

# Canadian Churchman

CHRISTMAS, 1914



"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—St. Luke II. 8-10.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Calm on the listening ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace on earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
The Saviour now is born:  
Bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears.

1914.

WORKERS

Textile Fab-  
broderies.  
Addressed.  
London, Eng.  
Liverpool.

W & C

FITURE

For Churches  
Furniture  
Wood & Glass  
OUTFIT.  
Hudson  
Dunsmuir St.  
Cross, W.C.

Art

ERY  
WORK  
r other  
cuted  
ost free  
ORING  
SOCKS  
PLICES  
r-Measure-

O., Ltd.  
England,

NEY

ND  
LE AND  
FACTURER  
sell Cord,  
e, \$3.04 to  
\$30.68.  
to \$10.23  
\$1.09 to  
\$4.75.  
Boys' from  
34.  
\$32.08.  
TERNS FREE.

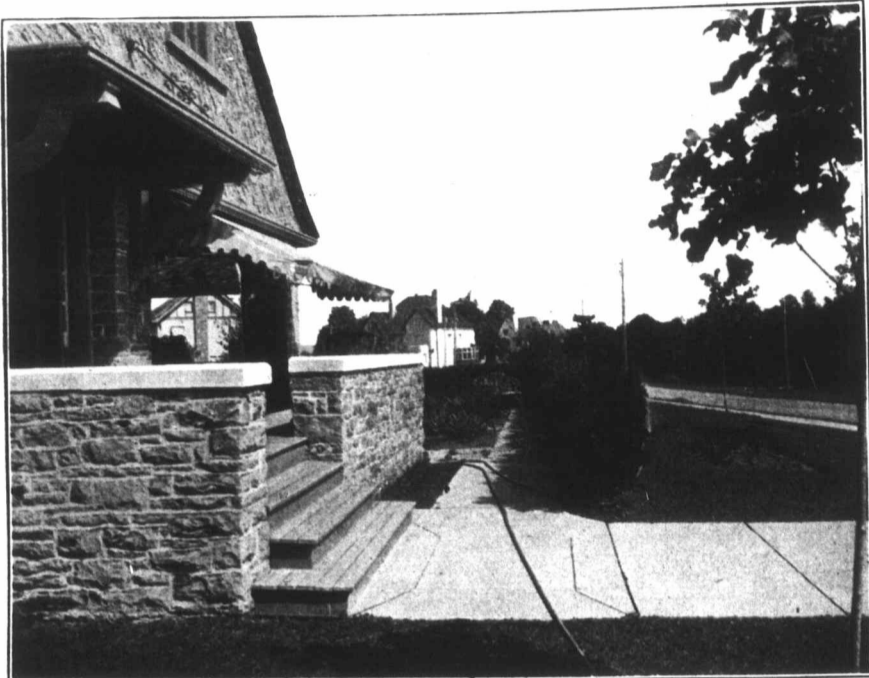
7404

atter

CT  
HERE  
and should  
man—try us.  
Printing  
ited  
ORONTO  
ST. 3

ASS

NT.  
ASS C  
TORONTO ONT



Looking along St. Edmond Drive.

**LAWRENCE PARK ESTATES  
YONGE STREET**

**TORONTO'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY**

Contains over 100 handsome homes, erected by Toronto's prominent citizens. No other property on this continent is receiving such skillful and expert care and attention. \$20,000 is being spent yearly in maintaining the ravines, bowling greens, tennis courts, and the park generally, in a high standard of excellence. A visit to Lawrence Park Estates is a pleasure which you will appreciate. An automobile is at your service.

Established 1885  
**DOVERCOURT LAND  
BUILDING & SAVINGS**  
W.S. Dinnick, President      COMPANY LIMITED      82-88 King St. East  
Toronto  
**LARGEST OWNERS & DEVELOPERS OF REAL ESTATE IN CANADA**

**PROVINCIAL  
PAPER MILLS CO.,  
LIMITED**

**150,000 lbs. daily**

**BOOK PAPERS**

Coated, Super Calendered and  
Mill Finished

**WRITING PAPERS**

Linen Finished, Bonds, Envelope

MILLS:

**THOROLD, GEORGETOWN, AND  
MILLE ROCHES, ONTARIO**

HEAD OFFICE:

**TORONTO**

Telephone Bldg.      Private Exchange Adel. 1986

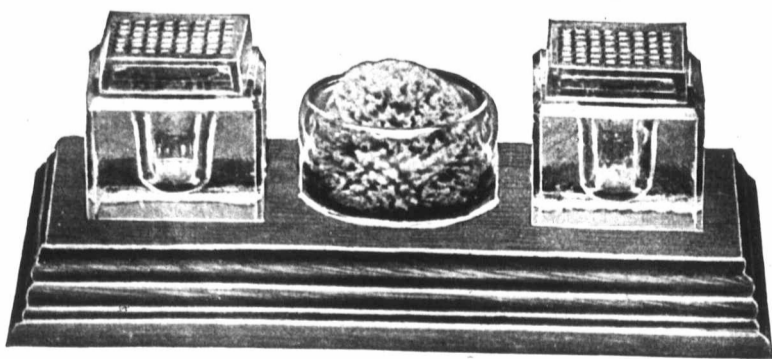
**For the Holiday Trade—  
LEATHER GOODS**



LARGE ASSORTMENT  
LATEST STYLES  
UNDOUBTED VALUE

LADIES' BAGS  
WRITING PORTFOLIOS  
WALLETS—POCKET BOOKS  
LETTER and CARD CASES

OFFICE and POCKET DIARIES, 1915  
IDEAL SCRAP, PHOTO & MEMORY BOOKS  
INK STANDS—Own Make, Great Variety  
WIRT FOUNTAIN PENS—"Get the Best"  
LETTER SCALES. CASH AND DOCU-  
MENT BOXES. BLANK BOOKS, all kinds



**BROWN BROS., LIMITED**  
Simcoe and Pearl Streets - - TORONTO

TOTAL SECURITY:  
\$29,600,000.00



CHIEF OFFICE FOR CANADA;  
8 RICHMOND STREET EAST  
TORONTO

ALFRED WRIGHT  
MANAGER

A. E. BLOGG  
BRANCH SECRETARY

# CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DEC. 10, 1914.

## SUBSCRIPTION - - \$1.50 PER YEAR

Send all Subscriptions by Postal Note.

**Clubs.**—Five or more new subscriptions either to separate addresses or in a package to one address, \$1.00 each per year.

**An Offer to All.**—Any clergyman or layman sending in new subscribers to "Canadian Churchman," \$1.50 a year will be allowed a commission of 50 cents on each new subscriber.

Sample copies free to anyone writing us for same.

SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

## ADVERTISING RATES PER LINE, 15c.

**Advertising.** The Canadian Churchman is an excellent medium for advertising, being by far the most widely circulated Church Journal in the Dominion.

**Births, Marriages, Deaths.**—Notices of Births, Marriages Deaths, etc., 25 cents each insertion.

**The Paper for Churchmen.**—The Canadian Churchman is a Family Paper devoted to the best interests of the Church in Canada, and should be in every Church family in the Dominion.

**Change of Address.**—Subscribers should be careful to name not only the Post-Office to which they wish the paper sent, but also the one to which it has been sent.

**Discontinuances.**—If no request to discontinue the paper is received, it will be continued. A subscriber desiring to discontinue the paper must remit the amount due for the time it has been sent.

**Receipts.**—The label indicates the time to which the subscription is paid, no written receipt is needed. The extended date will appear on the address label on the second issue of the paper in the month following payment of subscription.

**Cheques.**—On country banks are received at a discount of fifteen cents. Kindly remit by Postal Note.

**Correspondents.**—All matter for publication in any number of the Canadian Churchman, should be in the office not later than Friday morning for the following week's issue.

Address all communications.

EVELYN MACRAE,

Publisher.

PHONE ADELAIDE 2850.

New Offices—8 Sheppard Street, Toronto.

Hymns from the Book of Common Praise, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., Organist and Director of the Choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

## FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(December 20th.)

Holy Communion: 238, 240, 249, 252.

Processional: 70, 382, 385, 386.

General: 63, 420, 481, 580.

Offertory: 305, 384, 597, 652.

Children: 693, 701, 712, 716.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

(December 25th.)

Holy Communion: 77, 256, 259, 262.

Processional: 72, 73, 397.

Offertory: 76, 78, 81, 514.

Children: 80, 668, 712.

General: 74, 75, 79, 599.

## The Outlook

### The Heavenly Guest

May Christ be in thy heart this Christmastide,  
And may He there an honour'd guest abide,  
And may'st thou entertain Him all the year;  
So shall its changes bring to thee no fear,  
For where the Holy Child hath entered in,  
There is no room for sadness or for sin.

These lines, of which the author is unknown, express a beautiful prayer, and we gladly pass them on, adding our own best wishes that Christmas may be to all our readers a season of true blessedness. In the light of the awful conflict now being waged, it is almost impossible to think of a "happy" Christmas for very many, whether at the Front or else either sorrowing or anxious at home. But, nevertheless,

it is possible to have quiet, peaceful blessedness in fellowship with our Saviour. This is a time when we are particularly reminded of what God has done for us in giving His own Son to be our Saviour and Friend; and no one can think of all that is involved in that wondrous Gift without realizing the height and the depth of Divine love. Our hearts go out in sympathy to and prayer for all our brave soldiers and sailors, both at the Front and in training in England and Canada, and we specially think with prayerfulness of the bereaved and anxious as they look back over the past four months and recall what was and what might have been. We are sure that the Lord of Christmas will be very near all such, and will enfold them in all the tenderness of His love and the might of His grace.

### Personal Confessions of Faith

It is not every one who takes the opportunity of his will to set forth a part at least of his personal confession of belief. And even when it is found, critical eyes are not wanting to examine with care the statements made. But when a man is known to have lived the true life and to have borne witness to it during that time, the words of his will are valuable, for "he, being dead, yet speaketh." We had an instance of this the other day in the will of the Hon. S. H. Blake, and it was a great satisfaction to those who knew him, to observe the interest with which his confession of trust in his Heavenly Father was received. Since then, a prominent layman in the United States has given utterance to his creed, and his words are particularly worthy of notice:

"I firmly believe in the Christian religion and in the Christian Church as the divinely appointed agency through which the greatest and most lasting good can be done for the betterment and uplift of humanity. I mean by Church the Church of Jesus Christ in the broadest sense, for though I am a Presbyterian, and prefer for myself that denomination, I regard it as only one branch of the Church. I have done much of my most delightful and successful Christian work in interdenominational movements."

The influence of a document like this cannot help being great, in view of the publicity given to it, for it will set many people thinking upon the subjects which are stated with such evident sincerity and true dignity. It is fine that a man should, both by his life and his death bear witness to the good fight and the kept faith.

### The Peace Centenary and the War

Should the Hundred Years of Peace celebration between Canada and the United States be abandoned because of the war? This question has evoked a considerable amount of discussion both in Canada and the United States. In a circular just issued by the Canadian Peace Centenary Association the answer is given. The Association took the wise course of consulting the Executives of the British and American organizations and of requesting the opinion of a large number of leading men

throughout Canada. Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier were very emphatic as to the celebration not being interfered with by the War; on the contrary, the terrible conflict is thought to bring into clearer relief the magnificent results of the century of peace between the American and the Canadian peoples. To the same effect is the opinion of the Chairman of the American Committee, who holds that there is now a double reason for celebrating peace. It is gratifying to know that efforts are being made to observe the celebration by church services on February 14 next, and by work in Public Schools in the form of prizes for essays. The relations between Canada and the United States have been particularly friendly for several years past, and the attitude of a large majority of Americans towards Great Britain in the present war is such that a celebration of peace between our neighbours and ourselves will elicit warm enthusiasm on both sides of the boundary. We would fain hope that the celebration will have its own definite influence in bringing about peace in Europe.

### Drink and the War

Amid the spirit of sacrifice that has come upon the Nation and Empire as the result of the War, it is disquieting to realize that our deadliest foe is left practically undisturbed. The courage and skill that turned back the Germans have not dared to grapple with the problems of Strong Drink. Russia has taken it by the throat, and France has prohibited the sale of Absinthe, but we have hitherto been content with brave words and good advice. And yet, Strong Drink, our gravest national peril in peace, increases its dangers a thousand-fold in War. Even papers issued by the drink trade admit this, and the British Government acknowledges it, and in a weak way grants exceptional powers and makes suggestions. But talk is no use; swift, resolute action is essential. There are two directions in which the drink peril has been accentuated by the War. There is much drinking among recruits, and a great increase of drunken women. It would be a great satisfaction if Lord Kitchener would stop the sale of drink in every canteen, for we owe it to the men in the camps and on the field to protect manhood and home life from this diabolical foe. This is a tremendous challenge to the Christian Churches and a splendid opportunity for a vigorous temperance campaign. In a new weekly paper published in the United States, there is a striking cartoon, depicting a drunkard who gives a testimonial to a certain beer: "Before using your beer I was troubled with my conscience. After using it for ten years, I have no conscience." The War challenges our drinking habits, and God calls us to repentance and sacrifice. Now is the time for the Church to do its utmost to provide sanctuary for the young soldiers, and show that the Church can be both a defence and a home.

### Santa Claus Association

A plan to furnish a Christmas gift to every needy child in Toronto has been formed by a group of volunteer workers called the "Santa Claus Association." By various methods of publicity, beginning early in December, the

children will be asked to write to Santa Claus and make their wants known. These last will be taken charge of by the Association and every case thoroughly investigated. Every letter coming under the class of "needy child" will be sent to some person who will be expected to be personally responsible for attention to the request, using his or her own discretion as to the nature and value of gifts. Letters coming from children whose parents are found to be in circumstances which will ensure home attention, will receive merely a "letter from Santa Claus" in reply. The Association will not purchase or distribute gifts itself, and no officer or worker will receive any monetary reward for services. The operating expenses of the Association will be the cost of printed matter and postage. During December the headquarters of the Association will be the King Edward Hotel, and the office address given is 47 St. George Street, the Secretary being Miss F. M. Simpson. The Association is anxious to reach the public by as many avenues as possible, and some of our readers may be glad to co-operate in bringing Christmas cheer to poor little ones, while, on the other hand, our columns may be the means of letting the Association know of needy children. The idea is admirable, and deserves all possible sympathy and co-operation. Those who are willing to help are invited to apply to the Association, promising to take care of one or more children's letters, or else aid the Association in office work or on the Investigating Committee or in some other way. We gladly call attention to this interesting and truly Christ-like effort to bring joy to many who might otherwise be without Christmas cheer.

## A. D.

(In the Year of Our Lord).

It is particularly significant that the modern world dates its own birth from the birth of Christ. A recent writer has suggestively remarked: "With the Advent of Christianity a new epoch of evolution opened for the world." We need only compare the world of to-day with that of the Emperor Nero to lead to the enquiry: What is the cause of the superiority of the present to former days?

The Advent of Christ was first and foremost a revelation of God. He Who had spoken partially and imperfectly in old times, spoke at last to the world through His Son. He spoke in the one and only language men could understand, the language of humanity, and thus we read that "the Word became flesh and dwelt among us." Men saw in Jesus Christ the glory of God. This revelation set forth the everlasting love of God. This was the theme of our Lord's teaching and life, the love of our Father in Heaven. Even the familiar words by themselves are sufficient to prove this: "God so loved the world." It was not necessary to wait for the supreme proof of Calvary to see the love of God, for from the outset of Christ's life on earth He revealed the Divine affection in unmistakable terms. It is passing strange that any one could dream of suggesting that Jesus Christ came in order that God might love us. Quite the contrary, He came to declare the heart of God, and when He said "I and My Father are one," men were intended to learn something of the infinite love of God. As the Apostle Paul says, "God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself." And men saw in Christ the living proof of the teaching to which they listened. Then, too,

Christ revealed the Grace of God. Grace is love in attitude and action. It expresses the spontaneous movement of the Divine nature towards man. It represents as nothing else can do, the desire and determination of God to save and bless mankind. Grace is thus the supreme thought of the Gospel: "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." It is a definite and constant reminder that salvation depends not upon the ingenuity of man, but on the initiative of God: "Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." It was Grace that gave the Lord Jesus Christ to live and die for us, it is Grace that brings us into the status of sonship, that leads us step by step in the way of life and enables us to continue to the end. All this was revealed in the coming of Christ, and it is this that makes His birth the birth of a new world. A new realm of thought was born in the revelation of the everlasting love and the unmerited grace of the Eternal Father.

The Advent of Christ was also the vindication of man. Our Lord was born of a woman; He became human; He toiled with His hands. How much we should like to be able to get behind the curtain that veils the hidden part of His life at Nazareth. And in becoming man, He has vindicated those whom He is not ashamed to call His brethren, for in the coming of Christ we have God's answer to the question, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" One way by which He vindicated man was in showing his individual value. In the parable of the Lost Sheep the shepherd was concerned about the one that was missing, although "there were ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold." In the parable of the Lost Silver, the woman was anxious about the one coin; though there were nine still available. In the parable of the Prodigal Son the father kept looking out for the one who had wandered, although there was another son at home. And for this reason the angels of God are represented as rejoicing over even one sinner that turns to God. In the light of our Lord's birth and life, man can never be regarded as a cypher. Then, too, Christ glorified womanhood and motherhood, especially in an age and amid surroundings where both were disregarded and even despised. His Mother was with Him in His infancy, women were associated with His ministry, they were last at the Cross and first at the tomb. Further, He vindicated children and found a place for them in His Kingdom. Even yet, we have not sounded the depths of that wonderful Word which tells us that children are already in the Kingdom, while adults have to become like little children in order to enter therein. He desired to have children near Him, even though His disciples were of a very different mind; and He declared that the angels of the children always beheld the Father in Heaven. As we consider these things it is impossible not to see that an entirely new world has been revealed to us in regard to the value, the purpose, and destiny of man. If we would know the value of a single soul we must look at it in the light of the Incarnation, for in that we shall find the supreme sanction of all effort on behalf of human life.

The Advent of Christ was also the condemnation of sin. By sending His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, God condemned sin in the flesh. In His earthly life, our Lord was able to show that there was no necessity and no excuse for sin. His deadliest foe could not accuse Him of sin: "I find no fault with this Man"; His own challenge remains unanswered to this day: "Which of you convinceth Me of sin"; while those who were with Him constantly affirm with one voice that "He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth."

But above all, in His death on the Cross, the condemnation of sin reached its culminating point. Men were enabled to see as never before, what God thought of sin, and the absolute incongruity of sin and holiness. It is impossible to consider fully and properly the Incarnation apart from the Cross, for our Lord "came into the world to save"; and thus the Advent was the gateway to the Crucifixion. From the time of Calvary, a new conception of sin, a new idea of holiness, and a new revelation of the glory of forgiveness came into this world. While the life of Christ stands for an example, His death represents an expiation, and thus, even at Christmas, we cannot get far away from the Cross, as the secret source of every spiritual blessing.

This subject has also a very definite bearing on what is known as the Virgin Birth, and we may consider this in one or other of two ways. We can either start at the beginning, and assume it; or we may review the past from the resurrection, and deduce it. That is to say, we may argue the sinless life from the Virgin Birth, or we may argue the Virgin Birth from the sinless life. The latter is at once the more convincing and the more attractive, for when once we behold the perfect life, it is impossible to avoid believing in the Virgin Birth. And in this came a new idea of God's faithfulness, and a new conception of life's infinite possibilities.

Not least of all, the Advent of Christ was a guarantee of righteousness. Thus far we have been considering the retrospective side of the truth concerning Christ, but there is a prospective side as well. He who has come will come again; and while it is not for us to enquire into times or seasons, we have to live in the earnest expectation of His coming. The new world has been born; the old evolution has been arrested; Jesus Christ has come, and life can never be again as though He had not come. But much remains about which we may feel perplexed, and yet not be without hope. In the midst of conflict, when civilization seems collapsing, we hold fast the confession of our hope that there will be a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. We still look for a Saviour; we still wait for our complete redemption; and meanwhile, we are confident that He will perfect that which concerneth us. Turning our gaze from things around us, we look up to Jesus and expect Him as our King, no longer despised and rejected, but glorified and adored. We anticipate and hasten forward to that time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

The main task that remains is the translation of these new ideas into life, their conversion into glowing realities. The birth of a new world does not come home with power to the individual until he is able to talk of the new birth of his soul. There are many who have two dates from which to date our history; the year of our birth, natural history; and the year of our new birth, spiritual history. Whether we can exactly name the latter date or not is, perhaps, of comparative insignificance, but it is not a matter of indifference that we know and experience the light and life that Christ, by His coming, has brought. A modern writer has said that "Christ has given a new calendar of time to the soul." When we think of its personal application, B.C. "describes the days before Christ appeared to our faith, to turn darkness into light." On the other hand, A.D. stands for the present dispensation in which Christ is at once the Revealer of God, the Redeemer from sin, the Restorer of light, and the Realization of hope. The supreme question for every one at this Christmas season is: Is it B.C. or A.D. in our personal experience?

# The Scriptures and Eternal Life

A Sermon Preached before the University of Dublin by the REV. N. J. D. WHITE, D.D.

*"Ye search the scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life: and these are they which bear witness of me; and ye will not come to me, that ye may have life."*  
—ST. JOHN v. 39, 40.

WE have here, not, as in the Authorized Version, an exhortation to Bible study, an imperative, Search the scriptures; but a statement in the indicative concerning a mis-direction of Bible study.

The words have a pathetic ring about them. The Speaker is a Person who not only "has words of eternal life," but is himself the life and

and thoroughness of their "search" led them to assign importance to minute details to a degree that is repulsive to the modern Western mind. At the end of each book of the Hebrew Bible there is a note telling you the exact number of verses in the book, which verse is the middle one, and more information of the same nature. A characteristic saying of the Jewish rabbis is, "He who has gotten to himself words of the Law, has gotten to himself the life of the world to come."

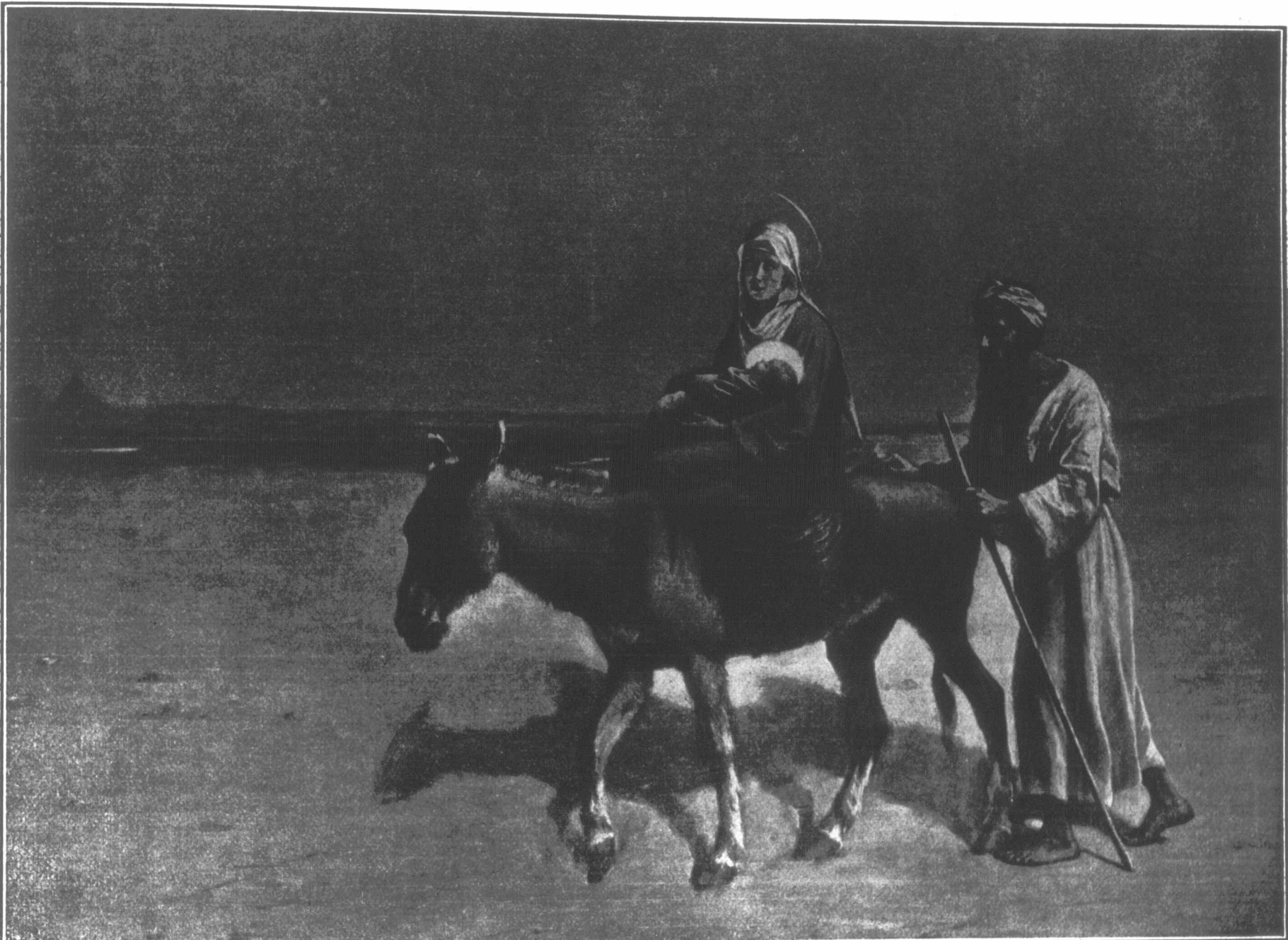
It would be as easy as unprofitable to multiply

In the first place we have here a most important declaration by our Lord as to the positive and enduring religious value of the Old Testament: "These scriptures are they which bear witness of me."

Again, we learn from the failure of the Jews that the Old Testament—and the same is true of the New Testament—can do no more than bear witness to Christ. It is much to have a finger-post indicating where the well of living water is; but gazing on the finger-post will not quench your thirst. Eternal life is not in any book; it is in, it is, a Person.

And, as an extension of the same lesson, we infer that our source of eternal life is not the recorded teaching of Christ, precious though that is, but Christ himself in his adorable Person, a present Saviour.

Let us take up these points seriatim:—



The Canadian Churchman.

## THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*"The Angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt."*—ST. MATT. II. 13-14.

light of men. He is standing before men that desire eternal life; they have had for generations in their hands scriptures which point to him as the life; but they have treated these scriptures as pointing to nothing; as being an end in themselves; as though a knowledge of the contents of the scriptures were in itself a means of obtaining eternal life; and so when the Incarnate Life actually appears in their midst, they see nothing in him; he corresponds to nothing for which they pray; all the eternal life of which they have any conception they have found in patient and minute study of the letter of the Bible: they want no more.

The irony of the situation is complete and tragical: a man lost because he cannot take his eyes off the guide book given to him to show him the right path: "And ye will not come to Me, that ye may have life."

"Ye search the scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life." The intensity

illustrations of the disproportionate devotion of the Jews to the letter of their sacred writings. This is not an error into which any one of us is likely to fall. The ancient Jews were indeed mistaken in supposing that intellectual knowledge of the Bible brought eternal life. But, on the other hand, ignorance of the contents of the Bible does not bring eternal life. It seems necessary to assume that some such theory is current in view of the extraordinary fact that in our day cultured men and women who would blush to confess unfamiliarity with other classical authors are not ashamed to be quite ignorant of the magnificent literature embodied in the Authorized Version; Biblephobia, "an evil disease, cleaveth fast unto them."

There is no need for the modern Christian preacher to hold up the Jews as an awful warning against the danger of over-minute study of the Bible. But this text contains some other lessons which are useful and necessary for these times.

The aspect of the Old Testament with which we are immediately concerned is its value as a help to religion. St. Paul says that "the sacred writings" of the Jews "are able to make a man wise unto salvation." If he had stopped there, we might allow that possibly he meant no more than a tribute to the high ethical value of the teaching of the Old Testament. But he goes on to say that the salvation of which he is speaking is "salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." St. Paul, then, held that the Old Testament points to Christ; it bears witness to him.

And this was more fully expressed by our Lord when he reviewed his own life, and bade the disciples note how "all things must be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning Me."

The significance of this last statement is enhanced when we remember that it was spoken after the resurrection, when the Kenosis, or self-imposed limitations involved in his human life,

had come to an end. It is difficult to suppose this to be an example of our Lord's accommodating his language to current beliefs; we must accept this as true, not relatively, but absolutely.

But this does not commit us to the acceptance of particular statements as to the authorship and date of the various books of the Old Testament, statements which are inconsistent with the fuller knowledge, unattainable by our fathers, but brought to us in the providence of God. Nor again does a loyal acceptance of our Lord's declaration that the Old Testament bears witness to him compel us to recognize as types and predictions everything which our fathers thought to be typical and predictive.

But I am not now greatly concerned to prove the legitimacy or doctrinal orthodoxy of the moderate critical school of recent years; I am rather desirous to say something that may help to correct a false impression—a by-product of the critical controversy—that because we cannot believe exactly as our fathers believed about the Old Testament, we need not believe anything at all; that because some of the things our grandmothers taught their children about the Bible are now untenable, or need re-statement, therefore modern parents may with impunity teach their children nothing at all, a fatal and disastrous error.

I am well aware that the man who undertakes to defend the Bible lays himself open to the charge of presumption. I do not forget the fate of him who "put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen stumbled. And . . . God smote him there for his error."

The ark of God is quite safe; "the righteous" have no occasion to cry, "What can we do? for 'the foundations' are not 'cast down'; the Bible

"is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken."

It is we that need the Bible, not the Bible us; and from that point of view one or two remarks may not be out of place or uncalled for.

"These are they which bear witness of Me." Let us begin our consideration of this matter from the purely Christian point of view. Let us first think of the Speaker of these words, then of the reasonableness of his statement. Let us assure ourselves in the first place that our intellects have made some attempt to attain an adequate conception of the Person of the Christ; and then the notion that the sacred literature of the chosen people has a relation to him will seem reasonable in the highest degree.

The heart of Christendom is quite sound on this matter; but Christians, individually and in groups, too easily lose their heads in the confusion caused by intellectual difficulties.

Who is Jesus Christ? Pardon my presumption in seeming to attempt to answer this question in a few words.

Jesus Christ is to me and to you "the image of the invisible God," all that our minds can grasp of the Absolute Supreme Being. He is the centre and summing up of all humanity; he is that in which all humanity will ultimately converge; his incarnation is the watershed of history; he is the culmination of one revelation, he is the beginning and the end of the later and final revelation.

I have but touched on the aspect of Christ's Person which affects our attitude towards the Old Testament.

If Jesus Christ is what we confess him to be, is it not, *a priori*, reasonable to expect that the literature which records and reflects the first revelation of God to man should shadow forth the Person and work of the Coming One?

We need not be impatient because learned men differ among themselves as to the verisimilitude of this or that type, as to the application of this or that prediction, or adumbration. The very notion of progress implies that our knowledge now, at this moment, cannot be final and complete. The method of the Divine Teacher is always the same: "Line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little."

"Ye search the scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life. . . . And ye will not come to Me, that ye may have life." Eternal life is not to be found in any book, but in a Person.

The Old Testament, apart from the value of its ethical teaching, makes a certain contribution to the dynamic force in religion, in that it bears witness to the Christ of the New Testament. The New Testament, again, is the most precious book in the world; as containing the only authentic record of what our Lord said and did during his earthly ministry; and, what is even more important, it supplies materials, from the recorded

experience of the first age, for forming a judgment as to the power of Christ, the risen and ascended Lord, on society and in individuals, through the Church, his Body.

The volume containing these primary, fundamental, inspired documents is valuable and precious beyond words; it tells us all that any book can tell us about the historical manifestation of the Son of God; but the most intimate and profound acquaintance with it is not, and cannot be, a substitute for a personal knowledge of, and living communion with, Christ himself, knowledge and communion gained by prayer and the sacraments of his grace.

We cannot be too thankful to God for the gift of his written word; it has served and still serves purposes of vast importance; but yet Christianity is conceivable without the Bible.

"The Bible itself speaks of God's gifts to men as personal not literary: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son"; the ascended Lord gave the Holy Spirit; the gifts he gave to men were not prophetic books, but prophets; not Gospels, but evangelists.

"What keeps a spirit wholly true  
To that ideal which he bears?  
What record? Not the sinless years  
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue."

The record of "the sinless years" is a perpetual memorial to all men, whether in the Church or without it, of what a human life can be; but it is not the record that has the power to keep Christian men true to their ideal, but the felt presence, above, around, within, of Christ our life.

One sometimes hears or reads a discussion as to the respective merits of Christianity and some other religion, conducted with reference only to the quality of the sacred books of each religion, as though, for example, the issue between Christianity and Islam could be decided, or seriously affected, by man's estimate of the respective moral value of the New Testament and of the Koran.

We have no reason to fear any such competitive examination of the two books; and perhaps this is the most natural and obvious test for a non-Christian to employ. But for a Christian to use language which implies that for him the influence of Christ is limited to the influence of his recorded teaching is to betray a deplorably inadequate conception of who Christ is.

When Muhammad died, his influence remained in the book he had produced, and in the stimulating example of a great personality.

When Jesus of Nazareth died, he began to live. His life as a man amongst men is, relatively to other lives of other great men, of vast importance; but relatively to the whole work of the Christ it is but a necessary introduction.

The uplifting force in the Gospel is not the ethical teaching of our Lord, sublime though that be. That which transfigures you and me is Christ himself dwelling in us and we in him.

Does any human being seek any dead man in prayer and sacrament, as we seek and find Jesus Christ?

Through all the Christian centuries, beneath the restless tossings of the human intellect driven this way and that by every blast of vain doctrine—beneath all this disturbance of the surface, deep answers unto deep, the deep of Christian consciousness answers to the deep of Christian experience; and they ever reaffirm the majestic certitude of the apostolic age; "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life."

#### AN "AI" GERMAN.

In a letter home a Cheshire man who was present at the battle of Mons states that he and a fellow-Englishman lay wounded on the ground after the great fight. His companion seemed to be dying of thirst, and cried out piteously for water, but none could be found. A German officer, who was mortally wounded, beckoned to an ambulance man, and pointed to his own water flask. It was raised to his lips, but with an emphatic "Nein, nein," was refused. He insisted that it should be given to the thirsty Englishman, and then passed away. "We buried that noble German," says the writer, "with all the honours we could, and though we did not know his name, we placed over his grave a little wooden cross with this simple inscription, 'AI.'"

## This and That

Thoughts of an Eastern Churchman.

THE resignation by Canon Powell of the presidency of King's College, Windsor, has been received by Nova Scotia Church people with a feeling akin to consternation, and it has come like the proverbial bolt from the blue, being utterly unexpected. The College has so greatly prospered under his care, and the outlook was so promising that nothing short of some imperative call to, say, a bishopric, would have conceivably induced him to take the step. But as the resignation does not take effect until next May, I for one have not abandoned the hope that he may be induced to reconsider his action, and to continue for some time the work of placing the College on a firm and stable basis.

Rev. Mr. Judd, the recently-appointed Principal of the Collegiate School, is meeting with great success in his work.

Irving S. Cobb, writing in the "Saturday Evening Post," very strongly discounts the stories of German atrocities in the present war. He claims that they have been grossly exaggerated. Eighty per cent. of them, he thinks, are pure invention, and of the remainder, ten per cent. are due to imagination, and the rest have perhaps some slender foundation in fact. This estimate he bases upon his own personal experience. He has seen no atrocities himself. But it is notoriously hard to prove a negative. Mr. Cobb is writing about what he has not seen. Others write of what they have seen. His position reminds one of the individual who, when charged with horse stealing, was told that two people had seen him take the animal, retorted, "That may be, but I can bring twenty men who are ready to swear that they never saw me within twenty miles of the horse." Now I am quite ready to admit the likelihood, I will go further and say the certainty, of gross exaggeration. But there is one ugly and undeniable fact that seems to establish the substantial truth of the charges of brutality on the part of the Germans. Why is it that the population of extensive districts has fled at the approach of the German army? This is unprecedented in modern warfare. People do not abandon their homes by the tens of thousands to face all kinds of privation and hardships without some very good and sufficient reason. With this fact staring us in the face it is impossible not to believe that the German soldiery, at the beginning of the war, were guilty of many acts of barbarism. At the present time I am inclined to think matters have greatly changed for the better. The German army is now on its good behaviour apparently. But with the evidence, direct and indirect, in our possession, and making every deduction for exaggerations, designed or undesigned, the conviction is forced upon us that in at all events the opening stages of the war, the German army perpetrated outrages on the civilian population utterly un sanctioned by the laws of war.

We talk a great deal about the government of the many. But is this ever true to the facts? Don't the few always really rule? Doesn't the management of a country's business, and in fact of all societies, communities, organizations and associations of mankind, from a church vestry to an Empire, always in the end fall into the hands of the few—and they are always the few—who are willing to take pains, master details, and have the rare gift of leadership? It has been, and always will be. The vast majority of mankind are too indolent and too selfishly fond of their own ease to really "govern themselves." Protest and bluster as we will, ninety per cent. of us are born to be led. Government, whatever outward form it may take, is always oligarchical,—by the few who have brains and character, will take responsibility, and are not afraid of hard work. We often hear the complaint in our parishes and Synods that they are "run by a few men." And this is true. Why? Because only a comparatively few men are competent to run them. Very few men are endowed with what may be called the "public spirit." We may imagine ourselves public-spirited because we take a keen interest in

(Continued on Page 800.)

## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

**T** WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,

And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher, now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid, on, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet an obstacle, mount to the sky,

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow,  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.



The Canadian Churchman.

NATURE

(After Lawrence).

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his courses they came,

So up to the housetop the coursers, they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back.  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry!

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread,  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,  
He sprang to his sleigh; to his team gave a  
whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

—BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.



# YORK MINSTER



By the REV. F. J. MOORE, B.A., St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

If local legends can be trusted, York was a place of habitation and a centre of tribal life as far back as the days when King David ruled in Israel. And if we accept the evidence of the unearthed treasures of the county, we can go back further still,—to the age of the Neolithic, and beyond him to the Paleolithic Man. But there was no scribe in the land in those days, and we have to read our story in flint and mound and vessel and bone. Historically, York was born in the first century A.D. when the Roman legions changed the face of Britain. Agricola subdued whatever city he discovered there, and founded a

aged, and it was repaired by Wilfrid, who, we are told, white-washed its walls inside and out, making them "white as snow," and filled its windows with glass.

At the time of the conquest Wilfrid's church was destroyed, but the first Norman Bishop (Thomas of Bayeux) rebuilt it from the foundations up. The next step was the reconstruction of the crypt and choir by Archbishop Roger (1154-1181). Later, in the Early English period, the transept and lower portions of the central tower were rebuilt. The nave and west front and lower stories of the towers were added in the Decorated

the Council of Arles in 314, and no doubt represented a strong Church in the ancient British city. But there was nothing Christian there when Paulinus arrived, and he began a new line. We have referred to his intention of making Eboracum a metropolitan see; more correctly the intention was Pope Gregory's. His scheme for the whole of England was simple. The Bishop of London was to be Metropolitan, with twelve suffragans. When possible a Bishop should be ordained for York, who should also become a Metropolitan, having twelve suffragans. Circumstances, however, hindered the formation of the Northern province, and York did not become an archiepiscopal see until A.D. 735, when Egbert, the Bishop, received a pall from the Pope.

One provision of Gregory's led to considerable difficulty between the two sees, and an echo of it remains to-day. Gregory provided that during Augustine's lifetime the Bishop of York should be subject to him. After that, the two Metropolitans were to be independent of each other, though they should take counsel together, and the senior in consecration was to have precedence. This harmless arrangement, however, led to ceaseless quarrelling between the two Metropolitans, the one insisting on supremacy, the other on equal rights. At length, at a Synod in 1072, Rome declared the Archbishop of York subject to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but fifty years later revoked this and declared that both were equal. Still the enmity continued, and then in 1354, the Pope hit upon an idea for settling the dispute. Canterbury should be called "Primate of All England," and York should be called "Primate of England"! Each was to carry his cross of office in the province of the other, but whenever a Primate of England was consecrated he was to send to the Primate of All England a golden jewel of the value of forty pounds, to be laid on the shrine of St. Thomas in the Cathedral at Canterbury.



The Canadian Churchman.

## YORK CATHEDRAL, WEST FRONT.

new one with the name of Eboracum. Throughout the Roman period Eboracum was a place of importance, being given in the list of Richard of Cirencester as one of the two Municipia, Verulamium (St. Albans) being the second. An interesting fact about the York of Roman times is that three emperors—Severus, Constantius, and Constantine the Great, died there.

The next epoch in the history of the city is the introduction of Christianity by Paulinus in 625 A.D., and the consequent baptism of Edwin, King of Northumbria, two years later. It was the purpose of Paulinus to make York the ecclesiastical metropolis of the north, which it afterwards became, though not until the time of Theodore. The pall did not reach Paulinus until he had fled to Kent.

From the seventh century onwards, the story of York is, from our point of view, the story of the Church in York, and this will be a convenient point at which to give a brief sketch of the Cathedral. And we begin with Paulinus and the baptism of Edwin in 627 A.D. For that event a little wooden church was hastily constructed, dedicated to St. Peter, but this was soon replaced by one of stones. In the disturbances that led to the flight of Paulinus this church was greatly dam-

aged, while to the Perpendicular period belong the presbytery and retrochoir, and the central tower and upper stages of the western towers were renewed and completed at the same time. Nothing remains to-day of the old English Cathedral, except a few fragments of its crypt, which are built into the Norman crypt, and of the Norman Church the crypt alone remains. The external length of the Cathedral is 518 feet, the internal length is 486 feet.

"York's great and peculiar glory is its glass," and the most striking of all the windows is the group of lancet windows (54 feet in height, each 5 feet 7 inches wide), known as the "Five Sisters." The glass in these windows, it is said, cannot be much later than 1250, just before which date the transept was built.

A writer on the English Cathedrals has said that if the tourist "could only see one English Cathedral, and wished to get a full idea of the splendour and meaning of mediæval art, he would not be going astray" in visiting York.

To return now to the time of Paulinus. We have spoken of him as introducing Christianity into York in 625. That is true, but the Christian faith had been there before. A British Bishop from Eboracum, named Eborius, was present at

the Cathedral at Canterbury. And the present-day echo of that old controversy is that the old titles of 1354 still persist, though the Primate of England cannot now carry his cross in the province of the Primate of All England, unless he is officiating in the absence of the latter. Nor does the shrine of St. Thomas any longer receive the golden jewel. Whether some Archbishop refused to send it, or whether the two Metropolitans agreed to drop the custom, we do not know.

In the work of the Church in England the ancient see of York has taken a worthy share. Amongst its Archbishops have been "giants . . . men of renown," and the sturdy character of northern Christianity owes not a little to the guiding minds of those who have sat in the chair of Paulinus. And the Minster in York never stood for more in the life of the people than it stands for to-day.

York, to-day, is the centre of a strong and vigorous Christianity in the North of England, and in the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, the Church has a leader of whom she may well be proud.



# CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM

By A. FORDER.

Of all places on earth Bethlehem of Judæa seems to be the most appropriate place to celebrate the Christmas feast, and very real it makes the Gospel story to be on the spot tradition has located where the Saviour, the Light of the World, first saw the light of day.

It was my privilege, last Christmas, to be at Bethlehem during the feast, and to see for the first time the elaborate services that are conducted in memorial of the Child whose life has influenced the whole world.

Let me say here that Christmas is thrice celebrated at Bethlehem; first, by the Roman Catholics; secondly, by the Greek Church, thirteen days later, as they keep the old calendar; and thirteen days later by the Armenians, who also keep New Year on the same date.

For a time let the readers imagine that they are Orientals, adherents of the Eastern Church, and saturated with all the beliefs and superstitions of the natives.

Let us suppose we have met at the Jaffa Gate, from which point pedestrians and vehicles start for the Judean town five miles south. For three miles the way is uninteresting, until the great monastery of Mar Elias looms up ahead. Ere reaching this abode of Greek monks, two places of importance must be lingered at.

First of these is the Well of the Magi, an ancient and deep rock-hewn cistern that is filled by surface-water during the rainy season, and used by the local peasants to water their flocks during early summer. The story attached to the well is this: The wise men, on their way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, for a time lost sight of their guiding star. Reaching the well they stopped to draw water, and as they looked into the cistern they saw the star reflected in the water beneath, and so were encouraged to persevere in their search for the new-born King of the Jews.

The two massive stones at the well's mouth are evidently very old, and have been rubbed smooth by the kissing and anointing of thousands of devout pilgrims as they go and come.

On the rise just above the tree is the large, solidly-built monastery already referred to. Here tradition asserts that Elijah rested for a time when fleeing toward the south from Jezebel. The tradition is substantiated by a depression in the rock, on the right side of the entrance to the monastery, which is said to have been made by the fugitive's foot.

The monastery is one of the richest in Palestine; large sums of money are left annually by the pilgrims, on which the priests are enabled to live indolent and lazy lives.

A slight descent brings us to a large boulder on the left-hand side of the road. The natives believe that this rock is full of gold, and is unbreakable. Many who have attempted to blow up or break the rock have died the same night, so that every one is afraid to tamper with it now for fear of some punishment befalling them.

Rachel's tomb on the right is soon passed, but, having no connection with Christian history, is hardly noticed, for Bethlehem is ahead, and the time for the commencement of festivities drawing near.

Narrow streets, crowded with men and women in holiday attire, lead to the market-place, which on a fine day will be crowded. About 2 p.m. the big officials of the Church arrive from Jerusalem, and, having donned their vestments, march in procession across the market-place, through a passage-way lined by Turkish troops, and preceded by choristers and priests clad in white robes.

As the patriarch or bishop walks slowly through the passage of human beings, he raises his hand in blessing, and the adherents of the Church bow respectfully in response to the benediction.

The procession finishes in the Latin chapel of the Church of the Nativity, each sect of the Eastern Church having a portion assigned to them.

Soon after entering the church the officiating dignitary is enthroned in a large gilded chair, crowned with a large cardboard mitre, and robed in the most elaborate and weighty garments. Whilst this is going on, beautiful music is being made on an organ, and a choir of men's voices singing to the strains of the organ, and the Christmas service thus commenced goes on without stopping for nearly twelve hours, and consists of the recital, chanting, and reading of every Scripture that has any reference to the Saviour, in addition to numerous collects, prayers, and litanies.

to the scene. With this the service ends, and all seek rest and refreshment in the adjoining monastery until 9 a.m., when another and similar service is held, lasting until noon. This ends any public celebration of the feast, the remainder of the day being passed in feasting and visiting in each other's homes. December 26 is the ladies' day, and the women of Bethlehem, decked out in their finery, go to the shepherds' fields, and have a good time among themselves.

Thirteen days later Christmas is again kept, with procession and service, much along the same lines, held by the Greeks; they, however, have no wax doll. On this celebration the old church becomes a place of life and noise, for thousands come and go to participate for a time in the elaborate service.

By the conclusion of the service one is glad to get outside into purer air, for the incense fumes, together with the close air of the crowded church, make one almost stupid.

Thirteen days later the Armenians keep the feast, and simplify matters by shortening the prayers and lengthening their services around a massive cauldron, from which they extract savoury morsels of meat and bowls of broth, which are eagerly consumed after the long and rigorous fast before the feast.

Thus is Christmas celebrated at Bethlehem, and



The Canadian Churchman.

CHOIR OF YORK CATHEDRAL.

One interesting item in the programme, which is often repeated, is the frequent changing of the patriarch's vestments and mitre; in three hours, between 11 p.m. and 2 a.m., this took place seventeen times, and, by the appearance of all concerned, was a wearisome business.

Just about 2 a.m. a chorister appears on the scene, carrying in his arms a small gilded wicker basket, on which is laid the life-sized wax figure of a baby. This is placed on the altar, and numerous prayers and collects repeated, and then placed in the patriarch's arms, who, headed by a procession of monks with long, lighted candles and chanting some dirge, leads the way round the church, through the cloisters, and down into the grotto, which is supposed to be the stable in which our Lord was born.

In the recess, believed to be the actual manger, the wax babe is laid, a golden screen, securely locked, protecting it from all harm. Here it stays for twelve days, the object of adoration and worship of thousands. Eventually it is sold to some church in Europe, large sums of money being paid for it.

The night procession through the dim cloisters is weird and impressive, the clear, deep voices of the monks, as they chant, giving an added charm

thus do the Oriental Christian and the sedate pilgrim from Russia avow their faith in the One who, although a King, was born so humbly in a stable.—Southern Cross.

## A Christmas Gift

CAN you send a more up-to-date and acceptable remembrance to your friends in Canada, England or elsewhere, than the Christmas number of your own Church paper?

A few more orders can be filled. Send ten cents and the name and address of the person to whom the paper is to be sent, and we will forward, post paid, at once.

THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN,  
8 Sheppard Street.

## "THE SOULDIERS POCKET BIBLE"

By H. F. MOULE, Litt.D.

**A** TRADITION has always existed that Cromwell's Ironsides were supplied with pocket Bibles. In former years conjectures were rife as to the particular edition which served this purpose. Some, indeed, confidently asserted that it was a small edition of the Authorized Version issued by John Field in 1653. This is manifestly impossible, as the battle of Worcester—that "crowning mercy" which completed the triumph of Cromwell's forces—was fought and won two years earlier, in September, 1651. The question was solved, however, about the middle of the last century, by the discovery in the United States of a small tract, dated 1643, and entitled *The Souldiers Pocket Bible*. It was reprinted and circulated in large numbers among the troops in the American Civil War, which broke out in 1861. At the same time Mr. G. Livermore, of Massachusetts, who owned the original copy, reproduced it in facsimile for private distribution. A second copy soon afterwards came to light among George Thomason's collection of pamphlets in the British Museum. This also was published in facsimile in 1862 by the well-known bibliophile, Mr. Francis Fry, of Bristol, whose unrivalled collection of English Bibles now enriches the Library at the Bible House in London. Another reproduction of the same rare tract was published by Mr. Elliot Stock nineteen years ago, with an interesting Introduction, and a short Preface by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley.

A second edition of this Pocket Bible, slightly altered—doubtless in view of the war with France—was issued in 1693. Its new title was *The Christian Soldier's Penny Bible. . . . Fit for the Soldier's or Seaman's pocket. . . .* We may imagine such books carried in the knapsacks of Corporal Trim's regiment in Flanders. Mr. Fry's unique copy of this later edition is now in the British Museum.

A manuscript note on the title-page of Thomason's copy seems to show that the tract was first published on August 3rd, 1643. That date marked an important crisis in the Civil War. The Parliamentary generals had hitherto displayed nothing but indecision and incapacity. The West of England was practically won for the King, and the citizens of London were expecting the triumphant approach of the Royal army. At this critical moment Cromwell stepped into prominence. He saw the weakness of the Parliament's forces, and asserted the need for opposing religious enthusiasm to the chivalry of the Cavaliers. Mainly through his efforts the whole army was re-organized on the "Model" of the company of horsemen which he had already raised in the Eastern Counties. And it was these "Ironsides" who decided the issue of the war. Cromwell's "lovely company," as he proudly called it, was composed of "honest men of religion, who had the fear of God before them." No blasphemy, drunkenness, disorder, or impiety was allowed in the ranks; "not a man swears but he pays his twelve pence." They rode into battle "singing psalms," and not even the flower of the Royalist cavalry could withstand their onset. "Truly," said their leader, "they were never beaten at all." Such were the men for whom *The Souldiers Pocket Bible* was produced.

In outward form it is a small tract of sixteen pages, "licensed according to order," and bearing the *imprimatur* of Edmund Calamy. Selected verses are grouped under suitable headings, with the references printed in the margin. All except six are taken from the Old Testament, the text used being the Geneva version, which for quite a century after its first publication in 1560 remained the popular Bible of the English people.

The headings are certainly striking and appropriate:—"A Souldier must not doe wickedly . . . must be valiant for Gods Cause . . . must denie his owne wisdome, his own strength, & all provision for war . . . must put his confidence in Gods wisdome and strength . . . must pray before he goe to fight . . . must consider and beleve Gods gracious promises . . . must not feare his enemies . . . must love his enemies as they are his enemies, and hate them as they are Gods enemies . . . must crie unto God in his heart in the very instant of the battell . . . must consider that sometimes Gods people have the worst in battell as well as Gods enemies . . . it cometh of the Lord . . . for the iniquities of Gods people.

Therefore both Souldiers and all Gods people upon such occasions must search out their sinnes . . . whether we have not put too little confidence in the Arme of the Lord, and too much in the arme of flesh . . . the Lord hath ever bene accustomed to give the victory to a few . . . the very nick of time that God hath promised us helpe is when we see no helpe in man . . . if we obtaine any victory over our enemies, it is our dutie to give all the glory to the Lord."

In those days, before India-paper was dreamed of, even the handiest editions of the complete Bible would have been too clumsy for a Round-head on active service to carry, apart from the expense of providing a whole army with copies. But this slim little tract, bound perhaps in tough covers of flexible leather, and sold for a few

**THE SOULDIERS Pocket Bible :**

**Containing the most (if not all) those places contained in holy Scripture, which doe shew the qualifications of his inner man, that is a fit Souldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before he fight, in the fight, and after the fight ;**

**Which Scriptures are reduced to severall heads, and fitly applied to the Souldiers severall occasions, and so may supply the want of the whole Bible; which a Souldier cannot conveniently carry about him :**

**And may bee also usefull for any Christian to meditate upon, now in this miserable time of Warre.**

**Imprimatur, Edm. Calamy:**

**Jof. 18. This Book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou maist observe to doe according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and have good successe.**

**Printed at London by G.B. and R.W. for Aug: 3<sup>d</sup> G.C. 1643.**

A REPRODUCTION IN EXACT SIZE OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF "THE SOULDIERS POCKET BIBLE."—  
(By courtesy of the British and Foreign Bible Society).

pence, was just the book for a soldier to carry buttoned under his tunic. It was eagerly read at night by the camp-fire, and in battle worn next to the heart. Perhaps, like the famous Bible which stopped the deadly bullet at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, this little book saved more than one of its possessors from a fatal wound.

The review of this interesting Bible gives us a curious insight into the very heart of one of the most eventful periods in our country's history. Each page breathes the indomitable spirit of those stern "Invincibles," who believed that, like the Israelites of old, they were the executioners of God's wrath upon His enemies. We may conclude by quoting the admirable words of Lord Wolseley's Preface, to which allusion has been made:—"In my humble opinion, the soldier who carries this Bible in his pack possesses what is of far higher value to him than the proverbial marshal's baton, for if he carries its teaching in his head, and lets it rule his heart and conduct, he will certainly be happy, and most probably eminently successful."—(The Bible in the World).

## PROPHECY AND THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

**T**HE fourth in the series of addresses on Prophecy, by the Rev. Canon Howitt, was given at the Church of the Epiphany on evening December 1st, "Britain's Place in Prophecy." Canon Howitt began by saying that he differed from the two views held about this subject, one which claimed too much and the other which claimed too little. Dealing with the first he gave three reasons why he could not accept the teaching about Anglo-Israel, the identification of the British people with the lost tribes of Israel. First, as to *origin*. The Jews were a Semitic race, the British were of the Aryan family. Second, as to *religious ceremony*. The Jews have always observed the rite of circumcision, the British never. Third, as to *historical condition*. The Jews are to be without a Kingdom, and a King; Britain has never been without a King, except perhaps for the short period of the Protectorate. Then in dealing with the second view, that the Bible said nothing about Britain, of course that was to be the burden of his address. He desired to show that the Bible pointed very encouragingly to Britain. The argument of his address centred largely around the word "Tarshish."

"Reading the Old Testament," he stated, "we find that a certain mighty maritime power is continually referred to, and one which is to be particularly prominent in the very last days. This power would be characterized by maritime supremacy, would be a friend and protector of the Jewish race, would have representatives in all parts of the world, would continue to the end of the age, and would be the means in God's hands of gathering Israel from the four quarters of the globe."

Turning to Isaiah 60:9, the speaker read:—"Surely the Isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from afar, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because He hath glorified thee."

Seeking the geographical location of Tarshish, said the speaker, he had not found any authority that was willing to hazard an opinion on the point. Hastings mentioned as possibilities Italy, Gibraltar, various parts of the coast of Africa, and others.

He had, therefore, been forced to consult the other references made in the Bible to this great sea power which was to return the children of Israel to their home, and the result had allowed of but one conclusion—that the British Empire and Tarshish were one and the same.

It was evident from a reading of the Old Testament that there were two distinct lands referred to as Tarshish. In Second Chronicles, 9:21, and in First Kings, 9:26, these same ships were referred to, and it was mentioned that they were built on the shores of the Red Sea.

Therefore, as there was no Suez Canal in those days, those ships must have traded with some country of the far east. Gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks referred to were an assortment not to be found in many lands, but India was one where all were found. Add to this the fact that the words "apes," "ivory," and "peacocks" were of Tamil origin, and it was fairly acceptable that Tarshish must have been India.

But in Jonah it was told how the prophet went to Joppa "to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." But Joppa was on the Mediterranean, and no ships sailed thence to India. It was, therefore, presumed by some that Tarshish was what is now known as Gibraltar. Gibraltar, however, was not the farthest point touched by navigation. Ships, even then, sailed to England, and what was more reasonable to suppose than that Jonah, in his desire for flight, would want to go to the farthest possible point then known—England?

As added proof, the speaker pointed next to Ezekiel 27:12, where Tarshish was mentioned as having supplied Tyrus with silver, iron, tin and lead. These certainly did not come from Gibraltar. In fact, the only place which produced this combination of metals in great abundance then was Cornwall.

Thus, both England and India, as signifying the two extremes of the British Empire, could be found referred to as Tarshish—the nation which was to play so large a part in connection with the second coming of the Messiah.

As a last proof of this he read from Ezekiel 38:13, where the prophet is told to give warning to the land of Gog:—

"Sheba and Denan, and the merchants of Tarshish, with all the young lions thereof, shall say unto thee, Art thou come to take a spoil? Hast

thou gathered thy company to take a prey, to carry away silver and gold, to take away cattle and goods, to take a great spoil?"

Was it not, moreover, a striking thing, asked the speaker, how God was preparing the great highways of the world for the return of His people? He mentioned the Bagdad Railway; the Trans-Siberian Railway, and the Cape to Cairo line, the last piece of foreign territory blocking the completion of which had just been seized from the Germans. It was now possible, from any



Putting Wood on Board Dr. Grenfell's Boat, Labrador.

part of the world, to go by steam or rail by direct route to Jerusalem, or very near to that city.

"It gives us great confidence," concluded the speaker, "to know that Great Britain is going to survive. Other nations will pass away, even as did the great empires of the past, but I don't think that will be the case with the British Empire.

"When Christ comes; when His dominion is world-wide; when He is actually here among us, Tarshish will still be in existence." He mentioned the unrealized desire of Queen Victoria to live until the second coming that she might lay her crown at the feet of Christ. "There will be a King of England," he said. "—perhaps our own King George—who will do that very thing.

"Looking at England's position in the world, and what she has done, it seems to me as very reasonable to expect that she will survive the clash of the nations of the world.

"Wonderful changes are about to take place, and the map of Europe will be completely altered, but, thank God, Great Britain will remain."

Every available inch of seating room was taken when Rev. Canon Howitt began his address, and many had been turned away.

**GOD BLESS OUR MOTHERLAND.**

To be sung to tune "Russia," by "Alexis Lvoff," the Russian National Anthem.

1. God bless our Motherland! Cradled in ocean,  
Nursed into greatness by storm and by sea;  
Out on the stormy winds and in war's commo-  
tion,  
She had no helper, Jehovah, but Thee!
2. God bless our Motherland! Men who have  
loved her  
Lived for her glory, and died for her fame;  
Men who have ruled her, and men who have  
served her,  
Ruled in Thy fear, Lord, and served in Thy  
Name.
3. God bless our Motherland! Land of the faith-  
ful,  
Slain for their staunchness; exulting in flame;  
All things forsaken, yet valiant and joyful;  
These were her children, and bore her dear  
name.
4. God bless our Motherland! Wide wave her  
banner  
Over a people contented and free!  
Be her Defender, her Shield and Protector,  
Long may she serve Thee on land and on sea.  
—SIR NATHANIEL BARNABY, K.C.B.

Copyright of the Sunday School Union, which, however, grants permission for its reproduction with due acknowledgment. The hymn is from the pen of Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B., late Chief Constructor to the Navy.

**CHRISTMAS IN LABRADOR**

By W. T. GRENFELL.

CHRISTMAS casts long shadows before it in Labrador and scatters rather than unites the sparse population. There are, however, joys that can be added without much creating a sense of vacuum, and those of the Christmas variety it has been our great privilege to introduce.

Look at this poor doll—its head has been fairly and squarely hugged off! Here is another, once gay with rosy cheeks, but now pale as a consumptive, the paint just kissed off by the little maiden owner that had never seen a doll before. I indeed, however, am somewhat to blame for its sad fate, for when first it was brought home from "the tree" it had been carefully hung on a hook high up on the wall and out of the danger of mutilation. But the gospel of good tidings has been translated all along Labrador in more useful things for a subarctic winter and many a dozen bundles of "things" now find their way into all the little homes from Cape York to Cape Chidley. It so happened, after a great Christmas tree once at Battle Hospital, that the weather suddenly fell very mild, and by time to break up it was raining—a drizzling rain. A surprise had been prepared for our guests in the form of a new heavy blouse shirt for each, which, as they were unprepared for the damp, every guest

solemnly put on over his ordinary garments as he went away—the tails flying in the wind behind—the effect as they disappeared into the darkness being like a long line of dancing ghosts.



A Labrador Settlement.

The great joy of Christmas in Labrador, as we see it, is the chance to give joy to others. I was hastening home over the ice one Christmas with my bounding dog team, when a second team in hot haste brought an excited messenger alongside. "You're wanted, doctor, at once! Clem has shot himself." There was barely time now to get home for the Christmas tree at the hospital; but a life counted more than even a disappointed Christmas party, so we swung off, and soon were "coasting" down a steep incline to a cottage by the sea. On the floor of the hut lay a boy on his back, shot through the knee—a mass of bloody rags over the wound and a weeping mother on her knees beside him. In a few minutes the blood was stayed, the joint in splints and in a little longer the lad in a box like a coffin firmly lashed onto his father's homatik. In the race for the hospital we left our loaded competitors far behind, and at dark arrived to find a great crowd of children mistaking our arrival for that of Santa Claus. "It's only the doctor's dogs!" they said. "Yes; but Santa Claus is behind—look out for him," we replied, and hurried to make preparations for the wounded lad. A great shout, and much scurrying of feet, announced his approach, and we managed adroitly to smuggle in the two snow-be-spangled men and their huge box without their identity being discovered. Solemnly out of the other door soon marched two very much more gaily-decked big men, but the same box under an appropriate pall. It was a great success. When

at last Father Christmas came up through the floor and through a bottom box fixed on the stage and made his usual harangue of welcome, his marvellous appearance was so evidently from the North Pole the children were in a very real fairy-land for the rest of the evening, while nurse and doctor had also a Christmas gift which they would not have exchanged for many others.

It is true Labrador cannot offer her children at Christmas time those attributes of that festive season which in parts of the world that we call more fortunate have in the course of the ages come to symbolize the joy of humanity at the message it brings. Ghostly turkeys will not be able to rise in judgment to haunt the night dreams of our trappers; spectral plum puddings do not yet destroy the peace of mind of our hospitable fisher folk; the worry in disposing of "favours" accumulated at cotillions, as they obtain in Labrador, will not for many a day be a factor in the culture of the bacillus of nervous bankruptcy—one trouble, at least, of which, till now, our country is innocent. Tom Hood and his crackers, Huyler and his candies, have even in this year of grace only fallen in with the genial Santa Claus after he has passed Labrador on his way south. As visions of the little houses scattered all along that rock-girt, ice-bound, snow-clad coast rise, one after another, before my mind, I know only too well they are none of them suffering from the "tyranny of things." And yet I seem to feel there the same glow of warm hearts, and hear the same ring of happiness in childish voices.

What does it all mean, this stupendous contrast in the things we possess, and yet so often an inverse ratio in the joy of possessing them?

Is there a danger that in the many things we get we lose sight of the little foretaste of the divine joy of giving, which culminates in giving ourselves as Christ on this day was given for us? This is the only share of joy that is divine that we mortals, by reason of our mortality, can never be deprived of. Giving must always carry more blessing than getting. The gift of the Saviour Child was a joy, not only to the earth and to angels, but to God Himself, for in this great gift He was able to reveal to us, His children, what He Himself really is. By how false a standard, alas! are so many grading the sorrows and joys of life. In the minds of the multitude the "joie de vivre" means anything but the joy of the service of others, which is the Christmas message.

Thank God, the isolation of Labrador has been no barrier to this endless, fathomless source of joy. Long before the material Santa Claus turned his reindeer toward her tiny chimneys, her children had had access to the same source that brings all true joy to the great busy world outside.

For me and mine, "the Lonely Labrador" has



Labrador Indians.

done that for which I cannot repay her. In her honour has no shout been formulated, such as expresses for a college the zeal and affection of her alumni. But for her sake, here at Christmas, if such were the fittest expression of the tribute I would pay her, I would gladly raise my feeble voice to the Christmas toast of L-A-B-R-A-D-O-R. For out of her storehouse has come to me the Christmas gift that lasts forever—she has given a

# Memorial Stained Glass

## Church

## Windows



Our facilities for the production of Memorial Windows in the choicest English Antique Glass are unequalled.

The artists who design and execute the work have for years specialized abroad in this branch of ecclesiastical art.

Our productions to-day are the result of over fifty years painstaking effort towards the Best in Memorial Stained Glass.

We invite your enquiries.

### Robert McCausland Limited

141-143 Spadina Avenue, - - - Toronto

new value to those brief years that even the longest lived can linger on the stage of life. At the feet of a chance preacher I learned of the love of the great Father for each of His children. In the presence of the cry for the help that even I could render, my faith reached a higher climax. I learned that the creature has something his Creator will accept from him. In this way, and only in this way, all men may share the joy of heaven, symbolized each year as it comes round by the merry-making of our great gift-giving feast of Christmas.—The Churchman.

### THIS AND THAT

(Continued from Page 794.)

public affairs. But something more is required than this. What percentage of people are ready to really inconvenience themselves for the public good? How many men are there who would miss a meal, lose an occasional night's rest, forego a cosy evening at home, forsake congenial society, turn out on stormy, disagreeable nights, burrow away in pyramids of uninteresting statistics, associate with people personally repulsive, for the sake of the public? About two and a half per cent. at the outside. And these are the kind of men who "run things," and always will as long as human nature is what it is.

I once heard a physician say that a great many disorders of the human body cured themselves, by our becoming so accustomed to them, that we finally became unconscious of them. I won't attempt to criticize or endorse this statement, so far as it affects the physical side of our being. But it is no doubt true of many of our sorrows and trials. They become second nature, and so finally perfectly bearable. What is bearable is curable, and cured. This is one compensation of advancing years. We find out that nothing that is endurable is incurable.

A motor car whizzed past me the other day as I was wearily plodding along the "dirt" sidewalk of one of our Nova Scotian towns, and the thought came into my mind, "here is an illustration of how the modern world is rushing ahead and leaving us oldsters far behind." Things move fast in the modern world. I am not young, nor could I by a stretch of language be called "middle-aged." Still I am hardly in the absolute sense of the term an "old man." And yet what a lot of changes have taken place within my own recollection. It seems but yesterday to me when telephones, gramophones, typewriters, electric lighting and power, motor cars, not to mention "flying machines," and submarines were undreamed of. I have used a flint lock gun, and can dimly remember when percussion caps first came into use. I was a grown man when the vast proportion of the ocean-borne commerce of the world was carried in sailing vessels. All the middle-aged people of my youth remember the coaching days in England, and long before the era of Lucifer matches, postage stamps, gas, and telegraphs, and my own father, who would only be a nonagenarian if now living, was at the opening of the first railroad in England, and saw Huskisson killed.

A few days ago I officiated at the funeral of an old Nova Scotian lady who was born in 1819 in King's County, Nova Scotia, and who had met in her childhood some of the original settlers who were brought from New England into the Annapolis Valley in 1760, after the deportation of the Acadians in 1755. She had met people who dimly remembered the Acadians in possession of the country. The number of nonagenarians and centenarians in Nova Scotia is very remarkable, and I doubt if the proportion is equalled in any district in America. Two years ago I buried a man who had reached the age of 107, and more than one centenarian has died since I came here. There must be in this little town at least a score of people ranging in age from eighty and upwards. To what this extraordinary longevity of the Nova Scotians may be due I cannot attempt to discuss now, but the undeniable fact remains.  
Downeaster.

### BISHOP BLYTH'S DEATH.

The death was announced last week of the Right Rev. George Francis Popham Blyth who had been for many years Bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem and the East, a position from which he recently retired.

# A CHRISTMAS INHERITANCE

By MORICE GERARD.

## CHAPTER I.

**H**AROLD ST. MOYNE settled himself down in a corner seat of a first-class compartment at Paddington. A porter placed a dressing-case and kit-bag in an adjacent seat.

Harold handed the man a *douceur*, evidently of a satisfactory nature from the way in which he acknowledged it, spread a rug over his knees, and held a newspaper in his left hand.

"Not many passengers to-day?"

"No, sir; the rush will begin next week."

"I am glad I shall escape it."

It was ten days before Christmas. Harold St. Moyne was doing, for the fifteenth time, an annual pilgrimage; he had begun it when he was twenty.

He was thirty-five to-day, for he had been born on the fifteenth of December. He had considered it an inconvenient date in days which seemed now long gone by, when presents came his way, and people insisted on duplicating Christmas Day and the birthday, instead of keeping them apart in a satisfactory manner, as they would have done had he been born at any other time of the year.

He smiled to himself as he thought of those ancient protests; now no one remembered when his birthday came, or ever thought of recognizing the event—or Christmas Day either for that matter—by a gift of any kind.

Harold told himself that he was getting into the sere and yellow leaf, his hair beginning to thin a little at the top.

Thirty-five! It seemed so much further on than thirty-four.

He had done very well during the last year; cases of importance had begun to come his way; his income as a stuff gownsmen had suddenly trebled, and he could see that even greater success lay near in the immediate horizon. He was far from being a poor man, yet at the same time he was keen on advancement in his profession as if all depended on his own talents.

The journey he was taking, beginning as it did on his birthday, had served to accentuate the opportunity for introspection and general taking stock. He was a curiously lonely man; he had never fallen in love; he had acquaintances but few friends, and even his friends had only achieved a limited amount of intimacy.

Some day he must marry; he frowned; the prospect did not appeal to him, yet there was an ancient race to be considered, an ancient name, with sundry other things which seemed to emphasize the necessity of marriage on his part.

It was bitterly cold, a keen searching north wind swept the landscape, as the train left the environment of London, and advanced through open country.

"Will you be pleased to take lunch, sir?"

The head attendant of the refreshment department had come in from the corridor side.

"Yes, certainly; when will it be ready?"

"One o'clock, sir; there is no stop this side of Exeter."

"I know; I have been by this train a good many times."

The man lingered, as if hesitating about what to say next.

"Well, what is it?" Harold asked sharply; he was rather annoyed at the interruption to his thoughts.

"There is only one other first-class passenger taking lunch, sir; should you mind if we lay it at one table?"

"Not at all; he will not interfere with me."

The man coughed. "It's a lady, sir."

"Then, perhaps she may object."

"I asked her first, sir, and she was quite agreeable."

"Very well, that settles it."

Harold pictured almost without knowing that he did it, a well-worn veteran of the other sex, travelling westwards on that inclement day. He took up the "Spectator," and began reading.

Almost before he had realized how time was speeding, he was summoned by the attendant to the next saloon, where lunch was served.

On the threshold he stopped with an awkward jerk. He had practically forgotten about the other passenger who was to be his companion at the luncheon table; the picture he had formulated in his mind came back to him, only to receive its *congé*.

No weather-worn hardened traveller was this seated at the table with its white cloth.

She half rose, bowing slightly, then resumed her seat. Slim, young, in deep mourning, girlish he thought at first, but later hardly found the description applicable. He had seen too much, had too great a knowledge of the world, yet the charm of youth remained, while the maturity had its fascination.

Harold recovered himself sufficiently to control his surprise, and his features at the same time. He bowed, and then took his place opposite to her.

The first part of the lunch passed in silence, except for the ordinary convenances of the table. He had plenty of opportunity for observing his *vis-à-vis*; subsequent impressions only served to emphasize and deepen his first hasty summing up of the attractions possessed by his fellow traveller.

Never before had Harold St. Moyne found anything so perfectly satisfying in his somewhat cursory investigation of the other sex. He was hard to please, past the years when enthusiasm and juvenile warmth take the place of real judgment.

In addition to beauty and a charm, a distinction, a grace, even more remarkable than her good looks, his companion conveyed a sense of pathos. Without intending it she made an appeal to his manhood. She asked for sympathy, if not for protection; asked in the wistful eyes, grey, under dark lashes, in the sadness which lurked about her mouth.

The snow began to fall after they had left Bath and were nearing Bristol, or rather they were reaching a zone in which the weather was worse than it had been nearer London.

She looked out of the window and shuddered.

"You do not like snow," he suggested, "yet there is something beautiful in the way it falls, gentle, feathery, shrouding the landscape in a white pall."

The attendant had just brought in the coffee, and retired.

"Pall," she repeated, and again her shoulders indicated repulsion, "that is just it. I was hoping we might have a green winter in Cornwall this year. I feel as if I never wish to see snow again."

Harold showed his interest, his surprise in the glance he gave her, as slowly and meditatively he stirred the sugar in his cup.

"I went to Switzerland six weeks ago with my mother, at least I always called her mother; she was really my father's second wife. I can only just remember my own mother"—she paused, and had to control her emotion.

"Do not try to tell me," Harold said, sympathetically.

"Yes, it is foolish of me; I must not give way. She had been ill for many months, and had always fancied that the air of Switzerland would revive her, and give her new health and strength, but instead she died at Meerun, a little place high up in the mountains. She expressed a wish to be laid to rest in the little cemetery there, and I am now returning to my father; he is crippled with rheumatism."

"I am sorry," he replied; "what a sad home-coming for you; how different it must make Christmas seem, when sorrow comes just when the rest of the world is bright."

Shortly after Harold went back to his compartment to smoke; they had arranged to meet again at tea. Harold spent the interval in thinking of the girl whose acquaintance he had so strangely made. He looked forward with an eagerness, which surprised himself, to the time when he would meet her again. He smiled; could it be love at first sight, at which he would have directed aggressive humour and sarcasm a few hours before?

She poured out tea for them both. It was a graceful accomplishment in spite of the shaking of the carriage. He always remembered it with the background of whirling snow beating against the windows, the night darkening without.

They talked of many things. At length he said:—

"I take this journey every year; it is a strange errand; some property I own in Cornwall is dependent for its tenure on my fulfilling the terms of a will, made a hundred and twenty years ago, by an ancestor. He was saved from being wrecked by the firing of a gun, which told the captain of a vessel he was on that they were close to a rocky island, which lies some two hundred yards away from the main land."

"Every year he commemorated his escape by firing a cannon, which he had placed on an elevated spot near to the house he built on the island."

after purchasing it, and the adjacent property on the main land. He left it in his will that this should be carried out in perpetuity by his descendants. If we fail to do this we lose the estate, which of late years has developed in value, owing to certain mineral rights."

She had been listening with tense interest, according the story an attention which it hardly seemed to merit on its intrinsic rights.

"Supposing the owner of the property were ill, and prevented carrying out the terms of the will?"

"There is provision for that; he may depute someone else to execute the task, but a doctor's certificate must be forthcoming, or the next of kin would be able to step in, and claim the estate."

"Who is the next of kin?" she enquired.

"I am a St. Moyne," he said; "the family is almost extinct, but I believe there is another branch, distantly connected, which bears the name. I have really never given it sufficient concern to find out anything about them. You see I do not intend them to inherit by any default of mine."

He laughed. She smiled in return. He saw then that there was another side to her character, that she was capable of a joy of brightness, which had been shadowed by her recent sorrow.

## CHAPTER II.

"Plymouth first stop!"

The train was drawing in to the arrival platform before Harold St. Moyne realized that his part of the journey was ended. He had left his manservant, Jennings, who had been with him twelve years, in London; he had contracted influenza, and the doctor had advised postponing his journey for at least two days.

Harold had taken rooms in a quiet hotel at Plymouth, intending to complete his journey as soon as his servant arrived. He was annoyed now to think he had made the arrangement, for it involved parting with his newly found friend, instead of accompanying her to her destination at Penzance.

Leave-taking was done in a hurry. St. Moyne found himself on the platform before he had had opportunity of saying half the things which occurred to him as soon as the train steamed out of the station.

He had asked her name. She had replied, with a merry laugh, "What if I were to say it was the same as your own?" But for the life of him he could not decide if it had been only a put off.

"Ships that pass in the night." The pleasant companion of a few hours, an intimacy begun and broken off; a frail flower, which was wilted by an east wind before it had matured and reached full beauty.

No, he did not believe any of these things. He was vexed to think that he knew nothing of her destination, except that it was southward of Penzance, that her father's house was somewhere near that bleak and desolate but beautiful coastline, off which his own property was situated.

They would perhaps meet again; nay, they *should* meet again was the determination of the strong man, consciously moved after a curious fashion for the first time in his life.

Was this the mature man of five-and-thirty, the cool, collected barrister, quick to seize any point in his adversary's case which favoured his side? The man who had lived an absolutely self-contained, some people might think selfish, life?

Yet an hour or two in the train, the turn of a woman's head, the dignity and grace of a pose, the sound of a voice so sweet and low, so capable, as it seemed to him, of infinite tenderness; these things combined had changed the whole current of his thoughts.

The wind, as it swept through the station, caused him to fasten his heavy overcoat more securely about him; the act was an unconscious one, his thoughts, his feelings, perhaps even his heart, were winged forth following the tail lights of the retreating train as it swept out into the darkness and snow-world beyond.

Ushered by a porter and an hotel servant, Harold climbed into the omnibus and proceeded on his way, a solitary traveller to the caravanserai he had selected; he had broken his journey there more than once in previous years.

Later on, as he sat over his dinner in the coffee-room, the only guest, in a dimly lighted apartment, he lived over again his experience, the chance meeting and all that it meant; he recalled their conversation. She had remonstrated with him on merely paying his annual duty-visit at the worst time of the year, without exploiting all the beauties of the district, during the more favourable months of the long vacation.

He had owned that he had travelled far and wide, hardly a corner of the earth had not been visited during the months of his annual leisure.

but the property which owned him as its lord—stretching for miles along the coast, as well as the island on which the house was built, occupied only by a caretaker and his wife, had never seen his face.

St. Moynes awoke on the next few mornings to a world gradually getting whiter. Such a blizzard had not visited the West for a quarter of a century. A new anxiety faced him; it had to do with his communications. Everywhere roads were blocked; trains, except on the main line, were discontinued; many had to be dug out in several parts of England, but the West was suffering most.

After all his delay was of no service; Jennings had not improved in health, and was unfit to travel.

Not a little annoyed, Harold proceeded on his way to Penzance. Jennings had always smoothed over difficulties of that annual visit to Penclose—the island which formed his destination—he had been ready of resource, could cook as well as a chef, and had made himself generally serviceable, so that Harold had not been left to the tender mercies of Robert and Mary Garrow, those worthy people who, for a small salary and free home, endured year in, year out, the storm and wind of that iron-bound coast.

Harold had thought of his companion in the train continuously during the hours he spent alone. But now something else obtruded itself upon him sufficiently to banish other considerations.

How was he going to reach his journey's end?

Some ten miles of rough road at the best of times separated Penzance from Scanlan Cove, the shelving beach within half-a-mile of the island. Never before had there been any difficulty in negotiating this comparatively short distance; a pair of strong horses and a four-wheeled dog-cart had generally been hired at the inn near the station.

The year before this St. Moynes had chartered a motor, strongly built, capable of traversing without damage a rough road with steep ascents and descents.

Now these means of conveyance were impossible, snow lay deep over every mile of the track, and in some places there had been no communication for three or four days.

Harold had never allowed that any difficulty existed, which could not be surmounted by determination and courage; he had been in tight corners in distant parts of the globe, and had found his way through by sheer determination.

Now it seemed as if nature had plotted not merely to convince him that his attitude towards life could not always be sustained, but also to prevent the carrying out of that obligation imposed upon him by his ancestor's will, upon which so much depended.

Far from being a mercenary man, Harold nevertheless did not contemplate with cheerfulness the idea of losing an estate, worth about two thousand a year, through a snow-storm. Then again, there was the human element of annoyance that someone would benefit by his defeat.

The distant relative was represented to him by X, the unknown quantity, but the very existence of such a possibility made him feel that the junior branch of his exiguous stock was an enemy in disguise.

He tried all the arguments at his disposal upon the owners of every livery stable and garage in the town, arriving at each place like a snow-man, for the air was still thick with falling flakes, but no monetary offers could induce the wily Westerner to run risks, which were obviously of a foolhardy description.

As a last resource, he turned to the harbour; if the land ways were blocked, the sea must still be open.

The voyage was a hazardous one at the best of times in wintry weather, for although the distance to be covered was inconsiderable, the coast line was so jagged, and hidden rocks were so numerous that boatmen preferred to stand out to sea and make a circuit, rather than make an attempt to hug the shore.

Harold tried the owners of various craft without avail. A heavy fog hung over the waters, obscuring sea and land. Nothing could be done until the snow-storm abated. This was the unanimous verdict which met St. Moynes at every turn, until he absolutely raged at his own incapacity to overcome the difficulties which hemmed him in.

At length a ray of light came to him from the coastguard. Just beyond the island of Penclose, further out, was the light-ship; this was visited once a week by a small steamer, carrying pro-

visions and other necessities for the three men who manipulated the light, year in, year out. Only in the most stormy weather did the steamer intermit its weekly voyage. The skipper of the boat was regarded as the best authority on Cornish navigation of any man between Plymouth and Bude.

In the summer months some adventurous tourists took advantage of this weekly voyage to enjoy an expedition unique in its way, only attractive, however, to the best of sailors.

Skipper Towers was not averse to making a little extra money by this means; but during the winter he and his crew of four, three men and a boy, were left severely alone.

"The Firefly," as the steamer was called, belonged to the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, and was continually employed in visiting lighthouses and ships under the control of the Board.

"The Firefly" put into Penzance harbour. Before half-an-hour had passed Harold St. Moynes had boarded the boat, with a view to negotiating a passage.

Although the captain had never seen him before, the terms of his tenure were known all along the coast, and the booming of the gun at midnight on Christmas Eve was listened for for miles on both sides, as well as out to sea, if any vessels from neighbouring ports happened to be near enough for the message of the big gun to proclaim its annual vigil.

Captain Towers was not therefore so surprised at the proposition made to him. Still he felt bound to remonstrate with St. Moynes and point out that a risk he himself habitually ran might not appeal to a landsman, with such a fog both by day and night rendering the passage difficult and dangerous, even to a sailor as well acquainted with it as was the Master of "The Firefly."

£50!—that was the argument! The suggestion of danger was brushed on one side; St. Moynes had not come of the stock he did, if he were afraid of a danger which other men were prepared to face.

The start was made at dawn on the following morning, so as to have as much daylight as possible for the enterprise.

Daylight! It sounded like an irony. The snow had almost ceased to fall, but in its place a frost-

Healthy Competition Gives an Interest to  
Business.

### Phoenix Engraving Limited

37 Richmond Street, East  
TORONTO.

UNDERTAKE EVERY KIND OF ILLUSTRATING  
IN HALFTONE, ZINC AND WOOD ENGRAVING

Our Service, Quality and  
Price are the outcome of our  
best references—Our clients,

*Every member of the firm excels in his  
particular branch.*

PHONE MAIN 985.

## DON VALLEY BRICK WORKS

Use Light Shade Buff

## BRICKS

For lining your Churches  
and Sunday Schools

As cheap as plaster and  
much more beautiful.

DON VALLEY BRICK WORKS

Head Office,

36 TORONTO ST., TORONTO, ONT.

ROBT. DAVIES, Prop.

JNO. M. BOWMAN, Manager

tog had thickened over land and sea, the air was impregnated with a heavy vaporous moisture, almost choking in its effects, as they stood out from the harbour. St. Michael's Mount might not have existed; everywhere the dense monotony of the fog supplied the place of land-marks and obscured the Channel.

Captain Towers betrayed no uncertainty; his grave, set face remained much the same as it had done when the bargain was transacted; in his pocket was a roll of notes, representing the amount agreed upon. The crank of the machinery, the churning of water round the screw; the sound of fog-horns further off, where the main track of big vessels was indicated, these alone broke the silence. It seemed as if all nature had been dulled and stupefied by the unexampled weather, as if a white blanket of vast proportions had been flung over the coast and the adjoining waters.

Harold stood in the bows, leaning over the bulwarks, peering out with anxious eyes to try to ascertain what course they were pursuing. He could hear the voice of the captain giving directions from the bridge to the engine-room below, and from time to time altering the steering.

The engines were working at slight pressure; the steamer was creeping out, feeling its way it seemed by stealth, anticipating at any moment

crept on. Presently a new sound broke upon their ears. The afternoon was drawing on, the short afternoon of a December day. Harold could hear the booming of the water as the tide flung itself against the serrated edge of the cliff; they were once more nearing the land.

Where was Penclose? Were they near or far from his destination? On either side of the steamer men were taking soundings, calling every now and then to the skipper the results, when a change was indicated in the depth of the passage. Suddenly, there was a grinding noise, a vibration along the vessel from stem to stern, then she took a plunge forward. St. Moyne was flung into space and knew nothing more.

#### CHAPTER III.

It was close upon midnight; it was a fairy-like scene, endowed with extraordinary beauty. The night was intensely cold, but the sky overhead was clear and radiant with stars, and decked with the silver rays of a crescent moon.

Snow lay thick upon the island except where a path had been swept up as far as the hillock, on which the great cannon was mounted, then branched off to the house, half cottage, half villa, which the Garrows occupied, undisturbed, for eleven months of the year.

The sea, comparatively calm, sent forth

it was characteristic of the sturdy seaman in charge of the supplies, that he was ready to start again as soon as a small steamer could be arranged for, to carry out his original intention of supplying the needs of the light-ship men, as soon as possible.

"The Sea-Mew" had come alongside, the light-ship about 11 p.m., and had been welcomed with enthusiasm, for the supplies were running short, and on board the ship as well as elsewhere, Christmas was a time of not scarcity, but plenty, with a few luxuries thrown in.

Captain Towers clapped his hands when he heard the gun.

"That shows," he remarked, with satisfaction, "that our friend was not so badly hurt as we thought, when he lay insensible on the beach, after pitching on his head."

"He was well looked after, anyway," Towers' engineer remarked, with a laugh; "no doubt that helped to cure him!"

"Hallo! what is that?" the captain exclaimed, interrupting the engineer.

Across the water, in the direction of Penclose, came a sound, gradually becoming more clear, and increasing in volume. No words reached them, but the melody was too familiar to be mistaken.

From the island there arose into the star-light



The Canadian Churchman.

#### BATTLE OF THE LONG SAULT, SCENE OF GREAT HEROISM DURING FRENCH REGIME IN CANADA. Landing of the Friendly Algonquins, who Helped Dollard and his Sixteen Heroic Companions to Defend Ville Marie in 1660.

(See also Page 805.)

the presence of an enemy, unseen in the density, which was greater than it had been in the harbour.

To St. Moyne's fanciful imagination it appeared as if he himself were a dream figure, on a ship which had no real existence; that he would rouse himself and find the whole affair had been conjured up by his brain, during the hours of night.

The cold was intense; this alone gave a sense of reality, as he drew his soft cap lower over his brows, and buttoned the thick ulster he was wearing higher in his throat, with the collar up to his ears.

For two or three hours "The Firefly" held on its course, outwards, leaving the shore behind at a safe distance, until the sound of the fog-bells of the big steamers warned them that the open channel was dangerously near, with every risk of collision.

Then a fresh order was given through the speaking-tube, and the boat began slowly to revolve, taking almost a complete circuit, and heading, as it seemed to Harold, exactly back again.

Snow had ceased to fall altogether, but the fog had grown in density. If a hand were stretched out it appeared wreathed in mist, as if a thousand spiral columns of smoke encircled it.

Still more slowly, more warily, "The Firefly"

diminutive breakers along the island coast; a white ripple of foam in the moonlight.

A small group of persons was collected close to the gun, waiting.

A grandfather clock in the hall-place of the cottage began striking the midnight hour. Immediately a light was applied to the cannon by someone, who stepped back instantly, with a nervous action, which betrayed unfamiliarity.

Forth went the message into the silent night. Once more the instructions of the long dead and gone St. Moyne had been carried out; another Christmas Day was ushered into the world.

In one place, at any rate, the firing of the gun had been eagerly anticipated, with some hesitation as to whether it would not be intermitted on that particular occasion.

This was on board the light-ship, where the three men had received an unexpected increase of visitors, by the arrival of Captain Towers and his crew of "The Sea-Mew," which had taken the place of the ill-fated "Firefly," fast being broken up on the shark-like teeth of a submerged rock.

Fortunately, the skipper and his crew had been landed in safety by the lifeboat men, who had pulled out to the scene of the disaster, in response to the discordant appeal of the siren.

night the message which had been delivered to a sleeping world nearly twenty centuries before.

The men on the light-ship had by this time gathered on the deck, at the point nearest to the island. They were listening with something of awe to the strains of the grand old hymn, never before used as an accompaniment to the sonorous message of the big gun.

At length the spirit of the night awoke in them as well, and seemed to compel a response. In deep bass, the engineer started singing; the rest joining more or less tunefully, according to their musical capacity.

Thus from light-ship to island, from island back to light-ship and so along the shore, was announced again the greatest truth the world of men has ever received:—

"Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With the Angelic host proclaim  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King."

## CHAPTER IV.

The pattern on the wall struck him as curious. He was interested. He had never seen anything quite like it before. The paper was a light green, restful to the eye; across it came darting shadows playing in all directions, but covering only a small space.

He wondered where he was. Slightly altering the inclination of his head, he found he was very tired; even that slight effort being an exertion. He lifted his eyes, and saw a nursing Sister, with quiet, self-contained face, of great sweetness.

She was sitting on a high chair by his side, and had been plying her knitting needles. Behind her was a window, with a Venetian blind, let down, through which the sunlight made its way, and catching on the knitting needles, formed that curious pattern on the wall opposite his bed.

His bed! Was he dreaming? What had happened?

The Sister had noticed his look. She stood up and fixed him with her quiet glance; then she nodded with evident satisfaction.

Taking a medicine glass from the table, she deftly placed an arm under his head, raising him up.

"Drink this," she said, "you will feel better afterwards."

How weak he was; he felt like a tired child, and, like a good child, did as he was bid.

Then he fell asleep.

During the afternoon of the same day, Harold St. Moyne roused to a fuller consciousness. He began for the first time to think backwards. He remembered that start in "The Firefly"; the snow, the fog, the accident. After that all was dim and indistinct, yet there were impressions which came out of the mist, a mist which something told him was in his brain, not in the atmosphere. He saw the kindly face of an old man, leaning on a stick; by his side was the lady of the train, and there was always the Nurse. She was busy now making tea.

She came and raised his head on two pillows, and for the first time he learnt how delicious the combination of bread and butter and tea could be. Cornish butter, home-made bread, China tea, just as he liked it.

"Where are the others?" he asked. The Sister looked at him anxiously. Her face plainly showed that she was asking herself, whether the delirium of a few days earlier had not returned?

The look in his eyes re-assured her.

"What others?" she asked.

"The old man, and—"

"Yes?"—she smiled.

"The lady I met in the train."

"Where have you seen them?"

"Here, in this room, with you."

"Would you like to see them again?"

"Yes, please; but first tell me where I am."

"You are in comfortable quarters," she replied, "at Tehale Rectory."

"I ought to be getting up; I have something I must do."

"I am afraid you will not be able to do it for some little time yet. The doctor talks of a month's absolute rest, then a voyage."

Just as she was speaking there came a knock at the door. The vision he had seen materialized. An elderly clergyman entered, leaning on a stick with one hand, resting the other on St. Moyne's acquaintance of the train.

Slowly they approached his bed.

The Sister slipped out of the room.

"Thank God you are better, Mr. St. Moyne." The Rector laid three fingers on the sick man's forehead, having first rested his stick against the bedstead. His lips moved, although the words were not audible; it was a prayer, a thanksgiving, a blessing.

The old man sat in the seat the nurse had occupied hitherto; the girl stood.

"How long have I been here?" Harold enquired, after a few questions and answers had dealt with his health and feeling.

The answer came from his fellow traveller. "A fortnight," she said.

Harold lay quite still, thinking it over. He had lost his inheritance; it had slipped from him during his unconsciousness. He was surprised to find how little it seemed to matter. The thing which did matter—!

What a sweet face the girl had, what a gentlewoman she looked in her black frock. He had

thought her beautiful, graceful before; now his appreciation had intensified a hundredfold.

After a long pause, he said: "You have been very good to me; I am most grateful." This was addressed mostly to the Rector. To the girl he said: "I wonder whether you remember the story I told you in the train?"

She nodded, a smile upon her lips.

"You see," he said, "fortune was against me; I did not arrive in time. I was lying here unconscious, when I ought to have been carrying out the terms of the will."

"You told me there was an alternative."

His brain was not so clear as usual. He puzzled it over to himself for quite an appreciable time, before he replied.

"I might have sent someone else, if the doctor had certified I was too ill to go myself, but you see I had not command of my faculties, in order to do it."

"Nevertheless," she answered, quietly, "the doctor did certify, and someone went to do your bidding; went in your place."

He looked at her with a long enquiring glance. "You went?" he said.

"Yes, I went; my father gave me leave; the weather had cleared beautifully. I took our own boatman and his son with me. I enjoyed it all, except—" she smiled again—"I was a little afraid when I fired the gun."

"How can I thank you enough—you have saved my inheritance; besides you kept out those distant cousins of mine many times removed," he laughed, "whom I do not love."

There was a quick glance between father and daughter; the old man broke in.

"I am afraid, Mr. St. Moyne, we ought not to let you talk further without telling you that you and I bear the same name!"

Harold flushed. "Do you mean to say—?"

Her woman's wit came to the rescue: "I told you so in the train, only perhaps you did not take it in. We are only too glad to have made the acquaintance of the only relative we have in the world, and to have been able to render him some slight service. For after all," she added, "blood is thicker than water, and both sides are proud of the ancient name."

## OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

### WAR BOOKS STANDARD AND AUTHORITATIVE BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND READING

#### WHY WE ARE AT WAR (Great Britain's Case).

By members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History. Cloth, 85c. 5th Edition. All profits from the sale of this book are given to the Belgium Relief Fund.

#### THE OXFORD SURVEY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Published July, 1914; the most complete and authoritative description of the Empire as it exists to-day. Complete in six volumes, with 200 reproductions of photographs, 27 colored maps, and 193 figures in the text. Cloth, set, \$21.00.

GREATER ROME AND GREATER BRITAIN. By Sir C. P. Lucas. \$1.15.

THE STUDY OF WAR. By Spenser Wilkinson, 30c.

THE EARLY LIFE OF MOLTKE. By Spenser Wilkinson, 30c.

NAPOLEONISM. Six Lectures. By H. A. L. Fisher, \$1.15

THE MEMOIRS OF ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. Cloth, \$4.50.

#### English National Poetry

##### WAR SONGS.

Collected and edited by Christopher Stone. Cloth, 35c.

##### SEA SONGS AND BALLADS.

Collected and edited by Christopher Stone. Cloth, 35c.

OXFORD PAMPHLETS ON THE WAR. From 4c. to 10c. each. 36 Titles now ready.

OXFORD GARLANDS. Compiled by R. M. LEONARD. Price 20c. each. First List of Volumes.

PATRIOTIC POEMS. LOVE POEMS. SONNETS.

RELIGIOUS POEMS. POEMS ON SPORT. POEMS ON CHILDREN.

POEMS ON THE ARTS. POEMS ON TRAVEL.

POEMS ON LIFE.

POEMS ON TRAVEL. ECHOES FROM THE CLASSICS.

THE OXFORD "KNAPSACK" BIBLE. Bound in Khaki with the Union Jack in Gilt. Diamond 32mo, thin, on Oxford India Paper, with flap and button-fastener, red edges. Size 4 3/4 x 2 3/4 inches, weight 4 1/2 oz. 75c.

CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE.

THE ROMANCE OF PREACHING.

12mo, cloth, net \$1.25.

With an Introduction by Charles R. Brown, D.D., Dean of Yale Divinity School, and a Biographical Sketch by H. A. Bridgman, Editor of *The Congregationalist*.

Yale Lectures on Preaching.

S. D. GORDON.

QUIET TALKS ABOUT THE CROWNED CHRIST.

12mo, cloth, net 75c.

After many years' study of the one book of the Bible devoted to the subject of the crowned Christ—the Revelation of John—Mr. Gordon has put these latest talks together. No book of the sixty-six has seemed so much like a riddle, and set so many guessing. Mr. Gordon however holds the deep conviction that it is wholly a practical book and concerned wholly with our practical daily lives.

If in doubt, give a book. Why not "Bambi," by MARJORIE BENTON COOKE? Cloth, \$1.25

S. B. GUNDY

PUBLISHER IN CANADA  
FOR HUMPHREY MILFORD

TORONTO



St. Moynes convalescence was rapid enough after this. His splendid constitution re-asserted itself, yet he seemed in no hurry to declare himself well enough to depart.

The keen January air braced him; he was able after a while to take long walks with his distant cousin, Judith St. Moynes.

That cousinship was so very convenient; it seemed to excuse a close association from the beginning.

Yet there came a time when it was not close enough, when Harold felt a period had come for his departure. Then it was he ventured to ask for the one thing he had learnt to value beyond everything; far beyond the sea-girt inheritance, which he had come to secure, and in the coming had found something so transcendent that all else faded into insignificance.

Very nearly a year had passed when once more a small group of persons was gathered at Pendoclose. Christmas Eve had come round again, the midnight hour was approaching.

Harold St. Moynes carried out the terms of his ancestor's will. By his side stood his wife, while, by special arrangement, Captain Towers and the crew of "The Sea-Mew" completed the party, with the Garrows.

Once more into the night the message arose of

ference to the present diocese is contained in the number of its active clergy.

My chief aim was to show the increase of the colleges from none to three and to emphasize the fact that none of them belongs to the Diocese of Toronto. I expressly spoke of the "University of Trinity College," and of its representing the whole Ecclesiastical Province; and everyone knows that a University is not merely a "theological college in the diocese."

It is strictly true that Trinity College has a teaching staff of 23 professors and lecturers in Arts and Divinity, and that, after the arrival of the Rev. H. C. S. Morris at the end of this month, it will have 24, exclusive of "Science professors and lecturers," referred to by Mr. Gillespie Teaching in science, and various other branches, can, under the University Acts of the Legislature of Ontario, be given only by the staff of the University of Toronto; and it is given by them for us, and partly in our own buildings.

Seven of the laymen of our Arts staff proper give instruction, in their first two years, to the men who are preparing for the L.Th. degree, without looking to the B.A.; and six out of the eight (soon to be nine) clergymen on the staff, besides lecturing to the Divinity Class on various branches of theology, lecture also to the Arts students on classical and New Testament Greek, Hebrew, the Old and New Testament in English.

ceded, and so a favourable opportunity was lost.

The Calendar itself consists of two sheets. The first sheet has a beautiful picture of a Red Indian woman, reproduced in colours, representing the Indian work of our Church. The other sheet bears a charming figure of a Japanese girl, representing our work in Japan. Each sheet has six calendar blocks, with the W.A. subjects of prayer and the W.A. cross in blue.

The whole Calendar is an unique specimen of "Made-in-Canada" art printing. The sketches are the work of Dudley Ward, the well-known artist. The price is 25 cents, post free, and it can be obtained from parochial and diocesan officers of the W.A., or direct from Miss F. Lea, 5 Bedford Road, Toronto, or Mrs. de Pencier, 1346 Pendrel Street, Vancouver.

This appeal comes from the General Board of the Auxiliary.

If your readers will include one or more of these Calendars in their Christmas gifts this year, we shall easily sell the five thousand copies which we must dispose of, if we are not to be faced with a deficit. I feel confident that we shall not appeal in vain, and that those who buy will get a good return for the money invested.

I remain,  
Yours sincerely,  
Adelaide M. Plumtre,  
Secretary of Literature.



The Canadian Churchman.  
**BATTLE OF THE LONG SAULT, SCENE OF GREAT HEROISM DURING FRENCH REGIME IN CANADA.**  
Attacking and Defending Forces in the Battle of Long Sault. An additional interest is added to these two illustrations by the Canadian Indians' recent offer to fight for the Empire. (See Companion Picture Page 803.)

the Christmas hymn; it was Harold's wife who was leading it, with her hand linked in his; the rest took it up in swelling chorus; across the Channel was wafted the sound of their voices. Heard on ships speeding homewards, heard on other ships starting on their voyage across the world, awaking echoes in many a heart of the glorious truth of Christmas.—"The Church Family Newspaper."

### Correspondence

#### ANSWER TO "A CORRECTION."

Sir,—In your issue of the 19th November I see that Mr. Walter Gillespie says that "an extraordinary error has crept in" my historical sketch, reproduced in part in your issue of the 5th November. He also says that the statement of which he complains is "misleading in this connection to anyone unfamiliar with the situation." As a matter of fact, I was not, as Mr. Gillespie charges, speaking of the number of clergy, theological colleges, etc., now in the diocese, (the italics are mine), but of the colleges in the Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario. The only re-

Church History, and Comparative Religion as necessary parts of their Arts course. The other two (soon to be three) clergymen confine themselves to the theological students. Thus we have a staff of eight theological professors and lecturers, which, after Christmas, will be increased to nine; and three of them are also for the religious training of the Arts students, both men and women.

Thus it becomes clear, I trust, that "The mistake made obviously is" Mr. Gillespie's, not mine.

A. H. Young.

#### THE W.A. APPEAL.

Dear Sir,—The Auxiliary very seldom makes an appeal outside its own membership; indeed, it is our pleasure and privilege more often to meet the appeals of others, but these are days of emergencies, and I am now asking the co-operation of your readers in disposing of our W.A. Calendars for 1915. These were prepared last spring, long before war darkened the horizon and dislocated all systematic work. We had hoped to sell many of the Calendars at our Triennial Meeting, but, as you know, that meeting has been can-

#### MR. OXENHAM'S HYMN.

Sir,—In your issue of November 26th a letter appears referring to the new hymn by John Oxenham. I believe that St. James' Church, Paris, Ont., was the first Anglican church in Canada to use this hymn. Through the kindness of Mr. George Featherstone, churchwarden, some five hundred copies were printed, placed in the pews, and used every Sunday since October 1st. Copies were also given to the men going to the front. From the same kindly source we are circulating about a thousand of the subjoined prayer, drawn up by Rev. G. H. Ayerst:—

"At mid-day, when the clock-hands point heavenwards,  
Heavenly Father,  
Bless our men at the front;  
Stand ever by their side, in life and death,  
And revive Thy life in our midst,  
For Jesus Christ's sake."

This is to be printed on a vest pocket-sized card and distributed everywhere.

Paris, Ont.

R. J. Seton-Adamson.

## The Brotherhood

The Halifax Local Assembly held a successful annual meeting, St. Andrew's Day, at Trinity Parish Hall. Mr. G. E. M. Stephens occupied the chair. An excellent repast was provided by the ladies. Brief addresses on Brotherhood work in its various phases were made by Archdeacon Armitage, Canon Vernon, Rev. T. H. Perry and Mr. A. B. Wiswell. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:—Pres., Canon Vernon; vice-pres., G. E. M. Stephens; additional members of the executive, F. J. Harding, H. W. Marshall, D. Geddes, R. Bonnell, A. B. Wiswell, T. H. Skinner. A practical discussion took place as to the work to be undertaken. Interesting reports of work done were made by the Chapters of All Saints' Cathedral, St. Paul's, Trinity and St. Matthias'.

## Churchwoman

TORONTO W.A.—The Diocesan Monthly Board Meeting of the W.A. was held in the School House of All Saints', on Thursday, the 3rd ult., at

10.30 a.m. Miss Cartwright presided at this large and enthusiastic meeting. The diocesan officers presented their reports. The corresponding secretary reported two new life-members, Mrs. W. T. Wright, Alliston, and Mrs. Lemon, St. Anne's, Toronto. A branch has been organized at West Mono. It was announced that Mrs. Clougher had accepted the office of Convener of the Dorcas committee; and that Mrs. Sniveley had accepted her post of secretary-treasurer of the same committee. The treasurer's receipts were \$797.78. Thirteen bales and one cassock were sent from the Dorcas department; and ten dolls and one outfit for a girl, from the Junior department. A Junior branch has been organized at Lindsay. Miss Cooper has resigned from the Junior committee, and Miss Harriet Selby has been appointed in her place. A resolution was passed by which \$19.25 from the Junior balance was given to complete the amount required to purchase a bicycle for Mr. Millman. The plans for the "Missionary Institute" are now finally arranged. The session will be held in the Bishop Strachan School on January 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd, at 7.30 p.m. Prof. Cotton and Rev. J. S. Broughall will be among the speakers. The E.C.D.F., amounting to \$218.23, was divided as

follows: \$80 to the Bishop of Moosonee for a magic lantern and the balance to the church at Port Perry, where a basement must be built. The Rev. T. G. Wallace gave a most helpful address at the noon hour, his subject being, "The Principles of the Kingdom." Some interesting letters were read—one in particular—from Canon Stocken, "Blackfoot Homes," telling about the generosity of the Indians on that Reserve, who have subscribed \$80 towards the Red Cross Fund. The sum of \$1,200 was subscribed by them to the Patriotic Fund a short time ago. A resolution was passed, sending good wishes and congratulations to the Bishop of Algoma on his recent appointment to the See of Ottawa. The next meeting will be held in St. Simon's, on January 7th.

## Church News

### Preferments and Appointments

HARRIS, the Rev. E. A., Rector of Mahone Bay, N.S., has been appointed Rector of Tangier, N.S. (Diocese of Nova Scotia.)

SYMONS, the Rev. Mr., of Mordean, Sask., to act as locum tenens at St. George's, Islington, for a period

of six months during the absence of the Rev. Frank Vipond, the Rector of the parish, in England. (Diocese of Toronto.)

BIGG, the Rev. H. R., A.K.C., Rector of Three Rivers, Rural Dean of St. Maurice.

WAYMAN, the Rev. J. W., M.A., Rector of Gaspé, Rural Dean of Gaspé, in place of the Rev. Rural Dean Walters, L.S.T., Retired.

### NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX. — Various Diocesan Boards and Committees have been in session during the past month. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the diocese it was stated that the funds of the diocese generally were in excellent shape. A resolution of sympathy with the Bishop in the continued illness of Mrs. Worrell was passed by a standing vote as also one congratulating the Bishop on the 10th anniversary of his consecration to the Episcopate. Resolutions of sympathy with Archdeacon Martell in the loss of his son and the relatives of the late Archdeacon Reagh were also passed.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND INSTITUTE.—The first of a series of Advent Sunday afternoon lectures, under the auspices of this Institute was given on the afternoon of the 20th ult., in St. Luke's Hall, by the Ven. Archdeacon Armitage. His subject was, "War in the Bible." On the following Sunday, the lecturer was Canon Vroom, of King's College, Windsor, N.S., and his subject was "War and the Christian Church in History."

LUNENBURG.—A very successful banquet in the interests of the L.M.M. was held lately in the Parish Hall, when about 200 men sat down to well-furnished tables prepared by the ladies of the parish.

CORNWALLIS.—A similarly successful event took place lately in the Parish Hall of St. John's Church, at which about 50 men were present.

### FREDERICTON.

ST. JOHN.—The general mission throughout the city has been held and the services in the various churches throughout the city have been well attended and from all appearances the people of the city, as a whole, have been widely influenced for good thereby.

### QUEBEC.

QUEBEC.—Fuller particulars have reached this country concerning the death of the late Bishop Dunn, which took place with such startling suddenness in the early hours of November 14, just when the "Hesperian" was entering the Mersey. The body was brought to Liverpool and by the kindness of the Bishop of Liverpool, it was taken to the Palace Chapel in Abercromby Square, where it remained until Monday, when it was taken to the Church of the Holy Spirit, Clapham Common, and on Tuesday, at 11 the Burial Office was said, Canon Scott, of Quebec, taking the major part of the service, in which he was assisted by the Rev. William Brooke, who in the early "eighties" was one of the late Bishop's Curates. The burial, as has been already stated in a previous issue, took place in the beautiful churchyard of All Saints', Benhilton, near Sutton, in Surrey.

### MONTREAL.

MONTREAL.—CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—The 55th anniversary of the opening was commemorated on the 29th ult., when impressive services took place. The preachers at the morning and evening services respectively, were the Bishop of Montreal and the Rev. A. P. Shatford.

## The Best Xmas Gift

There are many fine gifts but no Christmas Gift as fine as a

# Gerhard Heintzman Player-Piano

All through the years to come it grows more and more valued—more a centre of attraction—more indispensable. You can play it—your wife and children can play it. Guests can be entertained with it. Friends are attracted again and again to your home.

It becomes a very mainspring of happiness and culture and an inspiration to a broader knowledge of and greater appreciation of music.

### This Is The One Great Christmas Gift Which Everyone Can Enjoy

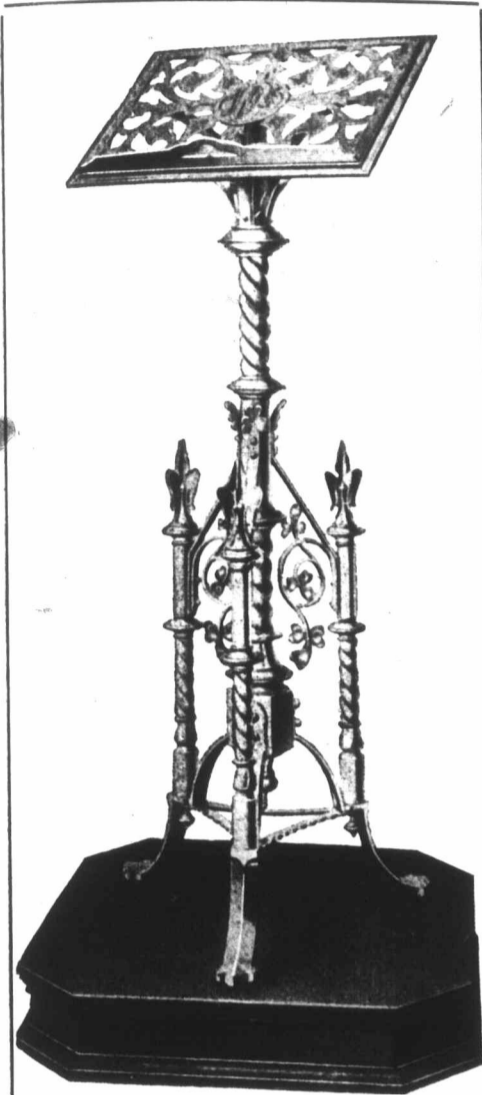
NOTE—For the first time in the history of our business, we have reduced the prices of GERHARD HEINTZMAN Pianos and sacrificed profits to stimulate their sale, so as to keep our many employees at work. Result—Our factory has been working full time with a complete staff for some time.

Convenient terms of payment can be arranged.  
Old instruments taken in exchange at a fair valuation.

Our only city salesrooms are

**GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED**  
41-43 Queen Street W., Toronto

Opposite City Hall  
(Hamilton Salesrooms next to Post Office)



**HAS YOUR CHURCH A GOOD LECTERN?**

Why not present the one shown above from your "Guild" or "Association"? It, with several others, is ready for immediate delivery.

ILLUSTRATIONS ON REQUEST.  
Write for Catalogue today.  
Ecclesiastical Department.  
**Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.**  
MONTREAL.

**ONTARIO.**

**KINGSTON. — ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL.**—In a letter from Dean Starr, which was read by the Bishop of Kingston on the 29th ult., from the pulpit, the Dean gives some interesting news regarding his work as a Chaplain at the front. He expects to be back again in Kingston very shortly.

**THERE'S NO PROFIT IN IDLE MONEY**

PLACE YOUR MONEY WHERE YOU WILL GET GOOD PROFIT WITH SECURITY.

7% Since the securities of this corporation were placed on the market ten years ago, a profit of seven per cent. per annum has been paid on investments. Business established twenty-eight years. Investments may be withdrawn in part or whole at any time after one year. Safe as a Mortgage.

7% Call at Office or write for Full Particulars and Booklet "N."

**NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED**  
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING. TORONTO, ONTARIO



Best 40 Years ago  
Best to-day  
**ELIAS ROGERS CO. LTD.**  
28 W. King St., Toronto

**TORONTO.**

**TRINITY EAST.**—The Advent annual meeting of the Sunday School was held last week. The reports were of a most encouraging nature, and with all the drawbacks attending a down-town church, this school is perhaps the largest in the city. The secretary's report showed that there are 1,789 in good standing on the roll. There are 15 officers, 63 teachers, 190 in Bible Classes, 461 in senior school, and 1,060 in the infant class. The total attendance for the year was 47,770, made up as follows: 674 teachers, 2,881 in Bible Classes, 5,409 in senior school, 16,331 in junior school; infant class, 22,475. The total receipts from the scholars, made up of small amounts, for missions, etc., \$1,420.98. The largest attendance on any one Sunday, 1,222.

**PARKDALE. — ST. MARK'S.**—The addition to the parish house was formally opened. Addresses were delivered by Rev. L. E. Skey, Rev. E. T. B. Browne, Rev. R. A. Hiltz and Archdeacon Ingles. During the evening a presentation of a cabinet of silver was made to the organist of the church, Mr. J. H. Perrin, who is retiring after many years' service. The new Curate, Rev. E. McKegney, was introduced by the Rector, Rev. W. L. Armitage, on the 15th inst.

**ST. PHILIP'S.**—On Sunday evening, the 29th ult., the Bishop of Toronto administered the rite of Confirmation in this church. A class of 31 candidates, of which seven were adults, had been prepared by the Assistant Curate, the Rev. A. J. Arthur. Canon Jarvis and the Rev. Mr. Hobbs, of Wycliffe College, assisted the Rector at the service. The Bishop gave a most inspiring address on the "Heavenly Citizenship." A very large congregation was present to encourage the candidates in their testimony for Christ.

**GORE'S LANDING AND PERRY-TOWN.**—Two very interesting and impressive ceremonies took place on November 26th, when Bishop Reeve, of Toronto, consecrated the churches at Gore's Landing and Perrytown, and dedicated the many memorials and gifts. At the service at Gore's Landing, in the presence of a good congregation, the following gifts were dedicated:—Chancel window, "The Easter Morn." Holy table, Bishop's chair, prayer desk, seating of chancel, church and lectern and clergy seat and prayer desk, hymn board, organ, collection plates, brass tablet in memory of Mrs. T. F. Summerhayes, brass cross, lamps, Holy Bible, Prayer Book, frontals for lectern and prayer desk, bell, motto for porch, carpets and matting. At the service at Perrytown

**"New Duplex"**  
NO PERFORATION.

Absolutely eliminates the faults of the old perforated styles.

Remember, our Envelopes are **absolutely guaranteed.** Made in white, pink and blue. No extra charge for Church Calendar Dating.

500 EASTER DAY APR 12 1914 500

St. John's Church  
ANCASTER

Weekly Offering  
—FOR—  
**Missions**

REGULAR OFFERING FOR THE SUPPORT OF THIS CHURCH

Amount.....

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him, as store, as God hath prospered him. —1 Cor. 16: 2

Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. —Mark 16: 15.

ORDER NOW

**The Church Envelope Company**  
Our Field is exclusively The Church of England in Canada  
Telephone Main 7128 .109 Jarvis St., TORONTO

the church was well filled. The following gifts were dedicated:—North-east chancel window (two sections), "Christ the Good Shepherd," "Christ the Light of the World," centre chancel window, south-east chancel window, "Christ Blessing the Little Children," two sanctuary chairs, lectern, prayer desk and clergy seat, five panels for Holy table and retable, seating of church and chancel, gasoline system of lighting, carpets and matting. The Bishop addressed the congregations upon the consecration of the buildings and said that the consecration should be carried into the personal lives of the parishioners, so that they might themselves set apart their bodies as temples of God. His sermons were much appreciated. After the evening service an innovation was introduced, when Bishop Reeve requested the congregation to remain seated. Mr. Fred Wilson, the people's warden, acting for the churchwardens and congregation, read a letter to the Rev. E. Morris, in token of

**The Tusco Private Hotel**  
235 Jarvis St., Toronto Phone Main 6656

Fifty Rooms, splendidly furnished and thoroughly equipped. American and European plan  
Attractive Rates.

**E. S. EDMONDSON, of Prospect Park**  
Oshawa, Proprietor

S.S. Excursions to the Park for 1915 booked now.

their appreciation of his services and Mr. Mark Noble presented him with a brass tablet, now affixed to the wall of the church, on which was the following inscription:—"This Tablet is presented to the Rev. Edward Morris During whose incumbency, June 1912—Dec. 1914, This church was built and consecrated, With Grateful appreciation and High Esteem, Signed on behalf of the congregation by the churchwardens, M. Noble, F. Wilson." Mr. Morris, who left on Tuesday, December 1st, for work in Montreal, was overwhelmed by the unexpected pre-

**My Daily Meditation for the Circling Year**

By REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D.  
This is the most characteristic and attractive work by the great preacher. For each day in the year there is here a page of concise, fruitful comment and meditation on some notable passage of Scripture. The Psalms, the Gospels and the Epistles have especially been drawn upon. Price \$1.25 Net.

**The New Testament in Life and Literature**

By JANE T. STODDART  
It is full of suggestive and precious comments on Holy Scripture, gathered from an immensely wide field. It will help preachers, but it will help equally those who seek for light and consolation and refreshment in the difficult path of life. Price \$2.00 Net.

**The Gospel of the Sovereignty**

And other Sermons. By the REV. J. D. JONES, B.D.  
The Author always strikes a positive note with evangelic fervor, and there is a fine spiritual fragrance in these sermons. Price \$1.50 Net.

**The Gospel of the Second Chance**

And other Addresses  
By the REV. J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A.  
Price 90c. Net

**The Passion-Hymns of Iceland**

Translated By REV. C. VENN PILCHER, B.D. With Foreword By the Bishop of Durham. Price 70c. Net

**What Men Live by**

Work, Play, Love and Worship  
By DR. RICHARD C. CABOT  
A Physician's contribution to the conduct of life. Price \$1.50 Net

**The Bible in the Making**

In the light of Modern Research.  
By the REV. J. PATTERSON SMYTH, B.D.  
It should help the thoughtful reader, puzzled about Higher Criticism, to moor himself more firmly than ever on the impregnable rock of scripture. Illustrated. Price 75c. Net.

**Daily Strength for Daily Needs**

SELECTED BY MARY W. TILSTON  
Editor of "QUIET HOURS."  
Price \$1.00 Net.

**The Legend of the Christmas Rose**

By HENRY E. JACKSON, M.A.  
Five Christmas Paintings and their Interpretations, picturing the miraculous coming of the Christ-Child and the legends clinging about him. Price 75c. Net.

**Paul's Message for To-Day**

By the REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.  
Like all Dr. Miller's books, this is one full of cheerful counsel for Christians expressed in beautiful and simple language. Price \$1.25 Net.

**Intimate Letters on Personal Problems**

By REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.  
Intimate discussions of personal perplexities selected from the correspondence of Dr. Miller. Selected and arranged by Rev. John T. Paris, D.D. Price \$1.25 Net.

**The Wall of Partition**

By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY.  
Author of "THE ROSARY"  
Price \$1.35 Net.

**Herself and Her Boy**

By AMY LE FEUVRE  
Price \$1.25 Net.

**Upper Canada Tract Society**

JAMES M. ROBERTSON Depository.  
2 Richmond Street, East Toronto

## Selecting the Executor

Experts are those who know the best way to accomplish the best results. The only experts in Administering Estates are the companies organized and specialized for that work. This Corporation has had over thirty years' experience, and has experts in every department. We solicit appointment as Executor under Wills.

### THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

Bay and  
Melinda Sts.

**Assets \$63,055,883.97**

Head Office  
Toronto

sensation and responded very shortly to the address of the wardens. There is much evidence of deep feeling between the Rector and his people, as was shown on the previous evening, when his troop of Boy Scouts broke into a meeting to surprise him with the gift of a handsome club bag. One can see that Mr. Morris will be much missed at Perrytown and Gore's Landing.

**KING.—ALL SAINTS'.**—On the eve of his departure from this parish, to assume charge of work in Silverthorn, West Toronto, the Rev. E. J. McKittrick was met at the home of one of the wardens, by members and friends, and presented with a purse. An address was read by Dr. Lockhart, Rector's warden, in which he made feeling reference to the removal of Mr. and

Mrs. McKittrick from the parish, after over five years of faithful work, and expressed on behalf of the congregation, the hope that success would attend, and abundant blessings rest on the new work for the Master. The Rector thanked all for the tangible expressions of goodwill.

**THE BISHOP'S ENGAGEMENTS.**—The Bishop of Toronto preached in St. Alban's Cathedral on Sunday morning last on "The Coming and the Word." This was the second of an Advent course of sermons. In the evening the Bishop held a Confirmation service in St. Barnabas', Chester. **BOWMANVILLE.—ST. JOHN'S.**—The Right Rev. Dr. Reeve, the Assistant Bishop, held a Confirmation service in this church on Sunday last.

### HURON.

**BRANTFORD.—GRACE CHURCH.**—A meeting of the S.S. Association of the Brant Rural Deanery was held on the 26th ult., Rural Dean Saunders in the chair. Elections resulted as follows:—Hon. president, Rev. C. W. Saunders; president, Rev. C. Paterson Smyth; vice-president, Rev. J. T. Anderson; secretary-treasurer, Mr. H. Fielden. Very interesting papers were read by Miss E. Bonnell and Miss Edna Tenn on the "Font Roll" and the "Home Department," respectively. The Rev. Dr. Renison gave an instructive address on "Children in the Sunday Schools."

**WINDSOR.—CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.**—The Rev. W. H. Snelgrove had the misfortune to meet with an accident the other day, which will confine him to the house for some weeks to come. He was in the new school building and had opened the furnace door, when there was an explosion of gas which severely burnt him about the face. His eyebrows were burnt off and both hands were severely burnt. It is said that had Mr. Snelgrove not opened the door when he did there would have been a much greater explosion and one that might have wrecked the building with fatal results to others working in the school. It is confidently hoped that he will fully recover before long.

### RUPERT'S LAND.

**WINNIPEG.**—The Rev. Canon Gould spent Thursday last in Winnipeg in conference with the Primate on important Church affairs.

**BRANDON.**—The Rev. S. R. Hammond, who has been for some years Incumbent of Pierson, where he did very good work for the Church, has been appointed by the Archbishop to the Rectorship of St. George's, Brandon. He will assume charge on the first Sunday in December.

**GLADSTONE.**—The Rev. C. E. Copeland, B.A., who recently resigned the Incumbency of Gladstone, has been transferred to Alexander, the charge lately vacated by Rev. H. W. A. Brand, who has gone to the diocese of Niagara.

### KOOTENAY.

**NELSON.**—Fuller particulars regarding the election of the Very Rev. Dean Doull to the Bishopric of this diocese, goes to show that the Dean was elected on the 6th ballot and that the announcement of the result was received with the greatest satisfaction. The Dean, by the latest reports, had not definitely decided to accept the appointment, but asked for further time to consider the matter.

### NEW WESTMINSTER.

**WEST VANCOUVER.—ST. MARK'S HALL.**—On the 26th ult., the annual public meeting was held, A. McCree, Esq., presided. The large hall was well filled with an interested and appreciative audience. The meeting

(Continued on Page 810.)

### LANTERN SLIDES 10c.

To acquaint you with our new slides, we will send you any of the following hymns for 10c. Nos. 297, 298, 300, 301, 457, 692. Any portions of Morning or Evening Prayer 10c ea. h. Complete set, 19 slides. \$1.90. "Nu-slide Co.," 225 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

### WANTED IMMEDIATELY

#### One Hundred Church People,

interested in the future welfare of The Church in Canada, and are desirous of helping in this work. If this means YOU get particulars from the Secretary, 511 McKinnon Building, Toronto.

### Dr. Barnardo's Homes

APPLICATIONS from farmers will be welcomed for the girls of various ages who will be available for placing out during the next few months. Full particulars furnished on application to Miss Taylor, Secretary, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Pelee Island, Ont.

### ELLIOTT HASLAM

Officier d'Academie, Paris  
SINGING-MASTER

"Toronto has the fact of the presence amongst us of one of the greatest living authorities on the Art of Singing."—Musical Canada, Nov., 1914.

68 Cloucestor Street, Toronto  
N. 6574

### WM. SMITH & SON

CHESELY - ONT.

Manufacturers of  
Church Pews and  
Church Furniture  
Send for illustrated folder.

### J. C. VAN CAMP

Funeral Director & Embalmer  
30 BLOOR ST. WEST. North 702

Phone North 28

### DANIEL STONE

Undertaker  
525 SHERBOURNE ST.

## You can Depend on the KARN Church Organ

You can depend on it every day, year in and year out. No worry about breakdowns.

Write us for booklet. If interested we can refer you to churches who have used the Karn for years.

### The Karn-Morris Piano and Organ Co., Limited

Head Office—Woodstock, Can.  
Factories—Woodstock and Listowel

## 5% DEBENTURES

Capital Paid Up \$2,000,000.00  
Assets \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST  
PAID  
EVERY  
SIX  
MONTHS

Those who have the intention of making an investment, should write us for particulars of our five per cent. debentures. The safety of this security is easily explained and the splendid interest return makes them very attractive.

COMPLETE REPORT FOR 1913 SENT ON REQUEST

## STANDARD RELIANCE MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Head Office, 82-88 King St. E. Toronto

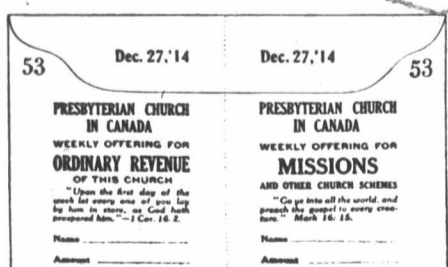
## Our New Duplex Envelope

(Made only by Dominion Envelope Co., Limited)

With special style flap, allowing number to be printed on body of envelope and new pin hole perforation is only perfect Duplex Envelope made. Buy from an envelope manufacturer who is satisfied with a fair profit, not from jobbers, with two profits added.

### Bonus ½c. Set on Duplex Envelopes

All orders placed before January 1st will be filled at ½c. set less than following prices, printed two colors. Delivery date at customer's convenience.



½ Actual Size

Ministers please put above bonus and prices before your envelope secretary and save money for your church.

Our envelope, style, paper and perforation are superior to all other makes. We are not in combine to keep prices high but were the first company to reduce prices. Now above offer is second reduction.

No extra charge for printing in two colors.

Send in your orders now to ensure prompt delivery.

### DOMINION ENVELOPE CO., LIMITED

90-98 Ontario Street, Toronto, Ont.

#### DUPLEX (2½ x 4½)

|       |         |   |   |       |
|-------|---------|---|---|-------|
| 25 to | 49 sets | - | - | 12½c. |
| 50 "  | 99 "    | - | - | 11½c. |
| 100 " | 199 "   | - | - | 10½c. |
| 200 " | 299 "   | - | - | 9½c.  |
| 300 " | 399 "   | - | - | 8½c.  |
| 400 " | 499 "   | - | - | 8c.   |
| 500 " | 799 "   | - | - | 7½c.  |
| 800 " | 1,000 " | - | - | 7c.   |
| Over  | 1,000 " | - | - | 7c.   |

#### WEEKLY OFFERING (2½ x 3½)

|                |         |   |   |      |
|----------------|---------|---|---|------|
| 25 to          | 49 sets | - | - | 8½c. |
| 50 "           | 99 "    | - | - | 7c.  |
| 100 "          | 199 "   | - | - | 6½c. |
| 200 "          | 299 "   | - | - | 6c.  |
| 300 "          | 399 "   | - | - | 6½c. |
| 400 "          | 1,000 " | - | - | 6c.  |
| 1,000 and over |         | - | - | 5½c. |

**5% to 7%**  
 High-grade Municipal Bonds Corporation  
 Bonds and Preferred Stocks. Absolute  
 Security. Particulars on request.  
**BRENT, NOXON & CO.**  
 (Members Toronto Stock Exchange)  
 Dominion Bank Building, Toronto

**GEORGE W. MORLEY,**  
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc.  
 9TH FLOOR, LUMSDEN BUILDING,  
 ADELAIDE AND YONGE STREETS, TORONTO.  
 Telephone: Main 5392.

TELEPHONE, MAIN 1054  
**CHARLES EVANS-LEWIS**  
 Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, etc.  
 ROOM 508 LUMSDEN BUILDING  
 6 ADELAIDE STREET, EAST TORONTO

**Daily Home Bible Readings**  
 To be used in connection with the Main  
 School Lessons for 1914-15. Issued in  
 a neat folder (6 x 3).  
 Order from the Sunday School  
 Commission, 137 Confederation Life  
 Building, Toronto, at the following  
 prices: Single copies 2 cents  
 Per dozen 23 cents. Per hundred \$1.00

We will have our usual supply  
 of Xmas Cards and Calendars.  
 What about your Duplex Envelopes?  
 We print these. Lowest Prices, Best  
 Workmanship and Prompt Delivery  
 Get our prices. Give us a trial order.  
**The Church Book Room**  
 27 Richmond Street W.

**CHRISTMAS ANTHEMS  
 AND CAROLS**  
 Morning and Evening Services, Communion  
 Services, Organ Voluntaries, for Pipe or Reed  
 Organ, and  
**GENERAL MUSICAL SUPPLIES**  
 Music sent on Approval to  
 Clergy or Choir Leaders.  
**Anglo-Canadian Music Co.**  
 144 Victoria Street, Toronto.

**Grand Values in Sermons**  
**The Claims of the Faith on the  
 Practice of Today.**  
 By the RIGHT REV. ALFRED  
 PEARSON, D.D., Bishop of Burnley.  
**Sermons at Southwark**  
 Preached in the Collegiate Church of St.  
 Saviour. By the RIGHT REV. EDWARD  
 STUART TALBOT, D.D., Bishop of  
 Southwark.  
**The Grace of Episcopacy and  
 other Sermons**  
 By the REV. CANON H. C. BEECHING  
**Sermons at Rugby**  
 By the RIGHT REV. JOHN PERCIVAL, D.D.,  
 Lord Bishop of Hereford  
**Sermons at Gloucester**  
 Four Christmas Day Sermons and twelve  
 Easter Day Sermons. By the RIGHT REV.  
 CHAS. JNO. ELLICOTT, D.D., Formerly  
 Bishop of Gloucester.  
**My Brethren and Companions  
 AND OTHER SERMONS.**  
 By the RIGHT REV. H. C. G. MOULE, D.D.,  
 Bishop of Durham.  
**The Intellect and the Heart  
 AND OTHER SERMONS.**  
 Preached on Special Occasions. By the  
 RIGHT REV. GEORGE A. CHADWICK, D.D.,  
 Bishop of Derry and Raphoe.  
 \$1.25 Books for 50c. each, Postage 10c.  
**Upper Canada Tract Society**  
 JAMES M. ROBERTSON, Depository  
 2 Richmond Street East - Toronto

**CHURCH BELLS SCHOOL**  
 Ask for Catalogue and Special Donation  
 Plan No. 70. Est'd. 1858. BELLS for  
 Churches are DUTY FREE. The C. S.  
 Bell Company, Hillsboro, Ohio U.S.A.

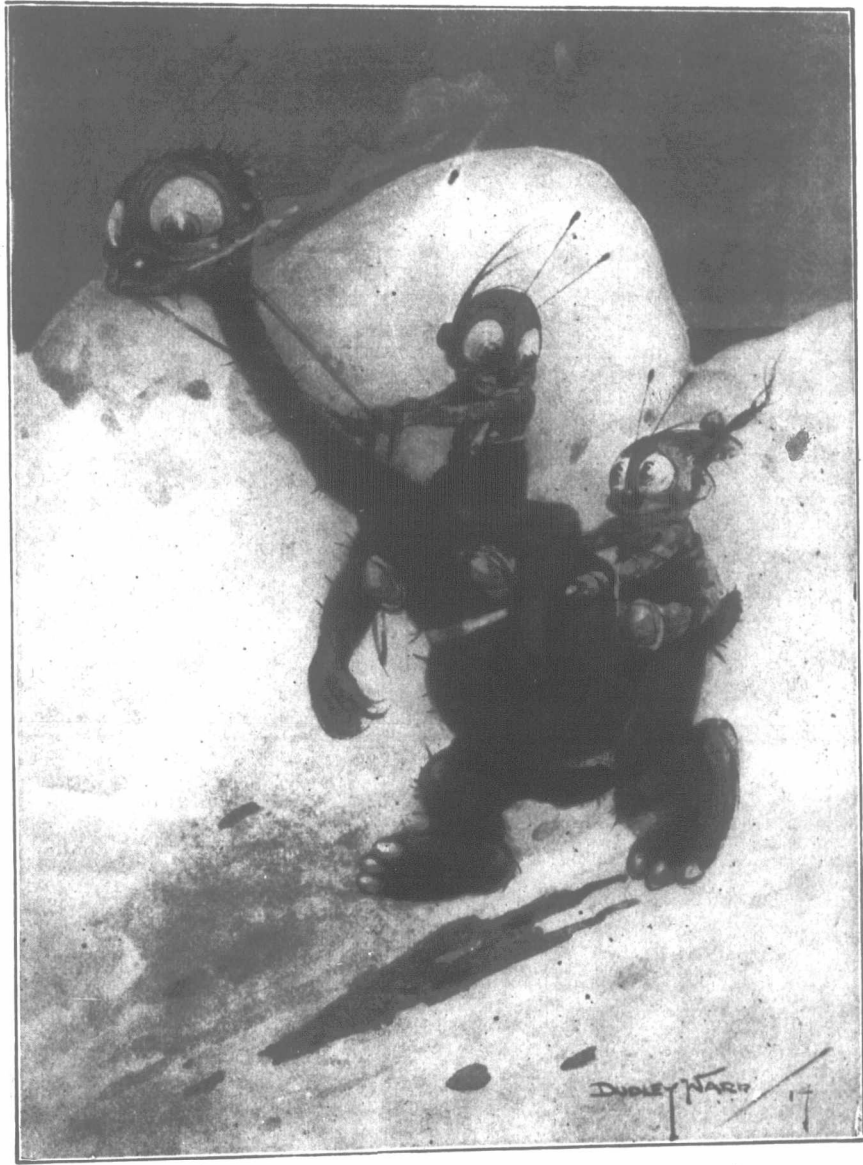
**Personal & General**

We wish all our subscribers A Very Merry Christmas.  
 The Rev. Frank Vipond will shortly leave for England.  
 Rumour saith, "That the General Synod will meet in Port Arthur next August."  
 The Prince of Wales Fund for national relief has reached the total of \$20,000,000.  
 We can still fill a few more orders for our Christmas number at ten cents, post paid to any address desired.  
 Rear Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, retired, the noted naval expert and writer, died in Washington, December 1st.  
 The W.A. on St. Andrew's Day last, arranged in several city churches for a chain of prayer for Missions, which continued the whole day.  
 Dr. Albert Ham, the well-known and highly-esteemed organist of St. James'

continued serious condition of his son, who was shot, it will be remembered, early in the summer. The wound in the hip has never healed, a trained nurse is in constant attendance, and his condition is very critical.  
 Two hundred thousand Christmas trees, said to be a record shipment, will be brought to Chicago this month, according to estimates of commission men. Most of the trees will come from Northern Michigan, where scores of men are now engaged in cutting and preparing them for shipment.  
 By a vote of 201 to 2 the town of Lauzon, on the south shore, some five miles from Quebec, devised to go absolutely dry for all "ages." The municipal by-law passed, stipulates that there shall be no bars or licensed hotels for the sale of liquor after the adoption of the by-law, and never shall be.  
 The Anglican Young People's Association under the auspices of the Toronto Presidents' Association, has

Two young men conducted a Hardware Store in a Western Town. They had energy and zeal, but not much money.  
 They also had caution, and were induced to take a Partnership Insurance Policy for \$3,000, the firm paying the premium.  
 Within a year one of the partners died. The \$3,000 paid to the survivor permitted him to pay off the widow and continue the business, which, save for the Life Insurance, would assuredly have been lost.  
 The Great-West Life of Winnipeg, issues Partnership Insurance and all modern Plans on most attractive terms. Ask for information, and interesting pamphlets

**THE TORONTO MORTGAGE CO.**  
 13 Toronto Street, Toronto.  
 Surplus, over all liabilities to public ... \$1,229,367  
 3 1/2% Allowed on Deposits, withdrawable by Cheque.  
 4 1/2% Paid on Debentures, in all denominations, for one year and upwards.  
**Legal Investment for Trust Funds**  
 Telephone Main 1221 WALTER GILLERPIE, Manager



The Canadian Churchman. "A Prehistoric Elopement," By Dudley Ward.

Cathedral, has been elected a member of the British Musical Association.  
 The King of England, the King of Belgium, the President of France, the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Germany all at the front last week. What an ever-varying scene this terrible war picture presents!  
 After a voyage of five months the Dundee whaler Active arrived home from Hudson Bay. The voyage was an unprofitable one. No black whales were seen, and the Active's catch consists of 15 bears, 2 white whales, and 2 walrus.  
 It has been decided to cancel all the International football matches in the British Isles, this season, on account of the war. These international matches are amongst the chief sporting events of the United Kingdom and they often draw crowds of over 100,000 people.  
 We have heard with deep regret from the Bishop of Huron of the con-

opened a registration bureau for employment of members at 43 Adelaide Street East, for young women only. Any members out of employment are urged to register and any person having work of any nature for girls are asked to communicate with the bureau.  
 The announcement was made by Sir Rodmond Roblin of a new Provincial policy affecting the sale of liquor in Manitoba. A general cabinet meeting will be called to pass an order-in-council to secure the closing of all places where intoxicating liquor is retailed at seven o'clock p.m.; to prevent the sale of liquor in social clubs after that hour and to close all wholesale places at six p.m.  
 An old lady named Mrs. Simpkins died recently at Ernesttown, Ont., aged 96 years. She was born and had lived all her life in Ernesttown. She leaves seven children, the eldest of whom is 77 and the youngest 60

**ACCIDENT  
 SICKNESS  
 INSURANCE**  
 — THE —  
**Dominion of Canada**  
 Guarantee and Accident Insurance Co.,  
 TORONTO

**During Recent  
 Months**  
 If your savings have been deposited with this old-established, time-tried institution, which, since 1855, has been the safe depository for the savings of many thousands of our citizens, or if they have been invested in its Debentures, you have been free from the anxiety which has been experienced by those who have used their money in the purchase of bonds and stocks which promised a greater return, but which are subject to the fluctuations of the market. The events of the year have demonstrated that many so-called investments have been only speculations of a more or less hazardous nature.  
 Savings which are deposited with this Corporation are available with the accumulated interest thereon, whenever called for; while those who have invested in our Debentures know that they will receive the full amount of the investment when the Debenture becomes due and the half-yearly interest regularly in the meantime.  
 We invite you to call or write for further information.  
**Canada Permanent  
 Mortgage Corporation**  
 Established 1855  
 Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund  
 exceed Ten Million Dollars  
 TORONTO ST. - TORONTO

10c.  
 we will  
 for 10c.  
 tions of  
 Complete  
 225 Con-  
 ELY  
 le,  
 Church  
 in this  
 ulars  
 nding,  
 nes  
 will be  
 is ages  
 during  
 rs fur-  
 r, Sec-  
 o, Ont.  
 AM  
 is  
 pres-  
 eatest  
 S ng-  
 014.  
 ronto  
 SON  
 ture  
 MP  
 lmer  
 b 702  
 NE  
 ST.  
 nd  
 N  
 n it  
 year  
 eak-  
 If  
 you  
 used  
 ano  
 lited  
 towel



**The Woman**  
who wants the lining in her suit or coat to look the part at all times will secure a lining that has stood every test of endurance.

**EMPIRE SATIN**  
*It's got the Name all along the Selvage.*

**NISBET & AULD, Limited, Toronto**  
Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1856

**P. BURNS & CO., LIMITED**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**COAL AND WOOD**

HEAD OFFICE: 49 King Street East, Toronto

OFFICE AND YARDS—  
BATHURST ST. Telephone Adel. 1968 & 1996  
PRINCESS ST. Main 190

TELEPHONE MAIN 131 AND 132  
LOGAN AVE. Telephone Gerrard 151  
DUPONT Hillcrest 1825  
MORROW AVE. Telephone Junction 3786.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Nature's Warmest Overcoat**



\*\*\*\*\*

for the chilly days is a food that makes rich blood and good muscle, supplying the natural warmth of the healthy body. Overcoats and flannels will not warm a poorly nourished body.

**SHREDDED WHEAT**

supplies natural warmth in a natural way. Contains all the tissue-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It is the top-notch among all breakfast cereals and has survived all the ups and downs of public fancy until it has become the one universal staple breakfast cereal, eaten all over the world in all climes and in all seasons.

For breakfast heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness and then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Better than mushy porridges that are bolted down without chewing. A hot, nourishing breakfast for a chilly day. Deliciously nourishing for any meal with sliced bananas, baked apples or canned or preserved fruits of any kind.

**MADE IN CANADA**  
From the Choicest Canadian Wheat by  
**The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited**  
Niagara Falls, Ontario  
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East 61-H

years of age. There are 13 grandchildren, 22 great-grandchildren, and 3 great-great-grandchildren amongst her descendants. Mrs. Sumpkins was beloved by all who knew her. She was born, married and died on her father's homestead.

The Church militant in Canada is preparing to go to the front, judging by applications to the Militia Department for positions as chaplains. "We have received about 2,000 of them," declared a high officer of the general staff. "If they keep on coming, we will have to consider forming a regiment of militant ministers." The number of would-be chaplains is, of course, out of all proportion to requirements, but it is a noteworthy indication of popular feeling among the clergy.

Three British soldiers back from the front with slight wounds were taking the air on a London bus. They offered their pennies between warlike cries of "Are we downhearted? No!" The conductor would not take the coppers, saying, "You have a joy-ride, boys." Then he went to collect the fares of a stranger, his wife and their two children. It appeared that they were Belgian refugees, and instantly the Tommies held up the conductor with, "You've got to have our pennies for them. Are we downhearted? No!"

**CHRISTMAS GIVING.**

We would earnestly ask our readers to notice the many admirable suggestions for Christmas giving in our advertising columns, and ask them, when considering a gift to their Church, to their minister, or to family or friends, to read carefully the many special ideas our advertisers offer, and order from those using our columns accordingly.

**NEW WESTMINSTER.—Cont.**

was opened with prayer by Archdeacon Scriven, after which the chairman addressed the meeting, briefly referring in congratulatory terms to the honouring of the Principal by Trinity College, Toronto, with the degree of D.D. honoris causa, in July last. The Principal then gave his annual report. Four men who had passed through St. Mark's were serving in the priesthood of the church in British Columbia, he said, one student had been compelled, owing to family affairs, to go to England where he is now a student in King's College, London. Students had conducted Mission work in 11 places in the Province during the summer and are helping clergy in 10 parishes at present. This year the hall opened with the largest number of students at the beginning of any year so far—viz., 16. Two however, had been accepted for the front with the 2nd Contingent, and a third had applied. Their places would be taken by three new men who were expected next term. He referred to the great help the Woman's Guild had been, to the interest of the subscribers in the work in all parts of the Province, notwithstanding the very hard times which exist, and to the warm and kind interest of friends in England. The speaker of the evening was the Bishop of Columbia, whose wise, earnest and inspiring words on "The Conditions and Needs of the Church in this Province," were listened to with great pleasure and profit. Mr. A. McC. Creery spoke to the same subject urging support of those institutions, such as St. Mark's, which were laying the foundations of the higher life of the community. The Bishop of New Westminster closed the meeting with the Benediction.

On account of the heavy demands on our advertising space in our Christmas number, a large amount of Diocesan and other news, etc., has been held over.

**HOTEL POWHATAN WASHINGTON D.C.**

**HOTEL OF AMERICAN IDEALS**

The Hotel Powhatan is the best, at the same time the newest, hotel in Washington.

Famous Pennsylvania Avenue, at the junction of 18th and H Streets, affords the site for this most luxurious and modern hotel.

Write for booklet with map.  
CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, Manager

**Free Land for the Settler in New Ontario**

Millions of acres of virgin soil obtainable free and at a nominal cost are calling for cultivation.

Thousands of farmers have responded to the call of this fertile country and are being made comfortable and rich. Here, right at the door of Old Ontario, a home awaits you.

For full information as to terms, regulations and settlers' rates, write to

H. A. MACDONELL,  
Director of Colonization,  
Parliament Buildings,  
TORONTO, Ont.

HON. JAS. S. DUFF,  
Minister of Agriculture,  
Parliament Buildings,  
TORONTO, Ont.

**Ladies' Silk Hosiery**

In order to reduce stock we are offering this month any of our \$2.00 to \$3.50 lines of Women's Silk Hose at \$1.50 the pair.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD Limited**  
114 Yonge Street, Toronto

Try **ME** on your



**BATH ROOM WALL**

One rub will make it as white as snow

**Old Dutch Cleanser**

Many uses and full directions on Large Sifter—Can 10¢

**FINE HOUSEHOLD LINENS**

For 50 years this firm has stood in the very front rank as specialists in **High-Class Household Linens**, Table Cloths, Napkins, Bed Linens, Sheetings, Pillow Casings, Curtains, Comforters, Blankets, &c., &c.  
Big stock of select makes always on hand.  
Out of town Customers efficiently served by Mail.

**JOHN CATTO & SON**  
55-61 King Street East - Toronto



**Harcourt & Son**

Write for particulars of our **Cassocks and Surplices**

For Clergy and Choirs.  
**103 King St., W. TORONTO.**

**Stained Glass Windows**

for MEMORIAL and GENERAL CHURCH purposes, designed and made in the McCausland Studios, ensure PERMANENCY, HIGHEST ARTISTIC TREATMENT and SATISFACTION.  
Full information on request

**Robert McCausland Limited**  
Established 1856  
141-143 Spadina Ave., Toronto



**Toronto Brass Manufacturing Co.**  
370 Richmond St. West  
Toronto

Designers and Makers  
**ECCLESIASTICAL BRASS WORK**

We beg to announce that we have taken over the Ecclesiastical Department of KEITHS LIMITED (formerly Keith & Fitzsimons, Toronto).

**MONUMENTS**

If you are considering the purchasing of a monument, see us before you decide. **BEST STOCK, BEST DESIGNS AND BEST PRICES IN CITY.**  
**McINTOSH GRANITE CO., LTD.**  
Phone North 1249. 1119 Yonge St., Toronto

**EMPIRE TYPEWRITER**

COSTS LESS BECAUSE IT'S **MADE IN CANADA**  
IT IS **GUARANTEED INDEFINITELY**  
AND **SERVICE IS FREE**  
RING UP **MAIN 6558** for a **FREE TRIAL**



**MENEELY BELL CO**  
TROY, N.Y. AND  
177 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY.  
**BELLS**

**THE CHRISTMAS GLADNESS**

The Story of a Man Who Disbelieved in Christmas Giving.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE house was quite ablaze with lights apparently in every room as Mr. Rowland approached it. For a moment he stopped, half-appalled; something must have happened. But he remembered directly that it was Christmas Eve, and a thousand small, secret affairs were being carried on by the children from room to room.

"Very careless of Matilda," he almost said aloud, "having those children carry kerosene-lamps about so; and, if it's candles, that's worse, on account of the sparks. We'll have

ences. The force of inertia possibly set one foot before the other as he had been going. But he went round by the side door; somehow he did not want the chorus of welcome that was sure to come, nor did he wish to appear to see the business which he so disapproved.

He saw his wife through the half-opened sitting-room door, bent over her sewing, with a look of anything but holiday making on her face. He knew what she was thinking. She was wishing she had something to help out the children's Christmas. He had taken care of that; she might have what she wanted, all she wanted, when the Christmastide was over and gone; but there was to be no wasting in useless and trivial and really sinful present-giving before that time.

"Yes, he had kept her money quite low enough. How many times he had told her that wicked waste makes woeful want! Matilda was in some degree a child herself.



The Canadian Churchman.  
**The Village Choir Practice—Mischief Brewing.**

the fire department out here, next. I'll have to double the insurance, I see."

If there was one day in the year that Mr. Rowland detested more than he did the Fourth of July, it was Christmas. Not, of course, the day itself, but the method of observing it. Why, he argued, do we honour a day by avariciously getting gifts and tiring ourselves out beforehand, and begging ourselves, too, in order to give gifts—gifts that usually no one wants, and passes on next year? Yes, sir; it cripples some people for half the year. He had known a man to go without a new coat so that his children might have the price of it for Christmas. It was not going to cripple him. He had half a mind not to go in now, but to turn about and dine at some restaurant, find Parker, and look in at the theatre, maybe.

Mr. Rowland did not know just what hindered him from carrying out the intention—hardly any influence of the stars that spangled the infinite purple depths above like living pres-

**JONES & WILLIS**

**Ecclesiastical Art Workers**  
In Metals, Wood Carving, Stone, Textile Fabrics, Stained Glass, Mosaics, Embroideries.  
All enquiries and orders to be addressed.  
**43 Great Russell St., London, Eng.**  
(opp. British Museum).  
Also at Birmingham and Liverpool.

**J. WIPPELL & CO. LIMITED**  
MANUFACTURERS OF **CHURCH FURNITURE**  
The following Catalogues forwarded upon application:  
40 Embroidery and other Church Textile Work.  
41 Church Furniture & Fittings in Wood & Stone.  
42 Ecclesiastical Metal Work.  
43 Church Lighting.  
44 Communion Plates.  
45 Stained Glass & Mosaic Decoration for Churches.  
46 Memorial Tablets and Grave Monuments.  
**Makers of CLERICAL OUTFIT.**  
Cassocks, Surplices, Stoles, Hoops, Robes, Clothing, Hats, Stocks, &c.  
Illustrated Price List and Patterns on application.  
EXETER: 55 & 56, High Street. LONDON: 4 & 5, Duncannon St. and Cathedral Yard, Charing Cross, W.C.  
ENG. LOND.

**Ecclesiastical Art**

**CHURCH EMBROIDERY METAL WORK, WOODWORK**  
Work from our own or other Artists' Designs executed  
Illustrated Catalogue post free  
**CLERICAL TAILORING SUITS CASSOCKS VESTMENTS SURPLICES**  
Price Lists, Patterns and Self-Measurement Forms Free  
**A. R. MOWBRAY & CO., Ltd.**  
28 Margaret Street, London, England, and at Oxford

**E. C. WHITNEY WORDSBLEY, ENGLAND**

**CASSOCK, SURPLICE, STOLE AND CLERICAL CLOTHING MANUFACTURER**  
Clergy Cassocks.—Russell Cord, \$3.04 to \$6.70. Serge, \$3.04 to \$12.18. Silk, \$12.18 to \$30.68.  
Clergy Surplices, \$1.09 to \$10.28  
Choir Cassocks.—Boys', \$1.09 to \$3.70. Men's, \$1.37 to \$4.75.  
Choir Surplices, Linen.—Boys' from 55 cts. Men's from \$1.34.  
Ordination Outfits from \$32.08.  
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND PATTERNS FREE.

**ENGLISH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS**

**MOSAICS, CHURCH DECORATIONS, MEMORIAL BRASSES, etc.**  
Booklet, Designs and Estimates on application to  
**HEATON, BUTLER & BAYNE**  
(By appointment to the late King Edward VII.)  
**14 GARRICK STREET LONDON, W.C. - ENGLAND**

**PRINTING**

**GOWANLOCK PTG. CO., LTD.**  
103 Adelaide Street West  
FOR PRICES Phone A. 129

at Sunday School, at church, everywhere; and naturally they want to do as other children do."

"The feeling for gain, the way of miserliness, of love of accumulation!"

"No, John, dear, the spirit of sacrifice and self-denial."

"I should like to know," began Mr. Rowland, sputtering, and rumpling his hair with both hands, "what in the world do you mean by this, Matilda?"

"Why, dear, they haven't any presents for you and me."

"They haven't, eh?" quite indignantly.

"Oh, just a bunch of shaving-paper for you, made out of the tissue-paper wrappings that have happened to come, and scalloped, and strung on a thread of sewing-silk they have twisted themselves. It—it seemed to me a little pathetic—"

"Pathetic!" roared Mr. Rowland.

But she was used to his roaring.

"And for me," she went on, "a pin-cushion made out of things that were in the rag-bag."

"Do you confess that things that will make pin-cushions are put in the rag-bag?"

"Nonsense, father," she said, laughing. "You are really too absurd."

"I—I—I—"

"And Billy is giving his skates to Jimmy, and Jimmy is giving his ball

to Jenny, and Jenny is giving her doll to Tot—I am their confidante, you see—and Mamie is giving her 'Girls' Own Fairy-Book' to Louie, and Louie is giving her 'Robinson Crusoe' to Billy."

"But—but really—this is—"

"And then they all are putting their pennies together, the pennies they have been saving in their banks ever since Fourth of July, to buy some coal and flour for poor Mrs. McGerry, and a cloak for Molly McGerry, and a pair of boots for little Johnny—"

"No. You know I don't object to that—not in itself. I would double it all for any other day."

"What difference does that make, John? If Christmas doesn't exist for you, it is just the same as any other day."

"I never said Christmas didn't exist for me. I go to church. I have a sumptuous dinner. You so twist my words. What I object to is making the holiday one for giving and taking. A day, too, of whose date we are uncertain. It used to be celebrated in March. Why, Matilda, there isn't a clerk in a boarding-house in town, trying to make both ends meet, send something home, and get a little pleasure by the way, who isn't strapped for months to come by the necessity, imposed on him by this sinful fashion, of giving his landlady and the servants something hand-

some, let alone postman and the policeman, and his friends and companions. Christmas has become nothing but a Saturnalia of the shopkeepers and of the newspapers, who make it pay in advertisements. When all this fooling is over and done with, you shall have whatever you like for a gift. You deserve the best. You shall have a ring—"

"I should value it a great deal more if you gave it to me on Christmas."

"Well, I swear, Matilda, it does seem as if you might be in accord with me in such an important matter as this."

"Why not you in accord with me?" asked Mrs. Rowland, more daringly than she had spoken to her husband for years.

"I guess I love my children as well as the next man, Matilda. It's no use talking to you; you don't seem to know what principle is—"

"You are getting excited, father."

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Rowland, suddenly. "What's that the youngsters are saying? By George, Matilda, they're talking about me!"

"Do you suppose pa'll go to heaven?" Jimmy was asking Billy behind the portiere in the room beyond.

"I don't know. I suppose so. Why not?"

"He supposes I'll go to heaven!"

exclaimed Mr. Rowland, sepulchral, with difficulty suppressing his tone.

"He doesn't keep Christmas. He doesn't keep it right."

"Ho, what of that?"

"Why, he doesn't join in the gladness all over the world because Christ was born. Teacher says there is gladness all over the world on Christmas Day, and anybody that isn't in it is out of it, and a person who didn't have it wouldn't be happy in heaven, where it's all gladness, because there was the first Christmas here."

"By George!" whispered Mr. Rowland.

"Hush hush," whispered the other eavesdropper.

"Can you make pa an angel in your mind?"

"I can make ma."

"Don't you suppose there's the angel in pa just as there's the butterfly in the worm?"

"By gracious, do you hear that, Matilda?"

"Teacher says there's angels in all of us."

"There's different sorts of angels."

"I wish he was glad about Christmas," said Jimmy. "All the other fellers' fathers are. Jo Burns's father helps put up the wreaths, and so does Johnny Evan's. They've got the gladness, the Christmas gladness."



## PERFECT PROTECTION

From rain, snow, lightning and wind for your crops and stock is assured by covering your barns, stables and large buildings with the

# BIG "GEORGE" SHINGLE

SIZE 24" x 24"

Rain, which rots wooden shingles, cannot penetrate the patent four locked "GEORGE" Shingle. Lightning cannot harm a "GEORGE" shingled roof. Fire cannot burn it, and the fiercest windstorm passes by the "GEORGE" roof and leaves it undamaged, as it is securely locked.

The "GEORGE" Shingle is simplicity itself to lay—just hammer, nails and snips required and it is very rapidly erected.

Farmers! Your perfect protection lies in the "GEORGE" Shingle for your barns—the "OSHAWA" Shingle for your houses and smaller buildings, and Pedlar's "Perfect" Corrugated Iron (Painted or Galvanized) for your siding.

**No greater cost but better service and satisfaction**

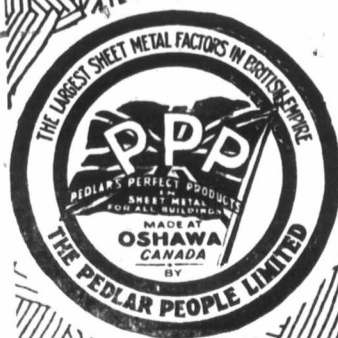
"MADE IN CANADA" by

## THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED

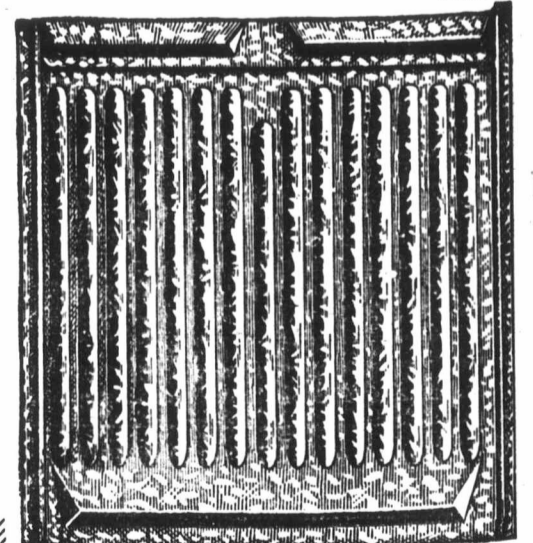
ESTABLISHED 1861

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY  
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, London,  
Chatham, Ottawa



G. H. Pedlar





## DRINK HABIT

THE DRINK HABIT thoroughly cured by the Fitz Treatment—nothing better in the world. Rev. Canon Dixon, 417 King St., E., has kindly agreed to answer questions—he handled it for years. Clergymen and doctors all over the Dominion order for those addicted to drink. Write for particulars about a ten days free trial. Strictly confidential.

**FITZ CURE CO.**  
P.O. Box 214, Toronto

## The Standard Fuel Company

58 King St. East

NOEL MARSHALL ... President

Some Other Coal  
May be as GOOD

No Other Coal  
is BETTER

TELEPHONE 4103

## HIGHEST GRADE OF COAL

at Lowest Market Price.

## GRENADIER ICE AND COAL COMPANY

CHAPMANS LIMITED

Tel. Main 2171  
712 17 Queen East

## Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money—Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:

"In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today. MARK H. JACKSON, No. 178A Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y."

**Church Bells**  
Memorial Bells a Specialty.  
Molhans Bell Foundry Co., Bell-ville, Md., U.S.A.

"Ain't any fun having one's father different from other fellers' fathers."

"Look here, Matilda; you've been teaching these youngsters," in a hoarse whisper.

"Never, John, never," in another.

"I'd be a great deal surer about pa's going to heaven," said Jimmy, reverting to his first premise, "if he had the gladness. I've got it. But, Billy, you see I don't know if I want to go to heaven if pa ain't there. And you know teacher said if folks didn't have the gladness here they couldn't have it there, and it wouldn't be pleasant to them there."

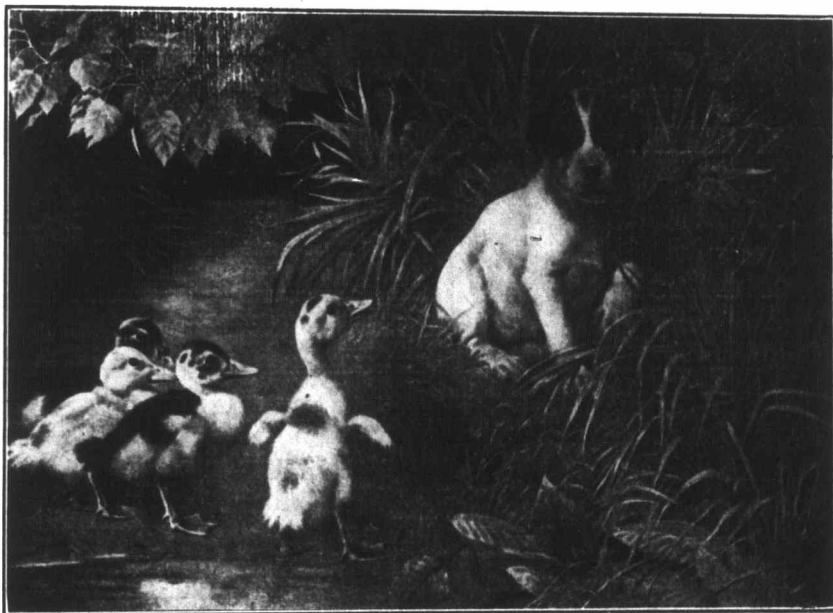
"That teacher——" began Mr. Rowland, in a threatening tone, coming perilously near explosion.

"The other place wouldn't be pleasant, either," said Billy. "And teacher said that for Ben Smith. She don't know nothin' about pa."

"What are you two talking so about?" said Mamie, coming up behind them. I guess pa's just as good as anybody's else's father. If everybody was as good as pa is it would be heaven here!"

out of each of the little girls' stockings; there was a jack-knife with a multitude of blades in Billy's, a shining sled tied to Jimmy's; there was a Noah's ark for Tot; and china teacups, and a toy piano, and whole sets of story books, and the "Autobiography of a Mouse," and a lovely Bible, and a hymn book, and a Christmas calendar—more things, indeed, than were given to all the children of the neighbourhood put together. And then there was the mother's present, that ring, with its wonderful lustre, that once she had been known to admire as one admires the queen's crown, something lovely and unattainable, and quite unthinkable as attainable. She had so pretty a hand.

Mr. Rowland had fallen into the heavy sleep of one tired, as he said, to his bones. But it would have been a far heavier sleep which those wild, gay outcries would not have penetrated, and he slipped on his dressing-gown, and thrust his feet into his mules, and followed his wife to look in."



The Canadian Churchman.

Please Tell Me the Way Home.

"There you see, Matilda!" exclaimed Mr. Rowland in a whisper so joyous it was like a whistle in her ears. And with that he slipped out of the sitting-room into the small side hall where he had left his coat and hat and overshoes; and, when he had them on, the door closed so softly behind him that no one knew it had been opened. It was late; but he caught a car, and he knew the shops would still be ready for the belated trade of Christmas Eve.

Santa Claus himself was never more heavily loaded than the tired and burdened man who crept into the house two hours afterward, when everyone was asleep, and into the room where the embers still glowed on the hearth, and where the children had hung their own little stockings, and their mother's and father's, too, the bunch of shining paper looking gayly from the top of the latter.

You can imagine the scene the next morning, when a cluster of night-gowned little people ventured into the room, at first doubtfully, then boldly, and then the chorus of ecstatic surprise. There was a wax doll, a simpering, blue-eyed beauty, looking

"Take down your stocking, pa!" they cried as soon as they saw him.

And besides the fine scalloped bunch of tissue-papers there was a handkerchief, where Louie had wrought his initials in a long thread of her own dark hair, and a big sugar heart on which Jimmy and Jenny had devised and pricked the words, "Christmas gladness."

"It's real good peppermint," said Jenny, wistfully, as he took it out and nibbled a corner.

"I know it is," he said. "I shall keep it forever. I shall keep it in a glass box in the cabinet so that I shall always have Christmas gladness, so that I shall always know I have had a change of heart."

And then they were swarming all over him with kissing and embracing and exclaiming. All but Jimmy; he clung to his father's hand with a sort of timid joy and sorrow at once. "Oh!" he tearfully confided afterwards to Louie. "I'm afraid pa's going to die."

"Pa! Why, he's perfectly well. There's nothing the matter with him."

"Oh, yes, for you see he's got the

## Look Out for "Acid-Mouth"

You can't be too careful about "Acid-Mouth."

You may not have it now. But here's the danger—when "Acid-Mouth" does come, it works exceedingly quick. Almost before you know it, it penetrates the enamel of your teeth. Then decay is sure to follow. Better be safe.

## Pebeco Tooth Paste

is the safe protection. It drives out "Acid-Mouth" and thus removes the cause, so scientists find, for nine-tenths of all tooth-decay.



"Pebeco hits the 'bull's eye' with me. It keeps my teeth free from cavities; my breath sweet. I like its clean, refreshing taste."

Don't wait until it is too late to save your teeth.

Pebeco is sold everywhere. Ten-day trial tube and acid test papers sent free.

Manufactured by  
**LEHN & FINK, New York**  
Canadian Office:  
1 and 3 St. Helen Street Montreal

Christmas gladness. He's ready to go to heaven."

"I guess," said Billy, "I guess pa's a little bit of all right."

## Skin Troubles on the Scalp

Skin Dried and Cracked and Hair Fell Out—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Eczema is annoying and distressing at any time, but doubly so when it gets into the scalp and causes the hair to fall out. Here is a grateful letter from a lady who was cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mrs. Hector Currie, Tobermory, Ont., writes: "I was cured of a disagreeable skin disease of the scalp by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. The trouble started with itching and pain in the scalp, the skin would get dry and crack, and at times would bleed, and the hair would fall out. I tried three doctors without benefit, and suffered for three years. Reading in the almanac about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I began its use, and am now completely cured. The hair has grown again, and I am as well as I ever was. You are at liberty to use this letter, for I am glad to recommend so excellent a treatment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has no rival as a cure for itching skin disease.

## Bishop Strachan School

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR  
A Church Residential  
and Day School  
for Girls  
Full Matriculation  
Course.

Elementary Work, Domestic Arts, Music,  
and Painting.  
PRESIDENT: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop  
of Toronto.

PRINCIPAL: MISS WALSH  
VICE-PRINCIPAL: MISS NATION

Wykeham Hall, College St., Toronto  
Junior Day School, 423 Avenue Rd.

Head Mistress, Miss R. E. Churchard.  
(Higher certificate National Froebel Union.)

## Alma (Ladies) College

A Christian college-home,  
healthful situation.

For prospectus and terms, write the Principal  
R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.  
63

## GLEN MAWR Spadina Ave. Toronto

A Boarding and Day School for Girls  
Principal—Miss J. J. Stuart (successor to  
Miss Veals). Classical Tripos, Cambridge  
University, England. Highly qualified staff  
of Canadian and European Teachers. New  
Prospectus from Miss Stuart. 20

## THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY Chelsea Square, NEW YORK

The next Academic Year will begin  
on the last Wednesday in Sept.  
Special Students admitted and Graduate  
course for Graduates of other Theological  
seminaries.—The requirements for admission  
and other particulars can be had from  
The Very Rev. W. L. ROBBINS, D.D., Dean.

## ST. CLEMENTS COLLEGE

FOR BOYS

Residential and Day School  
NORTH TORONTO, ONT.

Boys prepared for the Univer-  
sity, Royal Military College and for business  
Re-opened at North Toronto.

For information apply to  
REV. A. K. GRIFFIN, Principal.

## MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH ANTIQUE STAINED GLASS THE N.T. LYON GLASS CO. LIMITED 141-3 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.



Church  
Brass Work  
MEMORIAL  
BRASSES.  
RAILS, VASES.  
PRITCHARD ANDREWS  
CO. OF OTTAWA, LIMITED  
264 Sparks St. OTTAWA.



**MENEELY & CO.**  
Watervliet (West Troy), N. Y.  
Chimes, Peals, Church, School and  
other Bells. Unequaled musical quality.  
88 years' experience  
Highest Grade Genuine Bell Metal

And as Mr. Rowland went skating  
and sliding with the boys, and came  
home to drink cambric tea with Tot  
out of her china teacups, and sang  
hymns with his wife (surreptitiously  
kissing her hand that wore the wonder-  
ful ring) and with Mamie and Louie  
and Jenny in the evening, he felt there  
never was a home so full of happiness,  
and in a measure owing to him, and  
what a beautiful thing this Christmas  
gladness was.—Christian Endeavour  
World.

## God's Gift

In a manger in Judea  
On a Christmas long ago,  
Wrapp'd in swaddling clothes, the  
Christ Child

Lowly lay, 'tis told,—and Lo!  
O'er His birthplace, all illumined,  
Shone a star of radiance bright,  
Long foretold by bard and prophet  
As they were inspired to write.

Was a Christmas ever brighter,  
Ever child more blessed than He,  
With such rare and costly presents  
Brought by wise men like those  
three?

There those wise men knelt and wor-  
shipped

That dear Child whom God had sent,  
He, "The Word," made flesh among  
us,  
To fulfil a covenant.

How that meek and lowly mother  
Loved her darling sweet-faced Child,  
Lying in His humble cradle

Answering back her gentle smile;  
How she watched each baby motion  
As she "pondered in her heart"  
All the Angel had foretold her,  
And of which this was a part.

Time passed on,—this little Christ  
Child

Grew to be a noble Youth;  
Ever toward the cross His vision,  
Never swerving from the truth,  
Oft his mother wondered at Him,  
Why He talked to men so wise,  
Telling of His Heavenly Father  
Who had sent Him from the skies.

In the midst of men of learning  
He was found when but a Boy,  
Hearing them and asking questions,  
Giving to them hope and joy.

Much they marvel'd at His wisdom,  
Knowing not that He had come  
As a love-gift from the Father  
And a guide to lead them home.

At this joyous Christmas season  
He is still the Father's Gift,  
Richer far, than all earth's treasure,  
Come our load of sin to lift.  
"Peace on earth, good will He bring-  
eth":

Soon, we too, may hear the strain  
O'er Judea's hills re-echo,  
For He's coming back again.

A. M. FRELEIGH.

Chapped Hands—Rough Skin—Sore  
Lips—cured by Campana's Italian  
Balm. Send four cents in stamps for  
postage on the free trial size, men-  
tioning this paper, to the distributors  
for Canada.—E. G. West and Co.,  
Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St.,  
Toronto, Canada.

## St. Agnes' School

Belleville

Patron—The Lord  
Bishop of Ontario  
Special Courses in  
Music, Art and Phy-  
sical Training. Prepa-  
ration for the Univer-  
sities.  
Handsome, thoroughly  
equipped building,  
beautiful and extensive  
grounds, all kinds of  
out-door sports, large  
rink. Ideal spot for school. Apply to—  
Miss F. E. CARROLL, Principal.

## WESTBOURNE Residential and Day School FOR GIRLS

278 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ont.  
Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of  
Music. Number of resident pupils limited  
to twenty-eight. P. McGillivray Knowles,  
R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and  
information, address the principal,  
MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

## "Edgehill"

### CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Windsor, N.S.

The Bishops of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Patrons.  
Miss Gena Smith, Lady Principal. Eleven English Mistresses.  
Music: French and German; Art: Domestic Science; Drill.  
Preparation for the Universities.  
Perfect Sanitation; Trained Nurse; Dairy; Laundry, etc.  
Three Terms: Michaelmas (September), Lent, June.  
For Calendar apply to Rev. H. A. Harley, M.A., Secretary.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND

### DEACONESS AND MISSIONARY TRAINING HOUSE

179 Gerrard St. E., Toronto Head Deaconess, MISS T. A. CONNELL

Thorough training given in Deaconess or Missionary Work. Lectures in Scripture Know-  
ledge and Church Teaching. Practical Christian Work. Physical and Voice Culture, &c.  
Lectures in Medicine (by Qualified Men). Practical Medical and Surgical Work under  
Supervision of Resident Trained Nurse

## HAVERGAL COLLEGE, WINNIPEG

A Residential and Day-School for Girls with Kindergarten Department.  
PRESIDENT:—His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land.  
Preparation for Manitoba Matriculation. Special advantages for study of Music and Art.  
Large airy buildings with fine Assembly Hall, Studio and Gymnasium in grounds providing  
tennis courts, basket ball and hockey rink.  
PRINCIPAL—Miss B. L. Jones.  
For Calendar apply to Bursar. Next term opens September 10th.

## ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE TORONTO

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and  
Mrs. Dickson.)

Academic Course, from Preparatory to University Matriculation, and First Year Work.  
Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education—Cricket, Tennis, Basketball,  
Hockey, Swimming Bath.

School re-opens September 9th. Write for Prospectus.  
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, President. MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A. Principal.

## WYCLIFFE COLLEGE

TORONTO

Principal The Revd. Canon O'Meara, LL.D.

A Theological College of the Church of England in Canada, in affiliation with the  
University of Toronto, for the purpose of preparing men for the Christian Ministry  
in Canada and the Foreign Mission Field in accordance with the Principles of the  
Reformation.

For Calendar, particulars as to admission to the College or other information apply to the  
Registrar.  
H. MORTIMER, Esq., ROOM 224 CONFEDERATION LIFE BLDG., TORONTO

## HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

PRINCIPAL MISS KNOX

HAVERGAL COLLEGE Jarvis St., Toronto

Special English, French, German  
and Musical Courses for Girls who  
had intended wintering abroad.

For illustrated calendars and prospectus apply  
to the Bursar

R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec. Treas.

Founded A.D. 1710

# SUN FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE

THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

HEAD OFFICE:  
THREADNEEDLE STREET - LONDON, ENG.

CANADIAN BRANCH:  
15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

H. M. BLACKBURN - Manager

TORONTO AGENTS:  
HIGINBOTHAM & LYON - Telephone Main 1536  
IRISH & MAULSON - Telephone Adelaide 3400



## MEMORIAL AND LEADED ART GLASS WINDOWS

Special sketches and designs submitted on application. Our artists are English graduates.

Ask for our Church Window Catalogue

Made in Canada

### HOBBS MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED

MONTREAL LONDON TORONTO WINNIPEG

# Good Printing

THE refinement of good printing is apparent in the product of *The Monetary Times Printing Company*. The artistic touch is dominant in the harmony of effect produced. Correctness of style in all our printing is manifest. Each order, whether an ordinary card, letterhead, or bulky catalogue, receives the same intelligent attention from our experts.

Our large and well-equipped plant is at your service.

Fair Prices. Prompt Delivery.  
Guaranteed Satisfaction.

## Monetary Times Printing Co.

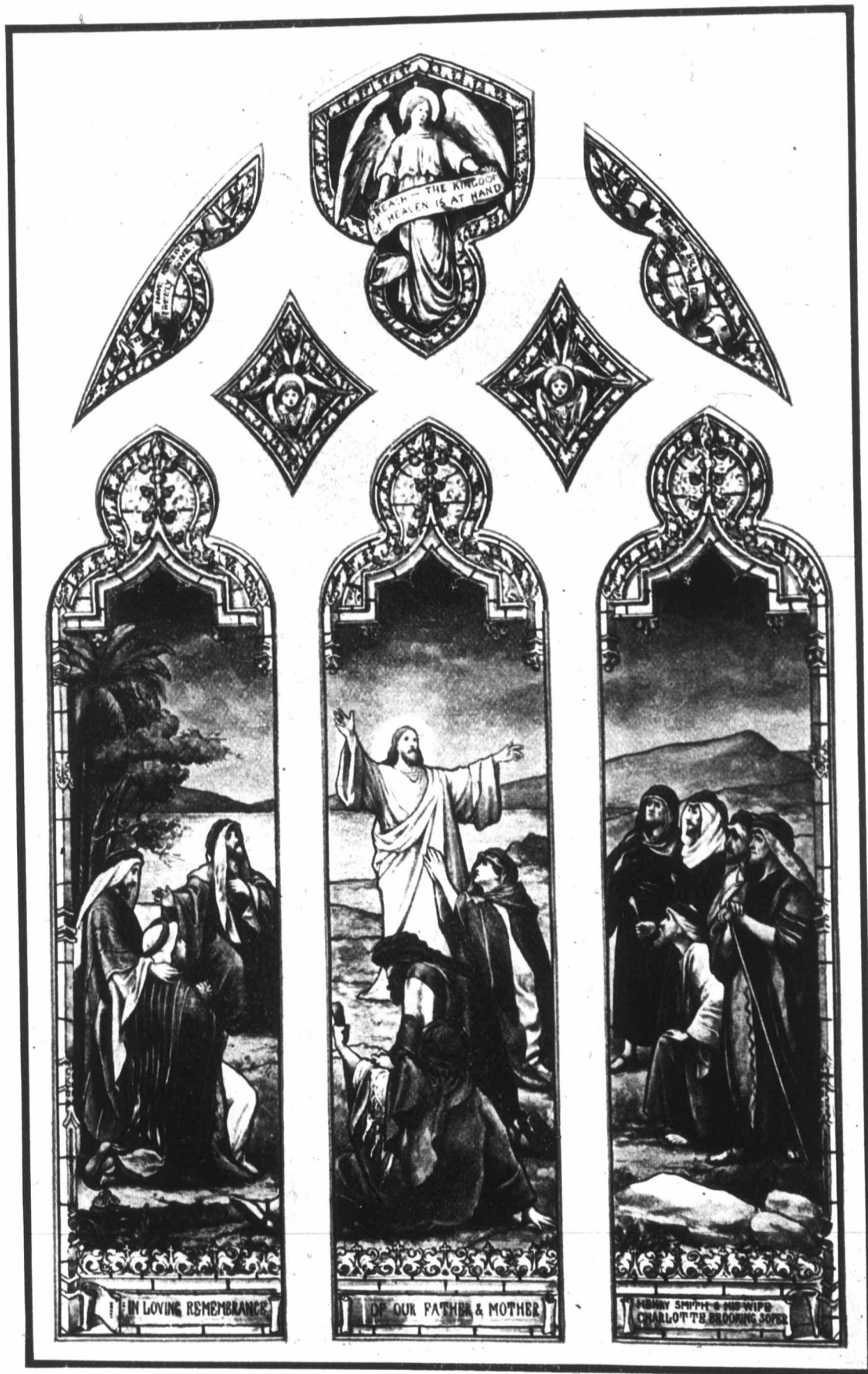
of Canada.

Corner of Church and Court Sts., Toronto, Canada

# Memorial Stained Glass Windows

Our facilities for the production of Memorial Windows in the choicest English Antique Glass are unexcelled.

We invite your enquiries.



Our productions today are the result of over fifty years painstaking effort towards the best in Memorial Stained Glass.

"Christ's Mission to the Apostles"  
Design Copyrighted.

Example from one of our numerous recent works.

The M. T. Lyon Glass Co., Limited  
Artists in Stained Glass  
141-3 Church St., Toronto, Canada