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Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days.

July 17.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Morning—1 Chron. 29, 9 to 29; Acts 20, to 17.
Evening—2 Chron. 1, to 15; or 1 Kings 3; Mat. 8, 18.
July 24.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Morning—1 Kings 10, to 25; Acts 24.
Evening—1 Kings 11, to 15; or 11, 26; Mat. 12, 22.
July 25.—St. James, Ap. & Mar. Alth. Cr.
Morning—2 Kings 1, to 16; Luke 9, 51 to 57.
Evening—Jeremiah 26, 8 to 16; Mat. 13, to 24.
July 31.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Morning—1 Kings 12; Romans 1.
Evening—1 Kings 13; or 17; Mat. 16, to 24.

Appropriate Hymns for Eighth and Ninth Sundays after Trinity, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., organist and director of the choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. The numbers are taken from the new Hymn Book, many of which may be found in other hymnals.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Holy Communion: 140, 257, 262, 407.
Processional: 7, 376, 397, 653.
Offertory: 343, 619, 620, 753.
Children: 392, 402, 711, 731.
General: 38, 560, 654, 752.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Holy Communion: 232, 234, 237, 243.
Processional: 476, 488, 493, 496.
Offertory: 391, 485, 492, 680.
Children: 233, 238, 241, 480.
General: 8, 35, 219, 393.

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The recognition of our Sonship is essential to our adequate fulfillment of the duties of life, and our participation in the gifts and graces of the Almighty. The Father reveals this relationship to us with all its privileges and responsibilities. And as we meditate upon that revelation we see that is but another way of speaking of God's never-failing providence. Indeed the idea of Sonship helps us to understand Providence and the ways of Providence. For there must be some response on our side to the revelation of Sonship, even as we know from experience that Divine Providence calculates upon human effort. Twice in our Lord's ministry, and at critical moments, came the revelation, the confirmation of Sonship—"Thou

art My Beloved Son." At the Baptism when He consecrated Himself to the work of preaching the Kingdom of God; at the Transfiguration after which He set His face towards Jerusalem to establish that kingdom on the everlasting foundation of love. Now Jesus' life was eternally effective because He recognized the relationship between Himself and the Father. Are we not struck by the frequency and regularity of His address to God the Father. In every public utterance He testifies to the Father. In every act He would glorify the Father. Yes, our Lord's life and ministry are effective because they were governed by this eternal relationship. Now in fairness to human nature we must admit that the great majority of people want to be useful and happy in this world. If there be any lack of balance, any wrong emphasis, it is surely the Church's duty to give the correcting touch. For failure of ambition comes more often through ignorance than through malice. And the Church is the divinely-appointed teacher of the world. The lesson of Sonship, of definite relationship to the Godhead, emphasises the possibilities of life, and points to the blessings of Providence. When a man recognizes his calling and lives up to it his life becomes at once useful and happy. And we are called to be the Sons of God. Now in this relationship we see the Blessed Trinity at work. The Father calls us to be Sons, and sets before us the example of Him who is pre-eminently the Son of God. And it is by the ministry of the Holy Spirit that we abide in Sonship. The relationship implies an ethical quality and condition approximating that of the Christ who was always led by the Spirit. And we cannot be Sons of God except we be led by the Spirit of God, who will teach us to say, Abba, Father. The relationship again implies absolute trust and faith in God. The Collect for this Sunday emphasises that thought. It is only by the gracious goodness of God that we are preserved from the things hostile to our Sonship, and that we are provided with the things profitable to that relationship. Now this fact of utter dependence upon God suggests that failure on our part need not create hopelessness of spirit within us. We may fail, but His providence, i.e., His love, are never-failing. Therefore the door is ever open to receive the Prodigal Son within His Father's home. Hence Jesus gives us the Parable of the Prodigal Son. And where that Parable is understood there can be no hopelessness. A very touching application of this Parable is to be found in René Bazin's novel "This My Son." A perusal of that thoroughly wholesome story will stimulate men and women to a truer appreciation of their Sonship in Christ Jesus.

Fault Finding.

Here is a most serious and injurious habit to which Christians are all too prone. Could some people know the harm and mischief they do to themselves by faultfinding they would surely take pains to guard against it. More especially when the person found fault with is a clergyman. It would be well were such fault-finders before they begin to talk against their clergyman in private or in public to honestly consider whether they are without sin themselves. This was the personal test applied by our Lord to certain accusers of another who they deemed to have committed a very grave offence. Personal talk easily takes the form of scandal. "The talkative," says a wise and devout writer, "often do more harm than the wilfully false and malicious. They betray secrets, part friends, embitter foes, wound hearts, blight characters, hinder truth. They do all wrong often without meaning it, often to their own shame and grief."

The Churchyard.

Throughout the countryside in Canada there is no object of more impressive interest than the plot of ground wherein rest the forms of those who have departed in the Christian Faith. To the resident in the neighbourhood and to the passing traveller alike these solemn resting places of those whose bodies have been committed "to the ground" . . . "in sure and

certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life" are silent witnesses of the depth of the affection of their surviving relatives and the sincerity of their belief in their professed religion. The chaste cross; the apt text; and the well-kept turf adorned with flower or shrub speak silently yet eloquently of the cherished faith and abiding affection—as the unadorned weed-grown mound does of formal religion and superficial sentiment. This is a matter that has been too long neglected by our Church people. The well-cared for graveyard is an honour to the men who worship in the church beside it—as a neglected graveyard is a discredit and dishonour to those who are responsible for its condition.

'Tis Fifty Years Ago.

A correspondent writes of the discovery in a country house of a piece of music entitled as follows:—"Merrie England," a patriotic song, sung with enthusiastic applause by Mrs. John Beverley Robinson at a concert in aid of the charitable fund of the St. George's Society, Toronto:—A. & S. Nordheimer, King Street; words by Rev. W. S. Darling; music by Rev. Dr. McCaul. The names will bring to remembrance by some old Canadians all over this broad Dominion and beyond it, three personalities. Mrs. Robinson with a wonderful voice and a readiness to use her gifts for any good cause; Mr. Darling, of Holy Trinity, in all the freshness, charm and vigour of life, and Dr. McCaul, president of University College, a gifted, many-sided man. We pass away. Here are the words which many would like us to reprint:—
There's a land, they call it the land of the free,
'Tis our far-off island home;
Her fame is wide as her subject sea,
And pure as its snow-white foam.
But we've left the graves where our kindred sleep,
The towers that our fathers raised;
The ancient rivers, the mountain steep,
The fanes where our God we praised.

Oh, we love the land where our lot is cast,
'Tis a land that is fair and free;
But it springs not from the thoughts of the
glorious past,
As our love, Merrie England, our love for thee,
Our love, Merrie England, for thee.

We've left thee, thou land of the lofty crest,
We've come over the sounding sea;
We've made our homes in the youthful West,
But our hearts are still with thee.
And we thank our God that the fair young hand
That ruled us with gentle sway,
In the ancient homes of our Fatherland,
Is over us still to-day.

Oh, we love the land, etc.

And who can forget the thrill that pass'd
From Cape Breton's rocky caves,
Thro' city and clearing, and forest vast,
To the far Lake Huron's waves.
When our Prince from the Fatherland set sail
To this land of the setting sun,
And the West with a burning heart did hail
Victoria and Albert's son.

Oh, we love the land where our lot is cast!
'Tis a land that is fair and free;
And we pray that the bond may forever last
That unites us, Old England, to thee.

Ah, they are all gone, the Prince the last to pass
away and a new generation has come, a new King to
rule over a new and greater Canada. And England,
Old England, may she long be Merrie England. She
is changed, the old race of yeomen whose limbs were
made in England have been swarming out to other
lands, while alien people have swarmed in and
crowded the towns. The yeomen have almost gone, but
determined efforts are being put forth to hold the
remnant and the County Councils have bought 60,000