

"Manners Makyth Man."

I.

Over the portals of the centuries-old school founded by William of Wyckham, in the ancient City of Winchester, is to this day inscribed, in old-time crooked characters, the motto, "Manners Makyth Man," showing that, even in those early days, when rushes carpeted the floors, when people had to go to their unmattressed and sheetless beds by daylight because candles were unknown; when lads at school, often the sons of the highest in the land, ate their meat off wooden platters, because plates of crockery, much less of china, were unknown luxuries, one of the fundamental principles of the education of a true man was that he must have good manners. That was to be the foundation stone upon which the whole edifice was to be built. All down the centuries this keynote has been sounded, and the carrying out of the motto was not left to the responsibility of the masters only, but by head boys and monitors, by seniors over juniors, often by far harsher methods than would be tolerated in our time, the Winchester boys had to learn their initial lesson. The word cad, or bouncer, or their like, were not then invented, but woe betide the lad in whom was perceived the faintest germ of their equivalent.

And to this day, in the long-established schools of Eton, Rugby, Harrow, etc., is the esprit-de-corps of the boys which keeps down snobbism and bullying, the appeal to the masters being only as a last resource, which usually means dismissal for the offender.

A boy might be a dunce, but he must be a gentleman; and, if by home indulgence, or from any other cause, he appears ignorant of what is expected of him, sooner or later he has to learn his lesson.

A WELL-TIMED WARNING.

Some time last December, Earl Grey sounded a note of warning upon a subject of very real importance to our nation, namely, the lack of courtesy, and but too frequently the positive rudeness of not only the young people, but even the little children of the present generation. "There are none so blind as those who will not see," we are told, and, therefore, it need not be a matter of surprise that some voices were raised in disapproval of his plain-speaking, not altogether denying his statements, but objecting to his having the right to make them at all. But, while some objected, others commended. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," wrote a prominent Toronto paper, "and the Governor-General proved himself a true friend when he told his hearers yesterday that too many of the children of this nation were growing up in a state of silly servitude to the fallacy that 'civility is a sign of servility.' That boy," it continued, "enters upon his career halt and maimed who has not been taught to take off his hat when he goes into a private office, and to speak kindly and courteously to all comers. Canadian children are not surpassed by the sons and daughters of any land on earth in the central qualities of true character, but too often they thoughtlessly lack the outward adornment of courteous manner and kindly speech."

We must not forget that the children of to-day are the citizens of the future, and it surely is the part of wisdom to endeavor to trace an evil tendency to its source, and, if possible, to provide a remedy for it.

"Oh! wad the gods the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

The granting of that petition would soon make an end of many an unseemly blemish which mars the beauty of not only the individual, but the nation. It is well, indeed, that the searchlight of truth, guided by what hand it may, should from time to time be turned our way, and that, instead of resenting, we should the rather profit by its revelations.

We are told that Cromwell, one of the outstanding figures in England's

history, demanded of the artist who was to paint his portrait that it was to be true to nature, "warts and all," an order quite in keeping with his rugged character and disregard of personal appearance. Probably the only lesson we may learn from this incident is that, whatever may be the blemish we deprecate, we shall never seek its removal if we pretend that it is not there; so the sooner it is recognized that many of the rising generation are growing up under the extraordinary delusion that to be civil is to be servile, the sooner will means be taken to dispel it. The lesson cannot be taught too early.

In one of the late issues of Collier's Magazine, a writer, on the training of a young horse, says: "The little foal, when halterbroken, is tied to his stall by a rope which he cannot break, and, as he grows older, and his added size and strength would enable him to break it easily, it does not occur to him that he can do so. Thus he will allow himself to be tied, and will stand patiently until released, by a cord that a child could break."

The wise parent realizes the value of early training, for it is surely easier to plant good habits than to uproot bad ones, although, alas, it frequently happens that it is upon the much-tried teacher a wholly unfair amount of blame for failure is apt to fall.

The best results would surely be gained by a wise co-operation between parents and teachers. The imparting of all the "ologies and the isms," the accumulation of historical, geographical, scientific and other facts into the brain of the boy and girl of school age, are but a poor equipment for either when it is their turn to fight the battle of life for themselves.

A writer in a local paper, some few weeks ago, when the topic of over-indulgent parents was under discussion, asks: "Is it not painful to listen to the slang, and to witness the rude manners of many of the little ones as we meet them on the street? When we consider the immense cost of our modern system, in comparison with that of our forefathers in the matter of education, and the tremendous advantages the youth of to-day has access to in the methods, to say nothing of the comforts of the modern school, and then compare the difference in the mental and muscular development, it would, to some minds, at least, appear we are not advancing, and certainly not in proportion to the cost. We are now moulding for the future not only a great country, but what should be a great people, and we have not stinted the cost, as the tax-sheets too well show."

Since the publishing of the fearless utterances of Lord Grey, with their warning note as to what this disregard of courtesy and brusquerie of manner cannot fail to mean to the Canadians of the future, many facts of real significance have come to the notice of the writer and her friends, showing that the evils commented upon are by no means imaginary, and are to be met with even at our very doors, and, if here, probably in other cities of the Dominion. The root of the evil seems to be in the mistaken notion that, to be insolent, to (metaphorically or really) snap your fingers in the face of a grown-up person, to snow-ball the passer-by, especially if she be elderly or well-dressed, and the policeman not in sight; to say "yep" for yes, or to substitute any slang word for plain English; to use derisive gestures; to chew gum with a prolonged enjoyment before even attempting to reply to a question; and many another of cetera, is a proof of independence, of grown-upness, to be boasted of amongst schoolmates when "what I did" and "what she said," etc., are under discussion after the school doors are open and restraint at an end for the day.

The writer from whom I have already quoted concluded his letter with the following remarks: "The children have three guides, namely: First, the parents; second, the

teacher; and, third, themselves; that is, they learn from those they mingle with whether that be right or wrong."

In my next article I hope to be able to have something to tell of the very earnest way in which parents and many teachers are trying to do their duty towards the children entrusted to their care. H. A. B.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Toward the East Country

These waters issue out toward the east country. . . . And it shall come to pass, that anything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live; and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed, and everything shall live whither the river cometh. Ezek. xlviii. 8, 9.

In the prophet's vision the stream which came out from the House of God, though shallow and weak at first, soon became a mighty river which brought healing and life wherever it flowed. Five hundred yards from the gate "the waters were to the ankles." Five hundred yards more and "the waters were to the knees." Again another five hundred yards were measured, and Ezekiel was "brought through," though "the waters were to the loins." But when the next measurement was made, he says, "It was a river that I could not pass over: for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over."

Such a River is the great Church of Christ. The world scarcely noticed it at first, but it has flowed on for nearly two thousand years, until now it is so great that its expressed resolution is to "win the world for Christ in this generation." How can we be satisfied with any lesser ambition? How can we feast on the Bread of Life and be content to let our brothers be hungry? How can we rejoice in the glory of the Light of the world—of the WORLD—without caring that our brothers say: "We grope like the blind, we stumble at noonday as in the night."

The world is crying out in its need of a Healer, the nations of the East are looking expectantly towards the West for help, and light, and food for their hungry souls.

God, who does not fail to embrace each of His children in tenderest affection, also touches men through His Church. And the Church is made up of individuals. If we—any of us—are lukewarm and uninterested, then we are helping to block the way of the Healer, and are harming His Cause. The glory of the LORD came into the House from the way of the east (Ezek. xliii. 2, 4), and then the healing stream "issued from under the threshold of the House eastward. . . . toward the east country." It was in the East that the Sun of Righteousness arose to enlighten and heal a darkened, sin-stricken world. He came into the House of His Church—a House that is like a great City, with welcoming gates always flung wide open, on the east and north, and south and west.

The East is waking to a knowledge of its need, and is calling loudly to Christendom: "Come and help us!" If we keep our knowledge of God selfishly to ourselves, perhaps we may be lost in the darkness of unbelief, and the heathen nations may have to send missionaries to convert us. A few years ago, an old Chinese lady held back from baptism because she said she was not able to obey the command of the Lord Jesus, Who said that His disciples were to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. She said: "I do love to tell of Him. I have told my son and his wife, and all our neighbors, and in the summer time I can go to several villages near at hand. . . . But I am old and very feeble. I cannot read. My eyes are growing dim. And I can only walk a little way. You see it is impossible for me to go to foreign countries and preach the Gospel. I cannot be His disciple."

We have need to bend our heads in shame when we read the records of work done, and suffering endured, for Christ's sake, by thousands of His loyal

disciples in heathen countries. I have in my hands a book called "Pastor Hsi," which describes the work of a Chinese Christian who died fifteen years ago. Hsi had been enslaved by the terrible opium habit, but when Christ revealed Himself and loosed the bands of the poor prisoner, life was poured out eagerly in the service of his new Master. Two years after his conversion, a missionary in charge of the district wrote: "A man from Hsi's village was here at the meetings yesterday, well-dressed and healthy looking. He prayed in beautiful Chinese, that we all might learn what it is to die with Christ, to be buried with Him, and with Him even now to rise and live the resurrection life. A few months ago that man was ragged, dirty, and miserable; a heavy opium-smoker. He used to consume nearly an ounce of poison daily. Hsi took him by the hand, had him in his own house, treated him like a brother, bought opium medicine to cure his craving, cared for him, and led him to Christ."

Hsi had come to the Divine Healer and found Him ready to save; so he spent the rest of his life in establishing Refuges for those enslaved by opium, where many found healing for body and soul.

A few months ago I spent a day in Montreal. Sitting near me at the table in the hotel dining-room were two young Chinamen. I had just been reading "Pastor Hsi," and so I began to talk to them about China, and found that they had just come from Hsi's district. They had landed in British Columbia a fortnight before, and were in Montreal for a meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

They spoke English perfectly, were most gentlemanly in manner, and evidently thought that the service of Christ was the one great business of life. They had come to America to be trained as missionaries, so that they might be able to go back and help their own people. May God keep the fire of their eager enthusiasm from being damped by the atmosphere of worldliness and doubt of a "Christian" country. I fancy they will find some missionary work to do before they return to China. Before now, they have probably discovered that Christ is not all-in-all to every professing Christian. The waters of healing are like the healing lifeblood in our bodies. The circulation must go on steadily from one member to another. The West received the Gospel from the East, and is called to publish it there again. The East joyfully receives the glad tidings, and the echo of its song fires cold hearts in the West again. To allow the circulation to stop, would be to sink down in the coldness of death. East and West are one—members of One Body. It is unnatural to be indifferent to the needs of those who are one with us in the Body of Christ, for—as St. Paul says—"no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church."

The Bride of Christ can only draw the world to the feet of her Beloved if the Love in His eyes is reflected in hers, if her face is shining with love for all mankind. Only by love can men be sure that anyone is a disciple of the King of Love. And love is not only a matter of sentiment; it is a spirit, but struggles always to express itself through a body—a body of outward action.

"What little spot is lighter
Or better any way,

Because we live, all light to give,
Within our little day."

DORA FARNCOMB

I am always glad to receive letters from our readers, even though one correspondent recently informed me that I had served Baal all my life. I hope he is mistaken, both in that statement and also in his assertion that he is the only person in Manitoba who has heard the Voice of God. Many topics for our weekly "Quiet Hour" are constantly suggested, but it would be impossible to discuss them all—there are too many. Besides, I am not a Biblical Cyclopaedia, prepared to give information on every subject, from Aaron to Zion. And there is another reason for choosing my own topics—I could not do any justice to a given subject if I wanted very much to talk about something else. Could you? The man who tried to please everybody