

## The Maple Leaf

"Let older nations proudly praise the emblems of their fame,  
That sounding down through ages long have won immortal name;

Let Britain, greatest of them all, loud praise her glorious three,  
That like her sons are joined in one in Canada the free.

But there's another emblem yet, dearer to us than all,  
That tells of happy hearts and homes and Freedom's joyous call;

A magic light—a beacon bright—to myriads o'er the sea,  
Our emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the free.

It breathes no tale of ancient feuds, betrays no barren soil,  
But welcomes to our grand old woods the honest sons of toil;  
Gives equal rights and equal laws to all, whomever they be,  
Our emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the free.

Then while we prize, with children's love, the Shamrock and the Rose,

The Thistle and the Fleur-de-Lis, forget not that there grows  
Upon our broad and fertile soil a noble forest tree,  
With graceful leaf, the emblem chief, of Canada the free."

## Wales

BY REV. E. E. MARSHALL, B.D.

A FREQUENT question that greets the Canadian tourist on his return home after visiting the British Isles is this: "Which country did you like best, England, Ireland, or Scotland?" The writer enjoyed tormenting the sons of all three by saying "Wales." The principality is often sidetracked by the tourist. On arriving at Liverpool he takes a fast train for London, or hastens on to the Scottish capital.

The Killarney region and the coaching tours through the South of Ireland have a fascination all their own. The Trossachs trip from Glasgow to Edinburgh, the sight of the Highlands and the sail on Loch Lomond will never be forgotten. Rural England and Old London too have their irresistible charm. Beside London there is no other city in the world. After several weeks spent in these districts we turned to North Wales, and felt constrained to cry out "Surely the best wine has been kept till the last."

We entered it through the gateway of the border city of Chester. "Rare old Chester" is perhaps the quaintest spot in either island. Near by is Hawarden. Having recently read Morley's "Life of Gladstone," imagination was very busy as we strolled through Hawarden Park, came upon the old castle, and stood before the present castle—Gladstone's home. But on we hastened to Llandudno, where we spent a "week end." This famous resort is beautiful for situation. As we walked out upon the ocean promenade, with the Great Orme and the Little Orme flanking the bay on either side, and stood entranced, we could honestly say "The half has never been told." We found the atmosphere, moral as well as physical, most bracing. From Llandudno we went on a coaching trip around the base of Mount Snowdon. The coaching was one panorama of delightful pictures. Bethesda, Bodelgeret, and the Pass of Aberglassylu stand out distinctly before the mind's eye—can never be forgotten—will always give a thrill of pleasure as they are recalled. A funny little narrow gauge railway took us on to Carnarvon, and from thence we returned to Llandudno. Here we spent Sunday. At 10 a.m. attended Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church. While the whole service was in Welsh, it was far from a tedious hour. The Holy Spirit was in our midst. The sermon was full of the unction and power of the Holy Ghost. Near the close of his message the preacher appeared to break out into a chant. Among other features of the service we noticed that the late comers did not walk down the aisles during the reading of the lesson, but waited until the hymn was being announced. There was a fine organ. The organist was without the support of a choir, and a precentor stood beside the preacher on the pulpit platform. The official sat inside the altar rail. Hearty amens came from all parts of the building, and the congregational singing was exception-

ally hearty. At 11 a.m. we heard Dr. Cadman, of New York, in the Congregational church, and at 6.30 p.m. Dr. Kelly, president of the British Wesleyan Conference, in the Methodist church. Both preached fine sermons to packed houses. Our interest, however, centered in the Welsh churches, and so after the evening service attended a Welsh Young People's prayer-meeting. Though their preaching service began at 6 p.m., and the prayer-meeting followed immediately, it did not close until somewhat after 9 o'clock. That prayer-meeting helped us to understand why the Welsh have had such a great revival. How those young people sang and pleaded before the Throne of Grace! One season of prayer alone lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour; some nine young people taking part in it, and some nine or ten hymns being sung while they still bowed before the Throne of Grace. Their prayers and songs of faith could not fail to bring a blessing. When they learned of our presence they sang also in English, and gave to us a word of welcome. This prayer-meeting, in an unknown tongue, was one of the greatest prayer-meetings we ever attended, and all of us felt that "it was good to be there."

The Welsh people are a charming folk to meet. Celts as they are, they possess much of the magnetism of the Irish, and much also of the stability of the Scotch.

Ingersoll, Ont.

## Your Church

BY REV. E. W. EDWARDS, B.A., B.D.

YOUR church stands for something. It stands for convictions more or less ancient in form, and in spirit truly representative of the Gospel of Christ. This gospel is greater and more comprehensive than the present possession of the church, but is being more and more embodied in the mind and soul of Christendom. Your church, by which is meant the local group of believers, as a living branch of the universal, undenominational Church of Christ, represents something of the power of the Holy Spirit, and of the insight into truth, and of the active sympathy with humanity, which the body of Christ as a whole possesses. If once an individual congregation supposes itself to be a fragment, self-contained, and without a deep sense of that oneness with all goodness incarnated in the flesh which the Spirit of Christ enjoins, it is fast pursuing the same road to oblivion which the Church at Sardis—which was dead while it lived—travelled. The unity of the body of Christ is one of the lessons the Christian Church has early forgot, and is learning again slowly and with much pain and sorrow. Now the message that the church universal has received from God and teaches to the world is necessarily the lesson that each branch of the church has for the community in which it lives. Faithful local effort counts in the universal conquest. The great victory consists largely of a multitude of little victories gained in the Spirit of Christ and with love for mankind. And to this end each centre of action must embody the sweetness and light of the beautiful life of Christ, and must seek to diffuse the knowledge and spirit of the gospel. Nothing is mechanical, all is spiritual. It is when men and women keep such ideals in view that the church is not made the depository of ancient sores and time-worn jealousies which tend more or less to infect the whole organism, but is made to stand for such a glory of inspiration and harmony as one sees in a bed of flowers, or in the "infinite windows of heaven." No God-appointed function of the church will mar her beauty. Spiritual richness becomes more manifest in every stage which approaches more nearly than its predecessor to the maturity of Christian experience, and to the ideal of perfect liberty which is found in perfect service.

Your gift to your church is yourself. You grow into value as you realize in yourself the Christian ideal. Your real value to the cause of Christ in the world is determined by your actual religious experience, and varies with that experience. Nothing should cause more anxiety and provoke more heart-searching and prayer than the discovery that you are decreasing in real worth, while the consciousness of an ever greater fulness of effective goodness cannot be other than one of the best evidences that living is for you really worth while. Your contribution then to the church is determined by personal piety and living faith which keep you in close touch