commemorate the suffering and love of their Common Redeemer, the Soldier-King.

"Father," wrote a Manitoba boy to his father from the trenches, in the spring of 1917, "we have a religion here but, father, it is not the same as yours. You don't like the Catholics or the Church of England, but, father, we love everybody here. We are all one. And, father," the boy went on, "when we come back, our religion is going to blow yours sky-high."

A prophecy not as yet fulfilled but not, perhaps, beyond fulfillment. Certain it is that our soldier boys will never crowd into our churches as they crowded to the colors till those churches are the home of a Christianity that has the breadth and the brotherliness and something, at least, of the heroism of the Christianity of the trenches.

But something more must be said about the Great Christianity.

It may be that Latin Christianity and Teutonic combined do not represent the full splendor and power of Christianity, and that the drastic social changes which must be carried