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about quietly, cheering the men, seeing that everything was in order for the charge that would be made at the proper moment. It was hoped that the plan would be carried through before Christmas, and the men were buoyed up with the promise of a royal Yuletide.

The Canadian Division was in the hottest section of the line. All the Battalions had received their baptism of fire, but this conflict was the most critical of their experience. The men were keyed up to their very best, and already had shown a pluck and daring that rivalled the conduct of the most seasoned troops. Every man was determined upon success—there was no room for even the thought of failure. The section of the enemy's trench entrusted to them would be captured if Canadian dash and valour could do it! All these long weeks they had been waiting for this opportunity, and now they were resolved to give a good account of themselves.

When the order finally came, the men leaped over the parapets with a shout, and swept forward towards the enemy. "Not a man backward stayed." The fierce fire opposing them daunted not a single soul. As fast as the men fell others leaped gladly forward, and the tide flowed irresistibly on.

Private McKane, of the Ninth Battalion, was in the very front of the charge. He had lost his best friend in the fight at Ypres, and was therefore determined to square the account. It was not in any spirit of vengeance that he set his teeth and rushed on. He was one of the most God-fearing men in the Division. But when a foe attacks your home and slays a loved one, it summons you to redress the wrong. He was the first to climb over the enemy's parapet and take toll of the men who still remained in the trenches. For the Germans had evacuated their front lines and retreated to the support trenches. As soon

as the Canadians had established a sufficient number of men to hold these lines, the rest dashed on towards the second German trench. McKane was in the very forefront of the charge again, driving courageously on, when the comrade next to him groaned and pitched headlong to the earth. Suddenly pulling himself up, McKane bent over his fallen brother to see if he were killed or wounded. That halt brought disaster upon him, for a German bullet ploughed through the side of his head, and another pierced the calf of his leg. He crumpled to the earth. The men rushed on over their bodies—he heard their cries as they sped towards the enemy. The pain in his head was agonizing—everything grew vague and confused. He moved his hands about until they came into contact with the face of his comrade—a groan answered his touch. A mist blurred his vision, but somehow he thought that it was his lost friend lying beside him. Tenderly he stroked the face and then ran his hands down the body and clasped the cold fingers of his comrade. Loud cheers reached his ears—he knew what that meant. The second line of trenches had been taken—it was good to know that the boys had not failed. Then he lost grip of himself and fainted away. But he revived again! Some one was bending over him—a tall figure dressed in white. Where was he? Who could this be? Was he in some hospital. He managed to voice his wonderment. "Where am I? Who are you?" he asked. And then a voice of unutterable sweetness, like unto the distant peal of evening bells, answered him, "I am your brother, comrade with all those who fight in the cause of truth and liberty." The White Figure stretched forth a hand towards McKane.

"Why, you are wounded in the hand!" he cried. "That is an old wound," quietly answered the White Comrade, "but it has been troubling me of late." Then He bent forwards to comfort the

wounded soldier. As He did so, something fell from His head upon the body of McKane. It was a plaited crown of thorns. McKane reached forth to pick it up and return it, but when his hand grasped it a section broke off. He tried to murmur his sorrow, but he could not speak. With an effort he raised his head so as to look up into the face of his Comrade. Then it flashed upon him Who it was. He sighed contentedly, a rare smile spread about his mouth, and he slipped away into unconsciousness again.

The medical officer and stretcher-bearers had worked hard all the night collecting the wounded. When they reached McKane the first streaks of dawn were piercing the Eastern sky. They found him badly wounded and unconscious. He was lying close beside a dead comrade. When they raised him up and laid him upon the stretcher, he muttered brokenly to himself. As they bore him away, he kept saying, "I broke His crown!" They thought him merely delirious. When they reached the dressing-station he seemed more intelligible. He spoke of seeing someone with a wounded hand—of not recognizing Him at first—of picking up a crown that broke in his hand! The M.O. administered chloroform to quiet him whilst he examined and dressed his wounds. When they took off his tunic they found his right hand tightly clenched. With difficulty they opened it and found therein a section of plaited thorn! So tightly had it been grasped that one thorn had pierced the palm of the hand and sunk deep in the flesh. Blood had flowed out upon the thorn and dyed it crimson. When the medical officer examined it more closely, he found an old stain of blood there, as though long years ago the plaited thorn had marred some one's flesh and drawn blood.

(To be Continued.)

Personal & General

The Bishop of Athabasca was in Edmonton last week.

Miss Robbins, of Honan, China, has arrived in Canada on furlough.

The Rev. J. E. Gibson has been appointed Chaplain of the 169th Battalion.

The Bishop and Mrs. Sweeny were at the "Welland," St. Catharines, last week.

The Rev. E. A. McIntyre, of Balmy Beach, has gone south for a few weeks' holiday.

Dean Starr, of Kingston, spoke at two of the recruiting meetings in Toronto on Sunday.

The L.M.M. supper will be held on Tuesday evening next at St. James'. A large gathering is expected.

The casualties of the warring nations are estimated to date at the appalling total of 14,500,000, and the end is not yet.

The Rev. E. Pierce-Goulding, the Rector of St. Paul's, Fort William, has been elected a member of the Board of Education.

Mrs. Reeve, wife of the Assistant Bishop of Toronto, who is in St. John's Hospital, is, we are glad to learn, progressing very favourably.

The Rev. J. H. Bowen, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was in Toronto and preached at the Church of the Epiphany on Sunday last.

One hundred and thirty thousand Bibles have been given to our Canadian soldiers by the British and Foreign Bible Society and three million to the Allied Forces.

The Prohibition referendum in Manitoba takes place on Friday, March 10th. The day will be declared a half-holiday. We hope the vote will be a most decisive one.

The death of Mr. Henry Mercer Blackburn, of St. Augustine's Church, removes a well-known and prominent Churchman. Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Blackburn and their son.

Mrs. Hartley, wife of Rev. F. H. Hartley, of St. Matthias', Toronto,

underwent an operation in St. John's Hospital about a week ago. The latest reports were to the effect that she was progressing very satisfactorily.

Cuthbert Aikman Simpson, B.A., son of Canon Simpson, Charlotte-town, has been awarded the Rhodes Scholarship for Prince Edward Island. Mr. Simpson has offered for overseas service. Two brothers are already serving their King and Country.

The Rev. Mr. Luce and his congregation are to be congratulated on their splendid work towards the rebuilding of St. Nicholas Church, which was burnt down less than two weeks ago. Over two thousand dollars has already been subscribed.

The Provost of Trinity College gathered a few of the Rev. P. E. and Mrs. Simmons' friends together one day last week for the purpose of saying good-bye to them on the eve of their departure for China. They left Toronto on Sunday night for Vancouver, whence they will sail early in February.

We beg to extend our sincere sympathy with Dr. N. W. Hoyles, K.C., in the loss of his sister, Mrs. Norton-Taylor, of Kingston, which took place in that city last week. The deceased was the widow of the late Colonel Duncan Norton-Taylor, R.A., and the daughter of the late Sir Hugh Hoyles, one time Chief Justice of Newfoundland, and Lady Hoyles.

Rendered deaf, dumb, and blind at Festubert, Corporal Joseph Freckleton, 7th King's Liverpool Regiment, gradually recovered his sight and hearing, but remained dumb until December 31st, when, after dancing at a wedding at which he was best man, he yawned, and recovered his full speech. He then sang a song, to the pleasure of the wedding party.

"Now," said a teacher to his class during a lesson in English, "can anyone give me a word ending with 'ous,' meaning full of, as 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?" There was silence in the class for a moment. Then a boy sitting in the front row put up his hand. "Well," said the teacher, "what is your word?" "Please, sir," came the reply, "'pious,' full of pie."

One of the most curious arrangements in the way of a bouquet was presented to H.R.H. the Princess Christian quite lately at a splendid bazaar, which had a wonderful display of various articles from the Cape, South Africa. The bouquet was given by the small son of General Botha, who was received with great applause for his quiet and youthful dignity of demeanor. The bouquet, which was huge in size, was almost entirely of magnificent ostrich feathers in rich, soft shades. In the centre was a cluster of brilliant orchids, the finishing touch to this superb effort of almost Oriental magnificence.

A memorial to Canadian soldiers who have fallen in the war and those who completed their training on Salisbury Plain was unveiled on the 19th at Salisbury in the council chamber by Lady Campbell, wife of General Sir Pitcairn Campbell. General Campbell referred appreciatively to the great services performed for the Empire by the overseas troops, and General Steele, in offering the thanks of the Canadians to the citizens of Salisbury for the memorial, spoke, he said, as a son of a British officer who fought against Napoleon. Canada, he said, had always been ready to stand by the Empire, and was going to do so to the last gasp.

Canadians are interested in the doings of their fellow-countrymen who have gone abroad; and such is Dr. Hubert Carleton, a Toronto boy, and a graduate of Trinity College and of Oxford (Brasenose College). Word comes of his resignation of the important office of General Secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the United States and of editor of "St. Andrew's Cross." In 1910 King's College, Windsor, conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. in recognition of his successful work. Before taking up any other Dr. Carleton will take a long holiday. His address for the present is 19 Mackenzie Ave., Rosedale, Toronto.

Even rough men, who for many a long day had been strangers to prayer, are fervently repeating in the trenches the simple petitions they were taught when they were little children. A Lancashire lad, whose

wife wrote to him, "Be sure and say your prayers," confessed in hospital that since getting her letter at the front he had prayed every night:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."
"My mother learnt it me," he said; and in the trenches these words of his childish prayer came back to his mind, and he began to say them again. The roughest of the rough pray out there; sometimes you can hear them repeating, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."—"The Bible in the World."

The Lord's Day Alliance and the General Ministerial Association have issued the following statement explaining their stand on Sunday entertainments: "Misunderstanding prevails as to the action of the Lord's Day Alliance and the General Ministerial Association of Toronto with respect to the Sunday opening of moving picture shows for recruiting purposes. We beg to state that the understanding entered into was with the military organization known as the Toronto Recruiting Depot, and with no other recruiting organization whatsoever. The basis of this agreement and co-operation on our part was: Military inception and control; our co-operation was not with the moving picture shows, but with the military; military necessity as alleged by the officers of the depot; the charge was to be made, no offering to be taken. The hour was to be such as to avoid competition with the regular church services. To this agreement the representatives of the Military Depot with whom we had to deal remained loyal and refused the request of at least one other leading amusement place to be allowed to come under their auspices. We are advised that this movement of the Toronto Recruiting Depot as inaugurated by our approval and co-operation has come to an end. Neither, therefore, the Ministerial Association nor the Lord's Day Alliance has any responsibility whatsoever for any of the Sunday entertainments now given in the city in the name of recruiting or for any other purpose. (Signed) Andrew Robertson.