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How fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the sleepy fold.

—Gray.

presided, and the following officers were elected: L. Clarke, Lieut.-Gov. President, G. E. Fencier, provincial commissioner; George, Esq.; vice-president; W. Mitchell, Esq.; H. Ross, Esq.; hon. N. Lawrence, Esq., also a Provincial Executive Council member. Provincial Council appointed with great regret that absence of the names Gooderham, Noel Marshall, Mr. H. G. Hammond, secretary from the list of gentlemen have been in the movement since in Canada, and have steadily throughout the period of the war. However they have some good withdrawing, and we wish every success in tackling which have fallen shoulders of these good

of the Empire. Le Hunte, G.C.M.G., of Headquarters Boy Scouts writes that there are 200 Scouts in Jerusalem, the West Indies, Gibraltar and Calcutta Scouts did very well the time of the postal strike undertaking a campaign against malaria. In Ceylon, the curriculum in schools. In the Straits and Malaya, the movement has made great progress. In Africa, the Government supporting the movement, the Government passed laws for the protection of the movement. In China, in Shanghai, scouting is going on. In Australia, New Zealand, and the West Indies, Bermuda, splendid reports progress the Scout Movement there.

Y CRUDE. A spectator, looking out from the deck of a ship is that was the answer. "What on board?" "The r." "What means does she the interested man." "Sir!" came the smart very smart lad, and come from?" "No more questions."

IMPORTANCE. A soul was up in town from her tiny village the heart of the county the sign, "Garage" anywhere. Turning to she remarked: "My number of places this got. They're in nearly as a sort of Selfridge, UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. of Elbert Anderson the Hudson were and his uncle, the latter of whom a person the work the name of "Uncle Anderson, United States of the employees meaning, said U.S. e Sam." The joke the War of Independence carried it with the stereotyped.

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Personal and General

Rev. H. D. Raymond, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's, Charlottetown, P.E.I., is visiting in Toronto.

The Bishop of Fredericton preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, at the morning service on July 18th.

Christ Church, Lagos, is to be enlarged, with a view to its becoming the Cathedral of the diocese.

The Rev. Canon Morley and Miss Morley have left Toronto on a visit to Vancouver. They will return in September.

Dr. E. A. Dunn, the Bishop of British Honduras, preached in Southwark Cathedral, London, on the morning of July 18th.

The Ven. A. R. Rivers, M.A., has been appointed by the Bishop of Tasmania Dean of Hobart and Rector of the Cathedral parish.

The Rev. A. Maclean Ballard, for many years Rector of St. Anne's, Brockton, Toronto, died in that city on August 1st in his 85th year.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the United States will hold their annual convention in St. Louis on October 6th to 10th.

The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweeny stayed recently at Lambeth Palace with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson.

The triennial meeting of the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land, will be held in Winnipeg during October, beginning on Sunday, the 10th.

The Bishop of Ontario preached in Old Lambeth Parish Church on July 4th, and on August 8th Dr. Brent, the Bishop of Western New York, will preach therein.

The Rev. J. H. Hill, B.A., has been appointed Curate in St. Alban's, Fort Rouge, diocese of Rupert's Land, and will enter upon his duties on Sunday, the 18th.

A very impressive service of thanksgiving for the war work of the Y.M.C.A. was held lately in Westminster Abbey, at which the address was given by the Dean.

Prof. McIntyre, of Wycliffe College, is to take charge of St. Mary's, Vancouver, during August. He and Mrs. McIntyre spent a week in the Rockies en route.

Mrs. Peckham, of Toronto, the wife of the late Mr. George Peckham, died in that city on July 27th. She was a member of the congregation of Grace Church-on-the-Hill.

Dr. MacArthur, the recent Bishop-Suffragan of Southampton, is one of seven living Bishops who, at one time or another, were actively linked with St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol.

The Rev. F. W. Cobb, M.A. (Temporary C.F.), has been offered and has accepted the Rectory of Aldfold, which is a small country parish in Surrey, in the Diocese of Winchester.

The Rev. W. F. Brownlee, of St. Thomas, Ont., and the Rev. W. Watson, of Landreau, North Dakota, will spend the month of August in the city of Winnipeg, and assist in holiday supply.

The Rev. Thos. McReynolds has resigned the Indian parish of Brokenhead, diocese of Rupert's Land, and will leave the diocese at the end of the month for work in Ontario.

Rev. J. A. Robinson, M.A., B.D., Vicar of St. Philip's, Toronto, who has been News-Editor of the "Canadian Churchman" since last April, will have editorial charge of the next four issues during the absence of the Editor.

An international scheme for the restoration of Rheims Cathedral as a memorial to the allied soldiers who were killed in the war has been inaugurated with the approval of the French Government. The work will cost about £1,000,000.

Canon Jeffery, Rector of Winnipeg Beach, has completed arrangements for services in St. Bartholemew's Church during the whole season. The Rev. Percy Heywood, of St. Martin's, Winnipeg, is in charge this month.

Miss May MacLenaghan left Toronto last Sunday evening for her new field of work as matron at the Carcross Indian School. She was presented with a fur coat from the Church of the Redeemer and a life membership in the W.A., of which she has been a valued worker.

The Rev. W. C. de Pauley, B.A., B.D., Trinity College, Dublin, has been appointed to succeed Canon Murray as Professor of Systematic Theology in St. John's College, and Canon in St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg; He expects to leave Ireland in September.

Surgeon-Captain John R. Howitt, son of Canon Howitt, of Hamilton, has returned home after serving overseas for nearly six years. Capt. Howitt served most of his time in Palestine and Egypt, although for a time he was stationed in Malta. He served practically all his time with the King's Own Scottish Borderers.

The London "Daily News" announces that Dr. Rendel Harris, a noted Quaker, has discovered part of the original timbers from which the historic ship, "Mayflower," was built, in a barn at Old Jordans, Buckinghamshire. The owner of the barn at the time of the departure of the "Mayflower" is said to have owned a quarter share in the vessel.

The British Empire Club, of New York City, has elected the Rev. S. H. Prince, M.A., as president. Mr. Prince is a graduate of the University of Toronto and Wycliffe College, and was Curate at St. Paul's, Halifax, for eight years. Last year he went to New York for further study, and accepted a curacy at St. Stephen's Church, New York City.

The Regina Branch of the G.W.V.A. have expressed great appreciation of the Council for Social Service on "Canada's Provision for Returned Soldiers," and passed "a hearty vote of thanks and appreciation for the action that the Church has taken in recognizing the principles of helping to re-establish returned men."

The Department of the Interior is publishing lists of unoccupied lands for sale in the prairie and maritime provinces. These lists, as a rule, give a short description of the land, its location, the price at which it is held for sale, and the name and address of the owner. The great value of such information is that it places the intending purchaser directly in touch with those who have been unable to cultivate their holdings, and who, therefore, are often willing to sell at inviting prices.

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Back in Japan

Rev. J. COOPER ROBINSON

AFTER nearly two years' absence it is nice to be back in Japan. One is glad to return to the place where nearly half of one's life has been spent, which has been the scene of by far the greater part of one's ministerial work, and where one feels that the time which still remains to be spent in the Master's service can be most profitably employed. En route at Vancouver I had the opportunity of a visit to Stanley Park. This was particularly interesting on account of its being made on the occasion of the unveiling of a fine monument to the memory of fifty-six Canadian-Japanese soldiers who fell in France and Flanders while fighting for liberty and justice in the army of their adopted country. It is to be hoped that this monument will help to keep Canadians from forgetting that the Japanese, while still owing allegiance to their Emperor or as naturalized subjects of King George, did their part readily and bravely to win the war. One hundred and ninety-two went from British Columbia, of whom fifty-four laid down their lives with our sons and

beginning of our work. He told me that he still uses the Bible that I gave him at that time. Talks with some of the missionaries, including one from Korea, and two of the leading Japanese clergy helped me greatly to understand the present situation and what has been going on during the two years of absence from Japan. Now I am back again in the city where we made our first home in Japan in 1888, and am writing in the house where we lived for 13 years. This is not to be my home again, however, as the Bishop has appointed me to Gifu, which is the centre of a district about thirty miles long, in which my work will be done. When I can take up my residence at Gifu is at present quite uncertain as Japan, like other countries, is suffering from a shortage of dwellings, and the best I can now do is to engage a house which will be vacated about the first of October. My Japanese associates are now two less than they were when I went to Canada two years ago, and there is no immediate prospect of increase, as we have lost two theological students during that time, and have only one left at the College of Tokyo. It will thus be seen that we must constantly pray to the Lord of the harvest not only to send out more missionaries from Canada but to raise up among the Christians here men and women of spiritual power and gifts for ministry who will be able to resist the greater financial attractions of other callings and esteem the "reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures" of this world. There can be no doubt that the majority of missionaries as well as their Japanese fellow-workers have been inadequately supplied during the past two years with those things which are necessary for the satisfactory prosecution of their work. Prices have lately declined a little, and it is hoped that they will continue to fall. However, it is a great privilege to be here again, surrounded by multitudes of needy souls, many of whom are ready to hear and receive the word of life. Prayer is earnestly requested that the work now being resumed may be done entirely under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, so that it may be successful in the true sense of the word and for the glory of "our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."



FORMER HOME OF REV. J. COOPER ROBINSON, HIRASHIMA, JAPAN. BOY AND GIRL IN GARDEN.

brothers, and of those who returned one hundred and three were wounded—some of them crippled for life—while ten Military Medals were won, and several were promoted from the ranks to be non-commissioned officers. As one listened to the words of appreciation with which the monument was received on behalf of the city by a member of the City Council, and the brief but loyal and patriotic speeches by Japanese which followed, and looked around upon the quiet orderly crowd of Japanese present, mostly workmen and women, but clean and well-dressed—and when one further contemplated the fact that among the 13,000 Japanese now in Canada between 4,000 and 5,000 are Canadian citizens who are proud to have given their sons and brothers to die for Canada, one wondered how it was possible for serious-minded people to regard the Japanese as a menace to our civilization. We reached Yokohama two weeks after leaving Victoria. While in Tokyo I had a very interesting conversation with the Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, and an old friend, whom I had not seen for years, who also spent several years in the Foreign Office and participated in many important international transactions, including the peace treaty with Russia at the close of the war between Japan and that country in 1905. This man was a schoolboy when I first met him, over 30 years ago, and lived in Nagoya. He was a Christian and helped us for a while at the very

THE JAPANESE WAY. Perhaps the Japanese are no more cruel in kind than are the Christian peoples. At all events, from a recent educational report, it is learned that children are taught not to expect mercy in the hereafter if they torture dumb animals. Thus, the little fellows are taught that if they kill a cat, the animal will revenge itself for seven generations. If a boy kills a frog and watches the twitchings of its death struggles, the boy's hand will tremble when he tries to write. These precepts are inculcated not by the rod, which is left to spoil in Japan, but by moral suasion.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE

A Tale of Missionary Life

By Rev. R. W. W. ALEXANDER

THE original Rocky Mountain House was an old Hudson Bay Trading Post on the other side of the Saskatchewan River, of which nothing remains save two old chimneys and a few scattered stones. The present village, which has a population of 300, is on the east side of the river and about one mile north of where the Clearwater River unites with the Saskatchewan, the school being called Confluence in consequence. It is practically a railway town; the C.P.R. and C.N.R. have a union depot here, the C.N.R. a cache and a roundhouse. I came in here just 17 months ago, and am the first ordained Church of England minister to reside here. I set to work to explore the country for miles around, having a district of 6,000 miles to travel in. I have been able to organize three parishes, Holy Trinity, Rocky Mountain House, St. John's, Nordegg, and St. Andrew's, Beaver Flats—a "closed" mining town. Nordegg is fifty-eight miles west on the C.N.R. and consists of a mining town of 1,200 inhabitants. It is a closed town under the management of the mine owners, the Brazeau Collieries, who have their head offices in Toronto. The coal put out of these mines is steam coal of a very fine quality and almost unlimited quantity. I have about 26 Church families there, besides many single hands. I hold service there once a month. The journey up is often tedious, owing to the fact that only mixed trains are run, and also the track having been hastily built, rock-slides and washouts occur. On one occasion it took me ten hours to get there, a huge mass of rock having rolled down in front of the engine.

There will evidently be in time a succession of mines between Nordegg and Rocky Mountain House. At present there are four, a new one at Harlech, eight miles east of Nordegg, then there is Sander's Alberta and Sander's Creek, and a mine just west of these, all supplying good house coal. Little settlements are growing up round each of these, which will soon be small towns.

In the winter time, 17 miles west of here at Horburg, there are huge lumber camps, and thousands of ties are brought out for the railways; over 300 men were working there all winter. At Nordegg itself, there are small lumber camps, from which mine props are cut. Also there is a rock-crushing camp run by the C.N.R. As I endeavour to visit these camps, you can understand the amount of work I have to get through.

In addition to the three organized parishes, I have opened up nine unorganized mission points. These consist of country districts for the most part, with the exception of Eckville, a small village on the C.N.R., where I am endeavouring to build a church and have raised, with the help of my W.A., about \$300. Eckville is 34 miles from here. I have travelled 2,000 miles on horseback in the 17 months. It is the best way to get about here, owing to the large quantity of muskeg in the vicinity. My other points are: Prairie Rose, 22 miles east; Hespero, 26 east; Alhambra, 14 east; Arbutus, 10 east; Clearwater, 7 south-east; Cheddar, 22 south; Evergreen, 32 south-east; and New Hill, 40 south-east. The people in these two last-named places have had no services for five years. I often have to get off my horse and wade through the muskegs knee deep

in mud and water and take services with wet feet.

In the fall and winter I often hold lantern services on week nights in numerous places, which are well attended and enjoyed. I have held these services now during the eight winters I have been out west, sometimes driving, and also carried the outfit 1,500 miles on horseback. I am very much in need of a new acetylene lantern and slide carrier (Baird) as mine is pretty nearly worn out. This prolonged winter, with the deep snow-drifts, made it very bad to travel, but I fulfilled all my appointments with the exception of one, when the sudden thaw came. I had left this early one Saturday morning and rode 24 miles, wading my horse through floods which came up to my ankles sitting on the horse. All the culverts were washed out. I stayed the night at a farmhouse and next day rode on to Eckville. When I got within 1½ miles of the town, there was a huge flood one mile wide on the Medicine Creek. I put my horse into the water till he lost his footing and had to swim and then a man from the railway bridge under which I had to pass shouted to me that it was much worse further on, so I had to turn back and give it up, or I might have lost the horse and got drowned. I went back to a farmhouse and next day baptized five children and rode 25 miles and then home the next day.

Such is life in these western fields, varied and interesting. The Bishop has held one Confirmation here and I have baptized 81. During my eight years in the west I have ridden 20,650 miles horseback and paid 7,700 visits, baptized 500, had many confirmed, built one church at Savoy, raised much money for Red Cross and other war objects with my picture services, been out in all weathers, all temperatures and am looking forward to increased activities in this district, which I have now well in hand, as I now know all the trails and the people.

More Battlefields of the Cross.—By E. B. Trist. 3s. 6d. net, with illustrations. London, S.P.C.K.; New York, the Macmillan Co.

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WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE.

In a little book of 142 pp. published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, at \$1.25, Dr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of Toronto Public Library, has retold in interesting fashion the fascinating story of the days when Cartier, Champlain, Joliet, Marquette and those other intrepid pioneers and explorers faced the thrill and danger of a new land. The tale of the Iroquois and Huron and the heroism of the Roman Catholic missionaries is not so familiar to Canadians that it will not bear re-reading, and the life of the old seigniories of Quebec should be better known by those outside Lower Canada. The illustrations portraying incidents of Iroquois domestic life are from the Clark Memorial in the Albany Museum.

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Canadian Churchman

Thursday, August 5th, 1920.

Summer Holidays

THE PRIMATE

(From a Pastoral to Rupert's Land Diocese)

AMONG the invasions upon the sanctity of the Lord's Day, it is being growingly felt that one of the most prevalent arises from what takes place during what is known as the "Summer holidays." During that period, attendance at Church and the consequent observance of Sunday are being seriously interfered with in two ways. In the first place in this age of motor cars, the practice of devoting the day to "outings" and visiting has grown very greatly, especially in the country districts, so greatly as to become almost a menace. The result is injurious in a two-fold way from the fact that not only do those who go out on these tours absent themselves from the services of their own Church, but in many instances the persons visited are also prevented from going to Church. This, it is claimed, prevails for many weeks in the summer months if the weather is favourable, with the result that congregations are most seriously depleted during the period referred to, the work and worship of the Church impaired, and Sunday Schools are very largely dislocated. It is against the prevalence of this practice that the Synod desires me to put forth a warning word. The Church of England is a very kindly Mother and has never been too exacting in laying down for her children stringent and harsh rules in regard to reasonable pleasure or recreation. For that reason, when she speaks she ought to be heeded.

In the case before us, I do not think that the Church would condemn a motor drive on Sunday, but she would ask her people to use their cars not as a *hindrance* but as a *help* to the worship of God on His Day. In other words, let their cars be used also for God. Let them carry you and your families to the House of God to meet your Heavenly Father there either before or after you seek to enjoy the pleasures and benefits of an outing in the genial air of the pleasant country-side which he has given you. Remember Him and meet Him and speak to Him in His own house some time on His own Day before or after you go forth into the larger temple of his Presence, in field or meadow, or roadside, which are also His. That is the first I desire to stress.

Then, in the second place, there is the question of the summer resort or the camping place. These are multiplying to a great extent all over the country, and hundreds and even thousands

of our people spend either the whole summer season in them or visit them every week-end. Holidays and change are refreshing and are a blessing, but why should the word "holiday" depart so far from its original meaning of "holy day." The practice of taking a holiday from Church-going during the period of rest and change is not good either for ourselves or those



who are influenced by our example. It is not good for ourselves, for it means the suspension and the loss of Church privileges for too long a time to be healthy for our spiritual lives. Then, again, the effect is not wholesome in the case of our children, who are thus induced to associate Church-going with the *work* of life and the absence of it with the *leisure* and *pleasure* of life. Most undoubtedly, this will react upon them

eventually in their attitude towards religion. Moreover the example, to say the least, is not helpful to the residents who live at the place of our temporary resort. When they see persons who, at home, are recognized as good Church people absenting themselves on the Lord's Day from the local Church, they feel justified in going and doing likewise. What I ask, therefore, in all earnestness is, that for the reasons I have given, we should, in the language of the prophet, "consider our ways" in the matter of our vacations and our summer holidays. If there is a Church within reach, let us "not forsake the assembling of ourselves together" in it on the Lord's Day. I know the difficulties which are often in the way, especially when the Camp has week-end visitors. It may call for a sacrifice, but the day will come when we shall realize that it was worthy of a sacrifice. If there is no Church within convenient distance, let us arrange at some period of the Lord's Day for meeting together and having Morning or Evening Prayer said by someone. Our Anglican Book of Common Prayer is an invaluable possession and supplies a ready means, no matter where we are, not only of communing with God, but of enjoying "The communion of Saints" at the same time when our fellow Church people elsewhere are using the same words.

THE CANVAS OF LIFE.

The soul of man is a picture gallery, more wonderful than any structure of steel or stone, of brush or stencil, ever dreamed of by man. Each individual is a master-painter whose canvases are the product of his faith, his hope, his conviction, his philosophy, his imagination. They are the imperishable output of his observation, his reading, his study, his meditation in quiet hours, the things that have impressed him, the thoughts that have illumined his brain, that have limned themselves in memory amid his world-activities. They are all there, traced by the tireless hand which he himself has wielded. By favour or disfavour, through good impressions or evil, the canvases grow beneath his unwearied touch. They are pictures of love, of hate, of conviction, of prejudice, yet traced upon those inner walls where only his own eyes see them, when the gallery is locked, until by look, word, sign or gesture, some door is thrown ajar.

The portrayals may represent truth or falsehood, right or wrong, yet they are the revelation of his artist soul, and he stands resolutely by the product of his thought. He forms his conviction of an individual. His vision may be blurred; his lens may be faulty; his camera out of focus. No matter. The picture goes. He stands by his work. The lines may be faulty, the colours out of harmony. He has taken the sketch himself and he knows it is right, and so it hangs there, the product of his own conviction.

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Around the World

By the Educational Secretary M.S.C.C.

PROGRESS ON NEW HOSPITAL IN CHINA.

THE first block of buildings in connection with the new St. Paul's Hospital, Kweiteh, China, are now completed. These comprise the Outpatients' Building in the centre, and wards for men and women on either side. We are indebted to Miss Frances Jones for these first photographs of this portion of the new hospital. Miss Jones writes:—

"The photograph is taken from the top of the fence (I sat on the small roof to get it). It shows corner of roof of women's ward; main hall entrance, with women's registering wicket; men's ward and a mere corner of the gate house roof corner. The barrow has some plants and vegetables for transplanting on hospital grounds. In distance is compound wall and 'Mud Wall.' Women's entrance is almost hidden by outside pillars of porch.

"The section of hospital already completed is only the outpatients' department and is quite close to the road. It is at east side, leaving larger part of compound at back (west) north and south for the main buildings which have not yet been commenced. The road is a big public one leading directly from the city, north gate to the railway station, five miles north. Just at the north, across the road from Dr. Chen's house and just beyond the scope of this snap, is a temple with many gods, which was used by the carpenters for preparing the wood-work used in the hospital. We would like very much to buy the fields seen in the picture with crops growing, as we need more room for residences, and in all probability a Chinese village will spring up just outside our gates, with its accompanying disadvantages (from our standpoint) to the patients: i.e., they will be able to get all kinds of things to eat, whether ordered by doctor or not, and can run great risks of getting bandages loosened and wounds infected. The crop is 'Kaoliang' a kind of corn, growing 10 to 15 feet high."

FORWARD MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.

How the Forward Movement gave an impetus to the work of the Church in Japan, resulting in a Forward Movement which has for its aim the virtual doubling of every avenue of Church life, is told in a letter from the Rt. Rev. H. St. George Tucker, Bishop of Kyoto:—

"We are just beginning a campaign in this district," writes Bishop Tucker. "It is somewhat different, of course, from the effort at home, but its basic principle is so nearly the same that I feel that the literature explaining the motives and the methods of the movement in America will be of very great assistance.

"About two weeks ago we had a mass meeting of the laymen of the district. They finally resolved upon two definite objectives—first, to take ten churches in the district, and for a period of three years to do intensive evangelistic work in them with the purpose of bringing them up to the point of self-support, by the end of that term. The second was to begin a movement to double everything in the district; that is to say, each communicant is to be canvassed with the idea of having him lead one other person into the Church; the attendance at services to be doubled, and everything else in the same way. A central executive committee was formed and contributions towards the expenses of the movement and \$225.00 was collected at the meeting."

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is the rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

H. W. BEECHER.

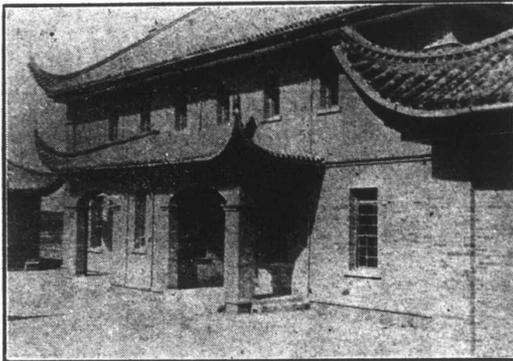
What Men Are Saying

"The idea of human progress which for more than a hundred years has been an accepted law is a delusion. Eighteen hundred years ago Pliny wrote: 'We must firmly trust that the ages go on continually improving.' This is the superstition of the nineteenth century."

DEAN INGE.

* * * * *

"There never was a time when we stood more in need of the united action and endeavour of all men in the land, who believe. We are suffering, like every other nation, from a wave of materialism which is a reaction from the idealism of the great sacrifice, or in the alternative a wave of indifference, which is the result of exhaustion. Nothing can rouse the people under these conditions except the appeal of religion, and our energies, instead of being devoted to conflict with one another, should be concentrated upon this one great purpose. In this endeavour the Welsh Church will be better equipped than



ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL, KWEITEH, CHINA.

ever to take its share. From the bottom of my heart I wish it God-speed in its great task."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

At the time of the enthronement of the Archbishop of Wales.

* * * * *

A correspondent in the Westminster Gazette replying to statements by Mr. Clynes and Mr. J. H. Thomas, concerning privileges of the working classes—asks, 'Can Labour since the day of privilege and prosperity dawned, point to any existence in which it has held out a helping hand to any class but its own?' We shall look forward with interest to an answer to this pertinent enquiry, not out of any wish to see our Labour friends discomfited, but in the hope that it may take some practical form in repudiation of the charge of class selfishness.

THE CHURCH TIMES.

* * * * *

"I break no confidence when I say that we are convinced that the Church of England is a totally inadequate name for our communion. The Church can no longer be considered as something interpreted in terms of the Elizabethan Settlement or the Thirty-Nine articles, we have to interpret afresh the Catholic Faith embodied in Creed, discipline and life. The time has passed for appealing either to the letter of tradition or to formularies. We must get behind the letter to the inner spirit. No one of the living issues of to-day can be solved by the letter of anything. For the solution of our problems we require the living mind of the Church interpreting in the light of the teaching of our Lord its duty. . . . We have to carry with us the great inheritance of Catholicism. Love for the Church must possess us. Our love has been in the past, too local or personal. The Church of England must forget itself for the cause of carrying the Father's love throughout the world."

BISHOP NEVILLE TALBOT, OF PRETORIA.

W. F.

The White Comrade in Industry

By "WOODBINE WILLIE"
Rev. G. A. STUDDART-KENNEDY
M.C. Chaplain to H.M. The King.

THE great need, if the new world is to be built, is to discover a new motive for production. There is no question about the fact that the great bulk of the world's work up to now has been done from motives of self-interest mainly. The hope of personal gain has spurred men on to labour, and to continue labouring under strain. Men knew that either they must work, and work their hardest, or go under in the fierce competitive struggle for existence. If they shirked or scamped their work, there were thousands of others ready to take their job and carry on. The results of this struggle have been so disastrous in many ways, it has led to so much cruelty and degradation, to such vicious extremes of riches and poverty, to so many wars and revolutions, and such senseless shedding of man's blood, that almost all men with any sense want to see the naked brutality of the struggle abolished, and to find a basis for the industrial life of the peoples of the world, which is more human, more kindly, and less wasteful. The only people who don't want to find some better way are those who are either destitute of sympathy and imagination or crassly selfish through worship of money.

It is absurdly contrary to actual fact to divide the world into two classes—Capitalists and Workers—and say that all men possessed of capital desire to maintain the old competitive struggle, and all workers desire the new basis. You have to get so soused in Marxian Socialism that you can't see straight before you can talk like that. Thousands of those who most earnestly desire a new basis of industry are to be found in the so-called upper classes—but the rock upon which all our hopes and dreams come to grief is the need of a new motive for production. The clearest thinkers all see that until this new motive is found, there is no hope of running industry on really co-operative lines.

The Socialist tells us that when men know that they are working, not for the private profit of the few, but for the common good of the many, that they will work their hardest, and keep on working under strain, from a sense of their duty to the community. But will they? The community is a very vague and abstract idea to most men, pure public spirit is not common, nor is it easy to see how it can be made well-nigh universal, as it must be if the world's work is to be done on it, and universal with an intensity and reality equal to the common and natural motive of self-interest. Before that can happen, a tremendous enthusiasm for humanity must be aroused and maintained. The love of their fellow-men, of their city, of their nation, and of their world must be a living, burning reality to all men. How can these things be? The world of men is so huge, its extent so vast, that it is intensely hard to work up enthusiasm for it; and, moreover, the world of men is full of facts which damp and dull any enthusiasm we may manage to arouse within ourselves. Men are so selfish, careless, stupid, and so quarrelsome. Are they worth working for? Why should I work for them? How can I love them? How can a man at a lathe put his best into his work out of pure love of humanity?

Well, there is a way by which humanity can come close, very close, closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. There is a way by which all the world of men can wind its way into your heart, and that way is Christ. When you learn to see in Him—Christ crucified—humanity as it is, with a wounded body and pierced hands and feet—and also humanity as it shall be, deathless, perfect and victorious, when the Great White Comrade really comes and stands by a workman's lathe or a writer's desk, the problem of the motive for production is solved. Christ sums up and brings close all mankind, and, more

(Concluded at foot of page 507.)

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A Chinese Schoolmaster's Tale

DR. CHANG PO LING

[A striking result of Association work and Christian Missions has recently come to light in the remarkable conversion to Christianity of Dr. Chang Po Ling, Head of the Government Middle School in Tientsin, and one of the leading educators in North China.]

I HAVE been requested to tell you the story of my life and how I became a Christian. My father was a Confucianist and my mother was a Buddhist. China has many different religions. I was brought up in such a home. I did not hear any word about Jesus Christ until I was fourteen years old. I was then attending the old type school, not the modern schools which are now all over China. First I studied Chinese classics. When I was fifteen my father sent me to a naval college. China was an old nation. She was slow to open up intercourse with the newer, foreign nations, until a hundred years ago, when the foreign powers forced her to open her doors. She had many invasions, not only by Western powers, but by the Japanese. So the young men who thought that a man's first study was to love his country, served a certain period of time in the navy. When I was in the navy my mind changed, because I felt that it was not the fault of the foreign nations that China was invaded. The fault was our own because we have had in China no leaders to resist the invasions. A country must have men. Now China has the largest population of any country in the world, but when I say a country must have men, I mean men that are real leaders, men who are willing to do things for the people, and not for themselves. If we only have true leaders we can build up a great nation. I felt China needed men to rejuvenate it.

So I made up my mind to become a school master. I returned to my native city of Tientsin in North China and started a private school. When I started the school I had difficulty in finding the right teachers. I had to have my own old pupils who had been with me for some years to become teachers. Some Y.M.C.A. secretaries helped me a great deal to teach English and other subjects. When I got into touch with them I found they were not only qualified as teachers, but I found that they had a power which I had not got. I had a willingness to serve but not the power. I watched them very closely and I found they had this. I asked them how they got this power. If I could have this power I could utilize it to help my country; I could render far better service. So I asked them how I could get this. They told me that they were all Christians, and that this was from the teaching and life of Christ. I did not believe at that time that only Christians could have this power. Probably the teaching of Confucius had it too. So I studied again the teaching of Confucius carefully, with the object of getting this kind of power. But I could not find it in the teaching of Confucius. When a man hunts for this power and cannot find it he gets discouraged. I thought of the corruption of the Chinese officers, and of the ignorance and selfishness of the ordinary Chinese people, and I decided that the world was a very bad place because of the people in it. So at last I was made very pessimistic. I found everything dark in this world. I thought the world was hopeless. I even conceived extreme views of race extermination as a solution of the problem of human sufferings and wrong. I told my plan to some of my Association friends, but they did not seem to see it that way. They tried to help me. They told me that they had been praying for me for a long time.

At that time my father was very sick. I thought he was going to die. I was in the deepest despair. Fortunately he recovered. I had gone through all these experiences and it made me an utter pessimist. Even so, I was

doing my best to carry on my work. I had from two hundred to three hundred boys and from twenty to thirty teachers, but I never told my teachers about my difficulties or my plan of how to serve the world. I felt that if I did not have this power I could not teach it.

Mr. Robertson of the Y.M.C.A. helped me a great deal to understand Christianity. Amongst other books he gave me a book of Dr. Hyde on "Practical Idealism," and it helped me to understand Christianity. After this I accepted the teaching of Christ ethically but not spiritually. Mr. R. Gailey, another Association Secretary, told me that in order to really understand Christianity I must pray. I did not understand this. It seemed strange and unintelligible to me. I had not prayed. I had only a vague idea of God. I still found no conclusive solution to my deepest problems.

About this time, ten years ago, I was appointed by the Government of China to attend the Fisheries Congress at Washington. Before I left China I was invited to spend some days with one of my Association friends at Peitaiho, a summer resort on the seaside in North China. There I had unhurried leisure to think, and I spent hours in reading and conversation. The last evening we were all sitting on the verandah and about 9.30, before we separated, they each offered a short prayer. My friend finally said to me, "Chang, you ought to offer prayer." At that time I yielded and I gave a prayer. I said, "God give me the light and courage to help my country. If I do not know the truth, how dare I lead them?" After that we separated. When I went to bed that night I was happy. That was the turning point. Next day I told my friends I had decided to be a Christian. From that day on I noticed that my point of view was totally changed from extreme pessimism to extreme optimism. From that time God has never disappointed me. If I do not get what I want the fault is in me. If I master it rightly I can get the interpretation. After I had made my decision to become a Christian many of my pupils opposed me. They did not believe in Christianity. "Could I prove it to them geometrically?" They asked me difficult questions. "Why did not God exterminate the Devil?" "Could miracles be true?" etc.

Christianity proves that men are sinners. Christians grow, but they do not always feel that they are growing. Just like a man climbing up a tower. He always feels he is far from the top. If we compare ourselves with Christ we would feel far below him. But while we are climbing we are going up. The man who stands on the plain sees that we are growing.

Before closing let me say that in China at the present time there is a great demand to get new things from the outside world—but they think that all new things are good. There are some good things and there are some bad things, and it is at this time that China ought to be taught that in order to get the good things, she must get Christianity. "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all things will be added unto you." Once you get this idea you can enjoy the material world.

After I became a Christian I thought more than I used to, and the more I think, the more I believe in God. Faith in God is the beginning of knowledge. I believe in Him.

—The Student.

Our energies are dissipated over a hundred aims, and warring wills and scattered powers permit not the peace of Christ. We can but wait and trust His promise, and, trusting it, never relax our effort toward that peace which shall be ours when we shall have but one aim, to do the will of God.—Stopford A. Brooke.

IN MEMORIAM

REV. H. GIRLING

[E. M., of Elstow, Sask., wrote the following lines in memory of one whose work the Church in Canada can never forget.]

Brave heart and true, the fight is done,
The bar is crossed, the crown is won.
You fought for Christ 'mid perils great,
No task could make thy zeal abate;
Through storm and cold you made your way,
Through winters keen and blizzards grey,
Long Arctic trails o'er ice and snow
Repelled thee not, nor could they turn
Thee back until thy work was done.

What were thy hopes; what made thee dare
Those cruel winds, those regions bare?
Those cruel winds, those regions bare?
Was it for fame you said you'd go?
Was it for wealth? Thank God! No, no!
The Master spoke, you heard the call,
You gave your life, you ventured all.
Into the wild, the cold, the snow,
You went for Christ that all might know
There yet were men true to the core,
Who'd die for Him whose Cross you bore.

And thou art gone, and face to face
Will meet with Him who gave you grace
And strength to speak to heathen hands
Of One who died with pierced hands
For all mankind.
You ventured forth amid the snow
To speak of love that sets men free,
To tread the trail Christ blazed for thee.
Thy years were brief; thy work was great;
Who can with pen that work narrate?
We know not half; He knoweth all,
Who marketh still the sparrow's fall.
You needed rest; He called you home.

A Child's Testimony in "Pidgin English"

BY MRS. J. GOFORTH.

FOR the benefit of readers, it may be said, that "pidgin English" means business English, and is a peculiar conglomeration of correct and corrupted English, with words the origin of which no one seems to know, thrown in here and there and all spoken in Chinese idiom. The title "bishop," described in pidgin English, is: "Number one top-side talkee Heaven pidgin man."

A boy of three was saying his evening prayers at his mother's knee, the heathen amah (nurse) standing by. As the boy rose and the amah tucked him in bed she said, "Alfie, who man b'long God? (i.e., Who is God?) Every night, every morning you talkee God. Who man b'long God?"

The child replied, "Amah, God b'long all same ting hao (good) Joss-man" (a word for deity), raising his left thumb—the Chinese sign for highest, best. "He all the time stop top-side. Every day he lookee down, see you." Then turning to his older sister he said, "Margaret, you tell Amah who man b'long God. She no savee" (understand).

But the amah said, "No, no, maskee (no matter), I plenty now savee who man b'long God." —China Millions.

THE WHITE COMRADE IN INDUSTRY

(Continued from page 506.)

than that, mankind not only as it is, but as it is to be—

It seemed to me as though 'Is Face
Were millions rolled in one;
It never changed, yet always changed,
Like the sea beneath the sun.

All eyes were in 'Is eyes—all eyes,
My wife's and a million more;
And once I thought as them two eyes
Was the eyes of a London whore.

When Christ comes to a man's heart—he opens his eyes to see the whole world's sorrow, and opens his ears to hear the whole world laugh—for Christ is Redeemed Humanity—God in Man.—The Torch.

Cherry Trees and Creaking Shoes

MISS E. M. KNOX

[Some advice to School Girls from a closing address at Havergal College.]

IN the first place, cut down your cherry trees. Cherry trees are excellent in themselves, but if they overshadow your outlook and handicap your power they must go. You remember in Barrie's story when the old Minister was introducing the Little Minister into his manse, he pointed to a cherry tree outside the study window and said, "When I came into the parish twenty-five years ago, I determined to cut down that cherry tree because it darkened my windows, but I have been all the twenty-five years looking for the axe."

There are certain handicaps, quite innocent in themselves, which are hindering you in your work. One is Laura Secords. We all have a turn that way; but if Laura Secord herself had been as wholehearted a devotee of her candies as some of you are, I doubt if she would have tramped the twenty miles rapidly enough to give warning. You are, some of you, unconsciously slow over washing, unconsciously reckless over wearing light clothes, unconsciously careless ever wasting odds and ends of time. Whatever your particular cherry tree may be, spend twenty-five seconds, not twenty-five years, looking for the axe.

Secondly, take off your creaking shoes. A small child, when asked what she was most ashamed of in the world, said, "Walking up the Church with creaking shoes." Some of us ought to be ashamed of our general air of depression, our creaking minds and creaking tongues and creaking way of looking at everything. When the angel was curtailing Satan's power, Satan pleaded that one poor little sin, Depression, might be left, because it was the weakest and least of all; and as the celestial vision faded out of sight, Satan chuckled and said, "With that one least sin I have won out of all." Look cheerfully at your neighbours. You would never do a picture the injustice of looking at it in any but the best light; why should you do your friends the injustice of looking at their intentions and their work in any but the best light?

Then, thirdly, try to take Ezekiel's advice, "I sat where they sat," and be bigly generous. I do not mean so much the question of giving, for you have responded generously to the Missionary, the Armenian and Forward Movement appeals. What I mean is rather a question of the daily unselfishness of life. You give willingly of your crumbs, but at times you keep great slices of bread for yourselves. You give of your ten cents, quarters, or dollars, to an appeal, but you buy up half Toronto when you are down town and in the humour. You cannot see why, if your parents are willing, you should not spend any amount of money—upon yourselves. It is not simply giving, but understanding other people's need, and being willing at any amount of sacrifice to respond to that need.

You will understand better what I mean if you think of Dr. Hamilton, who, in days past, helped many of you elder girls in the school. His patients were so critically ill this influenza time, and the other doctors so cruelly overworked, that he kept on till he was too ill to go any further. When he knew that he was dying, he called the Superintendent of the hospital and told her to take away his nurse, saying, "You are at your wits' end for help; give my nurse to someone else's life. It is too late to save my life, she might save others." It is hard enough, if we are really ill, to change even from a day nurse to a night nurse; which of us would have been unselfish enough to part with what we desperately needed, with the one hand which could hold ours and help us across the last bend of a hard road?

But now for a word to the older girls. The most thrilling part is to know what a tale you could, one and all, tell of your experiences these

war years. There might be here and there, though I doubt it, a girl who had been so deadened by her love of pleasure that even in war time she was comparatively useless, just as at the Siege of Nanking, Li Hung Chang said there were men sufficiently under the power of opium that they slept or dreamt through all the stir and riot of battle. But such girls, if they did exist at all, are comparatively negligible.

The second, and, still more thrilling question, will be to know what line you are going to take. The war has been a schoolmaster who kept you at your tasks. But the bell has rung, the War School is out, and you are free for your life work. You must be like Cromwell's Ironsides. They fought gloriously to save England from tyranny, and instead of giving way to restlessness when the war was over, settled down into their ordinary work and did it so energetically that, if a man excelled, it was nine chances out of ten that he was an old Ironside.

I believe the same will be true of you and that—instead of letting your finer impulse dwindle into your toes and into a passion for dancing—you will make a wise and strong choice and will abide by that choice. The question is: What, and Where? That is the problem for girls all the world over.

A letter from China a day or so ago, from a Head Mistress in Shanghai of the school which has copied our *Ludemus*, green cover, pictures, advertisements and all, tells us that her girls reckon upon giving *ten years between school and marriage* to whatever they believe will tend to the best service of their country. Choose wherever you believe the need is greatest, but choose where you will not feel the handicap of sex and where you can rise to the top. You know that I think there is no profession in the world to touch teaching, and that is why I am so thankful that salaries are rising and that the profession is coming into its own at last.

Miss Cable, a Missionary from China, in addressing the girls the other day, told me that she spoke to some of you twenty years ago in Havergal, and that from her school *forty-three girls were to-day teaching some four thousand Chinese students*, and teaching them at great sacrifice, for they could command six times more salary any day if they chose to step across into a purely government school. What would I give to know that forty-three Havergal girls were taking as noble a stand and teaching at equal sacrifice some four thousand students?

But there are plenty of other royal professions in the world besides teaching. Look at our three girls in India: Audrey de Blois at the head of a school of forty boarders; Alice Hague, busy at her evangelistic work; and Annie Edgar, nursing. Annie's last letter is specially interesting, for it tells of helping a Maharajah's wife through her first confinement. You would have liked to have seen Annie riding up in state to the palace, with the fountains playing in the front and the Himalayas towering in the background. You would have liked to follow her as she made her way across the Women's court, wondering how the poor little Maharaneé, after six years in an English school, Head of the Girl Guides, Head of the Athletic Club, could have endured pacing, like a caged lion, up and down the bare yard. Picture ourselves in a yard twelve feet square, frowned down upon by balconied buildings on three sides, and shut in by a huge forbidding-looking iron fence, twelve feet high, barring out all the world and his brother. Think of never being permitted, after marriage, to step beyond those gates! But Annie had to hurry upstairs, for the poor little

(Continued on page 511.)

Wide Open Doors

"AMONG the Deep-Sea Fishers," has a most interesting account of the early days of the Medical Mission at Labrador, by DR. FREDERICK WILLWAY, Superintendent of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen. In 1892 the hospital mission ship, ALBERT, carried Dr. Grenfell on his voyage of enquiry to Newfoundland and Labrador, and in 1893, the



DR. W. T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.
Head of the Labrador Mission.

first hospital was opened at Battle Harbour. In 1894, Dr. Willway crossed with the medical staff, two nursing sisters, and two physicians. Seasickness for the first part of the voyage was followed by the excitement for meeting with never-ending fields of ice. "Once we ran full tilt into a mass with a shelving foot up which we ran, until the fore-end of the ship was several feet out of the water, and we began to lie over at an alarming angle,"—and then, fortunately, the weight of the ship broke through the half-rotten mass, and they dropped back into the sea.

At BATTLE HARBOUR, two of the party were left for the hospital there, and the other two went north to INDIAN HARBOUR, where the shell of a hospital had been built. They were soon at work on the "pill box," as it was christened, for "one patient needing a surgical operation



LIFE ON THE LABRADOR COAST.
Dr. Grenfell's Steamer in the Offing.

had already arrived, and was anxiously waiting to be admitted. One was thus brought at the very outset face to face with the tragedy and pathos of life on the lonely Labrador." She had been waiting a year for treatment, but with the comforting thought "they promised to come again," she encouraged herself, and then she heard the welcome news "the mission ship is in sight."

THE FIRST OPERATION, 1894.

"We performed our first operation, and the days following were full of anxiety, as our patient was very ill. At last the corner was turned, and we thought we could snatch a few hours' sleep. We had no bells, so I tied a line to the bed-rail, and made the other end fast to my leg, telling my patient to "ring," if anything was needed. I was soon asleep, but was presently awakened by a violent "ringing of the bell." Hurrying to my patient, I was greeted with the information, "Doctor I have had a beautiful sleep, and I thought you would want to know it!"

He described Dr. Grenfell's first visit to them, "in a crazy little boat, which he sailed himself all the way back to Battle Harbour." We discussed the future of the Labrador mission, and agreed it was just *playing* at being medical missionaries to come out from our comfortable homes for the brief summer and then say "good-bye to the two thousand people left behind to face in helpless loneliness the vigors of the arctic winter of eight months. It was a *mockery* of service to wish them well and then leave them to their fate with the empty promise of coming next year, when for many it would be too late."

"Willway, will you stop behind and work among these people, as their first and only doctor during the winter?" He stayed, and began a GOSPEL OF HOPE, which has widened from two centres for help to nearly a dozen. Hospitals, hostels, homes, institutes, stores, all speak with no uncertain voice *throughout the*



A LABRADOR SETTLEMENT.

year, of readiness to help, and in every way make known the love of God, translating it in terms of service that all could understand; ever remembering that the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

MEMORIES.

"Imagine a tiny shack by the shore, almost buried in snow; within, a family that filled to over-flowing, among the number, a boy in high fever and apparently near the point of death. The noise of dogs approaching is heard, and the father opens the door to greet a stranger,—the Mission doctor."

"Lying in his hut was an Eskimo, who four months ago had met with a terrible gun-shot wound, one of his legs being shattered. On a Sunday morning we reached him, and then—the dangers and discomforts were forgotten as we ministered to him."

"Here is a wayside house. Father and mother and numerous children all at home. The children were naked except for sacks pulled on over the head. The house was absolutely devoid of furniture."

"One of the most pathetic pictures of the past is this one. Grenfell and the writer were 'cleaning up the coast.' The last trading schooner was on the point of departure. We go to a cottage standing apart by the hillside. We enter and find an old man sitting by the fire, with folded hands and vacant look. He is blind. His brave old wife is working away at native curios. She was bright and cheery, though there was only a fortnight's food in the

Chats With Women

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES are doing things in Canada to-day. MRS. MACLACHLAN, who is secretary for the province of British Columbia, has been instrumental in starting *Saanich Health Centre*, and others are to be established throughout the rural districts of that province. The Victorian Order has a most capable representative for visiting through the district in MISS KATE MCRAE, who makes her rounds in a Ford car, and charges only 65 cents a visit, where a physician would be paid, perhaps \$15; and if there is little money, no charge is made by the nurse.

The Women's Institutes are establishing rest rooms for women workers, advocating, and in many places installing conveniences in homes and schools, and are making things "look up" generally for the people in the rural districts. The country woman is thus acquiring fresh interests in life, and hitherto unthought of outlets for self-expression. Of their meetings someone has said: "Meetings at the different Women's Institutes have a delightful informality about them; plenty of useful work with a spice of happy fun, good neighbourliness, recreation and entertainment are to be found. No wonder the circle steadily widens, and soon no village will rest content that has not its Women's Institute, with its friendly atmosphere and practical outlook."

* * * * *

British Columbia has led the Dominion in the establishment of a department of nursing in connection with the Provincial University, which includes a two-year Academic course.

Other provinces are following, and Dalhousie University will give courses in public health work, which will be open to the three maritime provinces. With all, the Red Cross Society is actively connected and is offering scholarships to those who enter for training.

* * * * *

Speaking of the Red Cross Society, and its good deeds, nowhere are they more apparent than in the military hospitals, and if you would know how they are making up for the lack of attention from the government, visit a Red Cross Lodge almost any afternoon or evening, and you will find soldiers legless, and armless, soldiers with broken backs, soldiers with faces scarred and disfigured, being looked after by earnest women who are linked up with the Red Cross, who work until late at night, for love and sympathy with those poor broken lads, who smilingly tell you, "Oh, there's nothing much the matter with me. I just had to have both legs taken off," or "It's only my back, but I'll be getting better," and when you speak of their homes, you find they hope *some time* to get away down East to Cape Breton, or out West, or perhaps to their home only a short way off, but it is the hopeless indefiniteness that strikes you as you listen. When you ask about their families or if they are married, you may expect to hear them say: "Well, who would marry me? Anyway, if I could find a girl fool enough to marry me, she would have to go out washing and scrubbing, for we wouldn't have enough to get along on, for I'm no good now." Yes, that is quite true, their whole living would not furnish

house, and eight months lay between them and the next supplies." The trader was still at anchor, and that problem was solved.

Can anyone say that the doors in this lonely post are not *Wide Open* for consecrated medical missionaries? There is no need to hang around the cities or towns, waiting for a first patient, while such urgent calls are coming.

pin money for the young scions of our parliamentarians.

We are glad to see that our Church is alive to the indifference of the country, and of the inadequate return to the lads who hesitated not to risk their own lives, and thus saved the stay-at-home's.

The Church Social Service bulletin says: "There is not the slightest doubt that many men who were fortunate enough to escape disablement suffered greatly in their prospects because of their patriotic action in enlisting. Businesses were given up in some cases, which it is well-nigh impossible to start again. Chances of partnership were lost. Situations were left, which are not now open. Young doctors and lawyers abandoned their practices, which they find very hard to gather together again. Students, both at universities and in industrial schools, gave up their studies to enroll themselves, and unless they did so under the age of eighteen, find themselves now in the position of not only having lost very valuable years, but in many cases of being without the necessary means to continue their interrupted studies. The men came back to find on the one hand much higher taxation than when they left, and the price of living enormously increased; on the other hand, a wide-spread evidence of prosperity and luxurious living, apparently a result of conditions at home which had arisen during their absence at the front, and in which they had no share, although they have to meet the increased cost of living like the rest. They are of opinion that the efforts to recover the ill-gotten gains of the 'Profitier' are not pushed with sufficient vigour, and that in any case those who, without any charge of profiteering being brought against them, have largely increased their wealth owing to war conditions are not by any means contributing enough of their gains to the state. Many, too, put forward as a reason that their claims should be specially considered, the fact that for years they only received \$1.10 a day, while their fellow-workmen who did not go to the front were receiving four, five, or in some cases ten times that amount."

While the Church cannot relieve the situation, it can suggest, and as the pamphlet states "*try to secure from the people at large, a thoroughly sympathetic attitude with those who have borne a burden and suffered a loss which can never be repaid them. No request at all within the bounds of reason ought to be summarily dismissed, but listened to and given the most patient inquiry. By every means it can, the Church should prevent forgetfulness, not only of those who gave all, or of those who returned disabled, but also of the large numbers who have returned physically safe indeed, but with largely diminished prospects in life.*"

Too often we hear hard-hearted criticisms such as: "Too bad young So and So is not getting ahead more." And then they proceed to praise up someone who had played safe, and managed to keep a good job, or who had gone on with his university course, and was ready to enter on his professional training, while many of those who had won on the battlefield, the M.C., or M.M., or D.C.M., returned to College only to find themselves with a class of youngsters who looked upon them as "stales," so that more than one threw up his course, determined to hunt around for employment.

Why do not the many Churches take down those Honour Rolls which occupy a proud place in the church, draped in the Union Jack, and go over the names, one by one, and follow up their story, see where they are, what they are doing, and not stop until each lad has been given a square deal. The *Men's Associations* are strong enough to do something worth while for the boys who kept their homes and honour safe.

JEANNE ACADIENNE.

On Doors

"Fishers," has a most of the early days of ion at Labrador, by Superintendent of the Deep-Sea Fishermen. Mission ship, ALBERT, voyage of enquiry to lor, and in 1898, the



ELL, C.M.G. dor Mission.

Battle Harbour. In with the medical staff, wo physicians. Sea of the voyage was it for meeting with "Once we ran full till ing foot up which we the ship was several we began to lie over nd then, fortunately, ke through the half- ed back into the sea. o of the party were , and the other two BUR, where the shell it. They were soon as it was christened, a surgical operation



COAST. the Offing.

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Pearl's Sacrifice

A STORY OF THE W.A. EDUCATIONAL WORK
By Mrs. C. CAMERON WALLER

PEARL DAVIS sat on the narrow verandah of the little frame house in the midst of tumbled garments, more or less suggestive of the approaching summer. Her young face was puckered into an expression of disappointment and disgust, as she ripped seams and measured sleeves, till letting the whole mass drop to her feet, she turned and spoke through the window at her side. "It's no use Mother. I simply cannot wear these things again, they are miles too short and too tight. They will have to go to Hazel."

Mrs. Davis came slowly out on to the verandah and took up the garments one by one, scrutinizing them carefully.

"What will you have to wear then, Pearl?" she asked.

"If I may get some white chambray I will run up a couple of blouses from that old pattern and wear them with my winter skirt. I don't see what else," said Pearl hopelessly.

"It will be rather warm," said Mrs. Davis, who was deficient in tact.

"Of course it will be warm, but I am sure we can't afford anything new," said Pearl. "Bert needs new things, even more than I do. I do wish," she added as she picked up the disappointing dresses, "that some of those W.A. ladies would decide at last to give me a grant for school, and send me a real new outfit, wouldn't it be lovely, Mother?"

"Yes, dear, it would, but I have lost all hopes of either one or other," sighed Mrs. Davis.

"You did send in my name, Mother?"

"Yes dear, three years ago, and Hazel's last year. But there must be a great many missionaries who need help to educate their children. Why, some among the people we know. Look at the Kings, three children ready for High School, and six hundred a year! Look at Lilian Wilson—such a clever girl—"

Lilian says she has absolutely no hope of going to High School and being a teacher now, Mother, and she is going to Edmonton to learn dress-making."

"Dear me. Well I'm sorry. Their mother and I were in the same year at College. She did her best for Lilian, but with all those little children—"

"Mother," said Pearl suddenly facing the elder woman with an intense expression, "I suppose you had really no idea of all the sacrifices you would have to make when you married father and both decided to be missionaries?"

Mrs. Davis turned and looked out over the bare and uninteresting landscape for a moment without speaking. Yes, she had been prepared for hardship, for incessant work, for rough housing and rougher food, for loneliness, and cold, and difficulties, but neither she nor her devoted husband had given a thought to what their sacrifice would entail on the children who as yet were not. They had cheerfully given their all for the sake of their Master's work, but now they knew it meant their children's all too.

"Of course we knew there would be much to give up, dear." She said at last with a little tremble in her voice. "And we gladly denied ourselves, but we certainly never realized that it meant handicapping you three so badly. Oh Pearl dear," she continued earnestly, tears filling her eyes: "I would give anything to give you the advantages—even some

of those that I had. I don't know what you can do, or be, with the pitiful schooling you have had, and it breaks my heart. If those women could only know. I think they would remember, and try to help us."

"Mother, dear, don't cry," said Pearl springing up and putting an arm round her Mother's neck. "I'll try and work on a bit if Daddy can spare an hour now and then. Suppose I were to write myself to the W.A. and tell them if I could just have two years' schooling now—two little years—it would mean the difference of all of life to me."

Mrs. Davis smiled sadly. "We'll see what Daddy says," she said. "There he is, I wonder if he has got the mail."

No. Mr. Davis had not got the mail. Tom Stick-in-the-Mud had not yet put in an appearance with the weekly budget of letters he had been sent to fetch from the post office fifteen miles off. Mr. Davis knew that Tom could have been in hours ago. He wished he had sent Dick Big Deer, he would have been less likely to loiter. But he, Mr. Davis, must have tea now, for he must have prayers for the school at the usual time. So Mrs. Davis and Pearl hurried to set the plain meal; there were no luxuries on the missionary's supper table. Pearl had never even seen the little refinements of food and appointments her parents had used every day in their youth. What was most easily procured and took least time in preparing was the rule in this frugal household.

"Where's Hazel?" asked Mr. Davis, as the little party was joined by a boy of about fourteen.

"I have sent Hazel to bed for using bad language," said Mrs. Davis, a little reluctantly.

"Bad language!" said her father in surprise.

"Yes, of course it was in Indian, but that does not make it any better," said Mrs. Davis.

"It's that naughty Bob Bad Arm and Mamie All Alone," said Mr. Davis, with an expression of great annoyance. "I must really forbid Hazel to play with any of the children who have not been here at least two years. And you, too, Bert, keep away from the newcomers unless you can make them use decent talk all the time. The risk is too great," he added almost apologetically to his wife.

"I really don't think Hazel knew all she was saying," said Mrs. Davis hesitatingly. "But, of course, I could not let it pass."

At this moment there was a knock at the outer door, and on Bert going to open it, an Indian lad was seen on the threshold, holding out a small package of mail matter, a broad grin on his dark face and some excuse for delay on his glib tongue. Mr. Davis turned the letters over, commenting as he did so: "From the Bishop—I suppose he's coming to see the school; here's one from your sister May; from Foster, I wish there was a chance of his coming here; from Will; Hello! here's the W.A. at last. "Quite a fat letter."

"Oh, father, what do they say?" Pearl's face flushed painfully, as she laid down her knife and gazed at her father, while he tore open the envelope and slowly read:—

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(Continued on page 514.)

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Where Father Comes In

PROBABLY more than seventy-five per cent. of the journals or magazines have sections devoted to the interests of the Mother and Children in the Home, but not often is father brought in. Some fathers get a little sore over this, for they do have feelings after all, and the holiday season is the time when many fathers are left at home to sink or swim.

Mother: "Do you know where the girls want to go this summer, father?"

Father: "O, I suppose to some new place, to get in with a different set!"

"That's right, they say we are not in it, at all, going up to that quiet place, every summer. You know, dear, they must meet new people, in order to —, well, you know, father, how it is!"

"O, of course, of course, the girls must be thought of, and you must go, too, mother, to kind of look after them; and then you need a change. You sure must get tired of poking round here at home all the time."

So it's all fixed up, Dad dives down; and if he just happens to think: "Well, where do I come in?" he dismisses that thought and chuckles with satisfaction: "Why I got a pretty good deal off this week, so I've got lots to pay the bills with!"

Poor old Dad! His eyes shine with pride as he watches mother and the girls all fussed up for the holiday season, and he orders a limousine to send them off in good style, don't you know, and then goes back to the office to make another deal, so that the folks will not be hard up while they are trying to keep up with the Joneses in that swell summer hotel.

The house seems pretty lonely when father comes home at night, but he gets his paper, or favourite magazine and sits out on the verandah, with his feet on the railing and sucking his pipe. He has not come yet to the up-to-date cigarette. The neighbours have seen him there many times until the shadows lengthen, and then the lonely figure disappears into the deserted house.

A few days later he meets an old pal, Bill, down town, who is in the same box, only more so, for his folks have rented the house, to make a little extra, and Bill, being a traveller, is expected to be away part of the time, and for a fortnight with his family up the lakes. So Bill comes up and uses the spare bed, and thus the first week goes by. Mrs. Johnson, the "once a week" woman comes and cleans up dirty dishes, dirty bathrooms, finds clean linen, bakes up a few dishes, and starts them on a second week.

Now father is not a club man. He loves his home, and every summer, while the youngsters were small, saw him spending the week end, at least, with them in the country. But he and Bill meet some sporting friends on the street, who are going out for a real god time—motor picnic—and the two "grass widowers" are urged to join the party. They hurry up to the house, get on their sporting togs and are off for a few days' holiday.

As luck would have it, father forgets to leave the key for Mrs. Johnson, and when she cannot get in, off she goes in a huff, and when father returns on Tuesday, a dirty house welcomes him. He pitches in with goodwill, and there is a semblance of tidiness, but a good many used dishes are stored in out-of-the-way places.

Another week goes by, his chum has gone, and has left an upset guest room, but father smokes serenely on,

musing on that pleasant week-end. He spends one evening writing to mother and the girls, and mentions the motor picnic, and incidentally a very pleasant little widow who has seen hard luck, and "really gets one's sympathy right away." He forgets all about the charwoman, and takes most of his meals down town now, for there does not seem to be a clean plate left in the kitchen cupboard, and he would not touch those "china things" in the dining room, and besides he has used up all the canned stuff he could find around.

By the time that letter has arrived and been answered, father has had a very pleasant dinner party at the Lakeside pavilion, and the lonely widow "just happens" to be among the company. Although father is nearing fifty, he's just as lively as he used to be, and he knows how to be agreeable. So, when he turns in that night, he thinks he is getting quite used to mother and the girls being away and it's "really not so bad after all," although the sheets are not tucked in, and he can't for the life of him put his hand on any clean pillow slips, and he doesn't know where Mrs. Johnson lives, but in spite of all that, he goes off to quite a rosy dreamland, where merry widows, fish dinners and picnics are dancing before him, with mother and the girls in hazy background.

Dad comes back to real life the next day, when mother's letter arrives.

PRO PATRE.

CHERRY TREES AND CREAKING SHOES.

(Continued from page 508.)

Maharaneé was trembling lest, if her newborn babe might be a girl, she would be banished, like her two predecessors, for a similar offence, to the plains in prison, for the rest of her life. But to her joy, and everybody else's joy, some half hour later, a fine little fellow was ushered into the world, and handed over by Annie into the dusky arms of the four mothers-in-law, who were waiting to usher the arrival into his new life with endless rites and ceremonies. It was joy, indeed, to think that one of our Havergal girls, who really understood the poor Maharaneé, had been with her all that hard time and helped her as she has helped many another before and since.

But next to the choice of a profession comes the question of success in that profession. If an archer fails to hit the centre of a target, he turns round and seeks the cause of his failure in his bows or in himself. If that failure is in his bows, he never rests till he draws others from the heart of unknown trees, immerses them in the steepest brine and practises till they are turned out with the strongest, most accurate spring in the world. You are an archer. You cannot, you dare not fail. What are the special difficulties which, these after-war days, are ahead of you?

In the first place, there is the war scar of restlessness. You will have to fight against it, or you will be as embarrassing to yourself and to your neighbours as a man who was forever moving from house to house was to his family and to his belongings. It grew into such a habit that the very chickens themselves, whenever they fancied a move was in the wind were found patiently lying on their backs, feet up, waiting to be tied and taken to their new roost.

(Concluded on page 513.)

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MISS KNOX, Principal, TORONTO. Term Opens Sept. 16th.

All Over the Dominion

During the summer months united open-air undenominational services are being held at St. Catharines, Ont., every Sunday evening in the park

On July 26th fire from some unknown cause broke out in St. Mark's, Barriefield, Ont., which did \$600 worth of damage to the roof of the building.

The clergy of the Deaneries of Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Dauphin, Dufferin, Minnedosa, Pembina, Souris and Turtle Mountain are holding a conference at Killarney, Man., July 27th to 29th.

A movement is on foot to provide a parish hall for St. Andrew's Church, Humboldt, Diocese of Saskatchewan, also for the sale of the rectory and the purchase of the house and lot next to the church.

A Christian Healing Mission is to be held in St. Cuthbert's, Winnipeg, next autumn by Rev. E. R. C. Pritchard, Rector of the parish, and from now on it is proposed to hold regular meetings for prayer until the commencement of the Mission.

The parish of Elkhorn, with Kirkella and Manson, has been offered by Dean Coombes, Commissary of the diocese of Rupert's Land, to the Rev. Owen L. Jull, of St. John's, Port Arthur.

The Rev. W. M. Loucks, Diocesan Organizer of Rupert's Land for the A.F.M., is spending his holiday visiting parishes in the diocese from which no returns have been made to the Forward Movement.

At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Saskatchewan it was decided to leave the secretarial work of the Synod Office in the hands of Rev. H. Sherstone until the August meeting, when it is expected the question of a permanent appointment will be dealt with.

A Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary has been formed at Minesing. Those interested in the work met in St. Peter's Church on Tuesday, July 27th. The meeting was opened with a hymn, and prayers by the Rev. F. Herman. Mrs. A. C. H. Creswicke, convener for Girls' Branches for the Deanery of West Simcoe, then gave an interesting and inspiring account of the work of the W.A. in all its phases. Though formerly there was a branch of the W.A. in this parish, no meetings had been held for four years. Officers were elected, Mrs. W. Fralick being chosen president.

The A.Y.P.A. of St. George's Church, Owen Sound, held the annual garden party on July 15th, which was very successful. A handsome sum was realized, and will be devoted to the placing of a brass tablet in the church in memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice in the late war, and also as an honour roll of those who went overseas from St. George's parish. The annual Sunday School picnic, held on July 21st at Paynter's Bay, was largely attended. The day was beautifully fine, and all who were present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. After the games were over tea was served, and all partook heartily of the good things provided. The retreat to the home base was made in good order by a happy but tired crowd.

Rev. H. A. West, L.Th., for the past nine years in charge of the parish of Christ Church, St. Catharines, was inducted as Rector of Winona on Sunday evening, June 27th, before a large congregation. Ven. Archdeacon Irvin, of Dundas, performed the induction, and the Rev. A. H. Howitt, B.A., of St. Catharines, preached the sermon, an inspiring message to the new Rector and his people. On Wed-

nesday, July 21st, a reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. West at the home of E. M. Smith, Rector's warden, where a very large number of parishioners were present. C. H. K. Baillie, Esq., was chairman for the evening. Mr. Baillie called upon Senator E. D. Smith, people's warden, to welcome the new Rector and his wife. The Senator, in a very happy speech, extended a hearty welcome to the newcomers, pledging them the loyal support of the parish and outlining the prospects and needs for the future. Mr. West replied, assuring the members present of his appreciation for the kind welcome to his wife and himself, and promising his best efforts on behalf of the parish. Rev. Mr. Eddy, the Methodist minister, who was present, also spoke. The rectory of Winona has been entirely redecorated throughout, and next month the church is to be renovated and electric lighting replaced.

The second annual conference of the W.A. for the Deanery of Peel was held at St. James' Church, Caledon East recently. Representatives were present from the parishes of St. George's, Islington; Erindale and Dixie, Caledon East and Campbell's Cross—five Branches in all, and numbering about forty. Visitors from South Simcoe and non-members made a total attendance of fifty. Perhaps one most pleasing feature of this conference was the devotional spirit in which matters pertaining to the work were considered. Seasons of prayer and close attention lent a seriousness only found when the workers are in earnest. The delegates were most hospitably entertained by the members of the local Branch and others, as, indeed, is always the case when any meetings relative to the Church are held at Caledon East.

At St. Matthias' Church, Halifax, on July 25th, a large congregation heard an impressive sermon by Principal O'Meara, of Wycliffe College, Toronto. Under the ministry of its Rector, Rev. T. H. Perry, M.A., and thanks to the splendid devotion of the church officials and loyal congregation, the Church of St. Matthias is enjoying much prosperity. The large and ever-increasing attendances at the services are not only most encouraging, but a striking testimony of the success attending the earnest efforts of the Rector, to whom so much of this season of prosperity is due. Indeed, it has become apparent that the seating capacity of the church is not sufficient to cope with the large congregations, and before long the present plant will be extended. This will be the fourth enlargement since the present Rector took charge.

BIRTH NOTICE

MORGAN—On Friday, July 16, 1920, to the Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Morgan, of Morse, Saskatchewan, a daughter.

IN MEMORIAM

COOKE—In loving memory of my beloved mother, Mrs. Rosa J. Cooke, who passed into life eternal, August 5, 1919.

Peace be with thee, mother dear,
Just a little time and we
Who love thee well and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee.
From thy spirit's distant dwelling,
May you journey back some day,
In the saddest hours that greet us,
Just as spirits may.
Daughter, Jane A. Forde, and family.

DEATH NOTICE

BALLARD—On Monday, August 2nd, 1920, at residence of his niece, Mrs. Wallis Tate, 67 Kenilworth ave., Toronto, Rev. John Maclean Ballard, late rector St. Anne's Church (Anglican), Dufferin street, in his 85th year.
Funeral service Thursday, Aug. 5, in St. John's Church, Norway, 2.30 p.m.. Interment in St. James' Cemetery. Remains will be in state in church from 11 o'clock Thursday.

Union

at, a reception was... Mrs. West at the... Smith, Rector's war...

annual conference of... Deanery of Peel was... es' Church, Caledon...

' Church, Halifax, on... e congregation heard... rmon by Principal...

NOTICE

July 16, 1920, to the Rev. ... gan, of Morse, Saskatche...

MORIAM

memory of my beloved mother, ... who passed into life eternal.

mother dear, ... and we ... ll and loved thee here, ... all follow thee.

NOTICE

lay, August 2nd, 1920, at ... ce, Mrs. Wallis Tate, 67 ... onto, Rev. John Maclean...

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THE CATS OF WARSAW.

Warsaw is practically bereft of cats. Although these fireside Tabbies were probably as dear to the hearts of the Poles as the dogs which had to be sacrificed in France were to the French, the poor felines had no such glorious tribute paid them as had the canines.

When food became so scarce in occupied France, and a heavy tax was levied on dogs by the Germans, the French wrapped the flag of their country about the beloved pets, reverently wrote on them "For France," and with a tearful prayer that the dogs might be carried to the canine haven of rest, dropped them with almost religious ceremony into the swift river.

Notwithstanding the fact that those cats which escaped the market were supposed to be done away with, on account of the shortage of food, a few precious pets were smuggled into dark corners, and held through every emergency. This, probably, would never have been known if it had not been for an S.O.S. from the Red Cross workers calling for a cat!

It seemed truly as if every cat in Warsaw had been destroyed, but finally an appeal was made to the Polish workmen about the warehouse with good result. The army of Tommies and Tabbies which were brought forward grudgingly cuddled in the arms of mistress and master was almost as large as the rodent army of invasion.

It was necessary for much tact to be used in the selection of a single Tabby to be elected as the sole member of the warehouse clean-up committee. There is no explanation for the sudden invasion of rats, but with a strain of humor still strong through every hardship, the Poles declared that the rodents are timber wolves which, driven by hunger from the wilds, have shrunk to the size of rats.

CHERRY TREES AND CREAKING SHOES.

There is the still deeper scar of restlessness in your religious life. You fancy at times you have outgrown your old quiet belief. This can be a good sign if it means that you are determined to test your faith till you find solid rock under your feet, instead of balancing yourself on the stones which other people have found ahead of you.

Then, again, you are restless because you are not sure that you look at your Bible in quite the old way. Years ago a report ran through England that the Eddystone Lighthouse had gone down in a storm, and men and women throughout the length and breadth of the country feared for the thousands of boys and girls, dear to themselves, who might have perished.

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PEARL'S SACRIFICE.

(Continued from page 510.)

a grant of two hundred dollars a year towards the education of your daughter, provided you are able to answer the questions on the enclosed form satisfactorily, and enclose a good medical certificate. If Mrs. Davis will send us measurements, the ladies of Sussex Deanery W.A. will be pleased to make her an outfit. Believe me, Yours sincerely, Mildred Hawley, Convener of Education, Cornwall Diocese."

"Oh Mother, Mother, just what I have been praying for," and Pearl hid her face in her hands with a sob. "Now I can board with Mrs. Boyle in Edmonton and go to High School, and won't I work!"

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Davis, turning over a page, here's a post-script.

"We understand that you have sent in appeals for grants for two daughters. Our ladies would prefer to take your daughter Hazel, aged eleven, as they consider that the younger the child is the more benefit will she derive from the judicious use of this fund. However, should you see any special reason why your elder daughter should be the beneficiary, we will make no objection to it.—M.H."

A long silence fell upon the little party. Pearl could not look up. Mr. Davis and his wife exchanged understanding glances. Bert formed his lips into a whistle, then recollected himself, and with an "scuse me,"

under his breath, pushed back his chair and left the room.

The silence continued. "The mail goes to-morrow," said Mr. Davis at last.

"We must think it over," said Mrs. Davis, faintly. "It has come suddenly, and there is a great deal to consider."

"Pearl must decide," said her father firmly. "The chance she has been longing for has come, and it is for her to say whether she will take it—or pass it on to her sister. Think over it and pray over it, Pearl. Don't decide hastily. Bring me your decision in the morning, and remember, daughter, there are things to be said on both sides—on both sides," he added emphatically. "Of course, if you want advice your mother or I will give it, but I think you had better fight it out alone."

"Yes father," said Pearl in a low voice. "May I go now and please may I be excused prayers. I have too little time to—to decide."

"Yes, my child, and God help you to decide rightly."

So Pearl left, and the husband and wife looked sadly at one another.

"It would be the saving of Hazel," said the wife, "and the ending of Pearl."

"Not of her, only her career," said her husband quickly.

Meantime, Pearl rushed away out of sight and hearing of home and school—for the moment how she hated both—where she had spent the short sixteen years of her life. Such stunted, meagre years, full of hopes,

and needs, and longings, which were never realized. They were not so out of the way, after all, only to get the really good education at least in High School, which is easily within reach of nearly every Canadian girl, so that she might earn her living with her head instead of with her hands. And then, perhaps, go on. Well there were infinite possibilities in Normal School and special University courses, and always books, and, perhaps, lectures, and picture galleries, and concerts, touches of a life she had never known, open to her if she could get away from this narrow, ignorant life into a place where she could learn, and oh how she would learn, how she would work, how she would slave till she had acquired all that was possible! And then to be a teacher, to have her own school, perhaps, but still to go on working. Then a better school, perhaps, even in a city, and oh the joy of writing home with money to bring her mother to the city for a week and show her again the things she had so often talked to them about—parks, pictures, shops. After that, for Pearl's ambition went a long way, perhaps, when she had really made good in a school and had arrived at the awful age of twenty-two, she might be accepted as a foreign missionary, and go to Japan or China, to do her little part in the teaching of all nations the wonderful Gospel message. For the Red Indian she had no love; perhaps they had been too much associated with her bare, hard childhood, or she had seen too much of her parents' toil and disappointment over them, too much also of the failures, which, to her young mind, over-balanced the successes, but to be a foreign missionary—that was really worth living for.

But Hazel. She ought not to stay in her present surroundings longer. Companionship with the Indian children had not hurt her, she thought. She had been less with them, with two little ones at home, or they had been more amenable to discipline, but Hazel was always learning nasty ways and words, and how could they keep a high-spirited child of eleven away from the games and comradeship of her school? Would it not be misunderstood and resented by the parents, moreover? Yes, Hazel ought to go to Edmonton and live with Mrs. Boyle, whose little girl was just that age. Then they could go to a good school, by and by High School, and Hazel would have her chance.

But could she give it to her? A fierce battle waged in the girl's heart between what she wanted with the intense agonized longing of a repressed nature, and what she felt she ought to do, and for over an hour the issue was doubtful, as Pearl rocked to and fro on her little rocker, with hands clasped tight over her eyes—thinking—thinking.

When she looked up, the last glint of daylight just caught the glass on a little framed text upon the wall, and the words behind it flashed through Pearl's mind: "Christ pleased not Himself."

After that there was a calm. Pearl knelt and gave up her will to the One Who had left an example that we should follow in His steps. Who had so emphatically told His people that they who lost their lives for His sake should find and keep them unto life eternal.

Pearl knew quite well what she was giving up. She knew this wonderful opportunity would not come again, but she realized, too, that there was something better than a full, varied life of knowledge and activity, even a life of missionary service, if it was the life chosen for her by the wisdom that cannot err, and surely it would be said of the poor little prairie girl, who voluntarily laid at her Saviour's feet all the

(Continued on page 516.)

How Coca-Cola Resembles Tea

If you could take about one-third of a glass of tea, add two-thirds glass of carbonated water, then remove the tea flavor and add a little lemon juice, phosphoric acid, sugar, caramel and certain flavors in the correct proportion, you would have an almost perfect glass of Coca-Cola.

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(cold) (8 fl. oz., exclusive of ice)	
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(prepared with 1 fl. oz. of syrup)	

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BIRDS OF THE MERRY FOREST

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE (COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

And Boy Blue's faith was rewarded. Suddenly, one of the birds perched on the topmost twig of the cherry tree, ruffled his feathers, lifted his head, and swelled his little throat with one thrillingly sweet strain. It was the same exquisite music to which they had been listening the last fifteen minutes, the song whose source they had tried so many times before to trace.

"Isn't it wonderful," whispered Dimple, tightly clasping Boy Blue's hand, which he had half unconsciously reached out to her. "Isn't it wonderful that he should come right here and sing to us that way?"

"Yes," Boy Blue answered softly, "and isn't it lovely that the bird and the song should belong to each other after all?"

"If that's the Whitethroat," said Jimmie, "I know some verses about it—learned them off just the other day."

"O Jimmie," cried the twins in one voice. "Do please say them for us." And then Jimmie repeated slowly and clearly these sweet lines:—

"Shy bird of the silver arrows of song, That cleave our Northern air so clear,

Thy notes prolong, prolong, I listen, I hear:

"I—love—dear—Canada, Canada, Canada."

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir, Screen of a swelling patriot heart, The copse is all astir, And echoes thy part. . . ."

Here Jimmie paused a moment, while the bird in its own lovely way supplied the chorus:—

"I—love—dear—Canada, Canada, Canada."

Jimmie's voice went on:—

"Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes

As the noise of the day dies down; And silence strings her lutes The Whitethroat to crown. . . ."

Again the bird filled in the pause; and then Jimmie went on:—

"O bird of the silver arrows of song, Shy poet of Canada dear, Thy notes prolong, prolong, We listen, we hear:

"I—love—dear—Canada, Canada, Canada."

The clear, sweet voices of the twins joined the bird in that last chorus; and when the poem was ended they were almost too happy to speak.

Boy Blue drew a long breath. "That must have been one of the lovely things the Wood Thrush sang about this morning," he said.

"Yes," agreed Dimple, "and it was really just around the turn of the road, too. I wonder what there'll be around the next turn."

"Well, there's one thing sure," put in Jimmie. "If we don't soon make another start and keep going, we won't get to the lake before dinner time."

"Why, the sun is getting quite high," exclaimed Dimple, "and I'm beginning to feel curious about what Mother has put in our lunch basket. Let's be going on."

The remainder of the way to the lake was traversed without adventure. A few familiar birds were added to their lists, but no new discoveries made. They walked steadily, and the twins were quite tired by the time they reached the lake.

Lonely Lake was a wild and lovely spot. The lake itself was a clear tur-

quoise jewel in a deep emerald setting amid the hills. The farther slopes were covered with hardwood forest, with here and there a dense jungle of wild berry bushes and trailing vines. On the near shore were flat or nicely rounded grey rocks where one could stand and fish, or sit still and just enjoy the wildness and solitude. The trees here were mostly pines, in whose dark, fragrant boughs the wind loved to play strange, weird music. Beneath in the springy bog, composed of a thickly matted network of rootlets, padded with fallen leaves and rich leaf mould, some rare and lovely flowers grew—in the early spring the pearly pink arbutus, and later, painted trilliums, pitcher plants, pyrola, wild roses, pink laurel and other aromatic shrubs and plants for which the children had no names. The laurel was out now in all its glory, and a few wild roses were opening their delicately tinted petals to the sweet air.

The children admired everything, their hearts, eyes and voices overflowing with happiness. Then they sat for a welcome rest on the big, grey rocks beside the water, and opened their lunch baskets.

What a spread they had—slices of white bread and butter, roast chicken, sandwiches, apple turnovers, peach pie, various kinds of cake, and some oranges and candy. There was plenty of everything, enough for a bit of refreshment on the way home, and a treat of cake crumbs for the birds.

The crumbs were spread on a rock a few yards away, and were shared by a Junco, a Wren, a Bluebird and a Chickadee.

The Bluebird, having satisfied his hunger, flew to a low juniper bush close to Dimple and began to sing, keeping an interested but not a fearful eye on the little group all the time.

"Isn't it tame?" said Jimmie. "It seems almost to know you, Dimple."

"I believe it does," she replied. "I believe it is the very same one that sings so often in the apple tree by our window. Aren't you our own dear little friend?" she asked, addressing the bird.

The Bluebird winked its wings, then looked over at Jimmie, but kept silent.

How true and faithful a friend that same little Bluebird was, the children were to prove before they were many hours older. As they sat there, at rest and at peace, and happy-hearted, beside the shimmering blue lake, they little dreamed of the difficult and dangerous bit of road that awaited their pilgrim feet just around the next turn.

Did the Bluebird know? Who can tell?

(To be Continued.)

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PEARL'S SACRIFICE.

(Continued from page 514.)

living that was within her grasp, "She hath done what she could."
It was a very pale, but quite decided face, that was thrust in at the door of the tiny office next morning, where Mr. Davis sat writing letters for the outgoing mail, and listening to complaints or suggestions from pupils and staff through the window at his side, for he had learned that conversation through a window is likely to be shorter and more definite than one in which a chair and the office stove figured.
"Hazel can go, father. She ought to get away and I have quite decided." Pearl did not trust herself to say more, and the door closed quickly, while her father murmuring: "God bless my brave girl," took up his pen to accept the proposal of last night.

Three months later the Davis family stood excitedly over a great bale sewed up in sacking, addressed to Miss Hazel Davis. Hazel could hardly wait for her father to cut the stitches, jumping up and down with exclamations of impatience and delight, but at last the sacking covering was torn aside, then paper and string, and a perfect mine of treasures were revealed to the child's awestruck gaze.

The whole deanery, apparently, had contributed to Hazel's outfit. Sprucetown (St. James') had made her 6 frocks—4 for summer and two for winter. St. Peter's, Poplarbury, had made underclothes, all she needed, and so dainty and appropriate. Christ Church, Mapleville, sent boots and shoes, and a fine winter coat. Oakham contributed hats, a warm scarf and mits, and some one a muff, with apologies for its not being quite new. Beachborough gave pinafores and stockings and a brush and comb, but the Girls' Branch at St. Faith's, Willowborne, had made up a parcel of all the trifles girls love, which fairly made the recipient's eyes sparkle. There were handkerchiefs, hair ribbons, a dainty silk workbag, fancy soap, note paper, odds and ends for the toilet table. The girls must have revelled in the collection, and one hopes they had imagination enough to picture the opening up of the parcel and the radiant face of a little girl who had never even seen many of the things before.

In the middle of the bale was a parcel tied up separately. "What is this?" said Mr. Davis, removing a half sheet of note paper pinned to it, and he read: "I have only worn these dresses twice, but I have to be in black for my father and mother. I thought the bigger girl would like them. I am sixteen, too.—Annie Yeo."

"Yeo!" exclaimed Mrs. Davis. "Don't you remember there were a Mr. and Mrs. Yeo drowned when the "Circe" foundered? The name is odd and we thought they might be some of Will's people."
"I remember," said Mr. Davis, "without doubt her parents, poor child!"

Hazel was impatient that Pearl should open her parcel. Inside were three dresses, one of blue voile, another of green linen, a third white muslin, with rosebuds scattered over, and a pink sash.

"Go and try them on, Pearl," said her mother, seeing the girl's lip quiver. She guessed something of what she was feeling.

"The pink one first, the pink one first," shouted Hazel. "Oh Pearl, they are much prettier than mine," she added, perhaps with some glimmering idea that amid all her magnificence, Pearl might need comfort.

Pearl gathered them up, dashed upstairs and flung them on the bed. She felt as might a starving man, if

offered a dish of ice cream. "I can't bear it," she said with a choking sob. "She has everything, and I have these," and she almost struck the fragile garments before her. But what was this? She had brought up with them the scrap of paper on which in a very girlish hand was written: "I have to be in black for father and mother. . . . I am sixteen."

No, thank God, Hazel had not got everything, and Pearl had still left her dear parents to help and cheer through often very hard and disappointing years.

"Yes, Hazel, I'm coming," she cried, "and I'll put the rosebud one on first." ❀ ❀ ❀

A WONDERFUL PRODUCTION.

"The Rev. Shdu Vermit, Arch-deacon of Caledonian Metropolis of British Columbia, has arrived in the city to attend the annual meeting of Anglican Theological College."—Vancouver Sun. ❀ ❀ ❀

WHAT HE REALLY CAME FOR.

Tommy had an accident while fishing and had fallen into the pond. Just as he was scrambling out an old lady came along. "Dear, dear me!" she said, fussily, "how did you come to fall in the pond?"

"I didn't come to fall in the pond," said Tommy. "I came to fish."—Pearson's Weekly. ❀ ❀ ❀

NO RIGHT ONES LEFT.

Little Mollie was crying bitterly. "What's the matter, dear?" asked her mother.

"Boohoo! My new shoes hurt me!" sniffed the child, rubbing her eyes.

"Well, no wonder! You've got them on the wrong feet!" But Molly wept and would not be comforted.

"I haven't any other feet," she sobbed.

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