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Canadian Churchman

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Coming Events

- Oct. 24th, 1.30 p.m.**—M.S.C.C. Executive Committee, in M.S.C.C. offices, Toronto.
- Oct. 25th, 10.30 a.m.**—General Synod War Service Commission Interim Committee, at Synod office, Toronto.
- Oct. 25th., 8 p.m.**—Secretary of the Pension Fund of Protestant Episcopal Church, U.S.A., meets General Synod Committee on Dominion Beneficiary Funds, Synod office, Toronto.

Personal & General

Rev. C. N. Dixon returned to Cochrane from Ruperts House, after about a month of difficult travelling. He and his young son arrived on October 10th.

In the churches of Toronto last Sunday only one service was held in accordance with the pastoral sent out by the Bishop. This will be the rule during the epidemic of influenza.

Captain the Rev. R. Weston Ridgeway, Incumbent of Bethany, Man., at present serving as a Chaplain overseas, was married in England on October 12th, to Miss Flora Polson, of Winnipeg.

Rev. E. A. Green, who for two years has been Curate of St. Luke's Church, St. John, N.B., was recently offered a British Army Chaplaincy and is now in France. A letter received from Mr. Green a day or two ago describes his initial work at the base.

Archbishop Hamilton of Ottawa, and Mrs. Hamilton, will spend the winter in the Southern States and they will be accompanied by the Rev. Harold Hamilton and Miss Ethel Hamilton, their son and daughter. They expect to leave Ottawa early in November.

Rev. H. G. Cartlidge reached Cochrane on October 2nd from the Waswanipi Mission, bringing with him a nine-year old Indian boy for education at the Chapleau Indian School. Mr. Cartlidge will await the Bishop's return for his ordination to the priesthood.

The first D.S.O. to be raised to the Bench is Canon Martin Linton Smith, Rector of Winwick, whose appointment as Bishop-Suffragan to the new See of Warrington has been approved by the King. Canon Smith has recently returned from two years' service at the Front.

Mr. L. A. Hamilton, of Toronto, has been elected Honorary Treasurer of the General Synod in place of Judge McDonald resigned. Mr. Hamilton has always been a devoted and generous church worker of large vision. The General Synod is fortunate in securing such a successor to Judge McDonald.

At St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, the offering at the recent Thanksgiving services were four times the amount of the offering for an average year, and, despite the epidemic, the attendance was excellent. Bishop Bidwell was the preacher in the morning, and Capt. Ketterson, a Chaplain recently returned, in the evening.

By the request of the Bishop of Montreal there were no services held in any of the Anglican churches on Sunday last, October 20th. All celebrations of the Holy Communion have been postponed for the present and when these services are resumed no congregation is to exceed 25 in number so long as the epidemic lasts.

The Rev. Dyson Hague would be greatly obliged if any of the readers of the "Canadian Churchman" who have a copy of his work, "The Church of England before the Reformation" (Hodder & Stoughton) that they would be willing to let him have second-hand would communicate with him, 27 Maynard Avenue, Parkdale, Toronto.

Captain Angers Mackintosh, husband of the Lady Maud Mackintosh and son-in-law of their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, has fallen a victim to the prevailing epidemic. He died at Washington, D.C., on the 13th October, having developed pneumonia. He was shot through the lungs during the famous Battle of Mons.

Lieut. A. C. S. Trivett, M.A., who has been serving overseas for nearly three years, has returned to Canada to engage in Y.M.C.A. work under the National Council. Lieut. Trivett went over with the Divisional Signal-

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REMEMBER THE DATES. OCTOBER 28th to NOVEMBER 14th.

lers, and after being wounded, was invalided to Canada a year ago. Since then he has been engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in England. On his leave to Canada he married the second daughter of Principal O'Meara, Wycliffe College.

Rev. F. W. Hovey, M.A., Rector of St. Luke's, Burlington, and Rural Dean, died on October 15th, as a result of influenza. He was one of the coming younger clergy of the diocese of Niagara. As Rector of St. Luke's for over ten years, he had built his life into the community, and was a friend of all causes that made for the good of the district. He was a diligent minister, an earnest preacher, and was highly spoken of by his Bishop and fellow clergy.

Capt. the Rev. F. J. Sawers was transferred to St. John's, Que., for special relief duty after being Chaplain for two months at Aldershot Camp, N.S. His next move will be to Montreal to help in the Chaplaincy work there. He is to be Chaplain of the new military hospital which is to be opened at Ste. Anne's, near Montreal. A few days ago he had a very pleasant surprise when he received from the congregation of St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, a cheque for over \$300, to be used for the work among the soldiers.

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Toronto, October 24th, 1918.

The Christian Year

THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THIS week's Collect is a prayer about the united or Common Prayer of the Church, just as the Collect for Trinity Sunday is a prayer that God will guide the praying of His individual servants.

Notice the beautiful address, "O God, our Refuge and Strength." To express our experience of what God has ever been to His people we use a very old way of addressing God. (See Psalms 46: 1, 11 and 59: 16.)

"Who art the author of all godliness." God wants us more than we want Him. "His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that hath called us to glory and virtue" (11 Peter 1: 3).

We approach God with confidence and trust.

"Be ready (be present) to hear the devout prayers of Thy Church." In these words there can be no thought that we need to urge God to hear us. "He is always more ready to hear than we to pray." The words seem rather a realization of the fact that the hearing of our prayers is an act of grace on the part of God. Compare Nehemiah's prayer (Neh. 1: 6, 11). The Collect suggests three things about our common worship:—

1. We need a realization of the Presence of God. "Be ready" is literally "be present." The tendency now is to make common worship "attractive." The ordinary method adopted is to emphasize the music or the preacher—not the prayer and the message. If we would "obtain effectually" we must guard against forgetting that the object of public worship is to come into the realized Presence of God for the specific purpose of worship and prayer. To forget this, no matter how much we "enjoy" music or sermon, is "to go empty away." "Where two or three are gathered . . . there am I."

2. Our united prayers should be devout. Not only in the manner in which they are offered. That goes without saying. Surely no one can imagine a service rendered carelessly on purpose! Yet the impression of irreverence is given when prayers are hurriedly and mechanically recited, as if they were to be got through to give way to sermon or anthem. True devoutness in manner will only be gained by devoutness in spirit. A man devoted in heart and mind and will to God who realizes the Presence will offer devout prayers. External reverence will only be gained by internal devotion.

3. Prayers must be "faithfully" offered. Not only with faith that God will hear and answer as is best, but persistently.

A picture of the Church faithfully praying and receiving an "effectual" answer is given in Acts 12. The Church prays faithfully and persistently for St. Peter's release. The effectual answer is St. Peter's deliverance.

What might be the result on the life of the Church if, in the frequent use of the Public Offices of our Prayer Book, there was on our part a realization of God's Presence—a devotion of heart and mind and will, and a believing spirit which persistently offers its petitions, awaiting the wise and loving answer of Him Who alone is, and ever has been, our "Refuge and Strength."

Editorial

THE sinews of war were never more needed than to-day, for already among some unthinking people, there is a tendency to relax their efforts because the finish is in sight. The only finish which will secure our purpose is a strong finish.

The German peace move will be a success if it dampens the ardor of the Canadian and American War Loans. Next to the mitigation of peace terms, such would be a result eminently worth while.

Duty is a word which we Canadians do not need to hear in this matter. Investment in the Victory Loan is the logical act of every man who realizes that the public weal is the only security for his own welfare.

Honestly, we get rather tired of being exhorted to do our "bit," like the man overseas—as if the investment of loose cash at good interest, with Gibraltar securities, could be mentioned in the same breath with the risking of life and limb "over there." It is the men "over there" who are the securities for our Victory Loans. A truce to this kind of talk! Don't let the man who subscribes \$10,000 for Victory bonds think he has done anything to be thought of beside the man who has lost even a left hand in the fight. If the man gave \$10,000, it might be mentioned. But he does not give even the interest on it.

Every citizen worth the name will invest his capital for the sake of the Cause that is everything and the Country that makes life worth while.

We have sufficient faith in the average man to believe all he needs to know is that the loan is required. He needs no urging. He realizes too keenly the tremendous values at stake.

"CARRY on" must be the motto of our work in the churches this year. It is extremely difficult, and the difficulty makes it worth while. Most of our men workers are overseas or choked with work here. Those who have any ability and energy are appealed to by a dozen other things which are obviously emergency service. An increasing number feel that they have not the heart to work after the "news from Ottawa" has told them that the wine of life has been spilled. Everybody is weary with the stress and strain of these four years. We have spurred ourselves for the last lap so often that we are jaded in mind and body.

Closed until after the war is a sign which the Church cannot afford to put on any of its work. If it was necessary work before the war, it is a hundredfold more necessary now. The Boys' and Girls' work are cases in point. With the relaxed home discipline through the absence or preoccupation of parents and the general speeding up of life for young people, the Church has a task which she must not desert. To postpone it would be a blunder.

Some of us must get a right perspective of values. Not all our after-the-war problems will come from overseas. We are creating some right here at home. To look after a Boy Scout Troop, or to stimulate a Group Bible Class, is a task worthy of the best of our laymen. The leadership of Girl Guides or Girls' Clubs is something in which a woman of gifts can invest her powers with compound

interest. It is a ministry as real as any in the Church. It is a national service as vital as the greatest emergency.

* * * * *

S. S.W.M.F. are initials which will soon take on a meaning demanding the attention of every Churchman. They stand for an altogether worthy scheme which the M.S.C.C. are pushing. From every Sunday School in our country men have gone to fight for King and country. Some will not return. Their names will ever be held in high honour. The M.S.C.C. proposes that each Sunday School subscribe to the *Sunday School War Memorial Fund* on the basis of ten dollars for each man to be commemorated, by buying fifteen-year Victory Bonds, made out in favour of the M.S.C.C., to be used as an endowment for the Indian and Eskimo Mission work. Each Sunday School that subscribes will receive a shield on which the names of the men can be engraved on separate maple leaves. The shield is of attractive design and good workmanship, and will be a fitting memorial. We have no doubt that the Sunday Schools will find Church folk as a whole ready to co-operate liberally.

* * * * *

EDUCATION is the only safe basis of reform. Three years ago vodka-drinking in Russia was wiped out by a stroke of the pen. We were inclined to think an autocracy had its advantages. This year the peasants of the Ukraine and Central and Southern Russia have used two-thirds of their stocks of grain to make vodka, according to German newspapers. Thousands of distilleries are at work. The Temperance slate was not a reform, but an inhibition. It was not the result of education. The stroke of an autocrat's pen is not so powerful in the long run as the ballot of the man educated in right ideals of citizenship. November 3rd is Temperance Sunday this year—the day when our clergy and Sunday School teachers should inculcate the principles which are behind our present emergency move. Never again can we go back to the condition of things before the war.

* * * * *

A TEST to the home life of Church people came last Sunday in the areas where church services were forbidden. How did your home stand the test? Did you gather the household for family prayers? At such a time there is much to pray for. We Churchmen have a ready guide at our hands in the Prayer Book. In the homes, especially where children are, we hope God was honoured. In too many households, alas! it would be a red-letter day for the father to kneel in prayer with the family and repeat the Lord's Prayer. Yet only as our homes are consecrated to God can we expect the young manhood and womanhood that finds its life therein to be so consecrated.

* * * * *

THE curious twist of the German mind, or the perverted German moral sense, whichever you care to say, is adequately illustrated by the following extract from a lecture of Herr Traub, an ex-pastor and a member of the German Reichstag, explaining that

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the substitution of arbitration for war would be an offence against God. He says:—

The desire to rule everything on earth by a Supreme Court of Arbitration is a desire to put ourselves in the place of God. The sacrifices of War are a much better guarantee than any decision of lawyers for the victory of justice. What we need is more faith in God's Rule.

It is incredible that a man of education should conceive that a Supreme Court is a greater offence than a Supreme Kaiser.

FIELD MARSHAL FOCH, for whose work we thank God, is not at all the stern man you might expect. The following words reveal his heart:—

"Ah, you do not know what a father suffers when mourning enters into his house permanently. My son is gone and one of my daughters is widowed. I shall return to a house that I left full of happiness on a summer Sunday, to find poor, wee orphans who never even knew their father. I am nearing the twilight of my

life, and I think I have been a faithful servant, whose hope is to rest in the peace of our Lord. There are, like myself, thousands and thousands of fond, old fathers who have lost all they loved, the sons on whom their hope was set. But we have no right to self-pity. Our country—our beloved *patrie*—is all that matters. Let us accept the sacrifice. The whole of humanity is at stake. Liberty must first triumph. Afterward we may weep."

What the Victory Loan Means to the World

MAURICE HUTTON, LL.D., Principal University College, Toronto

THE world is suffering from the scourge of influenza, but of the many who have lost their lives by it a fair proportion, it is certain, have done so because they could not or would not possess their souls and bodies in patience, but returned to their work and put away thoughts of the plague prematurely; and it returned and slew them, and all their sickness and their recovery went for nothing.

And these things are an allegory of that greater plague, the war. People want to return to peace, to put away thoughts of the war as soon as it appears to be passing away: the hope that springs eternal—though only six short months ago the British Government was preparing to evacuate France and resign the channel ports and fight on with the fleet and the retransported army—tells us that it is all over but for the shouting; and in the shouting some people will include the demand of the Government for a second Victory Loan. They will regard it as a natural concession to human emotions, but otherwise unnecessary and gratuitous.

There is no sense of the past in that easygoing hopefulness and indifference. Nations have passed through worse quarters of an hour than Germany is suffering now and have come out after all with victory. Prussia herself had this experience in her campaigns for Silesia. She lost her capital even, besides losing battles, and yet, when her enemies flagged and became tired of the strain, she snatched victory from defeat and won the objective she was at that time seeking.

There is no sign that she can regain to-day her primary objectives, the Belgian coast and the outlets to the Atlantic; but these were only her first objectives—perhaps never for most of her people, certainly never for a large part of them, the main objectives. The other objectives were middle and eastern Europe and the south-eastern lands, Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Constantinople, Mesopotamia and Egypt and the high road to India. Even on the first day of the war in 1914, though the tide of battle swung towards France, Serbia rather and Salonica seemed already to be not merely its occasion, but its cause.

And if these eastern objectives are no longer possible for Germany in the old form, they are still possible in the new form opened for her by the Russian collapse. Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Mesopotamia and Egypt are replaced by Russia and Roumania, and the Caucasus, and the Ukraine, and the Black Sea, and Persia, and Turkestan. The route eastwards is shifted, but the East remains the objective; and the north-east Lithuania and Courland and Esthonia are gained already.

Does anyone imagine they will all be resigned without a struggle? That Poland and

Bohemia and the Russian provinces north-east of them and south-east will be resigned with Belgium and eastern France? Our armies, even if advanced to the Rhine, have to be kept in being until Poland and Bohemia and Russia and Roumania, not less than Serbia, have been restored to the self-determination of their peoples.

And even this understates very greatly the need of more money for the maintenance of our armies. Even though the German cause were lost by surrender to-morrow in the east as in the west, it would be a couple of years before the allied armies could be disbanded. Those armies are the only guarantee, not paper treaties, that the promises of Germany will be kept. They are the pledges, and the only pledges, that Russia, Roumania, Poland and Bohemia will be free to vote freely the will of their populations.

This war has been the greatest of tragic dramas that any living man has ever seen or will see; but if that were all, we could find some consolation, whatever the end of it, in the vindication of human nature, in the universal rise of morale throughout the allied nations which it has brought; in the cloud of witnesses to the deepest things of life which it has evoked; in the universal outburst of Christianity—that is to say, of cheerful self-sacrifice—which it has called forth. Never again will heroes and saints be flung up from very common and unpromising soil in endless profusion; never again will the casual, sport-loving Britisher, the logic-chopping, controversial Frenchman, the money-making Yankee, the decadent democracies of the west, as the mole-eyed German saw them, illustrate so vividly to the world the paradox that the piping times of peace disguised only and burlesqued and belied the real soul of nations; that such men only seem decadent, because few men are heroes in their days of peace to their friends, to one another, least of all to themselves, because few men can be great when life offers them no manifest call except to controversy and argument, because few men can live for an exalted cause; but that nevertheless thousands of men and women will die, and will die readily—as Garibaldi's red shirts died—for a righteous cause, however desperate; that men die all the more cheerfully and gaily because all the complex problems, all the insoluble doubts and difficulties, which obsessed them in the days of peace, are put away and forgotten for the plain and certain duty of the moment. Men are not happy without conviction and without a work to do. There was neither conviction nor serious work to do for thousands of men and women until the war called them from luxury and intellect and vain imaginations to hardships and hor-

rors and hunger, to the trenches and the hospitals, to the sickening sights and sounds of death. Canada's heroes cannot live on this pedestal for ever, nor any people, but this is not the time for them to descend.

The war is the greatest of tragedies, but tragedy, in the technical sense, and no moral equivalent for war has yet been found which brings with it compensations and purifications of equal value. But the war will become a tragedy in the common sense no less than in the older sense, if people in Canada close their purses now and neglect the needs of their armies out of a light heart. To make peace with a light heart now would only be one degree less heinous than the guilt of him who made war with a light heart; and it was not a Frenchman in 1914.

Our people are easygoing. Their conscience is at rest. They have not the uneasy feeling that they were nearly being too late which tightens the nerves of the American and braces his resolution. Possibly we even feel that, since the desperate gambling throw for the world has failed, it is good sportsmanship and British fair play and British sympathy with the under dog to let the gambler down easily. In Great Britain itself the national good nature is reinforced by pessimists and humanitarians and pacifists not a few, from Lord Lansdowne at the top to the "Daily News" and the "Nation" and the "Manchester Guardian," who will harp upon this soft, seductive string.

But it is too soon, and it is too unjust. A gambler who throws for a world may be understood and forgiven; it is all very human. It is not the gambling itself, but the cheating with the cards; not the game, but the loaded dice and the dishonesty which are unpardonable; and the time has not yet come when we can say that any price has been exacted of the worst offenders and for the worst offences, nor that any price can be exacted at all commensurate with the offence.

To exact a price requires obviously more fighting and more money; a little more stiffening of the will and relaxing of the purse; a little longer period of "sticking it." The Roman general was thanked because he had not despaired after defeat. There are persons in places of influence in Great Britain who hold their heads up and demand our gratitude because they despaired before defeat. The Romans recovered from their defeat, but it will be our fault if the Germans at this late date recover from theirs. If the Allies do not make the world safe for democracy, it will be because their democracies are not safe for the world: too feeble, easygoing, casual, infirm of purpose.

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So we turn to liberty. feelings

Our Common Heritage

DR. MATTHEW D. MANN, BUFFALO, N.Y.

An address, delivered at the America Day Luncheon in Toronto, October 14th.

FORMERLY in Buffalo, on a cliff above the Niagara River, where it bursts with mighty flood from the ever-changing waters of Lake Erie there stood overlooking the Canadian shore opposite, what was by custom called Fort Porter. Of the original fort, when I first saw it, only a single building remained. It had, I believe, once been used as a powder magazine. It was sunk deep in a large excavation well below the surface, doubtless to remove it from the sight of a possible enemy on the other side of the river. It had long outlasted its usefulness so the hole in which it stood was filled and the last remnant of anything warlike on our part of the frontier was buried out of sight, let us hope, forever.

This is a sample of what has happened all along the border which divides our two countries. For more than one hundred years no shot has been fired across that line. No troops have been assembled, no trenches dug, and on the great lakes no dreadnaughts or submarines have sought their prey. All this is a splendid testimony to the good feeling which has now so long existed between the two nations. We have had our differences. Questions of fishing rights, of boundary lines, of tariffs and such matters have all come up, but have been settled by the civilized and Christian plan of arbitration, so that to-day, I believe, there is not a moot question between us.

It has not always been so. We have not always been such good friends. Twice have we been engaged in war and for many years a feeling of bitterness and dislike engendered by these wars existed between us. These feelings have gradually faded away and the present generation has come to a very different state of mind. Perhaps our histories have been responsible in part for this, but we are writing and reading history differently to-day. We are beginning to appreciate that it was not the English people that attacked us in the war of the Revolution, but the English Sovereign. He, we are now remembering, was of German and not of English descent. The first George could not speak English and his great-grandson inherited many German traits and ideas. Green, in his history, says of him: "He had a smaller mind than any English King before him, except James II. He was wretchedly educated and his natural powers were of the meanest sort." Unfortunately, like the German Kaiser to-day, his will was law and he alone, like the Kaiser, could have prevented war. There was no need of the seven long years of bloodshed, misery and suffering and of the hundred years of alienation. Had it not been for his stupidity and German pigheadedness, the whole Anglo-Saxon race might to-day be united in one glorious commonwealth with a power and a might which would have made its word law, just as this race is to-day united in opposing an unrighteous attempt to make the word of one autocrat and despot the law of the world.

AMERICA'S DEBT.

These things we are gradually getting to understand and we have thus been gradually growing nearer to each other. Now, as the result of this war a new bond is drawing us closer together. I mean the sentiment of gratitude. When we Americans think what would have happened if Belgium first and then Great Britain had not stood as bulwarks against the advancing Huns, a feeling of intense gratitude arises in our minds. We never could have struck a blow for liberty in Europe. Rather would we have been forced like Belgium and France to fight for our lives and liberties on our own soil. Having conquered all of Europe it certainly was the intention of the Kaiser to attack us and to make us pay the bill. Nothing but the foresight of England which understood the menace and sent her wonderful navy and her "contemptible little army," "Kitchener's Mob" to stem the tide, saved us and gave us the time to prepare and take a hand, a deciding hand it may be, in this greatest of all wars. For this reason our feelings toward Great Britain are of the kindest nature, full of gratitude and thanks.

So we are proud and glad to send our boys in turn to take their part in this great struggle for liberty. One of our poets has well expressed our feelings in a little poem entitled,

To England.

Mother, we come from beyond the sea,
Whom you bore in the distant past,
Unloving children of thine were we,
But flesh of thy flesh at last.

We came not for thy deep bruised breast,
For the pain in thy valiant cry,
But we come at last for our own soul's rest
Lest the soul of England die.

Now from camp and from keen gray fleet
Our war flags also fly,
You hear the throb of our marching feet—
Mother. Thy sons are nigh.

Now in the watch for morning dim,
Through the beats of the shrapnel's drum,
You hear the surge of our battle hymn—
Mother. We come. We come.

In turning back the tide your country, too, I mean Canada, has had a most noble and honourable part. The way in which you arose almost as one man to aid and defend your mother country and so became the defenders of our country, too, has excited the admiration of our people and of the whole allied world, and has made us across the border your heartfelt debtors. It was and remains to-day a splendid testimonial to the strength of democratic union.

THE TIES THAT BIND.

There are other and older things that bind us together. A common language certainly gives a strong sense of kinship. We read the same books by authors of both lands. We own with you all of English literature before the great emigration; Shakespeare, Milton and the English Bible are as much ours as yours. An Austrian who had lived long in England was asked his opinion of the British people. One great thing he said you have which we have not, you think and act and speak for yourselves. Had he lived on this continent he would, I think, have said the same thing of both our countries. It is but a natural result of democracy.

There are many other ties between us, but there is one especially on which I wish to dwell, because it is fitting for this occasion. I mean our religion.

It has been questioned if England, or Canada, or the United States are Christian nations. The answer depends upon what you mean by a Christian nation. If you mean that all, or even a majority of each nation are professed Christians, members by baptism of Christ's Church and living up to their profession, then certainly we are not a Christian nation. But if a Christian nation means one which is actuated in its dealings with others by Christian principles, which bases its system of morals and ethics on Christ's teachings, then I think we can safely claim the name.

So my friends we have many ties which bind us. We stand side by side in the cause of humanity against the common enemy. Bound together by race, language, a community of ideas, a common literature, a common religion and common political ideals we must let nothing come between us. Some of these things may sound like platitudes, but it is well to remind ourselves of them lest we forget. The future of the world depends upon the Anglo-Saxon race. Under its leadership the world will become Christianized and democratized, and only thus can it be saved. Otherwise our civilization will go down in ruin and the human race will have to begin again at the very bottom to build up anew.

This can not be. It will not be. American and Briton will pull together, will stand together against all foes both without and within and will perpetuate and perfect our civilization and save mankind.

Ah! you say, you are expecting too much. History teaches that civilizations grow, reach a climax and die. Why should ours have a different ending from those which have gone before? Remember there is one thing in which our civilization differs from all which have preceded it. It is founded upon a surer foundation. It has within it, a constituent part of it, Christ's own Church,

and we have His promise that the "gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." A living Christianity must not only inspire our warfare but it must mold and shape our whole civilization and just as we are true to this idea so will we ensure the perpetuation and perfect development of our institutions. To carry this out we must have the united strength of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. Shall we have it? In the words of John Galsworthy: "We shall not fail, neither ourselves, nor each other, our comradeship will endure."

OUR FIRST TASK.

What is the first great task before us? To stop war. It has been said: "Christianity will indeed have failed if it does not stop war." How can we do it? War has been waged since the world began. The temple of Janus during the whole course of the Roman nation was closed but once. What is war? Is there anything desirable about it that it should be perpetuated? I think we all know now what it really is, not what some have imagined it to be. We know that it is a thing altogether loathsome and detestable. That it brings out and develops some of the finest traits of the human character—patriotism, bravery, chivalric purpose, self-denying sacrifice—cannot be denied. But on the other hand it makes men worse than beasts. War is not going gallantly into battle with drums beating and flags flying against an honourable foe. It is rather dropping bombs from Zeppelins on defenceless cities and killing innocent women and children. War is attacking unsuspecting travellers on the high seas by unseen torpedoes and giving them no chance for their life. It is destroying villages and cities and shooting the inhabitants on a trumped-up pretext. Killing nurses and doctors while on their errands of mercy. Slaughtering those already wounded in hospitals and ambulances. It is fighting with flame and poison gas. Laying a whole country once fair and beautiful, waste and desolate and bare and driving its inhabitants away into slavery. Letting loose hate and all the worst passions of men. That is war. Is there anything noble, glorious or desirable about it? Emphatically no. War must be stopped. Why have men kept up great armies and navies? Simply because of fear. Great Britain has the greatest navy in the world. Why? Because she is afraid that she will be surrounded by a greater power and starved and ruined. France has kept up a great army why? Because she knew that Germany had a great one, too, and she was afraid. Why do men in the newer parts of our countries go around with revolvers on their hips? Fear. They know that society is not sufficiently well organized to protect them and so they must protect themselves. The world at large is still in this un-organized state. It must be organized so that protection can be given, not to individuals, we do that now, but to nations, especially the small and weak ones.

What is the obstacle to such an organization? I answer selfishness—individual and national. How can we banish it? Only in one way that I can see, and that is by converting the world to the religion of Jesus Christ. Make all men feel that they are brothers and war will cease. Dr. C. E. Jefferson has said in ringing tones words which should be remembered by every Christian:—

"Science cannot kill war, for science has not the new heart, and whets the sword to sharper edge. Commerce cannot kill war, for commerce lacks the new heart, and lifts hunger of covetousness to a higher pitch. Progress cannot kill war, for progress has no heart at all, and progress in wrong directions leads us into bottomless quagmires in which we are swallowed up. Law cannot kill war, for law is nothing but a willow with tied around the arms of humanity, and human nature when aroused snaps all the withes asunder and carries off the gates of Gaza. Education cannot end war, and if by education you mean the sharpening of the intellect, the drawing out of the powers of the mind, the mastering of formulas and laws and dates and facts, education may only fit men to become tenfold more masterful in the awful art of slaughter? Who will end war? Not commerce and not science, nor both of them together. Only religion can kill war, for religion alone creates the new heart. Without religion we are without hope in the world. Without God we are lost."

But the world is not yet Christian and does not and will not believe in God. Well! It is up to the Christian Church to convert it. Perhaps it is only meant that this should be done by the coming of our Lord in visible presence. But we must not wait. "Of the times and the seasons knoweth no

(Continued on page 690.)

Jesmond Dene's Correspondence

"TOMORROW is Saint Crispin!" The deep voice came from a tall man in armour, and I turned to greet him. "These wounds I had on Crispin's Day," he said. "I fought that day with King Harry, for God, for England and St. George. And . . . are our names familiar still as household words?" "Yes, truly," I replied. "Even as our English speech itself." "And ever our sons have done marvellous things," he said. "To-day, seemingly, beyond all other days." Then I told him how we and the French, so long at strife, yet always in a way loving each other, were now arrayed side by side. "The most famous quarrel of all time in the most famous friendship ended." I told him of the great alliance in defence of all that is most precious, and of the muster of the Empire from the ends of the earth. And then we spoke of the early stages, and of this "epic week," when men of the "first 7 divisions" gathered the enemy spears into their breasts and threw their bodies into the gap, just four years ago this Crispin's Day, while the whole world watched and prayed and wondered. I told how "the enemy's selected road to the Channel ports lay through the 30 miles of front held by the British," sometimes against six or seven times their number—digging, fighting, un-sleeping—"seldom so frail a barrier in the track of so terrible a storm"; of incessant and desperate attacks; of positions held literally to the last man; of battalions reduced to one-tenth of their number; of regiments without an officer; of "broken units throwing themselves down to hold off the rolling grey wave" that threatened to engulf the world they were defending; and then of that awful moment on "the immortal last day of October," when it looked as if the enemy might really break through, and one of the decisive moments in the world, history was in the unflinching hands of our small company.

"They were all men of the home counties of England and Scotland," I told him. "Men of Wales and Ireland. Behind those thin, exhausted lines the Empire was getting ready, but this little force, the vanguard of multitudes, was giving its life for the future." "Glory, O' England," he said. "They closed the wall up with our English dead." Then I told of the title of scorn, the "Old Contemptibles," now the proudest on their banners, for "in all their splendid history there is no instance of their having answered so magnificently the desperate calls which of necessity were made upon them. "I gave him the lines addressed in their name to the enemy chieftain:—

"Sire, that our army had from you
A little less than honour due,
We cannot quite forget;
Yet now you pay the debt . . .
A thousand thousand men thrice told,
Wave upon wave, that onward rolled,
Mid flame and thunder beat
Upon that proud retreat.
Till French's little army stood
And stayed the devastating flood:
French and his English few
Are famous—thanks to you.
And thanks to you they now advance
Leagued with the chivalry of France
For just and equal ends.
Sire, you have made amends."

The Old Army stood and died holding the road to Calais, and I told how in dying it gave birth to the New Armies, which its survivors have taught and trained and inspired and led, at the Somme and on many another field of sacrifice and victory.

"Ever the same!" he cried, his face glowing with solemn joy:—

"Now all the youth of England are on fire
and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man."

And I told of the same spirit in the Empire's sons. Mighty hosts, yet still a band of brothers. Then of the past six months. Of the desperate stand of our forces in last spring's terrific assault, of the amazing allied advance, culminating this 5th October of the war in results so far beyond our highest hopes. Are we not bidden to look to the rock whence we are hewn? Not to live in the past, but to draw nourishment from it, even as we press on to the future. We call upon the old

A Bishop's Answer

BISHOP Matt. S. Hughes, of Portland, Oregon, has lost a son, killed in action, "Somewhere in France." This gives greater significance to a poem he has just written in answer to one written by Edwin Markham and entitled "Markham's Question," which follows:—

"Oh, mother will you longer give your sons
To feed the awful hunger of the guns?
What is the worth of all these battle drums
If from the field the loved one never comes?
What are the loud hosannas to the brave
If all your share is some forgotten grave?"

The Bishop's word is as follows:—

"God gave my son in trust to me;
Christ died for him and he should be
A man for Christ. He is His own
And God's and Man's; not mine alone.
He was not mine to give. He gave
Himself that he might help to save—
All that Christians should revere,
All that enlightened men hold dear.
To feed the guns? Oh, torpid soul!
Awake and see life as a whole.
When freedom, honour, justice, right
Were threatened by the despot's might
With heart aflame and soul alight
He bravely went for God to fight
Against base savages whose pride
The laws of God and man defied;
Who maidens pure and sweet defiled.
He did not go to 'feed the guns,'
He went to save from ruthless Huns
His home and country, and to be
A guardian of democracy.
What if he does not come? you say.
Ah, well, my sky would be more gray,
But through the clouds the sun would shine,
And vital memories be mine.
God's test of manhood is, I know,
Not 'Will he come?' but, 'Did he go?'
And yet he went with purpose high
To fight for peace and overthrow
The plan of Christ's relentless foe.
He dreaded not the battlefield;
He went to make fierce vandals yield.
If he comes not again to me
I shall be sad, but not that he
Went like a man, a hero true,
His part unselfishly to do,
My heart will feel unexultant pride
That for humanity he died.
'Forgotten grave.' This selfish plea,
For though his grave I may not see,
My boy will ne'er forgotten be;
My real son can never die
'Tis but his body that may lie
In foreign land, and I shall keep
Remembrance fond, forever, deep
Within my heart of my true son
Because of triumphs that he won.
'It matters not where some men live,'
If my dear son his life must give,
Hosannas I will sing for him
E'en though my eyes with tears are dim;
And when the gallant war is over, when
His gallant comrades come again,
I'll cheer them as they're marching by,
Rejoicing that they did not die;
And when his vacant place I see,
My heart will bound with joy that he
Was mine so long—my fine young son—
And cheer for him whose work is done."

"Post-Intelligencer," Seattle.

world to redress the balance of the new; and for every one of English blood, nay, for every child of that Empire of which England is both the symbol and the centre, the days of this week are forever days of remembrance, days of dedication, days of solemn wonder and of solemn thanksgiving.

And more. A new note came into the voice of the man of Agincourt, as he said: "O God of battles, steel our soldiers' hearts. That had been your prayer as it was ours. And now for you, as then for us:—

'O God, Thy arm was here:
And not to us, but to Thine arm alone
Ascribe we all. . . . Take it, God,
For it is none but Thine!'"

Non nobis, Domine!

JESMOND DENE.

Mr. T. F. dePencier, son of the Bishop of New Westminster, has been given a commission in the Royal Field Artillery.

On Active Service

REV. Chas. Darling, Rector of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Toronto, has been officially advised that his son, Pte. Oswald Darling, of the Princess Patricia's, has been killed in the action on Bourlon Wood on September 28th, and that another son, Gunner Gerald Darling, 48th Battery, C.F.A., is wounded. Both were Trinity School, Port Hope, Old Boys, and have been overseas for some two years and have taken part in numerous big battles on the western front. Pte. Gerald Darling, prior to enlisting, was a second-year student at the School of Practical Science, Toronto University. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge, and after a year in hospital volunteered to return to his old unit. Miss Mary Darling, their sister, has been on active service for three-and-a-half years. She was at Gallipoli, Salonica, Malta, Italy, and is now attached to the staff of the 4th General Hospital, Basingstoke, England.

Rev. Dr. E. J. Peck, on his recent return from Raffin Land, was met with the news that his son, Henry Martyn, had died of wounds on September 28th. Dr. Peck's present address is 670 O'Connor St., Ottawa.

News has been received by Dr. Albert Ham, Toronto, that his son, Corp. Percy D. Ham, P.P.C.L.I., has been awarded the Croix de Guerre for gallantry in the field. Corp. Ham was a student at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, prior to enlisting in 1915, when he joined the 3rd McGill University Battalion. He has been on the firing line for over three years.

Dean Llwyd, of Halifax, has received a message from the war authorities that his second son, Lieut. (acting Captain) Charlewood Derwent Llwyd, M.C., is officially reported "missing," and believed to have been wounded October 1st.

Mr. A. J. Reid, K.C., a member of St. Anne's Church, Toronto, has received word that his son, Donald has recently passed the recent examinations for the British Navy commissions first in the class obtaining full marks.

Mr. E. L. Wasson has been returned from Germany where he has been a prisoner for the last two years. In 1915 he enlisted as a signaller, later becoming a stretcher bearer in C.M.R. At Ypres in 1916 he was wounded in the left side by shell splinters, half buried in a dugout and had his left hand crushed by the fallen timbers. He is an undergraduate of Toronto University and intends to resume his course as a student at Wycliffe College. His home is in Norton, N.B.

Lieut. Eric B. Lowndes won the Military Cross three days after he went up to the front line trenches, according to a message received by his father, Mr. J. Mont Lowndes, a member of St. Paul's, Toronto. Not long after the letter came a telegram was received that the young officer had been slightly wounded. Lieut. Lowndes joined the 48th Highlanders in 1916, when he was seventeen years old. He went to France last July with the Gordon Highlanders. He was in command of a daylight patrol in No Man's Land, got behind a German position and cut them off, taking the seven men prisoners, which were the first taken by this division, which had been in the reserve trenches. He is a brother of Capt. Roy Lowndes, who is in his fourth year overseas, and received his promotion for gallantry on the field last year.

A combined Memorial and Thanksgiving service was held in St. Jude's, Brantford, on Sunday evening, October 6th, for six members of the congregation who have recently laid down their lives at the Front. The Rector officiated.

Lieut. R. P. E. Hicks-Lyne, of the 75th Battalion, has been wounded in the right arm and hip and is at Horton Co. Hospital, Epsom. He went over three years ago as Captain in the 166th Battalion and reverted to go to France. He is a member of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, where his mother and sisters are active workers.

Corporal Percy Ham, son of Dr. Albert Ham, organist of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre. Corporal Ham was employed in the Crown Land Titles Office when he enlisted in 1915 with the 3rd McGill Company, which reinforced the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry. He was secretary of the National Chorus, Toronto.

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From Week to Week

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

JUDGE SAVARY must surely have misread "Spectator," to have reached the conclusion that he is a separatist from the British Empire. If that be not the case then the writer must have had a fatal period of confusion of thought and lack of clarity of expression. He has never consciously said or written anything that suggested a break with the Empire as a desirable step for Canada to take. He has, however, quite frequently urged a stronger and more vigorous part to be taken by Canada in imperial affairs. He may have misread British and Canadian sentiment, but he long felt that Canada, boastful and bumptious in some directions, yet when it came to dealing with Imperial statesmen assumed an attitude of humility that was warranted neither by their greatness or our insignificance. He has tried to stiffen Canadian confidence in their own powers, particularly when they are discussing their own affairs in the Empire, and he has urged our statesmen to assume their right to participate to the full in every feature of Imperial progress. All this has come about. In war, in preparation for peace and reconstruction, Canadian statesmen are freely consulted and have become the driving power, in some directions, of the reforms that will mark the new era. The appointment of a Canadian representative to be in constant consultation with the British Cabinet, the arrangement whereby British and Canadian premiers may communicate officially to one another, without the intervention of the Governor-General, are ample justification of all "Spectator's" advocacy. Now having this acknowledged partnership in the Empire isn't it plain that we should meet our responsibilities as well as enjoy our privileges? What are those responsibilities? They constitute a fair share of the Empire's burdens. Suppose we think of naval and military defence, should not Canada see to her own defence, or at least contribute to the common defence sufficient to cover her own obligations? Whether Canada receives suggestions from the British Government or not we ought in future to see to our own defence in some adequate way. It should never be said that every gun on land and every fighting vessel on sea must come from abroad to protect Canada. "Spectator" has no thought of separation from the Empire, but he desires Canada to play up to her part in every respect within the Empire unashamed and unafraid.

* * * *

An extraordinary spectacle is being enacted in Germany. The love of war and the glory of it, have all given place to a passionate desire for peace. Odin is no longer the favoured god, and windy plains and shell-swept fields have lost their attraction for the Teuton. The right to live that a few years ago belonged only to those who had the might to live, is not now insisted upon, but the "mighty" are making an awful effort to persuade the people marked as their slaves to be allowed to live and have another chance to prove their old doctrines. So "peace" is the word today and "war" is relegated to the rear. In their anxiety for peace these sons of Mars are willing to do anything apparently. They will change a Chancellor, enlarge the powers of the Reichstag, depose a Kaiser who a few days ago was the incarnation of deity, in short, they ask Mr. Wilson to name his terms for a peace armistice, and the implication is that they will meet him in some way or other. Is it democracy he wants? Why, of course, they will grant it and they call all the kings and princes of the realm to see that the right kind of democracy is designed. In short, no matter what is done or what is changed it is done and changed by the old gang, the gang that planned the overthrow of the world, the rape of Belgium, the sinking of the "Lusitania"; that sanctioned the murders on land and sea and called it war; that lied and spied and committed every crime in the calendar and called it virtue. These are the "gentlemen" that are arranging a democracy to secure a peace conference where the tongues may win what the sword has lost. We trust Mr. Wilson will be sparing of his notes. Methods of settlement that look good to-day may be out of date to-morrow, and it is not wise to be tied to doctrines that have to be revised because of the exceptional conditions under which they have to be applied. Unconditional surrender seems to be the one safe principle to enunciate just now.

The Anglican Church is taking a good deal of interest just now in the labouring men, and it is well. Equitable hours, just recompense, salutary conditions of life, and so on, are all splendid topics of consideration. Some may call this Christian Socialism and find it all in embryo in the New Testament. Whatever its name, it is a most worthy theme, and all men of good will will cheer the crusaders on their way to rescue the oppressed. It would be worth while for our social service advocates and officers to look about and see if there is not an opportunity of applying their benevolent principles within the Church itself. On what principle are the varying incomes of the clergy, say in the cities of Toronto and Montreal, based? Is it the absolute worth of the ministry of the men, or the result of competition, or luck or what? If we set out to adjust the rights of men in the field of labour and have made no attempt at adjusting the problem within our own ecclesiastical realm are we in a very strong position to promote our theories elsewhere. Take a city constituency where a list of Anglican clergy minister. At the top of the list is a clergyman drawing \$5,000, and at the bottom one receiving an income of \$1,000. Will any one venture to suggest that such a rating is either scientific or just. Is the quality of the ministry justly appraised by the remuneration? Are the sermons, the administration, the instruction, of all the smaller congregations intrinsically weaker than in the more favoured churches? Is not the Church following the line of least resistance and allowing its workers to find their level as best they may. If we are at heart interested in the worker without the Church we cannot refrain from giving a thought to him that is within.

"Spectator."

* * *

THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLIES

The Constructive Quarterly.

Admirers of the work of W. P. Du Bose, whose lamented death occurred recently, will be glad to have one of the last of his papers, "The Demand for the Simple Gospel" in the September issue of this journal (175 pp.; 75 cents). Dr. W. L. Bevan contributes a delightful article on Some Gladstone Friendships. He has a great deal to say about the late Canon Scott Holland. Christology takes up two articles: The Englarging Place of Christ in Modern Thought, by Dr. J. W. Buckham and Some Aspects of the New Testament Claim for Jesus, by Prof. J. de Zwaan, Groningen, Holland. Two French writers make contributions: Prof. Jean Riviere on Concerning the Sacrifice of the Cross, and Prof. Georges Goyan on the Church of France during the War. Two papers are of psychological interest: The Place of Faith in Psychology, by Prof. H. C. Ackerman, and the Will to Fellowship, by Rev. W. L. Sperry, Boston.

Harvard Theological Review.

In the October issue (125 pp.; 50 cents), Mr. Alfred Fawkes on The Papacy and the Modern State, moves to the conclusion that the divergence in principle between the Papacy and the Modern State places beyond question the future decrease of the Papacy. He thinks that the Vatican cannot in the long run overcome the effect of its allegiance to the Central Powers. Dr. Leighton Parks gives a warm appreciation of Phillips Brooks, delivered on the 25th anniversary of his death. Western Philosophy and Theology in the Thirteenth Century is Prof. M. de Wolf's subject, and C. L. Lanman reviews Professor Wood's translation of the Comment of Yoga, or Yoga-bhashya.

The Biblical Review.

Principal P. T. Forsyth, in the October issue (150 pp.; 25 cents), writes an excellent article on "Reading the Bible." Dr. E. G. Sihler shows how Clement, of Alexandria, stood firm to the Church's teaching amid philosophic unrest. Dr. Griffith Thomas reviews the various methods of interpreting the Book of Revelations. Dr. D. J. Burrell pleads for a Bible in the vernacular, but curiously makes no mention of Moffat's or Weymouth's work on the New Testament. Dr. L. M. Sweet writes on the agnostic attitude of some scientists.

* * *

The Rev. Cecil F. Wiggins, D.C.L., Rector of Sackville, N.B., has published a book of sermons entitled "Saved as by Fire," in which are found living pictures of the war—its conditions and tendencies. First are given the causes leading up to the conflict, and then the noble response from the four corners of the earth. Attention is called to the great issues of the war and how it has changed the whole aspect of human life.

The Bible Lesson

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

23rd Sunday after Trinity, November 3rd, 1918.

Subject: Learning Self-Control, 1 Cor. 8: 1-13.

THERE is no danger that we shall transgress by eating meats offered to idols. Our conscience, or the conscience of weaker brethren, cannot be injured in that way now. At one time, however, there was a very real danger. St. Paul advises concerning that danger in this chapter. While we may thus lightly dismiss the question of meats offered to idols there are some permanent elements in this chapter which must not be put aside. There is the question of conscience and of example and of liberty and of self-control. These are great and permanent things, as important to us as to the Christians of the Corinthian Church.

1. **St. Paul's answers to questions.** This epistle was evidently written by St. Paul in answer to certain questions which had been submitted to him. The eighth chapter seems to imply that he had been asked whether or not a Christian might eat meat which had been offered in sacrifice to an idol. The questioners also appear to have suggested that they ought to have liberty to eat such meat, even in an idol's temple, because they knew that an idol was nothing and, therefore, did not honour the idol in partaking of the meat. Let us observe that St. Paul at once lifts the whole matter to the very highest plane. He admits the force of their argument, but centres his answer about the enduring principles of the case—conscience, example, liberty and self-control.

2. **Love the true basis of conduct.** Before discussing the four principles named above the Apostle tells them that love is a better foundation than knowledge. The Corinthians seemed proud of their knowledge. They knew how to estimate the value of an idol and they knew what their own actions meant. He advised them to dismiss the thought of knowledge and act in the spirit of love. "Knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up."

3. **Conscience.** St. Paul tells them that eating or not eating is not the question, but that the essential thing for each man is to be true to his conscience. His argument is like this. You believe in God and in Christ Jesus and you do not believe in idols, therefore, so far as you are concerned, it does not matter whether you eat that meat or not. But if there is anyone who feels that he is honouring the idol by eating such meat, even if it be only his superstitious fancy, let him abstain rather than go contrary to his conscience. Here we have strongly put the Apostle's idea of the supremacy of conscience. It is the teaching that one should not do that which does violence to his conscience. It is a rule we all should follow and, if adhered to, would settle for us many questions about which we hesitate.

4. **Example.** St. Paul further points out that the consideration of our own conscience is not the only thing but that the consciences of others must also be regarded. A man who ate meat in an idol's temple with a perfectly clear conscience, knowing that he was not acknowledging or doing homage to the idol, might, by his example, lead another of weaker conscience to do the same. To this man it might seem that the idol was being honoured by his deed, while his conscience protested against it. We must not think only of ourselves but of others and of the effect of our actions upon them. It, no doubt, seems to us a great bother that we should regulate our life in any way for fear of hurting the consciences of those who have not thought things out so clearly as we have, but it is a Christian precept that we who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves.

5. **Liberty.** St. Paul admits the argument about Christian liberty. In the Church of England it is one of our strong points. We believe in it so thoroughly that perhaps we need the more seriously to give heed to the Apostle's warning in verse nine. That warning is applicable to our general attitude towards many subjects such as the observance of the Lord's Day and the question generally designated under the word Temperance.

6. **Self-control.** The whole passage is one which teaches self-control for one's own sake and for the sake of others. The Golden Text, 1 Cor. 9: 27, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection," gives the true purpose of the Christian's personal conflict and discipline. A man must be the master of his own life. Temperance is a greater and wider word than is generally appreciated by those who use it most. It means self-control which for the true Christian means God-controlled.

Canadian Churchman

(Established 1871.)

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Correspondence

FONT ROLL DEPARTMENT.

Sir,—In the account of the proceedings of the triennial meeting of the W.A., as given in your issue of October 10th, appears a statement to the effect that the Sunday School Commission has handed over its Font Roll Department to the management of the W.A.

May I point out that your correspondent has evidently misunderstood the action of the Commission and of the W.A. in this matter? The Sunday School Commission has not only not handed over the Font Roll Department to the W.A., but has made no such proposal. What the Sunday School Commission proposed, and what the W.A. has accepted, is that, in view of the fact that the work of the Font Roll and the work of the Babies' Branch are closely related, and, as both organizations appeal to the same constituency, there should be only one organization to promote the work hitherto done by two. In other words, it is a union of the two organizations which has been agreed to, not a swallowing up of one by the other.

While the details have not yet been worked out, I can assure all Font Roll workers and all Babies' Branch workers that the valuable features of both organizations will be preserved, and that the new organization, whatever its name may be, will be quite as much a Sunday School organization as a missionary organization, and just as vitally associated with the Sunday School work as with the work which the W.A. represents. The joint committee, representing the W.A. and the Sunday School Commission, and whose report was accepted by the Commission and the General W.A. Board, are unanimous on these points.

I feel sure that all Sunday School and W.A. workers, as well as Church workers generally, will be glad to know that this step has been taken, and will recognize at once that it is in the interest, not only of economy and efficiency, but, more important still, in the interest of the child with whose education the two organizations have been so vitally concerned.

Full information as to the details of the plan of union will be given to the Church at large as soon as the joint committee has had a chance to complete its work. In the meantime, I feel that the above statement should be made lest a wrong impression be left in the minds of your readers.

R. A. Hiltz,
 General Secretary S.S.
 Commission.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Joseph Scriven's Grave.

Donations to fund for a grave stone:—
 H. M. Belcher, Winnipeg \$10

REVISED PRAYER BOOK.

Sir,—Perhaps many have, like myself, purchased copies of the provisional Revised Prayer Book, and will consider it expensive and wasteful to discard them and invest in the finally revised book.

I would respectfully suggest to the proper authorities through your columns, if I may do so, that the publishers be asked to print the latest additions and amendments in separate form at a reasonable price for the convenience of purchasers of the present 1915 book, and of a size suited for insertion within its covers.

Claybelt.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE OF CANADIAN CHAPLAINS.

Sir,—Please may I be permitted to draw your attention to a misstatement in the "Canadian Churchman" of August 22nd, 1918?

On p. 539 the late Rev. W. H. Davis, M.C., is spoken of as "the first Chaplain to make the supreme sacrifice among the members of this corps of the C.E.F." As a matter of fact, Capt. Davis is the fifth Canadian Chaplain who has lost his life. The others are: Capt. Rev. Lester Ingles died on Salisbury Plain of meningitis late in 1914; Capt. Rev. W. H. F. Harris died early in 1917 of wounds received on the Somme in 1916; Capt. Rev. R. G. E. Crochetière, killed in action in France in the spring of 1918; Capt. Rev. D. S. MacPhail, drowned when the "Llandovery Castle" was lost.

E. F. Pinnington, C.F.,
 Hon. Capt.

12 C. G. Hospital, Bramshott,
 Eng., Sept. 26th, 1918.

[The reference to Capt. Davis mentioned him as the first Chaplain of his corps, which was the C.M.R.—EDITOR.]

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FROM THE FRONT.

Sir,—By a recent mail I hear that a great friend of mine, Rev. Mr. Scaslon, of Hartshorn, Alta. (Diocese of Calgary), is doing war work for four or five days weekly collecting cream from the farmers within a radius of ten miles, and conveying same in an automobile to the local creamery.

Having read some correspondence in your paper on the subject of the lay diaconate, I thought that here was an instance of a priest, who, during war-time, is doing his "bit" for national service by collecting cream and labouring in a scattered, vast district to minister to the people by providing regular services, with opportunities for Sacraments.

Have we not here an idea, if carried into practice after the war, which would solve the problem of providing for the scattered settlers in the West and prevent the continued financial anxiety which hampers the work of Christ's Church in the mission field, causing both Bishops and clergy time and worry, and, in some cases, personal semi-poverty?

There are thousands of men, after the war, who will take up land and settle out west. Among them are included theological students, evangelists and experienced Church workers from not only Canadian cities, but also from the towns and villages of the Old Country. Could not some of these tried and proved men be (after, of course, examination by a competent authority) admitted to a sub-diaconate, and gradually elevated to the priesthood while still labouring for their means to live?

The offerings of those that they minister to could be expended in providing for church buildings and the expenses of courses in theological training at large cities, such as Vancouver, Calgary, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Toronto, etc., during the slack periods on the land. I am firmly convinced that these men would grip the people, not by wonderful sermons, that show an intimate knowledge of current religious thought, but rather by their life and doctrine and simple faith that has been proved, probably on the field of battle, "where other helpers fail and comforts flee." I do

Dyson Hague.

Toronto, October 17th, 1918.

Progress of the War

Monday, Oct. 14th.—President Wilson replied to the German note that conditions of armistice must be left to allied military advisers; that the allied Governments will not consider an armistice with an enemy that persists in illegal and inhuman practices; and that peace must come by the action of the German people themselves. The New Turkish cabinet sent a note to Austria-Hungary that it was obliged to conclude a separate peace with the Entente. The Central Powers ask Turkey to wait for Wilson's reply.

Tuesday, Oct. 15th.—The Belgian drive took railway centres under personal command of King Albert. Czech revolt spreads rapidly.

Thursday, Oct. 16th.—Lille, Ostend, Bruges and Douai are freed. Independence of Hungary is declared by Hungarian parliament, a federal basis being adopted.

Friday, Oct. 18th.—Czechs control Prague. Belgian coast is clear of enemy. British already five miles east of Douai. Germans begin to evacuate Balkans.

not presume to think that it would be wise to abolish the present system of preparing men for the ministry, but suggest these men as supplementary.

Modern conditions compel us, if we are going to keep up with them, to be up to date in our methods, and if the Church does not face these problems, she will fail in the future, as she has done in the past, to be a worthy worker in the great missionary cause, the evangelization of the world.

France.

A Lay Missioner.

The Churchwoman

Huron.

The semi-annual meeting of the Board of Management of the Huron Diocesan Branch of the W.A. was held in Christ Church, Chatham, on October 9th. The Holy Communion was celebrated at 10.30 a.m., the Revs. Canon Howard and Mr. Spence officiating. The business sessions were held in the schoolroom, the president, Mrs. Sage, in the chair. The Rector, Rev. Canon Howard, cordially welcomed the members, the honorary president, Mrs. Williams, and the president responding. Regrets were expressed at the unavoidable absence of several officers, and votes of sympathy passed to a number of bereaved members. The treasurer's report showed \$984.91 received for pledges and \$442.50 paid out. The Thankoffering kept increasing after the annual until \$1,129.48 was reached, of which two-thirds was given to the Appeal Fund and one-third, or \$383.50, was presented at the triennial in Winnipeg. The officers' reports all urged increased efforts in the various departments. The Junior secretary-treasurer has thirty-eight Branches. She asked that money be sent in undesignated, and that the Branches follow the scheme of mission study outlined by Miss Gaviiler in the "Leaflet." The Seniors should do more to "mother" the Juniors, which was also advocated in Winnipeg. The secretary for Babies outlined the plan for the new year. There were twenty-eight Branches, but she wishes to see one in each parish. Only one bright, energetic girl as secretary is needed, and there are no meetings. It is true missionary work to train the little ones to do

(Continued on page 686.)

Surge et Exsurge, Ecclesia!

Sir,—As the concentrated advance of the Allies is pointing at last to the beginning of the long-expected end, and victory follows victory day by day, should it not drive us more earnestly to our knees? It seems as if God was challenging us, especially us ministers, to give to the Church a newer spiritual leadership. Beyond all controversy the need of the hour is a fresher clothing with power through a profounder seriousness of repentance and prayer. As we think of the complacency of our lives in Canada to-day, when the very world is in the throes of a spiritual convulsion, and a million hearts are breaking, we realize with humility and grief the inadequacy of the response of our Church to the clamant voices of the hour. Say what we will, the forces of levity and pleasure seeking and money love are rampant alike in city and country, and a great door and energetic is opening before us. The Church in Canada to-day is avowedly at a crisis. If we complacently accept things as they are, and recognize no call to deeper spirituality, more insistent effort, a mightier rally of the energies of faith, we shall simply drift into impotence, and slide down the plane of indifference into spiritual inertia. But if we honestly confess our failure as God's agents, since the beginning of the war, and throw ourselves back upon God, that we may get the vision of the great things that our God wants us to attempt, the glorious results that He wants us to expect, He will yet do great things in us, and for us, of which we shall be glad. We need a great shaking, as in Ezek. 37:7; a calling to the Breath of God to come and breathe upon us that we may live. As a matter of fact we have been trusting too much to the war, and the while it has brought us national glory, it has not brought a higher and deeper spiritual life. Say what we will, we need a powerful work of God the Holy Ghost to convict us of our sin, and to give us a mighty revival of spiritual power.

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 page 686.)

A Just and Righteous Cause!



AS THE GREAT WAR GOES ON, and the garments are one by one stripped from the hideous monster of German Kultur, our resolution to achieve complete Victory is strengthened.

- ¶ For this is more than a struggle of nations.
- ¶ On one side Kultur is striving to subdue the world.
- ¶ On the other side is Democracy, militant and resolute in the fight for freedom and humanity.

¶ German necessity knows no law. There is no principle of Christianity she has not violated. In success and in failure she is cruel and inhuman beyond anything the world has known.

¶ Germany is a race gone mad with slaughter and the thirst for power. Reason has no weight with her—justice and pity no appeal. Germany must and will be punished. "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

¶ The money needed to equip and maintain the Canadian Army in France will be supplied by the Victory Loan 1918. This is your opportunity to supply, by thrift and sacrifice, the sinews of war, by which our army in France will fight to complete victory.

BUY VICTORY BONDS TO THE LIMIT OF YOUR POWER

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
 in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
 of the Dominion of Canada.

The John Wanless Co.
J. W. ELLERS SINCE 1840
British Goods—British Policy
248 Yonge Street Toronto

(Continued from page 684.)

something for others instead of always receiving. She hopes the mite-boxes will yield \$200 this year, \$50 each for the babies of Honan, Mid-Japan, Kangra and for Lytton Hospital.

The Dorcas secretary reported six co-operative bales sent out, four to Mr. Walton and two to Moose Fort School. She read interesting letters from Mr. Middleton, who asks for help to obtain a cottage in the mountains for the girls in summer instead of the electric light plant which was spoken of. More outfits are needed for the school, and various details of other needs were given. Mrs. Warnock, of Galt, who went on from Winnipeg to the Blood Reserve to visit the school, also sent greetings. The Diocesan editor of the "Leaflet" urged as an objective a Branch in every parish and every member a subscriber to the "Leaflet." The education report showed eight Deaneries pledged to support a child. The money from the unpledged Deaneries will be used as a supplementary fund to increase the grants to each child from \$150, which was promised, to \$200, which is now needed. Interesting details of the children were given and letters read. In the afternoon the Bishop and Dr. Gould were welcomed. The latter regretted the illness of Bishop Stringer, whose place he was taking, and gave a short but forcible address on the crisis that confronts the Church and the splendid spirit shown by the Dominion Board at Winnipeg in rising to meet that crisis. The W.A. has undertaken to raise \$25,000 towards a fund to help maintain the Indian and Eskimo posts given up by the C.M.S. Plans for obtaining Huron's apportionment were discussed, and it was decided to issue cards, each representing one dollar, to be returned in May.

Miss Mann, of Windsor, gave a most interesting account of her visit to Rock Bay Hospital, on the Pacific Coast, the totem poles and other customs of the Indians there. The Indian report, prepared by Mrs. Robinson, of Strathroy, and read at Winnipeg, was presented, and excellent accounts of the triennial were given by the Misses Moore and Gower. Miss Fearon, our missionary from China, spoke of her work among the girls there. The school, which has about sixty pupils, trains them to become teachers, nurses, kindergartners, as well as for home life, and its influence is very far-reaching. They have two workers where they should have six, and are much handicapped by a most unsuitable building. Still, the results are most encouraging. A large audience gathered for the missionary meeting in the evening, at which Bishop Williams presided, and spoke forcibly on missions as the great work of the Church, the wonderful opportunities now before us, and the awful danger if we neglect to seize them. Miss Fearon showed how great those opportunities are in China and how grateful the response. Dr. Gould thrilled his hearers by his vivid account of events in Palestine when General Allenby entered Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, "The Gate of the Friend."

New Westminster.

The monthly meeting of the W.A. of New Westminster was held in Holy Trinity Parish Hall, New Westminster, the vice-president, Mrs. Elson, presiding. The treasurer reported a balance of \$311.20. Last month the Board accepted with much regret the resignation of the librarian, Miss

Young, who, by her untiring efforts, has not only collected a very fair library, but has also circulated the books among the branches, and in token of their appreciation of her labour made her a life member. This month the election of her successor, Mrs. Swainson, was also announced. The Dorcas secretary reported that she had the names of twenty Indian children needing outfits and appeals for sheets from Carcross and Alert Bay schools. The report of the Junior secretary showed four parcels of toys sent for the children at Palampur, India, and a collection made to send gifts to the leper hospital in the same district. A test (certain verses of the Bible and a hymn) has been set, and it is hoped that all the Junior superintendents will make their members pass it before giving their badges. Two prizes have also been offered, one by the Bishop of New Westminster for the best essay on the Junior pledges, and the other by the president, Mrs. Godfrey, for the best essay on the "Life of Bishop Patteson." The necessity for missionary study is being felt more strongly, so this year a series of lectures on the study book, "Jesus Christ and the World's Religions," is being arranged. The first lecture, "Christianity and its Message to Japan," will be given on October 21st by Miss Rowland, from Kobe, Japan, who is working for a few months in the Japanese mission in Vancouver.

The Chinese convener reported steady progress. Two women are being prepared for Confirmation, and the night schools are well attended. Besides English, music is also taught. Mrs. Pellant, of St. Nicholas' Branch, kindly offering her services. This will greatly add to the beauty of the Sunday services. The work of trying to cheer lonely workers and settlers by sending them papers and magazines has been definitely undertaken, Mrs. Basken being appointed secretary. Also as a result of Miss Bancroft's interesting address last month, Mrs. Langridge has been appointed secretary for Prayer Partners for this diocese.

Church News

Preferments, Appointments and Inductions.

Murphy, Rev. T. W., M.A., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown, to be Rector of All Saints' Church, Toronto.

The A.Y.P.A. Programme for 1918-19.

The Huron Committee of the A.Y.P.A. has prepared an excellent suggested programme for this coming winter. It provides for weekly meetings with a literary and historical evening, a "Biblical" evening "on the Parables," and national evening, each once a month. The subjects are given in each case. It is a capital thing for indicating lines of work, and, best of all, help in building up the programme is promised from church officials. A.Y.P.A. matters have always been at the high-water mark in Huron diocese, which is the home of the association. All particulars can be obtained from the secretary-treasurer, Rev. T. B. Howard, Tillsonburg, Ont.

Thanksgiving Services at Morden.

Harvest Thanksgiving services were held on October 6th, at St. Thomas', Morden and Holy Trinity, Thornhill. The churches were very beautifully decorated with grain and flowers. All the services were well attended, particularly the celebration of the Holy Communion at St. Thomas', at 11 a.m. At the evening service the Rev. Arthur T. Warwick spoke of the obligation of the Church to support the Missions. The collections were for the Foreign and Home Missionary Work.

A Conference with Americans

The "America Day," planned for months ago by the members of the Rural Deanery of Toronto, has come and gone. In the face of obstacles which would have daunted men less brave, heavy parish work, the terrible epidemic of Spanish influenza, illness in some of their own homes—the American visitors arrived on Saturday, October 12th, in Toronto. They were met at the station by committees of the Rural Deanery and taken to their homes. On Sunday, 14 clergy and three laymen spoke in 34 churches. One of the clergy from Rochester was compelled to leave for home early on Sunday morning, owing to illness in his family. The widespread illness in the city interfered very seriously with the congregations in the different churches, but in spite of many drawbacks, the congregations were good, and the speakers much appreciated.

At eleven a.m. on Monday, the Deanery Chapter gathered at St. James' parish house to meet the visitors. The Rural Dean opened the meeting with an address, explaining his reasons for starting the idea, which had worked out so successfully. Canon Plumtre moved several resolutions, first thanking the Rural Dean for his idea, and for the way in which he had carried it out, and pointing out that the visit came at an interesting moment, when so much depended on the president of the U.S.A. The resolutions emphasized the importance of the movement, the desirability of making it permanent, and of extending it to other cities in Canada and in the United States. Dr. Fox, of Detroit, Mr. Chapman, of Cleveland, Mr. Davis, of Buffalo, and Dr. Ferris, of Rochester, then addressed the meeting. They expressed themselves very warmly as regards their reception in Toronto, and promised to do all that they could do to help along a movement which they regard as most important. At one o'clock a large gathering of clergy and laity sat down to lunch in the gymnasium. The Bishop of Toronto, Bishop Reeve, Dr. Worell, Dr. Mann, of Buffalo, Mr. Frederick Gilbert, of Detroit, Mr. E. H. Denton, of Rochester, Dr. E. C. Cayley, Canon Plummer, and a few others were at the head table with the Rural Dean. After the lunch the Rural Dean formally welcomed the visitors in the name of the Churchmen of Toronto, expressing the hope that this visit would be but the first of many such visits. The sister Churches should go forward hand in hand, in every good work, as the strongest power for good on the North American continent. The Bishop of Toronto made an excellent speech welcoming "this welcome invasion." He alluded to the numbers of Canadian clergy in the ranks of the American Church, who had attained high positions in their adopted country. He emphasized the things we hold in common, the Prayer Book, the Episcopate, the same Motherland, the same interests and problems and now the same war. He regretted that such a visit as they celebrated to-day, had not taken place long years previously, and congratulated the Rural Dean on the successful gathering. It was indeed an eventful occasion, and should be historic as a beginning of a real "Bonne Entente" between the sister Churches. The Mayor of Toronto, in a very happy speech, welcomed the American visitors on behalf of the city of Toronto. Dr. Mann, of Buffalo, in replying for the American delegates, gave a very fine speech, which is printed elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Frederick Gilbert, of Detroit, and Mr. Eugene Denton, of Rochester, made a great impression upon their hearers by their earnest words, their assurance that blood was thicker than water, and that blood would tell; that the two

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countries were essentially one in all things that make for good, in all high ideals. After a few words of farewell to the visitors from the Rural Dean, the pleasurable and memorable gathering was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King," and "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

Names of American delegates: From Detroit, Rev. Herbert H. H. Fox, D.D., St. John's Church; Rev. Warne W. Wilson, Trinity Church; Rev. Paul Faude, St. Joseph's Church; Rev. H. Tatlock, Ann Arbor. Lay delegate, Mr. Frederick Gilbert, vice-president of the Michigan Church Club. From Rochester, Rev. David L. Ferris, B.D., Christ Church; Rev. Samuel Tyler, D.D., St. Luke's Church; Rev. W. C. Compton, Rev. P. Cushing. Lay delegate, Mr. Eugene Denton. From Buffalo, Rev. Charles H. Smith, D.D., Rev. Walter R. Lord, Rev. Cameron J. Davis, Rev. F. L. Leach. Lay delegate, Dr. Mann, president of the Church Club. From Cleveland, Rev. R. W. Woodroffe, Emmanuel Church; Rev. A. Chapman, St. James' Church; Dean A. A. Abbott, Trinity Cathedral.

Archdeaconry of Simcoe.

The 12th annual conference of the Archdeaconry of Simcoe will be held in All Saints' Parish House, Collingwood, on October 28th to 30th. At the opening service the Rev. Rural Dean Bourne will be the preacher. The Bishop of Toronto will conduct two periods of meditation on the second morning. In the afternoon the first conference will be on "Prophecy and the Second Coming," by Rev. Rural Dean Boyd. The second conference will be on "From Thence He Shall Come to Judge the Quick and the Dead," with a paper by Rev. P. W. A. Roberts. In the evening the forward movement of the Church will be the subject of Mr. R. W. Allin, Rev. J. Cooper Robinson and Rev. W. A. Earp. On the last day "Christianity and the Industrial Order" will be presented by Rev. C. S. McGaffin, with discussion led by Mr. C. A. Jennings (editor, "Mail and Empire"). In the afternoon the intermediate state between death and the resurrection is to be discussed by Rev. W. Creswick.

A Splendid Start.

Right Rev. W. D. Reeve, D.D., Assistant Bishop of Toronto, has expressed the desire to be the first to subscribe to the Sunday School War Memorial Fund, when it opens with the Victory Loan Campaign on October 28th. The Bishop has requested that his gift go toward the Memorial from the diocese of Moosonee. The amount is \$500. The Bishop also desires to contribute \$25 towards another memorial for the Sunday School of St. Andrew's Church, Centre Island, which has been his charge for the last few seasons.

Tablet Unveiled at St. Cuthbert's, Toronto.

On October 6th a memorial service was held in St. Cuthbert's, Leaside, for Sgts. J. Godfrey and Pte. W. Bigham, who have recently been killed at the front. On the same occasion a tablet was unveiled to the memory of Sgt. J. Thompson, who was killed in

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action at the Battle of the Somme in 1916. The Rev. J. M. Lamb, the Rector, officiated. The honour roll of this parish, contains 135 names of parishioners who have enlisted and gone overseas, of whom 14 have made the supreme sacrifice.

A Historic Event at Dunnville.

On October 4th, in St. Paul's Church, Dunnville, an interesting ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Niagara, when the church, which is now entirely free of debt, was formally consecrated, and a memorial window for William McGregor Blott and Mrs. Helen Margaret Lattimore was dedicated. At the same time Harvest Thanksgiving services were commenced, the latter being continued on Sunday. The Bishop was assisted in the service by Rev. W. J. H. Petter, Curate-in-Charge, Rev. Dr. Kyle and Rev. A. H. W. Francis. Mr. Petter made feeling reference to Wm. McGregor Blott and Mrs. Helen Margaret Lattimore, the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blott, of Dunnville. Mr. Blott enlisted for active service, and news came that he was missing and believed killed. But although his family accepted this announcement as correct, a letter from him later showed that he was wounded and a prisoner in a German hospital. His injuries resulted in death.

The Bishop delivered an appropriate sermon from the text, Psalm 122: 1: "I was glad when they said unto me,

Let us go up unto the house of the Lord." After the service Bishop Clark held an informal reception in the rectory. From the order of service prepared for the occasion the following outline history of the parish is taken: "Previous to 1841 the nearest clergyman to Dunnville was the Rev. B. C. Hill, of York, whose ministrations led him, principally on horseback, over two or three counties. He baptized infants, married adults, and held occasional church services in a little frame schoolhouse that had been built on the land where Dr. Hopkins' house now stands. About 1841 Rev. C. B. Gribble came out from England and was stationed for about two years at Port Maitland, which was the principal place in those days. He took charge of the church population living from the township of Walpole on the west to the township of Moulton on the east, and sometimes held services here. In 1842 a frame church was built in Dunnville. It stood where the present church stands. It was used as a church for about 45 years, and then for 16 or 18 years more as a Sunday School. Rev. Adam Townley was the first regular incumbent, his ministry here being from 1843 to 1855. Rev. John Flood succeeded him in 1855. He lived at first near Port Maitland, but when in 1863 the Dunnville congregation bought the former rectory, he moved into Dunnville, and was thus the first resident clergyman of Dunnville.

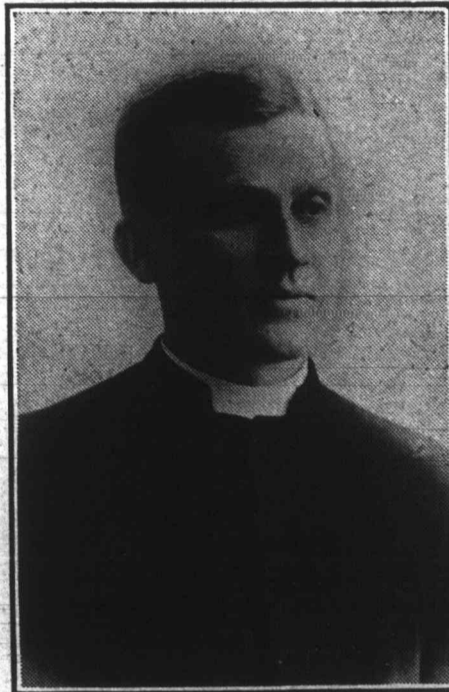
Holy Trinity Church, Mountain, Renovated.

This church has recently been enlarged and renovated and on October 13th, it was re-opened for Divine service. The Bishop of Niagara preached in the morning and Archdeacon Forneret in the evening. A centre aisle has been added. This work has been done voluntarily by the men of

the congregation. The choir of the church wore surplices for the first time on this occasion.

The New Rector of All Saints', Toronto.

Rev. T. W. Murphy, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown, has been appointed Rector of All Saints', Toronto, by the Bishop of Toronto.



**REV. P. W. MURPHY, M.A.,
The New Rector of All Saints',
Toronto.**

Mr. Murphy has been in Charlottetown for the past eight years, where he leaves a church with finances in good condition and organizations as good as the war will allow. His steady, efficient parish work and faithful ministry of the Word have been effective in building up good congregations. Mr.

Murphy graduated from University of Toronto and Wycliffe College. He was ordained to the assistant curacy of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto. A few years ago he married the eldest daughter of Dr. N. W. Hoyles, Principal of Osgoode Hall. He commences duties at All Saints' on November 17.

Dominion A.Y.P.A. Conference.

The tide of interest in young people's work is rising. This is shown by the great success attending the conference of the A.Y.P.A. held in Woodstock. Notwithstanding the fact that no other church organization has contributed a larger percentage of its members to the cause of King and country, the representation from the various dioceses was remarkably good. Many parishes were represented by clergy, who have a vision of the importance and possibilities of the organization. The meetings were held in the parish house, of new St. Paul's Church, to which the secretary of the Dominion organization, Capt. Rev. E. Appleyard, M.C., has recently been appointed Rector, after 18 months' service overseas as Chaplain, during which time he won the Military Cross for gallant services at Vimy Ridge. At a preparatory session held the evening prior to the conference day, the Mayor of Woodstock extended the welcome of the city, and the Bishop of Toronto gave an illuminating and helpful address on the four principles of the association—viz., worship, work, fellowship and edification. The admirably planned programme of the conference utilized to advantage every minute of the day. Beginning at 8 o'clock, a celebration of the Holy Communion was held, with a number of visiting clergy officiating. A rousing address from the Bishop of Huron opened the business session. Enum-

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erating some of the things that will remain after the war to which the members of the association were to cling, he also predicted many changes, and urged the young people to prepare to face and courageously meet the changed conditions. The very practical question of the "Co-ordination of the Church's Educational Forces" was discussed in an address by Rev. R. A. Hiltz, secretary of the Sunday School Commission. His plan is to co-ordinate all the Church's activities, of which the A.Y.P.A. is one of the most promising. As a result of his address a special committee will meet with the Sunday School Commission to discuss a general plan of co-operation. The boy problem was discussed by Mr. Arnold Hoath, a leader of the one of the largest and most unique boys' classes in Canada. His humorous and practical address under the caption of "The Bad Kid and His Big Brother," gave evidence of a keen insight into the psychology of the small boy upon which he based his philosophy that "the bad kid is not really bad." The dominant theme of the afternoon was "The Problem of the Returning Soldier." Capt. Appleby, M.C., and Pte. Callaway, a returned man, gave many practical suggestions. A fitting climax to the conference was the inspirational session held in the church, at which Archdeacon Forneret, of Hamilton, preached a special sermon. After the election of a splendid staff of officers, the conference decided to hold its next meeting at Hamilton, in September, 1919.

Turtle Mountain Deanery.

The quarterly chapter meeting of Turtle Mountain Deanery, Manitoba, was held at Deloraine, on October 8th and 9th. Canon R. B. McElheran, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Winnipeg, spoke on the "The Church of the Future." The Church must change; not theologically, but in its attitude towards the other Protestant Churches. He emphasized the Protestant Churches, because they had stood shoulder to shoulder with us against the common enemy. They were our natural allies and friends and must be treated as such. We must change our ideal of services. They must be more elastic and free, more warmth in them, and less formalism. The Church in the past had laid too much stress on what a man thought rather than on what he was. More emphasis must be laid on Social Service. Will the Church of England in Canada be able to adapt herself to these changing conditions? Could she measure up to the opportunities now given to her? At Evening Prayer Canon McElheran gave a forceful address on Eph. 5: 16, "Redeeming the time." He emphasized the absolute necessity of seizing the opportunities God is giving us through this war to become better men and women. On Wednesday, Holy Communion was celebrated at 9 a.m. Canon McElheran gave a helpful devotional address on Psalm 42: 2. Later the Chapter met and listened to a detailed report of the meetings of the General Synod. The clergy present were Rev. Canon McElheran, Revs. A. E. Bell, R.D. (Killarney), J. H. Gibson (Boissevain), E. E. Robinson (Ninga), T. J. Painting (Deloraine).

Prosperity at Monteith, North Ontario.

While most churches in these war days are lamenting decreased congregations it is not so with St. Mary's, Monteith. Here the numbers have so increased that it was found necessary to increase the seating capacity of the nave by the addition of a chancel. The cause for this increase is twofold. First through the misfortune of our union friends who, since their church was burnt in July, have found a home

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with the Anglicans. This is union by compulsion. Secondly, through the fortune of the Anglicans in having in Mr. Charles Heaven, who is in charge of the work at Monteith, a man of wide enough sympathies to win the confidence of Presbyterians and Methodists, who are contented to unite for the winter at least with the Anglicans. Mr. Heaven has only been at Monteith for six months, but in that time he has won the hearts of all. A renovated rectory, a restored and enlarged church, a crowded congregation last Sunday at the Harvest Thanksgiving services and thankofferings of close on \$100, speak louder than words of Mr. Heaven's work and his people's goodwill and fellowship. The preacher at the recent Harvest Festival was Ven. Archdeacon Woodall.

Harvest Festival services in the Pro-Cathedral, Cochrane, were well attended. Rev. R. S. Cushing, of Timmins, preached, and the offertory was for the M.S.C.C.

Athabasca Notes.

The Bishop has transferred the Rev. C. H. Quarterman from Fort Vermilion to take charge of the Athabasca district for the winter months during the absence of the Rev. S. B. Baron, who has broken down in health and must take a long rest.

The Ven. Archdeacon Scott, formerly connected with the diocese, and recently in charge of St. Peter's Church, Dynevor, Manitoba, has kindly consented to undertake the services and mission at Fort Vermilion for the coming winter.

The Rev. J. H. Atkinson has moved from Dunvegan to a more central situation at Friedenstal, Alberta.

The Bishop preached at the combined Harvest and Confirmation services at All Saints' Church, Griffin Creek, on Sunday, October 13.

Letter from Bishop Brent to Schoolboys.

"Tell your boys that an Old Boy sends them greeting from the battlefield in France. All that is best in me came from the influence of the School which, next to my dear mother, was the strongest factor in my early life. The boys of to-day have to prepare for the heavy though inspiring responsibility of remolding society. To do this they must be highly disciplined men in soul and mind and body. To-day the choicest youth of the world is making the supreme sacrifice in order that mankind everywhere may have freedom to live according to God's pattern of life. We are fighting for honour and truth and loyalty, without which the world is a prison house. May they always be the dominating force in the school. If boys are called upon to think and live more seriously to-day than in the past, it does not

mean that life will be less enjoyable. It will be even more so, for the new values will discover themselves under the pressure of the new world that is being born. The motto of my old School is a great one, and, I hope, will live in every boy's life. The pure in heart, I suppose, means the single-hearted, whose motive is undefiled, who are unable to do the unworthy or unclean thing outwardly, because they are unable to do it inwardly, who guard every avenue to mind and imagination lest it be smirched or injured. The reward is fellowship with God now and here.—C. H. Brent, Senior Chaplain American E.F."

This letter was sent to Mr. Orchard, Headmaster of Trinity College School, Port Hope.

Thanksgiving Day at the Beaches, Toronto.

It is the custom for the Anglican, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches at the Beaches, Toronto, to unite in a community service on the day of National Thanksgiving, meeting in a different church each year. On Monday, October 14, this community service was held in Kew Beach Presbyterian Church. Three ministers, Dr. Cotton (St. Aidan's), Mr. Boyd (Waverley Rd. Baptist), and Mr. Turk (Bellefair Methodist), were prevented by illness from attending. The service was, therefore, conducted by Rev. J. A. Stewart (Kew Beach Presbyterian) and Rev. A. D. Addison (Beech Ave. Methodist), the preacher being Rev. E. A. McIntyre, of St. Paul's, formerly Rector of St. Aidan's, and the originator of these union services. It is interesting to record that each year at least 50 per cent. of the attendance at these services has been Anglican. The offerings were devoted to the work of the Beaches Red Cross.

Boys Paint a Church.

Thanks to four of the older boys of the Wiggins' Home, St. Peter's Church, at Public Landing, Westfield, N.B., received two coats of paint. The boys of the home, of which William Pearce is principal, have been spending their summers just across from Public Landing. The church needed to be painted, and four boys undertook the work under the supervision of the Rector of the parish, Rev. Craig W. Nichols. They completed the entire church and tower in less than two weeks, doing the work in a most satisfactory manner.

Induction of New Rector.

The first induction service held in St. Thomas' Church, St. Catharines, Ont., took place, when Rev. A. H. Howitt was inducted as Rector of that church. Ven. Archdeacon N. I. Perry

took charge of the induction. The sermon of the evening was delivered by Rev. Canon F. E. Howitt, father of the new Rector and the Rector of St. George's Church, Hamilton. The text for the sermon was Cor. 3: 9-15. The speaker delivered a most inspiring and convincing sermon.

Regimental Colours Dedicated.

The colours of the 12th York Rangers were dedicated in Trinity Church, Aurora, on October 13th, by the Rev. P. R. Soanes, who addressed the members of the corps and the cadets who accompanied them on the sanctity of the colours. Lieut.-Colonel A. T. Hunter, the commanding officer, was present on the occasion. In memory of the members of the Battalion who have lost their lives in the war, Miss Lindsay, the organist, played the "Dead March" in "Saul," and the impressive ceremony was closed by the sounding of the "Last Post."

Memorial Window to Lieut. G. A. Bell.

At Grace Church on-the-Hill on Sunday, October 13th, the Bishop of the diocese officiating, a memorial window in memory of Charles Arthur Bell, a Lieutenant in the 58th Battalion, B.E.F., who fell at the Battle of Courcellette on October 8th, 1916, was dedicated. Lieut. Bell was a son of the late Mr. W. A. Bell, and Mrs. Charles B. Bell. Just a year ago another memorial window was dedicated in the church to Maurice Machell, who fell a few weeks previous to Lieut. Bell. In referring to the memorial part of the service, Bishop Sweeney said: "It is the cause and character of this memorial service to commemorate one who has laid down his life for us. Charles Arthur Bell, he laid down his life for you, and it is only fitting that we should perpetuate his service as long as this church lasts."

Washago Mission.

On Sunday, October 13th, the Washago Mission (Toronto diocese) Harvest Thanksgiving services were held. The special preacher was the Provost of Trinity College, Rev. L. S. Macklem, M.A., D.C.L. At all services were large attendances, noticeably the increase of communicants at 8 a.m. services. The Provost preached forcible sermons on the benefits which can be had from our Heavenly Father. The Incumbent, Rev. W. E. Mackey, assisted at all services.

Difficulties of a Down-Town Church.

Some of the difficulties of a downtown church are well exemplified by a statement recently read by the Rector of Trinity East, Toronto. Before the war, there were 1,087 homes on their visiting book, from which one or more attended the church. There are only 140 of them at present; the balance, 947, have gone, and no trace left of them, while of the 140 now worshipping there, 87 have moved to a distance, and only 53 remain in the homes they lived in before the war. The attendance, however, both morning and evening on Sunday is about the same, and the finances very little lower, and that in the face of hundreds having gone to the war. The foreigners have taken up all the houses in the parish, so that those who attend come from other parts of the city.

Death of Miss Curtis.

The death of Miss Bertha Curtis, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, of St. Anne's Church, Toronto, occurred

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last Tuesday from pneumonia, after but a few days' illness. The young lady will be greatly missed from the church circles. She had shown much interest in Red Cross work, was a member of the church choir, a faithful attendant at the Girls' Auxiliary for the past 13 years and was serving her seventh year as treasurer. In appreciation of her devoted service the officers and members of the Girls' Auxiliary made her a life member at the annual meeting last year. Her bright Christian example will long remain as an inspiration to those who knew her.

A.Y.P.A. Branch Started.

A branch of the A.Y.P.A. was inaugurated at All Saints' Church, Whitby, on October 7th, with Rev. R. W. Allen and Mrs. Allen as patrons and Miss Maude Wilkes as president. The Rector opened the meeting with prayer. Miss Ethel Fletcher then read a splendid paper on the "Builders of Canada," mentioning the names of many celebrated Canadians who were instrumental in bringing the country to its present proud status. In the discussion several other celebrated names were mentioned. Light refreshments and a programme made up a pleasant evening. At the next meeting in November there will be a debate on the question, "Has daylight saving been a benefit to the people."

The Death of Rev. Millidge Walker.

The news of the death of the Rev. Millidge Walker came as a shock to many in New Brunswick, and especially to those in Trinity and St. Paul's churches in St. John, who had the

privilege of his ministrations only last month. Although he was ordained in the diocese of Connecticut, and spent the whole of his ministerial life in the United States, yet he was well known in his native province. None who were present will ever forget the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Hampton parish, when Canon Walker's son preached in the morning, and his grandson in the evening. One of his sons, Rev. John W. Walker, maintains the clerical traditions of the family, and is at present in charge of the chapel of the Holy Comforter, Philadelphia, while Mr. Walker's eldest son, Millidge Pendrell, is the treasurer of the American Church Missionary Work in China.

Presentation to Rev. S. B. Baron.

The members of All Saints' Church, Athabasca, with representatives from other district churches, met recently to wish Godspeed to the Rector, Rev. S. B. Baron, B.A., who, through ill-health, has been ordered to Vancouver for a prolonged visit. James Rensson, the people's warden of All Saints' Church, presented him with a well-lined pocketbook, as a mark of appreciation from his parishioners. Rev. Mr. Baron has been in charge of All Saints' Church with other district churches since 1914, and has designed the plans and witnessed the erection of two of them. During the well-known severity of the winter of 1917 he ministered single-handed to the spiritual needs of five churches in Athabasca district. Rev. and Mrs. Baron, who were the recipients of a presentation also from the congregation of West Athabasca Church and the ladies of Colinton, subsequently left for Victoria, B.C.

The Red River Colony and the Isbisters

Rev. James Taylor.

IN the recent death of Mrs. Thos. Scott, of the Ridge, Sask., there passed away another of the old family of the Isbisters, the head of whom long ago came from the Orkneys. In days gone by Orkneymen have played an important part in making the Hudson's Bay Co. strong and successful in their trade with the aborigines. By their patience, their perseverance, quiet disposition, industrious habits and power of endurance, they were peculiarly suited for the hardships of a wilderness life, and for dealing with the Indian tribes in that "canny" and shrewd way which begets confidence in the savage mind. In the year 1775 Alexander Henry visited Cumberland House, which had been built the year before by Hearne, and found it garrisoned by men from the Orkney Islands. "From fields obscure darts forth a village lad."

Let me relate something concerning a member of the Isbister family. There was one of the family called Alexander Kennedy Isbister, a second cousin of the late Mrs. Scott. He was born in 1822 at Cumberland on the North Saskatchewan River. He was the son of an officer of the Hudson's Bay Co., who was killed in the company's service at Norway House. After the death of his father, Alexander Kennedy Isbister, with mother and sister, settled in the old historic parish of St. Andrew's on the Red River in the year 1833, alongside of the Kennedys, near the rapids. Mrs. Isbister was a sister of Captain William Kennedy, of St. Andrew's, who commanded one of the ships of the Franklin search expedition.

On the Red River.

Mr. Isbister settled on the Red River at the age of 11, and was then sent to "The McCallum Academy," now St. John's College, Winnipeg. At or about the age of 16, young Isbister entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Co. as an articulated clerk. He was then sent to the Mackenzie River district and there he gained his acquaintance with the fur trade and the company's affairs. After serving three years' time in the company's service he returned to Red River, and after spending one year there he left his native land for England in 1842 and never returned. While at the University in London he was a successful student, and took both his M.A. and LL.B. degrees. He was a stalwart. He stood about 6 feet 3 inches, and was a fine looking man. He is spoken of as a man of excellent address, of very great conversational powers, and enthusiastically devoted to any cause he espoused.

After a successful student career he entered upon the study of law, and in due time became an English barrister.

Opened Up the Country.

It goes down in the history of the Red River colony that to Alexander Kennedy Isbister is due much of the credit for the opening up of this great country. With great perseverance in England and on the Red River the case was worked up by which representative institutions were to replace the Hudson's Bay Company's regime. The Hudson's Bay Company's rule, it must be said, was patriarchal, on the whole kindly, but could not have stood the strain of a larger population or a people less docile than the old inhabitants of the colony. Mr. Isbister undertook the task of liberalizing the government of Red River and throwing open the fertile land of the north-west to the world, a land too good to be kept as the preserve for bears and foxes. Petition after petition from



the people of Lord Selkirk's settlement was sent to the British government by the hands of Mr. Isbister, and he became known as the champion of popular rights for the people of this country.

When I arrived in the Red River settlement in 1857 Captain Kennedy, Mr. Isbister's uncle, was busy in getting signatures to a petition to the British government asking to be formed into a British crown colony. Mr. Isbister had acquired a quantity of Hudson's Bay Company's stock, and so was enabled to speak from a more influential standpoint. In 1857 the Imperial Parliament appointed a committee to go into all matters submitted by Mr. Isbister, the results of which are embodied in the blue book of 1857. The Hudson's Bay Company wisely discerned the signs of the times, and, after ten years of periodical negotiations with the government of Canada, gave a deed of surrender in 1869.

In 1851 Mr. Isbister became a fellow of "The College of Preceptors," Mr. Isbister was also Dean of this College of Preceptors. Its object was to serve as a high-class examining board to give certificates of acquaintance with certain departments of knowledge. In 1881 this board issued 11,000 certificates.

About the time of the transfer of this country to Canada, Mr. Isbister gave the Province of Manitoba £100 sterling in American bonds, of which the interest has been used in the shape of prizes to the public school of that Province, and in 1881 he gave a handsome subscription to Manitoba College. But he has left a monument more enduring than brass in the splendid gift of upwards of \$60,000 to the Manitoba University, and his large library of several thousand volumes.

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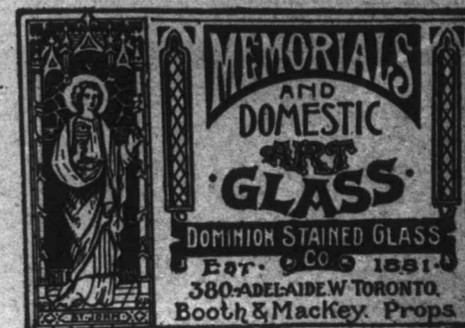
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21

OUR COMMON HERITAGE.

(Continued from page 681.)

man." We must do all we can now, and with our utmost force. We must ask ourselves whether we are in a condition to carry on this great task. As we are to-day, I fear we are not. A recent writer has said:—

"As a thoughtful Christian stands before this challenge he must repent for himself and for the Churches, the lamentable inadequacy of our organized religion to meet the crucial need."

"This war will fail of one of its most beneficent results if it does not drive the sense of shame into the Christian Churches with a poignancy that no excuses can palliate. In the presence of a gigantic task, calling for a united Church, we stand a dis severed flock of Churches. In the presence of abysmal need, demanding a great religion of comprehensive faith and devoted social spirit, we stand—how often—tithing 'mint and anise and cummin' and neglecting 'the weightier matters of the law!' We are challenged by this war to a renovation of our Christianity, to a deep and unrelenting detestation of the little bigotries, the needless divisions, the petty obscurantisms that so deeply curse our Churches, to a new experience and a more intelligent expression of vital fellowship with God. Unless we can answer that challenge there is small use in our trying to answer the other. We must have a great religion to meet a great need."

We, then, the great Anglo-Saxon nations, the great democratic nations, the great missionary nations, must

put our religion and our Churches in order. From this war must come a regeneration, a new birth, a new and compact organization, a new consecration of men and money which will ultimately win the world to God. If only a tithe of the money and manpower now being spent in war and because of war were to be used for propagating the Gospel it would flood the world with Bibles, it would send missionaries into the farthest regions of the world. This alone would not be enough. Our national policies must be changed, missionary work must become national work. As Harry E. Fosdick has said, "The missionary enterprise is the Churches' campaign for international good-will." Our efforts must reach more than individuals, it must reach nations. Christians, if they will only get together—165 kinds of Christians in the United States. Think of it! . . . and pull together, can in the end accomplish this. Let us pledge ourselves as members of a great race, as citizens of a great nation, as individuals in Christ's Church, to work for the accomplishment of these noble ends.

CLOSER CO-OPERATION.

One of the first steps must be a closer union of those Churches whose principles and formularies agree. The Anglican Church in Canada and the Episcopal Church in the United States are in reality but branches of the same trunk. We certainly should come closer together. Our aims, objects and methods agree; there is nothing that divides us but national boundaries.

The very first thing that we must do is to work for union, not federation, which is a weak thing, with the other Christian communions around us. We certainly have much to learn from them. Perhaps we can give them something in return.

Let us together go at this problem with hearts full of love, without bitterness, the relic of past contentions, but with a sorrowful appreciation of our own failures and a full appreciation of what they have done. How your Church and ours can be brought more closely together is a little hard to say. The only suggestion I have to make is in line with what I have already said. We must work together. I mean definite, concrete union by joint committees and commissions. This will doubtless lead to other modes of union which may in the end unite us in many ways not now thought of. Let us not forget that our own Church is among the most powerful and definite of the formative influences which are shaping the Anglo-Saxon race, which is, I truly believe, to be the ruling race of the world. We are living in a wonderful age. God's hand is working His wonders to perform. He cannot do what He would without us. Let us strive to the utmost to do His will, and so to help Him bring about the salvation of the race.

Remember the dates of the Victory Loan Campaign. Every Sunday School should secure a shield.

The Jolly Animals' Club
By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

XV.

The Other Side of the World.

WHEN Red-Tail plunged head first into the dark, swirling, deafening, smothering waters of the whirlpool at the bottom of Rainbow Falls, he supposed that it was all over with him. Although he had never studied any geography, and had not travelled far from his own little home in the Merry Forest, he knew that it was a long, long way to the other side of the world; and even if nothing else happened him along the way, the big breath of air he had taken could not possibly last him till he came to the end of the trip. But for all that the breath lasted a good while, and when it was quite used up he found his head for just a minute in the air again. Oh, how thankful he was for another breath, even though it was still dark and the water swirled along with the same deafening roar!

When again his head went under, he thought what a splendid, priceless thing he had been taking and using all his life without once thinking of it—a whole world full and a whole sky full of air! Oh, if he could only get back once more to the Merry Forest, how he would love the air, the wind, the sky! He would tell every animal and every bird he met what a glorious thing the air was. Oh, if he could only get back! Oh, for one more breath of air!

At that very moment he got it. As he was gasping and struggling to keep his head above water, his paw clutched something which he soon found to be his own little raft, on which he had started from the tree-top on this long, strange voyage. Oh, how glad he was to climb upon it once more and cling to its friendly support.

Yes, Red-Tail felt that the little green bough was really a friend. He had not thought of it in that way before, but now he understood that the life in the bough, though a different life from his own, was speaking to him in its own silent way, telling him that it had followed him and wanted to help him. There alone in the darkness and the danger, he learned what he might never have learned while safe and happy in the Merry Forest. "It's all right, little friend," he chirped. "We'll stick together and see this thing through."

There was still a long way to travel, and sometimes Red-Tail found his head under water again for a minute or two, and he got many a bump and bruise, but through it all he clung to his little raft and kept up his courage.

At last, all in a wonderful instant, he dashed out into the open air and the beautiful sunshine—at the other end of the world. Just for a moment he caught a glimpse of a big sheet of shining water, with silvery white gulls flying above it or floating on its sparkling waves, and silvery sailed boats dotting its surface here and there. Quite close by was one little boat without sails, and there were two people in it.

All this Red-Tail saw in a flash from the top of a waterfall—not nearly so high as Rainbow Falls—where the waters of the Winding River came out of the dark underground channel and slipped over the rocks into Lucky Lake.

No one in the Merry Forest had ever heard of Lucky Lake, because on the tract of land between, the trees had been cut down long ago, and a great many people had built their homes where the forest used to stand.



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Poor Red-Tail! His lessons were not all over yet. He had learned the value of the air and the sunlight, and now he was to learn the value of freedom. It was a good lesson, but a hard one to learn.

When he went over the falls into Lucky Lake his head struck on a stone at the bottom. It stunned him for a minute or two, and when he came to himself he was held firmly in a boy's hand—the boy in the little boat. At first he felt dazed and stupid and did not try to get away, but just listened to what the boy and girl were saying.

"He's quite a traveller, that lad," the boy said. "Did you see where he came from, Gwen?"

"No," the girl answered. "Where did he come from?"

"He came over the falls, and must have gone through that underground passage. He's an explorer, and I'm going to call him Christopher Columbus—Chris will do for short."

By this time Red-Tail was wide awake, and his first thought was to try to get away. He wriggled in the hand that held him, and when the hand tightened its hold Red-Tail did a thing of which he was ever after ashamed—he sunk his sharp little teeth deep into the boy's tender flesh.

"Oh, you'd bite, would you?" cried the boy, and let him go. "All right, then, you can jump into the lake if you want to."

But Red-Tail didn't want to, not he. He had already had quite enough of the water. He ran around the edge of the boat and looked over, but stayed where at least he might breathe the air and keep dry, even though he didn't like his company.

"Did he hurt you, Roy?" asked Gwen anxiously.

"He made my hand bleed, the mean, little beggar," Roy answered. "But I'm not afraid of him."

The next minute with a swift movement he caught the squirrel again, held him firmly so he couldn't bite, and tied him in a big red handkerchief.

Poor Red-Tail was a prisoner for the rest of the journey, and didn't know what was happening to him, but after a very long time he caught a flash of sunlight and suddenly found himself in the cunningest little house you ever saw. If he had had this house in the Merry Forest and could go in and out as he pleased, he would have been very proud of it; but as it was he knew he was in a cage and only longed to get away.

Roy and Gwen were very good to Chris, as he was now called. They gave him nice things to eat and kept

BIRTH

Born to the Rev. and Mrs. F. V. Abbott, a Grande Prairie, Alberta, on October 5th, a son (Harold Spencer).

Is Your Household Solvent?

An institution is solvent if the value of the assets equals or exceeds the value of the liabilities.

There is one liability, however, which is seldom entered, that is, provision for the maintenance of the wife in the event of the husband's death.

If householders were to enter up this item, many homes would be declared insolvent.

The smallest sum the revenue from which would maintain a wife would be \$10,000, and an effort should be made to increase the balance of assets so as to provide \$10,000 in the event of death.

This can often be done by means of insurance. If a man has real estate, etc., free to the amount of \$5,000, he should carry at least \$5,000 insurance. If his property that is free amounts to \$3,000, at least \$7,000 should be carried.

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plenty of water and they talk very fond of set the cage opened his little out and run and he grew Gwen. Often shoulder and ways be found Gwen could for a supply feel of her stroked his f

Oh, he could here if he had life, but ever more for the Forest and a could talk to understood, him.

At last Red the journey, derful of all

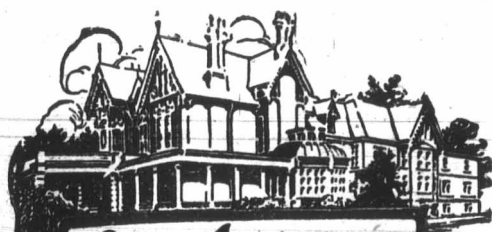
Boys

A FIG FO

Frank De of his father's his mother's pecting eye. than his car and he was the price of "Mother," "a thorough your flower. little patches are not esp "Mrs. De raised her e looked out "You're r is going to

To Be H

One of t books of t Conkey's 1 entitled "T Holy Spirit "It is one e in existence E. Speer s book, big s upon this 1 circulation alone. It l thirteen la light and Christians. good with solutely fr supported Any of our of this boo to the Silv Bessemer I



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plenty of water in his little glass dish, and they talked to him and seemed very fond of him. Sometimes they set the cage in a sunny little room, opened his little door and let him come out and run around. Chris liked this, and he grew quite fond of Roy and Gwen. Often he would sit on Roy's shoulder and eat nuts which could always be found in the boy's pockets. Gwen could always be depended on for a supply of cake, and he liked the feel of her soft fingers as she gently stroked his fur.

Oh, he could have been very happy here if he had never known any other life, but every day he longed more and more for the freedom of the Merry Forest and all the old companions who could talk to him in a language he understood, and could understand him.

At last Red-Tail got his wish, and the journey home was the most wonderful of all his adventures.

Boys and Girls

A FIG FOR THE SPARROWS!

Frank Denby sat on the front steps of his father's house and surveyed his mother's flower beds with a prospecting eye. Time was flying faster than his camping fund was growing, and he was still two dollars short of the price of a scout tent.

"Mother," he began, tentatively, "a thorough weeding wouldn't hurt your flower beds. I see a good many little patches of grass, and the walks are not especially clean."

"Mrs. Denby, sitting at the window, raised her eyes from her sewing and looked out over the garden.

"You're right, Frank, but old Dick is going to give it a weeding. You

To Be Had For the Asking

One of the best-known devotional books of the day is James H. McConkey's book on the Holy Spirit, entitled "The Threefold Secret of the Holy Spirit." Mr. Moody said of it, "It is one of the two very best books in existence on this subject." Robert E. Speer says of it, "It is the best book, big or little, I have ever read upon this theme." It has reached a circulation of 200,000 in English alone. It has been translated into thirteen languages. It has brought light and blessing to thousands of Christians. To do the most possible good with it the book is sent out absolutely free, its circulation being supported by voluntary offerings. Any of our readers may obtain a copy of this book by simply writing for it to the Silver Publishing Company, Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

would not want to take his job, would you?"

"No," said Frank, dubiously, "but I certainly would like to get a job myself."

His mother sewed thoughtfully for a while and then she spoke.

"The figs are beginning to ripen. If you'll manage to keep the sparrows from pecking holes in the fruit and spoiling it you may have all the figs from one tree to sell. But you can't peddle them. You must make a sale to the fruit market."

"Nick Shapiro will buy them from me. I'll see him to-day," said Frank. The scheme struck him as being a good one.

"And you'll have to get up early in the morning, for that is when the sparrows get in their work," added Mrs. Denby.

Frank pulled himself up from the steps with energy for fresh enterprise.

"Guess I'll go take a look at the prospect," he volunteered.

There were three fig-trees, loaded with fruit just approaching a state of luscious ripeness. Frank raised his hand and picked one of the figs to break it open. In the softest spot, where the fruit showed a faint reddish tinge, was an ugly, jagged hole, somewhat larger than a sparrow's beak. He tried others to find that a goodly portion of the ripest figs had been ruined in the same way. Then he went back to the house, got out his shotgun, and began to clean it. Half an hour later he was on his way down town to make the deal with Nick and to purchase a good supply of bird shot.

"Where are you bound for, Frank?" a voice called to him as he passed his next-door neighbour's gate at a pace that prefigured death to sparrows. Old Mr. Benson was sitting under the big oak in his front yard, and Frank stopped at his question to explain where he was going and why.

"You needn't shoot the sparrows," said the old man when Frank had finished; "I'll tell you a way to make them let your figs alone. They're afraid of white string, and if you'll just get a ball of it and interlace your fig-bushes with it you won't be troubled by sparrows."

Frank looked sceptical.

"I don't see how they can be afraid of white string," he protested. "They're not afraid of anything else under the sun." He rather held to the gun and bird shot as trustier means of protecting his interests.

"Try the twine," said Mr. Benson.

The deal with Nick was made to the satisfaction of both the contracting parties, but Frank went home in a still uncertain frame of mind, having purchased a large ball of twine and no bird shot. He went out immediately to set about carrying out Mr. Benson's instructions, but as he twisted the string in and out among the twigs and leaves he felt as if his task was a fruitless one. Nevertheless, he finished it up with thoroughness, and if the twine had been more ornate in character his mother's fig-trees, when he got through, would have presented the appearance of gayly-bedecked Christmas trees. His neighbour, George Frost, thought as much when he spied him from the next yard, and called out:—

"Whats the answer, Frank? Getting in practice for next Christmas?"

"Haven't got Christmas in the back of my head," said Frank, the shortness of his reply being due mainly to the long tediousness of his job.

At the supper table he unburdened his doubts in the bosom of his always receptive and usually sympathetic family.

"Do you see why sparrows should be afraid of white string?" he asked.

"No. Unless they think they will get their feet caught in it," laughed Mr. Denby. "It may be prenatal instinct. But Mr. Benson wouldn't send

you on a wild-goose chase, and there must be something in his idea."

"I'm going out in the morning, and if there's a sparrow in sight I intend to get the bird shot," said Frank.

The sun was just coming up through the big oaks in Mr. Benson's yard when Frank slipped out the door and went into the garden. As he came near the fig-trees he was struck by the peculiar stillness, where heretofore his ears had been met with vociferous chatter and the soft flutter of vanishing wings. And instead of finding a small army of marauders, he saw one lone sparrow perched for sentinel duty on the topmost twig of the tallest tree. The sentinel retreated precipitately, and Frank began an inspection of the fruit to see if the birds had been in reality kept from injuring it. Not a fig had been molested. They hung untouched, ready to be converted by a little deft manipulation into camping paraphernalia.

A week later Frank sat beside Mr. Benson on the bench under the old oak.

"I cleared three dollars and thirty-five cents on those figs," he announced.

"Cleared?" said Mr. Benson. "You weren't out anything except a ball of string and a little time."—Annie L. McMakin, in the Churchman.

HOW THE BEAN BROTHERS WOKE UP.

"Here are five little Bean Brothers for you," said mother one morning, dropping something into Boykin's hand. "They have been in bathing all night long."

"With their clothes on, too," exclaimed Boykin; "their little, white coats are all wrinkled."

"You'd better put them to bed right away," suggested mother. "Here's a flower-pot on the sunny window-sill. The fresh, soft earth will make a fine bed for the Bean Brothers. And if they have a good nap, who knows what will happen?"

So Boykin put them to bed in the soft, brown earth and covered them up snugly. Day after day the Bean Brothers slept soundly and showed not a single sign of waking up. Then one morning one Bean Brother poked up a tiny bit of slim green back, out from under the bedclothes, but his head he kept safe underneath.

"Come, get up, you sleepyhead," cried Boykin, and, taking hold of Bean Brother's back, he pulled him straight out of bed.

"Oh, see," he called to mother, "Bean Brother has a leg, too—a long, spindly one."

"Better put him back again, if you can, and let the others sleep a little longer. It's not time for them to be up yet," mother told him.

Next day the other Bean Brothers had poked up their little, bent backs, too, but Boykin only watched them and sprinkled their bed with fresh water. Day by day the Bean Brothers pushed up their backs higher.

"A funny way to get out of bed," declared Boykin; "they hump themselves up like green caterpillars."

Then one day the strongest of the Bean Brothers ventured to pull himself away from the warm bedclothes, but he could not stand up straight, and drooped his head sleepily.

"Oh, see, mother," cried Boykin, "Bean Brother has grown out of his old coat and split it in two."

True enough, what Boykin had called Bean Brother's coat before he had tucked him into bed was hanging in two pieces to his side.

Pretty soon the other Bean Brothers pulled themselves out from under the bedclothes. Then little by little they all straightened up and lifted their green, plummy heads. The old

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coats clinging to their sides shrank and shrivelled, and finally dropped off altogether.

Boykin picked up two of the wrinkled bits.

"His coat is all worn out," said he. "He won't need it again," mother explained. "But it was a good coat in its day, and a wonderful one, too, for it not only kept Bean Brother warm when he was a tiny baby, but it gave him food so that he could grow into this nice tall Bean plant."

"And will he always live in this flower-pot?" asked Boykin.

"No," answered mother; "when he is stronger we will take him and his four brothers out of this bed and put them in a corner of our big garden, where you can watch them."—Rebecca Deming Moore, in Mothers' Magazine.

Could Not Lift Stick of Wood

Would Almost Faint From Severe Pain in Back—Doctors Could Not Get the Kidneys Set Right.

A great many people suffer the results of deranged kidneys and do not understand the cause of trouble or the way to obtain cure. The writer of this letter suffered excruciating pains in the back, and in vain his physician tried to cure him. For some reason or other his medicines did not have the desired effect.

Mr. Olts' brother was a merchant, selling, among other medicines, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and he heard his customers telling about how they were cured of kidney derangements by their use. This led to Mr. Olts putting them to the test, with the splendid results reported in this letter.

Mr. E. C. Olts, Benton, Carleton County, N.B., writes: "I am glad to let you know how much your medicine has done for me. I suffered from my kidneys, which at one time were so bad I could not lift a stick of wood without getting on my knees, and then would almost faint from the pain in my back. I consulted a doctor about it, and he gave me some medicine, but it did not help me. My brother, who is a merchant, and carries all your medicines, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I got one box, and they helped me, so I got another one, and kept on until I had taken five boxes, which cured me. I have had no trouble with my back since, and am never without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house. Last summer I also suffered from piles. I used three boxes of your Ointment, and it cured them. I can certainly recommend Dr. Chase's Pills and Ointment."

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**A Sermon in French—
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The "Stars and Stripes," a paper published in the trenches by United States soldiers in France, tells an amusing story, perhaps coloured as to some of its details, of the result of a French curé's sermon in denunciation of profiteering. This is what it says:—

"The curé of a little village church down in the S.O.S. got it into his head that his parishioners were overcharging the Americans for laundry work, for chocolate, for souvenirs, and other things. Being a downright sort of person, he decided that something must be done about it.

"Next Sunday, in his church, filled one-half with his own congregation and the other half with American soldiers, he proceeded to read the former the riot act. In accents strong and French he laid down the law. 'Vous demandez cinq francs quand vous avez droit a un franc seulement!' (You demand five francs when you have a right to one only) was one of the points he laid stress on again and again by way of telling the faithful that some of them were asking five times more than they had a right to.

"The Americans didn't know French, but they had been over there long enough to know cinq francs when they heard it. They heard it so often in the course of that sermon that they thought that was what the good man wanted from each and every one of them.

"So when M. le Curé started down the main aisle right after the beginning of the Credo to take up the collection he was fairly swamped with five franc notes. Every O. D. blouse was unbuttoned and from every one came the little blue paper. By the time he had got down the main aisle and was going to turn up the side aisle they had so exhausted the collection box's capacity, that he had to make an apron out of his surplice. And he couldn't understand it at all.

"The Chaplain of the particular American unit that thus shelled out sat in the back of the church. Knowing French—and also the boys—he was surprised at the outlay. Later he enquired, and found out what had prompted it. Then the boys and he had a mighty good laugh.

"Not so the French priest when he heard about it. He was horror-struck. 'I must give that money back to them! It is not right! I must give it back!' he exclaimed.

"'No, you must not, brother!' laughed the American Chaplain. 'I told the boys all about it and they say the lesson in French was cheap at the price. Besides, your sermon hit home so hard they've more than saved five francs apiece this last week in town.'"

The man who would try to paint the Hun finds himself as impotent as the clergyman golfer whose caddie joggled his arm during an important putt.

This clergyman, red with rage, looked at his caddie a long while; then he stammered:—

"You—you—you naughty caddie!"

Scene: A meat queue at a butcher's shop in a populous district. A clergyman, evidently in a hurry, pushes his way towards the door without waiting his turn. A burly woman at back, in a state of considerable excitement, leaves her place in the queue, and, seizing him roughly by the shoulder, exclaims: "Here, mister, yo go to the back. Yo may think yo'll go to Heaven before me, but I'm blessed well sure yo ain't going into this butcher's shop before me." And he didn't.

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