

THE ST. JAMES' RECTORY ENDOWMENT

(Continued from page 364.)

and four laymen, whose duties are to take charge of, administer or dispose of the real estate and property of the rectory endowment in accordance with the trusts on which the same are held, and as provided in the Provincial Statutes and the Canons and By-laws of the Synod, which may from time to time be adopted; and to hand over to the Investment Committee the proceeds of all sales.

The division of the surplus income among the Rectors entitled was a matter of constant difficulty and was the subject of frequent discussions in Synod, and in 1908 an act of the Legislature (8 Ed. VII., Cap. 143), was passed, whereby the Synod was authorized to apportion the surplus income among the incumbents of the churches in Toronto and the township of York, in such proportions, shares and amounts as it might see fit; and provided that any such apportionment need not be on any basis of equality, and that the Synod might allot to any one or more incumbents merely nominal shares, but subject to the rights of any incumbent at that date which he might possess under the act of 1878.

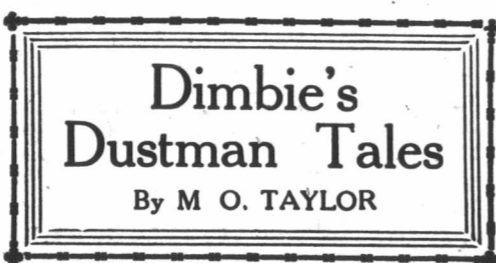
This act further authorized the Synod to delegate to a board of three commissioners the power to apportion the surplus income as fully as the Synod might do and with as full discretionary powers as to the manner of division; and directed that such board of commissioners be elected at the annual meeting of Synod; and that it report to the Synod, for the information of the Synod, any scheme of division adopted by it.

On reference to the Synod Journals of recent years it will be seen that the Toronto Rectory Endowment Committee in their annual reports show that out of the income there is first allotted to the Rector of St. James' \$5,000, and an apportionment of various shares is made amongst the Rectors of the city of Toronto and incumbents in the township of York; and they show also that, with the consent of the Rectors, grants out of the fund are made for various purposes not being for the direct benefit of the incumbents of the churches entitled to share in the fund.

That is a matter of generosity and grace on the part of the Rectors entitled to the fund, and the income could not be allotted to such purposes without their consent.

The Synod cannot, nor can the Board of commissioners, sitting for the Synod, except with the consent of the Rectors entitled to share in the surplus fund, give any part of the fund to any person other than the Rectors so entitled. To do so would be a grave breach of trust.

"Just do your best,
And God will always do the rest."



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XIII.

"MUMMY," said Dimbie one night as she lay in her little bed, "Read the verse under my picture, the one with the big river and the moon shining."

So Mother read,—
"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to the sea."

"Why does it want to go to the sea?" asked Dimbie.

"Well, darling, because the sea is its big, kind mother, and so just like all the little children, birds, and flowers, and every living thing, there is nothing that means so much to them as Mother. Listen while I tell you the story of

THE LITTLE BROOK

"Once upon a time a tiny drop of rain fell into the pond, and there it stayed quite happy and contented, just because it knew no better. But one day the 'Spirit of the River' came and whispered to the drop of rain, 'Why do you stay here in this pond, where no life is and where you can do no good? Don't you know that God sent you from the sky to water the earth and to keep it green and beautiful, to carry mighty ships upon your bosom, to be a broad, beautiful river, to flow on and on until at last you reach your mother and are at rest?'"

"Have I a mother?" asked the tiny drop of rain.

"Yes," said the Spirit of the River. "The big, boundless ocean is your mother. Come, stay no longer in this pond, start to grow and the more you flow the stronger you will be. Carry no evil thoughts in your clear water, throw them behind you. Gather all the good and beautiful and bear it on your broad shining bosom to bring glad messages to the world, and when the way seems long and dreary and you would wish to rest and be just a stagnant pool, keep on bravely flowing, ever flowing, and remember that

"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to the sea."

And the 'Spirit of the River' entered into the tiny drop of rain, and he was not frightened any longer, but went round and round the pond until at last he found a way out, but he felt very tiny and small and it seemed hard to believe he would some day be a big, mighty river, but he kept steadily moving on and on, slowly creeping over the tiny pebbles (which seemed like great mountains to him); he felt

himself growing stronger and stronger every day, and now he knew he was a tiny stream. 'I am not a drop of rain any longer,' said the little stream. The 'Spirit of the River' was right.

"And now he could move much faster and the little pebbles troubled him no longer, and so he flowed on day by day, and the sunbeams came and spoke to him and danced along with him until the little stream shone and sparkled in the sunshine and everything was bright and gay.

"Where are my troubles?" said the little stream, 'I have none.' But we can't go through this world without them if we are trying to do right, and so one day there was the trouble right in front of him—a great big stone. He could run over the little pebbles but he couldn't the stone.

"What shall I do?" sighed the little stream. 'Perhaps he will move if I ask him,' but the stone just laughed and said: 'Fancy me moving! Why, I've been here for years and years. I don't like the people who are always wanting to go on. Why are you not contented? Stay here and be happy.'

"Oh, but I couldn't," said the little brook. 'I have to be doing something in this world. I must keep on flowing, and by and by I shall grow big and strong and be a mighty river.'

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stone, 'that's funny. Why you can't even push me out of the way. How could you move mighty ships and turn big mills? Don't talk nonsense.'

"Once I was only a drop of rain," said the little brook, 'now I am a brook, and will never rest content until I reach my wonderful mother, the sea. No, I can't push you out of the way but I can go round you,' and the next minute he was safely past his first trouble and away on to the sea once more.

"And now other little streams joined him and together they became a brook, laughing and dancing and playing over stones and big rocks, past little children at play, and the brook would wash over their pretty brown feet and laugh to hear them scream with glee. The tall trees would bend over and whisper to him of the wonders of the mighty ocean and the brook would listen and flow faster than ever.

"How big and broad he was now. Could this be the tiny little drop of rain that had set out so bravely to do his part in the big world? Yes, it was. The tiny drop of rain was now a broad, flowing river.

"And he could turn big wheels which helped to grind the flour to make bread and light the city streets and many other wonderful and useful things.

"He could not run and leap and play now because he had seen many sad things. There were many bad and wicked thoughts cast into the poor river and then he would flow darkly and silently.

"I wonder if we ever think that our wicked thoughts go out on the air and make the flowers die and the leaves fall and the rivers dark and silent.

"But the brave river cast the bad thoughts aside and gathered in the good ones and went steadily but surely on. He brought big ships carrying many precious lives safely into harbour. He flowed past prison walls; and weary men as they watched him, bright and silent, thought of the little streams and green fields where they had played when tiny children; and so the river lived to bring happiness and do good and yet never forgot his duty—to reach the sea.

"And at last, at the end of a long, weary day, the tired river saw in the distance the mighty, blue Ocean, his Mother. On, on a few more miles, and then the tiny drop of rain knew that

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the Spirit of the River was right, and that courage and bravery had brought him safely home at last."

The King has honoured the heads of the medical and nursing staffs of the C.M.S. Medical Mission in Uganda, Central Africa. Dr. A. R. Cook has been made an officer (O.B.E.) and Mrs. A. R. Cook a member (M.B.E.) of the Order of the British Empire. Four prominent Protestant Christians in the Uganda Protectorate—namely, Sir Apolo Kagwa, K.C.-M.G. (the Katikiro or Prime Minister of Buganda), and the Kings of Toro, Ankole and Bunyoro have been appointed honorary members of the same Order.

Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration—Lost Twenty Pounds—Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system.

When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body.

Mrs. Geo. S. Ellse, 46 Davidson Street, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and, although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going down until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read advertisements in the newspapers for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them an excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

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