

FOR SERBIAN RELIEF

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coming, so came over. Hope you had a decent trip; trains running badly I hear. Want to consult you on matter of importance. Hope you are not too tired to give me a little time."

"Sit down, man. There are some good cigars. Help yourself! I'll leave you alone with the Bishop." And the Archdeacon left the room.

"Well, my Lord," continued the little man, after the Bishop had spoken to him, "my congregation have decided to get me an assistant, so I want to see if you can recommend me a good man; a worker and one that will be loyal."

"That's very good news indeed," said the Bishop, "and speaks well of your work and of your people's appreciation of it. When did you want your Curate?"

"Well," replied Benson, "I did think not till June, but I think now, as soon as possible, so that I could break him into the work before I go on my holidays this year. I always take two months, July and August, off."

"Two months, eh! Where do you go?"

"Oh, I have a cottage in Muskoka and usually go there during the hot season, while things are quiet, you know."

Suddenly the Bishop looked up. "Could you do with four or even six weeks this summer?" he asked.

Benson turned in surprise. "Yes, if necessary, but why, what do you mean?"

"There is a Rector at Judson, Middleton by name, who has five children, one a hopeless cripple. He, nor they, haven't had a holiday for years and can't afford to. How would you like to lend your cottage to him for two or three weeks? It would be paradise to them—and take his work on, as he can't afford a supply. It would be as good as a holiday to you, besides good for the parish to have a successful city clergyman there. Both the people and yourself would get a broader outlook and—it would be a most kindly thing to do."

"God bless my soul," the startled little clergyman sputtered. "Why, why, my Lord, I never heard of such a thing."

"Never heard of a kindly thing to do?" asked the Bishop with a quiet smile.

"No, no, no! I mean such a strange thing to do. Why, whatever would Mrs. Benson say, my congregation, my vestry. I'm afraid I cannot possibly—I mean I must think it over; consult my wife." And he drew his handkerchief and wiped his hot face.

The Archdeacon, who returning, had overheard the Bishop's request, burst out laughing. "Why, what's up, another bombshell?"

"No, not a bombshell, just a request to a consecrated servant of

Christ to put into practice that which we preach," answered the Bishop. "Our country clergy may not have the responsibility, but they have hardships, long drives, worries we never have to face, and none of our privileges, or few. If we can, by a little sacrifice, help them, it will be a fine example to the laity; an inspiration to this man to come back refreshed and with new heart to his toil, even to Benson here. And, after all, how many men in other walks of life get more than a week or two, except the wealthy—which we are not supposed to be."

Poor Benson made no reply but rose to depart. "I will write to your Lordship about the curate, and as to your strait—your request, I will consult my wife." With a nervous handclasp he fled from the room, leaving the two men smiling behind him.

"What has happened, Tom?" the Archdeacon asked. "You are certainly going to start things going if this is only the beginning. Me give my organ funds to poor clergy; Benson give up his holiday or part of it. Whew! what's the answer?"

"It must be the gaiters, I think," the Bishop said, and told his amused friend of his strange caller.

"Well, all I can say is, please don't wear that pair next time you visit me, or you'll be asking me to donate my wife as a missionary to China. By the way, what train will you take in the morning, as Principal Bailey, of St. Mark's College, wants to see you while you are here about a big campaign they have on for the old College?"

The Bishop told him and after the Archdeacon had phoned the two men resumed their chairs and cigars, and during the remainder of the evening talked on many things but without further reference to the organ, until, as they rose to depart, the Archdeacon said: "I'll lay your strange proposition before the vestry and Mortimer, but I won't be responsible for the resulting fireworks."

The Bishop had hardly finished his breakfast next morning, before Principal Bailey was announced and the men retired to the library, where the Principal laid before the Bishop, an old graduate of St. Mark's, the plan of a big financial effort.

"How many men have you this year?" asked the Bishop, after Bailey had explained the plans of raising \$600,000 by means of a committee of prominent graduates.

"Forty-nine," said the Principal. "And how many has St. Mary's College?"

"About the same, I believe." Again the Bishop felt the strange thrill of the old hymn ring in his ears and hesitating a minute or so, finally said:—

"Has it never seemed to you an awful waste of men and money too; yes,

and power as well, to have two colleges in the diocese, of which both together never send out more than twenty graduates a year into the ministry? Both cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to run and both stand for the same things fundamentally. Would it not be better to spend the time and energy and use this committee with others from St. Mary's to bring about unity and one college?"

"But that's impossible! While, of course, we are both training men for the same Church, we differ greatly on many matters of ritual, interpretation and other things, and although one college might be the ideal, well—it's out of the question; we have no common meeting ground," said the Principal, a little irritated. "And, besides, we get on very well. The old bitterness has largely passed and we each have our own work to do."

"But no matter how charitable each may be to the other," answered the Bishop, "the very fact of the two schools, keeps the old sore open. There isn't room, nor money to spare, for the two; besides, see what a power for unity one great college would be. There must be a meeting place. Both are of the one grand, old Church, with one Prayer Book, one great purpose, to send out consecrated, well-prepared men for the work of the Church, and surely they can be made one. Has a really honest effort ever been made, forgetting old quarrels and considering the wider good of the church and the kingdom, to bring this to pass? It will take time and great effort, doubtless, but the goal is well worth while. Surely, the time has come, if someone would definitely make the start. We are one! We must be one. If those most concerned could get together in the spirit of Him who prayed: 'That they may be one as We are one,' something could be done. See the money that would be saved; the influence for good. Man, man, man! Be big enough to put any thought of first steps aside and meet Garine, of St. Mary's, and perhaps sooner than we expect, what seems impossible may become a glorious fact."

He paused a moment then continued. "If, of course, you carry out your plans, I will gladly do all I can for the old Alma Mater. But I pray the matter may be fairly and honestly faced and something done to make one college. It must sooner or later, for the changing spirit of the times will mean vital unity to save the Church in the face of growing worldliness and hostility. We can't afford to lose any power, or give the enemy an opportunity to use our internal conditions as a weapon of attack."

Bailey made no answer. Evidently he was angry and yet, conscious of the truth in the Bishop's words. The Bishop said no more about the matter, and the two men consulted on the proposed campaign, the best methods of raising the money and the probable success of the effort. But as the Principal finally rose to depart, the Bishop held his hand a moment and said: "May God bless you and make you the means of starting that which we all know would be for the greater service and glory of His Church; that there may be unity in truth from the youngest student to the oldest clergyman in the Dominion."

Several days later, as the Bishop, home once more, went through his morning letters, he found another letter from the Archdeacon, which he read over several times, then, looking down at the gaiters he still wore, said smilingly to himself: "I wonder who the old man was? Certainly I have said things to Allan, Bailey, Benson and others I never would have thought possible. Is it the gaiters? Oh, nonsense! It must have been the spirit of the old hymn Sunday evening. And turning again to the letter he read:—

"Dear Tom,—I laid your very interesting proposal before Mortimer and the vestry, and after stating frankly the conditions of many of our clergy, found, to my surprise I'll admit, that,

with very little opposition, they have decided to retain the old organ and place the \$10,000 in your hands to be used as you think best; also to add a further \$5,000 to it. I am satisfied. But, old man, if you come again, or in any case—please—burn those gaiters. Yours, Allan."

Refugee Relief—What It Means

It is a great mistake to think that figures are dry. If the poet wants to tickle his imagination, let him give up lying in the grass, listening to the birds and watching the clouds; let him take a pad and a pencil and study the annual report of the British Serbian Relief Fund. If he does not get an astonished conception of what it means to provide for a family of 80,000, he is no poet and had better change his job.

Let us look into the question of clothing alone. We had better suppose, for the sake of the abstract consideration of mere quantity, that the Refugees are all men. Everybody, of both sexes, knows what men wear, so there can be no deception.

Every man must have one suit of clothes, anyway. That means three pieces; let us set down 3. For shirts we must at least set down 2. For underwear, including socks, there are three pieces; and to give him the barest sufficiency of change we must at least set down 6. Then there is a hat which counts as 1, and boots, which, for the sake of understatement, we may count as 1 also. We need not degrade our Serbian with what the high-minded French call a "false collar," and perhaps a set of handkerchiefs may be thought superfluous, too. Our total number of pieces for the barest outfit stands, therefore, at 13. There is no provision in this for an over-garment of some kind for winter, yet something of the kind must be necessary. Mild climates have usually a kind of cold in winter that searches to one's marrow. We shall have to make the total number of pieces 14, and it looks like short measure. Two shirts may, perhaps, last for a year, but any baby could trample through two pairs of socks in a quarter of the time. However, if we let the number of pieces stand at 14, that means that, for 80,000 persons, the British Serbian Relief Fund has to buy ready-made, or has to buy stuff for and make, and, when bought or made, has to pack up, transport and distribute 1,120,000 pieces of clothing. Laid on the ground, end to end, in line, they would reach over 500 miles; from Toronto to beyond Quebec.

Now, if our poet will take hold and translate that into visions of human activity, he will have something that will make his head swim; for clothing is but one portion of the supply, and supply is but one portion of the work. It takes people and people to carry on such a work; and how about the multitudes who must subscribe to support it! Our poet will have to find plenty of rhymes for dollars, for they must be there in multitudes above all.

The service at the London Opera House on January 6th, arranged by the Y.M.C.A., was crowded out, and an overflow meeting was held at the Aldwych Theatre. The "Morning Post" says that the pressure to get in was so great that the police arrangements broke down, and hundreds of people with tickets failed to get admission. On the platform in the Opera House were Lord Kinnaird, Lord Haddo, Sir Arthur K. Yapp, the Rev. Dr. Scott Lidgett, the Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer, the Rev. J. R. Gillies, the Rev. A. E. Garvie, and Gipsy Smith. The Bishop of London, who presided, gave a thrilling address.

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