

(New York, May), simply by ceasing to feed them, so that they will starve to death. The kitchen or cellar that contains food for cockroaches will be infested with them. The remedy is not to poison the insects, but to starve them out. We read:

"Cockroaches as carriers of cancer are receiving considerable attention in Europe. According to the Lancet of February 8, 1913, two investigators conceived the idea independently, and though the facts presented are not conclusive, they are sufficient to warrant an investigation of these dirty little scavengers. Indeed, we are now so accustomed to the idea of disease being carried by the animals which feed on the garbage and dirt we collect, or on the tissues of unclean persons, that there is nothing startling in the view that cockroaches are also biologic as well as mechanical carriers. Dr. W. Melvill-Davison, of England, has asserted that the cause of cancer is an alga, which is also found in the bowels of cockroaches of several varieties. Though the evidence is declared inconclusive, it is at least remarkable that Smith and Townsend, of our Department of Agriculture, have isolated a vegetable parasite which they believe to be the cause of plant cancer. The ease with which insects may carry the disease from plant to plant may also explain some of the facts. Now comes Professor Fibiger, of Copenhagen, who, by press reports, has found a worm in the domestic rat, the larval stage being passed in the intestines of the cockroach, and that the worm causes a cancerous tumor in the rat. He merely suggests a similar origin for human cancer. These speculations are, of course, based on the unproved hypothesis that cancer is a germ disease, though it may turn out to be dietetic or at least a metabolic toxemia. We mention them merely as a text for a short sermon on the possible dangers of all our 'vermin' or scavengers. All these animals are semidomesticated through the survival of those wild ones fittest to live on the crumbs which fall from our table. As they are house animals, their evolution has occurred in the short period since man has had houses, but in this short period they have developed the treasonable habit of carrying enemies to us, and the sentence of extermination is inevitable. The house-rat has long been under the ban, so have the house-fly, house-mosquito, house-mouse, the louse and flea. Perhaps the English sparrow, another messmate, will soon be detected in some unhygienic deviltry. The sermon is this, the evidence is overwhelming that we must live in such a clean way that we have no need for self-appointed animal scavengers like Oriental dogs, buzzards, rats, and cockroaches. There is no necessity for a crusade to kill these animals off. They will starve to death if we stop feeding them. The man who has a dirty backyard or cellar is a public enemy. That is, the sphere of public sanitary authority must be extended to our homes. A house can not be considered a castle safe from intrusion if it harbors public enemies and outlaws. The era of cleanliness is here, and woe betide him who still lives in Oriental filth and medieval carelessness."

The Children of the Forest

A TRUE STORY OF A TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

By M. Blanche Boyd.

Chauter 13.
SUNDAYS.

Only two Sundays during my ten months' sojourn had we the pleasure or privilege of having a minister preach at our school-house. He was hurt from a fall from his horse and was obliged to go to his home in Toronto, so we were left without any spiritual head. When a minister did come, the settlers generally went to find fault or sneer, as the people did of old when our Saviour preached, but none can tell when a seed may take root and bring forth fruit.

The nearest English-church clergyman was twelve miles away and was unable to come to us, as he had more than he could do to keep six churches going.

Four miles away there was a little log church (like the Northwest churches one sees in pictures) where a Presbyterian minister used to preach, and three times we drove there, but it was not safe to go alone through the woods, so I could

never go unless the family went too. Sometimes a woman used to preach, and we were never sure of hearing the minister. He seemed to be liked very much among our people, he was so quiet, gentle and kindly. Two or three times he came to call upon us, stayed to tea and had prayer with us. You who enjoy the beautiful services. Sunday after Sunday, cannot realize what it meant to be without any church at all, and unless you have experienced the longing for religious services, can you know what joy and comfort it brought to me as that minister prayed for each one of us, and prayed so simply and earnestly for us. No wonder we liked him so much. He did not let the people think him above them and come to them in a patronizing way that some people have, but only spiritually did he show his superiority. He was always sympathetic and ready to help any one in trouble, with his kindly advice. He did not tell them they were so bad and ought to be ashamed of themselves, or despise them when they did wrong, but, in a quiet unassuming way, tried to lead them right.

One Methodist minister who had labored in our district asked Mrs. McDonald after his year's work was finished if he had done any good. "Well," she replied, "I don't see as you've done any good or any harm." That was pretty hard upon the poor man. Sunday was a day on which we discussed religion freely. On one occasion Mr. McDonald said to me, "What does your church care for us? They don't care if we go to hell or not. They never send us help or send us a man to show us how to live. It was true they have sent one man, but gave him six churches to keep going, so that he hasn't even time to come to call upon us, let alone preach, and even he thinks we are beyond doing anything for, that we are too bad to have anything to do with." After the tale came, he did not speak about our church not caring anything for them.

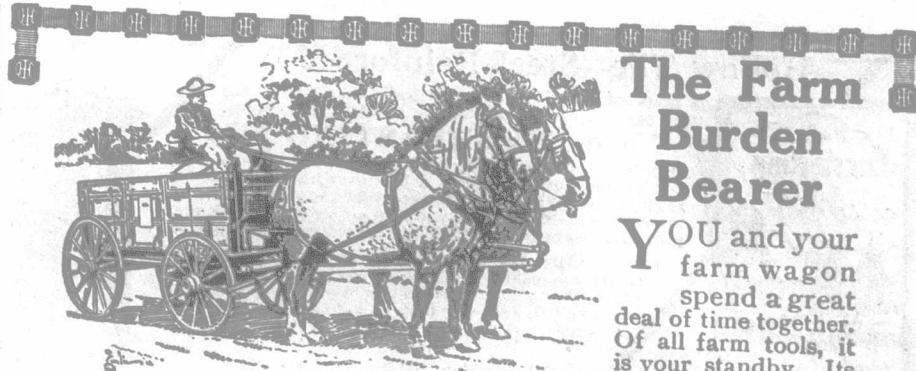
The best way to lead people to Christ is to care for their bodily comfort before attempting the spiritual, for you then act Christ-like and appeal to their gratitude, for actions speak louder than words.

"It is all very well for these ministers to talk religion to us for an hour occasionally, but how do we know whether they live up to what they preach or not. There is no Christian family here to show us how we ought to live, for nobody here professes it." There was a great deal of truth in what he said.

When some settlers were in one Sunday, Mr. McDonald turned and asked me if I were a Christian. The very name of Christian was an incentive for sneers, but I replied that I professed to be such, and tried to be one, but did not feel worthy to call myself one on account of failing so often. Mr. McDonald said that the men who had done him the most harm were professing Christians. That night they began playing "Old Maid," in which they asked me to join. I was quite willing to play on week days, but they knew I would not play games on Sundays. They then began to say, "You're a horny Christian, you're a horny Christian!" but I merely went on with my reading and took no notice of it. They never bothered me again about my religion.

Nearly all the settlers used to work all day Sunday cutting wood, cutting grain, etc., but the McDonalds always rested. We used to breakfast about seven, and it was a long, weary day. Occasionally Mr. and Mrs. McDonald would go visiting after dinner, which we had at 11 a.m. The children would then come and ask me if they might look at my "Story of the Bible," and, upon obtaining my consent, they would run up to get it, sit at the table looking at the pictures, and would listen most attentively while I told them the stories which each picture represented. Henry was particularly interested, and you could hear a pin drop while the old, old stories were re-told. When the parents returned, however, they would go off, quite ashamed to appear interested in such things. Over and over again they heard these stories, and always liked them.

If we had no service to go to, I generally spent the day reading, writing or resting. In the quiet sowing evenings, when home-sickness and solemn thoughts generally come to us, I used to stand on



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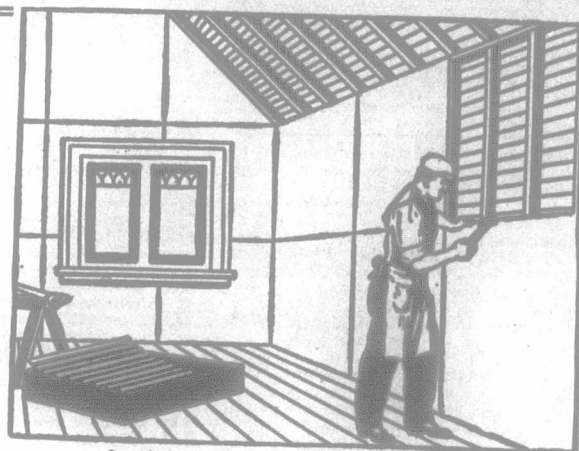
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