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 SPIRIT WITHIN US

There are two flowers which have an appeal all their own.

Those who have the privilege of getting into the Muskoka woods in the early spring will be greeted by the Hepatica rising through the dead leaves toward the sun. Those leaves, withered before they fell and then washed out by rain and snow, carpet the ground, and through their gray hopelessness these flowers spring up, their life and beauty defying the dominion of death. The other flower is the Michaelmas daisy blooming in the autumn right to the edge of the frost. Talk of the mastery of circumstance! These flowers with their exquisite bloom are the lovelier and the more promising because of the conditions which they defy.

Someone has said that the appeal of the Negro spirituals is due to the fact that they are songs of the soul "in spite of —!" We do not need to fill out the blank. But that is scarcely enough. The victory of the flowers is "by means of—." Situations that others find deadly they use for the production of beauty otherwise unattainable. The contrast between their loveliness and their drab surroundings make their appeal the stronger.

It is the victory of life that we are celebrating, and fullness of vitality is our first need.

"'Tis life of which our nerves are scant;
'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want."

And Jesus said, "I am come that they may have life, and have it abundantly."

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With the spirit of man, self discipline must always precede mastery of situations. An ancient proverb reads, "He that rules his spirit (is better) than he that takes a city." He might have added that ruling his spirit was the condition for taking the city, because one who would command an army must first conquer himself. This means control of one's emotions and temper. In any difficulty, and particularly in any conflict, to lose one's temper means to lose command of one's own powers and to play into the hands of an opponent. Such discipline means also the training of our powers so that they will answer perfectly the dictates of the mind and will.

Further, the spirit within us must not be overcome by pressure from without. To be serene when things go wrong, to stand firm when others yield to downward tendencies, to believe and hope where the many despair — these are the victories of the soul which inspire all who have eyes to see. It is no uncommon thing for a person of principle to find himself in conditions which he cannot change. His first concern is to refuse to yield to influences which he recognizes as hurtful. Now that is not easy; the days of suffering for one's principles are by no means past. But the struggle will develop his own strength of character, especially when he draws on resources Christ provides. And consistent living, conscientious work, and real devotion to a good cause impress even those who try to meet such fidelity with ridicule.

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It is a real man's call to master his circumstances, whatever they may be. This means, not only that he resist them when their weight is against him, but also that he make them serve his purposes.

Dr. Segrave has told about his Karen nurses, girls from a mountain tribe in Burma whom he had trained in his missonary hospital. Once on a journey, they found themselves in a desolate place without supplies. The girls disappeared into the forest, and in a short time reappeared with edible plants and roots which they had found, and in a few minutes a delicious meal was ready. They were skilful as nurses, which is to say they had mastered a new art, but they were also in control of their old environment and could make it serve their ends.

The way in which Canadian men and women are subduing our vast northland and bringing out of it new treasures for the world is a romance which future generations will extol. This same spirit is necessary in the heart of our civilization. Our boys and girls in thousands are leaving school to take their places in a work-a-day world. They must not think that circumstances will conspire to bring them success; the facts to be faced are hard and the world's forces merciless, so that only an iron will can overcome them.

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Wherever they go they will find an environment to bring under control with resources to be developed for their objects in life. It may seem that their way has been prepared for them by those who have preceded them, but, after all, the future is a trackless wilderness which youth must explore and subdue for itself.

One condition of the victorious life of which we have been thinking is the dedication of oneself to a great cause. It was this that Christ offered to the rich young ruler and which his possessions prevented him from accepting to his own loss; it was this that Christ offered to His disciples and their acceptance of it made them the men of might that they became. Dr. R. P. Mackay once spoke of his interest in young missionaries as they went out to the field, and then the added interest of seeing the difference which their experience made in them. When they came home on their first furlough they were men and women of immeasurably greater moral stature; their adventure and the experience gained in meeting its challenge had developed their resources and cultivated their abilities to an extent that always amazed him. To give oneself to the greatest of all causes and to be in it the companion of the Lord of Life is to make personal problems seem small and to attain greatness of soul through self-investment in what will endure forever.

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WHEN PAYING your City taxes please take your bill with you

BROODER COAL — A. Pickard & Co., are unloading cars of "blue coal" the best for coal stoves.

HEAR THE PRESBYTERIAN STUDENT CHOIR in Zion Church this evening 8 o'clock.

GRADUATING exercises Prince Edward Island Hospital School of Nursing, Tuesday evening May 13 8 o'clock, Prince of Wales College Auditorium.

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"UNHOLY BOND"—the Guardian's new serial—starts tomorrow. You'll want to read every instalment of this thrilling story about the life of a nurse, by Cameron Dockery.

DUE TO ARRIVE soon John Deere Model B Tractors with Roll-O-Matic. The tractor with knee-action. These are worth waiting for. See them at A. Pickard Farm Tractors, Malpeque Road.

LEFT FOR U.S.A. — Mrs. Ollie Douse, Malpeque Road, left recently on a trip to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, U.S.A., to visit with her mother and sisters. On her return home she will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. A. Gillis, who plans to spend the summer months in this Province.

MARRIED IN VERMONT — The marriage took place recently at the home of her sister, Mrs. Florence Jenkins of Brattleboro, Vermont, U.S.A., of Miss Marion Calder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Calder, Charlottetown, to George S. Knight of Florida, U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Knight will reside in Florida.

VISITING IN ONTARIO — Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Hogg of Wilmot Valley are visiting in London, Ontario at the home of Mrs Hogg's brother, William S. Curtis and Mrs. Curtis. This is a reunion of brother and sister after a lapse of 30 years. While in London, they have visited many points of interest, including the well-known "Weldwood Farm" and were pleasantly entertained by the farm's manager, Mr. Whale, and Mrs. Whale. They also made an interesting sight-seeing trip of Western Ontario. Before leaving for home they plan on visiting Beaverton, Ontario. While in London, they had the pleasure of attending the radio broadcast of the Sunday morning service of Wellington Street United Church and were welcomed by the minister, Rev. J. W. Hunt.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Mrs. Mary Warren who passed away May 13, 1951.
Peacefully sleeping, resting at last,
The world's weary troubles and trials all past.
In silence she suffered,
In patience she bore,
Till God called her home to suffer no more.
Ever remembered by her family.

Card Of Thanks

Mrs. Elmer Clow and family wish to thank the Rev. Howard Christie, those sending floral tributes, letters and cards of sympathy, and all their kind relatives, friends and neighbours, who in any way assisted in their recent sad breavement.

Card Of Thanks

We wish to thank friends, relatives and all for their messages of sympathy and many acts of kindness extended to us during the last illness and death of our beloved brother Leo, and also to Mr. Peter Gaudet, funeral director, who so efficiently and kindly carried out his duties.
(Sister) Elizabeth, Ann and Mary Gavin.

Card Of Thanks

Mrs. John A. MacKinnon and family, wish to sincerely thank all their neighbours and friends for their many acts of kindness shown them during their recent sad bereavement; also to all those who sent flowers, cards, and letters of sympathy.

Card Of Thanks

Correction—In a Card of Thanks in Saturday's Guardian, the name of Dr. J. R. Murchison, Hunter's River, was inadvertantly omitted. "Special Thanks" is due Dr. Murchison for his faithful attention to me through the storms and bad roads.
Samuel Silliphant
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FINAL date for payment for first installment of City taxes is May 15th.

PLYWOODS, PLYWOODS, PLYWOODS, without obligation we cordially invite your inspection. Chandler Bros, 3176-7.

THE HEART WARMING adventures of a young nurse fighting for the man she loved — don't miss "Unholy Bond" a new serial by Cameron Dockery, starting in the Guardian tomorrow.

P.E.I. ARTS and Crafts Guild annual meeting will be held at Charlottetown Hotel, 6.15 p.m. Thursday, May 22nd. Open to everyone interested in the work of the Guild.

FUNERAL SUNDAY — The funeral of the late John R. MacMillan was held Sunday afternoon from Wood Islands Church. The service was conducted by the Rev E. S. Hales, who also conducted the service at the grave in Wood Islands Cemetery. Pall bearers were Elwin MacMillan, R. H. MacMillan, Duncan MacMillan, James D. MacMillan, Arthur MacMillan and L. B. MacMillan.

Hasn't Got Right Figure

VICTORIA, MAY 9 — (CP)— Lady Baden-Powell, Chief of the World's Girl Guides, today firmly refused to plant a tree at ceremonies opening the New Guide Headquarters here.

Her explanation: "I haven't got the figure for planting trees and there is always a photographer there to take my picture bending over."

LAND'S END, England — (CP) — Officials here hope that by midsummer many of Britain's hikers will be following the longest footpath in the country. Plans are complete for a 135-mile path, stretching to Land's End from the Cornwall-Devon boundary and around to Penlee, west of Penzance.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of a dear husband and father, Everett Burt, Malpeque, P.E.I., drowned May 13, 1935:
You little thought when leaving home
You would no more return
That soon you'd fill a lonely grave
And leave us home to mourn.

We know not how you suffered
We did not see you die
We only know you passed away
And never said good-bye.

Peaceful be they rest, dear father,
It is sweet to breathe your name
In life we loved you dearly
In death we do he same.

Lovingly remembered by wife family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of
MRS. DUNCAN MacKAY
who passed away May 13th, 1928.
Ever remembered by the family.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of my mother who passed away twenty-two years ago today.
Marguerite Sweney.

Two Can Sing

by James M. Cain

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Part Two

"Alabama. You've heard of it?"

"Sounds familiar."

"There's a big government-aid railroad bridge going up down there, and we build bridges, this here Craig-Borland Company that we've got, even if you seem to have forgotten it. You get down there, and you get that contract."

"Where is this bridge?"

"I got no time for that. It's all in here, in this briefcase, the whole thing, and you can read it going down. Here's your tickets, for the two of you, and remember, you got thirty-nine minutes. When you get there, I'll wire you our bid. I'll put the whole thing on the wire. It's being figured up now the main thing is—get there."

"O. K., Chief."

He turned to Doris. And you—"

"Yes, sir."

"Listen to what I'm telling you. This contract—this is no back-country-tunnel. This is a bunch of well-bo'n South'ners, dat dey granddaddy had slaves befor' de wa', and they've got to be impressed. You hear that? You take a whole floor in that hotel, and you roll out the liquor, and you step on it. You do all the things that your bum, sassiety, high-toned, good-for-nothing upbringing has taught you how to do, and then you do it twice."

"Booh. I know you."

"For once in your life, maybe you can be of some use."

"Just once?"

"If you put it across, you'll be back in time for Christmas. If you don't put it across, you needn't come back at all."

"We'll put it across" . . .

So we put it across, and that's what we're doing now. They've got a bird in this business, too, that rides the trusses while the scows are taking them out, and flies around and flaps its wings and crows like hell whenever one of them falls in the river. But his wings haven't got much exercise on this job, and neither has his voice. This is my trade. The river has got pretty tough once or twice, and we've had some close squeaks. But not one of those trusses has taken a dive yet . . .

But I'm ahead of my story. Craig had a paper stuck in his pocket, and after he had laid the law down he began to get sore again and remembered it. He tapped it with his finger. "And you keep in touch with me. If it hadn't been for this, seeing your name in this paper just by accident, I wouldn't have known where to look for you."

He took it out and opened it, and pointed to a great big picture of me in the whiskers and wig and cap and bells on the theatrical page.

"Is that you?"

Doris let out a cackle that made everybody in the lobby look up. It was just a silvery peel that came from the heart, and did you good to hear it. She wasn't laughing at me. She was laughing at Craig, and when I looked at him I had to laugh too. I had to laugh so hard I folded into one of the lobby chairs, and so did she. The look on that old hard-rock man's face, holding up that picture, was the funniest thing I ever say in my life, or ever hope to see . . .

I scrambled up and threw my stuff into a bag, and was so excited over getting back in harness that I kept singing all the time and didn't even feel bad about it, and down in the lobby Doris called the house, and we made the train. We had the drawing-room, but I was out of cigarettes, and I went into the club car to get some. When I got back she was already tucked in, in the upper berth, and all you could see was a tousle of red hair. I undressed, got into the lower. I waited, and she didn't say anything. I turned out my light, and still nothing from her. All you could hear was the wheels going clickety-click. They kind of beat time, and I started to sing the opening of a duet:

"La ci darem la mano!
La mi dirai di si
Vedi non e lontano
Partiam ben mio da qui."

It was time for her to come in, and I waited. Then: Did you sing that with her?"

"No, I never did."

"Are you sure?"

"They were going to have me do 'Don Giovanni.' This last outfit, I mean. So I got the score, and found it there. I had heard you humming it around, so—I learned it."

She came tumbling down the ladder, all floppy in a suit of pyjamas. She slipped in beside me, put her arms around me. "Leonard."

"I'm glad you flopped. Because I flopped, and—you could do this one thing I've always wanted to do, and can't—I couldn't stand it. And—"

"Go on. And what?"

"It'll be all mine, now, this you have in your throat. That's why I came back there. Leonard, when you sang that day at Gwenny's cocktail party it almost killed me. I think you wanted it to. Oh, I've been a terrible wife to you, Leonard. I'm jealous, and spiteful, and mean, and nothing will ever change me. But when I get too terrible, just sing to me, and I'll be your slave. I'll come crawling to you, just the way you came crawling to them, in the second act tonight. That woman has given us something that was never there before, and when we get back I'm going to thank her, and win her, and make her my friend. Oh, I can —I don't care what has gone before. I can win anybody when I really want them . . . Now I'll say it — something you've never heard me say before: I've fallen in love. With my own husband."

I held her tight She put her mouth against my throat, and began kissing it. "Now sing, and I'll sing."

"La ci darem la mano!
La mi dirai di si
Vedi non e lontano
Partiam ben mio da qui.

"Vorrei e non vorrei
Mio trema un poco il cor
Felice e ver sarei
Ma puo burlarmi ancor . . .

We sang it together, and it was terrible, and it was the sweetest duet I eyer heard.

THE END

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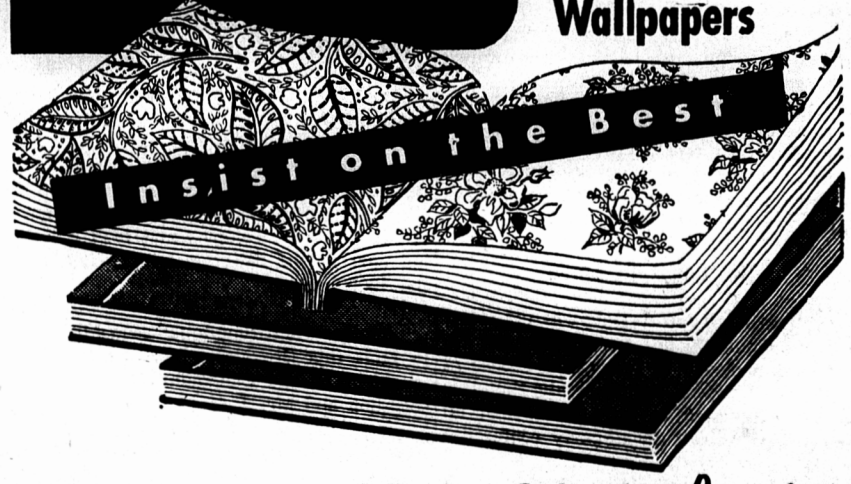

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