E REASON WHY I GO TO CH

Woman's Home Companion

The people who do not go to church seem always prepared to make an eloquent defence of their inaction. Frequent debate with a still small voice has doubtless made them watchful. They know all the arguments to be brought against them, and they are primed with a clever answer to each. The result is a certain lack of sincerity and spontaneity in replies to the question, "Why don't you go to church?" But church-goers are different. Most of them, as they frankly confess, have never thought out their reasons for attending church on Sunday. As one of our readers says, "it's like eating and drinking." It is, therefore, safe to say that to most of our good Christian readers the ques-tion which we asked in a recent issue, "Why do you go to church?" started a wholly new line of thought. The result is delightfully refreshing, as you will see by reading the letters published on this page.

These replies are chosen from several thou-

sand. They are typical of the whole mass. They are a credit to the church-going people everywhere. They deserve careful reading.

THE ANSWERS

I am a young unmarried man and I do not consider myself a Christian, nor, as the schoolboy might say, a "goody-goody," but I go to church twice every Sunday unless prevented by some good reason, and though I had never thought before why I do go to church, I shall give what I think are the reasons.

First: Habit. My parent's are good church members and Christians. While a child it was as much of a Sunday morning's duty to go to church with them as it was a Saturday night's duty to blacken my shoes.

Second: Since I have gone into the world of business my days are long and hard. Everything is a rush and hurry with but little thought given to spiritual things. On Sunday, then, I like to go to church and feel a calmness or to regain my poise, both of which I think are the result of good music and expression of kindly thoughts.

Third: In the six or eight different towns or cities in which I have lived, in as many years, I have felt more at home with the people I have met in the churches than with those I have met in clubs or lodges. The welcome and life at the church was disinterested in opposition to the others just mentioned. Whether the preacher were poorly informed or not along various popular lines has made no difference in my desire to attend his church. I do not attend to hear a lecture, but to hear a talk about the "lowly Galilean" and his precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Church and the Flag

Why do I go to church? Because it seems to me that the church bears the same relation to right living that the flag does to patriotism -it upholds an ideal.

Beginning at Forty-Five I am now in my forty-fifth year and from the time I reached my majority, until a few years ago, I seldom attended church more than once or twice a year. Why? The church people didn't accord with my views that a man could live his life as he pleased and still be as good a Christian as they were. They were even so narrow-minded as to maintain that a man could not enter into Heaven unless he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and, furthermore, mark you, the church was full of hypocrites. Well; I now attend church regularly, and have, in fact, united with it, and work for it. Why? After attending two or three weeks in succession I began to feel very much at home, most every one had a smile, a handshake or a pleasant word. I found I had been expecting a little too much at the start. I began to raise my standard of morality little by little. Unnecessary profanity and unnecessary numerous other things gave me a twinge of remorse now and then. I also found that the presence of frauds and hypocrites didn't occason half as much comment when they were found in a club or secret society as it had elicited when they appeared in the church, and real ly a few hypocrites in the congregation no inger condemned the whole church in my estimation. Lastly, every time that in sober thought I looked eternity in the face, it gave me an attack of mental paralysis, but I faced that problem in agony of spirit, as every thinking man must do some time in his life, and I have found the solution. The writer is no theologian, but how can any reasoning man accept one half of the Scriptures (the half that suits his way of living) and reject the rest? I have swallowed the whole book, and if any one wants to smile at my credulity, they can smile to their heart's content. I am in the church to stay, and also have a little girl growing up into womanhood that has a lot more respect for her daddy than she used to have and, really, he has more respect for himself. This is my experience, and while it is no doubt too long to be of any service to you, it has done me some good

Fifteen Young Men

I sent out fifteen letters to fifteen young men whom I know, by observation or inquiry, to be church attendants. I asked these questions: "Name? Age? Married or single? Occupation? About how many Sundays of the year do you attend church? Why do you go to chur Please confine your answer within one hundred words." Fourteen out of the fifteen replied. Seven express a desire to exert a good influence over others by the rightful ob-servance of the Sabbath. Ten believe that church attendance is a duty, and eleven speak of church attendance as a privilege. Only four speak of the sermon, and one touches a key-

note when he says: "I never go away without a blessing. It matters not who the preacher is, whether he be an eloquent or scholarly orator or not. If he be a Christian at heart, he will bring us the blessing that we need."

A Confession I am the wife of a farmer living in a thlnlysettled section of the country. I go to church services held in a log shack, to hear sincere, if not always brilliant, sermons; to sing; to wear my best clothes, and to see other people.

Six Good Reasons I live in a community where I cannot attend the church of my choice. The pastor where I attend is not my ideal of a minister, or preacher. I go to church because God commands it: Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together"

I go to church because my country demands it. I have lived in a churchless community. I have traveled quite a little and seen a number of such places. The standard of morals are always low, and the citizens produced there are undesirable.

I go to church because as a property-owner I realize that my property is worth fifty per cent more in the market that it would be if there was no church in my community. ought to give my influence and help to that which helps me and all my neighbors.

I go to church because the church is the bulwark of defence for the Sabbath. No church, no Sabbath, the world over. And no law of man can make, or keep, a Sabbath where the law of God does not inhere through the Church of Jesus Christ.

I go to church because I love the people of They are not perfect, but they are the best people on earth, and I expect to spend eternity with them.

I go to church because I love Christ and believe he would have me go. I remember His custom was to attend regularly the Nazarene synagogue where the worship of those who would later have stoned Him to death must have frequently hurt his sensitive nature. Each Sunday a New Year's Day

go to church for the same reason that a violinist tightens his strings after each per-The moral strings of life loosen formance. and we fail to ring true unless we constantly

test ourselves and make sure we are in accord To one who does not go to church the year is a procession of three hundred and sixty-five days with their tasks and burdens, illuminated only by the good resolutions of the day at its ing. To the church-goer the same year is fifty-two weeks, each ushered in by a little New Year's day with its higher plane of thought and purpose, each week a new white chapter in the book of the year, and each day, if our Sundays have done their work well, begun with a prayer to keep its page spotless.

From the Far West Church is the only place where I hear anything spoken which does not regard ranching. "Like Cold Cream on Hot Flesh".

I'll tell you in strictest confidence that my reasons for going to church are as un-Christlike as can well be imagined. I have been reared to think that all well-

e go to some very much time out of your Sunday-two hours or so-and you leave an impression that you are distinctly high-toned and perfectly

No cold cream on hot flesh ever produced such soothing sensation as this churchly application will to your soul.

BY WAY OF MAY-BASKETS

If something did not happen, Louise meditated with slow desperation, if something different did not happen ,she should-go-wild!

It was not that she was unhappy, really; it was just that for eighteen years she had been doing the same things, seeing the same people over and over forever. It was the magazine at Louise's feet which was partly responsiblethe magazine with the fascinating story of the girl who walked round a corner and changed herself. It was the third story of the kind she had read lately, but the corners were all in cities. You could not possibly change anything by walking round a corner in Medford.

There was a little stir down-stairs which meant that mother was beginning to get din-Louise rose with reluctance which was wholly for the monotony of dinners, not for her share in the work, and went down to help. She was so silent, however, that her mother asked the question at last:

"Is anything wrong, dear?" "No," Louise answered. "What could be?" But after a moment it came, whimsically: "I guess I want-a pair of pumps! Chiefly because nobody here ever wears them. I've no doubt they'd be fearfully uncomfortable, but I feel as if they'd put a new sensation into life."

Mother smiled—she understood. "I want-

ed a May-basket when I was a girl," she said. "I had read a story that hinged upon one. I think for three years I hoped that somebody might guess, and hang me one; but nobody round here ever heard of May-baskets."

Louise looked up, startled, then fell to since again, an absorbed silence this time. The next few days Louise had many errands to the different girls. It was safer to hemstitch a stock or embroidery fairy letters on a handkerchief and weave baskets and make candles at other houses-mothers had such quick eyes for seeing through things. What Louise had not expected was the fun of it all; and as for the evening when mother really re-

Now, Mr. Editor, this is the square, honest ason why thousands of people go to church, at if you are hunting for a "true religious uptri," you'll squirm and be afraid to publish this. reason why thousands of people go to church. But if you are hunting for a "true religious uplift," you'll squirm and be afraid to publish this.

Her Husband Stays at Home

I can understand the excuse of the woman who stays at home to please her husband. I. too, would prefer to stay with mine. I am not good enough or physically strong enough to joyfully make the effort it is for me to do all my housework, bathe and dress two small boys, hurry to get myself ready, then climb the steep hill to church with every muscle trembling from exhaustion. But I know from experience what "not attending church" does to me; also, I know how going to church helps and strengthens me spiritually. Also, I love my husband too well to want him to lose faith in my religion. After all, it's only an hour's sep-aration and the reward is "an hundredfold."

"The Best We Have"

I believe the church, even though a poor one, is the best representative we have of the best things in the world, and that is why I go

From a Deaf Church-Goer

I have in my own case what is generally considered a good excuse for remaining away from church. I am very deaf and have not been able to hear a public prayer or a sermon for fifteen years! I go regularly to the morning service, walk boldly up the assess to the years from seat and present to adjust my little very front seat and proceed to adjust my little ear-trumpet. This of course makes me a rather conspicuous figure, but as I am not at all sensitive regarding my affliction I do not allow this to disturb me in the least. I am enabled by this help to enjoy the anthems sung by thirty voices in the choir. I hear much of the thirty voices in the choir. I hear much of the organ music and the congregational singing. I do not worry about missing the sermon (a victory I have gained in later years)—I know the minister is telling the old, old story in some of its many phases. I spend a peaceful hour in this holy place so filled with hallowed association to me, and at the close of the services am refreshed and feel that "my spiritual strength has been renewed."

My advice to all deaf comrades is: Go to church and try to cultivate that sixth sense, which will make you hear what is inaudible to all with open ears.

From a London Stock Exchange Man

Why do I go to church? I thought it out this way: I must work, and I must have recreation. I also hope one day to have made enough money to retire and enjoy life in peace. The more I work, the more money I earn, and, therefore, the sooner I reach that state. But if to do this I work from early to late every day of the week, Sunday is the only day left for recreation. That sounded all right, but then this text struck me, "What profit is to a man if he gaineth the whole world, but loseth his soul." Eeternity is far longer than a few years at the end of life. To save my soul I must hear the word of God. "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a teacher?"-Romans 10:14. Therefore, I spend a little less time each day for work, earn a little less money, but have an hour or two for pleasure, and I also have the whole of Sunday except one hour and a half, which, considering it is the Lord's day, is not much to give Him who gives us everything.

Most of those who say they are so busy during the week that they only have Sunday for

ceived her May-basket, all delicate green and white and filled with the little gifts-that

Louise hid away in her memory to keep for-

"But you've no idea the things it has started with the girls," she said, when they were

talking it over afterward. "Everybody is mak-

ing them-for little sick children in the city,

and old people, and the minister's wife! Why.

mother, Medford is really interesting to live

she answered, "even before fairy presents

The sound along the marching street Of drum and fife, and I forget

Without a soul-save this bright drunk

Go marching with the marching feet,

Broken old mothers, and the whole

Dark butchery without a soul.

Of heady music, sweet as hell;

For yonder goes the fife.

O, it is wickedness to clothe

That in a garden of glory walks

Art, thou hast many infamies,

And show the monster as she is,

O, snap the fife and still the drum.

But not an infamy like this.

And even my peace-abiding feet

And what care I for human life!

The tears fill my astonished eyes,

You hideous, grinning thing that stalks Hidden in music, like a queen

Till good men love the thing they loathe.

-Richard le Gallienne.

'came true.' "

I abhor,

TOBERSON - O'SMIN WAR

And yet how sweet

Mother smiled. "I've always found it so,"

When the first "musical soloist" was added to the year's programme of the "Bushby Entertainment Course," there were grave misgivings as to the way in which he would be welcomed The misgivings had not been wholly put to rout when the musical evening

they neared the inn; "but there's two or three families that'll appreciate you if you do your "There's the Lane girls, Hattie and Mattie,

sing, solo or chorus, and I reckon they've only to put their hands to an instrument to bring out all there is in it."

And my full heart is like to break, And yet 'tis all embannered lies, A dream those drummers make. "M-m," said Mr. Howe. "All kinds. I've

been there to a social when Ma Bowker would play the melodeon, Pa Bowker the flute, Eddie the clarinet, Susie the banjo and gus the harmonica, concerted; and after playing a piece or two that way, they'd change off—Susie'd take the harmonica, Ma Bowker the flute, pa the clarinet, Eddie the melodeon and Gus the banjo-and if you'd shut your eyes you'd never know the difference.

"That's what I call talent. And they've every one of 'em got a ticket for tonight."

A Southern Woman's Answer

In reply to your inquiry as to the reason I go to church, I would say that I go because I think it is my duty not only as a Christian, but as a member of the community in which I live to uphold an institution that stands for right living. I go, too, because I wish my boys to grow up to be good and useful Christian men, and I know if I do not respect the church enough to go to it, I cannot expect them to do Then I go because I think it does me good. I know if I listen to the sermon with a spirit that is not too critical, I can get something out of it to stimulate me to a greater effort.

Though as a musician I cannot always commend congregational singing as heard in most churches, I enjoy the hymns, many of which are set to music of the best and noblest kind, and often contain beautiful words and inspiring thoughts. The social intercourse of he church attracts me, too, in no small degree, and I'm sure no one can contradict me when say that it is good for the soul to meet and mingle with church people.

A Matter Between God and Myself

There are three essential reasons why I go church.

First: It is my Father's house, and I know He always welcomes home His child. Second: It is a commandment of Holy Writ that Christians "neglect not the assem-

bling of themselves together."

Third: My soul is constantly in need of the spiritual food and drink of which the sacraments are the outward symbols.

My church going does not depend in any way upon the people who make up the congregation or their attitude toward me; it does not depend upon the music I hear, or upon the sermon that is preached. As my attendance at His house is wholly a matter between God and myself, I can look upon all the so-called drawbacks to church-going as entirely alien to the real issue and exclaim with the Apostle Paul: "None of these things move me."

Science Does Not Satisfy

I go to church because I want something better than science or reason, I want a place to plant my truth, to lay a weary soul at the feet of its God.

To believe, to trust, to take God at His word. To rest for a little while from the harrowing doubts and perplexities, from the puzzles as to what life is all about and above all, to touch with my spirit-if I may-the spirit of my Redeemer.

A Sophomore's Reasons

In the first place, I do not go to church to be entertained, as to a lecture, nor do I consider that my denomination has a "corner" on The Truth. I have voluntarily attended church more or less regularly since a boy. But now, to me, a sophomore in college, the Sabbath church service, after the week's studies, is refreshing, when the mind may dwell upon the ideals and significance of life. Again, it is easier to resist temptation and to live up to the best in a fellow by weekly worship. And, chiefly, I believe that the work of bettering humanity spiritually must be organized. The Christian church is such an organization,

So I am a church member and regularly attend her services that the little I can do will accomplish more by being linked with the combined efforts of others. I go to church be-cause it does me good and I believe in it.

A CRITICAL AUDIENCE

Mr. Lemuel Howe met the pianist at the little station, and solemnly drove him up the hilly road to the inn where he was to stay. "There's a good many of us to whom a con-

cert is a kind of venture," said Mr. Howe, as

that have been in the choir for more'n thirty years, and there's the Bowker family." "Do the Bowkers sing or play?" quired the musician with as much gravity as

he could bring to bear on the subject. "Both," said Mr. Howe, proudly. "I don't suppose there's any music written they can't

"Have they many instruments?" asked the musician, feebly.

The Truth in One Sentence

I go to church because those who are trying to tell us that the church is obsolete and old-fashioned have failed to give us anything better or as good in its stead, and until they can do so, they should not seek to destroy or impair that which is so important a factor in our modern civilization.

From a Hard-Working Librarian Because the church service brings to me noble and uplifting thoughts and encourages me in the desire to live helpfully and unselfishly. I find this true even though the sermon poor and the music faulty.

2. Because I am a person who needs the help and encouragement of companionship in what I undertake. Some persons can live the Christian life without outside help, just as some can study best alone. But the majority of people are helped by the presence of those who are striving for the same end. 3. Because I realize that I have a threefold

nature and that I must feed my soul as well as my mind and body. 4. Because I wish to lend my support to an

institution that encourages righteousness in a community. However we may feel about church attendance, we would hesitate to live in a city without churches, we would not care to bring up a family in such a place. If I accept the benefits that come from the presence of the church without doing anything in return, I am behaving in an unmanly way.

5. Because I was trained in the church-going habit when young, and it is natural to me as eating and drinking.

One Lawyer's Logic

Perhaps, as an attorney-at-law, I should not be expected to go to church at all, but in any event I am enough interested in your inquiry to give you such reasons as I have.

Briefly, I go to church to worship God and because I know that I can live a higher, a broader and a better life as a result. I am in action a busy man and my religion is rational rather than emotional. But I know that "ideals" are the lever which moves the world, that behind every ideal lies a religious inspiration, and that church-going is the practical support of all religion.

It Pays

I go to church because it pays. During the week I am thrown into the thickest of business competition. One day I mingle with great financiers, the next I am among contractors of various nationalities and races, on the building operations in the great metropolis. By Saturday I begin to feel a certain moral callous-ness. I feel the seed of distrust of my fellowman creeping in. On Sunday I go to church and learn of the Man of Love. I hear my minister tell me that life is something more than the contsant pursuit of the filthy greenback and bubble of fame. I am inspired to think broader thoughts, to open my eyes to the beauties and the blessings that surround me, and I am cheered and comforted and I go forth to business on Monday resolved to be a biggerhearted man. My ideals have been elevated; my mind and soul have been cleansed.

For the Uplift of My Soul

Because I, like the boy who said he needed his Sunday "to go into the country for fresh air," need to go to church to breathe the spiritual atmosphere for the uplift of my soul. Where better may I seek for the "peace of God which passeth all understanding" than in the house dedicated to the worship of God?

The apartness from the every-day world, the sanctity of it, give to me the breath of hope and renew my courage for the onslaughts of days and their trials to come. I may not accept the creed, I may hardly hear the sermon, but enough becomes mine for my needs. I may not understand music, but my soul responds to the swelling notes of the organ, and I worship with a feeling of adoration when we sing "Holly, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." I may not frame one word of prayer, but my soul reaches out and up and I have a consciousness. which I cannot explain, that I am helped and

Three Sound Reasons

. Because of what it stands for. With all of its human imperfections, the Christian church stands for the best elements of life and the highest conception of God known to man-

2. Because of its offspring. Nearly all the nstitutions and agencies interested in the upifting of humanity are the product, directly or indirectly, of the Christian church. And most of the people who give their time, talents and money to the support of these beneficent institutions are members of, or results of, the life and work of the church. I want to have a part in this general uplift. 3. Because of its enemies. If a man is to be

judged by his enemies, why not the church? The foes of the home, marriage and righteousness are also foes of the church. All forces which seek mankind's destruction seek the church's vilification.

No Liberal Church in Town I am a lumber clerk, rather young, but one

who regrets to say, has sowed his wild oats and is glad that, if they had to be sowed, were with early. I am located in a town where there are no

"liberal" churches, where the clergymen are very poorly informed, yet I attend church and shall continue to do so. Let none of us refrain from church attend ance on account of his own personal views. No two people can honestly see alike. Let us give in and support the institution—Christian-ity—that has done so much for us.

IMPROVING THE PHEAS

The liberation last Sunda arden of over fifty young M ts in Saanich should be go ortsmen interested in the sm land. It shows that the pro e authorities that they would ntion to the preservation of the country were not vain now they really are trying to can for us in this matter. Saanich, where there is a great land, the original stock of gro to disappear sooner or later. my mind, the pheasant is not i ing bird with the "willow" grou proved in this and other coun est bird for introduction and agricultural country. The phea of the farmer, if he only knows very best bird for re-stocking been re-claimed from its origin brought under the subjection of

From over-hammering the s ants, built up from the few intr ally many years ago, had become that it was necessary to call a ing the pheasant shooting in Saa the present stock was given a cuperate, and, by introducing stronger blood, the stock should time be sufficiently increased ated to allow of shooting for a re or perhaps it would be better to bly short, open season. For s the open season on pheasants h too long. No country can stand to which Saanich has been subj keep any appreciable stock of b is true enough that to kill the p out would be a by no means eas in England, where enormous bag are made, shooting is only car comparatively few days in the stocking and breeding is carried

scale all the time.
Young Mongolian pheasant and harder to rear successfully pheasants, though the grown bir they do originally from the cold p are even hardier than the comm The Provincial Government has I securing for the work men long experience with pheasant their efforts have been eminent and we are promised further bat

birds for liberation on Vancouver I had the privilege of being this first batch was liberated on mot Farm in North Saanich. Th were in excellent condition, and g exercised by Mr. Terrell when li to see that they were not frighte tered. On opening the crate away to watch the birds from hidi seen to start feeding immediately wheat and oatmeal, which had i over the ground nearby to keep t and prevent their straying too They are fine, strong, health

doubtless will fulfil expectations strengthening and improving the Tegetmeier says about th pheasant: "The magnificent phe as the Mongolian comes from the Syr-Daryr, as far east as Lake S valley of the Black Irtish. Co species does from the cold parts esert of Gobi, and Mongolia, it hardy, and suffers more from

than from severe cold.
An unfortunate misunders arisen in the United States rebird. The state authorities in and in Oregon have in the most manner confounded it with the

torquatus. It is difficult to imagine how could have arisen, the appearance breeds being totally distinct.

The mistake was first pointed Walter Rothschild in a communi Field, in which he wrote: "In out that the bird called in Ame Holland, and many other countrie pheasant is not that bird, but the heasant, or Chinese pheasant (ind so far as I have been able to a true P. mongolicus had never bee alive before Mr. Carl Hagenbec from me, and certainly have not duced into America.

Tegetmeier goes on to say: ingly satisfactory to know that the mongolicus have proved successf verts. At Tring several hundred and came to the gun in 1903. The have very much the appearance o mongolicus; but in beauty, hardihe ities on the table they leave nothi

HITS BY BAD MISSE

The tendency of bad shots extraordinary flukes has passed verb. Good shots occasionally ordinary misses, as witness Mr. remarkable performance with an the Little Missouri, and the croo with which Mr. Selous saluted Alaska; but these rare lapses fr accuracy never excite that degree which attaches to the hopelessly those occasions when his luck, tury plant, blooms forth miracul long periods of dormancy, and fo way he makes a hit the like of which sharpshooter, try as he might, coul