

seen many pictures of Him. A great many artists paint Him as a man-lady, that is a woman becoming a physical wreck, pale, dreary, half dyspeptic, and withal with a hand a man would almost be afraid to touch, so frail and fragile. If we could paint, we would paint Him like a man, with strong frame, manly-looking in every part. Why? Because when God makes a special man He does not make him physically inferior to others. Our ideal was physically a man, for such a man was wanted for the work given Him to do. It is noteworthy also that the men whom He chose as His companions, friends, associates, and fellow-workers were strong men, men who must have been judging from their occupations good types of the physical man. He did not surround Himself with men who were physically played out. He did not select men from Court or other fashionable circles, men whom wine and women had physically ruined. He called men whom wind and weather, oar and sail, hard, arduous toil had built up into hardy men. That was the kind of man wanted. They had to rough it. He called them not to ease and plenty, but to hardship and poverty. Their life was to be one of tear and wear, and no man but a physical man could have successfully stood the privations which were in store for them. Life to-day wants the physical man, wants a sound body, and a body with all its powers nobly exercised. Bodily power tells as well as brains. A man with a sickly body is at a discount, because he is seriously handicapped. We believe in everything and anything which develops the man wanted, for we believe with a writer, that the greatness of our greatness is quite as much a bodily affair as a mental one. Every man holds his life in his own hands to a very great extent. He can live long or short, just as he pleases. He can make his life one of robust healthiness, which is joy, or one of continuing trouble and suffering. He has the power, because he has free will. When a man died prematurely, his death was called the work of Providence, when it would have been more correct to have called it the work of the devil. More are killed by self-slaughter than either God or devils kill, and a short life is more often due to bad living than to Providence. One of the finest specimens of a physical man we have had this century was Mr. Gladstone. He was a hard worker. No man had ever greater responsibilities than he had, and yet in his eighty-fourth year he did a feat in the House of Commons that would have exhausted men half his age. Why? Because he was a man physically speaking. How? Because he had thoroughly and carefully exercised and developed a great body for a noble mind and soul. Let our readers covet strength, vigor and health. Love all things which will promote these, but shun more than you would a viper every thing that would rob you of life's choicest blessings. Life, active, earnest, enthusiastic, plodding, successful life, wants a man.

Again, the man wanted should be an intellectual man. It has been truthfully said that the physical powers, exclusively cultivated, give us the athlete or the savage, and there are a great many savage athletes to-day. We talk about the noble savage, but savagery is any-

thing but noble. We may admire him, and we may pity him for what he lacks, but after all the man the Twentieth Century wants is one more of a man than a savage is. A strong body should be a means to an end, but that end should not be the bringing up of a man like an animal. Man has a mind as well as a body, and the development of the one should be as particular as the development of the other. A strong body should mean a strong mind, and the ambition to have health should be in order that we may have intellectual wealth. Our model Man was a carpenter. He worked with His hands, and there were no light hours for labor in His day, but He was also a thinker. The body was a tributary to the mind, the health of the one helped the health of the other. What was in that mind, what came from that mind,—and all His days were thirty-three years—is simply amazing. Do not run away with the foolish idea, that His knowledge was ready made, that He had only to say "come," and it came. There was no royal road for Him, any more than for us. Knowledge can be got only in one way, and that way our model Man had to take. He had to travel the beaten tracks. He discovered that He had a mind, and that a healthy mind was as necessary to a noble life as a healthy body. We know not all the books He read; we know not whether the winds, the lakes, the mountains and the flowers were His teachers, but when He speaks, we realize how grandly that mind was cultivated and enriched with the noblest and best things. The danger to-day is to forget that we have a mind. Men want to be all body, that is all sport. The mind is greater than the body. A philosopher has said that there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind. A mind is a wonderful possession, and how wonderful only becomes apparent as we try to use it, employ it wisely, select great thoughts and ponder over them, wrestle with them, read great books—the products of great minds—and after reading them, then discuss them; go to nature, and learn to look at her, to see her, to interpret her voices and to imbibe her spirit. Get in touch with the best man you can find. There is more in him than in anything else, because He is likeliest God. Give your mind work, and work it at things which will make it stronger, purer and richer. We often hear the remark that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Perfectly true, but all play and no thought, no thinking, makes Jack a mighty deal worse than dull. We have no sympathy with the intellectual cad. He is both a public and a private nuisance. Passing examinations is a good enough thing in its place, but the getting of knowledge as a means to a healthy mind, and the obtaining of treasures greater far than east and west unfold, that is a quest ever the worthiest that a man can select. In these days of books, a man with a mind richly stored is imperatively demanded.

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On Tuesday, April 24th, the Nanaimo Lodge put on the amplified work in a very creditable manner. The Castle Hall was crowded with members, including several visiting brothers.