

attention to the difficulty of discovering any genuine Theism in India, which has more gods and goddesses than people. The writer can only discern Theism with difficulty, though there are clear indications that the heart of man cannot be satisfied with subtle philosophies, concrete idols or simple denials, but is always crying out for the living God. The treatment accorded to Buddhism shows the author's method of trying to discover Theism even in that non-theistic system. One of the parts of the book is entitled "Criticism and appreciation" and among the criticisms is that of the Hindu doctrine known as Karma, which has been the great stumbling block of a pure Theism in India. Its mechanical method is such that it has no place for ethics and, of course, no possibility of grace. Past deeds are a fetter that nothing can break. So that Karma has been the greatest opposition to the development of a true Theism in India. All this has special importance in connection with certain aspects of theosophical thought now prevalent in the West, and goes to show that everything short of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ is inadequate to meet man's spiritual needs. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart is restless until it rests in Thee."

#### Comfort and Safety.

Recently we have had a glimpse of the comfort amid which the Germans have been so secure in their trenches. These were eight and nine feet deep with wooden firing platforms, flooring and an abundance of pumps to keep them clear of water. Some were cemented and nearly all lined with wood; in fact, every sign was shown of preparation for a long winter campaign, with the conviction that the positions were impregnable. There were subterranean bedrooms for officers with whitewashed walls, ordinary beds, tables and chairs, and even drawing rooms, lamps and pictures. It is an astonishing illumination of the facts of war and of the instinct for comfort. But now we may notice the consequence, and this is how the military correspondent of one of the papers speaks:—

The descriptions which have come in of the German defences explain to some extent the large number of prisoners the Allies have captured. The Germans dig themselves deeply into the soil, a depth of 30 feet being not uncommon for the bomb-proofs, and to extract the garrisons from these shelters is a slow business. . . . The French infantry dash in to the assault, and they are so quick and impetuous in this action that the Germans under cover have often no time to get out. . . . Thus the very perfection of the German trenches turns to the disadvantage of their defenders, who will in future have before them the alternative of being overwhelmed in the preliminary bombardment, or taken, as so many thousands have been in Champagne, like rats in a trap.

So that we have another instance of the snares for those who organize too perfectly. They dug too deep and were so secure as to be too much encumbered. It has been suggested that this is often done in the Churches as well as in the trenches, and perhaps what is the matter with the Churches just now is that they have dug themselves too deep in and thereby have lost mobility. The Germans felt that they were invincible, and yet it comes to pass that the very invincibility is the snare. This ought to remind us as Christians that the instinct for comfort may easily prove one of the most treacherous and perilous in the human heart. An old motto was "Dwell as though about to depart," and when there is this "pilgrim" attitude in the Church, spiritual blessing is sure to come.

### "The Greatest of These"

An American reporter recently interviewed the Chief of Police in Paris. At the conclusion of the interview the reporter asked: "Have you been very hard on anybody?" "Oh, yes," the Chief replied, "I have been very hard on some people, terribly hard." "On whom?" asked the reporter. "Well, on gamblers, for instance, and on sellers of cocaine, ether and dope in general." "What have you done to them?" Slowly, but with great emphasis the Chief of Police said, "I have treated them as enemies of the Republic." It is a striking fact that the war has made evident to the French and British Governments what Christian preachers and papers have insisted on all the time, that gamblers and sellers of "dope" are among the most dangerous enemies of the country. Lloyd George months ago referred to another enemy when he said in now familiar words: "We are fighting three enemies—Germany, Austria and Drink, and the greatest of these is Drink."

And yet the other day, at a Conference of Labour, while Cabinet Ministers pleaded for economy and the best means of economizing, it is simply astounding that they said nothing about Drink. Everyone knows that good economic management will win a war over bad economic management every time, and although much was said about the evil of men receiving higher wages than usual and spending the money on unnecessary things, not the slightest reference was made to the item of nearly \$900,000,000 a year which is now spent on alcoholic liquors in the British Isles. All the authorities are of opinion that the war would go on much better without the drink, and yet in the face of this perfectly awful expenditure, three Cabinet Ministers attend a meeting and talk about economy without apparently making even an allusion to the question of drink. Since the war began about four million and a half working people have attained an average rise of wages of nearly \$1.00 a week, and Mr. Asquith appealed to the Conference on patriotic grounds to refrain from making any general demand for a further rise in wages. But why in the world did he not appeal to them on patriotic grounds to dispense with the one item of expenditure which runs away with the greater part of the savings in the country? If only prohibition were the law for the time of the war, the wages at present being received would be comparative wealth. It is all very mysterious that the Government should fail to mention this one subject, which, as it has been well put, focusses and solves all problems of economy. The "Spectator," which has never taken an extreme line on the liquor question, does not hesitate to say that drink is a terrible impediment in the way of winning the war. "The brewer's dray blocks the path of the ammunition wagon." It is doubtful to many whether the war can be won unless the nation determines on wholesale economy in drink. This will not mean the saving of the entire huge sum already mentioned, but certainly a large part of it will be saved in actual money, to say nothing of the saving effected in other ways. "Drink is good food gone wrong." Then, too, misconduct will largely disappear. Already the police court figures in England bear witness to the amazing results of the new restrictions on drinking. The "Spectator" does not hesitate to say that if the liquor trade were wise it would seize the opportunity of making terms with those who want to economize in this way during the war. But up to the present, the trade has been successful in dominating the situation and compelling the British Government to be silent on this crying evil.

We are afraid that very much the same state of affairs obtains in Canada, where liquor in-

terests are so powerful, but this is an attitude which neither England nor Canada will tolerate much longer, and it would be well if "the trade" were to make peace with their opponents while they can. To quote the "Spectator" once again, "six months hence it may be too late." If, however, the liquor interest does nothing there are tendencies at work which will undoubtedly reduce the profits on intoxicants and do much to destroy the vast monopoly which now belongs to the brewers and distillers. These tendencies may not be very strong at present, but their impetus will increase every week. Even a paper like the "Glasgow Herald" demands that restrictions shall be rendered effective by being made still stronger than they are. Then, too, it is perfectly certain that taxation on alcoholic liquors will be increased and both brewers and distillers will soon find the result to be unfavorable to their interests. But perhaps most important of all, there is the possibility of intensely earnest people prosecuting a crusade in favour of abstinence during the war, following the King's example. These are no mere imaginary difficulties for the trade, and if the Government will not heed the warning, other agencies will prove beyond all question that drink is indeed the greatest of our foes.

In support of these contentions, the "Spectator" suggests a movement of the people who will agree with the policy of "down glasses" during the war. This is no appeal to people of teetotal views but only to those who though neutral or anti-prohibitionist before the war have come to the conclusion that England will never be victorious unless she follows the example of Russia and France. In particular the "Spectator" urges that public ownership is the only possible solution, for this would set the Government free to deal with the problem as the people of the country direct. Instead of a monopoly working for profit, the sale of intoxicants would be controlled absolutely by the authorities, and this, during war time, would be the best form of regulation.

Those who have for long advocated national action in regard to temperance will rejoice at all these indications of earnest purpose on the part of those who have hitherto been indifferent. The more thoroughly the question is considered, the more absolutely correct will the words of the late Duke of Albany appear, when he said that "Drink is the only enemy that England has to fear."

#### THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

Ah! yes, I think—I think—how oft,  
Of dear ones now no more,  
Whose absence makes an aching void  
This heart felt not of yore.  
Each helping word and smiling face,  
Oh! how I miss them in the race!

I think of days which long have fled,  
When they were with me still,  
And the dear tokens of their love  
My inmost being thrill!  
Once they were all the world to me  
Whom now no more—no more, I see.

The link which bound our hearts in one  
Will hold whate'er betide,  
Yet oft I wish in life's dark hours  
These friends were at my side.  
But love cries out, What, here again!  
Nay, wish them not mid sin and pain!

Beyond the river there is peace,  
Such as this world ne'er knows;  
From out the Throne, through pastures green,  
It gently, sweetly flows;  
"The peace of God," 'tis that, my soul,  
Which makes the wounded spirit whole!

And there is rest that naught can mar,  
Since faith's warfare is o'er,  
And they are number'd with the blest  
Who gain that happy shore!  
So I will praise God for their gain,  
Nor wish them back on earth again!

Gratwick Rectory, Staffordshire.

JOHN R. PALMER.

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