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32. **An  
Englishman  
in Canada**

UNITED CHURCH  
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BY  
REV. JAMES L. GORDON, D.D.  
Pastor Central Congregational Church  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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# "An Englishman in Canada"

(Text: Hebrews xii-1)

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Dear Old England! Where shall I begin? In London of course. And where in the vast city of London shall I begin? The traveller answers "In Westminster Abby." London is the heart of the world and the Abbey is the heart of the world's heart. Amid the noise and din of the vast metropolis I step into the Abbey and find the holy quiet and sweet peace of a thousand blessed memories. Let us stand in the Temple of Silence and listen to the eloquent voices of a thousand immortal inscriptions.

Oliver Goldsmith said to his companion, as they wandered through the Abbey: "Look ye, in that chair the kings of England were crowned." The ancient stone of Scone. The stone of destiny. The stone on which Jacob slept at Bethel, so tradition affirms. This stone rests embedded in the Coronation Chair. Here the kings of England have been crowned for eight hundred years. On this chair sat every English sovereign from Edward I to George V.

The dear old Abbey is the sepulchre of the kings. Here lie buried thirteen kings and five sovereign queens. Within these memorable walls kings and queens have been born, married, crowned and buried. Edward V was born in the Abbey and buried in the Abbey but never crowned. And now that kings are no longer buried here we linger amid corroding marble and undying monuments to spend a thought on the sorrows, tragedies, disappointments and heart-breaks of the imperial children of destiny who worshipped and wept as they wandered through nave, aisle and cloister.

The old Abbey is the national sanctuary of England. It stands alone among the great buildings of the world. In no other place will you find such a congestion of sacred dust. Three thousand of the great men of the earth lie buried here: musicians, artists, scientists, poets, statesmen, actors, soldiers, theologians, preachers and authors. Heroes, warriors, orators and the once popular idols in com-

merce, war, society and legislative hail repose in peace. Here, for ever they sleep while the sweet music of morning praise, evening anthem and vesper song roll on unceasingly beneath arch and dome.

Temple of History! Temple of Silence! Temple of Reconciliation! Together they sleep. Social rivals, political opponents and imperial contestants, Canning and Castlereagh, Fox and Pitt, Gladstone and Disraeli, Dryden and Shadwell, Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. Together they sleep, after the battle, after the conflict, after the storm, after the contest, "after life's fitful fever."

Charles, I, asked Ben Johnson, if he had any request to make, and Ben Johnson replied: "Yes, it is this, that I might have 'standing room' in Westminster Abbey." And the king granted him his request. He lies buried upright in the **great Abbey**, and on his tombstone is inscribed these words: "O Rare Ben Johnson."

Yonder stands the Tower of London. The history of London Tower would be the history of England. Here stands the most interesting fortress in the world. I have stood in four great castles, Edinburgh Castle, Stirling Castle, Windsor Castle and the Tower of London. What strange elements of history enter in as we contemplate this ancient prison, palace, armory, execution ground and treasure house. Walls sixteen feet deep! Dungeons and scores of feet beneath the ground! What towers of strength! The White Tower, the Bloody Tower, the Bell Tower, the Middle Tower, the Deveroux Tower, the Wakefield Tower, the Cobham Tower and the Tower of Saint Thomas. Have you stood beneath the frowning masonry of the London Tower?

Behold the swift procession of the years. London Tower was founded by William the Conqueror, in the year 1078, in order to guard and protect the City of London. What memories linger! What shadows hover! What suggestions arise! What thoughts brood! What indignations kindle! What fancies take possession of the soul as we stand in its halls or wander through its corridors! Here Richard Baxter was imprisoned and suffered as a puritan. Here dukes have been betrayed and earls assassinated. Here kings have been banqueted and queens adorned. Here Protestants have died for the truth and Roman Catholics for their religion.

Here Queen Elizabeth was born and guarded as a prisoner. Here Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his history of the world. Here Thomas Wentworth wrote his last letter to a deceitful monarch. Here Ann Bolyne came as a bride and

died as a rejected queen. Here the Jews were tortured. Here the Seven Bishops were imprisoned. Here Lady Jane Grey was led to her execution. Stand with me, at night, at the entrance to the Traitor's Gate and think of the long, long line of the condemned who have passed beneath its scowling masonry.

I stood in London Tower and there swept over me the memories of a thousand years. Standing in the presence of a sparkling array of imperial jewels I thought of how the fierce waves of history had swept through this old castle. How revolutions and counter revolutions had changed it from armory to residence, from residence to palace, from palace to storehouse, from store house to mint, and from mint to hospital.

London! Seven thousand miles of streets! Every twenty minutes a new building is added. Every four minutes a child is born. Every five minutes a soul passes into eternity. I confess that the streets of London had for me a strange fascination; so narrow and so broad, so straight and so crooked, so ugly and so beautiful, so ancient and so modern, so clean and so squalid, so new and so old—and when I read certain inscriptions on houses which stand for the architecture of a past generation I wondered if my house would ever be thought worthy of such a tablet: "In this house lived William, Ewart Gladstone." "Here John Henry Newman lived in his youth," "Here Oliver Goldsmith lodged," "Here the Duke of Wellington resided," "Here Samuel Johnson dined."

Kipling sings his song concerning "The Five Nations and the Seven Seas" and Shakespeare exclaims: "This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England." But the historian, Macaulay, ventures to paint a vivid picture of the time when the glory of England shall have passed away and "when some traveller from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of the London bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's cathedral." In such an hour what would be left? London bridge, gone! Thames Embankment, gone! Parliament buildings, gone! Buckingham Palace, gone! St. Paul's Cathedral, gone! The Bank of England, gone! The British Museum, gone! Westminster Abbey, gone!

What would we have left? We would have left the untold treasures of a great language. The language of John Milton and William Shakespeare. A book written in German is read by Germans, a book written in French is read by Frenchmen, a book written in Spanish is read by Spaniards, but a book

Written in English is read by the world. Once Latin was the sovereign language, then the language of Spain was the speech of every court and realm, then the language of France became the accepted vocabulary of the world, but today the universal mode of expression is the English language. And I believe that our mother-tongue will never lose its crown of leadership. It can never die. William Shakespeare has made it immortal.

In the English language we have interwoven, inwrought and enthroned the splendid ideals of our Anglo-Saxon civilization. "Shakespeare and the majesty of moral law, Tennyson and the triumph of immortal love, Browning and the courage of faith, Thackeray and the ugliness of hypocrisy, George Eliot and the supremacy of duty, John Ruskin and the dignity of service, Chas. Dickens and the divinity of kindness." --What a glorious legacy of literary treasures to transmit from age to age.

What a ray of light—what a halo of golden glory the literature of England has shed upon the world. Pause and consider. Think of the nobility of Scott, the sincerity of Thackeray, the heartiness of Dickens, the tenderness of Macdonald, the purity of Tennyson, the richness of Browning, the beauty of Ruskin, the stateliness of Macaulay and the majesty of Shakespeare. The literature of England is the richest possession of our Christian civilization and herein there stands enthroned the holy ideals of great mystics, saints and men of God.

We should also have left the memory of great men and great women. Chas. Lamb once said that "there are two races of men, those who borrow and those who lend." England has exchanged her gifts with the world. England has produced a constellation of great men and great women whose original thoughts and heroic deeds are the inspiration of the world. Egypt is the land of pyramids, Greece is the land of monuments, Italy is the land of art and beauty, Germany is the land of universities, France is the land of palaces, but Great Britain is the land of great men and great women.

Every noble institution of our civilization expresses itself in the architecture of church, bank, clearing house, exchange, library, tower, fort, gallery and museum; but if every church in England were a St. Paul's Cathedral, every bank in England a Bank of England, every library in England a British museum, every tower in England a Windsor Castle, every fort in England as strong as Gibraltar, and every city in England as great and as vast as London—this would not account for

**England's greatness. England's crown of glory is a galaxy of great men and great women.**

Call the roll! Let England's great men speak! Each hero has a message for you and he can congest it in a brief sentence. Carlyle affirms that history is simply a handful of brilliant biographies. Call the roll of England's great ones. Just a few—Shakespeare?—"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune," Browning?—"Get thy tools ready and God will find thee work," John Stuart Mill?—"A man with convictions is worth one hundred men who have only opinions," Tennyson?—"I am too proud to ask who my ancestors were," John Wesley?—"I am resolved to make religion the business of my life," Charles Darwin?—"I never wrote a line for applause," Matthew Arnold? "The nations that follow in the line of Jesus shall live but the nations which refuse to follow in the line of Jesus shall die," Cromwell?—"I know that God has been above all ill reports and that in His own time He will vindicate me," Herbert Spencer?—"We are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed," Samuel Wesley?—"The inward witness—the inward witness—this is the best proof of Christianity," William Paley?—"It is a tremendous thing to believe in one God," Phillips Sydney?—"I would not exchange my joy for the empire of the world," Anthony Throllope?—"There is always an unseen hand on the chessboard," Gladstone?—"The test of a foreign policy is not whether it is striking, brilliant or successful, but is it right?"

There is one respect in which we are all alike, namely, we all differ. A Welshman is known for his fervor, a Scotchman is known for his caution, an Irishman is known for his disposition to oppose, a Negro is known for his soul qualities, a Chinaman is known for his powers of imitation, a Frenchman is known for his diplomacy and ability to avoid the main issue, a German is known for depth of thought and honesty of motive, the little Jap is known for his teachableness, the American is known for his boastful aggressiveness—the Englishman is known for his—sublime audacity.

There is not a race on the planet, today, which is not being criticized. Every nation produces an objectionable class. There are objectionable Americans who boast and brag, there are objectionable Frenchmen who deceive, there are objectionable Germans who are irreverent there are objectionable Canadians who are suspicious of everything and everybody, there are objectionable Jews who live up to the reputation which Christians have made

for them, there are objectionable Irishmen who irritate and annoy, there are objectionable Negroes who flaunt their newly gained freedom in the face of all, and there are objectionable Englishmen who, because of London's position and England's greatness, presume to dictate.

There are some men who are objectionable because, as Robert Louis Stevenson would say: "They talk down." They "talk down" the shop in which they work, the church in which they worship, the store in which they trade, the corporation in which they invest, the society in which they move and the land in which they sojourn. The fate of a critic is to be criticized. Prophets are stoned and critics are cursed. There is enough of toil and sufficient of trouble in the world without having every subject of ordinary conversation turned into a funeral dirge or a prophetic lamentation.

The British Empire is the joint product of four races—Welshmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen and Englishmen. The British Empire is as great as God and these four nations can make it. Every man represents or misrepresents his own country. It only takes a few irresponsible characters from any particular neighborhood to establish a reputation for that neighborhood. There is a certain type of Englishmen in Canada, without home or anchorage—he is young, bright, intelligent, vivacious, discontented, outspoken, reckless and irresponsible. He keeps himself miserable and supplies a reputation for his countrymen who are better and wiser than he.

There are young men, in this class, who would rather utter their criticisms than hold their positions. A young man of twenty, as a rule, is a critic whether born in Hong Kong or Manayunk. He sits in judgment on his own father even though he dare not express his views. A young man of twenty is not only a critic—socially he is inclined to be a pope, czar and home ruler, and exceedingly impatient with those who differ from him.

There is one place where all our criticisms can be sounded forth to the soul's entire satisfaction and that is in the debating society. But woe be to the youth who proposes to turn the dining room, the parlor, the prayer meeting and the Bible class into a debating society. In a short time his popularity is gone. There is nothing which people tire of so quickly as criticism. At a regular meeting of a certain set of socialists in New York City, a speaker began his address by the usual tirade against the church. When, just then, a fellow socialist arose, and, with an air of impatience, interrupted the speaker by saying: "Cut out those attacks on the church—they are doing

the best they know how, and I believe they are trying to give us a square deal."

There is a divine discontent and there is a discontent which is not divine. The great temptation of youth is discontent. Some of you left your own country because you were dissatisfied and because of the same spirit of dissatisfaction you are prone to wander from Montreal to Toronto, from Toronto to Fort William, from Fort William to Winnipeg and from Winnipeg to Vancouver—without ever once striking your roots firm into the virgin soil of a new world.

I am not surprised that an Englishman should be homesick in Western Canada. I would be surprised if he were not. Think of England with her cathedral towns, her classic villages, her sacred monuments, her beautiful hedge-lined roads, her solid splendor, her quiet dignity, her peaceful atmosphere and her ten thousand historical associations. It will be a thousand years before we will have anything to compare with the beauty—the fascinating beauty of Dear Old England.

Nor am I surprised that a certain class of British emigrants are sadly disappointed when they reach the Dominion of Canada, a Paradise itself would fall far short of the wonderful descriptions given in the homeland concerning the wealth, health, climate, splendor and glory of our fair Dominion. And yet I know certain Englishmen and Englishwomen who think and affirm that Canada is one of the finest places in the world in which to live. I have in mind at this moment one family of English emigrants of fair intelligence, average ability and less than normal health, who, in a few years have purchased for themselves a modest but very comfortable home, made generous contributions to the church and kindred institutions and induced almost a score of their relatives to join them on this side of the sea. They believe in Canada because they have succeeded in Canada (and Canada is a good country to succeed in). The emigrant who fails in Canada was a failure at home. Canada is another word for success.

Canada is a good country. Less liquor is sold in Canada than in any other country—Thanks to the "temperance crank." Canada has the lowest death rate of any country in the world. There are fewer ignorant and illiterate people in Canada than in any other country. There are fewer paupers in Canada, to the square mile, than elsewhere. In Canada the working day is longer, the night brighter, the air more bracing, the social conditions more democratic and the prospects brighter than anywhere else on the



North American continent. I believe  
in Canada!

It is true that Englishmen have been criticised in Canada. Some ignoramus, who knew little of geography and less of history, has hung out a sign which read "Englishmen Not Wanted." But free advertising never injured a good man. Who can afford to stand criticism better than an Englishman? And why should not an Englishman be criticised? The Englishman has been a disturbing, quickening, and revolutionizing force in the world for ten centuries and more. The greatest metropolis, the greatest poet and "the mother of parliaments" belong to him.

England has produced a generation of the most brilliant critics the world has ever seen. Samuel Johnson was a critic. John Ruskin was a critic. Lord Byron was a critic. Matthew Arnold was a critic. Thackeray was a critic. Herbert Spencer was a critic—but they were all wise enough to stay at home long enough to learn the Science of Criticism before they began to practice on "the regions round about." They dared to criticise their own people in their own land. It takes nerve to do that.

The American in Canada is almost as severely criticised as a certain class of Englishmen, but the American finally manages to "fit in" and this a certain class of Englishmen refuses to do. When I say "fit in" I am not referring to any mode or method which involves the sacrifice of an vital principle. Certainly Rev. C. T. Aked, D.D., the famous English divine, has managed to make himself exceedingly popular as the pastor of an American Congregational church. But, how plain spoken he was when he stood in the pulpit of the "Rockefeller" Baptist church in New York city, and in the presence of the richest man in the world, laid down three incontestable propositions: (1) Money is only honorably owned when it is the proper equivalent of services rendered. (2) Money has been dishonestly obtained when men and women have been used merely as instruments for producing wealth. (3) No amount of money getting will ever atone for money stealing."

When I want to find a perfect lady or a perfect gentleman I know where to go. The perfection of the social art belongs to the Islands of the Northern Sea. All the traits of a perfect gentleman belongs to a true Englishman.

Wherever thought is deep and strong,  
Wherever conscience fights against  
wrong,

Wherever manhood dares to die,  
And womanhood is pure and high;  
On mountain peak, on plain, by the  
    sea,  
The soul's one thought shall ever be,  
Thank God for—Dear Old England.

When I stood in Windsor Castle and, in memory, recalled the history of a thousand years, I said to myself, an Englishman belongs to a conquering race. England stands for all that is dear in freedom and for all that is sacred in religion.

When I stood in the British Museum, I said to myself, the Englishman is a scholar. For here I gazed upon four million volumes covering book shelves forty-eight miles long, and here I beheld the relics of all past civilizations in the friendly possessions of our own civilization. What treasures are here guarded, protected and sealed. Here I found an order signed by Diocletian, the Emperor of Rome, and dated A.D. 303, demanding that Christianity be blotted out forever from the face of the earth. Sixteen hundred years afterwards, this same Christianity, the extermination of which the great emperor had ordered, standing supreme upon the shores of a new world, calls for "a parliament of religions" where the representatives kneel and join together in that prayer which is known as "The Lord's Prayer," and rising from their knees sing together that hymn which belongs to all the race—"Nearer My God to Thee."

When I stood in St. Paul's Cathedral, I said to myself, an Englishman is a builder. For on the wall of the great edifice I found an inscription, in Latin, to the memory of Christopher Wren, the architect. And this inscription, when translated, read: "Would you behold his monument, look about you." A nation is known by the character of its architecture. John Ruskin, in his book, entitled, "The Stones of Venice" tells us how the crack in the foundation of a certain cathedral split the wall and how the aperture caused by the missing tile on the roof had resulted in the staining of the wonderful frescoes on the dome.

When I stood in the Royal Academy, I said to myself, an Englishman is an artist, and I thought of a score of great names in the realm of art; of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who once said to a student: "Paint one splendid picture and you are an artist," or of Joseph Turner, to whom the careless society belle, flippantly, remarked: "I never saw such sunsets as these you have painted," and of his beautiful remark: "Madam, don't you wish you had." Aye, he saw divine glories in the skies and therefore every square inch of canvas touched by his skillful

brush is alive with the infinite. Remember the challenge of John Ruskin: "Live on bread and water but feast your eyes on the art glories of the Vatican." All hail to high born beauty in the realm of art. I stood in the cathedral at Antwerp, whilst the chimes were ringing and gazed upon Rubeus "Descent From The Cross" and I thought of the inspired utterance of Raphael: "I dream dreams and then I paint my dreams." Oh youth, Christ is the master artist. He can touch your life with crowning loveliness.

When I stood in the Old Curiosity Shop and thought of the tender hearted Charles Dickens, I said to myself, an Englishman is a true friend. Said Charles Dickens, in the hour of his inspiration, "I am breaking my heart over this story and I cannot bear to finish it."—the essence of a genuine affection is in that remark. Dr. Johnson once exclaimed "You can call my friend Hervv a dog if you will, but I shall love him just the same, for in the hour of my distress he stood nobly by me." John Wesley was describing a genuine Englishman when he said concerning his brother Charles: "If once you love a man, you love him through thick and thin and forever."

When I stood in Hyde Park at seven o'clock in the evening and listened for an hour to speeches, addresses and orations for and against God, for and against Jesus Christ, for and against the Bible, for and against the church, for and against Christianity—I said to myself, an Englishman is an agitator. But Christianity can stand agitation, inspection and investigation. And then there came to me the words of a noble Englishman, even Matthew Arnold, who once said: "Find me ten square miles outside of a Christian civilization where human life is safe, where childhood is respected, where the character of womanhood is regarded and where old age is revered, and I will surrender my personal interest in Christianity." Agitate, oh restless soul, agitate! Christianity will rise on the crest of the wave and riding the storm survive tempest and whirlwind.

When I stood in the Parliament buildings and thought of Morley, Bright, Gladstone, Disraeli, Harcourt, Chatham, Peel and a score more of England's illustrious political leaders, I said to myself, an Englishman is a statesman. Has Canada produced a Roosevelt or a Lloyd George? I wot not. This I know, that in Western Canada, the hour has arrived if not the man. Rise, oh youth and buckle thine armor on! The chimes of destiny are sounding over city and province. Rise! Smite the oppressor. Stand for God!

When I stood in Whitehall Palace, I said to myself, an Englishman is a revolutionist, for through yonder window Charles I. passed to his execution. Me thinks, I can hear Oliver Cromwell, muttering in a determined undertone: "I tell you we will cut off the King's head with the crown upon it." It was this same Cromwell who drove his horses through St. Paul's Cathedral. Oh, Cromwell, rough and rude, but mighty in the truth and sincere in the joints of his soul's anatomy—Cromwell, the world hath need of thee. He was an Englishman clad in steel and sepered with power.

When I stood in Westminster Abbey, I said to myself, an Englishman is a hero worshipper. For every true hero there is one descriptive word, "Courage." Standing here we thought of the courage of great heroes. Listen to Robert Peel: "I have been wrong, and now ask parliament to repeal the law for which I once stood." It took courage to do that. What contempt his enemies cast upon him. But he had an Englishman's courage. And so had Alfred Tennyson when he wrote: "I have written what I have felt and known and I will never write anything else"—that sounds like an Englishman.

Admiral Nelson, on the night before his last battle, remarked: "By this time tomorrow, I shall have won a seat in the House of Lords or a grave in Westminster Abbey." Strange prediction that. Behold John Bunyan, in prison, and listen to his words: "If I were out of jail today, I would preach tomorrow, so help me God." Hark to the dying doxology of the expiring martyr at Smithfield: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." An Englishman knows how to live well and die heroically.

When I stood in the London Tower, I said to myself, an Englishman is a hero, tested by the stake, faggot and block. Behold the Earl of Stafford, marching to the scaffold, like a general leading an army, or a king going to his coronation. Think of Hugh Latimer as he approaches the place of his martyrdom, exclaiming as he addressed his companion, Nicholas Ridley: "Cheer up, Master Ridley, we shall this day, please God, kindle a fire that shall light up all England." Aye, and all the hill tops of history, too.

An Englishman ought to be a man of faith. Witness Rowland Hill. They said that he used to preach as though in the very presence of God. When he preached "eternity seemed to be next door."

An Englishman ought to be a man

of sublime and divine courage. He ought to grasp the reigns of spiritual power and stand upon foundations unseen and eternal. He ought to be able to say with Tennyson: "I am no idle singer of a day."

An Englishman ought to be a man of good habits and clean life. He ought to steer by the stars and sail by the compass of truth. He ought to be able to say with the dying Spurgeon: "You may write my life across the sky, I have nothing to conceal."

An Englishman ought to be a man of great thoughts. He ought to cut out a leaf from the biography of William Carey and feed upon it; for Carey, though the outside of his shop bore a sign which read: "Second Hand Shoes Bought and Sold," yet the inside of his working den was decorated with maps which embraced the geography of the world.

An Englishman ought to be a man with a great heart. For did not the great Lord Shaftesbury, in his old age, when addressing the House of Lords, for the last time, exclaim: "How can I leave the world with so much misery in it?" There's Christianity for you! When John Bright was broken hearted, because the bride of a year, lay in yonder parlor, cold and still in death, Richard Cobden said to him: "Think of the broken-hearted women of England and labor in their behalf." And so he did. It was said of Newman Hall that: "he had great heart power." We all need that.

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## THE BULLETIN

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The following is one way in which two of our young men are laying themselves out to get hold of the unattached big boy. Parents will do well to see that heir boys accept this invitation. I give you here the leader's own invitation:

"Listen to this fellows—We wish to call your attention to our boys' club, held in the young men's club room on Thursday evenings from 7.30 to 9.30, as if you come we guarantee you a good time. We are after the boy that does not attend a Sunday school and we solicit your help by telling any boys that you find in this position that they have an opportunity of becoming a member of our club and securing a membership card by paying the sum of ten cents and attending regularly and paying a weekly fee of five cents. This is a chance for boys to have a good time, but will not in any way interfere with organized groups. We are after the stranger and if we get him in our club perhaps we may be successful

in drafting him into the Sunday school. Will you help us? Further information may be had from Mr. Stone or Mr. Dunbar. We invite you at the close of this service to come and meet us and examine our membership card."

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Sunday school meets at 3 o'clock. Organized and graded work for all ages. Redwood avenue mission at the same hour.

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Regarding the mid-week service held on Wednesday evening, we appeal for the loyal support of all members and friends of the church. There are special reasons why you should make every effort to be present on Wednesday next. If you can't come at 3 o'clock, come as soon after as you can.

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We congratulate our senior boys for again being victors in the S. S. Athletic Association League hockey match with Young church team on Monday. This makes five victories out of six matches.

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Church membership is a great privilege and we are anticipating a great communion service and reception of members for Easter Sunday morning, April 12. Should you wish to join us or should you know of others who would like to join us, kindly let us know at your earliest convenience. Phone Sher. 348.

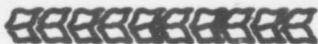
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We solicit your prayerful interest in the Evangelistic campaign which we are to conduct during this week from the 8th to the 13th at our St. James park church. Miss Rose Weston is to be the soloist. Sankey's hymns are to be used throughout and the singing will be led by a special campaign choir. St. James park church is on Home street one block south of Portage avenue.

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You are invited by the C. E. society to a debate to be held on Monday night when the Young Men's club will debate with the C. E. society on the subject of Capital Punishment. A most interesting time is assured. Monday at 8.

ERNEST R. WEEKS,  
Associate Pastor.

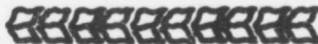


### SUBSCRIBE NOW.

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The publication committee are desirous of increasing the number of paid subscribers to Dr. Gordon's sermons, and solicit your subscription. The price, one dollar, is not sufficient to make the work self-sustaining unless we can materially increase our subscription list. If you are receiving the sermons regularly at the church can you not send a subscription for a friend who cannot do so. The committee has ample proof of the good accomplished by these published sermons from letters that they have received, and it is their intention to broaden the scope of this phase of the church work as far as possible.

Subscriptions should be sent to Miss K. D. Young, secretary, Central Congregational church, corner Hargrave and Qu'Appelle streets, or to W. E. Skinner, 204 Sterling bank building, Winnipeg.



# This Evening

March 8, 1914, at 7 o'clock

**DR. GORDON**

Will Preach on the Subject

**“The  
Household  
Purse: Who  
Should  
Carry It?”**

UNITED CHURCH  
ARCHIVES