

freedom might not perish from the face of the earth

The brave men whom we specially commemorate have given us deep and abiding lessons of free, full and faithful service. They were devoted in life to the great cause for which our Empire is in arms, and they yielded up their young and valuable lives in the supreme sacrifice. Their names will be kept in constant memory, ever fresh and green. We name them over one by one the noble and true heroes who gave freely of their life blood that we might enjoy the blessings of liberty. We can never be grateful enough for all that they have wrought and suffered. They literally took our place, and bore our burdens, and died our death.

"Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That points us to the deathless goals—
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky."

In our roll of honour there are shining examples, lives as the ancient writer said, we might look into as though into a mirror, so salutary was their influence. Of one officer, the reference being to Capt. J. P. Edwards, who fell splendidly leading a detachment of engineers in support of a battalion, his preceptor wrote: "His presence and companionship were a benediction wherever he was." A brother officer wrote of him: "He was always cheerful and forgetful of self, his men adored him, and he was the friend of every officer."

Of one possessed with such a spirit, so earnest in character, so devoted in life, I do not wonder that his commanding officer declared, "I hope that when my time comes I may go as gallantly as he did." Another might, without making invidious distinctions, be mentioned, one who giving up all that makes for a successful career in life, sacrificed all ambitions for the sake of the great cause, and fell gloriously fighting leading on his men to a victorious issue. And still another, a mere youth, looking forward to glorious manhood, yielding up all that life holds dear, consecrating to the Empire his life blood.

The noble lives that have been given have not been sacrificed in vain. Their sufferings beyond all power of tongue to tell, the hardships they so willingly endured, the privations they so uncomplainingly met, the manifold trials they faced with such a gallant and high hearted courage, all worked together in the development of an army of men of which we may be forever proud. The British arms in this awful conflict does not bear a stain. We have met the brutality of our enemies with a spirit of splendid chivalry akin to that of the knights of old. And out of the crucible of suffering heroes have emerged that will ever be the glory of our race, said Dr. Armtage in conclusion.

THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES
(Continued from page 21.)

eagerness, but when the enthusiasm has cooled down, and when questions arise and old temptations return. "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials," cries St. James. Because, if you endure them, you will come to a knowledge of yourself, which will give you confidence.

It is, no doubt, delightful to see people ready and willing to respond to appeals for workers. It is delightful to see the enthusiastic start of a new work—the bright faces, the light hearts, the swing and verve with which it goes. That is delightful. It is as it should be. But there is something better than this. It is to see a man going on, though his brow is overcast, and troubles and difficulties and failures are about him. When he is

overwrought and cross, when he himself doubts the good of this or that, and yet goes on, like Gideon's host, "faint, yet pursuing." I tell you, my younger brethren, that the work you do, then, is good work. "Ah," you say, "not so good as I can do when I am feeling fit and all goes well." You are wrong. You are doing your very best work in your dark hours, not in your bright ones.

How well Matthew Arnold has put this:—

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides,
The Spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides,
But tasks in hours of insight
willed
Can be through hours of gloom
fulfilled.
"With aching hands and bleeding
feet
We dig and heap, lay stone to stone,
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere
done,
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern."
"Tasks in hours of insight
willed
Can be through hours of gloom
fulfilled."

Yes; there must be insight. Insight is the vision. Insight is the guiding Star. But, the journey to the goal indicated, the fulfilment of the vision can only be accomplished with toil. Through much tribulation we enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

One Last Thought.—The Star of Bethlehem was from God. All vision is from God. That must be your faith if you are to succeed. You do not create your own vision. Even those false lights of worldliness or of frivolity of which I have spoken are not your own creation. They come from the world around you. But the high and holy things for which you yearn—these are of God. They belong to the Infinite things. You remember St. Paul's speech to King Agrippa, in which he tells of the bright light from heaven in which he saw the Lord Christ. The vision was from God, and the Apostle says, "Whereupon I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Yes; the vision constitutes

a call. Let us not be disobedient to the heavenly wisdom.

You will not be without help. The vision itself, the Star itself, sheds light upon your path. Do not fear that you will be abandoned on the way. The peace of God is sufficient to supply every need. I would stir up every faculty of your being—your emotions, your intellect, your will; but I would not have you forget that these must be brought into communion with the Infinite Feeling, the Infinite Mind, the Infinite Will, which we call God, in order that they may continue strong and true. Thus will you be brought upon your way through the coming year, through all the coming years, be they few or many, rejoicing even in tribulation, until you come to that heavenly country, the home of all visions of Truth and of Goodness.

FOR PEACE.

(Tune 77, B.C.P.)

Lord God of Righteousness
On Thee Thy people call,
To ease a world in dire distress,
To pity all in thrall.
For man hath grasped the sword,
And by the sword is slain;
For will to power, hath spurned Thy
word
'Till chaos reigns again.
Oh hear us in Thy love,
Grant penitential tears,
Draw now the distraught heart above,
Remove all guilty fears.
Teach us to know Thy will,
And knowing it to serve;
Though warring may our minds be
still,
Nor from our duty swerve.
Lord God of Righteousness
Arise to judge our cause,
That purity and peace may bless
Where now are sin and wars,
Amen.
Arthur J. Patstone, The Rectory,
Doaktown, N.B. Dec. 21, 1917.

F. E. Hodgins' Sailors' Fund

Date.	Particulars.	Dr.	Cr.
1916.			
June 8.	A. MacRae		\$ 1.00
27.	A. MacRae		1.00
July 27.	A. MacRae		1.00
Aug. 17.	A. MacRae		1.00
Sept. 13.	A. MacRae		1.00
Oct. 17.	R. S. Cassells		25.00
Dec. 4.	Local Council of Women, New Westminster		528.97
5.	Woman's Auxiliary, Vancouver		3,000.00
27.	Drafts in favour Lady Jellicoe	\$3,558.97	
	Particulars of drafts in favour of Lady Jellicoe (£6 5s. 9d.) \$30; (£110 15s. 7d.) \$528.97; (£628 5s. 5d.) \$3,000		
30.	H. F. Hodgins		100.00
Feb. 7.	Drafts in favour of Lady Jellicoe, £20 16s. 8d.	100.00	
9.	For Postal Patriotic Association		150.00
19.	Baldwin		10.00
Mar. 12.	Thurston		25.00
	Turner		5.00
14.	Mary L. Grist		10.00
30.	Draft for Lady Jellicoe, £41 13s. 4d.	200.00	
1917.			
May 3.	Girls of Bishop Strachan School		10.00
June 9.	Com. Lockhart		10.00
	Com. Taylor (Whp.)		4.00
	Mr. Justice Hodgins		25.00
19.	Mrs. R. D. MacDonnell		10.00
	Draft favour of Lady Jellicoe, £12 6s. 10d.	59.00	
25.	Girls of Bishop Strachan School		13.00
July 26.	Rem. to Lady Jellicoe, £2 13s. 5d.	13.00	
	I certify that this is a correct copy of the account of F. E. Hodgins' Sailors' Fund, on our books from June 8th, 1916, to and including July 26, 1917		
	Geo. H. Ross, Mgr., the Bank of Ottawa, Toronto.		

ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER XXI. (Continued.)

As she sang, a humming bird, glowing in the sun like a living jewel, a ruby set in emerald, hovered a moment above a honeysuckle blossom at her feet, then darted away in search of other sweets. June's eyes, following its airy flight down the hillside, fell upon a gleam of red amid the grass. Perhaps it was a new flower. Rising to investigate, she discovered a patch of luscious ripe strawberries.

"Oh, here's my breakfast!" she cried, hastening to the spot. Having eaten nothing since yesterday noon, her appetite was keen, and she thought she had never tasted such delicious strawberries before.

Refreshed by the fragrant meal, June began to look around her with renewed interest. This was really a lovely spot, and she might as well make the best of it. As she flitted from flower to flower, in and out among the sunshine and the shadows, her clothing quickly dried and she felt more comfortable.

Sparsely scattered oaks and maples sprang from a soft grass carpet on the crest of the hill, and its steep, rocky face was thickly covered with blossoming plants and ferns, with here and there a vivid green moosewood bush, or a little clump of hazels, hung with clusters of nuts in their prickly husks. Bush honeysuckle with pale yellow blossoms, turning to deep orange when rifled of their honey, clambered over the sunny slopes. Here and there its more beautiful sister hung her graceful garlands of clustering honey-cups. Slender corydalis with pale, bloomy leaves and rosy, yellow-tipped flowers, grew in crevices of the rocks, blending harmoniously with the airily graceful wild buckwheat that trailed its festoons of tiny white blossoms from crag to crag; while here and there a late columbine brightened a shady spot. Purple flowering raspberry, rich and rose-like; luxurious clusters of snowy viburnum; spikenard, stately and tall, and pink-belled spreading dogbane draped the hillsides in luxuriant summer splendour.

June's eyes delighted in all this beauty. From bush to bush, from flower to flower she went, until she had reached the lower levels. Here new friends of the flower sisterhood waited to greet her—dainty, pink-veined wood-sorrel carpeting many a bank; fragrant wild lily of the valley, shy pale Indian cucumber root; tiny fragrant blossoms of the one-flowered pyrola, scattered like stars in mossy nooks; fragile, fairylike mitrewort, wonderful in its almost microscopic perfection; banks of nodding pink twin-flower bells, filling the air with a most delicious fragrance; pale green orchids, hardly noticeable in their mossy setting, side by side with their prouder sister, the round-leaved orchid, its spike of silvery blossoms rising tall and stately.

June forgot her weariness as she visited these flower friends, but she must not linger there too long. Across the valley she had seen a hill much higher than the one she had just descended. If she could once reach its grassy peak she felt sure she would be able to find out in what direction home lay.

But that hill was farther away than she had dreamed. The way along the valley was rough and difficult, and the steep wooded slope hard to climb. Long before she reached the top her limbs were tottering with weariness, and she almost despaired of gaining that sunny height against the sky. Only her growing longing for home spurred her on and up until at last, faint and dazed, she stood upon the

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