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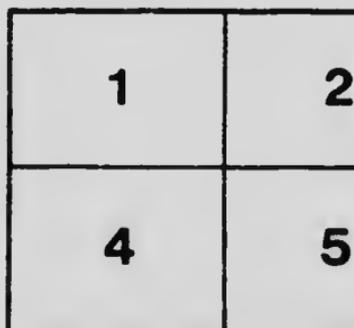
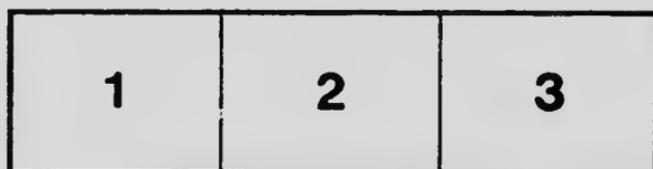
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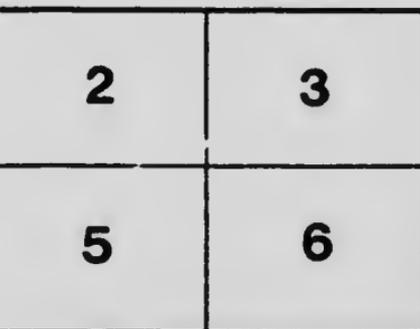
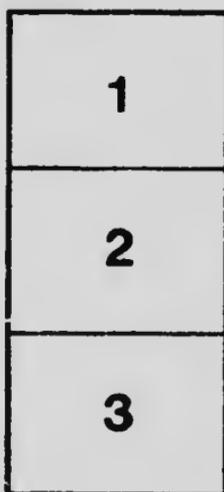
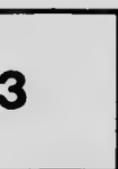
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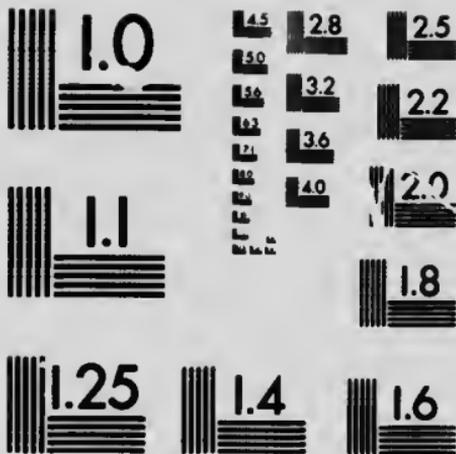
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39 **Night Life
in
Winnipeg**

UNITED CHURCH
ARCHIVES

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

Published through the kindness of
MR. A. E. FULLJAMES

"Night Life in 'Winnipeg'"

Text—Isaiah xxi. 11: "Watchman, what of the night?"

It was night when an escaped fugitive, bruised and bleeding, crept across the city, seeking for back streets, scaling fences, avoiding city lights, dodging the police; afraid of the dawning light of the morning and seeking for the shelter which had been promised to him.

In one blinding flash of light we have gazed for a moment on the sin of our city. What confessions we have listened to! It reminds us of the sad exclamation of Francis Bacon in the hour of his disgrace: "My lords, it was my act, my hand, my heart and my shame. I beseech you all to be merciful to a broken reed."

Winnipeg has been held up to the eyes of the world. The whole English speaking race has been looking at Winnipeg. Several years ago Winnipeg, by vote and voice, approved of a lenient interpretation of the law in the matter of social purity and the denizens of the underworld "took notice." Ever since the segregation question was left unsettled, the criminal class has regarded our city as a velvet spot. Whatsoever a city soweth that shall it also reap. It reminds us of the remark of Mrs. Lincoln after the assassination of her husband: "This seems like some terrible dream."

Startling events have been happening right here in this neighborhood. The places and establishments mentioned as having been brought into the limelight are, most of them, right here next to us. The auctioneers' mart, the apartment house, the hotel, the department store, the office building, the restaurant—they all exist within a stone's throw of this building. But when I stand here and speak of the shame of sin and the blight of rum I am classed as sensational. Sensation is better than stagnation. Give me your sympathy, support and backing and, as God lives, I will strike mightier blows.

The whole succession of incident and event, as presented in the newspapers, is soaked in rum and baptized with alcohol. When the acting conspirators meet for the first time, they meet in a bar room. Its: "Have a drink!"—"We had a drink!"—"We all drank!" Certainly. It's dope, drink and dram. When men want to rob God and cheat the devil—they drink. I heard D. L. Moody, once, as he rebuked two rum-soaked tramps who had entered one of his inquirers' meetings and sought to annoy and tantalize the

Christian workers who were laboring there: "The trouble with you men is not that you would like to find the way of life; the trouble is you are soaked with rum and infidelity." Mr. Moody remarked indignantly.

The two conspicuous articles mentioned in private conversation, cross-examination and newspaper report have been the revolver and the wine glass. These two articles can be seen, in most fascinating form, any week night, in every motion picture establishment in the city. There cowboys are shooting daylight thorough each other in the most astonishing fashion. I believe in the motion picture and I show my approval by patronizing them. The motion picture has done more to clean out the saloon than any other mechanical contrivance in one hundred years. Christian people ought to go to motion pictures and they ought also to insist that the motion pictures are right. Cut out the wine glass and the

Have we discovered the presence of secret and drinking clubs in our city? Or unlicensed we have learned we are cursed with dens of gambling, drinking, plotting, infamy and corruption. Hell holes, cancer spots, leper joints, cesspools, devil centres, and pitfalls—vile with shame, lurid with oaths, reeking with vice,—where young lives are blasted and where liquor dealers fatten on the spoils of the gambling table and the carousing circle. You say "Prove it!" Prove nothing! The odor of the sink hole is enough. We have no evidence to offer. We are not spies or detectives. The revelation has come—and it did not come through the spying preacher's discourse, but through the flying bullet of the lawless assassin. What is the modern club, conducted without law or order, but a drinking saloon and a barroom with a few pieces of furniture added thereto. You ask for evidence—I have talked with broken-hearted mothers who could tell you all you want to know, if they would.

You will never clean up Winnipeg until you clean up Manitoba. Manitoba is one large community. Winnipeg and Plum Coulee are as closely connected as the brain and the heart. In order to save Winnipeg you must save Manitoba and in order to save Manitoba you must save Winnipeg.

In San Francisco a political leader has been preaching, vigorously, the doctrine—"Away with the moral issue, what we want is prosperity!" But prosperity without morality has blasted every civilization it ever smote. Mayor Deacon says the city must be cleaned up. His affirmation has created hope. Let the Mayor clean up the clubs and let us clean up the city and the province. It ought to be done and we can do it. We need just two things in order to guarantee the accomplishment: First, an active law and order league; and, second, a genuine revival of religion.

This whole affair, in its sad history and thrilling tragedy, spells out just one thought, namely, the ruin wrought by evil companionship. A dozen homes have been covered with shame through the influence of one man. In an American city, in a railway station, I saw ten young men, chained together by links of steel and led by the armed officer of the law. The chain-gang is an illustration of the power of association. We are chained by those with whom we associate. These men had chosen to associate with criminals, in thought and conduct, and, finally, we behold them, marching with heads bent and eyes averted, down the shadowed aisle of shame. The lock-step of the chain-gang ought to provide a text for a great sermon. Short-cuts to success are always fascinating. "Get-rich-quick" methods blind the mind to the real dangers which threaten the soul. The strange delusion of our Western life is wrapped up in the idea of speedy wealth. Here is a picture worth studying. Young men gaze upon it. Here is the criminal, the devil's martyr, the servant of sin, the hero of the underworld—yonder he lies, in a cold room, with bare walls and iron door, without couch or bed. Yonder he lies with wounded back and bleeding knee and swollen ankle and blistered hands—still a prisoner: his friends afraid of him and his comrades trying to get rid of him.

Theodore Parker, dying in Florence, exclaimed: "There are two Theodore Parkers now, one is dying here in Italy and the other I have planted yonder in America." The future of Manitoba depends, very largely, on the type of manhood which is being planted in Winnipeg at the present time. What is the general type?—that's the question. Are the men who are out of office, as a class, superior, in moral tone, to those who are in office. Are not many of those who are in office the high and mighty ones in church circles and religious affairs? Is there a church or denomination in Winnipeg which has the moral courage to unload a man because his election cost too much?

I don't care whether you appoint a commission or not. I am not sure that facts brought to light by a commission would strengthen our faith in church, state or society. I can see no good to be accomplished by smirching the reputation of men who have succumbed to the universal tidal wave of worldliness which has swept over our North American continent during the past decade. The vital question is what shall we do to roll back that wave. The breakers of that monstrous sea are religious indifference, materialism, unsanctified pleasure and corroding unbelief. In God's name I ask what will restore the moral tone? Moral tone is the offspring of spiritual vitality. What we need is a revival of social consciousness and a fighting force.

And this criminal was looking for an easy time. Solomon was handing out the right goods when he said: "The

way of the transgressor is hard." It ends hard. There is a strange "jolt" at the Grand Central Station of Sin. Begin easy and you will end hard. Begin hard and you will end easy. Take your choice. Listen to the words of the English judge when he addressed Harry Hawley Crippen: "Prepare to meet your God, depend on no hope, wish, desire, or assurance — nothing can save you." Strong medicine that!

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh! What shall the harvest be!

Why not make friends who will stand by you through thick and thin? Secrets as held between criminals are not safe when things go wrong. As a rule a criminal will sacrifice his chum in order to save himself from prison or death. George H. Stuart helped John Wanamaker when Wanamaker was a young fellow and thirty years afterwards, when George H. Stuart was in financial straits, John Wanamaker went to him and offered every possible assistance to the full extent of his financial ability and standing in the commercial world. Get a few friends about you who are straight, honest and true. Help them when they need assistance and they will not go back on you when the sky is dark and the prospects gloomy.

In the present emergency which is upon us I ask for no commission and I have no evidence to offer. I simply bring you the questions which the people are asking. These questions demand an answer. This province is on fire as it has not been for ten years. As Principal Patrick said, on a certain memorable occasion several years ago: "The heathen is on fire." It is our business to see that that fire does not go out. And when a man has the moral courage to express his convictions, we ought to have the moral courage to back him up and not to be found apollgizing for what he has said. Here are the questions:

First.—Is it true that men who are prominent in the commercial and industrial affairs of our city are engaged in drinking, gambling and carousing. I am not the person who is asking these questions. Certainly I am not engaged in the task of answering them. These questions, which I am presenting to you, this evening, are the questions which have been addressed to me. They are the interrogations to be found upon the lips of "the man on the street." Are there men of high social position, in our city, who gamble and drink and whose lips are foul with improper language?

Second.—Are there social clubs where young salesmen and bank clerks are taking the first step downward toward a gamblers' fate and an embezzler's doom?

Third.—Why did not the Social Service Council discover the fact that there were dangerous gambling halls in the city before a certain young lawyer revealed the fact in his evidence?

Fourth.—What is the use of closing up the bars at eleven o'clock and then permitting men to drink in social clubs until one o'clock in the morning?

Fifth.—What is the attitude of our city and provincial officials toward vice? Have they set their faces against iniquity in every form?

Sixth.—How do the criminal classes of the city regard the government officials of the city and province? With fear? Some time ago a great gambler died in California. He ended his own life. His name was G. W. Poole. The underworld called him "Bishop" Poole. He was commanding even in his sin. He committed suicide, in grief, over the passage of the new anti-gambling law of California. The criminal is afraid of law. The prohibition which "doesn't prohibit" prohibits too much to suit the bar-room proprietor. Are we giving the gambler and the wine merchant all the "law" he ought to have, and do we enforce the law in such a fashion as to cause these gentlemen to fear? That's the question.

Seventh.—Who are the people who are renting their buildings for drinking and gambling clubs? Are they church members or church officials? John Willis Baer told the Presbyterian Assembly in the United States that he would rather go staggering drunk to the gates of heaven, an unconverted man, than go to the gates of heaven as a Presbyterian elder who had rented his property for brothel and saloon purposes. That's talking some.

Eight.—If you would not select a brewer, distiller or liquor dealer of any sort for the mayor of your city or the member of your province, should you permit the bar-room proprietor and whiskey magnate to dictate and control the social life of the community? After all is said and done, your "social club," with very few exceptions, is a place for drink and carousel, and your segregation joint is an establishment with a red light in front and a varied collection of exhausted demijohns, empty beer barrels, and uncorked wine bottles, in the rear.

Ninth.—Is drinking and gambling beyond hours and beyond the law any worse in a poor man's club than in a rich man's club? Should we not have democracy even in our pleasures? Is gambling any less of an evil in Fort Rouge than in the North End? Why pick out any particular club or any particular class of clubs for the concentration of sudden wrath and pent-up energy? Is law enforcement, which strikes like lightning and hits only on one spot, healthy, sane and democratic?

Tenth.—Is it true that these social

clubs have been used for political conferences by both political parties and that our party organizations are under obligation to their directors and officers? Is it a fact that the political destiny of ward, city, district, constituency and province is settled in the noisy, smoky atmosphere of our city ban-traps. Is such an arrangement, if it be so, the best guarantee of social purity, civic advance and political progress?

Eleventh.—How many of the newspapers of the city are under the influence or control of the liquor traffic?

Twelfth. What is the real, vital, and fundamental problem in the realm of public morals in Winnipeg and Manitoba at the present time? It is the main object and design of this discourse to deal with this question. For, after all, there is a reason. If there has been a social slump, there is a cause. If there has been a moral collapse, there is a reason. I direct my attention this evening to this last question—What is the vital problem? And this, in my opinion, is the cause. Many of our leading men in business, politics and society lack moral tone. The moral tone, on the continent of North America, has gone down during the past ten years. A man may succeed in business and fail in character. We may be millionaires in money and paupers in morals. The sons of Presbyterian elders, Methodist deacons, Anglican vestrymen and Congregational church officials have forgotten the God of their fathers. The commission appointed to investigate a series of accidents on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, recently, expressed their verdict in two words: **'MAN FAILURE.'**

I want to see a fight in Manitoba for the restriction and suppression of the liquor traffic. A moral conflict in the political realm will improve the moral tone. The hour has come for the progressive young Canadians of Manitoba to strike. I will join any party, Conservative or Liberal, new or old, which has the grit, courage, and character to attack the liquor traffic. There are certain elements in every community which must be saved from themselves. The time has come for a crusade. When Saint Bernard preached from the hill tops of fair France, the multitude, swept by his burning eloquence, would cry out: "The crosses!" "The crosses!" and thus there began a great crusade. We need a crusade.

I pray for a revival of religion as broad as the province. You say, aye, as broad as the Dominion. But don't be too broad in your plans. I shall work for Central church as though there were no other church. That's my job. The province! Keep your eye on the province. That's our contract for the present. We need a revival from the bottom up and from the top down. Carlyle says: "There are depths in man which go the length

of the lowest hell." We must sound those depths for God.

Luther said: "This is a mad world, may it soon end." But the world won't end until God has put an end to sin. In a mad world we must be mad for God. Mothers! Fathers! our boys are being swept into perdition. The four men who were convicted of killing a well known gambler in New York by the name of Rosenthal were young men whose ages ranged from twenty-one to twenty-eight. Our young men are blasting their own lives and breaking the hearts of their parents. An ancient general whose son had rebelled against him called his son into the Imperial tent and laying his naked sword on the table, said to him: "If you wish to kill me, do it now. Here I stand, old, infirm and helpless. You are young and strong. I am ready. Strike the blow!" To have obeyed the father's command, there and then, would have been the kinder blow. Youth, charmed by sin and swept by dissipation, why not send a swift bullet through the heart of your mother. You are breaking that heart in a most cruel fashion.

Watchman, what of the night? Conscience speaks in the night. "Whatever creed be taught or land be trod, man's conscience is the oracle of God." Inspector Dew found a visiting card on which Crippen had written a message intended for Miss Le Neve in these words: "I cannot stand the horror of the darkness of the night. I intend to throw myself overboard. I am sorry that my association with you has brought disaster and ruin into your life." Ah, conscience was there in advance of Inspector Dew.

How would you like to have your record for the past week written across the sky? Admiral Nelson, in writing to Lady Hamilton said, "I wish you would burn all my letters to you; one of them would be enough to set the world on fire." Record! Record?—yes—your record. Remember the dying words of John B. Gough: "Young man, keep your record clean." Said Charles H. Spurgeon in his dying hour: "You can write my life across the sky. I have nothing to fear."

My closing question is: Are you sure of your programme? The breaking of the "rope", broke all their plans. Are you sure of your programme? Is it possible that one slip may dash all your hopes to the ground? Are you sure of your footing? Can you say with the dying soldier: "My anchor holds!" That is rather a remarkable statement once made by Hannah Moore: "No man was ever known to reject Christianity in his dying hour."

EPIGRAMS BY DR. GORDON

Every noble work is at first impossible.

What is put into the first of life it put into the whole of life.

Destiny is determined by our use of our critical hours.

Every child is a child of destiny.

The world is rich, but humanity is poor—who's to blame?

That man is wealthy who has seven true friends.

It may be that we become immortal by believing in immortality.

Like what you have and you can have what you like.

There are good people who are hard to get along with.

A Christian woman is the bright, consummate flower of a Christian civilization.

The man who sits on a safety-valve may not be safe.

A small man is guided by a policy—a large man by a principle.

A big man is big enough to change his mind.

An honest politician is the noblest work of God.

He is a wise man who knows how to criticise kindly.

Nothing has cost so much in social life as the last word.

It is a physical impossibility to look backward without turning backward.

When the golden sun of Prosperity appears we are apt to lose the silver light of the eternal stars.

The three oldest things in the world are Love, Religion and Language.

An ignorant man, who knows his ignorance, knows a lot.

It is a physical fact that when a man is walking, he has one foot in the past and one foot in the future.

The secret of managing an organization is to let the members have their own way in unimportant matters.

Wealth is *no* when divinely used.

The original thinker is the man who thinks.

Never decide important questions when you are tired or weary.

Not one of the great deeds of history was done on "tomorrow."

A prophet is a man who can see and compel others to see.

Decide to do—methods are secondary.

It is easy to find a sufficient reason for not doing the thing you don't want to do.

An ideal family is ideal socialism enthroned.

Strive not to be consistent—strive to be true.

The loneliest man is the man who leads the procession.

"Universality" is a kind of four-sidedness.

A king or queen in order to reign long must begin early.

Anything a man can have "by believing" he possessed before he believed.

Just as sure as the body dies, the spirit lives.

God repeats Himself: "As I was with Moses so will I be with thee."

When God creates a man he makes him a democrat.

Genius is a man with more God than most men.

Pounding is not expounding.

Some of the infidels of yesterday would make very decent Christians today.

When a man begins to curse and swear it is a sure sign that he has reached the end of his vocabulary.

Where would business be if things didn't wear out.

A preacher's first business is to keep straight.

Truth is greater than all our systems of truth.

Do your thinking before you act—not after.

Death is not death but a degree in development.

Rob a man of his religious instinct and you cut the soul's head off.

Every day is the beginning of a new year.

The social ideal of the socialist is an ideal society.

The infidel's unbelief is not near so dangerous as the Christian's half belief.

There is a vast difference between a sportsman and a sport.

Death is a change of clothes—not of character.

The man who is satisfied to be up while his neighbor is down is a poor Christian.

If you are not willing to venture a failure you will never succeed.

If Paul had known that his letters were to be read in all nations for two thousand years he would probably have spoiled every one of them.

The world would be unnatural without the supernatural.

There is quality even in applause.

When men are quarrelling, there is always something to arbitrate.

The reason why Christianity is the religion of the rich is because it possesses a tendency to make poor men rich.

Eternal life is to know the eternal God.

It is easy, sometimes, to put a good man on the shelf, but it is hard to keep him there.

I would be ashamed to believe that when I die I am dead.

Don't discount yourself—folks may take you at your word.

The skein of the spiritual is a thread spun so fine that the eye cannot see it.

Question Drawer

The following questions will be answered by Dr. Gordon in the parlor of Central church on Wednesday evening, February 18, 1914 at 8 o'clock:

1—What did you think of Dr. Wilson's speech before the Premier?

2—Did Dr. C. W. Gordon do right in apologizing for Dr. Wilson's speech?

3—Should we have a "progressive" party in Manitoba when the Liberal party is ready to do battle for purity and sobriety?

4—Is the United States becoming unpopular among the nations of the earth?

5—Is it true that "Billy" Sunday is setting Plattsburg, religiously, on fire? Tell us about it!

6—Has not the preacher lost his way who turns his pulpit into a philosopher's chair for answering economic and political questions?

7—If the Liberal party adopted the "Banish the Bar" plank would preachers be justified in entering the political arena? Would you leave your work and enter the field as a political speaker?

8—Did you ever know a church which was "run" by one man such as Eldon Parr in "The Inside Of The Cup"?

9—What value has the story of the eating of the forbidden fruit if it is not to be taken as literal history?

10—What will be the final development of Christian Science as a church?

11—How do you like the idea of a confessed criminal wearing the badge of a free mason?

12—What do you think of the writings and methods of Pastor Russell?

13—What would you do if you found yourself, at thirty years of age, out of work, during hard times, in such a city as Winnipeg?

14—What do you mean when you speak of "the clap-trap of modern spiritualism?" (A question asked by a sincere spiritualist)

15—Is a man to be held responsible in the presence of God and society who has been born with a weak will?

THE BULLETIN

Reds vs. Blues, with the slogan "114 for 1914" is the cry for our young men's department, and both teams seem as if they are going to give the other fellows a pretty warm time. This increase campaign is not confined to this department but is being followed by the young women's department, and by the Sunday school in general. We mean to have 500 scholars in regular attendance for Bible study on Sunday afternoons within the next three months.

Our Sunday school meets at three o'clock every Sunday and the Redwood avenue mission Sunday school at the same time.

Another victory was won by our senior boys in the Sunday school athletic league match with Young church on Monday evening, the score stood at 5-2 in favor of Central. Four games and four victories is about as good as can be expected. Keep it going, fellows.

Monday is Christian Endeavor evening, the junior society meets at seven o'clock and the senior society at eight. Special program by the temperance and good citizens' committee. You are invited.

Dr. Gordon's question drawer will be opened by him on Wednesday next. We may expect a royal time. Questioners should invite their friends and be on hand as near eight o'clock as possible. The service opens with bright, happy devotional exercises and is always a great combination destined to encourage, inspire and bless.

Just a private word about your relationship to this church: You will agree with me that the services are a great source of helpfulness to an ever widening constituency, and I believe there is not one of you who is not proud to be considered connected with Central church. Now let me ask you, what responsibility are you accepting in this great work? The casual contribution, "if I can afford it" is not good enough, and you know very well that the church is the only institution which gives you so much without demanding a definite financial return. We do not demand, we have no pew rents, but we simply appeal to your sense of justice and propriety and ask you very definitely to kindly let us know by applying for a set of envelopes for regular contributions or by acquainting us of your intention of making a subscription monthly or quarterly. We must have, if this church is to develop as you and I hope it will, a definite promised subscription list many times larger

than at present expressing the determination of the people who attend of having a great peoples' church and warranting the development of which you have heard and in which we know you wish to participate. This will, I believe, appeal to every business man, and we should be glad to hear from you without delay. Ring up either G. 1044 or Sher. 348, and I will call and see you.

Yours for service,

ERNEST R. WEEKS,

Associate Pastor.





SUBSCRIBE NOW.

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

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



This Evening

Feb. 15, 1914, at 7 o'clock

DR. GORDON

Will Preach on the Subject

“The Eccentricities of a Scotchman”

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