

better world shall be begotten of all these terrible birth pangs we to-day endure. And anything more fatal to the happy birth of a new era than the breakdown after the war of this Alliance I cannot conceive.

Permit me then in conclusion to draw your attention to some of the things that have in them an element of danger. I am not now thinking of the difficulties that may surround the making of peace. These the wisest cannot forecast. I am not attempting to deal with any great things, but only some of the small, but, as I think, important matters. For in democracies the little things count. And it is often the seemingly little things that create a bad or a good atmosphere, as the case may be.

Let me give an example. A man who had recently come from the United States said to me with some bitterness the other day: "The Americans are saying that they are going to win the war for us." "They are bound to take all the credit for it." Now, the constant repetition of such things, on the one side, and the resentment they provoke on the other side, are a source of danger. They may be but mosquito stings, but the mosquito sting injects a tiny drop of poison into the human system. It is not merely a political alliance we want, but we want a union of heads and hearts that shall be enduring. For this there must be a generous spirit on both sides. There must be true magnanimity, a large mindedness that will destroy all petty vanities on the one hand, and all petty irritability on the other.

With reference to such sayings as that I have referred to as an illustration of a considerable number of possible contributing causes to the growth of an injurious public opinion, may I offer the following suggestions:—

(a) The longer I live and observe both the past in the form of history, and the present in the form of experience, the more convinced I feel of the tremendous danger of generalization. Observe the form in which my friend expressed his irritation, "The Americans are saying" this, that and the other. "The Americans," that is a generalization. It implies all Americans, and it produces that psychological effect in the mind of the hearers. An effect of irritation is produced on all those who hear the remark. The mosquito bite becomes contagious.

Suppose, now, my friend had said: "One American said this and that." What a different impression that would produce. In the world of religion this habit of generalization is rampant and does untold harm. We bring railing accusations against the Roman Catholic Church, or the Methodist Church, and the Roman Catholic Church brings railing accusations against Protestantism and so on. The great Edmund Burke once said, and I think it was in reference to the United States, when feeling between that little colony, as it then was, and the Motherland was acute: "You cannot draw an indictment against a whole nation." These are ten words of solid wisdom. Beware of making easy generalizations. You may make them in reference to material things. But you cannot make them at all. I venture to say, in reference to human character, disposition, sentiment, judgment or desire.

(b) In the next place I would offer this: Pay as little attention as you can to what the little people say, and as much attention as possible, to what the big people say. Form no general judgment of a people, but let the weightier part of your judgment be formed from the weightier part of any nation, that is that part which is creating the best public opinion. Look for the good in a nation as you should in an individual. Do not form your opinions from the casual chat of the hotel lobby, or the sensations of the yellow press. Of course they are to be noted. But of vastly more importance are the considered utterances of the great statesmen, the wisest university men, the best press, the noblest preachers. Think of the many splendid utterances from American citizens we have had since the war began, at our Canadian Club lunches, both of men and women, and in many patriotic and charitable gatherings.

Ephraim shall not envy Judah; and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.

So spoke a great prophet. He was talking of the relations between related peoples. That is what we have been speaking of this morning. You say it is all very good, but is it the Gospel? Why my dear friends, of course it is the Gospel? What did the angels sing?

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Goodwill amongst men was at any rate one-half of the Gospel. Goodwill amongst nations was

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## Some Thoughts on Christian Reunion

Rev. W. G. BOYD, Victoria, B.C.

THERE have been times when the organic unity of Christendom has been lightly esteemed and recklessly broken. Those days are surely passing. If a united Christendom is yet but a vision, it is, at any rate, a vision fraught with power and prompting to action. If there are still some to whom it seems but a pious aspiration, yet in the hearts of many it quickens prayer and thought and provokes a mighty hope. And amid all the busy life of the world and above all the strife of tongues, they hear the never-ceasing throb of a prayer that will not be denied, "that they all may be one . . . that the world may believe that Thou didst send me," "that they all may be one . . . that the world may know that Thou didst send me and lovedst them, even as Thou lovedst me."

With many it may be the practical arguments for reunion which weigh most. In Canada, the sparseness of the population and the vastness of the area over which it is scattered, together emphasize the waste of religious effort involved in our divisions. Several religious bodies are each trying to cover the whole ground, and oftentimes two or three missionaries are travelling over the same district to minister to a mere handful of people, while other districts are unevangelized and unshepherded. Something has been done in recent years to moderate the evil of competition in some parts of the Foreign Mission Field, but the disunion of Christians still remains one of the chief hindrances to the work of the evangelization of the world. Our soldiers at the front have known what it is to be units in one vast effort for the welfare of mankind, and they return to find the army of Christ, with its still nobler and vaster work to do, divided into a number of separate groups like so many rival commercial enterprises. Again, it is our divided state that is responsible for the fact that we have a system of education that fails terribly in character-producing quality, and is leaving a large proportion of the rising generation absolutely ignorant of the Christian faith. For in excluding from the curriculum of our public schools all religious instruction (this is written in British Columbia), we have taken away the true basis of ethical theory and the most effective motive for right conduct.

Side by side with these practical arguments there are heart-searching questions which go yet deeper. Are we not all beginning to recognize that our past history and present position demand from us humility and penitence, as well as pride and satisfaction? What Anglican is there who does not think with shame of the lack of sympathy, patience and statesmanship which caused so much of the fruit of Wesley's inspired preaching to separate from the Church to which he belonged? And will not a Methodist to-day acknowledge that the vagaries of some of Wesley's followers made for the authorities of the Church of England a situation extraordinarily difficult to handle? It may be admitted that there was much to justify the original schism by which this or that Communion came into being long years ago, but there remains the question whether such division can rightly be perpetuated to-day. It may be admitted that this or that denomination separated from its parent body in defence of some vital aspect of truth, but there emerges a question whether the antagonism thus brought about did not involve the loss of some complementary truth also vitally important. Truth is many-sided. The wise man will be fearful of so emphasizing one aspect of it, as to close his mind to others. Reunion with Rome is at present admittedly impracticable, but it is by no means certain that the Catholic presentation of Christianity and the Evangelical are as incompatible with one another, as we have been accustomed to think. Many members of the Anglican Church are fundamentally Catholic, in their reverence for authority, whether it be the authority of antiquity or of office; in their attitude towards ceremonial; and in their conception of sacramental grace. On the other hand, many are fundamentally Protestant and Evangelical in the emphasis they place on individual responsibility and personal faith. But are there not also many—and among them some of our most revered teachers—who hold and reconcile in themselves both tendencies? The One Holy Catholic Church of the future will welcome many truths which have at one time or another been watchwords of division.

## "Little Mother"

NURSING SISTER MARGARET J. FORTESQUE

Murdered by the Huns on the "Llandovery Castle."

A tribute from one who has been benefited by her kindness.

ON a beautiful night in April, 1916, I was carried into "D" Ward of No. 3 Canadian General Hospital in France. There I met "Little Mother" for the first time. The title "Little Mother" (bestowed upon her by the patients whom she nursed) tells the story of the character and work of this noble woman better than any lengthy detailed description ever could. Sister Fortesque not only nursed, but mothered us. At night as she went about smoothing every cot she passed and thus soothing every inmate therein, each man thought of his own mother and childhood days and to many a father there came visions of "kiddies" at home. We were all heroes to her. "Look what you have done and what you have been through," she would reply, if we said the Sisters were doing more than their share. It would take columns to relate all that she did for the boys; how she gave of her means as well as her strength; even doing her own laundry that she might have more money to buy tobacco and other comforts for her soldier laddies, and how her great heart reached out to her boys' home folk! "Tommie, have you written home? If you can't I'll do it for you; your people must know." She gave me a handkerchief embroidered with blue birds and said: "Send this to your wife and say the blue birds are looking after you." "Little Mother" refused promotion because she thought she could do more for the boys as a regular nursing sister, and seemed the happiest when getting the boys ready for "Blighty," giving the last touches to their toilets, adjusting a Balachava cap here, a bed-sock or muffler there and seeing that each one had a handkerchief. Then the fond hand-shake and kindly wishes for a safe trip and quick recovery.

"Little Mother" earned the Victoria Cross as much as any man in the army. Think of it: Four years of untiring labour and fearless devotion; often caring for the wounded and dying in sound of guns and while bombs crashed through the hospital roof; through cold and heat; long days and dreary nights of ceaseless care. Then murdered by the ruthless Hun.

Miss Fortesque was typical of that noble order of women, Angels of Mercy; splendid as their founder, Florence Nightingale, who, when men are wounded, nurse them back to life and inspire them with a desire to return to the front to help make the world a fit place for women to live in.

I know that "Little Mother's" last thought would be one of thankfulness that there were no wounded on board.

The following is a copy of a part of a letter she wrote some months ago:—

"What a good time we shall have when all this is ended. Our boys will need as much courage after the war as now, only of a different order. Many people won't understand them, and it is going to be most trying to find other men in their places and no room for them. You will be there to cheer them up and live over the trench days, and sympathize with and help the lad who takes a drop too much. There will be lots of work to do at home, so don't fret if the other boys are sending off your fire crackers. There is another work for you to do before the shadows fall into the sunrise; some other work before our day's work here is ended; to give us an idea of what that wonderful to-morrow's work will be, after a short night of rest much needed. We are all going there. I don't dread it. No. I want to prove my soul; it is all too interesting to dread, and there is so much love about and somehow where Tommie goes with a smile, I must go. I want to see more of my boys who have passed out of my hands like ships in the night; so patiently, knowing all is right. Though I know I have no right to expect to go as they do, for I have made no sacrifice. Yet there is some place this clumsy, though wonderful body can't go, and until it is worn out, I must be content, but after—a beautiful new gown in which I can go anywhere."

Nursing Sister Fortesque has now passed "from the shadows into the sunrise," ever brave and unafraid, knowing nothing else save the doing of her duty, no matter what the cost. We, who received her tender ministrations have the proud and reverent memory of a good woman; and bear silent tribute to a devoted loving "Little Mother."

From Pte. 453717, 58th Battalion, C.E.F.  
Brantford, Ont., July 19th, 1918.