

At the JOURNEY'S END

You cannot ask for anything more refreshing than a cup of fragrant Seal Brand Coffee. Years ago travellers looked forward to it at the journey's end. To-day, tired business people expect to find it on the dinner table.



FIRST CLEAR VOICES (Continued from Page 4.)

the volume. Here it is—"Trees," by Evans Krehbiel:—

The trees grow and blow, And walk in a row Along the world. They will put God's eye Out with their leaves I like trees.

At the end of the scale, poems by students 18 years or older, is H. D. Rothschild's "London Town":— I went to London With a penny, or two, And when I came home I had nothing for you. But a tale of the city Of wantons, and strife And deep in my pocket A fragment of life.

Humor And Irony.

From this volume one gets, not "eternal passion, eternal pain," but much knowledge of what goes on inside small heads and hearts, and heads and hearts not so small. Humor and irony appear, when a four-year-old writes companion poems, presenting the obverse and reverse sides of the little girl next door, or when a miss of five declares

I'd rather be a pirate boat Though I'd love to be a papa whale.

Ah, budding feminist! "Everything is Something Else," by E. Wyndham Tennant, aged four, expresses neatly a sense of confusion felt by many older minds:—

Oh, the towel and the bath; And the bath and the soap, And the soap was the fat, And that fat was the pig, And the pig was the bran, And the bran makes sausages And God gets man.

With the younger children surely rhyme is the most obvious differentia of their poetic technique. Stanza forms and laborate cadence

es are not beyond their ken, but simply something that interferes with what they want to say, which they badly want to say as quickly as possible. "Art for art's sake," is a disease contracted later in life, say in the high and preparatory schools. One begins to feel with the poems of the older children that here is something self-conscious, worked over.

Freshness of Metaphor.

Occasionally from this group, which must seem imitative even to the fonderest reader, springs a figure of line, such as Pauline Bridge's "Smoking tin bodies that run up and down Nature's beautiful hills," or her "Brightness counts most in darkness." Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger's "Shadows," on an old, old theme, has a certain freshness of metaphor that fits in neatly with the short meter:—

Grief is such A little thing— Only the stab of Remembering

Echoes of laughter, Tearless sky, The holy place Where dead dreams lie. . . .

Pain is made Of fragile things, Small torn bits Of butterfly wings. . . .

Splinters of moon, Dust of the leaves, Little chill sparrows Dead in the eaves. . . .

Love's bitter ghosts, Brief poignant things. . . . Shadows of old Rememberings. . . .

A Gifted Boy.

Authentic is Tom Prideaux's "We Meet Again." A gifted boy, whose poetry has already gained some circulation, he wrote this at 16. It has that uncanny note of irony, seeming to say more than the words mean, which makes one ask sometimes if Blake was right in his idea of "Inspiration":—

With half a laugh of hearty zest I strip me of my coat and vest.

Then heeding not the frigid air, I fling away my underwear.

So, having nothing else to doff, I tip my epidermis off. More secrets to acquaint you with I pare my bones to strips of pith.

And when the expose is done I hang, a cobweb skeleton.

While there you sit, aloof, remote, And will not shed your overcoat.

In the best imagist manner is Gladys Finn's "American Radiator Building":—

Push, up black needle, through the earth's thick crust; Make a stitch, help form a city.

Yes, one must be frank and admit that much of singing youth's poetic output is but the song of a moment. But something is gained to know that in youth lies a soil so fertile and receptive of good seed. Only sow enough, and Whitman's dream of a passage to India may be made true.

ANNUAL MEETING EASTERN DIVISION W. M. S. OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The W. M. S. Eastern Division of the Presbyterian Church in Canada held their 51st annual meeting in Knox Church, St. John, N. B. The session opened on Wednesday morning Sept. 28th, and continued for two days. The President, Mr. L. A. Moore of North Sydney, presided at the meetings.

Representatives were present from each of the eight Presbyteries within its bounds. The first session was taken up with the reports of the officers, which were most encouraging, showing a steady increase in both work and giving. At the evening meeting, Rev. Mr. Newton, Pastor of Knox Church, spoke briefly welcoming the delegates. The Rev. Dr. Clay, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church brought the greetings of the whole Church, and expressed his unbounded admiration for the W. M. S. He spoke at length reviewing the work of the continuing Presbyterian Church, and how they had come forward in a much greater degree than was ever hoped for by the most optimistic. He paid a warm tribute to the Anglican and Baptist congregations, who in many places, had so kindly loaned Churches and halls in the spirit of true unity.

Mrs. McKerrel, President of the Western Division, was present, and gave a splendid address, and also brought the greetings of the W. D.

Greetings were received from the St. John, Fairville members. Mrs. Owen Campbell daughter of a former Minister of Knox Church, now residing in Ontario, sent a loving message. Mrs. Sharp extended the greetings of the Quebec Branch. Mrs. (Rev.) Bruce Muir of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, gave a very gracious reply to the greetings. The choir of Knox and St. Matthew's Churches, rendered splendid music at the evening meetings. At Thursday morning session, several problems for the furthering of the work of the different Presbyteries was fully discussed. The afternoon session was largely taken up with Young People's work. Mrs. L. A. Moore, who had attended the meeting of the General Assembly, at Stratford, Ont., told of the Assembly having approved a special program to be used for

C. G. T. and C. S. E. T. groups, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. The allocations for the coming year, were passed which amounted to \$10,000 for Home Mission work and \$20,000 for Foreign.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

The nominating committee report, was given by Mrs. Clark Elliot, Sussex, and officers were elected as follows:

- Honorary president, Miss Blackadder, Mrs. A. Gunn, Mrs. E. McDonald, Miss Geddie, Miss Hill, Mrs. Alexander Ross, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. J. H. Thomson; president, Mrs. L. A. Moore, North Sydney; vice-presidents, Mrs. W. McK. McLeod, Sydney; Mrs. D. W. Condon, Moncton; Mrs. J. A. McLean, Orangedale; Mrs. J. W. Clark, Tetamagouche; Mrs. W. R. Foote, Halifax; Mrs. W. N. Cochran, Mahone Bay; Mrs. P. A. MacGregor, New Glasgow; Mrs. W. R. Campbell, Truro; Mrs. George McLeod, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Baird and Miss Stewart, with educational committee, Miss Duncan, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Ralph Dimock, Miss McCurdy, Halifax; Miss MacCulloch, Mrs. MacNab; Message treasurer, Mrs. Harper; editor of Message, Mrs. MacNab, Halifax.

THANKS MEMBERS

Mrs. Moore, in accepting office, thanked the members for the honor, but said that at the end of the ensuing year she must be released. She had been president before 1925 had passed through that very trying time. She thanked every officer, all of whom, she said, had helped her greatly. It was strenuous work, but she had loved it. The officers were installed with prayer by Rev. W. L. Newton.

SNAIL RACING THRILLS

Will snail-racing become a popular sport? The question is being asked in Wales, where crowds are flocking to see the new pastime.

With their owners' colors painted on their shells, the snails race on a course about a yard square, and are attracted to the winning post by a pile of wet ivy leaves. Racing is by no means a simple matter, as the snails often develop an unfortunate habit of sleeping on the course, and even after a good start they frequently go the wrong way. They are jockeyed with grass sticks by their owners, who tap the left or right horn as required.

Entrance fees for the contests range from a penny to sixpence, the owner of the first snail past the post taking the lot.

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By George McManis. TEN MINUTES LATER. HA-HA! AW-SHUT UP! ALL RIGHT, JIGGS! YES-IM LETTIN' IT HANG OUT THE WINDOW TO KEEP THE SMOKE OUT!