

A TURN OF THE ROAD OR THE HOMESEEKERS

BY ADELAIDE M. PLUMPTRE

(Continued from last week).

CHAPTER IV.

David's Resolve.

AT Oxford station David hailed a hansom and was driven through the hot dusty streets, and then up the long hill to his home at the Red House. His mother had seen his cab as it crawled up the hill, and came to meet him at the gate. Gilbert and Marjory had returned to school that morning, feeling that anything was better than idleness; and Mrs. Lane had been glad for them to go, for she longed for a few hours of solitude.

David was amazed to find her calm and composed as she was wont to be. A night of sleep, induced by fatigue, and a few hours alone had restored her mental poise, though she seemed to have suddenly passed from youth to middle age. David was keenly aware of the change as he kissed her; though in truth the change in himself was even more remarkable. His mother, as she looked at him, saw that her boy had become a man.

Tea was waiting for him on the pleasant lawn which sloped away from the house down the side of the hill. Below them lay Oxford, the outlines of its towers and spires softened by a haze of heat, with the silver line of the river threading its way by tower and town and meadow down to the sea. The daintiness and refinement of the little meal, the evidences of comfort, if not luxury, in the house, even the rustle of silk as his mother moved about in her new mourning, forced themselves on David's notice. It was from such surroundings as these that his mother must go to face either sordid poverty at home or the rough life of the emigrant in Canada.

Mrs. Lane asked no questions while David ate his tea, though she knew that he must have news for her which would determine their whole future life. She had been content to leave all "business" in the hands of her husband, and had absolutely no idea of the position in which they were left. At last David had finished his meal and felt he could no longer put off the evil hour.

"Let's walk up and down a little, mother," he said as she rose.

He flung his arm round her shoulders with a half-consciously protecting gesture. Mother and son were curiously alike in expression, though different enough in feature. Although not beautiful, Margaret Lane had never lost the air which old Mrs. Williams had described as "so taking." Like David, she had large grey eyes, thick brown hair curling over the forehead, and perfect teeth; but while David's nose and mouth were cut on classical lines, his mother's features were hopelessly irregular. And yet David lacked the "taking-ness" which the luckier Gilbert, far less strictly handsome than his brother, had inherited.

As they paced up and down the lawn together, David repeated to his mother all that Sir Gerald had told him. He made the story as brief as possible, adding no comments on any part of it; although he had already made up his mind as to the wisest course to adopt. In the train he had read the papers relating to the Canadian farm, and had been convinced that the offer was too good to refuse, though he loathed the idea of emigration. "And so, mother dear," he

ended, "you see we are almost paupers. We must leave this house as soon as we can let it, and we must cut down all expenses at once as far as possible. We have to give Uncle Gerald our answer within a fortnight."

Mrs. Lane's eyes flashed at Sir Gerald's name. As David told his story, she had realized that his uncle was, in truth, paying off old scores. How easily he might have continued to pay the whole or at least a part of his brother's allowance; but she was to suffer now, through her children, for flouting his proposal twenty years ago.

"Of course you must go to college, my son," she said, with a quietness which belied the fire in her eyes. "I will teach Marjory and give lessons in water colours. I have often been pressed to take pupils. And perhaps we could find something for Gilbert—we have so many friends. I am not afraid of poverty, my boy."

David started as the last words fell from his mother's lips; did she remember that once before, in a crisis of her life, she had used the same phrase?

But Mrs. Lane seemed altogether unconscious of any particular association attaching to her words. Her whole soul was bent on making David feel that he had no alternative but to accept his uncle's offer, and go up to Oxford as he had intended; while David was, with equal resolution, forcing himself to look upon university life as a dream never to be realized. How could he accept any proposal which doomed his mother to the penury of an art teacher's life and Gilbert to the drudgery of a clerk's desk? No, that was not to be thought of; and if Canada was the only alternative, Canada let it be for them all.

They decided not to discuss the matter with Gilbert and Marjory at present; it would be better that Mrs. Lane should read first all the Canadian letters, and perhaps also talk the future over with certain trusted friends.

That night, when Margaret Lane retired to rest, she leant out of her window. Overhead the clear sky was spangled with myriads of stars. The world of the unseen seemed nearer, more accessible by night than by day; her dead not so hopelessly lost to her.

And in the room above David, gazing down on the lights of Oxford, made up his mind that, forgetting his ambitions and the glamour of the East and the career he had planned out for himself, he would accept instead the uncongenial life of a farmer in the new lands of the West. For though his mother did not fear poverty as she conceived it, he could not face its stern reality for her. "Your mother," Was she not his father's dying legacy to him?

(To be continued).

WHAT A FOUR MILLION ARMY MEANS.

Some startling figures were quoted by Mr. Herbert N. Casson in an address in London recently. He said Britain's little army of 275,000 became 4,000,000 in such quick time that we could not count the men as they came in. Four million soldiers meant one soldier for every acre in Yorkshire, one for every two houses in Great Britain, and thirty-three for every square mile of this island. We had now an army which, marching four abreast, would be 760 miles long. Let every man carry 500 sovereigns, and there we had the army and the cost—an army which would reach from Land's End to John o' Groats. We could stand our army round the coast line, elbows touching, and with every man bearing his own weight of silver we had the cost.

The Late George Moberly

THE Church has lost a staunch and worthy member in the recent death of George Moberly, Barrister, of Collingwood, at the advanced age of 86. Mr. Moberly came from England, where he was born, with his father (who was a brother of the late Bishop Moberly, of Salisbury), the late Captain John Moberly, R.N., in the early thirties. Captain John Moberly had command of a gunboat flotilla, with headquarters at the historic town of Penetanguishene, during the war with the United States, and the loyal old sailor and his wife lie buried beside the old church where they worshipped so long ago. Their eldest son, George, in 1859, began the practice of law in Collingwood, then the terminus of the newly-opened Northern Railway, now a branch of the Grand Trunk System. Mr. Moberly, Dr. Stephens, Mr. Hamilton, the father of the present Bishop Hamilton, and a few others, were the founders and mainstays of our Church in Collingwood. All those named now are dead. Through the incumbency of the late Dr. Langtry, Dr. Lett, and other Rectors who have come and gone, through all the trials, troubles and difficulties incident to the theological and financial experiences of the parish, and they were varied and at times strenuous, George Moberly, ever earnest, unselfish, staunch, and courageous, proved himself a model Churchman and a refined and courteous gentleman. On the day of his funeral, a well-known business man of Collingwood was heard in effect to say of the deceased: "The Church in Collingwood has lost its truest friend, and staunchest supporter."

What Mr. Moberly was in his character as a Churchman that he was as a lawyer, honourable, upright and indefatigable in his quiet, steadfast way. In public as in private life he was unsparing of himself in the support of all enterprises that were for the good of the community as a whole, and for the promotion of pure living, honest dealing and kindly feeling amongst its members. What he loved he lived—and what he lived, that he taught, more by force of example than by word of mouth. George Moberly possessed in an unusual degree that innate courtesy which combined with sincerity, cheerfulness, modesty and gentleness won for him not merely the regard but the affectionate respect of all with whom he had to do. But beneath that gentle surface there beat a heart as true as steel to honest conviction and a courage that would quietly but steadfastly face any emergency. A finely modelled sword hangs in the hall of the fine old house where stands a vacant chair; an inscription on the blade of the sword sets out that it was given to George Moberly as a testimony of services rendered on the Niagara Frontier. Mr. Moberly was a Major in the 35th Simcoe Foresters, and it was through the loyal and enthusiastic spirit of the good old Veteran that he exposed himself to our chill April weather in seeing some of the gallant lads off at the station that he caught the cold which resulted in his death. A fine amateur carpenter and wood carver, his skill is evidenced by handsome donations which adorn the church at Collingwood, as well as other places of a devotional character. In municipal politics Mr. Moberly was for a number of years returned as Mayor of Collingwood, and on one occasion was chosen as Conservative candidate for one of the Simcoe divisions, but was not elected. A Christian gentleman of the old school, George Moberly's life and example was worthy of all commendation.

The Rev. C. R. Duppy has been appointed home secretary of the Church Missionary Society.

Progress of the War

- April 25—Tuesday**—Germans fail in an attempt to land arms in Ireland and Sir Roger Casement is captured. Riots in Dublin. Three Zeppelin raids on English coast. General Smuts occupies Kondoia, in German East Africa.
- April 26—Wednesday**—Dublin rioters attacked by troops. French continue to make small gains near Verdun. Russian troops approaching Kut-el-Amara.
- April 27—Thursday**—Martial law proclaimed in Ireland. Another Zeppelin raid on England announced. Germans renew attack north-west of Verdun.
- April 28—Friday**—German attacks on British lines. German forces concentrating in Flanders. Irish revolt spreads to other centres.
- April 29—Saturday**—General Townshend surrenders. Attack on British near Arras repulsed. Trouble continues in Ireland.
- May 1—Monday**—Irish rebels surrender. Heavy fighting on British and Russian fronts. The Battle of Verdun apparently ended.

The Churchwoman

The Late Mrs. Fortin

THE Church in Western Canada has lost one of its best known and most zealous workers in the person of Mrs. Fortin, wife of the beloved Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg. She passed away on Saturday morning, April 15th, after an illness of several weeks. From the time she went to Winnipeg as a young wife in 1875 she has taken an active part in all departments of Church work, and endeared herself to all who knew her by her loving and unselfish disposition as well as by her sane judgment and unflinching tact. The Primate during the course of a Confirmation sermon in Holy Trinity Church on the day following her death expressed the feelings of all when he said:—"Those of us who know what Mrs. Fortin was to the Archdeacon, his right hand, a helpmeet for him, in the truest and best sense of that old scriptural term, can appreciate what her passing will mean to him. It would not be fitting for me at a special service like this to make more than a passing reference to the great loss to her husband, to this congregation, to the best type of womanhood in our city and the Church generally which will be caused by the removal of this worthy woman, this mother in Israel. Suffice it that I should ask what I know you will give, your heartfelt sympathy and your prayerful support to your afflicted Rector at this time. In the loneliness of this sad severance and separation may the consolations of a loving God which He has so often dispensed to you in your sorrow be abundant to him." Besides her husband, Mrs. Fortin is survived by two sons, both of whom are serving in the army, and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of the Bishop of Fredericton, to all of whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

"Put sadness away from thee, for truly sadness is the sister of half-heartedness and bitterness. He that is sad doth always wickedly; first, because he maketh sad the Holy Spirit; that hath been given to man for joy; and secondly, he worketh lawlessness, because he neither prays to God nor gives Him thanks. Therefore, cleanse thyself from this wicked sadness, and thou shalt live unto God."