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and Church Record (Incor.)

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TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1913

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The Canadian Churchman

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1913.

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FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
(August 31st.)

Holy Communion: 238, 250, 254, 433.
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Offertory: 391, 573, 681, 768.
Children: 233, 703, 708, 709.
General: 5, 23, 453, 456.

The Outlook

Advertisements

Not long ago a canvass was made of sixty popular magazines to discover where they stood on the Temperance question. Forty out of the sixty said that space could not be bought at any price for liquor advertisements; "we should suspend business first," was the purpose expressed in one form or another by all the editors. This enquiry resulted in an encouraging testimony to the fact that scattered up and down the country are thousands of people who would sacrifice their business in the cause of what they believe to be good, and right, and truth. This is worth remembering in the midst of much inconsistency between profession and life. Not only in connection with the precise point now raised, but also in every other aspect of life our Lord's words about "knowing" and "doing" must be emphasized.

Imperfection and Perfection

A new book on the Gospels has just been issued in England by one of the best known scholars, and the following words open the review of it in the "Athenaeum":—

In the Dedication of this book the Gospels are described as imperfect documents, and mention is made of "the belief that their very imperfections were permitted or ordained to draw us nearer through the letter to the spirit of the perfect life

which they imperfectly describe." It is difficult to understand how the imperfections so emphatically noted can have such a use, and it may be suggested that, were the letter free from error, the attractive power of the spirit of the perfect life would not be weakened.

The reviewer's comment is decidedly pertinent, for it certainly does seem difficult to understand how imperfections can lead us nearer to perfection. All this reference to the Gospels as "imperfect documents" is only another instance of the way in which men form their own canons of perfection and then proceed to judge documents by them. The presumption of truth, however, is in an exactly opposite direction, for it would be impossible for any such imperfect documents to give us an adequate representation of the life of Him Who is "Perfect God and Perfect Man."

Moderate and Extreme Criticism

We have been greatly puzzled by a sermon recently preached before the University of Cambridge. The subject was the value of the Gospels in the light of Modern Critical Study, and the preacher emphasized the point that the critical study of the Bible is either right or wrong; that if right, such study must be thorough and fearless, and that if wrong, it must be altogether avoided, and that no case can be made out for those who say that they approve of a moderate criticism. We venture to disagree entirely with this position as wholly unwarranted. The critical study of the Bible is assuredly right and cannot be avoided. But this does not for a moment say that we are to approach the Bible as though it were merely an historical and human book. Every Christian approaches the Bible with a presupposition; indeed, there is not a single critic, rationalistic or orthodox who has not his assumptions before he attempts the study of the Bible. What we plead for and what we believe to be thoroughly justified is that critical study of the Bible which always bears in mind the claim that the Bible makes for itself as the record of the Divine revelation. When this simple yet all inclusive principle is emphasized our critical study can be both thorough and fearless. But it will also be in the true sense of the word, "moderate criticism."

Prayer and Work

Some years ago when staying at a seaside place in England the writer found himself opposite a wall on which was a mural tablet. The inscription was so unusual that it was impossible not to remember it. This is how it appeared:—

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Offered Up in Behalf of the Schools adjoining this Church.

No Public Collection or Appeal was ever made for the Building, but a Weekly Prayer Meeting was held, at which the money for the Erection was asked of the LIVING GOD.

In answer to these prayers the sum of £3,500 was received.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."

For all these years the tablet has been a veritable "sermon in stone," and it is a magnificent reminder of God's faithfulness and His people's faith. As we look forward to our work in the Churches during the coming months would it not be well for us to consider whether Prayer occupies its rightful place in our midst? One who has commented on the above inscription calls attention to four things about this praying which tended to its success: it was united; regular; definite, and believing. The more we honour God in regard to His own work the more fully will He respond to our trust. Quite recently we have had a signal illustration of this in connection with the Church Missionary Society of England, for after a time of profound depression through deficits there has been a marvellous revival of spiritual interest and missionary gifts, not only removing the deficits but giving promise of an entirely new start for the future. Let us therefore honour God and He will honour us.

"Our Daily Bread"

Throughout the West there are being introduced municipal markets. People have commenced to realize how much they paid for transportation, storage and the commission and profit for wholesale and retail distributors. These intermediate charges which raise the price far beyond what the producer gets, are the cause of the consumer and producer getting together. The consumers want to get away from a strongly entrenched and well regulated system of padding prices. From the West and East the complaint comes. The middlemen are fattening at the expense of producer and consumer. Last year a fruit-grower in Grimsby told us that it was cheaper to let peaches rot on the ground than to ship to Toronto, although peaches here were selling sixty to eighty-five cents a basket. A man in Victoria, B.C., secured from a friend on pledge of secrecy a box of apples for \$1.00 which sold for \$3.00 in the shops. The shopkeepers said they had to pay \$2.10 for them. An Okanagan fruit farmer dumped three tons of plums into the river, although plums in Victoria were selling at thirty-five cents a dozen. There are certainly legitimate charges for transportation, etc., to which no one objects, but the present "grab all" policy of some middlemen will automatically work out the salvation of the situation. They cannot fool all the people all the time.

The Place of Missions

It is sometimes said that there are races and peoples in the world who are unfit for the Gospel, or at any rate who are not yet ready for it. This objection was recently discussed with great force by one of our ablest thinkers, and his argument is well worth passing on:—

They were told that the Gospel did not come to barbarous men, that it came into a civilized world to a race long disciplined to law. They were told that what was needed by most of the African races was not the Gospel but law—the legal discipline, the military discipline, the discipline of labour, and even of forced labour. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he believed that was nothing but the voice of sheer selfishness, bent on exploiting defenceless man. But there was this amount of truth in it that they should not forget, that the higher the moral level at

which a man stood the more that man could find in Christ. They were not, however, afraid to bring the Gospel to the very lowest. If the Gospel could not be preached to everybody it could not be preached to anybody at all. Then, again, there was the feeling that there were races or nations which could dispense with the Gospel because they had got something that met their needs already. That objection was the objection of radical unbelief—the objection of those who had repudiated the Christian religion themselves, or who did not know what it was. He did not depreciate in the slightest any good they found in other religions. They took it all at its full value, but they believed that in Christ they had something which was incomparable and priceless. Therefore they were not afraid to go with the Gospel even to lands like these, to bring to them that powerful solvent which disintegrated the old social orders, and yet had virtue in it to build them up on a nobler and diviner plan.

Nothing could be truer or more forcible than this contention. The Gospel has a message and a remedy for every race in the world, and this is why it should be sent out to all parts of the earth. Since Christ died for the world, and the Gospel is God's power for the salvation of all men, there is no reason why all men should not hear of it. There is scarcely any feature of Christianity so marked and so conclusive as its universal adaptability.

SLAVES OF THE CITY UNDERGROUND

We had no idea last week when we wrote on "The Tale of Two Cities" that within a few days there would be reported in the Toronto papers the utterances of one who believes, evidently, that the City Underground has its place. In presenting the verdict of the jury on the death of an infant two days old, found in the lake, the coroner took occasion to censure in no mild terms the effects and methods of moral reformers who are trying to break up and stamp out the social evil. If he is reported correctly, he spoke of "a moral degeneracy which has resulted from the efforts of moralists." He argued that an attempt to stamp out this vice was the cause of a state of affairs of which the death of this presumably illegitimate infant is an indication. He suggested that a certain amount of this kind of vice must be tolerated. His remarks are to be noted also for the gratuitous condemnation of moral reformers. He quite went out of his way to express his opinion of them. His remarks are to be noted, also, for the entire absence of any practical suggestion for the relief of conditions which we do him the credit to believe are not according to his ideals of civic and national purity. His only suggestion is that the evil must be tolerated. Now, it is very sad when a public man who manifestly considers the coroner's verdict an unlimited opportunity for reviewing the affairs of the community, does not also take advantage of the eminence of the coroner's bench to suggest some remedy. Toleration is his only word. How? Where? Why? Who? are questions of merely practical value on which this coroner makes no remarks.

Reluctance is the attitude of most people towards any discussion of this unsavory question. And reluctance is a something which we have had to overcome before we could persuade ourselves to devote the leader of this issue to

this question. But we thought it better that we should openly speak our minds and put our readers in possession of certain facts which have shown toleration to be the weak man's way of dealing with this evil.

Toleration has for its basic argument the avowal of the necessity of the vice. This necessity is said to spring from the "carnal desires of the flesh" and the desire that our city streets may be safe. We have heard men in Halifax say that Albemarle and Grafton Streets were necessary for the safety of the rest of the city. The same argument is repeated in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. It is to be noticed that the only way this vice can be tolerated is by the police pretending not to see it. And it is seriously suggested that the remedy lies in the direction of the state conniving at vice, a city instructing its police to see only a certain amount, or to limit the vice to a certain quarter of the city. Can you conceive of anything which would corrupt the police and the city more speedily?

Mere theory on this question we are saved from by the reports and statements of cities which have tried it.

The Chicago Vice Commission, reporting in 1911, consisted of 30 members, all representative, many of them distinguished citizens. Several of these were "segregationists," or "tolerationists" before they had investigated conditions in Chicago and forty-two other American cities. Every one of the thirty favoured the following policy after investigation: "Constant and persistent repression of prostitution the immediate method. Absolute annihilation the ultimate ideal." The Minneapolis Vice Commission consisted of 15 members. A majority (10) were believers in "segregation" or "toleration" before entering on their investigation. As the report states, they were a unit in favour of rigorous, persistent enforcement of the law against all public prostitution when they concluded. It is interesting in this connection to note that in addition to the Chicago and Minneapolis Commissions, four other Commissions have investigated the same question, and reported within the last decade or thereabouts. These are: The Committee of Fifteen, New York, which reported in 1900; the Committee of Fourteen, New York, which reported in 1910; the late Sir Henri Taschereau, Chief Justice of Quebec, who reported on conditions in Montreal in 1905; Mr. Justice H. A. Robson, of Manitoba, who reported on conditions in Winnipeg in 1905. The same conclusions, in effect, are reached by all these Commissions, on the question of administrative policy of police authorities. The Chiefs of Police of both Toledo and Cleveland, which cities segregationists usually quote as ideal and as practising segregation, advised the Commission of Minneapolis that since they have no Red Light District not to create one.

Sir Henri Taschereau's report, as condensed by His Honor Recorder Weir, D.C.L., of Montreal, gives pertinent points: (1) The law if courageously enforced, is a sufficiently powerful instrument to cause the *public evil* to disappear in Montreal. Let the reader distinguish this, as Sir Henri Taschereau so clearly does, from the *private evil*, which, though a great evil, is not a legal crime and can only be combated by moral influences and its own bitter fruit (2) Complete segregation in one district of all such houses is impossible. Certain persons will not risk their social, official or financial standing by being seen at all in a recognized district. Houses outside any district will increase in number in proportion as officials tolerate and regulate others within it. (3) The possible raiding of a house is the

greatest deterrent to its being visited. Tolerationists would substitute notification for raiding. (4) Toleration and regulation imply permission. Permission implies encouragement. If the risk of detection is removed, a strong deterrent disappears. (5) The association of officialism with vice is degrading and soon corrupts the police. By legitimizing vice the state would identify itself with immorality and thus outrage the deepest sentiments of humanity.

Rev. Arthur French, one of our own clergy in Montreal, has a record entitling him to the respect and gratitude of his countrymen. He has been instrumental almost single-handed in compelling the authorities to abandon the policy of "segregation" and "toleration." He has also, with the help of some elect women, been successful in rescuing, reclaiming, and restoring to respectable life, between 50 and 100 victims. His plan is to compel the authorities to raid the houses, then offer refuge to the inmates desirous of leaving the life. He says there is little hope of rescue work except under the policy of "suppression."

Judge Robson, of Winnipeg, gave the following findings in 1911 on tolerated vice in certain quarters of that city: "The result of the matter was that in the area selected there was a conditional license to commit a continuing offence. Neither the Police Commissioners nor the Chief of Police had authority to permit such a state of affairs. Their duty was to see to an unremitting enforcement of the criminal law in all parts of the city. I have to report that a policy of toleration of the offence in question in a limited area, with regulations as to conduct, was adopted by the Police Commissioners; that such an area was accordingly established by immoral women; that since October, 1909, there was no attempt to restrict the increase of houses of vice in the area, and the number of the houses of this class grew from 29 to 50. The law does not authorize anything but entire suppression of the offence. No policy, by whatsoever name it may be known, which involves any conditional or unconditional toleration of this crime, or immunity from punishment therefor, has any recognition by the law of Canada. The provincial and municipal legislation on the subject in the present case both emphasize this."

Another objection to segregation, (toleration in certain quarters) or rather an obstacle in the way of it, is the difficulty of finding a location upon which there would be general agreement. No one wants it in his neighborhood. Everyone who wants segregation wants it in the other man's neighborhood. The business centres do not want it; the residence districts object. May we not some day discover that the toleration, or even the existence, of a plague-spot so repugnant to us all, is not a necessity but a nuisance, and a nuisance that may be suppressed if all will unite in doing for the entire city what each proposes to do for his own particular section?

Segregation does not segregate. Des Moines, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, and other cities give abundant proof of this statement. The experience of European countries such as Germany and France; also of Japan, where every effort is made to rigidly enforce segregation, gives the same result. The existence of such a section in a city does not restrain and check vice; rather it sanctions, encourages, and propagates vice. Such a district is a cancer poisoning every drop of blood and sending the virus to the very extremities.

"The assembling under one roof," says Dr. Josiah Strong, "a group of depraved women, means a still farther increase of their depravity."

(Continued on page 544.)

THE DYNAMIC OF TRUE MANHOOD

An Unconventional Statement of the Use of Faith

By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.

THE mistake about the use of faith is the worst mistake in the world. It makes young manhood despise faith. We mix up the use of faith with black coats, clerical collars, monkish gowns. We think of the "soul's awakening" as a desire to cross the hands on the chest, and turn up the eyes and carry a large book about.

Thus we associate, in a dumb sort of a way, the use of faith here below with abstinence from everything the healthy young human animal naturally loves, and with the infliction of numberless exercises that he hates. We stimulate him to voluntarily endure these by the prospects of a future that we paint as even still more distasteful. How often as a boy I have looked at the goody-goody pictures, and I have hoped I would not have to lead a lamb about by a string.

With all the boys of my acquaintance, we hated going to church. I have made my nose bleed more than once to escape evening services, and had headache and made excuses all I dared to escape. The only Sunday service I loved was the hour reading before tea, when my mother read to us good books like Hesba Stretton's, Mrs. Walton's, Mrs. Gaskell's. We used to lie on the floor, or anywhere about. I can tell those stories now. I have lived those hours over again many times since. I have read out of those same books in lodging houses, hospitals and fishing vessels, and they have brought tears into eyes I never saw them in before. There is a great deal of the child left in all of us men and women, and the hatred of the child for the conventional use of faith is perpetuated in manhood. The way that repels the child is not the way to attract the heart of the adult. The right use of faith is not to make the whole thing hateful and contemptible.

A THING WORTH HAVING.

In the countries where Jesus is nominally most eloquently and frequently advertised, as far as words and sermons and ceremonies go, the bulk of people never think of faith in Christ at all as a valuable practical asset; a mug o' beer, the latest motor car, an evening in a dive, a house party at Newport—anything is rated higher and more desirable than faith in Christ. I have known the same man give twenty dollars for an electric belt and fifty cents to the parson for his yearly dues. I was talking to a poor fellow convicted of stealing. He had been well brought up, i.e., made to go to church, to read the Bible and to say his prayers. Yet the idea of Christ caring had so little occurred to him, I could see instantly the reflex face expression which showed me he thought "now for some cant." It was the sort of look the men in the ten-cent lodging houses used to assume when, after listening to my feeble efforts at preaching, they sidled up to "borrow ten cents for a night's lodging." We well knew this to mean a whisky. That is to say, they thought all preaching was done by fools or hypocrites.

What is wrong, then? Is it the faith itself? I do not pretend to know many things, but I do know that is not at fault. Once I was blind. Now I see. That's the sort of evidence I base my knowledge on, and I no longer feel a shiver when some scientific magnate pooh-poohs the Master. Think of it! The professors of the inexact sciences pooh-poohing the Son of God.

One of my hardest trials in life has been to have to keep the secrets of so many people. As a doc-

THE BLIND

(Isa. 42: 16)

L. M. ATWOOD, San Diego, Cal.

They shall come by paths they know not
With their trusting hands in mine,
And the Bethlehem star before them
Shall through their darkness ever shine.

Though to earth their eyes are blinded,
They shall heavenly visions see,
Angel hands shall oft caress them,
Lifting up their thoughts to me.

MISS HELEN KELLER, THE BLIND GIRL



Miss Helen Keller, the famous blind girl, in an authorized interview recently denied the story that she is to go to Madrid to take charge of the instruction of the little deaf and dumb Prince Don Jaime. King Alfonso has two children—the Prince of the Asturias, who is the Crown Prince, and little Don Jaime, who was born a cripple. Every effort has been made by noted physicians to make the little child normal. Miss Keller, who was deaf, dumb and blind from birth, has by persistent study and marvellous concentration learned to speak clearly in not only English, but several languages, including the Spanish. She has also developed her hearing to a wonderful degree and has written and lectured in all parts of the United States until she became known the world over. Rumor that Miss Keller was to go to Madrid has been persistent, and it was said that the Spanish Queen besieged her to come and instruct Don Jaime.

Vivid dreams shall haunt their pillows,
Witchery for ear and eye,
While the sights and scenes that gladden
Pass in panorama by.

They shall hear seraphic voices
Singing sweet angelic strains,
Quieting their troubled senses,
Soothing all their fears and pain.

When at last to those fair mansions
Prepared for them they enter in;
They'll find with Jesus no more darkness,
Neither pain nor fears, nor sin.

tor in missionary life one finds out so many skeletons in cupboards. It is hard not to tell news. It is harder still not to tell good news. It makes you feel, as I once saw a boy after a Christmas dinner, as "if you must burst." But it is worse again when you have a truth that you know to be a truth, a truth of infinite practical daily value forever to those you love best, and yet you cannot tell it. You can say it. You can quartet it. You can monotone it. You can say it in a black coat, in vestments, at matins, at evensong, at the solemn feasts, at the new moons. But still you have not conveyed your truth to your dearest friend, the man who shared your rooms, and studied and completed with you, who played on the team with you, and who trusted you with a pass five yards from the enemy's goal line. Yet he won't take it from your lips that faith in Jesus Christ is worth a red cent—won't accept it. However, the heathen, the stranger, who knows not your inner life, is more likely to listen. Where is the fault? Is the faith in Christ really not of value? Or is it that your use of the faith fails to commend it? If you are really eager to give that inestimable gift to your friend, your husband, your darling boy, and fail, is there something wrong in your use of it, your method of commending it? Does it not make a man's heart cry out, "My God! is my conventional use of faith the cause of preventing others from accepting it?"

But I know you will ask how shall the converted man use faith in his own life? How shall he do God's will? First, he must absolutely finally decide he is willing to use faith, willing to do God's will as far as he knows it every time, willing to pray with Jesus in deed as well as word, "not my will but thine." Beyond that no human being can lay down the law for another. It must be understood that no reservation must be allowed. Jesus could not come down from His cross. All your heart, all your soul, all your strength—either give it all consciously, or give it all up, I should say. Lukewarm adherents will be spued out anyhow.

How to use faith was twenty-five years ago first presented to myself, a medical student in East London. I knew that the right way to use muscles was to use them, and I argued that a similar treatment was what faith needed. I knew that singing about it and praying for it was not so good for it. One reason that had kept me from the pious men, or pi-men, as they were called, had been that I considered them good at little else but piety. My tastes had not all altered because I had become a Christian man, nor had my common sense deserted me. I wanted to use my faith. There is a selfishness in singing hymns and uttering prayers that God may do things for us and others, while we do nothing but the singing. I had no time for preaching in the week, and my soul was far from satisfied. Our parson, good man, gave us a Bible reading Sunday morning, and made his evangelistic appeal at night. The first pleased me, because I always gauge the value of a sermon by the new thoughts I can write into my Bible from it. Many a pilgrimage I made to hear Dr. Joseph Parker. The second pleased me because it enabled me to leave and go out into the highway and echo the appeal as well as I could.

Among the Christians, so-called, when I knew at that time of my life, none were "doing anything at it" that attracted me. If I must confess the truth, in a dilemma like this, even then

it still seemed strange to ask God about so everyday a matter as to what I ought to do. If any of my college friends had told me they had done something as an answer to prayer, the result of my own deductions would have been that I should have been hugely amused at the joke. It would have brought a blush to my face to venture to tell them anything of the kind; indeed, it should have been, for it would have been quite unnatural. To prove my estimate of the value of personal prayer at that time, I was giving an hour a day before breakfast, in Victoria Park, to throwing the 16-pound hammer, and an hour at night to running around the Hackney common in the dark to train

my body, for I knew that was practically valuable. But I seldom troubled myself to repeat more than a sleepy general petition before going to bed.

Long prayers have not now become a habit with me. The Master Himself at times prayed for long hours, and there are special occasions, perhaps, when we all can feebly imitate Him there. But I don't for a moment believe now that we are to be heard one whit more for our much petitions. Hard-work praying is quite another matter. If we are willing to submit our will to His, He knows our hearts, and can guard our actions and words to-day as quickly as He did Nehemiah of old in the king's presence. If I've done a mean act by any one, the only honest or effectual prayer is to go and put it right. That is the only kind of prayer that calls for Christ's spirit, and helps out more next time. Surely in a matter so closely affecting His own kingdom as prayer, Jesus gave His disciples the best advice possible when they asked Him. The wording He gave was exceedingly brief, and the main petition was that we might do His will in His strength.

The answer to my prayer for work was the offer of a boy's class in a Sunday School, which it cost me no little effort to accept. From the few suggestions made and asked, it might have been as easy a task as teaching my terrier to sit up. As far as I judged, a few words at a weekly meeting, asking God to do the bulk of the work, was sufficient qualification for success. I was soon to be sorely undeceived. If ever I felt like a fish out of water, it was when I walked into that, my first Sunday School, and heard myself called "teacher" by a number of unkempt urchins. Even the illustrations from the "guide-book to the lesson" seemed lamentably ineffective in appealing to them, and I went out discouraged. By plodding along I taught them who killed Goliath, and much more useful knowledge, a good deal of which was not in the guide-book. For instance, that it did not pay to come to school as long as you sucked peppermints, and that the use of hair oil meant "out you go."

But I seemed as far from their hearts and confidences as ever. Here, however, I must state my deepest conviction that absolutely the only essential, initial assets are devotion to Jesus Christ and common sense, if you wish to be a successful worker in the kingdom. Our English Sunday Schools are very different from the American, and mine did not commend itself to me any more after my conversion than before it. It was altogether too mild an entertainment to satisfy my desire for work. As I knew, however, what had appealed to me, I decided to try that. I started a movable gymnasium in our sitting-room with one night a week, for boxing, fencing and gymnastics. The parallel bars were the only trouble to fix. This, at least, taught the boys we could beat them at other things besides Bible stories. In this way we learned to trust and to love one another, and this soon gave me an entry into their homes. But the idea of boxing displeased our parson, and I was ignominiously dismissed from the roll of teachers. The adaptable dining-room, however, served excellently for a classroom, and when I started anew all my old scholars, unbidden, sought a place.

Using my faith on the same principle, I regularly took my poor lads with me for my summer holidays, rather than leave them in their sweatshops, and on my return tell them what a good time I had been having while I prayed for their souls. My boys learned to swim, to row, to sail a boat, to play football, to box, to drill, to handle a gun, etc., and the class increased largely in numbers and some are still among my best friends to-day. The outlay called for by my faith along that line has paid me personally all the way.

The afternoon class, however, left Sunday night free, and I had the good luck, as I thought, to fall in with a young Australian doctor, who was studying at the hospital and preaching in the slums of Radcliffe Highway on Sunday evenings. I have long since learned to consider this an answer to my prayers.

It makes me now feel that religion has grown with me to be altogether "too respectable" as I think of the ragged school we held there, and the short evening services in six or seven underground lodging houses. No one steals the hymn-books now, or comes to service with their eyes blacked by the police, or breaks the pictures and furniture because you get in a minute or two after time, or kicks you hard as you throw them out for misbehaviour. It seems strange how much we two enjoyed that odd work. Perhaps it is because we like things by contrast, and it gave one a better change and, therefore, rest, than going down for a week-end to some friend in the country and having an extra dinner, with a cigar and a snooze

after on a lounge in the conservatory, even if one saved one's conscience for the loss of opportunity by attending evensong after. There is a terrible danger to faith in too much respectability. The world's smile has danger for the follower of Jesus Christ.

How to use faith among my companions and my superiors was quite another question. I was then unable to give an answer if my equals said Huxley and Tyndall, Bertholot and Voltaire, Froude and Renan, Morley and Mrs. Humphry Ward and others had pulverized the claim of Jesus. I could only argue that I believed it because I did. It was worse with my superiors. Every time that I found a man sneering at faith whose intellect I bowed down before, as a student will before his teachers, a cold shiver would run down my back, or would leave my heart like lead till I got back to the tonic of my boys or the ragged school. I had been for years nominally a Christian, and yet I certainly had no experience to argue from. The results of previous years had left in my mind only the unexpressed deduction that Christianity was a failure, and its adherents among young men, poor-spirited, only those who sought an insurance ticket for heaven.

One more personal experience I feel constrained to relate. I have often been asked how I came to choose Labrador or the deep sea as a field for a life work. It is my habit constantly to ask God to teach me each day how rightly to use my faith. I have never had any doubt that he does so. Yet I can honestly say I never went through any great crisis of deciding to renounce the pleasures of life, and accept the "self-sacrificing life of a missionary." On the contrary, I ardently looked for a niche in the world suitable for my talents, and left it entirely with him whose guiding hand I have been able to see in the events of my life as plainly as ever I saw a pilot's hand directing my vessels on the many coasts I've sailed along.

It gave me the keenest pleasure to go to sea. It was a perfect delight to find that I was the only and, therefore, the best doctor there. Long dinners, dancing, voluminous correspondence, I always hated. So I found no great deprivation in the simple life among the fishermen. Theology was unknown; there were no sects at sea, and when the work sought me absolutely without any seeking on my part, I gladly accepted it. That does not account for Labrador. No, it doesn't. There has been a little effort, possibly, about the leaving home. But for enjoyment of life, body, soul and spirit, I can only say each field of life I go into seems more delightful than the last. From this I argue the right way of faith must be an enjoyable use of it. I don't for a moment believe God intends His servants to have long faces. If their work is a misery to them they ought to get out of it. For it cannot be where they are intended to be. To be like Jesus certainly cannot be to be unhappy and look wretched.

Towards God the use of faith is unquestioning trust and submission. Towards man it means to cease arguing and disputing and get to echoing that love that Christ Himself evinced for all mankind, good, bad or indifferent. He who loveth best, serveth best, and will most readily overlook wrongs done himself.

THE QUIET HOUR

Ruskin said:—Whatever I have done in my life has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart.

Not some extraordinary event, but the everyday life with its monotonous routine, its petty cares, its business perplexities, its domestic relations and duties, is the test of the man and tells truly what manner of person he is. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Have clean money or none at all. It is told of an old merchant who had divided his accumulations to his sons, that he said as he lay on his dying bed, "It is little enough, my boys, but there is not a dirty shilling in the whole of it." His aim had not been to make money by any means, but to deal honestly with all men.

This is good counsel:—Keep your sorrows to yourself. They are too sacred to put on exhibition. The world is very busy with its own affairs, and will not concern itself particularly with yours

—indeed, will feel bored by your moans. There is dignity in reticence. If you must talk, let it be only to the chosen ones of your heart.

Dr. Robert E. Speer writes:—The Bible ought to have the best time in the day and for most men the best time in the day is in the morning hour, before a man's mind is soggy; before he is weighed down; before he has lost his fresh grip; before other things have come in to disconcert, and turn his mind off into cross roads and cross-purposes.

"Desire only the will of God. Seek him alone, and you will find peace; you shall enjoy it in spite of the world. What is it that troubles you? Poverty, neglect, want of success, external or internal troubles? Look upon everything as in the hands of God and as real blessings that he bestows upon his children, of which you receive your portion. Then the world may turn its face from you, but nothing will deprive you of peace."—Fenelon.

I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she:—"Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well," I said; "go on." By and by I heard her counting:—"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-five. O dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many." Ah, dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count the benefits." Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with much goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea there were so many."

Newel Dwight Hillis says:—Sacrifice is the secret of beauty, culture and character. Selfishness eats sweetness from the singer's voice as rust eats the edge of a sword. St. Cecilia refused to lend the divine touch to lips steeped in pleasure. He who sings for love of gold finds his voice becoming metallic. In art, also, Hitchcock has said, "When the brush grows voluptuous it falls like an angel from heaven." Fra Angelico refuses an invitation to the Pitti Palace, choosing rather his crust and pallet in the cell of the monastery. The artist gave his mornings to the poor, his evenings to the canvass. But when the painter had worn his life away in kindly deeds, men found that the light divine had been transferred to the painter's canvass.

There are two ways in which people are seeking satisfaction. In one way they are trying to gather to themselves as much as possible of the good things of life. They are using their natural powers, their opportunities, the fields, the seas, the mines, the forces of the material world, the schools, the institutions, the politics of civil and social life to accumulate for themselves all they can. Their satisfaction is in ownership, in being able to write the word "mine" on as many valuable things as they can appropriate. In the other way they are trying to put themselves in the relation of service to God and humanity. They find their satisfaction not in being helped but in helping, not in owning something but in belonging to somebody or something that is noble and worthy. Paul was glad to call himself the bond servant of Jesus Christ. The more a man owns the more contracted he becomes; the more he is owned by that which is supreme the more enlarged he is. Dives owned, Lazarus belonged.

My Evening Prayer.

If I have wounded any soul to-day,
If I have caused one foot to go astray,
If I have walked in my own wilful way—
Good Lord, forgive.

If I have uttered idle words or vain,
If I have turned aside from want or pain,
Lest I myself should suffer through the strain—
Good Lord, forgive.

If I have craved for joys that are not mine,
If I have let my wayward heart repine,
Dwelling on things of earth, not things divine—
Good Lord, forgive.

If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold,
If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold
When Thou hast given me some part to hold—
Good Lord, forgive.

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee,
Forgive the secret sins I do not see,
That which I knew not, Father, teach Thou me—
Help me to live.

C. Maud Battersby.

The Summer School in Rupert's Land

Held JULY 28th—AUGUST 1st

We are under the impression that this is the first diocesan Summer School held in the prairie provinces. Being an act of faith and careful planning it was bound to succeed however much timid or conservative minds might doubt. Never before in this particular way has St. John's College thrown itself open to the diocese, so to speak. Never will it regret the act. The committee of organization consisting of Revs. W. A. Fyles; G. A. Wells, of Minnedosa; H. S. Ram, of Melita; D. P. J. Biggs, of Brandon, authorized by Synod tackled the matter in good earnest, and arranged that not only should the Summer School meet at St. John's, but that the members of the school by the courtesy of the authorities of St. John's College should be housed free of charge, the women in the old building and the men in the new building. A most efficient Registrar for the Summer School was secured in the person of Mrs. Clifford Cornish, of Winnipeg, whose work was highly appreciated. Miss Millidge, the well-known W.A. Field Secretary and formerly Matron of St. John's, was quite at home as hostess to the women; while the men were placed under the genial control of the Rev. G. A. Wells, an old Johnian. Perfect harmony and comfort prevailed all through the Summer School. The fact that 125 people registered and some 75 more took some share in the advantages of the Summer School, is evidence that great interest was taken in the event. It is, however, a fact that only 25 Churchpeople from rural points came in, and that some deaneries were not represented. The idea is, of course, a new one to the diocese, and it takes some time for such an idea to "catch on" amongst Anglicans. We fancy, that not only will next year's Summer School be much larger in numbers, but that soon there will be two or three others started in the diocese, especially when it is known that not only from a spiritual standpoint the venture was eminently satisfactory, but financially the result was very happy.

HOSPITALITY AND FINANCES.

After payment of all expenses a sufficient sum remained to give a rebate of \$1.20 to all county members, who were naturally at most expense in attending. The meal question was solved by merely providing breakfast at the College through the agency of St. Martin's W. A., the members paying their own way and being free to find their other meals in any way they pleased. Thus the Winnipeg Churchpeople were not unduly oppressed by the hospitality question and the visiting members needed very little attention between sessions. That some re-adjustment of the programme another year will be advisable in the light of experience, was only to be expected, but nevertheless, the machinery as a whole worked admirably, though worked by the diocese itself without the advantage of previous experience. Undoubtedly, the most satisfactory feature of the Summer School was the sober and restrained spiritual atmosphere and friendly intercourse which prevailed, permitting Church folk of different shades of thought to blend harmoniously in the desire to learn and seek after the Way, the Truth and the Life. The 7 a.m. Communion, the moving and deeply spiritual addresses of Rev. Canon Matheson on the "motif" of the four Gospels, the open-air talks and the lantern lectures on Church history by Revs. W. A. Fyles, W. B. Heeney and Dr. Johnstone were excellently devised. Also the many and varied discussions on missions and Sunday School methods were as good as at any conventions for such purposes only. Daily reports were rendered to the newspapers of Winnipeg, by Dr. H. M. Speechly, as press committee of one. We will now attempt to give a running account of the proceedings.

WELCOMES AND WORK.

After every one had shaken down on Monday evening, July 28th, the Summer School assembled in the gymnasium, where welcomes were given by the Very Rev. Dean Coombes, Mrs. S. P. Matheson and Rural Dean Heathcote. Then followed an interesting talk on "The Planting of the Church in Old Canada," by Rev. W. B. Heeney, of St. Luke's, Winnipeg. The attendance at this and all the sessions was most satisfactory, varying between 30 and 150. Each succeeding day opened with 7 a.m. Holy Communion and after

breakfast Morning Prayer with Canon Matheson's deeply interesting and heart-searching addresses on the Gospels. A majority of men was always present at these services. The mission study classes were under the care of the W.A., with Miss Millidge as chairwoman. Then on Tuesday, Mrs. L. Laronde, B.A., the wife of our Dynevor missionary, addressed the school on "Is Rupert's Land a missionary field or a missionary force?" and Mrs. A. J. Warwick followed with "The Peace River nineteen years ago;" excellent papers, which brought out a strong discussion on our duty towards our own Indian and Eskimo missions. The Sunday School section under the leadership of Rev. F. C. C. Heathcote, discussed Sunday Schools in relation to the Church. All through the school, the round table talks and question box were handled with ability and humour by Rev. G. H. Broughall. On Tuesday evening the open-air talks were given by the Rev. F. C. C. Heathcote on "The Virility of Christ's character;" by Pres. J. M. Hargreaves, of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, on the Brotherhood's aims; and by the Rev. R. B. McElheran on the importance of the sincerity and purity of the lives of Christian workers, having in mind the book "The Inside of the Cup." Later, in the gymnasium, the Rev. W. A. Fyles interested 150 people with a lantern lecture on "The Origin of the Church of England." Sectional groups of the Brotherhood, G.F.S., and C.E.M.S. also held discussions.

BOYS AND BOY.

Wednesday's programme included an interesting study of "Japan" and the Japanese character, by Mrs. Horrobin; "Child Study" in relation to Sunday School work was dealt with by the Rev. F. S. Chapman; and "Adolescence," by the Rev. G. H. Broughall. The open-air talks were given by Mr. G. W. Baker on "Christianity and Civilization;" and by Dr. H. M. Speechly on "How to hold the boy." Next, Rev. W. A. Fyles developed further his theme on "The Origin of the Church;" and the sections, of which the strongest was the C.E.M.S., met.

THE COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Thursday's mission study on "China" was handled from two different points by Mrs. Flint and Miss Millidge with evidence of much careful study. The Sunday School section was led off by Rev. D. P. J. Biggs, of Brandon, who dealt with "Organization," while Rev. Canon Garton discussed both the Font Roll plan and the Bible Class in relation to Sunday Schools. In the evening the open-air talks were given by Rev. R. W. Ridgeway on "The Home Department of the Sunday School as applied to Rural needs;" and by Rev. G. A. Wells in a breezy presentation of "The Boy Scouts." In the absence of Rev. Canon Murray, Mr. Fyles lectured on "The Reformation" in the gymnasium, and was followed by the Rev. D. T. Parker as an enthusiastic exponent of "The Source Method" of Sunday School instruction.

ZENANAS.

Friday, the closing day, showed no signs of waning interest. The mission studies aroused much discussion on "Zenanas," given by Mrs. J. P. Smitheman, of Teulon, herself once a women's missionary in India; and on an acute analysis of India's religions in relation to Christianity by Miss Hilliard, of Minnedosa. Practical talks followed on Sunday School discipline, by Rev. E. C. R. Pritchard and "The Troublesome Pupils," by Rev. G. H. Broughall. In the afternoon the women of the Summer School entertained the rest at tea on St. John's College lawn, a most friendly function. The service in the chapel was postponed till 10 p.m. The open-air talks were given by Rev. Dr. Johnstone, who, with learned research, had collected evidence to show that the Sunday School in principle and practice had existed many centuries before Robert Raikes; and by Dr. Speechly, who compared Mohammedanism with modern Christianity. At 8 p.m., a large attendance listened to a lantern lecture by Rev. Dr. Johnstone on "Modern Church History," followed by a question box conducted by Rev. G. H. Broughall. Finally, the members of the Summer School met in the chapel for solemn prayer and praise, Canon Matheson bidding farewell in a few words. He asked them to sing

the "Te Deum," which was done joyfully and thankfully, and then the Benediction followed. At this and most of the services the Rev. J. H. Hill, of Macgregor, proved a very sympathetic organist.

THIS AND THAT

Thoughts of an Eastern Churchman

The work for the "improvement" of Halifax, so long threatened, and by a certain section, so long dreaded, has at last commenced in real earnest. These "improvements" will completely transmute the old city and it is freely admitted, destroy much, if not all, of its picturesqueness. The feeling on this point, even among those who stand to pecuniarily benefit by the change, is very strong. Halifax to-day possesses, probably, the most beautiful public park and garden in America, certainly the most beautiful park, a bit of primeval forest, just outside the city, and so situate at the apex of the triangular peninsula, at whose base Halifax is built as to be safe for all time from the encroachments of the builder. But the new "improvements," while not, I believe, actually invading the park, will utterly destroy the approaches thereto. Right at its gates, the terminals and the wharves will be established, and it will only be accessible by crossing a network of railway lines. The whole residential value of the west end of the city will undoubtedly be destroyed. In return for all this and other disfigurements, we are promised a great accession of business and the joy and pride and glory and delight of being "up to date." Such being the case, I suppose no reasonable person should have any reason to complain. Nevertheless, there is, even among those whose property has jumped up in value by fifty and hundred, and more, per cent., many lamentations over the Halifax that will soon be a thing of the past.

The crop outlook down here, with one exception, is excellent, our three staple productions, hay, oats and potatoes, being well up to the average. The exception is the apple crop, better in both quality and quantity is scarcely better than a failure, especially in Nova Scotia. Apple raising of late years, has rapidly developed in portions of Nova Scotia. There are districts in that region, conveniently if vaguely known as the "Annapolis Valley," wherein you may travel all day without getting out of sight of some extensive, scientifically-managed orchards, and where you may often drive for miles in almost continuous rows of apple trees. In places the country seems to be rapidly becoming one vast orchard and mixed farming appears to be sinking into the position of a minor industry.

In certain localities in Nova Scotia from time to time, the plough, the spade and the pick reveal relics of the old French possessors, who were so rudely and pathetically dispossessed a century and a half ago. An interesting find in this line is reported very recently from the neighbourhood of the old university town of Windsor, known during the French regime as Perjaquid, and at one time the centre of a populous district with several churches. While digging in a gravel pit, near Falmouth Forks, about seven miles from Windsor, a crucifix and a number of plates of white metal and several ecclesiastical utensils were uncovered by a labourer, all in excellent preservation, and some weeks later the church bell was discovered close by. It is well known that previous to the deportation, and while the unfortunate people were packing up their portable effects prior to their embarkation, they buried the church property and furnishings whenever possible. Several finds of the same kind have been made in the neighbourhood of Annapolis Royal.

Humility is not, and never was, a fashionable virtue. It involves too much self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice of the hardest kind; of our own self-esteem, or what the French call, in that wonderfully lucid but untranslatable expression, our "amour propre"—i.e., our proper love for ourselves, that perfectly natural and perfectly innocent regard for our own personal dignity and worth and importance, without which a man would be something less (or more) than human. Humility is, therefore, the most unpopular virtue in existence. Indeed it is a question whether it hasn't altogether ceased to be a virtue even in name. Who to-day would like to be called "humble," and who wouldn't be almost certain, whether layman or cleric, to very vigorously resent it.

There is something mean and cringing about the word. We don't want to be "humble," and we wouldn't if we could. We have a feeling that while it may be a theological virtue, it is not a practical virtue. In fact, we have almost ceased to talk about it. When do we ever hear humility mentioned in sermons. Yes, humility is certainly an unfashionable virtue, now and always, but especially now when self assertion is taught to our young people as the one thing needful. For this I am inclined to hold Dickens largely responsible. In his Uriah Heep, he caricatured, in his course, vulgar, but terribly effective style, this once highly lauded virtue, and made it contemptible and odious. But in demolishing the counterfeit, it is to be feared he did almost irreparable injury to the genuine. For there is such a thing as genuine humility, and of all virtues, perhaps, it is the noblest, in fact, in a sense, it is the root of all the virtues. To be humble is not to be "umble." True humility is the mark of real greatness of mind, of that thing the Latins called magnanimity. It may be defined as a deep and overmastering reverence for truth. The great scientist who makes, or who is informed of a discovery that upsets all his conclusions, makes much of his knowledge valueless and reverses his theories, but who honestly and frankly acknowledges it all and frankly accepts the new situation, is humble. The man who sees and acknowledges good in others, even if it throws his own virtues into the shade and makes him feel small, is humble. The man who discovers he has done another a wrong and owns up to it, even if it puts him in a false and humiliating position, is humble. The man who from a sense of justice and fair play gives way to others is humble. Anyone who, in a word, is ready and willing to sacrifice his own dignity, or ease, or advantage, or private feelings to the right is humble. Again, humility is the love of service, the willingness to be used in any capacity for the good of mankind and the glory of God, the spirit of self surrender to every call of duty, however distasteful and irksome to the natural man. Not thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, as not too "high" for simple commonplace duties, not too "high" to acknowledge goodness and ability and nobility of character in others, not too "high" to admit our own mistakes. This is to be humble in the true sense, to have so exalted a sense of self-respect as to be incapable of the degradation of doing conscious violence to our sense of right, and of stooping to the deliberate violation of duty.

The lack of humility is due to low and debasing views of our own duties and relations, it is really to have a "low" opinion of oneself.

Downeaster.

SLAVES OF THE CITY UNDERGROUND.

(Continued from page 540.)

The creation of a propertied class which legitimately shows the profit of vice, is itself demoralizing. It means the recognition of pecuniary interests in the fall of women. In no country have such houses existed without the rise of individuals who made seduction a profession."

Rescue work is increased in difficulty by tolerated quarters, because in such colonies the "victims" can be hidden and securely held. Anywhere else an unwilling victim can easily enough reach the eye or ear of respectable citizens who will give refuge quarters. Victims are reported as ensnared in the prairie, old Ontario, rural Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces. They are in every case reported as taken to such cities as Halifax, Montreal, Winnipeg, mining camps of New Ontario, or certain centres in British Columbia, in all of which are found colonies of vice more or less openly "tolerated" or more or less "segregated" by official action or inaction. Seldom is a victim taken to a city where "suppression" is the policy of the authorities, even if in some instances the policy is not very vigorously carried into effect.

We have said enough to show the futility and iniquity of the policy of toleration. We have much more evidence which is available,

but which we do not wish to print. When any citizen, even a medical man, suggests that toleration is a better way than suppression, it is well that we should give evidence. We have never found any one who argues for toleration willing to entertain the thought of any of his relatives, however distant, ministering to this awful "necessity." The advocates of this think only of the other fellow's neighborhood and the other fellow's family. Certainly suppression is the most difficult way. But the success of the experiment in England at the present time where the lash has been added for the crime of ensnaring victims, shows what can be done by adequate penalties.

Church News

NOVA SCOTIA.

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

HALIFAX.—ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL.—The Right Rev. Charles Brent, D.D., Bishop of the Philippine Islands, was the preacher at the evening service in the Cathedral, August 10th. He delivered a very forceful sermon on the relationship existing between God and the individual and the value of the scriptures as historical literature. Bishop Brent declared that unlike the plant and the animal which were the complete expressions of the Divine purpose, man was the incomplete expression of a Divine purpose. The plant and the animal had reached their full stature as living organisms, but man would mount upward until he became fused in God Himself. Bishop Brent further stated that he would think about the New Testament in the same light that he thinks about the Arabian Nights were he not convinced that they were of absolute historical value.

ST. PAUL'S.—On Monday, July 28th, the Chinese School in connection with St. Paul's was given a delightful outing by the teachers. The affair which was in every sense a great success took the form of a picnic to Point Pleasant Park. The day was bright and warm, and the afternoon was spent in games and archery which has a great fascination for the Chinamen. All then sat down to one of the best shore suppers ever prepared. Mr. Ramsey W. R. Armitage, M.A., the eldest son of the Archdeacon, will be ordained in this church by the Bishop of Nova Scotia for the Bishop of Toronto. The ordination will take place on Sunday, August 24th. He is to begin his ministry in the city of Toronto as curate to the Rev. R. A. Sims at the Church of the Messiah.

The annual Sunday School and congregational picnic was held recently at Prince's Lodge. To the many natural advantages of these picnic grounds there is the added pleasure of a beautiful sail up the basin. The children were all early at the Parish Hall where a hymn was sung and prayer offered that God would keep them from accident and danger. On their way to the boat the procession marched round St. Paul's, and the picture of hundreds of children standing under the great trees as if on guard about their venerable mother will not be soon forgotten. The morning was fine and bright; the afternoon cloudy with occasional rain but not such as to interfere with the pleasures of the games and sports. The downpour of rain did not come until after the children's boat had gone home. The attendance of children was considerably greater than at last year's picnic, but owing to the heavy rain in town at the noon hour the congregational attendance was not as great as it would otherwise have been. Greatest credit is due to the various committees of ladies and gentlemen who devoted themselves so untiringly to the work of picnic week, and to the teachers who showed an interest in their various classes which was beautiful to see. The programme of sports was run off during the afternoon, one of the longest and most keenly contested for years.

MONTREAL.

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

MONTREAL.—DIOCESAN COLLEGE.—The Rev. Dr. H. M. Hackett, Dean of Waterford, has been appointed vicar of St. Peter's Church, Belsize

Park, London, N.W. Dr. Hackett was for five years Principal of this college.

This college will hold its twenty-fifth annual conference at the college on October 1st and 2nd, 1913. The Quiet Day will be conducted by Ven. Archdeacon Naylor, M.A. The Holy Communion on October 2nd will be followed by breakfast at 9 a.m., and a paper on "The Distinctive Principles of the Church of England," read by Rev. H. M. Little, L.S.T., at 10 a.m. Rev. H. E. Horsey, M.A., B.D., will lead the discussion. Luncheon will be arranged for the conference at 1 p.m. At 2.30 p.m. there will be a business meeting, and the second paper will be read by Rev. E. F. Dawson, and the discussion led by Rev. Prof. O. W. Howard, M.A., D.D. The president of the association is Rev. H. P. Mount, M.A., B.D., and the secretary-treasurer Rev. D. B. Rogers, M.A., 107 Champlain Street.

ST. EDWARDS.—Rev. W. Sanders, the rector of this church, and Rural Dean, preached to the Royal Black Preceptory of the Orange Order on August 10th. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men," was his text. "The secret of success in life is the power to move with the times and the success of nations and of life in the community depends on the same law," said the speaker. Their duty was not, however, a thing of the past, they had much before them to accomplish in the future, and in carrying out their great work he gave them the exhortation. The great gathering of Orangemen which had taken place recently in Newfoundland was referred to. The preacher said that in working out their destiny, the brethren had a four-fold work to accomplish. The Home Rule question was one that was seriously menacing their brethren in Ireland, and they in Canada were with them in their opposition to this measure which would mean the endangering of the unity of the Empire and the safety of their Protestant religion. Then the question of language was a matter that required serious consideration. "Canada is British from ocean to ocean, English is our tongue, and while Quebec enjoys many special privileges, obtained for her by Rome, the lessons taught in this province should be learned elsewhere. Multitudes of tongues are coming to our land for homes, peace and prosperity; let them take our language and become one with us." The school question was also referred to by the speaker, who said that if they were under one King and one country, it should be possible to train up a loyal race under one educational system. In referring to the Ne Temere decree, it was said the decrees of the Council of Trent were never published in France, and therefore were of no force in Canada. The decree showed a complete contempt for civil authority, and our King and constitution. Marriage had a civil side, and the only solution of the present situation was one marriage law for all Canada which would require first the civil marriage, with the religious rite to follow on the certificate of such being presented. We should, said the speaker, follow the example of Italy, and make it criminal for anyone, priest or layman, to interfere with or question such a marriage.

TORONTO.

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

HOLY TRINITY.—The new pulpit for this church is almost completed. A splendid piece of carving has been executed on one of the panels. This panel will form part of the fine arts exhibits at this year's Canadian National Exhibition. The pulpit is to be a memorial to Rev. Dr. Pearson, the late rector.

HOLY TRINITY.—A.Y.P.A. CONFERENCE.—The programmes for the A.Y.P.A. Conference to be held in Holy Trinity Parish House, Toronto, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th September next, are now being distributed. The committee in charge of arrangements report that a large attendance of delegates is assured. The Conference begins on Monday, 8th September, with a "Rally Service" in Massey Hall under the auspices of the presidents of 25 Toronto branches. The Bishop of Toronto will preside and the delegates will be welcomed by Premier Sir James Whitney, Mayor Hocken and Controller Church. The Bishop of Niagara will reply. The chief address of the evening will be given by Very Rev. Dean Abbott, of Hamilton, followed by Corporation Counsel Geary, of Toronto. A corporate celebration of the Holy Communion will be held on Tuesday morning in Holy Trinity Church,

the Bishop of Toronto being the celebrant. Morning and afternoon sessions will be chiefly business, interspersed with educational and inspirational addresses by well-known clergy. Young people's work in all its branches will be discussed and the various activities practically dealt with.

The city of Toronto on Tuesday evening is tendering to the delegates an elaborate banquet. Mayor Hocken will represent the city. Among the speakers of the evening will be: The Bishop of Huron, Rev. Dr. Rennison, Rev. C. R. Gunne, and C. C. Stenhouse, secretary-treasurer Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

A special service at which Ven. Archdeacon Davidson of Guelph will give the address, will close the conference. An appeal is being made to the clergy urging them to discuss with some of their active young people the advisability of having their parish represented. No better opportunity will be found of getting the young people interested in Church work. The programmes (of which over 600 have been sent to the clergy throughout Canada) contain general information. Rev. E. Appleyard, Dominion Secretary, St. Matthew's Rectory, London, E., will be glad to furnish further particulars.

ST. AIDAN'S.—During August Rev. E. A. McIntyre, the rector of this church has been holding open-air services on the lake shore and church grounds. Every Sunday afternoon with some of the choir he conducts service on the beach at 3.30. Although bathing and canoeing is going on at the same time in different parts of the beach, a good number gathers for the short service. On Thursday evenings in the church grounds he conducts lantern services, over two hundred people generally gather to participate. St. Aidan's is fortunate in having well wooded grounds, where in pleasant surroundings without the distraction of passing trolleys, the people can enjoy the service.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—Awards made in the Matriculation Examination:—Wellington scholarship in classics—Miss F. C. Ross, of Brockville C. I. The Bishop Strachan scholarship in classics—C. K. Martin, of Ridley College. The Wellington scholarship in mathematics—Miss S. B. Stewart of Ottawa C. I. The Burnside scholarship in mathematics—W. D. Donaldson of Ottawa C. I. The Dickson scholarship in modern languages—Miss S. B. Stewart of Ottawa C. I. The Burnside scholarship in English, history and geography—Miss S. B. Stewart of Ottawa C. I. The Dickson scholarship in science—W. D. E. Donaldson, of Ottawa C. I.

NORWAY.—**ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.**—The sum of thirteen thousand dollars is to be raised for the purpose of building an addition to this church. The congregation are to raise \$7,000, and the other \$6,000 will be financed by the church wardens. The Rev. W. L. Baynes Reed and the church wardens, Messrs. A. M. Stretton and C. D. Lennox, have issued a statement showing that the church is facing a peculiar crisis owing to the phenomenal development of the Woodbine Avenue district. The rector and church wardens say: "The rapid growth of this district has laid on us the immediate necessity of furnishing increased accommodation in both church and Sunday School. For some time past we have been unable to accommodate the congregation without infringing the city by-laws, which forbid the blocking of aisles with chairs, while at the festivals we have been obliged to turn many away. These conditions furnish many people with an excuse for not attending church on account of the inconvenience of the seats."

TORONTO ISLAND.—**ST. ANDREW'S.**—A most enjoyable afternoon was spent at Island Park on Friday last in connection with the St. Andrew's, Centre Island, Sunday School picnic which was there held. After engaging in all sorts of races and other games, about eighty of the scholars sat down in the pavilion to an excellent repast of sandwiches, cakes of various kinds, lemonade and milk. Quite a number of the older members of the congregation also partook of these and of the "cup which cheers," and seemed to enjoy the afternoon quite as much as the younger ones. Before leaving each child received a prize of some description, and all went home greatly pleased with the happy day's outing.

This was followed on Sunday afternoon by a Flower Service in church. Each child brought a little bouquet which was presented to Bishop Reeve and placed by him upon the Holy Table. The Rev. E. R. James, of Craighurst, gave an excellent address to the children. Some suitable hymns were sung by them, and after the service was over the flowers were taken to the children at the Lakeside Hospital, where they were most thankfully received. The offertory amounted to

\$11. In addition to this special missionary sermons were preached both morning and evening, as this was Mission Sunday; in the morning, by the Bishop on the Columbia Coast Mission, and in the evening by Rev. E. R. James on Dr. Grenfell's work on the Labrador Coast. Miss Brenda Smellie sang very acceptably at the morning service a solo, "The Lord is mindful of His own." The great heat affected the attendance so that the offertories, although good, were not quite equal to expectations, but donations will probably be sent in to Bishop Reeve so as to make up the usual amount—fifty dollars to each Mission.

MOUNT DENNIS.—**CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.**—"Ye Olde English Faire" in aid of the building fund of the Church of the Good Shepherd, which was held in Rev. Gore Barrow's grounds, on the Weston Road, was a great success. More than 500 people attended in the afternoon and evening the residents of Mount Dennis turned out almost en masse. The most sanguine were amazed at the large attendance. Possibly the unique character of the entertainment had a good deal to do with its attractiveness. Besides the excellent music of the Weston Prize Band, there were a maypole dance and musical masking, and other amusements reminiscent of a country fair in Merry England. Mrs. James Mercer, who was rudely treated by a man while crossing a common on the Barton estate, when going to the rectory to arrange details of the "Faire," has quite recovered from her fright and was able to take charge of a stall at the Faire as arranged.

WHITBY.—**ST. JOHN'S.**—About twenty-five years ago this church was struck by lightning. The steeple was demolished and the east wall damaged. The wall was partially fixed up, but from year to year has been getting unsafe, so that at last to save the building, the entire wall has had to be rebuilt. This has just been completed. The interior has been redecorated. A new chancel carpet has been given by the ladies of the congregation. The whole restoration cost about \$1,000. The opening services were held last Sunday. Rev. Dr. T. S. Boyle, Dean of Trinity College, who is supplying All Saints', Whitby, for the summer, was the special preacher. The church this year is in charge of Mr. F. Glover, a student at Wycliffe, who deserves great praise for carrying the work through so successfully.

CHESTER.—**ST. BARNABAS.**—"Sir Henry M. Pellatt's Own Troop" gathered in goodly numbers Thursday night last at this church on the occasion of the dedication of their colours. The service was a happy as well as an impressive one, inasmuch as it marked the birth of a new troop company. The Rev. F. E. Powell, in his short address to the troop, reminded them of their duty and loyalty to God, their King, and invited them, through the medium of prayer, to make Him their "pilot" and counsel. After Sir Henry Pellatt had consented to allow his name as the "insignia" of the troop the flag was given in custody of the Scoutmaster. At the conclusion of the service Scout Ward was called forward and complimented on the gallant manner in which he saved a fellow-Scout from drowning on Tuesday last. Special services were held for the troop on Sunday last.

The Troop marched to church Sunday morning. Service was conducted by Rev. F. E. Powell, the chaplain of the troop. Fifty-three members of the troop turned out, and in the march to the church they made a showing which augurs well for the competitions which will take place at the Exhibition this year. The troops are now training for the "Ex." competitions, and they expect to capture some of the prizes. Rev. F. E. Powell's text was "Ephesians c. 6 v. 1: 'Walk Worthy of Your Vocation.'" The minister started out with the truism: "If you do not disgrace your calling, your calling will not disgrace you," and then explained that although all couldn't be captains or reach the first position in whatever trade or profession they entered, it was possible for each one to do his duty in whatever position he was placed.



NIAGARA.

W. R. Clark, D.D., Bishop, Hamilton, Ont.

HAMILTON.—**ST. MARK'S.**—The final sermons of a pastorate, which extended over thirty-six years, were delivered in St. Mark's Church on August 10th, when Rev. Canon R. G. Sutherland bade a formal farewell to the congregation over the destinies of which he had presided so long. Canon Sutherland, who has retired from the active work of the Anglican ministry to devote himself to work of a special nature, carries with him the love and esteem of not only the

members of the congregation, but a very large number of friends in all denominations of the city. Canon Sutherland took for his text, "The Lord prosper you. We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord," Psalms cxxix. 8. In part he said:—

"I turn with the ancient blessing, The Lord prosper you; and you will reply, I know, with the wish that is a prayer, We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.

"To-day we have come to the parting of the ways. We have lived long together and worked together and learned together, and now we can no longer travel together; we must go, you to one path and I to another. To-day is a day which finishes and winds up a large piece of our lives; finishes all that I have been to you and you to me. Not that we shall not see one another's faces again. It is not that, I hope. But this is the last morning that I shall speak to you as your clergyman, the last time that you meet with me as my parishioners to celebrate together the most comfortable sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ.

"We have been together a long time, for I received this charge on July 1st, 1877. Those who were middle-aged when I came to you are gone now, those who were young have grown old. The children whom I first baptized and taught and prepared for confirmation are now fathers and mothers themselves, dispersed, many of them, to the ends of the earth.

"Since 1877 a wonderful change has come over church feeling and church practice. In those days we had to build for the future, as well as to live in the present. But church work did not touch the people's life at every point as it does now. The women, indeed, had their Dorcas Society, their Ladies' Aid, their district visitors; the men turned out once a year, weather permitting, to the missionary meeting, but the sense of personal obligation hardly went beyond attendance at church and contributing to the offertory. On the other hand, in almost every household there was family prayer, and the children were carefully taught the elements of religion.

"We began a temperance society, and kept it up for some years; but, though the need for temperance is perennial, the need of a society for the purpose seems to have passed away. Presently we undertook missionary work in the southwest of the parish. We opened a Sunday School there, and a week-day evening school. From our small beginnings there grew the vigorous parish of St. John the Evangelist. Soon there came into being the Woman's Auxiliary, introduced from the United States under the auspices of Bishop Fuller. That society is flourishing still, and under the same presidency, thank God. The Auxiliary has accomplished as notable a work at home as abroad. It has united the several congregations, it has obliterated party lines, it has gone on its way with cheerful courtesy recognizing that differences exist, but seeing in them no bar to common effort and to mutual esteem. Then came the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to broaden and deepen the spirit of Godly union and concord. Four parishes owe their being to the enthusiasm and zeal of our young men of the brotherhood. Later on the Daughters of the King organized the young women as visitors among new-comers and as zealous helpers in every spiritual and social work of the parish.

"The laymen's movement in support of missions has done something to stimulate in all hearts the desire to send the light of the glorious Gospel to all the world, and along with ardour to save men has come the courage to face God.

"Our congregation at St. Mark's has never been large. Yet few though we have been, we have held up steadily the Christian standard. We have never yielded to the temptation to offer something less austere moral, less intellectual, more exciting and amusing than the Gospel of Christ. Both from Scripture and from history we know that the disciples of Christ have never been very numerous; there has never been any inconvenient crowding at the narrow gate. Even church-going is a part of religion, and, like the rest of it, needs the grace of God. In the long run the only true policy is to set forth by word and deed the best and highest we know whether men will hear or forbear. The Church is to save the world by being unlike the world. It is the slowest of all methods, but God is not pressed for time.

"To-day my thoughts and yours go back to many solemn and joyful days, to festivals and weddings and christenings and funerals, to many a happy Christmas, and to many a glad and peaceful Easter; to many a blessed communion together. I remember times of hard study and hard prayer that I might have something to say to you

to cheer you on in your difficult lives and to rekindle in you the enthusiasm of earlier days. I think, too, of all the baptisms when in Christ's stead I took the little ones in my arms and received them into the congregation of Christ's flock. And the confirmations, when after the teaching there came the speaking face to face with each one, and the joy of earnest response from youthful hearts. And now all is over. Nevermore in this world or in any other will it be as it has been.

"Yet there is something more. There is to me at least the call, the obligation to the deepest and most earnest thankfulness for the abundance of God's mercy; thankfulness for peace and happiness; thankfulness for your sympathy when death or disease crossed my threshold; thankfulness for the kindest and most unchanging of friends whom I have met with here; thankfulness for the generous provision you have made for my remaining years; thankfulness for the ready aid and unselfish devotion of the church wardens, the men and boys of the choir, the men and women teachers in the Sunday School.

"And I have two things to ask of you. First, about myself. If any of you remember any harsh judgment of mine or hasty speech or neglect to speak, if I have ever by fault or unknowingly hurt any, done them injustice, caused them offence, vexed or troubled them, or done them wrong in any way, I humbly and earnestly beg them to forgive me. Further, if by any fault of mine, I have neglected them, if when they were wrong I have not warned them, if I have not given them the care I ought to have given them, I pray you to forgive me and to ask that I may be forgiven.

"And next about yourselves. New things are beginning with you. A new rector will stand here next Sunday. You will welcome him, you will receive him as God's gift to you, as your guide and helper in spiritual things. Settle with yourselves that with this change you will do something more in the way of earnest living. You will be more diligent in prayer. You will be more regular in church-going. You will let the Word of God dwell in you richly. A new time is beginning with you, make a fresh start.

"And now the end is come. Oh kind and loving friends; Oh, loyal and affectionate hearts, we must be together no more. You have been to me what no other people have ever been, or ever can be to me. How shall I bid you farewell? Can I do better than implore for you that ancient blessing, and say, The Lord prosper you? And will you not reply with the Benediction of Israel of old, We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord?"

ORANGEVILLE.—ST. MARK'S.—The Rev. T. A. Rix, who resigned this rectory two months ago, is now en route for Prince Rupert, B.C., where he will be rector of St. Andrew's Church. Before he left Orangeville he was presented with an address, a gold-headed cane, and a purse of \$200, in gold. The Bowling Club presented him with a handsomely fitted dressing case, and Mrs. Rix had several presentations from various women's societies in the town as well as from the W.A. Great regret was expressed on all sides at the departure of the rector and his wife. During their years in Orangeville they had won a host of friends, and Mr. Rix was much esteemed as a public-spirited citizen.

HURON.

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

LONDON.—ALL SAINTS'.—London is to have an orphanage institution of unusual features and on an unusually ambitious scale. Rev. T. B. Clarke, M.A., rector of this church, is the originator of the movement, which has already assumed definite shape. Its consummation depends only on the contribution of sufficient funds and responses so far have been so encouraging that it is not likely any obstacle will be encountered in that respect. Mr. Clarke has purchased twenty-five acres of farm land at The Gore, London Township. The tract is southeast of Pottersburg and with twenty acres additional, to be leased, will provide a 45-acre farm, level land, excellent water and good farming ground. There are eight acres of bush. He proposes to provide for the raising of fruit, vegetables and roots sufficient for the maintenance of 100 children. It is anticipated that the institution will open with 50 and probably double that number later. \$25,000 required. No less than \$1,000 has already been placed in Mr. Clarke's hands for use in connection with the scheme. He estimates that \$11,000 more will be

required to start the institution with land and house paid for. The total amount required is \$25,000. Probably the outstanding feature of the whole project is the proposal that children in care of this orphanage shall perform sufficient work to provide good exercise and work of such a character as to train them in useful occupations and eventually send them out into the world fitted to take care of themselves.

ALGOMA.

George Thorneloe, D.D., Bishop, Sault Ste. Marie.

SHESEGWANING RESERVE.—On July 30th the Bishop made his first visit to the new Indian Mission on the Sheshégwaning Reserve, Manitoulin Island. The Indians had for a long time been anxiously looking forward to meeting the Bishop and receiving his advice and counsel on questions relating to the building of the church and school, and other matters connected with the Mission. His Lordship drove from Silverwater in the morning, reaching the Reserve in time for 10 o'clock service. He was accompanied by the Rev. H. A. Sims, of Silverwater, priest-in-charge, and the Rev. H. F. Hutton, of Gore Bay. About a dozen of our members were away from home, to the regret of everyone concerned and not least of themselves. There was, however, a good congregation, not one of the remaining members being absent. The service opened with a processional hymn in Ojibway, "O God our help in ages past." The Bishop then gave a short address, especially addressing his remarks to the candidates for Confirmation, of whom there were four, one being a woman of over 80 years of age. The laying-on of the hands was followed by Matins to the end of the Jubilate. The Bishop proceeded with Holy Communion, during which he also preached. The Nunc Dimittis concluded what everyone agreed was a very beautiful and inspiring service.

After dinner we assembled again in the school for a meeting to discuss the business of the Mission. Chief Nigonawana first thanked the Bishop for all that had been done for them, and expressed their appreciation of the teaching and preaching that they had received. The more they learned about the Anglican Church the more glad they were that they came to her, and they were determined to be loyal to their Church and Bishop. The Rev. H. A. Sims then spoke, assuring his Lordship of the high standard of conduct which prevailed amongst our members. The people's warden, Peter Nigonawana, next followed with an excellent speech in English, which showed very strongly the lasting effects of an early education received at the Shingwauk Home. He told how, when his father, Chief John Nigonawana, sent his sons to Shingwauk, he was excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church, and from that time on had had no dealings with the Roman Catholic authorities, and had now renounced all connection with them. David Sampson, minister's warden, also spoke in English. Referring to the school, he said that he was convinced that the children had learned more in the five months since the school was opened, than they had in any three years before that time.

They had all looked forward to the progress which would be made in every direction under the new regime. Mr. W. C. Dunn then presented the school report, thanking the parents for the way they had assisted in the working of the school, and remarking that the good progress made had been largely due to the earnestness of both parents and scholars. For the past term there had been an average attendance of between 16 and 17 out of a roll of 18. The Bishop then distributed the school prizes, which were awarded as follows:—3rd Class, Angus Sampson; 2nd Class, Harry Nigonawana; 1st Class II., Levi Wahbgeezhik; 1st Class I., Edward Okadah; special prize for progress, Mary T. Nigonawana.

His Lordship then addressed the meeting. He was very glad to be with them, and to know that the work of the Mission was going on so favourably. He had been doing and would still go on doing, his very best for them, and hoped soon to get a decision from the Indian Department with regard to the school, in order that they might be free to build a church. He would have great pleasure to tell the Church generally what he had heard and seen that day. He only asked that they would firmly stand by their Church, and the Church would stand by them.

Those present then adjourned to the school grounds for a picnic supper, after which we returned to the school for a short Evensong before

the Bishop left for Silverwater. So closed a memorable day in the history of this Mission, a day which was a source of much gladness and comfort to all of us, and which will not soon be forgotten.

RUPERT'S LAND.

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

WINNIPEG.—The Rev. John Hawksley, of Dawson, has arrived here to spend a short holiday with his family, who have spent the last few years in Winnipeg. Mr. Hawksley will remain here for the Provincial Synod, and will take Mrs. Hawksley back with him.

A meeting of the Provincial Synod of Rupert's Land has been called for August 27th. Several matters of considerable importance will be dealt with, including the proposed division of the Dioceses of Calgary and Rupert's Land. Bishop Stringer is to preach the Synod sermon.

BRANDON.—ST. MATTHEW'S.—The resignation of Rev. W. P. Reeve, rector of St. Matthew's Church, has been received. Rev. Mr. Reeve came here five years ago from Kemptville, Ont., and recently was taken seriously ill.

SASKATCHEWAN.

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

LLOYDMINSTER.—ST. JOHN'S.—The choir of this church by its persistent practice and excellence has gained laurels beyond the average. This choir of less than twenty voices won very high honours at the sixth Alberta Festival, held in Edmonton this year; and it did so by presenting choral art in a remarkably high form, even for a Western Provincial Festival, which is saying a great deal. Three years ago this choir attended its first festival, in Saskatoon, winning the shield for small choirs and entering in the open class as well. The adjudicators from Winnipeg described the performance of the choir as "an object lesson in choral singing to the whole festival." For this also, after much difficulty in making the award, they were given a special cup. Next year the choir went to the Alberta festival. This is a peculiarity of Lloydminster; its main street being part of the boundary line between the provinces, the choirs of that town may send competitors to both provincial festivals. So, in 1911, the St. John's choir came next to the top in the small choir competition, beaten one point only by the Robertson Presbyterian choir, of Edmonton. This is one of many such stories of good choirs developing choral art by sheer enthusiasm and love of music in the towns and cities of the West. And it is one of the best signs of the times in that country that so many people, both Canadians and British-born, are working with such interest to further the cause of art in a country that has so much to contend with in the real estate booster and the land gambler.

HONAN.

Wm. C. White, D.D., Bishop, Kai Feng.

HONAN FAMINE FUND.—Receipts to date for the assistance of Bishop White:—Geo. Hague, \$20; E. Hunt, \$5; total, \$25.

Correspondence

A BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER.

Sir,—I have read this communication with profound regret. The preacher evidently sincerely desired to explain his subject, but human beings are all differently constituted, and this discourse will, I fear, fail to impress and convince. We have sincerely good people whose beliefs and practice range from those who would communicate every day to those who, like the old Highlanders, regard the Lord's Table with so much awe and reverence that they could not be induced to approach it, deeming themselves so unworthy. Since the secession of Newman the discussion in the Church of England of the Real Presence has been a standard mode of attack on us by the Roman body. I think that one result of so much

discussion as takes place now-a-days is the decay of the spirit of real reverence. As an instance, take the growing custom of people who profess themselves real church-goers, who communicate at an early hour on Sunday, and then having prayed that God would have mercy upon them and incline their hearts to keep the Fourth Commandment, proceed to spend the day in worldly dissipation, neither for their own good as sincere Christians, nor as an example to their fellow-men.

A. M. B.

WASHING OF FEET.

To the Editor:—

Sir Walter Scott refers to this custom of washing the feet of guests as being common in the Highlands in his novel "A Legend of Montrose," and possibly in Waverley.

Truly yours,

R. F. Dixon.

The Rectory, Wolfville, N.S., August 11, 1913.

ONE ARCHBISHOP ONLY.

To the Editor:—

Bishop DuVernet's letter forces upon our consideration the whole question of the purpose of presiding Bishops. Perhaps the easiest way to consider the matter will be to imagine what takes place in actual practice. Suppose a Bishop becomes infirm from age or disease and assistance is required. Or, take the case of the vacancy of the office—which is the authority to direct action? Does the dean of the diocese notify the presiding Bishop of illness or incapacity? Does the presiding Bishop take order to provide assistance, or in case of a vacancy, is he notified and then provides, either personally or by deputy, for the management of the diocese, confirmations, ordinations and other episcopal functions? So far as the general public know, everything is done by the diocese itself, the presiding Bishop is never even consulted nor interferes until after an election, when he and the other Bishops may, I think, object to the choice of the diocese (an almost impossible event) and he arranges for the consecration of the new Bishop.

Again, do the Bishops render to the presiding Bishop any account of their administration? Has the presiding Bishop any right to call for more missionaries, schools, or other institutions, or can he in any way insist on a more vigorous administration or change?

To all these questions it apparently must be answered that he has no powers, except, perhaps, in missionary dioceses. That being so, is not the title Archbishop a misnomer, should the name not really be that of presiding Bishop used in the United States or primus in Scotland? We tried Metropolitan, which was dropped and Archbishop chosen without, I fear, sufficient consideration and perhaps through pressure from England. We inadvertently neglected to affix any diocesan, with the result that we have Archbishops, now of this diocese, to-morrow of others, bewildering to outsiders. If the name is retained, it would surely be possible to provide that the Primate should have a certain title and the other presiding Bishops some other fixed designation. Bishop DuVernet's letter raises a point which should be thoroughly discussed.

A Pew.

WHO KNOWS?

To the Editor:—

A member of my congregation brought me these lines for which he stated he had a great admiration:—

"I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?
I might as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone."

He asked me whether I could tell him the author, and whether the lines are complete in themselves or a quotation from a longer poem, and if the latter whether I could get it for him. I was not familiar with the words and write to know whether you or some of your readers could help me.

Enquirer.

Kingston, July 30th, 1913.

RETREAT FOR CLERGY.

Dear Sir,—May I make it known through your columns that a retreat for clergy will be conducted at Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, from Monday, September 1st, to Friday, September 5th, by the Rev. C. E. Sharp, of Thomas' Church, Toronto? The retreat is open to clergy from any diocese so far as accommodation will allow. The only expenses will be railway fare and an offering at the Eucharist on Friday morning for board and lodging. Any clergy who desire to attend are requested to communicate with the undersigned not later than August 25th.

Chas. L. Ingles.

408 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

Books and Bookmen

To our mind a great deal of religious poetry is distinctly second grade. Some of the hymns we commonly use are more notable for swing and rhyme than any literary value. Religious sentiment is supposed to condone for faulty metre, common figure and slender thought. It is a distinct pleasure to read a volume of poems dealing with religious themes which have not only thought and fervour, but also worthy form and diction. Such is given us in *Malcolm and Other Poems*, (Upper Canada Tract Society, 75 cents), by Mr. G. A. MacKenzie. He has included several sonnets. He is particularly happy with the sonnet. Their flavour and beauty can best be estimated by the following:—

"Once like the Arab with his shifting tent
To some new shade of palms each day address,
My soul, a homeless wanderer, unblest,
Roamed all the realm of change, in purpose bent,
To find a happier world, with banishment
Of that dull pain which drove away its rest,
Through fruitless years my soul pursued its quest,
Until with longing I was well-nigh spent."

And then I found God's Presence; and the ray
Of that mysterious dayspring, clear and sweet,
Touched all the common things of every day,
And then in house, and field, and in the street,
From childhood trodden by my heedless feet,
The long-sought world in dewy freshness lay."

All the rest of his shorter pieces have each some beauty. Some of them display high lyric qualities. One lullaby, "My Baby Sleeps," has a pathos that is heart-breaking. Frankly, we like "Other Poems" better than "Malcolm," a poem of some 500 lines, tracing the rebirth of a young man's faith. This has purple patches and fine turns, but is not sustained. Readers of Mr. MacKenzie will most enjoy the elevated view-point of all his work. Spiritual values are the highest for him, as is shown most clearly in musical stanzas, "My Theology," which has for refrain, "Be glad, be kind, be still."

There are many who desire to be in touch with the problems of modern philosophy, but are prevented from doing so by the difficulty and remoteness of the subjects. In "Contemporary Philosophy," by the Rev. R. J. Wardell (London, England: C. H. Kelly, 3s. 6d.), the ordinary reader is provided with a timely, able guide to the leading questions of present-day philosophical thought. Like the author's former work, the companion volume to which this is the sequel, "First Lessons in Philosophy," the present one is intended for "the average person who takes an interest in philosophical literature, for whom some practical guidance is necessary on account of the lack of technical teaching." In the course of fifteen chapters the various currents of thought from Kant to Nietzsche are passed in review and briefly but lucidly explained. We are told what such men as Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel, Lamarck, Darwin, Eucken, James, Bergson and others stood for, and the bearing of their positions on Christianity. The book admirably fulfils its purpose, and we know of nothing quite like it. It may be warmly commended to all clergy and laity who desire to become acquainted with the leading tenets of modern philosophy. The author has rendered valuable service in a truly informing way.

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The Family

JUDGE NOT.

By Joel Swartz, D.D.

If constrained to judge another,
Judge not rashly, harshly, blindly;
Rather judge as would your mother,
'Twixt you and your erring brother;
Slowly, patiently and kindly.

She, with mingled pain and meekness,
Would attend to all you say,
Then your cause, your tone and grievance,
With your brother's fault and weakness,
She would in the balance lay.

And so far as human vision
Can discern the just, the true,
She would give her heart's decision
With a fairness and precision,
Which should bless both him and you.

We can not read the inner life
Of either stranger, friend or foe;
But still the harmony or strife
With which the human breast is rife,
The character will surely show.

But even then no one may read
The motives which the spirit move,
Unless from passion he be freed,
And weigh alone the outward deed,
And that as with a mother's love.

—N. Y. Observer.

BUILT BY APPLE TREES.

The young people in a small country church in a farming district were anxious to build a vestry, but there were no funds. Each farmer, with a shake of his head, would say: "It is impossible to raise money, as we have no ready cash."

A committee of eight young people was appointed and the town was divided into four parts: north, east, south and west. Two of the committee were put in charge of each district and called "captains." Each captain formed an army of the young people in his district, boys and girls. Every farmer was visited, and asked to loan one of his apple trees to the society for six months, which most of them did. Each tree was labeled: "Christian Endeavour Tree."

In the autumn the fun began in real earnest. When the fruit was ripe the armies picked, packed and sold all the apples from the trees they had borrowed. The last of October the ladies gave a fine harvest supper, and any of the apples which had not been sold were "auctioned off."

Most of the farmers "deeded over" the Christian Endeavour trees to the society, so it now has a yearly income.

Think over this idea and see if there isn't something in it for your church or society.

WRECKED 2,000 YEARS AGO.

How a shipwreck which is supposed to have occurred in 86 B.C. was discovered in 1907 was the interesting story which Professor R. C. Bosanquet related to the members of the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies in the hall of the Royal Society at Burlington House, recently.

In 1907 some sponge divers found an ancient wreck on the sea bottom at 25 fathoms four miles off the coast of Tunis, and the diving operations were carried on for five years. The ship had on board a cargo of marble columns and works of art and it is thought that in all probability the disaster was due to faulty loading, as 65 of the columns were placed between decks.

A similar wreck was discovered in 1900 off the Greek Island of Gerigo and in both instances the bronzes were comparatively well preserved, particularly a noble figure of Eros, which may be connected with the school of Paraxiteles. In sharp contrast to this is a group of very realistic statuettes which seem to represent dancers in an ancient cafe chantant. The vessel contained abundant remains of bronze furniture, braziers, candelabra and the feet and arms of bronze couches. The chair was taken by Sir Archibald Geikie, president of the Royal Society.

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Personal & General

Rev. W. P. Reeve, of Brandon, is in Toronto.

The Very Rev. Dean Paget, of Calgary, has arrived in Montreal from England.

The Archbishop of Rupert's Land has just returned after a hurried trip to England.

The Right Rev. Dr. Hamilton, the Bishop in Mid-Japan, have removed their headquarters, for the time being, from Nagoya to Nagano.

Rev. D. Ross Hewton, rector of St. Luke's Church, South Melbourne, Australia, called at the office last week. He is on a year's leave of absence, and is visiting relatives and friends in Canada, United States, England and Ireland.

Miss Clara Thomas, according to letters lately received, has improved a little by her move to the mountains, although she is still very ill. Some of her friends expect that she will shortly recover. While she may never be able to again take up the work in India, she may be strong enough to come home.

Miss Fanny Patteson, sister of the famous Bishop Patteson, of Melanesia, died in England recently, leaving a legacy of \$5,000 to the S.P.G. A few years ago Miss Patteson gave the society one of its most prized relics—the palm found laid upon her brother's breast by his murderers at Nukapu.

Jamie had a reputation for extreme piety, and was on his way to the kirk when he was hailed by a friend, who inquired, "What be you askin' for yon heifer of yours?" "Four pounds," returned Jamie. "I'll tak' it at that," said his friend, "though I never thocht you'd do business on the Sawbath." "Business!" exclaimed the other. "Man, sellin' a heifer like yon at fewer pounds isn't business. It's just charity."

Table-tipping Phenomenon.—The old farmer had come into Blackpool to see the King. He had the true Lancashire dread of being "done" (says the "Manchester Guardian"), and besought a friend to recommend him a cheap and reliable restaurant. This was not difficult. A few hours later the friend met the old man. "Well, how did you get on?" "Man, I'd a grand dinner for tennence, and I found tuppence on the tablecloth."

Having lived in the reign of six British Sovereigns, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott Pickup, the oldest pioneer of Durham County, passed away in Toronto last night in her ninety-ninth year. Mrs. Pickup was born in Donegal, Ireland, in 1815, during the latter part of the reign of George III. She came to Canada in 1841, taking eleven weeks to cross the ocean in one of the primitive sailing vessels of that day. She enjoyed the use of all her faculties until the end.

We regret exceedingly to report that a cable from China announces the death on Sunday, August 3rd, of the little son of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Taylor, Shanghai. This is a hard blow after the loss of their little Margaret a few short months ago. Eric was five years of age, and was the only child left to them. With our readers, we pray that God may comfort the bereaved parents. Mrs. Taylor's friends are very anxious about her, as she stated in her last letter from China that she "was far from being well."

A party of 100 carefully-selected girls for domestic service in New Zealand, who are granted greatly reduced passages, will leave by the SS. Corinthic from London on the 11th September. Work at good wages awaits them on arrival in New Zealand, and, despite the fact that large

numbers of girls have taken advantage of the Government assisted passages during recent years, there is constant demand in the Dominion for competent domestic servants, and recently a number were engaged by wireless telegraphy before the steamer on which they were travelling reached Wellington, the capital of New Zealand.

"To swear like a bargee" is a synonym in England for the limit in cursing. Sixty-seven bargemen who navigate the waterway connecting Sittingbourne with the River Medway mean to remove this reproach and have formed themselves into a brotherhood for this purpose. They are pledged to say prayers every day, to attend Divine service once every Sunday, and to "endeavour" not to swear. The bargemen say they can fulfil the first two promises with comparative ease, but will not venture beyond "endeavour" in regard to the third one. One of them said:—"It will take a bit of getting used to it, like changing your language all of a sudden. Still, we are trying, but some of the boys hardly dare to open their mouths."

A young housekeeper, if her cook is stupid, her nurse idle, her maid more given to flirtation than to household duties, sighs for the model servant of the good old times. But did "the good old times" ever exist historically, or do they only live in dreams and ballads? Charles Dickens tells of the appalling stupidity of London kitchens. Sir Walter Scott mentions a genius who, fearing that all his master's bees would desert the hive, plastered the openings and suffocated all the inmates. Samuel Breck has gruesome accounts of burglars, highwaymen, pirates, and murderers among the convicts sent over from England before the Revolution. Daniel Defoe's picture of extravagance, carelessness, rascality, and all that is undesirable among servants is a classic. Jonathan Swift's "Directions to Servants" seem to forestall every story of negligence, or wastefulness, or dirtiness the present generation has heard.—The Living Church.

A Blind Girl's Wonderful Memory.—The manner in which some people who are suffering from an affliction overcome the disabilities under which they labour has been well exemplified in the case of a blind girl (Miss Mabel Green) which is recounted in the Daily Mail. For some two years Miss Green has been memorizing the sermons she hears Sunday by Sunday, and her feats in this direction are really marvellous. Recently, the Vicar of Christ Church, Brixton, was preaching at All Souls', Langham-place, and when a report of the sermon was wanted after the service, it was found that no one had taken a shorthand note. Miss Green, however, came to the rescue. She went home, repeating all that she had heard, and the next day she produced the whole sermon neatly typed, and complete even to the details of all the Scriptural references. When the preacher saw the reproduction of his sermon he expressed his amazement at the correctness of thought and expression in Miss Green's work.

The Commonwealth Director of Fisheries has been conducting systematic searches along the Australian coast for profitable fishing grounds, and on his recent return was most enthusiastic concerning the possibilities of the fishing industry in Australia, for he had established that fish existed in large quantities over an area four times as large as he had at first anticipated. "We worked nearly all the time in 200 fathoms," said Mr. Dannevig, "and we did not touch grounds previously explored. We developed a new area with the object of

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showing the extent of the fish-carrying waters. The area for commercial purposes has consequently been enlarged to three or four times what we first expected it to be. There is enough fish on the grounds to feed the whole of the population of Australia. I compute that we are in possession of 3,000 square miles of fish-carrying grounds that could be relied upon at all times of the year. The minimum catch of a properly equipped trawler should be 1½ tons a day, and the maximum two or three times that quantity. The fishing-ground is equivalent to, or better for Australia, than the North Sea is for England." Mr. Dannevig stated that putting the maximum expenses of a fortnight's trip at £200, there would be a profit after taking everything into consideration of £150, and it is possible to fish all the year round.

The Toronto Bible College opens its twentieth session on September 16th with prospects for the best year in its history. The results of last year were most encouraging, showing an enrollment of over 300 students, with a graduating class of 31. These represented twelve different denominations, and have gone forth to varied fields of Christian service, both at home and on the foreign fields. In addition to the regular faculty of five instructors, Prof. W. H. Griffith Thomas will continue to lecture on Biblical Interpretation. A course of medical lectures will be given for those intending to serve on the foreign field. Catalogue will be sent on application.

Boys and Girls

DAD'S HOUSE, "HUMPIE."

A Scottish father has gone to Australia to make a home for his wife and four little girls. He wrote a long letter to the two eldest to interest them in their future country. It was thought to be so good as to be published in the "Weekly Scotsman," from which we extract the portions which we think will please our own boys and girls:—

A LETTER FROM FATHER.

The following letter from a father in Australia to his children at home in Edinburgh, has been sent to us for publication, in the hope that it may be interesting to "The Young Folks":—

My Dear R— and J—, I know you will like to get a letter to yourselves from your dad, as it will show you that your dad often thinks of his girlies, and wee Helen and May, too. You will think dad's house has a funny name, "Humpie"—it will make you think of Humpty-Dumpty, who had a great fall, won't it?

Well, I will tell you of some of the animals and insects that are in Australia, and which your dad has seen. Of course, you know there are cats and dogs, and hens, and rabbits here just the same as at Colinton, and I told you about the horses, too, didn't I? in my last letter, and about the postman, and butcher, and baker, and even the milkman; all bringing things on horseback; in fact, almost half the people here have horses. Well, do you know what parrots are like? I wonder—perhaps you have seen one in a cage in Edinburgh. Well, here in Australia, the parrots fly about in the woods, and when there are two

or three together they make an awful chattering noise. If any of them get caught they are taught to say all sorts of funny things. Then there are lots of magpies here, and some of these are caught, too, and taught to speak and whistle.

One Sunday some few weeks ago I went up to the paper shop to get a newspaper—and as the front door was shut I went round to the back door, when I heard someone as I thought whistle, "Up in the mornin' no for me, up in the mornin' early." I looked all round and couldn't see anybody, but I saw a black and white magpie standing on a heap of wood, and as I was looking at it, it started and whistled the same tune over again. The paper man told me that it was almost as good as a watch-dog to him, as it always whistled that tune when any stranger came into the yard, but

caught in the joiner's shop at the mine just a day or two ago. Then there are lizards. I have seen hundreds of them. They are quite harmless, and sometimes come inside the "Humpie;" in fact, one was lying on a pair of my socks a day or two ago. They have a mouth just like a frog and a long body and long tail. They are useful because they eat up small insects, such as ants and flies and mosquitoes.

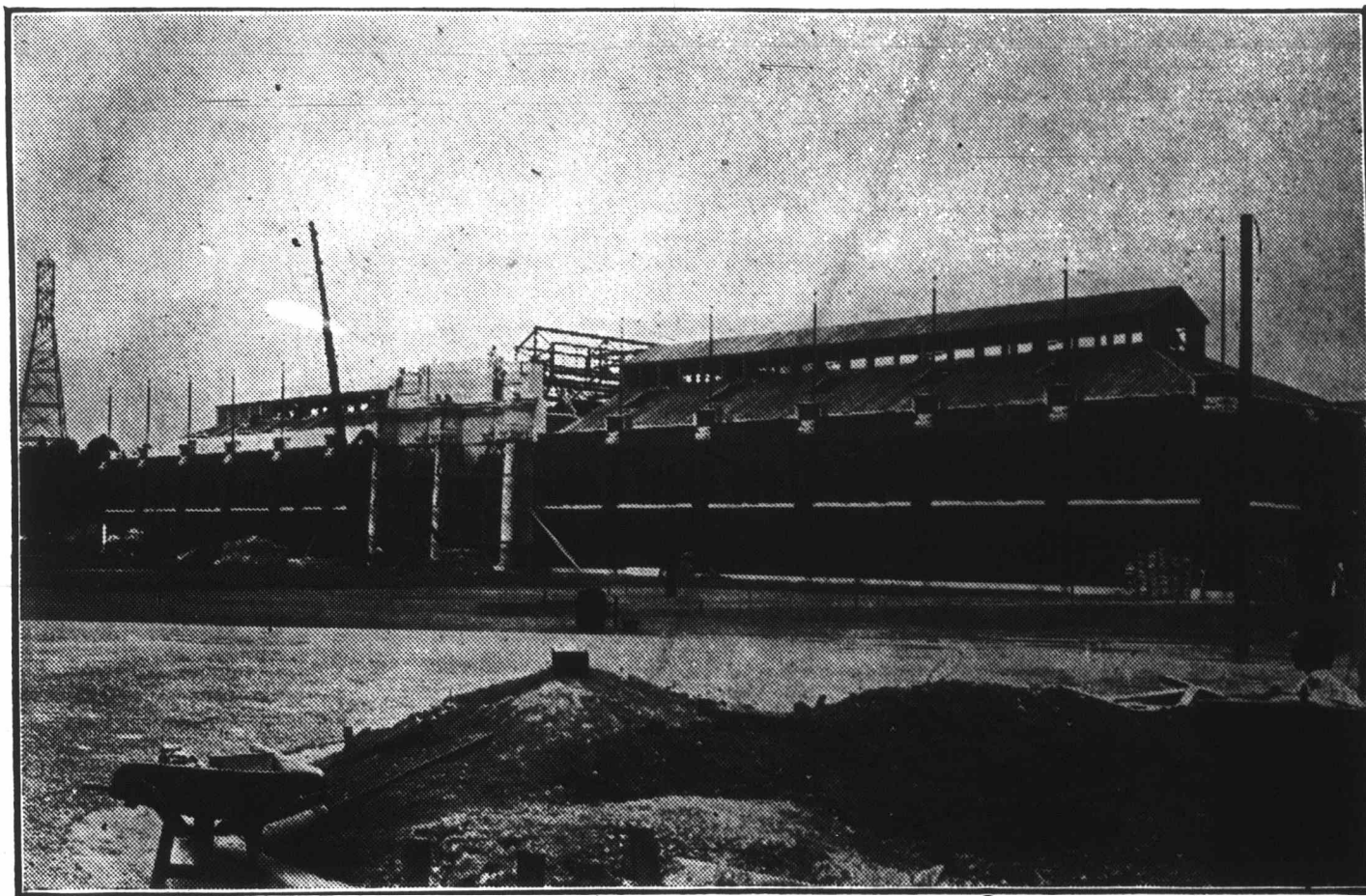
The ants are a great nuisance, as they get into our milk and sugar and all over our meat, unless we are very careful. They are so very clever, these wee ants. In the morning they are sent out scouting to look for food, and some go one way and others go another. Well, one may find its way on to the shelf where we keep our sugar, and it will smell the sugar, and if there is only a tiny hole in

I see a whole string of ants, some going to the sugar tin for more and others coming back with their bundles, and when I open the lid of the sugar tin—oh, my!—sometimes there are hundreds inside.

Now I could tell you more about other animals here, such as kangaroos, wallabys, native bears—they are little bigger than your Teddy bear, and I am told they make good pets—bandycoots, opossums, locusts, and lots of others, but it is time dad was in bed, so I will tell you about them some other time when I write another letter to you.

I am sure you would like to be here just now, for it is so nice and warm; no snow here, but warm, sunny days, so that if we were near the sea you could play on the sands and wade in the sea almost all the year round. I

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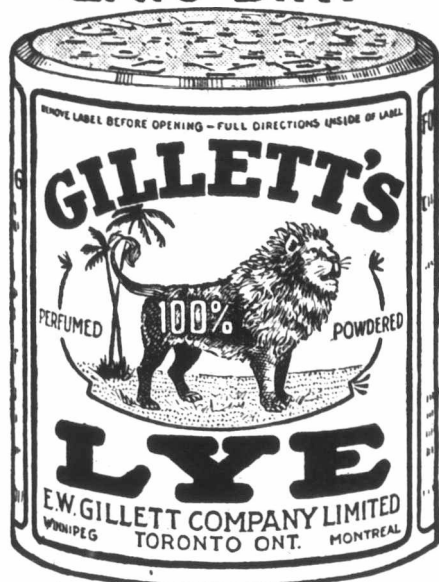
never when one of themselves went out and in. It used to fly about in the woods, but is now quite a tame pet.

Then there are the laughing jacks. I'm sure if you heard them laughing you would laugh, too, for they make a noise just like a number of people screeching with laughter. You would think it a funny thing, wouldn't you? to hear birds laughing? Then there are such lovely big butterflies here—great big ones, bigger than a man's hand, and oh! their wings are just like beautiful shades of velvet with coloured spots and bars. Then there are snakes here, too, but nobody likes them, as they sometimes sting you. I have seen two or three small ones, but sometimes long ones are caught, too, and one as long as a man was

the tin it will get inside and come out again carrying one tiny grain of sugar. Then it will run as fast as it can along the shelf, then on to the wall, down to the floor, and away down to its house in the bricks at the fireside. When it gets there, all the ants inside say, "Hullo, here's a good thing. Why, it's sugar; where did you get it?" and the other ant will say, "Follow me; I know where there's a good thing on," and so they all follow the ant in a line—all the uncles and aunts, cousins, brothers and sisters, and there are a great lot of them—and one by one they go inside, and each one carries a grain of sugar back to the place where they all live, and I expect they put it in the larder, if they have one. So it sometimes happens when I get back after my work

am going to send that big ship over for you as soon as I can, but I will have to make and save up a lot of pennies first, as the captain of the ship will not bring you here unless I have a lot of money to give him, so I am working hard to make enough money, and then won't it be fine when you all come to dad in Australia, and he will be waiting for you and have a nice house, and then you will see for yourselves some of the animals and things I have been writing about. Now, good-night, my dear, dear girlies; I'm sure you are good to mother, are you? and you do what mother asks you? I don't think you will be cross, cry-girlies, for they are not nice; so I'm sure you will always try and be good.—From your loving Dad.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



NAMING THE BABY.

Did you ever try to think of a name for a tiny little baby. It was hard work because no name seemed half as nice as baby, and you were so afraid it would not suit when the baby grew to be big.

Many people of foreign countries have a regular way to select the baby's name, and perhaps it saves some worry.

A Hindu baby is named when twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother. In that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child.

In the Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles. To each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that turns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The children of the Ainu, a people living in northern Japan, do not

JAPANESE FIREWORKS.

They come on at three o'clock every afternoon at the Canadian National Exhibition, and they never fail to start a craning of necks all over the grounds. The youngsters go wild with delight as they scramble for those tissue paper figures that float gently down from the exploding balls high above the banners and towers of the Exhibition City.

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receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards to be called.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three, Number Four, and so on, according to their birth.

In Russia when a baby is baptized, the priest shaves the top of the baby's head in the form of a cross. The godfather gathers the soft downy hair together and mixes it with drippings from a candle into a tiny ball. This is dropped in the baptismal font, and, if it sinks, the parents believe the baby will die within a year; if it floats, everyone is happy.—*Union Gospel News.*



ELEPHANT V. ALLIGATOR.

Mr. Dan Crawford, the missionary, who has followed up Dr. Livingstone's work in Central Africa, and has returned to civilization after an absence of over twenty years in the Dark Continent, has published a book of experiences in which he describes many remarkable and thrilling incidents. He tells, for instance, of a fight he once witnessed between an elephant and a crocodile. "The elephant," says Mr. Crawford, "came down in the tropical effulgence of moonlight to bathe in the fen-marshes, their gleeful splashing quite lively. Timid, little baby calves shrinking on the edge, and refusing to plunge, the mother coming up and squirting a shower-bath as their share in the fun. Comical little rogues these, standing about four feet high, skin falling in little folds, and far too big for them. There they are, looking exactly like a dozen youngsters wearing the coats and trousers of their elder brothers. This submerged marsh, however, be it noted, is alive with 'crocs,' and these reptiles quite coolly commence to nip poor Jumbo's toes, forgetful of the fact that Jumbo's trunk is Jumbo's glory. At any rate, Nemesis falls like a bolt from the blue, for, smacking like a long whip, down comes that elephant's trunk, twisting round the crocodile's tail, and—tableau! With one half-shriek, half-squeak, the long, greenish-yellow 'croc.' is seen flying over the marsh—flop! splash! thirty yards off. That deft, tight grip of the tusker took off the huge reptile's tail, and the way, in the moonlight, he waved it theatrically aloft, like the figure-of-eight smack of a whip, doubtless made that crocodile unto the third and fourth generation resolve never again to meddle with an elephant's toes."

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TEDDY BOY'S RESCUE

By Barbara Yechton.

Before Teddy went to grandpa's farm in the country for a holiday, and before grandma had invited Johnnie, the sick boy on the roof—across the yard from Teddy's house—to go, too, something happened that I must tell you about.

As Teddy always said, 'twas Suki that started it—late in the afternoon.

"Ef that grocer ain't done forgot them oranges!" she said. "Teddy, honey, you run roun' an' tell 'im to send 'em this very minute! Now run—like a good boy!"

There was to be company to dinner. The lady was in the parlor, now, with mother. And her husband was coming home with daddy, so Teddy knew the case was urgent.

"All right!" he said, and went on the errand.

As it happened, the grocer had just

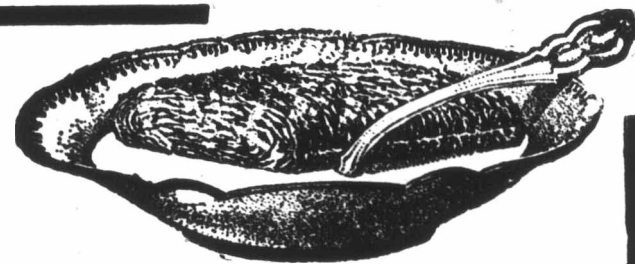
sent his boy round with the missing fruit. So Teddy walked leisurely homeward. Being dressed for dinner, he knew he need not hurry. If it hadn't been so late—after six—he would have stopped to see his friend, Johnnie Byrnes, who could not walk, and had to lie on the roof of his house in the sunshine every fine day. Teddy had given him a canary; and together the boys had made up a set of signals—a "code" they called it—by which they sent messages across the yards to one another. And once the "code" had been of great service to Teddy and his family.

Johnnie's big brother Tim, whom Teddy had never met, always came home about six o'clock, and took Johnnie downstairs for the night. So Teddy concluded he would not call in there just then. If grandma would only ask Johnnie to go to the farm for a little visit, thought Teddy, as he walked along, what a perfectly jolly time they two would have together—

"Hullo! What's that?" exclaimed Teddy, suddenly.

Across the open lot on his left came a crowd of boys. Over and around

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the heaps of mortar, sand, and builders' material they came—helter-skelter—beating old tin pans, whacking sticks upon the ground, shouting and yelling at the top of their lungs. They were chasing something—a little gray and white furry something, with wild eyes and a stiff, erect tail.

"Why—it's Mrs. Baker's Tabby—from next door!" shouted Teddy, in astonishment.

He was in pussy's direct path. And with a fierce "Ps-s-st!"—unable to stop herself in her wild flight—Tabby landed on Teddy's chest, almost knocking him over. Instantly his arms closed round her, and he dashed away with her toward his home.

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"So, Tabby, old girl! So—so!" he soothed her as he raced along. And though, in her fright, poor pussy did not recognize a friend's voice, she was so utterly exhausted that Teddy managed to keep his hold of her.

The way his small heels flew along that avenue and through the side street that led to his home! And the way those other boys tore after him—yelling, hooting, throwing rotten vegetables and sticks at the little figure ahead! And they were gaining on him.

"They're those rude boys Sukie talks about. 'Hoodlums,' she called them. She says—they come—round this avenue," thought Teddy, scudding along—with poor Tabby's claws sticking into his chest and arms, right through his blouse. And, I can tell you, they hurt. "But they shan't get this cat!" he declared. And on he raced.

Tabby belong to an old lady who lived in Teddy's apartment house. She was very old and delicate; and Tabby was her pet.

"They'll hurt Tabby, if they catch her!" thought Teddy; and urged on his little tired feet. A half block more, and he and the cat would be safe, for Mike, the elevator boy of his house, was almost always on the steps or in the hall. He would send those boys flying!

But, oh, how long that half block was! Teddy's feet seemed to stick to the sidewalk. And, once or twice, Tabby, frightened by the shrieks and yells behind her, almost leaped out of his arms. 'Twas all he could do to hold her and run.

A hand caught at his arm—but Teddy dodged. A bound forward—and he was on the steps of his own house.

Alas, there was no sign of Mike! "Upstairs!" shouted Teddy, and flung Tabby as far as he could through the open front door into the vestibule. And, like a flash, she was gone. But not so fortunate was Teddy.

An angry hand gripped his collar and swung him round, and slapped his face.

"Who're you, to be interferin' with our sport?" cried the big boy who had done it. And the other boys crowded around—yelling, calling names, brandishing their sticks. Everything swam before Teddy's eyes.

But our boy came of "fighting stock." Many times had grandpa shown Teddy the old sword and musket of Revolutionary days that hung in the living room at the farm.

"Don't go looking for quarrels," grandpa always said. "But if you've got to fight—fight like a man! as did those who carried those weapons long ago."

And Teddy's blood was up this afternoon—he knew he had done right in helping poor Tabby.

With all his strength—the hand on his collar was choking him, he tried to wrench himself free. His cap was gone, his blouse was torn, his face marked by the stinging blow, but—his blue eyes blazing—he looked fearlessly into the threatening faces around him.

"You're all a set of bullies—just bullies—or you'd never torment that

cat! And all pounce upon one boy!" he cried out, scornfully. And valiantly he dashed his small fists against the big boy—that held him. But what use? They only crowded the closer round him.

"Here—ye hoodlums—what mischief are ye up to?" shouted a voice, and there came Mike running out of the hall, and behind him Tommy Burton, another friend of Teddy's. "Now you've got yourselves in trouble! This boy lives in this here house, an' I know, for sure, he ain't done you anything. Won't his father make you all sorry for this, though!"

While Mike was saying this he snatched Teddy away from the big boy, and quickly he stood in front of him—though Teddy would rush out. And Tommy Burton began making fists at the crowd, which, at sight of Mike, had drawn off.

"Now, just keep easy," Mike advised Teddy and Tommy in a loud whisper. "I've rung up a p'lecceman. He'll be here in a jiffy—"

Well, if you had seen how quickly that crowd of boys took to their heels and disappeared when they heard a policeman was coming!

Teddy's mamma felt dreadfully when she saw her boy with his clothes torn, a big bump on his forehead, and an ugly red mark on his cheek. She wanted him to go to bed; and she would send for the doctor.

But Teddy begged so hard to stay up and be at the dinner; and his daddy, when he heard the whole story, said let him do it. So mother put another clean white suit on him and brushed his hair. And old Mrs. Baker sent in a message to thank Teddy for saving her cat—for Mike had told everybody about it. And she sent, also, a dish of the most delicious candied fruit you ever ate!

Now, perhaps, you think this is the end of the story. Well, it isn't. For just as they had all got to the dessert part of the dinner—which, of course, everybody likes—in came Sukie with another message.

"A boy in the hall, ma'am, wants to see Teddy," she said.

And mother said Teddy might go and see him. And when Sukie whispered something more to daddy, he, also, begged to be excused from table, and went and stood by the door, close to Teddy, though Teddy did not know he was there. Mike, too, had his elevator at that floor.

Now, who do you suppose it was that wanted to see Teddy?

Why, the very boy that had led the band of hoodlums, and struck Teddy!

He stood there, twisting his old cap in his fingers and looking so ashamed of himself that Teddy did not know what to make of it, until he spoke.

"I never knew 'twas you—till I went home. And minute Johnnie heard—'bout the cat—he says—'Tim!—'"

"You're Tim? Johnnie's brother Tim—that's so kind?" broke in Teddy, incredulously.

"Ay—I'm Tim—a hoodlum you'll never be forgivin'," cried out Tim, with a choke in his voice. "An', after all you've been an' done fer our Johnnie—I wouldn' 'a' laid a finger on you—ef ye'd taken 'for-ty cats. The poor, sick b'y jus' loves you! He's like a different child sense you come to see 'im—an' wid the 'code

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an' the c'nary! I'm sorry—I'm awful sorry I hurt you! Johnnie's cryin' fit to break 'is heart—"

Tim's voice failed. He brushed his cheek roughly with his coat sleeve.

Teddy was so perfectly astonished that he couldn't say one word. Johnnie's brother! But Tim thought he was still angry.

"See here"—he said, imploringly. "Ef 'twould do any good I'd beg yer pardon on my knees. But—I'll tell you what I will do—even fer Johnnie I ain't done that—I'll never tease no more cats—an'—an'—I'll keep away—from them hoodlums—" Again his voice broke.

Teddy sprang forward and caught Tim's hand.

"Why, Tim—that's all right!" he declared, warmly. "I couldn't keep mad with Johnnie's brother! Why—he thinks you're the nicest boy in the whole world! Of course, you and I are friends. Wait—"

He dashed into the dining-room, caught up his plate of sugar plums, and the big orange mother had given him, and, in a minute, was out in the hall again.

"Here, Tim—these are for you and Johnnie," he said, putting candy and fruit into the big boy's hands. Then he pulled Tim down and kissed him.

"Now we're friends—eh?" he asked. And Tim eagerly agreed.—From New York Churchman.

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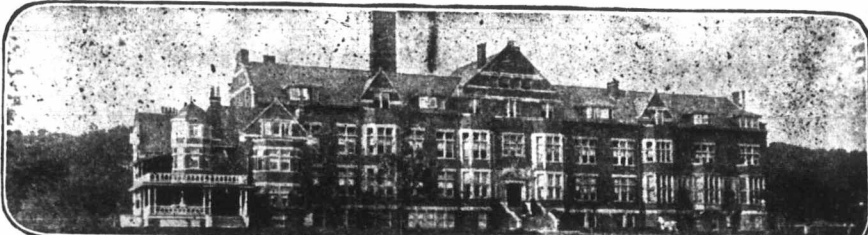
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