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SPECIAL SUNDAY SECTION Edited by J. M. Wilkinson, B.A. Send all Communications to Office, 288 Yonge St.

SUNDAY MORNING

tils, all of which he would like to publish. Four of them are strong commerdations of the crusade against profanity, which we intend to continue unfall it concretes in an organization of elephant learns to fear it as he fears no other animal.

The hour of retribution is at hand. She is going down the street to-night thinking of the days when she steed in the church with you and me and prayed the prayer of Jesus: 'Our Father, Who art in heaven.' And to-night hetween her clenched teeth, she

winces one of this fact. A mouse will make an entire herd noisy with fright, and a rat will put them in a condition of desperate fear. While this may seem odd on the face of it, there is a good and sufficient reason for it. An elephant may defend itself against a lion, tiger or any other natural enemy, but the insignificent size of a mouse baf-

the law against profanity in public places." It is time that this senseless and demoralizing habit—this crime against society—should be stopped. Every night on Yonge-street after eleven o'clock we hear oaths that send the shivers down the spine and often in the presence of policemen. Polic officers, beyare! If you fail to enforce the law against profanity in the public streets we will know the reason why.

SMALL SINS—The only old-fashioned slephant story that has a new root lend to this public streets we will know the reason why.

Father, Who art in heaven. And tonight, between her clenched teeth, she is asking the words: I wonder if there is a God? She sinks back into the companionship of the celebrated rivers, the Arve and the Rhone. The latter, rushing from the Lake of Geneva, is a beautiful, clear stream, but on meeting with the former, a filthy stream, it seems for the while to decline to might, between her clenched teeth, she is asking the words: I wonder if there is a God? She sinks back into the companionship of the celebrated rivers, a flow or way, and the wind howls, and the rain beats into her face, and the great town clock tolls out the hour of 12. She doesn't mind the crowd now. She doesn't hear the sneers that are thrown at her. She is dreaming of home. It all comes back—the old home and the old friends, and the father and in mother, the sisters and brothers. God she words there is a god? She sinks back into the confluence and companionship of the celebrated rivers, a flow or way, and the wind howls, and the rain beats into her face, and the great town clock tolls out the hour of 12. She doesn't mind the crowd now. She doesn't hear the sneers that are thrown at her. She is dreaming of home. It all comes back—the old home and the old friends, and the old friends, and the confluence and the principle of the celebrated rivers, a flow of the celebrated rivers.



FATHER VAUGHAN OF CHICAGO, WHO SPEAKS AT MASSEY HALL SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 8.

ha given most is "The Power of Love." This is a powerful dramatic sermon-lecture, in which he points out forcibly the importance of doing little acts of charity and kindness. He uses a personal experience to enforce the th that a seemingly insignificant act may prove to be the changing point of a human life. Instead of a sermon this week we

present our readers with quotations from his sermon-lecture, entitled "The Power of Love." Power of Love.

"Would you know the power of love? I would to God I could take you with me to-night-every one of you -you men and you women who think could show you the power of one kind word with the spirit of Christ behind it. I would to God I could take you to-night into a great penitentiary-into your great prisons grated cages on either side for that ill-smelling hall to-night I would not go over there, don't go we have him in a strait-jacket most of the time; he will swear and curse

But, friends, don't mind the guard. That is his business. That is the very cell I want to take you to. I want to show you the lowliest of God's creatures. I want to show you a man that has sunk lower than a dog. I want you to go up close by that cell where you will be able to see that the guard has spoken the truth. The man is a brute. The devil is gleaming out of his very eyes; his face has grown a sickly pallor. Great circles are under his eyes. The marks of crime are graven in the lines of his forehead. But, ah, friends, do not turn away because of that. I want you to wait. I want you to wait until the guard has turned his back. I want you to wait until the guard has gone, and see the devil die out of that man's eyes, see that face flush crim-son red, and then grow whiter, if possible, than it was before. I want you to see that beast-man tremble in every fibre. I want you to see his

ather Vaughan of Altoona, Wis., I tween the bars and class mine like U.S.A., has been for several years one a child. I want you to see the tears of the most popular Chautauqua lecture that man knows he has found one who turers in America. The lecture he pities a soul that is half in hell-one one who understands the world with which he has battled; one who knows the temptations that assail him every hour. Oh, I wish to God you could lay your head against that door, and between the heart-broken sobs listen to the story that such men never tell to any man but a priest. You would understand better wh mean by living the life of Christ.

Would you know the power of love? Would you know the power of one kind word when he spirit of Christ is back of it? Come with me into a great city to-night—come with me in-to Chicago. Down on State-street and Clark-street, at half-past 11 or 12 o'clock, when the lights are going out o'clock, when the lights are going out and respectable people are hurrying to their homes you will see them. their homes, you will see them—the women of the street—in all their garbs, like Magdala of old. You stand forcoming 'round the corners, dodging into doorways. Men swear at them as they pass by, and now, for a little be saved if you would live that life. while, they come out into the light, and the rowdies over at the saloon door whistle and jeer and call them vile names, and again they dodge back into the doorways. And now again the woman of the town comes out under the great electric light on the corner like an animal at bay, looking this way and that, and the men curse her as they pass by—the very men who have made her what she is, curse her tonight-and the rowdies whistle and jeer—and a policeman, coming along. strikes her with his club and says: 'Damn you go on!' A sistre of Christ in a city of churches! Like a dog they have driven her across the crossing and down the street. You will say 'She has sold herself.' Sold herself My God! It won't hurt you to know

-God knows it. the wind howled, and the thermometer sank down to the degrees below zero thousands of these women walked the streets. They had not ten cents between themselves and starvation. Sold herself! Sold herself! Friends, towalk the streets all night long from sweeping like a cloud across the heavlarkness until dawn, hour after hour, walking to save themselves from freez-

"Well, she has gone on down the

PROFANITY CRUSADE.

Are you opposed to profanity?

stubby, criminal hands creep out be-

Do you want to see it stopped in public places?

Will you join a league that knows no denominational lines? If so, sign pledge and send it to

J. M. WILKINSON, 288 Yonge Street.

PROFANITY PLEDGE

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord Thy God in vain." I solemnly pledge, God helping me, to abstain from the use of profane language, believing the same to be criminal against God. injurious to myself, and destructive of the morals of the community.

SMALL SINS—The only old-fashioned elephant story that has any real basis of truth is the one that makes the big brute afraid of a mouse. Fantistic as it may seem, this great mountain of flesh positively shrinks from a tidbit of a mouse. The winter quarters of a show, where rats and mice thrive, convinces one of this fact. A mouse will make an entire herd noisy with fright. fireplace, the teakettle singing its end-less song. She knows it is past mid-night, and they have all gone to bed, brothers and sisters—gone to bed hours ago. And now the old father has taken off his shoes and placed them there by the kitchen fire, and he, too, stumbles off to bed, murmuring a bit of an old familiar prayer—and the house is still. But, ah, friends,

that poor deserted creature in a great city knows well what you and I understand. There is one faithful soul that never sleeps when the wayward child is astray. Somewhere in this beautiful land of ours to-night the old grey-haired mother sits by the window looking out into the gathering night, and when the children laugh and play and tell their stories, and mother nods what they are saying. Her thoughts in a great city, where her girl went

speak one word to make the home unhappy. And even now, when the children have all gone off to bed, moher keeps that story locked up in he: heart. She would not pain that ol. father. And now mother is alone—alone with God. Now she stands for the moment and listens to see that they are all asleep! and then, tiptoeing gently across the kitchen floor, she takes down he old kerosene lamp and places it on the kitchen table over and over and over again the story of Magdala, until her old heart grows weary, and her head has fallen upon her hands. And, friends, she is

praying to Jesus: "Jesus, send me back my girl, I don't care how bad sh. is, I don't care how far she has wandered away; but, Jesus, send her back, send her back!" Friends, don't you know that God hears that mother's praper? I say to you, God does hear. That mother's prayer will cleave the heavens and shriek before the throne of God. And even now the great God has turned upon His great white throne and is nding down and listening. He is ooking thru this audience, thru your Christian homes, thru your churches looking for a woman who dares, for woman who could with safety rself and her family-a grand woman like that woman, Mrs. Boothwho will go out on the corner to-night and meet these creatures, looking up for a word from God; like our little Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who will throw open their doors to-night and receive these creatures in, answering their questioning souls thus: 'There is a God. We come to you as representatives of that Christ that died for all.

given at the feet of Christ.' "Ah, friends, how many more might "But instead of forming your life on the model of your professed belief, you go on with your bickering and quarrcling and striving, with your jealous-ies and vain ambitions, until the intelligent observer must wonder your faith is aught but a snare, and your profession more than a lie. How many times in the glory of the twentieth century. I have asked myself: this Christian society, or are we back again in the inhumanity and greed of Rome?' How many times I have sat in the midst of Christian so ciety, surrounded by cultured men and elegantly dressed women, and sat there silent? How many times have cultured women turned to me, and said: 'Father, why don't you talk?' Talk! My God, how could a Chris-What is the conversation? "Last winter when you gathered Is it something to broaden the minds or eleveate the hearts or inspire the souls of the listening? Is it a plan to better the condition of society around night hundreds of these women will south! The great black buzzards, ens, shutting out the sunlight of God: flying on o'er fields of sweet-scented flowers, on o'er the limpid silvery streams, and they see them not. Till

> rettenness of a fellow-creature. "Is not that too often the picture of our Christian women of the twentieth century? They have before them the carcase of a woman weaker than themselves; and the stench of her decaying character seems to attract rath-They would tear into tatters what little is left of a sister's character. And you. Christian men, you have youlr neighbor in a corner, and you will squeeze the very heart's blood out him and coin it into your filthy dollar. You want the law, and you will have your rights, and you demand justice, and you will hold him If you and I receive justice

lo, in the depths of the forest they come upon a festering carcase, and

-would I be here? The Spirit of Christ. "There is a picture in the life of Jesus that I would every Christian soul had engraven upon his heart. It is a beautiful sunny day in the City

Editor's Notes

| Mail Bag—The editor acknowledges the receipt this week of fourteen letters, all of which he would like to pubmer dations of the crusade against profanity which we intend to continue unditive mental will alke steps to enforce that will take steps to enforce that will take steps to enforce the law against profanity in public places." It is time that this senseless acidety—should be stopped.

| "KEEP THYSELF PURE"—Travelers tell us that in the vicinity of Geneva leaven of colock we hear oaths that sent the shivers down the spine and often in the presence of policemen, Polic are leaven of colock we hear oaths that sent the shivers down the spine and often in the presence of policemen, Polic officers, beyare! If you fall to enforce, be a beautiful, clear stream, but on meeting of the celest officers, beyare! If you fall to enforce a leaven of the shivers down at her being the many and the goods of the control of the control of the law against to foot the control of the and whispers, 'No man born of wo-man can resist me now!'

> down on his doorstep, is crying out with a broken heart: 'Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me! and Jesus heeds him not. The old women run after Him to touch the hem of His garment, that they may be made clean, and Jesus knows them not. His eves are wandering over the crowd. He is looking for one-the greatest sinner of all in that sinful city-that He may send her down the highways of time to teach you and me how to live the life of Christ. See! the crowd raise herself on her tiptoes to look as she strains and stretches, her eyes meet the eyes of the Christ. My God! how she screams when she sees the eyes of the Saviour! How she cowers down like a whipped dog, trembling: behind the backs of the men till she comes to the corner, and there, standing erect, her arms clasped upon her bosom, her eyes gleam wildly, her bosom heaves, and all the time she is crying between her sobs: 'Jesus, I am oming! Jesus, I am coming! Jesus, am coming!' But all the time she is running away. Running madly, wildly, away from Jesus, away from the crowd, away from the houses and bustle and the city; out beyond the walls, out into the wild country and there, standing alone, with mad dened hands she tears the jewels from her beautiful hair and casts them far away into the shrubbery. The gold and silver cords are torn from her plaited locks, and handfuls of hair come with them. The rope of pearls is stamped into the ground at her feet. The badge of her silken shame is rent asunder, and Mary stands alin the wind. Only the linen garment thrown out towards the city, and she cries: 'Jesus, I am coming! am coming!' Now back, like a crazed creature, she runs thru the town, and the crowds pause as she passes, and the men point their fingers and say: 'See! see! see! Mary is mad!' and the boys hurl stones at her, and all the

they swoop down upon that rotten mass, and gorge themselves upon the time she is crying: 'Jesus, where are where are you?' But Jesus is gone. "You know the story. Jesus was to singin', singin'." dine that day with a Pharisee, and He has gone on down the street into the house of the Pharisee. And the feast is brought forth, and the table is groaning under the viands, and there are lots of flowers and music and songs and laughter and women in festive attire, and men are hurry-ing to and fro, and all of a sudden they are still! A woman of the street is standing in the doorway-a creature of sin has polluted the house. She does not hear the men as they swear at her and call her vile names; she does not see the Jewish women cowering in the corners, lest they become un-clean: she sees only Jesus, and rushing in, throws herself down at the feet of the Master. Those beautiful eyes, that have entrapped so many souls in sin, rain down tears on the feet of the Saviour. That matchless hair, that has bound so many hearts

and whispers, 'No man born of wonan can resist me now!'

"Then, with a snatch of a song, she hurries back into the midst of the city and places herself upon a corner where she will catch the eyes of Jesus as He comes down the street. And the people surge forward, and behold! Mary must raise herself upon her tip-toes to look over the heads of the surging crowd. And there is a cry of joy, and the people rush forward. For the moment Mary stands alone. Jesus is coming down the street. The crowds are coming down the street. The crowds ready for the sick boy.

"Could you find a little comethin' mcre to put over me, ma?"

Mrs. Wiggs got up and went toward at 288 Yonge-street—opposite Wilton-avenue. The blankets on his bed were insufficient even for him. She put her hands over her face, and for a moment dry sobs convulsed her. The hardest grief is often that which leaves no trace. When she went back to the stove the had a smile roccupation that robs man of his happiness is an example of the single complete. The privilege.

P.S.—Give no money to collectors. Send at 288 Yonge-street—opposite Wilton-avenue.

The brivilege.

P.S.—Give no money to collectors. Send at 288 Yonge-street—opposite Wilton-avenue. The blankets on his bed were insufficient even for him. She put her hands over her face, and for a moment dry sobs convulsed her. The hardest grief is often that which leaves no trace. When she went back to the stove the had a smile roccupation that robs man of his happiness is an example of the put over me, ma?"

And the people rush forward, and behold!

Mary must raise herself upon her tip-toes to look over the heads of the surging and for a moment dry sobs convulsed her. The hardest grief is often that which leaves no trace. When she went back to the stove the head a smile roccupation that robs man of his happiness is an example of the put over me, ma?

The provided the provided to the store of the put over me, ma?

The provided the provided to the store of the put over me, ma?

The provided the provided to the store coming down the street. The crowds ready for the sick boy. shout and hall Him as the Mighty "Here's the very thing," she said; Prophet, but Jesus seems to hear no sound. A young blind man, crouched mite, settin' up here so clost to the fire. See how nice it tucks in all 'rous

"Yes. Jim."
"Well, I bin thinkin' it all over. I ain't better in the mornin'. I guess-the words came reluctantly—"I gue the words came reluctantly—'I guess you'd better go see the Christmas lady, I wouldn't mind her knowin' so much.

kin take keer of you all soon—soon's

kin git up."
The talking brought on severe coughasked his mother.
"No. it's them ole wheels," he said fretfully, "them wheels it the factory; when I git to sleep they keep on wakin"

me up.

try, Jim?" she taked.
Since he was a little boy he had loved to hear of their old home in the valley. His dim recollection of it all formed

git the wheels." he said. "Well," she began, putting her head beside his on the pillow, so he could not watch her face, "It was all jes' like a big front yard without no fend they do over on the avenue, where you harvestin' time, an' you 'ud play on the the old memories were too much her. Jim scarcely knew when stopped; his eyes were half closed, a sweet drowsiness was upon him.

Then Jim began to sing, too, softly than satisfied with his lot, he is happy. and monotonously, and the sorrow that had not come with years left his tired

Cabbage Patch Philosophy. Mrs. Wiggs
"Fightin' is like quiltin'-you orter keep the peace an' do 'way with the

"If you ain't never et turkey meat you don't know how good it is."

Editorial

Banquet to the Boys

have you in common with the Son of Gcd?" Jesus, the Man of Purity, stcoped down and before them all raised he woman to her feet and cried: 'Mary, many sins have been from in the city her effort the solitor. forgiven thee, because thou hast loved one firm in the city has offered to furnish the chairs and tables, but the editor much. Go, and sin no more!" has had a lively time trying to get someone to "feed the multitude." Two of the firms who cater for dinners looked stunned when we told them we would From "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage have at least 500 guests. The great difficulty lies in the day, it being a holi-Patch."

Patch."

Pat day, when it is hard to get help, but it is the day we want—the day of cheer

Who is the Happy Man?

The Creator intended His favorite creature, man, to be happy, and any When she system of religion that teaches the contrary is not of God. Any business or occupation that robs man of his happiness is an enemy to mankind and should "It's my dress skirt. I don't need it a be given up. Any home that does not make the happiness of the inmates its chief concern is a curse to the world and will surely come to naught. The test For a while he lay silent, then he said: "Ma, are you 'wake?" of any doctrine or rule of life or calling is happiness, which was the only state and condition that the Creator desired for all His creatures. Who is the happy man? Is he the rich man? Can you think of a single millionaire or multimillionaire that you know to be really happy? I have not met such a person. He may live in a great palatial residence in the fashionable part of the city, and may have his fine country home. Does that bring him happiness?

Who is the happy man? Is he the man who goes out in the morning to ing. and he sank back exhausted.
"Can't you go to sleep, honey?"

do business with his "neighbor," and gets the better of the deal? He comes home at night tired and nervous and irritable. He sits down to dinner, but takes no interest in the prattle of the children. Their noise annoys him. He gets alone to read the evening papers and orders the children to be sent to bed Mrs. Wiggs' hands were rough and early. After a while he goes to his room, undresses and rolls into bed. Perknotted, but love taught them to be gentle as she smoothed his hot head.
"Wan't me to tell you' bout the counscheming to do the other fellows to-morrow before they do him.

Is such a man happy?

Solomon said: "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues his one conception of heaven.

"Yes, ma; mebbe it will make me ferafford any proof? Let us see. without right." Is this true? Do present day conditions of the laboring man

Place—A little cottage, with its well-kept garden, on the outskirts of the city. Time-Six o'clock on a summer evening. Swinging on the front gate is a little golden-haired girl, who every little while pokes her head away out trythe flowers didn't belong to folks like ing to see down the street. After a while there comes round the corner a man dassent pick one; but they was God's, an' you was welsome to all you could pull. An' there was trees, Jim, where you could climb up an' git big red apples, an' when the frost 'ud come they 'd be persimmons, that 'ud jes' fully, "Dear daddy." That tired man forgets his tiredness and stoops down melt in yer mouth. An' you could look to lift up the little bundle of pink and white and receives on his lips the kiss dassent pick one; but they was God's. in blue overalls and soiled shirt, whose hands and face are begrimed with smoke trees a-wavin' in the sunshine, an' up of an angel. "My treasure!" All the gold of the world could not buy that of was never goin' to stop. An' yer pa and me 'ud take you out at the down his forehead and dropped upon his work, but he feels well repaid for n the how it all in the kiss and caress of his bundle of joy. Follow them into the kitchen hay-stacks. I kin remember tes' how it all in the kiss and caress of his bundle of joy. Follow them into the kitchen you looked, Jim—a fat little boy, with red cheeks a-laughin' all the time."

Mrs. Wiggs could tell no more, for and since five o'clock her heart has been at the gate, but she lets "baby" keep for sentinel while she prepares supper for John. Who is the happy man? Not and the man in his mansion "faring sumptuously every day." Not the man in his hurl stones at her, and all the she is crying: 'Jesus, where are you?' But Jesus is gone.

Jesus, where are you?' But Jesus is gone.

Jesus is gone.

Birds singin'. 'Singin'.' 'Singin'.'

But we have not reached as yet the superlative degree of happiness. There face, and he fearlessly drifted away is still a step higher in the scale of human progress and development. The lost childhood lay.

The happiest man is he who, after the toils of the day, can thank God that he has made another soul happy. To be conscious of creating other people's happiness is the summum bonum of human existence. And there is a reason for this. Every true man delights to fulfil his obligations, to pay an honest debt. We are all "debtors"—debtors to our fellow-men, as well as debtors to God. There is only one way in which we can pay our debt to God, and that is by doing "If you don't know how good it is."

"If you don't hush this minute. I'll good to His children, and especially His poor children. In this way we pay spank your doll."—How to quiet a back to the Father our debt in the coin in which it was contracted. So, then, "You mark my words, it ain't never if we would get square with Diety, if we would have our daily prayer answerno use puttin' up yer umbrell' till it
ed—"Our Father which art in heaven . . . forgive us our debts"—we must "Somehow I never feel like good pay back our debt in kind to His creatures made in His image, to His waythings b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else." ward creatures as well as to the stay-at-homes, to the sad and sorrowful and "Looks like ever thing in the world sinning. Yes, pay it back to His little children shivering in the winter time. of Judea, early in the morning. The slavery of hell, wipes the feet grey dawn is hanging like a pall over the world. The whole city abum and "Would you be a Christian? Would renough."

"Looks like ever'thing in the world comes right, if yer jes' wait long this is the test of our religion—this is the foundation of Christianity.