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B 192

But that man puts on no frills—neither on his wrists nor his manners. Why, I've seen him walk arm in arm with a nigger—and when you've lived a few years in Canada you'll understand what that means. If I were in a hole," he continued, soliloquizing, "I'd be rather glad to think Bishop Neville might lend a hand to pull me out. I'd soon be on terra firma, sure, if he gave a pull."

"Yes, he's a good sort," said David. And then, as the subject seemed to have worn threadbare, he added, "Do you know where Gilbert is?"

"Last time I saw him, he was going to say good-bye to some of his friends in the steerage," said the doctor. "He spends half his time talking to them. Here he is, just coming on board," he added.

Gilbert was hurrying back from the emigrants' sheds, evidently in search of some one. When he saw David, he looked relieved.

"Hallo, David!" he shouted, "I want to speak to you a minute."

"All right," said David, and ran down on to the lower deck to meet his brother.

"I say, Rajah, can you lend me two pounds?" asked Gilbert.

"What for?" asked David, almost involuntarily.

Gilbert reddened, and hesitated. Then—

"I can't tell you," he blurted out, "but I must have two pounds. It's a debt of honour, of a kind."

"Oh, Gilbert, have you been gambling again, and lost it?" said David, reproachfully. "You know father's opinion of gambling, and yet you go and do it directly he's not here to prevent it."

"Don't jaw," said Gilbert furiously. "Keep your money to yourself. I can get what I want from some one else."

He ran up the ladder to the upper deck, where Dr. Graham was still standing, watching the brothers, though too far off to hear their conversation. Two minutes later Gilbert rushed past his brother, holding up two sovereigns, as he ran in the direction of the immigrants' train.

David's smouldering hatred of the doctor leaped up into sudden flame as he saw the derisive smile on his face.

"You villain!" he said, in a voice shaking with passion. "What have you done to Gilbert?"

"Am I your brother's keeper?" asked Dr. Graham, cynically, as he walked away.

(To be Continued.)

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## Correspondence

(Continued from page 342.)

### "DRUMMING UP THE PULPIT."

Sir,—Permit me to heartily endorse the remarks of Rev. A. L. Murray under the above quoted caption. It is the easiest thing in the world to criticize. Criticism, no doubt, at times is useful, and occasionally stimulating, but with the average man appreciation is not only stimulating; it is inspiring. It is true, sometimes tragically true, that the "sermon is the product of the congregation." Our people are notorious for their lack of appreciation, or at least for their disinclination to speak words of encouragement to the clergy. If congregations fail to take any apparent interest in their pastors' sermons, can it be a matter of wonderment that their indifference reacts on the parson, who is only human after all. How many of our laity realize their responsibilities in this connection.

Truly yours,  
COUNTRY PARSON.

### WAKE UP, PREACHERS!

Sir,—I'm a preacher myself, and have great sympathy with commercial traveller. I think there's no excuse for the average preacher—no excuse at all! A man who has been three or four years at college learning how to do it, and his six days in the week to prepare ought to do far better. The fact of the matter is the average parson seems to be playing at preaching. It's not a business at all, it's a mere pastime; and the bottom of it is often sheer laziness, and indifference. He has the most glorious of all themes, the sublimest of all books, the mightiest of all encouragements, the most accessible of all helps, and yet he gets up into the pulpit, and talks with one-quarter the pointedness of a lawyer, and one-fifth the enthusiasm of an auctioneer. And as to the voice, and elocutionary power, what excuse is there when Demosthenes overcame his stammer, and developed a magnificent power of oratory by incessant practice, simply from love of his country, and the average actor practises hours a week simply for the footlights. I once heard a clergyman reputed to be one of the dullest preachers in Canada give an address at a meeting on a subject which excited him. He spoke splendidly. He lifted up his voice. He swung his arm about. He drove home his points, and for twenty minutes the audience listen-

ed with intensest interest. It's nonsense to say a man can't be interesting, or preach better. We can if we will. Really, it is sheer worldliness often. We have lost enthusiasm for the eternal values. We have lost the sense of reality. Heaven and Hell and the Salvation of the Soul and Temperance and Righteousness and Judgment to come, have faded into platitudes. We're not in earnest. We need to wake up, and when we do, why every Sunday we'll preach—

"As though we ne'er would preach again,  
And as a dying man to dying men."  
JOHN PLAINMAN.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following contributions to the work of the Scripture Gift Mission: W. Simpson, Brownlee, Sask., \$2; E. L. F., Toronto, Ont., \$1.

### BI-LINGUALISM.

Sir,—As a Britisher and a Canadian I wish to protest against the spirit of the article by "Spectator" in the "Canadian Churchman" of May 18th. I believe, sir, that the bi-lingual controversy should never have been mentioned in the Dominion House of Commons. Far from being an important question it is a political question which is being used to stir up strife between two classes of people in Canada who should be, especially at this time, welded in a brotherhood.

If "Spectator" is a man of intelligence, as he must necessarily be to hold a position on our Church paper, he must realize that Regulation 17 of the Ontario School Law far from being an imposition upon the French-Canadians in Ontario is a concession to them—a concession which they receive in no other province. Consult such educationists as Dr. Merchant as to the working of the regulation where it has been tried and you will find that the result is satisfactory to all.

Then again I do not like "Spectator's" argument regarding the destiny of the French-Canadians in the future of Canada. I do not think it is a British ideal that the French-Canadian branch of the Roman Catholic Church shall be the predominating Church of Canada of to-morrow. Spirituality which is mere mysticism is not a force for advancement in any nation, and I believe it is the prayer of every true Britisher that we may be delivered from a form of so-called spirituality which will hold us back from taking part in every struggle for truth and righteousness.

Let us be brothers in the truest sense of the word, and let us not try to stir up strife where there is no occasion for strife. The French-Canadian in Ontario is not being imposed on in any way. His language is not being interfered with in so far as his children are still being taught French in the schools, and the teachers in such schools are receiving larger salaries than those teachers who teach English only. The desire is that every child in Ontario shall learn English first in the schools of Ontario, and surely this cannot be considered a grievance by any British subject. Let us be fair, let us be intelligent, and above all let us be loyal.

W. B. HAWKINS.  
The Rectory, Blyth, May 20th, 1916.

"There is more popular joy over one Zeppelin brought down at home than over 99 aeroplanes shot to earth at the front. This sentiment is irrational, but human, and we all share it more or less," says the "Observer."



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When giving an address in the Chapter House on the work which is being done in connection with the preservation of the fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral, Canon Alexander remarked that, in his opinion, it would take ten or fifteen years at least before the whole work of restoration can be completed.

The son of a Turk, who was born in Malta, was recently told by the magistrate at the West London Police Court that he was a British subject, and was amenable to the Military Service Act. He was fined 40s., and ordered to await an escort. Prisoner's brother asked what his position was. He was, he said, born in Constantinople. The magistrate: "You are an enemy; your brother is not."

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