

# Canadian Churchman

ESTABLISHED 1871

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Family Newspaper



Dominion Churchman, Church Evangelist  
and Church Record (Incor.)

Vol. 41.

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, JULY 16th, 1914

No. 29

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# The Canadian Churchman

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Hymns from the Book of Common Praise, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.A.C.O., Organist and Director of the Choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto:—

**SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.**

(July 26th.)

Holy Communion: 256, 258, 386, 646.

Processional: 385, 448, 653, 664.

Offertory: 390, 393, 397, 426.

Children: 433, 703, 707, 710.

General: 5, 23, 392, 404.

## The Outlook

### Vacation Sundays

How do you spend your Sundays when you are on your holidays? Do you make any difference between them and weekdays? Most of us, let us hope, attend divine service; or if there is no service within reach, we read the service in our Prayer Books with the lections. The remainder of the day, all will agree, should be spent quietly in some health-giving pursuit or in resting. It seems to us that an ideal Day of Rest could be spent in God's out-of-doors. The Sunday is most difficult in the summer hotel, particularly where the management is not sympathetic with spiritual things. We certainly protest against any crowd of irresponsible hoodlums of either sex and any age spoiling the Day of Rest for other people. As Christians, let us see to it that our Sundays be a true help to ourselves and then they cannot fail to help others.

### Vacation Churches

More and more of our country churches are suffering from the annual invasion of summer visitors. We said "suffering." There are exceptions. But many a country parson knows the difficulty of trying to keep a congregation steady against the influence of the gay and light summer contingent, who have left their religion in the city. How is it that some who are exemplary members of city churches in the winter imagine that they have done with public worship till they re-enter their parish church? Generally such people make a tremendous

spurt some Sunday and gather the crowd for a Go-to-Church Sunday. They patronize the parson, the organist, the choir, the congregation, the church and the grave yard. They think they have the right to criticize everything in the church. Perhaps they will fuss around and get up a tea or festival "for the benefit" of the country church nominally and a good time-killer for themselves actually. Too many country parsons find that things fall flat when the gay and festive crowd down at the shore or at the point show plainly by their actions that they have no real use for the services of the church. The spirit spreads among his young people, despite his efforts. Some country clergy, no doubt, find they can settle down to serious work only when the visitors have left. On the other hand, what a great help summer visitors might be to a church, setting a good example by regular attendance, assisting "with all humility" in the choir. We have read of one visitor who organized a W.A. branch on her holiday. The opportunities are limited only by your possibilities. Let us try to be a help and not a hindrance to the country church we visit this summer.

### The Peace Centenary

We notice that a bill to create a commission and appropriate \$25,000 for the proposed celebration of the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent and one hundred years of peace between English-speaking nations was brought up in the House of Representatives at Washington recently and defeated by a vote of 185 to 52. During the discussion the Republican leader suggested that it might be as well to celebrate the burning of the Capitol at Washington by the British army. It would ease the situation if a Peace could be thought of without the War that the Peace closed. That is evidently impossible to some people and the unbiased account of the war of 1812-14 does not make pleasant reading for all concerned. It need scarcely be said that there would be nothing of humiliation to United States in such a centenary, and that is clearly the only point in the Republican leader's objection. Everybody has been growing a bit in the last hundred years and the best Americans have surely outgrown any antipathy they retained to Britain. The bill can be brought up again in the regular order and, although some Irish societies in U.S.A. have protested against it, we hope it will pass in some form or other. We cannot conceive of any worthy citizen regarding the long Peace as anything but the profoundest blessing and its breaking as anything but the most disastrous curse. We are glad to see that so many of our border cities are preparing to celebrate next year. It is easy for us who live in North America to forget the significance of an unprotected boundary from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But the nations of the old world behold it with marvel and the awakening nations of the East see it as a sacrament of Christian Peace.

### Chain Prayers

There has come to our notice another of those "chain prayers," which were referred to once before in our columns. This particular one is unexceptionable in itself, being merely, "O Lord I beseech Thee to bless all mankind, and keep us from evil." But this is followed by the statement of a tradition which says that in the time of Jesus Christ all who passed it by suffered from a calamity, and all who sent it were delivered from misfortune; the obvious implication being that those who break the

chain run the risk of incurring some calamity, dreadful because of its uncertain character. We should have ignored this as unworthy of the serious attention of Christian people had it not been brought in a specially definite way before us. And as it has reached us from different quarters, it is fair to suppose that a good number of copies are going about.

It would be impossible too strongly to deprecate what we must call the grossest superstition and tyranny. Surely such a spirit is subversive of the very essence of our Protestantism. Surely it militates against the true nature of prayer, which must be spontaneous, and not offered in a craven attitude of superstitious dread lest some undefined and mysterious misfortune shall fall on us. The true spirit of prayer is that of a child coming to a Father of whose love he has not the shadow of a doubt. It is un-Christian to think of God as a great tyrant who must be prayed to in order to be placated; and indeed to be prayed to in a certain way, and after a certain formula dictated by nobody knows whom. The idea is worthy of the darkest of Africa's paganism. We speak thus strongly because we have heard of this chain causing perplexity and anxiety to certain simple souls; and it must be a source of irritation to enlightened Christian people. We would urge upon all who come into contact with this sort of thing the duty of speaking out against it with no uncertain sound.

### Hurling the Harpoon

A sailor who had just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. When they came out of Church the friend said, "Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?" This was the reply:—

"Yes, it was ship-shape; the water-lines were graceful; the masts raked just high enough; the sails and rigging were all right; but I didn't see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage the main thing is to get the whales. But they don't come to you because you have a fine ship. You must go after them and harpoon them. Now, it seems to me that a preacher is a whaleman. He is sent, not to interest or amuse the fish by sailing among them, but to catch them. Jesus said to His disciples, 'I will make you fishers of men.' Now, how many sermons like that do you think it would take to convict a sinner and make him cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

Thereupon the friend said: "But, Jack, people nowadays do not like to be harpooned; they like to listen to such expositions. Surely it is a grand thing to attract such audiences to hear the Gospel." Then came another comment from the sailor:—

"To hear about the Gospel, you mean! I don't object to the doctor's exposition and illustration. As I said before, they were all ship-shape. But the trouble was when he sailed to the fishing-ground and the whales had all gracefully come to the surface, instead of manning the boats and striking for a haul, he made a polite bow and appeared to say: 'I am very glad to see so many whales. I must not do anything to hurt or frighten them; hope they will admire my ship and all come again on my next voyage.' Do you think the ship owner would send such a captain to Behring Straits a second time?"

The sailor's words go straight to the point. The New Testament record of sermons shows

that preachers like St. Peter, while teaching and expounding, did not fail to drive home the words by means of personal application. Preachers should never fail to "hurl the harpoon."

### Leaks

A business man who had been taking stock and finding his profit only a little above his expenses, said to a friend, "I must stop the leaks this year." A leak is a crack which admits the entrance or escape of fluid. Leaks are dangerous and have caused many accidents, fatalities, and wrecks. Many a Church to-day is struggling because of leaky machinery. Many strong organizations have become weak through leaks. And it may also be said that many strong pulpits have lost their power through the leaky theology of the ministers. It, therefore, behoves all individual Christians and all Church officers to face the question whether in personal lives or in Church work there are any weaknesses and dangers through "leaks." Do our Churches ever lose members? Do our lives ever suffer the loss of spirituality? While we make the Church door wide for all sinners, yet the door of repentance is essentially narrow, and when once a person has entered the hold there should be no places through which he may go out into the world again. As someone has said: "Sinners who come into the Church bringing too much sin with them soon leak out." While we are on our summer vacations we should take the opportunity of considering our ways in view of the necessity of strong life and vigorous organization in our Churches when we return to work.

### Reform or Redemption

In a recent discussion on "The Church and Commercial Life" the following utterances were made which have a wide application:—

"It is possible that the Churches have been dissipating their energies over many problems when they would have been wiser to confine themselves to what was, after all, the main business of the Church—the evangelization of the world and the upbuilding of Christian character. The supreme purpose of our Lord's Incarnation was not the re-organization of human society. Jesus Christ was neither a reformer nor an agitator; His supreme object was to bring men into a right relationship with God. Therefore, though there were many wrongs in His day that needed righting, He did not come with any plan of social reform. His Gospel was one, not of social uplift, but of spiritual redemption. The Church, to be successful, must follow in the footsteps of our Lord. Her first and chief concern must be with the souls of men. This is not because Christ had no sympathy with the sufferings of men; but because there can be no true and lasting uplift of social conditions of any people without, first, the redemption of their souls. Being recreated in Him, we may go into all departments of national life, and purify every relationship."

This is a refreshing insistence on fundamental realities. The Church will never do God's will unless it keeps to the front the purpose for which Christ sent His people into the world. Failure will be inevitable and disastrous unless we put and keep first things first.

### Memorizing Scripture

Among the encouraging signs of the present day is the truly remarkable growth of the movement expressed by the Berean Band and the Bible Success Band, two organizations which foster the memorizing of passages

of Holy Scripture. At a time when the Word of God is meeting with such serious opposition and also with such equally serious neglect, it is a great satisfaction to know that in all parts of the world there are men and women, as well as boys and girls, who are systematically storing hearts and minds with that which is able to make wise unto salvation. Not long ago the Bishop of Durham bore testimony to the value of this habit, and the words of the Psalmist are as true to-day as ever, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee."

## PEACE

One of the most momentous questions which can be put to a human being is this, "Have you peace with God?" It is a question of the deepest solemnity, and it claims a direct and an immediate answer from every heart. There is no reason why any truly anxious soul should continue for one hour without settled peace with God. Christ has made peace through the blood of His Cross (Col. 1:20). God is preaching peace by Jesus Christ. Here we have the solid foundation on which the believer's peace rests. The reason why so many are in a state of miserable uncertainty is because they do not rest on God's foundation. They are occupied with themselves, instead of building exclusively on Christ. They are looking to experience, and not to a risen Saviour. Frames, feelings, and attainments engage them, instead of Christ. They are vainly hoping to find some sort of improvement in themselves, and not finding it to their satisfaction—for what honest soul ever does?—they are filled with gloomy doubts and fears, and kept in a condition of spiritual darkness and bondage. To all such it may be said, that neither in our inward frames and experiences, nor in our outward religious exercises, have we the true ground of peace in the Divine presence. God did not send to the children of Israel, nor does He now send to us, preaching peace by spiritual experiences or by religious exercises, but simply by Jesus Christ. It may be that some feel really anxious about this question, and would give worlds, if he possessed them, for a full, clear, and satisfactory answer. Such a one may ask, "What is the ground of this peace, and how may I have it for myself?" Two deeply important questions, which call for an answer.

First, as to the real ground of the soul's peace. In the last verse of Roman 4 we find it set forth in two brief but weighty sentences. In this passage the Apostle in speaking of our Lord Jesus Christ, declares that "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." Here we have the solid and imperishable foundation of the sinner's peace—the Divine ground on which God can preach peace. Jesus Christ was delivered for our offences. Let us mark particularly who was delivered; who delivered Him; and for what He was delivered. All these are essential to our enjoyment of peace. Who, then, was delivered? The Holy One, the Lamb, the Christ, the Son of God, that blessed One who was in the bosom of the Father from all eternity, the object of the Father's supreme delight from everlasting, the Eternal Son. The One who was born in Bethlehem, baptized in Jordan, tempted in the wilderness, transfigured on the Mount, bowed in the garden, nailed to a tree, buried in the grave, raised from the dead, and who is now seated on the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. This is He who was "delivered." He stood charged with our offences. He represented us on the Cross. He stood in our stead, and received from the hand of Eternal Justice all that we deserved. There was a regular transfer of all our guilt, all our offences, to Him who knew no sin,

who had no more to do with sin than we had to do with righteousness. He died in our stead. But who delivered Him? This is a cardinal question. Who delivered Jesus up to the death of the Cross? Isaiah 53 and 2 Corinthians 5 furnish the answer: "It pleased Jehovah to bruise Him." "Jehovah laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Such is the language of the prophet. And similarly writes the Apostle: "God hath made Him (Christ) to be sin for us." God has done it. It will not do to say that "we lay our sins on Jesus." We want much more than this. If it were merely a question of our laying our sins on Jesus, we could never have peace with God, seeing that we do not know the extent of our sin, the depth of our guilt, as God knows it. In order to have peace with God, it is imperative to know that He is satisfied. God was the offended party, the aggrieved One, and He must be satisfied. And now He is satisfied, for He Himself has found the ransom. He has laid our sins, according to His estimate of them, on the Head of the Divine Sin-bearer. All that was needful, not only to meet our condition, but to satisfy His claims, vindicate His majesty, and glorify His Name, He Himself has provided in the atoning death of His own Son. Hence He can preach peace to us—peace by Jesus Christ, who took our place in death and judgment, that we might take His place in life, righteousness, and everlasting glory.

And, now, let us ask—though the question has in measure been anticipated—for what was the Saviour delivered? "For our offences?" For all, most surely. When Jesus hung on the Cross, all the believer's offences were laid upon Him. Yes, all; for though they were future, so far as He is concerned, when Christ bore them on the Cross, yet there is no such distinction as past, present, or future with Him who spans eternity as a moment. All our sins were laid on Jesus; He answered for them and put them away for ever, so that they are gone out of God's sight, and instead of our sins, there is nothing before God save the Christ who bore them and blotted them out for ever, and was raised again for our justification. Who raised Him? Even the same that delivered Him. And why did He raise Him? Because all had been settled for which He had been delivered. Christ glorified God in the putting away of our sins; and God glorified Christ by raising Him from the dead and crowning Him with glory and honour. Christ forsaken on the Cross, because our sins were laid on Him. Christ crowned on the Throne, because our sins are put away. "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." Such is the true, the solid, the everlasting ground of a sinner's peace in the presence of God.

One word remains as to how the sinner can have this peace for himself. The answer is as simple as God can make it. What is it? Has the sinner to do aught? Has he to be anything but what he is—a poor, lost, worthless, guilty creature? No; he has simply to believe God's word—to receive into his heart, not merely into his head, the blessed message which God sends to him—to rest in Christ—to be satisfied with that which satisfies God. God is satisfied with Christ, without anything else whatever. Are we satisfied? Or are we waiting for something more—something of our own—our vows and resolutions—our frames, feeling, and experiences? If so, we cannot have peace. To be satisfied with Christ is to have peace with God.

"Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!  
That, that alone, can be my soul's true rest;  
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,  
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast."

## OUR BOYS AND THEIR FATHERS

By H. M. Speechly, M.D., Pilot Mound, Man.

(We regret that this article was crowded out of an earlier issue.)

IN religious matters I think that of all the occupants of a home there is no class so much neglected as the boys of the home. There can be no doubt that this is the fault of the parents, but notoriously the father is the chief delinquent. There are only two people primarily responsible for the child, the mother and the father. The mother, to her credit, usually does a great deal more than the father for the religious side of a child, but even she may often neglect so much that side of the boy's training that it is not surprising that the boy instinctively infers that after all religion is not of much consequence. Is it not likely that one of the reasons why so few young men offer themselves for the ministry, is that so many boys fail to have the ideal of this great service for God and humanity properly placed before them as the highest ideal by their mothers? It is the father, however, who shirks most of his responsibility for building up the religious side of the boy's life. You see, his own early days likely enough received no proper religious stimulus. The miserable result is that he—now a father—takes no trouble with the boy's religious development and the whole thing becomes a vicious circle centring on paternal slackness.

I am concerned now to view this matter from the standpoint of the rural dwellers in this diocese rather than from that of city men. It is necessary to insist, first, that to get proper results the father must begin at the earliest moment possible, that is, as soon as the little lad is capable of "saying his prayers," and secondly that like gardening the cultivation of the religious side of his son's education is distinctly a man's job. We, who live in country places in Canada, know that often circumstances compel both men and women to do all kinds of work usually done by the opposite sex; but this job of attending to the boy's religious education is not peculiar to women, on the contrary, it largely belongs to the father, if he will only take the trouble.

We are told by our progressive women friends that men are weak on details. It is, perhaps, never more true in this matter of our boys' religion. We men neglect the details, especially the trivial details. Let us look into this matter from two aspects:—(1) Our boys at home; (2) our boys at school.

### BOYS AT HOME.

We may as well admit at once with very little reservation that small boys are often a very great nuisance to manage and handle, but that once they become disciplined by constant watchfulness and care they can always be controlled even at the difficult age of adolescence. This discipline is acquired more easily if the father will himself pray for his children. In their early years the little boys share with their sisters whatever religion is imparted to them by their mothers; but it is unfair to the mother that the father should leave all the religious teaching to the mother who already has endless duties of her own. The boy is apt to think that religion is not for men. It is all very well for a father to play with his children, but it is all wrong that he should never pray with them or for them. Of course it must be remembered that the father has not as much opportunity to be with his children as the mother, but there are very few fathers who cannot be with their children in the evenings and on Sundays. The plea that this is their only time for recreation quite overlooks the fact that personal responsibility for their children and especially the boys cannot be avoided by excuses about recreation. Children are quite a good form of recreation, being a complete change of work and the best form of social service, because, if children are taught to be honest, truthful, reliable and clean-tongued in the terms of religion, one of the prime functions of fatherhood is fulfilled. Herein comes

the useful function of teaching children to pray. The boy should learn to "say his prayers" as early as possible. Let not the father neglect the day of small things! In Church, too, the father's influence may begin as early as the fourth or fifth year in encouraging the small boy to be reverent and attentive and even to pray as the little mind develops and is able to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. Nothing to me is more pleasant than to hear the little children strike into the service wherever they are able to respond. If the father, then, looks well after his boys, and by example as well as by precept insists on orderly behaviour, he lays the foundation of the religious habit, which will be a shield and buckler in the days when no parent is at hand to guide. Of course the wise father will exercise a wise discretion and avoid over-dosing his boy with religion. He will neither take him to church too often nor will he compel rigid attention to a sermon preached for adults to whom even a large proportion of so-called "sermons" of the non-expository type are in "unknown tongues." If young children cannot keep reasonably quiet, the

### THREE BROTHERS IN THE CHURCH

THE Rev. F. D. Tyner, rector of Christ Church, Omaha, (to the left); Rev. G. St. George Tyner, General Missionary of the Diocese of Nebraska, (in centre); Rev. Charles R. Tyner, rector of St. Luke's Church, Nebraska, (to the right), are all sons of Mr. Frederick Tyner,



of Toronto. Mr. Tyner's father was the Dean of Killala, in Ireland, and his grandfather, rector of Ross, Galway.

The two former are graduates of Trinity College, Toronto, while the Rev. C. R. Tyner was recently ordained in Christ Church Cathedral, Omaha; the Rev. G. St. G. Tyner will be remembered well as a former curate of Christ's Church, Deer Park.

wise father will take them out before the sermon. Of more importance than even church-going is the practice of Family Prayer conducted usually by the father, who should get up early enough to ensure proper time being secured for the purpose and to keep the rest of the family up to the mark. Seeing that boys are sure to imitate their father and their father's way of doing things the effort of the father to do his duty by the boys will re-act favourably on his own character and self-control. I think that wherever possible a Christian family should have at least morning prayer consisting of the reading of some Scripture portion and a prayer of some sort which shall include the family, the Church, the nation and the Mission field. This is a sign to the boy of his parents' belief in prayer and in the worship of God. Are the mothers as insistent as they ought to be on the practice of Family Prayer? When by any chance the father is absent, the mother ought to conduct prayers. The excuse that either father or mother cannot offer "ex tempore" prayer is not valid so long as a Prayer Book is in reach or the recent excellent Manual authorized by General Synod. As the boys—or the girls for that matter—grow older, they can be trained to take the place of father or mother. Above all the parental endeavour should be directed towards reality, reverence and simplicity in the religion they offer to their boys. Formality

and slovenliness are the two things to try and avoid above all, because they lead to unreality and sham.

### BOYS AT SCHOOL.

Taking into consideration the Sunday School first, a thoughtful parent must be appalled by the inadequacy of the effort of the Sunday School teacher when unaided by the boy's parents. They should make a strong effort to help the boys with preparation for the Sunday School lessons, especially the father, who has more leisure on Sunday than the mother. On the return from school the father may well take hold of the literature supplied.

With regard to the Day School I want to submit one point and one only for consideration. Does not the total exclusion of the Bible as a School text-book act as a hindrance to the Sunday School? The very fact of its exclusion leads our boys to decide tacitly that religion and the Bible are only side-lines in the scheme of life and that they are not of first-class importance. The instinctive lessons of life are often the most thoroughly adopted by the young. Is not then this exclusion of the Bible from the school course a terrible mistake? In one of the February or March issues of the "Spectator" there appeared a letter from the Bishop of Queensland in Australia stating that the educational authorities with whom the Anglican leaders had a large and important influence had recently decided to have the Bible taught as a text-book in the schools of Queensland. There was to be no religious test whatever. The authorities decided to trust their teaching staff to teach this subject properly just as they trusted them in other subjects. If any parents desired to withdraw their children from such teaching, they could do so. In practice, however, they found that the plan worked out excellently and with very little trouble. The Bishop, appealing to the old country Anglicans in particular, urged that this solution of an apparently difficult problem having borne a practical test should be adopted by their educational authorities. How does this appeal strike us? For my part as a Churchman, I feel that our School course sadly needs the saving grace of the Word of God and that to secure its use as a regular text-book in our schools I am not afraid to have it taught as such by the regular teachers to my boys. It would save the Sunday School much uphill work. Both the home and the Sunday School would impart their own direct teaching on a basis of religious knowledge. Our national education would be restored to a higher plane by the inevitable influence of the Word of God.

### Exeter Hall Reminiscences

BY SIR ALGERNON COOTE, BART.

IT was a hot day in the early summer of the year 1881, and I was in charge of the Exeter Hall mid-day meeting. We had the usual mixed attendance of about one hundred men and women. A large number were regular attenders, who came there to pray, and to meet those like-minded with themselves. Others had come in out of the Strand—some to get a few minutes' rest, some from mere idle curiosity.

Requests for prayer had been asked for, and among those sent me was one: "A backslider who is present asks your prayers." Many earnest prayers were offered, while the poor backslider was specially remembered. The prayer-meeting was over, and a man, apparently about thirty years of age, came up to me. "I sent in that backslider request," he said, "but I wish you to know I did it 'out of bravado.' I came in here to rest, seeing the announcement of the meeting at the door, and that all were welcome. When you asked for requests for prayer, I thought I would just write it out, and send it up. Thank you for your prayers at the meeting, but I have given up religion, and am practically an infidel."

"What," I said, "do you mean? You have given up religion. You do not believe in God? Let me tell you,

#### GOD BELIEVES IN YOU,

and religion has not given you up. The devil never prompted you to send in that request. Will you come to my room and have a talk? (I had at that time an office at Exeter Hall.) Would you tell me your story, and what has led you away from God?"

He then told me all. "I am a commercial traveller, and have a very good position; but my life now is utterly different from what it was. I was once a Sunday School teacher, and eventually acted as superintendent. My marriage was the cause of my giving it all up. I married one who professed to be religious, but was not really so. We prayed together on the evening of our wedding-day, but never since. We have two children, and are now living at Streatham. I have been attending the open-air meetings held by the infidels, on Sunday afternoons, on Streatham Common, and have given up God altogether."

"Well," I said, "so that is your story, and a very sad one it is; but you are not beyond the power of the Lord to restore you. Shall we turn to God's Word and see what He says?"

I opened my Bible and read to him Hosea 14:4: "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely." Then I said: "Shall we pray?" He consented, and we knelt together.

I pleaded earnestly that he might understand the free and full love of God, and that it was still for him. After some minutes of silence, he looked up, and in a broken voice said: "The love of God has conquered, but—what can I do? I daren't tell my wife."

I asked his address, and promised to come down and see his wife that evening. He told me she was very fond of flowers, so I bought some at Covent Garden Market, and took them down to Streatham Common. He met me at the station, at the train that I had named. He had told his wife he had invited a friend to supper, but had said nothing to her about what had taken place.

I shall never forget the two hours I spent in that house. I told his wife all, and implored her to stand by him, and help him. She refused, but ended by saying: "Well, I won't hinder him. He can do what he likes."

I returned (after having just prayed with them both) by the last train to Victoria. Now, what was the result? He

#### CAME OUT BOLDLY FOR CHRIST.

They moved shortly to South Norwood, where we were then living. He joined the Young Men's Christian Association, and gradually—humbly and thankfully—began again to work for God. His wife allowed him to teach the children—a boy and girl—and to bring them up for the Lord; but she never really gave up her opposition, and was the "thorn in the flesh" for which he found the grace of God sufficient. After some years she died—drink brought her to an early grave.

The children grew up to be true followers of Christ; and when I left England fourteen years ago, their father was holding fast, and witnessing for the Master. I was rejoiced to hear quite recently, from my dear friend, Mr. Clarence Hooper, at 186 Aldersgate Street, that he saw him from time to time, and that he was still "serving the Lord."

Indeed "the love of God has conquered," and the prayers at the Exeter Hall meeting were not offered in vain!

Another wonderful case of answered prayer occurred the same year. The noon-day meeting was just over, and a young soldier wearing the uniform of the 1st Life Guards, came up to speak to me. He had a small brown paper parcel in his hand. "Can I see you alone," he asked. "Certainly," and we went to my room.

"I have just come from my mother's funeral. I ran away from home a few years ago, and enlisted. My father is a general in the army. The last time I saw my mother, she gave me a Bible, and begged me to take it with me. I refused, and threw it back at her. I have never seen her since, and have come straight here from her funeral, in the West of England. The Bible my mother asked me to take is in this parcel. My father gave it to me after the service to-day. I am not allowed to take any parcel (however small) into barracks. Will you keep it, and send it to me when I write for it?" I gladly took charge of the Bible, in which was written on the fly-leaf,—

Willie  
From his mother, who  
would gladly die to save him.

I heard afterwards, that her last message to him from her deathbed was, "Tell Willie that his

mother has forgiven him, and loves him still."

Before he left me that day at Exeter Hall, to return to the Knightsbridge Barracks, I had prayer with him, and he appeared thoroughly softened, but he told me he could not give up drink. He refused to take the pledge, as he said he would be sure to break it. I implored him, for his mother's sake, and for his own sake, to yield his heart to God, for then he would be able to keep from the drink, even without taking the pledge. It was apparently no use; he said he could not possibly take a stand for Christ before his comrades.

We parted, and I retained the Bible. I wrote to him, but very soon after this the regiment went to Windsor, and was then ordered to Egypt for the war. I sent him his mother's Bible, and begged him to take it with him.

I received a reply from the Army chaplain telling me that the man was in hospital, and as soon as he was fit to leave would be invalided out of the service. Drink had ruined his constitution, and he was quite unfit to go to a hot climate.

I found out a brother-in-law of his, a solicitor practising in London, who was a godly man, and we often talked of Willie, and prayed for him together. When he left the hospital, he solemnly promised to give up the drink, and by the grace of God he kept the promise. We obtained a situation for him in a place of business in the West-end. After a few years he married a Christian woman, and became an entirely changed man. His mother's prayers and those of many others had been answered.

Thank God for the Exeter Hall noon-day prayer-meetings! Their memory is precious. The power and love of God are the same to-day. "The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear." "With God all things are possible."

Ballyfin, Ireland.

## THE AVERAGE MAN

### The Work of the Second and Third Rate People

By R. F. DIXON

**A** NEW cult has arisen on this continent and elsewhere, the worship of the great goddess Efficiency. The world, we are told, has no longer any use for second or third rate people. It is time for the man who cannot "make good" to stand aside, and get off the earth. He is not wanted here. There is no place for him.

And yet the stubborn fact remains that the great majority of us are hopelessly second and third rate people, who in the strict and exacting sense of the expression can never do really high class work.

But in spite of all this prattle and twaddle about efficiency (with a very big "E"), the work of the world is being done, and will continue to be mainly done by second and third rate people.

The chances are, nay the practical certainty is, that at least eighty-five per cent. of those who read this, as he who writes it, are second and third rate people, who according to the stern uncompromising standard set up by certain theorists will never "make good."

Nevertheless, most of us are doing work without which the world would be incalculably poorer. Our work, no doubt, is full of flaws, but for all that it is valuable work. It might be better, but it could easily be a great deal worse. It fulfils its purpose. It is imperfect, perhaps, and lacks finish, but then this is an imperfect world, filled with imperfect people, who must accept themselves and things as they are, and make the best of it.

There are, I know, people to whom this will not appeal, the "first or nowhere" people, who will not willingly undertake anything in which they cannot shine. One is continually meeting people of this kind, with well defined but moderate, artistic, literary or mechanical gifts, and capable of doing work of great and abiding worth, as valuable in its way as the great masterpieces of genius, who are deliberately allowing their powers to go to waste, because they cannot rank with the giants. Sometimes this is due to pure indolence, but far oftener to a false modesty which depreciates and under-rates what is really good solid work. The world as a whole is an incalculable loser from this false modesty.

It seems to me that the capacity for doing what we are perfectly conscious is second and third rate work, willingly, gladly, cheerily and with a good courage, is a very fine test of character.

That way lies happiness, contentment, and real usefulness.

This I think applies especially to the clergy for their work, more than any other kind, is dependent for its inspiration and stimulus on the appreciation of the public. There are other kinds of work that a man may doggedly hammer away at, without having his sense of self-respect wounded by lack of appreciation. If people are backward about buying goods at my store or in seeking my professional services, I can console myself with the thought that it is not necessarily a personal matter, that after all business is business, and that under the like circumstances I would probably do the same.

But a clergyman's relations with the public, and especially that portion of it as represented by his own people, is so different to that of every other man who looks to the public for a living that he is apt to become almost morbidly sensitive to their good or ill will. He cannot take a business-like view of the situation. He cannot harden himself to public opinion and train himself into indifference as to their attitude towards him. If he could he would be unworthy of his office. His success does depend upon their personal good will, and failing direct and tangible evidences of it, he is apt to be discouraged and to lose all pleasure in his work.

Then no man "finds himself" so quickly as a clergyman. The physician or lawyer or merchant, for instance, if they have ordinary common sense, prepare to grow gradually and slowly into public favour; the clergyman is judged and rated almost at his first appearance. No public man finds his level so quickly, and as must inevitably, sooner or later, follow with ninety per cent. of us, so soon realizes that he is after all only a fair average man, and not a heaven-born genius. With other men this discovery is generally slower in coming. Thus no class of men are more often tempted to rebel against, or apt to find so little satisfaction in, the doing of routine duties as clergymen. Men of other occupations may go on all their lives persuading themselves that all they need to prove their own transcendent ability, is a fair opportunity. But this is almost impossible in the case of the clergyman, because his opportunities for distinguishing himself (or the opposite), in other words, of finding out whether he is the doer of first, second or third rate work, are more numerous than those of any other man.

I am not of course saying that clergymen, of all people, should not be ambitious of doing the very best work, and that we should not vigilantly guard against being too easily pleased with ourselves.

But I am convinced that the danger is all the other way, of clergymen expecting too much of themselves, and of under-rating their work, because it is of second or third rate quality.

But let us have a good conceit of ourselves and try and realize our tremendous importance in the scheme of Creation. Our second and third rate work is absolutely indispensable. God needs us, just as much as we need Him. This is, and must be, the purpose of our creation,—to do certain work and to fill a certain place that could not be done and could not be filled by any one else. In fact, God could not get on without us, and in some mysterious way He needs us to the last moment of our mundane existence. In some mysterious way we are filling a place and doing a work as long as body and soul can be kept together, even if we only "stand and wait."

There are times when our insignificance comes rolling in upon us with overwhelming and almost crushing force. How unutterably small we feel, and yet this wonderful universe could not get along without us. We may say, "It went on without me before I came and it will go on without me after I leave." Yes, before and after, but not while God keeps you here. Otherwise we would not be here.

And so your work which is apparently so miserably imperfect and so futile, is of supreme value and importance. It is as necessary to the working of God's universe as the eternal forces which govern the same moon and stars in their orbits, and the seasons in their courses.

Again we will learn to bear patiently with our limitations. As yet we cannot do the things that we would, as under other circumstances, or in another and more favourable environment, we might do. After all the real difference between men is in their limitations, not in their fundamental capacity. Some men have a larger cage to move about in, or a longer rope. The genius is the man with an abnormal power of self-expression. He probably hasn't more in him than the average man, but he can get at it more easily. As has been said of great poets and orators, they say what the vast majority of people feel, but cannot express. It has been absurdly said that all men are equal.

## THE MINISTRY OF MUSIC

### How a Sky Pilot Fiddled His Way to Favour

By MR. H. ALDERWOOD, C.C.C.S., WYCLIFFE COLLEGE, TORONTO.

We have pretty well outgrown this fallacy. But again perhaps in another and deeper sense this is true. It may be that we only differ in our power of self-expression, and that far below the surface we are all equal. One of the joys of that state or place we call Heaven may consist in that perfect equality, which will follow upon the power of perfect, untrammelled self-expression,

"I know there will dawn a day,  
Is it here on homely earth,  
Is it yonder worlds away,  
Where the new and strange have birth,  
That power comes full in play.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Somewhere below, above,  
A day will dawn, this I know,  
When power which vainly strove  
My weakness to o'erthrow will triumph,  
I breathe, I move, I truly am at last."

How many thousands of clergymen there are struggling on through weary years of isolation and discouragement, seeing little, if perhaps any, visible results of their labours, and with an increasing consciousness of their limitations, who have long ago found out that they can never hope to do anything but second or third rate work. All the zest and snap has gone out of their work. To such I would commend some statistics which recently appeared in the New York "Churchman," as the result of the lifelong experience of an eminent American jurist, Judge Fawcett. Of 5,385 criminal cases he has tried, not one of the defendants was a church member, and of the many thousands of children brought before him, not one belonged to a Sunday School. This is mainly the result of the work of the thousands of second and third rate ministers scattered throughout the country. How often does our preaching seem to us like the rain drops pattering on the rock, for all the effect it produces, and yet how much of it does go home, often in the most unexpected quarters. The late Mr. Gladstone used to say he had never heard a sermon in his life from which he had not got some good, and like the courtly, fine old English gentleman that he was, he made a point of thanking the clergymen whenever possible for his discourse. And Mr. Gladstone, as a "twicer," to use his own expression, must have heard a great variety of sermons in his long life.

Yes, nine-tenths of the world's work has been, is, and always will be done by the second and third raters, work full of blemishes, easy to pick holes in, and often considerably below par, but work the world cannot possibly afford to do without.

In the last analysis, therefore, who shall presume to say, that in the deeper sense there is any such thing as imperfect work. All work done in an honest and true heart, be it what the world may call first, second, or third rate, is good work, and of equal value to Him "Who giveth liberally to every man and upbraideth not."

#### FAMILY RELIGION.

By Dr. J. N. McCormick, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of United States.

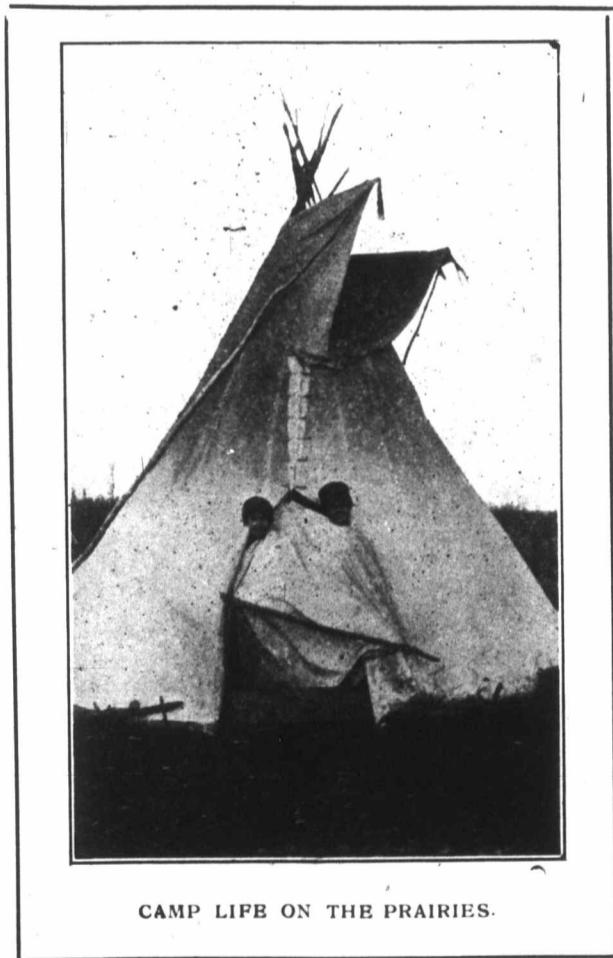
In the early days recorded in Bible history it was very largely true that every man was a priest in his own house. The head of the family was its religious spokesman and interpreter. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are thus represented, and in after time, along with the development of public worship, the undelimited duty of family worship was still taught and practised. When we read, "All Judah stood before the Lord with their little ones, their wives and their children," we think not only of the congregation as a whole at a time of general assembly, but of the family units, each composing a congregation in itself. So, nowadays, when we talk about the family pew in church we like to think of the family worship at home. Is it possible that we are forgetting to say grace before meals, and think to return thanks only when the clergy are present? Are we neglecting the hallowed custom of family prayers? Are we so busy that we no longer believe the old adage "Meat and matins hinder no man's journey"? St. Paul, writing to Philemon, addresses his letter to him and "to the church in thy house." Do we still like to make our houses rallying points for religious services? Would our friends think it queer if they were invited to come around, not for dinner, nor for dancing, nor for bridge, but for an hour of preaching or of worship?

THE Canadian Pacific Irrigation Department has its headquarters in Brooks. The huge block of land consists of rolling, treeless prairie, and the rainfall is not sufficient



RUNNING RAPIDS, AN EXCITING AND OFTEN DANGEROUS EXPERIENCE.

to make farming a profitable business. Accordingly, the company decided to irrigate the whole block by tapping the Bow River, and Brooks is the centre from which the last portion of this work is being carried out. At the great Bassano Dam, the key to the whole scheme, there were two large camps; another was near to Brooks, constructing an enormous aqueduct; and throughout the district were gangs at work on concrete or timber structures, bridges and canals, descending in points of numbers down to small sub-contractors engaged on a mile or two of ditch-work. Altogether there would be nearly 2,000 men engaged in the task of irrigating this dry and thirsty land. From Brooks I sallied forth on



CAMP LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

circular journeys, returning every ten days or so for fresh supplies of literature. It was my aim to touch as many camps as possible during the day, and to spend the night in one where there were good prospects of holding a service, though this was not always possible. Sometimes, owing to the long distance between camp and camp, one would arrive too late, or it might be that the only camp within reach contained too few English-speaking men; but the aim, "a service every

night," was never lost sight of. Books, magazines and newspapers were distributed all along the line, as also were tracts and portions of Scripture, and it was the endeavour of the "parson" to preach Christ by word and deed at all times.

A very little experience sufficed to bring one to the conclusion that these dwellers in camps were fighting an uphill fight, with the odds all against them. Their lives in the main are hard and rough, their comforts few and far between, and while first impressions of the average "bunch" are usually depressing ones, fuller experience draws one's sympathy irresistibly, for the faults and vices of these fellows are all on the surface, and are largely the direct and natural result of the unnatural lives which they lead.

While as a rule they made the "preacher" welcome they generally fought shy of his religion, and it was often most difficult to get them to turn out for a service. Religion and hypocrisy seemed to be indissolubly connected in their minds, and their sympathies alienated from Christianity because of the sins of professing Christians, or the narrow and intolerant theology so often propagated. Many were Socialists, and regarded religion as the cult of the rich, and the Church as a useless burden upon the workers. But withal there was a hungering for better things, a sub-conscious acquiescence in the parson's message, and a frank admission of past failure. I came to believe that moral cowardice was often the real cause of their affected contempt or indifference towards religion, for each man seemed to fear the sneer of his neighbour. It was always the hardest task to get the first dozen together for service; after that the others came more readily.

#### THE OLD VIOLIN.

The softer side of the "boys" was soon revealed under the influence of music, and my old violin was a golden key to their goodwill. It was my constant companion, and has raised its voice in almost every camp I visited, for there was seldom a better instrument than a mouth-organ to be heard, and camp life does become terribly dull and monotonous without music. I was never allowed to sit for long in a bunk-house before some voice would inquire what I had in the case, or suggest more pointedly, "What about a little music, Parson?" and the suggestion was generally endorsed unanimously.

On my first journey I struck a very rough and dirty camp, and as I surveyed the various occupants of the bunk-house and heard their revolting blasphemy and filthy talk, it did indeed seem that the task of preaching Christ here was a hopeless one. However, I tuned up and played a few airs, which soon attracted attention and appreciation, and one song after another was asked for. Gradually other men came in until we had quite a good audience, but they were in no spirit to receive any "religious dope," being still rowdy and boisterous. They called for ragtime, and the dancer of the camp rattled his feet on the boards till the air reeked with foul dust; then others wanted to dance, and soon the bunk-house floor was crowded with clumsy couples who waltzed or "two-stepped" hilariously. Then they tired, and I played Schumann's "Dream Song" with all the feeling at my command. The effect was wonderful. From uproar and energy we changed to silence and peace, and as the last tones of the violin died away there was a subdued hum of satisfied approval. There was little rowdiness from this point, and the songs were now older ones—the songs of home—"Annie Laurie," "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," and similar undying favourites; and as they gruffly joined in these the "boys" seemed to soften under the influence of the tender memories of the past. In a little while they were singing the good old hymns and expressing the desire to "go right through the sheet." As we broke up at last, long past the usual bedtime, a husky voice said, "That's the best night we've had yet," to which the crowd heartily agreed, and the "parson," as

he climbed up to share the eagerly proffered blankets of a young Swede, praised God for music, that marvellous Divine gift to man, with its universal power to soothe, to soften, and to uplift.

On another occasion, chancing to strike a camp at mid-day, I found the "boys" in a sour and discontented spirit, for the heat at this time was intense, the work was unusually heavy, and the mosquitoes were very troublesome. As soon as dinner was over, I took up my fiddle and entered the largest bunk-house, to find almost every man lying prostrate in his bunk. "Any room for a little music?" I cried, and there was a ready assent, so for half an hour my old fiddle sang its soothing song, until the foreman's call was heard, and the "boys" had to scramble out to toil again. Many murmured thanks as they went, and pressed me to stay for the night, one remarking, "We need some music to sweeten up this camp, or they won't get a man to stay in it." The goodwill thus secured was of great assistance when service time came, for I believe every man in the camp turned out. They did not leave off work until 8 o'clock, but willingly cleaned up in haste to oblige me, and formed a group outside. Before we were through, the veil of night had fallen, but this only added impressiveness to the service, and we closed with "Abide with me," the words of which were known to many of them, so that no sheets were needed.

We were able to hold regular fortnightly services at the large aqueduct camp near Brooks, and these were always well attended. As a rule we arranged benches in front of the big shack which served as a dining room, but on several occasions it was necessary to go indoors, owing to inclement weather or mosquitoes. One Sunday, on account of the latter objection, I decided to hold service in the largest bunk-house. I was told that the men in this bunk-house were the worst bunch in the camp, but events proved that they were not so bad as they were painted. On entering the shack, I found everything dirty and untidy, and a group of the "boys" playing cards. I told them we wanted to use their bunk-house as a Church for that night, and asked them to clean it up a little, and also to make themselves smart, as some of the ladies would be coming over. They fell in heartily with my proposal, and it was decidedly encouraging to view their eagerness to prepare for visitors. The bunk-house was swept out, rubbish carried outside, old clothes and other belongings straightened away, and the occupants themselves hurriedly washed and changed into better clothing. That was a really happy service, and the "boys" were quite proud of themselves, taking credit for all the success, and urging me to "come round again next Sunday."

#### SINGING IN A "SMUDGE."

The mosquito was often an enemy to the work, and made the holding of services a difficult matter, but enthusiasm can overcome most difficulties. One service I remember well was held in a bunk-house reeking with foul smoke from a huge "smudge," yet it was a most cheering one. After playing awhile, with the assistance of an accordion, I passed round hymn-sheets and asked the "boys" to join in. There was a poor response at first, for a number were engaged in the favourite pastime of card-playing, and others sat smoking in their bunks, but soon curiosity prevailed, the sheets were examined, and before long the singing was hearty and general. The mosquitoes became more vicious and the "smudge" was renewed, but nothing could stop those fellows from singing. I fiddled away briskly in the smoke, but had to rush to the door more than once to breathe freely, and marvelled how the singers could continue. It was a strange picture, and one I shall not soon forget, for such enthusiasm over the old Gospel hymns spoke volumes as to the hunger of these men's hearts.

There were many discouragements, and at times one was tempted to ask, "Is it worth while?" but such pessimism seldom remained for long, for never a day passed without one feeling that some good had been done. The distribution of many good books and magazines, in places often devoid of reading matter; the scattering of countless portions of the Word of God in divers tongues, and the brightening by music of many a dull spot, all this was surely not in vain. And above all one looks back to many a silent group, listening earnestly to the story of God's love for man; to many a teamster or traveller with whom one has talked as one journeyed across the lonely prairie; and to doubters wandering in the blackness of atheism, who have earnestly striven to see the Light; and one is content to leave results to Almighty God, the Lord of the harvest.

## Twenty-Third Psalm

REV. F. J. MOORE, B.A., ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

### PART IV.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

The Psalmist did not mean that death had no terrors for him—all that he meant was that he was not afraid of danger while his Shepherd was with him. "The valley of the shadow of death" stood for the dark, rocky ravines in the wilderness, where wild beasts had their habitation, and where stray, unprotected sheep were certain to be torn to death. And in view of these dangers that beset his sheep, the shepherd carried a rod or club for their defence. With his staff he folded his sheep; with his club he protected them from danger. "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." It was the comfort of a quiet assurance that while the Lord was with him no ill could come.

In our interpretation of this passage to-day, we go beyond its original meaning, partly because the thought is foreign to our experience, and partly because we have taken the first idea that the words conveyed to our minds. "The valley of the shadow of death" means to us literally the valley of the shadow of death, and if we mean what we say, we mean that death has no fears for us; we face it unafraid, because we know that God is with us.

That is the declaration of a splendid faith. But should we still speak of death with bated breath as the valley of the shadow? Is there any shadow in death other than the shadow of our sorrow that we must leave all that we have known and loved behind? Sorrow is as natural to faith as to unfaith, and is not inconsistent with it. Only he longs for the release of death whose hold on life has been accompanied by pain and disappointment, and whose heart is not centred in an earthly love and treasure. Sorrow is a shadow that will remain while love and death remain, faith notwithstanding. The office of faith is not to banish sorrow, but to save it from despair.

But is it sorrow that we mean when we speak of the valley of the shadow of death? Is it not a certain gloomy foreboding and sense of uncertainty that is almost a contradiction of our faith which casts out fear? We speak of the other side of death as the "Unknown," and, as we utter the word, is there not more apprehension in our voices than when we speak of to-morrow, which is also unknown? And the shadow that makes the difference is a shadow that is lying across our faith. There was a shadow in death once, but God in Christ has taken that away, and to a perfect Christian faith it can never be there again. "To me to live is Christ," said Saint Paul, "and to die is gain." And there is no note of gloom in his words when he writes to Timothy, "The time of my departure is at hand." "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," said the Venerable Bede as he breathed his last in his little monastery cell. "Welcome, my Sister Death," cried Francis of Assisi, and passed joyfully to the Church Triumphant. "Open the door and let in more of that music! . . . I go to-day to be with my Redeemer and my King in Paradise," was the joyful cry of dying Jacob Behmen. "These all died in faith," and there was no shadow in death for them. They believed in God, and they believed in Christ, and they were conscious of the promised Presence and the promised manifestation.

And faith, in this respect, is not only trusting in God; it is believing wholeheartedly in the resurrection of Our Lord from the dead. If we believe that, death is clearly not a valley of shadows, but an entrance into light and life.

"Jesus lives! No longer now  
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;  
Jesus lives! By this we know,  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us."

"O grave, where is thy victory? O death,  
where is thy sting? . . . Thanks be unto God,  
which giveth us the victory through Our Lord  
Jesus Christ."

Why not make good pocket money during the holidays? Write The Canadian Churchman for particulars.

## PORT HOPE SUMMER SCHOOL

A Lady's First Impression.

By MRS. WILLOUGHBY-CUMMINGS.

I had never gone to a Summer School before because for the last three summers an ocean had separated me from the place where I would be. So I went to Port Hope this time without any preconceived ideas in my mind except that of certain enjoyment.

The first surprise came to me when I got into the car at the Union Station and found it filled with bright young girls and some young men, with many tennis rackets in evidence, and a general air of pleasant anticipation,—much laughter and joking, such as one expects to find in a holiday crowd going off for a summer outing. "Some excursion to a tennis tournament," I concluded in my mind, and just then I overheard one merry group saying something about "the Summer School," for which place I soon found all were bound.

I think I must have been picturing in my mind an assembly of middle-aged W.A. women, with some senior men and women Sunday School teachers, some clergy, and a few—a very few—of the younger set mixed in, as it were,—but then I had never been at a Summer School. Of course there were all the kinds of people in the school that I had supposed would be there, only that instead of the few young people they were the many.

Of our arrival at the College; of the wonderfully expeditious manner in which Mr. R. A. Williams and his assistant, Miss Jones, aided by a sort of card index system, located the 130 of us in our respective rooms; of the "Organization" meeting in the evening, I need not speak in particular, only to add that the Rev. E. A. McIntyre, the Chairman, gave us the keynote of what was to follow when in his opening address on that evening he dwelt on the thought of service, for the advancement of the Kingdom.

Six o'clock is very early in the morning at home, but is quite the ideal hour for arising at the Summer School, and the attendance at the Holy Communion in the beautiful chapel at 6.45 was always good. Breakfast was followed by what many thought the most enjoyable feature of the day when we assembled in the chapel again for "Family Prayers," and heard during the week, a series of deeply earnest addresses given by the Rev. Derwyn Owen on five of the "Words from the Cross."

The next hour was that set apart for the Mission Study Classes, the subject being India. The members of the school were divided into eight classes, under the leadership of Miss Cartwright, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Griffin, Miss Metcalf, Miss Rumsey, Rev. T. A. Nind, Rev. L. G. Davis, and the Rev. W. G. Kidd.

From 11 to 11.45 each day the whole school met in the gymnasium for a most helpful course of Bible study, conducted by Rev. Principal Waller, of Huron College, whose series of charts on St. Matthew's Gospel, and the Acts of the Apostle, should be in the hands of all students of the Bible.

The next Study Class was intended primarily for Sunday School teachers, but was also enjoyed by several others. The subjects were: "How Children Learn," "Securing and Holding Attention," "The Art of Story Telling," "Handwork as a Means of Expressing the Lesson," and "The Sunday School Teacher's Ideal," and the leaders of the six classes were Miss Morley, Miss M. H. Smith, Miss Babe, Rev. H. H. Bedford-Jones, Rev. R. C. Blagrove, and the Rev. T. B. Howard.

At noon the School assembled in the gymnasium again, and after the short noon-day intercessions, joint conferences were held on "The Principal of Teaching Applied to Missions," led by Miss Thomas; "Work Among Boys and Girls," led by Miss Griffin, and "Missionary Libraries and Literature," led by Miss Metcalf.

On Wednesday and Friday separate conferences were held at this time, the Missions' Section discussing "Channels of Missionary Work," led by Archdeacon Ingles, and "The Church and the Stranger," led by Miss Cartwright, while the Sunday School Section considered "Sunday School Management," and "Teaching the Church Catechism," led by Rev. E. A. McIntyre, and the Rev. R. C. Blagrove.

The afternoons were left free for recreation, and the tennis rackets were quickly brought into use on the spacious grounds to the south of the College, where tournaments were well fought out and won, while many onlookers chatted in groups under the shade of the trees, and others made excursions to the town and elsewhere, and many amateur photographers and their kodaks were busy securing souvenirs.



After dinner the "Open Air Talk" on some evenings was held on the high ground behind the School Hospital, where the beauty of the wide-spread panorama lying below us of lake, and distant hills, woods and fertile farm lands, with the rays of the setting sun fading away into the gloaming, will surely never be forgotten. There "talks" were given by Rev. R. M. Millman, of Japan; Miss Strickland, of India; Rev. Principal Waller, and the Rev. C. E. J. Jeakins. From 8.15 to 9 p.m., the Rev. Professor Wright, of Huron College, gave a most interesting series of addresses on Church History, taking the period of the Methodist movement as his theme, and the last half hour was devoted to addresses on "The Kingdom," the special subjects being "The Problem of Sin in Relation to the Coming of the Kingdom," given by the Bishop of Toronto; "The Home Church and its Place in Hastening the Kingdom," by Canon Plumtre; "The Nation and its Responsibilities Towards Hastening the Kingdom," by Dr. Harley Smith; "The Kingdoms of the World and the Kingdom of God," by the Rev. A. Carlyle; and "The Claims of the King on His Subjects," by the Rev. E. A. McIntyre.

So the days passed on, so quickly and so happily that surely never before had a week seemed so short. A big united family party with merry jest, and laughter, much serious thought, quiet resolve, and earnest study, and then came Sunday, "always the very best day of all at the Summer School," said those whose regular attendance year after year entitled them to be called the "veterans," despite in most cases their youthful appearance.

Canon Plumtre who was the preacher at both services spoke in the morning of "The Cost of Service," and in the evening of "The Joy of Service," and at the conclusion of the evening service a few earnest words were spoken by Principal Waller on what the Summer School should mean to us in our every-day life afterwards.

In the afternoon a large group gathered under the trees for an informal talk over some of the practical details of a missionary's life, and both Miss Strickland and Mr. Millman were most kind in answering questions and giving information. Later on another group talked over the missionary life in Japan with Mr. Millman, while Miss Strickland was the centre of still another group of those whose thoughts are turned towards India.

What the School has meant to many was realized that day with deep thankfulness by a few of the leaders in particular, for they knew that some had prayerfully faced the question, "Why should I not offer for service?" and felt ready to answer to the call.

## Church News

### PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

*We propose to insert weekly, or as often as may be necessary, a list of all the preferments and appointments in our Church. Diocesan Secretaries, Clergy and Churchwardens are invited to help us to make this information accurate and complete.*

GILLIES, Rev. H. H., of Fruitvale, B.C., to be Rector of St. Nicholas, Vancouver. (Diocese of New Westminster.)

WALKER, Rev. F. B. A., of Ecum Secum (N.S.), to be Rector of Port Morien. (Diocese of Nova Scotia.)

WILLIAMS, Rev. N. A., of Dundalk, to be Incumbent of the Parishes of Christ Church, Milverton, and Trinity Church, Elmira. (Diocese of Huron.)

### NOVA SCOTIA.

Clarendon Lamb Worrell, D.D., Bishop, Halifax, N.S.

HALIFAX.—ST. PAUL'S.—St. Paul's Junior Chapter, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, left on July 8, to spend several days camping, under charge of Rev. S. H. Prince.

CATHEDRAL DEBT.—At a meeting of the Diocesan Synod the following resolution, moved by Archdeacon Martell and seconded by Hon. W. H. Owen, was adopted:—

Whereas, there is a debt of \$35,000 on the Cathedral on construction account, and whereas the support and maintenance of the Cathedral is borne by the voluntary contributions of the congregation, there being no endowment fund for

that purpose, and whereas it is right that the Cathedral should be practically a Diocesan Church;

And whereas it is hoped that the Cathedral may become a Mission Cathedral, with sufficient staff of clergy to afford supplies for Diocesan parish purposes, at no cost to the parishes except disbursements, therefore resolve that each parish vestry do forthwith take such steps as they may deem it advisable to adopt the system known as "One day's pay or income for Cathedral Building Fund" towards the liquidation of such debt.

And further resolved that the Bishop be requested to prepare and present the Vestry Clerk of each parish an official letter in furtherance of this resolution.

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### MONTREAL.

John Cragg Farthing, D.D., Bishop, Montreal.

MONTREAL.—CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—A protest against what he termed the un-Christianity of the policy of Asiatic exclusion in the Dominion was uttered in a sermon at Christ Church Cathedral by Dr. Symonds on July 5th. The recent observance of Dominion Day served as occasion to deprecate what he believed was the exaggeration of the country's resources as the foundation of national strength.

The problem of the admission of the Hindus was answered, Dr. Symonds thought, by the text: "Love ye, therefore, the stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

"I do not shut my eyes," said Dr. Symonds, "to the fact that this is a profoundly difficult problem. I am concerned with it as you are from the point of view of Canadian citizenship and Canadian ideals. And I must frankly say that after trying to look at this question in an all-round way, our treatment of the Hindu seems to fall short of the principles of our faith.

"The men who seek entrance are of a high type. They are British citizens. They are loyal. They come from a crowded country. There is a real need for some outlet for their population.

"The other side is this: First, they are of a different colour. If this meant a radical inferiority, it would carry weight; but this is not the case. In spite of their colour, they belong to the great Aryan stock from which we, too, have sprung.

"But there is a more serious difficulty than this. The East has hundreds of millions of people. We have less than ten millions. Is our country to be overrun by Asiatics? It is now in the main English in government, religion, ideals and methods. There is no unfairness in holding to the position that this is, and must be, an Anglo-Saxon country."

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS.—Six vacation Bible Schools commenced work on July 8th, five morning schools starting at 9.15 and one afternoon school starting at 2.30 and closing at 4.30. The latter is held in St. John Evangelist Church and the other five are at the Congregational Church in Point St. Charles, William Lunn School, 171 Ann Street, the West End Methodist Church, corner of Canning and Coursol; Ebenezer Methodist Church, corner of St. Antoine and Convent, and the Anglican Church in Cote St. Paul.

The number of children enrolled in the six schools at the commencement was 543. The Point St. Charles school led easily with a total of 155, and the Ebenezer Methodist Church and the William Lunn School tied for second place with a total of 96. There were 88 children in the school at St. John Evangelist Church, 76 in the West End Methodist Church, and 22 in the Cote St. Paul Anglican Church.

There was a rush of new scholars on the second day, who, indeed, kept floating in at every hour of the morning, the attendance of boys and girls being about equally divided. The boys in particular seem delighted to find something to do during the holidays. Hammock-making and carpentry are their favourite occupations. Volunteer work by young men who are fond of boys and like helping them is a feature of the schools, many of the elder lads' work being entirely directed by young city men, who manage their wild "staff" with an easy bonhomie. In St. John's Church there is a specially big kindergarten in good working order already.

BERTHIER.—The Rev. C. A. Heaven, M.A., has resigned the parish of Berthier and has accepted a position on Mr. Collison's staff at Highbury School, Hamilton. This will render the Berthier Grammar School vacant. Mr. Heaven has done excellent work at Berthier and his leaving is a great loss to the school and to the diocese.

### ONTARIO.

William Lennox Mills, D.D., Bishop, Kingston.

Edward John Bidwell, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Kingston and Coadjutor of Ontario.

KINGSTON.—ST. LUKE'S.—The Sunday School picnic was held on July 8 at Long Island Park. The steamer America left the wharf at the foot of Brock Street at 1 o'clock with 350 passengers on board. Although the weather was not promising, the rain kept off and the picnic beat all previous records, both from the standpoint of numbers and for enjoyment.

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### TORONTO.

James Fielding Sweeney, D.D., Bishop, William Day Reeve, D.D., Assistant.

TORONTO.—ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.—Between five and six hundred Sunday School children of St. Mary the Virgin Church, with their relatives and friends, attended the twenty-sixth annual picnic at Grimsby Beach recently. Weather conditions through the day were ideal, and a large number of contestants entered for the numerous sports and games scheduled on the programme.

ST. PAUL'S.—Hand-clapping, loud and frequent, rarely features an Anglican Church service, but such a thing happened at the service on Sunday afternoon, July 12th, when the Royal Orange County Lodge of Toronto held its annual church service in this church. Deep solemnity had reigned throughout the service until the preacher, the Rev. William Lowe, M.A., of Lucan, Ont., and Past Grand Chaplain of Western Ontario chanced to remark that the Roman Catholics in Ireland were not clamouring for home rule, but "Roman rule." This statement apparently voiced the common sentiment of the 2,500 Orangemen who were listening to the speaker, and applause broke out. The common rules of the Church procedure once being violated, the vast assemblage frequently afterwards endorsed the speaker's words in an equally enthusiastic manner. The service was opened at 3 o'clock, but many minutes beforehand the church was more than comfortably filled. Despite the closeness of the atmosphere, all signs of prostration were conspicuously absent. Only one person out of the 2,500 or more had to be removed from the church. Taking as his text the words, "And He saved them from the adversary's hand and delivered them from the hand of the enemy," the Past Grand Chaplain drew a parallelism between the Biblical incident to which the above passage refers, and the deliverance of Protestantism from the bondage of Roman Catholicism by the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. "It is not our desire as Orangemen," continued the preacher, "to open an old sore or cherish any unkindly feeling by so commemorating this occasion, but merely to freshen it in our memory and to show our gratitude to God for the blessing of religious liberty." Mr. Lowe censured his Orange brethren for negligence on their part in acquainting the younger generation with the reasons and noble causes for the "Twelfth of July" celebrations. Orangemen were particularly careless in this respect, he said, "They have lost the enthusiasm which characterized our forefathers. But above all," concluded the minister, "Orangemen should be charitable. They should love and pity their Roman Catholic brethren in their blindness. They should fight the good fight, but they should act on the defensive and not on the offensive. It is merely the accidental duty of Orangeism to protest against the error of the Church of Rome." The last words of the sermon formed a warning to the gathering that Orangeism would never save them, but rather an everlasting faith and trust in the living God. Archdeacon Cody, prior to the sermon, extended a warm welcome to the Orange County Lodge, and stated that it would always be counted a privilege to have the lodge meet in his church on the occasion of the annual church service.

TRINITY EAST.—The Rector, Canon Dixon, is away on a two months' vacation. During his absence the Rev. E. C. Burch is taking his duties.

OPEN-AIR SERVICES.—The third of the Wednesday night open-air services in Trinity Square was held on July 8th, and was very largely attended, both by members of the congregation and people from Yonge Street. Rev. D. T. Owens, who will speak during July, delivered an excellent address accompanied by illustrative pictures on a screen stretched across the church.

We are more than glad to see that deeper interest is being taken in this work throughout our Church. Open-air services have generally been left by us to other denominations. But why should that be? Surely there can be no better way of reaching the hundreds of people in our towns and cities who never darken the doors of a Place of Worship. It would be well for our city clergy to take this work seriously to heart, and to realize that here is an opportunity of doing a really Christ-like thing. We have not been going out into the "highways" as much as we should.

**SCARBORO JUNCTION.**—On Friday evening, July 10th, the Bishop visited Scarboro Junction for the purpose of opening the new church which is the result of Mission work started five years ago by Mr. Esten Williams, churchwarden of the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale. The new church is handsome in design, a substantial structure, having cost \$3,000 and has accommodation for about 250 people. The church is situated a mile north of the Half-way House, and will be known as the Church of the Epiphany, Scarboro Junction. Canon Bryan was present, and acted as Bishop's Chaplain. The sermon was preached by the Rural Dean, the Rev. G. I. B. Johnson, of Markham, who took as his subject the rebuilding of the Temple as recorded in the Book of Ezra. The large congregation listened with great attention to the preacher, and afterwards also to the Bishop who spoke briefly, but sympathetically, upon the importance of unity in the work of the Church. The church opens with a small mortgage of \$1,500, which should be rapidly cleared off. The Rev. A. N. Barclay is now in charge of this work. Visiting clergy were the Rev. Principal O'Meara, who preached in the church on Sunday evening, July 12th, the Revs. Baynes-Reed, A. M. I. Durnford and N. A. F. Bourne. It is largely through the efforts of Rev. C. E. Luce that the money for the building was secured.

**EGLINTON.—ST. CLEMENT'S.**—At the combined picnic of St. Clement's Anglican Mission and St. Clement's Church, Eglinton, held at Bond Lake, the Rev. A. K. Griffin was presented with a gold watch by G. E. Hall, warden, and an illuminated address by S. G. Robins, warden, as a mark of esteem and in recognition of his valuable services during the five years he has been connected with St. Clement's. As the college is to be removed to Brampton, Mr. Griffin will have to sever his connection with St. Clement's and the Bedford Park Mission, of which he has been in charge since it was inaugurated five years ago. Mr. Griffin, in a short address, expressed his regret at having to relinquish a field of work which had so many happy associations for himself and Mrs. Griffin.

**SPARROW LAKE.—CHURCH OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.**—Rev. Canon Bryan took the services at the Anglican Church on Sunday, July 12th. The Bishop conducted the opening service on July 5th.

**KINMOUNT AND BURNT RIVER MISSION.—ST. JAMES'.**—A brass offertory basin has been presented to this church by the widow of a recently-deceased member. The Vicar's Bible Class of the Church of the Epiphany, Toronto, has very kindly supplied the Rev. E. F. Hockley with a folding-organ for his work on the Mission, which will fill a long-felt want.

**COLLINGWOOD.—ALL SAINTS'.**—The Orangemen attended service at this church on Sunday morning, July 12th.

**INNISFIL.—ST. PAUL'S.**—The congregation and friends of this church have reason for deep gratitude that they were enabled by a kind Providence to have the corner-stone of their new church laid under most favourable circumstances. After the disastrous fire of March 8th last, the old rectory was altered and ready for the holding of services the following Sunday. The vestry at the same time was called to consider the erection of a new church. Material was being placed on the ground, a building committee representing the vestry was appointed. The services of an architect, Mr. Philip Palin, of Collingwood, were secured. After several drawings the present plan of Norman Gothic architecture was decided upon. The first sod was turned by the Rector and Mrs. Perry at 7 o'clock on the morning of May 20th. The contract was let to Mr. W. H. Minnikers, of Barrie, in June. A few weeks ago, July 8 was chosen for the important ceremony, and all things seemed to smile upon the undertaking, as the day, and especially the evening was ideal, and a very large number were gathered when the clergy and the Bishop proceeded to the scene. Those present were the Bishop, Canon Murphy, Rev. C. J. R. Biggs, of Trinity Church, Barrie, the Rev. E. B. Taylor, of St. George's, Allandale, the Rev. E. H. B. Taylor, assistant, St.

Stephen's, Toronto, and the Rev. R. J. W. Perry, Rector. The band from Ivy played the hymns, "Onward Christian Soldiers," and "O God, our Help in Ages Past." The Scripture Lesson was 1 Chron. 29: 1-16. The Bishop laid the corner-stone, using a trowel donated by Mr. W. Webb, brother of Mr. Edward Webb, one of the committee-men, and presented to the Bishop, bearing the inscription, "Presented to the Right Reverend Bishop Sweeney on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Paul's, July the 8th, 1914." Mrs. Murphy was then asked by the Rector to lay the corner-stone of the old St. Paul's over the window on the north side of the tower, after which the Bishop delivered an address of congratulation, inspiration and exhortation. In the stone were placed copies of the daily press, copies of the local papers, the "Canadian Churchman" and "Church Life," the "Mission World," the "Letter Leaflet," historical data of the church, names of the Bishop, Archdeacons of Simcoe, Peterborough and York, the form of service, including names of committee-men, coins of the realm, the key of the original church. After the ceremony, those present repaired to the old rectory grounds, where a very pleasant garden party was held. It was a pleasure to have associated with us the Rev. D. A. MacKenzie, pastor of the Stroud Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Mr. Clemens of the Methodist Church. Master Grant Mayor favoured us with a couple of solos and the Ivy band furnished the music. The pleasant surroundings, the great number of happy people, the ideal evening, all augured well for the future of the congregation, in what we trust will be higher and more devoted service.

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**HURON.**

David Williams, D.D., Bishop, London, Ont.

**LONDON.—ST. PAUL'S.**—A public service, in charge of Canon Tucker, the Rector, was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on July 8th, in connection with the funeral of Miss Ella Waller, the 18-year-old daughter of Rev. Dr. C. C. Waller, Principal of Huron College, this city, who was killed in an automobile accident in Toronto on Monday. The bell of the Cathedral was also tolled for a considerable time.

**ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.**—"Religious Freedom Sunday," was celebrated by several hundred members of the local Orange lodges at Divine service in this church on July 12th. The members gathered at the district lodgerooms on the Market Lane shortly after 3 o'clock and, in spite of the rain, marched to the church, where the Rector, Rev. Canon Craig, conducted the service and Brother Rev. Harry B. Ashby preached a sermon dealing with the significance of the day. Mr. Ashby took his text from the story of the miracle by which the Israelites were enabled to cross the flood-swollen Jordan to accomplish the downfall of the city of Jericho. "Too often," he said, "we refuse to give to God the credit for such events. We seek some other explanation for them." The speaker asked his hearers to give to God the credit for the miracles which in later days have enabled the British people "to preserve religious and national freedom. We must stop and recognize," he said, "the hand of God in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the raising of the siege of Derry and the discovery of the gunpowder plot. The Orange motto represents the sum total of Christianity. It combines the essentials, reverence to God, honour to men and to the King. We can tell our children that we commemorate that great day when the Lord of Hosts gave us the Bible." In conclusion the speaker declared that "the Orange Order establishes a citizenship loyal to the British Empire. The members do not ask special privileges for themselves or for Protestants, but equal rights to all and favours to none." Mr. Ashby briefly referred to the situation in Ireland, claiming that the Ulstermen are only asking equal privileges. He referred his hearers to the Bible as a textbook not only as Orangemen but as Christians. The church was completely filled in spite of the inclement weather, and many were unable to obtain seats.

Rev. Canon Craig, Rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, has completed 42 years of active ministry in the Church of England. He celebrated the event on July 9th, in conjunction with the Sunday School picnic, which was being held at Port Stanley. He was ordained in this parish in 1872.

**LONDON.—A.Y.P.A.**—A meeting of the Dominion Executive Committee of the A.Y.P.A. was held on July 6th to make final arrangements for

the programme of the next convention, which will be held from August 18th to 20th in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston. A large number of Londoners left the same day, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Appleyard, of St. Matthew's Church, East London, who is the Dominion Secretary of the A.Y.P.A., and who will participate in the arranging of the programme.

**MILVERTON.—CHRIST CHURCH.**—Rev. N. A. Williams, late of Dundalk, has been appointed by the Bishop of Huron to the incumbency of the parishes of Christ Church, Milverton, and Trinity Church, Elmira.

**INGERSOLL.—ST. JAMES'.**—Amid manifestations of genuine sorrow, which was felt among all classes, the remains of the late Dr. J. B. Coleridge were laid at rest in the Ingersoll rural cemetery on July 10. The attendance at St. James' Church, where a public service was held at 3 o'clock, was very large. The church was filled to the doors. A touching tribute to the noble qualities that had marked the life of the departed was paid by the Rector, Rev. R. J. M. Perkins. The funeral was under Masonic auspices and there was a large representation of the craft from Ingersoll and elsewhere.

**BRANTFORD.—ST. JAMES'.**—The picnic held by the members of St. James' Sunday School at Dunstan's farm on July 4th was pronounced by all to be the best in many years. The Rev. H. A. Wright was at the head of affairs, and everything went off well. The musical games, sports and competitions were held and prizes presented to winners.

**CRUMLIN.—ST. LUKE'S.**—The garden party given on July 3rd by St. Luke's Church on the church grounds proved a fine success, a large crowd being in attendance and enjoying an unusually good programme.

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**MOOSONEE.**

John George Anderson, D.D., Bishop, Selkirk.

**COCHRANE.—HOLY TRINITY.**—The Kermess held in Holy Trinity Church basement last week was a brilliant success, and reflects the greatest credit on the ability and talent of the Church ladies. The ladies in charge of the booths were:—Mrs. P. W. Baldwin, Canadian booth; Mrs. and Miss Dempsey, Irish booth; Mrs. J. C. Ivey, English booth; Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Henderson, Scotch booth. A very interesting and instructive exhibit was shown at the Indian booth, where Eskimo dolls and curious coming all the way from the Yukon and Hudson Bay were displayed by Mr. Frank Hardman, who represented an Indian brave.

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**RUPERT'S LAND.**

Samuel P. Matheson, D.D., Archbishop and Primate, Winnipeg.

**WINNIPEG.—ST. MATTHEW'S.**—County of Selkirk Loyal Orange lodges marched in procession Sunday afternoon from Scott Memorial Hall to St. Matthew's Church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rector, Rev. R. B. McElheran.

In his sermon the preacher asked and answered affirmatively the question, "Has the Orange Order at the present time any justification for its existence?" Mr. McElheran made, in opening, a reference to Manitoba politics. This was, he said, a most critical time in the history of the province. He believed it was most important that they should consider deeply the responsibility that would be placed upon them when called to mark their ballots. As showing that there was still need to maintain the fight against the Roman Church, he declared that there was now in progress a determined propaganda to win the United Kingdom back to the Roman fold. Recently a well-known Irish priest had declared that in 50 years there would not be a Protestant in Ireland. This propaganda was pernicious. Not long ago the Dublin newspapers published an account of a debate in a Roman Catholic debating society. The subject was, "Should Irishmen be Loyal to the King?" By a small majority the meeting decided Irishmen should not be loyal.

Such conditions, said the minister, were the inevitable product of the attempt to restore Catholic ascendancy in the United Kingdom. They foreshadowed the disruption of the Empire. Mr. McElheran declared further that the Roman Church in some European countries, notably Spain, is still disgraced by the sale of indul-

gences and by other superstitious practices. There was ample justification for Orangemen to continue their struggle against the Roman Church.

**SUMMER SCHOOL.**—It is hoped that the Summer School idea will have caught the imagination of the Church people of this diocese, and that the registered number of 125, last year's record, will be broken easily. For those who can get away from July 27 to 31st, a very pleasant and happy time at St. John's College is assured. At least that was the experience last year. From the spiritual point of view the opportunity is great. This year the arrangements are almost the same as those of last year, though the "personnel" of the leaders of discussions is necessarily different. The women will occupy the new college building, while the men will take the old building. Miss Millidge is again the hostess, and Rev. G. A. Wells, of Minnedosa, the host, old frequenters of these academic halls, capable of raising as well as laying many old ghosts of memory! Again, our most efficient Registrar, Mr. Clifford Cornish, of 25 Bannerman Avenue, Winnipeg, appeals to the Church folk to register early and in as large numbers as possible. The registration fee is \$2 for the whole course; \$1 for the evening sessions only; and 25 cents for single sessions. The cost to country members does not greatly exceed seven or eight dollars all told, as probably there will be a considerable rebate on the railway ticket after all expenses are paid. Of course a single ticket and standard certificate can be secured before starting, as Convention rates will prevail. The College provides rooms, beds and mattresses free, but members are expected to bring their own linen sheets, pillow-cases and toilet requisites. Breakfast and lunch are served in the College at 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. respectively, and will cost you 25 cents apiece. The School is in full blast all the morning until about 1 p.m. Then you do what you please till 7 p.m., when the pleasant open-air talks commence the evening sessions, which continue till evensong at 9 p.m.

Our chief organizer, Rev. W. A. Fyles, of Sunday Schools, the Field Secretary, announces the following mental and spiritual fare. At the Holy Communion Canon Phair will give devotional addresses on the Gospel for the day. At Morning Prayer (9 a.m. in the Chapel), instructions will be given by Revs. Rural Dean Cawley, W. G. Findlay, D. Pierce-Jones and E. C. R. Pritchard. At the Evening Service, Rev. Canon Murray, will give short addresses on the Pentateuch and Apocrypha. The Mission Study classes will include:—"Our Opportunity—Work in Kangra," by Mrs. Flint; "In Honan," Miss Hilliard; "Amongst the Eskimos," Mrs. G. T. Armstrong, and "Mohammedanism," Rev. W. G. Nicholson. The Sunday School and Bible Class sections will include a Model Bible Class Lesson, by Mrs. H. M. Speechly, and papers by Rev. Rural Dean McElheran and Mr. R. Fletcher. Of course, these papers will excite much profitable discussion. Two very interesting lectures on "Old Bibles and their lessons" are promised by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Johnstone. The Field Secretary will have his usual first-class Missionary and Sunday School exhibits and will handle the Question Box as well as a lantern talk on "Eastern Manners and Customs," that is to say "Far Eastern." Mr. J. McCormick of the Railway Camp Mission will prove very interesting with a lantern lecture on the opening night and again on Friday evening.

#### SASKATCHEWAN.

**Jervois A. Newnham, D.D., Bishop, Prince Albert, Sask.**

**SASKATOON.—ST. MARY'S.**—Starting Sunday evening, July 5th, and during the rest of the warm weather, the evening services at St. Mary's Church will be held on the lawn.

**SASKATOON.—ST. GEORGE'S.**—Many guests spent an hour very pleasantly on July 8 in Riverside Park, with Rev. J. T. Tuckey and the congregation of St. George's Church, who held a two days' open-air fete. Hon. W. C. Sutherland and Mrs. Sutherland were introduced by Mr. Tuckey, and after the former had given a short address complimenting the Church workers upon the splendid arrangements they had made, Mrs. Sutherland declared the fete open.

**ST. JOHN'S.**—The annual picnic in connection with this church and Sunday School was held at the Exhibition grounds last week. The children assembled at the church at 2 p.m. Special street cars were chartered to carry the children and

adults to the grounds. All kinds of games and races were held, including a big baseball match between the married and single men. Canon Smith, we note, showed himself a most efficient baseball player in this match.

**GRACE CHURCH.**—Something over 600 formed the Sunday School picnic of this church. The school is one of the very largest in the province, and then many of the children had brought their parents for an afternoon's outing. The superintendent, A. C. McEown, had hurried back from Toronto in time to be present. Rev. R. H. and Mrs. Leitch took the opportunity of the informal programme, to make the acquaintance of those of the congregation and Sunday School whom they had not before known.

#### NEW WESTMINSTER.

**A. U. de Pencier, D.D., Bishop, New Westminster, B.C.**

**VANCOUVER.—ST. NICHOLAS.**—Rev. H. H. Gillies, formerly of the diocese of Fredericton, but more recently of Fruitvale, B.C., in the diocese of Kootenay, accepted the parish of St. Nicholas, Vancouver, B.C., and entered upon his new duties the first Sunday in July.

#### COLUMBIA.

**J. C. Roper, D.D., Bishop, Victoria, B.C.**

**VICTORIA.—ST. JOHN'S.**—A most successful garden party was held recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, 516 Rithet Street, in aid of the St. John's Woman's Auxiliary Mission Fund. A large number of people were present both during the afternoon and evening, and delightful entertainment was provided for the visitors. The Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, assistant Rector of St. John's, thanked Mr. and Mrs. Morrison on behalf of the W.A. It was announced that another garden party of the same kind would be held on July 15, at the home of the president, 2316 Work Street, to which all would be welcomed. The proceeds, as before, would go towards the Mission work of the Auxiliary.

**SOUTH SAANICH.**—On July 8th, the clergy of the southern deanery of the Diocese of Columbia held their regular quarterly meeting at St. Stephen's Rectory, South Saanich. The Rev. Robert Connell read a paper on "Marxian Socialism." Other matters of importance to the Church of England in this district were considered.

## Correspondence

### WOMEN IN VESTRIES.

To the Editor:

It was with much regret that I read Mrs. L. M. Tilley's and L. A. B.'s letters in your issue of the 25th. The spirit is so unlike the W.A. teaching and the example of our Divine Master, and I hope none will follow her suggestion, for their own good, for such a spirit will surely weaken their own spiritual life. I would suggest their praying for those benighted clergymen and laymen who are so determined not to give them the votes they seem so anxious for. Did they have the right, I am sure there are many who would not use their privilege; only in cases where there were not men to do so, which is much to be regretted in many Churches.

W. A. Member.

To the Editor:

On my return from a brief holiday my attention has been directed to the letter of Mrs. Tilley in your issue of June 25th, re Votes for Women in Vestries. May I say that I am in much the same position as the young clergyman of whom she speaks. I have expressed myself as being in favour of giving the right to vote in vestry to women and so I am, and yet I voted against Mr. Ransford's motion. My reason for doing so agrees with that of many other opponents of the motion. We are in favour of giving the right to vote, but not to hold office, and Mr. Ransford's motion included both. I supported and voted for the amendment to refer to a committee who would consider the matter from all sides and would so shape the motion as to remove such objection, but the defeat of the amendment by one vote left us no recourse but to vote against

the motion. My only experience in the working of "Votes for Women," was in the diocese of Nova Scotia, and there, by the Church Act, they are given the right to vote, but not to hold office. That, I understand, is all the women ask for and that I am quite prepared to advocate. And if Mr. Ransford will reintroduce his motion in such a form as to limit it to that, I shall be very happy to support it. Otherwise we are committing ourselves to an innovation that seems to me somewhat revolutionary.

Yours very sincerely,  
Charles K. Masters,  
Rector, Trinity Church, Warton.

To the Editor:

Mrs. Tilley's letter in a recent issue of the "Canadian Churchman," following the decision of the diocese of Huron respecting women voting in vestries, is likely to meet with a wider response than some suppose. No other course at present appears open to us.

We once thought that women were present on the day of Pentecost, and that they were included in the "whole Church," but then vestries may not have been invented at that time. A woman is even thought by some to have written the Epistle to the Hebrews, and a woman deacon, —Phebe of Cenchrea—is said to have carried St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans to the Imperial City. Pliny tells us, in his famous letter to Trajan, that there were women ministers in the Christian Assembly, whom he had put to the torture to find out the truth about their worship.

In the history of the English Church we have heard of Hilda of Whitby, who was said to be a maker of Bishops, and actually sat with Bishops in solemn conclave to consider and determine the affairs of the Church. But all that was in the dark ages, perhaps, before Canada was heard of, or Huron had a Bishop.

The Church in modern times has in great measure lost grip of the masculine mind and appears in a fair way to lose grip of the understanding, sympathies and purse of women, and women too who are lovers of the Church and earnest workers. It is useless to reason with those who are impervious to argument. The only other way is to withhold financial support as Mrs. Tilley is doing. The world is wide and women in Huron diocese can wait or work elsewhere.

I. A. Templeton-Armstrong.

Port Rowan, Ont.

### THE MINISTER AT THE FRONT AND VOTES FOR WOMEN IN VESTRIES.

To the Editor:

It is not difficult to find a reason for the dearth of clergy, but it is difficult to imagine that those who are engaged in the ministry can keep to it.

Some people say, and as far as the saying goes, it is correct, that a minister should not take up his duties for the sake of his stipend. No, he should not, but a minister must live, and Jesus Christ, who gave the order to preach the Gospel, said the labourer is worthy of his hire. Now, while I am not one who believes in blowing a trumpet about personal deeds or sorrows, yet I feel sure that if our missionaries whose "care" is not among Indians, but which in many cases is among people much worse off, if we, I say, were to do a little self-advertising, which after all, would only be following example mildly, I feel sure some share of help so freely extended to those who are continually reporting themselves, would be extended to us. From long experience I can truthfully say that the clergyman with Church and outstanding Missions in rural parts has a far harder time than he who is merely at a Mission among Indians. It appears more romantic to dilate on Indian work and seems to appeal more to some people, but for real hard work the so-called outside posts take the topmost place, for white people must be gone after and constantly visited, Indians will come. And to make these numerous calls and get to the Mission stations each Sunday, it is essential that a team of good horses be kept, with rig for summer work and sleigh for winter. This in itself entails considerable expense, but when accidents with results are included, the expense becomes much heavier, and no travelling missionary can expect to escape. I have had many, and just got over another bad one. It is gratifying to know, however, that in most cases there is no personal injury, but the expense of repairs which come sometimes is a heavy drain where the stipend, as mine

is, amounts to \$300 per annum, with, of course, promises. No one except a minister of the Gospel, who has some half-dozen struggling Missions, miles apart, can imagine the worry and strain it is upon a person to be continually on the look out for the prevention of accidents, and then, after all care, get in for them. Most missionaries are fairly good at the use of tools and repairing, but when they have not the appliances they are completely at the mercy of the repair shops, most of whom, I find and hear, are merciful in their charges to the clergy. But in any case there is 15 to 25 miles, often more, which must be made to find a blacksmith.

The white settlers are scattered in all directions. On the 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month, I have 54 miles driving to get to places and return, and on other Sundays less, but more difficult trails. One family, I visited, told me that my Church service at their place was the first service they had heard for eight years, they had some half-dozen children, none of whom had been baptized. On the long journeys one of my brother clergy takes a sleeping bag with him and camps where he can. I observe that a Bishop is appealing for men, but only those willing to work in any place at any cost to themselves for the honour of Christ and the spread of His Church. Many, thank God, are doing this, and there are many others would do, but cannot make bread out of stones.

What I should have done or do without help from the W.A., I do not know, but this I do know, they shall have my vote every time for vestries or anything else. I have read Mrs. Tilley's letter with interest and endorse her every sentiment. And I would ask, when will some people learn sense to appreciate and be grateful to those ladies and others who so freely give of time and means? They are the practical supporters of the Church.

I am, dear Editor,

Yours truly,

Orlando James Roberts,

Incumbent, Emmanuel Church, Battenburg.

## Books and Bookmen

"Bible Atlas." A Manual of Biblical Geography and History (Chicago: Rand-McNally and Co., \$2).

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to describe adequately this most valuable and interesting work. By maps, plans, charts and diagrams, the settings of Bible incidents are made perfectly clear, and no one who goes through his Bible with this guide can fail to obtain a clear idea of his subject. For Sunday School teachers its help will be particularly valuable. A chapter is given on each division of Bible history, and the maps, diagrams and pictures are wonderfully clear. It is simple truth to say that this help to Bible study is absolutely indispensable; for so clear a presentation and such abundant illustrations will do more to arrest the student and preacher than almost anything else. No part of the Bible is left untouched.

"Men and the World Enterprise." Addresses delivered at the First National Conference of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, Buxton, England, 1913 (Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society, 35 cents).

The Laymen's Missionary Movement has only just commenced operations in England, and this book represents the addresses delivered last October at the First National Conference. Some of the leading missionary authorities were at the gathering and their messages will be found here. Thus such subjects as "The World Outlook"; "Africa Yesterday and To-Day"; "Christian Missions and China"; "The New India"; "Christ and the Asiatic Outlook"; "Prayer as a Means of Promoting the Work of Missions," are forcefully and effectively dealt with. For laymen who desire to study missionary topics, this book will be of great value, to say nothing of the many suggestions and illustrations to be obtained for sermons and speeches. If the Laymen's Missionary Movement is only carried on in England in the spirit and ability here shown, a successful time is assured for it.

"The Pilgrim's Progress." Christian Life Series (London, England: Morgan and Scott, 6d. net.).

A new and dainty edition of this immortal book, which can be warmly commended for its convenient size and clear print. The very edition to circulate in our congregations.

"The New Era in Asia." By George Sherwood Eddy. With Introduction by Dr. John R. Mott (Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society, \$1.25).

The author accompanied Dr. Mott in his recent tour in the East, after an experience of several years among students and others in India. In the course of eight chapters he shows that a new era has indeed dawned in Asia. Japan, Korea, China, India, and the Near East are discussed in turn, and the present opportunities are indicated. The book closes with a fine chapter, "The New Era in World Missions," and it is pointed out that the Church is facing to-day the need of more than half the human race. Well may Dr. Mott speak of the situation as "unprecedented in opportunity, in danger, and in urgency." This is pre-eminently a book for the moment, and should be in the hands, minds and hearts of all those who are interested in Missions. Mr. Eddy has given the results of years of personal observation and experience, and his book will at once take its place as one of the most important aids to missionary study.

## The Family

### GIGANTIC ICE CAVE.

A few years ago some members of the Austrian Speleological Society discovered in the Dachstein Mountain some caverns which are among the largest in Europe. One of these grottoes, the longitudinal axis of which is fully 6,500 feet long, moreover turns out to offer additional interest by its truly enormous ice masses and was found to be the largest known ice cave in the world.

Though a scorching sun may be burning outside on the bare mountain rock, there is always an icy wind blowing through this underworld freezing everything within its reach. Only sometimes, when the outside temperature ranges between 32 and 40 deg. Cent., and a comparatively warm rain penetrates through the fissures of the rock, entering right into the cavern, will there be a temporary calm and distinct melting of the ice.

The Dachstein ice cave comprises several domes filled with ice, which communicate with one another through a number of frozen galleries. An ice crevice 89 feet deep and 116 feet in width traverses the floor of the cavern 165 feet from the entrance. Gigantic ice pillars were found to tower on both sides of this chasm, in the depth of which there unfolds a fairy-like ice scenery. Beyond the abyss the cavern widens out into a mighty dome ("Tristan Dome" as it is called), where a plain ice sheet reaches from one wall to the other, carrying the ice stalagmites of the most fantastic shapes. This hall is continued in a gallery, through which flows an ice river. A hall of imposing dimensions (396 feet in length, 231 feet in width and 116 feet in height) called Parsival Dome, is next entered quite abruptly, which exhibits an immense variety of ice formations of every description. The descent to the bottom of the cave is made over an ice river, known as the Montsalvasch Glacier. At the foot of the glacier a lake of ice spreads from end to end of the hall, carrying ice stalagmites of animal likeness. Over an ice wall 50 feet deep and through a portal formed by huge ice arches, access may be had to the second part of this underground world. This is distinguished from the former by a considerably higher temperature, preventing the formation of ice. Tremendous rocky deserts with an enormous chaos of boulders here take the place of greenish shining ice domes. The largest room is King Arthur's Dome, a practically central hall, 660 feet long, 330 feet wide and 100 feet high. Its huge side galleries contain, in addition to stalagmites of cauliflower shape, an enormous mass of crystalline erratic blocks brought down to these depths from the Central Alps by the underground rivers of an early geological period.

### ARAB WEDDING CUSTOMS.

By Ethel Braun.

Arab weddings begin on Monday; that is to say, the first preparation commences on that day, when the bridegroom sends to the house of the bride the canopy under which she will walk in state on the following Thursday to his home. Along with this, if he be rich, he sends her a sack full of leaves of the henna plant, so much in use among the Arab women for toilette purposes, also two or three lambs, much oil and grain—in fact, everything necessary for the marriage feast for the women, which takes place in the bride's house. Musicians playing the tom-tom and the

zummara (pipes) accompany the gifts. Then a quaint ceremony takes place. The bride, covered with a rich silk barracan, and held by two women attendants, who grasp her firmly on either side of the waist, advances stily and solemnly, preceded by a third, who walks backwards, holding a looking-glass in front of the bride's face so that she must gaze into it as she walks. When she reaches the sack of henna, still with the utmost solemnity, she sits down upon it seven times in succession, to bring good fortune to her future home. This is a very ancient custom, never omitted on the Monday. On Tuesday, the henna-leaves having been crushed by the women, the paste is put on the head of the bride, and a little on her hands. Then she remains seated while her women and girl friends gather round her. Each in turn places her hand on the bride's head, extolling her many virtues, saying how charitable she has been, how generous, that she has given oil and bread and clothes to the poor, etc. Whether true or not is of the least importance. On Wednesday evening her hands are covered with henna, the whole of the palms, and the back of the hand as far as the knuckles, so that they look almost black. The feet are treated in the same way, the whole of the soles, and the rest of the foot in the shape of a shoe.

Thursday is the great day; now, after these ceremonies, after all sorts of preparations and much feasting with her friends, the actual marriage-day arrives. In the morning the bride takes a most elaborate bath, and is perfumed with rich, strange Oriental scents, those heavy, intoxicating essences dear to the Eastern nature. At six o'clock in the evening she is taken in procession, under the canopy, to the house of the bridegroom. Before entering the room where she will be attired, those in charge of the ceremony place an egg against the top of the lintel. As soon as she gets inside the room she breaks a jar of water, both old customs, to bring good luck. The women dress her in fine silk clothes, with many gold ornaments, and a rich silk barracan, all provided by the bridegroom. As a matter of fact, only two or three of the rich gold bracelets and so on are given, the rest being hired by the bridegroom for the occasion.

The bride is then left seated in the room, covered with a great piece of silk or cloth, all over her head and hiding her entirely from view. By this time her women and girl friends have all arrived and are feasting and rejoicing in one of the rooms. Now the bridegroom, who in the meantime has been to prayer in the mosque, comes to his house, accompanied by all his friends, singing and making merry. They all go into a separate room to feast, leaving the happy man to enter alone into the room where his shrouded wife awaits him. Each places a piece of sugar between the lips of the other, as a symbol of the sweetness of the married life which lies before them, and the bridegroom offers his bride a gift of jewellery or gold coins. The guests remain till late in the night, very often till the next morning. Endless feasting and music entertain them, for the Arabs have an extraordinary capacity for enjoying both for hours and hours at a time.

For seven days afterwards the bride, richly dressed, receives innumerable visits from her friends. Really this is the time of her life, and she makes the most of it. On the seventh day she offers them all yet once again a great feast. After another forty days they come once more to eat at her house, then the wedding festivities are really at an end.

All these customs are in vogue also among the Bedouin Arabs, but they have one or two in addition which are rather interesting and amusing. For instance, the Bedouin bridegroom, on his wedding-day, must make his bride a present of a silk handkerchief filled with nuts, sweetmeats, little sugar cakes, and marzipan, also five silver rings for her fingers. An old pair of tellik (Arab shoes) are purposely placed in the room in which the lovers meet. He seizes one shoe, and she the other, and whichever of them can hit the other first will be the ruler of the household after. This is looked upon as an unfailing sign, and there may be something in it.

For seven days after the wedding the bridegroom enjoys himself, wandering through the gardens of the oasis, doing no work, always accompanied by a group of his friends. But on the seventh day he must keep a sharp look-out, for on that day his friends will try suddenly to play a trick on him. If he escapes them, well and good; then he can run to his house and be safe. If not, they snatch his clothes from him and beat him, which seems a poor return for the feasting and entertainment. But it is custom, and that is the law of the Medes and Persians to these people, who will not omit the smallest ceremony handed down to them by their forefathers.

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**Personal & General**

Principal O'Meara is holidaying at Lake-of-Bays with his family.

Canon and Mrs. Plumptre are at their summer home on Georgian Bay.

Canon and Mrs. H. C. Dixon, Trinity East, are away for a holiday in Muskoka.

Provost Macklem has gone for a holiday in Muskoka and Georgian Bay district.

12,000 men marched in the Orangemen's parade on the 11th in Toronto, celebrating the "Glorious Twelfth."

Krafchenko was hanged in Winnipeg, July 9th; the Rev. W. Bertel Heene, his spiritual adviser, was with him to the end.

Lady Hardinge, Vicereine of India, died July 10th in a London nursing home, where she had undergone a surgical operation.

The Chateau Frontenac has a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Thursday last, the celebrated Dufferin Terrace boulevard was destroyed.

The invention of an Englishman, a clock that strikes the Angelus at the appointed hours, making the pauses for the responses, has been presented to the Pope.

Mrs. Annie McDonald-Langstaffe, who graduated from McGill last June, applied before the Quebec Bar for admission to practice law and was refused by the Board of Examiners.

Bishop Worrell, Mrs. Worrell and Miss Worrell left last week to spend the summer in Hubbards. They are accompanied by their married daughter, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, of Toronto.

It is heartbreaking day-by-day to take up the newspapers and read the enormous list of fatalities from drowning from all parts of the Dominion; there were ten cases reported in last Monday's Toronto papers alone.

Although she has accommodation for close to one thousand persons, the C.P.R. boat "Lake Champlain," arriving from Antwerp, entered port July 7th without a single passenger, only carrying a general cargo. Immigration officials put it down as general "hard times."

Brotherhood of St. Andrew men throughout Canada will be interested to hear that their popular secretary, Mr. Charles Corner Stenhouse, is to be married to Miss Elizabeth Hume Wright, of Toronto, on July 22nd next. All will join in hearty congratulations.

The teacher had given a Sunday School lesson on the Prodigal Son, and wished to test the attention the class had paid to his teachings. "Now

children," he said, "who was sorry that the Prodigal had returned?" No one replied, but all seemed lost in thought. Finally, the most forward youngster in the class ventured: "The fatted calf."

William J. Armstrong, a marine engineer, who arrived July 7th from England on the St. Paul, said the steamships now being constructed at Laird's Shipyard, Birkenhead, for the National Steam Navigation Company of Greece, were each fitted with small churches, built on the shelter deck. The churches had stained glass domes, small altars and the walls were adorned with icons. The crew and passengers are summoned to service by the ringing of a brass bell suspended from the side of the church.

When the King and Queen were making a tour of the Beardmore works, at Parkhead, Glasgow, a 120-ton crane began to move from the opposite end of the workshop. Great was the astonishment of their Majesties to find that instead of the usual huge gun a pretty little girl carrying a bouquet was the burden of the crane. She stepped off the plate at the feet of the Queen, and with a curtsy asked her Majesty to accept the flowers from the workmen with love and their thanks for coming to Parkhead. The Queen was delighted beyond measure.

The Queen of Greece, with Princess Irene and her baby daughter, Princess Catherine, has been staying at Eastbourne, where one of her sons is at school. The Royal visitors have gone about freely in the gay southern watering place, enjoying the bathing and long trips to Beachy Head undisturbed by the attention of trippers. Princess Victoria has been delighted with her stay at Eastbourne, and hopes to return. Queen Olga of Greece will be one of Queen Alexandra's visitors at Marlborough House, and the Queens of Spain and Norway are expected later in the year.

The Duke of Connaught had an interesting experience July 9th, getting an insight into the cod fishing industry as prosecuted by the Newfoundlanders. At Blanc Sablon he saw a cod trapper's large enclosure of netting, used very extensively for fishery purposes nowadays, hauled in by the fishermen, and its catch removed, the fish being then brought to the curing house, washed, salted, dried and packed for market. At St. Anthony he saw another aspect of the life of the fisherpeople, the assistance provided for them in the way of medical and surgical and educational relief through the efforts of Dr. Grenfell.

The growing desecration of the Lord's Day is clearly shown by the following incident: The first weekly event of the Toronto Swimming Club was held Saturday afternoon, when the 50-yards breast stroke race was run off. There were eight entries, and the finish was a dead heat between G.

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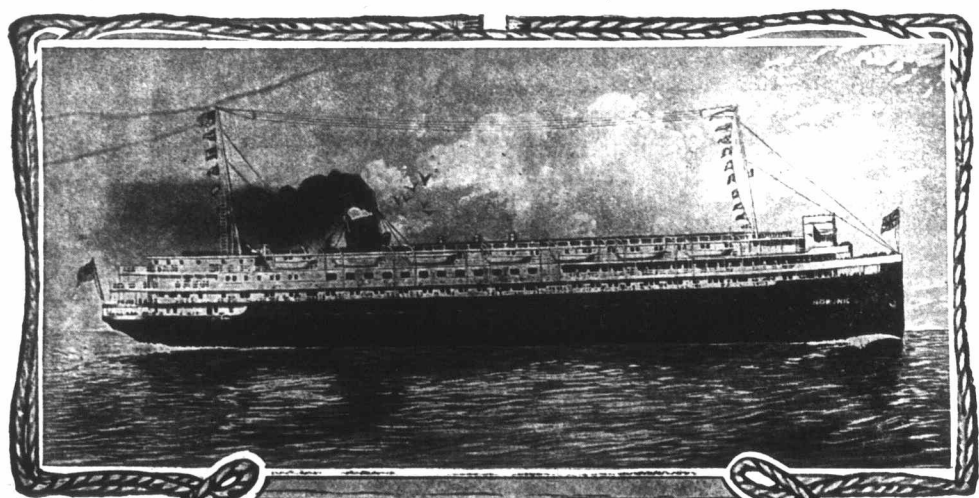
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Millett and J. Weir Anderson, with Art. Allen close up. Rather than swim the race over a coin was tossed, with the following results, etc., etc. On Sunday, July 19, the club is going to have moving pictures taken of the diving, water-polo, life-saving and aquaplaning, to be used on a film depicting all Canadian aquatic events.

The Scottish papers have been full of comments on the six hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn, which was fought on June 24, 1314. The "Times" has had two articles on the subject. The memory of Bannockburn once belonged to the category of old, unhappy, far-off things, and bitter thoughts of the defeat rankled in the minds of English long after the age of Bruce. But the happy union of the two peoples obliterated, long ago, the last traces of boasting on the one side and annoyance on the other. If Bruce himself could return and witness the celebrations arranged by the St. Andrew's Society in Glasgow, London, and elsewhere, he might say, with Thomas Hardy's warrior—"My wounds 'gan ache, as though new wounds I had, And yet somehow I'm almost glad we fought at Valence-en."

A replica of the "Santa Maria," the good ship on which Columbus sailed on his epoch-making voyage of discovery in 1492, is on exhibition for a few days at Toronto. The boat is en route from Chicago to the Panama-Pacific Exposition via the St. Lawrence, the Atlantic Ocean, Pana-

ma Canal, and Pacific Ocean. While everybody who ever has looked at an illustrated history is familiar with the hull and the rig of the "Santa Maria," the flagship of Christopher Columbus, only few persons are familiar with her wonderful cabin plan, her unique hospital and prison, her antique equipment and interior construction. With exact fidelity the old sixteen-point compass, as used by Columbus, is in the same place it occupied when the sailors watched in terror as the needle deviated from the north toward the west. The queer chart, showing the world to be an oval, which Columbus steered by, is also shown. Christopher Columbus' cabin is reproduced, as is also the revolting hospital and prison (or brig). Below decks are seen the cramped quarters where half a hundred men were housed—or chained—for the crew, or part of it, was in mutiny most of the time. The fifteenth century crucifixes, the battle axes, the boarding pikes, the crossbows, the falconets, the Lombardia cannon, are all in place as they were according to historic authority. The reproduction furnishes a curious connecting link between the old world and the new.

### British and Foreign

Cable reports under date of July 3rd, say that extraordinary scenes marked the consecration by the Bishop of Exeter of a church near Plymouth. For some time past local feeling has run high in consequence of

the enforced departure of the popular curate, the Rev. T. Marchant, to whom a presentation was made recently by members of all denominations in the parish. At the conclusion of the consecration ceremony a rush was made at the clergy as they left the church and cheers were raised for the absent curate. Missiles were thrown at the vicar and after a running fight for about a quarter of a mile during which blows were freely exchanged, the Bishop took refuge in a friendly automobile.

Scenes edifying, not only in themselves, but also in the lessons they should bring home to all of us, were witnessed at Westminster recently. The Church House, the great clerical conference centre, was given over, for the time being, to the Fourth International Conference on the Blind, at which delegates from almost every part of the globe, representing no fewer than twenty-nine nations, assisted. Many of the delegates were blind themselves, others had the sense of sight, but all had met with one common object—the promotion of the welfare of the blind, the ameliorating of their condition. Each foreign delegate spoke of what was being done for the blind in his country, and their speeches disclosed the fact that in nearly every country but England the State looks after the education and welfare of its blind subjects. That this will be the case one day in England also is the wish of all public-spirited men.

Probably never in the long history of Westminster Abbey until Sunday, June 21st, have two blind preachers occupied the historic pulpit on the same day. It was a graceful act on the part of the Abbey authorities to invite representatives of the International Congress of the Blind to take part in the services. The preachers were Canon Gedge, Rector of Gravesend, in the morning, and the Rev. H. J. Marston, formerly of Belgrave Chapel and now Chaplain of the National Association of the Blind, in the evening. Mr. Marston is not only an eloquent and forceful preacher, but is wonderfully abreast of modern thought. He knows most of the new theological books. Although totally blind when he went to Oxford, he successfully passed the examinations with credit. Canon Gedge has been blind since just after his marriage, the actual cause being extreme sickness on the voyage across the Channel whilst on his honeymoon. He was for some years the popular Vicar of St. Nicholas, Rochester, the church next the Cathedral. His great hobby is walking, and he has a decided objection to Sunday travelling.

### DICK'S WATERMELON PARTY

Six o'clock!

Red Bird, the rooster, called the hour first, then an impolite sunbeam stuck its finger into Dick's eye, while on the wall by the crib the little bird came out of the cuckoo clock and sang sweetly, "one, two, three, four, five, six!"

No wonder that Dick sat up quickly. He saw the cuckoo just as it was going back into its tiny room.

"Thank you for waking me, Cuckoo!"

Then Dick crept over to where his mother lay, fast asleep, and whispered softly in her ear.

"I'm going to get up now, and you know where I'm going."

Mother smiled, but did not open her eyes.

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"I remember, dearest," she said, sleepily.

Dick slipped to the floor, and in a very few minutes he was ready to go down stairs—all except a few buttons he couldn't quite reach. And his knickerbockers were on hind side before, but Dick didn't know that, so it didn't really matter. It is so delightful to be big enough to dress one's self.

"I'm going now," mother heard a soft voice say, and she opened her eyes this time.

"Very well, but don't stay, Dick."

"I'll be back before breakfast. I have the money, mother."

The front door was locked when the little boy came down stairs, but he turned the key.

Out of doors the sun was making the dew drops sparkle.

Dick stopped at the gate to examine a big spider web, then he hurried down the street.

At the corner Mr. Eaves was just unlocking the door to his store.

"Heigh ho!" he exclaimed, as he heard Dick whistling behind him, "you are rather an early bird, aren't you?"

"I had to come early," Dick explained. "I wanted the biggest watermelon you've got, Mr. Eaves—the biggest ten-cent one."

"Hump!" grunted Mr. Eaves, "there they are before you, sir."

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The biggest ten-cent melon was not so very big, after all, but that was what one thought before one lifted it. It was all Dick could do to get home with his purchase.

Aunt Polly said breakfast was not quite ready, so Dick got his coloured pencils and tablet and took them to the front porch.

Presently grandfather came out, and Dick slipped something into his hand.

It was a piece of paper covered with red and blue flowers on one side, and on the other this was written, each word in a different colour:

"Dear Grandfather, I am going to have a party this afternoon. Please come. Goodbye, Dick."

When mother came to breakfast,

there was a sheet with a lovely wreath of red and blue and green crayon around it, at her plate, and Aunt Merriam and Aunt Christine found their invitations pinned on their pin-cushions.

"You must come after your afternoon naps," explained Dick. "The party will be in the back yard."

The guests all came on time, Red Bird, the rooster, looking longingly through the chicken yard fence.

Grandpa cut the melon, and there was enough for everybody to have a piece.

"It has been a delightful party," said Aunt Christine, as she arose to go.

"Mother and I planned it last night," said Dick. "At least I found ten cents, and mother said I might have a party with it. I'm very glad you've enjoyed it. Now I'll take Red Bird the seeds."

**HOW HE GOT THE BETTER OF THE WOLF**

Klaus, the son of Bauer Lorenz, in Lüstringen, a village in Upper Silesia, spent New Year's Day of 1858 with his cousin, Hans Niemeyer, who lived in Belm, a hamlet two miles to the north. When Klaus left home in the morning, his father exhorted him to return before nightfall. In winter, wolves occasionally come down from the wooded foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, causing havoc among the flocks and herds of the neighbouring estates—hence the advice.

That short winter day passed very rapidly, and at four o'clock Klaus prepared to start for home, when an acquaintance dropped in, and prevailed on him to remain a couple of hours longer, saying he need not fear wolves, since none had been heard of in the neighbourhood.

At nine o'clock Klaus finally took leave of his chums, and started for home.

When he had proceeded about a mile, and reached a stretch of woods which joined his father's land, he noticed an animal the size of a large dog following him. The boy became frightened, for he perceived that it was a wolf. However, he had sufficient presence of mind and self-control not to run. He had heard that bears do not attack dead bodies, and it occurred to him that his best chance to escape from a wolf was to feign death. So he threw himself down on the ground at full length.

The wolf, which did not show great boldness, came up slowly, sniffed at the boy's clothes, and walked around him several times. Then it straddled the body, and began licking the neck, which was the only part exposed. The boy felt the warm breath and the hot tongue of the beast. The licking became more severe, and he knew that as soon as the least blood were drawn, his fate would be sealed. However, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible.

The fore legs of the wolf were just above his shoulders. These he suddenly seized with the grip of a steel-trap, and drew the chest and neck of the animal close toward himself. Its head was pressed so tight against his left cheek that biting was impossible. With great effort the youth, who was a muscular lad and of a gigantic stature, rose to his feet, and, with the wolf on his back, started for the house, which was not far away.

Arriving, he called for help at the top of his voice. The Bauer opened the window, and asked what was the matter. "Father!" shouted the boy, "a wolf!" Bauer Lorenz ran into the next room, took down his double-barrelled gun, and rushed out. The boy, seeing the gun in his father's hands,



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cried out: "For goodness sake, father, do not shoot! The wolf is on my back!" The Bauer, taking in the situation at once, ran to the barn-door, opened it and bade the lad drop the wolf on the threshing-floor. This he did, and the beast was soon dispatched by the hired men, who in the meanwhile had been aroused.

No sooner was the youth rid of his burden, than he fell to the ground unconscious. His face was unhurt, but both legs were badly lacerated by the hind paws of the animal.

The result of this encounter was a prolonged illness. For a while his life was despaired of, and it took months before he recovered from the nervous shock and his wounds were healed.

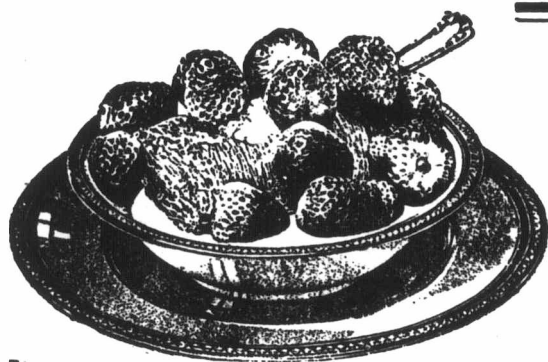
Klaus Lorenz, now an old man, is still living on the homestead. However, he has never again ventured out alone on a winter evening, although wolves have not been seen in that part of the country since the exceptionally cold winter of 1871-72.—Prof. Victor Wilker.

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