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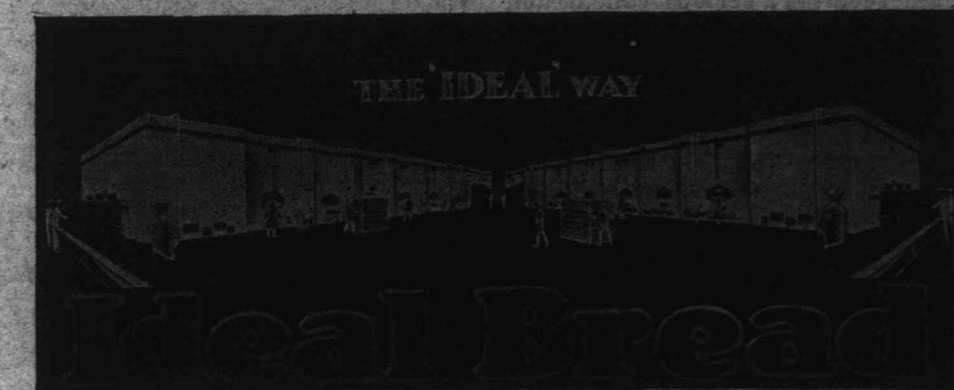
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Personal & General

Rev. H. Girling, who has done such splendid service for the Church among the Eskimo of Coronation Gulf, is now staying in Ottawa. His address is 25 Irving Ave.

Professor James Seth, of Edinburgh University, is coming to the Centenary celebration of Dalhousie. Prof. Seth's reputation has long since travelled ahead of him. He is a recognized authority in philosophy and ethics.

Rev. F. G. Orchard, Head Master of Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont., and Mrs. Orchard have been summering in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. Orchard and their son have been in New Brunswick, visiting friends there.

Miss Madeline Macrae, daughter of Mr. Evelyn Macrae, of Toronto, has just completed a special course of training at the Woman's Hospital, New York. She is to take charge of the Medical Department at the Church of England Deaconess and Missionary Training House this fall. She is a graduate of the house who has done particularly well in social work in Toronto, and many friends follow her career with interest.

The many friends of Mr. N. Ferrar Davidson, K.C., will be distressed to learn of his serious condition after an operation about a week ago at the Toronto General Hospital. Mr. Davidson for years has devoted himself to Church work. During the war he spent much of his strength in the many extra forms of organization work.

The "advance copies" of the new Canadian Book of Common Prayer for the delegates of the various Provincial Synods, have arrived in Canada. Archdeacon Armitage has sent copies to the delegates of the Provincial Synod of Ontario and of the Provincial Synod of Canada. He has not yet received the names of the delegates of the Provincial Synods of Rupert's Land and British Columbia. The new book will be published and on sale throughout Canada by the middle of October.

The death of Mr. Dudley L. Hill, Toronto, removes a prominent Churchman who will be greatly missed. He was superintendent of St. Stephen's Sunday School (Toronto) and one of the representatives of the parish in Synod. He took a prominent part in the food conservation campaign during the war. Mr. Hill did not fully recover from his attack of influenza last winter, and, overtaken by an attack of pleurisy, he did not have the strength to throw it off. He died at Orillia, where he was summering. He was formerly connected with the parishes of Orillia, Napanee and Gravenhurst, besides St. Stephen's, Toronto.

Major Newman Hoyles, second in command of 10th C.E., the son of Dr. N. W. Hoyles, of Toronto, has arrived home. He went overseas in 1915. After some time at Ypres he came down with trench fever. On partial recovery he was appointed temporary Lt.-Col. at Bramshott and Shorncliffe. While there he was mentioned in General orders for valuable services. In July, 1918, he returned to France with the Canadian Engineers and took part in the work that encircled Mons. He and Mrs. Hoyles are staying in Canada for a short time. They will make their home in U.S.A.

Flight-Lieut. Cecil T. Aulph, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Aulph, of Bracebridge, returned from overseas recently. He spent two years overseas with the Royal Air Force. Most of his time at the front was spent with a squadron in Belgium, in the Ypres sector. In October of last year he was wounded while flying low over enemy territory, but was able to re-

turn to his own side of the lines. After convalescing in England, he again returned to the front, with the occupation troops. For distinguished services in the Belgian territory King Albert conferred on him the Belgian Croix de Guerre.

In Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, on August 8th, was laid to rest "until the day break and the shadows flee away" one much beloved, a man of marked and rare personality. Richard M. Browne was born in London, England, in 1856, and came to Canada some forty-eight years ago, first to Ottawa, and afterwards to Cummings' Bridge (now Eastview). About thirty-two years ago he recognized the need of a parish church in the then struggling village, and set to work, accompanied by his devoted family and a small band of workers, with the result that to-day the town of Eastview possesses one of the prettiest little churches in the Diocese of Ottawa. It is dedicated to St. Margaret. As a staunch Churchman he possessed a deep and abiding faith in God and "things unseen, which are eternal." This faith expressed itself in works of love and mercy, and in warm, living sympathy.

Dr. Paul V. Helliwell, of Toronto, who returned to Canada at the end of 1917 on furlough after five years of medical service in Honan, is going back to China. A year and a half of his time at home has been spent in army medical work in Toronto, Quebec and Halifax. He will sail from Vancouver with his wife and two children on September 2nd to resume work in China under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. They will be located at Lintsing, in Tientsing, Shantung. The home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Helliwell, Wychwood, was the scene on August 17th of a rather unique gathering. Between sixty and seventy friends and relatives of the family assembled for the purpose of bidding farewell to the eldest son, Dr. Paul V. Helliwell, who is leaving to resume medical missionary work in China, and the welcoming home, after an absence of nearly four and a half years overseas, of the youngest son, Captain Maurice R. Helliwell, M.D. Capt. Helliwell has had a varied experience since enlisting in the Army Medical Corps in February, 1915, immediately after receiving his M.B. and M.D. at the special convocation held at Toronto University at the time. After a year overseas, about nine months of which were spent in Salonika, Capt. Maurice—then Lieut.—transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. In his three years with the Air Force Capt. Helliwell has had some thrilling experiences. In November, 1916, in a fight some three miles over the enemy lines at a height of 7,000 feet with several German aeroplanes his machine was disabled, his observer killed and himself wounded, though not so seriously as to prevent his getting the machine back to No Man's Land, where he crashed into a shell-hole, but was rescued by British soldiers. On another occasion, while taking up a new machine and a pupil, a sharp turn to avoid a collision with a descending plane caused a bad crash, in which the Captain received a serious concussion, being for nine hours unconscious. Lastly, he was a victim of the "Flu" epidemic in England in November, 1919, being most critically ill for several weeks with pneumonia and pleurisy, and owing his life to the devoted care and nursing of kind friends with whom he chanced to be spending a night when taken sick. At Saturday's gathering the only absent member of the family was the second son, the late Capt. Joseph Grant Helliwell, whose mortal remains lie in an unknown grave on the battlefield of Givenchy, where he fell in an attack on the German trenches by the First Canadian Battalion on June 15th, 1915.

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Canadian Churchman

Toronto, August 21st, 1919.

Editorial

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, this journal joins in loyal greetings. The people of Canada are welcoming the Prince, not only as a member of the royal house which has increased in the affection of the nation throughout the war, but also for his personal worth. Many a tale of his courage and good comradeship, which endeared him to the army, is in circulation. It is well that one who, in the providence of God may be the King of England, should gain a first-hand knowledge of the lands of the Empire through a journey which will be another means of expressing the bonds of our sisterhood of nations.

ON the Sunday after or before Labour Day we hope our clergy will take the opportunity of speaking regarding our industrial situation. The preacher who pounds away on the old antithesis between Capital and Labour, needs to wake up and rub his eyes. It was rather remarkable that in one of our Canadian Synods the house balked at expressing the opinion that the workers should have any share in the control of conditions, hours and wages of labour. It was hot and sleepy weather and they forgot that what they timorously rejected was a feature that had been in operation in England and some parts of Canada for some time. To-day, surely people are awake to the fact that only together can workers and capital get results.

Without a doubt the greatest single irritant to-day is the profiteering—that is abnormal and unreasonable gain. The milling companies' printed reports shows profits 30 per cent. and up. The Dominion Textile reached 300 per cent. *Social Welfare* says that Bradstreets shows a certain manufacturer worth a half a million before the war and five millions at the end of the war. Unusual expansion of businesses dealing with war materials is to be expected, but where greedy gain has been made on the pressing necessities of the nation, how can the result be otherwise than discontent?

We need, as we have never needed before, the complete application of Christ's principles to business and all departments of life. Only in this way can our life ever achieve any stability, for justice is the foundation and pre-requisite of brotherhood, which is love.

THE Manitoba Court of Appeal have handed down a judgment on the MENNONITE SCHOOL case which is of great significance. The Mennonites have no educational privileges beyond any other citizens. They claimed the privilege of educating their children as they pleased. It is difficult for people in Eastern Canada to realize the anti-Canadian influence of the Mennonite settlements in the Prairie provinces. With their own national customs, language, religion fostered by a water-tight system of education—or lack of it—our polygot problem becomes intensified. Before this we have expressed the conviction that any special educational privileges granted on religious or racial grounds, is a profound mistake. We regard the public school as one of the bulwarks of Canadian nationalism. It is not an ideal instrument, but it is doing its work. That is one reason why it is feared by its opponents.

PROFESSOR Foerster, a notable exception to the general run of German professors, has been telling some very plain truths to his countrymen in a recent article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The hard peace terms, he says, are

the inevitable consequences of Germany's own actions. It is her conduct for the last fifty years that has made virtually the whole civilized world dislike and distrust her. That is the reason why every clause in the Peace Treaty shows doubt of her uprightness. Her contemptuous breaches of the Hague Convention, her methodic plunder and destruction, her wholesale deportation of women and girls, and her hideous resort to new ways of slaughter, have all contributed to set the world against her. Dr. Foerster says that any German with the least knowledge of what millions of people have suffered under German rule in the occupied districts must ask his conscience: "What right have we to humane treatment?" He admits frankly that what Germany has honoured as the last word of political wisdom is now applied to her. The long ignorance of even such people as Dr. Foerster is another evidence of the strength of the system from which we thank God for our deliverance.

ECCLESIASTICAL developments of great interest are following the freeing of Czecho-Slovakia. A delegation of priests, all deputies in Parliament, has been to Rome to urge certain changes on the Pope—the removal of German and Magyar prelates and the establishment of the Archbishop of Prague as Primate of all dioceses of the Republic, the use of the Slav instead of the Latin liturgy, and the marriage of priests. The foreign prelates, often hostile in sympathy, have long been an offence in the Slav dioceses. The Vatican is understood to be ready to put this right, and also to sanction the Slav liturgy, which formerly was actually in use for long periods. The marriage of priests is a more difficult matter. Bohemia was formerly Protestant, and largely remained so at heart; so the tradition of a married clergy has continued there. The claim is strengthened by the fact that the new Republic includes within its borders a population of 700,000 Ruthenes, who are Uniate Catholics with a married clergy. These Uniate Catholics of Eastern Europe were long ago won over from the Eastern Churches to the jurisdiction of Rome on the condition that they were allowed to retain their own "rite," their customs and usages. They accepted Roman authority and dogma, but clung to the old mode of worship and ways, including that of a married clergy. Conservative Rome will no doubt become politic on these questions, otherwise a separatist move might be the result.

REMARKABLE parallels to our present financial strain are disclosed in that fascinating book of Dr. Cobern on "New Archaeological Discoveries," after Diocletian established an imperial absolutism, blotting out freedom and making the spirit of militarism rampant. In 267 A.D. a house in the town of Socnopaei Nesus, in the Fayum, in ancient Egypt, cost 2,000 drachmae. Forty years later it was mortgaged for 3,840,000 drachmae. In 255 A.D. a measure (about a peck of wheat cost sixteen drachmae, in 314 A.D. the same amount cost 10,000 drachmae. So at Oxyrhynchus in 306 A.D. a man paid 720,000 drachmae (\$120,000) for 500 pounds of meat. Ten years later even more surprising is the record of a man paying 75,000 drachmae for a hide. Food became so dear that four chickens were sold for 30,000 drachmae. Although wages had gone correspondingly—grooms receiving 3,000 to 6,000 drachmae a month (\$500-\$1,000). Teachers received almost as much. Yet conditions of life were feverish and dangerous. Fraud, blackmail and graft were the order of the day.

The Christian Year

The Selfishness of Christianity

(ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

THOSE who are most fastidious in moral perceptions are often least so in moral practice. It has become fashionable for some writers to draw lessons from the war that reflect discredit upon the ethical standards of Christianity. The criticism is, that Christianity is selfish in that it holds out a promise of reward as a lure to goodness, while the experience of recent years has taught the world that the only worthy service is that which is rendered for its own sake; goodness has virtue only when it is realized for the sake of goodness, and not for any return that it may bring afterwards.

THE MATTER OF REWARDS.

As it appears on the surface, it is much more difficult to bring the world along without linking up virtue and reward, than if virtue, for the love of the thing itself, were made the ground of appeal. The principle of rewards, from childhood on, may be open to question, but still we practice rewards, instinctively feeling that child-consciousness is more effectively reached that way, and the value of goodness impressed. In fact it does not seem possible to separate reward from the constitution of things. Reward inheres in goodness as light does in the sun. If one is virtuous for the love of virtue, or if one gives himself to a noble service for the love and joy of serving, without a thought of reward, is it not so that the gratification, the spiritual pleasure, of such service or virtue is a reward in itself? To the extent to which the motive is discoloured by an element of selfish expectation of reward, to that extent is the reward diminished, thus defeating its own end. Nevertheless reward is indissolubly associated with goodness; and the desire for that reward, which is of the essence of righteousness itself, cannot properly be called selfish because fulfilled in spiritual terms.

GOD THE REWARD.

The explanation, indeed, is found farther back than that. It is because all goodness or greatness of character, all sacrifice of life, all service rendered cheerfully for God and man, bring the life into harmony with the will and character of God. All life and health of soul is found in harmony with the soul's environment which is God. God, truth, and right are on the side of victory and life, because God is Sovereign. To be in harmony with God is to enter into plenitude of life which is spiritual reward. The reward of Heaven is promised because it is indissolubly identified with the sovereign life and character and purpose of God into which those enter who do His will. In disobedience and sin lie impotence, defeat, and death. When our Lord predicates reward as a return for a life of service, He does not lower the ideal standard of ethics, but asserts the sovereignty of right, and promises the fulness of life which belongs to the Kingdom of God. "Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall save it." Hence it is we pray, in the Collect for to-day, that we may be enabled so to keep His commandments that we may obtain His promises, and be made partakers of His treasures.

Many kinds of fruit grow upon the tree of life but none so sweet as friendship.—Lucy Larcom.

THE HEART OF POLAND

WILLIAM J. ROSE, M.A.,
British Student Movement Secretary in Silesia.

A voice at last;
The die is cast,
The ages, pregnant long,
Give glorious birth:
A new-made earth
Bursts into joyous song!

—(Mickiewicz, 1842. Last verses on welcoming Towianski to Paris.)

CHAPTER VIII.

PILSUDSKI, THE CHIEF.

IT would be naive to apply words like those above to Joseph Pilsudski, though they were doubtless in the minds of many amid the throng that crowded the station in Warsaw in the early days of November, waiting a whole week for the commander to return from his German prison. They were also the conviction of the crowds who welcomed Paderewski two months later. Of one as of the other, men say on all sides: "His coming was providential." Without undue praise one can safely say that what Washington did for the Thirteen States in the day of their worst need, that Pilsudski has done for Poland in the three months from the armistice to the meeting of the Diet. He made blunders, but no fatal ones: and he saved the situation. He made enemies in addition to those already existing; yet the whole representative Parliament of Poland united in calling him back to office. He had laid it down, weary, and anxious for a rest. Moved by the vote of confidence passed in him, he took it up again, and clothes it still—the post of Chief of the State.

To my question why this happened I got always the same answer: "Because there was no one else." It was accompanied in some cases by a shrug of the shoulders, in others by that tone of confidence which marked a supporter. That answer suffices me as a proof of the man's calling. Had Providence designed another he would have been found. But even those who sought carefully found not. Only the verdict of history will pass the final judgment on Pilsudski's career, but of those who know him best, all aver that he will stand the test.

The following pages are designed for a world that knows virtually nothing about this man; to put in as clear a light as possible what he has done in the past, and is working at for the future, all of necessity with extreme brevity. "The truth about Pilsudski" is the title of a little book appearing in Warsaw as I write. I have the honour of possessing a proof. The following pages will at least not be false in fact, and it is hoped that they will not be misleading in their judgments. Of course, there are always two opinions prevailing about even the most eminent of great men. It is no wonder if in the long-divided, long-suffering Poland a similar state of affairs obtains.

I hope at least to correct an impression that has been widely spread in the West, that Pilsudski is a dangerous man, in short, a Bolshevik. No one has done more to block the progress of that social scourge than he. I have seen what he is doing, and have got to know closely many of his friends. If that is the stuff Bolshevism is made of, I am no foe to it!

It will be best to divide the account given into four parts, dealing respectively: (a) with Pilsudski as patriot before he took office in Warsaw last November, (b) with his work as Dictator, (c) with what he is doing and planning as appointed Chief of the State, and (d) with the Pilsudskists, the circle of helpers and friends his magnetic personality has gathered about him.

PILSUDSKI AS COMMANDER.

The old adage: "It is a misfortune for a man to have a distinguished father but a blessing to have a great mother," has been applied to many a leader in national life from Moses to Abraham Lincoln. It is very much in point in the case of

Joseph Pilsudski. Born 1867, in Lithuania, of well-situated parents, he passed his childhood amid those who had been through the unhappy revolution of '63, and as son and nephew of men who had taken part, was brought up on thoughts and tales, pregnant with the desire to be free. Financial misfortune soon crippled the material position of the family, but could not impair its happiness, which was watched over by a wise and gentle mother. To her the future patriot was ever to look back as to his surest guide, philosopher and friend.

In the Russian High School at Vilno—city of rich though sad memories, dear to the heart of every educated Pole, as Florence to students of the Renaissance!—the boy who had until then been taught at home, was flung into a wholly new atmosphere. It was one of compulsion, mistrust and coldness. A few friends soon formed a secret circle in which mutual self-improvement became the order of the day; an organization recalling the Famous Student Unions, the Lovers of Knowledge and Lovers of Virtue of half-a-century before, when Vilno was the university town and the cradle of the new birth of Polish national life. There was much talk of patriotism, of socialism, even of Positivism—in a word of the various currents of thought that were moving the world of the day. Future leaders were in the making.

Then came a short year at Charkoff, meant to be the beginning of a course in medicine, from which the youth was summarily expelled by the Russians for taking part in student demonstrations. Returning to Vilno he joined himself to others of even more restless temper than he—some of them out and out Nihilists. He was an outspoken opponent of Terrorism, but this did not hinder his being involved with the rest when the treachery of one member got them all into trouble—and he was banished for five years to Siberia. It was here that his real education was accomplished. He saw and read much, got to know the Russians as they are, and returned in 1892 a mature man. As great an enemy of despotism as ever, Pilsudski had learned that none but sober and sure methods would avail in achieving freedom. To arouse and reconstruct the conception of liberty in the heart of the nation became his purpose from now and onward.

Coming to Warsaw he found at first only disappointment, but then discovered congenial spirits in a group of socialists who proved to be men of national aspirations. The upshot was the founding of the Polish Socialist Party, of which Pilsudski for his sheer energy and ability was soon the *spiritus movens*. His work was soon crowned by the appearance in secret of the paper known as "The Workingman," the alpha and omega of whose columns was freedom, social and national. Many demonstrations were organized and a secret militia was planned when Pilsudski was suddenly arrested and landed in a Russian gaol. Here, when other means of escape failed, he set himself the colossal task of feigning madness; and carried it through with such resolution and consistency that he was removed to an asylum. From this place he escaped with the aid of a friend in 1901. On setting to work again he found that body and spirit were worn out, so he spent six months resting in Cracow, and then a similar time with friends in London.

The next years were spent in restless activity, in an effort to organize and equip with arms a force adequate for revolution in Russian Poland. The agitator found himself alone. It seemed that others were wiser than he, for the hour was not yet come.

With the Russo-Japanese war, the hour did seem to have struck. Pilsudski appealed to the Poles, not to allow themselves to be mustered for the war in Manchuri, but in vain. He then hurried to Tokio in an effort to arouse interest for the Polish cause among the Japanese. Once more in vain. He resorted to demagogism and "pulled off" a great demonstration in Warsaw. It

(Continued on page 544.)

MISTAKES ABOUT INDIA

THE dictum of Rudyard Kipling that "East is East, and West is West, And never the twain shall meet," is pronounced to be a complete delusion by Professor Benoy Kumar Sarkar, of the National Council of Education in India. According to the Professor, the idea of the essential difference between Englishman and Indian has been built up during the last half-century out of the gratuitous assumptions of writers who were not authorities upon the subject, though circumstances lent a superficial plausibility to their view. Superstition has not had a deeper and more extensive hold on the mind of the one than on that of the other. Scientific investigation has had a home in India as well as in Great Britain, and Hindu science is not more mixed with hocus pocus than European. It is not true that while the West is scientific the East is merely dreamy.

A writer in "Current Opinion," taking scientific achievement as his test, makes out a very strong case for India. He cites the authority of De Morgan, the great nineteenth century mathematician, for the statement that Hindu arithmetic is greatly superior to any which the Greeks had, and Indian arithmetic, he says, is that which we now use. It was the Hindus who discovered the two foundations of the science—the symbols of numbers, and the decimal system of notation. It was they also who discovered the science of algebra. The real founder was Aryabhata, who was born in 476 A.D. at Pataliputra, in Eastern India, and systematized the earlier algebraic knowledge of the Hindus. The Indians' trigonometry was independent of that of the Greeks and in advance of it in some points. Sir Isaac Newton was anticipated by the Indians by 500 years in the discovery of the principles of the differential calculus, and its application to astronomy.

"India was the greatest industrial power of antiquity. It was the manufactures of the Hindus, backed up by their commercial enterprise, that served as standing advertisements of India in Egypt, Babylonia, Judea, and Persia. To the Romans of the Imperial epoch and the Europeans of the Middle Ages, also, the Hindus were noted chiefly as a nation of industrial experts. Some of the arts by which the people of India have had traditional fame are those connected with bleaching, dyeing, calico-printing, tanning, soap-making, glass-making, steel manufacture, gunpowder and fireworks, and preparation of cements. All these imply a knowledge of industrial chemistry."

"During the fourth century," says Fergusson, "the Hindus could forge a bar of iron larger than any that have been forged in Europe up to a very late date, and not frequently even now." The writer of the article from which we quote sets out a number of additional facts. The secret of manufacturing the so-called Damascus blades was learned by the Saracens from the Persians, and by them from the Hindus. During the sixth century the latter could prepare fixed or coagulated mercury, a chemically prepared stick or wick for producing light without fire, and an anæsthetic powder.

Pliny is evidence of the industrial position of the Indians being paramount throughout the world in the first century, and this position was maintained up to the seventeenth or eighteenth century, when the modern European nations began to be intimate with them. Many other testimonies could be adduced in proof of the proposition that the Hindu mind is identical with the Western in the discovery of natural forces and their application to practical purposes. The decline of India in modern times—the result of war, famine, and conquest—is no justification for attributing to it an intellectual inferiority.

—Christian Commonwealth.

The people of Nottingham held a great thanksgiving service on July 20th in Nottingham Forest for Peace. Over 20,000 people were present. There was a choir of nearly 700 voices. The Bishop of Southwell and the president of the Nottingham Free Church Council, the Rev. E. B. Perkins, gave addresses. The Rev. A. Mann, a Congregational minister, and the Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, offered thanksgivings and intercessions.

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GOD THE INEVITABLE

A STUDY OF PSALM CXXXIX

Rev. Prof. G. G. FINDLAY, D.D.

"Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me."—VERSE V.

REV. Professor G. G. Findlay, one of the notable preachers of England, wrote a study of Psalm cxxxix. for a recent number of *The Expositor*, part of which is given here. It is marked by that penetration characteristic of all his work.

Psalm cxxxix. is a chapter from the autobiography of a great soul. Here is a man who has found God—or rather, whom God has found! Looking out from the windows of his soul one day, he is startled to meet the eye of That Other looking in; he stands confronted, apprehended, by the Great Unseen. He finds himself scrutinised by the all-penetrating, all-surrounding Intelligence and Will whom we name God. "O Jehovah," he exclaims, "Thou hast searched me, and known me!" The man *knows that he is known*, as one can be known only to Omniscience: all within him, all about him, is laid open to the searching, interested gaze of his Maker. This awaking of consciousness to the sense of the omniscient God is the supreme moment for every one in whom it takes place; the whole of this marvellous song bears witness to its transforming effect upon mind and character.

And we observe that the God revealed in the individual conscience is at the same moment perceived filling the universe around him. For Man and Nature, the within and the without, the world and I, form a single realm and have one substratum. The God who holds my soul in life, by that same token holds in subsistence the universal frame of things. North, south, east, or west—whichever way I turn my eyes—there is God! The whole horizon flames with His glory, is instinct with His presence. At every outlook that piercing gaze meets me; along every avenue His vitalising breath is borne in upon me. "Whither," cries the poet, "should I go from Thy Spirit? whither flee to escape Thy presence? If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in Sheol, behold Thou art there! If I take the wings of the dawn and lodge in the farthest reaches of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand hold me!"

"Thou hast beset me behind and before:" the sentence of verse 5 is the sum of the Psalm. It registers a great discovery, for the man himself and for his race. The axiom is not to be narrowed to any single plane of meaning. But we may polarise it for ourselves and construe the antithesis, as to be sure the author mainly does, in terms of *time*, which is the ground-form of finite experience. Time's two tenses of the *has been* and the *is to be* supply the measure of existence to creation; the life of men in their thinking and their acting—of individuals and communities—is all strung upon this thread. "Behind" is the past; "before" is the future; God is in both, and at every point.

As we look back, till sight fades, into the days of the past, shall we not acknowledge that God has been in them all? His being gives them unity. Through the yesterdays of our brief earthly span, through the centuries of our nation history, through the millenniums of human progress and the march of revelation, through the vast and inconceivable stretches of pre-human development and the upbuilding of the material universe, God has incessantly wrought; His purpose of the ages has operated continuously in all that is behind us and is summed up in the present instant of time. "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were framed," the Framers and Father was there,—of whom, and through whom, and unto whom are all things."

God's assiduous care, which misses nothing, has attended me, sleeping or waking, through the bygone days, whether I was conscious of it or on. "Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off:" when I come home spent with the day's toil or journeying, when I rise on the

morrow fresh for some new endeavour, He takes notice of it all, exercising a fatherly oversight of my nightly rest and daily labour, anticipating my wants and reading my unspoken thoughts with more than a mother's insight. So minute and vigilant is the enviroing Providence, that Jesus tells us: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered;" so sympathetic, that another Psalmist can appeal to God; "Store Thou up my tears in Thy bottle, record them in Thy book!"

But the Divine Providence, while it is protecting and nourishing to mankind, is at the same time disciplinary and educative. God is a Father supremely concerned about the behaviour of His children. This is what our poet is thinking of when he writes: "Thou sittest (winnowest) my path and my couch; and art acquainted with all my ways." Every step in my course is minutely scanned, every movement duly marked and appraised. Up and down, to and fro, we are tossed in the sieve of life, that coarseness and levity, self-will and mistrust, may be shaken out of us and the good grain of sound wisdom may remain.

THE PROTECTION FROM OUR PAST.

God has been the director of our past: is He not also our protector *from* the past? This is implicit in the Psalmist's language, if it was not actually in his thought. The words of genius, some one has said, always mean more than the utterer himself intended. God "besets" us "behind" most wondrously when His mercy comes in between us and our misdoings and He, the unforgetting, "remembers not against us former iniquity," when He shields us from the furies which dog transgression and severs us from our former selves. It is our temptation sometimes to affect to do this on our own account: we pass the sponge over the slate and wipe out the unpaid debt—the past, to be sure, is past and done with! We come to a turn in the lane of life, we make a new start, imagining that bygone mistakes and follies may be dismissed; "out of sight is out of mind." Alas, such acts of indemnity are not at our own vote, nor are they to be passed absolutely for one another. The old sins, unforgotten, are still with you; their nemesis haunts you; they will track you down like sleuth-hounds and spring upon you at the least-expected moment. The spoken word, the deed once done, has passed beyond your power; it has gone into God's eternity, and He alone may deal with it.

And when, through Christ's intervention (as we now understand), the Almighty does abolish a man's transgressions and wipes them out, then in truth he is redeemed from iniquity and "created anew in Christ Jesus;" he is a saved man. However difficult the psychology and philosophy of it all may be, the facts of the Christian salvation and the ethical renewal it brings about are unmistakable; they are countless in number and immense in magnitude. They are marvellous beyond all miracle, and belong to Him "who only doeth wondrous things." Even for God this was a hard thing to accomplish—it is hard for a thinking man to believe—the forgiveness of sins, which makes them as though they had never been; it cost the Almighty Father the blood of His own Son! But the thing is done! "The blood of Jesus, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The offence of His people is "cast as a stone into the depths of the sea,"—drowned in the oblivion of eternity. God's fatherly love comes close to our hearts in the act of pardoning grace, and shuts us in from pursuing fears and vengeance, even as Israel crossing the Red Sea was sheltered by the pillar of cloud and fire from the angry hosts of Egypt. God puts Himself, in His uttermost grace, between me and the self of yesterday.

Enough of the past: what of the future? Can God help us there? has He "beset" up "before" as well as "behind"?

If the certainty, the fixedness of the past is sometimes our terror, the uncertainty of the future fills us equally with dread, when we re-

gard it apart from God. Who knows what a day may bring forth? How many of us dreamed a week before the outbreak of the late frightful war of what was in store for their country and for Europe? On what a precarious tenure do we hold our dearest possessions, and our earthly existence itself! Ever and anon some lightning-stroke falls upon a life near to our own; and we have no assurance that ours will not be the next to be smitten. Should a long and full stretch of years be allowed us, our perils and temptations multiply the more: who is to warn us of the pitfalls and ambushes lying unforeseen along the path? We choose our way so far as we can see, and make for the proximate destination, never quite sure that we shall reach the point aimed at, and not knowing what, if we do reach it, will befall us there. *Is there any one that knows?*

Yes, there is One, One only, who has been in that hidden land, whose thought has traversed the course which stretches, covered with mist, into the vast unknown before us each. To God the future lies open no less than the past. His eye has measured the track of the coming years—the "days that were fashioned" in His forecasting thought, "when as yet there was none of them"; and He has noted with fatherly forethought every turn and winding in the road we are to travel.

Here is our comfort and security. How could we face the future if we must suppose that chance or a blind fate governed our destiny? how dare we wind the ties of life about our heart and charge ourselves with its responsibilities, if we did not know, or at least surmise, that a kind and wise forethought was consulting behind the scenes for human good? What the result of my life's work may be, what is to become of my children, of my Church, my country, my race, in the next twenty or thirty years, I cannot tell, I shall not live to see; but *He knows*, the All-wise and All-loving, and I am content: "my times are in Thy hand." Sure of this, I walk on unafraid.

Those who have known God's past faithfulness, have "tasted and seen how good Jehovah is," can augur what is coming; they judge of what is "before" from what is "behind." For God, if He be God, is the Rock of ages—"yesterday and to-day the same, and for ever." Nay, the future for His children is bound to be better than the past. Evolution, and not a mechanical continuance or revolving of the wheel of nature, is the law of His kingdom, which grows from the mustard-seed to the tree of spreading branches, from the small to the great and the lowly to the lofty. God is marching on in the might of the eternal purpose to the realization of His glorious designs for redeemed mankind; under that banner, led by the Captain of our salvation, we safely advance. Here is our security for the salvation of humanity, and for the life and immortality proffered to us each in the Gospel. It lies in the existence of a Mind infinitely wise and good and sovereign, in whom is found the source and the goal of the finite Universe, whose character and His purpose toward men shine forth in Jesus Christ. Yonder in the past He has spoken, He has wrought and suffered for mankind—we look backward to Bethlehem and Calvary; yonder in the future we look forward to "the grace that is to be brought to us at the revelation of Jesus Christ." He is the Alpha of the life of faith—and its Omega.

But the saying in which the Psalm centres, converges to a practical point; we must follow its teaching a step further, or we have considered it to small purpose. To contemplate the Unseen Wisdom guiding our past, and providing our future, is not sufficient. Too easily do we lose ourselves in vain regrets and idle hopes, in brooding over vanished scenes or dreaming of brighter days to come. We have our being in the present. Life is not a memory, nor a speculation; it is an actuality. Its decisions are made always to-day, not yesterday and not tomorrow: wherefore it is written, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." God is no distant transcendent Majesty, to be pushed away and kept afar off—to be dismissed with the fancies of childhood, relegated to the pages of an old Bible and the myths of an earlier world; nor to be postponed to some more convenient season, when the stress of business is over, when the flush of youth has faded and its hot desires are spent, reserved for

(Continued on page 545.)

Wide Open Doors

NOTES FROM INDIA.

The Rev. Leonard Dixon, M.A., O.B.E., son of Canon Dixon, of Toronto, who has returned to Y.M.C.A. work at Travancore, India, after splendid military service in Mesopotamia, sends some interesting news regarding Church Union in South India. He says:—

"There is a proposal on foot now—and Mr. Sherwood Eddy is in a great measure responsible for it—to cement the growing friendship between the Anglican Missions in South India and the South India United Church (a federation which includes the great majority of the non-Anglican Missions) by bringing them all into one great federation. This would be done by accepting the Lambeth Quadrilateral as a basis and consecrating new Bishops. The Bishops would be consecrated by the laying on of hands of six—three Anglican Bishops and three of the leaders of the non-Anglican section. The proposal is being favourably received on all sides and will probably be adopted."

Mr. Dixon also speaks of meeting at Tunvella, for the first time since leaving Toronto, the Right Rev. Abraham Mar Thoma, whom we recognize as Mr. Abraham the thin, shy young Indian student at Wycliffe College, Toronto, friend and classmate of Mr. Dixon, and now Bishop of a church of 100,000 people in South India.

"I should not have recognized him had I met him casually on the street. He has grown an episcopal beard, and wears the peculiar headgear of a Bishop in Malabar, and such of his hair as it does not cover appears quite grey. He has adopted quite a number of his Canadian customs, but not enough to estrange him from his people, by whom he is greatly loved and respected.

"He has great plans and ambitions for the future of his Church and of Travancore, and, from what I have seen of things, his hopes are not unfounded. His work is handicapped by lack of funds. Many of the educated young men are dedicating their lives to the work, but there are not the funds to provide them with a living wage."

Mr. Sherwood Eddy writes from Bombay, March 14th, 1919: "Tides and currents of new thought and life are sweeping through the country. The problem is baffling. With nine-tenths of the people in blank illiteracy, and India divided among a dozen faiths, 147 languages, as many races, and over 2,000 different castes, the educated leaders are demanding self-government and home rule. India must now face the terrible strain of responsible government under present-day conditions. Her hope will lie largely in the Christian colleges. Thank God for these centres of Christian liberty in the darkness of illiteracy, superstition, idolatry and poverty."

Dr. J. N. Farquhar says: "The outlook for Christianity is bright. Never was the opportunity among the Outcastes so great. The movement is steadily spreading to the Sudras, the lowest caste in South India. Christ will yet conquer in India."

There has recently been held a convention of 30,000 Syrian Christians in Travancore, South India. There is a tradition that the Christian Churches in South India were founded by the Apostle Thomas. They were at first strongly missionary, but after a time wearied, and for many years "fell asleep."

About one hundred years ago the C.M.S. sent out missionaries to revitalize this ancient body of Christians, and twenty-five years ago the Syrian Christians held their first convention. Dr. Eddy has been addressing meetings, day and night. If once this ancient, formal Oriental Church becomes alive to its responsibility for India's evangelization, a mighty advance will be made.

Admonish your friends in private; praise them in public.—Publius Syrus.

THE OXFORD CONFERENCE AND CHURCH UNION

The following resolutions, passed at a conference in Oxford in January, 1919, between some members of the Church of England and of the Free Churches, have recently been made public. The seventy signatories included thirty-five Anglican Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Canons and other clergy:—

"(1) We welcome, with profound gratitude to God, as a token of the manifest working of His Spirit, the manifold evidences around us of better relations between the Christian Churches, resulting in a fuller understanding of each other's positions, and in a more earnest longing for complete fellowship of a reunited Church.

"(2) We are in entire accord in our mutual recognition of the communions to which we belong as Christian Churches, members of the One Body of Christ; and we record our judgment that this recognition is fundamental for any approach towards the realization of that reunited Church, for which we long, and labour, and pray.

"(3) We hold that this recognition must involve, for its due expression, reciprocal partici-



RT. REV. ABRAHAM MAR THOMA, M.A., B.D.,
Mar Thoma Syrian Church of Malabar.

pation in the Holy Communion, as a testimony to the Unity of the Body of Christ.

"(4) We recognize, with the Sub-Committee of 'Faith and Order,' in its second interim report, the place which a reformed episcopacy must hold in the ultimate constitution of the reunited Church; and we do not doubt that the Spirit of God will lead the Churches of Christ, if resolved on reunion, to such a constitution as will also fully conserve the essential values of the other historical types of Church polity, Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist.

"(5) As immediate practical means of furthering this movement towards unity, we desire to advocate interchange of pulpits, under proper authority; gatherings of Churchmen and Non-conformists for more intimate fellowship through common study and prayer; association in common work through Local Conferences, Joint Missions, Joint Literature and Interdenominational Committees for social work."

I cannot help thinking that the very best thing that could happen this country or England, would be the establishment of a Labour Ministry. Labour then would be sobered and steadied by the responsibilities of power. It would learn to respect law and order and duly constituted authority. It would be cured of the habit of making impossible demands and of expecting the creation of a new heaven and a new earth over night.

—Downeaster.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD ON A NATIONAL CHURCH

In the course of a recent sermon at Westminster Abbey, the Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Hensley Henson, urged the importance of maintaining the national establishment in the interest of future reunion. The Prayer Book, he said, had a generously large definition of the Christian Church as "all who profess and call themselves Christians." Must we accept a smaller definition, one which limited the membership of the Church of England until it was but a fragment of the Christian fellowship within the nation? Was the national assumption only a memory? Might it not be also a prophecy?

The Nonconformist Churches, as independent organizations, were the surviving monuments in this country of the long drawn-out conflict for civil and religious liberty, which had ended in the definite triumph of democracy. They must always command the grateful regard of freedom-loving Englishmen for their valorous and often heroic efforts. But as ecclesiastical systems they suffered from the circumstances which fashioned them. With the disappearance of the originating conditions, their *raison d'être*, as independent systems, had largely disappeared. Their sufficient apology lay in factors which were no longer operative. Therefore, it was that, as organized systems, they were becoming obsolete and ineffective. The Christian conscience was growing restive under their separatism; the Christian intelligence was becoming impatient of their distinctive dogmas. Nothing was more hopeful than the profound discontent with Nonconformity within the sphere of Nonconformity itself, inducing repeated and successful efforts to unite the smaller denominations, and to federate the larger, leading many Nonconformists to look with sympathy and goodwill on that older conception of a national church, which was expressed in the system of the Church of England, and included within its fellowship all within the nation who professed and called themselves Christian. The Church of England differed from every other Church in being shaped and ordered in accordance with the national character, and so long as this was maintained and realized, it could not rightly or reasonably be regarded simply as one denomination among many. Its national character, formally certified by its legal establishment, provided the historic channel into which the new spirit of Christian fraternity, now stirring in all the Christian denominations, might pass for ordered expression. From sectarian back to national, from national back to catholic—would not these be the successive phases of ecclesiastical development in the future?

PEACE.

Afar, the winding highways run,

The weary ways of dust and heat,
And, faintly heard at morningtide,
The city's pulses beat.

But here, the while we kneel and pray,
The world seems very far away.

We hear, above the voice of prayer,
Low murmured music in the leaves—

A song bird trills a rippling note,
And 'neath the chancel eaves

The gentle cooing of a dove
A message brings of peace and love.

Our souls have fed on angels' food,
The holy mysteries are ours;

The very air seems spirit-filled
With sweet ambrosial flowers.

The benediction falls like balm
On hearts enrapt in heavenly calm.

O Breath of God, Thy blessed dew
Distill into these hearts of ours,
That we on other lives may shed,
Like fragrantcy of flowers,

The calm, sweet influence of Thy grace,
Making our world a purer place.

O Love Divine, O Prince of Peace!
The world's wide highways wind and meet
Where laden souls by thousands wait
The coming of Thy feet.

Let Thine own peace descend to-day
On wanderers lost and gone astray.

—LILLIAN LEVERIDGE.

St. Alban's Cathedral.

From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

A SUMMER holiday with delightful friends is not conducive to writing to friends, however valued, who are but more or less mysterious shadows in different parts of the world. The friend that is near, visible in the flesh, companionable in spirit and stimulating in many charming reminiscences of the past, for the time seems sufficient. Why then break in upon this happy association to turn to others that he meets weekly in the vapory mists of imagination only? When "Spectator" grows abnormally enthusiastic about his holidays, his associates at once declare that he must be in the vicinity of Brome Lake or in the subdued wilds of the Bolton Hills. And why should he not grow enthusiastic? They who have not been there and observed with fascinated eyes the changing moods and tenses of those waters beneath, the sky above, and the hills around about, may be excused for smiling a, more or less cynical and uncomprehending smile, at his rhapsodies. But no one who has had the privilege of beholding Canada at its best, not the rugged and over-awing best of the far west, not the soothing tranquil of the outrolling prairies, not the beauty of the cliffs and resounding tides of the Atlantic coast, but a beauty that arises partly out of the handiwork of the Creator and partly out of the diligence of man, has any excuse to scoff at the writer. Where a combination of mountain and valley, of forest and field, of thrifty homes and scattered herds of cattle, where unconquered nature rears its defiant and shaggy head above the subdued landscape, transformed by an industrious people, how can the observer resist? If you, my friends, had bathed a hundred times in that lake, fished its rock pools and trolled the outskirts of its weed beds, had sailed its surface with gunwales awash, and above all, if you had participated in the hospitality of certain hostesses, you would write down the unbeliever as unworthy of human society. In the morning, or at high noon, or again in the gloaming, the charm never grows stale, and the imagination never wearies. The varying tastes of the world can never concentrate upon the one best spot for a holiday and the writer is content that it should be so. He desires to return again to the place of his dreams and visions and it would be horribly embarrassing to find all the world there before him.

"Spectator" had the good fortune to be a guest at an agricultural picnic at the government experimental farm, Lennoxville, Que., a few days since. It revived memories of other days. There was the blending of French and English on equal terms and approximately equal numbers. Conversations were carried on in either language with equal facility. In fact, a sentence is often broken off and completed in another tongue, because the speaker finds that his thought can more forcibly be expressed by that vehicle. Politeness if not necessity, constrained the repetition in part of some of the speeches. It showed good feeling and illustrated a culture that may not be overlooked. Of course, there were the gardens and field crops to examine. Different varieties of the same flower, or the same vegetable were growing side by side, sometimes under identical conditions of soil and treatment, sometimes under divergent conditions of fertilization and cultivation, and the results were there observable to the naked eye. Why should a thousand farmers work out their own experience and carry on their own experiments with subsequent loss, when a central farmer, in the person of the Dominion government, is doing this very thing under the most diverse conditions and bearing the loss for all? Of course there were the cattle and other animals bathed and manured for the occasion, and the joy of life in the animal world was a delight to behold. Men, women and children from the cabinet minister, the banker, the merchant and the agriculturist all thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the government, including demonstration, luncheon and speeches.

The two-days-old Minister of Agriculture made an exceedingly good impression in his first public utterance in his new office. He is a son of the soil, a native of Canada and has spent all his life in British Columbia. In his youth the only route by which he could reach "Canada," as the east was then called, was by way of San Francisco. De Tolmie received his agricultural training in a veterinary college, and has, not unnaturally, been more interested in animals than in agriculture proper, although both go together.

He has become one of the most outstanding cattlemen of Canada and his experience and knowledge are sought and valued throughout the continent. In political life he has risen with marvellous rapidity. In November, 1917, he was attending a convention on his favoured subject, when a B.C. constituency nominated him against his known desire and without his permission. He felt he had to carry on when things had gone so far. He won with many thousand votes to spare. With eighteen months' experience in public life, he is now minister of the crown. At a luncheon where people were waiting upon him with considerable deference he confided to the writer that he would feel more at home in cooking his own meal in the woods and waiting upon himself. With almost girlish bashfulness and timidity he seemed to shrink from addressing an "Eastern" audience, as he appeared to think he was in a new atmosphere of humanity. British Columbia he knows and the people thereof he knows, but who are these men and women of Quebec? When he rose to speak, the mantle of reserve fell from his broad shoulders and rotund figure and in simple, correct English he spoke with ease and fluency on the subject that was in everybody's mind. His knowledge of the work of his office is not confined to one phase of agriculture. The science, the principle of production and the commercial side of agriculture were all touched upon with a master hand, and it would be a surprise to the writer if the Hon. Mr. Tolmie does not make himself felt to the profit and benefit of the country in the development of its basic industry.

The Dominion experimental farm is a parvenue in the beautiful outskirts of Lennoxville. Bishop's University and Bishop's College School are ancient and honorable landmarks on ground that has been the scene of stirring episodes in the early history of Canada. The new Boys' School, erected as the gift of Mr. Jack Ross, of Montreal, and involving a couple of million of dollars' expenditure, stands in a commanding position over looking the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi rivers. It is not fully completed yet, but it stirs visions of school life and training that will bear an ever-increasing importance in the culture and learning of the citizens of Canada as the years progress and the population increases. The university has had a long history of honorable service in a province that has but a fraction of English-speaking citizens from which to draw its students. The names of Nichols, Loble, Adams and others are closely associated with the great movements of education in Quebec. To-day, its Principal's chair is vacant, and both the Church and the country is interested in the proper filling of the same. The chairman of the executive asked the writer to suggest a suitable name which he did with little hesitation and found that that was the very man that the board of directors, or whatever the executive body is called, had in mind. The policy of the past has been to bring men from England, or appoint men who have recently come from England. To-day they seek a man of learning and culture who is wholly Canadian in education and sympathy. "Spectator" asks the gentleman in question not to decline such a position lightly. If he desires to serve the Church and is willing to put his best into the position, an opportunity that seldom comes to a man is there.

"Spectator."

IF MEN WENT TO CHURCH.

If men did go to Church (writes Rev. D. Kennedy-Bell, M.A., B.D., in the "Sunday Pictorial"), a note of reality would be infused into the services. No one who has seen a thousand of them collected for a men's service can doubt this. The force of their enthusiasm would prove contagious. Services would be shortened and brightened and simplified. The old spirit of hatred and suspicion of those of another creed or sect would vanish. The problem of disunion would be solved. Our real enemies—selfishness, lust and oppression—would stand revealed, and we should join issue with them. Character would be put in its rightful position as the one essential inequality between man and man. Right living would be insisted upon as the first and foremost fruit of our outward profession. Righteousness would be exalted as the one thing to be striven after in all our social relations. That day will dawn. Human nature is intrinsically good, not bad, and may become the reprint of the Divine. May God hasten the day, and send us strong, loyal, fearless leaders, who shall win the respect and gain the confidence of the men who are waiting to go to Church!

The Bible Lesson

Rev. Canon Howard, M.A., Montreal, P.Q.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 31st, 1919.

Subject: St. Paul Begins His Second Missionary Journey, Acts 15:36-16:5.

THE Council of Jerusalem, after the decision recorded in the former part of Chapter 15, sent Paul and Barnabas back to Antioch to deliver the decree to the Church there. Judas and Silas were sent with them and assisted in explaining the judgment of the Council to the Church in Antioch.

1. The use of opportunity. The delegation above mentioned was sent to Antioch. The decree of the Council was intended for all the Churches in Syria and Cilicia. We are not told what provision was made for sending it beyond Antioch but St. Paul seized the opportunity of visiting again the Churches in many places where he had already preached. From Acts 16:4 we learn that the decree was delivered wherever they went. St. Paul, however, was no formal messenger. This second missionary journey was a vigorous campaign of preaching the Gospel and the incidents which are related concerning it show how fruitful it was. The decree of the Council was important but the Apostle, St. Paul, brought with it his own great message and thus used to the full the opportunity which presented itself in the need for the deliverance of the decree of the Council of Jerusalem. Clergy, Sunday School Teachers and Parents may be more than formal messengers if they will use to the best advantage opportunities which are given to them.

2. A sharp contention. Good men often differ in their judgment of what is best to do. Here it is suggested that Paul and Barnabas suffered "irritation" to disturb their relationship. It is also thought that it was during this brief stay in Antioch that St. Paul had a strong contention with St. Peter, as recorded in Gal. 2:11. Whether it was a matter of policy or of principle St. Paul was ready to defend his position, which he did with vigour in both these cases.

In the matter of the dispute with Barnabas they agreed to differ and went on their different ways. St. Paul afterwards found Mark to be worthy of his full confidence—Col. 4:10 and 2 Tim. 4:11.

The sacred writers strengthen our confidence by their candid statements of the faults and failures of heroes of the Gospel such as Barnabas and Paul. Whatever fault there was may be considered the irritation of the moment and constituted no lasting break in their good will. They were not infallible but were, like us, dependent upon Divine Grace to live rightly.

3. Paul and Silas. The second missionary journey was now undertaken. Throughout Syria and Cilicia the Churches were strengthened and the decree of the Council was delivered.

The word of Paul and Silas is described in greater detail after they entered southern Galatia. At Derbe, Lystra and Iconium they did the same kind of work as they had done in Syria and Cilicia. An important event took place in this region, viz the adding of a new and valuable worker to the Apostle's staff. The importance attached to this event by the author of Acts is indicated by the detailed account of what took place. In later days Timothy was very closely associated with St. Paul. There was from this time an unbroken bond of affection between them.

4. The Enlistment of Timothy. What great names are recorded in this short lesson—St. Paul, Barnabas, Silas, Justus, Mark, and last but not least, Timothy! This young man had a good start in life for Christian service. His mother was a Jewess who became a Christian and his grandmother also is mentioned as a believer. Moreover Timothy was well instructed in the Scriptures. This was the preparation which Timothy had for the kind of service St. Paul desired of him. He was evidently intended by the Apostle to take the place of John Mark.

The frequent mention of Timothy in St. Paul's Epistles and the two Epistles which were written by St. Paul to him are evidence of the affectionate esteem in which he was held by the Apostle.

The emphasis that is put upon the call and preparation of Timothy for his work with St. Paul (Acts 16:1-3) indicates that an important event is recorded and the later history of Timothy fully bears that out.

There is in friendship something of all relations, and something above them all. It is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world.—John Evelyn.

FAMOUS ENGLISH SCHOOLS AND THEIR MOTTOES

Rev. W. EVERARD EDMONDS, Edmonton, Alberta

ENGLISH schools, like English lawns, are the product of a thousand years of growth and evolution. King Alfred's School at Wantage was founded in the year 880, and King's School, Canterbury, is said to be two centuries older. The English school system, if it may be called such, is chiefly the result of tradition and accident, and its history is a long record of anomalies and compromises.

Thus it has come to pass that the history of English education is closely associated with that of religion. Before the Reformation, when educational advantages were the special privilege of rich men or of priests, there were chiefly two forms of discipline: that of the cloister, and that of the castle or manor-house. The young squire or nobleman was sufficiently educated if he could ride and hunt, and was skilled in the arts of war. Sir Walter Scott makes the Earl of Douglas express the prevailing distrust of book-learning common to the age when he says of young Marmion:—

"At first in heart it liked me ill
When the King praised his clerky
skill,"

and adds with unction:—

"Thanks to St. Botham, son of mine
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

Gawain, it will be recalled, was designed for the priesthood.

This close connection between religion and education accounts for the prominent place given to the study of Latin and Greek in the grammar-school curriculum. Greek, one might say, was the mother-tongue of the Church; but, as her sway extended over the west, Latin became the universal tongue of educated men. As most of the English schools were originally connected with cathedrals and monasteries, it was only natural that the classics should be the chief subjects of study when, in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, many of these schools were placed outside the control of the Church.

ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There are approximately a hundred large private educational institutions in England known as public schools, grammar schools and colleges. Strictly speaking, only four of these have the right to call themselves public schools, the fortunate ones being Winchester, Eton, Rugby and Harrow. Winchester, founded in 1393, is the most conservative, the cheapest and the smallest; Eton, founded half a century later, is the most aristocratic, the costliest and the largest. Rugby and Harrow are about the same size, each having room for six hundred boys.

Every great school has certain quaint customs peculiar to itself. At Winchester the boys dine off wooden trenchers just as they did in mediæval times. At Rugby a new man must not put his hands in his pockets during the first term. When the second term is reached he is allowed to put one hand in. During the third term both hands may be pocketed. The angle at which the school-cap is worn serves as an index to the number of terms the student has been in residence in most public schools. The collar, too, has a similar significance for the initiated. A public school "man" must wear Eton collars during his first five terms, a stick-up collar in the sixth, and a "bar-maid," or turn-down collar when he reaches his eighth term.

The public school student has two paths of glory open to him, one

scholastic, the other, athletic. The latter is usually chosen, as it is generally regarded as un-English to be too clever. Indeed, at most public schools it is considered bad taste to assume anything but a bored indifference towards study, all real enthusiasm being reserved for games. Genius is tolerated only in a turn for apt quotation, as when a boy accused a master of needing a "crib," and another promptly quoted: "The ass knoweth his master's crib."

"Side" or uppishness is suppressed with an iron hand, or, more frequently, with the toe of a boot. A nobleman's son once introduced himself at Eton, as Lord C—, son of the Earl of C—. The whole house straightway kicked him twice, once for Lord C—, and once for the Earl of C—. Again, a foreign prince at Harrow was once mentioned as a likely candidate for the Spanish throne. The poor boy had to be removed as half the school promptly took the necessary steps toward being able to boast in the years to come that they had once kicked a King of Spain.

When a boy attains the distinction of being appointed "prefect" of his school, his athletic prowess is taken into account as well as his scholarship. A prefect is a head boy who, in some schools, has the right to administer punishment. This responsible task takes the form of birching or swishing. At Winchester the "swish" is made of four slim branches cut from an apple tree. Just as "fagging"—the rending of menial service by younger to older boys—is dying out, so swishing by prefects is gradually falling into disuse. To-day the boy who rules by moral suasion rather than by physical force is accounted the perfect prefect.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

The grammar schools differ in little but name from the so-called public schools. They are quite as jealous of their sacred traditions, and several of them are older than the four schools enumerated above. Most of them, however, date their beginning from the Reformation, Edward VI. being particularly partial to this type of education.

Of the London grammar schools, Westminster, founded by Queen Elizabeth, is about the only one that remains on its original site. The Charterhouse, where Thackeray was educated, has migrated to the Surrey hills. St. Paul's, having outgrown its quarters in the precincts of the great Cathedral, has been removed to Hammersmith in the West End. This historic school was founded by Dean Colet, one of the renowned Oxford Reformers, more than four hundred years ago. Its founder provided for the free education of one hundred and fifty-three boys, that being the number of fishes taken by St. Peter in the "miraculous draught." These one hundred and fifty-three "fishes," as they are called, still obtain their education free, and are distinguished from the other five hundred pupils by the little metal fish which each wears on his watch-chain.

The great majority of these schools, however, are situated in country towns beyond the dull and distant roar of the metropolis. Quiet old places like Shrewsbury afford ideal conditions for the promotion of study and the practice of athletics. These schools have been the training grounds for some of England's most distinguished sons, and great was the excitement at Haileybury, when it

was learned that Sir Edmund Allenby, an "old boy," had won the most decisive victory of the war.

Taine, the French historian and critic, summed up his observations of English school life in one short sentence: "Science and mental culture occupy the last place; character, heart, courage, strength and bodily skill are in the first row." It is doubtful whether the great majority of English parents would reverse the order even now.

Neither "Tom Brown," the hero of the immortal school classic of that name, nor his father cared much for education so called. Tom's father asks himself: "Shall I tell my boy to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar. Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate, for that mainly. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman—and a gentleman—and a Christian—that's all I want."

And Tom says, at the close of his career at Rugby: "I want to leave behind me the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy nor turned his back on a big one."

There, in a nut-shell, we have the ideal of an English public school or grammar school education. Nor is it one we can afford to despise, for its flame is fed by all that is best and most generous in the life of the nation.

SCHOOL MOTTOES.

Each of these famous schools has a motto which serves as a constant inspiration to high endeavour. On account of the close connection between education and religion in the days of their foundation, and the prominent place given to the study of the classics, the mottoes of most of these schools are written in Latin. As a rule, they are short, crisp and to the point.

A striking example is furnished by St. Paul's: "*Doce, Disce, aut Discede!*"—"Teach, learn, or depart!" Here the school-boy is taught the first secret of success—not to waste time. When the great Napoleon visited his old school at Brienne, he said to the boys assembled before him: "Boys, remember that every hour wasted at school means a chance of misfortune in future life." That is the lesson taught by the motto of old St. Paul's.

That of Rugby is like unto it: "*Nihil Sine Laborando!*"—"Nothing without labor"—no pains, no gains. Early in life, many choose what Sir Walter Besant calls "the easy way," but the easy way is always down hill. All work must be thorough. The youth who expects to achieve success in life, with a minimum expenditure of energy, is doomed to disappointment as surely as the sparks fly upward. Genius is the art of taking pains.

In "*Floreat Etona!*" the motto of Eton, we have the picture of a fruitful vine with its branches spreading out in all directions. In Church and State, in the learned professions, and in the army and navy of Great Britain, there are not a few whose lives have been built up on this foundation. "Noblesse oblige," has been the mainspring of their conduct, and in all things they have striven to be worthy of the great school whose name will be forever associated with their own.

From Charterhouse we get this fine thought: "*Deo dante dedit!*"—"Only as God gives, can man give." The sense of responsibility to one's Maker lies at the basis of character, and there is no true success without character. Character is the diamond which scratches every other stone, the key-stone in the arch of destiny, the only part of us that will live when we are gone. And character is nourished and strengthened only through faith in the unseen and eternal.

"*Stet Fortuna Domus!*" the motto of Harrow, affords much food for thought. Only can "the house abide steadfast in good fortune," by the unselfish aid of her own children. As

each stands firm in principle, so will the name of the dearly loved school remain as a name of honour from one generation to another.

That it will remain is clear from this brief extract from the letter of an old Harrovian, written to his parents in the year 1914: "It's awful for Reg. to be kept at Harrow while this is going on, but I've written to cheer him up by saying the war is going to last two years at least, by which time he will be able to join."

The spirit breathing through every line of that letter "home," suggests the motto of Westminster School: "*In Patriam Populumque!*" What a stirring call it is to every boy to stand up for the land of his birth! What a message it brings to every school-boy to-day! In time to come boys everywhere will wish that the opportunity had been theirs to live in these great days. But high privilege is always accompanied by weighty responsibility, and no graver responsibility was ever laid upon young shoulders than that which rests upon the boys in our schools to-day. Faithful service must be their daily watch-word; willing sacrifice the record of each day's work.

The spirit in which such service and sacrifice should be rendered is expressed in the motto of Winchester College—not written in Latin, but in plain old English: "*Manners Makyth Man!*" The word "manners" here has a wider meaning than we usually attach to it, but the less is included in the greater, and perhaps it cannot be better defined than it has been by one of its greatest exponents, the courtly Sir Philip Sidney, whose definition is compressed in a single phrase, "high thought seated in a heart of courtesy."

Good manners are the outward and visible sign of an inward spiritual grace. They are not only a part of our duty to our neighbour, but a sign of self-respect. They signify strength, not weakness, and he who sincerely respects himself is well-mannered in his treatment of others. They are not restricted to age, wealth or station. Sir Walter Raleigh's historic act of courtesy in spreading his cloak for the feet of Queen Elizabeth has been paralleled in our own day by the little newsboy who spread his papers across the muddy pavement, that Madame Melba might walk dry-shod from her carriage to the stage-door. The blackboard of every school in the land might well be adorned with the motto of the great school founded by William of Wykeham, "*Manners makyth man!*"

Shrewsbury's motto cuts deep and goes to the very heart of the matter: "*Intus Si Recte, Ne Labora!*"—"If all be right within, trouble about nothing." Where the works of a clock are clean and in good order, no fear but the hands will move aright, and the hammer strike the hour. Thus the true gentleman considers the feelings of others, not because it is a matter of good policy, but because he really feels for others. He will be kind, courteous and charitable because his heart is a fountain of kindness, courtesy and charitableness. He will not harbor animosities, and he will never cherish spite. He will always remember that the things which really corrupt one, come not from without, but from within—out of the heart are the issues of life.

Haileybury's motto: "*Sursum Corda!*"—"Lift up your hearts," is one that should be a daily inspiration to that young people everywhere. "Seek those things that are above." What a rule that is for conversation, what a motto for a library, what a guide in the making of friendships, what a solemn word to those who are about to choose their life's work!

In the Torch Race of ancient days, the runners sped with lighted torches toward the distant goal. That one was disqualified who, though arriving first, let his torch go out. The race of life should be like that. In our most strenuous efforts to reach the

(Continued on page 546.)

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Correspondence

THE CHURCH AND LABOUR DAY.

Sir,—May I use your columns, as General Secretary of our Council for Social Service, to bring to the attention of the clergy the approach of Labour Day, and the great opportunity afforded on the Sunday preceding it or the Sunday following of discussing from the Christian viewpoint the problems of our modern industrial life, the solution of which can only be found in the application of the principles of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Church has surely a message for Labour and for Capital, for Management and for the Community, and the heart of that message is that industry should be carried on primarily for the glory of God and for the service of man. If Canada is to enjoy industrial peace and enduring prosperity, it can only be as the result of the earnest prayers, the thoughtful study, the brotherly interest, the recognition of the call to service by all followers of Him, Who, as the Carpenter of Nazareth, hallowed for all time all honourable labour.

C. W. Vernon,
 General Secretary of the Council
 for Social Service.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

Sir,—Doubtless many of your readers are as thankful as I am to have read the stirring article (II.) by Rev. Dyson Hague on "A Forward Movement." In these days, when the love of money seems stronger than ever, surely the Christian Church should make it abundantly clear that her reliance is not upon God and Mammon, but upon God alone. It is a perilous thing to even approximate towards an inversion of our Lord's ringing charge, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," with its attendant promise, "and all these things shall be added unto you." Too many are prone to seek diligently the "other things" first in the vain hope that the Kingdom will follow; but the

Divine order will stand for ever.

A splendid example has been set before all observers by the notable history of the China Inland Mission. For more than half a century that noble society has been true to its policy of faith. It has unflinchingly kept God first, with a result that cannot be gainsaid. The treasurer was recently able to assure us that the society has never known a debit balance, nor has it ever had an overdraft at the bank. Yet it never appeals for money, and at its great annual meetings in London, to my personal knowledge, it takes no collection. If the whole Christian Church would move forward in entire confidence in God, we should find out in blessed experience the meaning of St. Paul's words, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

G. Osborne Troop.

Vancouver, B.C.

ARCHDEACON RAYMOND AND THE ORIGIN OF ANGLICAN SYNODS IN CANADA.

Sir,—Not in any spirit of controversy, for which I have neither time nor inclination, I have read with much interest Archdeacon Raymond's letter in your issue of the 24th inst. The subject set me by the editor of the "Year Book" was not "The Colonial Bishops Fund." Mr. Gladstone, the prejudices of the Loyalists against sending their sons to the United States to be educated, the conference of Bishops held at Quebec in the autumn of 1851, or the history of the Diocese of New Brunswick in relation to Synods. It was "The Beginnings of Our Synodical System," and I tried not only to keep to my text, but also to keep within the limits of the space allotted to me.

The story of the non-fulfilment of the desires of the Protestant Episcopalians in the old colonies of Great Britain on this continent to obtain at least a Suffragan Bishop (under the Bishop of London) is most instructively told by the late Dr. Hawkins, some-time secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in his "Historical Notices of the Missions of the Church of England in the North American Colonies." To help realize the object of these desires, Archbishop Tenison, one of the incorporators of the Society, left a substantial legacy, and so eminent a layman as Sir William Johnson, Bart., took similar action. Thus the movement toward the foundation and extension of the Colonial Bishops began at a date much earlier than Mr. Gladstone. Of the successive stages of the movement a fairly good idea can be obtained by reading the contemporary reports of the Society from year to year.

By Ultra-Loyalists the lack of Bishops has been assigned as a cause of the outbreak of the American Rebellion. But the first three Bishops of the Anglican Communion to be consecrated for work outside of the British Isles, as the Archdeacon himself pointed out in a recent number of the "Canadian Churchman," had their Sees, not within the British Dominions, but within the United States, viz., Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. Nova Scotia and Quebec followed on in 1787 and 1793, respectively.

In the absence of Bishops in the old colonies there could necessarily be no such thing as a Convocation. To remedy this defect the clergy of a province used to meet together, and in certain matters they used to take common action, as, for instance, in recommending to the Bishop of London persons fit to be candidates for ordination. It was no uncommon occurrence for the laity to be called

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into consultation, this practice having become in some provinces (or states) a fixed custom by the year 1785, when the first General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States was held. Against the perpetuation of this custom Dr. Seabury, who was then the only Bishop, protested vigorously, but in vain, the chief advocate of the retention of lay representation being Dr. White, who, two years later, was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury as first Bishop of Pennsylvania.

Dr. White was the intimate friend of Dr. Stuart, the first real missionary of the Church of England in what is now the Province of Ontario. Bits of correspondence between these two friends, as reproduced by Dr. O'Callaghan in a memoir of Dr. Stuart in Volume IV. of his "Documentary History of the State of New York," show that the latter had occasion to express somewhat strongly his views on Church affairs at the time that Apostolical Succession was being discussed by the members of the Church which had been cut off from the Mother Country by the Revolution.

Several incidents in the history of this province, not to mention others now comprised within the Dominion, go to prove that the Loyalists, as was only natural, brought with them a fondness for institutions to which they had been accustomed before they forsook the land of their birth to found new communities in the wilderness. Among these institutions was the Town Meeting, upon which Major-General Simcoe frowned as being too democratic ("Provincial Statutes, 1793"). Yet it is on record that the people of Cornwall, as we now call it, in their Town Meeting assembled, chose Mr. Bryan to be their "minister." That happened in 1784, eight years before the Major-General was sworn into office as the Lieutenant-Governor of the province.

Considering this natural love for institutions to which they had been accustomed, it was not to be wondered at if Dr. Stuart, the Loyalists' first spiritual adviser, looked forward to the day when they should have not only a Bishop of their own, but also a Convention or Synod. And, in teaching his pupil in theology, Mr. John Strachan, he made clear to him the principles of Church government, as the latter acknowledged in a famous speech which he delivered before the Legislative Council in the year 1828.

To all this must be added the Bishop's own testimony to the influence upon him of Dr. Hobart, the third Bishop of New York, with whom likewise he came into personal contact. The references to American practice when the constitution of the Synod of the Diocese of Toronto was under consideration can be read by anybody who has access to the contemporary reports between 1851 and 1857.

It is noteworthy that the first "Conference," which ultimately evolved into the Synod of Toronto, was held in May, 1851. The meeting at Quebec, to which Archdeacon Raymond refers at length, was not held till September of the same year. It was after that meeting at Quebec, as the Archdeacon's letter shows, that Mr. Gladstone introduced his Bill in the Imperial Parliament.

As has been said before in another connection, the Home Government has always been careful to consider the colonies together, so far as possible, in settling the affairs of any one of them. It had full knowledge of what had been done in the United States, both in the colonial period and afterwards. In fact, it was only under an Act of the British Parliament, passed in 1786, that the Archbishop of Canterbury was empowered to consecrate the Bishops of New York and Pennsylvania ("Statutes of Great Britain"). It could not make undue haste in the matter of permitting the assembling of Synods with lay representatives, a custom which does not obtain in the Church of England or in the Church of Scotland, even at the present day.

In establishing Provincial Synods, the question of submission to Canterbury, which was carefully guarded down to 1861, was involved. That fact, too, made it necessary to go slowly.

From this very brief résumé of the subject it will be seen that I am not convinced that the conclusions expressed in my article are faulty, even though I am not specially anxious to prove that we owe much to the United States.

In conclusion, I should like to be allowed to say that I am not a professor of history, but only a student of it, who finds in it rest from his ordinary avocations.

A. H. Young.

Trinity College, Toronto.

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A CHOIR MOTTO.

Over the choir loft of an old church in Nova Scotia hangs a yellowed motto which reads:—

"See that what thou singest with thy lips thou dost believe in thine heart, and that what thou believest in thine heart thou dost show forth in thy works."—Tenth Decree of the Fourth Council of Carthage, A.D. 398.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION NOTES.

There are 447 paintings in the Canadian War Memorials, which are eventually to be housed in the Art Museum at Ottawa. They show every phase of Canadian operations overseas, and will have their first Canadian showing at the Canadian National Exhibition, August 23rd to September 6th.

The CALL OF THE KING

HIS MAJESTY, THE KING, in the course of a recent speech, called upon his subjects to exercise *thrift* during the period of reconstruction.

The following are his words:—

"The spirit of union, self-sacrifice and patience which our people displayed during the years of fighting will still be required if we are to reap the full benefit of the peace which we have won. And those qualities must be reinforced by the virtues of industry and thrift."

Be *thrift*, therefore, and make the results of your *thrift* secure, by investing your savings in the

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A TRIUMPH SONG.

Written in welcome to our returned brave.

(Tune, No. 653, B.C.P.)

Secure in God's own might,
Across the ocean wave
Good ships have borne you home
With other hearts as brave.

With valiant, daring men,
From ends of all the earth,
We welcome you, to whom
The Empire owes new birth.

No sadness dims our song.
In Heaven, the valiant dead,
With voices proudly strong,
The triumph anthems led!

They sing with Him who faced
The path they late have trod;
Upon their brows He placed
The seal—Set free for God!

Sons of a famous land—
Whose fame your courage gave—
Welcome, our hero band!
The bravest of the brave!

—Florence N. Sherk.
Fort William.

THE HEART OF POLAND.

(Continued from page 536.)

was the first move of the 1905 revolution. The general strike followed; but Pilsudski had no arms for his followers, and ever-growing opposition soon paralyzed his plans. The revolution fell flat; the Terror followed. The patriot had only won for himself the name of a brigand who could hold up a Russian train and steal millions from it to serve the needs of his nation's cause, or could forge Russian papers in order to get his friends out of prison.

Years of quiet effort followed, in which Young Poland was being slowly prepared for the breach which, as Pilsudski clearly saw, had to come between Austria and Russia. Training schools for officers and men were founded, and corps of sharpshooters were formed. The crisis of 1913 passed over, but 1914 brought the long-expected event—and caught everybody napping!

It is for history to decide whether Pilsudski did right in fighting Czarism for all he was worth, allied as it was to the democracies of the west, from which alone, as he well knew, help could come. Suffice it to say that he won the respect alike of friend and of foe as a commander, so much so that the Russians set a big price on his head.

With the German victories of 1915 came the opportunity for beginning with the creation of a Polish National Army. The one thing Pilsudski did not want was to have Polish blood spilt in a German cause. The situation was critical, and when the Teutons showed their purpose of compelling the legions to take the oath of service to the Kaiser, the commander disbanded them on the spot. A sure proof of what the German leaders thought of him as a dangerous person was his final arrest and his spending a year and a half in Magdeburg gaol.

For the very man who had seen that Poland must cease to be reckoned as a part of Russia saw just as clearly that the real enemy was in Berlin. It must be said of the Poles that they have got the measure of their cruel neighbours better than anyone else. Since the days when, a hundred years ago, Mickiewicz cried out, "The god of politics has become a Prussian!" the story has been the same. Knowing this, Pilsudski chafed under his relation to the Austrian High Command. If there was anything which did worry him more than this, it was the uncertainty and disunion that prevailed among his own people—the thing which brought

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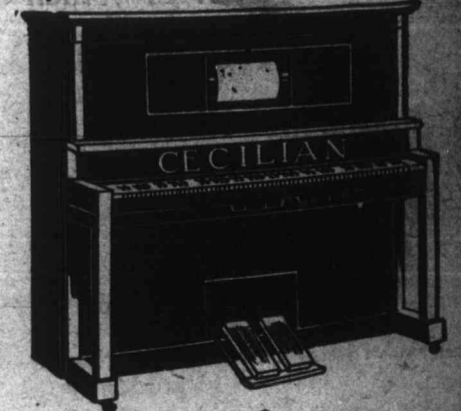
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about his resignation in October, 1916.

A storm of indignation broke out in the land, and the resultant confusion in military circles did much to force the hand of the Central Powers toward the Proclamation of Independence in the following November. Meantime, the commander would not allow recruiting, as he preferred to wait for the day (which never came) when the Prussians would recognize in deed and in truth the Polish army as a national unit of defence. Nevertheless, he pushed the work of military training and laid silent but sure foundations for the Polish military organization (P.O.W.) which did such splendid work two years later. Out of this grew the

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present national army. Varied opinions have existed about it, but it will go down to history as one of Pilsudski's most notable achievements.

A single principle has guided him throughout, and he has given it classic expression, "To be defeated and not yield is victory, but to win and do nothing is defeat!" This was the tone of his various addresses to his troops, some of them rare examples of eloquence. Never was its worth more manifest than in the dark days of midsummer, 1917, when the legions for refusing to swear allegiance to Von Bessler were disarmed and interned, except the Austrian subjects, who were sent to the Italian front.

Pilsudski was furiously attacked by his countrymen, many of whom favoured the oath-taking. Some of the troops did, indeed, take the oath, only to discover after Chelmland had been given to Ukraina that they were being hoodwinked. It was then that they fought their way out to Russia under Colonel Haller; and their leader, on reaching France, became the commander of the Polish divisions there, which are at long last to be repatriated.

Events soon proved that Pilsudski was right. And he himself had become too dangerous. On a false pretext he was arrested, July 20th, 1917, and sixteen months in a German prison followed.

From June, 1918, onwards armed resistance to the Germans in Poland became a matter of daily occurrence. With the collapse of Bulgaria, the certainty of a like disaster to Austria was evident. In Lublin a national government was proclaimed, which proceeded to get rid of the Austrians. Simultaneously, a labour administration was formed in Warsaw. It looked as if civil strife must follow.

Then came the revolution in Germany. Pilsudski was set free. He hurried home, to find work enough, and to spare, awaiting him. True to the principle of the knights of all ages—noblesse oblige! he set to work upon it—but that belongs to the second part of our tale.

(To be Continued.)

GOD THE INEVITABLE.

(Continued from page 537.)

the evening pause of life and its sequestered walks, for the time when the pensive shadows fall and the cool winds blow from the unseen shores. He is a God nigh at hand—right down here, mingling in the thick and throng of noonday life, with His holy eyes searching and His quickening breath fanning us. At the height of his activities, He accosts the living, thinking man, and claims from him instant attention and obedience. The energy of thought and will that stirs in you at this moment comes of the constant inflow of His animating Spirit.

This is what the man had found out and felt who wrote the 139th Psalm. He is facing the facts about God. Like Jacob at Penuel, he has come to hand-grips with his Maker. Religion is for him no longer a Sabbath performance, a social convenience and convention; it is an overwhelming personal reality. God has cornered this man, and is looking right down into his eyes, to demand a prompt and straight answer. There is no escape for him, and no wish any longer to escape. The decisive hour of life has come. That God Who has pursued him through the past and stands athwart his future, who has besieged him and compassed him about from every side, now closes in upon him and seizes him with insistent grasp. By this confession he yields himself a prisoner: "Thou," he cries, "has laid Thine hand upon me!"

He acknowledges in God the Owner of his being—the Lord of the Universe, now at last the admitted Lord of the wayward, stubborn, self-engrossed, self-idolizing human heart. The soul surrenders to its Maker's love. Such is the story that appears to lie behind this song.

There are two things men are constantly and childishly trying to avoid—God and themselves. This is the secret of our modern restlessness. Men are rushing about, hurrying this way and that, to divert an uneasy conscience, to "hide from the presence of the Lord." Anything to get away from God! Sometimes one may watch men spending half a lifetime in dodg-

ing religious conviction; and the hunted, harrassed look grows upon them. One can never for an instant get away from God, not in all the cloud of one's perplexed reasonings, not in the inmost seclusion of the distrustful heart. I turn my back upon Him—I am moved toward Him all the same, fleeing from His mercies to rush upon His judgments!

God has pursued you through the past; He awaits you in the future; and He arrests you in the present hour. It is vain to struggle, to turn this way and that: how should we escape the God who has planted His law in our conscience and stamped His image on our brow?

"Yield to His love's resistless power, And fight against your God no more."

For you are sure to be beaten! This is the moral of the old-world song: nothing is truer to the life of to-day.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION NOTES.

The victory spirit will dominate the Canadian National Exhibition this year, and the Dominion war trophies, the Canadian War Memorials paintings, Grenadier Guards Band and German U-Boat will furnish a real khaki background for the event.

Wake up, Ontario!

Let the Referendum Battle-Cry Be

"No!" - "No!" - "No!" - "No!"

SINCE the announcement in the Legislature last spring that a Referendum on the Ontario Temperance Act would be taken this fall, the different temperance organizations of the province of Ontario have met together to consider what attitude they should take. The result has been the formation of the Ontario Referendum Committee, which comprises representatives from the organized temperance forces of the province and the temperance sentiment of the province outside of these organizations. The new Committee will conduct the Campaign. We are asking the voters of Ontario to vote "No" to all questions submitted on the ballot.

The Referendum Ballot AND HOW TO VOTE

	Yes	No
1. Are you in favor of the repeal of THE ONTARIO TEMPERANCE ACT?.....		X
2. Are you in favor of the sale of light beer containing not more than two and fifty-one one hundredths per cent. alcohol weight measure through Government agencies and amendments to THE ONTARIO TEMPERANCE ACT to permit such sale?.....		X
3. Are you in favor of the sale of light beer containing not more than two and fifty-one one hundredths per cent. alcohol weight measure in standard hotels in local municipalities that by a majority vote favor such sale, and amendments to THE ONTARIO TEMPERANCE ACT to permit such sale?.....		X
4. Are you in favor of the sale of spirituous and malt liquors through Government agencies and amendments to THE ONTARIO TEMPERANCE ACT to permit such sale?.....		X

By the Ontario Temperance Act, sale and distribution of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes within the province were prohibited. For practically three years the province has experienced the good effects of this law. Its repeal would be a calamity. Any of the amendments would spoil it.

For the Temperance forces to win they must secure four "No" majorities. That is, a majority for "No" on EVERY question. The Temperance forces will be

defeated if there is a majority for "Yes" on any of the questions. You must mark an X after each of the four questions, or your ballot is counted as spoiled.

A century of temperance progress in this province is at stake in the coming Referendum. The Ontario Referendum Committee earnestly and respectfully ask you to mark your X in the "No" column after each and every question, as indicated in the sample ballot reproduced herewith.

Ontario Referendum Committee

JOHN MACDONALD
Chairman

D. A. DUNLAP
Treasurer

ANDREW S. GRANT
Vice-Chairman and Secretary
(1001 Excelsior Life Bldg., Toronto) 50

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FAMOUS ENGLISH SCHOOLS AND THEIR MOTTOES.

(Continued from page 540.)

goal of success, we must never allow the light of a high ideal to flicker and die.

* * * *

In concluding this somewhat rambling and imperfect sketch of English public school life, it may not be deemed impertinent to ask how far these ideals, as expressed in the various school mottoes, have been realized in the life of the student body. Does their influence extend beyond the school close into the quadrangle of the university? That question can best be answered in the form of an anecdote. Dr. Parkin, superintendent of the Rhodes' Scholarship Fund, who recently visited America, said that before leaving England he had dined with a number of Rhodes scholars at Oxford. During the conversation he asked them what most impressed them in English university life. The answer was this: "Since coming here

we have never met a man who would rather win a game by unfair means than lose it fairly."

That was a magnificent tribute from the New World to the Old—a tribute shall we not say—to the long cherished ideals of the public schools. Grammar school and university traditions may perish; the old-fashioned culture may wither and die away; the science of rowing and cricket may be buried in Flanders' Fields; but these ancient schools will have taught their alumni—and, let us hope, generations yet to come—this greatest of lessons, to play the game and to play it fairly.

* * *

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION NOTES.

Seventeen American flyers have already entered for the New York to Toronto aeroplane race to be started from the Canadian National Exhibition by the Prince of Wales on August 25th, the opening day of the Big Fair.

The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON
(Copyright, Fleming H. Revell Co.)

CHAPTER XII.

Nan Finds Friends.

SO the spring days slipped away until March and April were gone and the middle of May had come. Theodore was counting the days now, for it was in May that the bishop was to return—so Mrs. Martin had told him—and the boy began to watch eagerly for the word that the housekeeper had promised to send him. So full of this were his thoughts and so busy was he with his work for himself and for others, that he spent much less time than usual with Nan and Little Brother.

About this time there was a week of extremely hot weather. One day toward the close of this week as Theodore was passing Mrs. Hunt's door, she called him in.

"You'd better come here for your supper to-night," she said.

Theodore looked at her with a quick, startled glance.

"Why—where's Nan?" he inquired.
"Nan's in her room, but she can't get you any supper to-night. She's sick. I've seen for weeks past that Nan was overworkin' with all that cooking she's been doin', and to-day she just gave out—an' she's flat on her back now."

Theodore was silent in blank dismay. Until that moment he had not realized how much he had come to depend upon Nan.

"Has she had a doctor, or anything?" he asked, in such a troubled voice that Mrs. Hunt could not but be sorry for him.

"No, I offered to send Jimmy for a doctor, but she said she only wanted to rest, but I tell you what, Theo, she ain't goin' to get much rest in that room, hot's an oven with the constant cooking, an' what's more that baby can't stand it neither."

"I'll go an' see her," replied the boy, slowly, "an—I guess I don't want any supper to-night, Mrs. Hunt."

"Yes, you do want supper, too, Theodore. You come back here in half an hour an' get it, an' look here—Don't worry Nan, talkin' 'bout her being sick," Mrs. Hunt called after him in a low voice, as he turned toward the girl's door.

It seemed strange enough to Theodore to see bright, energetic Nan lying with pale face and idle hands on the bed. She smiled up at the boy as he stood silent beside the bed finding no words to say.

"I'm only tired, Theo," she said, gently. "It has been so hot to-day, and Little Brother fretted so that I couldn't get through my work so well as usual."

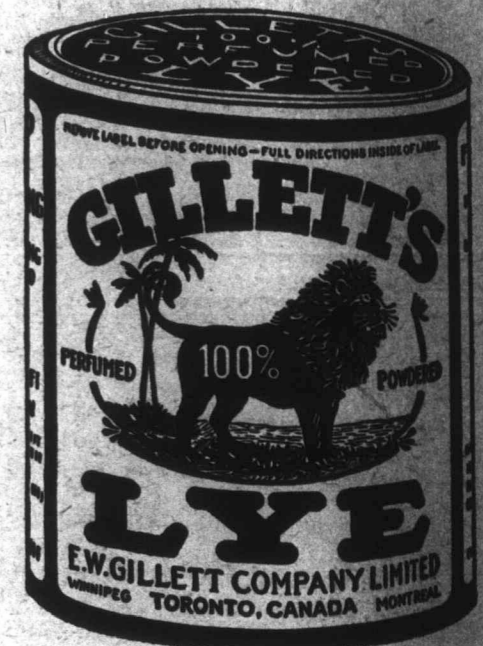
"He's sick too," answered Theodore, gravely.

Nan turned her head to look at the little white face on the pillow beside her.

"Yes, he's sick. Oh Theo"—and then the girl covered her face with her hands, and Theodore saw the tears trickling through her fingers.

"Don't Nan, don't!" he cried, in a choked voice, and then he turned and ran out of the room and out of the house. Straight to his teacher he went, sure of finding there sympathy, and if possible, help.

He was not disappointed. Mr. Scott listened to what he had to say, and wrote a note to a friend of his own who was a physician, asking him to see Nan and the baby at his earliest convenience. Then having comforted Theodore, and compelled him to take some supper, Mr. Scott sent him away greatly refreshed, and proceeded to



talk the matter over with his aunt, Mrs. Rawson.

"Those two children ought to be sent away into the country, Aunt Mary," he began.

"Nan and Theodore, do you mean?"

"No, no! Theodore's all right. He's

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well and strong. I mean Nan and her little brother. Aunt Mary, it would make your heart ache to see such a girl as that working as she has worked, and living among such people. I wish you would go and see the child."

"I'll try to go to-morrow, Allan. I've been intending to ever since you told me about her, but the days do slip away so fast!" answered the lady.

But she found time to go the next day, and the first sight of Nan's sweet face was enough to make her as deeply interested in the two as her nephew had long been.

"But what an uncomfortable place for a sick girl!" Mrs. Rawson thought, as she glanced at the shutterless windows through which the sun was pouring, making the small room almost unbearably hot, although there was no fire in the stove. She noticed that the place was daintily clean and neat, though bare as it well could be, but noisy children were racing up and down the stairways and shouting through the halls, making quiet rest impossible. Mrs. Rawson's kind heart ached as she looked from the room to the pure face of the girl lying there with the little child beside her.

"She must be a very unusual girl to look like that after living for months in this place," she thought to herself.

While she was there the doctor came, and when he went away, Mrs. Rawson went with him that she might tell him what she knew about the girl's life and learn what he thought of the case.

"It is a plain case of overwork," he said. "From what you tell me the girl has been doing twice as much as she was able to do, and living in that little oven of a room with nothing like the fresh air and exercise she should have had, and very likely not half enough to eat. The baby seems extremely delicate. Probably it won't live through the summer, and a good thing too if there's no one but the girl to provide for them. What they need is—to go straight away into the country and stay there all summer, or better yet, for a year or two, but I suppose that is out of the question."

"I must see what can be done, doctor. Such a girl as that surely ought not to be left to struggle along unfriended."

"No, but there are so many such cases. Well, I hope something can be done for her. I'll call and see her again to-morrow, but medicine is of little use in a case like this," the doctor replied.

Mrs. Rawson was not one to "let the grass grow under her feet," when she had anything to do, and she felt that she had something to do in this case. She thought it over as she went home, and before night she had written to a relative in the country—a woman who had a big farm and a big heart—to ask if she would board Nan and her little brother for the summer. She described the two, and told how bravely the girl had battled with poverty and misfortune until her strength had failed. The letter went straight from the warm heart of the writer to that of her friend and the response was prompt.

"Send those two children right to me, and if rest and pure air and plenty of wholesome food are what they need, please God, they shall soon be strong and well. They are surely His little ones, and you know I am always ready and glad to do His work."

Such was the message that Mrs. Rawson read to her nephew two days after her visit to Nan, and his face was full of satisfaction as he listened to it.

"Nothing could be better," he said. "It will be a splendid place for those children, and it will be a good thing too for Mrs. Hyde to have them there."

"Yes, I think so," replied Mrs. Rawson, "but now the question is—will Nan consent to go? From what little I have seen of her I judge that

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she will not be at all willing to accept help from strangers."

"She will shrink from it, perhaps, for herself, but for the sake of that little brother I think she will consent to go. Theo tells me that she has been exceedingly anxious about the child for weeks past," answered Mr. Scott.

"Well, I'll go to-morrow and see if I can prevail upon her to accept this offer, but Allan, one thing you must do, if Nan does consent to go—and that is, you must break it to Theodore. It's going to be a blow to him, to have those two go away from the city. He'll be left entirely alone."

"So he will. I hadn't thought of that. I must think it over and see what can be done for him. He cert-

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Because we all have nervous systems which get out of order at one time or another, it is of vital importance that we know the best means of restoration.

When we get tired and languid, suffer from headaches and irritability, find difficulty in obtaining rest and sleep and begin to feel downhearted and discouraged, it is because the nerves are not obtaining proper nourishment.

Medical treatment must necessarily fail unless it supplies nutrition to the starved and depleted nerves. This is exactly why Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proven so wonderfully successful. Through the medium of the blood it feeds the exhausted nerves back to health and vigor.

This letter explains how it succeeds in the most stubborn cases.

Mrs. S. Meathrel, 23 Hyla Street, London, Ont., writes: "About a year ago I had a complete collapse from my nerves. I was taken to the hospital for a treatment, but it did not give me much relief. When I was brought home again, I went to the country for a change of air. I seemed to be a little better while there, but after my return home I did not feel much better. I used to have nervous spells, when my limbs would begin to shake, then grow cold, and I would be completely exhausted. I was also troubled with an accumulation of gas on my stomach, which caused palpitation of the heart. At last I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after I had used them for a while, I could see that they were helping me, so I continued using them until I became quite well again. I became real strong and healthy, could sleep well at night, and was able to do my own housework. As I got stronger, the nervous spells disappeared, and I have not had one since."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of six boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

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New Boarders enter Sept. 16th.

ainly must not stay there, with no place but that dark little closet in which he sleeps," replied the gentleman.

Mrs. Rawson's kindly sympathy and gentle manners had quickly won Nan's confidence and the girl welcomed her warmly when she appeared in the little room the next morning. She found Nan sitting by the open window, with her pale little brother in her arms.

"Oh, I'm ever so much better," she said, in reply to Mrs. Rawson's inquiries. "The doctor's medicine helped me right away, but I don't feel very strong yet—not quite well enough to begin my cooking again. I'm going to begin it to-morrow," she added.

"Indeed, you'll not do any cooking to-morrow, Nan," said the lady, decidedly. "You're not fit to stand over the stove or the mixing board, and besides, it would make the room too hot for the baby."

Nan glanced anxiously at the little face on her arm.

I can carry him in to Mrs. Hunt's. He's no trouble, and she's always willing to keep him," she answered.

"Now, my child, I want you to listen to me," Mrs. Rawson began, and went on to tell the girl about the plans she had made for her and her little brother.

Nan listened, with the colour coming and going in her face.

"It is so good—so kind of you to think of this," she exclaimed, earnestly, "and I'd love to go. Mrs. Rawson, you don't know how I hate living in a place like this," she shuddered, as she spoke, "and it would be like heaven to get away into the sweet, clean country, with good people—but I can't go unless there is something I can do there. I couldn't go and live on charity, you know."

(To be Continued.)

BALAAM'S ASS.

Bishop John M. Moore is not only one of the most eloquent, he is also one of the most learned preachers in America.

At a dinner in Nashville a local preacher boasted that he was self-made, and had climbed to his present success by his own efforts solely.

"Yes, Bishop," he concluded, "the Lord opened my mouth to preach without sending me to no college first."

"Indeed!" said Bishop Moore. "How very interesting! A similar event happened in Balaam's time."

WHY THEY LAUGHED.

The Bishop of London, who has announced his intention of parting with his town house in St. James's Square, told a good story recently concerning a colleague of his who was on his way back from visiting friends in New York.

He and his wife (said Dr. Ingram) were allotted a large double cabin. One night during a thunder storm the lady complained of the closeness of the air, and her spouse dutifully arose and opened a porthole, whereupon a big wooden ball bobbed in and kept on bobbing.

The Bishop knotted up its string and hung it on the wall of the cabin; but it bumped as the vessel rocked, and annoyed the lady further.

So the patient Bishop let out the loops and put the ball under his pillow; after which, peace and slumber.

The next day at dinner the Bishop recounted his adventures of the night, and bridled somewhat at the roars of laughter which greeted the story.

Eventually, the captain recovered sufficiently to gasp:—

"Why, man!—!—that is, My Lord! That ball you slept on hangs at the end of the ship's lightning-conductor!"

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