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Canadian Churchman

Vol. 43.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1916.

No. 57.

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GEORGE P. REID,
Secretary-Treasurer.
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THIS WEEK

A Christmas Sermon ————— Rev. Dr. Cody
The Major's Christmas Stockings ————— Mrs. Plumtree
Christmas in Camp ————— Rev. C. E. Jenkins
Child Life in Japan, and Christmas ————— Rev. R. M. Millman
Christmas in India ————— Rev. R. H. A. Haslam

NEXT WEEK

Our Great Need ————— Rev. W. G. Nicholson, B.A., Winnipeg

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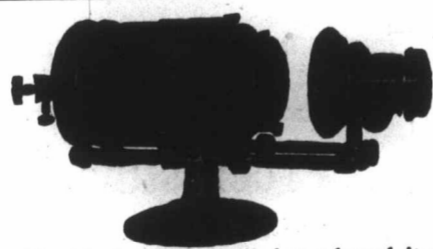
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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."

Personal & General

A limited number of extra copies of this issue of the "Canadian Churchman" will be mailed to any address at fifteen cents each.

Dr. Anderson Watts, a clergyman who has been engaged in missionary work in Egypt for the past 55 years, died recently at Cairo.

Father Lacombe, a veteran Roman Catholic missionary in Alberta, and a well-known figure wherever he went in that part of Canada, died recently.

The Rev. W. T. Hallam, D.D., of Wycliffe College, Toronto, will conduct a Mission during the first week in the New Year, in St. Matthew's Church, Timmins, Ont.

Dr. Griswold, the Bishop of Salina, has accepted his election as the Bishop-Suffragan of Chicago, and he expects to assume the duties of his new office on January 8th, 1917.

Nine Church of England Chaplains were recently awarded either the D.S.O. or the M.C. for valiantly tending the sick and wounded soldiers under heavy fire. This is a fine record.

The Archbishop of Nova Scotia has asked the Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada to observe Sunday, December 31st, as a day of special intercession in connection with the war.

The Bishop of Manchester, England, Dr. Knox, has just entered upon his 70th year. He succeeded Dr. Moorhouse as Bishop of Manchester in 1903. Miss Knox, Principal of Havergal College, Toronto, Ont., is a sister.

The Bishop of Barbados and the Windward Isles, the Right Rev. Dr. W. P. Swabey, died last month at his home in Barbados, aged 72. In 1893 he was consecrated Bishop of Guiana and he was translated to the See of Barbados in 1899.

The Rev. A. J. Williams and Mrs. Williams, missionaries of the Canadian Church in the Diocese of Honan, China, expect to sail from Shanghai for Canada on February 7th, 1917. This will be their first furlough since taking up work in China.

Two devoted laymen of the Church passed away within the last fortnight, Mr. J. H. Hale, of Orillia, Ont., and Mr. W. E. Yarnold, of Port Perry, Ont. Both men were well advanced in years and were highly respected by all who knew them.

The Rev. Ernest Wilberforce Trevor, a Chaplain to the forces, who was killed at the front, was the younger son of the Rev. G. W. and Mrs. Trevor, of Driffield, England. His only brother, Captain A. C. H. Trevor, is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks.

The Bishop of Montreal, who has been unwell for some two weeks past, is now a patient in the General Hospital in that city. He has undergone a slight operation and the latest reports are that he is progressing favourably and will soon be out again.

Mr. F. A. Acland, the Deputy Minister of Labour at Ottawa, and Mrs. Acland, have sailed for England from New York to join their son, Major

Peregrine Acland, M.C., who was most severely wounded some time ago in France and who is now dangerously ill in London.

It is stated in a recent English paper that during the Church year 1915-1916 there were only 373 men admitted to the diaconate as compared with 670 in 1914-1915. If the war continues another year, it is estimated that there will be a shortage of nearly 1,000 men in orders in 1918.

A cable from England a few days ago announced the fact that Major Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, who went overseas at the beginning of the war as second in command of the 3rd Battalion, and who was captured at St. Julien, has been transferred to Murren, Switzerland, from Saxony, where he has been held a prisoner of war.

The chief event in the Diocese of Birmingham of late has been the retirement, at the age of 83, of Canon Sutton, the Vicar of Aston, the largest parish in the diocese, which has a population of nearly 32,000. Eight years ago Canon Sutton celebrated the jubilee of his ordination. He succeeded Dr. Knox, the present Bishop of Manchester, in 1895, when the latter became Rector of the Cathedral.

The Rev. W. F. Wentworth-Shields has been elected Bishop of Armidale, N.S. Wales. He was born in London in 1867. Later on at the London University he gained the gold medal in archaeology. He was ordained in 1898 and after holding two curacies in England went out in 1902 to New South Wales. In 1910 he was appointed Rector of St. James', Sydney, a post which he still holds. He is a son-in-law of Bishop Boyd Carpenter, late Bishop of Ripon.

The "Moslem World," a quarterly magazine, edited by Dr. S. M. Zwemer, will in future be published by the Missionary Review Publishing Co., of New York. It has, up to the present, been published in England, and was the outgrowth of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh and was established to meet a demand for a magazine devoted to the study of conditions among the 220,000,000 Mohammedans in the world. The price has been increased from \$1 to \$1.25 per annum.

St. Peter's, Albany, N.Y., celebrated its bi-centenary last month. In the 200 years of its parochial existence St. Peter's has had eighteen Rectors. The Rev. Thomas Barclay (1708-1728) was the first. Among the others, two became Bishops, Horatio Potter, sixth Bishop of New York, and William Crosswell Doane, first Bishop of Albany. Dr. Battershall, now Rector emeritus, served the parish for thirty-seven years, the longest record. The present Rector is the Rev. Charles C. Harriman.

On the 10th inst., at a meeting of the congregation of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, the members appealed to President Wilson to use "a moral bludgeon" on the German Emperor with the aim of stopping the deportation of Belgians. By a rising vote the church members at the evening service voted to send a letter to the President, protesting against the treatment of the Belgians, and asserting that Americans would stultify their noblest emotions by failing to speak out at this time. The letter was written by Dr. John A. Wade, Rector of the church, and it was accepted as the sentiment of the meeting after talks had been made by Dr. Wade and Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman.

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The Christian Year

Editorial Notes

The First Sunday After Christmas, Dec. 31st.

"The Name of Jesus"—such is the motto which the Church gives us for the New Year. "The Name of Jesus"—this is the outstanding message of the Feast of the Circumcision, the Feast of New Year's Day. "Jesus"—to go with us through the unknown weeks and months, even unto the end of the Age. "Jesus"—in Whom lies satisfaction for all our needs, strength in all our weakness, victory over all our sin. "Jesus"—for in Him, though possessing nothing, we possess all things.

"Jesus"! What a sublimely adequate New Year's message! A stay-at-home clergyman once asked a returned missionary from China, what doctrine, what theology he preached to the Chinese. "We do not preach a theology," was the answer, "we preach Christ." The reply was altogether admirable. "Not a theory, but a Person, mighty to save, is what the world needs. Our motto, the Church's motto, must be not an "ism," or a dogma, or a philosophy, or a doctrine, but the living Christ.

"Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins"—there, precisely, lies the glowing centre of the whole matter. It is sin, above all else, from which man needs deliverance. Sin—there is the enemy! Sin—cribs, cabins and confines a man's being; it perverts and atrophies his energies; it overwhelms him with a darkness which may be felt. And Jesus is the conqueror of sin. He saves men from it, not only in some heavenly sphere of the future, but here and now. To as many as receive Him—to "His people," who open their hearts to the moral dynamic of His Spirit, is granted even now a prevailing and increasing victory over this enemy of the individual and of the race.

Each of us has the privilege, if we will but take it, of entering upon this New Year in Jesus' Name. Is there some sin, known perhaps only in the secrets of the heart, which is paralyzing the deeper springs of life? Forsake it with all the awakened will-power of the self and march forward into the New Year, "looking unto Jesus." By a divine alchemy He will change defeat into triumph. He will give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

And the world, too, has this privilege, if it will but take it. This sin-stricken earth may march forward into the New Year, with the Name of Jesus as its motto. There, indeed, lies the world's only hope. What will heal the red wounds of the War but this? How will the Nations come together again, but by the love of Jesus, which transcends national boundaries and unites men in a divine brotherhood. Dr. John R. Mott, who has visited the warring countries of both sides, speaks of hearing German members of the Student Movement in Germany plead with God for their British colleagues; and when in Britain he heard the British pray for their German brothers in Christ. There lies the hope of the new internationalism, after the War—in the Name of Jesus! A story in a recent article by an eminent English Churchman, published in the "Constructive Quarterly," shines like a mote of gold amid the dark horrors of the battlefield. The British had charged, and charged successfully, when a British soldier who had been a Salvationist, noticed a wounded German trying to drink from his water bottle. The Englishman stooped down, and finding the German's flask empty, gave him drink from his own. The revived German opened his eyes and noticed the badge of the Salvation Army upon his kindly enemy. A beautiful smile lit

(Continued on page 810.)

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. ST. LUKE I: 32.

"A Happy Christmas."

To some it may seem scarcely fitting under present conditions to wish their friends "A Happy Christmas." There is sadness on all sides, a sadness that is increasing day by day, and will continue to increase until the end of the war. Many a parent's heart will yearn this Christmas for the boy across the seas and many a son or brother will long for a glimpse of the old home and the faces of those he loves. Many a family circle has been broken and many a home made sad and lonely. Christmas is peculiarly a home season when the bonds of love and friendship are more tightly drawn and when loss is more keenly felt. There is, however, a sense in which we can with all our hearts wish others a happy Christmas and the greater the sorrow and the sadness the greater the necessity for reminding one another of the happiness that comes only to the humble follower of Him who wept, "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," Who is willing to bear our sorrows for us and to comfort us in our grief. What greater, better wish can one express than this, that your Christmas may bring you a clearer recognition of Christ as your friend and redeemer, your comfort and your strength? If this cruel war does nothing else than to replace Christ on the throne from which He has been cast in many a life it will prove a blessing in disguise.

The Children's Season.

Christmas is pre-eminently the children's season. The only begotten Son of the living God deigned to be borne in the flesh as a little babe, to live as a boy in a simple home and to submit Himself as other boys to the direction of His parents. Had He so desired, He might have been born under very different circumstances; but no, He chose the humblest of surroundings. Thus the story of that wonderful Babe appeals with irresistible power to children of every class and every clime. We love the story of the manger, the story of the visit of the wise men, of the flight into Egypt, of the visit to the doctors in the temple, and even in the history of His ministry there is no incident or picture, apart from the crucifixion, that appeals to us with greater force than when He called the little children to Him. The little child seems instinctively drawn to Jesus and the simple faith with which he accepts and seems to comprehend the great truths of the Saviour's life is a mystery to many an older person. It should make us realize more fully than many of us do the force of Christ's words when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for to such belongeth the Kingdom of God"; and "Who-soever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein."

Children and the War.

No section of the human race is suffering more to-day from the ravages of war than children. The children of Armenia, Servia, Poland, Belgium, have died by thousands, of exposure, hunger or violence. And even in other lands such as Germany, France, and one might almost add, Great Britain, the pinch of hunger is beginning to be felt and many a child is denied the nourishment so necessary to its

proper physical development. Add to this the thousands of children of to-day who will grow to manhood and womanhood without the protection and guidance of a father, and in many cases of a mother, too, and the picture is indeed one of the saddest that one can imagine. Christmas to many of them this year will be little more than a name. There never was a time in the history of the human race when the unselfish love of Christ should be more in evidence in the world. The giving of expensive presents to those who are not in need would seem almost a mockery. Let us search out the poor and needy, the fatherless and motherless, the sad and the sorrowing in our midst and let us endeavour by every means in our power to cheer and brighten their lives and to make the Christmas season more nearly what Christ would have it be.

Christmas Cheer for the Clergy.

We have already drawn attention to the added burdens placed upon our clergy during these trying times. They are called upon in season and out of season to carry messages of cheer to those in sorrow and the strain under which a conscientious minister of the Gospel is labouring to-day is exceedingly great. Added to this, he is faced with additional financial anxiety. The small salary of the average clergyman put side by side with the increased cost of food, fuel and clothing, looks very much smaller to-day than it ever did before. Christmas gives to the members of the Church an opportunity to show an appreciation of these facts, not by doling out charity but by giving a portion at least of that increased stipend that rightly belongs to the clergy. We wonder why young men do not enter the ministry and we wonder why some clergy do not throw themselves into their work more enthusiastically. If some of those who are doing so much wondering would try living on the average salary paid our clergy, and were faced with the same uncertainty as to the time or times when they would receive it, there would be much less wondering. The members of the Church have no right to look for any great measure of improvement until these matters are set right. If, therefore, Christmas means anything to us let us show it by a whole-hearted effort to free from financial anxiety our leaders in spiritual matters and by taking to their homes some measure of the cheer and joy that they are continually called upon to take to others.

National Service.

We should like to draw attention to the advertisement in this and next week's issues of The Canadian Churchman in connection with the National Service Movement. The success of this will depend on the spirit with which it is received by the people of Canada. It should be supported not merely as a matter of form but with a determination to make the effort as great a success as possible. It provides an opportunity for every man to place himself at the service of his country and to at least show his willingness to do his "bit" in whatever way is considered best.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.
—Phillips Brooks.

AS,

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Christmas



There is sorrow, there is sadness
In the world, this wintry eve;
There is fear and sin and weakness,
There are lonely hearts that grieve.
But above the heavy-laden,
Gladdening their weary eyes,
Spread the splendid, shining reaches
Of the starry Christmas skies.
—Grace E. Craig.

* * * * *

We speak of a Merry Christmas,
And many a Happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

* * * * *

The joy of Christmas derives a special charm from knowledge of the fact of its being joy that is widespread. It is the reverse of selfish joy. It is part of the happiness of the season that everybody bethinks himself whether he can do something to add to other people's happiness.

* * * * *

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.
And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.
—William Cullen Bryant.

* * * * *

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

There is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day—and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed Life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you can keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.
—Henry van Dyke.

From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

It would appear to Spectator that the Revisers of the Prayer Book would do well to see if they couldn't do away with a large portion of those preliminary pages or relegate their contents to a less obtrusive position in the book. It will be noted that sixty-eight pages have to be turned before we come to the opening sentences of Morning Prayer. Children and people unfamiliar with our book are liable to lose their way in trying to find the proper service. It isn't well to discourage strangers who come to our services by making our Prayer Book somewhat more complex. With the progress of the present negotiations for union many Presbyterians are bound to be attracted to our historic Church, many young men drift in to evening service who know little or nothing of the Prayer Book, and they are not made to feel more comfortable by losing themselves in sixty-eight pages of prefaces, tables and lections. Certainly that Act of Uniformity ought to go and it would seem as though most of the tables would be quite as useful and convenient at the back of the book where indices usually are, as in the position they are now made to occupy. There is nothing sacred in the present arrangement and no tradition of any consequence would be broken should it be changed.

In regard to the opening sentences at Morning and Evening Prayer, the Epiphany, and Trinity Sunday are recognized by special scripture quotations in the American Prayer Book but not so in our new book. The opening sentence is extremely important, for it calls attention to, and sounds the note of, the service following. These special sentences are, we think, wisely directed to be used with one or other of the sentences emphasizing the necessity of repentance and confession.

The combination of the major Litany with the Holy Communion will, in our judgment, be found a very edifying change. Litany furnishes a suitable preparation for the Communion service where a sermon is to be preached. The communion service alone at the mid-day service has always appeared to the writer to lack the necessary atmosphere for such a service. The Litany supplies that lack while preserving the psychology of time. A preliminary service that is too long is even more fatal than one that is too short. The Morning Prayer to the end of the Second Cantic, which has been very generally in use as a preliminary to the Holy Communion, seems to overshadow the celebration to follow and to give it a secondary place. The combination referred to will give much relief and add greatly to spiritual edification. It seems a mistake in this combination of services to end the Litany with the Lord's Prayer, and then, after the introit, to begin the Communion service with the same prayer. The American Prayer Book ends the major Litany just before the versicles beginning "O Christ hear us," which would seem to be much better. In a combination of services the liturgical idea should not be to have two complete services, each with a beginning, climax and conclusion, but one service with a single purpose and structure running throughout. Permission to repeat the refrain, "Praise him and magnify him forever," after each group of verses in the Benedicite instead of each verse as heretofore, will give welcome relief to many congregations and choirs and will make that notable song infinitely more helpful. Of course, this method of rendering the Benedicite has long been used

in many churches without authority and it will be gratifying to those who so rendered it to have their judgment confirmed by the whole Canadian Church.

The use of the Psalms as laid down both in the old and new Prayer Books calls for very serious consideration. Spectator will content himself with merely calling attention to two or three suggestive points. The first question that arises is, Why should the Psalms, without discrimination or selection, be exalted to such a prominent place in our worship? No other book or portion of a book in either the Old or New Testament is commanded to be read through every month. We read of "Sehon, king of the Amorites," and "Og, the king of Basan," with the same apparent zeal and solemnity as we read the Shepherd Psalm or the words of our blessed Lord Himself. Every month, however, we must renew our reading of the Psalms while the Gospels are read much more leisurely. Mr. Savary last week suggested that the Book of Psalms be so divided that they be read through in two months rather than every month. That would surely be an improvement and would again confirm the widespread custom now existing of omitting one or other of the Psalms at morning and evening service. A friend has forwarded Spectator a schedule with a suggested division for a two months' course that would look as though it might greatly improve the service. This is a subject that ought to get the fullest consideration from the Revisers, and the Church generally. Again, Spectator would like to know if there is any sound reason for singing the gloria patri after every Psalm and every portion of a Psalm. There is about an average of three Psalms set down for each service and it would seem to the writer to be more impressive and more edifying to sing the gloria once only and that at the conclusion of Psalms for the service. "Spectator."

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Our yesterdays determine our to-morrows beforehand.

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Nothing but the Infinite Pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.

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It is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—Southey.

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The trouble with too many of our prayers is that we urge that our own will be done instead of asking that God's will may be done.

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If in the desert of life we look for our palm trees and wells of water, should we not also expect a sandy waste and a bitter fountain now and then?

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"Evangelize or fossilize; preach or perish; be a missionary church or become a missionary field." There is something more than rhyme or alliteration in these words.

* * *

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

(Continued from page 809.)

up his white face as he said in broken English, "Me Salvation too." The British soldier carried him as gently as he could to the ambulance, but the German was dying. Seeing that he wished to say something, the Englishman bent over the prostrate form, and caught these last words, "Jesus—safe in Jesus."

There lies the world's one hope. Forward, then, into this unknown New Year, in the Name of Jesus.

A Christmas Sermon

By VEN. ARCHDEACON CODY, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's, Toronto.

"The Shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen."—St. Luke, ii.: 20.

Can we wish each other "A Merry Christmas"? We feel there is something incongruous in the greeting. Yet an officer from the front closes a Christmas letter with these words: "This is to wish all my fellow-Churchmen a *very* merry Christmas." Perhaps the men at the front share more fully than we at home in the exultation that comes from duty done and sacrifice made for a noble cause. To most of us this is a sad and strange Christmas. The paradox is still with us that we should celebrate the Feast of Peace and Goodwill among men, in the midst of a war that rages more widely and bitterly than a year ago. Never were there so many lightless eyes as on this shadowed festival of the birth of Christ. We hear the cries of struggle, the wailings of motherhood, and the agonies of suffering; we see homes desolate, hearts empty, and friends imperilled.

"Hate is strong and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men."

But Christmas has a message of clearer skies. There is an angel-song. There is even now light as well as shadow; joy as well as sorrow; hope as well as horror. This may be the darkest hour before the dawn. This may be the expectant eye of larger fulfilment. These cries of anguish may be caused by the travail pangs of a new and better age. They may proclaim life, not death. The angel-song of "peace on earth among men in whom He is well-pleased," may be the challenge

to destroy whatever hinders good will and thereby to usher in a worthy and abiding peace. How can there be peace for those in whom God cannot be well-pleased? This Divine Christmas wish is not only a call to service and sacrifice, but a pledge of its own fulfilment. God's will to save cannot be wholly frustrated. God's glory in the highest requires a vindication of His will.

"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep: The wrong shall fail, the right prevail With peace on earth, good will to men!"

The Christ message has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and not tried. It still holds the secret of peace.

In St. Luke's matchless story of the Birth, the Incarnation is set down as an historical fact. We may read it as a series of first things, each of which has its perpetual lesson.

1. There is here the **first step in the earthly obedience of Christ**. St. Paul's phrase, "God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the Law," describes that self-emptying of Christ, which is the first step in His work of redemption. Why was Jesus born a child? He was born in the weakness of childhood that He might pass through all the pain and experience of the chil-

dren of men. Why was He born in such lowly surroundings? He was born in poverty that no son of man might be too poor to believe in His sympathy and that every son of man might realize something of the love that so humbles itself. Already we have glimpses into the sacrificial law of His life. He has taken a body that He might offer it for man's sin. The Cross is visible even from the cradle. Only through sacrifice is life born; only through humiliation is spiritual exaltation possible.

2. We hear the **first song of the Redeemer**. Every new epoch of salvation is fittingly ushered in by a word from God. It is natural and fitting that this culminating message should be a song.



"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

No other fashion of speech could adequately express the goodness of the glad tidings to men or the holy joy in the heart of God. This song records the supreme fact of the birth of a Saviour in human form, the sign of His humiliation, the prophecy of glory to God and peace among men. This peace will come only as good will among men can come. If men will not receive Christ and live in His spirit, there will continue to be strife and suspicion and hatred and war; but if heart after heart yields to Him and every knee bows to Him, then peace can come. That is no peace which overlooks the antagonism between good and evil or which proclaims peace at the price of spiritual dishonour. No peace can be his who refuses to bear full part in the struggle for right. Lasting peace can come only when right has prevailed and Christ's principles have been vindicated.

These elements in the first song of the Redeemer are the necessary elements in all the songs of the ages. Even to-day, we can rejoice in a Saviour's birth. Never more than to-day was there needed a Saviour from sin.

3. We see the **first men who heard the good tidings of the birth**. Around the cradle of the

infant Jesus were called to stand the simple shepherds, spiritually akin to those who were waiting for the consolation of Israel, speaking, as they watched their sheep, of that Shepherd of Israel Who restoreth the soul; and later, the wise men from the East, representing the high and serious minds of their country and age, feeling after God if haply they might find Him. To men like these God gave the assuring message of the Incarnation. He could not give it to the scornful, the jesting, the materialistic. When our ears are dulled and our eyes are sense-bound by the sounds and sights of this "present evil world," we cannot hear the message of the Most High, we cannot see the glory of the Invisible and the Eternal, we cannot believe that God draws near to men in Christ. He may need a world cataclysm to make us hear and see the things that really matter.

4. The **first gift in the new age was the gift of a Person**. God gave not things, but a person. This is always the supreme gift, the unspeakable gift, the gift that cannot be fully described or understood. The person is of infinitely more value than the thing. In days like these, when we see things as they are more clearly, we know that the only wealth of life is persons. The one true test of advancing civilization is an increasing sense of the value of personality. The war is teaching us the supremacy of the person. Though the machinery of destruction is terrible, yet man is the master and conqueror. Ruskin was sent by God to rebuke his generation for its secularity. "There is no wealth but life," he said. "That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings." The very essence of immorality is to treat a person as though he were only a chattel—a thing. The Incarnation brings a fresh realization of the infinite value of humanity and a fresh condemnation of those who maltreat it. In the time to come we shall hear more of the rights of persons and less of the rights of property.

5. The **first preachers of the newly-born Redeemer** were the shepherds. The story they told was not a full-orbed Gospel, but it could make men wonder and win honest and good hearts to faith. To-day the heart of simple childhood, to which the agony of the Cross is yet a mystery, may find joy and peace in hearing and believing the story of Bethlehem. Deeper minds like Mary's ponder it in their hearts and enter more fully into its secret. They can keep Christmas even in dark days with a solemn gladness. They know the hope implicit in Immanuel.

At this Christmastide in war time we learn afresh the **worth and possibilities of childhood**. Our children are priceless treasures. They will have a double burden of responsibility in the days to come. They must bear their own burdens and the burdens which would have been borne by their elder brothers who will return no more.

We see as never before the **value of the simple life**, the life that consisteth not in abundance of things but in richness of soul.

Never were there such **world-wide opportunities of succour and service**. Never were the fountains of helpfulness more abundantly opened.

(Continued on page 816.)

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NEW YEAR.

(page 809.)

in broken English, British soldier car- ould to the ambu- lying. Seeing that 3, the Englishman , and caught these Jesus." e hope. Forward, New Year, in the

Child Life in Japan, and Christmas

Rev. R. M. MILLMAN, Toyohashi, Japan.

THIS is a pretentious title for an article as brief as this one purports to be. Having said this, let me quote from Jukichi Inonye, a well-known Japanese writer. He says:—

"Japan has been called the Paradise of Babies; and certain it is that childhood passes very happily in this country. In every family its children have a free run of the whole house; there is neither a nursery to which they can be confined, nor any room which is exempt from their invasion. They are the real masters of the house; and father, mother, elder brother and sister are their willing slaves. They will romp unchidden into the parlour and interrupt the visitor whom the father or mother is then receiving; and the visitor, too, be he friend, relative, or comparative stranger, never takes such intrusion amiss, but on the contrary, pays court to them, as he knows well that through them the softest spot in the father's heart is reached, and the mother's goodwill won."

As far as my observation goes, everything the writer says here is strictly correct, except it be his opening statement, about Japan being the paradise of babies. And this statement, after all, is not his, but just an oft-times repeated assertion, the origin of which is as uncertain as is that of Topsy. It, too, "just grew." As for the truth of the statement, I honestly do not believe that Japan is a paradise for babies in any truer sense than any other civilized country is, except it be in the sense that a children's paradise is a place where they may do just as they like. Indeed this would seem to be the author's meaning. He implies, too, that grown-up people treat children with kindness and consideration. About this there is no doubt.

For instance, you often see a man pulling a cart heavily loaded through a busy street. Some little child dashes across the road in front of his cart, or he finds several children blocking his way by their game, and he is obliged to come to a sudden stop. Of course, any civilized man in any country would exert all his energy to stop a cart rather than injure a child; but here in Japan they do so without swearing or showing any sign of annoyance. And it is the same if a man is riding a bicycle or a horse. In short, adults seem to take it for granted that it is a child's privilege to get in everybody's way. I have seen children meet with the narrowest escapes and the mother blandly smiles as if, after all, she had no responsibility in the matter.

If the above quotations about a children's paradise implies that here the children do not have aches or pains, nor cry, nor fall and bruise themselves, nor feel pangs of hunger in case of poverty, nor have all the usual troubles and sicknesses which accompany childhood in other lands, then the statement is untrue. The condition of children is the same in these respects as it is in other countries. In fact, when I see so many little children with wretched skin diseases, I begin to think the children must be happier in Canada than they are here.

Besides, the prevalence of skin diseases the Japanese, as everyone knows, have the custom of tying the babies on the backs of their older brothers and sisters. This is not good for the physical development of the older child, nor for that of the baby. You so often see a baby with its sleepy little head hung back at an awful angle and its face and neck exposed to the burning sun. There is no doubt that such ignorance and carelessness in caring (rather, not caring) for the babies, is responsible in large measure for bad eyesight and blindness. Blind people you meet everywhere in Japan.

The Japanese have a theory of their own in regard to training children. They say, "What's the use of punishing a child before he can reason! Let the child first come to the age of reasoning, and then, using his reasoning faculty, teach him the right way." This looks like a plausible theory but in practice it does not work for the comfort of the parent in the present, nor the happiness of the child in the future. All the reasoning in the world will not cure the ill-effects, physical and moral, which come from permitting young children to fly into tantrums, to sit on the damp ground, to eat what they like, to play when they like, to choose their own companions, to go to bed when they please, to get up when they please, in short, to run wild. (But can we in Canada throw stones?)

I do not want the reader to suppose that this is the invariable rule. There are some parents who have learned from the culture and the

Christianity of the West that it is not right for parents to shirk their responsibility in this easy-going way. For example, you could not find in Canada children better behaved nor more carefully brought up than the children of our pastor in Toyohashi.

And now you ask,—“What is the influence of Christianity on child-life in Japan?” As has already been indicated, Christianity has helped some parents towards a realization of their duty. From the children's standpoint, the influence may be briefly summed up in three words, viz.: Kindergartens, Sunday Schools, and Christmas entertainments. Naturally, children enjoy all three, and especially Christmas entertainments. In the Bible there are true stories, every bit as interesting, when properly told, as the Japanese native stories corresponding to Rip Van Winkle, or St. George and the Dragon, and the heroes of the sacred writings display a truer and deeper courage than the heroes of old Japan.

The influence, however, of Christian schools and kindergartens is principally confined to the children who attend them. The proportion of such children to the whole population is exceedingly small. Take this city of Toyohashi, for example. Leaving out the higher schools, there are probably ten thousand children who attend the nine public schools here; and of these there are perhaps 400 in Sunday Schools—certainly not more. None are in kindergartens, for there are no kindergartens. These estimable institutions are found for the most part in the larger cities. Christianity is doing a real work and a sure work among the children in Japan. But the work has only begun. More and more the Japanese pastors and other workers are coming to realize that the



An Everyday Group of Japanese Children.

hope of the Church in the future depends upon what we do with the children in the present. The people in Canada must not think that because the proportion of children yet reached by Christianity is small, the work is unimportant. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" You just ought to see the eager expectation with which children look forward to Christmas, and the beaming faces when the happy day actually arrives.

One of the missionaries, Mr. Winther, of Kyushiu, says, in regard to Santa Claus, that a great deal of harm has been done by allowing Santa Claus dolls to come to this country, and that the ordinary people look upon Santa as one of the foreigners' gods. So far as letting Santa Claus dolls come here, the merchants are largely responsible for that, but there is no doubt that the story of Santa Claus has been abused here, as it has in Canada. With so many gods as there are here, and Santa Claus coming just at the time when the Christ-child came, it is no wonder that some people get confused. But I think that in our Christian Sunday Schools there is not much confusion. So much depends upon the fidelity with which the teachers prepare and deliver their lessons. Mr. Winther's note of warning is opportune. May we all be very careful in what we teach, lest we deceive one of God's little ones.

Every year sees the Christmas season more fully observed in Japan. Christmas presents, Christmas decorations, Christmas festivities are increasing. But let us not fondly imagine that this means that ordinary people appreciate the meaning of this happy time. They do not. The Japanese are fond of all sorts of festivals, "matsuri," they call them, and take kindly to the Christmas matsuri imported from abroad. What we need is more Sunday Schools, more teachers, better teachers, who will so present the wonderful story of Christmas that the children's minds may be gripped by it, so that they will never forget God's inestimable love in giving the Christ to men.

Christmas in Camp

Rev. C. E. Jeakins, Brantford, Ont.

It was raining. There was no doubt about it. It was a rain with a past, with a present and with a future. It had been raining, it was still raining, and it continued to rain. As one of the men said that Christmas morning, "Sir, is it raining yet or again." There was no other answer possible save this, "It is raining." In such an un-Christmasy atmosphere the Canadians at Bramshott Camp "kept" Christmas Day, 1915. In spite of all—the absence of loved ones, the separation from home, the discomforts of a camp deep in mud, and the pouring rain—the Christmas spirit was manifest. It was just another instance of the wonderful and victorious attitude of mind that from the very first has animated the gallant men from Canada in their endeavour to do their bit for the cause of the Empire.

During the days preceding the Christmas Festival, the men had scoured the country side for holly and evergreens, and with these decorations, as with flags and bunting, had turned their drab and cheerless huts into something like home-looking abodes. Fancy there was a touch of irony in the use of a pennant or bit of bunting on which was inscribed "God bless our Home." Yet after all it was a home for the time being, and the very best was made of it. Christmas Day began with a service at 9.30. It was held in the large mess hut which also had received attention at the hands of the decorators, and did look really "Christmasy" in its draperies of flags and bunches of holly leaves. The Christmas hymns had been printed specially for the occasion and heartily were they sung. There was something moving, something thrilling and something eloquent in the way the dear familiar hymns were rendered. How the men did sing, to the accompaniment of a really good band, the well known "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "O come, all ye faithful," "While shepherds watch their flocks by night." Many a strong man paused in his singing unable to continue for the lump in his throat and the tear in his eye, as thoughts of "Home" mingled with the thoughts behind the words he was singing. The service was not of long duration, and consisted of the reading of the old, old story of "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem," of earnest prayers for the men, and for the dear ones at home, and of a simple address on the real meaning of Christmas. It was a never-to-be-forgotten service; hearty and impressive in the truest sense, and the men appeared to enter into its spirit and enjoy its happening.

At its conclusion a number of the men came up to the Chaplain and asked for extra copies of the hymn sheet to send home to loved ones. As one put it, "Can you spare one, sir, to send to my mother. I know she will be so pleased to know we had a Christmas service."

The men were duly dismissed. Some went to their huts to read or enjoy a sleep; some to the Church Hut, to partake of their Christmas Communion, others wended their way to the quaint old Parish Church of Bramshott, and, the dreariness of the day out-of-doors only intensifying the brightness of spirit within the House of Prayer.

In the meantime the mail had arrived, and there was a rush for letters and parcels. What this means no one at home can ever fully realize. It was without a doubt the brightest spot in a darksome day. How the eye filled and the heart was cheered at the reading of the home letters and the undoing of the Christmas parcels. As the writer walked in and out of the tents he saw on all sides men interested in nothing else save their letters. The rain, the mud, the war—everything passed out of sight in the memories of home and loved ones, stirred up in a very special way by the coming of the mail.

Dinner had been announced for half-past two o'clock. And such a dinner! Turkey with accompanying vegetables, plum pudding and mince pie, candies, nuts and raisins, apples and oranges, etc., constituted a most sumptuous "feed." There were no tablecloths, and only coarse enamel cups and plates—and the one plate had to suffice for all courses. Yet it was heartily enjoyed and was pronounced a "feast fit for a King."

The officers sat down with the men, and the rigid law of necessary military discipline was relaxed under the influence of the spirit of Christmas. The men in the hospitals were not

(Continued on page 820.)

**s in Camp
ns, Brantford, Ont.**

There was no doubt about it, past, with a present and it had been raining, it was still raining. As one of the girls said this morning, "Sir, it is raining." There was no other atmosphere in the Camp "kept" Christmas—the absence of loved ones, the discomforts of home, the pouring rain, and the pouring rain—s manifest. It was just wonderful and victorious from the very first has from Canada in their fight for the cause of the

preceding the Christmas decorated the country side for the occasion, and the drab something like home-looking was a touch of irony or bit of bunting on it to bless our Home." Yet for the time being, and it. Christmas Day 30. It was held in the school and did look really attractive of flags and The Christmas hymns were for the occasion and There was something familiar and something dear familiar hymns were did sing, to the accompaniment of the well known "O come, all ye faithful, watch your flock, our Lord Jesus was born in Bethlehem of a simple address Christmas. It was a hearty and impressive scene, and as she had no money but what she could earn by mushroom or berry picking, her spending capacity was limited. This year it was limited to fifty cents, and Kitty had spent it all on wool for socks. She had intended to reserve a few coppers as pocket-money, but had finally decided to make an extra big pair of socks which would require an extra ounce of grey wool; and the extra ounce had exhausted her last penny.

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**The Sergeant-Major's
Christmas Stockings**

ADELAIDE M. PLUMPTRE

LITTLE Kitty Galliard walked slowly to school. Her way lay along a wide country road with a ditch on each side of it, and beyond the ditches, high banks of turf, so broad that most people walked on top of them, as they went to school. But Kitty walked in the middle of the road: at least, she meant to walk in the middle—but as a matter of fact, she zigzagged from side to side, almost as if she were blind. First, nearly into the ditch on the left. Then, in the middle of the road again, till a motor-car, by hoots and squawks, warned her she was about to be killed! Next, bump! Kitty collided with an imperturbable donkey browsing on the edge of the ditch on the left: till finally, bang! Kitty's head met the school gate post, and at last she raised her eyes from her knitting—not so much because she had hurt her head as because she had finished her work.

Such a huge sock it was, all a dull grey; and another, equally big and dull, hung over her arm. (What a merciful dispensation it is that men are not quadrupeds now that we have to knit socks for them!) Some of the girls had enlivened their socks with stripes of colour round the top so as to add a touch of "Christmas" to the dull grey or khaki, but Kitty had no coloured wool, and her aunt did not encourage anything which to her mind, was not "practical." Besides, "Aunt" kept no bag of odds and ends such as mothers keep for little boys and girls to rummage in; if Kitty wanted anything, she had to buy it for herself, and as she had no money but what she could earn by mushroom or berry picking, her spending capacity was limited. This year it was limited to fifty cents, and Kitty had spent it all on wool for socks. She had intended to reserve a few coppers as pocket-money, but had finally decided to make an extra big pair of socks which would require an extra ounce of grey wool; and the extra ounce had exhausted her last penny.

"Teacher" had asked each of the little girls in the village school to knit at least one pair of socks as a Christmas box for the soldiers in the trenches or the sailors keeping their watch on the cold North Sea, or for the poor wounded men hobbling about the hospital wards.

"I shall have a lovely Christmas card for each of you," she said, "and you can write a message on it for your writing-lesson, and then we will wrap up the parcels, and each of you shall say where your socks are to be sent, and we'll find all the places on the map as a geography lesson."

Such an "understanding" teacher she was: and even though her grammar was not always strictly correct (as you will have noticed), the children learned their lessons better for her than for the other teachers, and her class always did well on the dreaded days when the Inspector visited the school.

And now packing-up day had come, and Kitty had just managed to finish her socks in time to walk up with the other children and lay them on teacher's desk, receiving in exchange the Christmas card which was to be tucked into the toe, bearing the knitter's message to the lucky recipient.

Kitty had not had a moment's hesitation as to the recipient of her socks!

Most of the other little girls had consulted together over the claims of various British regiments, or the overseas troops, or the gallant armies of the Allies. There were some small Belgian refugees in the school whose coming to that quiet corner of England had made people realize what war could mean more clearly than anything else, except perhaps the dreaded orange telegrams which came to one or another of the village houses, and said some terrible word like "died" or "wounded" or "missing." The little Belgians had managed to get quite a number of socks promised for their Queen Elizabeth's hospitals, or King Albert's army. They did not know where their own fathers and brothers were to be found, nor even if they were alive or dead. The King and Queen seemed to be the only Belgians who had any known address—just "Queen Elizabeth, Belgium," or "King Albert, Belgium," would find them. So the little Belgians said, but to the little English children, it seemed very vague and rather like a fairy story. The local regiments had the first claim on most of the children; and many of the cards were addressed to "My dear Daddy," or "Uncle Dick," or "Brother Will" in the Territorials; and

like they all used to be, and this Sergeant-Major was a khaki one. I want my socks to go to him, please Teacher, and I bought one ounce extra wool to make good long feet to them. Look, Teacher."

Teacher looked as she was bidden and saw a pair of socks with feet large enough to fit a Goliath, but she saw also the generous love of the little heart which had prompted the buying of the "extra ounce" by this child who earned all her scanty pocket money. She must not fail Kitty, but how could she discover Kitty's particular Sergeant-Major among the thousands of gallant Canadians who had wintered in the bleak plain above the village and marched away through the mud in the spring to the trenches of France and Flanders? She probed Kitty's memory for further details.

"What battalion was he in, Kitty dear? Don't you remember what number he wore on his cap?"

"He was in the Canadians, Teacher, and he wore a maple leaf on his cap, and he had big feet, and he used to march like this."

In her excitement Kitty lost her habitual shy reticence; and, throwing out her chest, stamped magnificently across the school room. Surely Teacher must recognize him after this lifelike presentation of his characteristics! Yet still she hesitated.

"Didn't he tell you his name, Kitty dear? Or the number of his battalion?" she urged. "Try to remember what he said."

"He never said nothing, Teacher, 'cept when he kissed me he kind of whispered, 'God bless you and my little girl out in Canada, too.' You just address my parcel to 'The Sergeant-Major of the Canadians,' and the Post Office will find him. Put 'the one with the big feet.'"

Still Teacher seemed doubtful, and Kitty wondered. She had seemed to know just how to address all the other parcels: why should she hesitate about this one?

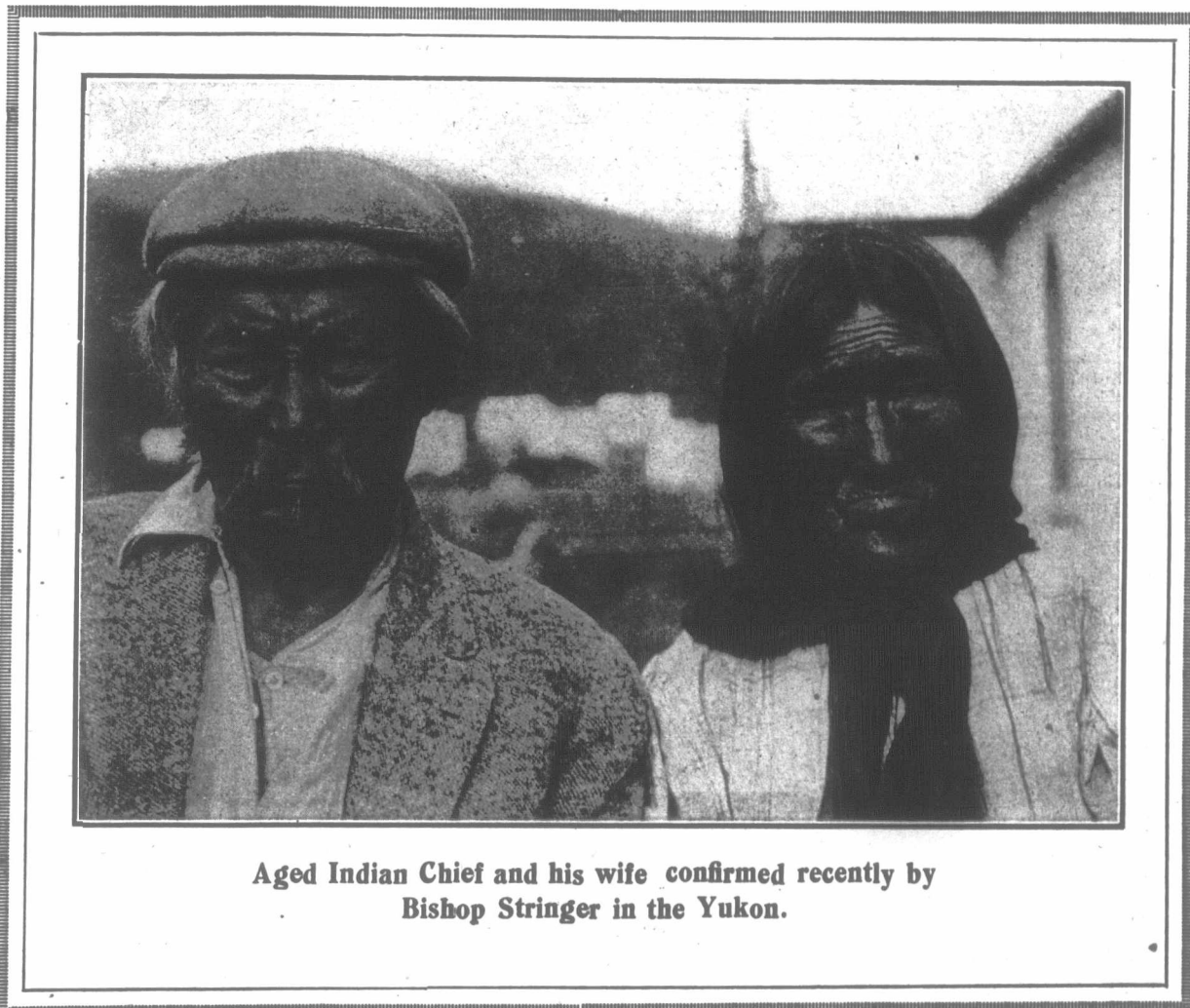
And then Kitty herself solved the problem. "Send them to the Red Cross lady, and tell her to find him," she said, and Teacher remembered the pretty Canadian Army Nursing Sister in her smart blue and red uniform whom the Rector had brought in one day to see the children. She had come down to the village in an ambulance with a sick officer who was being transferred

to a hospital in Wyeford, and the children had sent her primroses and cowslips when she departed with the first contingent of Canadians to France. Her address was still written on Teacher's memorandum pad—"Army Nursing Sister Raymond, Hospital No. X., Canadian Expeditionary Force, France." "A splendid idea, Kitty," said Teacher. "We'll ask her to find your Sergeant-Major if she can. Now take this pretty card and write your message on it, and I'll slip in a note for Nurse Raymond in the parcel to explain."

Kitty took the card back to her desk. It was a very pretty one. A robin singing on a holly bush, and the words were: "Robin's voice is sweet and true, He sings my Christmas thoughts to you." Kitty wrote her message on the back and then handed it up to Teacher.

Teacher read it through, and then she smiled; and then she seemed to have a sudden cold because she hunted in her desk for her pocket-handkerchief which was in her pocket all the time. Her voice was quite husky when she read Kitty's message aloud, as she had read what each child had written.

This was Kitty's message. "To my Sergeant-Major. The khaki one. With the big feet. I made these socks myself. A Happy Christmas to you and I wished I belonged to you. From Kitty."



Aged Indian Chief and his wife confirmed recently by Bishop Stringer in the Yukon.

not a few to "Uncle Jack" in the Grand Fleet. Kitty listened anxiously as the other children answered, one by one, the address which teacher was to write on the parcels. She hoped that no one else would send a pair to her particular hero. Teacher saw the intent look on her little face and guessed that Kitty had a secret which was soon to be divulged.

At last Kitty's turn came, and teacher, pen in hand, asked, "Who is to get your socks, Kitty?"

"My Sergeant-Major," said Kitty, without an instant's hesitation, "The one with the big feet, please Teacher."

"What regiment does he belong to, Kitty? Is he a relation of yours?"

"No, Teacher, I haven't got no relations 'cept Aunt and my brother Tim who was put in a Home when Mother died. My Sergeant-Major is in the Canadians. He's very big, and he has a very big voice, and 'normous feet. And he had a maple leaf on his cap and 'Canada' on his shoulder. I saw that when he picked me up one day and kissed me because I carried him out some water from the spring in Aunt's garden when they had an 'easy' just outside. And he kissed me, Teacher, he did; and he said I was like his little girl out in Canada, and I told him he was a Sergeant-Major like my Daddy—only my Daddy was a red and gold soldier before he died

"Won't it do, Teacher?" Kitty asked anxiously, afraid that Teacher did not seem quite pleased.

"Yes, Kitty dear, it will do beautifully. Tuck it down into the toe of one of the socks, and then we'll send them to the Red Cross lady and ask her to find your Sergeant for you."

With unbounded faith, Kitty handed her card to Teacher and returned to her desk; penniless indeed, but happy in the realization that she had done her bit and that Teacher would find her Sergeant-Major.

In one of the Canadian Military Hospitals the Sisters had just completed their preparations for the morrow's Christmas festivities. Things had been quiet on the Canadian Front for some time past, so there had been no big convoys of wounded to attend to and the nurses had had time to "trim" the wards. Of course, the patients helped with personal service or advice, according to their physical condition,—and as both had been accepted gratefully, the wards were bright with mottoes and emblems, but the place of honour was given to a great wreath of English holly, sent by friends near Salisbury Plain.

Outside, the wind was howling over the cliffs and sand-hills of the French coast, carrying with it the rhythmical roar of the waves as they broke on the shore, and throwing sand and snow into every crevice. The wounded men cuddled down under the warm blankets, and even in their pain, thanked God they were not lying out in that wild storm, between the lines in No-man's-land.

The nurses were trying to produce an atmosphere of calm in the wards, partly for the sake of the more serious cases, and partly because they wanted the men to be asleep when Santa Claus came—down the stovepipe!

"Parcel for you, Sister," said an orderly, in the kind of whisper which is far more penetrating than a shout. Nurse Raymond turned quickly to silence the disturbing voice, "just as the boys were settling down nicely," and received a small parcel from his hands.

"From Wyeford," she said, examining the post-mark. "How good of those children not to forget me."

Then she opened the parcel and found inside Kitty's grey socks and Teacher's note of explanation. She read this and then put her hand down into one of the socks and pulled out Kitty's Christmas card.

On one side was the picture of a fat robin with a very red breast sitting on a holly-bush in the snow, and underneath, in red letters, these lines of poetry:—

"Robin's voice is sweet and true,
He sings my Christmas thoughts to you."

On the back was Kitty's message in her straggling childish handwriting. "To my Sergeant-Major. The khaki one. With the big feet. I made these socks myself. A Happy Christmas to you, and I wish I belonged to you. From Kitty."

Teacher must have sent the infection of her cold in her letter, for when the Sister had finished reading Kitty's message, her eyes seemed to be watering a little and she had to clear her throat twice.

How could she find Kitty's khaki Sergeant-Major with only such very meagre information to guide her search? She began to rack her memory with the hope of remembering some big Sergeant-Major (with big feet) who had wintered on Salisbury Plain. She managed to think of one but he lay in a little graveyard behind the lines at St. Julien; all the Sergeants she knew seemed to be big men with feet and voices to match, but none of them were in hospital.

Then an idea came to her. "I wonder if there's a Sergeant-Major in the hospital anywhere. Out of a thousand men we might find one, and he shall have Kitty's socks whatever size he is. If they're too big to go into his shoes, he shall wear them as bedsocks."

As soon as she was off duty, Sister Raymond made her inquiries among the other nurses, but there was no man of the rank of Sergeant-Major in the hospital. She told her story to the Nurses when they met later in the evening to fetch the gay Christmas stockings from Canada which were to hang on the patients' beds when they awoke and show them that Canada had not forgotten her sons this Christmas morning. But in vain: no nurse could produce a Sergeant-Major. "Ask the Padre," (Chaplain), suggested the Matron, "he goes in and out so much. He might be able to make a suggestion, and he said he would look in to admire your ward after the stockings were hung up."

When the Padre came, he heard the story and made a suggestion.

"There's Tig," he said. "Would he do? All the boys in his ward call him 'the Sergeant-Major' because when he first came in he was delirious and was always saying, 'wait till I'm a Sergeant-Major.' So, of course, the



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

others took it up. But he'll never want socks again, poor little chap.

Yes, both feet gone, and not long to live. I've promised to see him early to-morrow morning. Could you get leave to come with me and bring Kitty's socks? I think he'd understand the message and I don't believe he would worry over not being able to wear the socks."

"I'll write his name on the parcel," said Nurse Raymond. "Tig, did you say? How do you spell it?"

"T-I-G, I believe. I don't think that is his real name any more than the Sergeant-Major is his real rank, but a chum who came in with him always called him 'Tig,' and I don't remember what his name really is."

In the grey light of Christmas morning, the Padre and the Nurse stood beside the Sergeant-Major's bed. He greeted them with a smile, and was evidently quite conscious, but his whispering voice told its own tale of mortal weakness.

At first he hardly seemed to understand as the Nurse told her story, and laid on his bed the big grey socks and the card with its cheery little robin on his prickly perch; and she feared that after all, the sight of the socks had reminded him too painfully of his loss. But it was only weakness which chilled his senses, and gradually he came to understand that a little girl had sent him a Christmas gift.

"Where did it come from, Nurse?" he asked.

"From a little place in England called Wyeford. I went there once when we were stationed on Salisbury Plain. Such a lovely little village, with a clear stream flowing beside its main street. Such a great wide road it is; we Canadians would be proud of it if it were in one of our biggest cities, and here it was right away out in the country. I went into the school and saw the kiddies in their little white 'pinnies,' but, I must confess, I don't remember Kitty."

"I remember Wyeford," whispered Tig, while the nurse and the Chaplain exchanged glances. "Once when I was a little chap I went down there and stayed with Uncle . . . he died just before Mother . . . and Aunt, she did not like children, so I never went again. . . . That was before Dad died. He was a Sergeant-Major, and I mean to be one some day. Oh, I forgot—I can't—not now."

"Who took care of you after your Mother died?" asked the Padre.

"They sent me to a Home," said Tig. "And when I was big enough, the Home sent me to Canada. I liked Canada, too, but I wish they'd have sent my little sister out along with me."

Christmas for India

REV. R. H. A. HASLAM,
Kangra, India.

NO one who has lived his life in Canada can ever forget the experience and sensations of a first Christmas in India. So vastly different are the conditions from our Yuletide associations that they scarce even suggest the joyous season.

The absence of all trace of frost and snow robs the very atmosphere of its Christmas feeling. Gardens with their bloom of roses and rich violets, and orchards hung with oranges and lemons speak naught of Christmas conditions. In place of a Christmas-tree touched here and there with pinches of cotton wool to represent snow, the tree is hung with fruits of the season. Evergreens and holly for decoration are supplanted by the branches of date and other palms, with red and white berries and flowers and creeping vines. In the palms there is also a profusion of roses for the occasion.

One's inability to enter into the Christmas services which are conducted in a strange tongue still further seems to rob the new-comer of Christmas blessing and joy; and to receive the emblems of His Love at Holy Communion to the words "Hamare khudawand Yesu Masih ka badan," etc., instead of in the words so familiar, and to hear the Christmas hymns sung to the old tunes, yet all in the strange Urdu tongue, only tends to enhance the feelings of utter loneliness on one's first Christmas.

But later on for the Christian from the West, Christmas comes to have its unique associations, and interests and pleasures which make it for him, even in its outward observance, a day of real enjoyment. Here are some of its features.

One is wakened at a very early hour by men and boys (and where there are girls' schools, even by girls), carrying lanterns and singing, to their light, Christmas Carols set to weird airs, accompanied by native drums. These have their special charm when one comes to understand Indian music. Original songs, in which the virtues of the Sahib and his wife and family, are touched upon, with a strain of real merriment running all through the productions, and in which his beneficence and munificence is emphasized in such a way as to appeal to him for gifts for the day (all done in fun), the visiting friends, if any, also coming in for their share, gives the day a cheery start.

The breakfast hour is interrupted by visits from leading Indian gentlemen, dressed in their best robes, whose servants accompany them, bringing trays of fruits and sweets as an offering to the family, thus showing their goodwill. Breakfast over, there are early operations in the Church by the Christian boys and girls, who bring the fresh flowers and creepers to brighten up the palm decorations, and also hang up Urdu Christmas texts cut out from brilliant glazed paper. Then follows the service, bright and hearty, when the old Christian hymns are sung, as well as one or more Indian Bhajans on the Incarnation. The attendance of both Christians and non-Christians is usually large, and all are clothed in their many colours. This always gives Indian festive gatherings a festive appearance.

In the afternoon the Indian Conjurers, who are always at hand for the day, delight the children—and incidentally the sahibs—by their wonderful performances.

Then follows the Christians' feast when they are given that favourite of

"And did your little sister have a long name, too?" asked the Nurse, a pink spot in her cheeks coming out
(Continued on page 820.)

(Continued on page 820.)

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Sunday After Christmas. Holy Communion: 246, 248, 258, 259. Processional: 386, 397, 444, 625.

The Bible Lesson

Rev. Canon Howard, M.A., Chatham, Ont.

Sunday after Christmas, December 31st, 1916

St. John: 1:1-18. Subject: Jesus the Life and Light of men.

INTRODUCTION.

THE lessons for the next half-year are mostly from the Gospel according to St. John. He was first a disciple of John the Baptist, and afterwards became a disciple of Jesus and one of the twelve Apostles.

THE LESSON.

Verses 1-5 are very simple, but contain great and deep truths. St. John does not mention Jesus' name at first, but starts by telling us about the Word.

of these expressions was perfect or complete. St. John tells us about the Word fully and perfectly expressing God.

You will see at once that when St. John says "The Word," he is speaking, not of an impersonal expression, but of a living Being, Who fully, perfectly and personally makes God known to us.

1. We are told about His relationship to God.

- (a) He existed in the beginning.
(b) He was with God.
(c) He was Himself Divine.

2. We are told about His relationship to Creation and Man.

- (a) He was the Author of all created things.
(b) He was the source of all created life.
(c) The Life is the Light of men.

3. We are told about His revealing power.

From verse 5 and following verses we see the enlightening power of Him Who is the Word. He reveals God's mind and will.

(1) In created things we see power and beauty—the mountain, the ocean, the stars. These show the glory and power of God.

(2) In living things we have a further revelation of the Divine Mind. A man may paint a lily, but only God can make one. A man may make a woolly lamb for a child's toy, but only God can give life to the real lamb.

(3) In man there is more than beauty and life. There is intellect, thought, love, conscience. All the intellectual and moral powers spring from the life which is the Light of men.

4. We are told of the glory and the tragedy of the Light.

- (1) The Light shineth in darkness.
(2) The darkness overcame it not. This is the glory of the light.

St. John Baptist bore his witness concerning the Word. He was sent like one of the old prophets for that very purpose. He pointed men to the light Giver.

But here comes the greatest tragedy of all history. The light Giver suffered all that man could make Him suffer.

(1) He was in the world which He had made and the world did not know Him.

(2) He came to His own, the very people who were looking for Him, and they would not receive Him.

5. We are told of the blessing to those who did receive Him.

1. There came to them the right to be called the children of God.

2. They beheld His glory. St. John and others saw His glory on the Holy Mount, as well as in all His words and deeds. For the Word of God was now come, not in prophecy or vision, but really present in the flesh. "The Word was made flesh and tabernacled with us."

Those who beheld His glory saw Him to be full of grace and truth. Grace is God's graciousness, favour, loving-kindness. Truth is reality. They saw now not shadows or symbols, but a real unfolding of God's character and love.

John the Baptist was sent as a witness to show to others that Jesus is that life and light of men.

We learn—

1. That God has revealed Himself to us in Jesus.

2. To this St. John Baptist and St. John the Evangelist both bear witness, as does also the Bible and the Church to-day.

3. If many of "His own" rejected Him, let us be His own, receiving, believing and obeying Him.

4. So shall we be members of Christ, children of God, inheritors of the Kingdom.

Prayer Book Studies Progress of the War

By the Rev. Dyson Hague.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS.

WHEN the Prayer Book Compilation Committee convened at their first session at Windsor, in September, 1548, they agreed without any difficulty upon their preliminary procedure. The Book, whatever it was to be and however drawn up, was to be in the mother tongue. From cover to cover it was to be in the language understood by the people. It was to be in simple, plain English. And what then? Well, what happened then nobody knows, as no record of any of the sessions or conferences, as they were called, has yet been discovered. All that can be done is to take the Prayer Book as it first appeared in 1549, and in its fuller revision of 1552, and endeavour to judge from the finished work what was the process of production, and what was in the mind of these great Church pioneers as they began to deal with the greatest of all problems, the production of a new form of national worship for the English Church. Broadly speaking, it may be taken for a certainty that Cranmer and his coadjutors were by this time clearly determined upon these things:

- 1. The Psalms were to be restored to the people.
2. The Lessons were to be read to the people.
3. The Holy Communion was to be substituted for the Mass.
4. The Book was to contain everything in one volume.

One of the things most clearly established by historical investigators is that when Cranmer first began to work his way out of the tangled maze of medievalism he determined to have a regular course of Bible reading as the leading feature of the reformed Anglican service. His scheme was not worked out in a moment. But from the day that he made the daring resolve to break from centuries of Catholic tradition and to begin the Book of Genesis at the beginning of January and go right through the Bible to the end of December, he pushed his design to its final completion in the calendar of the first Prayer Book of 1549 and the second Prayer Book of 1552. (See Gasquet, pp. 32-35.) The daily and regular reading of the Scriptures, according to Archbishop Cranmer's Bible scheme, is original and peculiar to the Church of England. We may then be almost positively sure that at the various meetings of the committee it was Cranmer who moved that in place of the absurd legends and myths and monkish tales that were largely read as Lessons, the Bible, and the Bible only, should be read to the people of England's Church, and that in place of the Calendar of the Romish Church, with its impossible saints, the Calendar of the English Church should be substituted. The committee probably did not take very long to agree in the next place that the Psalms, and the whole of the Psalms, should be a great feature of the new service, and that instead of fragments of them being sung in Latin, at impossible hours, in an impossible service, the whole 150 Psalms should be given twelve times a year to the whole of the people. It was a happy thought. And though modern Church reformers have made many suggestions with regard to abbreviating and remodelling this section of the Church's service, we can thank God to-day that that first Compilation Committee resolved and put on record as the order of the Church that: "The Psalter shall be read through once every month." Who can tell the influence

December 12th.—Tuesday—Ultimatum presented to King of Greece by Allies demanding demobilization of the Greek army, surrender of posts, railways and telegraphs and release of imprisoned followers of Venizelos. Roumanians continue to fall back.

December 13th.—Wednesday—Germany makes peace proposals.

December 14th.—Thursday—General Nivelle becomes commander in the field of the armies in North and North-West France. General Joffre retires with the title of Commander-in-Chief.

December 15th.—Friday—The British Parliament passes estimates providing for an additional 1,000,000 men. Roumanians still retreating.

December 16th.—Saturday—Greece grants Allied demands. French advance 2 miles on a 6-mile front on Meuse and capture 8,000 prisoners. British advance to within 2 1/2 miles of Kut El Amara.

December 18th.—Monday—French take 1,000 more prisoners, including 250 officers. Severe fighting on Eastern front. Roumanians still retreating.

of the reading and hearing of these wonderful words of God upon the myriad lives, day after day and Sunday after Sunday, from that day to this? Nor can there be any doubt that the Committee were not long in coming to a conclusion with regard to the service that should occupy a central, if not the chief, place in the new Prayer Book. It is a well-known fact that the last order, ever given by King Henry VIII, was the command to Cranmer to have a form for the alteration of the Mass into a Communion (Strype's Cranmer, pp. 1-198). The dying wish of his King must have deeply influenced the Archbishop, and when the new Prayer Book came forth the feature that probably evoked the most excited curiosity was the service entitled, "The Supper of the Lord and the Holy Communion, commonly call the Mass, called throughout in the rubrics the Holy Communion, or Communion, and at the head of each page the Communion." Of all the services in the re-formation of the Church, none evinced so clearly the Anglican independence and national originality of the reformers. It showed their plain determination to break away from a thousand years of history, and bring back the Church to the lives of the Apostles. How far the Church had gone astray may be gathered from the famous story told by old Bishop Latimer in his second sermon preached before King Edward VI.: "I will tell you what a Bishop of this realm once said to me. He sent for me and marvelled that I would not consent to such traditions as were then set out. And I answered him that I would be ruled by God's Book, and rather than I would dissent one jot from it, I would be torn with wild horses. And I chanced in our communication to name the Lord's Supper. 'Tush,' said the Bishop, 'what do ye call the Lord's Supper? What new term is that?'" And the answer of brave old Latimer is like a little window that throws great light upon the workmanship of the reformers of our Church. "I made answer that I would rather follow Paul in using his terms than them, though they had all the doctors on their side." Of course, the Communion service was altered at the first revision in 1552 to the form in which it stands to-day in the Prayer Book

(with the exception of the first half of the words of administration and certain rubrics, etc.), but it was a marvellous thing to think that the century-long service of the Latin Mass was removed, and that now, after long and dreary ages, the people of England's Church were given a service which was, indeed, a Communion, in which they could all receive both elements as in the Supper of the Lord, and hear in their own dear mother tongue the Collects, Epistles and Gospels which for centuries had been mere meaningless jargon. As to the rest of the book, how it took shape, what members of the Committee were deputed—if they were deputed—to translate or abbreviate or Anglicanize the various services of the Romish Pontificals and Manuals, or the German and Latin editions of Archbishop Hermann's "Deliberatio" (to which our Prayer Book is so largely indebted) will probably never be known. After all, it does not matter very much, perhaps. The thing to thank God for is that when the Prayer Book appeared it contained in one single, convenient volume, that any layman could buy for two or three shillings, everything that the Churchman needed for Divine worship, and that services and service forms that for centuries had been available only for Bishops and ecclesiastics and choristers were now the property of the people. It is impossible for us, who are accustomed to have our Prayer Books in church and home and take our part as a matter of course just as freely as the clergy in the Communion, Baptismal, Confirmation, Marriage, Burial, and other services, to understand the wonder of a people who, for the first time, had put into their hands a book at once so comprehensive, so democratic, and so scriptural. Later on, of course, the Prayer Book was to be still more adapted and enriched by the printing of the Psalms in full, and by the addition of the Ordinal and the Articles. To-day, the Church of England is the only Church in the world that puts into the hands of all her members a book which contains in one small volume a complete form of Divine worship, an authorized copy of her doctrine and teaching, a Catechism of instruction for her children, the Book of the Psalms for devotional reading or singing, and the Form for the Ordination of her clergy. The Church of England trusts the people. It was the democratic as well as the spiritual genius of Cranmer and his fellow-workers that have made our Church what it is to-day.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

(Continued from page 811.)

Never was **Hope** a more needful virtue. Hope was born on Christmas Day. The child is the symbol not only of innocence and weakness, but of growth, promise, hopefulness. The Christ-Child was Immanuel, God with us. This fact, and this fact alone, is able to sustain our faith, and love, and hope. The pangs of the present are more than pains. Amid the anguish and the mystery, Immanuel gives hope. Let us glorify and praise God for all the things we have heard and seen in His Son, Jesus Christ.

REMEMBER THE KIDDIES.

There are scores of children in the hearts of our cities to whom Christmas can be made much brighter by means of some little present. Miss McCollum, head of the Down-Town Churchworkers' Association of Toronto, will appreciate deeply any assistance that can be given her in this direction, and we feel certain that there are other workers in other cities who are in need of assistance.

The Churchwoman

Niagara W.A.

The monthly meeting of the Niagara Diocesan Board of the Woman's Auxiliary was held on Wednesday, December 6th in St. James' School-room. Mrs. Leather opened the meeting with the W.A. Litany and special intercessions for the war. The Rector, Rev. G. W. Tebbs, gave a most interesting and instructive talk on the parable of the "wheat and the tares." Two new life members were welcomed, Miss Dewar, of the Cathedral Branch, made so by her mother, and Miss Emily Chisholm, of Oakville, made so by St. Jude's Branch and other societies of the church. Mrs. F. Glassco, Dorcas secretary, had an excellent report: 11 bales and 12 cases of fruit and toys being sent out, also a Christmas bale to Sarcee Home. The Juniors sent their Christmas bale to Dynevor Hospital and 1 bale and 2 parcels were also sent out. St. Philip's Juniors sent \$5 for the work of St. Faith's and \$5 to the Thankoffering Fund. Miss Woolverton, secretary of the Literature Committee, reported 40 text books having been sold during the month, an evidence of the greater interest being shown in Mission study this year. It was announced that the Hamilton Deanery Missionary Institute will be held January 16-19. The evenings will be divided into two parts. The first half will be devoted to Mission study under capable leaders, the second half to Bible study under the leadership of the Rev. C. E. Riley, of Dundas. In "Current News," Miss Metcalf gave a short, but very vivid account of the hardships endured by Rev. H. Girling and his companions in their search for the new tribe of Eskimos. (See "Canadian Churchman," October 12 and 19.) Prayers were also asked for Archdeacon and Mrs. Whittaker and Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Fry, who are stationed at such lonely outposts of the Mission field. Resolutions of sympathy were passed to the family of the late Mrs. Edward Martin, who was the first treasurer of the Diocesan Board, a life member, and whose interest in the work of the W.A. never failed; Mrs. Tidwell, a former vice-president, whose son has been killed in action; and to Miss Leslie Sutherland, a valued member of the Literature Committee, on the death of her father.

New Westminster W.A.

The monthly meeting of the W.A. of the diocese of New Westminster was held in St. Mark's Schoolroom, Vancouver, B.C., with Mrs. William Godfrey, president. After the customary opening services, a report from the treasurer was read stating that several large sums had been received too late for acknowledgment in this month's statement. The corresponding secretary read a request for a further grant to the general funds from the New Westminster diocese. Acknowledging a message of greeting, a letter of great interest was read from the Right Rev. A. U. dePencier, in which his work at the front was described. Various reports followed, that of the secretary-treasurer showing a balance on hand of \$20.04. An appeal was made by the secretary-treasurer of the literature section for support of the work among the blind in South India. Her department reported a balance of \$1.43. The secretary-treasurer of the Juniors stated that 80 cards had been issued. The East End Mission to the Japanese, according to the convenor of the Japanese department, was in a flourishing state, morning and evening services being well attended with an early celebration of Holy Communion. The

Sunday School was meeting with a like success. A similar satisfactory condition prevails in the West End Mission, under the care of Mrs. Patrick. Towards providing Christmas trees for the various Missions, each Branch was asked to make an individual grant. In his address at mid-day, the Ven. Archdeacon Heathcote explained the work of the Oriental Committee and the great development that work is to take in the immediate future. With the formation of a Provincial Board of Missions, the work is to be conducted on a provincial rather than on a diocesan basis. The Board is to be constituted of representatives from the various dioceses throughout the Province, embracing the Bishops, clergymen and laymen with one active representative from each diocesan board. This is according to a plan advocated by Canon Gould and the British Columbia and Yukon Church Aid Society, who are giving substantial financial aid in Oriental work. Mrs. Owen was appointed to represent the New Westminster diocese on the Provincial Board for Oriental work. A returned Chinese missionary, Rev. N. L. Ward, has been appointed to supervise the Chinese work for the province with a special view to training Catechists who will be available for work throughout the Dominion. The E.C.D.F. for the month amounted to \$15.60, and a grant of \$50 was made to a country clergyman towards the purchase of a horse. Mrs. Kirby, secretary-treasurer for the Babies' Branch, reported 59 new members since June, and an increasing interest in the work. It was arranged that a united sale of work be held before Lent in St. Paul's Hall.

A Life Member.

The Woman's Bible Class of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, presented Mrs. R. A. Williams with a life membership W.A. pin on Sunday last, December 17th. Mrs. Williams' untiring efforts in behalf of the class are much appreciated by its members.



Exclusive Gifts

The joy of receiving a Christmas gift is doubled with the knowledge that it is exclusive and distinctive. In our store you will find a most wonderful collection of jewellery and silverware—articles of utility and adornment in designs which are exclusive to the Wanless store, and can not be duplicated elsewhere. Within the past month we have received an entirely new stock, including many unique importations. You will not find a more modern or up-to-the-minute stock in the city. We invite you to come in and inspect our display, and know you will find many things to interest you and excite your admiration.

The
John Wanless Co.
243 Yonge Street, Toronto

Church News

A Teaching Mission.

An eight-day teaching Mission was held recently in St. Matthew's Church, Brandon, Manitoba, by the Rector of the parish, the Rev. C. S. Quainton. The following taken from a local paper gives Mr. Quainton's explanation of the Mission and a layman's views concerning the same.

"What caused you to undertake this mission?" he was asked.

"Partly out of a feeling of brotherly sympathy with the National Mission now being held in the Old Land. It is a help to feel that others are trying with you, and I thought that if a mission is good at this time for England, it is good for Canada. But more than that, I do not feel that the deeper message of the war has gone home to us. The spiritual revival has not kept step with the patriotic."

"I see you gave the effort a new name. What do you mean by a 'Teaching Mission'?"

"The Christian ministry has two tools—the poker and the shovel. One is for rousing and the other for feeding. Either, used exclusively, will put out the fire. We need both, but we tend to neglect the instrument of feeding. I find a number of people who want to be true Christians but need help, guidance and instruction. After twenty years' experience, I now take nothing for granted in a mission. By 'teaching,' I do not mean the ways of the theological lecture room, but rather 'the things of the higher and deeper life.'"

"But you surely would not exclude the evangelistic mission?"

"Oh! no. One supplements, not supplants, the other. I would have a teaching mission every year and a special evangelistic effort every three or four years, when I would employ unconventional efforts such as brass bands, banners, torches, processions ('40 below' permitting), and a very striking, aggressive missioner."

"You have not said anything about modern social reform in your mission?"

"Pardon me, I have. I do not forget national sins and needs—grafting and money-worship, lack of discipline, blasphemous language, etc. But I lay primary emphasis on the spiritual. It's just a case of accent. Get men square with God and they will get square with their country and fellow citizens. And if they don't love their brother it's a sign that they do not love God. But with all reverence, I say: 'God first.'"

"Did you have anything in the shape of the penitent form?"

"Well, yes, in a way. If people wanted to confess their sins to God in my presence, they were at liberty to do so. And some did. And I honour their moral courage."

"As far as I know I saw no popular texts or sensational subjects?"

"No, I don't find them absolutely necessary. On the other hand, I don't think I have advertised enough. But I haven't yet quite found out how to advertise the Gospel without advertising myself."

"Did you employ any other methods or anything besides the addresses?"

"Of course. We had many good souls praying hard, and a lot of work of the best kind was done by individuals. I set great store by that—earnest, tactful men going for individuals. Our branch of the Church of England Men's Society was of great service in this direction."

"And are you satisfied with results?"

"You can count heads but not hearts and most of the results are out of sight. No, I am not satisfied; but I am most thankful and encouraged and feel the work was well worth while."

Church News

Teaching Mission.
 Eight-day teaching Mission was held in St. Matthew's Church, Manitoba, by the Rector of the Rev. C. S. Quainton. Quainton's explanation of the same and a layman's views were the same.

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"I suppose you want to see war missions taken up more widely?"

"Most certainly. I want to see the Anglican Church more aggressive in this respect. And if I may say so, our non-Episcopalian brethren, too."

"Have you anything to say about the National Mission in England?"

"Well, of course it is too early to speak of results. But I am sure of one thing—the old Church of England sometimes so slow, is making the biggest effort in her history. So far the non-Episcopalian churches in England have not in the corporate sense made a move. I hope they may yet do so, but the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, who is President of the National Council of Free Churches, said the other day in Oxford: 'I feel a new and deep sympathy for the Church of England. I see her in a very attractive light, because she is coming forth, relying not on her great position, or magnificent traditions, but on her message of the Gospel.' We Anglicans, in the old land and the new, only need a more burning zeal, less formalism, a wider elasticity, and more love of the Saviour. All Christians can learn from each other, and in this day of war we all ought to be one in a gigantic effort to lift our people nearer to God and nearer to one another."

LAYMAN'S VIEW.

"The services of encouragement and thanksgiving on Monday night at St. Matthew's Church brought to a close what was, perhaps, the most unique series of Mission services ever held in Brandon.

"It will be remembered as the great war mission, in which an earnest and intelligent endeavour was made to learn and heed the deeper lessons of this terrible and prolonged strife.

"A great fact which the mission revealed is that in this twentieth century, in this age of undoubted materialism, and in this day of blood-tears, the hearts of men and women are hungering for something better—for God.

"For what did the crowd, night after night, go out to hear? Such themes as God, sin, redemption, means of grace, decision for Christ, etc. If the pulpit did but know it, the Gospel has still its ancient power, and the cross of Christ is the attraction."

Flags for Northern Dioceses.

The A.Y.P.A. of the diocese of Huron sent out an appeal for money for the purchase of flags for the Northern Dioceses. The response was generous, many of the branches sending in contributions for this object. Two flags three yards long, of wool bunting, were sent to the Bishop of Mackenzie River, and three have been sent to the Bishop of Moosonee. The Bishops are grateful for the flags since they find them a help in making the people realize the present situation of the Empire.

St. Stephen's Church, Calgary.

The visible expression of growth in St. Stephen's parish, Calgary, Alta., was shown in a splendid collection of \$1,000 at the Thanksgiving services. Owing to the rapid growth of the Sunday School the church was faced with the question of accommodation and the Rector, Rev. Canon James, felt an addition to the present building imperative. Fortunately, St. Stephen's has some very liberal members. Mrs. Bernard, late Diocesan President of the W.A., and her son donated the sum needed to buy the land for the enlargement and Miss Watt offered to defray the expense of the building. The Bishop of Calgary, Right Rev. Cyprian Pinkham, is to dedicate the new transept and aisle on

Sunday, December 17th. St. Stephen's will then have seating accommodation for 550, and with the Parish Hall for 700, which can be made part of the church by sliding doors. During the autumn the congregation had a visit from the Rev. R. H. A. Haslam, who told of the wonders of the Gospel in Kangra, India, and was much enjoyed. The Rev. R. A. Hiltz also visited the parish and his forcible message regarding the place of the Sunday School in Church life, will be long remembered.

Church News from Edmonton.

Rev. R. H. A. Haslam, M.A., missionary from the Kangra District, India, spent the third week in November in the city of Edmonton. While there, Mr. Haslam addressed the City Clericus, the Ministerial Association, the newly-formed Anglican Club and the Canadian Club. Two missionary meetings were held on the north side of the river and two on the south side. On the Sunday, Mr. Haslam preached at Christ Church in the morning and at All Saints' Pro-Cathedral in the evening.

Rev. Canon Gould was able to be present at one of the weekly gatherings of the Anglican clergy of the city of Edmonton recently, and took part in the discussion. These Thursday morning meetings have proved very helpful. Special sermons will be delivered in all the city churches during the four Sundays in Advent, and there will be a general exchange of pulpits. The subjects chosen for the weekly addresses are: "The Sin of the Age"; "The Hope of the Age"; "The Coming of the King to the World"; "The Coming of the King to You."

The Rev. R. A. Hiltz, General Secretary of the Sunday School Commission, spent Sunday, November 19, in Edmonton, preaching at Holy Trinity Church in the morning and St. Paul's in the evening. On Monday even-

ing, Mr. Hiltz addressed the Anglican Sunday School Association in All Saints' Schoolroom, on Graded Catechism Lessons.

The Anglican Club of the city of Edmonton has been organized to bring Churchmen closer together. Luncheons will be held from time to time, when addresses will be given by prominent Anglican visitors to the diocese. The opening meeting was addressed by Rev. R. H. A. Haslam, who thrilled his audience with his account of the progress of the Gospel in India.

"An Hour with the Canadian Poets" was the title of an interesting lecture given in St. Paul's Church, on November 27th, by the Rev. W. Everard Edmonds, M.A. On December 14th Mr. Edmonds will give his popular monologue, "David Copperfield," at the new Christ Church Parish Hall.

The question of "Bible Instruction in the Public Schools" is arousing much interest in Edmonton at the present time. An enthusiastic meeting was held in the Mackay Avenue School on Tuesday, November 28, Bishop Gray being in the chair. This was followed by two other meetings on December 4th and 5th at the Norwood School and the Strathcona High School. The secretary of the Committee of Bible Instruction, Rev. Canon Boyd, is doing much to make this question a leading one for discussion in the coming election for school trustees.

New Rector of Grace Church, Brantford.

The Rev. J. B. Fotheringham, the present Rector of St. George's, Goderich, has been offered and has accepted the rectorate of Grace Church, Brantford, in succession to the Ven. Archdeacon MacKenzie, and he will enter upon his new duties at the beginning of the new year. Mr. Fotheringham is a graduate of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, and he

came out to this country about ten years ago. For three years he was a member of the teaching staff of Trinity College, Toronto, and later, for two years, was Vicar of St. Matthew's, Toronto. For the past five years he has been Rector of St. George's, Goderich, where he has had a most successful pastorate. About seven years ago Mr. Fotheringham married Miss Gladys Sweatman, the younger daughter of the late Archbishop Sweatman. It is a coincidence that Mrs. Fotheringham's father was, for some years prior to his consecration as Bishop of Toronto, Rector of Grace Church.

A Successful Mission.

A very successful and helpful Mission was held in Christ Church, St. Catharines, during the recent Diocesan Mission. The services were conducted by Mr. William Barlow, the Church Camp Mission missionary on the New Welland Canal, assisted by the Rector. A large number of cards were signed and a great deal of good accomplished and inspiration brought into the parish.

The Clergy and the Public Schools.

This important subject was discussed at the meeting of the Archidiaconal Conference of Peterboro on November 22nd. Rev. F. J. Sawers introduced the discussion by a paper on the subject, "Can the clergy do anything with regard to our public schools?" He first directed attention to the acts of the Department of Education which had a bearing on the question. What are the clergy able to do now according to the statutes of Ontario? He cited the following: 1. Every clergyman shall be a school visitor in the municipality where he has pastoral charge. 2. School visitors may visit public schools, may attend any school exercises, and at the time of any visit

CANADA



NATIONAL SERVICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given under the authority of the "War Measures Act, 1914," that during the first week in January, 1917, an inventory will be made by the Post Office Authorities, of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, residing in Canada.

National Service Cards and addressed envelopes for their return to Ottawa have been placed in the hands of all Postmasters for distribution amongst the persons required to fill in such cards. Every male person of the prescribed ages is required to fill in and return a card enclosed in an envelope within ten days of its receipt.

Any person who fails to receive a card and envelope may obtain the same upon application to the nearest Postmaster.

R. B. BENNETT,
 Director General.

Ottawa, 15th December, 1916.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

NATIONAL SERVICE WEEK : 1st to 7th JANUARY.

may examine the progress of the pupils and the state and management of the schools, and give such advice to the teachers and students and any others present as they deem expedient.

3. A clergyman of any denomination shall have the right to give religious instruction to the pupils of his own denomination in each schoolhouse at least once a week after the hour of closing the school in the afternoon.

4. A clergyman selected by the clergymen of any number of denominations shall also have the right to give religious instruction to the pupils belonging to such denominations. These are the parts of the school law which bear upon the question. How far have the clergy tried to make use of the privileges given to them by the Government? The answer must be, hardly at all. In the report of the Minister of Education it is shown that in the counties of Northumberland and Durham, with 204 schools, in only nine has religious instruction been given by clergymen or their representatives. In the county of Peterboro, out of 99 schools, in only five is such instruction given. After considering the regulations in regard to the opening and closing of schools with prayer, and the reading of the Bible in the schools, the speaker went on to ask what the clergy ought to do now. The first thing to do was to make use of the privilege already given by the Ontario school law, and then to try to prevail upon the Government to have the school law altered, so as to have religious instruction given either by the teachers or by the clergy during part of the regular session, rather than after the session as it is according to the present law. The paper concluded with a strong plea for teaching personal purity to the young, a work that properly belongs to the parents, but which is too often neglected by them and so devolves upon the clergy. As a result of the discussion which followed, a resolution was passed that the clergy ought to use their present privileges and that at the next meeting of the conference a report of their effort in this way would be expected.

Annual Prize-Giving.

The annual prize-giving in connection with St. Alban's Ladies' College, Prince Albert, Sask., was held on November 16th. The Bishop of Saskatchewan occupied the chair, and Mrs. R. B. McElheran, of Winnipeg, whose address appeared in our last issue, was the principal speaker. This school has filled a very great need in that part of the Dominion and great credit is due to Mrs. Newnham, through whose untiring efforts it was brought into existence. The musical department has been particularly strong, twenty-three certificates having been awarded this year by the Toronto Conservatory of Music and five pupils having gained honours. Twenty-eight of the older girls have become members of the National League of Honour. A branch of the W.A. has also been carried on very successfully by the girls. The Principal, Miss Virtue, in her address emphasized the need of thoroughness and efficiency in all things. The School aims at training up women fitted to grapple with the great tasks laid upon them by the present war, women who are self-controlled and public-spirited and possessed of a sense of responsibility for others.

A Church With a Unique Honour Roll.

Trinity Church, Galt, has an honour roll which is unique, for although it is by no means a large church, yet it has on its honour roll no less than 328 names. Six have already made the supreme sacrifice and a large number have been reported wounded. On the 17th inst., the honour roll was unveiled at the morning service by

the Rev. S. E. McKegney, Chaplain of the 115th Brantford Battalion, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Snelgrove, the Rector of the parish.

Social Service Council.

At the annual meeting of the Social Service Council of Ontario, which was held in Toronto on the 12th inst., and at which there was a very representative attendance of delegates, the Bishop of Toronto presided. In the election of officers for the ensuing year the Bishop of Toronto was elected President and Mrs. Plumtre, first Vice-President.

Successful Sale of Work.

The annual sale of work under the auspices of the Woman's Guild of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Stayner, Ont., took place on December 6, and was the most successful ever held. The net proceeds amounted to about \$70, which money is to be used entirely in repairing the interior of the parsonage.

A Triple Anniversary.

On December 8th the parish of Hubbards, Nova Scotia, celebrated three anniversaries. It was the fifteenth anniversary of the ordination of the present Rector, Rev. J. L. S. Foster, to the priesthood; the twenty-fifth anniversary of the late Rev. Joseph Norwood's taking charge of the parish; and the forty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the parish. During this forty-five years there have been three Rectors. A largely attended gathering was held in the Parish Hall on the above evening, when Canon Vernon, of Halifax, urged the people to make the Mission self-supporting. A volunteer committee was secured and arrangements were made to carry out a thorough every-member canvass of the district.

Successful Mission in St. Thomas.

Very successful parochial Missions were held concurrently in Trinity and St. John's parishes, St. Thomas, Ont., diocese of Huron. A good attendance and deep interest was manifest throughout which will result in a forward movement in each parish. The Rector of Trinity conducted his own Mission, while Rev. F. G. Newton, of Sarnia, conducted the work in St. John's. Mr. Newton is a missionary of wide experience and marked ability.

To Wipe out the Mortgage.

New life is evidenced among the members of St. Jude's Church, Toronto, by an effort to wipe off the mortgage on their handsome new church. The Parish Guild at a recent sale of work realized over \$400, and a member of the parish has donated a large new organ which has been built by Edward Lye and Sons. The new building has a seating capacity of 550. The present wardens, Messrs. F. Marsh and M. Wilkins, are enthusiastic Churchmen and are giving the Rector, Rev. J. L. P. Roberts, able assistance in the work of the parish.

Christmas Pastoral.

To the Members of the Church of England of the Diocese of Niagara: Beloved in the Lord,—

Christmas is close at hand, bearing its message of peace and good will for all, from the innocent child with heart untouched by care, to the aged Christian, who has lived past the varied sorrows of life and is waiting the approach of a more glorious day. The almost universal observance of Christmas, while attesting the truth

and influence of Christianity, has necessarily contributed to the secularization of the Festival; for the large majority of those who observe the day have little thought of its purely religious character. It is a day for them largely of family reunion, of kindly feeling and good cheer, of neighbourly greetings and of the Santa Claus myth among the children. But even these could do ill without Christmas Day, for the tender and the good in their hearts are touched by the hand of the Holy Child. May the Holy Spirit unseal their eyes that they may behold Him as their Lord and Saviour.

We shall gather within the walls of our churches as the wondering shepherds went to Bethlehem, "to see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us." We shall hear the wondrous story, so simply, yet so affecting, of the Saviour coming to earth. We shall worship and adore Him, and thank God with all our hearts for the unspeakable gift of His dear Son.

It may appear to some like a mocking dream to keep the pure associations of Christmas amid the daily news of war, plunder and crime; yet as the day dawns and thought comes back to the Great Fact which one feels has saved the world from utter ruin, one is led to rejoice. The very things which now sadden the soul most would have long since become, but for the Nativity, the ordinary habits of the race.

There will be many to whom Christmas will be a day of sadness. They will be associating with it changes and separations, but I ask, has not the Babe of Bethlehem a message for those in sorrow? Is the blessed season for the light-hearted only? Did not the angels proclaim "glad tidings of great joy" for "all people," not for the happy alone. More than any other season of the Christian year does this one bring home to us the One great source of comfort, the human Christ. The Incarnation—the tabernacling among men of the Holy One of God—while it assures us of God's love to us, giving even His only Son for our redemption, also gives us what we long for, a Friend both human and Divine, supplying what we frequently find lacking in human affection. So Christmas should bring us comfort in our sorrows, and should lift our hearts above our griefs, and lead them to the true source of comfort and joy.

Christmas is a joyous Festival. God's high and holy example of the gift of His only begotten Son, has led to the bestowal of Christmas gifts the world over.

Never are they more pleasing to God than when presented by the faithful to their Spiritual Pastors. I ask you to cherish the most kindly and loyal feelings towards them. My acquaintance with them enables me to say, with all confidence, that their chief aim is to be found true and faithful pastors, under the Good Shepherd, who came from Heaven to seek and to save us all. I believe you are fully sensible of the extent to which your gifts of Christmas Day carry comfort and brightness into their homes. Their stipends are such as enforce the strictness of a perpetual economy, and admit of very few of the comforts and pleasures which Christmas happily brings to nearly all of every class in our favoured Province. Let the Christmas offerings of this year show that you do value their ministrations as the most fundamental rendered in your midst.

Tendering both Clergy and Laity my best wishes for all the graces and blessings of the Christmas Festival, and asking for a share in your prayers, I am,

Your devoted servant in Christ,
WILLIAM NIAGARA.

See House, Hamilton,
December 15th, 1916.

Girls' Friendly Society.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Diocesan Council of the Girls' Friendly Society was held on December 9th, when the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Miss Nordheimer; 1st vice-president, Miss Grace T. Arnold; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Frederick Winnett; secretary-treasurer, Miss Adelaide A. Errett.

A Generous Gift.

The Archbishop of Algoma received recently an anonymous gift of \$2,000 towards the Bishop Sullivan Memorial Sustentation Fund of his diocese. This is the diocesan fund for the support of missionary clergy. In addition to the above the W.A. of St. John's Church, North Bay, recently contributed the sum of \$100 towards the same object, the Girls' Branch being responsible for one quarter of this amount. The Archbishop and Mrs. Thorneloe will spend Christmas at the rectory, North Bay, with their daughter, Mrs. C. W. Balfour.

Letter to Clergy of Toronto Diocese.

The following is a circular which the Bishop of Toronto has sent to the clergy in regard to the end of the year in relation to the Mission of Repentance and Hope:—

December 12, 1916.
To the Clergy of the Diocese of Toronto.

Reverend and Dear Brethren,—
The present disquieting war news is a sufficient excuse, I am sure, for my urging our more earnest and determined turning to God, as a people, and this is the real objective of the great National Mission of Repentance and Hope now in progress in the Mother Church in the old land. Whilst, for several reasons, it is felt that we can not fall in with this Mission as completely as we desire, the Resolution of the House of Bishops asks that the Church "shall especially observe the days from January 22-27 in the way suggested by the Mission leaders in England—viz., by a series of services and meetings for prayer that the Church may arise to the call to consecrate herself afresh to the task of evangelization committed to her by her Lord."

My proposals and suggestions would extend this as follows:—

1. On December 31st, which is the last Sunday as well as the last day of the year, let the two themes of Repentance and Hope be emphasized (verse 17 of the last chapter of the last Book of the Bible would be a suitable call), and carry on the thought into the next day, the Feast of the Circumcision, with its special services and celebrations. There might also be chains of intercessory prayer throughout the day.

2. Between January 1st and the 21st, the missionary note should be sounded as one in harmony with the above and with the general missionary campaign in connection with the M.S.C.C.

3. The days including Sundays, January 21st and 28th, should be used as a special week of reconsecration, with services and meetings for prayer, making a fitting climax to the missionary campaign.

This need not, and I hope would not interfere with the special observance of Holy Week in a way similar to what I asked for last year, and which I trust will be again prevalent throughout the diocese.

For deeper heart searching as a people, and stronger and more passionate calling upon God to give to us a rightful, honourable, and, if it be His will, a speedy peace, is the earnest prayer of

Yours sincerely and faithfully,
James Toronto.

Friendly Society.
 Annual meeting of the Toronto Council of the Girls' Friendly Society was held on December 9th, following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Edith Heimer; 1st vice-president, Alice T. Arnoldi; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Frederick Winnett; treasurer, Miss Adelaide A.

A Generous Gift.
 The Bishop of Algoma received an anonymous gift of \$100 towards the Bishop Sullivan Sustentation Fund of his diocese. This is the diocesan fund for the support of missionary clergy. It is to be above the W.A. Church, North Bay, Ontario. The sum of \$100 is the same object, the Girls' Friendly Society being responsible for one-third of the amount. The Archdeacon, Mrs. Thorneloe will spend at the rectory, North Bay, Ontario, Mrs. C. W. Bal-

Parish of Toronto Diocese.
 The following is a circular which the Bishop of Toronto has sent to the parishes in regard to the end of the year. The Bishop's Hope:—

December 12, 1916.
 The Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto.

Dear Brethren,—
 The war news is so disquieting that I am sure, for more earnest and determined to God, as a people, the real objective of the Mission of Repentance is now in progress in the old land. Whilst, reasons, it is felt that we in with this Mission as we desire, the Resolution of Bishops asks "shall especially observe from January 22-27 in the Mission gland—viz., by a series of meetings for prayer which may arise to the call herself afresh to the task committed to her by

s and suggestions would follow:—

December 31st, which is the day as well as the last day let the two themes of Hope be emphasized in the last chapter of the Bible would be a and carry on the next day, the Feast of the Epiphany, with its special celebrations. There chains of intercessory out the day.

January 1st and the Epiphany note should be in harmony with the general mission connection with the

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Heart searching as a purger and more passion God to give to honourable, and, if it speedy peace, is the

ly and faithfully,
 James Toronto.

This Investment Guaranteed

The security of our Capital and Reserve, in addition to a first mortgage on improved real estate, is the exceptionally strong guarantee behind our "Guaranteed Investments." This security pays 5% interest, computed from date money reaches the Corporation's office, and is payable half-yearly. Sums of \$500 and upward accepted. Write us or call at office for full particulars of this investment plan.

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 TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG SASKATOON VANCOUVER

Bishop of Toronto Commemorates Anniversary.

On Saturday, the 16th inst., the Bishop of Toronto commemorated the 34th anniversary of his coming to Toronto, which happened to fall upon the same day of the week as in 1882. On the following Sunday, December 17th, in that year, the Bishop was instituted and inducted by Archbishop Sweatman as the third Rector of St. Philip's. On Sunday, the 17th inst., the Bishop administered Confirmation in the parish of Elmvale, Waverly, and Allenwood, Rev. J. J. Preston, Rector.

A Progressive Sunday School.

For three years past, St. John's Church, St. Thomas, has held its annual Sunday School promotions on Advent Sunday and the distribution of prizes on the Sunday following. On the 10th inst., the school members, 300 strong, assembled in the church, and were addressed by the Rector, Rev. W. F. Brownlee, and received their prizes. Three new classes of teenage boys have been organized under the leadership of Messrs. George Pearson, J. McCully and A. Housley. Miss Garnett, for many years a missionary in China, has also organized a junior Girls' Bible Class, making the third organized ladies' Bible Class in the school.

Endorse Effort to Increase Stipends.

The Archbishop of Nova Scotia met a number of representative laymen from the various parishes of Cape Breton Island and laid before them the proposals of the Diocesan Mission Board looking towards the increase of the stipends of the clergy in rural parishes. The result of the meeting was that the proposal was heartily approved and Cape Breton will probably contribute a substantial proportion of the amount being asked for.

Russian Priests in Halifax.

Two Russian priests have begun work among their fellow-countrymen in the city of Halifax. Dr. V. E. Harris, one of the Anglican clergy, has been co-operating with them in making the necessary arrangements. Both are young men full of enthusiasm. They attended the evening service in All Saints' Cathedral on Sunday, the 10th inst., when the Russian National Anthem was sung in their honour.

INSIDE INFORMATION

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Correspondence

PRAYER BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS.

To our Toronto Christian Friends:

Sir,—Something was said some time ago about providing Prayer Books to Anglicans going overseas. I understand that a fund was started last winter for this purpose, so I thought I would take the opportunity of speaking about it.

I have been talking with quite a number of the men from different units, and it has been very inspiring to see how much the men like a Prayer Book in their possession. In all probability we will be overseas by the time this request is published, but it could be arranged for Anglicans who are still left in England. I would like our Toronto friends to do what they can in this matter.

Wycliffe College,
 "On Active Service."

PERSONAL PURITY AMONG SOLDIERS.

Sir,—May I be permitted to call attention to a matter of real importance which few care to say much about? It is the question of personal purity as touching our soldiers overseas. During a recent visit to England this subject forced itself upon my attention. In a chat with a private soldier in Bramshott Camp—a widower with four children, and a member of my own congregation—I found that the temptations of the young soldier are well understood by the military authorities in England, and special lectures are given to safeguard them—lectures, he said, so clear, plain and thorough as to frighten the young men, showing the physical results to the soldier's body of giving way to temptation. A chat with a Chaplain, the Rev. Heber Greene, from British Columbia, stationed at Shorncliffe Camp, tended to confirm much of this, while Major Harley Smith, formerly a Toronto doctor, now at the Ontario Military Hospital in Orpington, Kent, spoke to me freely about the problem. He told me he was then giving lectures to soldiers in different camps upon Personal Purity by special arrangement. He held strongly that middle-aged men are not doing "their bit."

They could tell young soldiers, free from home restraints and sadly ignorant, something of the physical effects of indulgence. I suppose it is inevitable that many abandoned women will try to ensnare our young lads in England, getting as close to the camps as they can. They know how well paid our Canadian soldiers are, and money is what they are after. May I very earnestly suggest that we clergy make this our own concern. We can exert a great influence for good which few others can, except the parents. A friendly chat with the parson just before sailing may be the salvation of many a good soldier.

C. E. Luce.

Birchcliff, Ont., Dec. 11th, 1916.

LATITUDE IN CHURCH SERVICES.

Sir,—The columns of the English Church papers have for many months past been filled with articles and correspondence upon the important question of the state of religion in England as revealed in the experience of army chaplains and others.

The general conclusion,—not that of any party or of any denomination—is that our organized Christianity is in a lamentable condition. It is natural and right that such a condition should stir the hearts of men of good will, whatever their school of thought or denomination may be. One result of this heart searching is the National Mission of Hope and Repentance, the effects of which we are eagerly awaiting.

But over and above such extensive effort, a vast number of interesting suggestions are being made, some of which may be good and some bad.

Hitherto we have scarcely considered any of these things here in Canada. Some partial and half-hearted attempts at religious revivals have been made, but there has been no general discussion of our ills and their remedies. It may be the case that these are not so urgent as in the Mother Land. Yet no one can pretend that things are going well. That the war has provoked much serious thinking; that deep down in men's hearts many vital problems of life are being considered; that such an appeal as that recently made by Sir George Foster in Montreal for a spiritualization of our whole life, even its trade and commerce, strikes many a responsive chord, is, I believe, true. But that men are turning to the churches for light and inspiration there is no evidence so far as I am aware.

It would seem, therefore, that the time is ripe for a general and thorough discussion of the problems of religion in the light of the revelations of the war, and the columns of the "Canadian Churchman" are the natural medium for an exposition and exchange of the views of both clergy and laity.

It is one of the smaller problems that I wish to discuss in what follows. In England very much has been written about the failure of our services to appeal to the great body of our virile youth and it is said that even our young women are beginning to follow in the footsteps of their brothers and desert the churches.

It has long seemed to me that we are suffering from the rigid rules and regulations that govern the conduct of our services. It is true that some of us take liberties with the rubrics, but, speaking for myself, I can honestly say that I do so only under a strong sense of necessity, and not with any feeling of cheerful indifference. My plan is that a larger measure of liberty should be given us in the conduct of our services, and particularly in the evening service.

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Pans and Pots all Lose Their Spots



Let us remember how vastly different are the circumstances of our day from those of the Reformation period. The clergy were, I believe, when the Prayer Book was compiled, largely illiterate. There were political reasons for strict adherence to set forms and order. The people were then mostly country people, and there was little or no nonconformity. How vastly are these conditions changed. The clergy are educated and intelligent. The political reasons for a uniform service every Sunday are gone. Our people are a city folk with a temperament very different from that of the people of the 16th and 17th centuries. Multitudes of what we call dissenters, are to be found, who often find their way into our churches on Sunday evenings.

Now let me give a concrete illustration of one kind of difficulty to which our rigidity may expose us. Here we will say is a man who is possessed of the prophetic rather than of the priestly gift. He is a man with a message, as the current phrase is. He announces a series of sermons, and a larger congregation and a different one from that which would ordinarily confront him is attracted by the announcement. What happens? The congregation which has come to hear the sermon (a quite laudable motive I would submit) has to wait nearly an hour, before the sermon begins. The air has meantime become more or less polluted and the minds of the hearers have become slack, and the full force of the message is lost. Moreover, the sermon itself has to be curtailed which is not, in spite of all the jokes on this subject, always a gain.

My plea, then, is that whilst the spirit of the Anglican service, should be preserved, so that it should in no case be turned into an extemporaneous or "go as you please service," yet it should be possible to so shorten it, or to transfer its order in some cases, that the preacher could find himself in the

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pulpit within say fifteen minutes after the opening of the service.

Again could not a larger latitude in the matter of selection of Psalms, Lessons and Prayers be granted us?

Is there any good reason why now and then a difficult Lesson should not be sufficiently explained to make its thought clear?

After writing the foregoing I heard an eloquent army chaplain, now home from the front on leave, tell the following story:—Discussing his services a private said he liked them first-rate when he really got down to business (meaning the sermon), but it took such a long time to get to it. There were, he thought, "too many barbed wire entanglements."

H. Symonds.
Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

(Continued from page 812.)

forgotten and were visited by their friends. The Chaplain spent two or three hours during the afternoon in the wards, which had been charmingly decorated by the nursing sisters and patients. In his haversack he carried letters for the men of his unit, as well as cigarettes, tobacco, books and magazines. With a chat here, a short prayer there, the giving of tobacco or a magazine to one and the handing of a letter to another, the afternoon soon slipped away. Entertainments had been arranged for the inmates of the various wards which added no little cheer to what otherwise would have been a very dull Christmas.

And still it rained. At seven o'clock the men gathered once again in their mess hut to be entertained by a concert party from London, arranged for by the officers of the Battalion.

A splendid entertainment was given lasting over two hours, and was heartily appreciated by officers and men who accorded the artistes an enthusiastic welcome—a welcome such as soldiers alone can give. Refreshments were served, and, the bugle sounding out "First Post," the men retired to their tents, for the most part feeling that, after all, there had been a "Christmas" amid un-Christmaslike surroundings.

For many brave men it was the last Christmas spent on earth. Theirs has been the proud yet sad privilege of paying the supreme sacrifice. No Christmas morn shall again dawn for them, for they have a part in that land where it is always Christmas morning, and where it never hath an ending. Thus at this Christmas of the year of our Lord 1916 we think of them in proud and loving memory. We think of hearts true as steel who cheered us as we trust we may have cheered them amid cheerless environment. They are part of the deathless army, and we cherish their names in the depths of our lives.

We shall think, too, of those with whom we spent last Christmas, and who are still doing a wonderful "bit" in a magnificent adventure. Gallant men and true comrades, we would pay tribute to their courage and endurance, to their self-sacrifice and devotion to duty.

In the words of "Tiny Tim," immortalized by Dickens, we would say, and pray "God bless them every one."

SKIN FOOD

If you want one that rubs in easily, is not greasy or oily, and leaves the skin clear, with that soft velvety feeling, try Campana's Italian Balm. E. G. West and Co., Toronto, agents. Special value sample mailed for 10c.

CHRISTMAS FOR INDIA.

(Continued from page 814.)

all Indian foods "Pilau" and sweets as their treat, and when the inexpensive presents sent from home give such evident pleasure to all, and to none more than the donors, could they be present to see.

A few games and a "salaam" ends what for them and us has been a very happy time of intercourse. The evening hour is spent with the family, first over the Christmas dinner table and later in games and music.

This is Christmas for India so far as Christians are concerned, but what of the vast population of non-Christian India? Christmas has also for them a very special message, which they are only beginning to recognize.

1. Many of those whose lot is to live near Christians realize what lies at the basis of our joy and rejoicing and



Pehari Girls, Punjab, India.

seem by their visits to us that they may show their "Good-will" by their offerings as well as by their presence at our services, to seek to share its blessings.

2. To those—and they constitute the vast majority of the Hindu population—whose leaders of thought in past ages have showed the necessity of an incarnation, if Deity is to be known, and who themselves worship the immoral Krishna—the most popular incarnation of Vishnu,—and who look forward to the Nischalank Avtar—the sinless incarnation of Vishnu, to usher in the age of purity and peace, Christmas speaks of that perfect incarnation in Whom the true God is revealed in all His fulness and by Whose coming again the Kingdom of God will be established. Some of their best men even now look to Him as "the Desire of Nations," and when the facts of Christmas are more fully revealed to them all by those sent forth to bear witness, then shall "the Desirable things of the Nation" be offered to Him, and they will show us of the West new and perhaps more real and helier ways of commemorating His Nativity.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

(Continued from page 814.)

to match the shining light in her eyes. "No: Mother called her Kitty and I just called her Sis. I'd like to have seen Sis again before I go. It's kind of comforting to belong to somebody."

"Tig," whispered the Nurse, her voice shaking a little with excitement. "Tig—try to listen just a minute more. Kitty, your little Sis, sent you those socks. She wanted to belong to the Sergeant-Major, but God knew she belonged to you."

"Give me the socks, Sister," and his hands groped blindly for them. "Read the words again."

The Padre took up the card and read Kitty's Christmas message, for Sister's voice was too shaky to read aloud. First he read the lines under the robin sitting on the holly bough.

"Robin's voice is sweet and true,
He sings my Christmas thoughts to you."

And then he turned the card over and read Kitty's message.

"To my Sergeant-Major. The khaki one. With the big feet. I made these socks myself. A Happy Christmas to you, and I wish I belonged to you. From Kitty."

When he finished reading, the Padre knelt down beside the bed, for Tig's voice was so weak that he could hardly hear it when he stood up. "Tell Kitty," gasped Tig, ". . . I belonged to her . . . and I'm a khaki one . . . but I haven't got big feet. . . . Tell her I'm going to have a Happy Christmas."

"Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee," said the Padre, laying his hand on Tig's boyish head while the Nurse slipped away for restoratives. "The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

"A Happy Christmas," murmured Tig, with a smile.

When they laid Tig in his soldier's grave, Kitty's Christmas stockings were clasped in his thin hands. But the story does not end here.

It was told so often by Tig's chum and the other boys in the ward, and the Sister and the Padre, that soon everybody in hospital knew the wonderful story of Kitty's gift; and, at last, it reached the ears of the real Sergeant-Major.

And when he heard it, he wrote some letters—one was to his wife out in Canada, and one was to Kitty's Aunt, and one was to the Rector at Wyeфорд; and after the answers had gone back to him, a wonderful thing happened at Wyeфорд.

There was a loud knock on the school door in the middle of Teacher's geography lesson—the best one, about Canada. And when Teacher said "Come in," the door opened; and then, with his chest thrown out and his big feet looking enormous, and just as splendid as ever, in marched Kitty's khaki Sergeant-Major. And he saluted Teacher as if she were a General; and then all the children stood up and saluted him because he had fought at St. Julien and they saw "Canada" on his shoulders. Teacher had told them always to salute heroes. And then the Sergeant-Major, in his big voice, said, "May I speak to Kitty Galliard, please, Miss?" And when Kitty came out from her desk and stood beside Teacher, THE SERGEANT-MAJOR SALUTED HER! That is printed in capitals to express what Kitty felt when he did it!

And then the Sergeant-Major asked Teacher if he might tell the children a story, and when she said "yes" he told them the wonderful story I have told you about Kitty's Christmas gift. And Teacher told them that she was not surprised, because the socks had gone with the spirit of sacrifice knitted into them; and if you put sacrifice into giving, you may always expect the gift will reach the very right person.

But Kitty did not listen to their stories. Her ears were filled with something the Sergeant-Major whispered to her.

"You're coming home with me to Canada. You're going to belong to us, little Kitty."

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Boys and Girls

RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION IN THE ISSUE OF DECEMBER 7th.

Dear Children,—
Before the results are given, I should like to tell you a few things I noticed about the papers that were sent in. The first thing is, that some were extremely neat, while others, alas, were very untidy, not a good way to set about winning a prize! And there were one or two people who even made spelling mistakes in copying out the quotations! But the chief thing was the point which marked out the prize-winner and those highly commended, for Mary had read her Bible carefully and discovered that the third quotation came in five places in Genesis 1, and the 27th was found twice in Genesis 27! One or two more people had noticed that, but their papers were spoiled by other small mistakes. Everybody had mentioned one place, but very, very few mentioned them all. So you must read very, very carefully, and not be satisfied until you are quite sure you have done your level best. You must be as much on the lookout for surprises as though you were a scout at the front who has to have his eyes and ears open all the time, so that he can find out what is going on, and can keep himself from falling into a trap at the same time! Now let's see what you can do with the next competition. Here comes the list of those who did best in the last:—

- 1st. Mary Barton, 552 St. John St., Quebec.
2. Freda Hall, 151 Blythwood Rd., North Toronto.
3. Gertrude G. Appleyard, 378 Ontario St., London, Ont.
4. Elinor Matthews, 306 Princess St., St. John, N.B.
5. R. E. Richardson, 103 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto.
6. John Needham Blow, Whitby, Ont.
7. Percival Muirhead, Port Perry, Ont.
8. Kathleen Bond, Portland, Ont.
9. Henry Hockley, Kinmount, Ont.
10. Grace Bollong, Queen St., Dartmouth, N.S.

COMPETITION No. II.

For Competition II., can you answer the following questions:—

- (a) Where in Exodus is advice given about keeping Sunday holy?
- (b) Where in Nehemiah is advice given about trading on Sunday?
- (c) Where in Isaiah are men told to turn from hunting pleasure?
- (d) Where in the Gospels are we told about Christ's teaching about keeping the Sabbath?

How the French Celebrate Christmas

N. Tournour.

CHRISTMAS does not mean so much to the French as it does to the Anglo-Saxons. But, in their own way, and notwithstanding the great war, they pay honour to the festival this year, even as in 1914 and 1915. For France is the land of the young folks, and they, with that blessed gift of childhood, may not perceive the tears, the aching sorrow, and the bitter memories, lying behind the cheerfulness so bravely assumed for their sake. Because of them Father Christmas will be made heartily welcome, and the horrors and best-

iality of war forgotten if only for a few hours.

In many parts of France Christmas is ushered in with the Yule Log, or "Souche de Noel," and particularly in the south. On Christmas Eve in Provence, the whole family goes out solemnly to bring in the Log. A carol is sung, praying for blessings on the house, that the family may be happy and prosperous, and that corn and flour may abound, the casks full of wine, and the animals of the field and farm increase. Then the youngest child in the family pours wine on the log in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the family unite in prayer for a few minutes, and after this the log is thrown on to the fire, and the charcoal is kept all the year, to be used as a remedy for various ills. In Brittany the peasants also baptize the log, and eat "neuilles," which are a sort of crusty little cake heavily powdered with sugar.

On Christmas Eve a midnight Mass is held in almost all French Roman Catholic churches, where a great feature is made of the Crib or "Creche." Such sacred edifice in France would not be without the Creche, that naive and charming reproduction of the-manger to which the star led the shepherds and the kings by moon-lit ways of Palestine so many, many hundred years ago. There is the Infant, and there is the Virgin, prim and pretty, in her robes of blue and white; and there, too, the good St. Joseph, much bearded and most benevolently wise. The straw, the patient, dapple-brown oxen—all are there. And, over them all, there twinkles in golden rays the Star of Bethlehem.

In the capital itself, and in the large provincial cities, the folk, after Mass is finished, honour Noël in their own light-hearted fashion. But this year, even as last, the night of the Reveillon will be a very, very quiet affair, for the tragedy of the war holds the heart of France. Yet, notwithstanding the early closing of the cafes, "boudin," a kind of black-pudding, the classic Christmas Eve dish in France, will be eaten, soaked in champagne or some cheaper wine, according to the purse of the partakers. And for the young folks' sake, the boulevards, as in 1914, are lumbered with long, rickety stalls, causing the thoroughfares to look as if they had been suddenly converted into a village fair. These stalls are heaped with toys, sham jewelry, confectionery, sweets and gingerbread,

made into all sorts of strange shapes. Some of the nougat and turkish-delight stalls are presided over by old Arabs wearing the scarlet fez. Slowly the crowd genially push and jostle along, making their purchases for the little ones.

For the French children adore "ce bon Père Noël," who comes every year, his hands heaped high with presents, and candied chestnuts, chocolates and bon-bons. On Christmas Eve the youngsters leave their shoes and sabots on the hearth. They depart to bed, firm in the belief that during the silent watches of the night, when not a mouse is stirring and the Yule Log is burned down into a mass of dull charcoal, a radiant Child comes down the chimney, and fills the little sabots and shoes with pleasing gifts. No white-bearded old man in a fur-coat dappled with snow-flakes, who has driven hither in a reindeer sledge—but, L'Enfant Jesus himself. The French children all believe it, from the precocious sceptical gamin of Paris to the little peasant boy in Brittany, Provence, the Dauphine and all over France.

The Christmas tree in France takes the form of a tiny fir, standing in a little flower pot. The French maman gilds walnuts with gold paint, she wraps oranges and apples in silver tissue-paper, and to children's eyes they look like glistening fruit plucked from the magical branches in the cave of Aladdin. There are little round ainseed cakes, and small square blocks of honey cake, and other confections neatly tied with bits of gay ribbon. Perhaps there are marrons glaces also, and other rarities for the youngsters. And when the cakes, and the gold nuts, and the silver apples and oranges, are hung on the little fir, and the tiny red and blue and white candles are lit, the general effect is enchanting.

Then on Christmas Day, though there is no mistletoe bough, nor holly, there is gaiety and much eating. On that day of festivals the turkey stuffed with truffles and chestnuts, figures on most tables, and boiled chestnuts and white wine are traditional Christmas Day fare still with the peasantry all over France. In Provence and elsewhere tableaux vivants are given, such as the Flight into Egypt.

No! War can not quench the indomitable gay cheerfulness of the French nation.

Weakened by Anaemia Doctors Gave No Hope

Said She Was Threatened With Consumption, and Gave Her Three Weeks to Live.

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Mrs. J. Adams, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "About six years ago I was taken with very weak spells and though I doctored with the family physician and used other medicines for two years, I got very little relief and, in fact, continued to grow weaker. I was so weak I could not wait on myself or raise my hand to my head and decided to go to my daughter in Toronto. When examined by Toronto doctors they pronounced me to be in a dangerous condition, threatened with consumption and other ailments and said I would not live for three weeks. One day I was

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