

# Canadian Churchman

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 - THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER.  
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TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1910

No. 34



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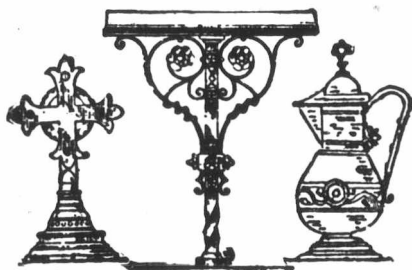


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# Canadian Churchman.

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## Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days.

September 18.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.  
Morning—Jeremiah 5; 2 Cor. 10.  
Evening—Jer. 22; or 35; Mark 14, 27 to 35.

September 21.—St. Mat., A., E. & M. Athan. Cr.  
Morning—1 Kings 19, 15; 2 Cor. 12, 14 & 13.  
Evening—1 Chron. 29, 10 to 20; Mark 15, 42, & 16.

September 25.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.  
Morning—Jeremiah 36; Galathians 4, to 21.  
Evening—Ezek. 2; or 13, to 17; Luke 2, to 21.

September 29.—St. Michael & All Angels.  
Morning—Gen. 32; Acts 12, 5 to 18.  
Evening—Dan. 10, 4; Rev. 14, 14.

October 2.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.  
Morning—Ezek. 14; Ephesians 3.  
Evening—Ezek. 18; or 24, 15; Luke 5, 17.

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

## SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Holy Communion: 245, 256, 262, 630.  
Processional: 376, 433, 449, 542.  
Offertory: 329, 573, 599, 753.  
Children: 697, 700, 707, 715.  
General: 2, 416, 580, 664.

## EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Holy Communion: 261, 268, 433, 645.  
Processional: 348, 406, 468, 473.  
Offertory: 322, 397, 610, 646.  
Children: 688, 694, 695, 703.  
General: 3, 652, 660, 760.

## THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

There are two words commonly used to designate and to describe the character of the Christian life. The first occurs in the Epistle for today. The Christian life is our "vocation," for God hath called us to it. "Come unto me all that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." The second occurs in the baptismal office and suggests the view we ought to take of the Christian life in its contrast with other forms of human activity and interest. The Christian life is our "profession." It ought to be our

first duty day by day to see that we grow into the likeness of Jesus Christ "both by mortification of sin, and by positive energy of righteousness." To be perpetually interested in this our profession, our business, means to be walking worthy of the vocation to which God hath called us. We must strive to make the vocation our profession. Consider the example of Jesus, the youth: "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" and then again in full view of the Cross He exclaims: "Nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done." From Him we learn to make the Divine vocation our great business in life. And surely in the light of the revelation of the Son of God no man can claim that a clear and distinct call has not been given?

The unity referred to by St. Paul in the Epistle argues indisputably for the clearness and definiteness of every man's vocation, of every man's profession. Now in connection with our Lord's fulfilment of vocation we have to notice an important point. He constantly refers to Himself as the "Son of Man." This designation He uses not primarily because of any Messianic indication, but rather to emphasize the lowliness of His human nature. As perfect man, Jesus is humble, lowly, meek, and we need to learn that such characteristics are most natural to manhood. Man is unnatural when he is proud and overbearing. The trustfulness and simplicity of childhood ought never to be lost but rather deepened and made more mystic with the advance of years. We cannot walk worthy of our vocation; we cannot attend to the things of the Father unless we endeavour to keep "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." And this can only be accomplished by lowliness and meekness. The Epistle for the day indicates the general character of our life in this world. The Gospel shows us the particular temperament necessary to a realization of vocation and a participation in that unity which characterizes our religion and shows it to be of God.

## Ecclesiastical Concert.

In contrasting ourselves with other religious bodies we should avoid all appearance of false pride. Sound doctrine and strong faith are never so powerful and influential as when accompanied by true humility. It was well said by King George in his reply to the address of the Convocations of Canterbury and York: "The ends that we pursue are in harmony with the teaching of the Church and can only be achieved while we seek in faith and humility that perfect standard of conduct and sacrifice which has been revealed to Christian men." It is a sign of not only humility but strength to avail ourselves of good wherever we find it. Our Lord drew a lesson of good for all time from the conduct of the un-Christian Samaritan as opposed to the conduct of the Priest and Levite. Though we differ in points of doctrine from the Church of Rome yet the method and control exercised by that great religious body is well worth our study. Even so pronounced an evangelical teacher as Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas says that "at the Reformation there was a definite break with Rome on questions of doctrine, while there was no break whatever in regard to organization and discipline."

## The Training in Saskatchewan.

We are greatly indebted to Dr. Paterson Smyth for his letters in the "Church of Ireland Gazette." He takes up so many little points which need explanation to a stranger. We have no room for his letters unfortunately, but we must make room for his comments on Principal Lloyd's experiment when three years ago he went across for sixty young men to help in the rush of emigration.

"I visited the little Church College, as yet but a few wooden sheds in the fields. There are now ninety young students, of whom sixty are out in their mission stations, and thirty are taking their four months' turn in college. Four months each year is, of course, a very poor education. But what better could be done in that pressing need? I was very glad to meet the lads again, and spent a good deal of time questioning them and hearing their experiences. I hope in another place to tell of these more fully, but let me here say for the information of those in Ireland interested in the experiment that, all things considered, I was very pleasantly impressed with the result. I found a fine manly set of young fellows very presentable and deeply and enthusiastically in earnest. They spoke well, and with a quiet, manly simplicity. What struck me especially was the result of their three years of mixing with rough, plain, bedrock men. They were "man's men." They had learned to be easy, manly, sympathetically in touch with the lives of the men around them. Their unique life had knocked all priggishness and conventional and awkwardness out of them; and I saw no trace of the bumptiousness that I feared from their training. They were largely the sort of men that men would like to talk to, what we so sorely want in many of our young clergy who come out of theological colleges at home. I see all the defects. They will not be highly educated unless they read a good deal later. They are, perhaps, being brought up in a narrower school of theology than is good for them. But they are men, essentially men, and in Canada, especially in the lonely prairie regions it is men that count. All honour to Archdeacon Lloyd whose influence with them is such a great power for good. I was curious to know what sifting result would be from these three years. I learn that twelve of them had fallen out of the ranks into secular life, which is a healthy sign of the testing. And remember that not one of them has yet been admitted to Holy Orders. There has been no foolish hurry."

## Medical Missionaries.

One has only to know the absurd and often barbarous methods pursued in some remote parts of the world to realize the power for good in such quarters of the medical missionary. It is said that whereas in the British Isles there is one qualified medical man for every 625 of the population, in Kashmir there is only one for every 500,000, and in China one for every 2,500,000. In the former country the native medical treatment consists of starving the patient for five days, and if that fails, in bleeding him for five next three or four days. In the latter country tiger's bones are given to the weak, and another remedy is a decoction made from his hair. The well-known traveller, Mrs. Isabella Bishop, says: "That of all agencies now in use in the world in heathen countries, the Medical Mission is the most efficient"; and again, "On the western frontier of China, I should say that a single medical missionary might do more than twenty evangelistic missionaries at the present time." It is said that to a medical missionary in Persia, who had successfully operated on the Governor of Yezd, patients flocked in such numbers that soldiers with fixed bayonets had to guard the operating room. As a result of his work a Medical Mission was established in Yezd.

## The Trouble in Spain.

Some weeks ago the Rev. Thos. J. Pulvertaft wrote for the "Church of Ireland Gazette" on account of the silent revolution which is slowly working its way in Spain and Portugal. No writer had better information. He now explains the situation in Spain. We all understand that it turns on a protest against the orders. No one,



he writes, outside of the Government offices has any idea of the number of monks and nuns in Spain. Eight years ago they certainly exceeded 50,000; and it is probable that the flood of immigrants from Cuba, Philippines, and France has doubled the number. Spain has 19,000,000 inhabitants and 57 dioceses. The orders pay neither rates nor taxes even when engaged in trade, and the people believe they are doubly taxed to support the Roman Church. The parish priests are poorly paid and are not unpopular. The orders are hated by the middle and lower classes. For eight years the Government has vainly sought an arrangement with the Vatican.

#### Moravian Missions.

Amongst the religious bodies who have with singular devotion and individual heroism sought to extend the Christian faith in an unpretending way, in some of the most unpromising regions of the world, in the very front rank stands the Moravian. It may not generally be known that the Moravians are Episcopal in government and have a liturgical form of worship. A notable feature of the religious character of these good people is the earnestness of their faith and the quiet, simple steadfastness with which they prove it by their lives. It should not be forgotten and to their immortal honour be it said that the first leper hospitals were founded by these devoted people. And what to the luxurious Christian of to-day may even appear incredible is the tremendous fact that in the early days in the West Indies, Moravian men and women voluntarily became slaves that they might personally teach to the pagan negro the truths of the Christian religion. The writer well remembers the statement made to him years ago by a devout officer of the English army, since dead: That the officer had led an evil and worldly life until one day as he sat in the door of his tent in India a Moravian missionary approached and with quiet bearing and gentle earnestness spoke to him of the Christian faith, of the life that now is, and the life that is to come.

#### Parental Discipline.

Out of consideration for the feelings of parents and guardians we have refrained until after the holidays from noticing the remarks of the Bishop of Norwich on the use and abuse of this season. The Bishop was a schoolmaster, and has, as such, found detrimental some modern modes of spending the summer. The young people, he finds, are sent to schools where they acquire habits of order and obedience and as a rule return home with improved manners. But after a few days they get out of hand and unless there is constant fresh pleasure supplied they get into mischief and out of temper. At least half a term's school discipline is entirely lost by the laxity of parents during holiday time. The Bishop wishes parents to co-operate with school authorities and temper the enjoyment of their young people with discipline. They will be no less merry and happy with less of unrest and craving for excitement and perpetual entertainment, which works nothing but harm.

#### Cathedral at Halifax.

Nova Scotia churchmen have just reason to be gratified at the remarkable celebration just held at the opening of the new cathedral at Halifax. Such a gathering of prelates and laymen from Great Britain, the United States and our own Dominion has been almost unexampled in the annals of the Canadian Church. We in the Province of Ontario have just reason to be proud of our most substantial contribution to this splendid result in the gift of one of our noblest sons to the office of the Episcopate in the old Maritime diocese where he has amply proved his sterling character and has found such admirable support. There is one thing of the first importance to be borne in mind in connection with this historic event, that is, alas! too often lost sight of in this

material age, namely, that a cathedral is a great spiritual centre from which radiate the means of grace with divine energy and sacred direction not only to the remotest parts of the diocese of which it is the crowning temple, but measurably throughout the civilized world and haunts of barbarism afar, wherever the messengers of the gospel consecrated within its solemn walls carry the glad tidings of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

#### A Municipal Church.

That distinguished Congregationalist, Dr. Washington Gladden, has, through most of his career, been greatly attracted by the Roman Catholic success, and now advocates that Church's policy in retaining under clerical control the pre-Reformation idea of hospitals, orphanages, and institutions for the care of the needy and suffering. He believes that the need of the hour is the restoration to every town or city of the municipal church whose business would be to take the philanthropic leadership of the community. He says that in passing it over to the State the Church has divested itself of its most vital function, that the loss is lamentable, almost fatal, and the weakness of the Church in this latter day is largely due to it. Dr. Gladden goes, we think, quite too far. Certainly, speaking from the custom of Canada, although much improvement might be made, and like all habits ours are open to criticism, it seems to this writer that we have hit upon a very excellent mode of working together. Our men, and especially our women, organize our charities by mutual, voluntary and interested action. They are brought together in beneficent and Christian association.

#### Small Farmers.

While Dr. Paterson Smyth feels how much might be done in Canada with the overflowing population of the British Isles, it must not be forgotten how much is being done there for that very class which when transplanted is so largely successful. The Daily Mail tells us of the scheme organized by the Land Union. This association pledges itself to provide suitable applicants who possess a small independent income with a house and a few acres at a reasonable cost. This is much better than the Small Holdings Act, which makes the farmer a perpetual tenant, an objectionable scheme, and abhorrent to the English ideal of freedom and owning his own bit of land. This scheme bids fair to collect in the villages or the outskirts of the towns communities engaged in market gardening or small farming, who, by co-operation, can get their produce readily marketed and secure the full value of it.

#### A REMARKABLE BOOK ON MISSIONS.

"The Interpretation of the Character of Christ to non-Christian Races," by Rev. Canon Robinson, Editorial Secretary of the S. P. G., is a strikingly suggestive and stimulating book, and one very significant of the rapidly changing attitude of Christian missionaries towards the higher forms of non-Christian belief, with which they come into contact chiefly in the East. We note especially the use of the term "non-Christian" instead of "heathen," universal only yesterday and still widely used. "We are coming," says Canon Robinson, "more and more to understand that the Church of Christ is not an enclosure within which alone truth is to be found, and beyond the limits of which there is nothing but falsehood and error, but that rather it is a focus and centre of attraction towards which, drawn by its centripetal force, all that is good and true and helpful in other religions must sooner or later tend." Other religions, he says, have high ideals and much teaching that is noble and inspiring, but they lack the necessary spiritual

vitality to enable their adherents to live up to their highest teaching. The same thing, he admits, may be said of professing Christians. The practice of the vast majority falls below the standard set up by Christ. But Christianity, like no other religion, is progressive. Its adherents may be inconsistent, and while seeing better things follow worse, but the standard of practice is continually rising. Christianity, though still imperfectly lived up to, is steadily widening and deepening its influence on human life. All the nations that have embraced it have been characterized to a lesser or a greater extent by moral progress. This progress may not have been uniform, and may have at times been apparently morally retrogressive, but in the aggregate it has been unmistakable. In Jesus Christ we have One Who can justly claim universal moral leadership, and in whose acceptance lies the secret of the transformation of human character. At the same time it is most important that the teacher of Christianity should recognize the fact, that there are certain virtues which specially commend themselves to the Eastern mind, and which overshadow some virtues which the European perhaps, on his part, unduly exalts. He gives as an illustration the virtue of serenity and resignation. The Oriental, he says, cannot understand how a man may be a "good man" and yet have a "bad temper." To him benignity and kindness is the alpha and omega of religion. The European, on the other hand, is often inclined to go to exactly the opposite extreme and to allow the more "robust and aggressive" virtues to throw into the shade and to reduce to comparative worthlessness these distinctive Oriental virtues. Canon Robinson would like to see a liturgy compiled in which would be incorporated some of the Hindu sacred writings. Some of the extracts that he gives are certainly unsurpassed in any Christian liturgy of ancient or modern times, for beauty and sublimity of language, and might, we think, be used with edification by any devout and spiritually-minded Christian. The author, in conclusion, takes a hopeful view of the work of Christian missions. The success of missionary effort cannot be judged by simply counting heads. We are often disappointed by the small number of actual baptized converts, just as we are disappointed and depressed by the smallness of the attendances reported at the London churches. But the influence of the Church extends far beyond those who are in official contact both in the East and West who while rejecting its authority, are profoundly, if unconsciously, benefited by the Church's teaching and example. Thus Christian missions are doing a double work, a work which mere figures are powerless to declare, the direct and the indirect. This view of missions may not commend itself to everyone interested in the work of evangelizing the world, but it is well worthy of serious and respectful consideration and no one who has the cause of missions at heart can afford to disregard or ignore the views expressed in this very remarkable and, as far as we know, unprecedented presentation of the case. Indications multiply in every quarter that a profound change is taking place in our attitude towards the higher type of non-Christian religious systems. Towards the lower and debased forms of religion, such as exist in Africa for instance, our attitude will always be one of uncompromising hostility. With the higher forms of non-Christian belief the case is different.

#### THE EFFECT OF COMMERCE UPON CHARACTER.

Whatever else man may be, he is essentially and fundamentally a trading animal. He inclines to trade in some shape or form as instinctively and universally as he does to companionship with his own species, to the desire



FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Spectator's Comments and Notes of Public Interest.

for possession, or to any other pursuit or condition as has uniformly characterized him during his recorded occupancy of this planet. Until comparatively recent times, however, he has been only partially able to follow his beat in this respect. Various but gradually dwindling obstacles have intervened between nations and individuals, and in some measure do still intervene. Nevertheless this is the age of commerce, not because men have fundamentally changed, but because modern conditions have made and are making international commerce vastly easier. The effect of commerce on human character, whether beneficial or otherwise, has often been debated. And it is no doubt a debatable question. Commerce has its seamy side and does tend to discourage some of the robuster and finer virtues. It forces a man, while not leading him into actual wrong-doing, often into what his higher instincts teach him are false positions. It imposes comradeship upon him with others whose companionship is anything but elevating. It obliges him to wink at certain shortcomings in his fellowmen, whose ignoring tends to lower his sense of self-respect. The truth is, trade makes us "acquainted with strange bed-fellows." We certainly cannot pick and choose our company. It tends again to the unconscious setting up of two distinct standards of right and wrong, the "business" and the private, and therefore to the deterioration of sincerity and a fine sense of honour. "Commerce," some one has said, "is timid, greedy and cruel. It risks nothing for nothing, it never knows when it has enough, and it has no mercy." This, no doubt, is an exaggerated way of stating the case. It no doubt has been true in countless instances and connections, and it is true in this sense to-day, but it is an imperfect and unfair generalization. At the same time there is enough truth in the saying to justify certain doubts and misgivings as to the universally beneficial effect of commerce on human character. Most undoubtedly there are men of a certain type whom trade has made timid, greedy and cruel, and the danger to a greater or lesser extent is perhaps never wholly absent. On the other hand, commerce has been the parent or at least the encourager of many virtues. First and foremost it has put a premium upon honesty. It has taught men to sacrifice their private inclinations, hobbies, dislikes and preferences for the common good. It has fostered the spirit of tolerance and discouraged censoriousness. The business man instinctively acquires the habit of making excuses for others. It teaches a man command of his temper, and it cannot be denied a certain fortitude and magnanimity in defeat, akin to that of the soldier who frankly accepts the fortune of war. To trade more than to any other single secular agency may be ascribed the breaking down of class, and other accidental and artificial distinctions. And it has been a most potent promoter of international peace in spite of the fact that it has produced some bitter rivalries and possibly, as in the case of the Dutch, over two centuries ago some wars. But trade jealousy to-day does not look to war as a solution. Mutual interests have become far too complicated for this. The influence of commerce may now be reckoned as one of the great factors that make for the preservation of peace. However matters may in other respects balance themselves there is nevertheless one positive evil which must be charged to the influence of commerce, especially characteristic of this age and continent, and that is the very widespread and all but universal tendency to judge ability, character, success according to the standard of money getting. This, however, is a subject of its own. On the whole mankind, in the higher sense, may be said to have gained by the development of the trading instinct. No doubt they have lost something, but human progress is made up of loss and gain with a small but effective balance of the latter. Mankind always pays for what it gets in the case of real progress, but there is a profit.



Rev. C. W. Vernon, General Organizing Secretary of the Bi-centenary.

indicate how Montreal has been in the possession of this Congress. At the time of writing the climax of climaxes has not been reached so of that we can say nothing. From the point of view of magnitude and enthusiasm the assembly has been a great success. Those whose position in regard to faith, as in many other things, is decided by the majority, must have been won over out of

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hand, but those who do their own thinking are thinking still.

It is evident that the pride of power has not been wholly banished from the minds of men engaged in the consideration of this sacred subject. On more than one occasion we have been reminded that the host that was forbidden to be carried through the streets of London is to be supremely honoured in a British dominion. The official recognition and support of the Mayor of the city, the Premier of the province, and the Premier of the Dominion were all dwelt upon as peculiarly significant. It was not a question of Guerin, or Gouin, or Laurier, but the official positions which they held. We were informed that in no other country in the world could this thing have happened, and that was reckoned a great compliment to our fair Dominion. In the next place non-Romanists have had a few opportunities of hearing what they of the "true faith" think of them. A smart priest from London with a vinegar tongue undertook to tell us a few things that must be interesting to many. He called our faith a "soulless religion," an "invention" and what not. He gloried in the present triumph of truth particularly when he recalled the persecutions endured of old. Another warned the faithful not to allow their children to be contaminated by intermingling with Protestant children. This, of course, is the logical position to take. We are all children of the devil and destined for perdition, therefore the only thing to do is to keep away from us. We are at least spared the "uncovenanted mercy" foolishness by this bald and Pharisaic attitude. This position of the Roman Catholics holds against all types of Anglicans for, however near we may approach them, we are outcasts until we pledge obedience to the Roman Church. In this case as in some others "a miss is as good as a mile." We wonder if some of these dignitaries realized the danger they incurred in accepting the hospitality of Strathcona and other Protestants. Or is it after all that their hearts rebel against the doctrine which consistency impels them to preach? For surely many of those who preach these terrible things are among the most charming and entertaining of men. Another thing we would mention and that is the industry and devotion of the Papal Legate. When we have had men of prominence from across the seas we have heard a good deal about holidays and that sort of thing. When the Papal Legate comes he is kept flying about from Mass to meeting and from jail to convent at a most alarming pace. If his presence is of any value then it is used to the full. There is surely common sense in that. Still another feature of the method of the Roman Church brought out in this Congress is the use they make of their church edifices. When the Host is present then the building is sacred, when the Host is removed then it is secular. Thus it is possible to have lay addresses in a church and to have cheers and applause to mark the approval of the audience as it follows the speakers on varied subjects. It is a case of extremes meeting, for thus it is in Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The Roman Catholics have, however, a more subtle way of consecrating and de-consecrating than the brethren referred to. This was rather a puzzling feature to some who witnessed the celebration of the Mass on Fletcher's Field on Saturday morning, when after the most solemn ceremonies, impassioned speeches were delivered and loud cheers greeted the telling points. No organization is more ingenious in devising ways and means of appearing to abide by the old traditions and yet meeting the exigencies of the moment, than the Roman Church. It is an institution which certainly seems to meet a human need, but it does not appear to meet our need. It has given us a reason and a summons to speak to our people concerning the fundamentals of our faith that they may know in what and whom they may believe.

SPECTATOR.



## THE BICENTENARY.

(Continued)

**Saturday, Sept. 3rd.**—Magnificent weather greeted the worshippers at the early cathedral services this morning. About six hundred received at the seven o'clock celebration, which with the attendance at eight, made a grand total of about 800. Bishop Worrell, assisted by the members of the Chapter,—Dean Crawford, Archdeacons Kaulbach and Armitage, Canon Vroom,—was celebrant and dedicated the beautiful altar, the alms basin and credence memorials to Bishop Binney, and Deans, Bullock and Gilpin. The fine organ, the gift of the church women of the Diocese, was dedicated by the Bishop of Glasgow, who celebrated at the second Eucharist. The eleven o'clock service which consisted of matins and sermon by Bishop Courtney was attended by a very large congregation which filled the cathedral to overflowing, long before its commencement. Admission was mainly by tickets granted to the subscribers to the cathedral fund who came from all parts of the Diocese. The clergy robed at the School for the Blind, hard by the cathedral; the order of procession was as follows:

Cross Bearer.

The Choir.

The Lay Secretaries.

The Architect.

Lay Readers in Diocese.

The Clergy of Nova Scotia in order of Seniority, Rural Deans last.

Visiting Clergy not representing Dioceses in order of Seniority. Clergy representing Canadian Dioceses in the following order: Keewatin, Calgary, Ottawa, Yukon, Niagara, New Westminster, Qu'Appelle, Algoma, Moosonee, Ontario, Columbia, Huron, Montreal, Rupert's Land, Fredericton, Toronto, Quebec.

Invited Clerical Speakers at Congress.

Canon Simpson and Archdeacon Smith.

The Cathedral Banner.

Honorary Canons.

Canons of All Saints' Cathedral.

The Verger.

The Dean.

Bishop Taylor Smith.

Bishop Reeve.

The following Bishops, each followed by a Chaplain:—Moosonee, Toronto, Washington, Fredericton, Harrisburg, Central New York, Glasgow, Keewatin, Colorado, Philippine Islands, Ontario, Duluth, Niagara, Columbia, Tennessee, Newfoundland, Massachusetts, London.

The Preacher (Bishop Courtney.)

The Diocesan Chancellor.

Bishop's Chaplain, bearing Pastoral Staff.

The Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Two Chaplains.

Chaplain bearing Metropolitan Cross.

The Archbishop of Ottawa, followed by two Chaplains.

The Primate of Canada, followed by two Chaplains.

The beautiful worked cathedral banner, emblematical of the Holy Eucharist, is the handiwork and gift of Mrs. E. D. Tucker, a member of the congregation. As the procession entered, the choir of 140 voices, which had been specially selected and trained for the occasion, sang the two processional hymns, 362 and 363. The service was fully choral and was taken by the Dean and Canon Vroom of King's College, the lessons were read by the Bishops of Washington and Glasgow. During the service, which I need hardly say was magnificently rendered, the "angel" lectern of brass and the pulpit memorials, to Mrs. S. Brookfield, the late wife of the contractor, and to Bishop Binney, were dedicated by the Archbishops of Ottawa and Rupert's Land. The Bible was presented by Rev. Stuart Crockett, D.C.L., Rector of the Church of the Holy Rood, New York. The organ is a magnificent instrument, and well maintains the great reputation of its builders, Messrs. Cassavant, and was handled in a masterly fashion by the organist, Mr. G. F. Austen. Bishop Courtney preached from Isaiah 66, 1. The preacher laboured under two distinct disadvantages. He read his sermon, something so exceedingly rare with him as to be unprecedented to many of the clergy of Nova Scotia, who have served under him for fourteen or fifteen years. Again, the position of the pulpit is such that to many of those behind him in the crossing, he was almost inaudible. The sermon however itself was everything that the occasion demanded, and as well worthy of the great and well earned reputation of the preacher. He began by pointing out the apparent contradiction be-

tween the principle laid down in the text, and the function in which they were participating on that



Rev. V. E. Harris, M.A., Clerical Secretary.



J. Walter Allison, Esq., Treasurer of the Cathedral Building Fund, and one of the most active workers and liberal contributors to the Cathedral.



C. E. E. Nichols, Lay Secretary Cathedral Committee.

occasion. But this was true only in a certain sense, i.e., in God's relation to Man. Man in his

relation to God might very rightly embody his spiritual aspirations and ideas in material creations, and so we find from Holy Scripture that God had encouraged him to dedicate temples and places of worship to His glory. The cathedral would also stand as a symbol of the unity of the faith, animated and inspired as it was by one master mind. Also, in the solidity and massiveness of its construction, it would typify the permanence of the faith. Standing at the Eastern gateway of the New World, it would impress the newcomer from the Old World, with the reality of spiritual things, and with the fact that "Man does not live by bread alone." We regret that exigencies of space prevent a more extended notice of this great sermon. Immediately after the service a luncheon was given by the ladies' Cathedral League, in the Masonic Hall, the Bishop of Nova Scotia presiding. The speaking, I may say, expressing my own personal opinion and experience, was exceptionally good and far above the average usually attained on such occasions. The Bishop in his opening remarks dwelt upon the fact that the cathedral was a "commemoration and a beginning." It pointed backward and forward, but principally forward. He then called upon Dean Crawford to speak on behalf of the Chapter. The Dean made an admirable speech, lighted up with flashes of wit, and most felicitous in every respect. He made a humorous allusion to the fact that the Bishop had once acted as his assistant. This was the greatest day of his life. He spoke of the work of the Architects, Messrs. Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, without whose generosity in working and in actual giving, such a fine building as they possessed to-day would have been an impossibility, exactly the same might be said of the contractor, Mr. S. Brookfield. He made a graceful allusion to their distinguished visitors, and sat down amid thunderous applause. Attorney-General McLean, in the absence of Lieut. Governor Fraser, welcomed the visitors on behalf of the city and a city Alderman spoke for the Mayor. Principal Forrest of Dalhousie College, and moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, made a noble speech. He extended the cordial greetings of his Church. He hoped the Anglicans and Presbyterians would work shoulder to shoulder for the winning of Canada for Christ, they had much in common. This fact had impressed itself upon him in the services of the day, when he had united with them in repeating the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. The Bishop of London had a great reception, the whole company rising. He was in an especially happy vein and at once took possession of, and held his audience. He spoke of his love of Canada and Canadians, of their great kindness to him always and everywhere. The Canadians were a large-hearted nation. England was proud of them. Since he came to Halifax he had had "the time of his life." While speaking of the King's gift to the Church at Annapolis Royal, the whole audience rose to their feet and sang the National Anthem. The King had already won all hearts in England, by his courage and dignity. Let them all work together to make Canada "British, Christian and Church." The Bishop of Massachusetts referred to the close historic connection between his diocese and Nova Scotia, from the day of its conquest by Governor Nicholson to the present time. The last gift of Massachusetts to Nova Scotia had been the architect of the cathedral. He also spoke of the happiness now subsisting between the two nations. The Bishop of Glasgow was in great fettle and spoke most amusingly of what his countrymen were doing the world over. He had been told that in Nova Scotia the principal language spoken was Gaelic. The Archbishop of Rupert's Land said the cathedral was a grand memorial to the courage of Bishop Worrell. This was a Dominion, not only a Nova Scotian celebration. He himself has seen visions and dreamed dreams in his own see city. Judge McDonald, of Brockville, brought the cordial greetings of the laymen of Ontario. He had been greatly impressed with the speech of Dr. Forrest, and gave it his hearty concurrence. In the evening there was full choral Evensong in the cathedral and an organ recital, very largely attended. The collection at the cathedral at the 11 o'clock service totalled about \$10,000, of this \$1,100 was sent by diocese of Newfoundland. I heard a good many complaints of the small offerings from the Ontario dioceses, which averaged as far as I can as yet ascertain, less than \$200.

**Sunday, Sept. 4th.**—The beautiful weather with which we were favoured on Saturday, was broken on Sunday morning by some rain, but this did not materially interfere with the attendance at the two early celebrations at the cathedral. At



the eleven o'clock service the building was packed at least half an hour before commencement. The same order of procession was observed as on Saturday. Beside the preacher, the Bishop of London, and the members of the Chapter, there were in the procession, the Bishops of Montreal, Philippines, and the Archbishop of Ottawa, Prebendary Storrs. Matins was sung until the end of the Te Deum, the Bishop of Montreal reading the lesson. Then followed Holy Communion, with the Archbishop of Ottawa as celebrant, the service being fully choral. The Bishop of London took his text from Revelations 25, 1, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The sermon was delivered with character, fervour and force, and was very closely followed by the overflowing congregation. He said in part: "these words apply in a sense to every immigrant, when he starts for the New World. He is seeking a new earth, and often he finds a new heaven. It is hard to believe in God when the children cry for bread, and are not satisfied. An improvement in earthly environment often turns the heart heavenward. He had known men who lived Godless lives in the East of London, become churchgoers after moving into better surroundings. So many men in coming to the happier life in Canada, where the sordid strain was relieved, unconsciously got new ideas of God. This is the cry of 363,000 immigrants into Canada last year, 'Give us a new heaven and a new earth.' Are they to be doomed to disappointment? This is the question that we will try to answer at this week's Congress. Canada to-day holds the keys to the East and the West. As a nation, if she is to fulfil her duty to her new citizens, she must provide for them. (1) freedom; we Britons have drunk in the land of freedom, and made memorable sacrifices to attain and retain it. But there was a freedom deeper than political freedom. Thus they must have equality of opportunity and the aristocracy of merit, and freedom from the tyranny of monopolies. (2) Swift and accessible justice. We have all inherited a love of justice, but it might be cheaper, it must be speedy. Its motto must be to 'avenge the children of the poor and punish the wrong-doer.' Canada's future will moreover depend on the sacredness of its home life. But there was something still lacking, and that was charity. The Canada of the future must be a true sister to other nations. She must be imbued with the spirit of the Apostolic injunction 'hook not every man on his own things, but on the things of others.' It may be the destiny of Canada, standing as she does, midway between Europe and Asia, to preach the message of peace between the East and the West. The only hope of our civilization lay in the continued influence of the Christian Religion. With all its shortcomings, the Church had created modern civilization. It had taught equality, love of parents, personal purity, emancipated the slave, maintained and established the sanctity of human life and its influence had inspired every movement for the moral betterment of mankind. Canada's future was therefore bound up with the work and influence of the Christian Church. Let them be thankful for all they held in common; let them in Canada strive to soften rather than harden denominational differences. Finally what had we as churchmen? The open Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. Let them read the Bible in their families, so that it might sink into the marrow of fraternal life. The Book of Common Prayer was a common heritage for which we might be devoutly thankful, linking us as it did, to the sacred past. Our liturgy was 'hot with the prayers of the saints for a thousand years.' And it was a teacher of equality. The same service that was read over King Edward was read over a pauper. England and England's Church were watching Canada with sympathy and admiration. The Church of England was helping them in their tremendous difficulties in the Northwest. May Canada rise to her great opportunities and responsibilities, and grow up to be a truly Christian nation. Some day she will be one of the most powerful nations on earth, and her influence would be tremendous. May she be a beacon light to the generations yet to come." At three o'clock, Bishop Brent addressed the children of the city Sunday Schools, and at 4.30 Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain General to the British Army, spoke in the cathedral to about one thousand men on sexual purity. It was a magnificent address, startlingly plain and outspoken, but profoundly impressive and illuminating, and doubtless a revelation to many. All the city and suburban church pulpits were occupied by visiting Bishops. The Bishop of Glasgow preached at St. Paul's in the morning and Bishop Gailor of Tennessee in the evening. Bishop Lawrence preached at Evensong at the cathedral.

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

#### LETTER V.

My Dear Boy:

You are going to try for the prize in Homiletics and want my advice. My son, if it rained sermon prizes I couldn't get one. I would like to help you, but I fear if you were to follow my model, you would rank very low indeed. As I remember my instruction on the subject, we were first given a text. We were then to study the context, and look up all the Bible references. Then we were to divide our sermon into heads, some of them rather far-fetched by the way. Then we made divisions of these heads. Next we elaborated an introduction, and a conclusion, and there you were. It was good work, good practice, careful methodical. But it lacked one element—it had no life. As an essay, perhaps, it was fine, but a sermon is more than an essay. It is not enough to appeal to the intellect, you must touch the heart. Our difficulty was that while we had text, Bible, concordance and commentary, we had no congregation. We were not preaching definite thoughts aimed at definite needs. But, though as sermons our work left much to be desired, it gave us a certain facility in expressing ourselves, which was helpful. How to remedy this state of things, I do not know. Perhaps sermons on certain themes would help. It is most important, too, for the style formed in our college days clings to us for a long time. You have asked for my advice, so I am going to give you the points my experience suggests. They may not help you much toward that prize, but then you do not need to use them. The first point in my sermon is to try and find out just what my people need. This means that one must keep one's hand on their pulse. Study them closely, and try and speak the word in season. The Prayer Book is a great help here. You have the regular course of Scripture in Gospel Epistle and Lessons; and it is strange indeed if somewhere among them you cannot find the theme they need. The next point is brevity. If you cannot tell your message in fifteen or twenty minutes, there is something wrong with you. The day of long sermons has gone by. Men read to-day and are not dependent as they once were, on the weekly sermon for their intellectual diet. But because your sermon should be brief, do not therefore suppose it more easily prepared for. On the contrary it requires more preparation to preach acceptably for fifteen minutes than for half an hour. You must sternly cut out all padding, and give a clear, concise, gripping discourse. Don't be oratorical. Gospel messages are simple messages, yet pregnant with an awful meaning. It detracts from their dignity to shout, stamp, wave one's arms, or indulge in the other tricks of the mob orator. I once knew a young preacher who had the most wonderful control over his facial muscles. He could actually weep and smile at the same time. Tears would trickle down his cheeks, while his lips were always wreathed in smiles. It mattered not what his subject was, he wept and smiled through an account of the Israelites' wanderings, or a funeral sermon. And the instant the sermon was over, he left the pulpit and every trace of emotion vanished. As a physical feat it was unique, but I don't recommend it. The effect was too bizarre. Don't go in for fine writing or fine speaking. The days of the Chesterfields in English have gone by. Speak plain, practical English. You are speaking, not that men should say, what a fine sermon that was, but rather that they should go away with their minds turned Heavenward. So be plain. Simple English is the best English. If ten words will make your point don't use twenty. Be definite. Have a purpose in your sermon, and work toward that purpose. Don't leave your people in a fog, but clinch what you have to say with terse, vigorous words. Don't use slang. Yes, I know people will come to hear it for a while. But it cheapens your message and it cheapens you. There are enough good plain words of English speech to express your meaning. Use them. Use anecdotes sparingly. In the first place you are certain only of those within your own experience. People like stories, it is true. But you are not there to please people, but to speak God's message. To drag in some anecdote apropos of nothing, is a waste of time and shows one of two things, either the preacher has not prepared his subject, or has no vital grasp of it. But use illustrations where they are helpful. Take them from the common things about you that everyone understands. Study our Lord's discourses for examples. Never spake as this man. Of course you are writing

your sermons now, but I hope, to hear you preach extempore. Your sentences will not be so nicely rounded, but they will have a grip to them that the written page lacks. Watch your people while you are speaking. Generally you will find them sympathetic, and their sympathy will communicate itself to you. Your hardest test will be in speaking to a handful of people in a large church. That tries the soul of the hardest veteran. Try and concentrate on the few, forget the empty pews. It is difficult, but not impossible. I fear this is not going to help your immediate need much, but then I am not greatly interested in that prize anyway. I would much rather have you a good preacher than a prize-winner. In one way I like your practice of preaching before your fellow students and having their criticisms. It should help the preaching. But I am a little dubious as to its effect on the students. Parsons are too prone to sermon criticism at any time. Each of us imagines himself capable of discovering flaws in another man's discourse. I know no habit of mind more harmful than this. Touch the flaws with a light hand, and look for the pearls. They are there. The dullest sermon will have at least one. Set your intelligence to seek these as it follows the preacher, the exercise will be at least as helpful as the critical one. Take every opportunity to preach you can get. It will teach you confidence in yourself, give you that power to think on your feet which only comes through practice. Debating will help you, writing will help you, use them both. Remember preaching is going to be an important part of your life work. It is reasonable to make full preparation for it. Don't model yourself on another man's style. Be yourself, be natural. Read much, and read, shall I say indiscriminately. That is about what I mean. If you read only sermons and theology, you are going to leave the present out of your sermons. Keep up to date in your reading. In reading another man's sermons don't hesitate to make use of his ideas. Give him credit for them, if you wish, but that is not always necessary. But clothe them in your own words. Make that idea your idea before you deliver it. Much nonsense is talked of the cribbing of sermons. When a man preaches a sermon, he relinquishes his claim upon it. He sends it broadcast to the world. And if we were to preach only the ideas original with ourselves how far would we get? When I write a sermon or deliver one, I know that I am speaking thoughts other men must have spoken before. But now they are mine. I may have read them years before, I may have heard them from other preachers, the moiety that is mine, uninfluenced by others, must indeed be small. But as they represent my opinions, they are mine. There is no copyright in the eternal verities. Study your people, read, read, read, above all pray. You are when ordained, a prophet of the most High God, commissioned to speak His message. The promise is that the Holy Spirit will direct you and give you words. Pray!

Yours faithfully,

The Old Parson.

### Home & Foreign Church News

From our own Correspondents

#### NOVA SCOTIA.

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

Windsor.—King's College.—A special Convocation for conferring honorary degrees in connection with the Bicentenary celebration in Halifax, was held here Sept. 8th, at 2.30 p.m. The proceedings were opened by an address of welcome by the new president, the Rev. T. W. Powell, M.A., who set forth clearly what the aims of every university should be, namely, to learn and spread abroad the truth. The motto of King's College was Deo, Legi, Regi, Gregi, and so truth was the essence of God, of the right, of loyalty, of true humanity. Those who were to receive degrees had not been chosen haphazard, but as representative men each of whom in his own sphere was setting forth the truth as he had received it. Canada was glad of the opportunity of interesting the bishops of London and Glasgow, in the educational and church work of this land, that they might be instrumental in sending boys from the old land to be trained in our universities at an age when they might adapt themselves to a new country, and so be able to do grand work for God, the Church, and the race in



this splendid heritage of ours. Then the president opened Convocation in a set Latin speech and, the candidates being presented to him by the public orator, he admitted first those for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and then those for the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Those who received the degree of D.D., were, the Most Rev. S. P. Matheson, Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Primate of all Canada; the Most Rev. C. Hamilton, Archbishop of Ottawa; the Right Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, Bishop of London; the Right Rev. A. Harding, Bishop of Washington; the Right Rev. C. H. Brent, Bishop of the Philippine Islands; the Right Rev. J. Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-general of his Majesty's forces; and, in absentia, the Right Rev. W. Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts. Those who received the degree of D.C.L., were, the Right Rev. A. Ean Campbell, Bishop of Glasgow, the Right Rev. W. W. Perrin, Bishop of Columbia; the honorable Judge Macdonald; Hubert Carleton, Esq., General Secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew; Mrs. Willoughby Cummings; and, in absentia, the honorable and Rev. E. Lytleton, Headmaster of Eton. At the close of Convocation, there was an adjournment to the steps of the college building, where four representative bishops, introduced by the bishop of the diocese, spoke. The Bishop of London, after referring to the honour he had just received through the degree, said there were two points he wished to speak upon; 1st: the eternal power of truth, as it had just been set forth by the president, that truth is stronger than anything else, and that no one need fear to know the truth too well; 2nd: the importance of the Catholic doctrines of the Church of England being continually taught. The Bishop of Washington enlarged upon the close relationship between Canada and the United States, and the mutual regard that existed and was strengthened by such a Congress as the present. The Bishop of Glasgow spoke on the marvellous resources and great strength of Canada and all he had learned from the country, telling also the interesting fact of his bond with Canada through his own Canadian mother. The Archbishop of Rupert's Land referred to the ties between the East and the West, and congratulated Nova Scotia on having one university for the two dioceses instead of separate ones. After these speeches, which were enthusiastically received; tea was served on the lawn, most of the visitors finally leaving for Halifax on the five o'clock train.

## ONTARIO.

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

**Kingston.**—The following is the Bishop's list of engagements for September: Sept. 18.—Sunday morning, 11, Camden East; 3 p.m., Newburg; 7 p.m., Yarker. Sept. 19.—Monday, 11, Shannonville; 3 p.m., Point Ann. Sept. 24.—Saturday, 8 p.m., Westport. Sept. 25.—Sunday, 11 a.m., Bedford Mills; 3 p.m., Fermoy; 7 p.m., Newboro'. Sept. 26.—Monday, 10.30, Portland; 3 p.m., Elgin; 8 p.m., California. Sept. 27.—Tuesday, 10.30 a.m., St. John; 3 p.m., Seeley's Bay; 8 p.m., Lyndhurst. Sept. 28.—Wednesday, 10.30, Delta; 3 p.m., Oak Leaf; 8 p.m., Athens.

**St. Luke's.**—A meeting of this congregation was held and it was decided to award the contract for the reredos and altar, which will be erected in memory of the late Mrs. Forneri, to the Blonde Lumber Manufacturing Co., Chatham. The work will be finished by October. The Sunday School children on Flower Sunday, marched to the General Hospital and were met at the door by Dr. Bryce. They visited each ward and gave flowers to the patients, who were greatly cheered by their presence and their flowers. On their way out they left their collection for the benefit of the hospital.

**Barriefield.**—St. Mark's.—The Harvest Festival was held in this church on Sunday, August 28th. The church was most beautifully decorated for the occasion. The Rev. A. McGrier preached two excellent sermons to large congregations.

**Portsmouth.**—St. John's.—The Young Men's Bible Class of this church held their picnic at Kingston Mills, and it was a great success. Over 60 sat down to dinner. On Wednesday evening, August 31st, the congregation met in the Church Hall to welcome the Rev. Mr. Crisp and family on their return from a ten months' holiday, spent in Europe. The chairman asked Mr. Ellis to the platform and read him a letter signed by the church wardens, in which were conveyed to him the good wishes of the congrega-

tion, to whom he had ministered for the past three months, to their entire satisfaction. The letter was accompanied by a purse containing something over \$90 as a slight token of their affection and regard for him, on his leaving for Brockville. Mr. Ellis made a most feeling reply and stated that he had never been in a parish where he had been treated with such uniform kindness as in that which he was leaving.

**South Augusta.**—St. George's.—This congregation realized about \$250 at their annual picnic. The attendance was very large, nearly 1,200 being present.

**Renfrew.**—St. Paul's.—The services on Sunday were of a special nature, marking in a fitting manner the 20th year of the Rev. W. H. Quartermain's rectorship in this parish. After the evening service, the wardens and a few of the older citizens were called upon to say a few words. Each of these spoke on different topics pertaining to earlier days in the history of Renfrew and the progress of the church's work in the town. The church was nicely decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. The full surpliced choir sang several old familiar hymns, which were used for the occasion, and were joined in heartily by the large congregation which filled the church and listened to the addresses with interest.

## OTTAWA

**Charles Hamilton, D.D., Archbishop, Ottawa.**

**Ottawa.**—Christ Church Cathedral.—In response to the request made by the Allied Trades and Labour Association, a number of the clergy of the city churches preached on the subject of Labour on Sunday, the 4th inst. The question of the relation between capital and labour was taken up with suitable Biblical references, and an appeal for Christian consideration of the differences between the two. In Christ Church Cathedral in the morning the Rev. Canon Kittson preached a special sermon on labour, taking as his text St. Luke 10:7, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." After referring to the invitation of the labour society to preach on the subject, Canon Kittson pointed out that the labour question could be treated from a political or historical point of view. As a speaker from the pulpit he felt obliged to treat the matter as connected with the Christian religion. He referred in the first place to the wrong view of labour. The Bible does not mean that labour is a curse on account of man's sin, but rather that the unrighteous man will work at a disadvantage and his labour will the oftener prove a failure. Work is represented in the Bible as a duty Divine in character—a blessing to mankind—and true work in its results brings to man the highest gifts. The whole grand universe is the result of Divine labour. The preacher then referred to the social distinction between the workingman and those in other spheres of life. This was artificial and contrary to the true development of the human race. Accepting the term, which almost becomes technical—the workingman is the founder of the world's greatness. Great cities, great railways, great manufacturing centres, even great fortunes handled by millionaires, are the product of the hard-handed sons of labour. God placed the workman on a high level when He sent His Son to labour at the bench—so revealing Himself as the masterworker in the creation of the universe. The parable of Christ was then explained—of the man who went out during the day to hire men to work in His vineyard, and paid wages to all as if all had worked the full time. A study of this parable reveals Christ's view of the whole subject and pleads for justice and fairness for all parties. According to the teaching of the Saviour, the labourer is worthy of his hire, as deserving praise and everything that should come. The preacher concluded by an appeal for a Christian consideration of every question connected with the difficulties between capital and labour.

**All Saints'.**—Mr. W. H. Spooner, the new organist—and choirmaster at this church, took charge of his first service there last Sunday morning. Miss Baird, of Glasgow, Scotland, recently soloist of St. Luke's parish church there, has joined the choir. Miss Baird is the possessor of an exceptionally pure contralto voice, and was heard to advantage at Evensong last Sunday in the beautiful solo from the "Messiah," "He Shall Feed His Flock like a Shepherd." Miss Baird will doubtless prove a decided acquisition to the already splendid choir. She has only been in Canada two weeks.

## TORONTO.

**James Fielding Sweeney, D.D., Bishop.**  
**William Day Reeve, D.D., Toronto.**

**Toronto.**—St. Alban's Cathedral.—On Sunday last the Rev. Canon Spragge, of Peterboro, preached in the Cathedral both morning and evening.

**St. James'.**—The Grenadiers paraded to this Church on Sunday afternoon, with the Grenadier Guards' Band, who took part in the service. Rev. Canon Plumtre preached a most appropriate sermon. The regiment returned to the Armouries, headed by the Grenadier Guards' Band.

## HURON

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

**Windsor.**—The second annual Conference of the Archdeaconry of Elgin, will be held here, in the Church of the Ascension, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18th and 19th, by kind invitation of the rector, Rev. W. H. Snellgrove. Every effort is being made to make the subjects dealt with interesting and profitable to all, and also to secure a large attendance of clergy and laity. A clear understanding and firm grasp of the vital principles, and practical questions of the Church are necessary to stimulate progress, which is the end sought by these yearly Conferences.

**Archdeaconal Conference.**—Ven. Archdeacon Richardson, of London, has completed arrangements for his third conference which will be held in Exeter, Oct. 11th and 12th. The Archdeaconry of London includes the three counties of Middlesex, Lambton, and Huron. The first two conferences were held in Middlesex and Lambton, at Glencoe and Sarnia respectively, and were a pronounced success. This third conference will be held in Huron County, at Exeter, and the Rev. D. W. Collins (rector), has already aroused his people, who are eagerly looking forward to this important assembly. The programme includes such practical and helpful subjects as Bible study, Huron College Jubilee, moral reform, church literature, Christian fellowship, Halifax Bicentenary celebration and Deaconess work. The Bishop will preach on Tuesday evening Oct. 11th. The Archdeacon's address will be given on the first day; and Miss Connell, Head Deaconess of Toronto Deaconess House, and Canon Hague will be the speakers at the last meeting, Wednesday evening, Oct. 12th.

**Point Edward.**—The Rector of this parish, (Rev. A. W. Rhodes), has arranged for the fall meeting of Lambton Rural Deanery, to be held here. The programme will include addresses by several Lambton clergy and laity, by the two Point Huron clergy, Dean Munday and Rev. F. S. Devona, and by Rev. F. G. Newton of Parkhill. The parishioners are looking forward expectantly to this meeting, and it is expected that a very hearty and profitable meeting will be held. The other parts of the parish (Perche, and Clark's School House), have also signified their hearty co-operation in the meeting.

**Dresden.**—Rev. G. I. Abey of Madison, Indiana, has been appointed to this parish. Mr. Abey's career in Huron Diocese was a successful and fruitful one, and he will be cordially welcomed back. His previous work at Amherstburg, at Brussels, and at Preston is affectionately and appreciatively remembered by many.

**Windsor.**—All Saints'—This vacant parish has been filled by the appointment of Rev. Arthur Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle is a graduate of Huron College and Western University, and began his ministry as curate under Canon Hague, at Memorial Church, London. His next appointment was to Lucan from which he now goes to All Saints', one of the most important and influential parishes in the diocese. His many friends wish him godspeed in the new and important work before him.

## ALCOMA.

**Geo. Thorneloe, D.D., Bishop, Sault Ste. Marie.**

**Burk's Falls.**—At All Saints' Church, on St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24th, a most impressive instructive, and solemn function was witnessed. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Canon All-



man, B.Sc., Incumbent, and the lessons were read by Messrs. E. F. Pinnington and H. Bruce, when the Bishop of Algoma and several visiting clergy were also present. At eleven a.m., in the presence of a good congregation, the Ordination Service commenced by singing the hymn appropriate for the day (419 A. & M.), during which the Bishop, and the following clergy, entered the church in procession by the west door, viz., the Ven. Archdeacon Gillmor, Rev. Canons Burt and Allman, Rev. E. M. Rowland, and Messrs. Buil, Lees, Pinnington, and Bruce, the two latter being candidates for ordination. The Bishop delivered a most able and instructive discourse from 1 Tim. iii., 13, also quoting with telling effect from the Ordination Service itself. Then, the Bishop being seated in his chair, the Ven. Archdeacon presented the two candidates for ordination to the diaconate. The Litany ended, and searching questions having been put and answered, the Bishop laid his hands upon the head of each candidate, thus appointing them to their office, and afterwards delivered a copy of the New Testament to each of them. The Archdeacon arranged their stoles in due order, after which the office for Holy Communion was proceeded with. Messrs. Jas. Sharpe and H. S. Moore acted for the wardens and took the offertory, following which the Bishop and clergy, and a goodly number of the congregation communicated. It was a solemn and inspiring service. The service ended, hymn 179 A. & M. was sung as a recessional. After the service greetings and congratulations were in order, and a number of visitors met the Bishop, among them being Dr. and Mrs. Freeborn, Rev. S. Freeborn, of Ohio (the doctor's brother), and many others. The Bishop and clergy retired to All Saints' parsonage for lunch, where they were joined by Mr. Jas. Sharpe, and Dr. Partridge, when the wants of all were liberally supplied by Mrs. Allman, assisted by Mrs. Partridge, and a very enjoyable and happy time was spent. Some time was spent in lively conversation, and then all took leave of the Bishop, when the clergy separated to take the train either north or south, and the Bishop and Rev. Canon Allman also proceeded south to Emsdale, where they duly arrived, in order to proceed with Rev. Canon French the next day to Sand Lake, and open the new church of St. Mary's erected on the site of the former edifice.



**RUPERT'S LAND.**

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

**Winnipeg.**—St. Luke's.—This church is to be beautifully decorated by the well-known firm of church decorators, the Thornton-Smith Company, 11 King St. West, Toronto.



The Rev. G. W. Finlay has been appointed Incumbent of Rapid City.

Rev. Canon Gill, late of Minnedosa, has been appointed lecturer in St. John's College, and also given charge of St. Martin's, a mission church of the Cathedral.

Rev. A. T. Robinson, head of the "Bush Brotherhood" in the Diocese of Rockhampton, Australia, officiated in Christ Church, Winnipeg, on Sunday, Sept. 4th.

A meeting of the Dynevor Indian Hospital Committee was held in the Synod Office, Winnipeg, on Wednesday, Sept. 7th., Ven. Archdeacon Phair presiding. The treasurer's report was received and adopted. The lady visitors to the hospital for the month were named, and the question of the installation of a new heating apparatus was discussed, and referred to a sub-committee.

**Correspondence**

**LETTER IV. "re" SMOKING.**

Dear Sir,—I would not be surprised if "The Old Parson's" 4th letter (p.522, Can. Ch.) starts an interesting correspondence on a topic which with many laymen in our Church is a sore point. As the son of a parson, who very rarely smoked, as a loyal supporter of the parson in general, and as a medical man who is only a very moderate smoker, I would like to make a few points. My first point is that logically there is no more objection to a parson smoking than eating candies, when viewed from the purely sensual side. Both are a sensual form

of indulgence, and the one may be as noxious as the other. Indeed it is quite probable that the latter indulgence is in some cases the more harmful. Next, "The Old Parson" says, "There is nothing any more inherently evil" in tobacco than in tea. "Brown" might reasonably call attention to the fact that, while tea disagrees with a very limited number of people when properly made, even superfine tobacco is a most potent poison, to which most nervous systems need to become inured before the user can become a smoker. As a medical man, I find that it is necessary to stop people from smoking far more often than from using tea, on account of the action of the several tobacco poisons on the tongue, throat, digestion, and the nerves governing the heart's action. For such folk, smoking is a bad habit. Again, "The Old Parson" says, "You are Captain of your own soul" and refers "Brown" rather oddly to St. Paul and our Blessed Lord. But St. Paul and our Lord were both ascetics. Would "The Old Parson" urge that, when St. Paul declared that "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor (anything) whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Rom. 14.21), these words have no bearing on the tobacco question—at least as far as the clergy are concerned? I concede that it is largely a question of personal conscience whether clergymen should smoke; but in view of the facts (a) that smoking for so many people is a positive bad habit, (b) that a bad habit must degrade spirituality to some extent, (c) that the clergy being the specialists in the Body Spiritual have to set a higher example than the laity, and (d) that large numbers of the laity, neither smugs nor prigs, are "offended" in this matter—in view of these facts, I believe it is better that the clergy should not smoke. I am aware that some clergy think that they can "get an influence" over a certain class of laymen by being able to smoke with them. Do they gain as much as they lose thereby? Also, I quite admit that there is a vast difference in the way in which smoking is indulged and, while frankly I like my clergyman to be a bit of an ascetic where sensual matters are concerned, I do not roundly condemn him for differing from me on this matter, and taking a quiet smoke at the end of the day. It is quite another thing, however, if he smokes to excess; if whenever you meet him in public or private, he is smoking; if he reeks in holy places with the smell of tobacco; if he smokes to and from Synod; or if he spends his Saturday nights a-smoking. Then he need not be surprised if his spiritual influence—his most valuable function—is limited. He is a slave to the wrong thing. And in both East and West such are to be found. Again, "The Old Parson" says rather shallowly, "I believe smoking to be a good thing for most men, but especially for clergymen. It varies the monotony." Monotony! What are we laymen to think when our sons receive such advice from a priest of the Most High? Is it possible that the highest calling of all—not excepting my own profession—needs such an excuse for self-indulgence? Is it not indeed possible that the spiritual condition of mind which needs the solace of tobacco has also created the monotony? One class of ordained men have a good excuse for smoking, our missionaries, who often are isolated and exposed to the onslaught of real "gnats" and other insects, not to mention malodorous vapours of many sorts, but "The Old Parson" forgot them.

H. M. Speechly.



**AN APPEAL.**

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me through your paper to bring before the Church people our needs at the present? We have had a small steamer to aid us in the work of fishing and towing our wood and hay. It is now unsafe for the lake work, and we are trying to get a larger and more seaworthy one to take its place. We are trying to get one 35 feet long by 9 feet wide, with 20 to 22 horse-power machinery. The necessary machinery will cost us \$1,250 landed here. We propose to build the hull and woodwork here, having patterns sent in for the purpose. We now have \$508 in hand, and expect another \$100 in a day or two by return of Hudson Bay Company's

**CHURCH DECORATORS**  
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steamer from her northern trip. We desire to ask our friends and well-wishers to aid us in this, our time of need. Any desirous of contributing towards our Boat Fund will confer a favour by sending in their subscriptions to Mr. Herbert Mortimer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont., who will acknowledge them for us. With the aid of this boat we shall be in a position to reduce the expenditure of the diocese by at least \$300 per year. Thus it will be seen that the boat will have paid for itself in five years. Owing to the extension work being carried on by the diocese this year we are not receiving financial aid in this matter, but have their full consent to procure it by the aid of our friends. Thanking you for the space in your paper, I am, yours very gratefully,

Alf. J. Vale, Principal.  
St. Peter's Mission, Hay River, Great Slave Lake, via Edmonton, July 27th, 1910.



**SMOKING.**

Sir,—In your issue of Sept. 1st, there appears a Letter No. IV., from an Old Parson to a theological student, on the subject of smoking. He says, "I believe smoking to be a good thing for most men, especially for clergymen, it varies the monotony." Why should the life of a clergyman be monotonous? Unless he buys his sermons, and doesn't need to study, as it is said many do, a good share of his time will be taken up preparing them, and if he is faithful to his duty, according to Paul, whom he quotes, he will find lots of variety without having to resort to smoking. Paul's advice to the elders of the Church at Ephesus was, "Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers," solemn trust, "to feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." The old parson and the young parson can find enough to break the monotony of life, if they take Paul's counsel. It is equally applicable to-day. He says, "smoking puts you more in touch with your fellow-man. It is a tangible bond, a point of common interest." A most extraordinary statement for a minister of God to make! The vows made at baptism, to "renounce the devil and all his works . . . so that you will neither follow nor be led by them," we all know. These vows are ratified in Confirmation, when the Bishop puts the solemn question to each candidate, "Do ye here in the presence of God and this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow?" etc. To which each shall answer, "I do." Why do so many forget these solemn vows? Simply because they have neither part nor lot in the matter, any more than I had. Well do I still remember how on the afternoon of the day I was confirmed, I stumbled and fell, and I have seen many do the same thing since. The mere outward act of Confirmation will never change or renew the heart. "Ye must be born again." Bishop Baldwin, of happy memory, says in his "Life in a Look,"—a small work that many might read with much profit,— "In the emphatic language of St. Paul, 'the mind of the flesh'—that is the natural heart—'is death.' Sooner will water help fire to burn brighter than our natural heart minister to the service of God. To trust this heart is like letting loose a wild zebra in the desert, in the fond hope that it will return at your call. It cannot possibly do so. Its whole nature revolts against the yoke. It hates all restraint, and like the winds, it must be free." Just so with the natural heart, which no outward rite can change. Paul in the extremity of his wretchedness cries out "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death? I thank God, I have deliveredance through Jesus Christ our Lord." An "Old Parson" says, "because you are a clergyman is no reason why you should forswear an innocent amusement. Be a man whom your young people can approach. Have them in your study and smoke with them. Gain their confidence. Perhaps in the crisis of their life they will come to you and you will be able to direct them rightly." I scarcely think so. The beginning has been wrong. Starting boys to smoke in the parson's study is an entirely wrong start, and against every precept of the Master, if He was a "social man." "Train up a child in the way he should go." The "Old Parson" says, "As Man, He, (Jesus) is our example, and whose wishes to lead a Godly life must follow in His footsteps." Quite so; and Jesus never gave us the "Old Parson's" example,—held up as a model to go by—"Have them in your study, and smoke with them." I am perhaps as old a man as the "Old Parson," and my experience has been, by observations, that smoking is one of the first steps to evil com-



pany, the next nearest step is drink, and so on, ever on the down grade. All smokers do not drink, but it is safe to say all drinkers are smokers, and it is equally safe to say the two are frequently found hand in hand, hence our need to watch our influences by word or action. God made man in his Own image, and St. Paul calls our bodies temples of the Holy Ghost. The "Old Parson" would not tolerate for one moment any of his companions, or himself, smoking a cigar in the temple in which he officiates, or in which he worships. He would regard it as highly sacrilegious, yet he will advocate defiling the temple of his body. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." "What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? for ye are bought with a price"—and a fearful price it was,—"therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." Again, "If any man see thee which hast knowledge, sit at meat in the idols' temple, shall not the conscience of him that is weak, be emboldened to eat these things, which are offered to idols? and through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died." But when ye so sin against the brethren, ye sin against Christ. And again, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

An Old Layman.

#### A HYMN BOOK COMMITTEE.

Sir,—For some time I have had it in mind to ask you, or Spectator, who looks after the Synod to consider the advisability of a permanent committee to recommend from time to time, the omission of hymns in the Book, or the addition of new ones, and alterations which experience might show would add to the usefulness of it. It is understood that our book is being used as a basis for a hymn book in Australia, and the committee I propose should regularly examine other ones, so that ours should not fall behind in excellence. There are minor points which I think merit consideration, not by compilers driven at express speed, but by a body with time to do so. Let me give two examples. One is the hymns which speak of the western shore, or the west. This is appropriate to England, but is it so to Canada? By a convention, I understand, east and west meet at a point in the Pacific so the word should be changed in our book. Then there is a verse in a great favourite of mine which loses its force by an obsolete use:

"Nature yet in shadow lies,  
Let the sons of light arise  
And prevent the morning rays  
With sweet canticles of praise."

Of the two hundred million or so of people who read the English language all, except about one hundred thousand, would take this to mean that the sons of light were to delay the day spring by hymns of praise. Instead of prevent, as used only in a few prayers and collects, the compilers in my humble judgment, should have used precede instead of prevent. They have made other verbal changes, why not this? They might have printed "precede" or "proclaim" or "herald in" instead of "prevent." I am no rhymester, but this change would bring out the author's real meaning.

Reader

### Family Reading

REGINALD HEBER.

To the Christian, to the heathen world,  
Heber, thou art not dead—thou canst not die!  
Nor can I think of thee as lost.  
A little portion of this little isle  
At first divided us; then half the globe;  
The same earth held us still; but when,  
O Reginald, wert thou so near as now!  
'Tis but the falling of a withered leaf—  
The breaking of a shell—  
The rending of a veil!  
Oh, when that leaf that fall—  
That shall be burst—that veil be rent—may  
then  
My spirit be with thine.

Harold Hardraade.

#### APPENDIX.

We talk of heaven, we talk of hell,  
But what they mean no tongue can tell,  
Heaven is the realm where angels are,  
And hell the chaos of despair;  
But what those awful words imply  
None of us know before we die.  
Whether we will or not, we must  
Take the succeeding world on trust.  
This hour, perhaps, our friend is well,  
The next we hear his passing bell;  
And then at once, for aught we see,  
Ceases at once to breathe and be.  
Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone  
Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun,  
Or thrice ten thousand more thrice told  
E'er the forsaken clay is cold.  
But, ah! no notices they give,  
Or tell us how or when they live.  
Though conscious while with us below,  
How much themselves desired to know,  
As if bound up by a solemn fate  
To keep the secrets of their state—  
To tell their joys or pains to none,  
That man may live by faith alone,  
Then let our Sovereign, if He please,  
Lock up His marvellous decrees.  
Why should we wish Him to reveal  
What He thinks proper to conceal?

#### KINDNESS PAYS.

A beautiful German story relates how one day a little girl, named Jeannette, witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand before which the emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeannette was seated in the stand she saw an old, feeble woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself: "It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor, feeble, old woman can see nothing. I ought to honour old age, as I want some one to honour me when I am old." Then she gave up her seat to the old woman and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeannette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courtier of the emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side as he said: "Little girl, her Majesty would be pleased to see you in the royal box." When the abashed child stood before the empress, she graciously said: "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side." So God honours those who honour His servants, and no act of kindness will go unrewarded.

#### PREHISTORIC REMAINS.

In a small box fifteen inches by twenty, packed safely away in a room at King's College, are the remains of a prehistoric man. Every bone and portion is marked, and catalogued in order, and within the next few days a well-known London surgeon will perform the delicate operation of piecing the figure together.

This prehistoric man was one of the discoveries made by the little band of explorers who have just returned from Egypt after a five months' tour on behalf of the fund. According to experts, the discovery dates from a period earlier than 6,000 or 7,000 B.C. The explorers and native workmen were digging at Abydos, Upper Egypt, about nine miles from the Nile, when they found

an oval "crouch" grave in the sand. In it was a figure on its left side, doubled up, with the knees to the chin. It proved to be the skeleton of a man in a fine state of preservation.

Abydos is really a huge cemetery. Experts say it has been used as a burying place for all time. The surface is now of sand. When this is scraped away the blackened bricks of the Romans are revealed; underneath lie the burials of the eighteenth dynasty, 1,500 or 2,000 years B.C.; and further down are the burial places of the prehistoric period. At the present day the Arabs use the spot as a cemetery.

One of the members of the exploring party, Mr. James Dixon, explained to a Daily News representative that the ancient Egyptians believed that their god Osiris was buried there. The present-day Egyptians call the place O-m-el-Quah, which means "Mother of Pots." The reason for the name is that the ancients put pots of food on the tomb of Osiris for the consumption of the god on his travels.

From the Royal tombs a fine collection of seal impressions of the earliest first kings of Egypt has been brought back. These were obtained from the tops of wine jars which were placed in the tombs for the convenience of the dead on their journeys to the next world.

#### ALFRED'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Poor, tired little Edwin! he had looked out on the bustling street till he felt quite weary. Carts, cabs, omnibuses, and people passing, had amused him very well for a time; but the sight of the sunshine and the children outside enjoying it; boys driving hoops, girls carrying dolls—all looking so happy—brought the tears to Edwin's eyes; he wished so much to be out too, for he was quite tired of being shut up in mother's room, even though he had plenty of books and puzzles there to amuse him.

For Edwin had been ill. Instead of all the fun and frolic he had expected that Christmas time, the holidays had slipped away whilst he was lying in bed, not knowing or caring anything about it. Every one through the house had been sad, and there had been no merriment for any of them, because the little boy had been so very near death. Now he was better and able to sit up nearly all day, and though he still looked pale and thin, the doctor said that he would soon get quite well; still Christmas would not come for a year, the winter was slipping by, and Edwin had lost the sliding and snowballing he had hoped for. It had all been a great trouble to the poor little fellow. But every one was as kind as could be. As for Edwin's mother, she had watched by him many a long night when he was so very ill; and still she sat with and amused him nearly all day, reading to him the pleasantest books she could find; then Alfred, his great brother, would come and sit there sometimes, and tell him of his school-fellows, and how they all asked about him, and hoped he would soon be well enough to be at school again, and Edwin liked to hear that he was not forgotten; yet, although every one was kind, it was very wearisome for a little boy like him to be shut in so long, and he felt it all the more now that he was well enough to wish to be about, although he was not strong enough.

On this afternoon, Edwin knew there was some fun going on amongst his school-fellows.

They had been hoping for a fall of snow, so that they might have a great snowball battle. The school was to be divided into two armies, and a grand engagement was expected to come off.

So, when the long-desired snow really came, and was deep enough to suit the boys' purpose, a half-holiday was asked and granted; and this was the day which Edwin, perched up at the window, remembered so sorrowfully.

The clock on the mantel-piece struck three. Ah! they were just mustering in the playground then, and some tears came up into Edwin's eyes and began to run down his little pale face, in anything but soldier fashion, but he brushed them away manfully, and was glad he chanced to be alone just then.

Next moment a surprised look came into his face, for there was Alfred running up the street at full speed. Something must surely be the matter, and yet he looked up to the window and nodded to Edwin with a smile; next minute his steps sounded outside; then he was in the room.

"Why, Alfred, what's the matter? Are they not going out?" asked Edwin, turning round from the window.

"Yes; but I am not going out this afternoon, Edwin, so I'll stop with you, and we can play at anything you like."



Edwin looked at Alfred with surprise. All at once a light broke into his mind.

"Oh, Alf, you've given up the fun to stop with me! but don't do it; run fast, and you'll be in time yet!"

"Nonsense, Edwin!" muttered Alfred, coloring up, for he did not wish his little brother to know why he come home; he felt half ashamed of being found out and thanked for a kind action. "I don't care about it, so I'll read you your new book; or we'll play draughts—whichever you like." So the draughts were brought out, and little Edwin's pale face was flushed with pleasure as he played; strangely enough he won nearly all the games too, which added to the pleasure; but in the midst of it he could not forget his brother's kindness, and once he began to speak of it again, only he saw that Alfred did not like it, so he left off.

They played till it was dark, and Mrs. Ashton came in to see about Edwin having his tea, and then it was proposed that they should all have tea together up there in the dressing room. So, while it was getting ready, Alfred read a little out of a new book of travels which had been sent to Edwin the day before. Just as the tea-things were set and they were going to begin, a ring came at the door-bell. It was Harry Andrews come to tell them there had been "jolly fun," and he told them all about it. This seemed to amuse little Edwin so much that Mrs. Ashton asked Harry to stay to tea, so they were quite a merry party. Soon after, Edwin grew tired and went off to bed, but he seemed happier than he had been for many evenings, and he whispered to Alfred as he said Good-night, "You have been so kind, Alf, giving up your fun for me; there isn't another fellow in all the school who would have done it." Those words, and the bright, pleased look on his little brother's face, were enough to repay Alfred for his lost amusement.

**ON TRIAL FOR HER FAITH.**

The story of the early Christian martyrs is one which it is impossible to recall without a shudder. Those men and women, weak and shrinking from pain, who faced death, and worse than death, for the sake of the belief they held, have their own high place in the history of our Church. It matters little now whether their courage was actuated by the fear of eternal ruin in case of their apostasy, or by a love for their faith born of a strong and firm conviction of the truth. They kept it alive, and to-day the whole wide world is being blessed by the fruit of their loyalty and devotion. They were faithful unto death. Are we, their successors, being as faithful? Do we look consequences in the face when temptation comes?

A man of another race once came to visit America, a cultured, thoughtful man, but an unbeliever and what we call, broadly, a heathen. He admitted the superiority of Christianity as a code of ethics, but cited other religions with ideals almost identical, and was outspoken in his doubt of the vital principle of our faith—the changed nature, the indwelling of a Divine spirit. It was all in vain that his friends took him to hear the finest preachers and threw about him the most beautiful ecclesiastical influences. He only shook his head and smiled. "There is nothing in it all," he said, "except the strong instinct which is as much a part of human nature as love or friendship."

During his stay a terrible ordeal came to a young girl in the family in which he was visiting—an ordeal which involved humiliation and defeat. If ever revenge is justifiable it would seem to have been so in this case, so unprovoked and malicious were the circumstances. The keenness of the anguish of it lasted after a time, as the keenness of sorrow and despair always does. When the foreigner was about to return to his home, he asked the girl to go with him for a quiet walk in her father's garden.

"I am so sorry," said she, timidly, "that your visit has been spoiled by—what came to me."

He was silent for a moment. "I am sorry," said he, "for your hurt—so sorry. But may I tell you something?" She lifted her tear-filled eyes to his face, and he went on:—

"You have been on trial before me for the reality of what you profess to believe. I knew you had confessed Christ, as your saying is. I thought of your Sunday School class, your three days each week in the mission school, your singing in the choir; but none of these things counted at all when the trouble came beside the claims that Christians make for their religion. I said to myself: 'I'll watch her carefully now. If this faith of hers will keep her patient and sweet under trial, if it will uphold her in defeat, if it will plead against the impulse for revenge, I shall know that it is something more than human will and nature, for she is just a weak,

young girl. She has not had the age or the experience that would make her able to reason out things for herself, and get at the science and philosophy of it all—she has nothing but her religion to fall back on."

The girl covered her face with her hands, remembering only the weakness of the sobbing and crying hours, but the stranger removed them gently. "Look up," said he, "and do not be ashamed of anything. I am convinced of the truth of what you believe—not by your creed or your churches, but by the way a young girl can answer, all unknowing it, the arraignment of her faith."

The man went back to his own country and his own people, and in after years his Christian work brought life and light to hundreds in his native land. But the girl in America just grew into busy womanhood in a life filled with the simple everyday cares of a wife and mother; and though she treasured his words in her memory, neither she nor the world ever realized how much she had done for the stranger within the gates.

Every day each one of us is on trial for the faith he holds dear. And every trial met means strength and faith and courage for some other struggler. If it was an awful thought that a failure in loyalty would cause the loss of a martyr's soul, is it less appalling that your defection or mine may cause the loss of the living faith to some one else—that living faith which means a saved life?



**THE SCORN OF JOB.**

"If I have eaten my morsel alone!"  
The patriarch spoke in scorn;  
What would He think of the Church were He shown

Heathendom, huge, forlorn,  
Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,  
While the Church's ailment is fullness of bread,  
Eating her morsel alone?

"I'm debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek,"

The mighty Apostle cried;  
Traversing continents, souls to seek

For the love of the Crucified,  
Centuries, centuries since have sped;  
Millions are famishing; we have bread,  
But we eat our morsel alone.

Ever of them who have largest dower

Shall Heaven require the more;  
Ours is affluence, knowledge, power,

Ocean from shore to shore;  
And East and West in our ears have said,

"Give us, give us your living bread,"  
Yet we eat our morsel alone.

"Freely as ye have received, so give,"

He bade, Who has given us all,  
How shall the soul in us longer live,

Deaf to their starving call,  
For whom the blood of the Lord was shed,

And His body broken to give them bread,  
If we eat our morsel alone?

Dr. Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh, is the author of this poem.



**THE PETTY TRIALS OF LIFE.**

But you know a great deal of the trouble of your life does not come from the major trials at all, but that a great deal of the downright misery of our life comes from petty trials. You get a letter in the morning before you begin the day's work, a carping and insolent letter, and the poison goes into your blood and makes it sour all the day. You wrangle at the breakfast table in a family about some arrangement of the day, and go fretted to the day's work. A friend passes you on the street, and you believe she saw you perfectly well. Some meddler brings you a criticism passed by some candid friend, and which he carried to you because he thinks it right that you should know. There is a feline amenity at that tea-table, and the two ladies go home all on edge. What are they? Such little things, but they mount up into evil temper, darkened outlook, sore heart and bad blood. My point is this, that not one of them was inevitable; not one of those little trials would ever have happened if you and I had some common sense, and without common sense, some kindness toward our brother. It is our social insolences, it is our irritating manners, it is the pinpricks of our conversation, it is our regardlessness of other people's feelings that darken our neighbours' lives.

Well, then, is not life—is not life heavy enough for you and me? If there is anybody that says

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it is not heavy enough for him, and he don't suffer from unkindness, I rule him out of court; he may go home boasting and rejoicing. Is not life heavy enough for you and me without all this addition of vexation and of irritation? Why should you and I spoil our neighbour's temper? Why should we disturb his peace? Why should we lessen the poor little joy he has in the world? Why should we make his life rougher, when we could have helped him?

**SOUL REST.**

The world is full of men and women who are weary and heavy-laden. The burdens of life press sorely upon them, and often they stagger under weights almost too heavy to be borne. The struggle of life is oppressive to many of them. Misfortunes have come to many of them, and the odds are great against which they have to contend. What they shall eat, and wherewithal they shall be clothed and sheltered, are questions that often vex and try them. Then, too, the world, the flesh and the devil tug severely at them, and temptation is frequently galling. No wonder that they become tired and burdened. To see them in the midst of their struggles is a common sight as we pass through the world.

To all such Christ has a message, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden; and I will give you rest." He alone offers true rest to the weary and oppressed. The world but adds to the burdens and oppressions they have to carry; but Christ comes along and proposes either to bear the burden for them or to strengthen them for the task thus imposed. He gives them rest of body, rest of mind, rest of spirit. The faith He inspires, the hope He imparts, the help He gives, generate the rest they need. Soul rest is the relief for which we pray. Rest from the cares of anxiety, rest from the coarse attractions of sin, rest from the grief that breaks the heart, and rest from the buffetings of the tempter—this is the rest that the soul hungers after. And it is the rest that Jesus gives to His tired and foot-sore children. Then his yoke becomes easy, and the pathway of life brightens before him. Under the strengthening power of this rest, we can run and not grow weary, we can walk and not faint. Let every tired and discouraged pilgrim open his eyes and look to the hill whence cometh our help; for there can be no weariness when Christ speaks peace.—Texas Advocate.



**THE VALUE OF SUGGESTION.**

The value of suggestion in the training and controlling of children is, not, perhaps, sufficiently appreciated by most mothers. Often a suggestion at the right moment will not only prevent a whirlwind of childish anger, but develop into a source of positive pleasure.

As thus: On a day when the little folks were storm-bound, brother, with much patient labour, was rearing a tower with the building blocks. As it stretched up higher and higher, he placed each block with the utmost care, calling frequently to his mother, who was near by sewing, to see and admire. Just as he was gently and carefully placing the topmost block, eagerly proclaiming it—as it was—the highest and finest tower he had ever built, every bit as tall as a baby, little sister, who had climbed upon a stool, jumped off suddenly and down came the whole wonderful creation. Brother, a passionate little soul, sprang up with flashing eyes, red face and a torrent of angry words ready to burst forth. But at the falling of the tower, mother cried out instantly



and brightly: "An earthquake! An earthquake!"

Brother stood an uncertain moment, considering the new idea; then his tense muscles relaxed, and flush and flash died out, he laughed and turned immediately to rebuilding the tower purposely that sister, as an earthquake, might throw it down by jumping off the stool. Earthquakes became one of the daily plays and pleasures.

It is oftener easier and always pleasanter to induce a small child to give up a forbidden article by suggesting that it likes something (which it may have) much better, than to compel it to yield by main force, and leave a hurt and injured feeling in the little heart.

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#### HOW TO KILL A CLERGYMAN.

Criticize him mercilessly.

Never praise his sermons or his work.

Pray at him, never for him.

Keep his wife in hot water.

Don't practise what he preaches.

Throw cold water on all his projects.

Make him furnish all the fuel to keep the parochial machinery in motion.

Keep his salary in arrears.

Never invite him to call at set times, as you do your other friends, but criticize him freely because he does not call.

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#### HELPFUL THOUGHTS.

"God reveals nothing to the hasty; the calm waters best reflect the stars."

"My friend is one before whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud."

"It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends."

"In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is our want? It is friendship."

"It seems to me there is no maxim for a noble life like this: Count your highest moments your truest moments. Believe that in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man, then you were your truest self."

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#### LOVE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Love is the wind, the tide, the wave, the sunshine. Its power is incalculable; it is many horse-power. It never ceases, it never slacks; it can move with the globe without a resting-place; it can warm without fire; it can feed without meat; it can clothe without garments; it can shelter without roof; it can make a paradise within, which will dispense with a paradise without. But, though the wisest men in all ages have laboured to publish this force, and every human heart is, sooner or later, more or less, made to feel it, yet how little is actually applied to social ends. True, it is the power of all successful social machinery; but, as in physics we have made the elements do only a little drudgery for us, steam to take the place of a few horses, wind of a few oars, water of a few cranks and hand-mills; as the mechanical forces have not yet been generally applied to make the physical world answer to the ideal, so the power of love has been but meanly and sparingly applied, as yet.

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#### A WORD ABOUT GOSSIP.

Gossip is not objectionable when it is kind and well-meaning. To live in the world surrounded by neighbours, taking no interest in their personality, indifferent to their success or failure and feeling no concern whatever about them is to be extremely selfish. The egotist may do this, and in doing it will lose more than he can gain. To talk cheerily and appreciatively about our friends, telling the good things we know of them and rejoicing in their good fortune, is a part of common sense and Christian duty. This is gossip which helps along in making the world a happy place. When, instead of this amiable interest in other people, gossip takes on the form of criticism, when incidents are related with evident malice, and motives are attributed to people without real foundation of intimate understanding, gossip ceases to be tolerable and becomes disgraceful. The best rule for us to make is never to say anything unkind about our

neighbours. It is our privilege to be silent, if we can truthfully say nothing in the nature of praise.

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#### PEACE.

It is what He is always saying to His people who are in peril on the deep, and in the stress of temptation and suffering. He calls them out into His Divine protection and fellowship, where is perfect peace. How striking His words: "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you!" The world can only effect the outward conditions of peace. By law or force, by treaty or by truce, it may quiet the tumult of the waters or the rage of wicked men. But this is all. It knows nothing of giving the inner peace of the soul. That secret is with the "God of Peace," and with His Son, whom He has sent to give it to men. Hence, Christ's way for the present is to speak to the heart, rather than to the winds and waves. He says, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," rather than to the sea, "Peace, be still." In other words, the Lord's present purpose with His Church seems to be to give it His peace in the world, rather than to give it the peace of the world.

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#### LEARNING OBEDIENCE.

As a boy I was interested in the study of butterflies. One day I found a "jug-handle," the chrysalis of the so-called tobacco moth, one of the most beautiful of insects. Taking it home, I preserved it with care, anticipating its opening. At last my watch was rewarded. The miller was struggling to escape. How it toiled and worked, writhing to and fro! Fearing that the air of the house had hardened the shell, I assisted the insect in his efforts. As he struggled I opened the chrysalis, until in a fraction of the time he had needed to do the work himself he was free. Alas! there was no beauty of colouring, no strength of limb, and after a few feeble flutters he ceased to move. The disappointment was great. Why had he died? Years after I learned that the struggles to escape from the shell were wisely ordered of God. All the labour was necessary to send the juices circulating through the body, to strengthen the legs and to bring out the beautiful colours. The help given was mistaken kindness. So with our lives. Toil, struggle, temptation and trial are necessary that God's children may be fashioned in the likeness of Him who, "though He were a Son, yet learned obedience through the things He suffered."—Dr. Jesse F. Forbes.

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#### SAFE IN CHRIST.

He who in Christ abideth dwelleth at home, To those that mansion hideth no harm can come; Christ all the wanderers guideth with a good shepherd's care,

Where the still water glideth, where the green pastures are.

He who for Christ forsaketh love's clinging ties, Who for His Saviour maketh the sacrifice, Such His compassion taketh to share His Father's breast,

And the tired pilgrim waketh in his eternal rest.

He whom the Saviour healeth hath lost all pain, Who'er for mercy kneeleth ne'er asks in vain; He who his Lord confesseth, though else unknown,

The Saviour loveth, blesseth, calleth His own.

He life and peace receiveth through Jesu's Name, He whom the Lord forgiveth, who shall condemn;

To him whom Christ delighteth sorrow and joy are sweet,

The bliss His smile uplifteth shall never fleet. —Anon.

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#### THE LONESOME DOG.

A good, kind dog found himself all alone in the world. He was hungry and thirsty and lonesome, and thought he would see, if he could improve his fortunes.

As he trotted along through the streets of a town he smelled a fine smell.

"That means something for me at last," he thought, and traced the smell to a meat shop. The screen door was shut, but he waited patiently until some one went in and he followed close behind.

A most excellent smell! He nosed along up close to the counter. With grateful heart he waited for his share. It fell and he snapped it up. No sooner had he done so than the butcher saw him, and the butcher's boy and two custom-

ers, and they all shouted at him, and jumped at him and hustled him out of the shop, bereft of his meat and ashamed.

"My stakes," he said to himself as he ran down the street tail between his legs, "I have learned one lesson—never to go into a place that smells as good as that again!"

When he could run no more, panting with the heat, and with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, he looked for a place to rest. He had reached a house with green grass, and with vines on the porch, and with a soft, damp-looking flower bed, full of bright flowers, in front of the vines. There was no fence.

"It is quite free," thought the tired dog, "and I am glad of a place to rest." So he went over to the flower bed, turned around and around on the cool soil until he had crowded out for himself a comfortable resting place among the plants.

"O how good this is," he thought, as he panted for breath, "how kind these people must be!"

He was just dozing off, when he heard a scream above him. "Peter, quick! quick! an awful dog! right in the flower bed! Drive him away!"

Move as quick as he could, the dog could not get away before he had been pelted with all sorts of things, and had been called all sorts of names which hurt him almost as much as the missiles.

He ran as far as he could without stopping, but as he was intolerably thirsty, he kept looking for a place to drink. There seemed to be no water in all that town. As he lagged slowly along one street he reached a latticed kitchen porch. The porch door stood open. He knew there was water on that porch. The open door invited him. "These people know how it feels to perish of thirst," he thought, "they have left their door open."

"There is no place for me," he thought wearily, "nor any food, nor any drink. I do not understand it."

He ran by more houses with vines and flower beds and green lawns and no fences, but he would not venture in. A pretty child sat on some steps and called: "Here doggie, here doggie!"

How he would like to be called that way. He turned his head imploringly.

"Here doggie—good, pretty, kind doggie! come to Roxie."

The dog hesitated; could the child mean him? Was it a boy? Some children were boys and some were girls. But he couldn't tell this one. Some boys were named John and Tom and David, and some girls were named Daisy and Lulu and Sallie, but he didn't know Roxie.

"Come doggie," urged Roxie, "come—I'll give you a drink—a nice, long, cool drink," and Roxie led the way encouragingly to the shady side of the house. There was a large crock. "This is for the birds," exclaimed Roxie, "and now I'll fill it up for you," and Roxie turned in a stream from the hose.

The thirsty dog drank and drank—never did water taste so good. He raised his grateful eyes and wagged his grateful tail.

"O you good dog," smiled Roxie, "be my dog. I'll bring you something to eat in a minute. I'll be awful fast—now stay right—there"—impressively.

The dog scarcely knew what to do, but while he was still undecided, Roxie came back with a pan of scraps.

"These are my very own bones," said Roxie. "I've been praying for a dog for two days, and I've saved all my bones and scraps—now eat 'em!"

The dog ate in half famished way—such good scraps!

"What are you doing, Roxie?" called a voice from an upper room.

"Feedin' my dog. God's sent him. Pretty good dog, too."

Roxie's mother hurried down, afraid she would find a mangy, sore-eyed dog, but instead she found a gentle creature, with a silky coat and beautiful eyes.

"Very well, Roxie," was the relieved answer. "We may as well settle this thing right now. If we find the dog belongs to any one else we can give it back."

"He doesn't" was the positive reply.

"Well—we'll play that way. We'll put the rest of the afternoon on the dog. We will scrub him and comb him and brush him and fix a sleeping place and we will telephone right down to papa to bring up a collar. What name do you want?"

"Theodore," promptly.

"Why Roxie! Theodore isn't a dog's name!" "It's this dog's name," in a final tone. "You told me yourself Theodore meant 'Gift of God'—and that's what my dog is."

And the lonesome dog wagged his tail happily. His fortunes certainly were improved.—Selected.



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**British and Foreign.**

The Bishop of New Mexico has received as a postulant, George W. Dunlap, formerly a Presbyterian minister.

The Bishop of Washington ordained to the diaconate, T. Hubert Jones, formerly a minister of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

No one can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Brooks.

There ought to be more interest upon the part of Church people in reading Church literature. Every Church family should subscribe for and read the Church paper. Books on the doctrine and history of the Church should be found in every Churchman's home.

Bishop Montgomery, Secretary of the S.P.G., is about to make his extended tour of the Mission-fields of the Far East. He left London last week, and will travel by way of Ber-

lin and Warsaw to Moscow, whence he will journey by the Trans-Siberian Railway to Peking. His itinerary will include visits to Manchuria, the Shantung Diocese, the North China Diocese, Hankow, Shanghai, Japan, Korea, Borneo, Singapore, and Burma. He expects to return to England at the end of March next year. The object of Bishop Montgomery's tour is to gain first-hand knowledge of the conditions in which the missionaries are working, knowledge which will be very valuable to him in his work. He will stay with the Bishop in each Diocese, and will inspect the Training Colleges and schools, and familiarize himself with all the different spheres of activity in each Mission district.

The cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Jacksonville, Florida, has had a debt of \$13,000 for a long time, the building incomplete, and both clergy and laymen were discouraged about the entire financial situation. Both the Bishop and the Rector were not in favour of any hearty co-operation with the other communions in the Missionary movement, and when the Laymen's Convention was held last winter they were inclined to hold aloof from everything that was done. Some of the members insisted that a canvass should be made of the entire congregation, and they went about it. They raised five times as much for missions as the church had ever given before, then called a meeting of the parish and in one night secured subscriptions for the entire church and building debt. They are now planning to build a Parish House and have already several thousand dollars subscribed for this purpose.

The third party in connection with the Archbishops' Western Canada Fund, sailed lately from Liverpool. The party consisted of the Revs. W. H. Mowat and H. Speke, and Messrs. Morgan, Mogg, Lee, and Cripps. Their destination is Lethbridge, Alberta; here Mr. Mowat will probably establish the headquarters of his Mission, which will work the southwest corner of the Diocese of Calgary, where great developments are taking place. The Rev. H. Speke and Mr. Cripps are for a short time leaving Mr. Mowat and going to assist the Incumbent of Durban in Manitoba in organizing and developing his large district. They will rejoin Mr. Mowat and his party in the spring. Mr. Mogg and Mr. Lee are going to join Mr. Boyd at Edmonton. There are now three centres of work in Western Canada definitely being helped by the Archbishops' Western Canada Fund—the Rev. W. G. Boyd and his party working in Edmonton and the neighbouring district; the Rev. Douglas Ellison working on the new railways in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle; and the Rev. W. H. Mowat in the southwestern corner of the Diocese of Calgary; besides the Rev. H. Speke and Mr. Cripps, who are augmenting the staff of the Diocese of Rupert's Land. Clergy are urgently needed, both for Mr. Boyd's Mission at Edmonton and also for the Rev. Douglas Ellison's work on the Railway Mission.



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**RAX.**

By Emma G. Randall.

Rax was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew.

Now you may wonder what his real name was, and will laugh when I tell you it was "Borax." Wasn't that a strange name for a dog?

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He was a nice, clean-looking dog, all white, with very expressive brown eyes.

He used to come from Boston, his home, down to the beach every summer with his owner, Mrs. Aldrich. She was very deaf and "Rax" used to be "ears for her," she said. When any one went to the cottage to call, Rax would inform his mistress of their presence by barking loudly and if she didn't go to the door at once he would go where she was and bark louder still, as much as to say, "hurry up, they will be tired waiting."

He seemed to understand that he must look out for her very carefully, and always followed her wherever she went.

ordinary tone of voice, "Rax, bring my pocketbook down here, I want some change for the milkman." She waited a moment and then said, "Are you coming?" As she spoke the words she turned around and there was "Rax" with the pocketbook.

I was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and often did the errands for Mrs. Aldrich at the store. When I went to inquire if I could do anything for her Rax would jump up and put his paws on the bureau and bark and whine till he had the pocketbook, then he would come to me and ask, as well as a dog could, if he could go to the store with me.

One night Rax was lying on the foot of his mistress' bed as usual, and, although apparently asleep, yet

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At night when he went upstairs to bed it was his custom to go to the bureau where the pocketbook was kept and bark till she gave it to him. then he would take it in his mouth and go upstairs and lie down with it under his paws till his mistress came up to bed. No one could get it away from him but his mistress, either.

One night his mistress sent him upstairs, and, as usual, he had the pocketbook between his teeth. When she was ready to go to bed she went out into the kitchen where the stairs led up to the chambers, and said in an

was on the alert for any disturbance. Just then there rang out on the air the old bell, clanging wildly the alarm for fire. Rax heard the noise and rushed downstairs, but was driven back by the cloud of smoke which was pouring up the stairway.

He jumped around wildly and barked loudly trying to arouse his mistress, but she was a heavy sleeper and did not awaken. Then he quickly jumped onto the bed, and gently put his paw on her face. She started up quickly and realizing her danger hastily threw some wraps on and opening

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the window tried to crawl out on the roof. Rax was there before her, and, jumping down to the ground, ran around the corner of the avenue as quick as his four paws would carry him. By this time the firemen came rushing along, and, guided by the dog's frantic movements and barking, rushed to the room, and in a few minutes had rescued Mrs. Aldrich from the burning cottage.

They soon had the flames extinguished, and found that there was not much damage done to the cottage.

Rax was the hero of the hour, however, and seemed to understand what he had done, as he went to his mistress and lapped her hands and face and looked at her with those expressive eyes. All agreed that if it had not been for his efforts Mrs. Aldrich would have been burned to death—Every Other Sunday.

**SAVED BY A CHILD.**

A gentleman travelling in Wales called one day at a cottage, and asked the little girl whom he saw at the door for a drink of water. Instead of going at once for the water, the child looked up into his face and said:

"Wouldn't you rather have milk, sir? I see you are very hot with walking in the sun."

"Yes, I should, if you have it, my dear," said the gentleman.

And away went the little maid to the pantry, returning a moment later with a glass of beautiful creamy milk.

"I see," said the gentleman, pointing to a book on the table, which the girl had been reading, "that you are studying your lessons."

Looking up into her questioner's face, the little maid said:

"Oh, no, sir; I am reading the Bible."

"Do you love the Bible?" asked the gentleman.

"Love the Bible?" repeated the child, in surprise; "why, I thought everybody loved the Bible."

The traveller had hitherto thought nothing about religion; but the little girl's words rang in his ears again and again, until at last he, too, loved the Bible, and was converted to God. His awakening to spiritual realities was caused by these simple childish words: "I thought everybody loved the Bible."

**A LITTLE SERMON.**

Never a day is lost, dear,  
If at night you can truly say  
You've done one kindly deed, dear,  
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,  
Where the sunshine of home may fall,  
And where the sweet home voices  
May answer when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,  
If it brings at set of sun  
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,  
And a thought of work well done.  
—Our Young Folks.

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**THE CHILDREN IN CHURCH.**

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,  
I like in the church to see  
The dear little children clustered  
And worshipping there with me.  
I am sure that the gentle pastor,  
Whose words are like summer dew,  
Is cheered as he gazes over  
Those dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,  
Innocent, grave and sweet—  
They look in the congregation  
Like lilies among the wheat;  
And I think that the tender Master,  
Whose mercies are ever new,  
Has a special benediction  
For those dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear, "The Lord is my Shepherd,"

Or, "Suffer the babes to come,"  
They are glad that the loving Father  
Has given the lambs a home—  
A place of their own, with His people.  
He cares for me and for you,  
But close to His breast He gathers  
Those dear little heads in the pew.  
—M. E. Sangster.

**THE SCHOOL DAYS OF LONG AGO.**

"Grandpa, tell me a story about long ago when you used to go to school," said little Annie from the rug where she was playing with her pet kitten. So grandpa sat gazing in the fire a few minutes—seeing visions of the dear old days when a little barefoot boy attended the old country school. He recalled the faces of his school friends, so many of whom had been "gone home" these long years. But little Annie's eager "Please Grandpa" brought him back to the present, and he told the following, which I will repeat so that you little girls and boys can know something of the school days of long ago when your grandfathers and grandmothers were little children like you:

"We went to school right much in the summer time then," said Grandpa. "I can remember on some warm summer mornings how my mother

would hurry me off as soon as I finished breakfast—and we had breakfast at 'sun up' in those days. You see I had three miles to walk, and school 'took in' at 8 o'clock. She would give me a bright tin pail with a dinner in it. It wasn't much either but dinner, for we didn't get home until nearly sunset. And such a dinner as it was! None of your crackers, candy and pickle' kind. But chicken, ham, great hunks of pie,

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thick pieces of ginger bread, big red apples and juicy pears. Sometimes she would put in a bottle full of molasses to eat with my bread.

"The first school house I went to was made of unskinned pine logs with no windows. There was a crack left on one side for the light to come. Under this was a deck made of slanting plank, with a long bench in front. Here was where we did our writing. We didn't have steel pens then. Ours were made of goose-quills. I have often seen the teacher walking about while hearing a class, with a whole bundle of quills stuck behind one ear busily slicing away at one in his hand; dexterously giving it the needed split by snapping his thumb against it. We used ink made of maplewood bark or oak balls.

"Children didn't have to wait to get seven years old then before they could start to school. I have often known them to start at three years old—sent there I suppose to get them out of the way at home. Poor little babies, how tired they must have gotten, sitting there on the tall backless benches with their poor little feet dangling so far from the floor!

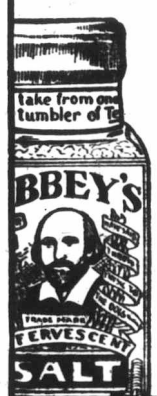
"We used Webster's Blue-back Spelling Book and had to stand out in a straight row to say our lesson. We had to stand with our toes touching a crack in the floor. (Guess this is where the expression, 'Having to toe the mark,' originated). We stood with one finger in the place in our books, with our hands to our sides, until our teacher said, 'Attention!' and then we made a low bow and were ready to begin our lesson.

"The teacher used to send two boys out to the spring with a pail to get water and then they would pass it around and give us all a drink from a long handle gourd. Sometimes a mischievous boy would cause great confusion by spilling some cold water on some of our heads as he passed.

"Often we would take our black-board out, hang it by a tree and recite our lessons out of doors to the 'monitor.' The smallest boy in school was chosen monitor and had to help the teacher hear the classes recite.

"There were so many things then different from your school now that I can't begin to tell them all. And I really believe my little 'curly-head' is sleepy, so run away to bed and 'Grandpa' will tell you more another time."

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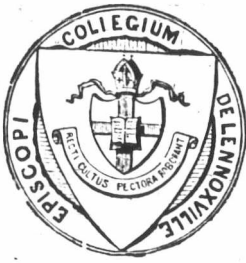


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**IN THE NAME OF KING OTHO.**

Long ago, in the Black Forest, far over the sea, there lived a Saxon laddie named Hermann the Brave. His friends called him Hermann the Brave because he was so fearless in hunting, and because one day he saved his little sister from a big wolf that had rushed upon her. Hermann had only his knife with him, and he was just a boy, but he loved the little sister dearly, and his love for her gave him strength and courage, and he killed the wolf and saved his sister's life. One day a knight came riding through the forest into the field that belonged to Hermann's father,

and Hermann barred the way, telling the knight he could not ride through and spoil the garden. "I come in the name of King Otho—step aside, boy!" said the knight. But Hermann stood quite still. "This field is ours, the road alone is yours," said the boy. Then the knight rode closer. "I am King Otho himself," he said. "No!" cried the boy indignantly, "King Otho guards our rights. He is brave and good, and would do us no harm, and we are his loyal subjects. No, you cannot be King Otho!" Then the knight smiled and reined in his horse and dismounted. "Brave lad!" he said. "Lead me to thy father. I shall need thee at court."

For it was indeed King Otho, after all. And thus it happened that Hermann went to court and became one of the noblest knights of his time. The old German histories have many stories to tell of this brave Saxon laddie who lived a thousand years ago. King Otho loved him dearly, and all the king's subjects loved him. Not only were the brave knights and the fair ladies of the court his friends, but the peasant folk as well, for Hermann the Brave was always ready to help those who were in trouble, whether rich or poor, and that shows that he was a real knight, doesn't it?

**MY CANARY BIRD.**

I've a dear little bird in a golden cage,  
The prettiest ever was seen,  
A bright little fellow in a coat of yellow  
With trimmings of loveliest green.  
I call him Sweet Sweet and he answers  
cheep cheep,  
With a shake of his bright little head,  
Then he warbles a lay like a sunshiny day,  
My bonny, bright-eyed little Ned.  
He's awake in the morning and sings  
his first song  
Of praise to his Maker above;  
So he teaches, you see, a sweet lesson  
to me,  
Of happy contentment and love.

God gave us the beautiful birds with their songs,  
To make our hearts happy and glad,  
Like the sunshine and flowers in this bright world of ours,  
That cheer up the weary and sad.  
—Hetty Walcome.

**FOUR DOGS.**

There were four dogs one summer day  
Went out for a morning walk,  
And as they journeyed upon their way  
They began to laugh and talk.

Said dog No. 1, "I really think  
My master is very wise;  
For he builds great houses tall and grand  
That reach clear up to the skies."

Said dog No. 2 in a scornful tone,  
"Ho! Ho! That's wonderful—yes!  
But listen to me! My master writes books,  
He's sold a million, I guess."

Then dog No. 3 tossed his curly head  
And gave a sly little wink.  
"That's nothing to tell! My master is rich,  
He owns half the world, I think!"

The fourth little dog had been trotting along  
With a wise, reflective mind.  
At last he said with a happy smile,  
"My master—he is kind!"

Now if your opinion should be asked,  
I wonder what you would say—  
Which dog paid the sweetest compliment  
To his master on that day?  
—Alice J. Cleator,



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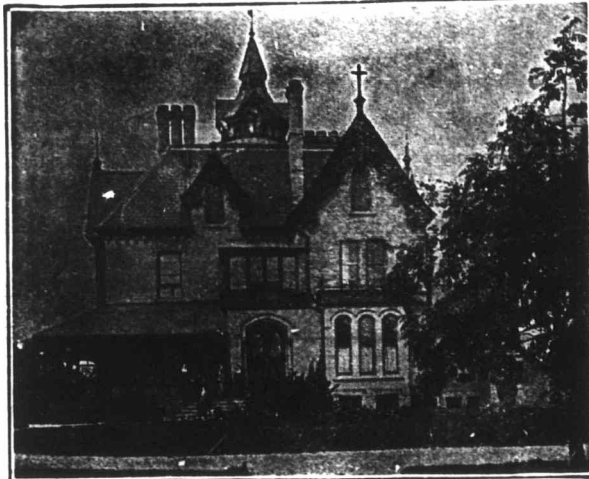
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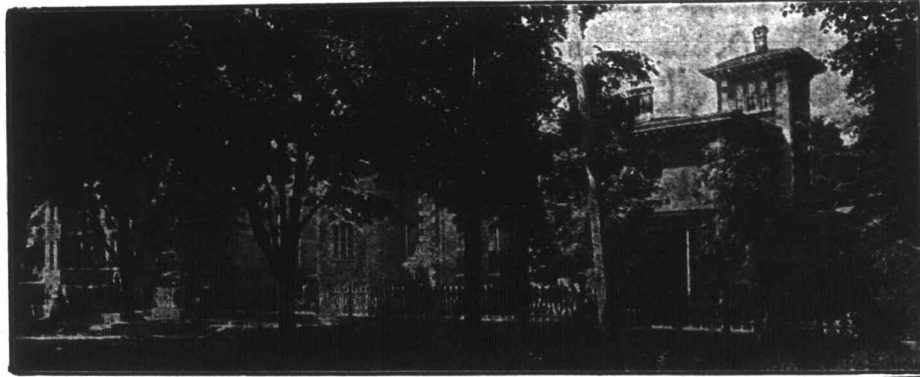
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