



# THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

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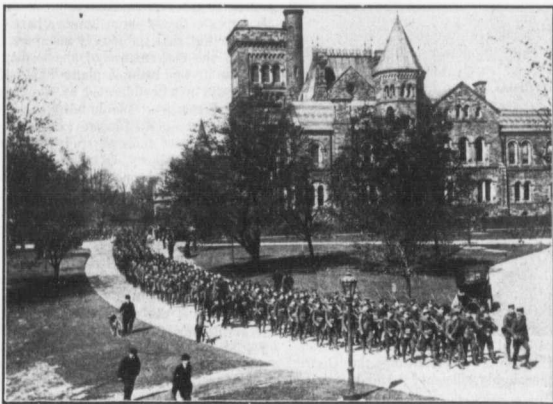
## OUR STUDENT SOLDIERS

WE present herewith a picture of a march the like of which has seldom been seen anywhere, and perhaps never before in the history of Canada. On the morning of May 3rd, we stood on University Avenue, Toronto, and watched seven hundred of the finest young men in the student body of Canada on their way to embark for the Officers' Training Camp at Niagara. Here they were to be united to an almost equal number of similar men from McGill University, Montreal. Naturally, the question arose as to the why and wherefore of such a martial assembly. These young men, when coming to College at the beginning of the fall term, had no thoughts of becoming soldiers. Perhaps such a contingency as their ever enlisting in the ranks had never entered the minds of the great majority. Reared in homes where thoughts of war had never seriously disturbed the peaceful atmosphere of the family circle, their ideals were the reverse of military, and their plans certainly did not tend towards the strife and struggle of the battlefield. But strange events have happened during the past few months, and these young

fellows, so peacefully inclined, have felt the influences thereof and have responded thereto. The principles in which they have been schooled from earliest youth have been assailed, and in defence of these they readily offered themselves for the best service of which they were capable in the interests of home and native land, of empire and flag, of human liberty and freedom, of righteousness and justice the wide world over. Whatever may be said of the dreadful effects of war, and too much of this nature can hardly be spoken, there is this also to be said about such conditions as prevail among us as Britons at this present time,—they call out the very finest qualities

of virile manhood that have been lying latent in the natures of our youth. No one could look on the student body illustrated in our picture, with unmoved soul. One's heart beat the quicker as he saw them march forward with clear eye, steady tread, and swinging gait. Of such young men Canada may well be proud; for them we may gratefully give thanks. Not all of them will see the far-flung battle line of Flanders, but all of them are ready to give the best that is in them for the Cause represented on those distant, blood-stained battle-fields. Not moved by impulse, but by a clear, well-defined and established purpose, these young fellows said one and all, "Here am I, send me."

Those who are selected to go consider themselves fortunate; those who must remain behind and wait another day, covet earnestly the opportunity their more fortunate comrades enjoy of serving the Empire they all love so ardently. While such brain and brawn exist in our youth, we may not fear for our country; while such devotion to high ideals is inculcated in them as a part of their education, we need never doubt their manhood. Canada's



TORONTO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' CORPS LEAVING FOR OFFICERS' TRAINING CAMP, NIAGARA

sons need no coercion, but when occasion arises they gladly hasten to serve the interests imperilled and defend the cause with which the highest good of their fellows is so closely identified. All honor to the brave citizen soldiers of Canada. They have maintained intact the noblest records of the Empire's forces. All honor to the heroic young students who stand at "Attention," ready to go anywhere in defence of the right as they have learned it from their infancy. All honor, too, to the homes from which they have come, and to the colleges in which they have been instructed and inspired for heroic sacrifice.

## EDITORIAL

### Effective Supervision

Organization is never an end in itself. It is but a means to an end. Nature with her countless orders of organized life teaches us this important lesson. Mechanics with its diversified and complicated structural forms illustrates it. It is operative everywhere. Honored and obeyed, the principle and process of organization confer unlimited benefit on the workers; ignored or broken its law works loss. What prevails in other spheres of intelligent operation applies with equal force to Church activities. Especially appropriate is the principle to the Young People's Department. The constitutions of the Sunday School and the Epworth League make abundant provision for the organization of the membership in different ways and under varying conditions. But in every case organization is intended to be but an aid to greater efficiency. The purpose has not been accomplished when Bible Class or Epworth League has been organized. It has only begun. Better no organization than a merely formal assembly of parts that are never put in operation for the accomplishment of the purpose originally in the mind of the designer.

For the thorough and systematic action of any organized body the superintendent, overseer, or "head" is mainly responsible. In the Epworth League this officer is the president. To him is committed the duty of making his machinery effective. It matters not whether it be a Local, District, or Conference League; the president is the chief executive officer to whom the Church must look for results. There is no lack of parts in Epworth League machinery. If ever a society were designed to give every young person an opportunity to fit in where most congenial in the work of God, surely the Epworth League is that society. Yet much of its organization is inefficient, many of its channels of service are unused, many of its prime ends unfulfilled. Why? Largely, we believe, because of ineffective supervision.

Two causes seem to contribute to this: there is not enough discriminating care exercised in the choice of presidents, and many presidents when elected do not take their work with sufficient seriousness. We could cite many cases in point as relating to the District League. Let one suffice. Here is an extract from a letter recently received: "As District President I have done little or nothing. I was appointed president at the District Convention which I did not attend, and did not know that I was appointed for about two months. My circuit work is extremely heavy, having six churches under my care, and being nine miles from the railroad and in the corner of the District." Need we wonder if under such conditions the District League fails to be thoroughly efficient? And this is not an isolated case. Others, even more regrettable, are well known to us. The fact is that if our District organization is to accomplish the ends for which it was designed it must have more effective supervision. The new provision of General Conference, that a written formal report shall be presented annually by the President to the Chairman of District for the Annual District Meeting, should materially help bring about a larger measure of efficiency; but even this will fail if the Chairman of District does not insist on the matter being attended to. The General Secretary has done all he can to ensure a larger and more complete supervision of the District League in this particular.

Similar statements might be made regarding the Conference League. Too often the Annual Conferences know nothing officially or directly of what is being done or left undone by the Conference League Executive. But in

future this should not continue to be the case. To the Annual Conference Committee, the President of the Conference League is expected to make written report, and the Conference should pass on all matters therein affecting the work of the League throughout its bounds. Finally, all these concerns should come before the General Board. In our judgment more time must be spent by the Board in getting into the details of the young people's work. This has been to a large degree impossible during the past quadrennium. Matters of procedure have so engrossed the time and attention of the Board that other vital concerns that go to the very heart of our Epworth League work have been crowded out or referred to the Executive which has had neither time nor opportunity to deal with them.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that we cannot expect the largest measure of success unless there be alertness, activity, unity, system, thoroughness, and co-operation all along the line of action. General Board, Annual Conferences, Conference Leagues, District Leagues, local societies, all and sundry with their various presiding officers and working forces, must be continually and consistently industrious or failure will result. And there is no reason for failing. "Failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough." Let the new year upon which so many of us are now entering be made the most illustrious in our history by the faithful discharge of every obligation by all in positions of trust or responsibility that we may prove the worth of what through all our forces we should most highly value—*effective supervision.*

### Systematic Study in the League

Whatever the Annual League reports ordered by the last General Conference may not accomplish, they are making very clear one thing at least,—that many of our Epworth Leagues are sadly lacking in systematic topic study. It appears that a large number have no definite objective in view but that the weekly meetings are arranged according to the convenience of the leader, and not after any definite or well ordered plan. This is fatal to best results. It should not be tolerated by the President or permitted by the Executive. We do not claim that the official topics are the best for all Leagues; but they are at least suggestive of definite lines of study that every well conducted League will follow. Of what use are the several departments unless each one leads the young people into intelligent and systematic investigation of the principles and problems for which that department especially stands? The Vice-president who does not so arrange the meetings of his section that each succeeding month shall add to the sum total of knowledge possessed by the members regarding the particular issues represented by his department, may have "nice" meetings, but at best they will be shallow, and the effects both superficial and temporary. Examine our official topic card carefully, if only as a suggestion of what your League should seek to attain along the four avenues of study and service. Can the First Vice-president do better for the leaguers than conduct them through twelve consecutive studies of such problems as the Christian life as our list outlines? What better value in missionary subjects can a Second Vice-president give the members than that embodied in an intelligent view of the mission fields of the world to-day? Is anything more desirable than that our young Canadian Methodists shall know the history of their own Church, and have some acquaintance with the noble men by whom it has been built up in this land? The Third Vice-president will do most excellent service if the biographical studies of the Literary and Social Department are well presented to the leaguers. And how about the work of nation building as analyzed in the topics of the Fourth Department? Ought our young folk to be careless of the process whereby the future of their own country is to be either made or marred? The Citizenship Vice-president has an exceptional opportunity this year for presenting the highest ideals to every youth

coming within the influence of the League. And yet the weak and insipid programme that has been hurriedly arranged, superficially prepared, and that calls for no serious thought on the part of the members, will continue to be set before many a League, and the wail will follow. "We do not have interesting meetings, and our young people will not come." Of course they will not. Why should they? Many a League meeting is not worth going to, and not the young people, but the President and his executive are to blame. We know the youth of Methodism well enough to feel perfectly justified in saying that they will attend meetings that are worth while, that mean something, that lead somewhere, that call out the best that is in them and tend to the highest development of those qualities that ennoble Christian character and make effective the resolves that prompt to self-denying service.

### The Call of the Morning

The early morning hours, especially in the springtime, are full of wondrous beauty. The charm of the country, where in the calm stillness of "Nature newly born" one may muse in uninterrupted quiet on the unfolding lessons of the season, is magnetic beyond compare to the thoughtful soul. To dwell "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" and oft-times contemplate in silent meditation the wonderful works of God, is a privilege all who live in the country ought to value highly. The open eye, the listening ear, the meditative mind, the reverent heart—all find abundant cause for holy exercise in the early morning hours. Yet the city, with its deafening din of business and constant whirl of traffic, is not without its beauties. Early morning strolls along quiet residential streets or through restful parks, before the awakened business of the day presses close on every side, are worth more than the current value placed upon them by the average citizen. From five to seven o'clock, out of doors, during May, June and July are precious hours to some of us. Would that more knew their worth. The contrasts of these early hours with the later day, as one walks along the city streets, are suggested by four of our pictures in this issue. A quiet charm is about the corner shown on page 124. A parable of tenderness is suggested as one studies the tulip beds in the park (pages 134, 135), and watches the multi-colored petals unfold to the morning kiss of the sun. All Nature is vocal with praise to those who are awake and astir at sunrise. How sordid, artificial, discordant, unreal, life appears later in such a section as is represented on page 137. Yet with the multitude such associations, sights and sounds are much more popular than the others. God pity us if we lose our sense of the beautiful, our appreciation of the real, our affinity for the divine, in the self-indulgent trend of present-day life in some of its most apparent aspects. If we but keep "near to Nature's heart," listen to her voice, cultivate association and fellowship with her as with our dearest friend, she will not disappoint or deceive us. Through her we come to know God more fully and esteem His benefits more highly. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

### Sons of the Parsonage

Not a few sons of Methodist ministers are already seasoned soldiers at the front. More still are on their way. Others will very likely go. Many of the first helpers of the Wesleys were soldiers. Methodism has been and always must be militant. There is nothing abnormal or anomalous in this. Times come in the experience of both men and nations when to refuse to fight is rank cowardice. Such a time is the present. When the war burst with all its dread portent upon the nation, and the prospect of awful strife with its attendant suffering came clearly into view, more ministers by far offered to go forward than could be accepted. Those who have been sent count it an honor, those who remain behind would esteem it a privilege if they might yet be chosen for service. Men who could not

themselves go, have not withheld their sons. Boys, dear to their parents' hearts as ever children were, have been freely given to the cause. We honor the sons of the parsonage who have already shed their blood in defence of the Empire, and pray God to abundantly bless them as well as to guide those who, though as yet at home, feel the "pull" of the flag and long to maintain it unstained and unstained. Ministers have not been recreant to duty in these trying times, nor will they be in the perhaps more trying times yet to come. Both they and their sons, throughout all branches of the Church, will continue to demonstrate the possibility of combining the lowliest reverence for the King of kings with the truest loyalty to their earthly sovereign.

In this connection our readers will be pleased to see the accompanying portrait of the General Superintendent and his son Eric. Dr. Chown is a veteran of the Fenian Raid, and wears the medal commemorating his services



REV. DR. CHOWN AND HIS SON ERIC.

during the troublous days of 1866. His son, who has gone to Europe as a "dresser" with the University of Toronto Base Hospital, is an undergraduate of McGill, and expects to study law in Manitoba on his return. To all our ministers who have given of their children (for daughters are on service as well as sons) we extend best wishes for the preservation of the lives and health of their loved ones, and to those who have gone we give assurance that at the Throne of Grace they shall be remembered, that Divine love may ever surround them and fill their minds with a peace that even deadly war cannot destroy, and that when these cruel days are over they may all return in safety to those at home, who anxiously follow them day by day as they do their duty in the perilous service to which they have given their pledge of fidelity. Let the Sunday Schools and Leagues from which these brave boys have gone be much in prayer on their behalf.

# REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF CANADIAN METHODISM

## II. Coughlan, Black and Garretson, Apostles to the Maritime Provinces

LITERARY TOPIC FOR JUNE—READ MATT. X.

FREDERICK E. MALOTT.

ENGLAND'S oldest colony, Newfoundland, was the first field of Methodist missionary labor. The early history of this bold, bleak island is wrapped in obscurity. It was first linked up with European life at the end of the 15th century. On the 24th of June, 1497, John Cabot, sailing an English ship landed upon the island. The Portuguese navigator, Gaspar de Cortereal, visited it in 1500, and, as early as 1502 regular fisheries were established upon its shores by the Portuguese, Biscayans and French. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with his ill-fated expedition, arrived in St. John's harbor in August, 1583, and formally took possession of the island in the name of Queen Elizabeth. The history of the island, dur-

had lapsed into a state bordering on heathenism. The Sabbath was unknown, marriage was a matter of convenience for which no legal or churchly sanction was sought. Brutality and profanity were frightfully common. Drinking, dancing and gambling were the chief recreations of these rough fisher folk. The traders who came to buy their fish and sell them supplies were no better morally. The two Anglican clergymen stationed at St. John's and Trinity had never visited these neglected people.

Into this community Coughlan came in 1765, and began at once to preach the Gospel. His doctrines and methods were those of John Wesley, although at this time he was not connected with Methodism. After a year of faithful work he could see no results. But he must have done the people good, for we find them petitioning the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," to have Mr. Coughlan appointed a missionary among them. On his appointment Coughlan returned to England to receive ordination at the hands of an Anglican bishop. In the fall of 1767 he returned to the island and took up the work with fresh energy and zeal. His knowledge of the Celtic tongue enabled him to draw many of the Irish Romanists to his meetings, but the results were still discouraging, and the earnest missionary was about to leave "the poor, desolate land where he was spending his strength for naught," when a wonderful revival broke out in the settlements around Conception Bay.

The news soon spread to other parts of the island that Harbor Grace and Carbonear had gone mad, and people came from miles away out of curiosity; but in many cases "those who came to scoff remained to pray." A marked difference at once came over these fisher folk. Sabbath breaking, drinking and gambling largely ceased, and Sundays and week nights were given up to religious services. Coughlan, although an Anglican clergyman, continued to follow Wesley's plan. He organized his converts into classes, visited from house to house, and tried to lead the people to the higher and richer experiences of the Christian life. John Wesley now wrote, encouraging the missionary in his work, and he needed encouragement, for it was not a summer holiday outing to be a missionary in Newfoundland a century and a half ago. We can hardly appreciate Coughlan's courage and self-denial at this distance. To him travel by boat was "one continued martyrdom"; while, in winter, travel by land was equally irksome. Many a morning he found himself under a blanket of snow that had sifted in through the cracks in the cabin where he slept; and often his boots had to be thawed out before he could draw them on. But he would have cared for none of these things had it not been for the persecutions he had to endure. Attacks of all kinds were made upon him and his work. In time both his mind and his body gave way under the hardships to which he was exposed. He returned to England in 1773, and twelve years later died of paralysis. A letter of Mr. Wesley's referring to this period of Coughlan's life says: "The last time I saw Mr. Coughlan he was ill in body, but was in a blessed state of mind. He was utterly broken in pieces, full of tears and contrition for his past unfaithfulness. Not long after I went out of town God removed him to a better place."

While Coughlan lacked some of the qualities that go to make a true apostle, he did genuine pioneer work and laid the foundation of a future church that was destined to become a great spiritual force in the rocky, island colony. To-day the place of Methodism in Newfoundland may be estimated by the statistics presented at the Conference of 1914, when 12,921 members were reported, a Sunday school force of 24,772, with an Epworth League membership of 2,256, distributed among 44 societies. Quite one-fifth of the entire population of 237,531 are Methodists.

In the same year that Cabot came to Newfoundland, he



SUNRISE ON A CITY STREET.

"The Call of the Morning." (See page 123.)

ing the 17th and part of the 18th century is little more than a record of feuds between English and French fishermen, until, by the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), the island was ceded wholly to England.

In 1765 there came to Newfoundland an Irishman, named Laurence Coughlan. He had been a Wesleyan itinerant for ten years before crossing the Atlantic. The object of his visit is unknown; but, finding 5,000 fishermen without a minister of the Gospel among them, this warm-hearted Irishman began preaching to them. He was not commissioned by any church, nor appointed by any human authority, but that did not deter him. The moral and religious condition of the people was the call he heard, and the love of Christ constraining him was his commission.

About eighty per cent. of the fishermen around Conception Bay, where Coughlan began his work, were English; the remainder were Irish Roman Catholics. Through neglect they



visited Nova Scotia; but not until 1604 was any attempt at colonization made by Europeans. In that year a number of French settlers established themselves in the Annapolis basin. In 1613 these colonists were assailed both by Jesuits and by English colonists from Virginia, who succeeded in expelling the French. The ancient name of the colony, Acadia, was changed to Nova Scotia in 1621, by Sir William Alexander, who received a grant of the peninsula from James I. His intention was to colonize the whole of it, but finding that the localities most suitable for settlement were already occupied, he returned to the Mother Country. By the treaty of St. Germain, in 1632, the French were granted possession of the colony again; but in 1654 it was retaken by Cromwell's troops. Charles II restored the colony to France by the treaty of Breda, in 1667. But by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, it again became British territory. Finally, by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, France resigned all claim to the country. Up to 1784, Nova Scotia included New Brunswick and Cape Breton.

An emigration of Yorkshiremen in 1772-76 brought a number of these sturdy settlers to Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, and with them came Methodism. Among these Yorkshire settlers were godly laymen, who, after the manner of Embury, Webb and Strawbridge, kept the Methodist fire burning, and in 1779 a great revival swept over the colony, as a result of their labors. It was during this revival that William Black was converted.

William Black belonged to one of the Yorkshire families that had come out with the first contingent. The death of the mother, in 1775, had been followed by a lapse of the whole family into irreligion. William was the first to become awakened. His conversion was accompanied by a call to preach, and he began in his own home, with the result that the whole family were brought back to Christ. He was only nineteen years of age, but with three other young men he began to visit outlying settlements, where they held services after the Methodist manner. The Episcopal clergymen of the places they visited opposed them, and several who had attended their meetings were arrested, but they were soon dismissed. With apostolic zeal Black continued his work. His literary attainments were limited, but he knew Wesley's sermons and the book of Methodist hymns, and he knew God. He burned with desire for the salvation of men and he felt that God had called him to preach the Gospel.

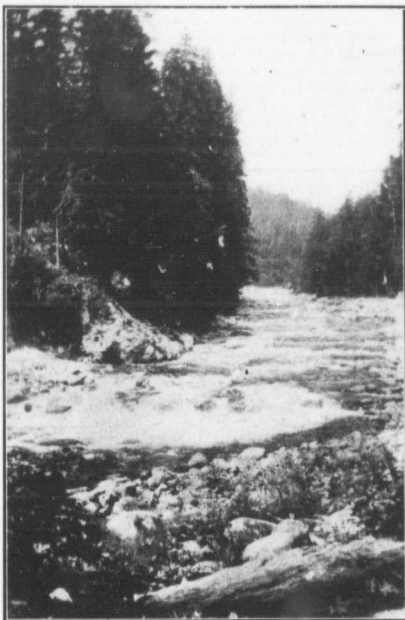
In 1781, at twenty-one years of age, Black entered upon his work in real earnest. Imagine, for a moment, the extent of his parish. It comprised the present Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, aggregating 50,000 square miles of territory. Over this vast field were scattered numerous small settlements at points widely separated. Of roads there were few, and they were in a very rough condition. Long, toilsome and dangerous journeys had to be undertaken to reach these scattered communities. But the youthful missionary had heard the call and, nothing daunted, he fared forth, like a true apostle, to his task.

Everywhere he went, with the exception of Halifax, was given a hearty welcome. Even in that early day that garrison town had gained an unenviable reputation as a place of drunkenness and vice. At Halifax, Black was both insulted and persecuted, but he persisted in his preaching, and soon Methodism had gained a permanent footing there.

Requests now came from so many places for a visit from the young evangelist that he found his field was vaster than he was able, unaided, to cover. There were, at this time, five Anglican clergymen, four Presbyterian and one Baptist in the Maritime Provinces. There had come in from the New England Colonies a few Congregationalist ministers also; but most of these had returned during the Revolutionary War. But not one of the ordained ministers of the different denominations seems to have had any serious concern for the salvation of men. We can thus easily understand why an earnest man like Black should be so heartily received. For a time he had a competitor in a young man named Henry Alline, who had passed through a profound religious experience and who was zealous in propagating his views. Some people classed Black and Alline together, but Alline's teach-

ing was Calvinistic and Antinomian, while Black's had the truly evangelical and Arminian ring. Some of Black's converts were, for a time, led away by Alline, but they were brought back. The theology of the young Methodist was simple, but it embraced all the essentials. Someone half-amourously described it as consisting of the three R's—"Ruin by Sin, Redemption by Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Spirit."

In the spring of 1781, Black appealed to John Wesley for men for Nova Scotia. Again, in 1782, he wrote. The vener-



IN SEYMOUR CANYON, B.C.

Amateur Photo. Negative by Miss E. L. Brown, Millbrook, Ont.

able leader replied, expressing the hope that at the coming Conference he might send him assistance. In 1783 the need of helpers became still more urgent. In that year a large number of U. E. Loyalists came into the colony from the United States. Many of these were Methodists, and their coming increased Black's responsibilities. He had already travelled over the greater part of his big parish several times, and each time it became more evident that no one man was equal to the task he had undertaken. John Wesley seems to have thought that help could be had more easily from the neighboring States than from England, and thither Black went in 1784 to confer with the newly appointed bishops of the American Church, Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury.

At the historic Conference of 1784, Black met the American preachers and pressed the claims of his vast field. Dr. Coke, who presided at this Conference, responded to Black's appeal by appointing two men, Freeborn Garretson and James Oliver Cromwell, to the work in Nova Scotia. Money was also asked for to help this needy cause. In Garretson the American Church gave one of its best men to the mission field. He was a young Marylander of good family and of great ability. For seven years he had preached under Asbury, prior to his appointment to Nova Scotia. Already he had become a prominent figure in New World Methodism. To him the task of summoning the widely-scattered itinerants to the Conference

of 1784 had been committed. His wisdom and courage during war time had impressed Asbury with the worth of the man. Promotion in the home field was sure to come. But the policy of early Methodism was to send its best men where the need was greatest. Cromwell was from the same section as Garretson, but he was still untried.

Soon after the close of Conference the two missionaries set sail for Nova Scotia. On their arrival the work was divided. Garretson was given Halifax as a centre, with the district immediately surrounding it. Black continued at Cumberland, and Cromwell took charge of Shelburne; while John Mann, a local preacher who had come in with the U. E. Loyalists, was put in charge of Liverpool. Garretson found Governor Parr and Rev. Dr. Breynton, the Anglican rector, disposed to be friendly, but from the populace he received the most violent opposition when he began his work. A fusillade of stones, on two different occasions, followed his attempts to hold meetings. But he was made of apostolic stuff, and he went right on with his work. Out from Halifax as a centre he went, touring the country for miles. In the space of two

to God." Thus did these brave men "endure hardships as good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ."

In 1787 Garretson left Halifax for Boston with the purpose of attending the Methodist Episcopal Church Conference at Baltimore. It proved to be the severance of his connection with the Canadian work. Wesley had wanted Garretson to become superintendent of the work in the British Provinces, but he was destined for other work. After his return to the United States he had a long and useful career. To him it was given to open up the Hudson River valley to Methodism, and, along with Jesse Lee, to make Methodism respected in New England. He died in 1827. Nathan Bangs, in his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," pays a glowing tribute to the worth and the work of this pioneer Methodist missionary.

Cromwell soon followed his colleague to the United States, and the faithful Black was left again with the entire responsibility upon his shoulders. In 1786 Dr. Coke was on his way to Nova Scotia to attend a Conference at Halifax, but a storm drove his ship to the West Indies. This was the nearest he ever came to the mission in which he was so deeply interested.

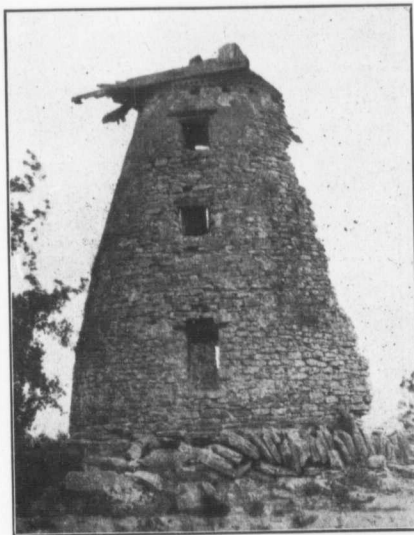
In 1788, John Wesley appointed James Wray, an English preacher, to superintend the work in the Maritime Provinces. At this time not one of the Nova Scotia preachers was ordained. To remedy this, Wm. Black, John Mann and James Mann, accompanied by Wray, went to the United States for ordination. At the conclusion of Conference the four men returned to their field; but Wray did not prove a success, and after a brief regime he resigned, and Dr. Coke appointed William Black as superintendent of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland. This appointment marked a new era for Methodism in the Maritime Provinces. In 1791 John Wesley died, and Black ceased to hope for further assistance from England. Another appeal to the American Church brought six preachers to Nova Scotia from the Conference of 1791 at New York. Black now visited Newfoundland, and the fruit of his visit was a gracious revival. But political feeling ran high in Nova Scotia, and these American preachers found the British atmosphere uncongenial and returned home.

In 1799, Black again turned to the Mother Country for help. His appeal met with a generous response. Nova Scotia was made a mission of the British Church, and four men were appointed to it, among whom was William Bennett, who afterwards became superintendent of Maritime Methodism. Wm. Black retired from the superintendency in 1812, but he lived until 1834. In that year he fell a victim to Asiatic cholera. He died triumphant in the faith. He has been called the Apostle of Maritime Methodism, and well he deserved the title. His thirty-one years of active labors in the rough fields of those pioneer days were remarkably successful. He began his ministry with a boundless enthusiasm for godliness and with a passion for saving men. His was a deep and growing piety. He knew human nature, and, although not educated according to modern standards, he was not unlearned, for, like Asbury and many another pioneer preacher, he studied such books as were within his reach and, by diligent application, acquired a good knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. He was lovingly termed "the Bishop," significant of the many fields that passed under his supervision and care.

In 1914 Methodism in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia numbered 31,180 church members, 40,149 Sunday School force, and 4,518 Epworth Leaguers. The pioneers did not toll in vain or spend their strength for naught.

#### QUESTIONS.

- (1) Sketch the early history of Newfoundland.
- (2) Describe the moral and religious condition of Newfoundland in 1765.
- (3) Tell what you know about Coughlan and his work.
- (4) Sketch the early history of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.
- (5) When and how did Methodism take its rise in these Provinces? What other churches were at work there?
- (6) Sketch Wm. Black's work.
- (7) Who was Freeborn Garretson? What part did he play in establishing Methodism in Nova Scotia?



HISTORIC OLD WINDMILL AT RIDGEWAY, ONT.  
Amateur Photograph. Negative by Reesor Laidman, Dumville.

weeks he travelled three hundred miles through deep snow, and preached twenty times. In many of the chief settlements—Windsor, Cornwallis, Wilmot, Granville and Digby he formed classes and appointed leaders.

John Wesley now wrote to Garretson, expressing his joy at the appointment made by the Baltimore Conference, and advising the strict enforcement of the Methodist rules, and especially that of leading on awakened persons to full assurance of the new birth and of entire sanctification.

An extract from Garretson's journal throws light upon the conditions under which those missionaries carried on their work. "I traversed mountains and valleys, frequently on foot, with knapsack on my back, guided by Indian paths in the wilderness, when it was not expedient to take a horse; and I often had to wade through morasses half-leg deep in mud and water, frequently satisfying my hunger with a piece of bread and pork from my knapsack, quenching my thirst from a brook and resting my weary limbs on the leaves of the trees. Thanks be to God, He compensated me for all my toll; for many precious souls were awakened and converted

# THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKING

REV. T. ALBERT MOORE, D.D.

## 1. ON LONGEVITY.

"WITH long life will I satisfy him," says the Scripture concerning the people who serve Jehovah. We are ever ready to make great sacrifices to prolong the life of ourselves and our loved ones. The physicians are constantly making new discoveries, whose effect is the prolongation of life. Many old theories have been destroyed by the experience and investigation of these discoveries. Prominent among these definite conclusions of recent date are the positive statements as to the physical effects following the use of strong drink. In the past the doctors apparently believed that alcoholic and spirituous liquors made well people stronger and sick people well. But they tell us that these drinks injuriously affect the body. The scientific tests of such liquors revealing the presence of poisonous acids, and the scientific investigations in hospitals, have clearly demonstrated the pernicious results of the use of strong drink in preventing people living out the full expectancy of life.

The actuaries of the life assurance companies have given careful study to the effect of strong drink upon human life. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, reporting in 1904 to the British Parliamentary Inter-departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration, states that, based upon sixty years' experience, while 70 abstainers died out of 100 expected deaths, 96 drinkers died out of 100 expected deaths, and the drinkers were all good average risks. This shows that the total abstainer is 26 per cent. better risk than the drinker. The same authority declares that drink shortens life by 11.08 per cent. Their statistics demonstrate that a total abstainer 30 years of age may expect to live 38.8 years, while a moderate drinker 30 years of age may expect to live only 35 years, or 3.8 years less than the total abstainer. At 40 years of age the moderate drinker may expect to live 27.3 years, while the total abstainer may expect to live 30.3 years. Life insurance actuaries state that abstainers, both male and female, show a marked superiority to non-abstainers throughout the entire working years of life, for every class of policy. The president of the Association of Life Assurance Presidents of North America states that Russia can replace a war loss of 500,000 men in less than ten years by the saving of human life through complete total abstinence from alcoholic beverages. In the interest of his own longevity every youth should be a total abstainer.

Mr. H. Sutherland, President of the Equity Life Assurance of Canada, states that eleven years' experience shows that the average death-rate of abstainers is only 21.7 of the expected death-rate. This means that for every \$1,000 death loss expected by the tables of the actuaries \$217 on the average year by year was used for these eleven years. In the same company for the thirty-one years from 1894 to 1914, the death losses in the abstainers' section was only 42.9 per cent. of the expected deaths. Three well-known United States life assurance companies have carefully considered this matter. One company reports that 62 abstainers died to 100 drinkers; another reports 56 abstainers died to 100 drinkers; and the third reports 67 abstainers died to 100 drinkers.

## 2. ON ENDURANCE.

Eighty-three contestants entered for long distance walking match of sixty-two miles to decide the championship. Fifty-nine contestants were non-abstainers, and twenty-four were abstainers, but none used liquors while on the march. The non-abstainers won 40 per cent. and the abstainers won 60 per cent. of the prizes. Of the first 25 to reach the goal, 40 per cent. were non-abstainers, and 60 per cent. total abstainers. Of the number who failed altogether to reach the goal, 94 per cent. were non-abstainers, and 6 per cent. were total abstainers. The abstainers won 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 8th and 9th places. Half of the non-abstainers fell out of the race, while only two of the total abstainers fell out. Walkers, runners,

swimmers, wrestlers have all testified as to the disadvantage of using alcoholic beverages.

Army marching tests, according to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley and many others, reveal positively that alcohol is a distinct hindrance to muscular power. Without it men march further with less fatigue. The use of drink slows the power to see signals, confuses prompt judgment, spoils accurate shooting, hastens fatigue, lessens resistance to disease and exposure, and increases the shock from wounds. In view of these facts such eminent physicians as Sir Thomas Barlow, Physician to His Majesty; Sir Frederick Treves, Surgeon to His Majesty; G. J. H. Watt, Surgeon-General in the Army; Sir Victor Horsely, and Lieut.-Col. C. Sims Woodhead, have appealed to the British soldiers and sailors that they become total abstainers. Alcohol always destroys endurance. It is like putting sand into the bearings of an engine. Where heavy muscle work is demanded, especially under conditions of intense heat or severe cold, the use of strong drink always decreases the ability to withstand the strain. Of 465 cases of sunstroke 80 per cent. were drinkers, and of 70 deaths 90 per cent. were drinkers. In hot climates men who do not use alcoholic drinks, as a rule, stand the heat better and have less sickness.

The alcohol in beer and other liquors so affects the brain and nerves that it tends to produce carelessness about proper protection against over-heating. It disorders the body's natural mechanism for regulating body-heat, inducing a sensitiveness to excessive heat, which often causes heat apoplexy. Cramps or spasms sometimes lay off stokers and other men in rolling mills when working in intense heat. The chronic drinker appears to be more liable to this "spasm" and his attacks to be more severe.

The idea that alcoholic liquors help to withstand heat is simply due to the fact that alcohol, by dulling the feelings, deceives as to its real effects.

British military campaigns in India, Africa and France, Polar expeditions to the Arctic or the Antarctic regions, and all tests of men as to endurance, show clearly that alcohol decreases their possibilities of success, and increases their liability to failure by aiding heat prostration, sunstroke, freezing, as well as quickening weariness.

General Wolseley, of the British Army, once when preparing for a long march of several weeks, divided his men into three squads. To one squad he allowed a certain amount of whiskey daily; to the second, beer; to the third, only water. At first the whiskey men marched ahead of the others. Soon they lagged, and the beer men passed them. Finally the water squad, marching at a steady moderate rate passed both the whiskey and the beer drinkers, and reached the end of the march long before them.

European doctors have made tests with lifting weights. They have found that on days when the persons under test took no more alcohol than that in a pint or pint and one-half of beer, they grew tired and had to stop sooner than when they took no alcohol. Alcoholic liquors always take away strength for work, producing weariness more quickly.

(To be continued.)

## Your Attention, Please!

If you will turn over to page 141 you will find a very important announcement relating to the future of this paper. Intimation is there given of the proposed enlargement of its scope and influence as well as the new name by which it is to be known after the change comes into actual effect. The editorial co-operation of Dr. Moore with the Editor will extend the usefulness of the paper while none of its distinctive characteristics as an exponent of young people's work will be lost. We advise you to read the whole of page 141 right now, and especially the top of it.

## Canadian Conversations

Note.—The article that follows and which we have designated as above, is a part of Chapter XIII of "A Motor Tour Through Canada," by Thomas W. Wilby, who writes in an entertaining manner of the experiences encountered by himself and his various "drivers" during the transcontinental motor tour which he successfully made in the early autumn of 1912. The extract which we have made describes certain conversations between the author and various gentlemen while the former was at Lethbridge, en route to the Coast. It is not to be interpreted literally, although it is based after all a whole lot of truth in it, especially in the words and sentiments of "Ontario Jim."—Editor.

THE Man of Statistics drew out his notebook again and returned to the attack. He reminded us that he had calculated that one day Canada would have sufficient wheat to supply the needs of the world. The world at present could eat just so much wheat—not one peck more, not one peck less than that amount. You could make it eat more ice cream or roast beef or caviar or oysters than it ought to. In fact, you could make the world sick on these things. But you could not increase the capacity of a given number of white folks for eating wheat, no matter in what attractive form you put it up. Well, that being so, Canada would have to face the grim fact that other countries were growing wheat. With all her eggs in one basket she could not afford to let them continue growing that staple. She had too much at stake. She might, of course, go to war with them or corner their fields, so as to destroy all possible competition. But she probably would find it more advantageous to change the eating habits of the eastern races. That meant that she would first of all have to corner all the rice in the world. She could start with Japan, who has to increase the size of her people physically, who knows she cannot do this on rice, and who therefore turns to the Japanese into a wheat-eating race. With Japan as her ally, Canada would then be able to attack China and India and the Malay Archipelago. In fact, in every corner of the earth where a grain of rice was to be found she must finally exterminate the plant. The millions of Orientals would have to be gradually weaned from the old rice appetite, and to do this she must send out medical missionaries, who would doctor the human palate with anti-rice toxins.

Another man ventured the opinion that when the Canadian farmer found that things had reached that pass, that there were not enough mouths into which to stuff his wheat—he would go out of business. Someone else suggested that another kind of evil would arise. The peoples of the earth, missing their cheap loaf and the wheat habit, being as strong upon them as the smoking habit, would hold a pistol to his head and drive him back into the wheat-growing business again.

The Man of Statistics unexpectedly confessed that he had no patience with this wheat fad—outside the present wheat

"Why on earth do we need to be always opening up outside wheat-growing areas? All this terrible catastrophe could be averted if these Ontario fellows, for instance, would only stop opening up the twenty-six thousand square miles of the new clay belt. Pandora's box hadn't half as many evils as that belt is going to let loose on the world. The trouble is that the wheat craze is nothing but a national disease. You mark my words: They'll be throwing open the North-West Passage to wheat cultivation next, and then nothing will suit them but to try and plant Crocker Land. Why, I met a chap the other day from the Athabasca region who said that up in Ottawa they were considering a

scheme for building the houses of prairie towns with flat roofs and covering them with gumbo, so as to double the wheat-producing area of the country without any trouble. Now what do you think of that, boys?"

"I tell you what," said another, "the Canadian just goes mad whenever he sees a grain of wheat. He has the wheat-bug, as the Yankees say. One day the world will rise up against us. The Pope will excommunicate the article, and then the chemists will have to make the grain so that the nations can distribute it free to their people."

Someone suggested that Canada would monopolize even that business. She would be so rich by the time the excommunication period came that she could threaten the Pope or the chemists round her little fingers.

Another man said that if there was anything worse than the "wheat-bug," it was the "fruit-bug." He ought to know, as he had spent a couple of years on a British Columbia fruit ranch.

"I think we were trying to grow apples, but I don't want to commit myself, as it might be unfair to my uncle, who had put thousands of dollars into the undertaking and was doing his best to live until the trees bore. I was told that my duty would be to watch the trees with my cousin Jim and a dozen other fellows. Jim offered to show me the trees. The first thing I knew, after we had entered the ranch, was that I was caught violently by the scruff of the neck and dragged back, while a voice screamed:

"You underheaded idiot! Can you see that you're treading on a thousand-dollar Gravenstein tree?"

"Jim was bending over a tiny twig with a magnifying glass.

"'Heavens!' I declared, 'you don't call that a fruit tree!'

"Gosh! I do. And there are thousands more like it all round you. Look out there! I reckon we'll have to bring you in a flying machine next time."

"At first I could see nothing but a long, wide strip of carefully-smoothed-out brown soil. To the right was a lake, and we were surrounded by low mountains, tall with firs crowding on their slopes.

"It's a great place for the imagination, Jim," I said, and began a careful inspection of the ground with his magnifying glass. Gradually I was able to make out that many yards of the earth were planted in rows of it. Sometimes they were about six leaves on it and about eight or ten feet apart. Jim was right. I apologized. There was something growing.

"Well, we had to watch those microscopic sprigs like a fetish. If a blade of grass sprouted anywhere where we took our headquarters, and headquarters violently and promptly uprooted it. If a cat appeared in the vicinity we had to shoot it without hitting the twigs. Sometimes Jim would go on a measuring expedition. But the trees had no more than a mountaintop and I could see that Jim was fast going insane worrying about them. My uncle would then order up more fertilizer, and sometimes he would come up and relieve Jim, but he was getting too old for the job, although he had planned the things somewhere back in his callow youth. Sometimes the figures on the posts of the verandah. But the thing got on my nerves finally and I 'quit' the job. Jim and the 'fruit-bug' were too much for me. I've no doubt that when the fruit does come it will be worth its weight in gold, and will have to be preserved in spirits of wine for a museum, while Jim will be blind and paralyzed and decrepit and starving."

Upon that conversation turned off to the drawbacks of the Old Country in comparison with the superior advantages of life in Canada.

"People in Europe," explained the Man of Statistics to me, "have to be introduced before they show each other hospitality and friendship. Strangers are felt to be rather suspicious characters, who render house dogs necessary. Here, in Canada, the idea is that all men are brothers, and that in a short time the locksmith will lose his job. The population of the country is a single family of eight million relatives, and I dare say you've noticed that everybody who's a real Canadian goes about with an 'Isn't-it-nice-to-be-a-Canadian?' and 'You-must-really-stop-to-dinner!' air. Canada is a nation of optimists, you know."

"That's all very well," chimed in another, "but what I can't understand is why everybody doesn't come over to this country, if only to borrow money from Canadians."

At this point a new-comer, presumably without any desire to borrow, asked whether, in view of the bad roads, Canadians weren't forgetting how to walk.

"On the prairies," he said, "I've never yet seen anyone inclined to walk. It's about as natural a place for a stroll as the inside of a motion-picture hall. People drive in buggies from one farm or settlement to another, where they sit on ploughs or harrows or on harvesters. Children ride horseback to school. I've been trying to catch a man guilty of walking. Once or twice I thought I had a vision of some human automaton reeklessly and forgetfully using his legs. But he was always too far off for me to be sure that my senses were not deceiving me. Once I really did think I had caught a man walking. He was quite close to me. But when I looked again he was sitting down. He had been too quick for me."

"That's not so queer as you may think," interrupted the man next to him, "when you remember the long distances between points. Social life on the prairie begins in a buggy and goes on to your neighbor's dinner-table and his best bedroom. To make a call you have to hitch your horse to a buggy. When you meet a man, there's no obligation for either of you to get out of your rigs. Why, I've known a couple of men sit with the reins in their hands for more'n half a day, discussing family affairs, transacting business and eating dinner, and pretty comfortable they were, too. Of course it takes a little practice."

I ventured to suggest that perhaps the immense spaces induced the habit of forgetting distances and mileages. The man grappled with me in huge percentages. His mind was filled with big percentages.

He had to act swiftly, to grapple with big resolutions, to face great crises. The pastimes of close community life were denied him—gardens and lawns and lectures and churches and saloons. He had no paths tempting him to walk amid the honeysuckle and the early morning worms, no skylarks and thrushes to warble to him, no sundials inviting to contemplation while he wandered listlessly amid the rose bushes, no—

"I'll allow," said the Man of Statistics abruptly, "that there's a good deal of truth in that, but that is not the reason that the farmer is without his garden. He has at his door in the spring a garden of crocuses and anemones and wild rose, and a myriad of other flowers which color the whole earth around him like a gigantic Persian carpet. And in the sky there's the same number of glistening color that puts all Turner's work into the shade. As to the autumn, why to the world has never seen such a garden of gold as lies spread out at his feet! When that man by chance visits Eng-

land and escapes drowning by not falling off the edge into the sea, he sees mid-gardens that require the labor of giants, and hedges that have to be put into curls papers and pomaded, and everything that has to be persuaded to lie down and be petted like so much 'Good Dog!' And then he thinks it's about time to pity the Englishman!

"By the way, chimed in a man of tact, turning to me, 'did you have much rain in Manitoba?' Whereupon everybody laughed.

"Don't answer him!" advised one man, handing round cigars. "He's going to ring that old chestnut on you about the Mud-Man of Manitoba."

"What I can't understand," said a Winnipegger in a voice of evident pique, "is why you fellows, and especially the British Columbians, should be so down on Manitoba weather."

"Well, isn't it true that you have pretty low temperatures out there?" asked a Vancouver man.

"Why, it does freeze a bit sometimes." "Way down below zero, eh? Forty, fifty below, and all that kind of thing?"

"Oh yes, sometimes, but you don't feel the cold, you know. That's the great advantage of Manitoba. By the way, you fellows in Vancouver have a fierce lot of rain, don't you?"

The man from Vancouver fidgeted a bit and said that perhaps it did rain sometimes.

"Days and weeks of it in the winter, eh? Can't go out without swimming and wearing oil-skin clothes and rubber top-boots."

"Oh, pshaw! Vancouver rain doesn't wet!"

"Well, what about the chestnut?" interrupted an Englishman, after the laughter had subsided.

Everybody stared at him. For anybody in that company not to know the story of the Mud-Man of Manitoba was to admit that he was a benighted being. It was the oldest and ripest chestnut that had ever survived its birth. It had gone the round of the earth.

"That's no criterion that everybody should know it," explained the Man of Statistics conciliatorily. "The story changes with every parallel of latitude. When it has been in one latitude for a certain number of years, it has a habit of gradually slipping its bearings and migrating off to another. When you think you have the Mud-Man story 'pat,' you find that you have to revise everything you know about it. As far as I can make out, the real story is that a man was once walking towards Winnipeg along a gumbo road when he saw a hat in the middle of the big way. He stooped to pick it up, and underneath he found a head. He asked the head what it was doing there, and the head replied—

"'I'm walking to Winnipeg!'

"That's wrong," said the man from Vancouver blunderly. "Must be, as you said, those fellows were walking, when we've just admitted that nobody walks on the prairies."

"Well, let's have your version!"

"Down on the coast they've got it right. That fellow who found the head was riding in a buggy through the gumbo. He saw a hat moving gradually along the middle of the road and bobbing slightly up and down. At great risk to himself, owing to the danger of being mired, he plucked up his courage to approach the uncanny object. When he managed at last to wallow up to it, he made a grab and raised the hat. Below he found to his horror a human face moving steadily ahead, the mud parting mysteriously at its throat and leaving a miry wake as the head advanced. Before he could recover from the shock of

the surprise, the head turned towards him and said:—

"'Gim'me that hat, dy'e hear? I only take it off to ladies.'

"'But what on earth are you doing here, man?'

"None of your business. Gim'me that hat.'

"'But you'll die, you'll choke!'

"'Pshaw! Can't you see I'm riding horseback to Winnipeg!' And the hat falling on to the traveller's head out of the astonished would-be rescuer's hands, the horseback rider moved on through the mud."

This version started a confusion which finally broke up the gathering. Every one had a different story, and no two could agree as to whether the man was riding or walking or driving a buggy or a team or as to what he did, or what the other man did, or what became of the hat or how it was removed, or as to the exact way in which Adam had told the incident to Eve.

"Stories like that ought never to be allowed to get beyond human control and become a public nuisance," declared sev-

eral. The map is required for actual building in a reasonable time in a city which is bound to become the second city in the Province, so that all you've got to do is to buy now, to buy before the railways are all in, to buy on the eve and sell on the crest, and buy while there is a choice of lots. See!"

He caught his breath and wiped his brow. Buttoning up his coat, he went on:—

"I knew a man out here from the Old Country when I was living in E— and the place was in swaddling clothes. He had travelled about a good deal and didn't care much for our Canadian towns. Nothing like the Old Country for him, and so on! Well, he got to airing his views about western towns to some of the boys.

"'Look here!' said he pompously, 'I've come to the conclusion that a man raised out here is only half born. If you want pride of citizenship, there's nothing like the Old Country. Take the good old city in which I was born—wonderful place that! A saloon for every tenth man, a dressmaker for every twentieth



EXECUTIVE OF GEORGE STREET EPWORTH LEAGUE, PETERBORO, ONT.  
The Pastor, Rev. R. G. Peever, in the centre; Mr. C. S. Thompson, President, at his right.

eral. "The only thing to do now will be to bury the tale if possible, but failing that to hand it on to China or to Korea. Nothing less than drastic suppression will do—if we ever want any one to travel Canadian roads."

The Man of Statistics was anxious that I should see Lethbridge, and presently took me on a ride through its broad and handsome streets. He said it was the coal city of the west fringe.

"You'll come across big men of affairs out here, real estate men who've got Lethbridge writ large on the brain. They're the fellows who tell you on the circulars how many miles of broad and handsome streets, and canals, and coal-seams, human beings, and railroads and dollars, and trees, and parks, and boulevards, and land, and farms, and subdivision properties, and business frontages there are in and around Dominion Square; how it's the shortest route to the Pacific and the Panama Canal; how any investment in Lethbridge is a safe and sound and substantial one, no matter how and where you buy, since subdivision abuses can't exist and every lot shown on

woman and a garden for everybody! No man too poor that he can't own a dozen canaries. Churches, too, and not one of them that didn't cost twenty times as much as these wooden affairs out here, and all built of polished flint brick outside so that you could titivate a bit as in looking-glasses before going to sing the Doxology! Stained glass, about four hundred years old, end walls so thick that they couldn't be pulled down, and had to be turned into public monuments. Parsons pensioned off, you know, to go fox-hunting for the rest of their earthly! Besides the churches there was a huge cathedral with a garden as big as one of these Canadian towns you're always talking so much about. And you should have seen the market-place! None of your flimsy shacks in that, but fine buildings that had stood since the days of the Crusades. And as a trump card a mighty castle which Rufus had left there, and which will be looking as good as new long after this town has gone out of business. They don't have to spend a cent to-day on that building or on the town hall, except for disinfectant against



the germs left there by the Saxons and the Normans. Talk about civic pride! You never get that quality of the good in Canada. Why, they keep a special school of artists over there just to paint pictures of those buildings and send them all over the world! The men who serve that city don't take any pay for their services; they seem to do when they put up a new public building, they write a letter to the Mayor of 7000 A.D. and place it safely in the foundation stone, asking him to be good enough to continue carefully dusting and sweeping and fumigating the edifice just as they have done. That's citizenship, boys. I can tell you! And that's a kind of city worth living in!"

"Well," continued the Man of Statistics, "that sounded pretty good to all of us, for we'd most of us come from the other side of the pond as children. But there was one Old-Timer Canadian there—I think his name was Ontario Jim—and he fixed Johnnie with that queer, far-away look of his.

"Strikes me you're a kind o' dead lot in that there old town," he said thoughtfully. 'Strikes me it must be kind of lonesome there with only them cat-drais and graveyards and the castle and city hall to look at for a thousand years. Seems like sittin' in a summer-house with the wind-falls lyin' a rottin' on the ground, and you and the other folks blinkin' at the past. You've no more weeds to pull out; only to let the flowers grow. I can git all that kind of thing out of a book. But it ain't somehow life, as I figure it; it ain't doin' and creatin' and it ain't city-buildin' such as you see right here. We've raised this city with our own hands out of the flowers and the prairie. It hasn't got any past to be ashamed of, for it's all in the future. It's our baby and we've fed it and seen it grow these score of years. We saw the first tent and the first shack go up, and we heard the first wind whistlin' down the main street. We put up the first mayor and we put down the first gas-pipe. We levied the first tax and we sent in our congratulations to the first mother of the first child that was born here. And we put up the first factory and the first fence and the first law about the saloons, and we started the first newspaper and the first public opinion. All legacies of crime to shake off, we're always movin' like a fellow with the St. Vitus's dance. And we've got no slums and foul livin' and unemployed problems and down-trodden poor, and we've given every man an equal chance. Yes, sir, we've got history on the jump, workin' for us twenty-four hours each day, and you've only got his corpse. Daresay if I was to come and look into your city, I'd find that there ain't no more'n half of you as can get a decent livin'—that there are streets and back alleys where ray of hope nor a purse of money, and the people prowl in and skulkin' through life like the coyote over these plains. Yes, sir, I'll take this here burg for mine every time and you can keep yours."

An old Irishman, long desirous of official dignity, was finally appointed marshal in a parade on Memorial Day. Veterans, bandmen, and school children were lined along the streets of the town, patiently waiting the signal to start. Suddenly Mike, on a prancing charger, dashed up the street. After inspecting the dignified procession, he gave his horse a quick clip. Then, standing up in his saddle, he yelled with a voice filled with pride and authority:

"Ready now! Every one of ye kape ather with the horse!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

## Dentistry in West China

In a recent letter written by Dr. A. W. Lindsay, the following interesting facts are given relating to a rather uncommon branch of Missionary work in West China.—Editor.

THE Dental Department of our Canadian Methodist Church in the Province of Szechwan is unique in being the pioneer and, as yet, the only department of dentistry under a mission board in the great land of China.

We are all acquainted with the part that medicine has played in mission work. We know it has in many places broken down the prejudice of the people and made it possible, through the healing of the physical man, to talk to them of the spiritual. Dentistry should also be doing this, it is asserting, its right to be a factor in this great undertaking of the evangelization of the world.

On the coast of China there are numbers of American and European dentists, as well as a few Chinese and Japanese graduates of American and European dental schools.

These men are in what are termed treaty ports; that is, cities opened to foreign trade, such places as Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow, Tientsien, Chefoo and Peking. To these places we must add the British colonies of Hong Kong, Wei Hai Wei; also those of the United States and others. Though all these cities and colonies have dentists, as yet dentistry has made but little impression on China. There are no dental societies or dental schools, and to fully realize the situation one has but to imagine what the condition would be if Canada had no dentists situated in Nova Scotia and there were but few miles of railroads in the country. As China is larger than Canada and Alaska together, has almost every variety of climate, and a population three times as large as Canada and the United States, one can readily believe that China needs the services of the dental profession. With the greatly increased awakening in that country to western methods and thought, dentistry will be more and more demanded in the near future. To-day, of course, the men who are in sympathy with her progress and uplift, and the students, literate that is coming. This being so, who is more likely and capable of giving the education necessary than the Church which has been the means of producing her awakening?

The Chinese are ever anxious to know more of the world that has been shut out from them for so long; they wish to enter wholly into our western thought; they have decided that their old ideas, customs and education are unsatisfactory. Many are becoming agnostics or atheists as they realize that the old religious beliefs are not the truth. The preaching cast out. What shall they receive in its place? The missions are offering them education in all the sciences and arts of the west; but with them all they give them the Christian ideal of life—the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. In this respect work of missions dentistry has, and will continue to have, an important part to play.

Our dental department was started seven years ago in Chengtu. This city, the capital of the province, has a population of about half a million natives, about one hundred odd Europeans, Americans and Japanese, and both Government and missions have their educational headquarters here. Mine was the honor of being the first dentist to enter China as a missionary. Owing to the urgent need of one of my profession, the rule of our mission requiring me to devote his first two years exclusively to the study of the language was not

strictly adhered to in my case, and I was, therefore, obliged to study when I could keep the patients waiting. I found that there were several hundred foreigners— or, in other words, Europeans—in the province who had had no dental attention for two to eight years. I need hardly tell you of their condition. But you can believe me when I say that my first year and a half were spent with temporary fillings and treatments. It was as well that this was the kind of work that was required, for my chair, instruments and supplies, that were ordered before I left Canada, did not arrive for another year, having been all the time on the way. This occurrence taught me to have a good stock on hand; also to order well ahead of time. An order sent in June will reach me the next March. Small postal orders can be secured in from four to six months.

You will, therefore, see that the problems of opening a dental practice in Chengtu are of quite a different nature to those to be solved in Canada. To give you a hint of the difficulties and conditions under which I had to work, I will give you a description of my first laboratory. The building could hardly have had the status of a third-rate washhouse in Canada. The floor was mud, the rafters, for there was no ceiling, were as black as they could be made by years of smoke from an open fire. The roof was of earthen tile, with its many cracks and crevices. The front of the building was covered with a large paper lattice window. The rear had a wall of mud up to the roof, dividing the room from a noisy Chinese compound which held some fifty or sixty people who had constant bickerings and family disputes. One end of the room was occupied with the household supply of coal, wood and shavings; the other was filled with benches, tables and the like for which we had no use in our rented Chinese house. It could not be said that these surroundings would promote good work. Fortunately we did not stay here long. During the next year we moved to more pleasant quarters.

I had been at work but a short time when the Chinese officials and gentry heard about the work and wished attention. Although my work with the Europeans took up nearly all my time, I was able to see a few of the more needy cases.

I found amongst these a number who had dentures which had been put in by Japanese and Chinese who had acquired a smattering of knowledge by working in laboratories of American and European dentists in the coast cities. The dentures were very far from being perfect, and had in most cases been a serious aggravation. They looked so questionable, but their utility was decidedly questionable. They were extremely grateful for a denture that was comfortable and useful. Slowly but surely the work became known in many parts of the province. Men came two and three weeks' journey, "with all manner of troubles and hard-lab, necrosis of the jaw, impacted molars, dentigerous cysts, tumors, and many others—even one gentleman requiring a nose.

There are no native dentists worthy of the name; in fact, they have no professional standing whatever in our part of the country, even among the Chinese. I have seen men who make it their business to extract teeth and to cure tooth-ache by supposedly removing the "worm" from the aching member. This process is rather interesting. A worm is placed under the thumb of the operator (of course without the knowledge of the patient), a probe is inserted in the mouth and manipulated around the offending

tooth; then the "worm" is exhibited to the patient. It is quite realistic, I can assure you. If it is still pain, that there certainly must be another bug, but sometimes it is not possible to remove the exact one, and then extraction is advised. This is done with a pair of forceps manufactured by the blacksmith, or the tooth may be knocked out. In difficult cases the roots will be still pain, by a crude blow, thus facilitating the extraction.

As the time passed the increased usefulness and growth of the dental department justified the mission in making appropriations for a thoroughly convenient and commodious dental building. During 1911 I built this and our own residence. The buildings are of grey brick, with red stone trimmings, and more comfortable and suitable could not be found anywhere.

During the year 1910 Dr. J. E. Thompson, a graduate of the R.C.D.S., arrived in Chengtu. He came to enter Y.M.C.A. work under our mission, but before he had finished his language study he was transferred to the dental department, both because of the growth of the work and the immediate need of another man.

## A Soldier's Letter From the Front

Note.—The following letter, with others of similar character, was read on May 9th at the afternoon service of Trinity S. S. anniversary, Toronto. It is so characteristic of the cheery spirit of our Canadian boys at the front and so descriptive of the conditions prevailing there at the time of writing, that we are sure many of our readers will enjoy reading it.—Editor.

"FRANCE, April 1, 1915.

"To the Teachers and Scholars, Trinity Methodist Sunday School.

"Dear Friends,—In reply to Mr. Hezzelwood's kind letter re your anniversary services, I might say it is rather difficult to write you a letter, as I am in the trenches, saying all we would like to and yet confine it to certain limit of time for your reading.

"Where shall I start? At Armentieres, where we were baptized by rifle and shell fire some time ago, and where the Germans, on our first night in the trenches, greeted us with 'Hulloa there, Canadians, how is Montreal?' or 'Say, come on over and fight?' 'Twas here we had our first few casualties. Or shall we journey back to Merris, the quiet little village where we rested up? Here the Germans had machine guns up in the church tower last fall; but when our British boys came over their shells sent guns, men and all scotching down in a heap on the floor. We will go on to a village called Fleurbaix, where we were heavily shelled by German 'Jack Johnsons' and 'coal boxes,' or 'C.P.R.'s we call them—they come so fast and make such a racket. One of our boys was blown up and three badly wounded by shrapnel. A Scotch regiment also lost several. We had scarcely finished dressing these cases when the order to advance to our trenches came, and out we marched to hold our own line as a division, for Canada. We had three trips of several days each into these trenches, the Q.O.R., my old regiment, relieving us each time.

"In trench fighting, we relieve each other at certain hours, and under the hail of bullets from 'Fritz' and his pals our men silently and carefully proceed—each platoon at a time—to their positions. No lights are used. It may be pitch dark, but still they creep on. Suddenly a rocket shoots up from the enemy. The whole area is brightened by it, but bless you, there are no soldiers to be seen in the roads or anywhere. Well, these Tommy Atkins flop down in the water or mud, and he usually beats the rocket

We expect in the near future to prepare a dental course, by translating our textbooks used in Canada for the opening of the dental department in connection with the medical faculty of the Union University of West China. Here we hope to train some of the brightest and best young men to take their place in the dental profession, and to send them to their work with the right perspective of life. I believe that the Chinese will be second to none as operators. They are most clever with their fingers; the work that the average man can turn out with the crudest of instruments is nothing short of wonderful.

To make it possible to train Chinese dentists (and we must do it!), we need more men to help us. We trust that our Canadian dental colleges will send us these. Surely our young men can find no vocation which challenges the best and highest in them more fully than does dentistry in missions. The opportunity is there, indeed, the need is there, and we look ahead, to be no limit to the opportunities that lie before us in this vast empire so rapidly awakening to western life and thought.

at that. Darkness settles again and away we go, till all are posted. Then come days of watching and fighting. One light or one false move and you're a 'dead one' sure, for German snipers are marvellous shots.

"Still, our boys find time for singing and hoohahing at the enemy, teasing and daring them at times. But, best of all when in the trenches, on a Sunday, many little services of prayer and song are held. Here your soldiers read their little Bibles, and sing the old-time hymns; but these services are held while each man has his rifle and bayonet all ready, for the bullets fly over at you and shells scream past carrying death with them.

"Yes, you boys of 'Trinity, every soldier carries a rifle, his ammunition, and his wee Bible. Do you all carry Bibles? It's a wonderful Book to make a pal of.

"Now, one day the order comes, 'All stand up, a time or rapid fire,' or perhaps this, 'Our artillery will engage the enemy.' Then we know something extra is coming. It comes all right, and amid thundering of guns, screaming shells, terrific rifle and machine gun fire, certain parts of the line get orders to 'Go after them.' Then British pluck wins sure. But not before hundreds or thousands of boys bite the dust, or are wounded. Still, a victory is registered for the Allies, and we await the next order. In an action at Neuve Chapelle, recently, an Irishman, while searching for the enemy, came to an old cellar, and called out, 'Are there any of the Germans 'ya there?' The answer came, 'Yes, and we surrender.' 'Oh, you do, eh?' says Irish. 'Well, here's a nice bomb you can divide up among yez!' and several Germans, who are cowards at the last, have a great scramble and finish face down. It is terrible. Are it's just in war. If they were there and kill our men by hundreds, then why not try and finish it out, not desert their own country and trust to British generosity, as they so often do?

"It is amusing to hear the Germans 'only one hundred yards or so from you, holden.' 'Say, Canada, how do you like Paris?' Then Canada says, 'Hi, Germany, I'll swap a bull's head for matches with you.' Just here 'Fritz' sends a bullet over at you and the dialogue ends.

"While our men were in trenches awhile back, the Germans shelled our collecting station for wounded men. They blew us out of the place, but we had no

wounded in at the time, though one sergeant was hit by them. They put ten lovely old 50-pound shells into our shack, but we went back the next day and had a great time building it up again. It's fun carrying bricks at such a time, and our stretcher-bearers worked fine; so we are all ready for more shells now, when Germany feels like it. Strange they didn't shell us again, till we were all ready, they thought we had a headache from previous day. Now they have blown holes in our rest-room, covered my blankets with shrapnel, and even chased the medical officer and me into a ditch one evening by trying to shave us with 'Ever ready' bullets. Still, I am sure to tell about it. But we have a long way to go, and must put our faith in the Heavenly Father, then push forward when called upon. We never go back! That motion is entirely out of fashion for 'Canuck soldiers' this year.

"Then some night the order comes that Canadians will proceed to such places at such a time, awaiting further orders there. So away we go, trusting absolutely in our general, who knows what is best. A night march is interesting. Thousands of men in heavy marching order move off,—no noise, no lights, just the plod of the tired feet upon the muddy roads. On they go,—ten, fifteen, twenty miles, it matters not what distance,—every man ready and willing for any call. It is on these marches, or while on 'sentry go,' that a chap is usually thinking of the dear folks at home, and wondering if he will ever meet them on this earth again.

"We have great times watching the aeroplanes chasing each other or dodging shells. It is truly a marvellous war! I often think of that grand old hymn, 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.'

"Let me here speak of those little crosses, marking the last resting place of so many of our brave boys who gave their lives for the great cause, and of the wounded we have been sending back, suffering agonies. May they all get their just reward. For can I overlook our stretcher-bearers, fearless and willing at all times to succour the wounded, for no matter how dark the night nor how dangerous the journey, on they go and cheerfully. I pray they may be all spared to us through the terrible conflicts which will come shortly.

"At present we are in billets waiting what comes next. I write this while reclining on top of a hay mow, very near the roof of a cold old barn. There are about sixty of us in here, and some are busy looking for those little things that boys get in their hair when they fall to keep clean for the doctors, or soldiers to escape them, and we have lots of fun over it. It reminds one of the verse,—

"Each little flea upon his back,

Will find another flea to bite him;

Upon that flea are other fleas,

And so ad infinitum.'

"If spared I will think of you and pray with you at your anniversary services, and may the coming year bring peace and plenty to you all. Kindest remembrance to our pastors and congregation, from your boys at the front. 'Au revoir,' for we never say 'Good-bye' in the army.

"Sgt. C. N. ATKINSON.

"1st Can. Battalion."

To live well in the quiet routine of life, to fill a little space because God will it, to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties and little avocations; to smile for the joys of others, when the heart is aching—who does this, his works will follow him. He is one of God's heroes.—Farrar.

## Courtship and Marriage in Alberta

The following letter, written recently by Rev. W. H. Pike, missionary among the Ruthenians in Alberta, will afford an hour of delightful reading to our young people. It might well be read in open League meeting.—Editor.

**T**HIS year I have been living and working among the Ruthenian farmers. The district in which I live is well settled, almost every quarter-section being farmed, and the people prosperous. Last year the grain crop was an excellent one, and the high prices since the beginning of the war have enriched the people to a remarkable degree. Consequently their efforts to raise a bumper crop the coming season will be the more strenuous.

Solomon says there is a time for everything under the sun. There certainly is a time for these people to marry and dance. November and December appear to be the matrimonial months for the Ruthenians. I wonder how many of my readers would like to have their matrimonial affairs managed as the Ruthenians have theirs. A young fellow of twenty years wants to marry. He knows of a young girl of fourteen or fifteen who will suit him, so he either goes in person or sends his father to arrange the match with her father. Usually the father does it, often the suitor. This winter an old man travelled about fifty miles to the Kolokreeka Mission to ask a young girl of seventeen to be his wife. After being "turned down," he asked her if she would not marry his son. Not being able to hold out any hope for the young man, she sent the father home. A few days later a young man of the Orthodox faith proposed to her. While his case was undecided, another suitor, in the person of a young Methodist Ruthenian, appeared and asked for her heart and hand. She accepted him because he was a Christian.

The proposal was rather unique. Kepha, the young man, presented himself at the mission and asked to see the matron. In the presence of his proposed wife he freely discussed the matter and asked, "Do you think that Paketza will make a good wife for me? I have prayed very much about the matter, and I believe that God is leading me to seek her for my wife." The matron assured him that Paketza would make a good wife for any man who would love her and treat her well. The conclusion of the whole matter was that in a couple of weeks they were married at her home by Dr. Lawford.

Kepha Boleychuc is one of a party of four young Ruthenians who went from Calgary to a point four hundred miles north and east, where they settled on adjoining homesteads. They banded themselves together into "The Christian Ruthenian Young Men's Association." After hatching for a month or so, they decided that a woman was needed at the head of the house. After some debate it was further decided that Kepha was to go forth in search of a wife. Paketza was found.

But to get back to my story. Sometimes the father goes in search of a wife for his son. He calls at the home of the girl and tells her parents that his son wishes to marry their daughter. After a considerable confab the match is arranged and the date settled. Two or three days before the ceremony the feasting and celebrating begin at the home of the groom's parents. I attended one of these and partook of their hospitality. The tables were spread with clean white cloths. Plates, knives, forks and spoons were laid. By each plate was a large piece of Ruthenian bread. After all were seated at the tables the chief man of the feast poured out the first glass of wine or whiskey, and passed it to the next

person of importance. As their hands met across the table they bent their heads to kiss each other's hands, and with a "God give you health," they drank glasses passed down the table. When it came to me I passed it on to my neighbor. He wanted to know why I didn't drink such good whiskey. He was very much surprised when I told him that I had never taken any. Then he called for the wine, thinking that I would take some of that. He was more surprised than ever when I refused that. It would be an insult to the bride and groom if I did not drink their health, but I got over the difficulty by drinking it in cold water. It took quite a time to get it, however.

After the cheering grog has gone around the table a few times and you couldn't hear yourself talk, the steaming dishes of meat, potatoes, wheat, sauerkraut (cooked only as Ruthenian women know how to cook them) are placed before you. Everybody has to reach out and help themselves, and soon all are busy. Jest and repartee, whiskey and wine, mingle over the hospitable board.



IN BRIDAL ATTIRE ARRAYED.  
From negative by Mr Pike.

until all were full, many bemuddled in stomach and head. Then the tables are cleared and lifted outside, and the dancing begins. Cigarettes are lighted, and in an odoriferous aroma of cigarette smoke, whiskey fumes, perspiring humanity that swayed to and fro in the contortions of a crude style of dancing peculiar to the Ruthenians. I felt that the pure ozone of the night air outside was more conducive to health, so I "skiddoed."

After two or three days of such celebrating the groom and some of his friends go off in state to the home of the bride-elect. They take her to the church for the marriage ceremony. After this she is escorted, with much rejoicing, to the husband's home. Here the celebrating continues for a few more days with greater interest and enjoyment.

And so they marry and are given in marriage. A large percentage of such cases they are not so. Love has not come in. Then, where the bride is so very young—fourteen or fifteen is the usual age—the offspring is often puny and weak, and has not the vitality to survive the environment into which it comes.

During the winter months the young people find that there is plenty of mischief still for idle hands to do. I met with them and organized them into a Progressive Club. They appointed their own president and secretary—president and decided to study English for well-attended, interest is still keen, and they are advancing with commendable strides. The club has come to stay. As soon as the priest heard of it he announced in church that the young men were not to attend the classes. He said that he would not confess the parents if they allowed their sons to go, neither would he confess the young men themselves. They didn't appear to worry over it, and continued coming to the classes.

The winter is past, and now under the heat of April sun the snow has disappeared, and old mother earth shows her face again. The furrows are being turned, and the click of the seeder is heard in the land. "The time of the singing of birds has come," and already the chloccades are chirping in the trees and the vernal warblers. There is now no more the music and the dance. Lent is here, and the people are to be seen faithfully wending their way

to church. The priest is busy hearing the confessions and giving absolution for sins. The young men are not very much concerned about this, but the children and old people go regularly to confession.

From what I can hear the children are asked the most ridiculous questions, such as "Did you drink milk in your tea this week?" or "Have you tasted any kind of meat?" If they were admonished about the telling of lies, and stealing, and other faults common among them, it would be doing some good. Instead, they are taught that the trifling things enjoined by the Church are the things of most importance, while the weightier matters of the law are not taught. Little wonder that they fail to lie and to steal is almost second nature with them.

The priests have a great opportunity for lasting good with these people, but they fail to see it or to use it. They come over here from Russia, remain five or six years, make a fortune and retire. There is certainly a money-making concern, for they do absolutely nothing without being paid for it. Just before Christmas it is the custom of the people to bring bread to the church, to have it blessed by the priest, and to use it in one church, and the priest asked to bless the bread. He agreed to do the job for ten dollars. The price being satisfactory, he came to the church, began the service, and had the collection taken before blessing the bread. The collection amounted to twenty dollars, and was to go into the church funds. When the priest saw such a big collection he got greedy and said that he was to have it all. The people objected, and said that he would get the ten dollars, as per agreement. The priest contended that he was to get the ten dollars plus the collection for his services. They would not give it to him, so he left and went home, five miles distant. After

a while a deputation from the congregation waited upon him, gave him the thirty dollars, and had him come to bless the bread. Baptisms, marriages, burials, consecrations, all such are only performed for money. I know of a case where the priest would not bury an infant unless he was paid twenty-five dollars for his services. I did it gratis. Even the witnesses at a marriage and the sponsors at a baptism must pay for the honor. I heard recently of one young man who refused the honor of being a witness at a marriage because the priest wanted two dollars for it. Being a witness at a marriage is considered a great honor by the Ruthenians, and the Church takes advantage of this to reap some of her riches.

Alberta is to have a vote on prohibition on July 21st. I am often asked how the Ruthenian people will vote. They are a drinking people. They think that a feast or a wedding is tame without beer or whiskey. What will they do without beer or whiskey? They will do without it. Many that go to the bar to drink tell me that if the bar were not there they would not drink at all. Many who are drinkers tell me that they will vote for prohibition. There will be a big Ruthenian vote in favor of prohibition. The temperance legislation in Russia is having a great effect on the people here. One of our leading Ruthenian papers, *The Canadian*, published by our Church in Edmonton, in an article headed "The Burden of the Taxpayer Through Alcohol," says: "We have come to this country as free men and received it as our fatherland, and here we wish our children to live. Shall we allow taxes and burdens to be laid upon us through alcohol, as in the old country? No, a thousand times no! We have learned our lesson in the old country, and we shall not go in the same way here for if we do then we shall have nowhere else, but shall have this burden to draw until death. And after us our children and grandchildren shall be left with the burden upon their shoulders. If you wish to live in joy and plenty with your children, cast out this enemy from your homes and from the whole of Alberta. Now is your opportunity. If you do not cast it out, it will surely become your master and cast you out." The people are going to do it, but it will cost them a great deal. One old lady rubbed her stomach while she lamented that there would be no more whiskey to drink. I fear I have been too verbose already. God give you health (so the Ruthenians conclude).

The reason why England is the strongest nation is because it is the most Christian nation, because it has the most moral power. It has more than we have. We like to talk about ourselves on the Fourth of July, we love to fan ourselves with eulogies, but we are not to be compared to-day with old England. I know her surly faults, I know her stubborn conceit, but taking her up on one side, and down on the other, there is not another nation that represents so much Christianity as England.—Henry Ward Beecher.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—Coltins.

## PROBLEMS OF YOUTH

### How Can We Learn to Pray?

The assumption is, of course, that you really desire to live the Christian life. Prayer is the turning of a desire Godward. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is." Lay your inmost desires and aspirations before Him. Prayer thus becomes very simple. It is. "Ask—think—knock—and it shall be opened." As the child comes to its parents for something so we are to go to the greater Father.

Learn to pray privately. Learn to pray in public. Be an intercessor. Study the prayers of Scripture, and models of prayers elsewhere. Don't leave all the praying with the minister. Don't take the easiest way so much in vogue of "repeating the Lord's prayer." Learn for yourself. Above all things be sincere.

### Has the Church Any Right to Interfere with the Politics of the Country?

This is a question young people ought to be very much concerned with, for they hear a good deal of criticism in this direction. The criticism is not always unfriendly to the Church. It may be that the friends of the Church are in the majority, but the opponents of the Church do more talking, to say the least.

What is politics? The word itself is a good one. It relates to the science of good government. That ought to be the concern of a Christian man. More than that, there is no legitimate sphere of human life that is not the concern of a Christian man. His religion sharpens his wits and strengthens his hands. A Church has for its function the remaking and remoulding of human society, and constituting it according to the will of God. When it is doing that it is not "interfering" with the politics of the country; it is simply doing its work. The devil is the usurper; so are "his angels." The cry, "keep out of politics," comes from that direction every time. Certainly keep out of dishonest or false politics. Lying and Christianity are antagonistic to each other under any circumstances.

### "What is the Reason of the Decline of Prayer-Meetings?"

"Are They Not Necessary, or Has the World Got Beyond Them?"

You can put it down, first, that the world has not got beyond them. As long as there is a human need there will be a place for the prayer-meeting. God's house is to be a house of prayer.

In the next place, prayer-meetings have not declined everywhere. They have in some places. But from what we hear since the beginning of this war they are larger than ever.

Where there is a decline we believe it is due to several causes. One is a decline of spiritual life. When men lose their hold of God they give up exercises like that very quickly. Then some prayer-meetings are poorly conducted. Those who go hold on from a sense of duty rather than from delight. The prayer-meeting needs to be a live institution from the leader's side. There should be something more before it than a talk, at least some of the time. People should have facts before them.

By taking out the humdrum and routine leadership, and putting in topics of vital importance, the prayer-meeting will surely be a success.

### Is the World Growing Better?

This is a question difficult to answer in a satisfactory way. You might spend a week trying to show that the world was getting better and your questioner would go away saying, "Well, I'm not convinced." There is so much evidence that may be prevented for and against the belief in progress.

But since it is my answer you want, I will say that I believe the world is getting better. I believe it, first, because I believe it is God's purpose to redeem this world and bring in a new heavens and a new earth. Christ came to undertake this work. He is doing it. His plans are laid and are as far-reaching as time. We are like the private soldier on a large battlefield. We know very little of the General's plans. He may ask us to retire, but we must not think the whole army is retiring, or that His cause is being lost. Some may fall in the fray, but others will come forward.

The past century has seen some wonderful marks of progress. Look at mission work. Look at the triumphs of science, the great mission of which has been to show man he can overcome nature and surroundings.

This war, to some, seems against our case, but if it were not for the sense of honor and brotherhood Britain might have been quiet. It is a distinct triumph that men are willing to battle for the weak and small nations.

### Where is Heaven?

Heaven is more a state than a place. Of course anything that exists at all exists somewhere. But the place is a minor question. One man argued with me about the place, and said he could quote passages of Scripture—a big number—to prove it. He was interpreting the Bible literally. By the same process you could accept the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation.

Heaven is a state. Where is "old age," where is "Beulah Land," where is truth? If the soul of man is in the right attitude before God you have heaven. Space or place is a relative thing, anyway. Canada is in North America, North America is in the world, and the world is a planet in space whirling around in a certain orb. Where? "Thou hapest the world on nothing!" If a man is in God's hands, or if he has living union with Him through Christ, he is already in heaven, or at the threshold.

### What is Wrong About Selling a Vote?

Your vote represents your individuality, represents your life. Is it right to sell that? More than that, your voting privilege has been won for you at a great price. It is too valuable for barter. There is no equivalent. To sell your vote is to sell yourself into slavery, and to strike a death-blow at freedom itself.

*Credo*

## The Opportunity of the Country Church as Related to the Young People

REV. G. S. CASSMORE, B.A., LOWVILLE, ONT.

(Concluded from our May number.)

ANY plan, whatever it be, for the betterment of life in the open country will seek to meet a three-fold need, social, intellectual and religious.

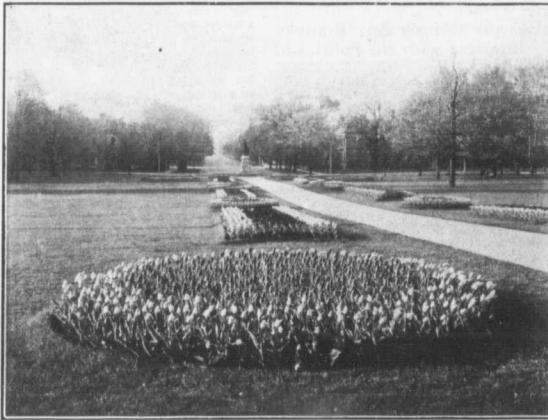
### SOCIAL.

In rural communities there is a definite and painful lack of social facilities. One complains, "This place is dead." Another presses the justifiable question, "Why doesn't somebody start something somewhere?" Deprived of the opportunities of proper social enjoyment, the youth of the country turns toward the city. There are tragic stories of the results of the rush of our young people to the allurements of urban life. All the higher interests of life have been flung into deadly peril,

recreation to provide entertainment and recreation for the community are easily worked out. Books on the subject abound on every side. At least the Social Committee should map out a year's programme of social evenings, good entertainments, wholesome recreation, that would in no small measure make our countryside a happy place in which to live.

**Intellectual.** In our country communities there is a larger work to be done than even the satisfying of social lacks.

Besides serving the community in which she is situated, the Church of the open country must contribute in no small measure through her organized activities to the permanent solution of the persistent rural problem. There is no



"THE MORNING FLOWERS DISPLAY THEIR SWEETS"

"The Call of the Morning." (See page 123.)

and, in some cases completely lost. It is a Christian act to prevent a young man or young woman from falling over into the bottomless pit. Better social advantages in the country may contribute in some measure to this fortunate end. It is also very apparent that the providing of proper recreation in the country communities has a relation to the welfare of the resident youth. If the young people do not have social advantages of the better order, they will participate in those that are at once injurious to health and objectionable from a religious point of view. Also it is incontrovertible that the people, both young and old, of our rural districts are hungry for entertainment of the better class. On a former circuit, we held one Sunday evening a musical service to be given by a neighboring choir that at that time enjoyed the presence of three or four young women of more than average musical ability. Half an hour before the hour of service the people began to come from the east and west and north and south. When the service commenced the church was suffocatingly packed. The audience drank in the selections like living water to thirsty lips. There is a pressing and pleading need here. The details of a pro-

fundamental solution of that problem in the mere provision of a "good time." Even the Mendelssohn Choir and the Theodore Thomas Orchestra will not hold an audience, let alone exert a proper civilization, for very long in the Sahara Desert. To go some distance on the way of the solution of the problem of rural life, the Church must provide not merely innocent mirth, but produce virile manhood; not merely furnish laughter, but develop an influential leadership; not merely bring to pass a tranquil contentment with place and lot in life, but inspire and create a noble character, which is the essential basis of all progress, permanent and abiding. This leadership and character are both partly intellectual. To provide the intellectual elements in successful leadership, the ideal method would be to secure better educational facilities in rural communities. The rural Church should at once commence a crusade for consolidated schools throughout the open country with advanced work adequately conducted and with the age of leaving school raised from 14 to 16. For the proper performance of many of the tasks in the Church and for the creating of a rural leadership, better educational ad-

vantages of this kind are absolutely essential. And a magnificent and truly Christian service will be discharged by the effort to secure these facilities.

This is the ideal method, but ideals are unfortunately slow of attainment and difficult of realization. For the present, the intellectual needs of the community could be partially met by the inauguration of a study class. These four subjects could be undertaken:

1. **Bible.**—Scientifically and reverently considered, one book at a time.
2. **Literature.**—A book or an author could be chosen that would be within the reach of the members of the class.
3. **History.**—(a) of Canada; (b) of British Empire.

4. **Citizenship,** commencing with a study of the powers of Courts and Parliaments, then to a consideration of the burning questions of the age, e.g., Prohibition, Woman Suffrage, Socialism.

This class should meet once a week, if not twice, for two hours, with lesson periods of half an hour. The work could be conducted under the auspices of an Adult Bible Class, or in harmony with the League meeting. Other methods of developing mental strength and intellectual efficiency quickly present themselves, such as debates, mock parliaments, dramatic representations. At least some adequate plan should be formulated to meet the intellectual needs of the young people of our rural sections and train them to exercise a great and benevolent influence on their community and nation.

**Moral and Religious.** The young people of the rural communities require two things for the strengthening of their religious life.

1. The sympathetic leadership of the more matured members of the Church. Many a young people's organization is pitifully suffering because the older members have no concern for them and have not yet seen the magnificent opportunity of life service in young people's work.

2. The inspiration of a more intense and consecrated Church life. When the spiritual life of the church that the young attend becomes apathetic, then they become as indifferent as their fathers. Life grows out of life. In this more earnest religious life there are two essential elements.

1. A more determined evangelistic spirit. In every congregation, either under the auspices of the Sunday-school or of the congregation as a whole, there should be a respectable evangelistic effort every year to bring the unconvinced to a personal decision to follow Jesus.
2. A more devoted purpose to bring in the Kingdom of God on the earth.

Surrounded by the religious atmosphere, met by these earnest appeals to obey the Christ, the young of our rural communities will be inspired to the finest religious consecration. To meet the social, intellectual and religious needs of the young men of our congregations, an excellent programme appears in The Canadian Standard Efficiency Tests. The social functions are, of course, of an athletic character but they do not lack in that character in rural life. The intellectual training provides a reading course in the place of prevented school attendance and leads the student to a consideration of world problems and introduces him to world citizenship. For the strengthening of his religious life, Bible study on the Sabbath and the "Quiet Hour" throughout the week is emphasized. In this brief word this excellent programme for the uplift and development of the life of the young people in our rural sections is earnestly commended to all sincere workers in this service.

SEND TO THE OFFICE FOR OUR LANTERN LEAFLET.



## The Leadership of the League in Community Recreation

REV. EDWARD S. BISHOP, CALGARY.

(Concluded from our May number.)

ANOTHER factor of more vital concern to us is the traditional attitude of religion and the Church to the play-life of the people. Looking back we see that for long play and piety have been regarded as quite incompatible. The fondness for play was often regarded as "the carnal mind." It was "of the earth earthy." If we would deepen piety we must mortify "the flesh with its affections and lusts." These tendencies must be suppressed. Our pleasure must be found solely in "doing the will of God." We must be isolated from the world and its amusements. Lately, however, we have happily proceeded a considerable distance from this needlessly stern attitude, though, when we speak of the impression which the Church as a whole makes on the world in this regard, whether rightly or wrongly, young people in large numbers still regard the Church as frowning on their play-life and being out of sympathy with it, and so they cut the Church out of their programme, which they think it necessary to do if they are to have a good time.

Thus we see this extraordinary combination of positive and negative forces which have made it so that the thing that has happened is the only thing that could happen. The whole play and recreation life of young people has shown a marked tendency to degenerate into pure amusement, and not only that but into commercialized amusement. And this has been inevitably accompanied with its degradation. With the prevailing attitude of religion to it, there has been little left for recreation but to become thoroughly secularized. So that, speaking for great masses of young people in our cities, almost the only opportunity left open to them for the expression of their impulses for play has been in the theatre, the movie, the dance hall, the pool-room and places of that kind. Our great cities have almost literally miles of streets with their places fitted up with an equipment for the amusement that there is little or no other opportunity to have; equipment and attractions that are studied and subtle in their appeal to the lower nature. All the tremendous driving power of modern business, impelled by the most sordid motives, has led to the only possible result. Even Big Business, which has well nigh mastered the science of exploiting the labor of young men and women during the day, has reached out its octopus tentacles and exploited their play impulses in the few hours they have left to them from their work, and in this way has gathered in again, often in a few hours, the few dollars they have handed out with such a miserly hand in wages. Our great national outdoor recreations and sports have not escaped the blighting influence of the "Trust" and are now directed with a single eye to "the gate."

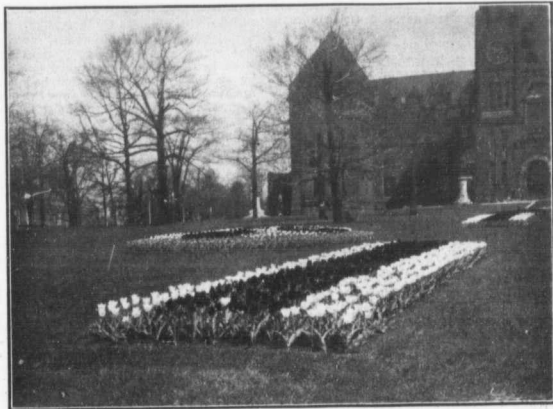
This great problem is becoming more and more a matter of serious study, and perhaps the present-day efforts are the greatest yet made to unearth the roots of the difficulty and discover the basic principles on which any remedial efforts are built. And those who have explored farthest into this perplexing field of intense human interest are becoming more unanimous in the belief that the forces of religion must frankly recognize, in a way that they have not yet done, what we have been assuming through-

out, that the play impulses of young people in their purity are right and proper and God-endowed; that the desire for recreation in some form is not only legitimate but under the modern conditions of life is indispensable; and these things granted, we should make due provision for them, not necessarily in Church activities, but in its attitude to the problem and its instructions and warnings as to the right and wrong uses of recreation. An increasing army of noble souls are consecrated to its adequate solution. They are investigating the tremendous field for the proper recreation life of the people, and their study is bringing in a long overdue revision in our method of approaching this problem; one that is eminently sane and which the Church and League would do well to consider. Out of it has grown the Community movement, which as one puts it, "is sweeping North America like a beneficent conflagration." We are coming to see that our attitude has been fundamentally at fault, for as we have observed, our disposition has been to restrain and repress and curb. We have frowned young people out into the world for the expression of a perfectly normal and proper impulse, have turned the whole enterprise over to worldlings, and then when we became alarmed at its drift we have passed our by-laws to regulate, and appointed our censors and inspectors to prevent excesses in indecency and harmfulness. However indispensable such a policy

their rightful place and function as re-creative of body, mind and spirit for the exacting and exhausting demands of daily life. One of the inspiring aspects of this question is, that play properly directed has a most healthy and elevating moral and spiritual value, as well as contributing as nothing else can to the individual efficiency which is so much demanded to-day.

In this movement the Church has simply a tremendous stake. For if through the community or any other effort recreation can be redeemed (and it would seem to be on the high road to it); if young people can be diverted from enervating amusements to energizing recreations, it will undoubtedly bring a welcome reaction. And if the Church through the League can establish a sympathetic relation to the community effort it may find that by a magic transformation it will give the Church access to whole ranges of young people hitherto beyond its reach. This may involve a courageous revision of our attitude in practice as well as theory. We should not only grant to young people the privilege of play, but teach them that they must play and that the way they play may as surely build character as in the past it has destroyed it.

In this movement the League must be the great arm of the Church. Just what part the League plays must be largely determined by local circumstances, but in most Canadian communities the way is probably open for the League to lead. Let them study and master the community method and educate the Church and community to it and co-operate wisely with other units in re-casting the social life about it. And in all such endeavors let Leaguers never lose their vision of their goal—the realizing of the Kingdom of God in their community, the redemption of all of life; "in the world, but not of it."



"AND GAY THEIR SILKEN LEAVES UNFOLD."

"The Call of the Morning." (See page 123.)

may be under existing conditions, it is only negative at best and leaves entirely out of account the great constructive and educative and moral possibilities of recreation regarded from its highest standpoint. Even as restraining factors have proved largely ineffective and inadequate and rarely satisfactory. On the other hand the new Community effort is at least a commendable attempt to rescue our recreations from the realm of mere amusement and restore them to

What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dross and feather it, daub it with gold, huzz it, and sing songs about it, what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform?—*Jerrild.*

"Terventy years ago I shood on dot corner sellink shoe shtrinks. Now I own dot corner!" proudly observed Potash.

"For y' didn't you walk up and down? Den you vould haf owned de whole block," answered Perimutter.—*Ex.*

## EPWORTH LEAGUE TOPICS

### What is it to be a Church Member?

TOPIC FOR JULY CONSECRATION MEETING.

Mark 1: 16-20; 10: 17-21.

REV. R. BAMFORTH, B.A., B.D.,  
PORT PERRY.

Various channels and organizations are essential to give expression to our thoughts, plans and purposes. Young life has its various societies, clubs, circles, bands, leagues and associations. More advanced life has its organizations for the propagation of loyalty, commercial enterprise, education, art, science, literature, or politics, and then the affairs of the state must have councils, parliaments and senates. Single and isolated effort, without an organization to perpetuate it, falls to the ground, or at least is but local in its effect. Some time ago a young man, engaged in animated conversation on the needs of his town, gave utterance to some brilliant ideas, which were perfectly workable, but on being asked to put them into action quickly replied, "Oh, it would be too much trouble." There the matter dropped, all because of a lack of determination and an organization. On the other hand, Robert Raikes saw the need of the waifs of Gloucester, gathered them off the streets, organized a Sunday school, and still farther developed his thought for the children. Others responded to the call for help, and as a result we have today the world-wide Sunday school organization.

In the same way the Christian Church came into being. Jesus Christ our Saviour gazed upon a fallen world and saw men and women shackled in slavery, body and soul, dying in their sins, reeling in their blood, and with the lowest outlook on life. He, with outstretched arms, cried, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He saw the children, and also saw their need. His big heart of love went out to them. "He took them up in his arms and blessed them."

He gathered around Him a few men and women, tried and tested, who followed Him to the end. A fellowship was formed, order established, and in His great and memorable prayer He petitioned the Father, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so I have also sent them into the world. . . . Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." This is the Christian Church, the world-wide organization for the propagation of Christ's teachings.

In the early days of Christianity all believers in Christ were members of the Church. They were few, and needed each other's help, counsel and sympathy. They realized that in union was strength, and because of persecution the need of united effort and self-protection, they were driven into organization. In these modern times things are different. So much of the spirit of Christ has become spread ahead, beyond the immediate circle of the Church that at times the thought is expressed, "We do not need the Church, this world is all right." But we must not forget that whatever there is of good in the world is of God's doing, and that the improved conditions have been made possible only because of the Church and its work. Hence the great necessity of perpetuating that which has brought such a great blessing to this age.

Furthermore, we must remember that to neglect the teaching of Christ and the most perfected means of communication—the Church—is to court defeat, and to fall back to a condition of things most deplorable to think of. To forget God and cut our communications with heaven is to follow the path of defeat and end in utter disaster. Therefore the Christian needs not alone his God, but also the Church as a means through and by which he can give expression to his noblest thoughts and best self.

A. B. was a boy fourteen years of age at the time of his decision to be a Christian. He thought as a boy and not as a man. His needs were a boy's needs. His code of life and duty were a boy's also. Permit me to give you a little of his experience. After his conversion he felt the need of friends of a different character and associations far removed from those of past days. His views, desires, purposes and feelings were all changed. He wanted to know about God. He wanted to know what God expected of him, what to do and how to live in this new life, so that he might have continually a sense of God's approval. Now all this he could not find, in fact none of it, in that outside world away from God. He went to a lady of the church in search of counsel as to the next step. Her kindly advice was, "Come into the fold." That loving invitation satisfied. It gave an idea of security, a feeling of friendship, and a thought of protection. To make a long story short, the entrance into the fold was the beginning of a new life, new scenes, new difficulties, and new pleasures. The Church became an avenue of expression for the holy desires and ambitions which now filled his soul. The associations were helpful, the company was congenial, the spirit and atmosphere were inspiring. He was asked one day by an elderly man, what God had done for him. The attempt to answer the question was somewhat of a difficulty, but the answer was a committal, it involved a confession not only of past error, but of future resolve, a committal—something to live up to—a standard had been raised. That night he went home a different person, and on bended knee before his newly-found Lord, exclaimed, "By the grace of God I will." This was the beginning of the development of a life through the means of the Church and thus on through the years, step by step, he grew into the fuller life of God.

Yes, the disciple needs the Church to help him find himself, to give point to life, to give visions of reality, to help steer a straight course, to see things not only as they are, but as they ought to be. Joshua and Caleb saw not only the other spies saw, but a good deal more, because they followed God fully. So the disciple needs the Church to enable him to see clearly God's great plan of life.

#### IS CHURCH MEMBERSHIP A DUTY?

I think so. Why? Because it is the most perfected means by which I can carry out the teachings of my Saviour. If I accept Him as my Guide, my Master and Lord, then I feel it my bounden duty to avail myself of the most perfected channel of giving expression to His claims and commands. To me that is the Church.

If all should take the ground that it is not necessary to become a member of the Church in order to fulfil one's duty to God and man, then the most perfected

means to carry out His teachings would come to naught and chaos would reign. If to-day our soldiers and sailors should take such a stand, then very soon we should be a conquered people, living under despotic rule. So that we can easily see that as organization is essential to the carrying out of a definite purpose and plan in all the affairs of life, so also is it true in the carrying out of our Lord's purposes. Therefore I conclude that the Church needs me and I need the Church.

I wish to conclude my remarks this month by a quotation from the text-book recommended for your study. "Mr. S. D. Gordon has a graphic passage, in which he imagines Jesus talking with one of the angels in heaven about the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth. The angel inquires how this great result is to be brought to pass. Jesus tells him that it is to be done through Peter and John and James, who shall tell others. They in turn shall witness to those outside, and so on until the whole world has received knowledge and conviction of the truth." But, responds the angel, "what if Peter and James and John, or any of the others shall fall you?" In surprise and address Jesus answers, "But I have made no other plan."

### Canada's First Inhabitants

What are we doing for their Descendants?

TOPIC FOR THE JULY MISSIONARY MEETING.

Psalms 24.

MRS. F. C. STEPHENSON.

The right to the opportunity to make a man of himself is the Indian's greatest right. How can he be helped in obtaining the opportunity which is rightly his? The immigrant who comes to us soon becomes a citizen. We do not fence him off on a reserve as we do the Indian and thereby arrest his development, kill his ambition, feed him, clothe him, give him money for which he has not worked, make it impossible for him to provide for himself—these special rights are reserved for the Indian. Little wonder that he has made so little progress in the past, that he has been the prey of the bad white man, and that we must to-day speak of "The Indian Problem."

The time has come when we must do more than talk about this Indian problem in Canada; we must do something more than we have done towards its solution.

Since 1824 the Methodist Church has had missions to the Indian, and the greatest need of the work today is the same as it was in the beginning—men who can teach the Indian not only to be good, but to be good for something.

In the past much has been done, to-day more is being done than ever before, and yet the Indian has not attained citizenship. For the future welfare of the Indian the girls and boys of today must be trained for citizenship in the days to come.

#### PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

"The education of the Indian should be of an exceedingly practical kind. For a long while he is going to live on the land. Any system that does not take this into account is losing valuable time. The Indian's bit of land is to be his stock-in-trade, the one thing he is to begin life upon. Where a white man can make a living by farming and ranching an Indian should, and he can be so taught and encouraged that he will have both the heart and the knowledge to make the attempt. This requires a systematic training in agriculture, and making it as important and as dignified as the studies outlined in the ordinary school curriculum. The Indian child must bring his whole mind

and his whole body to the school and farm as the institution, and the duty of instructors is to see that he takes away a mind well stored and well developed, and a healthy body, well trained, to take up the duty of self-support.

"The Indian is accustomed to exercise, but his energies have not been directed to useful channels. Manual training is of the utmost importance. It does not mean teaching the boy a trade, but it does mean giving him a well training which enables him to get a living and thus become self-dependent and independent. I believe that this is one of the best methods of civilizing the Indian. This feeling of self-dependence will appeal deeply to his manhood, and he will soon begin to realize that he has the ability within himself to compete with his white brother, and thus imbibe civilization."

The education received in our industrial institutes is providing this training. What will the Indian boys and girls do after they leave one of our industrial schools? Go back to the reserve? Yes, but to the old life of their tribe, while some will take advantage of the opportunity for independence which the colony at Balcarres affords.

#### THE COLONY AT BALCARRES—FARM LANDS AND FARMERS.

"For those who desire it, the Government has provided a special reserve at Balcarres, Saskatchewan, where a boy is given eighty acres of land and help in starting to farm. If he makes good another eighty is given him, and in some cases more land has been added. This colony is a splendid solution of the long-felt need for graduates of industrial schools. The most of them are becoming good citizens, and the crop returns from year to year demonstrate that they are an asset to the State. In the year 1911, which was very unfavorable in that section of the country, the men of the colony threshed over 70,000 bushels of grain, an increase of 20,000 over the previous year; of this, one man had about 5,000 bushels. Six hundred acres of new land was brought under cultivation and 1,000 acres was summer fallowed, most of which was ploughed twice. Most of the Indians had good gardens, which provided them with vegetables of all kinds.

"Many graduates from industrial schools enter the general labor market as lumbermen, cannery, miners, freighters, sailors, railroad hands, farmers, cooks, servants, a few enter the professions, and all such are merged into the body politic, and for them and their children the Indian problem is forever solved."

In our educational work, in addition to our industrial institutes, we have boarding and day schools.

In British Columbia we have four well-equipped hospitals for the Indians, and marvellous have been the results of the work and influence of the doctors and the hospitals. The old medicine man and the Indian witch doctor have been placed in the new day of better sanitation and scientific treatment in the prevention and cure of disease.

The schools, the hospitals, the churches and all other means used are one in aim and purpose, namely to bring our Indians out of darkness and superstition and give them all we ourselves enjoy through Jesus Christ.

#### STATISTICS OF METHODIST INDIAN WORK.

In British Columbia there are 20 missions, 9 missionaries, 16 teachers and a membership of 1,236.

Manitoba is represented in the Indian work by 12 missions, 12 missionaries, 8 teachers and 1,066 members.

In Alberta we have 6 missions, 6 mis-

sionaries, 10 teachers and interpreters and 597 members.

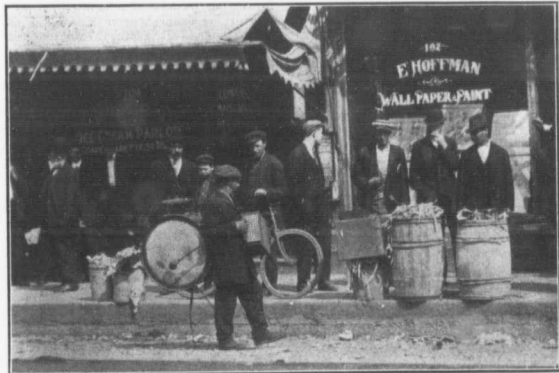
In the Toronto, Hamilton, London, Bay of Quinte and Montreal Conferences the total number of workers is 17, and the number of missions 25. The membership numbers 2,187.

To the young people of our Epworth Leagues have been assigned for support 216 missionaries in the Indian work.

#### THE INDIANS OF CANADA AND WHERE THEY ARE.

The Indian population of Canada has increased by about 9,000 in the last twenty-five years. The latest figures give the population of the several provinces as follows: Ontario, 26,077; British Columbia, 25,172; Quebec, 12,842; Manitoba, 10,822; Saskatchewan, 9,860; Alberta, 8,229; Northwest Territories, 8,030; Nova Scotia, 2,018; New Brunswick, 1,920; Yukon, 1,389; Prince Edward Island, 292.

There are 18,000 Indians of school age in Canada.



"WHERE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OFFEND THE SENSE."

"The Call of the Morning." (See page 123.)

#### SUGGESTED PROGRAMME. (Canadian Hymnal used.)

Hymn 356.

Prayer—For the Indians and their missionaries. For our Empire and our soldiers and sailors. For all who are mourning in this time of trouble.

Reading of the Scripture—Psalm 24.

Solo or duet.

A Map Talk on our Indian Missions. Use a map of Canada, indicate the missions with small flags, pieces of colored wool and paper. Information to be obtained from the Missionary Report. A list of Indian Missions will be sent on application.

Address—What led to the Indian Treaties and Reserves.

Reference: Our Indians and their Training for Citizenship.

Debate—Resolved, That it would be in the best interests of the Indian to abolish "Reserves," stop treaty money and give the Indian citizenship.

Reference: Our Indians and their Training for Citizenship.

Hymn.

Closing.

#### RECOMMENDED LITERATURE.

(Send money with order.)

Our Indians and their Training for Citizenship, by Thompson Ferrer, 15c. The Missionary Report.

The Missionary Bulletin, \$1.00 a year, 25c. a single copy.

## The School and Nation Building

CITIZENSHIP TOPIC FOR JUNE.

Daniel 1: 3-8.

REV. W. J. SMITH, B.A.

What is it to build a nation? Surely it is to build its people, for the nation consists of her people, her geography, climate, natural resources, parent human stock, form of government and religion will all have to do with the making of the sort of people who shall constitute the nation. But the nation will not be composed of any or all of these. It will be composed of the people resultant from all these, and much besides.

But to be a nation the people must have one government; they should speak a common language; they must, to some extent, hold common, national ideals; and they will be bound to manifest some

characteristics which differentiate them from others in the family of nations. What, then, has the school to do with the development of such a people—free, intelligent, progressive and humane?

First.—The atmosphere of the school should be Christian. From the kindergarten to the end of the post graduate courses of the great universities the Christian virtues of loving-kindness, tolerance, sympathy, patience, self-control, justice, candor, clean-mindedness, reverence for all persons and for truth, should be inculcated by precept and by example. Nothing less than this will ever be sufficient. Just for the lack of such an atmosphere to dominate their schools many nations have failed in the past, and others are failing to-day. Indeed in our own young country the large wastage in human life is not so much from lack of knowledge as from lack of these Christian virtues, and though schools of all sorts are now, in these respects, contributing largely to the life of the people, if this feature of the work of our schools were generally stressed more, the work of the people would daily afford them a larger measure of joy and satisfaction, and much less of tragedy. Human life was never intended by the Divine Father to be so sordid and cruel a struggle as it is to the many, and one of the potent agencies in the changing of this condition must be the school. Let any person suggest the teaching of religion in

our undenominational schools, and many good and wise people will object; but no good citizen will object to the training of the people of our coming nation in the practice of the Christian virtues just mentioned.

The principles of the teaching of Jesus, e.g., the supremacy of the value of a human being over everything else ever valued—universal, human blood-kinship, etc.—ought to be exemplified and enforced in the schools of a Christian nation. These should be illustrated in the schoolroom during study hours and in the whole course of preparation for the tests of examinations, as well as upon the playgrounds and in the contests there. In so far as possible the young people should be taught team-play, making this, rather than strenuous competition, the superior feature of the game, though the competition of the games has its educative value for the will. For moral education through team-play, as well as for other educative features, throughout most of rural Canada the co-operative school is a necessity. There is no other fact which our next generation of Canadian citizens need to be taught and to have trained into their character quite so thoroughly as this fact, that all things exist for, and must be valued according to, their usefulness toward building men, and that we are to cease consuming men for the sake of building things. In short, while sacrificial work is still, as a personal virtue, transcendent in its merit, the willingness to sacrifice others for the building of one's fortune, or fame, or social standing, or anything else should stamp one with the seal of utmost public

of human life. To be without the facts is to be ignorant. To know the facts and not understand how to apply them is to be uneducated. To know and to apply them for society is to make one's self a public benefactor. And to fit men and women for this should be the work of the school. To convert the sewage of a city into a very valuable asset may make a chemist wealthy, but the doing of such a work for a city enriches the lands round about, prevents the poisoning of neighboring streams, and allows them to be used as wholesome means of water supply for the city. The whole value of the school is not manifest when facts are disseminated, nor even when they are applied to the affairs or needs of human life; but only when so applied with the widest possible usefulness. Our cities should be planned in such way that they should have no slum. They should be more artistic, and there should be no poor through misfortune, ignorance, or the cruelty of others. But this implies the education and employment of city-planning engineers, changes in methods of taxation, ownership of public utilities; in short, a comprehensive knowledge of many things. This, again, throws us back upon the school. No moral virtue can be made a substitute for knowledge, and the painstaking, patient acquirement of facts is a training to which the school increasingly submits its students. This phase of the work of the school is very fruitful of some of the most valuable characteristics of great citizens.

Third.—The atmosphere of the school should be *joyous*. This feature of the school should be, through its graduates,

for them, and certainly will increase the joy of the worker as well as the value of his work. Such work the school should do increasingly through its regular academic training, as well as and more particularly through vocational training.

Fourth.—There is nothing more needed in our civilization of to-day than a very greatly increased *reverence* for human life, and there is no place where this can be more wholesomely or effectively inculcated than on the playground of the school. Many other inalienable traits of character may be developed there; but this, above all, on a properly supervised playground, may be made to stand out as an essential qualification for play. How many tragedies in life are enacted because some have failed to recognize the value of a human being and the need to others, as well as to themselves, of some happiness. A larger interest in human life's value might provoke many a now unmade inquiry into the causes of wretchedness that, being made, would go far toward making a change of conditions necessary. And the school through its playgrounds, properly supervised, might greatly aid in this good work—the building of the nation.

### Toronto Conference

The next Toronto Conference Epworth League Biennial Convention will probably be held in Toronto on November 10, 11, 12 next. Such is the intention of the Executive, if all the arrangements can be successfully made. The desire is to make this coming Convention the very best that has ever been held in the history of the Conference—not alone from the standpoint of attendance, but particularly that of power and inspiration for greater Epworth League effort. Every society should decide NOW to send as many delegates to this Convention as possible. Leaguers should plan to spend their holidays at that time, if possible. These dates should prove advantageous to the rural Leaguers. The fall work will be completed, and they will be ready for a holiday in the city. Arrangements will be made whereby delegates can remain in Toronto for a day or so after the closing of the Convention. Several interesting innovations of profit to Epworth League work have already been partially arranged for—so, do not fall to "take in" this Convention, and remember the dates—November 10, 11, 12.

### Bellefair Avenue

Bellefair Epworth League, Toronto, held their annual banquet on Monday evening, April 26th last. The banquet was arranged by the losing side of the contest for new members, which contest terminated a week previous. Addresses were made by each of the retiring officers, showing an advance in every way during the past year. Rev. Dr. German, the pastor of the church, coaxed the elected officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Norman O. Dynes, who is considered a product of the League and Young Men's Club of that church, was elected President. He is an exceptionally talented and consecrated young man, and his interest in Christian work has been an inspiration to all the Leaguers. The next year will, under his leadership, be one of continued advancement. Mr. H. D. Tresidler, the Conference President, also addressed the meeting, emphasizing the need of thorough consecration to Christ, and stating that the hope of the Church and of Canada for the future was in the Christian character and development of the young people of our Leagues, and of active effort to win others to Christ. The retiring President, Mr. R. Hawkey, was complimented for the splendid work done under his leadership during the past League year.



IN JUNE PASTURES.  
Amateur Photograph. Negative by George Waines, Todmorden.

condemnation and contempt. There is perhaps no other institution of the civilized world better calculated to inculcate and effectually establish such principles in the life of the nation than the school, and surely there is no other teaching more needed.

Second.—The atmosphere of the school must be *studious*. How noisy the world is, and what a discordant babel of voices is creating the noise! The school will be a quiet place, presided over by a person of quiet spirit, and who disseminates quietness, gentleness, thoughtfulness. This does not preclude hard work. It fosters hard mental application. Indeed, it is in the quietness usually that great facts are learned, and the development or education engendered through the learning of them takes place. Early in the lives of all who are to live most usefully should the necessity for getting facts fully and clearly in the mind be made plain. But studiousness has more to do with facts than simply to imbibe them. It must discover the application of facts to the conditions and to the needs

passed on into the work of the world. There is no doubt that to-day the spirit of the kindergarten has communicated itself to the junior grades in the public schools. Why should not this be continued among older—and, indeed, among all—students. Let more vocational work be done in the schools. Let the average school period of young people be greatly increased. Let the meaning of the performance of the commonest serviceable work of the world be taught, and the joy of the people, as well as the earning power of many, will be greatly increased. No doubt that the daily routine of work is followed with all too little pleasure. Why should not men and women be given to see how their work is helping, not only to meet the needs of their families, but also the needs of God's entire family; that their work is co-operating with the work of other human workers and, no less, with the work of God himself? Seeing thus the value of one's work will go far toward mitigating other trying condition of the work of many, may even help to call forth remedy

## JUNIOR TOPICS

JUNE 20.—THE WESLEY SCHOOL-DAYS. Eccles. 12.

John Wesley was eleven years old when he left his home in Epworth to attend the Charterhouse School in London. Though the school was one with great traditions and a high standard of scholarship, it was a rough, almost uncivilized place, and very different from the home in which John had been brought up. The older boys had often robbed the younger ones of their meat, and during the greater part of the six years Wesley spent in that school he suffered that daily theft and practically lived on bread. But a boy trained as he had been could easily survive even the raided meals of the Charterhouse School.

Wesley's father advised him to run three times round the Charterhouse garden every morning; so, early each day, a little, lean, boyish figure might have been seen flying with nimble legs around the grounds of the school. This constant exercise in the keen morning air helped to give Wesley a strong physical toughness which enabled him, when eighty-five years old, to walk six miles to a preaching appointment and declare that the only sign of old age he felt was that he could not walk nor run quite so fast as he once did.

John was an ideal student, quick, tireless and methodical, whole, they were minute of his time. The six years he spent at Charterhouse, though the life was somewhat rough and harsh, gave him an ample foundation for his after studies. It also gave him more than a book education. It developed in him courage and self-reliance, and he left the school not only with a tough body, but with a certain toughness of character which helped him all through his life.

When John Wesley was seventeen years old he left Charterhouse School and entered Christ Church College, Oxford. Those were lazy days at Oxford, and if Wesley had not been a born student he would have done very little work. One writer of the time said that Oxford was full of lecturers who never lectured and students who never studied. There were, no doubt, some workers among the hundreds of students by whom Wesley was surrounded; but, taking them as a whole, they were an idle, dissipated lot. But John Wesley, though the merriest and wittiest of them all, never joined in their dissipations. During his years at college he never disgraced the old home at Epworth or the honorable name he bore.

Wesley had a very successful year at Oxford. He graduated at the age of twenty-one, and the next year was made Fellow of Lincoln College. Hundreds of people now visit the college every year to see the rooms where he lived and the pulpit from which he preached. Wesley was at Lincoln College for two years, then went back home to help his father in his work on the Epworth Parish. He did not stay long at Epworth. (Next month we will learn about his later work at Oxford and his early preaching.)—H. M. B.

JUNE 27.—GEORGE YOUNG, PIONEER MISSIONARY TO THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST. Psalm 24.

*Dear Girls and Boys*.—One day when I and I were going along Richmond Street, Toronto, we saw on the opposite side of the street an old gentleman having his picture taken.

"Who is that old man?" John asked, as he watched the camera snap.

"Take a good look at him, John," I replied, "for that is Dr. George Young, one of Canada's great men."

"What did he do? He looks about 100. Did grandfather know him?" said John as I in a breath.

"Some time I'll tell you about him, for he was a 'Master Scout.'" I noticed that as he spoke, he stretched himself as tall as John, my scout, stretched himself as tall as he. "Are you sure he was a scout?"

"Wait until I tell you what he did, and then you'll find out," was all I said, but I knew John would not forget my promise of the story.

As you have asked me to tell you about Dr. Young, I shall tell you some of the story I told John.

George Young was born in 1822. His father died that same year, and he and his mother, who was only nineteen, went to live with his grandfather and grandmother in a great farmhouse on one of the best farms in old Ontario.

He lived only a few years with his grandfather, but all through his life he remembered the farm and the good times he had in the woods and orchard, and what fun it was riding the horses and bringing the cows home from pasture. He never forgot his grandmother's big roomy kitchen, which was the "church" when the minister came, for in those days there was no church in the settlement. One of the ministers, who sometimes stayed at his grandfather's, one day put his hand on George's head and prayed God to bless and save the fatherless little boy. That prayer was answered, and down through the long years it was remembered.

When his mother married again he went with her to their new farm home. When he was about eighteen he was in the barn early one morning feeding the cattle. A tornado struck the barn, blew the roof off, and almost destroyed the whole building. Hearing the timbers falling, he instinctively said "Kneel down and pray." He got down on his knees, and his prayer was like that of the publican who went up into the temple. In a few minutes all was dark, and George thought he was buried under the hay, straw, grain and timber, and that escape was impossible. He called out to the hay with all his might, and after a few minutes' hard work he saw daylight, and was soon free and safe. Everyone who saw the ruins said it was a miracle he wasn't killed; where he had knelt was the only place he could have escaped.

In 1837, when the Mackenzie rebellion broke out, George enlisted to fight for his Queen and country. Three years later he gave his heart to God and enlisted as a soldier of the cross under the great Captain, and became a Methodist minister.

In 1868, when he was the minister of Richmond Street Church, Toronto, then one of the most important Methodist churches in Canada, George McDougall, a missionary to the Indians away out near Edmonton, came to Ontario—a journey of many weeks—for more missionaries to go to the Indians, and he pleaded for a minister for the white people, who were beginning to settle in the Red River district. George Young volunteered to go, for he had enlisted to serve, and to serve where he was needed most. A farewell meeting was held in Richmond Street Church. Ministers of other denominations, as well as Methodists, were present; speeches were made and long good-byes were said to the young man, for the Great West, which was then a very far country.

They left on May the 10th, and travelled through the United States by way of Milwaukee and St. Paul. From St. Paul the missionaries travelled to St. Cloud. Here they left the railway to continue their

journey in creaky old Red River carts. When they were once more in Canada, Mr. McDougall put up a Union Jack, and all joined in singing "God Save the Queen." Every one was glad to camp for a few days before they began their long journey of six hundred miles over the prairie to Winnipeg. They did not see many settlers during the whole month as they travelled all the way toward Winnipeg, but few they did see were delighted to meet them, but always asked, "Aren't you afraid of the Indians?" No wonder these lonely settlers asked this question, for the Indians had a little while before killed some white people, and the tribes were often fighting with one another.

George Young had enlisted, and knew his duty, so he and the other missionaries went bravely on and reached Winnipeg on July 4th, 1868, and set up their camp on the prairie.

Here they found the chief trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, Fort Garry. A few shops, one tavern, and about one hundred people. The mud was everywhere sllippery, sticky and black. There was no sign of a church, a school, or even a house which could be rented.

After a few days together in the wilderness the other missionaries said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Young, and left them in their tent home on the prairie.

It was not long until a kind-hearted man and his good wife rented Mr. Young one room in their little rented house, so our missionaries, with all their camping outfit, moved in, and thankful they were, even for one room. Mr. Young soon began to hunt for the settlers. His first drive was sixty miles along the Assiniboine River. Several of the settlers asked him to come back and hold services in their homes. These invitations were made in the old farm house built in Ontario, his grandmother's kitchen and the "preacher's bedroom" in the comfortable old farmhouse.

The first winter in the new land was a hard one, the grasshoppers had eaten the crops, the buffalo hunt was a failure, food was scarce and the winter was long, had no mercy. Many thought they would starve before spring, and I believe they would if Mr. Young and some other good men had not sent word to the people in Ontario that help was needed immediately in the Red River district. The next year crops were good.

After much hard work Mr. Young built a small house, one room he called Wesley Hall, and here the first Methodist church for the white people in the Northwest was begun. A year later the Governor gave Mr. Young an acre of land for a church and parsonage.

In building the parsonage and church, and in opening a day school, Mr. Young "attempted great things for God, and expected great things from God," you know that was Carey's motto. The Sunday school at Oshawa sent Mr. Young a church bell, and it was hung in a strong wooden frame which stood between the church and the parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Young and their son made many friends in their new home and among the settlers scattered for many miles over the broad prairies.

About this time Riel stirred up a great many of the French breeds to rebel against the Government of Canada. These rebels seized Fort Garry, with its stores of food, and took many of the white settlers and kept them prisoners in the old fort. Mr. Young knew how the prisoners were suffering, and so made application to Riel to hold services with his friends in the fort. Riel refused this request, but sent word that Mr. Young could not speak to any of the prisoners nor meet them together, but that he might pray with them. Although it was hard to pray, guarded by the rebels, Mr. Young was thankful he was able to comfort the men and women who were in great distress in



old Fort Garry. He was their trusted and loved friend through all the dark days, and dark days they were, for Riel threatened many with death, and at last had Thomas Scott put to death. It was not long before the Canadian and British Governments sent the Northwest Expedition, under command of Lord Wolsley, to put down the rebellion. The soldiers arrived in Winnipeg on August 24th, 1870. Mr. Young had a big sign, "Welcome," put up over the bell frame, and he personally welcomed Lord Wolsley, and the bell—the only one in the town—rang loud and long to welcome the soldiers of the Queen, who had arrived for the protection of the people of the Northwest.

George Young was a great pioneer, for a pioneer is someone who goes ahead, removes obstacles and prepares the way for others. He was a pioneer farmer, preacher, builder, explorer and the pioneer of our Methodist educational work in the West.

When, in 1876, he left Winnipeg for Ontario, he received two addresses—one from the citizens of Winnipeg, and the other from those who had been prisoners

in old Fort Garry. Both addresses were an appreciation of his help, his loyalty, his unselfishness, his bravery, and his kindness during the rebellion days.

In 1879 people were flocking to the Northwest, and again came a call for men. Mr. Young answered the call, left a city church, and for the second time became a pioneer preacher. This time he began work at Emerson. When he was first surprised by a present from the trustees of Grace Church, Winnipeg; it was the old bell, the first in Emerson.

After three years at Emerson, Dr. Young returned to older Canada and visited the Maritime Provinces. In 1882 he returned again to the West, as Superintendent of Missions. For ten more years he worked as a pioneer among the pioneers, then in 1892, after he had been in active service for fifty years under his great Captain he returned to Ontario, where he spent the last years of his long life. Sunny Jim" was the nickname given to his very intimate old friends called him, he was so sunshiny and happy.

The first hymn he learned when a very little boy on his grandfather's farm was, "A charge to keep I have." It became his life hymn, and he faithfully kept the charge God gave him. When he was going to tell you he died in Toronto on August 1st, 1910, but he did not die—he went home to God.

I have not told you in this letter all I told John about Dr. Young. John is one of the soldiers fighting for our King and country, and I know he is a better soldier for having known about Dr. Young, the pioneer missionary to our Canadian Northwest.

ANNIE D. STEPHENSON.

"Manitoba Memories," by Dr. George Young, will be loaned for 25c. Price \$1. A picture of Dr. Young, suitable for framing, will be sent free to all Junior Leagues on application to F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

JULY 4.—THE BAPTISM.—Mark 1: 1-9.

A short time before the birth of Christ there was born to Zacharias and Elizabeth, who was a cousin of the mother of Jesus, a son. Before his birth, an angel of the Lord appeared to Zacharias and told him that his son was to be called "John," and that he would have a special work to do. His work was to make the way ready for the coming of Jesus.

While Jesus was living His quiet life at Nazareth, John was being taught and prepared by the Holy Spirit for the great mission awaiting him. He spent most of his time in the wilderness, where he could pray, and think, and learn of God, without distraction. He was dressed in a

coarse garment woven of camel's hair, and fed on the locusts and wild honey he found in his desert home.

When John was about thirty years old, God called him to his work. He began to preach, and when the people heard of him thousands came to hear his message. He told the people if they wanted to belong to the kingdom of God they must "repent" of their sins and turn to God. His one great theme was repentance. All those who were converted by the truths which John preached were baptized by him in the river Jordan. It was on the banks of the Jordan that he did his preaching. Because baptizing was part of John's work he was called "John the Baptist."

The people from all the country round flocked to hear John preach. A great many confessed their sins and were baptized. John told them their repentance must be sincere; they must not only confess their sins, they must also prove their repentance by their actions. He said there came to him the Pharisees and Sadducees—men who made great pretence of religion, but were not sincere and humble—he reproved them very severely. When the tax-gatherers, who were called publicans, came to him, he told them to be honest and take no more than was just. His preaching was very earnest and powerful. It stirred up people's hearts. "Repent ye," he said, "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The people wondered whether this man, who moved their consciences so strangely was the promised Christ; but John warned them that he was not. "I indeed," said he, "baptize you with water; but One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose! He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

One day Jesus from His home in Nazareth. He, too, was now about thirty years of age. He appeared one day on the banks of the river Jordan, and asked John to baptize Him. John, who felt unworthy to baptize one so holy, answered, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest thou to me?" John knew that Jesus was very good and did not need to be washed from sin, but Jesus answered that so it must be, so John baptized Him in the river.

As Christ went up again out of Jordan a wondrous thing happened. The Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, came down from heaven and rested upon Him, while out of heaven spoke the voice of God the Father, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Then John the Baptist knew that Jesus was the Son of God, and the great King whose way he had been sent to prepare.

This was the beginning of Christian baptism. After that people were baptized by the disciples of Jesus to show to the world that they belonged to Jesus Christ and believed in Him as their Saviour. The ministers of our Christian churches now administer baptism as a solemn ordinance instituted by our Saviour in His great command to His apostles when He sent them forth to evangelize the world.—H. M. B.

JULY 11.—HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.—Psalm 150.

The well-known hymn, "Holy, holy, holy," sung so often in our church services, was written by Rev. Reginald Heber, who afterwards became Bishop Heber. The story of his life is very interesting and should be told simply and briefly, and in an attractive way to the Junior League. The following facts will help the leader:—

Reginald Heber was born in Malpas, Cheshire, England, in 1783. He, like John Wesley, was brought up in a rectory, for his father was a minister. The first fourteen years of his life were spent at home

and at school in a neighboring town. In both places he was under the hourly influence of those whose wisdom and culture were directed by the love of God. His surroundings were those which should make a good boy and their uplifting influences were not lost on Heber, for from his early boyhood he was good and a credit to his parents and teachers.

At fifteen years of age he left home for a town in the neighborhood of London, where the clergyman trained him along with a few others. Here he was a tower of strength to weaker boys, who were encouraged by him to shun vice and profanity. He was well liked and popular among the boys, and had a good influence over them. He was very fond of reading, and when quite young showed literary talent.

At Oxford, where John Wesley many years before went to college, Heber received his later education. After he graduated from here he was ordained, and became rector of the parish of Hodnet, where he spent fifteen very happy years.

He was deeply interested in missionary work, and wrote our best known missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," which comes to us for a later time. Because of his interest in missions he was appointed, upon the death of the former bishop, Bishop of Calcutta. This necessitated his going to India, where he labored till his death. A great deal has been told of his grand and noble life here, of the many hardships he had to overcome, of his patience, unselfishness and kindness toward the native people, who came to love him very much and missed him greatly after his death. He died suddenly at the early age of forty-three.

The hymn, "Holy, holy, holy," is one of the grandest and most majestic in Protestant hymnology. It cannot be sung without giving both the singer and the listener (if one can listen to it without singing it) the feeling of the majesty and greatness of the Almighty. I would impress this fact on the minds of the Juniors as they sing and hear it, and let them know so that they will appreciate it when singing it. God is so great and wonderful, and does such marvelous things we feel we must worship Him and reverently bow down before Him. Very often we forget God and are apt to take all the wonderful things He has given us to make our world beautiful as matters of course. We have always had them, and we forget that it is God who has made them all and given them to us. Let us try and remember that the sun, the trees, the birds, the grass, the flowers and all the other beautiful things we see in our world are so delightful and happy place in which to live, are the works of God, and let us thank Him oftener for them.—H. M. B.

## Bible Contest

Writing from Alvinston, Miss Louise Park says:—"We held a Bible contest not only that we might increase our membership, but that our Leaguers and their friends might become more familiar with gems from the Scriptures.

"The League was divided into two divisions, a lady leading one side and a gentleman the other. Fifteen points were given for each member present at each religious service, twenty-five for each new member, and thirty-five for recitations of the Commandments, 23rd Psalm, Books of the Bible, Beatitudes.

The race was keenly contested and interest maintained throughout. At the close a social evening was held, at which the losing side provided the programme.

"We have had a very successful year, our active membership being increased fifty per cent., and deep enthusiasm for League work aroused."

### Our Secretarial Staff

In our January number we reported the action of the General Board at its meeting in December last, whereby in compliance with the order of General Conference, the number of our Field secretaries was reduced. We outlined the expected future of the field staff as directed by the Board and did not anticipate any further present change. Owing, however, to the appointment of Mr. Farewell to the Principalship of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, to succeed Dr. Hare, a vacancy has arisen and we go to press too early to report the action of the Executive thereon.

For the past six years Mr. Farewell has been on the field staff and has done the most of his work in the Ontario Conferences. He has demonstrated his ability as an educationist and goes to his new position with the confidence, esteem, and goodwill of thousands with whom he has come into personal touch in his work throughout our churches. Many of our readers will regret his removal from the service of the Sunday

School and Young People's Department, and will look for his continued and increasing success in his new field of educational activity.

We have already spoken of the faithful services rendered the Board in their respective fields by the secretaries Westman and Curtis, and we but voice the best wishes of many when we express the hope that in the more congenial and happy work of the pastorate they may find much delight and increasing blessing. All these brethren have merited the thanks of the whole Church for their splendid services during the years in which they have been diligently at work for the advancement of the interests for which the Board stands.

The Executive Committee, called for May 25th, could not meet earlier owing to previous District Meeting appointments, and its findings will have been made known in the public press before we shall have opportunity of reporting them. In our next number we shall, however, give full account of the proceedings.

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

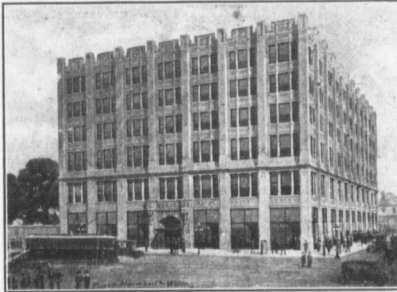
This announcement is but preliminary to a more extended one to appear in our next issue. We desire to intimate that a plan, whereby the scope of this paper is to be enlarged and its constituency extended, has been fully adopted by the General Board of the Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies, the General Board of Social Service and Evangelism, and the Central Section of the Book Committee. Commencing with early fall this paper will be known as "YOUTH AND SERVICE" and its contents will be provided with a view to the advancement of the general interests of both the Boards named above. This arrangement will enable the present Editor to utilize the splendid abilities of Rev. Dr. Moore and his able staff, and to present a paper that will even more than ever contribute to the efficiency of our youth and inspire both juniors and adults to practical service. Keep your eyes open for "YOUTH AND SERVICE."

## Put Your Money to Work

Have you---young man, young woman reader of the Era---  
\$100 or more lying in the bank which you will not be likely  
to need for a few years?

Why not **Put Your Money to Work** to earn a salary for you?

The short term Debentures which have been issued to aid in the financing of the great new Methodist Book and Publishing House now practically complete at Queen and John Streets, Toronto, open a splendid position for this salary-earning



opportunity since they pay interest at 5 per cent. per annum on favorable terms and are an absolutely safe and certain investment.

### A FEW POINTS TO THINK OVER

Our Methodist friends in Canada have already purchased over \$630,000

worth of these debentures, many of them investing further sums after their first purchase, and we have yet to hear of one dissatisfied investor.

You may invest any amount in even hundreds from \$100 up by purchasing debentures in the denominations of \$100, \$500, or \$1,000, as few or as many of each as you wish.

All the Debentures bear interest at 5 per cent. per annum, interest payable (in any branch of the Dominion Bank or by money order from us) every six months.

We will arrange to have your Debentures mature in three or eight years, as suits your convenience.

We would like to tell you more about these Debentures and will gladly do so on receipt of a postal card of inquiry.

Address—

**WILLIAM BRIGGS** - BOOK STEWARD  
METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE - - TORONTO

# Who Wrote This Poem?

Fifth Monthly  
Competition

## England

England, England, England,  
Girdled by ocean and skies,  
And the power of a world, and the heart  
of a race,  
And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,  
Wherever a true heart beats,  
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,  
Wherever the budgets of conquest bow,  
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,  
'Tis the name that the world repeats.

And ye who dwell in the shadow  
Of the century's sculptured piles,  
Where sleep our century-honored dead,  
While the great world thunders overhead,  
And far out miles on miles,  
Beyond the smoke of the mighty town,  
The blue Thames dimples and smiles;  
Not yours alone the glory of old,  
Of the splendid thousand years,  
Of Britain's might and Britain's right  
And the brunt of British spears.

Not yours alone, for the great world round  
Ready to dare and do,  
Scot and Celt and Norman and Dane,  
With the Northman's sinew and heart and  
brain,  
And the Northman's courage for blessing  
or bane  
Are England's heroes too.

North and south and east and west,  
Wherever their triumphs be,  
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt  
isle,  
Where the heather blooms and the roses  
smile.

With the green isle under her lee;  
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun  
Should threaten her iron repose,  
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,  
Face to face with her foes,  
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one  
Where the glory of England goes.  
And we of the newer and vaster West,  
Where the great war banners are furled,  
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,  
And the cannon are silent along our  
coasts,

Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim  
A part in the glory and pride and aim  
Of the Empire that girdles the world.

England, England, England  
Wherever the darling heart  
By Arctic foe or torrid strands  
Thy heroes play their part;  
For as long as conquest holds the earth,  
Or commerce sweeps the sea,  
By Orient jungle or western plain,  
Will the Xanthos spirit be.

And whatever the people that dwell  
beneath,

Or whatever the alien tongue,  
Over the freedom and peace of the world  
Is the flag of England flung.  
Till the last great freedom is found,  
And the last great truth be taught,  
Till the last great deed be done  
And the last great battle is fought;  
Till the last great fighter is slain in the  
last great fight  
And the war-wolf is dead in his den,  
England, breeder of hope and valor and  
might,  
Iron mother of men.

Yea, England, England, England,  
Till honor and valor are dead,  
Till the world's great cannons rust,  
Till the world's great hopes are dust,  
Till faith and freedom be fled,  
Till wisdom and justice have passed

To sleep with those who sleep in the many-  
chambered vast,  
Till glory and knowledge are charnelled  
dust in dust,

To all that is best in the world's unrest,  
In heart and mind you are wed  
While out from the Indian jungle  
To the fair Canadian snows,  
Over the East and over the West,  
Over the worst and over the best,  
The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,  
The blood-red ensign blows.

## AWARD IN THE APRIL CONTEST.

The quotation given in the April number was from Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." The postcard solutions received were of a high order, and it has not been an easy task to classify them. We have judged it only fair to give three book prizes, there being that number of cards closely equal in value. On the whole we think the one printed herewith shows the finest sense of discernment of the spirit and quality of Tennyson's writings, which, after all, is of greater value to the student than mere facts about his life and works. The three competitors referred to are: Mrs. E. Baines, Lockport, Nova Scotia; Bessie Archibald, Lethbridge, Manitoba; and Wilfrid Manning, Maple, Ontario. The card of the last named was a splendid sample of condensed information, and almost

equalled in the extent of its contents the remarkable card we printed last month. Mrs. Baines' card, dealing with the "Wellington Ode" and Tennyson, reads as follows:—

"Written by Lord Tennyson, who was poet Laureate of England from 1850 to 1898. The selection is from the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." The Duke was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. This was Tennyson's favorite poem, and Carlyle was also very fond of it. Tennyson was born in 1809. His poetry is characterized by a wide outlook, by intense sympathy with the deepest feelings of humanity, by a profound realization of the problems of life and thought, by a high moral tone, and by a noble patriotism finding utterance in such poems as 'The Revenge,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' and 'The Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.' No poet has exceeded him in precision and delicacy of language and completeness of expression. He died in 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey."

Our quoted poem this month is from the pen of one of our Canadian poets, and will stir the heart afresh as it is carefully read in the light of the thrilling events threatening the Old Land. Identify the author and tell what you can about him and his writings, on a postcard, mailed so as to reach the editor by the first of July. Awards will be duly announced in course. A nice book prize, or it may be several book prizes, will be sent the winner or winners, as the answers may warrant.

## Patriotic Poems

Suitable for Dominion Day  
Celebration

### Dominion Day

Canada, Canada, land of the maple,  
Queen of the forest, and river, and lake,  
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,  
Close not thy heart to the music they  
make.

Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Silence is vocal and sleep is awake!

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,  
Labor and skill have their triumph  
to-day:

Oh! may the joy of it flow like a river,  
Wider and deeper as time flies away.  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Science and industry laugh and are gay.

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,  
Emblem of constancy change cannot  
kill,

Faith, that no strange cup has ever  
unsobbered,  
Drinketh, to-day, from love's chalice her  
fill.

Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Loyalty singeth and treason is still!

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,  
Sons of the warpath and sons of the sea,  
Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou  
enslavest

Millions of hearts with affection for  
thee.

Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Let the sky ring with the shout of the  
free.

Canada, Canada, land of 'he fairest,  
Daughters of snow that is kissed by the  
sun,

Binding the charms of all lands that are  
rarest,

Like the bright ceasus of Venus in one!  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
A new reign of beauty on earth is begun!  
—John Rende.

### This Canada of Ours

Let other tongues in older lands  
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
And chaunt in triumph of the past,  
Content to live in story.  
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,  
Nor ivy-crested towers,  
What past can match thy glorious youth,  
Fair Canada of ours?  
Fair Canada,  
Dear Canada,  
This Canada of ours.

We love those far-off ocean Isles  
Where Britain's monarch reigns;  
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood  
That courses through our veins;  
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,  
And haughty Albion's powers,  
Reflect their matchless lustre on  
This Canada of ours.  
Fair Canada,  
Dear Canada,  
This Canada of ours.

May our Dominion flourish then,  
A goody land and free,  
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,  
Hold sway from sea to sea;  
Strong arms shall guard our cherished  
homes  
Where darkest danger lowers,  
And with our life-blood we'll defend  
This Canada of ours.  
Fair Canada,  
Dear Canada,  
This Canada of ours.

—James Davis Edgar.

### A Song of Canada

Sing me a song of the great Dominion!  
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear!  
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,  
Voicing your notes that a world may hear;

Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—  
Shrinking aside where the nations throng;  
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—  
Worthy is she of a noble song!

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,  
Baring their brows in the dazzling blue,  
Changeless alone, where all else changes,  
Emblems of all that is grand and true;  
Free as the eagles around their soaring;  
Fair as they rose from their Maker's hand;  
Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus—  
The white-topp'd peaks of our mountain land!

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,  
Silence eternal and peace profound,  
Into whose great heart's deep recesses  
Breaks no tempest, and comes no sound;  
Face to face with the death-like stillness,  
Here, if at all, man's soul might quell;  
Nay, 'tis the love of that great peace leads us  
Thither, where solace will never fail!

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,  
Cleaving the way to the far-off sea;  
Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—  
Glory of mirth in their timeless glee,  
Hark! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids;  
Deep unto deep through the dead night calls;

Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom  
Shouting her name from her fortress walls!

Sing me the song of her fertile prairies,  
League upon league of the golden grain;  
Comfort, housed in the smiling home-  
stead—  
Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.  
Land of contentment! May no strife vex you.

Never war's flag on your plains unfurled;  
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—  
Finding the food for a hungry world!

Sing me the charm of her blazing camp-  
fires;  
Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,  
Whether afar 'neath the forest arches,  
Or in the shade of the city's domes;  
Sing me her life, her loves, her labors;  
All of a mother a son's word hear;  
For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding,  
Sweet are the strains to the lover's ear.

Sing me the worth of each Canadian—  
Roamer in wilderness, toiler in town—  
Search earth over you'll find none  
saunterer.

Whether his hands be white or brown;  
Come of a right good stock to start with,  
Best of the world's blood in each vein;  
Lords of ourselves, and slaves to no one,  
For us or from us, you'll find we're—  
MEN!

Sing me the song, then; sing it bravely;  
Put your soul in the words you sing;  
Sing me the praise of this glorious  
country—

Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring.  
Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—  
Crouching apart where the nations throng;  
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—  
Well is she worthy a noble song!

—Robert Reid.

### Canada to England

Sang one of England in his island home:  
"Her veins are million, but her heart  
is one";  
And looked from out his wave-bound  
homeland isle  
To us who dwell beyond its western sun.

And we among the northland plains and  
lakes,  
We youthful dwellers on a younger land,  
Turn eastward to the wide Atlantic waste,  
And feel the clasp of England's out-  
stretched hand.

For we are they who wandered far from  
home  
To swell the glory of an ancient name:  
Who journeyed seaward on an exile long.  
When fortune's twilight to our island  
came.

But every keel that cleaves the midway  
waste  
Blinds with a silent thread our sea-cleft  
strands,  
Till ocean dwindles and the sea-waste  
shrinks,  
And England mingles with a hundred  
lands.

And waving silently all far-off shores  
A thousand singing wires stretch round  
the earth,  
Or sleep still vocal in their ocean depths,  
Till all lands die to make one glorious  
birth.

So we remote compatriots reply,  
And feel the world-task only half begun;  
"We are the riders of the azeing earth,  
Whose veins are million, but whose  
heart is one."

—Arthur J. Stringer.

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