

# Canadian Churchman

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Family Newspaper



Dominion Churchman, Church Evangelist  
and Church Record (Incor.)

Vol. 12.

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12th, 1915.

No. 32.

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## TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

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Holy Communion: 251, 260, 261, 446.

Processional: 386, 440, 443, 447.

Offertory: 28, 566, 622, 667.

Children: 686, 703, 706, 707.

General: 14, 27, 466, 467.

## The Outlook

### For Canadian Graves

We observe in a letter in a recent number of the "Times" an interesting suggestion made to the Over-Seas Club by Mr. Fane Sewell, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Spadina Avenue and College Street, Toronto. The idea is beautiful in its simplicity and appropriateness, and we are glad to learn that it will be taken up:—

"Dear Sir,—A few days ago, after a heavy wind, I noticed a great fall of maple seeds lying on my lawn, and it occurred to me that if I picked them up, packed them in a small parcel, and sent them to you, with a request that through the Over-Seas Club Headquarters you might send them over to France and in due course have them planted round the graves, cemeteries, or roads leading to the cemeteries where so many of our Canadian soldiers lie buried, it would be a suitable tribute to their memory. If, as I hope, some seeds bear fruit and thrive, they will remain a lasting monument to those who have fallen from this side of the Atlantic.—Fane Sewell."

The Over-Seas Club has decided to adopt the suggestion, and has already received from Canada a consignment of maple seeds. These seeds will be planted on all Canadian tombs in Flanders and France where practicable. The Over-Seas Club also proposes to plant an avenue of maple trees at Langemark after the war.

### A Remarkable Petition

We append the following from the "London Letter" of the "Church of Ireland Gazette," written by one of the ablest and most far-seeing men of to-day. It will give our Canadian laymen an idea of what their English brethren are thinking:—

A remarkable petition has been presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury in opposition to any legalization of Mass vestments in the Church. It was evidently felt that some expression of lay opinion is necessary, and the difficulty of finding men who could be considered representatives of lay opinion of Evangelicals was got over by seeking the opinion of those who are responsible for the work of the great Evangelical organizations. Accordingly, the views were sought of the lay members of the Evangelical Trusts that nominate the Trustee livings, the lay elected members of the committees of great societies—C.M.S., London Jews' Society, Colonial and Continental Church Society, Church Pastoral Aid Society, and South American Missionary Society, and the lay members of the Boards of the Evangelical Theological Colleges. These embraced some ninety-nine names, and of these ninety-five signed the memorial to His Grace. No such unanimity could be obtained on any other subject of current Church controversy, and all the men who signed are those who to-day take the most prominent part in our Church work in connection with one great section of the Church. Their opinion cannot fail to carry great weight, as it means that the elected representatives of those who maintain home and foreign Church work in connection with the organizations named are solid in their convictions. For example, all the C.M.S. lay elected members signed with the exception of one who is on active service with the army. The signatories declare that the position of many lay communicants in the Church will be rendered more difficult by the sanctioning of vestments.

### A Kaleidoscopic Professor

The mental processes of Professor Conybeare, of Oxford, since the war began are interesting and suggestive. He began as a pacifist, convinced of the justice of England's cause. Then he gradually veered round to the opposite position, which he stated in a private letter, but which was published in a pro-German paper in America. In this he described Sir Edward Grey in opprobrious terms as a "sinister liar," whose fate was the "gallows," because he had "utterly hoodwinked" the House of Commons. Naturally this diatribe has been widely circulated by German sympathizers. But now comes the Professor's recantation, for further study of official documents has convinced Mr. Conybeare that he was "quite wrong" in his charges against Sir Edward Grey, and he wishes to undo some of the harm caused by his "hasty judgments and intemperate language." But what we are concerned about is the revelation thus afforded of a professor's mind. Here is a man, presumably trained to clear thinking, allowing himself to write in these diverse ways on one subject within only a few months. Mr. Conybeare happens to be regarded as an authority on Armenian Christianity, and some time ago he put forth a theory of the authorship of the last verses of St. Mark, which, although without real sup-

port, was accepted almost with avidity by a number of scholars. All this suggests the wisdom of giving pause before accepting the opinions of professorial minds which have not come in contact with the realities of life and do not take into consideration all the facts of a case. The war is doing much to illuminate for us the vital difference between theory and practice, between fancy and fact.

### A Layman's Letter

In the "Outlook," of New York, a letter appears with the above heading addressed to "The Protestant Clergymen of America," and the burden of it is that our Protestant Churches have not kept pace with the development of the country in regard to numbers, power and grasp on the masses. The letter then suggests that each clergyman should ask himself whether he is responsible for this state of affairs, and then the writer adds his own comment:—

I believe that our Churches no longer adequately impress upon men's souls the nature and the awful and inevitable results of sin; that a prevailing mental impression has been created that pardon, and not punishment, is certain; that our pastors, as the result of a progressive renunciation of their proper authority, have too frequently ceased to be leaders and masters of men; and that there has thus been caused a wide dissemination of the conception of a spineless Deity, represented often by an inefficient Church, itself a feeble instrument for individual regeneration.

The layman expresses the opinion that the time has come to deepen the note of authority in preaching, to recognize that the appeal to fear cannot be dispensed with, and to emphasize the absolute necessity of the performance of duty to God, man and Church. "Men will throng when the minister who does not argue, but tells; who does not palter with the sins of the day or with their consequences." This is a timely word and contains truth to which we shall all do well to take heed. Certainty in the preacher will do much to produce certitude in the hearers.

### Theory and Practice

In the midst of our criticism of the rationalism which, we believe, has been at the root of the recent outbreak of German callousness and cruelty, it is refreshing to be reminded that there are those in Germany and in the German army who hold fast to the "old paths." A rationalistic pastor in Berlin has been giving utterance to his views in a German paper, and this has prompted an officer in the trenches to write the following letter:—

I have just read, here in the Argonne forest, your "German Christianity a Caricature of Bible Christianity." Pray come out here in the trenches. Suffer and struggle weeks and months, undergo the rain of shrapnel and take part in the attacks. Then you will thank God that there is a way to Him through the Lord Jesus and to heart peace. This way is repentance, forgiveness of sin, eternal life. The Scriptures call it conversion. It would be a bad day for Germany if there were not hundreds upon hundreds of men, officers and privates, here and on the East front, who as Christ's converts draw daily new strength from the dear Word of God. They are examples for their fellows, men to whom death signifies little more than entrance into life, heroes of the

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battlefield, and, what is even more valuable, men who can endure the long gray months of waiting. My heart bleeds at what you are sowing. This theology sounds grand enough, but in the fearful storms of life it bends and breaks. May God give us all a wise heart and one truly open for Him. From an officer no longer young.

Rationalism may be interesting for purely speculative purposes, but when it comes to actual needs in life, in sorrow, suffering and death, only the "old" Gospel will give peace and power.

## The Potter and the Clay

By MISS C. M. MAYNARD.

"As the clay in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel."—Jer. 18:6.

The primary meaning of the prophet in this well-known passage is the solemn, grand, and glorious certainty of God's sovereignty. In all the tragic events that are happening at the present time God is commenting on these words, and "He doeth according to His will." Come with me to Cornwall and see there as I have seen all the processes that the clay goes through as it is dealt with in the pottery, until it emerges in glory and beauty fit for use.

At first there are only the ugly, unsightly, defiling lumps of clay, helpless and useless. A picture of what we are by nature, sin-stained, weak, and powerless to raise ourselves. But deft fingers take up the shapeless mass of clay and work it into wonderful and various shapes and sizes. So God shapes us. We are His workmanship, and He makes of us what He will. It is a comforting thought, for we always have a tender regard for what we ourselves have made, and God Who has made us is very tender with us. David founded his prayer on that "Forsake not the work of Thine own hands." When we have made a thing ourselves, we know all its weak places, and the Lord knows all our weak places. "He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape."

The human body, which is such a wonderful organism, speaks for itself in the skill that must have caused its creation, but we do not read of any anguish or any tears in the work of creation; it was the work of redemption that cost so much in suffering. The creation of man is a marvel of unutterable skill, but redemption is a work of love past all knowledge; it cost Calvary and untold agony.

How different we all are! God has to train each one of us separately, and perhaps sometimes we are tempted to think that other Christians are not called upon to endure half so much discipline as we are. We do not know what other people's experiences may be, but the discipline God gives us is just what He sees we need. He has to prepare us for service, possibly here, and certainly hereafter. A friend once said to another whose child was a great deal of trouble and very wayward: "I wouldn't take all that trouble about my little boy; let him have his own way." But the mother said: "No, I cannot do that; I have his whole future to consider. Some day he will bless and thank me for all the suffering he has to undergo now." So let us remember that all our discipline and training are in the loving hands of God, and that He only gives us just what is necessary for our welfare.

The next process exposed the clay to the action of an immense magnet. The clay was full of black particles, and it was necessary to bring all these to the surface so that they might be removed. Sometimes we find that people come into our lives, or our circumstances are so changed that it seems to bring out all the worst in us. We find feelings and thoughts in our hearts that we had never suspected could be there. That is God using the magnet. These things in us must come to the surface so that we may let God remove them in order that they may not hinder our usefulness.

When we read that John Mark left the Apostles Paul and Barnabas, and went home to his mother because he was afraid of the necessities and hardships of the missionary life, we know that these things were used by God to show him how much he was lacking in grit and perseverance and true devotion. But we are glad to read that later on St. Paul could say of him, "Take Mark and bring him with thee, for he is profitable to me for the ministry." St. Mark had learnt his lesson. The Lord will show us by our circumstances what needs to be removed in us.

Then the clay was placed in the indispensable furnace. Without it the vessels would hold nothing, and be of no use at all. So there must be a trial of our faith; it will never grow without exercise. "The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold, which perisheth, though it be tried with fire."

A friend was once about to preach in Hyde Park, but was interrupted by a crowd of atheists, who jeered at and denied the existence of God and the efficacy of prayer. He asked at length if anyone there had been a Christian for six months, and if so whether they could say that God had failed them. A lady got up and asked permission to speak. She said that five years ago she had been deserted by her husband and left entirely without money, with five little children. She committed herself to her Heavenly Father, and did not worry about the future, and the next day help was forthcoming, and ever since she had been wonderfully cared for. My friend looked at the chief opponent of the meeting and asked, "Have you anything to say in reply?" but he was silent.

In the West of England I knew of a clergyman who had been seeking a curate for some months. At length he found one suited to his requirements, but before he had been a week in the place the curate was taken ill, and died, leaving a wife and nine children with only £30 a year to depend upon. What a strain on one's faith, and what a call to trust in God! If any of us are in the furnace, take heart, for there is One beside you Who knows the effect of every blast and will temper the heat according to your capacity.

After being taken out of the furnace the vessel is taken into the decorating-room, and here what loveliness of colour, what exquisite beauty of design. The Psalmist says, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be on us." A Christian ought to be characterized by love, gentleness, patience, absence of resentment, unselfishness. A forgiving spirit seems to appeal to the world almost more than anything else. It was a very humble Christian whose life was so fragrant that another dark, ignorant woman was compelled to kneel down by her scullery sink and pray, "O God, if that is being a Christian, make me one."

A young Hindoo, who was the strictest keeper of caste and hated all Christians, went to college in order to learn English, and while there the beautiful life of a low-caste man was the means of his becoming a Christian, and although his mother besought him on her

knees with tears to give it up, and his family repudiated him, he remained faithful.

After being decorated the vessel is placed in the furnace again. This is necessary or the colours would never last. So many find that after having received a definite blessing they have to endure a heavy trial. This is to make the blessing last and to make it part of the Christian's character. But let there be no discouragement; we leave it all in our loving Father's hands. If He sends us trial, He always sends with it compensations of love and mercy. David said, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." We need have no fear if we trust God with ourselves and our future.

A gentleman was being shown some of the beautiful vases in the showroom, some worth forty guineas, some sixty guineas, and on asking the price of one beautiful piece was told it was only worth one shilling. It had a hidden flaw which the workman had not discovered, but which the master's eye had detected at once, and it was perfectly useless.

It should be the desire of our hearts that God should come in and show us what is wrong within. We need to have our wills absolutely in harmony with His. I have a Belgian guest, a little child of five, who is an absolute model of docility; she does everything she is told without even a gesture of dislike or disapprobation, and I am increasingly reminded of Our Lord's words: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

What were all these efforts and preparation of the clay for? 1. The glory of the maker. God says: "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall show forth My praise," Is. 43:21. He has made us so that He only may be seen in our lives. 2. Much of it was made for royal use. A Christian ought to be a vessel "meet for the Master's use." He may use us in any way to win others. A party of missionaries sang the Doxology at Paddington Station some years ago on their starting for Plymouth, and this was the means of bringing back to God a man who had been a grievous backslider. God can use the simplest thing, if only we are fit for Him to use us. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

## OUR DEAD

Where are our Dead? We ask the wise,  
But Science owns defeat  
She baffled stands, with tired eyes  
Where light and darkness meet.  
Not all the wisdom of the years  
That crowns her hoary head  
Can help to stay our falling tears  
Or tell us of our Dead.

Methought I saw th' Archangel stand  
Upon the hills of Time,  
The scroll of fate was in his hand,  
His countenance sublime:  
"There shall be no more Sea," he cried—  
"No sorrow and no pain!"  
Exultant echoes multiplied  
The glorious refrain.

"Give up the Dead, O Sea!" and then  
A weird, dread sound I heard  
Like noise of many waters when  
The ocean-depths are stirred,  
And back the mighty waves, subdued,  
Were driven, resistlessly—  
And lo! a countless multitude  
Rose from the conquered Sea.

Alpha and Omega, our Light!  
The keys of Death are Thine,  
They who are hidden from our sight  
Pass to Thy care divine.

Our darkness merges in the Dawn,  
Faith hears a Coming Tread:  
With faces turned to Greet the Morn—  
We wait to clasp our Dead!

Ottawa.

E. S. GODFREY.

# MOTHERHOOD AND ITS IDEAL

By the Right Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, D.D., Bishop of Durham

(A Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, before Mothers' Union workers)

"Honour thy mother."—Exodus xx. 12

LET us approach this great phrase with reverence and godly fear. It is a vital part of one of those Ten Words, those precious and everlasting stones of Sinai, on which stands the whole structure of true human life lived aright through time into immortality.

Here with the Fifth Commandment begins the Second Table, laid fair and square upon the strong foundation of the First. God is the supreme beginning, as of all things, so of the law of life. Then, from His throne, the commandment descends in its loving majesty to the duties and the pieties of our human order. And its first and holiest watchword for that order sheds the glory of the will of God full upon parenthood and home. The eternal law requires the reverent

crown and flower of womanhood for ever, her through whom God the Son of God entered man's life and a human home, and to whom He was subject there.

Full of the mother's honour is the great book of the Proverbs, that luminous manual of godly living, with its character-building power. "I was my mother's son"; "Forsake not the law of thy mother"; "A foolish man," and only he, the witless victim of his own self-will, for such is "the fool" of the Proverbs, "despiseth his mother."

In one wonderful prophetic utterance the mother's strong consoling tenderness is taken up by the Eternal Himself as the only worthy image of His own. He clasps to His infinite heart the tired and broken hearts of His human children. And lo, an ineffable maternity is found to live and

Let it carry you on to beginnings again, always new, and always full of hope, and always strong with the prayer of faith, in your unspeakably momentous work. One vital requisite for that sort of labour for others which refuses to grow worn, and weary, and ineffective is a great ideal. There lies one prevailing secret for the running which will not tire and the walking which will not faint. Let the biblical ideal of the mother never fade from before your eyes.

I do not for a moment forget, of course, that you are mainly and perpetually in contact with the actual, and are faced at every turn by its limitations. You have to do not so much with motherhood in its beautiful abstract as with English mothers in real life. And though I well know that in principle the Mothers' Union knows no class boundaries, and extends its benignant influence high as well as low, yet you, I doubt not, are very largely occupied with the lives of mothers of the industrial order. Your strong sympathy with them, your intimacies and fellowship with them and with their problems, your longing to serve them, brings you into an acute and painful consciousness of some disadvantages of their con-

## THE EMPIRE PRAYS FOR VICTORY



ST PAUL'S UNDER DOME, LOOKING E. B-194

Under the Dome, St. Paul's Cathedral, London

The Canadian Churchman.

London, Aug. 4.—The British Empire united to-day in prayerful observance of the anniversary of the declaration of war against Germany. In virtually every city and town in the British Isles, as well as in all parts of the Dominions and colonies overseas, the day was one of intercession and prayer, with meetings of common aim and purpose to ask the aid of the Almighty for ultimate victory in a cause which the British peoples consider just and righteous. The whole Empire was represented at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the chief services were held. The King in uniform, Field Marshal Kitchener, Premier Asquith and the whole Cabinet, with Grand Duke Michael of Russia, were under the dome. Sir Robert Borden, Sir George Perley, and the Provincial Agents all attended, along with a number of Canadian wounded, who were given places of honour. The Cathedral was thrown open to all comers, and before a vast throng the Most Rev. Randall T. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Right Rev. Arthur F. W. Ingram, the Bishop of London, and their assistants, conducted a brief and simple service, concluding with the hymn, "Through the Night of Darkest Hour" and the National Anthem.

loyalty of son and daughter. It exalts in their eyes a father's honour and, let us note it with profound recollection, a mother's honour side by side with his.

"Honour thy mother." This precept of the Decalogue has its perpetual echo and long development in the Scriptures at large. One after another there the forms of noble women, seen distinct or dim, but all beautiful with wise and honoured motherhood, pass by before us. We see Hannah, and Elisheba, and the lady of Shunem, and her who taught virtue to King Lemuel, and then Elisabeth, and Salome, and the Scripture-loving Eunice with her Timothy at her knee, while white-haired Lois, the grandmother, groups herself the third with the two over the oracles of God. Supreme among them all we contemplate the maternal Maid of Nazareth, the

breathe and burn in the depth of the Almighty Father's love: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Womanhood in the Oriental world, as we all know, has through the ages come infinitely short of its sacred honour. But that is not the fault of the supreme Oriental book, the Bible. There the woman is great and sacred. There she is the light, and guide, and exemplar of the home in her high dignity of wife and mother. Her husband leans gratefully on her strong helpfulness at his side. Her children rise up before her, honouring and loyal, and they "call her blessed."

My friends and sisters, gathered here under the great cross-crowned dome of London, in the holy name of Motherhood, let this short recollection of the tribute of the Bible to a mother's place and claim lift up your hearts and warm your spirits.

dition. You are wise and kind; and the more you are so the more, of course, you realize, not in the sense of a futile and repellent condescension, but in that of a noble woman's close moral contact with her sisters, something of what it would be to you to live their life; to live, I will not say in a slum, but anyway in a cottage, in a tenement, day and year, night and day. You often ask yourself what you would be if you had to do everything for husband, for children; for yourself, with no servant's handy help at your command; if you had to live in a few small rooms totally devoid of any restful pleasantness in form, or outlook, or furnishings; if you never knew how to get place and time to be alone with your own soul; if with all this you had very often to face coarse ebullitions of evil, perhaps within your door, at least near it on the outside, without one thought of re-

spect for your presence. You workers in this magnificent enterprise of organized beneficence, thinking about the mothers you know, and praying about them, and for their dear sakes disciplining and sanctifying yourselves—for I am sure you do thus give your very selves to the cause—you can never forget these imprisoning and overshadowing conditions of tens of thousands of actual mothers' lives. You grieve over those conditions. You do not cheaply pity those who must submit to live under them; no, you respect them, you reverence their much-tried souls, even in their failures. But the difficulty you can never forget.

And these limitations, just now indicated, are normal, are perpetual, are everywhere with you, in our present epoch of society. But at this tremendous moment in that epoch, as you know all too well, these evil things, in innumerable cases, are all woefully intensified by the position of our country in her agony of conflict. You little need me to go into detail about that aspect of your work to-day. Very much better than I do you know what the malign influences on home and motherhood of the present war (a war so sublimely righteous in its cause, and so glorious with indomitable valour) too often are. You need no information from me about the rise of intemperance among women, where, as in so many instances, a new plenty of money to spend coincides with the ceaseless excitement and restlessness of mind due to the man's absence in fleet or army. You are well aware, without my telling, of the ungoverned and unsettled spirit generated so often in the daughters of the working home, partly by incessant talk about fighting, partly by the dim and deep disturbance of the young woman's being, where a true self-control is absent, under the unremitting stimulus of the presence and the passing of hosts of men, in their flower of manhood, and with the halo of courage and of country cast around them. Only too familiarly you know how, almost unawares to themselves, girls wholly different from the all-pitiable priestesses of vice, find themselves following, almost persecuting, the young soldier with their attentions, to the deadly risk of him and them, and in spite, not seldom, of his evident aversion to the besetment. And often you lament the notorious decline of parental authority which in a million cases lets such mischiefs go forward without one effort, however feeble, at discipline and restraint upon the mother's part.

Then all around us, as you know, not in the alley or the cottage only, but far and wide over the world of modern life, the old sanctities of home are perpetually besieged from without and betrayed from within. You know, with indignation, the execrable extent to which vice is still condoned in men even where it is condemned in women. You know enough to fill you with distress and fear about the tremendous ravages of vicious disease. You cannot but be aware of the cool, and calculating, and most ignoble selfishness which, in ranks of life where no poverty can be pleaded, has reduced the large and vigorous families of a recent time almost suddenly to a tradition, to the formidable loss alike of home and State. And you cannot but have seen how, on the other hand, the sanctuary of holy matrimony, holy if anything this side the sky is holy, is invaded now, in open print, by shameless theorists, and the unlawful birth, with not its stain only but all its cruelty of result, is positively defended. And if it were the right of woman to be anyhow a mother; as if it were the right of man, with base indifference and an immeasurable moral cowardice, to leave the mother alone with her burthen and her shame.

Have not such things been said, by way of bold apology, about our men and our women under the conditions of this war? God be thanked that some wild and sweeping assertions as to the extent, for example, of what I may call military illegitimacy, made sometimes by palliators of sin, have been proved to be enormous exaggerations. But the spirit of the defence remains. It remains to remind you of the tremendous potencies of evil which to-day assail the beautiful greatness of Womanhood, God's human masterpiece, and which go hard to paralyze the holy power He meant to be lodged in His institute of Home.

So I have dwelt, with a troubled soul indeed, but I could not but speak it out, upon some normal difficulties and some abnormal dangers which surround to-day that grand work of woman for woman which you here, my honoured sisters, represent. But all the more, and with my whole heart and spirit, I bid you be of good courage and go on, in the triple power of faith, and love, and hope. Look to your ideal; for it, for she, exists. Behold the mother who commands (I say not demands, but commands) her children's honour. Look on and watch her as she lives. She may be

a queen, she may be a workman's wife. We will look at her in that latter character to-day. We find her, year in and year out, night and morning, meeting the next thing and the next in her gray and strenuous life with patience, with steady self-control, with a temper which conquers one by one the irritations always possible, with a tongue always true, clean, and kind, and so with that inevitable power and sway of example which a life like this generates, with its homely holiness. Her children feel, before they know it, her moulding and building influence. Every word she says to them about clean ways, and modest looks, and kindly speech carries the weight of herself within it. In her tongue is the law of kindness. In her heart is the law of God, written there by the finger of the Spirit, and warm with the love of Christ and the breath of simple prayer.

My sisters, this picture is no wild dream. I dare to say that there are thousands of working mothers and of mothers whose lives lie, indeed, outside the technically industrial ranks, yet are as heavy-laden as possible, which are lived precisely so. And now, we want such mothers multiplied indefinitely. No fatalism lies against such an enterprise of multiplication, against the production of ever more mothers of the sort which must be honoured. There is no such thing as fatalism under the shadow of God and of Christ. He Who created home, He Who devised and gave to the life of man the fair glory of motherhood, can, and will, renew His creation and His gift for evermore. And in that work He calls you to His help against the might of evil, and places His almightiness upon your side.

Fill your eyes with your ideal. Fill your hearts with your Lord, the mother's everlasting Son. And so go on unwearied. Watch over the new-made homes, the young wives just beginning. Inspire into them a living sympathy with the ideal, and get them to see their strength, to actualize it, in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Be steadfast as the rock, for He is true. Be abounding as the river, for He is Life. And then be sure, absolutely and with gladness, that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

## Books That Live and Die

By Rev. R. F. Dixon, Wolfville, N.S.

**M**OST of our libraries are cemeteries. They are crammed with defunct books almost every one of which had a certain vogue in its day, and many of which had their crowds of interested and sometimes enthusiastic readers and admirers. Examining the shelves of a large and comprehensive library, representative, say, of a century's output, is a somewhat melancholy occupation, when one reflects what a vast amount of dead and buried toil it represents, and often how much misdirected labour.

Here are rows of ponderous tomes of history, divinity, travel, philosophy, science, and what our ancestors used to call rather vaguely "belles lettres" rotting by the yard, on which men burned the midnight oil and racked weary brains and toiled through long, laborious hours, and on which they built many a fond rose-tinted vision of immortality.

Here are the silent ranks of the forgotten poets, a vast and multitudinous company in our English literature, each one of which had his little day and his own little circle of admirers. Here, again, are the sermons which once held thousands spell-bound, awakened slumbering consciences, cheered and invigorated many a fainting heart, raised tempestuous passions, terrified, comforted, consoled, aroused, now, to use Bishop Brooks' saying, "standing like extinct volcanoes"; the volumes of exploded science, of forgotten systems of philosophy destined to revolutionize the thought of the world; the obsolete encyclopædias; the biographies of men and women whose very names, let alone their deeds and words, have passed into oblivion; the antiquated books of travel; the histories rendered worthless by modern research; the discredited and discarded "Natural Histories," such as Southey's, for instance; the novels that once numbered their readers by the tens of thousands, the very names of whose authors are nowadays more than half forgotten. To how many novel readers of the present day do the names of Harrison Ainsworth, Jane Porter, G. P. R. Grant, and Mrs. Radcliffe, and one might almost add Miss Braddon, suggest anything more than faint, far away echoes of a remote past? And yet those names were within living memory, household words in the English-speaking world. An old library is a vast charnel-house, the names on its

shelves in the vast majority of cases are simply epitaphs. They represent dead books, as dead as the brains that conceived them, or the hands that penned them, or the fingers that printed and bound them, or the eyes that read them; and dead beyond the remotest possibility of resurrection. As soon would the stone effigies in our ancient churches wake up, stretch themselves and step down from their pedestals, or the desiccated mummy pulsate and blush with rekindled and re-awakened life, or the fossil plants of an unimaginably remote age blossom afresh, as these books reawaken human interest.

Then, again, here and there, at long and irregular intervals are books that stand like some sturdy oak, amid millions of fallen and mouldering trunks, in fresh and vigorous life, books that still have a message to humanity and speak with a living voice to living men and women, books which we instantly recognize and welcome as old and trusted friends. Generation succeeds generation, literary styles change and change again, words become obsolete, new words and idioms come into use, new outlooks on life and new ideals come into being, and yet they remain, perhaps not as universally read as in the heyday day of their fame, but nevertheless, a real living force in our literature.

Take the Vicar of Wakefield, for instance, a story written a century and a half ago, of a state of society as remote from ours to-day, in many respects, as was theirs from that of ancient Rome, of the most commonplace people living in a thoroughly commonplace environment, and can you conceive of a time when this immortal work will lose its deep human interest, and cease to appeal to the intelligent reader; when its pathos will no longer strike an answering chord and stir the emotions; its homely, simple, untrained humour lose its savour, and its shrewd characterization and wholesome teaching its force and point;—when like countless myriads of its predecessors and successors, it will become "stale, flat and unprofitable"?

What in literature deserves to live, lives. Literature, therefore, may be defined as the writings which live. In some cases these works may be known only to a select few; to a large section of the frivolous, shallow-minded, mentally depraved or wrongly educated they may be heavy and uninteresting, but still they live. They are unquestioningly accepted and accorded a permanent position in our literature. They are classics and are quoted as standard authorities; they have the "catholic" quality that appeals to "everyone always and everywhere," and anyone who aspires to recognition as a person of intellectual standing neglects them at his peril.

What then are the characteristics of true literature and what constitutes its permanence? First, its fidelity to human nature. Human nature, so far, has never changed, therefore what is true to human nature is perennially interesting. Mankind is always interested in itself. Therefore, all writings that are broadly true to human nature are interesting. How true this is of the Hebrew Scriptures. They are full of human interest, and so have a message for all ages and peoples. Such stories as Joseph and his brethren, Jacob and Esau, David and Jonathan, Ruth, Job and his misfortunes and comforters stand in the very front rank of literature, for they deal with those passions, instincts and experiences which will only die with the human race, they annihilate space and time, the centuries vanish and we are brought face to face with men and women made of precisely the same stuff as ourselves. Such writers, to use a common expression, "make the past live again." There are plenty of writers who can give us a picture of the past. But it is only a picture. The makers of literature give us a moving picture. They do make the past "live."

Secondly, individuality. The book that lives has a soul, the personality of the author. The men who create literature possess this power of infusing their works with the vital power of their own personality, so hard to define or describe, and yet so apparent and unmistakable. The vast majority of books are monuments, memorials to the departed, voices from the tomb, echoes from the past, the flavour of their personality has evaporated. Here and there is a book in whose pages the author meets generation after generation of readers face to face. You become as much interested in the author as in his book.

The third characteristic of literature is "distinction." You feel that the author is greater than his book. He has what is sometimes very vaguely called "command of language," that is, the mastery of words. We often use this expression very incorrectly; we say of some fluent speaker or eloquent writer that he has "great command

(Continued on Page 508.)

# DOMINION DAY AT SHORNCLIFFE A CANADIAN SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE

By RALPH CONNOR, Author of "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glengarry," &c., &c.

"Is there a holiday next Thursday?" inquired a Canadian officer of an English confrere. "A holiday? Not that I know of. Why should there be?"

"Why? Because it's Dominion Day." "Dominion Day?" blankly echoed the English officer.

"Yes! Did you never hear of it, you benighted Islander?"

"I really am afraid not," replied the English officer, convicted by the Canadian's tone of nothing less than crime. "Just what is it?"

"Perhaps you have never heard of Canada?" "Well, rather; we hear something of Canada these days."

Then as the light began to break in on his darkened soul, "Ah! I see, that is your Canadian national day, is it not?"

"It is. And the question is, 'Are we going to have a holiday?'"

"Well! you see, the King specially requested that there be no holiday on his birthday."

"The King's birthday! Oh, that's all right—but this is different you see."

The Englishman looked mildly surprised.

"Oh, the thing's all right," continued the Canadian, answering the other's look: "we think a lot of him these days. But—you know—Dominion Day—"

"I hope you may get it, old chap; but I fancy we are in for the usual grind."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Canadian officer had little objection to the grind; nor had his men. The Canadians eat up work. But somehow it did not seem right that the 1st of July should pass without celebration of any kind. He had memories of that day, of its early morning hours, when as a kid he used to steal downstairs to let off a few fire crackers from his precious bunch, just to see how they would go. Latterly he had not cared for the fireworks part of it, except for the kiddies. But somehow he was conscious of a new interest in Canada's Birthday. Perhaps because Canada was so far away, and the kiddies would be wanting someone to set off their crackers. It was good to be in England, the beautiful old Motherland. But it was not Canada, and it did not seem right that Canada's Birthday should be allowed to pass unmarked. So, too, thought the Commandant of the Shorncliffe Camp, a right good Canadian he.

"I have arranged a tattoo for the evening," he announced in conversation with the Canadian officer the day before the First.

"What about a holiday, Colonel?" The Commandant shook his head—

"Well, then, a half-holiday?"

"No, at least," remembering the officer's ancestry and that he was a Cameron Highlander, "not officiously whatever."

"Shall I get a rope for the tug-of-war, do you think?"

"I think," replied the Commandant slowly, with a wink in his left eye, "you might get the rope."

This was sufficient encouragement for the 43rd to go on with, and so the rope was got, and vaulting pole and standards, with other appurtenances of a day of sports. And the preparations went bravely on. So also went on the syllabus which for Dominion Day showed company drills, instruction classes, lectures, physicals for the forenoon, bayonet fighting and route marching for the afternoon.

"All right, let her go," and so the fields and plains, the lanes and roads are filled with Canadian soldiers celebrating their Dominion Day drilling, bayonet fighting and route marching, while overhead soars thrumming the watchful airship, Britain's eye. For Britain has a business on hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just yonder stretches the misty sea, where un-

sleeping lie Britain's men-o'-war. Beyond the sea bleeding Belgium, her blood-soaked ground

crying to Heaven, long waiting but soon at length to hear. And France fiercely, proudly proving her right to live an independent nation. And Germany, Germany! the last word in intellectual power, in industrial achievement, in scientific research, aye, and in infamous brutality! Germany! the mighty modern Hun, the highly scienced barbarian of this 20th century, more bloody than Attila, more ruthless than his savage hordes. Germany! doomed to destruction because freedom is man's inalienable birthright, and man's undying passion. Germany! fated to execution by future generations for that she has crucified the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame. Germany! for the balking of whose insolent and futile ambition, and for the crushing of whose archaic military madness we Canadians are tramping on this Dominion Day these English fields and these sweet English lanes, 5,000 miles from our Western Canada, which dear land we care not ever to see again if this monstrous threatening cloud be not removed for ever from our sky. For this it is that 100,000

## THE EMPIRE PRAYS FOR VICTORY.



Interior View of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, on August 4th, were simultaneously the scenes of a solemn demonstration of the united purpose of the British Empire to continue its warfare against Teutonism until liberty and justice are vindicated.

Canadian citizens have left their homes, with 500,000 more eager to follow if needed, knit with other sons of the Empire in one firm resolve that once more Freedom shall be saved for the race as by their sires in other days.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the tattoo is on. The ground chosen is the little plateau within the lines of the 43rd just below the officers' tents, flanked on one side by a sloping grassy hill, on the other by a row of ancient trees shading a little hidden brook that gurgles softly to itself all day long. On the sloping hill the soldiers of the various battalions lie stretched at ease in khaki-coloured kilts and trows, caps and bonnets, except the men of the 43rd, who wear the dark-blue Glengarry. In the centre of the plateau a platform invites attention, and on each side facing it rows of chairs for officers and their friends, among the latter some officers' wives, happy creatures, and happy officers to have them so near and not 5,000 miles away.

The Commandant has been called away on a sad business, a soldier's funeral, hence the junior major of the 43rd as chairman of that important and delicately organized committee of the bandmasters and pipe-majors of the various battalions is in charge of the programme. Major Grassie is equal to the occasion, genial, ready, resourceful. With him associated is Major Watts, adjutant of the 9th as musical director; in peaceful

times organist and choirmaster of a Presbyterian congregation in Edmonton far away.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The drums in the distance begin to throb, and from the eastern side of the plain march in the band of the 9th playing their regimental march, "Garryowen," none the less. From the west the band of the 11th, then that of the 12th, finally (for the 43rd band is away on leave, worse luck) the splendid band of the 49th, each playing its own regimental march which is taken up by the bands already in position. Next come the massed buglers of all the regiments, their thrilling soaring notes rising high above the hills, and take their stand beside the bands already in place. Then a pause, when from round the hill shoulder rise wild and weird sounds. The music of the evening, to Scottish hearts and ears, has begun. It is the fine pipe band of the 42nd Royal Highlanders from Montreal, khaki-clad, kilts and bonnets, and blowing proudly and defiantly their "Wha Saw the Forty Twa?" Again a pause, and from the other side of the hill, gay with tartans and blue bonnets, their great booming drones gorgeous with flowing streamers and silver mountings, in march the 43rd Camerons.

"Man, wouldn't Alick Macdonald be proud of his pipes to-day," says a Winnipeg Highlander. For these same pipes are Alick's gift to the 43rd. And hearkening to these great booming drones, I agree.

Ah, these pipers! These Highland pipers! Truly, as one of them said,

"Pipers are no just like other people." Blowing their "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," they swing into line, mighty and magnificent. Last comes the brave little pipe band of the 49th. This battalion has one Scotch company from Edmonton, which insisted on bringing its pipe band along—why not? The "Blue Bonnets" is their tune, and finely they ring it out. Now they are all in place, bands, bugles and pipes. The massed bands strike up our National Song, and all the soldiers spring to their feet and sing "O Canada." A little high, but our hearts were in it. And so the programme goes on. Single bands and massed bands, with solos from French horns, trombones and cornets, varied delightfully with the Highland fling by Pipe-Major Johnson, of the 42nd, and the sword dance by Piper Reid, of the 43rd, followed by an encore, the Shean Treubs, which I defy any mere Sassenach to pronounce, or to dance at least as Piper Reid, of the twinkling feet, danced it that night. For he did it "in the style of Willie MacLennan," as a piper said, "the best of his day, and they have not matched him yet." The massed pipe bands play "The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar." Forty-one pipers and every man blowing his best. "Aye, man, it is a grand hearing yon," said a man from the North.

Colonel Moore, of the 9th, on a minute's warning, makes a fine speech, instinct with patriotic sentiment, and calls for three cheers for Canada. He got three and a tiger and a "tiger's pup." Major Grassie in another speech, neat and to the point, thanks those who had helped to celebrate our Dominion Day, and once more calls for cheers, and gets them. Then the First Post warns us that we are soldiers and under orders. The massed bands play "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Full and tender the long-drawn notes of the great hymn rise and fall on the evening air, the soldiers joining reverently. The Chaplain of the 43rd congratulates the Commandant upon the happy suggestion of a tattoo, the chairman upon his very successful programme, and all the company upon a very happy celebration of our national holiday. Then a word about our day and all it stands for, a word about our Empire, our country, our kiddies at home, another word of thanks to the committee for the closing hymn so eminently appropriate to their present circumstances, and then "God bless our King, God bless our Empire, God bless our great cause, and God bless our dear Canada. Good night."

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The Last Post sounds. Its piercing call falls sharp and startling upon the silent night. Long after we say "good night" that last long-drawn note, high and clear, with its poignant pathos, lingers in our hearts. The Dominion Day celebration is over.—("Daily Chronicle.")

## BOOKS THAT LIVE AND DIE.

(Continued from Page 506.)

of language" when the truth is that it is exactly the other way about. Language has command of him. To use Beaconsfield's celebrated expression regarding Gladstone, "He is inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." And so he is not really master of his words, being carried away by his own volubility. He is like a ship whose canvas is out of proportion to its hull. A great man has been defined as one who while he does great things is greater than anything that he has ever done. So it is with an author. He impresses you with the sense of his reserve power. The difference between the maker of books and the creator of literature is the difference between the artisan and the artist. One works by rule and with materials made to hand, the other evolves and creates. The former may be superior to the latter in technique, his style may be smoother, his arrangement even better, there may be better balance and proportion in his presentation, and yet there is a something in the latter that out-weighs all this technical superiority. Take the case of Dickens, who violated every canon of the novelist's art in his plots, presentation and style. To a certain extent the same is true of Scott and Thackeray, both like Dickens, supreme master-makers of literature. One often sees the same thing in pictures. You have one picture superior to another in technique, in colouring, drawing and arrangement, and yet unspeakably inferior in another and a higher sense. It lacks the fascination of genius, of creative power and infused personality. The one has been made, the other has grown. Every great original creator of literature has founded a school, and has had hosts of imitators who "improve" on the original but his name lives while theirs die. Scores of men have improved upon the locomotive as invented by George Stephenson, which compared with the locomotive of to-day was a crude enough thing, but they are forgotten while his name is immortal. Men have written better novels, as to technique, than Scott, Dickens or Thackeray, and smoother and more polished poetry than Chaucer, Milton, or even Shakespeare, or more correct prose than Bacon, Bunyan or Hooker, but the founders live and the imitators die. The founder created literature, the imitator made books.

The vast majority of people do not read literature to-day. This is certainly a "reading age." An enormous amount of printed matter is being poured forth year by year. Newspapers, magazines, books, multiply at a rate which staggers the imagination. The area of this printed matter to-day as compared with that of a century ago is as acres to inches, and yet it is questionable whether or not, even actually, there is as much solid reading to-day as there was in my own childhood. Relatively there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that it is infinitely less. There are thousands of intelligent people to-day, who from year's end to year's end never dream of opening any kind of a book but a novel. There are hundreds of circulating libraries in our towns and cities, containing thousands of volumes, every single one of which is a novel. I suppose there are scores of people in this town in which I live who for possibly a score of years have never read a page of history, biography, travels, science, poetry, divinity, sociology or art. For years they have been feeding their minds on one kind of literature. They have devoured in that time hundreds of novels good, bad and indifferent—mostly the latter. The whole object of their reading has been amusement, the idea of self-improvement has apparently never entered into their minds. Reading to this very large and, I fear, rapidly increasing class is a pastime and nothing else. Imagine a person, who for years and years would eat nothing but what tickled the palate, whose sole idea of food was something that gave momentary enjoyment, and who never gave a thought to the wholesomeness of what he ate, who loathed solid food, and instead of bread and meat and potatoes would eat nothing but pies, pickles, cake, jam and candies and "things"—and you have an exact parallel to the case of those whose mental diet is exclusively composed of light reading, and who loathe and abominate all kinds of "solid" reading, and who would sooner take a dose of nauseous medicine than read anything but an "amusing book."

I can distinctly remember the time when the confirmed novel reader was regarded as is the "morphine fiend" to-day, and when most people with any reputation for sober-mindedness to maintain were ashamed to be found reading a novel. Now the difficulty is to find anyone outside of a certain restricted class, who reads anything else.

This lamentable state of things which I am certain I have not consciously exaggerated, and

which I would be only too glad to have disproved, if it were possible, can only be remedied by rational methods of teaching English literature in the schools. A system that sends thousands of young people into the world with a rooted aversion to the best literature is surely radically wrong, and needs revolutionizing. But this, as Kipling says, is "another story," and cannot be treated of here or now.

## Church News

## THE GENERAL SYNOD.

The Seventh Session of the Synod will be held in Toronto, beginning September 15th, 1915.

The session opens with Divine service in St. James' Cathedral on Wednesday at 11 o'clock, which will consist of the Litany and the Holy Communion. The Right Rev. A. S. Lloyd, D.D., President, Board of Missions, Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, will preach.

The Synod will meet at 3 p.m. at Trinity College; the sessions of both the Upper and Lower Houses will be held there. Routine business will follow the election by the Lower House of their Prolocutor.

Members are requested to be prepared for at least a fortnight's attendance.

On the second and subsequent days, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m. in St. Alban's Cathedral and also at Trinity College Chapel. The Synod will meet daily at 9.30 a.m. and proceed to Morning Prayer in the Chapel. The business of the Lower House will begin at 10 a.m.

The business to be considered is of the most comprehensive nature, including the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer. The prayers of all the churches are asked for Divine guidance on the deliberations of the Synod.

## NOVA SCOTIA.

Clarendon Lamb Worrell, D.D., Archbishop, Halifax, N.S.

HALIFAX.—ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL.—Service was held, August 4th, in connection with the anniversary of the outbreak of the war. The Lieutenant-Governor, the Admiral of the Port, their staffs, 400 soldiers and 400 sailors attended religious services in All Saints' Cathedral and invoked God's blessing in the appropriate special prayers for the Empire and our cause. The sermon was preached by his Lordship the Bishop of Kingston. The offertory goes to the aeroplane fund of the Overseas Club.

ST. PAUL'S.—Ven. Archdeacon Armitage occupied his pulpit, both morning and evening on Sunday, August 1st. At 11 o'clock he took as his text, 1 Cor. 10: 12, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The Archdeacon contrasted the Pagan and Christian theories of life, ably setting forth the truth of the Christian viewpoint from instances in the lives of individuals and nations. In the evening he preached from the words, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." A feature of the services at St. Paul's on Sunday, was the singing of Mr. Fritz Schaefer, who sang in duet with Mr. Beckwith in the morning, "Watchman, what of the Night?" and in the evening, "Lead Kindly Light." Mr. Schaefer has recently enlisted for the 40th Battalion. Other St. Paul's young men who have offered for service during the last week are: Messrs. E. W. Schaefer, H. F. Bezanson, J. F. Norris, Bernard Norris, William Tucker, A. O. Blois, Geo. Kennedy, Harry Cross, H. Doubleday, H. Bowen, L. H. Williams, F. N. Fielding, P. G. Freddy.

WINDSOR.—KING'S COLLEGE.—As yet, nothing has been done by the Board of Governors in the matter of appointing a successor to Rev. Canon Powell, late President. Dr. Willetts is now acting President. The Rev. Canon Phair, of Winnipeg, who was lost in the "Lusitania," had, we believe, an offer of the presidency under consideration at the time of his death. At the present time no less than 20 of the students have enlisted, and are now somewhere in France or England, a very high percentage indeed, by far the highest of any college in Canada. Of late years King's has greatly increased its "plant." A fine modern residence for the President, a girls' residence and a large wing for the accommodation of students have been erected, and the old University building has been thoroughly overhauled and painted at a cost of \$10,000. A con-

siderable sum has been added to the Endowment Fund as the result of the Forward Movement some years ago. The offerings from the dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton taken up in church, have more than doubled during the past two or three years. Under Dr. Powell's administration the attendance at the College about doubled, and at his departure stood at about 60. His resignation, due, we believe, to ill-health, was a great blow to the institution, but there is every confidence that the good work will be successfully carried on. On account of the war a diminished attendance, however, is anticipated for some time.—From Frondix.

## FREDERICTON.

John Andrew Richardson, D.D., Bishop, Fredericton, N.B.

WOODSTOCK DEANERY.—The quarterly meeting of this Deanery was held at Benton, W. Brunswick, July 27 and 28. Rural Dean Flewelling, Rev. Fred. Brasier, Rev. Fred. Howell, Rev. Francis J. Wilson, Rev. Arthur S. Hazel, Rev. William T. Haig and Rev. Richard M. Fenton were present. At the Tuesday evening service Rev. F. Brasier, of Grand Falls, preached, and at the Holy Communion service, Rev. W. T. Haig, of Richmond, preached. Both sermons were much appreciated. Regret was expressed at the absence of Rev. John B. H. Done, of Southampton. He has been appointed Curate of the Cathedral, Fredericton. Next place of meeting, Arthurette, in Mr. Wilson's parish, October 26.

CANTERBURY.—TRINITY.—The Rector holds annually an outdoor service at Skiff Lake, a summer resort. This year the service was held 3 p.m., August 1, when about 240 were present, the Bishop of Fredericton preaching, the collection, \$21.66, being given to parochial, diocesan and foreign missions. The Bishop also preached for the Rector Sunday evening in Trinity Church. The Rector held three services August 4th, at 9, 3 and 7.30, the Bishop giving a short address at the evening service.

## MONTREAL.

John Cragg Farthing, D.D., Bishop, Montreal.

MONTREAL.—CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—The anniversary of the great war was observed by special services in many churches on August 4th. The opening of the second year of war was marked by earnest, impressive sermons from many of the leading clergymen. Thousands attended to pray for victory. The Right Rev. Bishop Farthing officiated at the intercession service in Christ Church Cathedral. Every available space was filled, among those present being: Col. E. W. Wilson, O.C. 4th Division, and headquarters staff. The aisles were also filled with officers and men of the McGill C.O.T.C., the 3rd University Company, and the Grenadier Guards. The Fiji Island contingent, under Capt. Langton, attended the service in a body. Prominent among the clergy present were the Rev. H. Gomery and Canon King, of Quebec; Rural Dean Buckland, New Carlisle; the Rev. F. A. Pratt, the Rev. N. B. Johnson and others. Bishop Farthing had chosen as his subject, "Take away the wicked from before the King, and His Throne shall be established in righteousness." In part his Lordship said:—"We stand for righteousness now as we stood for it a year ago. Perhaps we still talk now as we talked too much then, of the vastness of the power of Britain. We relied then, perhaps we rely too much now, on the arm of the flesh. May it not be possible that the full victory is being held back so that we may be moved to turn more readily to Him in whose hands rests the issue? We have much for which to thank God, and among other things we thank Him for the courage, the resourcefulness and the ability of the men who represent us at the front. So, as we begin a second year of war, we dedicate ourselves again to the cause of righteousness. There can be no thought of sheathing the sword until this cause is established. We want peace, but we want righteousness more. Any peace which would contemplate the continuance of Germany's power, now that we have seen for ourselves what that power means, is not the peace we want. Let us consider what righteousness means to us right in our own country, in Manitoba, and even right here in this city. We see a man convicted, and rightly convicted, of corruption, triumphantly re-elected to



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Bishop,

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CATHE- t war was y churches econd year ervice ser- clergymen. ry. The at the in- Cathedral. those pre- 4th Divi- aisles were the McGill y, and the contingent, ervice in a resent were g, of Que- rilsle; and hinson and as his sub- before the ublished in ip said:— e stood for now as we f the power ve rely too ay it not be held back ore readily ? We have nong other ge, the re- en who re- in a second gain to the no thought e is estab- righteous- contemplate ow that we ver means, sider what our own ere in this ightly con- elected to

office, and we shrug our shoulders. Joshua caused Achan to be stoned; we would probably have thought him a smart man and re-elected him. The political corruption, evidenced by the commissions that are sitting, is a canker which is eating at the heart of the nation. Let us arise, dig up the wrong as Joshua dug up the shekels that Achan had buried, and establish righteousness. During this new year of war, we must realize that God rules, and that we are responsible to Him. If we work in righteousness, we shall work in accordance with the mind of God, and so hasten the day of a peace firmly established in His righteousness."

**ST. STEPHEN'S.**—The Rev. E. C. Russell delivered the sermon at this church. A large congregation attended. He spoke eloquently and with conviction. The final outcome, he said, could be but one. The Allies were fighting for a sacred cause, for the weak and oppressed against tyranny and militarism. "We leave our case in the hands of God. We have no fear of the outcome of the war, and we rise to greater sacrifice and further action humbly relying upon God, who has so blessed our arms in the past year."

**POINT ST. CHARLES.**—At Grace Church a large congregation was assembled. The Rev. J. J. Willis, of St. Jude's Church, preached an inspiring sermon.

**HOCHELAGA.**—The Rev. R. Y. Overing, speaking in St. Mary's Church, took as his text, "God is our help and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

#### ONTARIO.

**William Lennox Mills, D.D., LL.D., Bishop, Kingston.**

**Edward John Bidwell, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Kingston and Coadjutor of Ontario.**

**KINGSTON.—ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL.**—At the service to commemorate the first anniversary of the war, Dean Starr touched impressively on the unpreparedness of the Empire to enter the world conflict. His address was very brief and the Cathedral was more than two-thirds filled for the occasion. Preceding the address the service held embodied prayers for the Allies. Dean Starr stated that it was hard to realize the sudden geographical and economic change that had occurred in the world during the past year. It was a struggle between democracy on one side and autocracy on the other. It was even more gratifying to think of the conditions to-day when one reflected on the absolute unpreparedness of the Empire for such a struggle. When one thought of the gallant stand made by that handful of Britishers at the outset of the war which enabled the Empire to gather together its scattered forces, the more striking was the righteousness of the cause we were fighting for.

#### OTTAWA.

**J. C. Roper, D.D., Bishop, Ottawa, Ont.**

**OTTAWA.—CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.**—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia attended a service of intercession for the success of the Allied arms, held in the Cathedral on August 4th. The Bishop of Ottawa, after reading the proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario relative to the commemoration of the anniversary of the outbreak of war, briefly addressed the large congregation. He urged that supplication to the Almighty should be guided by three things: First, the spirit of thanksgiving that the just cause for which the British Empire is fighting is gradually but surely making headway; second, the spirit of humility and faith and trust; and third, the earnest prayer for victory and, through victory, enduring peace for all nations.

**ST. MATTHEW'S.**—This church is about to organize a Guild of Lay Readers. A few weeks ago Bishop Roper spent an evening with the men who have volunteered to qualify themselves to perform the duties of a lay reader. An induction service will be held shortly by the Bishop, when about 15 men will be admitted to the office and will be given licences. On August 4th, six different services of intercession were held in St. Matthew's, all of which were well attended. In the morning there were nearly 70 communicants. After the service at 8 p.m., a public meeting was held in the Parish Hall, when the congregation resolved to undertake to give a machine gun a month for the next three months. Mr. Geo. W. Dawson, people's warden, who has three sons in

the ranks and two more willing and waiting to go to the front, made a speech that aroused much enthusiasm, and the pledges given then and since indicate plainly that St. Matthew's will succeed in its laudable undertaking. The Sunday School children gave up their annual picnic and sent \$50 to the Red Cross Society for a cot in a hospital for wounded Canadians.

#### TORONTO.

**James Fielding Sweeney, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop. William Day Reeve, D.D., Assistant.**

**ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.**—With other parts of the British Empire, and in compliance with the proclamation of the Provincial Government, a solemn service of intercession and prayer was held in this Cathedral on August 4th in commemoration of the first anniversary of the declaration of war by Great Britain against Germany. Great simplicity marked the service, which added to its beauty and impressiveness. The musical portion was exceptionally well rendered, opening with the hymn, "O God our help in ages past." Kipling's "Recessional" was sung as an anthem, and "Father in our hour of need" was sung by the vast congregation. After the benediction, Dr. Ham played the "Dead March" in "Saul," in memory of those who have fallen at the front.

### "One Year of War!"

Hymn for August 4, 1915

Composed by THE BISHOP OF TORONTO

Tune—"Rest," B.C.P. 445.

One year of War! Thy chastening blow  
Comes to its close to-day.  
And Thou, O Lord our God dost know  
The bitterness of warfare's woe,  
Whose end seems far away.

One year of War! O God the loss  
Of these appalling hours!  
Borne down beneath the heavy cross,  
Earth's pleasures seem to turn to dross  
For these sad hearts of ours.

One year of War! God soothe the strain  
And struggle of these days.  
Blot out the strife, and ease the pain,  
Accept our sacrifice to gain  
The favour of Thy praise.

One year of War! Lord, may we learn  
Thy chastening rod to see,  
In this war-judgment to discern  
Thy will, that we to Thee should turn,  
More loyal be to Thee.

One year of War! dear Prince of Peace,  
Bring to an end this strife:  
Make hate and cruelty to cease,  
From Death and Hell grant us release,  
And bring us all to Life.—Amen.

The service closed with the National Anthem and the hymn, "Soldiers of the Cross, arise." Canon Plumtre took for his text Psalm 24: 3-4. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." Repeating the words, "Lest we forget," Canon Plumtre began: "There is one date that we shall not forget, and which shall stand out in history—August 4, 1914." Then speaking of the call to prayer, he said: "A just cause is the best prayer. God is not a tribal or national God. As Lincoln said, 'We must not ask, "Is God on our side?" but, "Are we on God's side?"' There are those with bloodstained hands who blatantly boast of an alliance with God, but the Lord shall have them in derision. The big battalions may win the day, but justice must ultimately triumph and evil shall destroy itself. As a result of a year's war there has been a linking up of the British Empire in the comradeship of arms and the fellowship of suffering by the tie of moral conviction. The conviction of the righteousness of our cause is still unshaken. And in defence of that cause many a good man and true has gone down to death. The one thing that seems to come more and more clearly home to me in this war is the need for the acknowledgment of the brotherhood of mankind. •There is nothing now worth living for but the breaking down of the barriers

between nation and nation, class and class, church and church. Nothing less than the reshaping of the whole fabric of society will compensate for all the blood and tears of this war." Hundreds were unable to obtain admission to the Cathedral. In addition to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Hendrie, Lady Hendrie, and Aide-de-Camps, Hon. I. B. Lucas, Attorney-General, Hon. W. H. Hoyle, representing the Provincial Government; Mayor Church and members of the City Council; Board of Education, members of Legislature and representatives of various National and Benevolent Societies, in addition to a great number of clergy of all denominations, were present.

The clergy present in the chancel were Right Rev. Bishop Reeve, Archdeacon Ingles, Archdeacon Warren, Provost Macklem, Canon Plummer, Rev. F. J. Moore, Rev. Mr. Clarke and the Rector.

**ST. PAUL'S.**—The Rev. Prof. Mowll preached on Sunday evening in this church, in the absence of the Rector. The subject of the sermon was upon the nearness of the Second Coming and its relation to the great war. The text was on "Armageddon" from Revelation.

**NORWAY.—ST. JOHN'S.**—On Friday, August 6th, at St. John's Sunday School, Norway, the articles for the soldiers at the front, which the children donated by giving up their annual picnic, were on view, consisting of tobacco, cigarettes, chiclets, chocolates, footballs, baseballs, mouth organs, tooth brushes, shoe laces, besides donations of various articles from the children and others. The Sunday School was appropriately decorated for the occasion. The choice of articles was approved by an officer lately returned on leave of absence from France, who gave some interesting facts concerning the war.

**FAIRBANK.—ST. HILDA'S.**—The annual garden party and sports in connection with this church, held on the Civic Holiday, was a great success, both as to the number in attendance and the splendid programme of sports arranged. The Russian juvenile band of 42 performers rendered selections of popular music during the day. The grounds were tastefully laid out to represent an old English fair. Rev. H. R. Young was in charge.

**GEORGINA.**—The annual garden party took place on Wednesday, July 28th, at "The Briars," the beautiful home of Miss Sibbald, situated on the shore of Lake Simcoe. The ladies of the parish served refreshments. An excellent programme was contributed to by local talent, summer residents at Jackson's Point, and the Sutton orchestra. The proceeds amounted to \$140.

**SCARBORO JUNCTION.—CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.**—A service commemorating the first anniversary of the great war was held in this church on Wednesday, August 4th, the Rev. A. N. Barclay conducting the service and giving the address. Attendance was good.

**COLLINGWOOD.—ALL SAINTS'.**—The Right Rev. Heber J. Hamilton, D.D., Bishop of Mid-Japan, who is home on furlough, preached at the morning and evening services at this church on Sunday, August 1st. The large congregations were greatly interested in the messages from our Canadian diocese in Japan.

**LAKEFIELD.**—On Saturday, July 31st, the Rector, the Rev. Herbert A. Ben-Oliel, received word from Ottawa that he had been selected as a Chaplain for the C.E.F., and on Monday he received orders to embark at Montreal on August 6th, and to report forthwith at Shorncliffe, England. The congregation refused to allow Mr. Ben-Oliel to resign before leaving.

**ORILLIA.—ST. JAMES'.**—On August 1st, the Ven. Archdeacon Cody, who is spending his vacation at his summer cottage at Shanty Bay, preached a timely sermon. The Archdeacon's argument was a protest against the popular idea that life consisted in length of days. His text was a somewhat unusual one, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" In propounding this question to the fearful disciples who objected to his going up to Jerusalem, in response to the call of the sisters of Lazarus, Jesus had laid down a great principle of universal application. It was akin to Livingstone's famous statement: "Man is immortal till his work is done." Jesus would have his disciples understand that in the path of duty there need be no fear; and out of it there could be no calm. The text could be given two applications at the present juncture. In the first place it was a reminder of the shortness of the time. Only 12 hours! So much to be done; so little time! The thought should energize every soul with a serious purpose in life. It should bring a sense of the sacredness of time and the worth of opportunity. Man had but a little time

for mighty doing. Through confiding too much, perhaps, in the good intentions of neighbours, the British Empire had given its foes a great initial advantage: we dare not, through easy indifference, let them gain a further lead. It was no time for lazy leisure. The Empire had been fighting with one hand. It behoved the workers at home to imitate those in the field, by supreme devotion to the business of the hour. The other application, and the one which Jesus primarily intended, was that in every life spent in the path of duty there was a full 12 hours. There was no time to squander, but there was enough for every duty that God expected of a man. Herein lay the secret of calmness and the source of courage. Time enough! It was this that gave to the life of Jesus, with all the great purpose that he had to fulfil, its note of leisure and of peace. Amid the crimson rain now deluging the world, there was need for a new faith in the omniscience of God. To-day there was much need to learn these lessons. Our young men should tread the path of duty unafraid, confident that there were 12 hours in the day. We were engaged in a struggle with a powerful foe—a struggle that must be carried through to the end without compromise. It would mean much sacrifice to overcome him. But no life laid down sacrificially in such a cause could be said to be wasted. The Canadians who had fallen already had bequeathed to their country a memory of glory. Let it be remembered then that in every life lived in the path of duty there were 12 hours—no more; but that also no matter how few its days it was complete; there were 12 hours—no less.

#### NIAGARA.

W. R. Clark, D.D., Bishop, Hamilton, Ont.

HAMILTON.—In nearly all of the churches of the city on August 4th, special services of prayer were held. The Bishop of Niagara officiated at the Cathedral at the special evening service.

ST. PETER'S.—Twenty-three years ago the late Rev. Canon Bull, representing the then Bishop of Niagara, laid the corner stone of this church, and on Friday last that same stone was laid the second time and for the new St. Peter's, which is now in course of erection at the corner of Main and St. Clair Avenue. The exercises were simple but impressive, and there was a large gathering of the members of the congregation to witness the ceremony. The Right Rev. Dr. William R. Clark officiated. Rev. Canon Daw, the Rector, read a portion of the service and Rev. J. W. TenEyck presented to Bishop Clark a silver trowel, with which he laid the stone. As his Lordship placed the stone in position, as it was being lowered, he said:—"Here let the true faith and fear of God, with brotherly love, ever abide, and may this place, now set apart with prayers, and with the invocation and praise of the Most Holy Name, be evermore the Temple of the Most High God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end." When the congregation had resumed their seats, Rev. Mr. TenEyck briefly reviewed the history of the congregation, and said that the reason for moving the site was to meet the need due to the growth of the city to the east. The Bishop, in addressing the gathering, complimented the congregation on the work which had been begun, and which he hoped to see carried to a successful issue. He told of the first laying of the corner stone, and referred in complimentary manner to the work done by the church in the 23 years of its existence. He also paid a compliment to the faithfulness of the Rector, and said that he had been true to the promises which he made on his first coming to the church as Rector. He wished both congregation and Rector God-speed in their work. Rev. Canon Daw made a few congratulatory remarks and said that all the other churches of the city rejoiced with St. Peter's in the success of the work being carried on. In addition to the clergy mentioned, there were present Rev. Robert Cordner and Rev. G. W. Tebbs. The box which was deposited beneath the stone contained copies of the local daily papers of last Saturday, which contained a brief history of the parish, a form of service and a photograph of the Rector, the names of the officers of all the organizations of the congregation, the names of the bondsmen, the names of the builders, the honour roll of the young men of the congregation who are serving at the front, the names of the wardens, a list of the clergy of the city, a copy of the last financial statement of the church, a summary of the war to date, a copy of the "Canadian Churchman," and a copy of the "Leaflet."

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.—Owing to the condition of the grounds caused by storms, the

combined patriotic intercession service which was to be held in commemoration of the first anniversary of the commencement of the war on August 4th, was not held as intended. The service was called for 8.30 a.m., but was postponed till 4.30 p.m. Conditions had not materially improved by this time, so the chaplains of the different units held separate services for their respective units. The service consisted of the appointed prayers and a short address to the men about the importance of the day and what it suggested. The bands provided suitable music for the day.

#### HURON.

David Williams, D.D., Bishop, London, Ont.

LONDON.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—At this Cathedral, August 4th, the Bishop had prepared a special order of service for the occasion and he offered a special prayer for the success of the Allied arms and for peace. He was assisted by Rev. Canon Tucker and Rev. E. Hawkins. Canon Tucker preached a strong sermon reviewing the progress of the war during the past 12 months and sounded a three-fold note to his hearers. He advised humiliation before God for many shortcomings, especially for the material character of present-day civilization in which God, he said, has been practically excluded. "We have relied on our great guns, our men and the strength of our good right arm for victory instead of upon God." The speaker mentioned the evils of intemperance and impurity, but stated that behind all is the sin of materialism. The Canon urged gratitude towards God for all blessings in the past year. Among these were the marvellous unity of the Empire, the wonderful devotion of Britain's ally, Belgium, the splendid patriotism of France, the glorious heroism of Russia and the way in which the shores of England have been unharmed and the freedom of the seas. Canon Tucker also asked prayer for help in the great struggle now before the nation. He urged his hearers to pray "for God's help in the decisions which the King and his counsellors are called upon to come to almost every day and of the generals in the field in their messages which control tens of thousands of men, for our sailors in their sleepless devotion and for the soldiers in the trenches and that God would give us wisdom and perseverance and would eventually overrule everything for His own ends."

GALT.—TRINITY.—On Wednesday afternoon, August 4th, a special service, as in many churches throughout the Empire, was held in this church. The Daughters of the Empire attended by special request of the National Chapter. Rev. Canon Ridley, Rector, delivered an address on the anniversary of the declaration of war.

OWEN SOUND.—ST. GEORGE'S.—A special intercessory service was held in the evening of August 4th at this church. Besides hundreds of the congregation, the service was attended by the Sons of England, Orangemen and the Town Councillors, who marched to the church headed by the fife and drum band. Canon Ardell conducted the service.

BRANTFORD.—ST. LUKE'S.—The overseas force of the 25th Dragoons marched to this church for service on Sunday, August 1st. In spite of the intense heat, the service was enjoyed by all; the sermon given by the Rev. C. V. Lester, besides being eloquent, was also short and concise. Basing his sermon on Isaiah 59: 7-8, the preacher applied the fearfully denunciatory words of the text first to ourselves and then to the Germans. Bloodshed to the prophets was taking away from a man the peace of God, as by fraud, oppression or deceit. The prophets always declared against such sins, and we have need today to take their bold and violent standards of righteousness. We are always in temptation to commit crimes against society.

#### KEEWATIN.

Joseph Lofthouse, D.D., Bishop, Kenora.

SIoux LOOKOUT.—ST. MARY'S.—The services on Sunday, July 25th, in connection with the 5th anniversary of the opening of the church, were of a very interesting character. A celebration of Holy Communion at 8.30 a.m. was well attended. At the morning and evening services the Incumbent was assisted by the Rev. Fred. Eley, of Lac Seul. Special Psalms and hymns were used; the new hymn, composed for the men at the front, sung to the tune "Melita," was used. The Incumbent gave a short sketch of the work done in the parish since the work was

started more than five years ago by Mr. Gordon, and continued by Rev. J. H. Atkinson, and urged the people to more loyalty to God and His cause, by giving themselves to the work—in prayer and self-sacrifice. Mrs. Painter sang "Ave Maria," at the evening service. The church was very tastefully decorated.

The session of the Sunday School was an open one; there was a short programme of suitable recitations and hymns, and an address by the Incumbent on St. Mark 10: 13, outlining the way in which parents and even companions may keep children from coming to Jesus. The annual Sunday School picnic was held on Thursday, July 29, to Sandy Beach and was a great success, many of the parents and friends being present, as it was the weekly half-holiday.

#### RUPERT'S LAND.

Samuel P. Matheson, D.D., D.C.L., Archbishop and Primate, Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG.—The anniversary of the war was observed in practically all the city churches by special services. At Holy Trinity Church about 600 people assembled in the evening for intercession, and the service was most inspiring. Rev. A. E. Ribourg preached, giving the history of the war, the causes leading up to it, and the significance of the part taken by the Empire. At St. Matthew's Church, upwards of 800 gathered at the evening service, and the spirit manifested was a most devotional one. The Rector, the Rev. R. B. McElheran, preached.

ST. ALBAN'S.—On Thursday evening last the congregation of this church turned out in large numbers to attend the ceremonies connected with the turning of the first sod for the new church, the work for which is to be started immediately. The Rev. H. Cawley, Rector of the parish, was in charge of the service. The Very Rev. Dean Coombes read the prayers, the Rev. R. B. McElheran, Rural Dean, gave the address, and the Rev. Rural Dean Wiley, of Dauphin, Rev. E. C. R. Pritchard, Rev. Professor Ferguson and other city clergy were present. The choir of the church ably led the singing. It is expected that the parish hall will be completed this year and that next year the church itself will be proceeded with. The entire group of buildings will cost about \$80,000. Mr. Cawley is receiving many congratulations on the advancement observed in the parish since his appointment a year ago.

CAMP HUGHES.—On August 4th, a most impressive service was held at 8 a.m. for all the troops in the camp. About 8,000 soldiers formed in a square and attended most devoutly to the service. The three camp Chaplains divided the various parts of the service between them. The Rev. R. W. Ridgeway, Anglican Chaplain, read the prayers, Mr. Farquhar, the Presbyterian, gave the address, and Father Labontie, the Roman Catholic, read the lesson.

WINNIPEG BEACH.—The annual meeting of St. Bartholomew's Church took place after the morning service on August 1. Rev. F. W. Goodeve read the annual report for 1914, and its adoption was moved by J. Jerrard (Rector's warden), seconded by Vernon Morris (people's warden), and carried. The election of officers for 1915-16 was then proceeded with as follows:—Rector's warden, Vernon Morris; people's warden, Mr. J. E. Thomas; churchwardens, G. W. Head, L. D. Smith, E. A. Struthers, W. A. Morckill, J. Jerrard, D. W. Banks, S. Stevenson, J. G. Dagg; delegates to Synod, E. A. Struthers and J. G. Dagg. A committee consisting of the wardens and vestrymen was appointed to collect the usual subscriptions for defraying the church building account, which is now reduced to \$400. A ladies' committee was appointed for the purpose of having the rectory renovated. The report showed the church year had been a very good one, leaving a small balance on hand. Under the Rev. F. W. Goodeve's care the congregations have filled the church to its utmost capacity. It is hoped the vestry will have the church enlarged next year.

RATHWELL.—ST. PAUL'S.—There has recently been placed in the chancel of this church, two handsome and substantial oak chairs, upholstered in leather. These chairs were purchased by public subscription in memory of the late Charles E. Ford. A brass plate attached to one of the chairs bears the following inscription: "To the greater glory of God and in loving memory of Charles Edward Ford, for many years Warden of this Church. Died of wounds, March 10th, A.D., 1915, at Wimereux, near Boulogne, France."

On the occasion of their leaving this parish for the parish of the Church of the Ascension, Stonewall, the Rev. J. and Mrs. Anderson were presented with a handsome tea service and purse of money, also a beautiful cabinet of flatware, from the congregations of St. Mark's, Treherne and St. Matthew's, Boyne Creek. Mr. Anderson was also presented with a gold mounted fountain pen from the Masonic fraternity of Rathwell.

**SASKATCHEWAN.**

Jervois A. Newnham, D.D., Bishop, Prince Albert, Sask.

**SASKATOON.—CHRIST CHURCH.**—Rev. Principal Lloyd, D.D., made an earnest appeal to men to join the colours in a sermon in Christ Church on Sunday, August 1st, before a large congregation. He paid a high tribute to Christ Church on the large number of young men who had volunteered for active service from their ranks, and declared that if Canada must do its duty in proportion to the Mother Country she must send at least 500,000 men; instead of 150,000. Hymns of a patriotic character were sung during the service, including Rudyard Kipling's well-known composition, "God of Our Fathers, Known of Old." Principal Lloyd took as the basis of his sermon the call of Joshua to the Israelites, their response, and the setting up of the monument on the other side of Jordan after their victory, and spoke on "Our Duty to the Empire in this Time of Crisis."

**CALGARY.**

William Cyprian Pinkham, D.D., Bishop, Calgary, Alta.

**CALGARY.—CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.**—On Sunday, July 18th, the Very Rev. Dean Paget declared that he was going to vote for the prohibition bill because it was going to close the bars and would do away with the "cursed custom" of treating. Of the economic value of the measure he had grave doubts, and he pointed out that it was not in accord with the methods and ideals of the Anglican Church in dealing with intemperance and kindred evils. But because, in closing the bars, it took temptation from the paths of men, he supported the bill. He declared it was unquestionably a prohibition measure. Taking as his text the familiar words from the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," Dean Paget said that many Anglicans had seen fit not to accept the whole platform and methods of the most ardent advocates of the prohibition campaign. It had, therefore, been assumed that the Church of England was divided on this question, that it was less interested than other religious bodies and was lukewarm on the subject. It should be made clear that the methods and ideals of the Church looked toward the training up of its people in the Gospel and in the teaching of morality and Christian worship, that they "should keep their bodies in temperance and chastity," rather than the laying down of specified rules of conduct. The attitude of the Church on most of these questions, such as related to eating and drinking and social relations, was that it was better to train men and women to discipline themselves to use these things rather than to be mastered by them. "If you should ask me as your spiritual pastor what my attitude was on this bill and how I shall vote I should say that in the first place the liquor act is unquestionably a prohibition act. As regards prohibition itself, I have grave doubts as to its being the best method of dealing with the question of intemperance or of its being feasible. But one feature, paramount above all others, is that the bill, with whatever faults it may have, will close the open bars in hotels, saloons and clubs, thus removing the terrible temptations that beset men, especially young men, to drink." The Dean said that all other questions and difficulties became negligible when the lure of temptation from the open bars was considered. No one questioned that the open bar was responsible for more ruined homes and wrecked homes than any other cause. "If closing the bars will stop this terrible temptation of treating, that is the great question to consider, and that is why I am going to vote for the bill." Dean Paget pointed out, in conclusion, that if the act proved to be unworkable and unsatisfactory, it could always be repealed.

**THE TEMPERANCE ISSUE.**—Speaking to an audience that packed the Grand Theatre to the doors recently, Rev. Dr. Lloyd, of Saskatoon, veteran of the North-West Rebellion, took up the

liquor lie circulated through the province and nailed by Premier Scott, of the neighbouring province, that the Saskatchewan Government was prepared to fling into Alberta huge quantities of liquor to supply thirsty souls in this province after the vote had gone dry on July 21st. "The Premier of Saskatchewan has ably answered that," he declared, "by declaring that the Saskatchewan council has decided to prohibit the importation into Alberta of liquor. Thus another weapon of the liquor men is turned upon themselves," he commented. Dr. Lloyd declared that the Saskatchewan results had almost exceeded their expectations in that province. Commissioner Bole had stated that there wouldn't be twenty per cent. of the liquor drunk in the province under the new law, while police records actually showed a falling off of almost 50 per cent. in arrests. "What must the passage of the Alberta act mean to the province?" he asked. "Dean Paget at the Pro-Cathedral has said that while the act might have some defects, it would abolish the bar, and, therefore, he would vote for it." Loud cheers greeted this announcement. Dr. Lloyd declared that 95 per cent. of the ministers of all denominations in the province were in favour of the act.

N.B.—As all know, Alberta went "dry" by a splendid majority.

**Correspondence**

**A BIBLICAL PROBLEM.**

Sir,—One of the sentences in the Draft Prayer Book for Ascension Day is the 10th verse of the 24th Psalm. It should not be forgotten that in that Psalm, the question, "Who is the King of Glory?" is twice asked, and answered in two quite different ways. Why the one answer is selected and the other omitted, is not clear. The answer to the first question appears in Ps. 24: 8, and it won Moses Margoliouth to the Christian faith. The first answer to the question, "Who is the King of Glory?" must ever be "the Lord strong and mighty." The Lord is first seen in His own matchless personal majesty. But this is only half of the complete answer; for, on further reflection, we must think of Jesus as the head of a race, the King of a Kingdom, the second Adam, "the Lord of Hosts." Is it right in the proposed Prayer Book to give only a half answer to such a momentous question?

W.

**RECRUITS WANTED.**

Sir,—In the current S.P.G. "Quarterly Intercession Paper," great stress is laid on Theological Colleges and the need of men to preach the Gospel. A Bishop is quoted as saying:—

"The War Office is unable to use the priests who have volunteered to be Chaplains at the front. Our Lord Jesus Christ does not receive the same response when He makes known His needs at the front in tropical Africa. Pray God that this war may recall us all to the reality of the spiritual conflict." Every clergyman who volunteers as a war Chaplain is not necessarily fit to be a missionary, yet the Bishop's forcible contrast provokes this question:—"How does King George get so many more clerical recruits than King Jesus?" The Intercession paper referred to, also mentions that the new finance scheme of the Central Board of Missions contemplates a council in every diocese in England to encourage men to enter the Christian ministry, and to help them if they need help. This is a practical plan that ought to work equally well in Canadian dioceses. The General Synod is near and should face the question how to call out men and train them for the Lord's service.

Anglican.

**THE PRO-GERMAN POPE.**

Sir,—It has been adduced and historically proven in the past, that internal strife and wars waged in the name of religion have been more fiercely contested, more ruthlessly prosecuted, and the aftermath of bitterness been more accentuated and deep-seated, than when nations clashed over secular matters, for territorial aggrandizement, or other causes which form a pretext for countries to jump at each others throats. But the present catastrophic European situation cannot be construed to have arisen through any spiritual reason. In fact, the mix-up of religions is an anomaly; patriotism is the dominant note, which puts the quietus to the preceding statement.

Several years ago British people thought that if a better understanding was to be effected with

Germany, it would be accomplished through the agency of the Church, and men like Harnack, Eucken and other German thinkers were amenable to the friendly proposals. British ecclesiastics visited Germany and if the reports they gave on return were not glowing, they at least thought that the deeply implanted, ever-increasing Anglophobia might be mitigated through their efforts, assisted by the professors and theologians, aforementioned. But these Teuton "Doves of Peace," were symbolic of despicable birds associated with carrion, and are now advocates of the nefarious methods carried on with the benediction of the Kaiser and the approval of the Pope. Of the Kaiser we cannot expect anything that savours of humanity. He and his satellites, with one or two exceptions, are devoid of all principles of morality, precepts of honour, and those gentler feelings and associations which elevate man above the ravening wolf. But surely the Roman Pontiff, the infallible Pope, Christ's Vice-Gerent on earth, should have some pronouncement, an *ex Cathedra* utterance on these unparalleled atrocities. The man who arrogates the position of arbiter of morals and is at the head of a church which claims to have the monopoly of truth (?), cannot remain reticent, much less show a predilection to the side which is pursuing such barbarous tactics. Of course the Vatican has always been the foe to freedom and democracy and France and Italy are refractory children of the Church, while Austria is as subservient to her decrees as Spain. But for a Pope to state that he has to consider the "interests of the Holy See," in view of the authenticated atrocities perpetrated against his own priests, the outrages in the convents, and the sacking of the fane of learning, Louvain, not to speak of the devastation of Belgium, and the appeals from Cardinal Mercier, stamp his action as the most outstanding instance of moral cowardice recorded in history. The fabulous infallibility theory got a rude shock recently, when the Pope stated in exoneration of the sinking of the "Lusitania," that the British blockade "condemns millions of innocent people to famine," and the German Minister of Interior boasted in the Reichstag, a few days later, that Germany had plenty of food. It is common knowledge that Cardinal Mercier was put under arrest by the German military authorities last January and prohibited from discharging his duties. The Pope denies it, and asks our acceptance of the German version. *Semper Idem* is still the motto of the Vatican. If France and Italy were overthrown Rome might again attain the Temporal Power, which would be even worse than German subjugation, a condition too awful to contemplate.

S. H. Bleakley.

**EVENING COMMUNION.**

Sir,—I have been somewhat interested in the discussion in the "Canadian Churchman" on Evening Communion. Recently I was visiting in the United States. One Sunday I happened to be in a city, a place of 6,000 people. The Episcopal Church was in charge of a student who announced that the preacher at the evening service would be the Bishop. He also announced that the Communion would be administered Monday morning at 7.30. Had the Communion service been held Sunday evening, no doubt 50 persons would have partaken. Monday morning there were less than six. The ways of these men are hard to understand. To me they seem guided neither by Scripture nor by commonsense.

J. J. Rooney.

**Books and Bookmen**

"The Fall of Canada." By George M. Wrong. Oxford and Toronto: The Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d. net.

This work by Professor Wrong is entitled "A Chapter in the History of the Seven Years' War," and all who are interested in Canada will want

Although it covers but one year, it records the vital events which led to the transfer of Canada from France to England, after the victory of Wolfe. We are allowed to trace, under the author's skilful and fascinating guidance, the varying fortunes of the British and French armies, the surrender of Quebec, the attack by Levis, the failure to press home a victory which would have pretty certainly ended in a recapture by the French, the work of Murray, the arrival of the British fleet, and the events leading up to the capture of Montreal and the complete victory of the British. From point to point readers are led on with unflagging interest, and Professor Wrong's facile pen and vivid portrayal enable us

to follow the trying and oscillating experiences of both sides. It is a brilliant book, eminently worthy of its subject and author, and it is a particular satisfaction to know that in Professor Wrong Canada has a historian of such ability, who can also write with great attractiveness. His promise of a fuller history of Canada will be awaited with special interest after this taste of his fine qualities. For thorough research, for balanced judgment, and for the true historian's remarkable sympathy with both combatants, this book takes high rank.

"The Bible Verified." Verbatim Report of lectures and addresses given at the Bible League Summer Conference, Littlehampton, 1914. London: Bible League. 6d. net.

A series of addresses dealing with the Bible, delivered just before the war broke out last August. Included in the topics are studies of Some Titles of our Lord, the Book of Daniel, the Bible in relation to Science, Archaeology, Citizenship, Missions; and also a series on the Holy Spirit. The addresses are admirable and fully justify the hope that their truth will strengthen the recoil from the German view of Holy Scripture, and promote faith in the Bible as the Word of God. The book consists of over 200 pages and is therefore marvellously cheap, and calls for the widest circulation in all churches.

"Facts to be Faced ere Unmaking the Bible." By W. St. Clair Tisdall, D.D. Morgan and Scott: London. 2d. net.

An able and forceful criticism of Dr. Paterson Smyth's new book, "Our Bible in the Making." It is written by one of the most competent scholars of the day and deserves the most careful attention. It should be studied closely side by side with the book which it criticizes in so effective a way.

## The Family

# The Price of Victory

## A Story of the Great War

By Edwin C. Cuming.

THE waiting-rooms and approaches to the great London terminus were crowded with men and women who seemed to have been drawn from their homes as by some common purpose, some magnetic force they had been unable to resist. The morning hour was early, even for the great crowd of those women, who always rose early to the call of the factory bell, and the keen cut of the wind reminded them that, while the sun shone out its message of spring and hope, winter still held some sway over the land.

The crowd was composed largely of women and grey-haired men, and proclaimed to the world that it had been drawn from all walks of life and grades of society by the varied fashion of its dress and manners. Side by side stood the factory girl and the rich daughter of society, while the mother, bent with the weight of years, stood beside the bride of a few months. Here stood a frail woman, pulling her thin, well-brushed coat around her five-year-old bonny youngster she had been unable to leave at home; beside her waited a bright, fresh, beautiful girl, carefully wrapped in an expensive sable cloak. She had just given some orders to her chauffeur waiting beside her luxurious limousine, while she waited with the sad-eyed throng. Near the barrier a couple waited whose hair had long since turned grey; they had given their brightest son to the Empire's service, while beside them, with eyes reddened by many tears, there stood a young girl in her early twenties, who, but a few months before, had looked forward to the building with her lover and husband the little home of happiness.

They had all come to meet the stream of pain which would come into the great terminus, and to take to their homes those of their loved ones who had given themselves in sacrifice for what they believed to be a righteous cause. As one looked into the faces of these women they saw the look of wonderful resignation, and even smiles, although their hearts must have throbbled with pain and anxiety. These are the heroines whose names will never be "gazetted," and whose story will not be told in the newspapers.

Outside the station the city was not yet awakened to its day of toil and responsibility, and still slumbered on. What a strange city this! Within a couple of hundred miles the great guns of the armies are belching forth their storm of molten lead, while men are rushing bravely to

their honoured deaths; the boom of the artillery sounds its awful knell of death; yet this city slumbers; it is quiet and resigned, and goes its way as though it were the piping times of peace. The Government has called for millions in men and money, and millions of its noblest sons have responded to the call, while its bankers and financiers have given their gold. Yet there have been no demonstrations of patriotism or rowdy processions. The flower of the nation is being sacrificed to an inhuman enemy, but there have been no bellowings of hate against them, while one of its greatest struggles has simply brought out a grim determination to win if it costs life itself. There have been those who have scorned the English slowness and conservatism, but here it is seen as the great force which resolves to hew its way to victory, even if it means the last man and every available shilling. It is a nation with no bombast, but every part of the Empire responds to the call of the Motherland in her need.

Down the street outside the station the motor ambulance from some neighbouring hospital clangs its way to join the already long line which has been gathering since the early hours of the morning within the station-yard. The newspapers are being hurried to the news-stands, and the city begins to rouse itself to a new day.

Inside the crowd still gathers, although only those who have received the small red Government "permit" will be allowed upon the platforms. The barriers are drawn and guarded, although again and again the crush behind them threatens to break them down in its anxiety to meet the incoming train. The porters, usually so brusque and officious, seem to have acquired a new lesson of patience and kindness as they try to answer a dozen impossible questions at once. But the crowd is strangely patient. The train has not been scheduled, but these people are willing to wait even another two hours; they have come to wait, and thus settle themselves down into a fellowship in which many hearts are unburdened.

"Yes, miss," said one woman from the East End of the city, "my man was in that last big scrap; some funny sort o' name. 'E got hit at the beginning of the war, but got better, so they sends 'im back. Wot yer say the name was? Yus, that's hit; I knowed it was suthing 'Chapil.' Yus, I expects 'im with this lot, miss."

Her companion had supplied the name with a dainty Parisian accent, and stood listening to the story of the wounded hero, wondering what strange events had led to this acquaintance with an East Ender. She is the girl who has brought the limousine.

"Do you see that young girl over there? She seems so frightened and lonely. I wonder who she is and whether I can help her?"

Without waiting for a reply the girl hurried across to speak to the new acquaintance.

"I'll just go over and see, I think; it's just all we can do these days, just cheer each other up. Good-bye; I hope he'll not be so badly wounded after all," and with the smile of one who has learnt life's greatest act, she went away.

The girl who had attracted her attention waited on the fringe of the crowd, clutching at the precious red ticket and glancing with anxious eyes along the long platform at which the train was expected to arrive. She presented a most pitiable and strange picture, for the style of her *habite* and the manner of her deportment proclaimed her to be foreign to the rush of the great station life.

"Are you waiting for someone on this train?" asked the girl in the sable coat as an introduction. The girl thus addressed looked a mute appeal, and, finding in the eyes of her companion the touch of the common sorrow, acknowledged the enquiry.

"Well, I'm waiting, but I hardly know whether I shall be welcomed. You see, I am not expected," she replied, with some embarrassment. "Are you strange to the city?" her friend asked further.

"Yes, and to the country, too; I have come from across the Atlantic during the last few days, just to be near him when he returns."

The tears began to well into the eyes, while a sob, which refused to be stifled, interrupted for a moment her story.

"You see, I waited so long for him, nearly five years, while he educated himself at college in Canada, and all along we have been looking forward to the wedding and things; he finished up splendidly this year, and everything was prepared, and then, a month before the marriage, the war broke out. He so much wanted to do his duty, and asked me to let him go and to wait until he came back; but I refused to promise, and he felt so bad. He argued that it was

his duty to go when the Empire called, but I told him that I ought to come first, before the Empire. At last I grew desperate and told him to choose between us, myself or the Empire, and he chose—the Empire."

The eyes filled with tears as the anguish of the soul sought to express itself; the listener waited in sympathetic silence. She had learned herself, perhaps the same lesson, and, with the fellowship of suffering, learned to touch others who also had joined the great sisterhood of sacrifice. The sobbing girl at length concluded her story.

"Then, after a few weeks, he went away. I thought when he had gone I would just have a good time and forget, and sometimes even hoped he would be hurt, or that something would happen; but somehow something inside keeps hurting me since, and I have not been able to forget; something missing, you know. I made up my mind to come to England and become a military nurse, hoping I might perhaps meet him. But a few days ago I saw by the papers he had been badly wounded at Langemarck, and I have learned he may be among the men from that battle on this train. But do you really think he will be glad? Did I ought to go to him after the way I have served him?" she asked, with a piteous appeal. "Oh, if he does not recognize me it really will be too awful."

The girl in the sable coat looked on in silence for a few moments as though in meditation, and then, taking her friend's hands in her own, she said:

"My dear, I wish I could help you, but, of course, it is impossible; these things are between ourselves and those we love; but just go to him as though nothing had happened between you, and I am sure it will be all right. Here's the train coming now. God bless you. I hope he'll not be so badly hurt after all."

The booming of the train as it came into the great terminus drowned all other sounds. The crowd at the barrier threatened to break through the guards in their almost frantic efforts to claim their wounded heroes. Almost before the train had stopped some of the less injured had jumped on to the platform, a small crowd with bandaged heads and arms in slings. These are the casualties which are designated "slightly wounded." On every hand women pushed and shouted, while the men cheered as they saw the faces they loved. The old couple at the barrier had seen their son and had rushed to meet him.

"Thank God, Billy, it's not so bad after all, eh?" said the mother, as she smothered him with kisses of joy and thankfulness and as her eyes streamed with gratitude.

On every hand there were like scenes and expressions as these who had been less unfortunate were claimed and taken charge of by their friends. The women were joyful in their greetings as they remembered the hundreds of others who had gone with them never to return; so they received them with a great cheer that their vigil was over.

Then came a halt in the disgorging of this stream of pain. For several minutes no one seemed to leave the carriages, and it seemed as though the flow had been stanchoned. Many of the women, tired of waiting, were preparing to turn away, either to be resigned to the worst or to return another day to wait. The worst cases, however, were not ready, and it was not until some minutes of preparation had elapsed that the long stream of ambulances made its way slowly along the platform. At last it came. A long line of those whose sacrifice had cost them limbs and arms, and in some cases even worse, and who would be among those who would be maimed for life.

The waiting throng of women crowded around the barriers to watch each load as it made its way, in order that they might see the face of the sufferer, hoping that it would be the one they loved. Often, however, they would turn away sick at heart with disappointment and pain. They were ready to receive their hero, even with these injuries, rather than learn the worst, but they do not grudge the sacrifice, for an Empire has called her sons.

Here is a man who has lost both his legs, yet who is bright and cheery as he meets his wife (the woman with the child) and smiles with a wan smile of welcome. He had come home again, but what a price to pay! Here is another man who is being helped along by two comrades, for he is not yet used to crutches. His uniform bears still the marks of the mud which he has made sacred by his blood, for these are the marks of the struggle for freedom and humanity. He is one of the heroes who "saved the line," and whose undying story will be given to generations to come. Upon his shoulder-strap he

bears the name of the Dominion he has honoured with his service and whose name he has made beautiful with his blood. Toward the end of that glorious day he had been stricken down by an enemy shell, and now he was coming home, having paid the price of his bravery in the loss of his leg. And so the stream of pain flowed on, unstaunched and unabated, and the sad hearts of these women folks welcomed home again these battered sons and husbands, feeling that the marks they bore would bring honour in the years to come.

The Canadian girl still waited alone upon the platform. As each stretcher had passed she had heaved a sigh as she failed to recognize its occupant; a sigh, partly of relief that he had not been so badly wounded, partly of disappointment that he had not come. Then, as she looked down the platform, from almost the last coach she saw a man being led by two of his comrades. His head was swathed in bandages and his arm was in a sling. He was one of the cases which had been recommended to the Canadian hospital at Clivedon, and was passing through London on his way to that destination. The waiting girl looked anxiously at the battered figure, and, while she failed to recognize the features beneath the bandages, she knew the sturdy figure to be that of the man she had come to seek. Slowly he came up the long platform, and as he came nearer she nerved herself for the ordeal. Then, as the trio reached the barrier, she caught hold of the hand of the wounded man and said:—

"Fred, it's me. I've come to take you home again when you are well. Are you glad to see me?" she said, with breaking voice.

"You, Daisy! Why have you come all this way across the water for a hulk like me? You see, dear, it's different now; I'm just a helpless wreck; but say, it's grand of you to have come."

The officer stepped up to the party and began to read to the orderlies the instructions for the disposition of the wounded man.

"I'm afraid, sir, I must ask you to countermand those orders, for I have made arrangements for the care of this man myself," announced the girl with splendid audacity. The officer remembered hundreds of others like him to come, and was glad of the room in the already crowded hospital.

"Well, miss, we are glad to allow any friends to take the men off our hands and to help us make room for the others to come. If you will come with me I will arrange matters for you."

The necessary papers and arrangements were made, and a few hours after, as they sat in the afternoon sun, they talked over the future.

"Well, Daisy, I'm very much afraid, even if my eyes are saved, I shall be a pretty poor specimen to burden a girl with for life. No, my dear, it was splendid of you to come, but when we get back we must both go our own ways," he said, as one who had made the resignation with a pang that had wrenched his heart.

For several moments the girl did not speak, and then, holding between hers the hand of her hero, she said:—

"But you'll need someone to do things in the years to come, Fred—someone to read and to care for you. Everything's changed now, dear, and we just need each other. I'm going to stay until you do not want me any longer, and then, when you tell me to go, why then I'll just go away."

"Then, Daisy, you will stay till the end, and we will still make together our little home."

The afternoon sun began to wane over the great city, but into the hearts of these two heroes there came the great sunshine of God.

On another morning the Canadian girl made her way to Waterloo, and was to be seen among the waiting crowd. Once again she met her friend.

"I met him the other morning, and we're going home again soon," she announced with beaming eyes. "I want you to come and see him before we go; that's the address."

The girl in sable turned away as her eyes filled with tears and as her face bore the look of irrepressible pain. Presently she turned, and, with a smile that cost a sacrifice, she said:—

"I'm so glad, dear; you'll be so happy now. Yes, I'll call for a few minutes one afternoon."

She, too, had paid part of the sacrifice, but it had been infinitely harder to bear. She, too, had sent away her lover to fight the battles of an Empire, but he had paid the supreme sacrifice. She came every morning to the station, not

to meet her lover, but because there are hundreds of other broken hearts who need consolation, and because there were hundreds of others in that great sisterhood who have given their loved ones, and who, like her, were paying the price of an Empire's glory and of humanity's victory.

**GRANDMOTHER**

(A Western college professor has decided that grandmothers must not be allowed to care for children, because they are out of date and unscientific in their methods.)

Our female relatives recall  
That in our early teething season  
We used to wake up nights and bawl  
Without the least excuse or reason.  
All that the family could do  
To shut us up proved unavailing,  
Till grandma, with a word or two  
Crooned in our ears, would stop our wailing.

And clearly we recall ourselves  
How certain jelly tarts were hidden  
On nicely papered pantry shelves  
To which we sternly were forbidden.  
And how we hung about the door  
And, faint with hunger, watched and waited  
Till Grandma passed us three or four,  
And we departed, satiated.

And now, when toys aren't put away,  
Or certain boys begin to worry  
Because their caps have gone astray,  
When they are in an awful hurry,  
Somebody picks up all the toys  
And hushes up the "Where in thunder—?"  
And finds the caps, and two small boys  
Are sure that Grandma is a wonder.

To ease the load that others bear,  
To find a balm for others' sorrow,  
To help us all forget dull care  
And hope for happier things to-morrow,  
Is Grandma's work, which seems to us  
Both beautiful and beatific.  
Too bad professors make a fuss  
Because she isn't scientific.

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**Personal & General**

Rural Dean Cayley and Mrs. Cayley are in Muskoka.

The Rev. V. E. F. and Mrs. Morgan have gone to New Brunswick.

The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweeney are at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The Bishop and Mrs. Roper were last week at "The Grove," Lakefield.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Hamilton, of Mid-Japan, has safely arrived in Canada.

The Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. Lennox Mills are at Caledonia Springs.

Matilda Tennyson, sister of the famous poet, died at Bournemouth, August 3rd.

The Ven. Archdeacon Caunt and Mrs. Caunt, of St. Kitts, West Indies, are visiting Halifax.

Please look at the label and see if YOUR subscription is due. Please look at it NOW. Thanks.

The Rev. Canon Hédley, of Port Arthur, has gone to South Harpswell, Maine, until September.

Rev. Canon and Miss Morley are in Aylmer East, Quebec, where they will spend the month of August.

We beg to extend our sympathy to the Rev. W. L. Armitage in the loss of his father at Lucknow last week.

Jamaica has subscribed \$40,000 to send men to the front, and is raising also a second fund for aeroplanes.

The Russian Finance Minister states that prohibition will continue after the war, the effect has been so salutary.

The British Government has decided to intern or deport all German missionaries in India, according to the "Times."

The Stovall bill, prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquor in the State of Georgia was passed by the Senate on August 3rd by 35 to 3.

The famous old bronze and copper lion that stood on the battlefield at Waterloo has been pulled down and is being converted into German shells, according to Holland advices.

Principal Vance delivered the address of welcome to the members attending the fifth Annual Meeting of the Pacific Coast Theological Conference in Vancouver last week.

A woman whose minister asked after her health replied dolefully: "I feel very well; but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I'm going to feel worse afterward."

There is no improvement in the condition of the Archbishop of Dublin, who is in his 80th year. It is generally believed that the See of Dublin will shortly be declared vacant by resignation.

The wreck of the "Alexandria," the old "Passport," we understand, off Scarborough Bluffs in the big storm of Tuesday of last week, was of thrilling interest. Fortunately no lives were lost.

The Fiji Islanders who attended the service at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on August 4th, were given an ovation as they marched from the church in their coatless uniforms and their broad-brimmed hats.

Mrs. Ben-Oliel and children are to follow the Rev. H. A. Ben-Oliel to England as soon as possible, he having hurriedly left on August 6th, on receiving orders from the Militia Department to become Chaplain to the C.E.F.

News has been received from Brussels that the celebrated Belgian explorer and missionary, Father Cambier, has been condemned by the

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Germans to fifty months in prison for a sermon on "Belgium's Martyrdom."

The Maharajah of Kapurthala, the Princess and their son, Prince Karamjit, were noted visitors to our city last week. The Maharajah has maintained a detachment of 600 infantrymen from his own estate in the fighting line in East Africa.

The Rev. T. R. O'Meara, of Wycliffe College, is one of the coming prominent speakers at the Northfield Conferences. The music is under the leadership of Mr. Charles M. Alexander, so well known in Canada, and it is stated he has lost none of his power to call out the highest results.

It is a point of Christian courage, in which we are most of us sadly wanting, to do the right thing, when we know it, at once; not to stand parleying and doubting about it, but to strike our blow at once, like a valiant soldier, who knows what his commander expects of him, and what will most baffle his enemy.—Keble.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon, known in the literary world as "Ralph Connor," has returned to this country on account of the serious illness of his brother, Dr. Andrew Gordon, who held the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was in charge of the Toronto University medical unit. He hopes to return to England shortly.

S.S. Superintendent.—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?" No reply. Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle,

who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" Little boy (badly frightened): "Please, sir, it wasn't me. I—I just moved here last week from Cork."

The sad ending of five lives, by the skidding of their automobile near Mary Lake, Muskoka, is another of those heartrending tragedies happening all too frequently, specially in the summer months. Our deepest sympathy goes to Mrs. Henry R. Alley and the other families so sadly bereaved. The funeral services for Mr. Alley and his son Fred, also that of Beverly Swabey, were conducted by the Rev. J. S. Broughall, while the service for Miss E. M. Lawson and her nephew Angus were taken by Canon Bryan. The floral offerings were many and very beautiful.

A remarkable order issued at a time of national crisis by that great and good man, President Abraham Lincoln: "The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enforces the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval services. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiments of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine Will demand that Sunday labour in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the National Forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperilled by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High."

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A touching evidence of how every member of a small village community in New Zealand is identifying him or herself with the needs of the war is the following: Tairua is a village of some 25 families, near Mercury Bay, New Zealand, most of the bread-winners being engaged in bush work or logging. All the people are very eager to do something to help, but most are able to give so little individually to any of the various war funds that it appears they hesitated till recently to send subscriptions. A plan has now been brought into operation by which a subscription of not more than 1s. each is made each month throughout the war, and is being eagerly supported. Nearly every house produces two contributors, and the children are giving 1d. to 3d. a month, according to ages, the amount collected being about £3 a month. The first month's collection was sent to the Overseas Club Tobacco Fund, asking that the tobacco which it provided should be sent to the New Zealand regiment in which a Tairua boy is serving. The next month's contribution is to be sent to the Queen Mary's Fund for the sick and wounded.

## British and Foreign

It was announced on Thursday, July 7th, in New York, that a communicant of the Church of the Incarnation and his wife have presented to the trustees of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine \$100,000 toward the Endowment Fund, the interest to be used for the maintenance of the Cathedral.

A paper model of the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, has been placed on exhibition. It is declared to be the most elaborate model ever constructed, four men having been at work upon it for six months. The nave is to cost one million dollars when completed, and the entire Cathedral ten times that amount of money.

Arrangements are being made for the reorganization of the training given at the Mildmay Deaconess House. The form of Deaconess training there was started before the revival of the office as a recognized element in the Church's ministries, but the Mildmay Deaconesses, though not ordained, have worked on parochial lines, and Mildmay has given heads to various Church institutions at home and abroad. The Trustees have recently decided to reorganize the training of Deaconesses and Church-workers with a view to the Ordination of the former and of increasing efficiency among all. It will be their aim to maintain the devotional and practical tradition of Mildmay while bringing it into more organic connection with the life of the Church at large.

There are two wars, or rather two sides of one war, the military and the civil. For the civilian side the women of the nation must mobilize, declares the "Morning Post." There will be no recruiting speeches, no khaki, no fife or drum. The Legion of the Women of Great Britain will rally themselves. Already many have heard the silent call of civilian war, and have answered with quiet heroism. They have organized themselves in some departments, as nurses or as workers; but much remains to be done. Guidance is needed. There must be method if the national energy is to be con-

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### DEATH

ARMITAGE—On Thursday, Aug. 5 1915, at Lucknow, Ontario, James Armitage, father of Rev. W. L. Armitage, rector of St. Mark's Church, Toronto.



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served. The hour has come to treat the mobilization of the Women's Army as a national duty. Already we see women taking the place of men on railways, tramways, in offices and in hotels or restaurants.

The Toronto Bible College begins its 22nd year in September. Full particulars appear in our advertising columns. The College is unique in this respect, that it is not connected with any one denomination, but welcomes students from all the Evangelical Churches, and usually has twelve or more denominations represented in the Student Body.

The instruction is decidedly Evangelical, and the aim of the faculty is to fit young men and women to do active, Christian work wherever they may go, either in their home Church or in the Mission field.

Prof. W. H. Griffith Thomas, who is an outstanding Biblical scholar and is one of our lecturers, said at the closing of the College last year: "I count it a privilege to be associated with this College and to share in its teaching. We shall need more and more such institutions as the Toronto Bible College, and for two reasons: 1st, because they insist on the knowledge of the Bible as the essential equipment for Christian work; and 2nd, because they bear testimony to the great fundamental realities that are the common heritage of all Christians."

Catalogue giving full information as to the Day and Evening Classes, dates, etc., will be sent on application to the Principal, Rev. J. McNicol, B.D., 110 College Street.

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GRAND FLEET WATCHES

The "Times" has an article written by the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York, in which he says:—

To share the life of the Grand Fleet, even for a short time, enables one to realize the sacrifices its officers and men have made and are making for their country.

We are entering the second year of the war. For twelve months the fleet has been enduring the strain of immediate readiness for battle. Almost all its ships have been constantly at sea. They had no harbours secure from danger; they roamed ceaselessly over the waste of the northern and western seas at full speed, often in wild weather, with water covering the decks in a region where the winter daylight lasts only a few hours, each ship moving hither and thither in the dark, her hundreds of men shut down below.

It is almost impossible to realize the strain of such an experience. The officers and men have all the responsibilities of war without the thrill and excitement of battle.

Day by day they have to be ready for action. Leave of absence is almost impossible; many of them have not had 48 hours' leave, few have had more, since the war began.

Yet, in spite of all, they are full of cheerfulness. On deck you may see the officers wrestling with the mighty "medicine ball," men playing cricket, quoits, every variety of ingenious games. Thanks to excellent food, fresh air, and the absence of shore temptations, the health of the fleet is admirable. When I was with the largest section, the rate of sickness, including accidents, was just under one per cent.

There was no haste, no bustle, no confusion; every ship in her place, every man at his post was ready. The Grand Fleet does not ask our gratitude; it does ask our support. It was simply intolerable to be greeted on returning from the fleet by the news of one of our unworthy domestic disputes threatening the coal supply, which is the first necessity of its life.

It has become more plain than ever that it does not rest only with the fleet and the army to win this war: it rests also, perhaps mainly, with the

nation at home. I tried to take a message from the country to the fleet; would that I could now bring the message from the fleet to the country.

"We are doing our part day and night; we look to you to do yours."

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Canadian National Exhibition, which will be held from August 28th to September 13th, will mark a great epoch in the history of the Patriotic service. This year is essentially a patriotic year, and every event that marks its progress must breathe the spirit of Patriotism and Imperialism.

When the smoke of battle is passed away and the great guns have ceased belching forth their messages of death, and the wave of peace has settled on the surface of the world, when other years and other times have changed the strong spirit of national hatred to national understanding, the year 1915 will still be engraved upon the memories of the people of the world.

As this year is destined to become historical, so every event connected with it must also be historical.

A GAME OF GUESSING

The oak tree gave a party (At least, so I have heard); She sent her invitations By Master Dickey Bird.

The first one who accepted Was dainty Mistress —, The fairest, sweetest flower That in the garden grows.

The next one was the —, With pretty, golden eye, And if you are not lazy To guess her name you'll try.

In charming dress of yellow Came Mistress —, Her name, pray can you tell me? Come, do not give it up.

The pretty, gentle —, Looked half inclined to cry, 'Twas really rather silly, She was so very shy.

The flowers that came were many, All very smartly dressed; If you have guessed the others We'll never mind the rest.

A SOLDIER'S CAMEL RIDE

A soldier in Cairo sends the following description of a ride on a camel, says the Manchester Guardian:—

"Before a camel gets down it makes a noise like a sitz bath being dragged along Oxford-road at the rate of about four miles an hour. Then it folds its legs under it like a four-fold two-foot rule, and then you start. It's your turn now. You get on its back and its legs unbend, and you clutch and think of all the bad deeds you have ever done, and then open your eyes expecting to find the pyramids far beneath you. The motion when it starts is that of riding astride the banner in a Good Templars' procession, and when the beggar runs it's like being astride the banner in a Bad Templars' Procession.

"It's when a camel gets down that one really begins to see life. Have

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you ever trodden on a loose stair rod? That is the second sensation. The first is like one you get when you come across the top stair from above in the dark, when you don't know it's there, and the last makes you remember the day the hammock rope broke."

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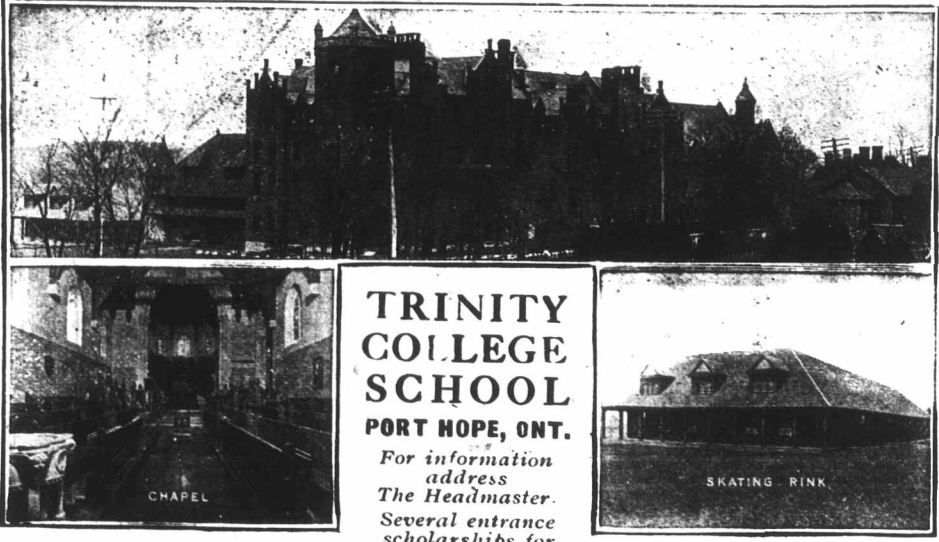
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