

THE MARTIAN.

Continued from page 635.)

He was horrified. "Good! He is only a man, as of the servants and wor- the God of us all." But why, then, is his much more beautiful? Be- well-kept lawns, the flowers, nces, the well-painted and building," exclaimed the "In Mars our temples are beautiful buildings."

replied Mr. Olboj after a silence, "it is quite natural man will devote his time to making his own home and beautiful, while the everybody's business. Short- ey is the real reason the such poor condition. Be- beautiful building is not true worship."

necessary," said his com- king his head, "but it is the love, enthusiasm and the worshippers. It seems inconsistent and selfish should spend all his time on beautifying his own neglecting that of his ally as, with so many would be an easy matter church both beautiful ve. You would have me your God comes first, place in His people's This neglect of His they care for their own es does not bear wit- eing the case."

felt that his visitor had ruth, and, rather wishing conversation into other ited him to see the in- ne building. For a few ter entering both men Then the Martian turn- ctor and said:—

rch is far more attractive would have thought from "But are you not using at present?"

; every Sunday. What ask me that?" came the

noticed—you will par- mentioning it—that it dusty and untidy," said

turned red. That is the sexton, but it is swept very Saturday." "Saturday?" questioned

may be clean and ready e on the Sunday." "God here on Sunday- asked the Martian. is always here." said ondering at the strange

re! And yet you only Saturday for his people- important as His wor- answered the Martian in seems strange to me ld think more of clean- ur people than for your s always here, why do s keep it swept, dusted

laughed aloud. "I am said, "that we never that way. So long as r the congregation we

asked no further ques- ed to be greatly per- Olboj began to show the church and to ex- us articles of furniture- d spent some time in and comparing their gions the two men left and resumed their walk. they walked down the the village, the Martian interest at the stores business. Presently he at of a brightly-lighted and asked:—

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"Is this also a church?" "No; this is a picture theatre," said Mr. Olboj.

"A picture theatre?" the Martian asked. "Why is it so brilliantly lighted on the outside and so nicely decorated with tiling, and why does it have broad, open doorways and flowers?"

"That is to attract the people," answered his guide. "Because this



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is on the main street and many people are always passing to and fro."

"But I noticed that your church had only one small light in front, and it, I think, was broken. It, too, is on the main street. Do you not try to attract the people in there?"

"The idea of lighting the front of a church as a theatre is scarcely orthodox, my friend," replied Mr. Olboj, smiling at the strange question. "We wish to attract the people in, but this way is hardly necessary."

"I suppose they come anyway with- out being attracted," said the Mar- tian.

"Many of them do, though it is only too true that many do not," Mr. Olboj said, sadly.

"Would not a brightly-lighted, at- tractive church be the means of re- minding the many people on the street of your services and help to win their attendance? Why should only places of amusement be made to draw the passers-by while your churches remain dark, gloomy and unattractive?" asked the Martian again.

Before Mr. Olboj could answer he heard with an inward sigh of relief the whistle of a distant engine.

Turning to his companion he said:—"That is your train coming in. We have just time to get to the sta- tion."

Ten minutes later he shook hands with the visitor from Mars. As the train began to move out the stranger smiled as he said: "I must thank you for an interesting two hours, but I must confess you have given me some strange matter for my book of travels; especially regarding your church, you have given me a great deal to think about."

Mr. Olboj lifted his hat, and as the train moved faster called out: "You are not the only one, my friend, who will do some earnest thinking."

**LETTER FROM FORT McPHERSON.**

(Continued from page 634.)

the whites and Indians resident at, or visiting this place. Though quite as needy, the work is less encourag- ing than with the Eskimos. The In- dians are all nominal Christians, very attentive to services and preaching, but most of them have little practical religion. Here again I would like to ask for an intercessor, that the Holy Spirit may lead us all into greater reality, and more joy in the Lord. There are generally over 100 commu- nicants at the gathering this month and next, when the various bands ar- rive from their hunting and trapping. During the rest of the year the con- gregations straggle more or less. There are several "leaders" who read service in the camps, one attached to each hunting party. Our white popu- lation is very limited, being beside ourselves, only six men, and infre- quent visitors.

As our climate is severe, the fuel question is no light one, several hours daily attention being needed to main- tain a supply. We have at our door enough to last for a year.

We are glad to learn that the rail is coming a little nearer to us, as it will reduce freight rates. Just now the transport charges from Winnipeg here on flour are about five times what the farmer, the miller and the merchant combined receive for their work and the finished product. The railway will also obviate many un- pleasant phases of travel, missing the rapids and the rain in open boats, and much damage to goods. The north is gradually nearing civiliza- tion, but still 1,600 miles away. The mail service, however, has improved little in 15 years or more.

Mr. Hester and Mr. Young have arrived from their outpost. The former, in his many travels along the coast, has performed many baptisms and marriages, and is at present busily teaching such Eskimos as have gathered here. Mr. Young's term having expired, he is now leaving us after many years of faithful and de- voted service. His example of purity of life and consistency of conduct, have been valuable beyond expression.

Lately, a white woman, wife of a fur trader near, became very ill of cancer. Mrs. Whittaker invited her here for care and comfort, as they were alone and isolated. After about three weeks of great suffering the poor lady passed to her rest, trusting in the righteousness of Christ for an abundant entrance into the life eternal. The care of her threw an extra strain upon my wife, who also seems to feel the loneliness more each year.

Little Agnes is well, and I have no cause for complaint, and we have a multitude of reasons for thankfulness.

Again, in closing, may I ask for your continued prayers for the work and for the people.

Sincerely yours,  
C. E. Whittaker,  
Archdeacon.

**A TURN OF THE ROAD.**

(Continued from page 636.)

you are really wise to marry at all if you are not sure which to take?"

Martha turned to her mistress rather shyly.

"I'd like to belong to somebody before I die," she said.

The laughter which had been once or twice perilously near, van- ished from Margaret Lane's face, swept away by pity at the pathos of the simple words. What a world of loneliness in this hard-featured, rough- spoken woman they betrayed! Her last remaining relative had died when she was a child; for twenty-five years she had been alone.

"Why, Martha, you belong to us. We always count you as one of the family," said Mrs. Lane, taking one of the hard, red hands in hers: "I can never tell you all that your help has meant to me. You mustn't feel alone in the world."

Martha withdrew her hand, evi- dently half ashamed of the emotion she had betrayed.

"Then, ma'am, if you've really no choice, I think I'll take Sandy. He's a pleasant-tempered man, and always has his joke ready, and I do think smoking's cleaner than chewing."

"I must confess I agree with you, Martha," said her mistress, seriously. "But what shall we do without you?"

"Without me?" said Martha in as- tonishment. "Where should I be going?"

"I meant when you are married, Martha. We can't expect you and Sandy to wait to suit our conveni- ence, but I don't really know what we shall do without you."

"But I'm not meaning to leave you, ma'am. The man's not born that would get me to leave you and Miss Marjory and the young gentlemen. Any man I marry has got to come and live here, and we'll pay his board, ma'am; you shan't be the loser. In- deed, I expect you'll find him very handy round the house."

Mrs. Lane could not repress a smile.

"Really, Martha, you must consider the poor man's wishes a little, you know. Put poor Sandy out of his suspense, and tell him your ideas. Perhaps he'll change his mind when he hears the conditions of married life."

"Then I'll try Jack, ma'am," re- plied Martha.

(To be continued.)

**Potter's News.**

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**THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.**

The Hon. Seth Low who died on Sunday, September 17th, was a mem- ber of the vestry of St. George's Church, New York.

Mr. William H. Jones whose will was recently filed for probate at San Diego, California, has left the sum of \$100,000, the income of which is to be used for charitable purposes along Boys' Club lines in Chicago.

Mr. Andrew C. Zabriskie, another prominent layman of the Church in the United States, died on September 15th. He was a member of the Church of the Incarnation, New York City.

The Rev. W. E. Wingfield, of the Royal Field Artillery, England, has been appointed a temporary Lieu- tenant-Colonel.

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