

MEMORY OF CANADA'S HEROES HONORED

St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Thronged For Memorial Service to Canadians Who Gave Their Lives on Battlefield of Europe That England's Cause Might Triumph.

The following account of the service in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in memory of Canada's heroes is from The Church Times, London, and written by a staff correspondent of that journal.

"In the illustrated papers eight years ago there appeared a picture of St. Paul's Cathedral with the Lusitania by its side, overshadowing the main fabric. It is not too much to say that on Monday night—'Canada's night'—the Lusitania still overshadowed St. Paul's. As early as two hours before the service began a steady stream of people passed up the steps. They were dressed in black for the most part manifestly sorrowing relatives of brave Canadian soldiers.

Striking Scene

Before half-past seven the Cathedral was filled, save for the reserved space under the dome, where members of Canadian regiments were accommodated. A large proportion of them were wounded and wore hospital jackets. There were many pathetic incidents as the injured were assisted to their seats. To some of them it was a great effort to attend the service, and only by the aid of stout sticks and the arm of the nurse attending them could they make their slow and painful way.

Lord Dundonald represented their Majesties the King and Queen; Gen. Sir Ronald Lane represented the Governor-General of Canada and the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia; Queen Alexandra was represented by Lord Ranksborough; and the members of the Government by Mr. Lewis Harcourt. Others who were recognized in the congregation were Lord Lansdowne, Earl Grey, the Earl of Albemarle, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir R. McBride, the Canadian Record Officer, Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd, Gen. Bethune, and many others having prominent associations with Canadian life. Wherever one looked one saw uniforms, civil and military.

Over the chancel gates the Union Jack and the Canadian flag were hung; the aisles were kept by a magnificent body of Canadian troops, and while the more prominent people were finding their seats the band of the Coldstream Guards—which had offered, by reason of its close Canadian associations, to give its services—played a moving selection of music, conducted by Capt. J. Mackenzie Rogan. The items included Tchaikovsky's Symphony Pathétique; Arthur Somervell's "Killed in Action"; Mendelssohn's "O, Rest in the Lord"; and Sullivan's Overture, "In Memoriam." The drummers and buglers of the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards assisted. Sir George Martin, in his Mus. Doc. robes, conducted the choir music.

The Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, the Mayors of the London Boroughs, all of them preceded by their marsh-bearers, entered in procession. In the procession to the choir were the Dean of St. Paul's, the Chancellor Newbolt, Archdeacon Holmes, Canon Alexander, Canon Simpson, the Minor-Canons and Prebendaries, the Bishop of Willesden, the Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of Canterbury who wore the L.L.D. hood of the University of Toronto. It was a procession of unusual length, for the choir was greatly enlarged for the occasion.

The office was based on the Burial Service. After the Sentences "I am the Resurrection and the Life," the 3 Psalms, Dominus regit me; Delecti quoniam; and De profundis, were sung with special tenderness, and Sophr's "Blest Are the Departed" followed. Then the special Lesson, "The Raising of Lazarus," was read by the Dean, whose voice, however, lacks the volume and quality required by the place and the occasion. The three verses of "The Saints of God" their conflict past, seemed to be an especially appropriate hymn, with "The Saints of God their vigil keep, while yet their mortal bodies sleep," as the consummation. To hear the great congregation sing this hymn was something to remember.

After the prayers, "Almighty God, with Whom we live, and 'O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the Resurrection and the Life," a short litany followed, including suffrages for those who fight, for those who suffer and are in captivity, for mourners, for those who minister to the suffering—to souls and bodies—for those "who fall in the true faith of Thy Holy Name—that they with us may enter into the rest which Thou hast prepared for them that believe in Thee." Then there were prayers for our country, for unity, for a worthy profession of the Christian name, for a full response to the call of our country.

The Bishop of London then gave a long address. Some of us, accustomed to worship at St. Paul's, cannot recall so hushed a congregation. Many were standing at the back of the nave and transepts; the whole Cathedral was thronged, yet when the preacher announced his text the silence was tense almost to straining point. His text was the fourth verse of the 21st Psalm: "He asked life of Thee and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever." It was in two sections, first, a fine panegyric on the Canadians; not lacking in detail, for the Bishop quoted with great effect the moving account of Canadian heroism written by the Canadian Record Officer. Then he pointed out the meaning

of the deaths of our brothers who "are still alive, for so we pray for them—Grant them, O Lord, eternal peace, and let eternal light shine upon them," and the significance of the wounded who were wounded for England, and of Canada's sacrifice in the Empire's cause.

After the sermon all turned to sing "Now the laborer's task is over," a fit and beautiful conclusion to the panegyric, for possibly we in England are not quite so much accustomed to the panegyric form as are our Allies. But on this occasion, with representative Canada assembled under the dome, such a tribute to the glory of Canada, with its mention of particular names, was a fit memorial.

The Blessing was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury; then we rose for the Dead March in "Saul," magnificently rendered, and now as the drums died away the clear pathetic notes of the Last Post, blown by the buglers of the Third Grenadier Guards, rang through the vast spaces of the Cathedral. That last thrilling hopeful farewell sounded from the west-end of the nave and echoed again and again round the lofty dome as if to emphasize and confirm the Bishop's tribute to those who gave their lives on our behalf.

The Canadian National Anthem is not very well known among us, and the Cathedral authorities had thoughtfully arranged for the music to be printed on the service paper: "O Canada, thou land of noble name. . . . They faith divine, thy courage bold, Shall guard our homes, our sacred rights uphold. . . . 'Our battle-cry of old, for Christ and King'—thus we sang, unusual words indeed, but exceedingly impressive in this great mother-Cathedral of the Empire. So we came to the National Anthem. It was not the least significant incident of all to see the fine figures of the military men standing at the salute as they sang it.

A wonderful service! Not, indeed, that we did not expect more. A few years ago, at St. Paul's, we should have had the Russian Kontakion or some other petition for the departed souls more rich and direct and meaningful—fraught than the timid, indirect allusions which have characterized the recent memorial services in the Cathedral. Nevertheless, the spirit of that prayer was present with us, thanks largely to the Bishop's reference to it, and the congregation was deeply moved. It poured out into the darkness of Ludgate Hill and to the busy world; we know it will reach even to the Canadian plains, carrying a message and rich blessing.

Bishop of London's Address.

The words of the Bishop's text were from Psalm xxi.—4, the Prayer Book version: "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life; even for ever and ever." "In honoring Canada tonight," he said, "let none think that we are leaving out of sight the magnificent conduct of our Australian and New Zealand comrades, whose heroic conduct at the Dardanelles has thrilled the world; or the Indian troops who have been fighting so bravely and devotedly through the long and uncongenial winter; or the loyal African troops gallantly upholding the Empire far away. The mother heart of the Empire which beat in the Cathedral feels pride and sorrow for all her children, and on another occasion we may well commemorate the gallant deeds of others.

"But tonight is Canada's night. We commemorate a feat of arms performed by Canadians which will live in history for ever. It was a terrible moment when our gallant French allies, naturally not expecting a species of human devilry in warfare, the like of which has not been seen for thousands of years, were overborne by the fumes of the noxious gases which Germany among other nations had pronounced an illegitimate means of warfare. We have learned by bitter experience, and the whole civilized world knows it at last from a further diabolical act, the sinking of the Lusitania, which will brand the name of Germany while time shall last. No laws human or divine bind her and no promise, however sacred, is considered anything but empty words. The two children clasped in one another's arms found dead in one of the boats of the Lusitania and the hundreds of gallant soldiers gasping for breath as they die in agony from the effects of noxious gases alike cry to Heaven for vengeance on the nation which with all its boasted culture will now be looked upon by the whole civilized world as the enemy of the human race.

"It was, then, at that awful moment when the French had been overborne by these gases that the manhood of Canada was tested and proved itself pure gold."

Here the Bishop rehearsed the story of the battle from the Record Officer's description, and ended with a quotation of Henry Newbolt's lines:—
Mother with unbowed head,

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson

Hear thou across the sea
The farewell of the dead,
The dead who died for thee,
Greet them again with tender words
And grave,
For, saving these, themselves they
could not save.

"And what," he continued, "are we to say of those glorious young lives flung down so readily for King and country, for the freedom of the freest thing in the world, the Dominion of Canada, nay, for the freedom of the world, for international honor, for the Christian principles as governing the future conduct of the world instead of the pagan gospel that might is right?"

"Here fell 6,000 very gallant gentlemen," must be written one day in letters of gold over certain woods and salients in Flanders. Here David met Goliath. Here the would-be over-weening, blustering bully of the world met Canada."

The Crucial Question.
"But did God fall those young men? That is the really crucial question. It is the unexpressed fear of this which takes away the joy of sacrifice, and bows still deeper the mourner's head. 'Toll the bell for Percy Birch- all! If I ring it at all, it will be a peal,' wrote his nearest relative. But to be able to say this you must be

certain in your mind of three things. First, that honor is more precious than life. Secondly, that 'one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.' And thirdly, that so far from God's disappointing the young soldier when he dies, He more than satisfies him."

The first two points are certainly more easily grasped by the young. They understand that it is possible in a short time to fulfill a long time. As Rupert Brooke, who has himself given his life for his country, said so truly:—

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth: gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unheeded
serene
That men call ease; and those who
would have been
Their sons, they gave—their immor-
tality.

And in his sonnet on the dead, he says:—
These hearts were woven of human
joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow,
swift to mirth;
The years had given them kindness,

dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colors of the
earth.

These had seen movement and heard
music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone
proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat
alone;

Touched flowers, and furs, and
cheeks. All this is ended.
There are waters blown by changing
winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies all day.
And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves
that dance,
And wandering loveliness. He
leaves a white

Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the
night.

The Life After Death.
"But it is in regard to the third point that faith grows so weak. We have made to ourselves such unreal pictures of the life after death, that no man desires it. It is a pale, ghost-like existence with no life in it, no fire, no interest; and the heart grows cold to think that when as Stevenson says, 'the happy starved, full-blooded spirit of the young shoots into the

If your Tea infuses poorly,
is dusty and flavorless—get
'Salada' and your Tea troubles
will quickly vanish—

"SALADA"

Black, Green } Sealed Packets only.— E 153
or Mixed. . . } Always of Uniform Goodness.

spiritual world, it encounters the shadowy dead-alive, depressing existence which is the popular idea of life after death.

"But have we fully grasped what the means when he says:—
It is not well that men should know too soon
The lovely secrets kept for them that die?

Have we not faith enough to expect from the beauty and the interest

and the variety of the life God has provided for us here the still greater beauty and interest and variety of life which He must have provided for us there? Do we really suppose that God had come to the end of His creative will when He made this world and had no imagination left for the next? Do we really think that a God—I will not say of boundless love, but even of moral rectitude—could create

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Wake Up! New Brunswick!

This World War Demands the Supreme
Effort of a United Empire
Shall Our Province Fall Behind?

It should not be supposed that contributions of a couple of thousand men, a few odd dollars, some barrels of potatoes and boxes of socks constitute our rightful sacrifice. So far not more than a handful of people in all this country have any actual realization of what the war means. These few have given their husbands or their sons to the cause of Empire. The remainder have done nothing in comparison with their abilities and their opportunities.

Our national life, our peace, our prosperity and our happiness are so dependent upon the well-being of the British Empire that only by playing our part in that Empire can we maintain our fortunate position.

Up to the present ninety-nine per cent. of us do not realize what sacrifice means, nor what is being endured by those nearer to the firing line than we are. We must give, not only of our material wealth, but of our blood, and not niggardly, but with a generous hand.

None of us wish to part with our husbands and our children, but it is better that they should serve the Empire and save our homes than that our enemies should triumph and all that we hold dear be taken from us.

*"For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old."*

The 55th Regiment still requires five hundred men from New Brunswick. These men must be furnished at once, and must be recruited from New Brunswick homes. We cannot ask strangers to take our places. The duty before us is clear, however hard the part may seem. Some will lose their lives; others will be maimed; many will return.

MEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK—Once upon a time there was a man who said that he would rather be a live coward than a dead hero.

What is Your Choice at the Present Time?
The Question is Up to You Today!