

A Page for the Leisure Hour.

POEMS.

IN ROC SIGNO.

And if his church be doubtful, it is sure
That in a world, made for whatever else,
Not made for mere enjoyment in a world
Of toll but half requited, or, at best,
Paid in some futile currency of breath;
A world of incompleteness, sorrow
And consolation lagard,—whatsoever
The form of building or the creed
Professed.
The Cross, bold type of shame to
homage turned.
Of an unfinished life that sways the world,
Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all.

—Lowell.

JESUS THE CARPENTER.

Isnt this Joseph's son? Ay, it is he;
Joseph, the carpenter,—same trade
as me.
I thought as I'd find it,—I knew it
was here,—
But my sight's getting queer.
I don't know right where as His shed
must be stood;
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat just with think-
ing of He
At the same work as me.
He wasn't that set up that He
couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in
the town.

Health of House Plants.

There is no more depressing object than a drooping faded plant. A single half-dead fern is enough to spoil the appearance of a whole room. Now, ferns will die—and very quickly too—unless they are cared for in the proper way.

Never let a fern or plant stand in a pool of water, for this rots the roots. You should not pour a little water onto your fern as it stands in the china cover pot, or the water will drop through the hole at the bottom of the clay pot, and make a stagnant ill-smelling pool.

Take your fern pot out of its china jar when you water the fern, and set the pot where it may drain well for half an hour.

Once in a month take your fern and stand it in the basin under the tap. Turn on the water till enough has flowed in to cover the top of the pot, and let the fern stay there for an hour. This is a good opportunity to wash the fronds, a treat the fern enjoys.

Plants hate gas. It poisons them, so do not keep them at night for many hours in a room where the gas is burning, but carry them out into the passage or into an unlighted room.

You must be careful not to put delicate ferns in a draught, as this will wither them. Maidenhair ferns are especially sensitive, and will often curl up and turn quite brown if they are left near an open window on a chilly day.

Remember that plants which live in a sitting room where a fire is burning need more water than those which live in a cool passage. If a plant stands on the mantle piece it will want to be watered every day, but one which stands in the passage or near the window will need watering only once or twice a week.

You must not forget that a healthy plant goes on growing with every day that it lives. You can see the leaves getting bigger, and you can take it for granted that the roots are swelling also. After a few months the roots will have swollen so much that they need to be put in a larger pot. Strong growing ferns should be re-potted twice a year—in the spring and in the autumn—while the more delicate kinds should be re-potted in the spring only.

If you have a plant with flowers on it, you should only do the fading ones as soon as they begin to droop. They are no longer pretty to look at, so there is no need for the plant to waste its strength in feeding them. Cut them off and then all the sap will go into the new buds and nourish them so well that they will become fine, beautiful blooms.

True Hearted Men Versus Convention.

Plea for a Sincere Life.

There has been much talk of the "simple life," in the periodical press of both England and America. A plea for the sterner life is eloquently entered by the writer of "From a College Window," in the "Cornhill Magazine."

"It is not an easy thing to get rid of conventionalities," he says, "if one has been brought up on conventional lines." But the more desire for sincerity can effect something. "This," the writer says, "I know by personal experience."

Parents and teachers ought to insist that all people, whether high or low, should be met with the same sincere courtesy and consideration; they ought to train children both to speak their mind, and also to pay respect to the opinion of others; they ought not to insist upon obedience without giving the reasons why it is desirable and necessary; and they ought resolutely to avoid malicious gossip, but not the interested discussion of other personalities.

Here is the writer's final injunction:

M. Hollman. Come Ye Apart.

M. Hollman, the great cellist, was born in Maestricht, Holland. He made his principal studies at the Brussels Conservatoire, remaining there for four years with Servais. At the age of seventeen he graduated, taking the first prize. He then went to Paris and continued his studies with Jacquard and Davioud and the famous M. Savard. He made his first public appearance in Paris. This was followed by tours through the different European countries, always creating the most profound impression. His playing is distinguished by the remarkable power and beauty of tone, and no less an authority than Elton observed, "When Hollman plays, his soul is in his bow."

Let us have faith that Right makes Might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our Duty, as we understand it.

—LINCOLN.

Music and Morals.

INTERESTING OPINIONS FROM LEADING RELIGIOUS WORKERS.

What is the Effect of Music Upon People with regard to Religion? Does it Work for Good in our Churches? Music appeals to People in a Variety of Ways. Is it, on the Whole, a Benefit in Religious Work?

Soft music confers the "dim religious sense" that is in tune with the peaceful atmosphere of a church, but those who are against its use argue that with very many hearers it creates a sense of exaltation which is artificial and insincere. The advocates of music in churches (who are by far in the majority) say that impressive music is a great aid to the church's work, bringing to its hearers a quiet feeling and a frame of mind which puts them more closely into touch with spiritual questions. Does music help morals?

It is largely a question for the individual; for, apart from the point of its desirability or otherwise in church work, some people do not care for music at all. Music conveys no message to these, and does not move them in the slightest degree.

The Rev. J. W. Horsley, Rector of St. Peter's, Watford, gives his opinions to the "Rapid" on the help of music in religious work, draws a distinction between music and melody. Melody appeals to him; he says, "whereas he finds classical music purely an annoyance, because it is unintelligible to him."

Music appeals to the masses, and it is certain that services for the people would lose a great deal of their brightness, and be much less attractive, if music was dispensed with.

The man in the street is a music lover, and the Rev. Wilson Cartlie, among other popular preachers, has successfully used this fact as a magnet to draw him to the church. Mr. Cartlie is a strong believer in the help of music, and uses a striking simile in his favor in his letter to the "Rapid," though he adds a respectful note upon its use—in some churches—for mere display.

Mr. Cartlie has obtained the views of several well-known religious workers on the question. Their verdict is with the majority—that, properly used, music is a real helper.

President of the Baptist Union for 1909, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the well-known minister of Christ Church, London, is an all-round man and a hard worker. He knows more about the toilers of South London than any man, having worked among them for fifteen years. He looks upon music as a cure for the worry of modern life.

Religious music has a very noticeable effect in calming the mind, and neutralizing the effect of worry and conflict.

I do not suppose that it has the power of transforming the character, but it throws the mind into an attitude in which the power of the truth is likeliest to produce a salutary influence.

The effect of good singing on our Sunday afternoon gathering is very remarkable, but we should think it a mistake to make that our end and aim.—F. B. Meyer.

Two great movements claim the chief interest of the Rev. J. W. Horsley—temperance and prison reform. That he is an earnest man may be seen from the fact that he includes among his recitations "social reform," especially as regards temperance and sanitation.

Mr. Horsley confesses frankly that he is not a musical man, and adds a "savagely" point of view:

"Not a musical man, I find many compensations in the fact. Choirs can tell how harmony oft leads to discord, and when delighted by a choral service I have often pitied this ultra-musical who seem to have noticed only its very minor imperfections."

of the heart's sanctuary, where we commune with God in prayer.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

A Famous Sailor.

Stories of Sir Harry Keppel.

"The bravest man that ever lived, who ought to have been turned out of the Service long ago." So a severe old Admiral spoke of Sir Harry Keppel, the subject of this most entertaining memoir by his brother-in-law, full of good stories, and an admirable pendant to his own "Reminiscences." The particular incident which this remark illustrates took place on the return of the Dido, with Keppel in command, from the East Indies. He wanted to land at Spithead to join his wife, but was ordered to proceed to Sheerness, and was almost captured by his brother-in-law, the Admiral, at Portsmouth, with whom he had been dining, to have him sent aboard again on the Admiral's own tender.

We found the master of the Dido, who was about his size and build, made him put on his cocked hat, sword, and epaulettes, while he donned the master's oilskin and jacket, accompanied him aboard in the tender, touched his hat to him, and was handed by a waterman at Gosport, while the master in disguise took the Dido to Sheerness.

It was an incident thoroughly characteristic of the daring old salt, always the same Harry Keppel from first to last. This is how he came to enter the Navy:

When Harry was only nine, Lord Albemarle, his father, summoned him and his brother to his side, and bade them choose professions. Both with one accord said they would be sailors. When told that only one of them could be, Harry bit his younger brother Tom in the eye; he promptly returned the blow, and his father considered that they had both proved their fitness for the Navy, and the matter was so decided.

And here he is at the other end of his life:

One day he tumbled from a ship, when visiting her with Admiral Commerell, on to the pig-iron pavement in the Dockyard, about twenty feet below him, and was stunned. They gave him up for dead. However, he heard Admiral Commerell shouting for water, so he thought it was time to pull himself together, and cried out, "Put some whiskey in it!" He called and was put to bed, but insisted on going to Goodwood. When

Balfour as Debater.

In the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Stephen Gwynn writes in praise of "Mr. Balfour and the House of Commons":

But Mr. Balfour never has lost touch, and never will lose touch, with the House of Commons. His hold on it, his appeal to it, has become immensely stronger by becoming more general. He does it, service which no one else can render; I could not imagine him elsewhere; and that is odd and significant, because no one could be in temper and equipment more unlike the ordinary House of Commons partisan.

But this academic swordsman delights in the noise of battle; he loves to use his rapier in a tumult; himself so unperturbed, so incapable of excess (though by no means incapable of anger), the cheering, the bursts of loud laughter (even when he is stupid), all have an evident exhilaration for him. Other people may find themselves happier among the discreet reticence of the hereditary Chamber, but never, I think, Mr. Balfour. He would be wasted on the House of Lords suits excellently for the set performances of men like Lord Rosebery or Lord Curzon, admirable speakers, but not to voice it profanely, a trifle painful. I do not see them conducting an argument or an appeal through the running fire of question and interruption, applause and dissent, which only brace and quicken the supple play of Mr. Balfour's intelligence.

Story of Wordsworth.

In the "Century Magazine" for August, Mr. A. C. Benson tells an interesting story of Wordsworth, who went to call on Miss Harriet Martineau at Ambleside, in the house which she had built and laid out. There was a gathering of neighbors present, and Wordsworth stood for a long time at the window contemplating the beautiful landscape outside. Then he turned to the party and said, "Miss Martineau, I congratulate you upon your beautiful little domain. The views are wonderful, and it will turn out to be the wisest thing you ever did in your life." He passed for a moment, and the guests expected some comment on the uplifting effect of communion with Nature; but Wordsworth, with a fine gesture, continued, "Your property will certainly be trebled in value within the next ten years."

Heights of Great Men.

Edmund Burke and Oliver Cromwell were five feet ten and a half inches. Wellington was half an inch taller than Napoleon.

That trio of great admirals—Nelson, Blake, and Sydney Smith—were a little under five feet six inches. Bismarck was a tall man, but not so tall as George Washington, who was six feet three inches. Sargent, the great painter, is six feet; Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Ruskin were six-footers. Disraeli and Dickens were five feet nine inches, which is also the stature of Sir William Crookes. Sir Oliver Lodge is six feet three inches, Marcell five feet ten and a half inches.

Emerson, Hans Anderson, Wordsworth, Bunyan, Audubon, Corot, Millet, Gounod, Lord Clive, and Lord Brougham were tall men. Lord Humboldt and Helmholtz, Lord Kelvin is five feet seven inches; Lord Ray six feet two inches. Conan Doyle is six feet six inches. Anthony Hope three inches shorter. All these figures give the stature of the men in their boots.

King Edward was five feet eight and a half inches, the Kaiser just an inch shorter. The Mikado is five feet six inches, the King of Italy five feet two inches. The Czar's height is the same as the Kaiser's. Leopold, King of the Belgians, is six feet five inches.

Americans Taller Than Englishmen.

Peter the Great was five feet eight and a half inches. Abraham Lincoln was just under six feet two inches. Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Richard Burton six feet. Alfred de Musset, Froude, Puvis de Chavannes, Ponsin, Lessing, Schiller, Lamartine, and Sterne were tall men. W. S. Gilbert is over six feet.

It would be possible to lengthen this list to the point of tediousness, but the more the subject is examined the farther away we get from the Napoleonic theory. Nature has a pretty wide range in these matters, and she makes the most of it.

When it comes to averages, figures prepared by the anthropometric committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science indicate that the average stature of the male adults of England is five feet seven inches and seven-eighths, although the professional and commercial classes show a mean height of from two to three inches above this, and the laboring classes an inch or two below.

The Scotch and Irish are a little taller, and the Welsh a little shorter than the English.

The average for the United States is said to be taller than the English—a fact which implies neither genius nor lack of it.

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Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 8 a.m.; and 12 noon. Other services at 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 5.30 p.m.

Other Days.—Matins, 8 a.m.; Evensong, 5.30 p.m.; (Fridays, 7.30 p.m., with sermon).

Public Catechizing.—Every Sunday in the month at 2.30 p.m.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street.—Holy Communion at 8 and 12 on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Catechizing.—Second Sunday of the month, 3.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools.—Cathedral, at 2.45 p.m. Mission Church at 2.45 p.m.

Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Strand Building every Sunday at 8 p.m. All men invited to attend.

St. Mary's Church.—Matins at 11; Evensong at 6.30.

Brookfield School-Chapel.—Evensong at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 4 p.m.

St. Thomas's.—Holy Communion on the third Sunday of each month, at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening services at 8.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily Morning Prayer at 8 a.m.; every Friday evening at 7.30, prayer and sermon. Holy Baptism every Sunday at 3.45 p.m. Public catechizing third Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m.

Christ Church (Quid Vidi).—Holy Communion second Sunday, alternate months at 8 a.m. Evening Prayer third Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m.; other Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

Virginia School-Chapel.—Evening prayer every Sunday at 8.30 p.m. Public Catechizing third Sunday in each month.

Sunday Schools.—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quid Vidi, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School Chapel, 2.30 p.m.

Gower St.—11. Rev. J. S. Sutherland, M.A.: 6.30, Platform Meeting.

George St.—11. Rev. F. R. Matthews, B.A.: 6.30, Rev. Dr. Fowler-the-walk.

Cochrane St. (Methodist) Voltaire Hall.—11. Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite: 6.30, Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh, B.A. Wesley: 11. Rev. Dr. Curtis: 6.30, Rev. F. R. Matthews, B.A.

Presbyterian.—11. Rev. J. W. Bartlett: 6.30, Rev. J. S. Sutherland, M.A. Congregational—11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Salvation Army.—S. A. Chapel, New Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m.; 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.

Adventist Church, Docktown Rd.—Regular Service, 5.30 p.m., Sunday and Saturday at 3 p.m.

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