

Methodist District Quarterly Meeting

Held Here Wednesday Afternoon -- Interesting Papers Read--Next Meeting in Campbellton

The second quarterly meeting of the Methodist District was held here Wednesday afternoon with a Sunday school institute in the evening.

Those present were: Revs. F. A. Wightman, chairman, and A. Clare Motyer, Bataurst; Dr. C. W. Squires, Campbellton; J. A. Ives, Newcastle; A. E. Wynn, Tabusintac; Tabusintac; Ben. O. Hartman, Richlasto; A. D. MacLeod, Harcourt; J. J. Pinkerton, Chatham; and Dr. Harrison, Newcastle; also lay delegate John Stewart of Campbellton, and Ald. H. H. Stuart, Newcastle.

After devotional exercises, addresses were given by the chairman and Rev. Dr. Harrison.

On motion of Rev. Dr. Harrison and Rev. Dr. Squires, it was resolved that in the interests of Mission work in the District a general exchange of pulpits in the District be held at some time to be here and now arranged for.

In accord with the above the following were appointed to visit other circuits and give missionary addresses:

- Chatham—Dr. Squires
- Newcastle—Chairman
- Tabusintac—Chairman
- Derby—Rev. Mr. Pinkerton
- Richlasto—Chairman
- Buctouche—Rev. Mr. MacLeod
- Harcourt—Rev. Mr. Lawson
- Bataurst—Dr. Harrison
- Rev. Tinsley and Hartman
- Campbellton—Rev. Mr. Pinkerton
- Bonaventure—
- Gaspé and Cape Ozé—

The following, moved by Dr. Squires and seconded by Rev. J. J. Pinkerton, carried unanimously: In view of the fact that the activities of the liquor men seem to be very evident in some sections, resolved that this District recommend that the Ministers who will take part in the regular exchange for a missionary propaganda meet with the Sunday School of each mission or circuit involved whenever possible and present the cause of temperance before the school and endeavor to reorganize or stimulate the Temperance Committee in each school.

Dr. Devereaux gave a strong address on Temperance, and recommended giving one's name.

Ad. Stuart, on invitation, spoke on Temperance and concluded with the suggestion that Temperance people demand the elimination of all private manufacture and sale of liquor needed or thought to be needed. If there were no private profit and no public profit from alcohol no one would be interested in increasing its sale, and prohibition for beverage purposes could when adopted be made effective.

The chairman declared the elimination of private profit a good idea. Adjourned till evening.

A Sunday School Institute was held in the evening and was well attended.

Excellent papers were read. Some problems of primary work, as presented by Mrs. F. A. Wightman. The Sunday school our Opportunity, by Rev. J. J. Pinkerton, and the Sunday School in relation to Good Citizenship, by Rev. J. A. Ives.

Next meeting will be in Campbellton in March. The day sessions devoted to Ministerial work and the evening public meeting to Social and Moral Reform.

The S. S. and Good Citizenship Mr. Ives' paper was a very fine one. He said in part:

The Sunday School has a relation to citizenship as every other educative agency acting in the formation of character. Good citizenship is its goal.

As Britons—"Citizens of no mean city" we are proud of British institutions, ideals and achievements, and we glory in the Maple Leaf.

But while this is true we cannot take even the most casual interest in the politics of our country. Federal, Local, Civic or even Municipal, or School, without realizing shamefully a blot on our escutcheon, and a dark cloud upon our horizon. No need to dwell upon these things. No one can contemplate them without a shudder and a desire to find a remedy. Corrupt politics and politicians can have but one meaning—an electorate more or less venal. Our politics are a cesspool into which one cannot enter and emerge unscathed.

"Politicians who began well and miserably failed, were doubtless good men who simply proved unequal to the political strain upon their integrity. Why not? These men entered active political life with the honest and avowed purpose of effecting political reform. But they were ensnared and led to political and personal ruin.

Democracy is still on trial. Has it already proved a failure? I do not attempt to answer these questions but we must admit they are at least suggested by our present political conditions.

It is certainly the duty of every lover of political liberty to try to find a remedy for these conditions and safeguard, from such a result.

What safeguards have we? Very few indeed.

There is a manifest lack of systematic effort and agency to safeguard. In other words one of the first

principles for effective teaching is work as worthy of some necessary preparation and acquired qualification.

Another important factor every to be observed, is that of adapting the teaching to the pupil. The adult can endure strong meat, but the babe must have "the sincere milk of the word."

To reverse this order in nature or in pedagogy, is to court disaster and this is often done in teaching, but they who observe this principle are assured of success. The highest in few words, the child's mind is simple and direct, and all thoughts presented, should be suited to the child's comprehension. A celebrated authority has said "distracting details are a serious interference with the child's generalizing powers. Let us not block his way by a meddlesome multiplicity of words, words, words."

This idea is fittingly expressed by Longfellow when he says: "Friendly, the teacher stood like an angel of light among them and to the children explained he the holy, the highest in few words, though, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simply."

Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning. In all our teaching then, let us observe the art of adaptation.

Another principle to be observed on the part of the efficient teacher is the finding of an effective point of contact. This is absolutely necessary, in all teaching, and especially so in the teaching of the young. A child's mind and heart may be likened to the circular coral islands in the southern seas. These beauty spots of the ocean, seem to bid defiance to those who seek to land upon them. A circle of coral, at first seems to forbid entrance to the calm lagoon within, but invariably there is a little opening which though difficult to discover, nevertheless leads to the heart of the circle of palms. So it is with the mind of the child, there is always a way of access to the mind and heart. If we seek we can find the true point of contact which will give entrance to the teacher and her thought into the inmost heart of the scholar. Dr. Dabois said "the child's mind is a castle that opens neither by stealth nor by storm."

But there is a natural way of approach and a gate of easy entry, always open to her who knows how to find it. The ideal point at which a child's attention is to be first gauged, or its thought is to be first engaged, is an experience or point of contact with life. One who understands this truth, need seldom have any great difficulty in gaining an entry into the child's mind.

One important point of contact is what we may speak of as that of personality. Each child, young, has its own personality, in part hereditary, and in part the outcome of its life experiences and environment. Somewhere in the experience or personality of each child there is a something upon which thought and interest can be easily grafted. Professor Dewey says "from the standpoint of the child, the great waste in the school comes from his inability to utilize his experience he gets outside the school, in any other way within the school itself. And the teacher failing to utilize this every day experience, sets painfully to work on another task to arouse in the child an interest in the subject of his studies." This is just as true of the Sunday School as of the school.

This point of contact through the child's personality, may be found in unexpected relations such as its play, its occupation, its surroundings or what not. It is the part of the wise teacher to find it, and when found, it will lead straight to the little heart.

Such a point of contact may be found by presenting the lesson in the form of a story. Almost every child can be reached, or at least attracted, in this way. It is true that every lesson does not readily yield itself to this method, but nevertheless the tactful teacher will generally find some way of weaving a story line to almost every lesson. This is particularly true of the lessons dealing with the lives of Bible characters.

Every wise teacher will know something of this as a valuable point of contact.

Perhaps the most important of all available methods for gaining the attention of the ever restless child with its easily wearied brain, is that which comes through the faculty of sight. The concrete object means much more to a child than an abstract idea could possibly mean. Eye-gate is a much more ready way of access to the child's mind than ear-gate and should be faithfully used. The five senses have been termed the gateways of knowledge. On this principle the use of eye-teaching is almost universal in our day schools, where few class rooms are without their blackboards, models maps and pictures, without which mere verbal instruction would be tedious and comparatively, ineffective.

Prof. Sindall says "a child will watch with rapt attention the artisan at work, the spider spinning his web, the balloon floating in the air or the sailor spreading the sails. Something of this influence Longfellow describes: And children coming home from school Look in at the open door; They love to see the flaming forge, And hear the burning sparks that fly Like chaff from the threshing floor." Curiosity and sympathy compel

LOVE'S SACRIFICE

(By Ella O'Donnell)
Following is the patriotic poem written by Miss Ella O'Donnell, of Newcastle, and read by her at the Golden Link Lodge recital in the Douglastown Temperance Hall, on Friday evening, Oct. 29th:

The glorious moon was shining
On an old and pretty sight,
It was a man and maiden fair,
Seen north its silvery light,
Her lovely face was beaming
As he whispered soft her name,
And told her how he loved her,
And always would the same.

He had met her in September,
As the flowers bade adieu,
And as he held her in his arms
He knew she would be true,
For he had won this maiden's heart
And ere the month had flown
He hoped to gaze with loving eyes
Upon his bride, his own.

So tenderly he guarded her
From every thought of care
And as the fragrant breeze swept by
It bore a silent prayer
To Him, who sits upon His throne
In majesty on high,
Yet graciously descends to earth
And answers when we cry.

The little stars were twinkling,
And each one seemed to know
That life was very sweet, so bright
To those two down below;
For as they planned their future home
She blushing turned away;
And with a radiant face she talked
Of that dear future day.

Together dreaming love's young dream
They planned it all with pride;
The little vine-clad cottages
Down by the river-side,
Where love should reign forever
Aye; God's own love divine,
Scolding their hearts together
Making their home a shrine.

Such joy, oh, pitying Heaven
Would that it might last,
But sorrow, deep, heart-rendering sorrow
Came ere a year was past.
To arms! the call was sounded:
Taking our boys away to fight,
From homes of love and safety
To fight in a deadly fight.

Who will go? Is there one who would falter
When the Motherland calls for aid?
No! not though lives be the ransom,
Though life's blood the price to be paid,
To the rescue then boys! Britain calls thee!
And our colours with pride will be worn,
That Canadians ever are ready
To help the down-trodden and weak.

Boys! fight to the end for your colours,
And for them, it needs be—die,
And prove that Canadian honour
Is something that Germans can't buy,
And if, when the battle is raging,
On the fields of Old Flanders—you fall—
We will grieve—yet be proud of our heroes,
Who died at their Country's call.

This call, by each must be answered,
Though it means the giving of lives,
But harder, far harder its coming,
To the sweethearts, the mothers and wives,
But you'll answer yes, bravely you'll answer
Though 'n anguish you suffer alone,
Only God hears the cry, "O, give him!"
O! God, keep him safe in your moon.

Brave mothers, who've sacrificed loved ones
On this altar of grief (loss for gain)
You have given your boys for your country
Think not they will ever be vain,
They are fighting for God, King and Freedom
For a cause that is noble and grand,
For the honour of Britain, Our Mother,
In defence of our dear own Home-land!

Even to the little vine-clad cottage
Nestled close by the river-side
Came the call, causing pain and anguish
In the life of our little bride,
But although her heart was aching
She bravely bade him go:
For she felt that she dare not hold him,
When his Country needed him so.

O! little wife heroic,
Have you thought of the days so drear,
When your heart will yearn for its loved one
And you'll long for his presence near?
Will you show to the world that is watching
The same bright face as of yore?
Will your smile be quite as cheery
As his regiment leaves the shore?

Though bowed 'neath the crushing sorrow
She gave, though she gave—her all—
Far next to God, she held sacred
Her duty to Canada's call,
But peace, the balm for suffering
Will steal o'er her troubled breast,
For she gave of her heart—the greatest—
Love's noblest gift, her best.

The calm of evening was o'er the world
And the summer's day far spent
When from the cottage, side by side
The same young couple went
Down where the waves were lapping
So gently against the piers
And the thoughts of other evenings
Flooded their eyes with tears.

There in the purple twilight,
As the day gives place to night,
Sweet memories of days gone by
Came drifting into sight,
And then was the vision darkened
As their thoughts ran uncored
When only ONE in the glowing
World stood beside the shore.

Only one, yet with thoughts of another
Of a loved one far away,
Who is fighting his Country's battles,
And dreaming of the day
When war will all be over,
And proudly he'll march back home
To the wife, who is sadly watching
And waiting all alone.

The hour has come for parting
And clasped in each other's arms,
They prayed to God in Heaven
To shield them both from harm,
Thus two hearts were severed
To meet, only God knows when,
Though on earth it may be never
Yet in Heaven, they'll meet again.

Newcastle, N. B.

that the teacher should regard the attention. Still more it the lookers on are allowed to assist the workman at his toll, are they engaged and fascinated.

The Sunday School teacher building up the outlines of a lesson on the blackboard or with the aid of pictures or objects has a similar mastery over her scholars.

For these reasons much should be made of object teaching for the young. Many useful hints in this connection will be found in a little

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Sunday Schools and other organizations for the training of children in the knowledge of the Word and God, but there is not that definite work for their conversion there should be. No other form of Christian effort brings such immediate, such large and lasting results as the conversion of children. A man converted at sixty is a soul saved plus ten years of service; a child saved at ten is a soul saved plus sixty years of service. Bishop Simpson said "I am satisfied that the day is coming when in our church, and in all the churches of the world, we shall look chiefly to the conversion of children, and as a comparatively rare instance to the conversion of those in mature years. Dr. Holland says "we can raise more Christians by juvenile Christian culture than by adult conversion—a thousand to one."

The wise and consecrated teacher applying the principles here crudely set forth, and with an ideal nothing short of the conversion of her scholars, has an opportunity for useful Christian work such as pertains to no other Christian calling or opportunity.

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING
(Montreal Advertiser)

A hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact. But every time she lays an egg she cackles forth the fact. A rooster is largely feathers, with little intellect to show. But none the less most roosters have enough good sense to crow. The mule, the most despised of beasts, has a persistent way of letting people know he's round, by his insistent bray. The busy little bees they buzz, bulls bellow and cows moo. And watchdogs bark and ganders quack and doves and pigeons coo. The peacock spreads his tail and squawks, pigs squeal and robins sing. And even serpents know enough to hiss before they sting. But man, the greatest masterpiece that nature could devise, will often stop and hesitate before he'll advertise.

Who will name the great war? Nobody yet, apparently, has put upon it a definite brand that is satisfactory. History, of course, will have to take care of its permanent designation. Not the "anti-German war," surely, for the alignment is likely to find Turks and some Slavs likely to ally on the side of the Kaiser, and in all the churches of the world, we shall look chiefly to the conversion of children, and as a comparatively rare instance to the conversion of those in mature years. Dr. Holland says "we can raise more Christians by juvenile Christian culture than by adult conversion—a thousand to one."

At this writing, with the result obscured by months, perhaps years, that must intervene, the title that suggests itself as a once geographical, comprehensive and exclusive is "The War of the Old World." But the length of the title will not recommend it to headline writers. Who has a better one?

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