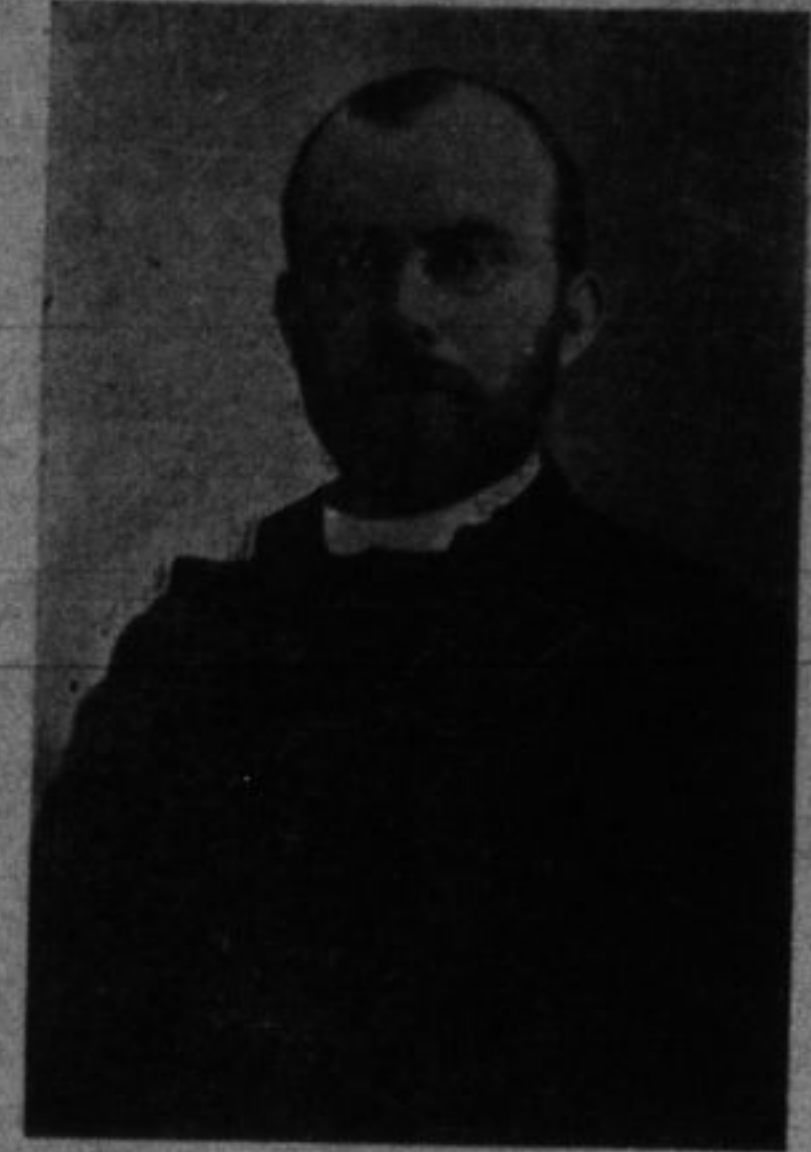


ORGANIZING SECRETARY OF THE BICENTENARY CELEBRATION AND CHURCH CONGRESS.

Rev. C. W. Vernon is an Englishman, but has lived over twenty years in Canada. He has done much journalistic work. The Rev. Charles William Vernon, who is the general organizing secretary of the Bicentenary celebration and Canadian Church Congress, was born in London, England, in 1871, but came to Canada when eighteen, so that he is pretty well acclimatized. He was educated at the Grammar School, Hastings, England, and King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, at both of which he obtained numerous prizes and scholarships. He graduated from King's with first-class honors in theology in 1896, was ordained deacon at Trinity, and priest at Advent of the same year by Bishop Courtney, and was for two years classical master at the Collegiate School, Windsor, when he was elected rector of



St. John's, North Sydney. He has been editor of Church Work for the past five years and enlarged it to its present size. For the past three years he has also been secretary of the Church of England Institute, Halifax. He took his M.A. at King's in 1899, his B.D. by Provincial Synod examinations in 1901. He is one of the Bishop of Nova Scotia's examining chaplains, a member of the General and Provincial Synods, and of the board of management of the M.S.C.C., president of the Halifax S. S. Teachers' Institute, vice-president of the Church Men's Society of the Diocese of Nova Scotia, an organization which he was mainly instrumental in founding, chaplain of the Halifax local Assembly of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, corresponding secretary of the Diocesan Mission Board of Nova Scotia, an examiner for Sunday school teachers diplomas in the diocese of Nova Scotia. He was one of Nova Scotia's delegates to the Pan-Atlantic Congress.

He has always done much journalistic and literary work. While resident in Cape Breton he was correspondent for the Associated Press, as well as the New York Herald and other leading papers, and covered for them such leading stories as the Marconi Wireless, Peary's return, and the strike at the steel works. He has done considerable work in the way of management of the Church in Nova Scotia, and is about to issue a book which will be the historical souvenir of the bicentenary, and is to be entitled "Bicentenary Sketches and Early Days of the Church in Nova Scotia."

Generous Churchpeople.

The Church benefits by the will of the late Sir Walter Scott, Beauclere House, Riding Mill, Northumberland, and Bentinck House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the well-known railway contractor and publisher. Sir Walter was a millionaire, and among numerous bequests to religious and philanthropic purposes is £1,000 to the Newcastle diocesan secretary upon trust for the parish of Benwell; £500 towards a canopy in the Cathedral Church of Newcastle; £500 on trust to the Church of St. James, Riding Mill; and £500 for Christmas food and fuel for poor members of the Church of England at Holme Cultram and Bromfield, Cumberland.

The Church also benefits by the will of Mrs. Julia Scaramanga, Hyde Park Gardens, W., and Shanlin. She has left £500 to the vicar of St. James' church, Paddington, for charitable purposes; £500 to the vicar of St. Saviour's church, Shanklin, for Church purposes, and the same sum to the vicar of St. Paul's and St. John's, Shanklin.

The First Aviator.

Was Harold the last of the Saxon Kings, our first aviator? This is a point seriously maintained by ancient biographers of the Saxon King who perished in the Battle of Hastings. In the course of an article in The Windsor Magazine a writer recalls a tradition which cannot of course be either disputed or disproved to-day, but was of sufficient interest to be retold even by the poet Milton in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," where the poet-visionary says: "Harold was, in his youth, strangely aspiring had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but the wind being too high, came fluttering down, to the maiming of all his limbs; yet so conceited of his art, that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make to his hinder parts. This story, though seeming otherwise too light in the midst of a sad narration, yet for the strangeness thereof, I thought worthy enough the placing."

Marriage.

Let men and women learn that marriage is the most solemn event of life, determining our spiritual growth here and our spiritual condition hereafter, more than anything else. Let a pure and holy idea of marriage be planted in the youthful mind. Let it be unobscured, rational, spiritual. Let the question of the heart be, not what it is

to gain, but what it is to give. Let marriage be regarded as the chief means of regeneration—as the partner and co-worker of the church in the salvation of the soul. Let it be the occasion of self-examination, watchings and prayers. Then only will it become the little wicket-gate which the Pilgrim saw, and which led to the Celestial Country. The power of selfishness which is intertwined with our whole being is altogether broken by marriage; and by degrees, love, becoming more and more pure, takes its place.

The Cup of Silence.

I drink from the cup of silence
And my long-parched soul revives
Till I'm free from the strain of living.
The pressure of other lives,
They fade, the forgotten voices,
They die, the tormenting fires,
And alone in an exaltation
Rise the raptures of old desires.
In silence as keen as perfume,
In silence deep as prayer,
The old-time dreams come thronging
Like swallows that wheel in air.
On waves of silence I'm lifted
To uttermost heavens of sound,
With gold and jasper crowned.
The thoughts that dissolve like vapor
Take form and shining hue,
The nameless joy that thrilled me
No more is strange and new.
I come to my own possession,
The world's shrill doubts are past,
For the dream was truth foreboded
And I know my own at last.

A Hundred Years From Now.

There's a picture in the window
Of a little shop I know
With boys and girls dressed as they were
A hundred years ago.
And since I saw it, I have thought
And keep on thinking how
The children, may be, will be dressed
A hundred years from now.

Will girls wear caps or farthingales,

Or hoops in grand array?
Will they wear bows like butterflies,
Just as they do to-day?
Will boys wear jackets short, or tie
Their hair in queues? Just how
They'll really look, I'd like to know—
A hundred years from now.

What do you think the girls and boys

Will eat in those far days?
Will they be fed on breakfast foods
In many sorts of ways?
Will all the good and tasty things
Be worse for them than rice?
Will ice-cream soda make them sick,
And everything that's nice?

Will children's books have pictures then,

Or just all reading be?
Perhaps they'll be hand-painted
Most beautiful to see.

Requires Diplomacy.

When asked, in Toronto, his views on the political aspect in India, Dr. Luckman, Archdeacon of Calcutta, and for twenty-two years rector of the cathedral there, said that the keen patriotism of the natives was a marvel. "The situation requires careful, sympathetic handling, and it is necessary to become intimately acquainted with the disposition of a Hindu to teach him anything. He is naturally suspicious, and the existence of so many castes makes it difficult to appeal to all of them. Before they can become accustomed to British rule they must all become Christians, so that the old social barriers which have existed in India for so many years may be broken down. The faith of Brahma is so much older than ours that to present a new faith to a man who is as fanatical as a Hindu offers some difficulty. Once, however, a Hindu becomes thoroughly convinced of the efficiency of the Christian faith, no stouter disciple of Christ can be found."

The Enchanted Isle.

Anna Moore, in St. Nicholas.
The beautiful way to Fairy-land
Is always within your reach.
It leads to the happy Enchanted Isle,
With shining shells on its beach.

It leads to the fairy grottoes there,

And the caves where the treasures lie;
And never were breezes so soft and sweet,
And never so blue the sky.

There fairies, giants and dwarfs and gnomes

Disport in a friendly way;
There mermaids lovely arise to view,
Engaging in graceful play.

And when you are lost in enchanted woods,

Each bird and beast is a friend;
You never suffer a pang of fear,
For you know 'twill happily end.

Our Atmosphere.

It has been wisely said that the soul, like the sun, has its atmosphere. Some men and women move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air; to every one, far and near, that can listen; while others fill the air with harsh clang and clangor. And this we have all known through personal experience.

One sweet, harvestful nature carries the power to transform an entire community, just as the glorious summer sun fills the earth with fragrant blossoms and delectable fruits. Everyone of us should practice right living that will help to make men and women what God intended them to be. We should each be a living gospel, carrying with us at all times the atmosphere of love and good cheer, and be a happiness producer and a joy distributor.

An Indispensable Family.

Lady Cobham opened in the grounds of Hartbury Castle, a bazaar in aid of the completion of All Saints' church, Stourport. The Bishop of Worcester said it was a pleasure to ask Lady Cobham to open it, for the family name of Lyttelton was one to conjure with. For a good game of cricket they went to a Lyttelton; for a friend of philanthropic work they again went to a Lyttelton; if they wanted a good Churchman to support the Church they again secured a Lyttelton, and (although he, the Bishop, hardly knew what politics meant) if they wanted a good politician they went to a Lyttelton. A Lyttelton was once Bishop of Carlisle, and the late Bishop Lyttelton, of Southampton, was Lord Cobham's brother.

THE ORIGIN OF PLACE NAMES.

What Curious Ideas Led to the Granting of Names to Places.

Sir, Edward McClure has lately published a little book on the names of famous places in England and their derivation, and it is interesting and often amusing to find old friends traced back to their beginning and discover what curious aspects they used to wear.

The writer often disputes etymologies hitherto unquestioned. Says one reviewer: Lichfield, for example, did not receive its name from the corpses (Germ. leich, cp. lich-gate) of a thousand Christian martyrs. The present name is a contraction of Licedfeld—Liced again being an abbreviation of Lictocetum. The people of Lichfield, whose city arms consist of a field covered with the slain, will hardly thank Mr. McClure for dispelling a cherished illusion of many centuries. Again, we have always believed that in Venta Belgarum, the ancient name of Winchester, we have the Latinized form of the Celtic Gwent. Our author says: conclusively, by a most interesting chain of evidence, that Venta is a Roman prefix meaning market; so, too, in the case of Venta Silurum, the modern Caerwent.

We trace the original Durobrivis through Roribis, Hrofobret, Hrofobretia, Hrofobretia, to Rochester, and barely recognize the modern Hexham in the ancient Hexhamaldesim! A triumph of curtailment is found in Autun for Augustodunum, and the tricks time may play with names may be exemplified in Hew Goose for Uch-good—i.e., above the wood, and Beggary Island, off the coast of Wexford, representing an earlier Bekeria—i.e., Little Ireland. Mr. McClure kindly lets some of his personal friends have a little light on their patronymics too. Mr. Casement was once Mac Asmudhr, and Mrs. McCorquodale, had she lived some centuries earlier might have rejoiced in a husband with the name of Mae Thorkelet, softer to the ear and more imposing to the eye. The Haldanes were originally Half-Dane, but Macdougall is an immense improvement on Macdubhail (son of the black foreigner) for the Norseman was known as Fingall, the fair foreigner.

As the reviewer spoken of above says, the book enables us to visualize an almost forgotten past.

Curious Tombstones.

On a gravestone in the parish churchyard of Great Yarmouth, England, there is sculptured the unusual representation of a clown seated in a tub, which is being drawn down a river by two swans. Beneath this stone lies one of the many victims who were drowned years ago by the collapse of an iron suspension bridge on which they had crowded to see a clown pass underneath in the manner described. The feat, which was a novel form of advertisement by a travelling circus, was actually performed, but the rush of people from one side of the bridge to the other after the man had passed under caused the tragic ending.

A fight took place in Maine not many years ago over an artificial forget-me-not. A gentleman sent it to a damsel whom he knew, and it fell into the hands of the elder brother of the lady. There was nothing in the letter that contained the flower to indicate why it was forwarded, not a word of all the epistle alluded to it, but the brother challenged the girl. Each fired at the same moment, both fell dead, and to this day no one knows why the artificial forget-me-not was sent.

Japan Church Literature.

The Japan Church literature fund report for 1909 is an unexpectedly full and interesting little pamphlet with a cut of "The Fukusha," the new Church bookshop in Tokyo, on the cover. It contains lists of the books published in 1909, the books being translated and prepared. Of the eleven books published, S.P.C.K. bore the expense of 4; 5 were paid for by the J.C.L.F. Translators have been secured who will take an interest in the translation they are making and the committee would rather delay publication than give the work to those who would not be enthusiastic over it. The S.P.C.K. promise grants towards various branches of the work but donations from friends are needed to pay a thoroughly competent Japanese to examine manuscripts, the secretary needs a Japanese permanent translator is wanted. The Bishop of Japan, three Japanese clergy and Rev. Egerton Ryerson are the committee of the literature movement.

The Happy Horse.

Prof. James says that "the attitude of unhappiness is not only painful, it is mean and ugly." The happy man needs no placard or breast. He faces his speech, reveals his inward spirit. That the grace of a cheerful, happy disposition can be cultivated is beyond question. That a man can make possible in his horse this same state of peace and content no one will deny who has studied horses and drivers. So good a judge as the president of the Boston Work-Horse Parade has said that he has sometimes discovered on the horse's face the same look of happiness and kindly good feeling that he has seen shining in the face of the driver. About everything that a man touches sooner or later becomes a revelation of his character, not only the human companions of his heart and home but his dog and his horse and his cattle will surely in time "proclaim the man."

Wonders in the Equine Foot.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal structure. The outside hoof is made up of a series of thin vertical laminae of horn, about 500 in number. Into this are fitted about 500 more thin laminae, which belong to the coffin bone, both sets being elastic and adherent. The edges of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another quire will furnish a good idea of the arrangement of the laminae in all the feet, amounting to about 4,000. These are distributed in the most secure manner and in a way that every spring is acted upon in an oblique direction. Verily there is a display of nature's wonder everywhere.

Doves and Coronations.

At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings, after the anointing had been performed, some white doves were let loose in the church. This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the king's actions. A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings, for among the English regalia is the rod of

equity or the sceptre with the dove. This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top, which supports a cross. On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with equity or the scepter with the dove. This is meant the rod in various places.

A BORDER RUIN.

A Castle Which is Famous in British National History.

Norham Castle is one of those fine old ruins which are famous in British national history, but which have been rendered even more familiar in modern times by poetic treatment. Built in 1121, by Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, this was for a long time regarded as the most important fortress between Berwick and Carlisle. From earliest times it was the centre of border strife, the Scots making many attacks upon it, and sometimes with success.

In 1136, and again in 1138, the castle was captured by David and his Highlanders, and once more, in 1513, it fell to James IV. of Scotland.

Alexander, King of Scots, made an unsuccessful attack; and in 1407 James IV., after a fruitless effort lasting sixteen days, was compelled to raise the siege. Kings have slept within these crumbling walls on many an occasion. John paid two visits, in 1209 and again in 1211. In May, 1291, Edward I. came hither to meet and decide between the rival claimants of the Scottish Crown. Edward II. also visited Norham, and greatly added to the strength of the castle. The see of Durham, too, did much towards its maintenance, and Bishops, Rufus, Pusey and Tunstall are named among its chief benefactors.

On the death of Tunstall, in 1559, it was detached from episcopal jurisdiction, and transferred to the Crown; but from 1583 it was no longer preserved as a place of defence, and with this epoch the more romantic part of its history closes. Norham, with its castle ruins and fine old church, full of richest interest is a favorite with holiday seekers in the North at this time of the year.

Royal Burial Places.

Of the thirty-seven English Kings and Queens who have reigned since the Norman Conquest, several are not even buried in British soil. Sixteen are buried at Westminster, and seven at Windsor; Queen Victoria is buried at Frogmore, which is adjacent to the Royal Borough, and the remaining thirteen are distributed about the country and the Continent. George II, who died at Kensington, was the sixteenth and last Sovereign to be interred at Westminster. He died on October 25th, 1760; his body was removed to the 10th November, and was interred the following day with gorgeous ceremonial. A return of expenses published soon after the funeral estimated that the expense on waxlights and charges for lamps, etc., in Westminster, where the body was lying in state, was upwards of a thousand pounds, whilst the entire cost of the funeral was upwards of £30,000. There were no fewer than 200 performers, vocal and instrumental, engaged. The interment of George III. was carried out by artificial light, and in the words of a chronicler of that time, thus "ended one of the most awful, yet magnificent, ceremonies which any British subject now living ever witnessed in this country."

There was one other lying-in-state at Westminster. On the night of 30th January, 1649 a headless body was taken from Whitehall. Some historians have stated that Cromwell, visiting the vault at night, pulled away the coverlet and, disclosing the placid face of the decapitated monarch, murmured, "Cruel necessity." Four of the Stuarts were buried at Westminster—James the first, who died at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, in 1625; Charles II., who died 6th February, 1685, and was interred in the Abbey on the 14th; William III., who died on March 8th, 1702; and Anne, who died at Kensington in August, 1714. Of these there is hardly any record of their lying-in-state. In those far-off days the general populace were not considered as being moved by the loss of their Sovereign.

Flogging at Eton.

From "Eton Under Hornby." On more than one occasion Dr. Hornby, the famous headmaster at Eton, is said to have flogged the wrong boy by mistake. A boy thus victimized was asked why he did not attempt to exculpate himself or offer an explanation. "If you had not been complained of," said the tutor, "why did you not say so to the headmaster?" "Well, sir," he replied, "I thought that if Mr. — had not complained of me some other master might have done so. The young scapegrace was so seasoned a campaigner that he was prepared to take a flogging without asking capacious questions, as all in the day's work."

Missionary Life in China.

By Ellis Schreiber. The missionary in China, it has been said, must denationalize himself, and this the missionary does. People at home have little idea of the sacrifices men of culture and refinement, often of noble birth, make for the furtherance of Christianity, and the hardships and privations they heroically endure. Travellers tell of one who, though comparatively young, falls a victim to starvation and fever; of another who has seen no European, except perhaps a fellow-priest at long intervals, for the space of thirty years; of a third driven from his station and forced to

500 Miles of Catacombs.

The catacombs at Rome were the burial places of the early Christians. They are about five hundred and eighty miles in extent and are said to have contained 6,000,000 bodies. During the persecutions of the Christians under Nero and other Roman emperors, the catacombs were used for hiding places. Under Diocletian the catacombs were crowded with those for whom there was no safety in the face of day. The art of the catacombs is unique and most interesting. Simple designs are etched in the slabs which seal the tombs. Now and then are small chapels where paintings are to be found. All are Bible illustrations, so that the catacombs may be said to be a pictorial Bible in effect.

Crimes Often Condensed Alcohol.

A writer in the Orilla Packet, says among other interesting things: Truly has it been said crime is largely condensed alcohol. Thinking of this it occurred to me to count the "pubs" between Bushey and Barnet, England, during a recent drive in that direction, excluding those in either terminal place. There are six, rather more than one to the mile, putting it that way. How many there are in Barnet I could not say; it would take

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