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in London, and had chanced upon him—ragged, down at heels, a hang-dog look upon his face, his hands sunk in his pockets, leaning up against the bar-window of the Golden Sun, with others of his like—one of the many wasters who gain a precarious living by the odd jobs they pick up now and again, and for which payment is made more often in the shape of drink than by coin. And Mother Marsh had blurted it out on her return, not forgetting to describe his sheepish look as he recognized her when she passed him, and lurched out of her way.

It got to the ears of the little woman in the ivy-clad cottage. And now she had another vision of him—one she dared not trust herself to linger over, and into which the other would still mercifully obtrude. The news crushed her, and she went into the room in which he used to sleep, picturing once again the curly head as it reclined upon the snow-white pillow. She remembered how she would bend over him with a prayer in her heart as he lay sleeping, and give him his last kiss for the night. And now—he was gone

to the bad! She flung herself upon her knees by the bedside and buried her face in the coverlet. "My bonnie boy!" she sobbed.

The twelve months that elapsed told their tale on the little woman in the ivy-clad cottage. The lines on her face had deepened; the dark shadows beneath her eyes had grown yet darker; the thin, black hair, slightly streaked with grey, had become more sparse and whiter.

She was sitting sewing in the evening light by the small-paned window. Her hands for the moment were idle, lying listlessly in her lap. She was looking at the portrait of the curly-headed boy on the little round table beside her, and her eyes were filled with tears. She lifted them, and gazed out of the window with a far-away, pensive look. Then, with a little sigh, she turned to take up her work again. And he stood in the doorway before her—khaki-clad, his head bandaged, one arm in a sling. She rose with a start, then, with a glad little cry, ran towards him. His arm went round her, and he kissed the grey head that lay upon his breast.

"My bonnie, bonnie boy!" she exclaimed, but there was more of joy than of sorrow in the cry as again it fell from her lips.

And in the twilight he told his story—the old story of a lad's temptation, the wild, loose set that had got him in their toils, his gradual descent from bad to worse, the shame that prevented him from returning—and the ache in his heart amid it all. Then the call of his country and his response to the call, and how, in the midst of the horrors of the battlefield and in the lonely, quiet hours in the hospital, he had come back to the good, to God—and to the little mother and the ivy-clad cottage again.

He slept that night in the little room in which she had so often pictured him lost in childish slumber. She stole into the room when he was asleep and bent over him. Softly, lightly, she kissed the bandaged brow, and a tear fell upon it. He stirred slightly, but it did not wake him.

"My bonnie, bonnie boy!" she whispered, quietly. And the words were a prayer, as so often they had been, but also a thanksgiving.

## THIS MOST SATISFACTORY PRONOUNCEMENT WAS MADE IN PARLIAMENT ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8th, 1916.

"Any vote that may be required of the Province by this Parliament will be from the voters who elect us to office, and it will be on the basis of a simple majority. That is no departure from the principle of the three-fifths clause in local option legislation, the reason being that in local option contests it is a different set of voters who have the election. They are on the municipal lists, while this vote is taken on the Provincial lists."—Hon. W. H. Hearst in speaking of the referendum on the question of Prohibition in Ontario.

## Personal & General

The Rev. Dr. Taylor is expected home from China about the end of May.

Dr. Harding, the Bishop of Qu-Appele, is purposing to pay a visit to England during the coming summer.

"You should think of the war, and work for the war, and nothing but the war until the war is won."—Mrs. Pankhurst.

Dean Inge says: "If I were a betting man, which, of course, I am not, I would give two to one on peace before Christmas."

Manitoba goes "dry" by a vote of two to one, Winnipeg giving 4,000 majority against the liquor trade. The tide flows surely on!

Capt. Robert Clarke, of the Shropshire Light Infantry, has been killed in action. Over seventy Cambridge Blues have lost their lives.

The yellow label shows you just when your paper is paid up to. Look at the date, and if overdue send us a postal note and oblige!

Germany declared war on Portugal on March 9th and handed his passports to the Portuguese Minister. So the war continues to spread.

It was a great parade, and the half-mile banner was a marvel, well thought out and executed (the mob's execution not referred to here).

The Rev. J. Cooper Robinson writes of a pleasant visit in Japan from the Rev. D. M. Rose and Mrs. Rose on their way through to India.

Mrs. Callan sailed from New York for England on Saturday to join her husband, Captain the Rev. J. J. Callan, chaplain to the 8th Brigade, C.F.A.

The Rev. S. E. McKegney, of Brantford, and formerly of St. Mark's, Parkdale, has enlisted in the 215th Battalion, C.E.F., and is taking an officers' course.

Seymour Eaton, author and journalist, who created the "Teddy Bear" toy, died, March 13th, at his home in Lansdowne, near Philadelphia. He was 57 years old.

Archdeacon Whittaker, of Fort McPherson, and the Rev. H. Girling and Messrs. Hoare and Merritt have gone on a two years' expedition to visit the famous Blonde Eskimos.

A story from the front tells of a sentry challenging a figure coming along the trench waist-deep in water. "Who are you?" demanded the sentry. "Submarine E 13," came the answer.

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?" There was silence till one maiden held up her hand and replied: "Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

Lieutenant Cuthbert Robinson, of the gallant Princess Patricia Regiment, is the son of the Rev. and Mrs. J. Cooper Robinson, of Mid-Japan. He is at present in England waiting orders to proceed to the front.

Since the beginning of the war 3,153 British non-combatants have been killed by Germans, 276 of them in air raids, 127 in coast bombardments and over 2,700 by submarines, says Mr. Asquith in a letter to a correspondent.

The Rev. T. G. Wallace, who was appointed Chaplain of the Canadian Engineers last December, has just completed the Officers' Course. The local company of the Canadian Engineers is stationed at the camp in Exhibition Park.

"Will you be alive next Lent? Devote a little time to the development of your spiritual life, or deepen it, as the case may be, while yet there is time," is the title of Canon Powell's Lenten noonday addresses at Holy Trinity Church.

The Bishop of Edinburgh and Miss Walpole returned to Scotland from New York on February 12th after a good voyage. The Bishop has now been able to resume his work, as it is hoped that the danger threatening his eyesight has been averted.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, speaking in Toronto, said: "Nothing binds like sacrifice and suffering." She urged Canadians to forget their internal differences and to unite for the one purpose of doing everything possible to defeat the common foe and render final and complete victory of Great Britain and the Allies. "The duty of man was to fight when fighting was required, just as it was the duty of women to leave their homes

and do the work of men, so that the latter might go to the front."

"All men who take life seriously at the present time are anxious for a revival of religion," says the "Inquirer." "They may not call it by that name but they recognize that the supreme need is that of moral and spiritual power dwelling in their hearts, lifting them above sordid cares and mean aims, and welding them into a fellowship of goodness. They would also probably agree that this need is not one which can be safely neglected or left to the influence of casual reading or the ordinary services of the Church. They cannot dismiss it with a shrug of the shoulders as the business of the clergy."

The Canadian list of actual casualties among our overseas forces amounts to 13,061 up to March 1st. There have been killed in action 2,338, 988 have died of wounds and 298 have succumbed to sickness, or a total of known dead of 3,624. There is besides, however, a list of missing men not known to be prisoners-of-war of 1,012. It is practically certain that by far the greater number of these men are dead, which swells the list of Canadian dead to almost 5,000. The total number of wounded is 9,325. If prisoners-of-war and cases of sickness are all included the total number of casualties would be nearer 25,000 men.

The Rev. W. F. Cobb recently passed away at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Sussex, England, aged 86. The deceased had a unique ministerial career in that he never served in any other parish but that of Nettlestead, in Kent, and in that parish he laboured for 60 years. He resigned the living owing to infirmity last Easter. Another fact of interest in regard to the late Mr. Cobb, and this will be of especial interest to Old Marlburians, is this, that he was the only surviving member of the party of boys who entered Marlborough College on the day that the famous school was first opened in 1843. Mr. C. F. E. Cobb, of the "Canadian Churchman," is a nephew of the deceased.

Charles Dunn, the modern Jonah, a sailor, pleaded guilty to the charge of failing to report for duty on an Admiralty transport, which sailed last week without him. Although such an offence, in war times, is regarded as a most heinous one, the Liverpool magistrate who heard the case, inflicted no punishment upon him. Dunn, as was brought out in

## The . . . SCRIPTURE GIFT MISSION

has received the following cable from its

Hon. Supt. in PETROGRAD

**"APPEAL to EVERY SCHOLAR in  
BRITAIN and in ALL THE BRITISH  
COLONIES TO SEND GOSPELS  
TO THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS."**

Will Sunday School Superintendents  
and others help us to provide Gospels?

**£2:5:0 will provide about 1,000.**

Donations may be sent to the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, or to

The Chairman, Rev. PREBENDARY H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE 15 Strand,  
or the Secretary, FRANCIS C. BRADING London, W.C.