

"BEFORE THEY CALL"



by
NELLIE . L . McCLUNG

BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS
THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

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By

NELLIE L. McCLUNG



"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."



BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS
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Foreword

LAST year "Shining Towers," written by Marian Keith, was received with sincere and wide-spread appreciation. Once again the Board of Home Missions counts itself singularly fortunate to be able to send across the Dominion a story of the work of the United Church in Canada from the pen of another woman who has won a high place in the literary world.

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung needs no introduction anywhere, from East to West. By voice and pen, in her own original and forceful way, she has for years been championing those causes and movements which make for a Christian Canada. Wherever Mrs. McClung has resided she has been a loyal and useful church member. Born in Ontario, going as a child to Manitoba, residing since in both Alberta and British Columbia, travelling and lecturing in recent years all over the Dominion, she has seen this country develop, and knows the place the Church has won both in the older and newer sections of Canada.

We believe these sketches will interest and inspire a very great many, and will lead our United Church people to give themselves more sacrificially to the task of building the Kingdom of God in Canada's "fair and pleasant land."

ROBERT B. COCHRANE,
Secretary, Board of Home Missions.

“Before They Call”

INTRODUCTION

WHEN I sat down to write something about the Home Missions of The United Church, I was at a loss to know how to begin. I had beside me last year's book, "Shining Towers," by Marian Keith, an excellent piece of work, done by an accomplished and gifted writer, . . . I could never hope to do as good a story as this, dramatic, fascinating, and informative. Indeed, I had tried to talk the Secretaries out of having any story written this year. Why do they need a book? They have a book! They have many books. Let the people read what has already been written.

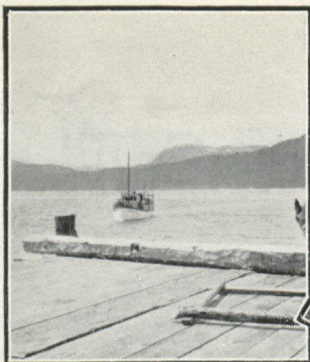
In this turmoil of mind I wandered around the house, disconsolate and restless. Absent-mindedly I turned on the radio, from the same impulse which drives people to chew their pencils or poke the fire, or draw pigs on the left-hand side of their scribbler when ideas will not come. The radio came on with a blare of sound, and then a voice, a hard voice, proclaimed: "The church is dead. Dead from the neck up, and from the neck down." I exercised my power of veto then and went back to my desk. I had a lead: There are people who think the church is dead, and it is, from where they sit. Color-blind people think it is a drab world.

There are many excellent people who utterly ignore the church. People who love books, music and flowers, support the Red Cross, would not short-change the Chinaman or cheat the customs, or slander their neighbours; intelligent, friendly, neighbourly people. But for some reason the church has never appealed to them. They think it is narrow, intolerant and feeble, and that it has made strife instead of peace. They once knew a man who led in prayer on Sunday and worked his horses with sore shoulders through the week, and cheated his hired man. It put them off the church for life. If that's religion! they say in scorn.

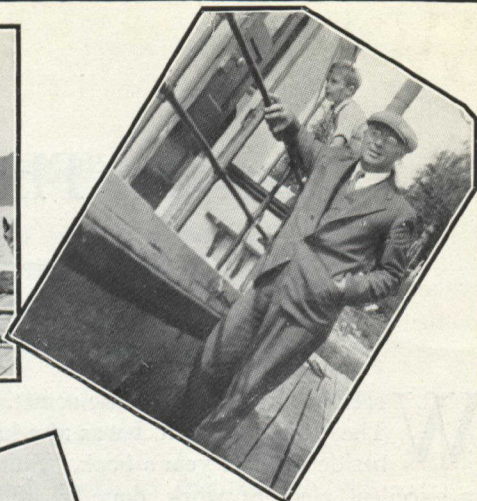
I will write about Missions from their angle. I want them to know what is being done. So I will begin with my own story:

I am the First Witness for the Defence!

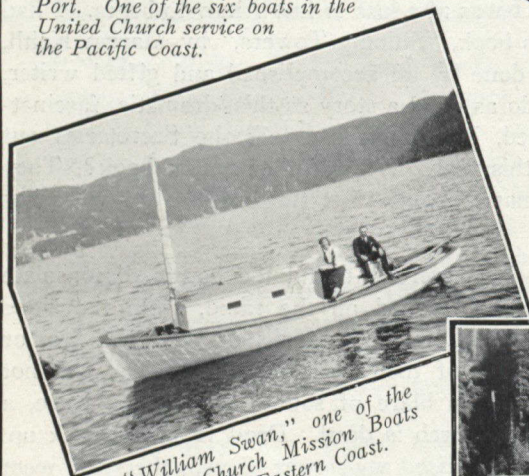
"IN GREAT WATERS"



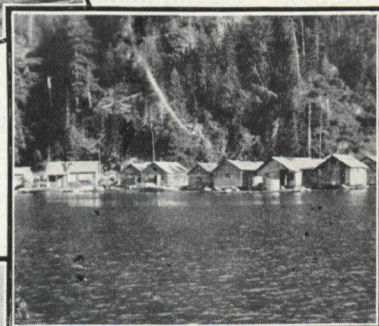
The "Thomas Crosby" returns to Port. One of the six boats in the United Church service on the Pacific Coast.



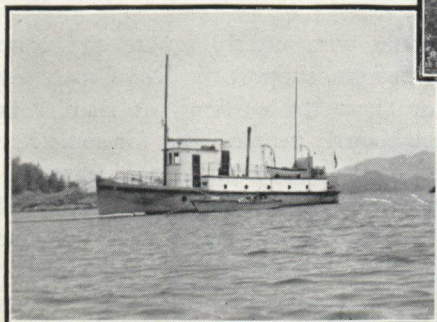
Rev. U. Laite, B.A.
The Church's newest Missionary on the Pacific Coast, pilot of the "Melvin Swartout"



The "William Swan," one of the five United Church Mission Boats serving on the Eastern Coast.



Above: A floating village at Cee-Pee-Cee, one of the "Melvin Swartout's" isolated points of call.



Bottom Left: The M.S. "Melvin Swartout," serving the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

THE FIRST CONTACT

WHEN my people made the long trek from Grey County, Ontario, to Manitoba, in 1880, they went to that section of the country which is now known as the Wawanesa country, about thirty miles south-east of Brandon, making the last lap of the journey—the one hundred and eighty miles from Winnipeg—by ox team and pony cart. We slept in a tent and in the covered wagon; made bannocks in the mouth of the flour sack, cooked them on a camp-fire; arrived in September and lived the first winter in a thatch-roofed log house plastered with mud.

That first winter the problems of life were centred around the difficulty of keeping warm. There were six of us besides my father and mother, and I was the youngest. The crisis came when my eldest sister



Winter Church Service, Roe Lake, Cariboo.

took cold, developed pneumonia, and seemed likely to die. There was no doctor nearer than Portage La Prairie, eighty miles away.

Elsewhere* I have described that scene. My mother gave up in despair. The Manitoba blizzard roared past the little house, and death was in the blast. Suddenly a knock sounded on the door and a man on snowshoes entered. It was the Reverend Thomas Hall, a missionary of the Methodist Church, who had come to Millford, five miles away. He had heard that there was a sick girl some place south-west of Millford and, braving the storm, set out to find us.

How he managed to make his way across the billows of snow God only knows! But he did. He knew something about medicine, and he stayed with us until my sister was out of danger. I remember yet how he prayed—how we all prayed—and how real God was.

**Clearing in the West.* Thomas Allen, Toronto; Fleming H. Revell, New York.

That was my first contact with the Board of Home Missions. It did much to convince me that there is life in the Church. In fact, I have never doubted its vitality.

When years afterwards I heard this verse used as a text for a sermon, "Before they call I will answer," I knew what it meant. I knew the promise was not vain. Thomas Hall had come to us across the snow before we called. Before we knew there was the slightest chance of anyone's hearing us if we did call in that wild waste of snow and silence.

THE ROMANCE OF RELIGION

It is strange about Religion! Strange that it ever should have become a stiff and formal thing. It all began in a Great Adventure. One young man with an Idea. A young man of great beauty and charm, who loved children and birds and flowers, and taught the people on the hillsides; who walked the stormy waves and commanded them to be still; who healed the sick and raised the dead and fed the hungry; and taught the people about a new way of living, a kindly, friendly, forgiving way, full of joy. Who said strange and wonderful things and talked to women, and children, and publicans. Who told His followers that if they tried to save their lives they would lose them; that if anyone asked them for their cloak, to give their coat also; urged them to go the Second Mile with people, and forgive those who wronged them.

Surely it was a generous, lavish, overflowing gospel that he preached. But even His disciples did not understand the full import of all He said until they had seen Him die and rise again, and then they knew even Death could not bind Him. Then the whole divine plan was revealed, and they knew that the spiritual life is the real one and nothing else matters much. With that vision they were ready to face the world. And did face it! Unafraid!

People are still carrying that message and it is of them I am going to write, and the writing is not a task, but a pleasure.

Religion may have grown cold and formal in carved pews and high vaulted cathedrals, but not on the mission fields where the need is great and men and women are hungry. There are no theological differences there, no hair-splitting.

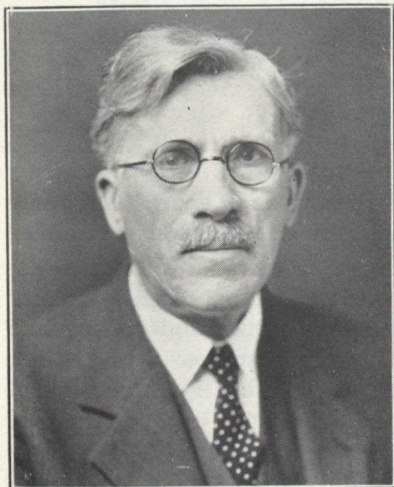
THE SPIRIT OF OUR HOSPITALS

In one of our Mission Hospitals north of Edmonton, a Ruthenian woman lay tossing in pain. She had been brought in, fatally injured by a runaway team. She knew no English, but when the missionary doctor came he was able to speak to her in her own tongue, and did his best to quiet her fears. But her agony of mind increased as the night wore on. The doctor was a man of imagination and understanding, so he called for candles, which he lighted and placed at the foot of the bed. Red Christmas candles they were, but to poor Mary Ragowski, about to

set out on her long journey, they were beacons of light on a dark way. Something else was needed for her comfort and sustaining, and still her eyes searched the doctor's face and her clutching hands pleaded for something. One of the nurses had a Greek Catholic prayer-book, and from it the doctor began to read aloud in her own language, the prayer for the passing soul. Through the gathering darkness Mary heard the blessed words that had comforted her mother and her grandmother in their last moments, and on this strong spar, her troubled soul floated fearlessly out on the unreturning tide.

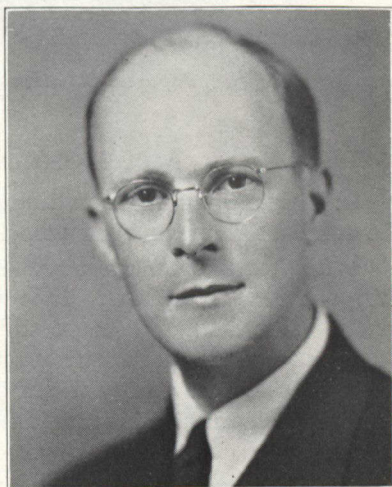
This is the spirit of our Hospitals. There is no attempt to destroy anyone's faith, no breaking down of any sacred tradition. No idle rivalry or competition with any other form of religion.

RETIRED



*Rev. H. C. Wrinch, M.D., D.D.,
Founder and Superintendent of the
Hazelton United Church Hospital,
British Columbia.*

APPOINTED



*Dr. L. A. MacLean,
Recently appointed Superintendent of
our George McDougall Hospital, Smoky
Lake, Alberta.*

THE MINISTRY OF HEALING

On the Prairies and the Pacific Coast, the Board of Home Missions of The United Church of Canada maintains:

- 11 Hospitals, with a staff of—
 - 16 Doctors,
 - 68 Nurses,
 - 61 Other Helpers,
- also

Medical Service on the Mission Ship, "Thomas Crosby."



Kagawa, Japanese Christian Leader, visits Church of All Nations, Toronto.

NO DENOMINATIONAL RIVALRIES

In a time of real need, theological differences fade away. It is only the religiously unemployed who have time for denominational rivalries.

What, then, is the great problem of Home Missions? Why does not everyone believe in them? It is not hard to find people to go to the far places. Not that. There are still plenty of brave men and women who do not count their own comfort or safety. They see the need and are willing. The need to-day is for our own people, the Church people and other people, too, to know what is being done and what could and should be done.

I believe the heart of humanity is sound at the core. Sound, kind, courageous and sympathetic. We may be careless but we are not cruel. We respond if we can actually see a need!

One thing that has kept back missionary work is a silly, ignorant half-truth to which many people hold tenaciously, that is the comfortable theory that native races are holier, happier and better people generally before they are touched by Christianity. This half-truth calls for a pitiable confession; so called Christian nations are not entirely Christian, and have dealt terribly with pagan races. Civilization, which brought Christianity, has brought vices to the black and red man, but that is not the fault of Christianity. Christianity is a liberator. It sets the captive free from superstition and sin. Every foreign missionary will tell you that. And we know it is true in the case of our native Indians.

The belief that Indians were better off before the missionaries came has an appeal to people who like to have a good reason for not supporting missions. It gives a high-minded, even an ethical, flavour to the little streak of meanness which most of us have. But it will not stand investigation.

A MIRACLE

Take the case of little Emily, the Indian child, who was, according to the old tradition, cursed with an evil spirit. Emily lived with her parents one hundred and seventy-five miles north of the farthest missionary post in northern Manitoba. Emily was deformed by the dislocation of both hips, and the only thing her mother could do for her was to beat her poor little emaciated body to drive out the evil spirits. Emily's mother did not want to beat her little girl, but she did what she thought was her duty, did it heroically, and with Spartanlike thoroughness. Emily's deformed little body was black and blue from blows and her life was a hell of fear and pain.

One day a missionary came to the place where Emily lived. Five days by dog-team, sleeping in the open, and it was winter, the cruel northern winter. But he came, for he knew there was an encampment of Indians in this place. He saw this pitiful child and knew what her life was, and his heart was moved with compassion, as his Master's heart had been moved when He looked on human suffering. He asked Emily's parents if he could have her, and they were quite willing. Emily was no asset, and I believe it grieved them to have to beat her, so it would suit them well to be rid of her.

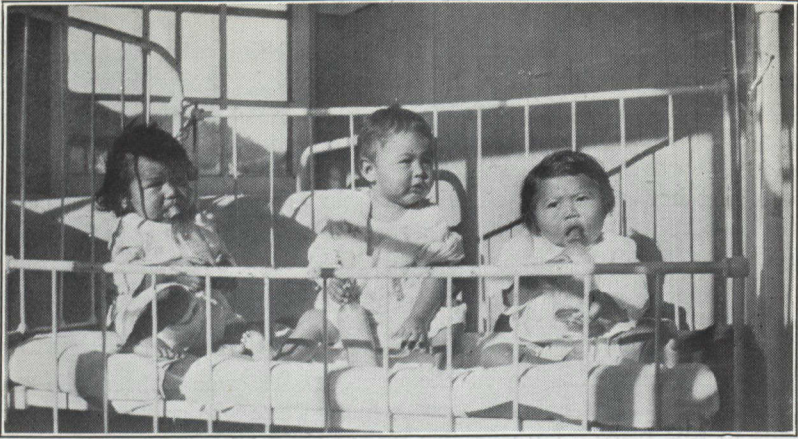
The missionary brought her to Nelson House. A kind woman there took her in, fed her, washed her, petted her, cut off her tangled hair, and made clothes for her. The missionary decided to bring Emily out of the North, so from his slender stipend he paid his fare and hers, and brought her to the Indian School at Brandon.

Then things began to happen for Emily! Wonderful things! A doctor came from Winnipeg. There have been operations, and long periods in hospitals. Now Emily can walk as well as anyone. She goes to school. She has been taught to laugh and play, make her own clothes, and live like other children. Emily is a distinct personality now.

THREE GENERATIONS IN THE INDIAN SERVICE



*The late Rev. Egerton R. Young. Rev. E. Ryerson Young, B.A. Rev. H. Egerton Young, B.A.,
Recently appointed to Gods' Lake,
Northern Manitoba.*



Little Indian Patients in our Bella Bella Hospital on the West Coast.

Tell Emily that she was better off under the old regime! Tell her that Christian missions are a failure.

For Emily, Christ came to her village the day the missionary drove in with his dog-team. Christ, with hands of healing.

Emily believes in Missions. And in Miracles!

HE WOULD SEE JOHN!

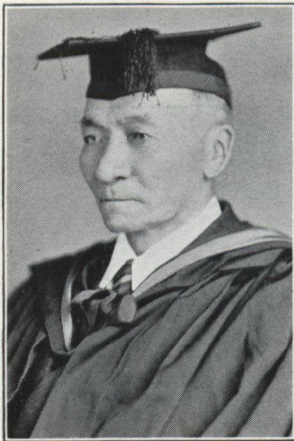
Our Indians receive the message with a childlike simplicity.

An old Indian in Calgary lay dying, troubled in his mind and full of fears. His wife tried to comfort him. He would see the great white throne, and the angels, and the river of life. Other friends were by his bedside, and they pictured the highlands of Heaven as best they could. Plenty of game, buffalo even. But nothing seemed to interest him—his pain was too real—the road before him was unknown and strange, and his soul was troubled.

Suddenly his face brightened. Not at anything his friends had said, but because he had thought, a possibility had occurred to him.

“Maybe I’ll see John!” he said.

That was John McDougall, the missionary, who had lived among the Indians of Alberta for the full measure of his life. That was better than any picture of Heaven. John, his friend!



Rev. R. B. Steinhauer, B.A., D.D., Indian Minister recently honored by Victoria University, for long and outstanding service among his own people.

BEYOND THE MARSH

One time, when a party of us were doing Red Cross work in Northern Alberta, we gave a ride to an Indian who was making his way on foot to one of the small towns to get his mail. Maybe there would be a letter from his boy who was at the war.

As we travelled along the rough roads, he told us about the boy and the boy's mother. He had been living alone and so was glad to talk to anyone.

"She never wanted Jimmy to go to the war," he said in his gentle monotone. "She always said, Wait and maybe it will be over. . . He wanted to go bad, but he couldn't bear to grieve his mother. All her other children had died . . . and she was pretty sick in the chest. But one night when she had been a little worse, she called us both to come and sit by her and she said, "You can go, Jimmy, to the war. It isn't going to be over soon. I won't keep you any longer. I can't stay anyway. You'll go, Jimmy, and just Ed will be left here. . . But it's all right for all of us, even for you, Ed. We'll all be lonely, but we'll all come together again. . . You know about the road, when it comes to the marsh, how it divides, one road goes this way around the marsh, one goes another way around the marsh, and one goes straight through, but they all come together again. That's the way it will be with us, Ed, and with Jimmy. Our roads divided here but we'll all come together again at the other side of the marsh. She died the next night, just quiet like that and sure. She was good woman. She learned religion at the Mission."

The Indians in Canada are not decreasing as some people think they are. The work of the Indian Schools, in which the Church and the Government combine their efforts to fit the boys and girls for life, goes on successfully, and to-day there are efficient Indian farmers, teachers, engineers and ministers to bear witness to the success of this branch of missionary work.

MINISTERING TO THE "FIRST" CANADIANS

50 Mission Fields are manned by 33 Ordained Ministers and 17 Lay Missionaries.

6 Residential Schools and 37 Day Schools, with a staff of 117 teachers and other workers, are conducted in co-operation with the Indian Department of the Dominion Government.

CHANGES

The work of Missions in the West has changed altogether in the last twenty years.

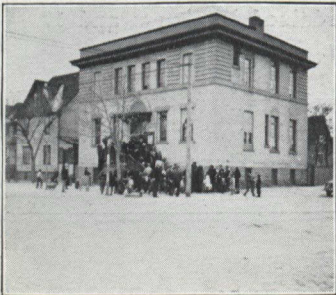
I remember All Peoples' Mission, in Winnipeg, thirty years ago, when the chief need seemed to be for soap and water and clothing. I can recall the many bath-tubs in the old mission and the problem of getting the children to consent to a bath.



Children's Clinic, a Useful Ministry at The Church of All Nations, Montreal.

"Don't rip me," a little girl said to one of the helpers who found she could undress her only by the use of a pair of scissors. "Ma will be mad if you rip me—I'm sewed up for the winter."

It would be interesting to know who and where that little girl is now. She may be a designer of ladies' gowns in the city, or a teacher in a high school, or an artist, or a writer; for the people who were cared for by All Peoples' Mission are among our best citizens now. They had thrift, courage, ambition and imagination. Some of them are among our mission workers now, and while we do not measure the result of our work among the New Canadians by those who actually join The United Church, still we are proud of the number who have joined the staff of our working force. We have at present fifty ordained ministers, seventeen deaconesses, nine doctors, and forty-four nurses.



*All Peoples' Mission, Stella Ave.,
Winnipeg.*

I am not giving these figures as an estimate of the work done. The essence

of the work among the New Canadians cannot be tabulated with pen or pencil, for it belongs in the realm of the spirit. It has been work of friendliness and fellowship, a building process, invisible but mighty.

The work in rural places has changed, too, with the passing years. When the Ukrainians went into that district north of Edmonton, they took up rough land, marshy and scrubby, which Anglo-Saxon settlers would not look at; but they cleared and drained it, lived in houses without floors, whose walls they plastered with mud. The Church followed them, built boarding-schools for their children to supplement the work of the Government schools, and hospitals for their sick. Soon the young people began to find their way to the University, and changes for the better came in their living conditions. I know one family that had three University graduates in the first generation.

It is a long cry now from the time that one of our first missionaries, Rev. C. W. W. Ross, making a survey of the families adjacent to the Lamont Hospital called at a home where there seemed to be an unusually large number of children. "How many children have you?" he asked the father. He was not quite sure—it would take some figuring, but at last he decided they had had fourteen, but only nine had survived.

"Have you ever had a doctor?" Mr. Ross asked. "Oh, no," the father of fourteen said, rather alarmed at the thought. "We've had a good bit of sickness, one way and another but, thank God, we never needed a doctor!"



*Recent Dedication of St. Andrew's Ukrainian Church,
Swan Plain, Sask.*

IN THE CITIES

I am glad The United Church has decided to hold on to its downtown churches, even when the property becomes valuable. It is so easy to sell the church and retreat to a quieter, sweeter place and there build another church with bells to call holy men to prayer. No, The United Church will hold its churches in these congested places where cross the crowded ways of life.

I wish I could describe the various activities of one of these. I believe this work, if it were known, would soften the heart of the hardest boiled critic in the world. If Christ came back to us, in bodily presence, for he was a Homeless Man, who knew the sting of life's ingratitude, he would, I believe, come to the place where the need is the most piercing.

In First Church, Vancouver, I saw some of the work, saw enough to make me ashamed of how little I had done to ease the pack that galls the shoulders of my fellowmen. But let me tell you what I saw and heard.



*International Fair, All Peoples' Mission, Sault Ste. Marie.
(Rev. I. G. Perkins, Superintendent, at right)*

First Church stands like a lighthouse where dangerous floods break over treacherous rocks. Around it lie the fever spots of the city. It is not a place you would care to walk at midnight, though Andrew Roddan and his workers come and go at will. "Are you ever frightened?" I asked Mr. Roddan. "No," he said, smiling, "they know me. They know I am not worth robbing. One night, though, one Saturday night, just as I was locking up, a man came to my office here and asked me if I would stay and listen to his story. 'To-morrow is Sunday and I've been here since early morning,' I said, 'I would like to go home.' 'Well, you're staying a while yet,' he said, quietly, as he locked the door, and laid his gun on the table. 'Sit down, Mr. Roddan.'

"No, I wasn't afraid. They like to dramatize themselves, poor fellows! And he had a sad story, too. He had come to the breaking point, to the knot in his skein—and he had to tell someone."

Understanding Andrew! whose eyes have grown a little sad looking at human misery, but there's a twinkle in them still when he tells you stories with a happy ending.

THE WOODEN LEG

There is the story of the wooden leg. A man limped in one day and announced he had mended his wooden leg for the last time. It was crumbling and splitting and doing everything a leg should not do. If Mr. Roddan could not find a new leg he was washed up and done. Mr. Roddan called in Miss Johnson, his secretary.

Miss Johnson remembered. There was a wooden leg in the storeroom. It had been bequeathed to them by the owner, on his deathbed. Forty dollars was required to make it fit the applicant, which was cheerfully paid by the Relief Department of the Government. And so another man was put on his feet!

Then there is the story of Oscar.

Oscar is one of Mr. Roddan's boys, unemployed for a long time, but a boy who held to the traditions of his early training. He had come from Calgary where he had worked for a packing house. A rare experience came to Oscar one stormy Vancouver night as he tramped the streets. He found money: six hundred dollars in a purse, in a dark lane. No name, no means of identification. But Oscar was not tempted. The back-stakes of his life's pattern were set straight, so he had no desire to keep the money. He took the purse to the police and quite soon the owner was found, a well-known man who employs many men.



• *Sunday School Choir, Brunswick St. Mission, Halifax. Winners of Provincial Shield 1936-37.*

"Did he give you a job?" Mr. Roddan asked Oscar, when he called in to tell the good news.

"No, he didn't," Oscar replied. "I hoped he would. He gave me twelve dollars and a half."

"That sum was interesting," said Mr. Roddan, "Why not ten or fifteen. Why not fifty?"

Oscar could explain. "This is the amount I am paid by the Relief Board for one month."

The owner of the money was a stern business man, full of rapid calculation, decimals, averages and such. A month's allowance, he reasoned, was a very fine reward for a young man on relief.

But Mr. Roddan was not satisfied with this close figuring, and he told the story at a Service Club luncheon, using Oscar's name, but not the name of the owner of the money, of course.

The story was published in a Vancouver paper, and went back to Calgary. A few days later a wire came to Mr. Roddan from the Calgary firm where Oscar had once worked.

"Tell Oscar to come home. His old job is open."

COAL AND COLDS

The radio plays a great part in the work of the First Church, for Mr. Roddan's sermons go out over the air morning and evening, and he calls on his listeners for help in cases of need.

Last winter, a baby, in a cold room, was suffering from bronchitis. The parents, on relief, were allowed an insufficient amount of fuel when the real cold weather came, and the baby's cold had turned into pneumonia. The baby was taken to a hospital, where doctors and nurses, with all the resources of science, battled for a little life, which a sack of coal a few days ago might have saved.

Mr. Roddan asked for five hundred sacks of coal to distribute to his poor people, to keep other babies alive, even though they would be too late for this little one.

For five hundred sacks he asked, one Sunday evening. The next day he received three thousand!

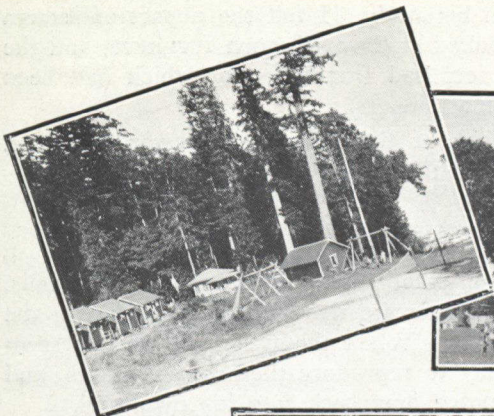
FRESH AIR CAMPS

There is a Fresh Air Camp on Gambier Island, where seven hundred people had a holiday last year. This year a thousand will enjoy its cool shade and the luxury of its sea breezes. Somehow the money comes. He announced the building of a new pavilion recently, and had all the lumber needed donated the next day by one of the Vancouver lumber companies.

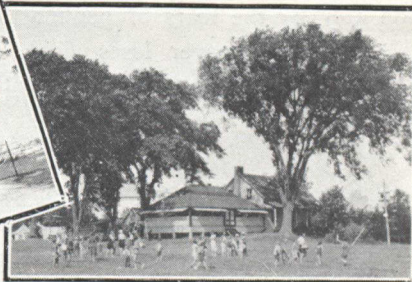
THE SURGEON OF SOULS

No part of this work is more interesting than the Clinic. Mr. Roddan speaks with the voice of experience as he advises, counsels and encourages the people who come to his study. He untangles their matrimonial

SNAPSHOTS OF UNITED CHURCH FRESH AIR CAMPS



Top Left: Camp Fircom, Gambier Island, B.C., Directed by Rev. Andrew Roddan, of First United Church, Vancouver.

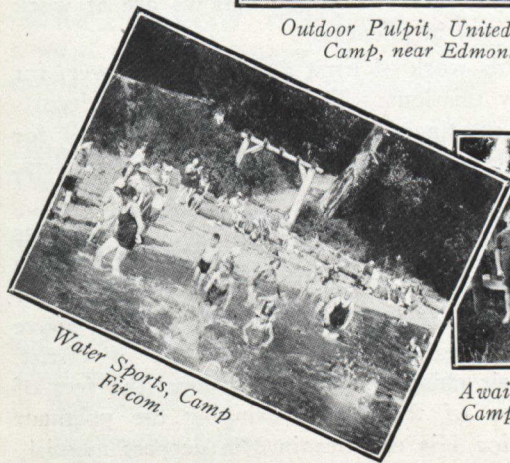


Children at Play, Macaulay Camp, Montreal.



Outdoor Pulpit, United Church Camp, near Edmonton.

*"But around me everywhere
Grass and tree and
mountain were."*



Water Sports, Camp Fircom.



Awaiting the Call for Lunch, Scugog Camp, operated by St. Christopher House, Toronto.

difficulties; prescribes for their mental and spiritual ills; reasons, coaxes, absolves. He is Father Confessor to many a sin-sick soul.

I thought of this as I sat in his study. I felt the impact of human emotion in my own soul as I looked at the well-worn furniture, and the floor over which many weary feet had travelled, and which had been made holy by the tears of penitent sinners.

Mr. Roddan never loses sight of the redemptive power of grace, He never fails to show his people the tender face of their Saviour.

THE ARTIST

In the study I noticed many oil-paintings, mountain scenes, waterfalls, and portraits of great beauty. These are done by Mr. Roddan in the only leisure time he gives himself. When the waves of sorrow seem too much for him, he takes a day to reproduce these lovely scenes, and in their creation strength and peace flow back into his own soul.

The day I was there two young men were painting beautiful murals for the church. These two young men, graduates from a school of art, were out of work. They told Mr. Roddan they would like to help his church, and could give only their service. Mr. Roddan accepted gladly—but the difficulty was that murals must have canvas and paint, and these cost money.

ALWAYS A WAY!

However, there is always a way. The storehouse was canvassed again, as it had been for the wooden leg. There was the Great Seal of Canada, donated years ago by the grandson of the man to whom it had been given when he retired from his office. Mr. Roddan sent it with a letter to one of Canada's public men, well known for his generous support of the church. Tactfully, Mr. Roddan suggested that he might like to buy this Canadian insignia. He did, and with this money the work of mural painting proceeds, and two young fellows are at work instead of wearing their hearts out in idleness.

I have dwelt at length on this work of First Church, Vancouver, for this is typical of all other city missions. There are the same departments, kindergarten, mothers' meetings, work-shop, athletic sports for the young, free meals, distribution of clothing, regular church services, lectures, study clubs.

I have had the pleasure of speaking in First Church, and seen its large auditorium packed to the last seat with eager, keen-minded people of many races. I will never forget how they sang, with the fervor of those who sing with full hearts. Now when they meet they will see above and around them exquisite pictures of scenes of the life of Christ. Mothers of Salem bringing their children. Christ washing the feet of His disciples. Tender pictures of the Cross, bringing the poignant memory of One who prayed for His enemies in His deepest anguish. Beauty and color and memory for the starved souls of men and women.

This work goes on seven days of the week, made possible by a devoted and gifted leader with his efficient and faithful staff, and by the generous contributions of people who know the work and its value, and who believe when they invest in the Kingdom of God there is no chance of loss.

BISSELL MEMORIAL

When I was in Edmonton I visited the Bissell Memorial Institute, which is another lighthouse that throws its beams across a crowded city to guide bewildered travellers. One feature of this fine new brick building is the stained-glass window, "The Light of the World," whose original it was my privilege to see in St. Paul's in London. At night in the winter-time it gleams warmly and invitingly on the snow, and the passers-by stop to look at it, and some remove their hats and piously cross themselves in reverent adoration.

Many seek the comfort and beauty of the little chapel, and stay after the service is over for a cup of coffee.

HOT WEATHER COMFORT

I visited the Bissell Institute one hot day this spring, when the asphalt was soft under our heels and the whole city sweltered under the heat of a pitiless sun.

Down in a high-ceilinged basement are workrooms, cool and airy, and there I saw fifty women at work, making quilts, hooking rugs, sewing, all cheerfully chatting. Their children played in the gymnasium, where toys were provided—sand-pile, blocks, little carts, chairs and tables.

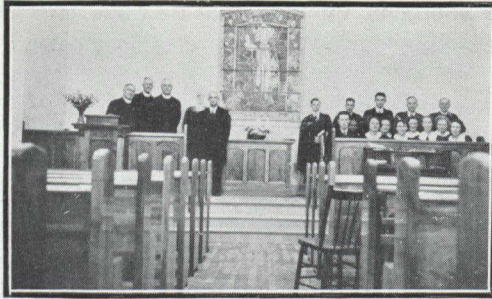
I wondered what group this was, and found they were just the "Thursday" workers. I saw the card-index system afterwards, whereby a record is kept of their labor, and saw German, Polish, French and Ukrainian names scattered through the Anglo-Saxon names. They receive a forty-cent credit for three hours' work. When a woman has worked seven afternoons, her credit of two dollars and eighty cents entitles her to a quilt, or to this amount on anything she wishes.

There is a social side to these gatherings. Finns and Russians and Ukrainians and Poles sit side by side, also the English and the French. They work and talk and grow to understand each other. The whole plan works towards neighborliness. They learn various handicrafts from each other, and more than that, they learn co-operation and the graceful art of tolerant and harmonious living.

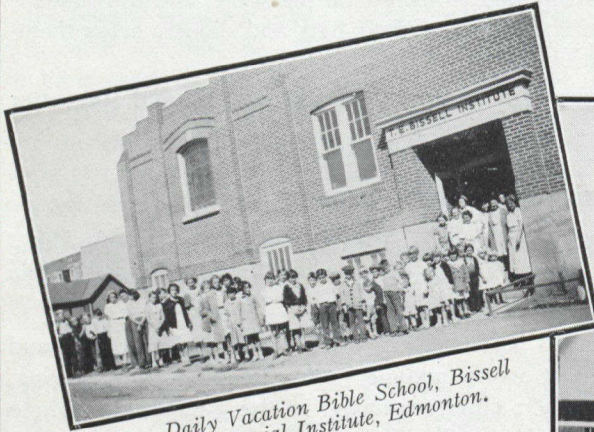
The motto of the Institute is "We will not give what they can earn," and it evidently works well. The women I saw were not on relief. They were doing everything they could to be independent, and it showed in their faces.

In another workroom, four or five sewing machines were being operated by skilled workers, making material into dresses, nightgowns,

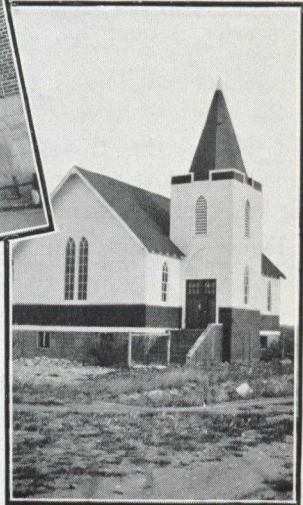
SOME BISSELL MEMORIAL CHURCHES



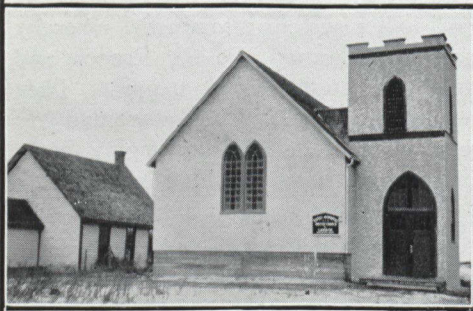
After the Opening Service at Bissell Memorial Institute, Edmonton.



Daily Vacation Bible School, Bissell Memorial Institute, Edmonton.



Glaslyn, the First Bissell Memorial Church erected in Saskatchewan.



Above: Another Bissell Memorial Church, Andrew, Alberta.

Right: The most recently opened Bissell Memorial Church, at Eriksdale, Manitoba.



pyjamas, etc., which may be obtained by the women on the same basis as the quilts. At four o'clock tea is served and I had the pleasure of speaking to all the people in the Institute then.

GOOD TIMES!

Afterwards, when I complimented Mr. and Mrs. Stevens on their work, they told me their object is to have a great neighborhood house here in the heart of this northern city.

"The women," said Mrs. Stevens, "enjoy their time here. They meet other women, and form friendships. Their problems do not seem so heavy when they talk them over with the others. The children look forward to it, too. Some of them had to be taught to play and laugh. Some of the women were suspicious at first, but that soon passed away. They see we do not interfere with their religion. We are here to help them. No one's religious faith is questioned."

I saw a pile of chairs in an upstairs room, waiting to be mended, scraped and varnished by some of the men. "Almost everything we have we have made ourselves," Mrs. Stevens said proudly.

"The Romany folk have a simple creed:

They make with their hands the things they need."

RECREATION

The fine big gymnasium is their concert auditorium and dancing floor. Every week there is a concert there for the public, when every chair in the place is brought in. Last winter they had a series of plays, concerts, debates.

"One night," Mr. Stevens said, "we had a stranded concert party—three in the party, and one was a pony. We gave them all the proceeds to help them on their way. We have a director of music now who prepared an Easter Cantata, which was a credit to any church or institution."

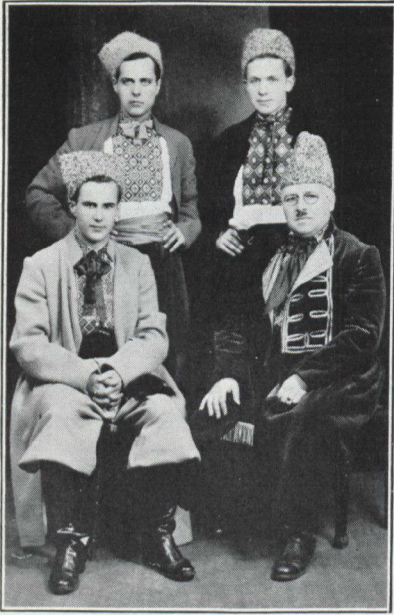
NO HOLIDAY

"You do not work union hours?" I ventured.

"No, we are on duty any time we are needed," he replied. "But it is all interesting, and we can see we are doing something. Our work among the young people is very encouraging. I wish you could see one of our basketball games."

"You would not like to go back to the regular ministry?" I asked.

"No," was the emphatic reply. "I would not change places with the minister of the finest church in Canada. This work is fascinating. We have been able to put families on their feet—to bring back hope to people who were likely to break. I wish you could be here on Sunday evening and see the people who come to the services, hear them sing, and know their stories—how brave they are! I could not leave them." I looked at these two devoted people, growing grey in the service of



Quartette from our Church of All Nations, Montreal. Lower right: Dr. R. G. Katsunoff, Superintendent.

the cause of humanity, should be precious to us. We should know them better, and prize them more.

WHAT DOES THE CHURCH THINK OF HOME MISSIONS?

None of us like to have our feelings ruffled. We pray for peace, in our time. Sweet peace, comforting as a cushion made from goose-down. "In our time," we pray. Hell may break loose after we are gone, but we are careful to specify in our prayers that we are not extravagant in our demands. Just so long as we are nicely covered. A ninety-nine year lease will do!

But we know that war comes from certain causes. Injustice, tyranny, overcrowding of population, greed. We know the causes, and we feel helpless when we think of the forces of evil working in dark places. "Over there," we say sometimes in our low moods, "we have no power—and there is nothing we can do."

But we are wrong. Thank God we are wrong. There is something we can do. All of us!

There was never a time when an individual can do so much. Distance has been overcome. The world is now one neighborhood. Rapid travel, moving-pictures, radio, have brought us together. Did we not realize this at the time of Edward's abdication, when Premier Stanley

humanity. I thought of all the weary souls they had comforted. I thought of how little they value their own ease, their own pleasure.

"When did you have a holiday?" I asked.

There was just a glimmer of wistfulness on Mrs. Stevens' face.

"We haven't had a holiday since we entered the ministry," she said.

There was no complaint in her voice, and the subject was changed hurriedly, but I think the Church might well consider a holiday fund for our missionaries, just to show that we appreciate their valiant services. A month by the sea, with no telephone, no sad story, no sermon to preach, no problem to solve, now, is so much better than a monumental stained-glass window later.

These capable men and women, with their resourceful minds, their loving hearts and willing hands, sanctified by long years of devotion to

Baldwin gathered us all into one room and talked to us, as the head of the family, of the trouble that had come? The tone of his voice steadied and heartened us.

We felt it again, in a happier mood, when we all attended the Coronation and saw the greatest pageant of all times, and heard the King of Canada make his vows in the presence of God and man.

After this, nothing is impossible. Even the evil machinations of dictators and tyrants are losing their effectiveness. Good is contagious as well as evil!

Unfortunately, the Kingdom of God does not come by observation. It has to be worked for, patiently and lovingly, and that is where we come in; we, the people—just the common run o' the mine people—each one of us with some gift, some offering.

We can spread the Gospel in which alone lies the hope of the world. Truth has wings. Listen to this story, which I take from one of the United Church publications:

AN ITALIAN CHURCH BUILDER

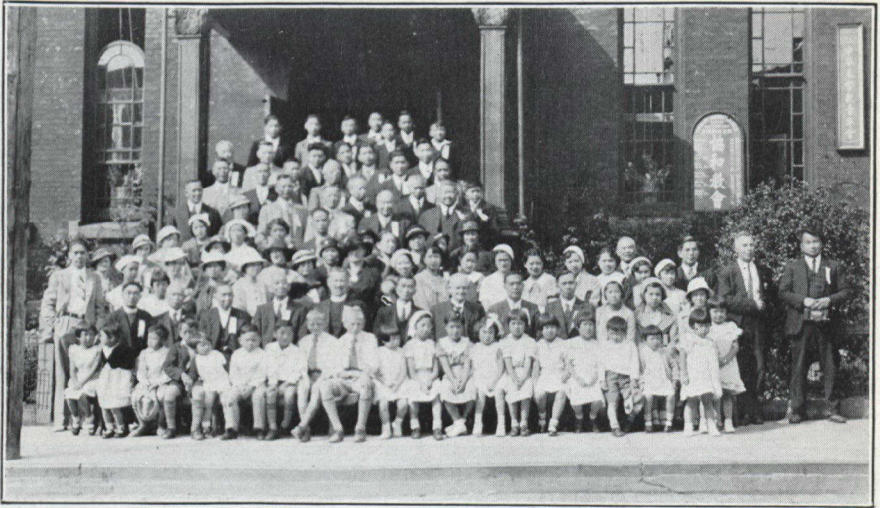
"In the Niagara Peninsula a fiery-tempered Italian immigrant, who was continually in trouble with his fellow nationals, was attracted to the services of All Peoples' Mission, and became intensely interested. The Gospel that he heard was new—a Gospel of purity, self-control, and power.

"After his conversion he became one of the quietest, most gracious and conciliatory members of the continually increasing group of his countrymen belonging to the United Church in that area.



Hungarian Confirmation Class, All Peoples', Port Colborne, Ont., with Dr. H. G. Forster and Rev. C. Farkas, Hungarian Minister.

“Three years ago he went back to Italy, but he kept up his correspondence with Rev. H. G. Forster, Superintendent of the Mission. The tone of his first letter was sad and discouraged, because up to that time he had not discovered throughout that vast area of his homeland another evangelical Christian. In his second letter he told of his joy at having found in a village eight miles away another man who had been converted in the United States. Shortly afterwards he wrote exultantly to tell the missionary that his new-found friend and himself had arranged to visit each other on alternate Sundays to sing the evangelical hymns which they both loved, to study the New Testament, and to have prayer together. Recently, he forwarded a photograph of a little Church which



Fiftieth Anniversary Service of Chinese United Church, Victoria, B.C.

he had built—very largely with his own hands—in that remote Italian village.”

The cynic may lift an eyebrow at this, and remind us one swallow does not make a summer, and I admit the inference. The task is gigantic, but the laborers are many and increasing, and the message itself is dynamic. Christ said that another way. He said, “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.”

Christianity began in an adventure. It has not been dismayed when faced by a stone wall. One young man with an idea, against the world—one bright candle in a dark place—one clear, cool stream in a desert—a cross against an angry sky, but from the cross a voice, “Father, forgive them!”—and in that prayer lay the hope of all the world’s redemption.

Paul, standing on a street in Rome, watching the parade of the world’s intelligentsia, and saying to himself, “I am going to preach the Gospel to these people,” was a ridiculous figure to the eye of flesh, a

little bandy-legged, short-sighted Jew, poor and unknown. But Paul knew what he had! And he knew what grace can do. He had seen and heard and felt something on the road to Damascus.

So, too, we know that in Christ's gospel lies the only hope for the world. Force had been tried. Various types of governments have been tried. Russia thought she had found a sure way by outlawing all religion, or at least what they called religion. But now, after twenty years, a change is coming. The hatreds of the old régime which supplied a motive for vigorous action, are dying out, and the country has internal trouble. Plots and conspiracies, and now a purge! No nation can be founded on hatred. There is only one foundation of a nation.

"Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

People are mistaken when they say Christianity has been tried and found wanting. It has not been tried because it was found difficult.

THEY COME TO US

We have a unique experience here in Canada. People come to us from many countries, and sometimes go back to their own again. Home Missions and Foreign Missions interlock. A Chinese nurse, who graduated at Lamont, Alta., is now the superintendent of a hospital in Hong Kong, with three hundred nurses in training. A Japanese student of the University of Alberta, whose home was in Cumberland, B.C., is now editor of the *Tokio Times*. A Ukrainian, who became a Christian because of his fellowship in the Church of All Nations, Montreal, wrote back from the Ukraine to The United Church of Canada, ordering a supply of Bibles for the Bible Class he had organized. A missionary in India found a Hindu from British Columbia reading the New Testament to his friends in his native village. Three Canadian-born Chinese doctors, graduates of Canadian universities, are now serving the Church in South China.

Every time we show kindness and good fellowship to the strangers who come to us, when we gather them into our church and social circles, or better still, invite them to our homes, giving and receiving friendship, we may be sending a message by them across the sea.

I heard a pathetic remark from a young Chinese boy once. He said, "I am asked to Canadian houses when they have a lot of people, but never alone. Never just me for dinner. I am invited for Christian duty, but not for pleasure. I am Chinese all the time, not just friend."

The United Church has a well-trained, devoted and loyal army of workers, who are teaching and helping. There are thirty-two institutions across Canada, with over a hundred missionaries, to help to look after the stranger and the needy. Across these worn doorsteps thirty-two thousand people go each day. Fourteen hundred volunteer workers assist the work of the missionaries.

But we must not leave the work to these alone. We all have a part. Our lives are either helping or hindering the work.

I remember once being a guest at one of the W.M.S. hospitals in Northern Alberta, where we met several of the Ukrainian young people

and a Ukrainian student who was training for the ministry. In the morning, at prayers, this young man led the devotions.

"O God," he prayed, "we thank Thee for the missionaries and for the teachers and the doctors who tell us of Thee. They are good people and we like them but they are not enough. Send us some kind machine agents, storekeepers and land agents, even down to real-estate men. Men who will not cheat, or lie, and not make sharp trick on us!"

These people who come to us are putting it up to us! As a Church. As a nation. It is not enough to be merely well-wishers. We are on the spot!

OUR DOORS ARE OPEN TO ALL

"We care not from what land you come, what language you speak, or what the colour of your skin. We are all brethren. Let us work together to make Christ's way the way of all men."

One person out of every seven in Canada is a non-Anglo-Saxon.

The Board of Home Missions has 50 ministers serving the New Canadians; publishes 6 foreign language papers; preaches the Gospel in 28 languages and dialects; and distributes tracts and New Testament portions in over 50 dialects throughout Canada.

THE GIFT OF THE DESERT

The Church has not been merely fair-weather friend to the settlers of Canada. It has not forgotten its divine command to visit the sick, comfort the sad, and clothe the needy. And the last seven years have given tragic opportunities for these neighborly ministrations.

It is significant, and worthy of record, that the first car-load of vegetables sent by The United Church to a drought-stricken area was sent from Rossburn, Manitoba, from the Ukrainian Church there. Two car-loads of potatoes went to a Saskatchewan district and were distributed to the neediest families. That was the beginning. The bad years persisted, and people saw their crops destroyed and the good black earth turn to powder and blow away. I will not dwell on it. It is a strange and mysterious happening. The sun was pitiless, and the sky was like brass! There were miles and miles of territory where not even a weed would grow.

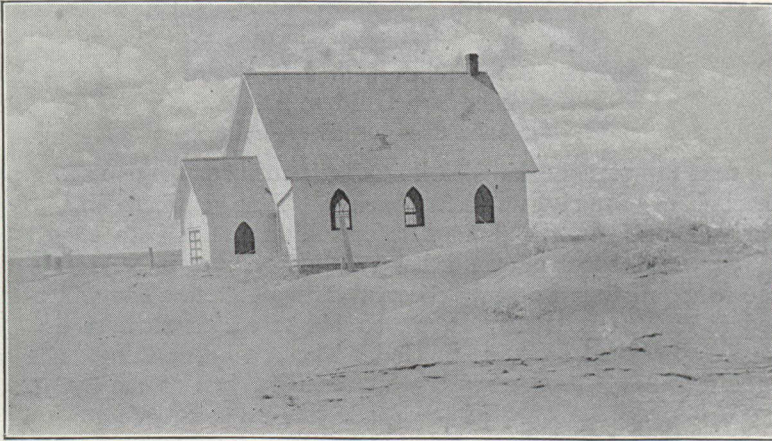
The Government, the Red Cross, and the Churches have stood by, with their help, and some way these evil years have rolled on. We are not saying that the four hundred car-loads of food the Church sent out one year solved any problem, but they were proof of friendship which in the dark days of trouble means much.

Farmers who had been comfortably well off saw their holdings lose their value. Crops gone, cattle hungry and thirsty—the savings of a lifetime gone. No wonder if some of them felt they could curse God, and die.

The ministers and their wives stayed and comforted, cheered and hoped. The Churches remained open, and the people, bewildered and shaken, held on to their faith. Those of us on the outside will never know what agonies of spirit our men and women endured—the sickening suspense, the utter anguish of shattered hopes.

What word of comfort would you say to a man who had to shoot his horses because they were dying of thirst? Can you think of any text that would cover his case?

I have often wakened at night and lain awake wondering what I would say to the family who had just shot their cow, or their team, maybe a young colt—the children's pet. How would I make out a good case for God? The God of the sea, and the sky and the air, who sitteth above the clouds and commands the winds and the waves!



*After a Dust Storm.
Zion Church, on the Mortlach Charge, Southern Saskatchewan.*

I talked with a woman from Saskatchewan, who told me much. She belonged to one of the worst sections of the country, and had lost everything. But she was strangely calm and serene about it.

“At first we thought ill of God,” she said simply. “Why didn’t He answer our prayers? Surely he had promised seed-time and harvest, and why shouldn’t we get some sort of a break. Year after year . . . we were growing older, shabbier, sadder. But the minister and his wife helped us to see. . . . They stayed with us the day we shot the cattle and old Spot—Spot was our last horse, she used to take the children to school, and come home herself—Mr. Smith brought his revolver, and he made Jim go into the house. We put our fingers to our ears, so we would not hear the shot. He came in, after it was over, white as a sheet, but he said to us, ‘We know little more than old Spot, what this means. . . . But even she, I think, knew my arm around her neck was a kind arm. . . . She even tried to rub her head against my shoulder to let me know she understood, and it was all right with her. So it is

with us. God is surely as sorry for us as we are for the horses. We must believe that. God is not a magician. He is a God of logic and reason and law. Some way we have taken the wrong turning in our farming here. We drained the sloughs, cut the scrub, let the snow water run away. Ploughed sod which should have been left for pasture. And now we have no rain. God is teaching us by the only way he can. God gave man free-will, and that ties His hands. He can't work miracles for us, but He can show us how to work them. So we'll hold on, and pray now for strength and guidance. He hasn't forgotten or forsaken us. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him"—and then he read us Tennyson's poem:

"That nothing walks with aimless feet.
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God has made the pile complete.
That not a worm is cloven in vain.
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain;"

and he read promises in the Bible to us. I remember the one about passing through the fire and not being burned. That comforted me. Other people had gone through fire. Mr. and Mrs. Smith both stayed with us all day, and some of the other neighbors came in, and it sounds strange to say it, but we grew cheerful as we talked. The whole thing seemed to change its face. It got so big it ceased to hurt us. The responsibility shifted from us to God. That's a queer thing," she said, "but there comes a time when the burden lifts, just as the hymn says:

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply."

When I looked at that woman's face, so steadfast and serene, I knew I had seen a miracle of grace. I had seen the fulfilment of the promise that out of the desert shall come a gift.

Many of the people have been moved to other parts of the country, where there is always abundant rainfall. Some refused to be moved. Trees are being planted, water-stops built, to prevent the snow water from running away; and now, as I write, I hear over the radio that some of the dry places are receiving rain.

NEW FRONTIERS

I have before me the reports of the Home Missions, and they all tell the same story. The need for missions grows stronger. New frontiers are opening. The cry is now, Go North, instead of Go West. There are six thousand people at Flin Flon, which is six hundred and fifty miles north of Winnipeg. People are pouring into the north country because of the mines, and we know very well the agents of evil are ever present, providing the usual allurements for the homeless man—exploiting his loneliness to rob him of his money and his decency.

THE CHURCH IN NORTHERN ONTARIO



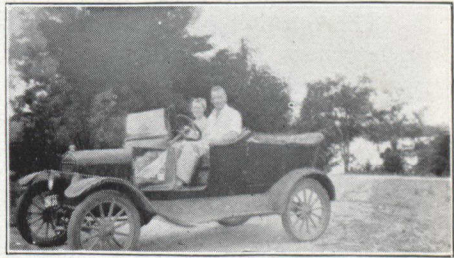
Manse at Larder Lake. Erected this year by five of our Ministers.



Pioneer Church in the North Country.



Over the Snow to Sunday School, O'Brien Township.



"Henrietta," driven by Missionary and his Wife, starts out on pastoral tour.



Main Street, Larder Lake. Newest Mining Town in Northern Ontario.



A Homestead in the North. One of many ministered to by The United Church of Canada

The lumbering and fishing industries are expanding, too, and in their development men are grouped together in camps, far from their homes and people. All these conditions make the need for missions more and more imperative. The Church has not been deaf or blind to these needs, and the story of the men who visit the camps makes cheerful reading. The Church has been fortunate in attracting men of special gifts into her service. Doors are open everywhere for the missionary, with his books and magazines; his moving-picture equipment; his songs and stories; and his gospel message is a welcome visitor.

Dr. George Pringle, in his fascinating book, "By Great Waters," gives a picture of the West Coast missions, which makes one glad to be a contributor to such a cause. The missionaries are men of imagination and fine feeling. They see the rainbow in the rain; the precious ore in the slag and debris.

Dr. Pringle tells a story about a lumber camp where the manager had just started operations, when he discovered a bird's nest in one of the trees which would have to come down if they continued. The work was stopped, and the machines moved to another location. There is something precious and sweet in a man's heart who will show mercy to "one of these little ones."

The opening of new mines, and the resultant flocking in of people in Northern Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec, is a challenge to the Church which we cannot ignore. Dr. J. C. Cochrane, Superintendent of Missions in Northern Ontario, in his report speaks of the difficulty of establishing a church in a mining district, because of the seven-day week, the exciting acquisitive atmosphere, the feeling of impermanence among the workers; but the only hope for the work of the Church lies in being on the ground at the beginning. If a mining town has been left for a few years without the ministry of the Church, it is almost impossible to accomplish anything. So the need for an immediate response is pressing.

There is something in the presence of a church building that has a salutary effect on people. There is a growing significance of this sacred place, where the people meet to worship, to sing, to pray; where weddings are solemnized, and children baptized. I never pass a country church that I do not feel a sense of gratitude, for I know what it means to have a church to come to after the grime of the week, where neighbors greet and cheer each other, and where the Scriptures are opened. It is an anchor for the soul.

"Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy grace I'll come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home."

In the reports which lie before me, I am thrilled to note the number of places where the people themselves have built their church, by their own labor—the Missionary Society helping them with money.

Across the Dominion the story of the missionary runs. It has the same glorious theme—needy people, soul-hungry, ready to hear the

Word, asking for it. An Indian coming many miles over the snow to ask for help for his people; a Japanese fisherman saying, "My people would like to hear about Jesus"; an anonymous letter coming from a mining town to the desk of a Home Mission Secretary—"We have everything here to damn men's souls, but nothing to save them. We have blind pigs, houses of ill-fame, gambling dens, and all sorts of vice, but we have no minister, no religious service. No one to even say a prayer over the dead. Does the Church care nothing about us?"

Multiply these instances, and add to them the still greater and more pitiful cases where human beings have gone past caring; where children are born and grow up and never hear the name of Christ, except in blasphemy; where moral restraints have all been cast aside; where the Church has not been able to penetrate because you and I did not provide them with the means. Remember, it was only the money that was short.



Three of the Leaders in a Newfoundland Summer School.

It was you and I who failed. Not the missionary. He was willing to go. We always have volunteers—cheerful, gallant people.

In the report of the Bonavista Presbytery of Newfoundland, in charge of Miss Mary T. Field, I read:

"I came by motor-boat to Hare Bay. Slab ice setting in, could not come farther. *Walked the sixteen miles to Gambo.* It was cold, but fine."

Think of that! Not a whimper about the sixteen miles. "Cold, but fine," says Mary. Stories of such vision and fortitude adorn the missionary records.

I do not know why the Canadian playwrights have overlooked this fertile field when looking for drama material. They do not need to go to the foetid night air of New York roadhouses. Everyone loves a story of heroism and adventure.

I am not writing this booklet to urge the missionaries to be more adventurous and self-sacrificing. I am not even urging other young

people to devote their lives to missionary work—I do not need to. Young people have not lost their heroic fervor. I am not writing it to the men who support missions, who do without things for themselves to keep up the contributions in that right-hand envelope, nor the women who sew for the bazaar when they get their dishes washed, though often they feel they would like to have a sleep or go to a picture show. No, I am not urging them to do more. I am writing to quite another clientele.

I am writing it, as I said in the beginning, for the people who have not yet supported missions. Only ten per cent. of the people of Canada go to any Church, which is a pretty small percentage after nineteen hundred and thirty-seven years of Christ's teaching. But we know there are Christian people outside the Church, and their good works ascend as incense to their God. We do not presume to judge the spiritual condition of anyone, nor are we taking church attendance as the sole criterion of conduct. But this we do know. That if the other ninety per cent. would give as much time, money and energy to the spread of the Gospel as the ten per cent. who do go to church, we could reach every part of this country with the Gospel message.

I am always sorry for the free-lance Christians, because they could have more joy in their givings if they were within some organization where fellowship abounds. Christ knew He had to have a closely-knit fellowship, so He called the Twelve. There is a joy and great satisfaction in group work. Some of the most pleasant associations of my life have been in a little country church, where we put on a play, making our own costumes and improvising lines, and raised enough money to paper the parsonage. Everyone had a good time. There is no law against having a good time while doing your duty. I believe God loves the sound of happy laughter. The Woman's Missionary Society of our Church have shown what can be done when people band themselves together to pray, study and give, doing it all joyously.

I cannot banish the thought that what we give with joy carries the greater blessing. A woman once gave me a pair of pillow covers, elaborately embroidered, and she told me that she worked on them when she should have been in her bed. And I certainly wished she had gone to bed. Every time I looked at them I had the guilty feeling of one who has benefited from sweated labor. As pillow covers they were very fine, but as a present they were a handful of nettles.

I do not think God wants from any of us a tear-soaked present. He wants us to give gladly and joyously, no matter how small or great the gift.

There is not a person in the world who is not craving some sort of mental satisfaction. None of us are satisfied with a fiddling job. We crave the exaltation of achievement. Katherine Hale has a wonderful poem in the collection called, "Morning in the West," telling of a woman who lived in Edmonton, long ago when Indians roved the plains. Her husband was away; she was alone in the Fort, coyotes were howling in the frosty winter night, and a drinking party was going on outside. Suddenly she felt a stab of pain which told her her hour had come. After

one moment of panic there was a rush of strength, and power came to her. She took command, becoming her own attendant and doctor. Before morning her first-born slept peacefully at her side.

She tells the story years later as she sits with a group of other women in an Eastern city. They are all idle, protected, comfortable women, who take all and give nothing, amusing themselves as idle women do—talking of trifles, concerned with the petty things which clutter the soul.

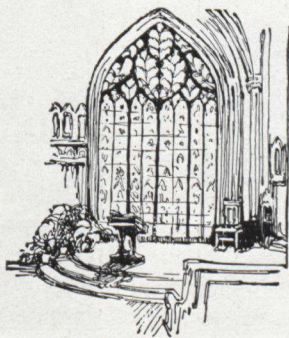
As she tells her thrilling story, recapturing the thrill of that night, the old lady's face suddenly loses all its radiance and a tragic nostalgia sweeps her soul. "And to think," she cries, looking around at her companions, "that I should come to this!"

There will be calls in the years that are coming. Every day there are calls for help to which you and I would respond if we could, for our hearts are not hard when we actually see human need. There is the soul hunger of the lonely ones who long for the consolation of the Gospel; there is the inarticulate call of men in camps for something to read and think of other than the drab realities of life around them. There are children growing up without instruction, whose young lives can very easily be guided into the ways of good citizenship; there are the people whose crops have failed again about whom we must draw the bonds of friendship closer.

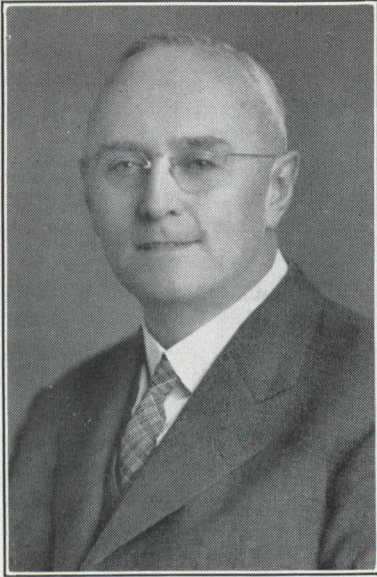
The Mission Board needs money to carry on an ever widening programme of kindness and help—physical and spiritual. They want to be able to answer before the call comes, just as they did on that cold stormy Manitoba day when the shadow of death drew near to the lonely settler's little house. A tragedy was averted then, and a useful and beautiful life saved because the people of Canada, through the Methodist Church, had subscribed money the year before to send a young man to a new field.

There is a time element in giving. Remember it is a poor time to begin to dig a well when your house is on fire!

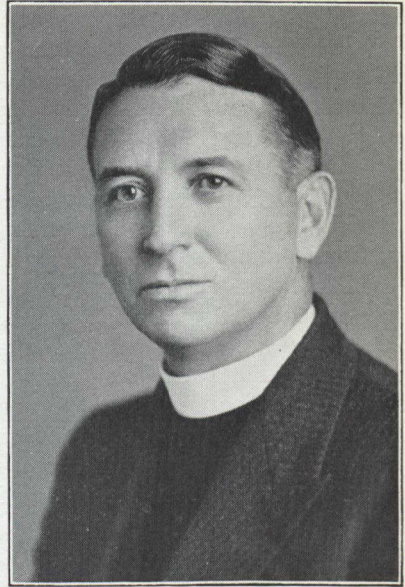
All this opens up a great world for us as individuals. A world of cooperation and fellowship wherein lies happiness and the joy of achievement.



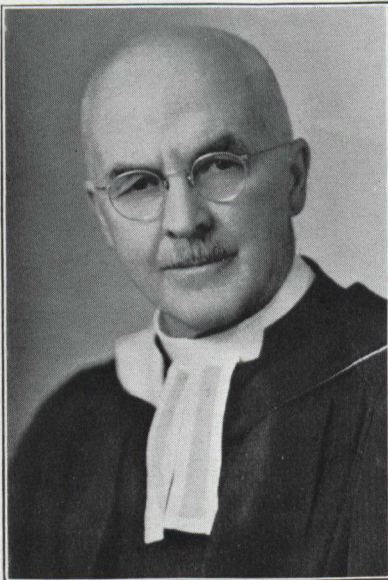
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*"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty:
They shall behold a far stretching land."*