

the British soldiers. He was a private of another Regiment, and had been captured the previous day by a marauding party of Germans, and had been held a prisoner at the farm where the Germans waited in ambush. The man at once recognized what was intended, and though he knew that if he made the slightest sound he would be killed, he decided to make a dash to warn the approaching British soldiers of what was in-store. He had more than a dozen bullets in him, and there was not the slightest hope of his recovery. He was carried into a house until the fight was ended, and then buried next day with full military honours. His identification disc and everything else was missing, so that they could only put over his grave the scriptural words, "He saved others, himself he could not save." We are not surprised to read that there was not a dry eye among those soldiers when they laid him to rest in that little village. His name will never be known, but his self-sacrificing deed will ever be fragrant in the hearts of his comrades, and of all who hear the story. With deepest reverence, we may use it as an illustration of the still greater love of Him, Who laid down His life for His friends when He endured the Cross and despised the shame, that He might become a ransom for many. Of Him His enemies said what was literally true, "He saved others, Himself He could not save."

### A Plain Testimony

A recent report of a Sabbath Observance Committee tells of a Chinese who, immediately after his conversion, posted on his laundry door these words: "This place not open on Sunday, I are a Christian." While the English is not quite above reproach, the prompt effort toward a logical conclusion might well be emulated by Canadian Christians. Our relation to Christ is intended to affect every part of our personal and social life, and there ought to be an immediate and definite connection between what we profess and what we do. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." "How call ye Me Lord, and do not the things that I say?"

### A Need of the Church

At a recent service a leading scholar emphasized the urgency at the present time of speaking boldly and freely the things of the Gospel of the Grace of God. He felt the need for plain speech, for absolute reality, and for perfect intelligibility. The counsel is wise and timely, for the opportunity afforded to preachers at the present moment is, perhaps, without precedent in its magnificent opportunity for proclaiming the simple, positive, spiritual truth concerning Christ and His Gospel. Many hearts and minds are particularly receptive just now, and preachers will be well advised if they seize the occasion to pour in the "Balm of Gilead," the Gospel of Grace, Peace, Comfort, and Strength.

## Individuals and Nations

Lord Rosebery frequently reveals a remarkable faculty for expressing imperial thoughts in brief phrases. On a recent occasion he said that the British Empire is fighting for "liberty, honour, and public faith." These are no empty words, for they embody the policy which has made our Empire great, and will alone keep it great. Our liberty is something that we dare not and will not surrender, even in time of War. Honour has always been a choice pos-

session, both in private life, and for the most part in public dealings. It is hardly too much to say that the intense jealousy with which the honour of our public men is guarded is unique in the world. The term "public faith," as used by Lord Rosebery, is only another word for international honour, the keeping of solemn agreements between nations. How a people deliberately violated the neutrality of Belgium, which it had pledged its honour to guarantee, is inexplicable to the people of the British Empire. That Germany has been secretly scheming for this War, has been proved beyond all doubt by the publication of the French Yellow Book. So long ago as May, 1913, a secret German report advised that the people must be accustomed to the idea of an aggressive War; that the matter must be so managed that powerful armaments, considerable sacrifices, and a strained political situation would cause the commencement of War to be regarded as a relief; and that preparation must be made from the financial standpoint without arousing the mistrust of financiers. All this sheds a flood of light on the conceptions of "liberty, honour, and public faith" at the German Official Headquarters.

These circumstances have a very important bearing on the deepest matters connected with individual and corporate Christian life. In particular, it raises the question whether there is or is not a double moral standard, one for individuals and the other for nations. Many people seem to think that if an individual is faithful to his family and honourable with his neighbour, he may be free to indulge in sharp practice in trade, to concoct shrewd plans to outwit customers, or to manifest callous indifference to the necessities of his work-people. "Business is business," people urge. But this is a point on which the Christian Church ought to have something very definite to say. If moral principles are not identical in private life and in public affairs, then there is an end to essential morality. The War has concentrated attention on this problem in a very startling way. It is being argued that things which are intolerably wrong in an individual can be done by a government without impunity because "necessity knows no law." A private person must fulfil his obligations to the letter, but a nation may keep its engagements only when its promises harmonize with its interests. Lord Beaconsfield years ago spoke about "Peace with Honour," but latterly we have been reminded that international treaties are only "scraps of paper." Then, too, it is apparently believed that untruthfulness and deceit, while objectionable in an individual, are justifiable in a nation. A Missionary in China has written home to say that people in England can hardly realize how much it has meant to British Missionaries to be kept supplied with the latest news through the British Consul, since this has been the only method of checking the grossly inaccurate stories circulated in China day by day by the Germans. One instance of this is given, that on the first day of the War all the German papers declared that the British Navy lost four Dreadnoughts sunk, and six disabled in an action off Leith, the German losses being confined to a few torpedo boats. Up to a quite recent date the Germans in China have been vouching for the accuracy of the report. We wonder what useful purpose such wholesale falsehood can serve. How is Germany's cause going to be ultimately benefited by such methods "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight." This is the rule of the Kingdom of Heaven, both for individuals and nationalities. No person or state that attempts to found its life upon such a foundation can hope to stand. With all the badness in the

world, the testimony of history is perfectly clear as to one thing, that nations which build on untruth, sooner or later see the structure fall to ruin. Even though Germany should win in the present struggle, the triumph could only be a temporary one, for she would be helped to victory by such unworthy means that her national life would soon prove to be without reality and vigor.

There is no doubt that the greatest battle now being fought is that which this War has brought into prominence—the battle to establish the identical authority of the moral law in individuals and communities. There is only one morality between man and man, and it is equally applicable to large numbers as to private persons. The supreme principle is "Be true, be righteous," and all people everywhere are included in this requirement. The old saying which is in absolute harmony with the eternal principles of our Master is as true today as ever: "Let justice be done, even though the heavens fall."

### A SCRAP OF PAPER.

In the War of 1870 at one place when the dead were being buried a trace of blood led the searchers to a shady spot, where they found a French sergeant lying dead with his hand tightly clenched in death pressed to his lips. In his clenched hand was a scrap of paper, which they forced from it and read. It was a letter from his little girl of five, which, when mortally wounded, he had crawled here to read with the last light of his dying eyes, and it ran thus: "Dear Father,—I miss you so much. I miss you most morning and evening, when I used to kiss you. I try to be good, as you told me, and kind to mamma.—Your loving little girl, Marguerite."

Here in this leafy place  
Quiet he lies;  
Cold with his sightless face  
Turned to the skies;  
'Tis but another dead:  
All you can say is said.

Carry the body hence;  
Kings must have slaves;  
Kings rise to eminence  
Over men's graves;  
So this man's eyes are dim,  
Cast the earth over him.

What was that white you touched,  
There by his side?  
Paper his hand had clutched  
Tight ere he died?  
Message or wish may be?  
Smooth out its folds and see.

Hardly the worst of us  
Here could have smiled,  
Only the tremulous  
Words of a child,  
Message that has for stops  
Just a few ruddy drops.

See! She is sad to miss  
Morning and night  
His—her dead father's—kiss,  
Tries to be bright;  
Kind to mamma and sweet,  
That is all—Marguerite.

Ah! That beside the dead  
Slumbered the pain!  
Ah! That the hearts that bled  
Slept with the slain!  
That the grief died. But no!  
Death will not have it so!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

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