

ously wealthy man and lived in Newcastle on Tyne; he had great brickfields, he owned several newspapers, he was a great orator on the platform and in the House of Commons. He was a quiet little man living amid all the surroundings that wealth could give—though he drank nothing, ate a very little, and dressed like a poor provincial Nonconformist. Yet this darling of fortune carried bombs for Mazzini over all parts of Europe at the time when Italy was striving for her independence. Englishmen fought as common soldiers in the Italian army. In my own time several Englishmen went and fought for Greece; some of them were killed.

That spirit of emotionalism was brought out when once we succeeded in getting the real story of Ireland to the hearts, the consciences and the minds of Englishmen. There were plenty of Englishmen who would have sacrificed everything for Ireland—money, political position, personal reputation. For years I saw men coming up every Monday morning for their great businesses in the provinces, from their splendid homes, from their wives and children; and steadily, quietly, saying nothing, not even trying to get Parliamentary reputation, satisfied with just trudging through the division lobbies of the House of Commons and voting down Sir Edward Carson and the other enemies of the Irish cause. I often wished that some of my countrymen who had never left Ireland and never known an Englishman intimately, could have seen this spectacle so as to get some idea of what the real, as distinguished from the imaginary Englishman was like.

It has now come to this, that the Englishman in a way understands the Irishman better than the Irishman understands the Englishman. But even now there are plenty of Englishmen who don't in the least understand the Irishman, and especially the English militarist who still dreams that Ireland can be separated from her determination to have her liberty by a judicious application of stern methods. However, that type of Englishman is rare, as witnesses the immense movement for a settlement of the Irish question which followed on the very morning after the suppression of the rebellion in Dublin. And curiously enough, while many Irishmen still dislike the Englishman, the Englishman prefers the Irishman, at least individually, to any of the other races that make up the four countries.

One of the proofs of this extraordinary division between the two peoples is the credence which was given in apparently good faith by many of the organizers of the recent rebellion to the military facts of the situation. When I was a lad of sixteen a Fenian organizer, just before the Fenian rebellion, assured me with an air of perfect conviction that there was no doubt of Ireland's ability to conquer her liberty against any force that England could bring into Ireland; and he gave me as proof of that a quotation from a speech by some jingo Tory attacking the Liberal government of the day, declaring that England had no real navy. "England," said my Fenian friend, "has only four rotten ships. Read the speech of Sir John Lubbock,"—a now forgotten, but then popular jingo Tory spokesman of the Opposition. Within a week after this conversation my friend was in flight. The insurrection had been put down. There were exactly the same kind of tales in circulation in Ireland just before the rebellion. A priest went to some of the leaders of the coming insurrection and remonstrated with them on the folly and hopelessness of their enterprise. He was listened to quite calmly, and then Pearson—one of the leaders of the insurrection who was afterward executed, declared quite sincerely, "I am sure that there was such a complete fleet of German submarines around the Irish coast that not a single soldier could be landed in Ireland. Some twenty thousand were landed within the course of a few days after this statement, and no German submarine made its appearance. It was declared that 20,000 German soldiers were about to arrive; and in some case the statement was made that they had already arrived on the Irish shores. Not one, as everybody knows, was landed. There were other stories quite as fantastic, such as the fall of Verdun, the submission of France to Germany, etc., etc. It is a tragic object lesson in the vast moral distance that still lies between the two islands that stories so palpably false could find absolute faith among the minds of even such intelligent men as many of the leaders of the recent rebellion undoubtedly were. I have no doubt that some of these stories were deliberately set afloat by German agents from America. These agents must have known the absolute falsity of their statements; but what did that matter so long as the unfortunate men—some of them old men, some of them young lads—were induced by the agents to raise this insane movement.

On the other hand, looking to the other side of this tragic misunderstanding between the two peoples, a large number of people in England, including the men responsible for the administration in Ireland, could not be got to see that the postponement of Home Rule was dangerous, that a suspicion had grown up that Ireland was to be tricked once more by England; and all the other signs and symptoms of coming disaster were told to English ears without producing the least impression. The horrible result at one time seemed to be inevitable, that the

work done by Butt, Parnell and their successors for forty years, of reconciling the two peoples and making them understand each other better, was about to fall to the ground. It is a strange paradox; it is almost a miracle that such a tragic result did not come, that the life's work of all these Irish leaders and British statesmen was not undone in the course of a few hours, and that, with that strange tendency to paradox which always seems to haunt English and Irish relations, this insane misunderstanding led to a clearer survey of the situation from both the English and the Irish point of view, and led up to the biggest attempt yet made to bring the two nations to final settlement of their centuries old misunderstanding.

THE GOOD SOLDIER

By a Canadian C. F.

"Take thy part in bearing hardship as a good soldier of Christ Jesus" (11 Tim., II. 3.)

It is remarkable that when the Apostle St. Paul wished to hold up to his favorite disciple a model to follow, the model he proposed was the soldier. The good soldier is indeed a type after which the Christian must pattern himself. For the soldier is by his very calling obliged to practise, even in an heroic degree, three of the most important of Christian virtues. He must leave, at the call of duty, his friends, his business, his pleasures; and this is the Christian virtue of renunciation. He must be subject to authority from the moment he rises in the morning till he retires at night; and this is the Christian virtue of obedience. He must bear hardship daily with patience and courage; and this is carrying one's cross after Christ. Hence it was not without reason that St. Paul proclaimed the ideal soldier to be an ideal Christian.

The first virtue a soldier is called upon to practise is the virtue of renunciation. "No soldier on service," says St. Paul, "entangleth himself with secular business." (11 Tim., II. 4.) The first thing that is required of the recruit is that he leave his family and friends, pleasure and business. From the moment he is a soldier, his main object in life can no longer be to make money or to enjoy himself. If thus far in his life he has been a slave to Mammon, or a slave to pleasure, these bonds are snapped the moment he puts on a military uniform. He leaves all in response to the call of duty. Now if this be done from a supernatural motive, the soldier, no matter what his past, is already beginning to practise the highest form of Christianity. He may be quite unconscious of this. He may think that he is doing quite an ordinary thing. Yet, provided his intention is to fulfil the duty imposed on him by God, his lack of self-consciousness does not detract from the merit of his act. Rather it adds to it, as it prevents religious pride or pretentiousness. He has quite simply left all to do the will of God by serving his country.

Now Christ has promised many things to him who abandons all. He promised, first of all, that he who should hate or deliberately lose all, should find Himself. Renunciation is the price which must be paid for personal liberty. "He that loveth his life loseth it." (John xii. 25.)

The self-lover may gain the whole world, but he forfeits his own self. The terrible penalty for him who so loves his friends, and his pleasures, and his position, that he cannot bring himself to leave them at the imperious call of duty, is that he "forfeits his own soul." (Luke ix., 24, 25.) He forfeits his liberty, and becomes slave of the commonplace, of the daily routine in which he has lived. He forfeits the right to be esteemed by himself or by others. He is a shirker, a cowardly slave. On the other hand, the man who willingly comes to the colours from a conscientious motive, breaks all these bonds at a single blow, and finds himself perhaps for the first time in many years. But this is not all. He not merely finds himself when he is ready to lose all, he gains at the same moment a hundred-fold. He gains this here and now. His character is ennobled and enriched by the sacrifice which he has made. He who was selfish and mediocre becomes unselfish and heroic. His grateful fellow-citizens recognize him as such, and shower upon him their favours. On the other hand, should he not survive for this, but be killed in the virtuous performance of his duty, his reward will be all the greater: it will be eternal and infinite happiness in heaven.

All this, however, is conditional on the fact that the spirit of renunciation should not merely consecrate the act of enlistment, but should dominate the whole life of the soldier. Nor is this asking too much. It is not too much to demand that he who gives up perfectly lawful pleasure, such as home, position and friends, should at the same time renounce perfectly unlawful pleasure—such as swearing, drunkenness and impurity. He is not a true soldier, no matter how many medals he wears, who seeks to make up for his sacrifice of lawful pleasures by the indulgence of his basest passions. Since you, O soldier! have renounced the good things of this world, cling not foolishly to the wicked things. Shun drunkenness and impurity as you would shun cowardice and treason: for the drunken and impure soldier is a coward and a traitor. Let the

renouncement of sin follow your renouncement of civilian pleasure. Then you will follow not merely your country's flag, but also Christ the King. Then you will not merely be a soldier, but a good soldier of Christ Jesus.

However, this renouncement of the pleasures of civil life by no means constitutes the life of a soldier. It is but the negative part of his life; it is little more than the initiation ceremony. The soldier's life consists in obedience.

Now it may be truly claimed that there are very few callings in this world which require such constant, prompt and unquestioning obedience as is required in the army. The soldier has no will of his own. He rises when he is told, eats what he is given, goes where he is sent, and does what he is ordered. Like his Master, he is obedient unto death. He knows that he may be called upon daily to face death in the performance of his duties, yet he obeys. Why? Not merely because if he disobeys he will be punished, but from a far higher motive. The Christian soldier obeys because he loves God who orders his obedience, and because he loves his neighbour who benefits by his obedience. This is not rhetoric. The soldier who has faith in God obeys, because duty willingly accepted urges him to do so. Now duty willingly accepted is love.

Such a soldier was the centurion of Capernaum, who said: "I am also a man subject to authority, having under me soldiers; and I say to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doth it." This captain, who had authority over others, rightly understood that he, too, was subject to authority, that he, too, must practise the same obedience as the humblest soldier. The centurion, however, had too deep and broad a view of obedience to confine it to the fulfilment of military orders. He recognized the authority of God. He knew and believed that Christ's word was a command. "Say but the word and my servant shall be healed" is his prayer to Christ. All he asked of Christ was the command: "Be it done." He knew that both he and his batman owed absolute obedience to Christ. His prayer, full of faith, hope and humility, has, with a tiny variation, been incorporated in the Mass, and is repeated daily by millions of Christians: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, say but the word and my soul shall be healed." His obedience in spirit of duty to his superior officers, and his obedience in spirit of faith to God, brought forth from Our Lord the complete commendation: "And Jesus, hearing the centurion, marvelled; and turning to the multitude who followed Him, He said: Amen, I say to you I have not found so great faith, not even in Israel." (Luke vii.) And it was perhaps in a special manner of soldiers that Christ was thinking when He added: "And I say to you, that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

Thousands of soldiers have come from as far west as Canada, and as far east as Australia, and after an heroic obedience unto death, are now sitting in the kingdom of heaven. Thousands who wandered far east and west of the right line of duty, have merited a seat with the patriarchs by sacrificing themselves for their country.

The obedience of the soldier becomes equivalent to bearing hardship patiently, if necessary even unto death. Bearing hardship is the same as carrying one's cross. In a civilian's life, hardship is frequently merely an episode. In a soldier's life it frequently is the rule. The good soldier bears hardship patiently, willingly, courageously. The greater the hardship willingly borne whether in camp, field or hospital, the greater the likeness to Christ. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily." (Luke ix., 13.) The title—good soldier—can be applied only to him who takes his part in bearing hardship as a true Christian. It is such a soldier that St. Paul holds up to our imitation when he tells Timothy, "Take thy part in bearing hardship as a good soldier of Christ Jesus." (11 Tim., II. 3.) St. Paul knew what a soldier's life was. He had been a soldier himself. St. Paul knew what it was to bear hardship. He was beaten with rods, imprisoned, shipwrecked, betrayed, reviled. He was always working, always fasting, always praying. Ease and worldly pleasures were strangers to him. After thirty years of such a life, during which in spite of frequent infirmities, he did more work than any man then living, he crowned his sacrifice by offering up his life for his God. St. Paul did, what each one of us should strive with all the force of his soul to do; he took his part in bearing hardship as a good soldier of Christ Jesus!

MGR. PETRELLI

LIKELY TO BECOME NEXT ARCHBISHOP OF MANILA, P. I.

(By Catholic Press Association Cable)

Rome, June 1.—It is considered probable that Archbishop Hartley, who has been appointed head of the new Province of Omaha, Neb., will be succeeded in the archbishopric see of Manila, P. I. by Archbishop Petrelli, formerly Bishop of Lipa, P. I., who will continue to be the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, to which office he was appointed on June 11, 1915.

JAMES JEROME HILL

A vast void spreads today its darkening lines into the public life of our City and our State, and farther, far into the whole country beyond us. Will it ere long close upon the shadows to which it has given room? That now at least seems the impossible. And should it so happen in the future that the void be filled by other men and other agencies, this much will be true, that filled it will have been by many men and many agencies—not by one single dominating figure, such as the past years have been used to unfold to our gaze. James Jerome Hill has been wrested from earthly life—and the gaping void is near and around us.

The country speaks so loudly, so harmoniously of the hero now blotted from vision, that nothing remains to The Catholic Bulletin to be said in words than that it takes its amplest and sincerest part in the general tribute of admiring and loving sorrow.

The great man, not merely of St. Paul or of Minnesota, but of America, is dead: St. Paul, Minnesota, America, wipe the surging tear-drop from the eyelid, and give themselves over to the mourning of the soul which is admiration of power of mind and sincerest affection of heart.

Mr. Hill, assuredly, was the great man. His vision of wondrous possibilities: his the acuteness of sight to survey them in their every detail, as well as in the full comprehensiveness of their far-reaching grasp; his the patience to unfold them into timely development, the master skill to guide into safest moorings the waves of that development. True, he had beneath his feet, in the soil of America, in its plains and mountains, the foundations of that prosperity, which nowhere else has attained parallel heights: but the genius was called for to seize upon those foundations in opportune times, when none others perceived them, to rush them into fruition while obstacles to others insurmountable confronted the prospect, while a hundred co-operations impossible to others to marshal into unified form were in the seeking, to bring forth into vivid life the elements of chaos, the uncertainties of mere possibilities. The needed genius suddenly loomed up in James Jerome Hill—and this is why he is hailed today as the great man of America. The achievements of Mr. Hill are so real, so vividly seen, that descriptions of them were veriest futilities. And this the peculiar merit of those achievements: they were in fore-vision, in partition, in final execution the work of the one man—James J. Hill himself, who, whencesoever the collaborators he had summoned to his aid, always held all things in his own directing hand, under the inspiration of his own far-seeing mind.

And his achievements, as they were, always were honorable in their aims and their means, always tending to the widening of the welfare and the prosperity of his fellow-men. The successes he won were not the fruit of the manipulations of stocks and bonds, nor that of the subterfuge and the shrewdness of industry and commerce: they were the blossoming of the earth, of hitherto arid wastes, bidden yield their treasures to the imperial command of mind and of industry.

He is called the Empire-Builder: and justly so. But the Empire that sprang into form under the touch of his hand is peopled with the multitudes who have their peaceful and happy homes wherever the eagles of his Empire have fluttered their triumphant wings—and tens of thousands of minds and of hands have occupied and rewarded, wherever bubble forth the industries to which his ambitions and labors have given entity and action.

The coldness to aught else than self, so often the encircling shade of greatness of plan and of execution, never dimmed the warmth of the atmosphere of the imperial conqueror, that was James Jerome Hill. The proof of this is the love, the love for James Jerome Hill, that pervades the tributes of whatever other nature, from whatever class of men, high or low in the reckoning of the world, that poured forth from sorrowing hearts at the announcement of his death. Who doubts of this, who witnessed the fifteen hundred of the servants of the Great Northern Railroad, bestowing their last glimpse upon his lifeless body, before its consignment to the grave? Who doubts of this, who heard the words spoken in his praise by countless asylums of charity and of religion, by countless private homes across whose threshold so often went in unheralded voice his gifts of mercy and compassion?

Speaking for the Catholic Church in the Northwest, The Catholic Bulletin remembers gratefully his gifts to its institutes of charity and of learning. Of those the saintly act of his beneficence to St. Paul Seminary will forever make memorable his honored name. His gift of \$500,000 endowed the Diocese of St. Paul, the Church of the Northwest, with a nursery of the priesthood, to be forever a benediction before God and men.

Mr. Hill was always tenacious of the vital principles of religion. Always he deplored the materialistic spirit of the times, holding fast to the eternal truth that upward above the visible and the tangible must be the trend of humanity, if it is to escape ruin and death. To him the one source of human progress and human hope was the Christian faith. As once he said in a public discourse—"Wherever through history the

Christian faith shed its teachings there was supernatural light and life for humanity; wherever its teachings were veiled, there was darkness and lowliness of uplift." And his many acts of life, touching upon religion, made evident that for him the Christian faith which he admired and revered, has its embodiment in the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church was the Church of his intellect and of his heart. Better, indeed, if those many years had been illumined by actual submissive practice and its ordinances and precepts. God is the supreme judge: to Him we remit faith and practice. The prayers of the Catholic Church were heard by James Jerome Hill as his earthly life was nearing its close: its sacred rites were ministered to him; and when all was over its chants of imploration re-echoed around his coffin. May eternal rest be his with his Creator and Saviour!—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE SADNESS OF WAR

At no time, perhaps, are the cruelty and horror of war more keenly realized than when trainloads of maimed and wrecked humanity return as waste from the fields of battle. Then the sadness and pity of it all become appalling. William T. Martin, who witnessed the homecoming of the *grande blessés* in Paris, released from their foreign prison camps at the Holy Father's mediation, attempts to describe such a scene. In one of the glimpses given us we behold a mother anxiously seeking for her son among the new arrivals. Suddenly with a shriek she faints. She has recognized her boy. As she recovers from her shock she throws her arms about his neck:

"He stands on one leg and a wire substitute for the other. An arm clasped about the waist of the woman is helpless. The soldier, he is very tall, bends over the woman stillly and gives her a long passionate kiss. I shall never forget the look on his face. It is a smile, full of pain concealed, but a smile, and therein is written a knowledge of the dream of youth gone and the earnest ambitions of a little more than a year ago crushed forever. The woman is very happy, for he was long dead and is alive."

Other scenes, no less pitiful and even more soul-harrowing follow: "A soldier holds his sweetheart but sees her not, for he is blind forever, so he feels her face and smiles. A woman rushes into a soldier's arms and suddenly recoils to make doubly sure of his identity. Part of his face has been shot away. But he can see, and he stands up and throws his arms about her. He can only mumble indistinctly from a semblance of a mouth. But he does his best."

So the tale continues, too sad indeed for words. Yet men will blindly clamor for war where compromise or arbitration, a little patience or tolerance, might save thousands and millions of lives. A vengeful press agitates the people, brings pressure to bear upon rulers and politicians, misrepresents and exaggerates, intensifies disagreements and prevents attempts at reconciliation. So the stage is set for the dismal tragedy. Even a handful of capitalists and agitators may suffice to drive a nation into war and misery where there is no need for either.—America.

SIR EDWARD CARSON'S POSITION

The New Age (London)

In dealing with Sir Edward Carson at this particular moment in English history, Mr. Asquith has this advantage, that Sir Edward Carson has declared himself to be above all things patriotic. There is nothing, he professes, that he would not sacrifice to ensure the victory of this country over Prussia. Very well, let us take him at his word. As a professed patriot, what is it, we must ask him, that he can do for us that at the same time would be of the greatest service and that he alone can perform? Is it not the pacification of Ireland? General Botha, it is commonly assumed, has done great things for the Empire by the simple means of keeping South Africa loyal to us. Greater service Imperial statesmen could not have rendered. Should we, do you think, have been more grateful to General Botha if, leaving South Africa to ingeminate riots, he had come to this country to take part in our local recruiting politics? But that, it is plain, is exactly the parallel of what Sir Edward Carson has done.

BRILLIANT WRITER BECOMES CONVERT

BERNARD HOLLAND WELL KNOWN IN AMERICA THROUGH CONTRIBUTIONS—IS THE SON OF A MINISTER

Mr. Bernard Holland, one of the most brilliant of British writers, has been converted to Catholicity. Through his constant contributions for many years to such magazines as "The Outlook," "The Independent," and "The North American Review," Mr. Holland has become well known to Americans. He is a son of the late Rev. Francis J. Holland, Canon of Canterbury, and Chaplain to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII., by his wife, Mary Sibylla Frances, the most remarkable woman who turned Catholic in 1889, and whose life has been written by her son. (Mrs. Holland was the daughter of the Rev. Alfred H. Lyall (1795-1865) the philosopher, traveler, author and rector of Harbledown, Kent.) Mr. Holland

is a graduate of Eton and of Trinity College, Cambridge, a barrister and a politician. He is a constant contributor to all British reviews. Among his published works may be mentioned "Life of the Duke of Devonshire," "The Fall of Protection," a book of verse, and a volume of essays. Mr. Holland was created a Companion of the Bath in 1904.—Providence Visitor.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve fund diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary

J. M. FRASER.

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A MISSION OF REPENTANCE AND HOPE

The history of the nations has abundantly shown that a "paper blockade" is seldom effective. A "paper religion" can expect to meet with little more success. Again and again during the present European war attention has been directed to the fact that Anglicanism, in the crises in which it has been most needed, has proven itself most tragically wanting. It has been brought to light that in the zone of warfare the influence wielded by the Established Church in the lives of English soldiery is, to all intents and purposes, negligible. At home, voice after voice has been raised in denunciation of the national apathy with respect to religion. The (Anglican) Bishop of London speaks on his "pagan diocese, where not 8% of the population ever enter a church. There are whole streets within easy walk of Charing Cross and miles and miles in more obscure places, where the people literally live without God in the world."

And now to remedy the deplorable condition there is a scheme under way, fathered by a number of Anglican leaders, for the formation of a "National Mission of Repentance and Hope." God knows it is needed, and with all our hearts we trust it may succeed. But to speak candidly, we place small faith in any repentance in England short of a repentance for a four hundred year separation from a Mother who is calling her erring children back to the fold whence they have strayed, and a hope that means re-union with the Shepherd of Christendom who reigns upon the Seven Hills of the Eternal City.—New World.