

The world-famous designer of stained glass windows—Mr. Henry Holiday—is at present engaged on a very large and lovely window for the well-known Church of St. Thomas, Washington.

His name may not be very familiar to you, but there must be few lovers of pictures who do not know his greatest and most successful paintings. "Dante Meeting Beatrice," "The Burgher of Calais," "Joseph in Egypt," "The Daughters of Jerusalem Meeting the Bride"—occur to me.

He is a wonderful "grand old man" this maker of glorious stained-glass windows for churches. *Eighty-five*—and he can run up the four or five flights of stairs to his studio at the top of the house, as nimbly as most men at forty would do! *Eighty-five*; and yet working hard at drawing, designing, painting.

Well, active, laughing, enjoying a joke as much as anybody, this great painter has as his motto: "The utmost for the Highest."

That Mr. Jervis was in his right sphere as a Prison-Chaplain some of his cheerful tales makes plain. A man came in for a second term of penal servitude. "Hello, Fred!" I said. "Why, you've changed your name this time! And I see you have changed your religion, too, and become a Roman Catholic." "Yes, Chaplain," he answered; "I thought I would give the Old Gentleman a turn this time (Father McAuliffe). He's such a dear old soul. In fact, he's too good for this job. Not like you, sir, you know!" Mr. Jervis remarks that that was almost as doubtful a compliment as that of another man, after he had been away for a Sunday, on which day he had got an elderly local vicar to take the services for him. "Well, how did you get on on Sunday, George?" he asked of one of the convicts on his return. "Oh, very well, Chaplain, on the whole. He's a nice old gentleman, and did his best. But we'd rather have you, sir; you see, *you're one of us!*" — From "Twenty-five Years in Six Prisons," by Eustace Jervis.

"It isn't Life that matters but the courage you bring to it" are the words put into the mouth of an old character in modern fiction. I would put it differently says R. L. Anson: "Tisn't life that matters, but the courage God brings to it." He works a miracle before our eyes—fills the fragile invadid with unearthly strength.

How else should a lad, suddenly half paralysed at the age of sixteen, win the thanks of Kings and earls, bishops and premiers even during the Great War.

For years now Stewart Royston has been a helpless invalid, confined to bed or couch with bitter paroxysms of the keenest possible suffering.

Helpless!! So might you or I have been. But not Stewart Royston. His pencil, "the only tool I can use in the service of others" is mightier than many swords.

By its aid he started and carried through a scheme to provide our wounded soldiers and sailors with walking-sticks. *Twenty-five thousand walking-sticks he collected; £610 he raised.*

That was not light work. It earned the warm praise of Queen Mary, Earl Balfour, Lord Derby, the Bishop of Liverpool and many another, but most of all the gratitude of the men "to the cripple, who knew how to help cripples."

From the late Justin Evans' book *Possessing Our Possessions*, I submit the following passage as a veritable "pick-me-up" for helpers of the eager soul who may be "down in the dumps."

"You can count the apples upon the tree, but you can't count the trees in the apple! A Baptist minister writes in his diary one day—baptized today a journeyman shoemaker—and thought nothing of it, at all."

"But what was the name of that journeyman shoemaker? William Carey! In William Carey there was India—one man, but the one making many."

"A minister was lamenting that during the whole of the previous year he had received only one member into his church. What was his name. A gardener, only a young gardener named Robert Moffatt."

"In Robert Moffatt there was Bechuanaland, there was South Africa."

The *University Correspondent* (England) instituted a competition on the ever-fascinating subject of school-boy "howlers." Here are some amusing instances: "Acrimony (sometimes called holy) is another name for marriage."

"Devolution has something to do with Satan."

"The Court of Chancery is so called because it takes care of property when there is no chance of the owners turning up."

"A glazier is a man who runs down mountains."

"A circle is a round line with no kinks in it, joined up so as not to show where it began."

"The people in Iceland are called Equinoxes."

In the retreat from Mons, I am told, provisions were carefully concealed in ditches and hedge-bottoms for the sustenance of the rearguards.

But the commissariat wagons, which had made their escape first, laid a trail of food for those heroic covering parties. Some of the parties missed the "hidden manna," and were so famished that Fritz very nearly got them.

Well, there is another Old Boche who gets a lot of us because we forget to look for daily strength. God has hidden the manna all right, but we are in a hurry, and think yesterday's bit in the knapsack will carry us on till the day after tomorrow. It doesn't, of course. You remember manna only kept a day, and then unfortunate things happened to it.

The British Empire can do what no other nation on the earth can do, and from East and West alike there comes to me the cry:

"After all, it is in the hands of the British Empire, if they will that there shall be no war, there shall be no war."—*The Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain.*

If your "Luck" is not what it should be, put a "P" before it.

The principle of Proportional Representation has received a mighty stimulus in the result of the last General Election in Britain. In some respects it was an inaccurate expression of the public mind.

Taking all the counties south of the Thames from the Isle of Thanet to Penzance, and excluding London, the result was as follows:—

1,456,702 Unionist votes secured 84 seats; 437,807 Liberal votes secured only one seat; and Labor, with 491,162 votes, failed to secure a solitary seat.

I think most of us misunderstood, and therefore misjudged the Marquis of Curzon, and the fine words spoken by the

Prime Minister concerning him will make me at least the more eager not to pass judgment in the absence of reliable information.

Mr. Baldwin remarked:—
"I want to say one or two things that no one but I can say. A Prime Minister sees human nature bared to the bone, and it was my chance to see Lord Curzon twice when he suffered great disappointment—when I was preferred to him as Prime Minister, and when I had to tell him that he could render greater service to the country as Chairman of the Committee of Imperial Defence than in the Foreign Office."

"Each of these occasions was a bitter disappointment to him, but never for one moment did he show by word, look, or in-
uendo that he was dissatisfied. He bore no grudge, and he pursued no other course than doing his duty."

"I felt that on both these occasions, I had seen in him that, in that strange alloy which we call human nature, there runs a vein of the purest gold."

"He died as he would have desired, in harness, a harness put on himself in youth, and worn triumphantly through a long life, a harness which he never cast off until his feet had entered the river."

"It may well be when we look back on that life of devoted service to his country, and of a perpetual triumph of the spirit over the flesh, that in some places in this earth, early on that Friday morning, there may have been faint echoes of the trumpets that sounded for him on the other side."

This eulogy—doubtless fully merited—by one who knew him, must make Curzon's critics—I regret—I was one—feel terribly "cheap."

So long as Britain does not "contract in" to Military Europe, the Dominions will not "contract out" of the military obligations of the British Empire.

Sir William Orpen, the famous artist, once wrote:—

"The average of beauty is rising and it is rising because there is going on a steady rise in virtue. I do not use the word in any priggish sense, but for want of a better term to describe the inherent decency of instinct and goodness of mind which are evident all around us."

A cheery and hopeful message.