

# Religion and Life

By Very Rev. George C. Pidgeon, D.D., LL.D.  
First Moderator of the United Church of Canada  
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## THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL REFORMS

A writer in a popular magazine has just affirmed that the church is being "by-passed" in the leadership of certain social reforms. This is a charge often levelled against the church, and is somewhat merited. Particularly it is justified when the church fails to embody her own ideals in action. "New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth." Too often Christian men fail to see that a change in social conditions calls for a new interpretation of the teachings of Jesus and the prophets, which will have a new bearing on the issues of a new day. Then others arise to battle for ideals which the church has failed to recognize.

A far more serious situation arises when the leaders of organized religion are "by-passed" by the spirit of God. This has happened more often than we realize. The prophet Amos had a burning message for his own time, and it is as "living and active" today as it was when first delivered. Yet he said when challenged: "I am no prophet nor am I one of the sons of the prophets; but I was a herdsman and a dresser of sycamore trees; and the Lord took me from the flock, and the Lord said unto me: 'Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.'"

There were schools of the prophets in those days, and they dated back at least to the great Elijah, but these recognized leaders failed to discern the will of God in the conditions of their time. Then this shaggy prophet of the desert spaces burst into the throngs that crowded the King's capital on some great occasion with his message of doom.

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# Strange But True

By F. M. MacArthur

Only those that live in a small island know the charm of Island life. In a small island there is much neighbourly feeling and a growing friendship that make its inhabitants akin. Whatever happens in one part of "Our Island" is the concern of all other parts for it is "Our Island" to each and every one of us.

The golings on of today form but a small chapter in the history of "our Island" be it Prince Edward, Cape Breton or far away Erie. We must look to the past for much that is interesting and worth recording, and no island in the world contains a more interesting history, or is so full of interest to naturalists as the Garden of the Gulf. Here you will find many kinds of life that constitutes the beauty and wonder of nature.

Jacques Cartier, first white man to scan her shores on that beautiful afternoon of June 30, 1534, praised the land in glowing terms. He spoke, and later wrote of the stately forests, lush meadows, wild corn, wild berries parsley and other herbs. He also observed the beaver and fishes unlimited, and the birds of many kinds. The bald-headed eagles were common then, so was the walrus or sea-cow. There were also deer and bears. But, modern life has changed much of the picture in the garden of the gulf, as it has done in other places in the world. Nevertheless, nature is still more unspoiled and alive in this province than anywhere else in Canada save the northland, which, yet, remains largely undeveloped.

History has been most kind to this sea-girt Isle. When Indian wars raged on the mainland and human scalps were being lifted from the heads of guilty and innocent alike, Mingoo loved by the waves and sheltered by the encircling shore, slept in peace. Perhaps the greatest saviour to the island was the name of the deputation of the French settlers, a peaceful, inoffensive people who with the Micmacs had kept their hands free of blood, and the consequent treatment they received at the hands of the English.

In days gone by cold water, fish and potatoes was frequently the only food our forefathers were able to come by. Their hardy oxen seldom ate oats, nor were they ever shod. Roads were few and far between — and in some cases where people lived along the shore they were not wanted. In those days Island folk walked many miles every day. Some even protested that roads and horse-drawn carts would make future generations soft. Those were hard days indeed. Yet those pioneers loved their island, loved it as much as we do today, with all its progress and conveniences.

Floridians have a saying that once you get the sands of Florida in your eyes you will return again some day. So it is with most Island-born folk. The love of native land burns deep within their hearts, and even from the far-flung parts of the earth, they trek back to the scenes of their childhood, be it sooner or later.

Some return with the birds, summer after summer and some return after many years absence, like John MacDougal, of New Haven, who came back to end his days in his native hearth after an absence of sixty-two years!

We can picture many thousands of immigrants since John MacDougal left the province 62 years ago, saying their farewells to loved ones and friends, and vowing that they would come again to renew old acquaintances and to revisit the familiar scenes of their childhood. That is what we call love of country.

A person can make friends with new places and strange people, but no one who has ever lived an island life can find a home quite so enchanting or more dear to his heart than the one in "the Island." It must ever remain part of themselves. Whether one drifts away — or whether one comes back, as the feet tread once more on the quiet, friendly land know so well, every passing scene revisits the mind those lines from my own poem:

There's a little bit of Heaven made For rapture, love and song, Where the land lies deep in beauty All the dreamy summer long. 'Tis an Isle of rare enchantment, Like a gem set in the sea, And there's not on earth an Eden That is half so dear to me.

When the spring with dewy fingers Decks the sod in garlands gay, And the fragrant wayside blossoms Scents the breeze in merry May; Oh, it's then I long to wander to

# CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

**JIMMY'S TAXI** — Phone 525.

**DR. J. C. GALLANT'S** office will be closed July 7 - 19.

**DR. L. I. DUFFY'S** office will be closed July 7 - 12.

**DR. LANTZ** will be absent from the Polyclinic, during the month of July.

**HOWARD MACINNIS FOOTWEAR** at 175 Queen Street.

**"PRESCRIPTION SERVICE"** — Giggey's Pharmacy.

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**ALL CATTLE** exhibited at the Charlottetown Exhibition must be tested, within 60 days for Bangs Disease. Apply to Dominion Dept. of Agriculture, Charlottetown.

**POWNAL INDUCTION.** The induction of Rev. T. R. Goudge will take place Tuesday evening, July 8 at eight o'clock, in the Pownal United Church.

**ENGAGEMENT** — Mr. and Mrs. Dan MacNeill, St. Catharines announce the engagement of their oldest daughter Myrtle Shirley, to Charles Victor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dan MacNeivin, Canoe Cove. Wedding to take place Saturday, August 16.

**NAMES OMITTED** — In the report published Friday of the 92nd anniversary of Zion Presbyterian Church, City, it was mentioned that there had been only ten inducted ministers at Zion. The names of two of the ten were omitted. They were Rev. David Sutherland, whose daughter is Mrs. Cruikshank, wife of Mr. W. R. Cruikshank, manager of the Royal Bank here, and Rev. D. B. MacLeod.

**PERSONALS**

Mrs. Bruce Wood of Boston, formerly of Charlottetown is visiting on the Island.

Mr. William Buchanan of 'Elmwood', Bonshaw, P. E. I. has left on a trip through the States and Western Canada by car.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scott left Saturday morning for Reading, Mass. after a very enjoyable vacation on P. E. I. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Stewart, Southport.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Scott of Reading, Mass., spent the past week visiting relatives and friends on P. E. I. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Munro, Euston Street, Charlottetown.

Mrs. Frances Holl Trainor of Toronto, who is revisiting the Island, was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. V. Leigh Dingwell. She is visiting in Montague this week with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beer, and later will be the guest of Col. Keith Rogers and Mrs. Rogers.

**MEXICO CITY, July 6 — (AP)** — Jose Ruben Romero, 52, one of Mexico's best known writers, died Friday of a heart attack. Romero held diplomatic posts in Spain, Brazil and Cuba.

That Isle of happy dreams, With its witching bells of woodland And its crystal winding streams. Yes — the gem of the north-east seas — in all its years of existence, and in all its bewitching beauty, has appealed strongly to those who love the romantic, and the more worthwhile things in life, peace, harmony, and good will.

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# Literature And Life

By BOOKMAN

**The Democracy of Streets**

Is there anything more democratic than the street? All ranks and classes have a right to it, and you can see great variety there — rich and poor there; the well-clad and those in rags; the king and his humblest subject may be travellers on the same street; Wordsworth pictures the Old Cumberland beggar sitting down by the roadside to examine what kind friends had given, and how the birds hopped about picking up the crumbs that fell from his shabby hands.

Moreover, in Democracy personality is held sacred, so that the pedestrian is afforded a degree of protection. The long white line running through the road is for the protection of the average man, bidding the driver of a car to keep to his side; besides, near schools or playgrounds where children are likely to be signs indicate that slowing up is to be taken as a precaution.

Again while town-planning calls for a certain kind of house to be built in a certain area, yet you will find small houses and great castles on the same street side. This is democracy in action. It is true however, that certain streets become somewhat deserted and the city pushes its way further up, as the noise and rush of business interferes with domestic quiet. There is a certain freedom about democracy and it is found thus. Charles Dickens was one of the most democratic of writers and he found a great deal of his material in the streets of London. So did Harold Beggs, the material for his book about broken earthenware, or twice born men. The streets of large cities abound in such material.

Streets are friendly things, and yet the man who has been brought up in the country often longs for to set his feet on the path that led to the spring, or to the woods where he used to snare rabbits in days long gone by.

Shop windows in towns and cities are often a great attraction. John Bunyan has his Vanity Fair, which is just his picture of the world, and it has its attractive streets each exhibiting the wares of the country to which it belongs. Here is the British Row, the French Row, the Italian Row and the German Row, where varieties are to be found.

The world knows how to advertise. There is a certain science of window dressing and it brings results. In fact shop windows are a sort of looking glass, and we often see passers by checking their dress by looking at themselves as they go along the street. It is quite harmless and pardonable. The street keeps its school and is an educator. Just as the Marcus Aurelius teachers told him that the best way to improve the language of people was not to reprove them but to so speak in their presence, that they will see how desirable it is and will follow your example. So as we travel the street and note how others are dressed and how they act we are constrained to follow their example. Thus it is that the street educates—bidding us imitate the good; or shun what we see to be wrong in their conduct.

**The Unlatched Door**

Continued from page 12

"Looks as if your admirer has been to a livelier party than ours!" said Parkes. "Just managed to open his door and then flopped!"

"I don't think that is him, Stan!" Mrs. Parkes unconsciously dropped her voice to a whisper. "It isn't big enough and isn't lying in a funny way?"

"I'll have a look." Mr. Parkes crossed to the open door, and bent over the figure which lay just within it. He drew back immediately. "There's been an accident or something!" he said. "There's blood..."

"Stan! He isn't dead? It isn't murder—not here!" His wife was at his side again and clutching his arm.

"No, no! Don't you hear him breathing?" She did when she listened: the sound of difficult, gurgling gasps. "I wonder who he is and how he got there. It isn't the big man—Borden, isn't his name?"

"It's his new servant—I told you he came this week. We must do something, Stan. That blood is your example. So as we travel the street and note how others are dressed and how they act we are constrained to follow their example. Thus it is that the street educates—bidding us imitate the good; or shun what we see to be wrong in their conduct."

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# Brackley United Church Social

A large number of the people of the Brackley congregation of the United Church gathered in the Manse at York on the evening of June 20th for a social evening with the minister and his wife, Rev. John and Mrs. Douglas.

A heart warming friendliness marked the occasion and after a time of merry conversation, Rev. and Mrs. Douglas were escorted back again by Myra Prowse and Keith Cudmore, two gifts had been prepared for presentation — a Kenwood blanket for Mrs. Douglas and a tartan motoring rug for Mr. Douglas.

Messrs. Guy Rodd and Smith MacFarlane spoke, in presenting these gifts, of the regret of the Brackley congregation concerning the departure of Rev. and Mrs. Douglas.

Rev. Douglas, in thanking the people for these lovely, practical gifts, spoke of the friendly fellowship he and Mrs. Douglas had always enjoyed in all their associations with the Brackley people, a fellowship they would long remember.

During the sing-song that followed, with Mrs. Earle Clarke at the piano, the lights went out but the lamplight even added to the occasion.

A very generous lunch, provided by the ladies, was served, and with the singing of "Blest Be The Tie That Binds", "Goodnight Ladies", and the "National Anthem", the evening drew to a close.

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Continued from page 12

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from the back of his head—he has had a blow!" She looked into the hall. It was only dimly lighted by the bulb on the landing, but there was a switch directly inside the door. Mrs. Parkes turned it and the full length of the hall sprang clearly into view. "Look there!"

She pointed to the base of an oaken hatstand on a sharp corner of which there was a bloody smear. The stand was turned diagonally across the floor instead of being set back against the wall as it would naturally be in such a narrow passage; a silk hat lay beside it. There was a cloth cap a yard or so farther into the hall, and beyond that a grey felt hat with a broad black band.

"His head must have hit the hatstand when he fell. Must have got a tidy knock to move it and shake those things off it like that!" said Mr. Parkes.

"The cap is his; I've seen him wearing it," Mrs. Parkes declared.

"And he has his overcoat on. It looks as if he had only just come in when it was whatever it was—happened."

"We must do something," said her husband uncertainly. "There can't be anybody else in the flat or he wouldn't have been left like this; but I'd better make sure. You know all about first aid, see if you can help him while I have a look round." He stepped gingerly over the unconscious man.

"Be careful, Stan!" whispered his wife. "It may have been burglars. Perhaps they are still inside!"

To be continued.

**Thanks**

The members and adherents of North Tryon Presbyterian congregation sincerely thank all those who helped to make their annual picnic a success.

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