religious services. At the evening service, the special preacher was the Rev. Dr. G. W. Kerby, B.A., D.D., Principal of Mount Royal College, Calgary, and a large augmented choir sang Baker's "Praise Ye the Lord," and Robertson's, "Bless Thou the Lord."

This church has made wonderful progress during the past ten years. During the last conference year, the

ings of light. In our modern cities we turn on a switch and flood our homes or streets with light, but long ago in Palestine, the only light at night was the feeble ray of the candle, a light too feeble to be of much service, too easily put out, with the result that the night brought terrors of which we know little. There shall be none of the dangers of the dark.

Where God is, there shall be happiness and joy. It will not be out of place in this meeting to get the position of "Joy" in our understanding, starting with a good time, we pass through funny, cheerful, merry, jolly, mirth, happiness, gladness, delight till we come to joy and rapture, the abiding and supreme. If we haven't been to London to see the city, we may have been or can go to a part of Heaven, and experience for ourselves The Happy Life of Heaven.

CHAS. R. CONQUERGOOD.

total revenue received was \$3,380.00, as against \$1,100.00 raised for all purposes year before; and seventeen new members were added to the church. The Sunday School is doing a great work in the neighborhood, and now possesses a very effective organized boys' and girls' department. A Tuxis Square and a Trail Ranger Camp for older and younger boys have been formed; and a Canadian Girls' in training class (C.G.I.T. Group) for teen age girls has been fully organized.

The church has made a great stride forward during the past year, and all its departments have felt this forward impetus. The present pastor is the Rev. John L. Hodgson, of the Montreal Conference.

## Toronto Conference

At College Street Methodist Church where the term of Rev. A. J. Paul, B.D., Chairman of the Toronto West District, is just closing, a very pleasant annual meeting was held recently. The meeting assembled at 7.00 p.m. for dinner, which was served by the Ladies' Aid.

Reports were received from the various organizations of the church and several special features were introduced, among them being the presentation by the Ladies' Aid of a life membership to Mrs. Hogg. A fine linen service was presented to Mrs. Paul.

The pastor was presented with a purse and an address expressing the heartfelt appreciation by the congregation of his faithful and efficient services during the last four years. The church has, during the year, completed the installation of a Memorial Organ.

Seventy-three new members have been received this year.

Expenditures for all purposes total \$22,000. A brotherhood has been formed which has a regular attendance of about 35 on Sunday afternoons. Nearly \$1,000 has been contributed and used by this organization in church plant extensions.

Special attention was given during the year to the spiritual life of our church and great things are looked for next year in following up this work in particular.

A. E. Davison, R.S.

May, 1921.

The annual conference of the British Methodist Episcopal (colored) Church meets in North Buxton, Ontario, from June 28 to July 4. This is expected to be the largest conference in the history of the church. Representatives from the Methodist Church will appear before the conference to extend fraternal greetings. North Buxton is a purely colored community and one of the centres of early settlement.

The Cannifton circuit of the Methodist Church presented at the recent district meeting held in the Tabernacle church, Belleville, perhaps the best report of its history. Nearly 70, including catechumens, united with the church during the year, making the entire membership 424.

## Personal Service Department

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## Ministers Wanted

A MINISTER is wanted for the newly formed Union Church of Goodlands, Man. This is a fine charge without outside appointments. Stipend \$1,800 with manse and one month holidays. An early settlement is desired. Applications will be received until June 30th by Rev. J. Irvine Walker, Deloraine, Man.

THE fine Union charge of Deloraine is seeking a minister. Splendid equipment, one preaching appointment; Salary, \$2,000 with parsonage, and one month holidays. Applicants must have knowledge of Young People's work. Large Tuxis organizations. Candidates apply to A. W. Riddell, Secretary Pulpit Committee, Deloraine, Man.

WANTED—Pastor for the Napinka Union Circuit. Salary \$2,000 and parsonage. Address R. J. Horwood, Sec.-Treas., Napinka, Man.

## Miscellaneous

WANTED—Lady teacher to open school for missionaries' children at Cooching, China. For particulars apply at once to J. H. Arnup, Methodist Missionary Society, Wesley Building, Toronto.

TO RENT—For July and August, a furnished seven-roomed house near Reservoir Park. Moderate rent. N. 4243w.

WANTED—Bright girl to go to Muskoka for July and August. Family of two adults. Considerate treatment. Pleasant change for capable person. Good wages. Box 154, Christian Guardian.

WANTED—For the Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan, from September next, a high school teacher to teach Latin and other subjects as may be required by the principal. For further information re salary, travel, etc., apply to Rev. J. H. Arnup, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

WANTED—Reliable cook general for elderly person—must be clean. References required. Wages forty per month. Mrs. Thomas Nelles, Simcoe.

## Obituary

HARRIS—At her late home, London, Ont., Sarah Margaret Williams, beloved wife of Rev. A. G. Harris, and daughter of the late George and Mary A. Williams of Ingersoll, Ont.

SERVICE—Mrs. Francis C. Service, widow of the late Rev. Wm. Service, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. E. Pitts, Wales, Ont., on May 30th, after an illness of two weeks, aged 77 years and 5 months. Interment took place at Picton, Ontario.

BANCROFT—On Saturday, May 14th, 1921, suddenly at his home near Vankleek Hill, Joshua Tiler Bancroft, son of the late Asa Bancroft, passed away at the age of 70 years and fourteen days. His appointed sphere was the home, where as husband and father he possessed the glory that excelleth. He was a loyal Methodist, and a life-long Christian. Interred in Casskura Cemetery, Tuesday, May 17th, 1921.

FEE—There passed away recently at his home in Vancouver, John M. Fee, one of nature's gentlemen. His early life was spent near Georgetown, Ontario. About 1882 he homesteaded in the Hartney district and resided there and in Hartney until his recent removal to Vancouver. He was as genuine in his Christian manhood as refined gold. He was always deeply interested in the work of the Kingdom; an active temperance worker, teacher of the Bible Class and recording steward on the Hartney circuit for many years. He is survived by his beloved wife, three daughters and two sons, who reside in Vancouver.

## In Memoriam

HUGHES—In grateful and loving memory of Lieut. F. Gordon Hughes, of the Imperial Army, killed in action June 26, 1916, son of Rev. S. J. Hughes, Montreal Conference. He gave his noble young life freely for a great cause. He is more precious with the passing years.

—Father and Mother.

McMULLEN—In loving memory of our dear Mother, Mrs. David McMullen, who entered into rest at Bethany, Ontario, on Tuesday, June 11th, 1921.

We miss a Mother, kind and true,  
No friend like her on earth we knew—  
Peacefully sleeping, resting at last,  
The world's weary trials and troubles are past.

In silence she suffered; in patience she bore,  
Till God called her home to suffer no more.  
—Sons and Daughters.

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more than two candidates, though one only is to be elected. Under the present system, the victor often polls a minority of the vote. Under the "alternative vote," each elector would mark on his ballot his first, second and third choice among the candidates. If no candidate got a majority on the first choice, the name of the lowest on the list would be dropped, and his votes would be divided in accordance with the second choices marked upon them. This process would be continued until one candidate had a majority of the total vote cast. The great advantage of the "alternative vote" is that a successful candidate would always represent a majority of the votes. The committee also recommended a plebiscite on the general question of proportional representation; but this suggestion is regarded as impracticable and the real service of the committee is its agreement on the desirability of the "alternative vote." The adoption of this principle would be a valuable addition to our electoral machinery. It would educate the people in the methods of proportional representation; and in the meantime it would abolish minority representation, which is generally regarded as an evil of our present system.

The session closed with a protest by Mr. Fielding against "the scandalous manner" and "the indecent haste" with which Parliamentary business was conducted towards the end. Sir Robert Borden made an effective party reply; but nevertheless Mr. Fielding's words are well worthy of attention. It is quite true that the same thing has been done very often in the history of Parliament; but that makes the matter worse rather than better. Dr. Michael Clark, a fairly independent-minded man, expressed the view that "no public interest of any moment has suffered during this session from want of reasonable discussion." Perhaps this was true, or nearly so, up to the time he spoke; but certainly some very important issues went by the board in the closing hours of the session. Among them may be mentioned the discussion of the estimates of the Post Office, which deserved close examination, and the civil service bill; while important amendments to the insurance act were withdrawn in order to bring the session to a close.

Continued from Page 11.

value of this blessing. In the great city of London, which we mentioned before, the tide comes in twice a day flushing out the great underground sewers, but in addition, upon its surface there is a great stream of traffic, carrying many kinds of fruits, grains and vegetables to support life in the city, so that to a dweller in the city of London which possesses the great river, the picture is not so striking as to a dweller in the city of Jerusalem where these material things would bring untold blessing and relief from suffering. But there is one other striking thing in this picture. The great river flowing direct from the throne of God is meant to bring to us spiritual blessings, and cleansing from sin. It is a river of love flowing from God down through all the ages of mankind and continues on through us, brings to us all, love, kindness, affection, friendships, happiness, prosperity, health.

"There shall be no night there," we shall always be able to see, and again if we go back to the conditions of life in Palestine at the time this was written we shall again appreciate the bless-

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The protection and advice of a thoroughly modern and reputable establishment, on such a memorable occasion, is of inestimable value.

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## Urgent Social Problems

The care of the unmarried mother and the status of her child has now come to claim the centre of the stage for social thinkers. The stigma which has been attached to the child is generally felt to be unjust, and the investigations of recent years has led to a body of social legislation which goes far to remedy the worst evils of the situation. At the Social Service Congress of Ontario held in Peterborough a masterly review of the matter was given by Miss Charlotte Whitton, actual editor of SOCIAL WELFARE. From this it appeared that each case presents its own problem but there are certain constant factors. The most hopeful cases are those in which the young mother wishes to keep her child, and social workers seek to encourage this desire. Difficulties sometimes compel a temporary separation while the mother earns and this always imperils the whole work. The death rate among babies taken from their mother is appalling, and of a large percentage of cases no trace can be found of the baby whether alive or dead. Recent laws establish the principle that the community is under obligation to determine paternity, but this provision loses its effectiveness until in cases where different men are possible parents, the responsibility is placed on them all. This will defeat the present usage of false swearing away of a girl's previous good name.

Rarely has a province such a record for progressive measures as that of Ontario since the last general election. The Minimum Wage for women and the Mothers' Allowance Act are working satisfactorily under their respective boards, and these form together a protective barrier behind which social workers can do positive work secure against the terrible pressure of avoidable confusion. The Premier, Hon. E. C. Drury, made a frank statement about the need of positive measures to supplement the adoption of prohibition. The social life must be filled with meaning and interest. The challenge to the church and other educational bodies to enrich and quicken community life in its social phases must be met, or disastrous reaction will ensue.

The retiring chairman of the Provincial License Board, Mr. J. D. Flavell, gave an impressive statement of the task of administering license law. He defended the so-called "spotter" on the ground that no such person is sent out in a promiscuous way to spy on citizens. Only when evidence has accumulated to satisfy authorities that illegal practices are being carried on in a certain place is a special agent assigned the task of clinching the case by what has been called "spotting." Without this it would be impossible to enforce the law. He cited the case of the Dunnville magistrate as one in which there is no charge against personal character, but in which the law is failing because of the manner of its administration. From an old-time conservative the vindication of the old time Liberal, Mr. Raney, was most welcome.

## New Standards—An Illustration

By Arthur Barber

WHEN the Inter-Church Forward Movement was launched the writer suggested that its chief influence upon the Indian missions, if properly presented, would be enlargement of vision regarding the missionary pro-

gramme and new standards of support.

The following facts will serve to illustrate this principle. Kitamaat, B.C., is a small Indian village with 270 souls. In addition there is the Elizabeth Long Memorial Girls' Home, with a staff of four ladies and an attendance of thirty-two pupils. The Indian men of Kitamaat earn their livelihood by fishing, logging, etc. The place itself is isolated, being fifty miles from anywhere, up an arm of the sea. In the winter it is seldom a steamer calls more frequently than once in six weeks.

In 1918-19, Kitamaat gave to the general society \$177. In 1919-20, the work of the Forward Movement was thoroughly explained and \$200 were subscribed and paid. In addition the sum of \$119 was paid to the general society's funds. This year, when the time for missionary anniversary came, the missionary was away in Prince Rupert under the doctor's care. In his enforced absence the ladies carried on, and after the Sunday services they volunteered to collect for the general society. But the Indian men felt differently and two of them went out to the task. They returned at night with \$508 in cash. These figures speak for themselves. There is good reason to believe that the old standards will never return.

In addition to the work for the general society, the W.M.S. organizations are in operation. This year the auxiliary has raised \$212, and the mission band, \$213; as compared with 1919-20 auxiliary \$242, mission band \$232. It is only fair to say that, included in the amount raised by the auxiliary last year was a special subscription, by the members of the staff, for the Radway Centre, Alberta, of \$52.

It will thus appear that this year nearly \$1,000 is going from this little village to the Missionary Department of our Church. These people are only half a century removed from their old pagan life. When we consider the marvellous changes which have taken place during that time in their habits of life, in their domestic relations, in their moral and spiritual development, we must conclude that our labors have not been in vain in the Lord. The fact that financial returns of such proportions are already in evidence, puts some communities of our older civilization to shame. But the Indian people have higher standards ahead.

## Summer School For Rural Leadership 1921

The Summer School for Rural Leadership which is held annually at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, has once again been planned and the program arranged.

The dates this year are from July 25th to August 5th and the speakers include: Professor Gifford, Montreal; Professor Campbell, Springfield, Mass; Dr. Norman MacLeod, Toronto; Rev. Denzil G. Ridout, Toronto; Rev. R. R. Nicholson, Clarkson's; Dr. John Waugh; Rev. Dr. Robertson; Rev. R. B. Ferris; Miss Mabel Taggart; Professors Harcourt, Leitch and Neilson and others.

The program covers a Devotional Course on "The Mind of Christ," and Courses on Rural Social Problems, Religious Education, Soil Fertility and the Home Garden.

More detailed information and programs may be secured by writing to the President of the O.A.C., Guelph.

Last year there were one hundred and twenty-one students, including about ninety country clergymen. It is hoped that this year the number will be exceeded.



## Selling Books

### Quite as Usual

While the printers' strike is causing us some difficulty in our printing office it is not at all affecting our Sales Departments which are giving the usual service. Don't hesitate to send for books or anything else. Here are a few suggestions:

### What Must the Church Do to be Saved?

By ERNEST FREEMONT TITTLE

This very practical little work is not intended to be another criticism of the Church—of these we have plenty—but it is a very clever restatement in the language of the present life, of the great truths of religious belief, the changing conception of God, Sin, of Christianity and life.—166 pages, cloth—\$1.50.

### The Modern Meaning of Church Membership

By JOHN M. VERSTEEG

Another stimulating book on the value of the church, the dignity of church membership, the work and authority and the message of the church. There are seven very helpful chapters on the meaning of church membership.—cloth, 160 pages, \$1.25.

### Christ in Christian Thought

By EDWARD GRUBB, M.A.

Every christian preacher and every student of the life of Christ ought to possess this historical treatment of the development of the doctrine of Christ's person. cloth 161 pages, \$1.10.

### The University in Overalls

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK

One of the greatest problems of democracy is the education of all the people. This book deals with a romantic experiment by which education may be carried to the Frontier men in bunkhouse and camp.—cloth, 180 pages, \$2.00.

### The Shorter Bible—The Old Testament

By CHARLES FOSTER KENT

Those who have made the acquaintance of Dr. Kent's translation and arrangement of the New Testament, will have eagerly awaited this completion of his project. The author has sought to bring together those parts of the Scriptures which which would kindle the interest of the busy reader in the Bible as a whole. The translation, arrangement and selection of material are all that one could desire.—pocket size, cloth, 622 pages, \$2.00.

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