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privilege to wear it on the right side of his breast.

The Rev. A. S. V. Blunt, chaplain in Paris, writes: "To give you example of the need. Last Sunday I had early Celebration at the American Ambulance (where I am official chaplain) at 7.30, then went down to our church for 8.30. Then morning service at 10.30, followed by Celebration. The Rev. G. Bennett, my colleague, had a funeral of a British soldier from Hospital Buffon at 8.30 and wasn't back till 11.45, just in time for our second Celebration. The Rev. H. H.

B. Hirst had a funeral at 8.30 from Claridge's Hospital, and wasn't back at church until after twelve. In the afternoon Bennett had a service at the American Ambulance for the soldiers, and Hirst took the Victoria Home service, and there was afterwards visiting at the different hospitals, and then our evening service at six. With two men we couldn't have done it. Every day lately there have been funerals at three different cemeteries, apart from all the visiting at the different hospitals. So you will see that we are fully occupied."

In the Time of War

EVERY Churchman needs a guide at this time so as to act in the wisest manner in the interests of the Church, and to use the opportunities placed before him to the greatest advantage. For this you need more than ever your Church paper with its editorials, leaders, and other methods of instruction and inspiration. Whatever you have to stop, this paper should be continued. You need us, we need you, and this is the very time to get others to subscribe to the Canadian Churchman, that they also may be helped.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."

British and Foreign

Bishop Earle, who has been Dean of Exeter since 1901, is in his 87th year, but is wonderfully active considering his age. A year ago he walked sturdily in the long procession of protest against the Welsh Church Bill, and he has during the present war preached some vigorous sermons, not concealing his opinion of the Kaiser. On a recent Sunday in the Cathedral he preached a harvest festival sermon.

In the course of an interesting sermon on the difficulties and encouragements of Christian work in Turkey, a missionary explained: "It is a commonplace, that we cannot help at all unless we refrain altogether from proselytizing. I subscribe to the doctrine absolutely, but after all it is but a negative position, and we hope to be able to help positively. There are two pairs of rivals. The patriarchists and the nationalists on one side; the modernists and the conservatives on the other. What the Church of England can do is to be an influence friendly to both, and one that makes towards peace, because she is able to sympathize with both, and to see the force of the case of either."

The Scottish Episcopal Church has sustained a loss by the death of the Rev. Canon Lennie, of St. John's, Greenock. Born fifty-seven years ago, Canon Lennie was a native of Kirriemuir, and was ordained to the ministry in 1881. He was two years later appointed to the full charge of St. Margaret's, Lochee, where he laboured successfully for fifteen years. He was a forceful preacher and able organizer. Coming to Greenock in 1898, he quickly made his mark in the life of the community, and under his guidance St. John's congregation greatly flourished, and in the last few years he was able to announce that the debt on the church had been completely wiped off. He was a leading member of the Representative Church Council, and his promotion to the Canonry was a well-deserved honour.

The "Southern Churchman" says: There is wonderful spiritual work going on in all the home camps and recruiting depots in England, and hundreds of the young men are giving themselves heart and soul to the Captain of their Salvation before going forth to fight for their king and country. The Y.M.C.A. is doing glorious work. Every soldier gets a part of the New Testament, with the letter of Lord Roberts inside; also a charming little booklet called "Active Service," with Scripture portions beautifully arranged. Every soldier has in his cap a little printed prayer, written by the Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor Smith. And every sailor has one prepared by the Archdeacon of the fleet. This, with Lord Kitchener's beautiful Christian message to all the army, gives a little idea of the religious atmosphere that is surrounding our men.

Boys and Girls

GRANDMOTHER AND ME

Grandmother dear is a very old lady;
Grandmother dear can't see,
But when she drops things or loses
her spectacles,
Grandmother's eyes are—me.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady;
Sometimes she never hears,
But I always run when the postman
comes ringing—
I can be grandmother's ears.

Grandmother dear likes houses all
tidy,
Everything dusted and neat,
So I work with my little red broom
and my duster—
I can be grandmother's feet,

Grandmother dear is a very old lady,
Can't walk, and can't hear, and
can't see.
You never could tell, though, the fun
we have playing,
Grandmother dear and me.

BABY BEN

The Remarkable Story of the Hundredth Baby

By Angelina W. Wray.

PART II.

Mrs. Bennett, left alone after her visitor's departure, ruthlessly woke Baby Ben, washed his round, rosy face and dimpled hands, dressed him in a clean, much-furbelowed slip, and awaited her husband's coming with calm satisfaction.

The latter, arriving tired and warm, seemed somewhat unable to credit the evidence of his senses.

"Hello, kiddoes!" he exclaimed. "Seems to me you look kind o' festive, don't you? An' you've got a cooked supper, ain't you, May? Smells mighty good. Say, I'm afraid you've been killin' yourself workin' so hard. Say! do you know, I believe we're goin' to like this place pretty well! Feels like home, somehow."

"We've had company," May informed him. "I was feelin' perfectly awful, all down an' out, you know, an' I set there by the table a-cryin' away to beat the band, when all at once that door opened, an' in come the queerest party! She was dressed in a kinder pale gray that didn't make no fuss nor rattle. I never dreamt it was silk till I happened to put my finger on it. An' she rolled up her sleeves, an' pinned a towel around her waist, an' went right straight to work an' helped me git supper."

"Land alive! She must hev been a crack-a-jack! Was she huntin' a job?"

"No; that's the funniest part of it. She was huntin' babies. She wants 'em for a church, you know. An', Jim, I don't know whether you'll mind or not. But I let her put down Baby Ben's name."

"My eye! You're goin' some, May. But what in the name o' goodness could she want with that size kid?"

"Well, she left what she called an application blank, so you could read an' understand it, she said. Here 'tis." May hesitated a moment and then went on a little diffidently. "She talked real nice. Said she s'posed we wanted the baby to be God's little boy as well as ours, an' to grow up to be a good man. An' she said it was safer when they start right. Our family never took no stock in preachers nor churches. An' I don't know as I do, yet, only she kinder made me feel queer, an' first thing I knowed