

THE CHURCH AND THE WAR

"A Tide of Intercession"—Bishop of London's Great Sermon in St. Paul's, London, England Sunday, August 9th.

"The Cup Which My Father Hath Given Me, Shall I Not Drink It?" St. John xviii 11

The hour had struck at last, and the supreme test of the courage of the Son of Man had arrived; "the cup," to use His own imagery, which had been brought to His lips by a complicated series of events, nearly all of them the work of the devil, was before Him; it contained pain and sacrifice and death, and the loss of all He loved on earth, but He looked steadily past all secondary agencies straight up into His Father's face; in spite of the mistaken ideas of His own nation, and the pride of Caiaphas and the treachery of Judas, and the cowardice of Pilate, all of which had helped to bring to Him the cup. He saw that it came ultimately from His Father's hand—"the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Now what happened to Christ has happened to us—the hour has struck and the supreme test of the manhood of the British race has arrived, and we have assembled to-night to ask ourselves in God's House and in God's immediate Presence in what spirit we are to face it.

And we cannot do better than study carefully the way in which Jesus Christ Himself faced it, Who for 1300, and in some sense for 1,600 years has been the Leader and Inspirer of the British race.

The God-Given Trial

And first He was human enough to pray that the Cup might pass from Him and for the last fortnight, and indeed for many years, that prayer has been ascending from thousands of Christian hearts. We are under no delusion as to what war means; the cup is a bitter cup; it means death; those that we love dearer than life itself; it means immense material losses to all; if it lasts it means poverty and hardship to all (for rich and poor must stand together); it means dead and dying men and heartbroken women and fatherless children; and therefore we should have done wrong if we had not prayed "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

But it did not pass; it came, and to my mind, the unspeakable comfort of the whole situation is this—just as Christ recognized that, in spite of all secondary causes, it was His Father's Hands which held it to His lips, so may we do the same to-day. If once we begin dwelling upon the spirit of revenge in one country, the aggressive spirit of another, the pride of another, the treachery of another, as the agencies which have brought us the trial, we lower the whole ideal; it is God who has allowed this supreme test of our manhood and womanhood to come to us to-day; "the Father brings us the cup"—and "the cup which my Father has given me shall I not drink it?"

And He did drink it—calmly, with no personal bitterness, with even prayer for His enemies, without an uncharitable word. He drained it to the dregs—and because He drank it so, Heaven and earth has rung eternally to His honour.

With honour, honour, honour, eternal honour to Him, Name.

And the reason I have come here to myself tonight dear people, is to ask you—through you all the people of the Empire—to brace yourselves to drink the same cup your Saviour drank. "Are ye able to drink of the cup which I drink of, and to be baptised with the baptism I am baptised with?" May there be the answering response from one end of the Empire to the other, "We are able."

The Contents of the Cup

First, then let us look steadily at the cup which has been brought us and see what it contains. First it contains Death. But is Death the supreme disaster? Is it not possible that the terrors of Death have been much exaggerated?

It is not well that men should learn too soon.

The lovely secrets kept for them, that die.

For the brave and the pure and the forgiven, death is passing, head erect, eyes undimmed, honour unstained, from a life full of happiness here to a life of even greater happiness hereafter.

There is one thing at least far worse than Death, and that is Dishonour, and if it so happens that some dear boy, the darling of your home, passes with unadorned honour, and to uphold the nation's name into the presence of the Unseen, you will find him there, waiting for you, when your time comes, one of God's own children and kept most safely in His care. If a heathen poet with only a vague belief in another world could say: "a sweet and pleasant thing it is to die for your country," with how much more conviction should a Christian parent say the same!

But with death goes possibly poverty; thank God, unless some unforeseen disaster happens, we need not say starvation.

People can do much harm at this moment by panic and personal selfishness. With all the trade routes open, the ships and cargoes insured by the nation, there is no reason, if people keep their heads, why any of our population should be in dire extremity at all, or even why prices should very materially increase.

But it is the possible collapse of trade which will bring suffering, and which, as a great statesman has pointed out, probably would have brought it whether we were at war ourselves or not. It is the men who may be out of work who will test our endurance as a nation—and will call upon our sense of brotherhood to stand together.

And therefore at once let all the well to do and poor alike economise the resources of the nation. It may be the best lesson possible for the well to do to "endure hardness" as good soldiers of Christ Jesus, and the best lesson in brotherhood we shall ever have to endure it with the poor side by side. May it not be that this cup of hardship which we drink together shall turn out to be the very draught which we need?

Has there not crept a softness over of mere physical comfort among the nation, a passion for amusement, a love of luxury among the rich, and of mere physical comfort among the middle-class?

Not such was the nation which made the Empire, which crushed the Armada, which braced the hardships of old and drove the English "hearts of oak seaward round the world."

The Old Spirit

We believe that the old spirit is here just the same, but it needs a purifying cleansing draught to bring it back to its old strength and purity again, and for that second reason, the cup which our Father has given us, shall we not drink it?

But there is one further ingredient in the cup without which all else would be of no avail and that is sacrifice.

It is the want of this which lies at the bottom of all our nation's greatest evils! This is not a moment to denounce a nation's sins so much as to call forth its virtues, but who can say what the effect will be upon the nation's drink bill, the so-called social evil, and the gulf which grows up between class and class, if only right to the bottom we could drink and drink together the cup of sacrifice? "I am offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith," "Ich Dien," "I serve"—those are the motives which make a nation great.

And every hour we are seeing this spirit coming out today; every post brings offers from my clergy to go out as chaplains; every post brings to the War Office and Admiralty offers of service; thousands of women have been trained as nurses. May that spirit spread throughout the nation and the nation which has learnt to serve has learnt to live.

And at the bottom of the cup there will be Joy. "It was for the joy that was set before Him that he endured the Cross"—and there must be sweetness in any cup touched by our Saviour's lips.

"You have tasted the salt of life," said Lord Kitchener to the troops at the end of the South African War, "and you will not soon lose the taste of it."

And stern though the joy must be



THE BISHOP OF LONDON

In the present struggle for what you believe to be the independence of the small States of Europe, the claims of trustful friendship and the safety of your own sea-enclosed home, it is joy that carries you through privations and anxiety and poverty and even death itself—for it is a joy which the world can neither give nor take away.

Calmness, Charity, and Prayer

This, then, is the cup which is brought to our lips; it is brought by the great Father; it contains this mysterious mixture of death, poverty, sacrifice and joy—how are we to drink it?

First, as Christ drank it—absolutely calmly. Few things have been more striking than the self-control of the country up to now, and the calm courage of our rulers, and why should we not be calm?

Underneath are the Everlasting Arms. No man shall pluck you from out of My Father's hands.

"God reigneth," and we believe in this war we have "the answer of a good conscience."

And if calmly, so also with perfect charity. The man who answers in the Lutheran Church to the Bishop of Berlin, and one of his leading clergy were with me a few months ago; 500 of the German ministers visited our country, and we returned their visit a year or two ago. They are with their people now in their churches, praying too, but it is one united appeal to the great Arbitrator of all nations; it is the same prayer, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done," and both sides calmly appeal to the Infinite Wisdom to decide their quarrel—in the words of the fine prayer in the Prayer Book to be used before a battle: "Take the cause into Thine own hands, judge between us and our enemies."

The twenty-five German school-boys who were singing in my garden three weeks ago, in English, are still the same boys today; they are no more responsible for the war than those in this Cathedral; if Christ pray for His enemies so must we. We must pray against the success of their arm, but we can pray for the people themselves. I strongly suggest what one of our leading papers suggested a few days ago, that we should take particular care that the Germans in London on business may still receive the same kind treatment they have learnt to expect.

But, if with perfect charity to the actual people of our enemies, we drink the cup of sacrifice, with what prayerful love shall we send forth our friends! Think of the young naval officers in their first battle on the great North Sea, and the young sub-tern in his first battle on land, and the immense responsibility of those in command with the fate of a nation resting on their decision, and pray for them as you have never prayed before. Moses holding up his hands above the battle availed it as well as Joshua fighting in the thick of it. Plead on, ye sons, with love on lightened eyes.

Hold up your hands to where the angels gaze

With deep compassion on our human strife.

Prayer moves the world with power beyond amazement, and they who look beyond this mortal life

Know peace on earth, in Heaven hath great allies.

Draining the Cup

But once again, Christ drank the cup His Father brought Him, bravely to the last drop. There was no flinching, and no hesitation, and no complaining when it came to the supreme moment; He took it in His firm and strong hands and drained it to the bottom.

And so must the nation that we love do the same. It is an utter mistake to suppose that the Old Testament virtues are to be laid aside because the New Testament supplements them by humility and self-sacrifice and personal meekness; no! courage, fearless, undying courage is the special characteristic of the Christian soldier, as it was the special characteristic of Christ Himself.

We have no doubt about our soldiers and our sailors. They will show the undaunted courage of their race, but what the nation must show is the same quiet, undaunted courage week after week, and perhaps month after month, at home.

When lists of killed and wounded come in; when moments of suspense occur; when even greater sacrifices are asked, then we must pray for, and if we pray for it, we shall receive it, the courage which was shown on Calvary, undimmed and undaunted to the end. "The cup," then, "which My Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" With these words on its lips, let the British nation pass on to meet this great test of its manhood. It has glorious traditions to inspire it; it has a past of imperishable glory. May its present be worthy of its past!

SAYS ITALY HAS DECIDED TO JOIN ALLIES IN WAR

London, Sep. 16—There is a growing belief in diplomatic circles that Italy has at last decided definitely to aid the Allies against her former treaty associates. Confidential reports received today through diplomatic services indicated that the pressure from within is beginning to have its effect on the Italian Government.

Winard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Rheims Suffers Fate of Louvain

Famous Cathedral and Other Buildings Destroyed—Civilians Flee to Refuge.

Bordeaux, Sept. 20—12.55 p. m.—The minister of the interior announced today that the cathedral at Rheims had been destroyed by German artillery fire, and that all the other historic and public buildings of that city had been destroyed, or seriously damaged. The government, he said, had decided to address a note of protest to all the powers.

London, Sept. 20—11.05 p. m.—The famous Cathedral of Notre Dame at Rheims has been hit many times by German shells during the three days' bombardment of the town, according to the Evening News correspondent, who viewed the cathedral tower on Friday.

"Directly the shells began to hit the cathedral in the morning," says the correspondent, "some German wounded were brought in from the hospital and laid on straw in the nave, while Abbe Andriux and a Red Cross soldier pluckily went up to the tower and hung out two Geneva flags."

"I believe a shell which hit the building while I was there was a stray shot, for the German gunners could hardly miss so huge a mass, towering as it does above the town, if they really wished to reach it. But the houses close by were not spared. Shell after shell came whistling towards us and smashed into the houses, one of them just across the cathedral square."

"Under the cold, drifting rain clouds, one whole semi-circle of the horizon, edged by the heights on which the German batteries were mounted three miles away, was not a plain but an inferno of bursting shells. Those from the Germans landed anywhere within the space of a square mile. Sometimes it was just outside the town they fell, trying to find the French troops lying there in the trenches waiting to go forward to attack the hills, when their artillery had prepared the way; sometimes it was on the wool-combing mills of an English company, whose four chimneys made them a conspicuous mark; sometimes it was right in the heart of the town itself.

"Once, one of them, screaming

abominably, crashed through the transept roof of the other end of the cathedral. I shall never forget the act of horrified surprise and indignation that burst from the old sacristan as a shell smashed a hole in a tall house before our eyes: 'That's my house,' he shouted, as if the German gunners three miles away could hear his protest. Then his voice dropped to a key of bitter grief, 'Ah, the misery of it,' was all he said, and his face remained unmoved."

"The church of St. Remi, the most ancient ecclesiastical building in Rheims, received two shells and all the west rose windows were blown out."

According to this correspondent, few civilians were killed because virtually every one was underground for three days. The great champagne cellars were made barracks of refuge. The correspondent visited the coadjutor bishop of Rheims, who met him on the cellar steps.

"You will find us under ground," he said, with a smile on his good-humored face. Two chaplains were with him, reading breviaries in the cellar by lamp light.

"Meanwhile," adds the correspondent, "the courtesy and good nature shown to the German wounded left in the city was astonishing. While shells were falling around the temporary hospital in the nave, I found French officers talking to them, bringing wine and giving them every consideration. There was only one subject the Germans wanted to talk about. Was it not possible, they asked, to get a bigger Red Cross flag to put on the tower?"

"We started back to Paris through a torrential rain and a wind so strong that they seemed to be trying to imitate the fury of the men on the battle line. A shell had fallen on a railway embankment close by, and killed a man, a refugee. It was miserable enough for us; what must it have been for those wretched, homeless refugees whose burned out cottages we passed for mile after mile of blackened, ruined and forsaken countryside."

Shower of Steel Arrows Are Hurlled by French Aviators

A New Mode of Warfare Inaugurated in the Air—German Troops Surprised and Many Wounded When Novel Projectiles Were Showered Upon Them.

Berlin, Sept. 19—A shower of steel arrows, released by French aviators, over a mile high in the air, is the most modern terror of war, according to accounts of German wounded printed in the Munich Medical Weekly. The arrows, which are of pressed steel, from four to six inches long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, have a heavy pointed head and a skeletonized shaft. The arrows seem to have caused more surprise than actual damage. Only one man was killed by a head wound in the attack described, the others causing mostly flesh wounds.

The regiment to which the wounded belong, resting in close battalions, formation, paid little attention to two aviators circling a mile overhead, until the novel projectiles suddenly rained down, scattering far and wide.

Men were wounded in three companies.

The battery in the rear, at first non-plussed, later realized the source of the missiles, and as many as possible crawled under the wagon and escaped another shower of them.

JAPS WIN VICTORY OVER THE GERMANS

Tokio, Sept. 20—It is officially announced today that the Japanese expeditionary land forces attacked the Germans thirty miles north of Kiaochow and defeated them on September 18.

The Germans are said to have abandoned a fortified position, and fled in disorder.

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When you come to look over the matter, do you ever figure out what assurance you have that you will always cater to your present trade? How do you know but what your customers are passing your store and patronizing the man next door, who advertises? In all probability this is just what is going on, and there is only one way to stop this and that is to advertise. This you want to do in the

Union Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1867

one of the oldest papers in the Maritime Provinces. You say you never did advertise, and you do not believe it pays. Don't you think you are giving your own opinion rather a high rating when you put it against that of the great majority of those who do advertise? Surely majority is a better judge.

Do not let your mind rest too strongly on the amount of money you would have to pay; rather think of the increased business which is sure to be yours. You say you do not want any increase, because you would have to increase your staff. Well, if ten new customers came to your store every week would you turn them away? And if that number increased until you had to enlarge your staff of clerks, would you not do so, or would you neglect them? You would certainly increase your staff, attend promptly to your new patrons, and keep your stock of goods on the move, so why not make up your mind to-day to take a space in this paper and keep your name constantly before the buying public.

As an advertising medium, The Advocate is firmly taking its place at the head. If you, Mr. Merchant, are not among the number who are using its columns, why not talk the matter over with our representative and select a good space while you have a chance. We are at your service any time you wish to consult us, and would only be too glad to quote you rates. A telephone call will bring our representative to your store in ten minutes.

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