

Pans and Pots all Lose Their Spots



the Church. The labour of God's servants—such men as Canon Smith, the late Bishop Holmes, the late Rev. Robert Holmes, the late Rev. Hugh Speke and others, was telling to the Glory of God and the extension of His Kingdom. Those who were present at the services, especially the confirmees will long remember the earnest words spoken by the Bishop.

Considerable Church News has been held over this issue.

The Labourer is Worthy of His Hire

IN every crisis of national life the clergymen of America have stood in the forefront of patriotic endeavour; in every human crisis they have brought support, and guidance, and comfort to souls in desperate need. Now it is time to measure the work and the needs of the preacher and pastor as men in other departments of work to-day are being measured, that their value may be rightly appraised and their needs fairly met.

The cost of living has greatly increased. Clothing, food, fuel, and all the daily incidentals that go to make up American life have gone up from thirty to a hundred per cent. Wage-earners in every department of the nation's work have been demanding more income, and their demands have been recognized as just and necessary. The United States Government, very recently, has raised the wages of two million railroad workers alone, giving the poorest paid men an increase of 43 per cent.

Who stands back of the clergymen of America in these days of pressure? What great organization or compelling authority, what generous heart or spirit of fair play is winning for your minister the salary increase that will give him strength, courage, efficiency, and success in his vital and exalted work for the welfare of the nation and the Kingdom of God?

Your pastor is not a cheap man nor an unskilled labourer. He has brought long, careful training to his task. He was chosen with scrutinizing care as to his qualifications, and he is being measured to-day by high and exacting requirements in the performance of his work. Carry that measurement to its just conclusion. What salary would you expect to pay to the trained man in business of whom such important work and expert ability were required? Set down on paper some of the qualities and duties you demand of your pastor, and then judge their value.

He must be a man among men, a man of force, tact, and agreeable personality, a good mixer, a man of knowledge, wisdom and authority,

whose presence commands respect and whose word carries conviction. He must be able to influence men and women, win their confidence, kindle their enthusiasm, direct their energies, and organize their working powers. He must be full of sympathy, ready with consolation, a strength in weakness, a bright light in times of darkness, and a never-failing source of inspiration to the souls of his people. You expect all this of him.

Now, are those his greatest tasks. He must read, and study, and meditate, and commune with the Infinite. He must understand men, and know their work, their trials, their problems, their temptations, their deep inner feelings and aspirations, and the avenues of helpful approach to their sympathies, and convictions. He must know something of history, science, literature. He must be familiar with all social needs, and institutions, and methods. He must be able to interpret the Word of God with true spiritual insight and practical human application. He must stand before you in the pulpit on the Sabbath and deliver messages that search the soul, feed the mind, bring courage to the heart, make plain the path of daily life, and lift you nearer to heaven, or bring heaven nearer to earth.

When you have listed all the qualities and services you ask of your pastor, make out the bill for the amount your church ought to pay for such a man, and then move things to see that the church pays that bill. The standing record of clergymen's salaries is a pitiful shame. The average salary of clergymen in ten of the largest denominations is only \$793 a year. What trade or business would tolerate such a condition?

The minister of your church is a human being like the rest of us, and he is feeling the pressure of increased cost of living just as we do. But no Government decree has raised his salary. No corporation or trade union stands back of him. He does not go on strike. He simply trusts his people, and works faithfully for them seven days a week, and many nights, and struggles to look respectable, and pay his bills, and perform the miracles expected of him, often for less than the salary of the young girl stenographer who teaches a class in his Sunday School, or the wages of the man who lays the sidewalk in front of his church.

Give your minister a lift. Take the initiative now and have his salary increased to an amount which will come nearer to the real value of his services, and enable him to meet the increased cost of living. He is not demanding it, but he needs it none the less, and your own sense of right demands it for him. There is scarcely a church, large or small, anywhere that cannot increase its pastor's salary at least 50 per cent. Money never was so plentiful. More actual cash—gold, silver, and paper currency—is in circulation to-day than at any time in the nation's history, and there is a bigger share for every man, woman and child. See that your pastor gets his fair share of your profits and those of every member in your church.

Remember that your minister is one of the bravest, worthiest soldiers of all. He is fighting for the righteousness that "exalteth a nation." He puts his clean, valiant, patriotic spirit into the youth and into the men and women of his congregation and sends them out into the tasks of the week better fitted to answer the call. He is fighting for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, to help win its victories over the arch enemy of the human race, the destroyer of bodies and souls. He is the soldier of mercy to those in distress, the ever-ready soldier of service to those who need help. Back him up with whole-hearted support and a quick, generous increase in salary.—The Literary Digest.

The Jolly Animals' Club

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

IX.

Quilly-Coat Proves Himself a Friend.

QUILLY-COAT, the porcupine, was lazily sunning himself on the bank of the Winding River when out of the tangled bushes sprang Fleet-foot, a beautiful mother doe, and her fawn.

"Sorry to disturb you," she said, "but I'd like to stay here and rest awhile if you don't object."

"Not at all," answered Quilly-Coat. "Help yourself to a seat. I was just listening to those thrushes and robins over there. What in the world are they making such a hullabaloo about?"

"Why, they're practising their chorus for the concert at the Club to-night," answered Fleet-foot.

"Club! What Club?"

"Haven't you heard about the Jolly Animals' Club? That's funny. I thought everybody knew about it." And then she explained it all. "They tell me I've missed half my life by not joining," she finished, "but it's simply out of the question for me just now. Those terrible men and dogs have lately come to the Merry Forest. They are the most cruel creatures that ever lived, and they seem to have a special pick on our family. I'd like to join the Club and have a little fun once in a while, but I can't think of it, for it takes me all my time to keep out of the way of the dogs and get a bite to eat."

"I'd like awfully well to go there, too," the porcupine said, "but it's no use wishing. I'd never get in in a hundred years. Our family were never remarkable for cleverness or goodness either. No, it's no use thinking of such a thing."

"Oh dear, I'm so sleepy," yawned Fleet-foot, "and poor Sonny is nearly tired out. I never got a wink of sleep all night, and to-day it isn't safe to close one's eyes for five minutes."

"I'll tell you a good plan," said Quilly-Coat. "I'll climb that big tall tree over there. From the top of it I can see all over the woods for miles around. You go to sleep and I'll watch, and if I see the men and dogs coming this way I'll warn you."

"Oh, how kind of you!" exclaimed Fleet-foot. "I'll be so thankful."

"All right, then, make yourselves comfortable. I'm off."

You wouldn't have thought, to look at the porcupine, that he was much of a climber, but he could hold his own with the best. Up, up, up he went until he had reached a dizzy height at the very tip top of the tall pine tree. "All right," he called down, "There's nobody in sight."

For more than an hour there was no sign of an enemy, but after a while there came on the breeze the sound of a faraway cry which Quilly-Coat knew was the baying of the hounds. "I won't wake those tired folks yet," he thought. "Maybe they're not coming here."

But they were coming. The sound was getting louder and louder, so Quilly-Coat knew there was no time to lose. He gave the signal, and Fleet-foot was up in an instant. She listened a moment, then with Sonny at her heels, swam across the river and soon was out of sight in the woods. Sonny was young and very tired, so she could not travel very fast, and Quilly-Coat knew she was not yet out of danger.



The porcupine's own position was anything but safe. He went down the tree, and just as his feet touched the ground, a lank, hungry-looking hound sprang out of the bushes beside him, and, sniffing along over the grass, tracked the doe to the river. Vexed to find himself beaten, he stuck his nose in the porcupine's face and snarled, "Tell me where that deer went, or I'll shake you to pieces."

Quilly-Coat bristled up. "I'll do nothing of the kind," he said.

Then the dog sprang at him, and there was a fierce fight. The dog was much the bigger of the two, but he got the worst of it; for every time he touched the porcupine he got quills in his face. In a few minutes he was howling with pain, and clawing wildly at his mouth. He had had enough.

Quilly-Coat got off with scarcely a scratch. He hid safely in a crack in the rocks and watched while the men came up. Seeing what had happened, two of them held the dog down while the other pulled out the quills. It must have hurt dreadfully by the way the dog howled. It took them quite a while, and by the time they were able to start out again Fleet-foot and Sonny were, no doubt, at a safe distance.

That evening just before sunset, Quilly-Coat had a visit from Professor Owl. "You're wanted over at the Club," he said. "Concert begins at nine o'clock sharp. Your friend Fleet-foot told me about you, and you'll find her there."

"Who ever would have dreamed of such luck?" thought Quilly-Coat as the Professor disappeared among the trees.

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