

# Canadian Churchman

DOMINION CHURCHMAN, CHURCH EVANGELIST AND CHURCH RECORD  
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER.  
ESTABLISHED 1871

VOL. 37

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, JULY 21st, 1910

No. 28. 29

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HON. JAS. S. DUFF,  
MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE,  
TORONTO, ONTARIO.The Committee of the Church Mis-  
sionary Society have had to face the  
question of keeping back missionaries  
this coming autumn, and a large num-  
ber of leading friends of the society,  
gathered in London from nearly every  
diocese in the country, have, when the  
facts were laid before them, agreed  
that the Committee's view was right.  
The facts are briefly these: For some  
years past the Society has been  
through lack of funds, declining  
grants to the Missions for things that  
are really necessary if their work  
is to be efficient; and now the  
Committee feel that a remedy must be  
applied, either by reducing the amount  
of work attempted or by increasing  
the grants of money. The problem  
is complicated by two other things:the cost of living, house-rent, etc., in  
India, China, and elsewhere, has gone  
up, so that it has been quite necessary  
to increase the allowances of mission-  
aries and native agents; moreover,  
the Indian Government has insisted on  
considerable expenditure on some of  
the Society's mission colleges and  
schools. The general result of the  
Society during the past year has been  
stationary, and unless there is an in-  
crease of £25,000 this year, there will  
be a further deficit to add to the £35-  
000 accumulated deficits of the past  
few years. Under these circumstances  
the Committee have felt compelled to  
decide only to send out missionaries  
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# Canadian Churchman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1910.

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## Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days.

- July 24.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.  
Morning—1 Kings 10, to 25; Acts 24.  
Evening—1 Kings 11, to 15; or 11, 26; Mat. 12, 22.
- July 25.—St. James, Ap. & Mar. Alth. Cr.  
Morning—2 Kings 1, to 16; Luke 9, 51 to 57.  
Evening—Jeremiah 26, 8 to 16; Mat. 13, to 24.
- July 31.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.  
Morning—1 Kings 12; Romans 1.  
Evening—1 Kings 13; or 17; Mat. 16, to 24.
- August 7.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.  
Morning—1 Kings 18; Rom. 7.  
Evening—1 Kings 19; or 21; Mat. 20, 17.

Appropriate Hymns for Ninth and Tenth Sundays after Trinity, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., organist and director of the choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. The numbers are taken from the new Hymn Book, many of which may be found in other hymnals.

### NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

- Holy Communion: 232, 234, 237, 243.  
Processional: 476, 488, 493, 496.  
Offertory: 391, 485, 492, 680.  
Children: 233, 238, 241, 488.  
General: 8, 35, 219, 393.

### TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

- Holy Communion: 233, 236, 241, 508.  
Processional: 9, 47, 572, 615.  
Offertory: 35, 545, 564, 653.  
Children: 703, 707, 719, 712.  
General: 543, 549, 571, 760.

### THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The accusation of being visionary and impracticable is often laid at the door of the prophet. A little thought shows that he is not necessarily guilty of the charge. While on the other hand we are obliged to admit that many good people show a lamentable lack of "savoir faire." At times Jesus appeared visionary and impracticable to His opponents. Particularly was this true when He adopted the parabolic method of teaching. His true disciples recognized that in the parabolic method they were being educated, whereas those who refused to become His disciples failed to appreciate the disciplinary purpose of the parable. And their inability to understand the teach-

ing and the method of instruction, lead them to depreciate the teacher. But when we sum up all the teaching of Jesus we realize what a unique grasp He had of all practical things, whether temporal or eternal. Consider one point in the Gospel for to-day. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." In these words Jesus commends the practical shrewdness of worldly men. How cleverly, how persistently, these present their claims! How consistently they seize all opportunities! How shrewdly they plan their enterprises! And all this shrewdness is to obtain an earthly crown. These men are right in their method, but wrong in their direction, while on the other hand Christians hold to the right direction but are dreadfully handicapped by their method of presentation and planning. Churchmen as a rule are afraid of leaving the beaten tracks of traditional method. We do not argue for a change of faith, for that would be fatal. But we ought to be more pliable in methods of working for the promulgation of Truth and the extension of the kingdom. The Church needs to show more cleverness and adaptability in presenting the Truth, more consistency in seizing every opportunity, and much more shrewdness in planning her many enterprises. Let each one of us pray for the spirit of wisdom and understanding that we may be more effective in our Christian living. Who of us is making full proof or use of the advantages and the gifts offered to us by the Church? No wonder we are weak when we neglect the Sacraments. We can be nothing else but weak and ineffective when we allow the opportunities of doing good to pass, when we fail to apply our gifts at the proper moment, when we procrastinate in the wielding of the sword. The shrewdness of the man of the world brings the success that he is looking for. Admit the Holy Spirit into your being, follow His guidance, and achieve your ambition. The man of the world has a selfish ambition. The children of the light seek not only their own blessedness and happiness, but also that of all mankind. The universality of their ambition surely calls for much spiritual shrewdness. Therefore "pray without ceasing" for "the spirit to think and to do always such things as are rightful."

### An Imperial Outlook.

What Canada needs and what the British Empire at large needs, is that men of sound common sense, of a progressive and tolerant spirit, and wide outlook; men of work and action in Church, State, commercial and financial life, should from time to time visit the various parts of the Empire and give the public the benefit of their resultant views. Lord Charles Beresford deserves the thanks of the people of Canada for the loyal and enterprising spirit he has shown in publishing a pamphlet bearing on the Canadian Exhibition, with the view of promoting more extensive trade relations between the people in the British Isles and Canadians. The example and influence of such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Milner and other eminent men who in this way are personally striving to build up on a solid and progressive foundation, those great spiritual and material enterprises on which not only the present but the future good of our common Empire rests, are worthy of the highest praise and the widest emulation.

### The Kaiser and The Bible.

One of the most prominent newspapers in Germany, the North German Gazette, has recently given publication to the following sentiments of the Emperor William with regard to the Bible:

"I like reading the Bible often, the Bible which stands on the table at my bedside, and in which I have underlined the most beautiful thoughts. I cannot understand why so many people occupy themselves so little with the Word of God. Who, on reading the Gospels and other passages, is not impressed by the simple, living, proven and attested truth? How could Christ otherwise have set His stamp upon the world. In all my thoughts and actions I ask myself what the Bible says about the matter. For me it is a fountain from which I draw strength and light. In the hours of uncertainty and anxiety I turn to this great source of consolation. I am confident that many of those who have fallen away from God will return in our own time to a firm belief, that many will once more feel a longing for God. It is indeed the beauty and the blessing of the Christian Church that times of strong doubt awake an especial desire for the profession of faith and a joyous enthusiasm in belief. I cannot imagine a life which is inwardly estranged from God. We must all go through hours of Gethsemane, hours in which our pride is humbled. Humility is difficult for us; we wish to be our own master."

### Flying Men.

Newspaper illustrations, object lessons and graphic descriptions, are gradually preparing us for the coming time when our country cousins and even those who are farther afield, will come sailing through the upper air to pay us longer or shorter visits. A few years ago the automobile was a nine days' wonder. Now it is here, there and everywhere. Twenty years or so ago electric cars were in their infancy, and elderly people shook their heads as they saw them dashing along the Queen's Highway at almost railway speed. Now even middle-aged men may look forward to invitations to go up aloft the better to see the sun set, and middle-aged ladies may not unreasonably hope to dispense afternoon tea in the upper air. Already one of the most enterprising business firms in Canada is placing advertising signs where they can most conveniently be seen by high-flying travellers, from their aerial jaunting cars. It may be that places where the sky was darkened some 50 years ago by flocks of wild pigeons, 5 or 10 years hence may be equally darkened by flocks of flying men.

### New Zealand Records.

The reviews in the N.Y. Evening Post are usually exceptionally valuable and we were more than ever impressed with this in reading one upon historical literature in Australasia. The writer reviews the progress of publication in the Antipodes beginning some twenty years ago, when the Government of New South Wales decided to publish its early manuscript records of which seven volumes have been published. But it is fifty years since New Zealand collected in a volume of parliamentary papers, the British parliamentary reports and other official documents connected with the early settlement of the Island. This work was taken up by Robert McNab to whom it has been a labour of love, and who after some early publications has printed a volume entitled "Murilicku; a history of the south Island of New Zealand and the islands adjacent . . . from 1642 to 1835." This title recalls the Scotch clergyman's prayer for the Great and Little Cumbraes and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. McNab has discovered a remarkable early history, before Wakefield's day, revealing a period when the sea elephant-hunters and the whalers lorded it over the shores of a new land. Mr. McNab devoted himself to collecting all discoverable documents relating to the early history of the southern part of New Zealand. Not only Southland itself,

1, 1910.

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as this portion is termed, but the adjacent islands were his objective, though not the fields of his research, since no documents were to be found there. In Tasmania, Sydney, and London, where he ransacked the Record Office and the British Museum; in many American cities—Salem, Boston, and New Bedford, Nantucket, Providence, and Newport, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington; and in Madrid and Paris—not yet in St. Petersburg, though he does not despair of it—he found the precious materials of his historical labours. What he found were chiefly the log books of old voyages and the reviewer recounts with natural pride that in "the magnificent collections of the Essex Institute," Mass., Mr. McNab had the good luck to discover a volume "got, no one knows where," containing three precious logs, especially that of the ship Britannia, which landed the first sealing gang on the coast of New Zealand in 1793.

#### Colonial Bibliography.

The reviewer is hardly fair to the Motherland when he writes: "The British colonies, which are ahead of the Motherland in so many other things, are ahead of her in this. Many years ago the Public Library of Sydney brought out a bibliography of the seven colonies. In 1889 New Zealand took a step in advance. Its then parliamentary librarian, James Collier, published under the au-pices of the Government a bibliography of the literature relating to the colony. It had some special features. Appended to each title in the chronological catalogue there were notes, sometimes lengthy, containing a precis of the work, and embodying information, sometimes recondite, relative to the book. Next, besides the author and the title indexes, there was a classified catalogue, scientifically arranging the contents of all the publications catalogued under thirty-four heads, so as to make them at once available for historians or students." This work has, as he notes, been enlarged and brought down by Dr. Hocken of Dunedin, under the title "A Bibliography of the literature relating to New Zealand." And he might have found space and time to mention, as colonial, the work on the taking of Quebec, published some six years ago. So far as Great Britain is concerned much of the colonial work is really collected from her public or private publications, and these are not confined to governmental work, but are published by county and other associations in vast quantities. What we should like to hear of would be a library, Carnegie or otherwise, devoted to the accumulation of such historical documents.

#### The Melting Pot

Is the name Mr. Zangwill gave to the fusion of races, their beliefs and prejudices in the New York furnace. The simile is not so apt as the trite old Greek fable of the sun and the wind, a fable probably ages older than Esop. But the Jewish race is an illustration. When fairly treated the greater number of the tribes melted away among the Assyrians, Babylonians and Egyptians, and after the captivity, Nehemiah had to resort to stern measures to keep the race pure. Since the fall of Jerusalem the Jew has been a by-word among all nations, and yet the more the race has been persecuted the more nobly it has retained its purity, its customs and its faith. Now in the sun of favor in Western Europe and Eastern America, the ancient people are throwing off their isolation, their old observances and even modifying the hatred of Christianity and of Jesus, its author. A striking fact is the publication with an introduction and commentary, by C. G. Montefiore, of the Synoptic Gospels. It is a study by a Jew, a member of a family distinguished for the generous use of its wealth, and this book is written in order to attract his brethren to a study of the spiritual teaching of Jesus, by a thoughtful, intellectual seeker after righteousness.

#### The Synoptic Teaching.

Mr. Montefiore appeals to his people because it is his own conviction that Jesus was a prophet, one who continued the work of Amos and Hosea and a prophet who strove to purify, to quicken and to amend the then practice of religion, "His Kingdom of God, from one point of view, was a reformed Judaism." Although it is impossible for a modern Jew to incorporate the New Testament as such into his Bible, yet he might learn from Christian Apostles and Evangelists that "they too can add something of value and power, something fresh and distinguished, to his total religious store." The writer acknowledges that the moral teaching of Jesus contains large elements of originality, but adds: "A great personality is more than the record of its teaching, and the teaching is more than the bits of it taken one by one. It must be viewed as a whole. It has a spirit, an aroma, which evaporates when its elements or fragments are looked at separately.

A man is more than the sum of this and that and the other. Righteousness is more and other than a number of excellent positive commands and excellent negative ones. There is a certain spirit and glow about the teaching of Jesus, which you either appreciate or fail to appreciate. That spirit has the characteristics of genius. It is great, stimulating, heroic. We need both the Rabbinic compendium and the Gospels. For the life of every day we need both; the great heroic teaching and the detailed and more average teaching; the teaching which demands the most complete self-sacrifice, which is inspired by the most thoroughgoing idealism, and the teaching which is not so far removed from, and addresses itself more directly to, the average righteousness and the average wickedness of ordinary and everyday life. In hours of comfort and peace this idealism is needed all the more. Persecution and misery supply to a great extent their own idealisms; they transfigure the ordinary into the heroic. It is in a country like England, where the Jews have full rights and complete liberty, that the large demands and the heroic stature of the Synoptic teaching would be of advantage for the production of noble and ideal personalities, for the production of people who grandly are, as well as of those who only rightly do."

#### Letters from an Old Parson to a Theological Student.

We are printing in this issue the first of a series of letters, which may be termed heart-to-heart talks in a most friendly and genial fashion, entirely unconventional, between a parson rife in years and experience with those young men for whom he has the kindest sympathy—the parsons in preparation. We bespeak for them a hearty welcome from interested readers.

#### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

The soil of history is strewn with the dust of apparently abortive efforts. They began with high hope and expectant heart, but they failed, and at the time their failure seemed a catastrophe. But a glance down the perspective of years reveals that their very failure contained a golden thread of purpose. They served the future by educating human conscience and intellect to the realization that evil exists, and so preparing the way for reform. The career of the Church furnishes a multitude of instances of such abortive endeavour, whose failure was the seed-bed of success. Religion and its doctrines are matters of such vital import, and are so interlaced with the root-fibres of our nature that any proposal involving change must needs excite antagonism, and fight its way to victory over the dead bodies of conservatism, tradition and prejudice. The latest example in point is the failure of the project for union between the two theological col-

leges of our Church in the City of Toronto. Certain statements of recent date in the public press—statements claiming to have the weight of official authority behind them—make it clear that negotiations for their unification have been brought to an abrupt close. The financial loss to the work of the Kingdom of God is enormous, but that is not the worst feature. These colleges ought to be together; their separation is an anachronism; it is bad churchmanship, bad business; bad Christianity. Our keen regret over the adverse decision concerning union is tempered, however, by a firm belief that the failure of present negotiations may pave the way for ultimate success. An educated public opinion is being slowly created within the Church in this Province, whose growing demand for the abolition of the scandal of division will eventually prove impossible to ignore or turn down. The donor of this proposed gift adds to his generosity that crowning touch of modesty which refuses to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth. He has screened his personality from view behind an anonymous offer, but it is impossible, notwithstanding, to withhold admiration at the princely figure of his munificence. More than two hundred thousand dollars was laid at the door of the Church's treasury upon one sole condition, that two institutions, which ought never to have been separate, should be united. Such a man is an honour to the Church of which he is a member. Some other channel will surely be found to enable so royal a benefaction to bear its proper fruit. This immense sum fixes high-water mark for gifts from one man for a single object in the Canadian Church. The example of it ought to spread far and wide. It affords a brilliant commentary upon the principle that wealth is a trust granted to its owner for the sake of the community, and the law of recompense will surely work out a corresponding moral and spiritual enrichment of the inner life of the donor. The overtures throughout these negotiations appear to have emanated from Trinity College alone—the declination of these overtures from Wycliffe. This is a startling situation to exist within the Church of Christ in the twentieth century; one side offering the olive branch, the other politely declining it, and yet each claiming to educate ambassadors of the Prince of Peace. That any theological seminary among us should refuse to grasp so golden an opportunity of repairing the broken walls of Zion cannot fail to be an overwhelming regret to the sober thought and honest judgment of the rank and file of our membership. Outside of religious circles, among that community of hard sense known as the men in the street, the verdict is inevitable, that in rejecting union Wycliffe has missed the chance of its career. If the published reports are trustworthy, the terms proposed by Trinity formed a not unfair or inequitable basis for agreement. The merging of both theological colleges into a new institution; the concession by Trinity of the retention of the name Wycliffe; the plan of a representation practically equal for both; and on the failure of these terms the willingness expressed by Trinity to consider any just and reasonable proposal for a merger, seem to place on the shoulders of the Wycliffe representatives the very serious responsibility of the failure of this effort. The opportunity of a Church training college is after all only a part of the opportunity granted by her Master to the Church as a whole, and it seems something worse than a blunder—almost a crime—against the Church's total opportunity for so princely a gift to be lost to the cause through narrowness of vision or ultra conservatism of opinion. And from the viewpoint of Christian imperialism, still larger considerations join in the protest. The hour of vocation has struck for Canada: mysterious impulses are stirring within her breast; voices from realms of destiny are summoning her to self-realization and fulfilment. Seventy years since Emerson could say, "America is opportunity";

to-day, the Secer of Concord would be compelled to change the subject of that sentence to Canada. Religion and the Church, greatest among the influences that mould a people's character, must lead the van of the forces as they march towards the goal. The day of debate over differences is past. The things that count are our agreements in Christ and the work to which Christ calls us. Paul may have planted and Apollos may have watered, but we were not baptized into the name of Paul or Apollos, but of Christ. Unity of action is the sine qua non of effectiveness. The subordination of mere personal opinion involved makes for a stronger grip upon essential truths and a larger sympathy with brethren who differ. Already magnificent fruit has been brought forth by concerted action in the field of missions. Evangelical and Anglican forget to be partizans, and remember only that they are instruments of one Master in the work of the world's redemption. It is matter for infinite regret that the flame of love which is sweeping over the Church with such beneficent power, should have failed to melt the iron barriers dividing these two colleges from each other. Their union would have compacted power, reduced expense, increased facilities, broadened intelligence, and projected an impulse for good throughout the life of the Canadian Church.

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#### THE GREAT MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

This great gathering of representative missionary workers from all parts of the world has now passed into history, and it will stand there as one of the most important and remarkable assemblages in the record of our common Christianity. To us it is a matter for devout thankfulness that the Church of England saw its way to officially assist in the proceedings, and especially that the venerable and representative "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" finally decided to send representatives. The Society at first, when approached on the subject, declined to officially recognize the Conference, but as time went on wiser counsels prevailed and at a subsequent meeting it was resolved to accept the invitation. The action of the Society has been unfavourably criticized in certain quarters, as compromising the Church of England, and the matter has been taken up by a well-known and influential Church paper with its accustomed force and ability. But ably as the other side has been presented, it does not in the least tend to modify our opinion as to the rightfulness, the expediency, and in a sense the necessity of our Church co-operating in the work of the Conference. And the overwhelming preponderance of Church opinion on both sides of the Atlantic is, we are convinced, with us in the matter. The Church, in refusing to take part in the Conference, would not only have done wrongly, and been guilty of a tactical error, but would have done herself serious and possibly irreparable injury. As the English Guardian points out, the invitation to the Conference constituted what may probably turn out to be an epoch-making opportunity to our Church. For the first time in ecclesiastical history, if we are not mistaken, one of the "historic churches" has officially made common cause with the various Protestant denominations. Churchmen, the Guardian says, were received with great cordiality and evident respect. And what was very significant, no attempt was made in any quarters to belittle or disparage what may be called the irreducible minimum of orthodox doctrine. The whole tone and temper of the assembly was strikingly, unexpectedly and refreshingly conservative. There was no disposition, as had perhaps not unreasonably been feared by some of our own people, to play fast and loose with the fundamentals. The utterances of our own representative men, Archbishop Davidson, Bishops Gore and Brent, and others, were very well re-

ceived on the whole. Some of them dwelt with great plainness and force on our present divisions, which were apparently listened to with much respect, and, in some cases, evident sympathy. It was plain from the whole atmosphere of the Conference that the old theory, in almost unchallenged occupation a generation ago, of the impossibility and undesirability of the organic re-union of Christianity has received its death blow. In the new era upon which we are manifestly entering, of steadily widening movements for corporate re-union, our Church is certain to occupy a very, probably, an exceptionally, prominent place. For she has everything to give and nothing to lose. Under these circumstances, as the Guardian puts it, she was wise in showing her sympathy and admiration for the work of these, it may be hoped, temporarily alienated communions, for whose alienation she herself is in many cases not wholly blameless. There is most undoubtedly among all the Protestant bodies a very widespread and genuine liking and respect for the Anglican Church, often resolutely disguised. But hitherto this kindly, respectful feeling has been neutralized by the attitude of the Church. Nobody relishes being ignored. The average man does not resent your differing from him, but he does feel aggrieved at being not taken seriously. The same thing applies to churches. The Anglican Church has hitherto, in the old land at all events, refused to officially acknowledge the work of other religious bodies, and to take it seriously. Now that she has, as on this historic occasion, frankly and unreservedly done so, it is something, as we have said, to be devoutly thankful for. The best results may be anticipated from the action of the Mother Church in the person of the Archbishop and others. The cause of re-union has received a great forward impulse, and it is, after all, upon the success of this movement that the whole future of missions depends. Only a united Church will conquer the world for Christ.

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#### SPECULATION VS. GAMBLING.

The inclusion of certain forms of speculation under the general head of "gambling" has always appeared to us unjust and illogical. Of course there is speculation and speculation. There is a speculation which is the "life of trade," and without which business could not be carried on for twenty-four hours. In a sense, and in a very real one, every man who makes a venture of any kind is a speculator. In the still wider sense our life is a speculation, for in secular, as in spiritual things, we "walk by faith and not by sight." The element of so-called chance, i.e., uncertainty, enters into every transaction of life, that however remotely and indirectly has to do with the future. Now this is especially true of commerce. The business man, could such a being be conceived of, who would consistently abstain from all speculation of any kind,

may be faintly compared to the mariner who would never go out of sight of land, or the explorer who would never stir a foot without a guide. Whatever else he might be, he would cease to be a business man. As such he finds he must "take chances," i.e., he must, to use the old Elizabethan phrase, sometimes "put things to the touch, to win or lose it all." He cannot help himself. It is forced upon him. He must stake his success upon contingencies and possibilities which are absolutely beyond his knowledge and control. In doing this, then, is he in any sense a "gambler?" Assuredly not. Take even the extreme cases of speculation, i.e., speculation which is based upon fictitious or assumed ownership, the buying or selling of stocks "on margin." This sort of thing is often most unjustly termed "gambling." Strictly speaking, it is nothing of the kind, and to apply such a term to it is a striking example of that "confused thinking," which is every day so disastrously confounding great moral issues. For in what consists the essential wrongness of gambling? It is profiting by the misfortune of another, and it is more than that even. It is to gain the dead loss of another. It is to get something for nothing at the expense of somebody else. Everybody loses but yourself. Now, take the worst kind of speculation, viz., on margins. By the rise in a community which you nominally own, e.g., wheat, or cotton, or pork, you make a certain sum of money. What difference in the abstract is there between your case and that of the regular grain merchant, who buys from the farmer and sells again to the consumer? Both parties in the transaction, the seller and the buyer, make their profit. Nobody loses, or necessarily loses. In the case of a fall in margins you undoubtedly lose, but not everything, or nearly everything, as the unsuccessful gambler does. In the case of purchasing mining shares at a low price, in the hope of a rise later on, the contrast is still more glaring. Great strikes of ore cause mining stocks to jump up. You get "something for nothing," it is true, but everybody else gains. To apply the term "gambling" to this is therefore manifestly absurd. Now here we stop. Speculation of this latter kind, we do not for a moment, be it borne in mind, attempt to defend. The element of "chance" enters far too strongly into it not to render it a most dangerous pursuit, and then, of course, as is well known, the professional speculator is subject to the temptation of creating and maintaining fictitious values. Many men we know have been demoralized by their passion for speculation, but even under its most objectionable form it is not gambling in the true meaning of the term. Gambling, on the other hand, is morally absolutely indefensible. It is robbery by mutual consent, as duelling is murder by mutual consent. Of all forms of gain-seeking, short of actual theft, it is the most hardening and degrading. A systematic or professional gambler must resolutely repress and, if possible, extirpate all his finer feelings. He learns to watch for and rejoice in another's misfortune. He is forced into the position of a vulgar, grasping, ruthless, calculating self-seeker. There is no room in gambling for the exercise of anything but the most sordid qualities. Its effect on character is ruinous. Gambling, of course, has a strong affinity with speculation in its most objectionable forms. To gamble, no doubt, is to speculate, but it is something infinitely worse. Every gambler is a speculator, but every speculator is by no means a gambler, i.e., if words are to be used in their true sense. We feel assured that there are thousands and tens of thousands of speculators, even of the most adventurous kind, who would scorn to take a dollar won by any game of chance. Gambling is essentially anti-social. It is the deadly enemy to real friendship, and poisons all the social relationships. May the day be far distant when it involves Canadian society.

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MONTREAL

## FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

## Spectator's Comments and Notes of Public Interest.

A despatch from South Africa to the daily press indicates that some excitement has been caused in official circles by an order that ladies presented to the wife of the Governor-General should express their respect by what is known as a "courtesy." This means that instead of making the usual graceful inclination of the head, the lady in question shall have to make a quaint and curious little dip in which the knees play a prominent part. If this salutation were considered more becoming than the one in vogue our lady friends in South Africa presumably might in time become reconciled to it, but as it appears to the ordinary citizen a rather silly little genuflection it is likely to be difficult to enforce. Besides, there is in the back of the heads of Greater Britons a distinct dislike to being commanded to bow the knee to any fellow-citizen, official or unofficial. It would seem to us to be a rather unworthy start to make in our new commonwealth of Africa to begin by insisting upon the observance of customs which have no justification save in their antiquity and associations in England. The men and women of the Dominions beyond the seas are ready to feel and express their obligations as warmly and sincerely as any other members of the Empire, but they do not care to have the form of that expression modelled after types which belong to an age with which their countries have no associations. Besides, vicereignty shorn of all its initiative and power, cannot insist with much show of reason upon excessive tokens of submission to a glory that has departed forever.

This is certainly the dull season of the year in the Church as in other things. The synods are past, and the anxiety about how the various problems of the Church are to be settled is laid aside for a time. No one seems to be possessed with a burning desire to get his opinions before the public, and all have settled themselves for a holiday either in anticipation or the real thing. We have heard of no committee meetings of the General Synod, no Prayer Book revision, no new programme for the Laymen's Missionary Movement, all is deadly quiet. The only signs of anxiety seem to exist on the part of church-wardens trying to finance their churches through this dull season. If the positions of wardens have fallen upon men who have not gone through this sort of thing before then the rectors are liable to hear of some of their troubles. But better days are coming and then everything will be all right. In the meantime ecclesiastical ideas seem to be few and far between so far as Spectator is concerned.

It was proposed some time ago that the Sunday School Commission should issue a hymn book for Sunday Schools consisting of a collection of hymns suitable for children taken from the Book of Common Praise, but we learn that the idea has been abandoned. It may, of course, have been found that the publication of such a collection would rest with the Hyöval Committee rather than the Commission, as they control most of the hymns. But whoever has the authority to do a thing like that, ought, we think, exercise the authority. At present we have something like eight hundred hymns printed and certainly one hundred would meet all the requirements of our Sunday Schools. These hundred could be printed in much clearer and larger type, on better paper, and more durably bound, for five or ten cents a copy, and thus minister to the efficiency and comfort of our schools. It is hardly fair to ask children to use the present books available for Sunday Schools. Of course we will be confronted with the old objection that the children in the Sunday School should be taught the hymns they will use in the church services. That is one of

those familiar types of arguments which sound well but in practice have little force. With hymns as with mathematics and other subjects everything is not taught in childhood. It would be waste of time to try to teach a child what will be readily understood at a later stage of life. There are hymns which will appeal later in life, but would now make no impression, and it seems to us folly to attempt to teach them prematurely. In any case we do not use baptismal, burial, marriage, and communion hymns in Sunday School. One hundred carefully selected hymns and those which in word and tune would appeal most strongly and effectively to young people. If this had been done several months ago it would have saved many Sunday Schools of the cost of the present book. If this as in some other cases, however, will be better late than never.

"Spectator."

## LETTERS FROM AN OLD PARSON TO A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.

## Letter I.

My dear Boy, I am glad to hear you are going to be a parson. There is a constant demand for good men in that profession; and there are excellent opportunities for even indifferent men to make good. But I hope that you have duly considered the pros and cons, and are entering on this work with a true realization of what it means. So many fellows don't. The clerical profession has a way of attracting to itself certain types of character, much to its own detriment in the eyes of the world.

First, there is the man who has tried many things, and failed in them all. When he has run the gamut of worldly opportunities, he feels the spiritual call. The wonderful thing is that Bishops, conferences and presbyteries, are so willing to accept his rehearsed energies. But they do. There is not a religious body in this country which does not contain a goodly percentage of this type, and every year swells the number. A man may be a poor business man, a wretched organizer, devoid of tact, bristling with misapplied energy, and yet not be fit for the Christian ministry—with submission to examining chaplains, be it spoken.

Then there is the type of man who is looking for an easy and respectable living. His ideal is two thousand a year, and an assistant to do the work. More often than you think, he gets it. Why? Because he has set his heart on it. He pulls wires, steals sermons, panders to silly prejudice, in a word, edges, until his bone is thrown to him. I mention two out of the many, but the others are equally bad. Any man who enters the ministry for any other reason than love, love to God, love to man; that man, whatever station he may obtain is a failure. But I am persuaded that you are in earnest in this matter. Therefore, I congratulate you, and I congratulate your future flock. You will make errors enough, but they will be of head, not of heart.

The very first thing you need to do is to build up in your mind a conception of the ideal pastor, and begin to mould your life to that pattern. Consciously or unconsciously, that is what all young men do, and many old ones. We are forming ourselves on something outside ourselves. It is well then that we should make our ideal a perfect one if that be possible. I knew a Baptist probationer, who tried to model himself on Spurgeon. He read Spurgeon, talked Spurgeon, dreamed Spurgeon, tried to be Spurgeon, and was a failure. Because his ideal was all wrong. Spurgeon was a good man, an excellent preacher, a man of genius. But Spurgeon was not the highest development of manhood, and if we try to emulate any but the highest, failure is sure to result. This boy could preach Spurgeon's sermons, word for word, deliver them well, too; but they had no force. Spurgeon electrified London with them. But Spurgeon sought not himself, but the highest. So follow no man, no matter how wise, or holy, or learned he may be. One is your Master, even Christ. Study the life of Jesus of Nazareth. Absorb each day some portion of its beauty. Found yourself on Him; look up to Him; learn to think as He thought; to act as He acted; to speak as He spoke.

As you gain more and more of Him; as your life approximates more nearly to His life, you will gain in power and usefulness. You may not notice this growth yourself. In fact the closer

you get to the Christ, the less you will think of your own abilities, or your own holiness. But others will see. You will be a light set upon a hill, radiating the glory of the Blessed One, and others seeing you, will glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

The subordination of self to the ideal is a difficult task. Perhaps nowhere more difficult than in the clerical life. Parsons are so beset by irrational nonentities, by hysterical women, and long-eared males, that the gentle suavity of the Christian ideal is hard to attain, and hard to keep. But remember you are to be a shepherd. Most of us in reading our Saviour's words are struck with the beautiful picture of the shepherd leading his flock out of the mists and darkness; away from the ravening wolf into the safe shelter of the fold. But there is another side. Sheep feeding in peace are a beautiful sight. But see these same sheep in a panic. And how easily that panic is brought on. Stupidity possesses the flock. They run riot here and there. Careless of each other, and of themselves in their senseless fear they rush headlong to destruction. The sweet pastoral scene vanishes, and a pandemonium of indescribable stupidity takes its place. This side of the picture is as true as the other. Why? Christendom rent and shattered? Oh, I know all the fine names and high sounding phrases that are used to explain it, but the only answer that will stand in God's sight is the stupidity of the flock.

Here is the test of the shepherd's fitness. He must be everywhere, leading, coaxing, persuading, carrying, driving, compelling. All things to all men. Forgetful of self, forgetful of ease, counting all things but dress if he may prove himself a shepherd after the manner of that Great One, who gave His life for the sheep. That is subordination of self to the ideal; or again, an opportunity will come for personal advancement. It may be a call from a big city church, just when you have everything running well in your little country parish. You long for greater opportunities of usefulness, you feel that you could do this work well and successfully; but you know that the little country parish, if you leave it now, will fall back into the decline from which you rescued it.

What will you do? What would Jesus do? Subordinate self to the ideal. You will see other men with less talent and perhaps less zeal promoted over your head. You may lie under the implied stigma of failure; for the world is just charitable enough to assume that your lowly position arises through some fault of your own. All this is hard to bear, yet you will be sustained by that strong inner consciousness that you are fulfilling the purpose of your ordination. It matters little whether you are judged by men, or what their verdict may be. The judgment of Christ is the important thing. And if you know that you are walking in His footsteps you can afford to disregard other things.

Herein lies the great reward of your profession. You are not dependent on the whims and fancies of mankind. Neither are you at the mercy of circumstances as will sometimes happen to the wisest business man; but you are the servant of an All-Wise and Unvarying Master, who duly proportions to every man according to his work. Make Christ your ideal, subordinate everything else to Him, and your ultimate success is certain.

Yours faithfully,

The Old Parson.

## A MISSIONARY CHRONICLE II.

## A Study in Bronze

By Archdeacon Remson.

On 3rd of June I stepped off the Imperial Limited at Missanabie in a cold and miserable rain. The first stage of my journey was over and I was stranded on the ragged edge of civilization. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the relative merits of the city and the forest there can be no shadow of doubt as to the horror of the "jumping off" towns which have neither the beauty of the one or the comfort of the other. It takes man a generation to impress his personality and ideals upon a new town site. And when one sees a place like Missanabie there comes the thought of bare gums before the dentist's act has supplied the brand new shining set of teeth. There were three great birch-bark canoes lying at the wharf already loaded for Brunswick—Oonashkong, as the Indians called it. I found two dozen Indians on the platform, all of them old friends, who were glad to see me. We paddled eight miles to the first portage and camped for the night. I had not spoken Ojibway for a year and my voice sounded strange to my Indians as I automatically

answered questions. The tents were pitched in a grove of birches, and, in spite of the rain, we soon sat before a roaring fire. Old William Sogeshway acted as my chef and the bacon and bannock tasted like ambrosia. I could not help thinking of a Jew in my boarding house in San Francisco, who was suffering from nervous prostration, who told me that he would give a hundred dollars to be hungry. Wish he were here—by himself. We had an impromptu service in the twilight, each of the men producing his prayer book and hymn book from his kit bag. I preached from St. Matthew Vth chapter, on the Fatherhood of God. The sky had cleared up, so we sat late into the night telling stories. Halley's Comet was visible and as none of the Indians knew anything about it, I undertook to tell its story while they listened with polite incredulity. I began telling of my experiences in California, while they insisted that the people of San Francisco must be mad to live in a land of earthquake. They refused to be surprised at the progress of aviation. The fact is that the Indian is stunned by the white man's inventions and takes everything for granted. The next morning we began portaging. I found I was "fat and scant of breath." Several of the younger men carried three hundred pounds and one four hundred pounds, over the quarter mile stage, without a stop. Missanabie Lake is very beautiful and was as smooth as glass. I felt like an immortal fly crawling on a pane of glass as we paddled across. Old Jimmy Neganagoochin fell in the water when trying to jump ashore on the wet rocks at Fairy Point. There was a shout of heroic laughter from the crowd. He lamented all during dinner because the water had taken the shine out of his new moleskin trousers which he was wearing in honour of the minister. We crossed the height of land where the waters divide towards the Atlantic and Arctic oceans. I had several poetic thoughts over a drop of rain which might go in either direction. When we came within five miles of the Hudson Bay Company post we hoisted a flag and soon saw the chief's flag run up in response at Brunswick. The whole population turned out to meet us, including several savage-looking husky dogs. I had to shake hands with everybody like a canoeist for governor in a farming district and then we formed in procession to the little log church on the hill. The whole community was there. The several babies, of whom I baptized four, kept up an obligato to the service, which disturbed the equanimity of no one. There was no organ, but the singing was from the heart and I have no doubt went as straight to the throne of grace as any melody notes of an organ quartette. The chief and catechist, Alex. Pekóday, is a pathetic figure. He is a tall, beak-looking man with a Syrian face, rather different from the usual Ojibway granite features so common here. But his eyes are the saddest I ever saw, and no wonder, poor fellow, for in the last two years he has lost his wife and six children, all from tuberculosis, about two months apart. His heart has throbbled till it refuses to be stimulated. I tried to talk to him of the country where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, the sun shall not burn upon them nor any heat, for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto the fountains of living waters and shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." But it seemed desecration for one strong and well to approach a Sanctuary like this. He told me of the final scene last April, when he was camped alone by Opizatika Lake, when the last of his children lay dead in his tent. He said my gun was there—it would have been so easy to end it all. I thought of your words last year—I hope you told me true. I hope so too, Alec. He went away looking like a decayed Oriental bishop, for he was wearing a cast off suit of clothes given him by the Bishop of Moosonee. The society event of the season took place last night. Yesterday morning a young man came in great distress, for he had arranged to be married before I left and had even given the bride-elect the regulation seven yards of calico for a wedding dress. But at the eleventh minute she refused to have him and had announced her engagement to another man. I sent for the three parties concerned and the bride confessed that she had accepted the first very wisely because the second would not ask her, while the thought of her marriage had roused the delinquent to desperation, for although, as he confided to me, he had intended to wait another year to be sure whether he liked her well enough sooner than lose her he was willing to do his duty. He also manfully paid for the seven yards of calico. The church was decorated with branches, and there was a run upon the Hudson Bay Company's store for ribbons, during the afternoon. When the bridal pair came down the aisle after the service, he looked as proud as if she were the daughter of New York and she was as happy as if he were the

lord of a furnished flat (steam heated) instead of a cotton tent, and had a winter home in Pasadena instead of a wigwam on the Moose River. Civilization is a mysterious thing. It is not Christianity and still in our modern life the two are mixed like sand and sugar in the choicest grocer's blend. In the modern mind justification by faith cannot be separated from breakfast foods and semi-ready tailoring. I had a meeting of the women of the mission to-day and organized a Ladies Aid to care for the interior of the church. I gave a talk on the lives of their white sisters, which seemed to interest them very much. One old wrinkled widow, tastefully but inexpensively gowned in a gunnysack creation, said that there could hardly be any need of ministers in a land where winter was like summer and summer was like winter, where angels dwell everybody must be good and happy. I could only answer for one-half of the human race to which most of us belong, that every man carries his happiness under his hat. Where a woman carries hers I won't pretend to say—perhaps the Ladies Aid can decide. Yours ever faithfully, Robert John Remison.

MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT EDINBURGH

It must be frankly admitted that the recent conference at Edinburgh has been one of the most remarkable gatherings of leaders of Christian thought and action on the Missionary Plane that the world has yet seen. It is quite true that those great and influential bodies, the Roman and Greek Communion, were not represented and that many leading men in our own communion were absently absent for obvious reasons. On the other hand, so deep is the interest taken in this movement and so thoroughly has its spirit roused our branch of the Church Universal, that men of the calibre of the Primate of all England, the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Birmingham, Southwark and Assory, Bishops Brent, Montgomery and Father Frere and others attended and participated in the discussions. It would seem to be true as the "Guardian" says that "we have come to a transition stage in which all are invited, with their principles safeguarded, to come together for the purposes of conference and personal knowledge of each other's ways and beliefs," and again the same journal observes: "We believe that in this new era the Anglican Church has its duty to do by coming into as close contact as possible with those who call themselves Protestants pure and simple. The distinction between the two standpoints and our own was made abundantly clear in the conference time after time. The unmistakable language of the Bishop of Birmingham, of Bishop Brent and others was cheered by the audience. When the first named pointed out the significance of the drift of Protestantism from almost every meeting his words were cheered with surprising heartiness. It would appear to the wise and far-seeing Churchman that such an opportunity for the Anglican Church ought not have been missed. Going as Anglicans did to the conference with their strong Catholic views safeguarded and recognized, it would have been a serious blunder not to have pleased our Catholic brethren before such an audience. . . . The result of the conference, therefore, has been a mutual benefit. Anglican Churchmen have not only learnt much, but they have made a most important contribution. Only from the Anglican Church, with its generous instincts, could the Catholic contribution be imparted to this great world-force, the very large extent English-speaking. Every High Churchman must have returned from the conference a more convinced High Churchman, with an added experience in many directions, above all with a deepened respect for Christians not in communion with him, but who are worthy of the highest respect for their character and life-work in the cause of God."

Proceedings at the Conference

After the opening address by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the president of the conference, the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered an address in which, amongst other things, he said: "We meet, as has been well said, for the most serious attempt which the Church has yet made, to look steadily at the whole fact of the non-Christian world. . . . We look at it from standpoints not by any means the same, geographical, racial, or denominational. Not one of us has a lot of the distinctive convictions which he deliberately holds. Therein lies in part the value of the several contributions which will be made to our debates." His Grace then spoke of the analogy of the past, the unique opportunities of the present, opportunities which are specially ours, and the difficulties caused by the un-Christian lives of the representatives of Christian lands. His Grace was followed by Mr. Robert Speer, who spoke with his customary earnestness on the subject of the Leadership of Our

Lord in Mission Work. One of the most remarkable and impressive features of the conference was the reading of a letter written on the subject of the conference to one of its leading representatives by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cremona, who is understood to be an intimate friend of the Pope, and one of the most prominent bishops in Italy. Although, as we have stated, that communion was not represented, the receipt and reading of the following letter were unusually significant: "A conference of representatives of all the Christian denominations, held with the noble aim of better making known Christ and His Church to consciences which feel and exhibit in practice all the profound and fecund beauty of religious aspirations, is a fact of such importance and significance that it cannot escape the attention of any one who may follow the conference, however superficially, in what a degree the most profound problems are agitating and revolutionizing the modern spirit. . . . The conference, indeed, proves that religious feeling ever exercises a supreme influence over the entire life of man, and that the religious factor in our day, as throughout all time, stimulates and urges on human activity towards new conquests in the path of civilization. The progress of science, the various phases of philosophy, the evolution, both of thought and of practical life, these all group themselves round the religion which human history displays and classifies at different epochs. It has been well said that as the prism exhibits the various colours contained in light, so mankind displays the various forms and shades of religion. Moreover, your conference, which is being held in Scotland, the land of strong and noble ideals, though at one time torn asunder by religious strife, is a triumph proof of another consoling fact: the most desirable and precious of human liberties, religious liberty, may now be said to be a grand conquest of contemporary humanity, and it enables men of various faiths to meet together, not for the purpose of hating and combating each other, for the supposed greater glory of God, but in order to consecrate themselves in Christian love to the pursuit of that religious truth which unites all believers in Christ. United in one faith, the various spiritual forces combine in the adoration of the one true God in spirit and in truth. For these reasons I applaud your conference. I know very well that some sceptical spirits, saturated in gross materialism, or cold Positivism, may smile at your initiative, and tax you with Utopian optimism, or with being well-meaning dreamers, shutting your eyes to the realities of life. Such will not fail to say that you, being yourselves profoundly divided in your religious beliefs, of which you endeavour to be the jealous guardians, cannot have any data or principles, accepted by all, on which to base your discussions. Besides, religion is too much a matter of individual conviction and feeling for us to hope ever to see one only Church, capable of embracing all believers in Christ. But no, only a superficial observer could be deluded regarding the practicability of such efforts. Yours, gentlemen, is not an optimistic idealism, nor an idle dream. The elements of fact in which you all agree are numerous and are common to the various Christian denominations, and they can therefore serve as a point of departure for your discussions. It is therefore, legitimate to aspire to a unity of faith and of religious practice, and to work for its realization by the consecration of all energies of mind and heart. This is a work in which we, in our day, may well co-operate. In this field as in others, it is well to keep in mind that from the clash of opinions discussed in a free and calm spirit sparks of truth cannot fail to be elicited. Now, on what matters and on what principles are you agreed, gentlemen? To my thinking they are as follows: Like myself, all of you are persuaded that the physical, ethical, and social developments of life do not satisfy man, because man, whether he wills it or not, is oppressed by the Infinite, and this consciousness, from which he cannot deliver himself, urges him to harmonize his physical and social conditions with the supreme Reality, which is God, the Source of all these conditions; and to which they are subordinate. Without such harmony the ethical and social life loses its significance and impresses us with its insufficiency. Faith, therefore, in God the Creator, which bestows on human life an eternal and absolute value, is for you, the primary point of agreement. You all share faith in Christ the Redeemer. Christ reveals Himself and is adored as Divine; this is a religious fact of unequalled importance. Jesus has, in reality, not vanished either from history or from the life of Christianity: He lives at all times in millions of souls; He is enthroned as King in all hearts. The figure of Christ has not the cold splendour of a distant star, but the warmth of a heart which is near us, a flame burning in the soul of believers and keeping alive their consciences. Putting aside certain opinions,

which, honoured at the moment, may possibly be abandoned to-morrow, criticism had hoped to effect a complete demolition of the conception of Christ, but what criticism really demolished was merely irrelevant matter. . . . The figure of Christ, after all the onslaughts of criticism, now stands forth more pure and Divine than ever, and compels our adoration. Thus, we are united in the profound conviction that a universal religion is necessary, and that this must be the Christian religion, not a cold and formal religion, a thing apart from human life, but a living force, pervading the human soul in its essence, and its various manifestations—a religion, in short, which completes and crowns our life and which bears fruition in works of love and holiness. Again, all of you feel the need of a Church which may be the outward manifestation of your faith and religious feeling, the vigilant custodian, now and here of Christian doctrine and tradition. It sustains and keeps alive religious and individual activity in virtue of that strong power of suggestion which collectively always exercises on the individual. 'Sir,' exclaims Johnson, 'it is a very dangerous thing for a man not to belong to any Church.' And this is true. How many of us would fall a thousand times were it not for its support? Finally, from the various Churches and religious denominations into which you Christians are divided there arises a new unifying element, a noble aspiration, restraining too great impulsiveness, levelling dividing barriers, and working for the realization of the one Holy Church through all the children of redemption. And now, I ask, Are not these elements more than sufficient to constitute a common ground of agreement, and to afford a sound basis for further discussion, tending to promote the union of all believers in Christ? On this common ground, gentlemen, having your minds liberated from all passions or sectarian intolerance, animated, on the contrary, by Christian charity, bring together into one focus the results of your studies, the teachings of experience, whether individual or collective, calmly carry on research and promote discussion. May truth be as a shining light, illuminating your consciences, and making you all of one heart and one mind. My desire for you is but the echo of Christ's words, which have resounded through the centuries—'Let there be one flock and one Shepherd.'"

#### Subjects Dealt With

The following list indicates the subjects dealt with by the reporting commissions and the names of some of the clergy appointed to deal with them: 1. Carrying the Gospel to all the World. 2. The Native Church and its Workers. (This was subsequently altered to "The Church in the Mission Field"). 3. Education in relation to the Christianization of National Life. 4. The Missionary Message in relation to Non-Christian Religions. 5. The Preparation of Missionaries. 6. The Home Base of Missions. 7. Relation of Missions to Governments. 8. Co-operation and Promotion of Unity. Among the clergy the following are connected with the commissions indicated by number: (1) Bishop Montgomery; (2) the Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney, the Revs. F. Bayliss, Canon Cunningham, and Duncan Travers (the last-named withdrew, I understand, owing to ill-health); (3) the Bishop of Birmingham (Chairman), the Rev. Lord W. Cecil; (4) The Bishop of Ossory, Ferns and Leighton; (5) the Revs. Dr. Murray, Selwyn College, Cambridge, and Fr. Kelly, Kelham; (6) the Revs. J. P. Maud, Canon Bullock Webster; (7) Bishop Ingham; (8) the Bishop of Albany, Prebendary Fox, the Bishop of Southwark, the Dean of Westminster, and Fr. Frere of Mirfield. At one of the meetings the chairman, Dr. Mott, read a message from Mr. Roosevelt, in which that strenuous Christian said that "a divided Christendom can only imperfectly bear witness to the essential unity of Christianity." At another meeting Professor Paterson of Edinburgh University delivered a very able speech on "Christianity as the Final and Universal Religion." Dr. Gore made some of the most impressive addresses of the conference. Dealing with the Church in the Mission Field he said, in effect, that the more true it was that they as Westerners should be doing all they possibly could to foster the independence and indigenous character of the Church in Eastern and African countries, the more important it was that they should have constantly in mind what were those divisions which belonged, not to India, or Japan, or China, or to England, but to the Church everywhere. They must be able to assert what the essential principles were and what were their real cardinal features. No one could be acquainted with what had been going on in Europe, or in the world during the last fifty years without seeing the extraordinary and almost unprecedented breaking down of what might be described as denominational standards and barriers. They were told not to denominationalize the young churches, but at the same time they must be playing their part in saying

clearly what constituted the Church. He noticed on almost all sides of what, in the broadest sense might be called the region of Protestant Christianity, a tendency in this respect to drift. Men were conscious that what they used fearlessly to assert as essential to Christianity they were no longer willing to assert. It followed from that that they ought to be labouring painfully and diligently to know what it was they were to substitute for the older assertions. He was quite certain that no system, no religion, no body could hope to stand, unless it underwent the painful intellectual effort of defining what its principles were. To run away from that obligation was to run away from something which was essential for continuous corporate life. They had got to put into all bodies of Christians the consciousness that continuous life depended on continuous principles, and any period of intellectual change involved and necessitated fresh effort to interpret in such intellectual forms as became a bond of union what they believed to be the real basis of Christianity which could be corporate.

#### Mediæval Missions, Education, Etc.

Another speaker who was heard with close attention was Father Frere of the Community of the Resurrection of Mirfield, England. In dealing with Mediæval Missions he said that the methods of the missionaries of the mediæval church were imperfectly known, but from incidents gathered from Saints' lives and elsewhere, points arose that had a bearing upon their modern policy. Happily, for the present purposes much of the best that was available came from Anglo-Saxon and Irish missionaries. Christianity met with no great rival religion till it faced Islam, and then its dealings were more military than missionary. The single exception to that was the conflict in Persia and the East with Zoroastrianism, a unique conflict with a powerful and distinctively Oriental religion. It first contaminated, and then, when purified, it enriched the Church's conception of the Faith. The same result was to be expected from the conflict now developing between the Christian Faith and the great Eastern systems. There would come a trying phase of contamination; and then a great enrichment by which our too Western, too exclusively ethical and practical, conceptions would be balanced by Oriental conceptions, predominantly mystical, and more deeply theological, in the strict sense of the term. On the questions raised by this conflict, he said the mediæval mind saw no element of good in the Pagan beliefs; it was the work of devils. The missionary was uncompromisingly aggressive. The typical act of the hero was the bold destruction of a temple or an idol. Fr. Frere proceeded to explain various methods which prevailed in mediæval times, and said there was a group of questions that arose out of the miracles and exorcisms which were practised. Some of these miracles they might not expect or wish to see repeated—such as the competitive miracles in which the missionary contended with the heathen sorcerer in showing power over fire or rain—but were they right in other respects in having so little expectation of supernatural help? Ought not the sick to be healed, and were there not demons now from whom the man of God should cast out the devil? To this question he answered "Yes." He had seen enough of gifts of healing and of the reality of exorcism in prosaic home work to compel him to expect more abroad. No such miracle was, after all, so great as the miracle they constantly witnessed of a converted soul. Their Lord Himself had promised that these signs should follow. In submitting the report on "Education in relation to the Christianization of National Life" Dr. Gore said he should like to bear witness to the profound impression which had been produced on their minds as to the real and rich and abundant fruit which the educational labours of missionaries had borne in every part of the world. If they looked to the diffusion of Christian ideas and ideals that had taken place, deeply influencing far beyond the region of any specific Church membership or Christian belief, and asked what was in the main responsible for this powerful and refining diffusion, he answered unhesitatingly, in the main Christian educators. If they asked what had most powerfully impressed even the hostile imagination within the charmed circle of Indian society, he would say the social elevation of the outcasts through the instrumentality of Christian education. If there had been men occupied in creating, and, at least, in a large measure successfully creating a bond of spiritual sympathy between the East and the West, it had been once more the Christian educator. Another effective speaker was Mr. W. J. Bryan—not only did Mr. Bryan attract attention from his prominence in United States politics but as well by his earnestness and vigour as a speaker. The subject of non-Christian Religions; The changes in character of the missionary problem in recent years; The question of Laymen and Foreign Missions; Christianity in Japan and Korea; The Contribution of Women to the Work of M.

question of the Relation of Missions with Commerce; The Relation of Missions with Governments, and other important subjects were duly considered. Discussion upon Unity in the Mission Field and Unity at the Home Base were taken part in by the Bishops of the Philippine Islands, Southwark and Durham, Lord William Cecil, Bishop Montgomery, and the Bishop of Gippsland. The Bishop of the Philippine Islands pleaded earnestly for co-operation with Roman Catholics, for justice and fairness in controversy with them, and for a better understanding of their position. The Bishop of Southwark also deplored the ignoring of Romanists, and Lord William Cecil spoke strongly on the importance of the Orthodox Eastern Churches. Bishop Montgomery said that "as a basis of union undenominationalism was dead; they had no use for a least common denominator of Christianity; they looked with hope for its greatest common measure. The Bishop of Gippsland gave an outline of the negotiations for union between the Australian Church and the Presbyterians there, saying that he believed it could be achieved without sacrifice of principle on either side. It is very noteworthy and a real sign of a more Catholic idea of the Church, that the usual undenominationalist cant, with which English readers are so familiar, was conspicuous by its absence, even in quarters where it might have been looked for. A permanent committee has been appointed to carry on the work of the conference. The representatives of Great Britain on this conference are: Mrs. Creighton, Sir Andrew Fraser, vice-chairman of the conference; Dr. H. T. Hodgkin, Society of Friends; Mr. G. W. Macalpine, Baptist; the Rev. J. N. Ogilvie, Established Church of Scotland; the Rev. J. H. Ritson, Wesleyan; the Rev. George Robson, D.D., United Free Church, the Bishop of Southwark; Dr. Eugene Stock, Church Missionary Society, and the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, D.D., London Missionary Society.

## The Churchwoman.

### INDIA ORPHAN WORK

Many thanks to the following kind friends who have been good enough to remember the little orphans of India. Master Lawrie Echersley, Niagara-on-the-Lake, 25 cents; Anon, \$15.00; Miss H. M. Martin, Cayuga, another year's support of child, \$15.00; Friend, \$30.00. I shall always feel very grateful to anyone who feels kindly enough towards these little orphans to give them some little gift towards keeping them in a Christian home. It is just that that makes all the difference to a child born in a heathen country. Then what a power for good in such a land each of these children may become. If they marry, as they probably do very early in life, we hope it is always to a Christian man and then it means a Christian family and so the chain goes on. May it be our privilege to help put in another link from time to time and so strengthen the work of God in that great far-off land. Please address contributions to Miss Caroline Macklem, Victoria, B.C., Canada.

## Home & Foreign Church News

From our own Correspondents

### NOVA SCOTIA.

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

**Halifax.**—St. Paul's.—The Rev. S. H. Prince, M.A., the new curate, has arrived to take up his duties. Mr. Prince is a native of Rothesay. He was graduated from the University of Toronto in 1908. He took a high place in honours in philosophy. He is also a graduate of Wycliffe College. Mr. Prince has been engaged as a master of Ridley College, St. Catharines, where he was a great favourite. He has already won for himself a reputation for preaching power.

**Truro.**—The Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Kaulbach have gone for a few weeks' needed rest, to Mrs. Kaulbach's old home in Quebec, and to Kingston, Ont., where they will visit their son, Major Kaulbach. The Rev. Mr. Bowman remains in charge, and has just returned from the meeting of the Amherst Deanery, at Parisboro'. The annual congregational and Sunday School picnic was held July 14th, at Folley Lake. There was a large attendance and a most delightful day was spent by all.

QUEBEC.

Andrew H. Dunn, D.D., Bishop, Quebec, P.Q.

Quebec.—The Bishop of Quebec has succeeded in securing the help of a Bishop from England who can assist him. On the cordial recommendation of Bishop Montgomery, Secretary of the S.P.G., supported by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the post has been offered to Bishop Farrar, recently of Antigua, and Dr. Farrar, being encouraged by his medical advisers to take up Episcopal work in some cold or temperate climate, has accepted the offer, and purposes to leave England for Quebec about the middle of August, in time to enter on his new duties early in September.

ONTARIO.

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

Kingston.—St. Luke's.—The Sunday School picnic was held in Long Island Park. It was a delightful day, and nearly four hundred people were present. It was a great success.

Roslin.—St. Paul's.—The Bishop visited this parish and administered the rite of Confirmation to seven persons, and dedicated a font.

Wolfe Island.—On Sunday, July 12th, the Bishop visited this parish and held service at Christ Church at 10 a.m. He preached an excellent sermon, administered the rite of Confirmation to two candidates, and dedicated a new lectern presented by the members of the Ladies' Guild, and celebrated Holy Communion, assisted by the rector. The church has been thoroughly cleaned and renovated during the past year.

Trinity Church.—At 3 p.m., the Bishop held a service in this church. The congregation was very large. At the Confirmation the rector presented 10 candidates. The Bishop preached a very able sermon, Canon Starr kindly assisting in the service. After the service the Bishop consecrated the new cemetery for the burial of the dead. Canon Starr acted as Bishop's chaplain. The service was very impressive and will long live in the memory of those privileged to be present. The Bishop left at 5 p.m. on Mr. Hiram Calvin's yacht, who very kindly conveyed him to and from the churches, a courtesy much appreciated by the Bishop and the rector. The Bishop expressed the pleasure the visit had given him and congratulated the rector and people on the progress the parish was making. The offertories all day were given for diocesan missions, and totalled \$20. On the following Monday a united Sunday School picnic was held by the owner's kindness in Connolly Grove. It was a beautiful day, thoroughly enjoyed, and a great success.

Madoc and Queensborough.—This parish was visited by His Lordship Bishop Mills, of Ontario, on the 8th and 9th of July. In St. John's Church, Madoc, Evensong was said at 8 p.m., and eleven persons received Confirmation at the Bishop's hands. In spite of the great heat and sultry weather, the church was crowded. A start was made for Queensborough and the Rockies at 11 a.m., on the following morning in automobile, after a celebration of the Holy Communion in St. John's Church. The Bishop was celebrant, and ten of the eleven, who received Confirmation the previous evening, partook of their first Communion. Service was held at the Rockies at 3 p.m., in the small log church there, built some 20 years ago, by the late Rev. W. W. Burton. Only one-church family remains of the several who formerly tried to make a living in that sterile section of country when he worked among them. At Queensborough the Bishop was entertained by the Misses Thompson with their usual hospitality, and service was held in St. Peter's Church at 8 p.m. The following morning his Lordship left for the mission of Millbridge.

Bannockburn.—St. Bartholomew.—During the Bishop's annual visit to this mission, on Sunday, July 10th, this church was consecrated. The church, which has recently been decorated inside, has had new chancel fittings added, and a belfry built. In the morning the incumbent presented six candidates for Confirmation at Millbridge. A service was held in the afternoon at Glanmire. The Bishop preached impressive sermons to the three large congregations.

TORONTO.

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

On the 3rd inst., the Bishop of Toronto opened the new church of "The Good Samaritan," at Sparrow Lake. On the 9th instant he consecrated the cemetery of St. John's Church, Norway. He has also held confirmations at St. Luke's, Hamlet, St. James', Orillia, and All Saints', Collingwood. Commencing on Sunday last (17th), and for the two following Sunday mornings he will preach at St. Andrew's Church on the Island, and at St. Alban's, in the evening. The Rev. G. M. Brewin, of Penetang, has been granted leave of absence for three months. From and after the first of June the Mission of St. Michael's and All Angels, Wychwood, becomes a self-supporting parish, and the Rev. W. J. Brain, M.A., its first rector.

St. James'.—The Rev. Gore M. Barrow, assistant priest, has left for a visit to the Old Land. He will meet his brother, the famous Indian general, Sir Knapp Barrow. As a mark of the appreciation in which Mr. Gore Barrow is held by the adult Bible Class of St. James' he was presented, before leaving, with a handsome suit case. The presentation was made by Captain A. E. Gooderham.

St. Cyprian.—The Rev. C. A. Seager, M.A., rector of this church, left last Saturday for New Westminster, to preach at the consecration of the Bishop-Elect, the Rev. A. U. de Pencier, M.A. During July his services will be taken by the Rev. J. F. Routhwaite, and during August by the Rev. C. C. Purton, rector of Mitchell.

NIAGARA.

John Philip DuMoulin, D.D., Bishop, Hamilton.

Hamilton.—St. Philip's.—The Rev. Percy Isherwood, B.A., incumbent of Bannockburn, Diocese of Ontario, has been appointed assistant to the Rev. B. C. Kenrick, and will have charge of the mission church in St. Philip's Parish. Mr. Isherwood is an Englishman, a graduate of McGill University, and the Montreal Diocesan College, and is in priest's orders. He will begin his new work August 1st.

HURON.

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

Lucknow.—St. Peter's.—The congregation has been very busy during the past two months in the way of repairs and improvements generally. The rectory has been papered throughout and repaired and painted outside, which gives the building a beautiful appearance. The church windows have been refrosted and woodwork outside painted. The Young People's Society have raised sufficient funds to purchase a bell weighing over 300 pounds, and supply a new set of clergyman's books. The Rev. A. Richardson, who came to Huron Diocese from Nova Scotia, took charge of this parish last January, and has been doing splendid work and is much appreciated.

Seaforth.—The following address was recently presented to Mr. F. Holmsted, who has been a faithful and zealous member of St. Thomas' congregation for about forty years, and has always taken an active interest in the work of the church in Seaforth. The address was engrossed, with an illuminated border, and neatly framed:—"To F. Holmsted, Esq., K.C., Seaforth, Ont.

"Dear Mr. Holmsted,—We, the vestry of St. Thomas' Church, assembled at our regular Easter meeting, desire to express our regret that you wish to retire from the office of church-warden, which you have held for several years. We feel that the congregation are deeply indebted to you for your constant efforts to promote the welfare of the church in this parish, and your generous support of St. Thomas' Church during your long and

faithful membership, and we hope and pray that you may long be spared to continue your good work amongst us. Signed on behalf of the vestry, John Berry, M.A., rector; H. Edge, J. M. Best, church-wardens. Seaforth, 29th March, 1910."

Millbank.—Grace Church.—The 23rd annual garden-party in connection with this church, was held on the rectory grounds on the evening of July 1st, and it was a great success in every way. The various committees had attended to their duties, and the Rev. Mr. Washburn and his congregation are to be congratulated on the system and success which marked the whole affair. Besides local addresses, etc., much appreciated numbers were rendered by the Humoresque Male Quartette, and Mr. Will Tayler, all of London. This garden party has grown greatly in popularity the last few years, the proceeds this year being greatly in advance of even last year, which held the record up to that time. Last year the gate and refreshment booth proceeds were \$118 and \$110 respectively; total, \$228. This year the gate receipts were \$152, and booth receipts \$141; total, \$293.

Pottersburg.—St. Mark's.—The dedication service of this church was held on Sunday, July 10th, by the Bishop. He was met at the south-west door by the rector, his assistant, the church-wardens, and some of the congregation, and after receiving a petition that he dedicate the edifice to the worship of God, he proceeded to the communion table and conducted the prescribed service. After the dedication was over the usual morning service was conducted by the rector, the Rev. Wm. Lowe, the lessons being read by the Ven. Archdeacon Young, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop. At the afternoon service the Bishop addressed the congregation. At the evening service the Rev. Canon Craig was the preacher. All the services were largely attended. During the course of the morning's service the rector announced a list of gifts to the church and the donors, and made an appeal for a communion service. At the conclusion of the service a gentleman came forward and intimated that he would give the service as soon as it could be obtained.

Atwood.—St. Alban's.—The Rev. Mr. Ashby received a very hearty reception from his new parishioners on the lawn of Mr. Jas. Longmire. Dr. C. McMane gave a very appropriate address of welcome. The Rev. Mr. Ashby thanked them for their hearty reception and said he hoped good feeling would continue to exist during his incumbency.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

The new Mission-Boat, "Columbia II.," was launched from the Marine Railway dock, New Westminster, yesterday evening. As the boat slid down the ways and gracefully took the water, Mrs. John Antle, wife of the Rev. Mr. Antle, dashed the traditional bottle across the bow and christened her "Columbia II." The launching was preceded by a short service conducted by Archdeacon Pentreath and attended by quite a few interested in the work from New Westminster and Vancouver. The "Columbia II." is as handsome a craft as was ever turned out by the Westminster Marine Railway Company, and is the most modern boat ever built on the Fraser, complete to the minutest detail with every convenience known to boats of her class. She is one hundred feet in length, seventeen feet beam, six feet draught, and nine feet eight inches in the hold. Equipped with a sixty horse-power six-cylinder engine she has also a subsidiary engine for developing electricity. Forward is a fully equipped hospital room with operating table and other aids for surgical work. Below deck, forward, is a large saloon fitted for holding church services. There are eleven berths on board. The frame is of oak and the planking of fir. The upperworks are made of teak, and rosewood is used in the interior finishings. Swedish iron is used in the frame. Altogether the boat cost \$25,000. Capt. Gushue, a Newfoundland skipper, will be the master.

The first act performed by the Bishop after his consecration will be the ordination to the diaconate of Mr. Thomas Walker, of St. Paul's Missionary College, Burgh, Lincolnshire, which will take place in the Cathedral on Sunday, the 31st. In the evening, he will hold his first Confirmation at St. Margaret's Parish Hall, Cedar Cottage.

**CHURCH DECORATORS**  
THE  
**Thornton-Smith Co.**  
SKETCHES AND REFERENCES SUBMITTED  
11 King Street West, Toronto

A lady in England has sent to Archdeacon Pentreath through the S.P.G. £200 for a missionary at Princeton and Granite Creek. This will enable a grant to be made for two years, and a missionary will be at once secured, who will reside at Princeton in the Similkameen Valley.

It is with great regret that we learn that the sum available for the existing mission work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for 1911 is short over £13,000. This necessitates a reduction of the annual grants. This diocese will receive £330, of which £250 is allotted to Indian missions, leaving only a small amount for work among the settlers.

**Sapperton.**—The old historic church of St. Mary, here, has been attached to the Cathedral Parish at New Westminster, and will be worked from the Cathedral. The grant given to Sapperton has been transferred to the new parish of Merritt. Mr. Phos. Walker will take charge of Merritt after his ordination.

#### CALEDONIA.

**F. H. DuVernet, D.D., Bishop, Prince Rupert B.C.**

**Atlin.** Bishop Stringer visited Atlin for Sunday, July 24, and preached twice in St. Martin's Church. In the morning he dedicated a new lectern which had been presented to the church, and after the morning service celebrated the Holy Communion. Visits were also paid to some of the mining centres and services held.

### Correspondence

#### SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

Sir.—In your comments on "Sunday Observance," (July 14th), you say, "The average parson is now beginning to welcome the wet Sunday in summer, and he is learning to dread the fine Sunday in summer," etc. Surely this is not true. I think the average parson welcomes the fine Sunday in summer, because it means a pleasant holiday for hard-worked men and women, and a pleasant day for social intercourse in the fresh air. The question of its effect on church attendance is quite another thing. Personally, I have not noticed that a wet Sunday brings people to church in summer, but if it does, I don't feel any particular pleasure in knowing that many have been forced into church for lack of a fine day on which to do something else. I want my church full on Sundays in summer, and I am sorry so many people stay away who might come, but I look on every rainy holiday (Sundays included), as a distinct loss to the community. A bright sunny Sunday is, to me, a most beautiful day, and I hope that folks will begin to think that attendance in God's House, at one service at least, might be a worthy way of showing appreciation of God's gift of Sunday and brightness.

F. G. Plummer.

#### THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER NOT A SEEKER FOR TRUTH.

Sir.—When the modern philosopher comes before us posing as a Seeker for Truth, he betrays by that very attitude a misconception of the whole question as compared with the Christian teacher. As St. Paul stood on Mars' Hill with an audience before him of the most accomplished and learned men of his day he was not a seeker for truth, but a proclaimer of it. Those before him, it is true, claimed the dignity of men, for they acknowledged the obligation of worship, even though the object of their worship was as yet unknown to them. Any they were, therefore, in a way seekers for truth. But St. Paul's claim to be heard was that he had found the truth. They in their piety had erected an altar to "The Unknown God." And it was He, Whom they thus ignorantly worshipped, whom St. Paul declared unto them. But Christianity was then a new thing in the world, and they had only St. Paul's word for it. Whereas we, though no more seekers for truth than he was, are in a very different position from his, for we can point to a world revolutionized by the preaching of Christianity, as a proof that what we have found and proclaimed is indeed the Truth. This

claim is put forth not in arrogance, but in humility, for it is all of God from first to last, and no merit belongs to us. But, on the other hand, it should be humbling to our pride that we cannot show greater results from the vast privileges conferred on us by the mercy of our God, for we cannot yet claim that we have gone into all the world and preached this Gospel to every creature, as we were commanded to do nearly nineteen hundred years ago. And yet we dare not allow the claim that we are mere seekers for truth, when by God's appointment we are the preachers and proclaimers of it. To the unthinking a certain glamour attaches to him who proclaims himself a seeker for truth. But it is only to the unthinking, for he, who is a seeker for truth, had better wait till he is quite sure he has found it before he ventures to teach his conflicting theories, as if they were the truth. A mere seeker for truth has no right to teach. For he may be, from the very title he gives himself, merely as the blind leading the blind on to their ruin. Even the wonderful advances in our day in physical science is in a measure due to Christianity. For it is the Gospel of Christ which has enabled men to overcome the corruption that is in the world through lust, and to devote their talents and energies to other and nobler things. The indirect influences of Christianity through our social relations in Christian society has had an ennobling effect on thousands, who have not been further brought under spiritual influence. And while many of our greatest scientists have been most earnest and devout Christians, there are some who have made great discoveries in science who do not acknowledge their indebtedness to Christianity; but they are indebted to it, though they will not admit it, just as our works of charity, our hospitals and missionary labours, which are the honour of the Church, are wholly due to Christianity, since they were unknown in the world before the Gospel.

J. M. B.

#### TWO-FOLD ATTITUDE.

Sir.—I have the greatest respect for every opinion advanced in your columns by "Spectator," but when he says in your issue of June 16th, that the Church itself legitimately presents "this two-fold attitude of mind and conviction," he ought to bear in mind that it did not do so till about the latter part of the first third of the last century, that is, three hundred years after the Reformation; and that by amalgamation of Wycliffe and Trinity one feature of this two-fold attitude, the older one, would to that extent be effaced. In reply to Mr. Fairbairn, I would say that the supporters of such colleges as Wycliffe and Latimer, by no means think that they "know better than the Church of England," but they do think that the Church of England articles, rubrics and homilies, and the writings of the great Reformers afford a better and safer standard of what the doctrines of the Church of England really are than the opinions and writings of the Tractarian Divines of seventy-five years ago and their disciples of to-day, and the promoters of the ritual that accompanied and followed the new teaching. No "lamentable tale of strife, suspicion and scandal" followed the establishment of Wycliffe. On the contrary, peace was restored, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, remain in the church who might have left her if the teaching imparted to students for the ministry had continued to be confined to the opposite side of this "two-fold attitude" and its developments. The preservation of Wycliffe and establishment of Latimer will tend to promote peace, and avert disunion and secession. If the teaching of the respective opinions represented by this "two-fold attitude" cannot co-exist within the Church, then it is hard to see how those who hold them can.

A. W. Savary.

Annapolis Royal.

### Family Reading.

#### A GOOD DAUGHTER.

There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun and evening star. The grace,

vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

#### CONFESSIOIN.

Daily, we leave undone, the things we ought to do;  
We court the wrong, and overlook the right;  
We seek the false, regardless of the true;  
We choose the dark in preference to the light.

And so, O Lord, we come at close of day;  
Before Thine Altar, penitent, we fall,  
And there, with trembling lips, we humbly pray,  
Forgive us all our sins, both great and small.

Forget the ills that we have done this day,  
Blot them, forever, from Thy sacred book;  
Turn not from us Thy loving face away,  
Behold us, Lord, but not with angry look.

Grant us true absolution, this we ask;  
Oh! cleanse our hearts from every hidden shame,  
From every secret fault tear off the mask;  
Make us more worthy of Thy Name.

'Tis then, whilst we our full confessions make,  
There in the solemn hush of twilight's hour;  
And unto Christ our sinful lives we take,  
All-confident of His forgiving power:

We feel that angel forms are hovering near;  
Whilst over us steals the peace which only God can give,  
And listening to the "still small voice," we hear  
The loving whisper, soft and clear, "Look unto Me and live."

#### BE PATIENT.

How great was the patience of Jesus! Even among His own disciples, how forbearing! He endured their blindness, their misconceptions, and hardness of heart! Philip had been for three years with Him, yet he had "not known Him!"—all that time he had remained in strange and culpable ignorance of His Lord's dignity and glory. See how tenderly Jesus bears with him—giving him nothing in reply for his confession of ignorance but unparalleled promises of grace! Peter, the honoured and trusted, becomes a renegade and a coward. Justly might his dishonoured Lord, stung with such unrequited love, have cut the unworthy cumberer down. But He spares him, bears with him, gently rebukes him, and loves him more than ever. See the Divine Sufferer in the terminating scenes of His own ignominy and woe. How patient! "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." In these awful moments, outraged Omnipotence might have summoned twelve legions of angels and put into the hand of each a vial of wrath. But he submits in meek, majestic silence. Verily, in Him "patience had her perfect work."

Think of this same patience with His Church and people since He ascended to glory. The years upon years He has borne with their perverse resistance of His grace, their treacherous ingratitude, their wayward wanderings, their hardness of heart and contempt of His Holy Word. Yet behold the forbearing love of this Saviour God! His hand of mercy is "stretched out still."

Child of God, art thou now undergoing some bitter trial? The way of thy God, it may be, all mystery; no footprints of love traceable in the chequered path; no light in the clouds above; no ray in the dark future. Be patient! "The Lord is good to them that wait for Him." "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." Or hast thou been long tossed on some bed of sickness—days of pain and nights of weariness appointed thee? Be patient! "I trust this groaning," said a suffering saint, "is not murmuring." God, by this very affliction, is nurturing within thee this beautiful grace which shone so conspicuously in the character of thy dear Lord. With Him it was a lovely habit of the soul. With thee, the "tribulation" which worketh "patience" is needful discipline. "It

is good for a man that he should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." Art thou suffering some unmerited wrong or unkindness—exposed to harsh and wounding accusations, hard for flesh and blood to bear? Be patient. Beware of hastiness of speech or temper, remember how much evil may be done by a few inconsiderate words "spoken unadvisedly with the lip." Think of Jesus standing before a human tribunal, in the silent submissiveness of conscious innocence and integrity. Leave thy cause with God.

THE CROPS AND LIVE STOCK OF CANADA

Ottawa, July 12th.—The Census and Statistics office to-day reports on the condition of field crops and the number and condition of farm animals of the Dominion at June 30th. For the three years 1908-1910, the field crops range in condition from 82.16 for spring wheat to 91.42 for hay and clover this year to 80 for spring wheat and 82 for rye and peas in 1908. Fall wheat is 85.47 this year compared with 77.28 in 1909 and 85 in 1908. Oats was 90 in 1908 and 93.81 in 1909, and this year it is 86.29. Peas is 86.04 this year; last year it was 84.40 and in the previous year, 82. The condition of mixed grains is nearly the same, being 84.53 this year, 86.58 last year and 84 in 1908. Hay and clover is better this year than in either of the previous years, being 91.42 compared with 76 in 1909 and 87 in 1908. The condition of alfalfa has been recorded this year for the first time, and its average is 88.04. Pasture has a condition of 80.02 this year, compared with 90 in 1908 and 87.74 last year. The conditions of all field crops are good in Ontario, the highest being 94.29 for fall wheat and the lowest 84.70 for spring wheat. Quebec crops range from 74.45 for mixed grains to 102.58 for hay and clover. Peas is 84.42 and its condition is the next above mixed grains. In Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia all field crops are reported for a condition above 90, except alfalfa, which is 87.74 in the Island. Hay and clover are 104.71 in the island and 105.70 in Nova Scotia. Wheat, oats, mixed grains and alfalfa are reported in a condition above 90, in New Brunswick, and all other crops between 85 and 89 except alfalfa, which is 97. Hay and clover are reported at 100.68. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have low averages throughout, owing to a light rainfall in June. The general condition of crops in Manitoba is much below the average. Correspondents in nearly every district report not only a few light showers and hot dry winds that absorbed the moisture and withered the crops. The lowest average condition is reported from around Brandon and Morden, and the highest from Marquette, where it is placed at a standard. In Saskatchewan the crops do not appear to have suffered from climatic conditions to the same extent as in either Manitoba or Alberta, as there have been many local showers. The reports from Lloydminster, Battleford, Indian Head and Qu'Appelle are very favourable, the condition of wheat being placed at 100 and over. The prevailing condition of crops in that part of Alberta south of townships No. 30 is below the average in consequence of drouth and hot winds. In the Edmonton district the grains, although suffering to some extent from the same causes, are in much better condition. The best reports come from the Strathcona district, and those from Athabaska Landing and Saadie Lake districts are also particularly favourable. The field crops of British Columbia are all good. The areas of late cereals—buckwheat, flax, corn for husking, beans, potatoes, turnips and other roots, sugar beets and corn for fodder—have increased this year to 2,150,382 acres, which is 270,526 acres more than last year and 247,800 acres more than in 1908. But this increase is altogether in flax, which, owing to the high price offered for seed has come into favour with the farmers of the Northwest. The only farm animals which show a noticeable increase since 1907 are horses, while sheep and swine have declined. The condition of all these animals over the Dominion exceeds 90.

JIM'S WIDOW.

"Sets herself up as if she had been married and the mother of ten! Really, it is too ridiculous!" "But, Aunt Charlotte, there really was a— a— over, wasn't there?" asked Emmie Templeton of the wistful blue eyes and the tender mouth— eyes that had no vision for the moment of the homely, elderly woman from whom they had first parted in the village street—mouth tremulous with who knows what of hidden fear and hope? "A wastrel," said Lady Chesterley, promptly: "an idle, useless vagabond, who forgot her for years, and came back to her, fortunately only to

die. Really, that class don't know their blessings! She had her father and mother to keep; and surely that was enough for any woman without adding to her burden by taking a lazy, workshy husband, who would have squandered her hard-won earnings and probably beat her because they were so small. Yet she mourned the creature as if he had been an angel! She was the village laughing-stock, poor thing, and behind her back they nicknamed her 'Jim's Widow' to this day."

The girl was hardly listening, but at the words "Jim's Widow" the roseleaf colour left her pretty face. If—if one had a lover—another Jim! who had gone away (it was war-time, and in England's sons the fighting blood was awake)—and who—not for want of faithfulness—oh! never for that!—but for other reasons—for duty—for death—did not come back?

"The world is cruel!" she said, with a little catch in her voice.

"It is cruel to women," said her aunt, looking at the girl curiously. "You need never expect your full share of fair play from it, my dear, but that need not deter you from having a good deal of solid comfort. And take my word for it, sorrow is wasted when it's spent on what can't be helped. You, at least, if you behave like a sensible girl and accept the good things within your grasp, need never mourn an absent lover."

The good thing she had but to put out her hand and pluck was, Emmie knew, Sir John Morton's acres, his solid, unromantic person, his late wife's diamonds. But the little hand was clenched as if to thrust this waiting honour from her. A new courage came into her eyes; her rosebud mouth took firm lines; light had come to her—that illumination for which a girl's heart waits.

"It is Jim," she said to herself; "it is Jim, for me, too, now and always, Jim and no other!" And to think it was that poor woman who taught the amazing truth!

A little later Emmie heard all there was to tell of Margaret Walford's story. A boy and girl friendship promoted by the chance of neighbouring dwellings and by Jim Linwood's easy, good-natured kindness; Jim carrying the little girl's schoolbooks; binding up her knee with his grubby handkerchief when she fell and cut it, calling her "a well-plucked lass" because she did not cry; Jim, always a vagrant at heart, running off to sea and lost for a woeful space. And coming back with the halo of romance about him to find Margaret eighteen, handsome in her dark, quiet way, with eyes that amazingly brightened to welcome him. Jim, falling in love for the twentieth time, perhaps, and filling up the little resting space before faring forth on new adventures with ardent wooing. To him the facile words, the ready kisses, the lavish promises that softened the parting meant so little to her they were life's only verities. Moved to the very depths of her reticent nature, she was proud, humble, grateful beyond words.

He wrote to her once, before her impress faded from his mind, a letter that to the end of her life lay near her heart, and then—no more. In spite of her stunned grief at his silence, one paramount conviction reigned; he would come back. He was waiting to pour out his treasure in loving speech, that was all. Every day she went to the village post-office; there his first letter had been addressed, for Margaret's parents were against the marriage. And each day she turned away from the "None for you today, Margaret," at first spoken sympathetically, then impatiently, with a dignity that neither ridicule nor scorn could move. "To-morrow," her heart said that always hopeful heart—"to-morrow."

When that to-morrow dawned, Margaret's querulous, selfish old people were in their graves, and she a lone woman, thin-faced and grey-haired, and with a great habit of silence. Only her love gave her eyes to know again the moral and physical wreck that crawled to her door, stumbling across the threshold, calling her name thickly.

It was not as her betrothed he came again; he had no thought of the love-episode so long forgotten on his part; but when he found himself again in his native village some instinctive feeling that she alone, among all the neighbours, would be kind woke in his dulled brain.

As she stooped and gathered him in her strong arms she knew that he had come back to die; but even so, she could give thanks, for was not her prayer answered? She had some things to suffer during that last week while she tried to fan the feeble spark of life, for the man's nature had been coarsened. The shedding of many tears makes for clear vision; she knew that he had been faithless to her, but the knowledge was not in any wise such a shadow on her love. For in his weakness he turned to her, leaned on her like a weary child, and when he knew his hours to be numbered, the better part of him seemed to rise above the baser, and he

realized, at last, how much he had received, how much he had missed.

"Say it again," he whispered, then breath failed him. She knew what he meant, and so, once more, kneeling by him, his cold hand in hers, she repeated the only prayer he had perhaps ever known.

"Forgive us our debts." His lips ceased to move, but his eyes spoke, and surely there was an appeal in them not only to the human love that had never failed him, but to the infinite goodness and tender pity of the great Over Heart against whom he had sinned even more deeply?

After the vagabond's death, Margaret Walford astonished her undiscerning neighbours. She was so quietly content, even radiant, and it seemed as if nothing she could do suffered to express her boundless gratitude for what she had received. For was not her heart's treasure safe beyond all earthly catastrophe? Men, women, and bairns, she ministered to them alike, but specially she gave herself to sorrowing women and little children, slaving for them, stinting herself for them, if only she might bring a little of her own steadfast hope into their dim lives.

It was to this self-reliant, unselfish woman, Emmie Templeton inevitably drifted with her own little bundle of woes when she came on a second visit to her aunt. There was trouble and disappointment at home over her engagement to a penniless soldier; there was deadly fear in the girl's heart that her man of men, fighting on the treacherous Indian frontier, might fall. But Margaret understood—Margaret, who had had a Jim of her own—wonderful coincidence! She comforted, she cheered. She was greatest as a prophet. Captain Lindsay would come back to speak the words he had only been able to pour out on paper; and they would realize at home that a good man and a brave one was worth more than all the money in the world. She drew golden pictures of that return till the girl's cheeks glowed. Then fear would knock again, and she would cry: "But if he is killed! O Margaret, if he falls!"

"Even so, he would be yours, my dearie—yours for ever."

"But he must be mine here!" Emmie would avow passionately. "I'm not like you, Margaret; not good and patient, I couldn't wait; I couldn't be—Jim's widow!"

"He knows," said Margaret tenderly; "He will never ask of you that you cannot bear."

Yet a year later she was crossing the churchyard, where she had been tending the flowers upon a grave, when a radiant figure—surely a veritable bit of summer?—came flying to meet her. It launched itself into Margaret's arms with sob and laughter.

"He is saved for me, Margaret! It was only a little, little wound, 'a scratch,' he calls it; and he is sailing this very day for home—'home and wife,' he says." She blushed a lovely carmine. "You were right, Margaret, when you said I should never mourn him as 'Jim's widow!'"

Another might have felt a pang at the girl's careless allusion to her own loss, but Margaret was serenely placid above all smallness. She took the little one to her motherly bosom, and spoke burning words of joy and delight. Then, with her arm still around the slight figure, she turned to the church door.

OUR LORD'S CHARACTER.

The character of Christ is wonderful in its opposites, says the Rev. Bruce Brown in the "Christian Century." Angels were the heralds of His nativity, but humble shepherds were His attendants. The throne of David was His heritage, but a manger was His cradle. He was the King of kings, yet He took upon Himself the form of a servant. All power in heaven and earth was His, yet He washed His disciples' feet. He was "Almighty God," and yet "Unto us a Child is born." He was the "Everlasting Father," and yet "Unto us a Son is given." He is as the "Lord of Hosts" and the "Prince of Peace." He was the Creator, yet He had not where to lay His head. He was the Son of God and the Son of Man. He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor. As a sheep He was dumb before His shearers, yet He spake as never man spake. He had twelve legions of angels waiting for His call, yet He was despised and forsaken. He was the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, and a root out of dry ground. He was the fairest of ten thousand, the one altogether lovely, and yet it was said, "When we shall see Him there is no beauty that we shall desire Him." It is not alone the complexity, mystery, and sanctity of His character, but as well the superhuman power which it applies to the ministry of the spiritual and temporal needs of all mankind that opens to it the door of the obdurate human heart.

**COURAGE.**

It is not they that never knew  
Weakness or fear who are the brave;  
Those are the proud, the knightly few  
Whose joy is still to serve and save.

But they who, in the weary night,  
Amid the darkness and the stress,  
Have struggled with disease and blight,  
With pitiful world-weariness:

They who have yearned to stand among  
The free and mighty of the earth,  
Whose sad, aspiring souls are wrung  
With starless hope and hollow mirth—

Who die with every day, yet live  
Through merciless, unbrightened years,  
Whose sweetest right is to forgive  
And smile divinely through their tears:

They are the noble, they the strong,  
They are the tried, the trusted ones,  
And though their way is hard and long—  
Straight to the pitying God it runs.  
—Harper's Weekly.

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**BIRD THAT NEVER FLIES.**

The ostrich, because of its resemblance to the camel, has been said to be the connecting link between beasts and birds. There is a horny excrescence on the breast of both the dromedary and the ostrich, on which they lean while resting; they have similarly formed feet; the same muscular neck; their food is much the same, and both can go an incredibly long time without water.

Moreover, an ostrich never flies, nor is it possible for it to lift itself from the ground in the slightest degree by the use of its wings; but, like the camel, it is very swift-footed. In its native country the shells of the eggs afford almost the only household utensils used. An egg will weigh from three to four pounds, and is equal to two dozen hen's eggs. It requires thirty-five minutes to boil one, and longer if required hard. A fresh egg is worth twenty-five dollars.

The keeper of an ostrich farm says the birds are the only thing he ever tried that he has not succeeded in taming. They are known to live to be seventy-five years old, and some think they will reach a hundred. They are about eight feet in height. Their hearing and sight are very acute, and these seem to be about all the sense they are blessed with. Their legs are very powerful, and are the only weapon of defense; when they attack an enemy they do so by kicking, but always strike forward and never backward.

The choice "ostrich feathers" are found only in the wings; the undressed feathers vary in price, having been as low as twenty-five dollars per pound and as high as three hundred dollars, and there are from seventy to ninety feathers in a pound. A single bird rarely furnishes more than a dozen fine feathers; and the birds themselves, if fine ones, are valued at one thousand dollars per pair.—Our Dumb Animals.

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**WHAT A GOOD START IS GOOD FOR.**

A good start may become a dangerous snare. This is not the fault of the good start, but of the person who, having made it, rests back comfortably on the idea that things will now take care of themselves. Almost anybody can make a good start. About one in a hundred holds it. Printers know this by costly experience. They know that the good pressman is not the one who can turn out a faultlessly printed sheet just after the make-ready, and the colour and the register have been satisfactorily adjusted, but the one from whose work you can pick out at random a sheet after a thousand, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand, have been run, and find it difficult to say from what part of the run it came. The man who holds out through the entire job, whether it be printing, or preaching, or living life in any other of its searching, testing forms, is yet in the minority. A good start is good for just as long as it lasts—no longer.—"Sunday School Times."

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**FLIES.**

Mankind is learning rapidly which of the myriad kinds of living things are friends and which are enemies. Pests that ruin crops are zealously studied and fought by the farmer, but some pests that endanger human life are tolerated

because their ravages are not visible to the unscientific eye.

It took brave experiment to discover that the mosquito is a deadly enemy of man, and a long campaign of education was necessary to prove the fact to the public. The rat, being odious and a destroyer of property, was more easily proved to the public to be a disease-bearing scourge. The International Association for the Scientific Destruction of Rats, founded in Denmark, is not a fantastic society, as is attested by the work in San Francisco and other cities against this creeping vehicle of bubonic plague.

The mosquito and the rat have "got to go." And so has the house-fly, which, far from being only a buzzing nuisance, causes thousands of deaths a year. During the Civil War it was found that flies carried gangrene. This early discovery has been explained by the later knowledge of disease-germs.

The fly is attracted to all kinds of filth; his feet are barbed brushes which pick up dirt; and his track across the food we eat is a path of pestilence when seen beneath the microscope. He is the "principal agent in the spread of typhoid." The increase of "summer complaints," intestinal diseases, is not due to hot weather—the human body easily adjusts itself to mere temperature—but largely to the increase of flies from May to August.

The tradition of the relation between filth and disease is sound; and the clean house-keeper has always fought flies with screens and fly-traps.

These old-fashioned defenses are still practical. In addition, the keeper of horses should screen his manure pile, and spray it with creosote or chloride of lime. To allow flies on food is to run risk of disease; to allow flies to breed in or visit poisonous matter is to endanger one's neighbours.—"Youth's Companion."

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**IN A CAMPHOR FOREST.**

The most valuable forests are in Formosa and Japan. A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" thus describes his visit to a Formosa camphor forest:—

"After climbing a steep and slippery hillside, we came upon a large camphor tree lying felled across our path. It was about four feet in diameter and had been sawed longitudinally in two portions. Two men were paring off with a kind of gouge-shaped adze chips measuring some six inches in length, and about the thickness of one's little finger. The whole air was pervaded by a strong odour of camphor. A little farther up the hill we came upon the stills themselves, situated by the side of a mountain stream amid the most luxuriant vegetation.

"The process by which the camphor is extracted from the wood is simple and inexpensive. The chips are placed in an iron retort and heated by a slow fire. The camphor vapour given off from the chips passes along a bamboo tube into a cooling box, where it condenses in a form of snow-like crystals. The cooling-box is partially immersed in a stream of running water. The chips are renewed every twenty-four hours, and every eighth day or so the fire is extinguished and the crystals scraped off from the sides and bottom of the crystallization box.

"The crude camphor is then placed in large tubs and allowed to settle. After a short time the camphor oil, which is of a yellowish colour, sinks to the bottom and is drawn off. The camphor itself, damp, and still containing a certain portion of oil, is packed in bags, transported by coolies to some convenient centre, and thence to the refining factory at Tai-pei."

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**THE GOLDEN WINDOWS.**

"O, dear!" exclaimed Ruth, impatiently, as she put the library to rights. "I do wish we could have a new carpet this spring. I never liked this at all, and now it is so faded and worn it is simply dreadful. It makes me miserable every time I look at it."

"Then, since you say you cannot very well have a new one just now, why do you look at it?" asked Aunt Rachel, smiling. "There are a great many unpleasant things in our lives—we find them every day—some of which we are unable to prevent. If we persist in thinking of them and keep fretting about them, we make ourselves and everybody about us miserable.

"It seems to me we might all learn a lesson from the bees. I have read that when anything objectionable that they are unable to remove gets into a hive, they set to work immediately to cover it all over with wax. They just shut it up in an

air-tight cell, and then forget all about it. Isn't that a wise way for us to manage with our vexations and troubles?"

"Some one sent me a postal the other day with this motto: 'The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.' It is not in having and doing just as we like, but in being determined to make the best of the inevitable. When you find an unpleasant thing in your life that cannot be removed, learn to seal it up and forget it."

"And then I think that many times it helps to get a different view of things. You remember the fable of the golden windows, do you not? A little boy who had very few pretty things in his own home because his parents were poor used often to stand in his own doorway at sunset time and look longingly at the big house at the top of the opposite hill. Such a wonderful house as it was! Its windows were all of gold, which shone so bright that it often made his eyes blink to look at them. 'If only our house was as beautiful,' he would say, 'I would not mind wearing patched clothes and having only bread and milk for supper.'

"One afternoon his father told him he might do just as he pleased, so he trudged down the hill from his house and up the other long hill. He was going to see the golden windows. But when he reached the top of the other hill he stopped in dismay; his lips began to quiver, his eyes filled with tears. There were no golden windows there—nothing but plain, common windows like his own. 'I thought you had beautiful golden windows in your house,' he said to the little girl in the yard."

"O, no!" she said; "our windows aren't worth looking at, but stand beside me and you will see a lovely house with truly golden windows. See?"

"The little boy looked. 'Why, that is my house,' he said, 'and I never knew we had golden windows!' You see, much depends on your point of view."

"I have lived to be an old woman, my dear, and I have come to feel that the most heroic lives are lived by those who put their own vexations and troubles out of sight, and strive by every means in their power to ease the burden of the world; who leave always behind them the influence of a brave, cheery, loving spirit."—Kate S. Gates, in Zion's Herald.

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**WHAT DYING IS.**

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to meet and mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says: "There! She's gone!" Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in the mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination. Her diminished size is in me, and not in her. And just at that moment, when some one at my side says, "There! She's gone!" there are other eyes that are watching for her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!" And that is—dying.

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**HOME.**

Home is the best interpreter of heaven. Home is not a place or a state, but a fellowship. It is not the walls of a house that make a home, for many who are housed well enough are yet homeless, having none of the joys of mutual kindness and help which bind men and women in the life of the home. Nor is home an internal condition of feeling, but a fellowship which takes us out of ourselves and our feelings, and makes us feel with and for others. So heaven is the perfect fellowship of those who have learned to forget self in the joys of others. And as home finds its centre in the one who most perfectly exemplifies the love which is its life—generally in the home-making mother—so heaven finds its centre in Him whose life was the perfect exemplification of the spirit of sacrifice, its character. Sunder the life of man from His, "That where I am there ye may be also," is either in this world or the next, and you leave it to the contention and strife which constitute the misery of our human condition. With Jesus Christ as its centre, heaven becomes intelligible as the eternal fellowship of joy and peace.

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Christ must not only be on us as a robe, but in us as a life, if we are to have the hope of glory

**DASHING DICK.**

**THE LIFE STORY OF A MAGPIE.**

By Rev. W. Everard Edmonds.

(Continued).

**Chapter XXV.—The End of the Day.**

In many homes, there is one hour which is treasured more than any other in the whole twenty-four. The gentle old rector says that a great American poet has called it the "Children's Hour," but I prefer to call it the "End of the Day." The long day's toil is over, and young and old gather round the fire to tell of the various adventures that have befallen them by the way. So is life; like the day, it has its beginning and its ending, its morn of activity, and its evening of quiet repose. And for me—and for the old rector too—life had reached the end of the day. Our toils are over, and soon—how soon we know not—our eyes shall close in sleep. There is but little more to tell of my life. When I opened my eyes on the evening of my coming to the old rectory, I found myself in a warm, bright room. Beside me stood the old rector and Miss Flora, who was now as tall as her father. She had grown into a beautiful woman, and I marvelled at the change the years had wrought. I was given food and drink and in a short time became very drowsy. I must have fallen asleep at once for I can remember nothing more that happened until the next morning. I ate a hearty breakfast and felt better than I had for many weeks. Presently, a tall young man came into the room, and I recognized him at once as Master Harry, Flora's old play-mate. He caught sight of me and asked Flora where she had got her new pet. My mistress told him the story of the previous night's adventure, and the young man was greatly interested. "Why, he is a magpie," said he quite suddenly, "now wouldn't it be a wonderful thing, if he turned out to be the same little fellow who used to play in the grove when we were children." Remembering the name of Harry's favorite Indian hero, I uttered the word "Wesakachac." "It is he! it is he!" they cried both together, "it is little Dashing Dick."

That was the beginning of many, many happy days. I was not kept in a cage, but had the freedom of the whole rectory. More than once I played merry tricks on the happy lovers—Harry and Flora were engaged to be married—and they always took my fun with the greatest good humour. I even ventured into the study now and then, though I took good care never to disturb the old rector, whom I usually found busily writing. But a great change was in store for us all. One fine spring day Flora's father told her that it was necessary for him to take a long drive into the country, and that he should not be back until a very late hour. Little did he dream of whom she should await him on his return. Ah! how vividly do I remember the events of that dreadful night. The air was hot and oppressive, and I tried in vain to go to sleep. Suddenly I detected the smell of smoke. I hopped down from my perch and flew to the other end of the room, and there the odor of burning wood was even more perceptible. Like a flash the truth burst upon my mind—the rectory was on fire. What should I do? Miss Flora's bedroom was upstairs and I must rouse her at once. But the hall-door was shut—I must try to get at her room from the outside. The window was open and I dashed through and flew to the casement above. Ah! it was shut, and I could see the clouds of smoke becoming more dense every moment. I called hoarsely to my mistress, but no answer came to my cries. Oh! how I wished I were a man in that awful hour. It was then I thought of Harry. Like a flash I flew through

the trees to the big house at the end of the village, where a light still burned in an upper room. I flew to the window ledge and cried with all my might, "Harry! Harry! Fire! Fire!" There was a sound of footsteps on the stair, and the next instant Harry caught sight of me, and dashed like a madman towards the rectory. The lower part was already in flames and I feared that after all I had been too late. I flew again to the window of the room above, but all was as quiet as before. Just then Harry appeared, bearing a long ladder, which he had found in the stable. This he swung up to the window-ledge; the next moment he had reached the top, and shattering the pane of glass with a blow from his hand, leaped inside. Almost before I could realize what had taken place, he reappeared, bearing my unconscious mistress in his arms. A number of villagers who came up at that moment gave him a loud, ringing cheer, and then set to work to extinguish the flames. But they were too late; in less than an hour, the dear

old rectory was a mass of ruins. As the last rafter fell, a dog-cart drove up, and an old man stepped out into the ruddy glare. It was the rector, who, almost broken-hearted, made no attempt to wipe away the great tears that coursed down his furrowed cheeks. But when the sympathetic villagers told him of Harry's brave rescue of his daughter, his sadness was turned into joy, and there by the light of the glowing embers, he knelt down, and thanked God for his infinite goodness and tender mercies. Three busy months have passed since then, and I am happier than ever I can say. Now and then I dream of Guido and Bonita in their little Italian home, across the sea, and wonder whether they will ever visit America. But even they could not be kinder to me than my present master and mistress. I have both now, for Mr. Harry and Miss Flora were married on the first day of June, and the good old rector lives with his children. I am the pet of the household, and as I look day by day, upon the happy faces

about me, I become more and more certain that all true happiness is summed up in one little word, and that little word is **Love**.

(The End).

**THE CONDOR COMING**

**Lord Charles Beresford's Famous Gunboat for the C.N.E.**

That Lord Charles Beresford is still deeply interested in the Canadian National Exhibition is evidenced by the fact that he is sending over for this year's Exhibition a complete model of the little gunboat, Condor, with which he first fought his way to fame. During the bombardment of Alexandria with this little boat carrying an armament of one 4½ ton gun and two 64-pounder guns he engaged Fort Marabout for 4½ hours and practically silenced the enemy's guns before being reinforced. As the armament of the fort consisted of two 18-ton guns, two 12-ton guns, two 10-inch guns, two 9-inch guns, twenty 32-pounder guns and five mortar, it is not hard to explain how he earned the title of "Condor Charlie," particularly as he so manouvered the Condor that she was only hit twice during the engagement.

**British and Foreign.**

Mr. Alfred Austin, who recently celebrated his 75th birthday, has been Poet Laureate since 1896. He was born at Headingley, Leeds, and was the second son of Mr. Joseph Austin, merchant.

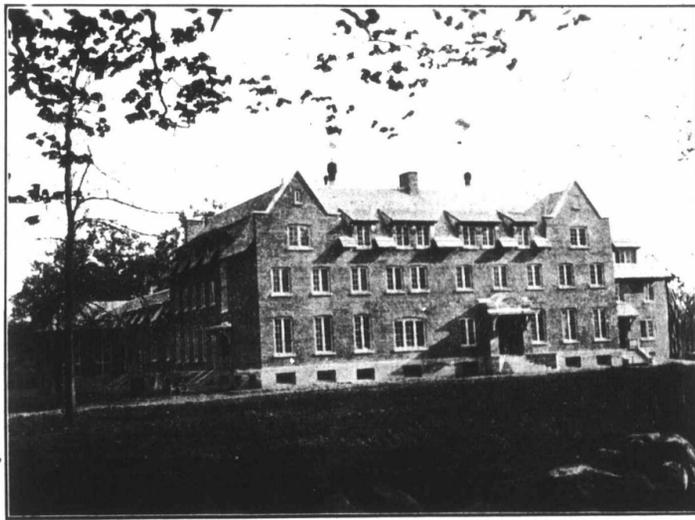
A Tyrone farmer, while cutting turf, found a small wooden keg embedded in the bogland 14 feet below the surface. The vessel crumbled away on being lifted out, but the contents, about 28 pounds of cream-coloured butter, were in an excellent state of preservation, without any sign of decay or moisture. It is believed that the keg was several centuries old.

The consecration of three bishops in Westminster Abbey on Friday (St. John the Baptist's Day) by the Archbishop of Canterbury, brought together an unusually large number of assisting prelates. The three priests who were consecrated were the Rev. Edward Lee Hicks, D.D., late Canon of Manchester and rector of St. Philip's, Salford, as Bishop of Lincoln; the Rev. John Walmsley, D.D., late vicar of St. Ann's, Nottingham, as Bishop of Sierra Leone; and the Rev. Thomas Cathrew Fisher, M.A., diocesan inspector for Oxford diocese, as Bishop in Nyassaland.

The new Church of St. Agnes, Port Talbot, was consecrated by the Bishop of Llandaff last week. It has been built mainly by the generous assistance of Miss Talbot, who also built the fine parish church of St. Theodore. The new church, which takes the place of a mission-room, has cost £7,000, and will hold over 600 worshippers which adds largely to the church accommodation already provided. The parish of Port Talbot itself is a striking example of the growth and progress of the Church in Wales during recent years. It was formed only ten years ago out of the ancient parish of Margam, and now contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and for these five churches and one mission-room have been provided. Five clergy are now

**STILL CROWING**

Every year the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition show changes and improvements. This year a splendid new square at the entrance, new Women's Rest Rooms and a new Poultry Building costing \$36,000 are the most marked innovations.



**ASHBURY COLLEGE, OTTAWA.**

A recent event of no small interest and importance to the churchmen of this Dominion was the opening of the new and splendidly appointed buildings and grounds of Ashbury College, Ottawa. The school was founded by the present Headmaster, Rev. Geo. P. Woolcombe, M.A. (Oxon.), in Ottawa in 1891, and in June, 1900, obtained incorporation from the Ontario Government under the title of The Ashbury College Company, Limited, removing the same year to larger premises on Argyle Avenue, which was its home for ten years.

In consequence of the pressing need for more accommodation, a year ago, an ideal site was secured in Rockcliffe, Ottawa's most picturesque suburb, and in July, 1909, the foundations of the present building were laid. The site of the school, consisting of ten acres of land, is on high ground overlooking the Ottawa River, just outside the city limits. A large number of very fine shade trees add greatly to its beauty. With its exceeding attractive surroundings, and fresh, bracing climate it would be difficult to find a spot better adapted for the purposes of a residential school, or one in which the good health of the pupils could be better assured. As will be seen from the illustration, the buildings are constructed after the Elizabethan style, and are in one block. The drainage is on the most approved system, and has been laid out under the supervision of Dr. P. H. Bryce, the Dominion Medical Inspector. The class rooms are large, well lighted and lofty and are all supplied with a modern ventilating system. There is

accommodation for fifty boarders and eighty day boys. The object of the school is to develop not only a high standard of scholarship, but also an upright, manly and Christian character in the boys entrusted to its care. The resident Masters take all meals with the boys, and thus the important detail of correct deportment at table is not overlooked.

In the upper school, boys are especially prepared for the R.M.C. and Matriculation at the various universities. The curriculum of the lower forms leads up to these examinations, or is arranged to fit a boy for a business career. In the Junior School boys are prepared for the Senior School. The boys from Ashbury win many high distinctions year by year. The long period, since its foundation in 1891, under the direction of one Headmaster has ensured a continuity of organization and administration which is impossible where constant changes are taking place.

The recreation and the physical development of the boys are as carefully studied as their educational advancement.

The city of Ottawa as an educational centre offers unique advantages. As the seat of the Dominion Government, with its magnificent Parliament Buildings and Executive offices, it cannot fail to impress on the young, not only the importance of their country, but also a practical knowledge of how it is governed. Members of Parliament and Senators, whose sons are educated in Ottawa, have the advantage of being in touch with their boys during a large part of the School year.

An attractive calendar for 1910-11 has been prepared, and will be furnished, on anyone making application to the Secretary at the School.

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working in the parish, and there is a very large number of communicants and Sunday scholars.

The Prince of Wales was confirmed in the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of the King and Queen, the Queen-Mother, and other members of the Royal Family, and more than sixty invited guests. After the singing of "Fight the good fight" and the recital of the preface to the service, the Archbishop delivered an address, pointing out that at no more appropriate spot than the place associated with the traditional Knights of the Round Table, with Edward the Confessor, and with Edward III., who instituted the Order of the Garter, could the latest Prince Edward take his knightly vows in Christian warfare. All the circumstances, too, combined to make this a notable year for the young candidate for Confirmation who sat before him. Later was sung, to the tune of Sullivan's Jubilee hymn, a hymn specially written by the Rev. H. Dixon Wright, R.N., Chaplain at Dartmouth, who prepared the Prince for Confirmation. The service concluded with the hymn "O Jesus, I have promised," and the Benediction, given by the Primate.

The Rev. John Mockridge, rector of St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky., has been appointed to be vicar of Trinity Chapel, New York, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Vibbert. Trinity Chapel, in West Twenty-fifth street, is among the most important chapels of the venerable mother parish, and has in connection with it a parish school, a home for aged women, and several general activities. Mr. Mockridge has been in Louisville only since 1907. He was born in Hamilton, Ont., about thirty-eight years ago, and was educated at Trinity University, Toronto, graduating in 1893, and taking the degree of M.A. a year later. He served for several years as curate of St. Luke's Church, Toronto, going from there to Detroit, where he was the rector of the Church of the Messiah and afterwards of St. Andrew's Church, retiring from the latter in 1907 to accept his present place in Louisville. The Rev. John Mockridge is a deputy-elect from Kentucky to the coming General Convention.

The following very serious announcement will appear in the July number of the Mission Field: "The S. P. G. Applications Sub-committee, which recommends to the Standing Committee the apportionment of its grants for the coming year, met on June 1. After a prolonged survey of the Society's work in all lands, they were compelled to report to the Standing Committee that unless a sum of £7,375 could be raised almost immediately large portions of the work which the Society is now supporting would have to be abandoned. Although the General Fund last year was not below that of the previous year, the Special Funds were much less, and

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many charges which had before been met by Special Funds have been thrown upon the General Fund. Among the sums which the Committee were unable to provide for carrying on of the existing work were £2,000 for Japan, £1,000 for the Rand of Johannesburg, £500 for the support of the Bishop of Polynesia and his Mission to coolies in Fiji. The Society is face to face with one of the most serious crises in its history. It is for those who value its work in the past to say whether they are prepared to see it forced to abandon some of the best work it has ever had the opportunity of doing, or whether they are ready to take immediate and vigorous action to prevent this from occurring. Nothing short of an increase of £20,000 a year in the General Fund can enable the Society to carry on its existing work satisfactorily. The Society will not go into debt. Do its supporters really wish that it should abandon a considerable portion of its work?"

The annual meeting of the Qu'Appelle Association was held at Lord Brassey's house in Park lane. Special interest was given to the meeting by the presence of the Coadjutor-Bishop of Qu'Appelle. The Bishop of Lichfield, who presided, said that he took his place as President of the Association in succession to his dear and lifelong friend, Bishop Anson, and he hoped to give what support he could to a cause which was so near to Bishop Anson's heart. At the present time the needs of North-West Canada had been brought prominently before them by the appeal of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. It was to plead for their help in supplying those needs that the Coadjutor-Bishop of Qu'Appelle was now in England. The Coadjutor-Bishop of Qu'Appelle (Dr. Harding), who was heartily received, said that the present immigration into Western Canada was overwhelming; six hundred thousand new settlers were expected to arrive during the present year. They had made great progress in developing the work of the Diocese. In eight years the clergy had increased from twenty-four to seventy-one; the churches had grown from forty-four to ninety-eight. They were organized now into eight Rural Deaneries and two Archdeaconries. They needed at once thirty more clergy, yet they were without money, as the diocesan funds were already overdrawn. He spoke of the help already rendered to the Diocese by St. Chad's College at Regina, started three years ago by the Shropshire Mission to Canada. The College was now affiliated to the University of Saskatchewan, and ought to be put on a permanent footing. The endowment for the College now being raised in England as a memorial to Bishop Anson would prove of the greatest value to them. The College ought to be enlarged so as to accommodate at least twenty students, their great hope for the Church in that country being in the training of an indigenous clergy. Archbishop Johnson, of Moosejaw, in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, also addressed the meeting, describing his early life as a settler in the country twenty-five years ago and the needs of the Church at the present day. The Earl of Lichfield described his visit to his uncle, Bishop Anson, in the early days of the colony, and said that the present development of the country had exceeded all their anticipations. The collections during the day for the work of the Diocese amounted to about 30l.

**NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD**

Novel and Elaborate Spectacle at the Canadian National this Year.

While the air is full of tales of nations adding to their fleets, what could make a more appropriate spectacle for this year's Canadian National Exhibition than a grand display of Britain's Naval power? "The Naval Review at Spithead" will do this splendidly. It shows the town with its twinkling lights as a background and the great guardians of the sea sail down in columns. The Royal Yacht comes down through the columns and as it comes, the guns of each ship roar out the Royal Salute. It is an entirely novel spectacle and one not only calculated to compel the admiration of every spectator but to rouse the patriotism of every Briton.

**Children's Department.**

**THE BOX FOR BROWN'S CULCH.**

The missionary drove into his yard at five o'clock, tired and cold and hungry. It was growing dusky, and he was glad of that, because the wife and Little Woman, watching from the dining-room window, could not see how disappointment had stamped itself on his face.

"Papa!" it was Little Woman's voice, from the kitchen steps. "Oh, Papa! Did the bokkus comed?"

"I'll be there in just a minute, dearie," he called back. "Don't stand out here in the cold! Run!"

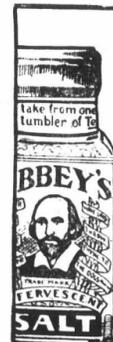
Little Woman skipped back into the warm kitchen, dancing with hope and excitement, and her father looked up at the frosty stars and drew a long breath.

"If I can only keep from blaming anybody!" he said. "It would have been here a week ago if somebody hadn't been shamefully careless."

"Where is it?" Little Woman demanded, as he stepped into the kitchen. "Why didn't you bring it here?" But his wife looked up at his face, and said, "Oh, Ralph!"

Nobody said anything else for a minute. Little Woman stood looking from her father to her mother, with wide eyes of wonder and dawning sorrow.

"Never mind, sweetheart," of course it was the mother who found her voice first, stooping to straighten the red bows on Little Woman's yellow



**Abbey's  
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What do you do with them?

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low pig-tails. "We'll have Christmas without it, just the same. It will come by and by, and the pretty things will be just as pretty then. I suppose there isn't any use hoping that they might get it here to-morrow, Ralph?"

"Not a bit," the missionary answered. "There won't be any more trains to bring it, you see, since the 'local accommodation' runs only three days in the week."

Mrs. Sayres had not forgotten, but it was hard to realize that she must give up hope absolutely now of having the gifts with which she had expected to brighten Christmas Day for the children of Brown's Gulch. A deferred Christmas-tree doesn't mean much of disappointment in a parish where all the little people are sure of full stockings and big dinners at home; it may mean sore heartache in a place like Brown's Gulch.

For a week past the missionary had been expecting this promised remembrance from his old home parish in the East; and when the queer little local train had come puffing up the Gulch that afternoon, he had pointed out the smoke of the engine to Little Woman, telling her that surely the box would be at the station this time when he drove over to ask for it. You see, Little Woman's papa had been a missionary only about months; those who have been in the business longer learn more about delays and disappointments—and learn, too, that sometimes they mean blessing and happiness.

"We must tell the children about it to-night," Mrs. Sayres remarked, beginning to slice the potatoes for supper. "They are coming to finish the wreaths—it will be so hard to tell them they must wait until next week for their tree! Annie Peterson and Claude and Dick couldn't talk of anything else Tuesday night; and I almost promised Annie the little work-box she wants so much!"

The children of Brown's Gulch descended upon the rectory before the supper dishes were washed and put away. There was a great stamping of feet on the porch, and much giggling before a little rap at the door formally announced the arrival of the first detachment. After that they came in twos and threes, until every chair in the sitting-room was full, and the floor covered with bits of sweet-smelling evergreen, and fragments of twine, and snippings of pasteboard.

The missionary could not bear to tell them the doleful news in pieces, repeating it over and over as each new arrival came in. He waited in the kitchen until he was sure that they were all come, and the moment he entered the room, Dick Meyer cried out, "Oh, say, Mr. Sayres, I saw you drive over to the station just after the train got in to-day!"

"Did the box come?" twenty-two voices demanded in chorus; and the missionary shook his head.

There was an awful silence. They all knew what it meant, or thought they did; and it was only too plain that Mr. Sayres was feeling very badly about it.

"Well—what're we going to do?" Claude Peterson asked, after half a minute. "Give it all up, for to-morrow night!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed seven little girls. Annie Peterson, tying the ends of her twine with capable elder-sisterly fingers, didn't sigh, but her small face was very grave.

"No, we won't give it all up," Mr. Sayres said. "You must come to the church, just as we had planned, and we will sing our carols, and have our service exactly as if the box were here. And I think we can have some candy. I don't want you to wait until after Christmas for everything."

"And I'll have my dolly," Little Woman said, perched on the hassock at her mother's feet. She had said that so often in the last few weeks—poor kitten—looking forward to the joy of it as a fixed and certain part of her Christmas Day; and she had not realized at all that the general disappointment meant this one specially bitter disappointment for her.

"No, dearie, I'm afraid not," her father began; and then he stopped short, and went back into the kitchen. If only somebody in that far-away Eastern parish had been thoughtful enough to start the box in time!

Little Woman did not cry. Her lip was trembling, but Annie Peterson came over and picked her up, and gave her a big squeeze.

"Don't you worry!" she said. Annie was only twelve but really she knew more about little girls and boys

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and their ways than Little Woman's own mother, for Annie had been assistant-mother to five of them in her own house. "Don't you cry! I'll bring you a live dolly to play with on Christmas! I'll bring you my own little brother, and you can hold him in your arms, and he'll try to play with your beads!" That's better than a store dolly!"

The children all laughed, and Little Woman laughed with them. Somehow the big black cloud of disappointment seemed to have revealed a rift of brightness, when Annie took matters in hand; but it was Dick Meyer who called a meeting of his co-parishioners and fellow-sufferers on the way home from the rectory that night.

"You kids stop right here!" he proclaimed, at the corner, by Thompson's store where they were about to separate. "Every last one of you wait a minute, and say what's going to be done!"

"About that box?" Claude Peterson inquired. "What is there to do? We can't go and do things to the railroad company for not getting it here."

"No, but we've got to see to it that—that Mr. Sayres won't be all put out, and—and upset—and things he's wanted—say, when that baby talks about her doll!"

"I reckon there was things in that box they all wanted," Clivey Saunders remarked. "They send clothes in mish'nary boxes—my mother said so. They'll get the clothes after a while, but it's too bad for 'em not to have anything for Christmas."

Actually, these children of Brown's Gulch, with only a few months of Christian training, had somehow learned the divinest secret of Christmas joy—the happiness of others. They were not thinking now about their own disappointment and the lack and sadness in their own pinched little lives. They were thinking how Mr. Sayres was feeling to have his plans upset, and how Little Woman must go without her doll.

"We'll fix it some way," Dick pronounced. "We'll just divide this town

up, and have a hold-up. We'll make a box for them! I don't s'pose we can scrape up a dollar if we all turn our pockets inside out, but we can talk to folks at home and folks in the stores, and the ranchers that come in, and the station agent and the section men, and just make them put up their hands and—and pay!"

Everybody was immensely interested, but Annie protested. "It isn't a hold-up at all," she insisted. "That's when people don't want to; and this is when they do, if you just tell them. I know my papa'll help. Maybe he can't give any money, but he can give a load of wood."

"Everybody talk to their folks at home," Dick commanded. "There's just one day to do it, but it's going to be done. And you fellows get a move on, and fly around before school in the morning, and see the men at the stores. Tom, you and Claude take Main Street north of the creek; and Billy, you go south; and I'll go down to the station. Now, no fooling! This is dead earnest, and you've got to make everybody feel it!"

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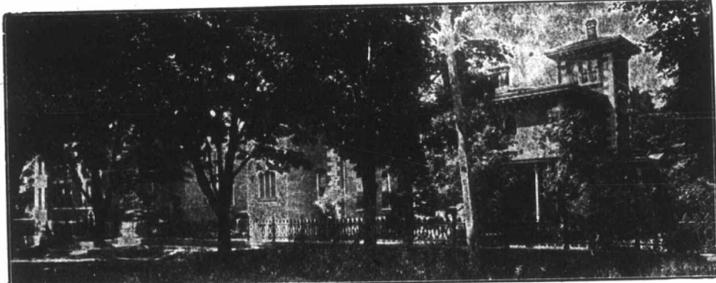
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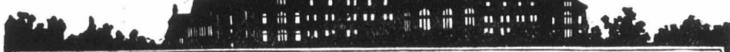


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