

ford was growing in strength, and had embraced in its support many of the choicest spirits of the day, and the outcome of the spirit now at work there would be read in the pages of history. The Church of England has, in his Grace's opinion, a chronic danger of going to sleep, and this might again be the case if the new spirit be not kept alive. Its aim should not be to produce Churches of England throughout the world, but to use the contribution of every race to build up the body of Christ by giving of its best to this holy service. The home Church should offer its best to draw out the best in other nations."

Chance.

Human nature has a strong bent for the game of chance—it matters not what form it takes. Whether the invitation comes in the strident tone of the fakir at the fair. The suggestive nod of the bookie at the race course, or the more reputable but none the less seductive ticker in the broker's office. We must confess that most of us are weak and subject to temptation. Especially the temptation to play a hazard in the hope that what we call "good luck" may come our way. We shall never forget the doleful look of one of the closest men we ever knew as he told us the story of his visit to the races. For a small venture he won some twenty dollars or so. Within an hour his pocket was picked, and again the old saying was verified of one having his pains for his gains. There can be no reasonable doubt that, after all, the only stable, desirable and happy road to travel in life is not the short cut of chance that brings to many a warm-hearted impulsive lad falls, bruises, pangs and things unmentionable, and far, far worse than these, but the old, hard, well-trodden road of patient, persistent, thorough labour—the King's highway of brave and manly endeavour in some honourable calling. This will take the sweat from the brow, make the limbs and brain weary, and it may be the spirit faint at times. But it never yet brought the blush of shame to a father's cheek. The silent tear to a mother's eye, or besmirched an honourable name. It is the way along which the great ones of the earth have plodded unflinchingly and those to whom it was not given to realize earthly greatness have had the testimony of a good conscience and the pure, uplifting satisfaction of a well spent life.

Sunday Travelling.

The exigencies of modern life are constantly calling for new movements that must be undertaken and warn us of new dangers that must be avoided. At present Sunday travelling is on the increase; and electric railways, street cars and automobiles seem to be constantly multiplying. It is not any wonder that an organization known as "The Union Against Sunday Travelling" has been put in operation in England to stem the evil of Sunday travel. Its membership includes our own Bishops and clergy, and it has its own official organ, a quarterly publication called "The Heritage," and it will, no doubt, exert a strong influence in protecting our Sunday. Just because Sunday travelling and Sunday visiting are a menace to the sanctity of the Sunday, we trust every Christian will set his face against both except in cases of the direst necessity.

The Southern Negro Man.

Changes necessarily as all his surroundings do. The question which concerns all interested in the matter is, whether he advances morally, religiously and socially with the changing age. To obtain some considered opinions Carl Halliday, professor of English in the Southwestern Presbyterian University, gave as a subject for an essay to a class of forty-eight men the question: "What will become of the American Negro?" The ages of this class ranged between eighteen and thirty-seven, twenty-two were from Mississippi, eighteen

from Tennessee and forty per cent. were ministerial candidates. With hardly an exception the students said that the Negro was in a better state of civilization at the close of the Civil War than he is now, and nine declared that the Negro was a better man under slavery. Unfortunately none of these students had been born during slave holding days so the assertions of the golden age in the forties or fifties are apt to be discredited. The result shows, however, the convictions of the educated Southern white people.

The Southern Negro Woman.

The Southern Negro does not always remain South, the necessities of life and the desire for improvement and change are as strong with them as in other races. In New York there is a society called the White Rose Working Girls' Home for the benefit of coloured girls, which in its annual report states: "In old times the Negro servant did the work and did it well. Now the tide of immigrants, who average no better as skilled domestics, has risen so high as to swamp them. Mistresses who once lived in houses of their own, and employed two or three servants, now live in an apartment with one. Of that one, complaints are made about inefficiency and extortionate wages. Foreigners who have to be told the English for potato and teakettle, and leave as soon as they have learned it, are at least as much trouble to teach as the average coloured girl. The good coloured girls—and they are to be had—are more likely to be faithful, and, if sympathetically treated, can be counted on to stay in their places." The report details the arrangements made to meet and to lodge these poor girls in New York, to look after them, to help them on their journey and to fit them for better places. Such an organization is worthy of all praise.

The Time Limit.

A few days ago Swinburne bowed to the inevitable and now Meredith has gone. Each had attained a ripe age and each brought down to the present generation the living presence and cultivated grace of two of the greatest Victorian writers. The one distinguished in verse and the other equally facile in prose and verse. Neither of them can be said to have been a popular writer in the sense in which the term popular is usually accepted. But both were regarded with high favour by those who delight in the happy combination of intellectual power with artistic excellence. Like the verse of Marlowe of the "long resounding line." That of Swinburne was rich, sensuous and harmonious. Meredith's prose, though at times involved to the limit of obscurity, was yet an adequate vehicle for the expression of the message of one of the deepest thinkers and most original novelists of his time.

Over-sea Brethren.

Most welcome was the visit of our brethren of the Australasian Press to Canada. One thing it, indeed, helped to demonstrate: "That blood is thicker than water." And another thing it helped to establish: That all parts of the widespread British Empire will be as one in the hour of danger as they are one in sentiment to-day. It is a great advantage to have such a capable, intelligent and well informed body of men come amongst us even for a few days. Such men are keen observers and shrewd judges. Their training has specially qualified them to form quick impression and sound opinions on public affairs. We are glad to have had them with us, regret the shortness of their stay and wish them every happiness in their future journeying.

Early Quaker Burial Grounds.

Canon J. Vaughan has been interested in this subject and has written an account of his painstaking research in the English Monthly Churchman. The parish churchyard having been closed

to them, Quakers were led to bury their dead in private grounds, in gardens, orchards or fields. As a result during the Commonwealth and the reign of Charles II. a number of private graveyards came into use throughout the country. In after years when the laws were altered public cemeteries were opened and the private burial grounds fell into disuse, in many cases the ground was used for other purposes and in some instances the very sites have been quite forgotten. Many are marked like that at Chapel Hill, Rosendale, Lancashire, which has the simple inscription: "Friend's burial ground, 1663." At Leiston in Suffolk there is a little enclosure with a large block of stone inscribed: "In the year 1670 this piece of land was purchased by the Society of People called Quakers, and for many years used as a burying ground for their dead. In 1786 it was planted with trees and this stone placed." Canon Vaughan quotes George Borrow's beautiful description of a grave yard in "Wild Wales." "The Quaker's burying place is situated on a little peninsula or tongue of land, having a brook on its eastern and northern sides, and on its west the Taf. It is a little oblong yard, with low walls, partly overhung with ivy. The enclosure has a porch to the south. The Quakers are no friends to tomb stones, and the only visible evidence that this was a place of burial was a single flagstone with a half-obliterated inscription. The beams of the descending sun gilded the Quaker's burial yard as I trod its precincts. A lovely resting place looked that little oblong yard on the peninsula by the confluence of the waters and quite in keeping with the character of the quiet Christian people who sleep within it."

Medical Missions.

Among the obligations which the Christian world owes to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, its Canadian Secretary, the Rev. A. F. Burt, not long ago reminded us that we must place medical missions. He said the Society was the originator and founder of medical missions, and that the appointment of Dr. Dalton in 1824 was the very first occasion of the idea of medical missions being put into practice in modern times. The missionary to Jews in Montreal, the Reverend D. J. Neugevirtz, asserts that his five years' work in Canada reveals to him a great change in the Jewish mind in its attitude towards the Gospel. Now the Jews will come in large numbers and will stay hours at a service, such as the Good Friday service. We rejoice at the new interest in Jewish Missions, which the careful observer can see in both Christians and Jews.

A Well-Earned Change.

We take the opportunity now of bringing to the attention of the wardens and parishioners throughout Canada the fact that there is a class of men who once a year should have at least two or three weeks of rest and change. Those who fully realize the monotony of a clergyman's life, the constant study, anxiety, work, the weight of solemn and responsible duty that ever presses upon him from one year's end to another, and the scanty means at his disposal, sometimes barely sufficient to supply the necessities of life, know how hard it is for him to keep his mind fresh, his body vigorous and his whole being equal to the constant and wearying round of duty. Surely it is not asking too much of the thrifty farmers, comfortable merchants, successful professional men, and faithful mechanics and labourers who form the bulk of our Church population to take the matter up now and ably seconded by their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters to arrange with the churchwardens to give the parson a holiday. It will be money well and generously spent and cannot fail to bring down a blessing on the givers.