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Canadian Churchman

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CONTENTS

The Christian Year	-	-	-	Very Rev. D. T. Owen, D.D.
The Returned Soldier—His Attitude	-	-	-	Editorial
The Vision of God	-	-	-	Rev. Prof. G. Abbot-Smith, D.D., D.C.L.
A Reminiscence	-	-	-	Miss E. M. Knox
Archbishop Cranmer	-	-	-	-
The Bible Lesson	-	-	-	Rev. Canon Howard, M.A.
From Week to Week	-	-	-	"Spectator"

Lake Nipigon and the Indians; Observations on Gardening;
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Serial Story.

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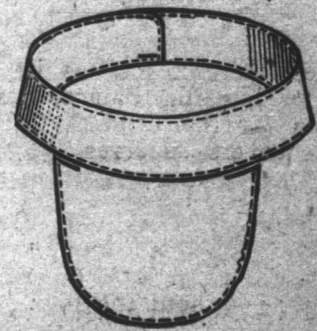
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Personal & General

The Right Rev. J. C. Roper, Bishop of Ottawa, is visiting in Muskoka.

* * * *

The Rev. Arthur French and Mrs. French have left Montreal for England.

* * * *

A woman organist and a woman verger have been appointed at Rochester Cathedral, England.

* * * *

The total of the Canadian forces in Canada, in the Home Land and at the Front so far number 424,456 in all.

* * * *

The Rev. Dr. Boyle, the President of King's College, Windsor, N.S., and Mrs. Boyle, spent a few days in Toronto last week.

* * * *

The Toronto Branch of the Red Cross Society sent a shipment for the month of July of 110 cases containing in all 13,481 articles.

* * * *

One of the finest sites in Cairo, known as Ismailia Palace, has been presented for the English Cathedral. The site covers 80 acres.

* * * *

The city of Hamilton, Ont., is planning to have a unique war memorial in the shape of a 600-foot wide parkway throughout the city.

* * * *

The consecration of the Rev. James O. Nash as Bishop-Coadjutor of Cape Town, took place in St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town, on Ascension Day.

* * * *

Captain William Avery Bishop, a member of the Royal Flying Corps, a native of Owen Sound, a son of Mr. W. A. Bishop, Grey County Court Clerk, has been awarded the Victoria Cross.

* * * *

On the very spot where St. Augustine is said to have preached, namely, on the summit of the famous Chatham Hill, Kent, a new church dedicated to St. Augustine has been erected.

* * * *

By invitation the Bishops of London and Chelmsford lately addressed the members of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference assembled in the Central Hall at Westminster on the subject of "Reunion."

* * * *

The Rev. W. R. F. Addison, who was recently invested with the Victoria Cross by the King at Buckingham Palace, spent some five years, 1904-1909, working on farms and in lumber camps in Canada.

* * * *

The well-known Church of England Missioner, Canon Aitken and Mrs. Aitken, celebrated their golden wedding on July 17th. They were married in St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, London, on July 17th, 1867.

* * * *

The Mildmay Deaconess House, London, having passed into the hands of the Y.M.C.A., a new Home has been found for the Deaconesses at No. 90 Grosvenor Road, Highbury, London, which is to bear the name of "St. Catharine's House."

* * * *

Lieut. A. J. Chadwick, son of C. W. Chadwick, of Toronto, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Flight-Commander Redford Mulock, D.S.O., son of Mr. W. R. Mulock, of Winnipeg, has been mentioned in despatches for acts of special bravery.

* * * *

The Bishop of Southwark has appointed the Rev. E. A. Down, Assistant Curate of St. John the Divine,

Kennington, London, to be Rural Dean of Kennington. The appointment of an unbeneficed clergyman to such an important position is certainly without precedent.

* * * *

Lord Leverhulme, of Sunlight Soap fame, makes a suggestion which, as he speaks with the authority of a large employer, should carry weight. It is that a six-hour day should be adopted in industry, as in his opinion this reduction in the number of working hours would tend to efficiency.

* * * *

The proceeds of the tea room at the Win-the-War Meeting for Women which took place on Friday evening, the 3rd inst., in the Arena, Toronto, will be sent to Captain the Rev. Bertram Hooper, Chaplain of the Granville Hospital, Ramsgate, Kent, for the purpose of providing comforts for the men.

* * * *

Rev. E. J. Peck, D.D., has left for a visit to Baffin's Land, where for many years he was a missionary to the Eskimo, and he will visit also in St. John's, Newfoundland, before returning to Ottawa, where he will join Mrs. Peck, who is at present staying in Ottawa during the absence of her husband.

* * * *

Sir T. F. Victor Buxton, Bart., has been elected Treasurer of the C.M.S. in succession to Colonel Sir Robert Williams, Bart., M.P., lately elected President. It is of interest to note that the new Treasurer's father, the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., was Treasurer of the Society from 1886 to 1895.

* * * *

Mr. H. K. Caskey, who was for several years Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in Canada, spent a few days in Toronto last week. He has been for the past year associated with the Board of Foreign Missions of the American Presbyterian Church in the United States which has its headquarters in New York.

* * * *

Colonel Almond, the Director of the Canadian Chaplains' Service, officiated at the funeral service of Sir Richard McBride, which was held in the chapel adjoining the crematory at Golder's Green, London, Eng., on the 8th August. There was a large attendance and the chapel was filled, many representative people being present.

* * * *

The members of St. Hilda's congregation, Fairbank, Toronto, held their annual picnic on Civic Holiday. The chief feature of the entertainment was a May-pole dance by the girls of the Sunday School. The attendance was about 600, and the proceeds \$150, which sum of money will be given to the General Purposes Fund of the Church.

* * * *

For the first time on record in Canada the Victoria Cross will be publicly presented at the Canadian National Exhibition on the opening day. The presentation will be made by His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, the Governor-General, to Mr. J. J. Sifton, of Wallacetown, Ont. The distinction was won by his son, the late Sergeant Sifton.

* * * *

Sir William Mortimer Clark, K.C.-M.G., an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, died at Prout's Neck, Maine, on Friday, August 10th. He was in his 82nd year. The late Sir Mortimer Clark was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, on May 24th, 1836. He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario on April 20th, 1903, and he held office until September 19th, 1908. His death removes one whose life, both private and public, was a great strength to the cause of righteousness in this country.

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VICTORY

Canadian Churchman

Toronto, August 16, 1917.

Editorial

The Returned Soldier HIS ATTITUDE.

"Where did you get that medal?" was asked of one returned man. "A chap was going by with a basketful. He dropped one and I picked it up," was the answer. Modesty, and to the point of reticence, is a trait of the average returned man. He will tell you all about what his comrades, his platoon or his battalion did but he is very matter-of-fact when he speaks about himself. "I got it when I was going over," or "My legs gave out when I was buried." There is no stretching of motives, circumstances or hardships. You will find that he will tell you all about his hospital treatment, operations, X-rays, etc., because that's different. It is no credit to him and sympathy is all right so long as it is not some inquisitive old lady asking questions.

"Cut out the hero stuff" is the general attitude of the returned men. Of course you will find odd ones who have fattened on public attention and enjoy the limelight. But most of them think of the boys who did just as much as they and never came back. One man who endured the cabbage-water and raw-fish diet of a German prison hospital for ten months surrenders details only to a most persistent enquirer, and even then his concern is for the men who are still there. Another man almost apologized because he was not able to stand the mud and wet of Salisbury Plains and came down with pleuro-pneumonia. A man has been lying in the hospital stretched on a frame for weeks. People come to his bed and never get an inkling of his plight.

A square deal is the only thing the men want and all they want. It will be a good thing for the country when they all want it and set out to get it. They want a square deal in the hospital, on leave, by the pensions board and by the Aid Commissions. They have no grouch. But there are some people who forget that a man cannot "carry on" at his former work if he has lost an arm or a leg or both legs. You might imagine that the military system would break the spirit of protest in a man. His only way of getting redress is through the man above him and more than likely that man is to blame for the injustice. In military life a live wire is insulated with red tape. But the inalienable right of every soldier to be paraded before his colonel, fortunately, keeps alive the spirit of protest. And most of the returned men after their discharge are determined to carry things through for a square deal, and that attitude may be the salt of the earth.

"The country owes me a living" is not the attitude of the average returned man. About five per cent. of them strike that pose for the first three weeks they are back. But very soon the ennui of hospital life, waiting for appointments and treatments oppresses them. There is a limit to a man's appetite for even picnics and motor rides. They become anxious to be doing something. Life yet is ahead. Neither pets nor wards of the public do they desire to be. Once their jangling nerves are quieted and the memory of sights and sounds has been blurred a little, they want to make good here as well as over there. You have no idea of the anxiety of the married man past

thirty-five years of age who has been disabled so that he cannot keep his old work. The world lies before him as before an untried youth, but he knows it too well to indulge in the romance of the youth's dreams and ambitions. He knows too much of the fickleness of public favour.

"No more soldiering for me," most of the returned men say. They are willing to give more than they have given and to go through it all again. They have nothing to regret. But they are so tired of parades and appointments, reports and passes, they would like to be out on their own for a while. Discipline of the strictest kind is necessary for the efficiency of a fighting force and a man is loyal to it because he knows that it is the essential of efficiency and that he is getting somewhere. Discipline is necessary in a convalescent hospital but it becomes irksome to the man who is only waiting until he is fit to be discharged, just as the warping in of an ocean liner to the dock and the delays of landing seem the most wearisome part of a voyage.

Militarism is the bogey some conjure up as the result of our military activity. The clank of the sword and the spur would imperil our democracy. The fascination of brass caps and decorations would bring civilian life into disrepute. A Junker class would be the dominant thing in Canadian life. Our boys would be drilled into strutting automata and our girls would worship a uniform. The answer to German militarism would ensnare us in British militarism. To all this black forecast the good and sufficient answer is the attitude of the returned soldier. He took up arms in defence of the Empire and when his task is done he is anxious to lay them down. He has had enough of military life in training and in service. No tribe of swash-bucklers and martinets has been developed. We may spring from a nation of "shop keepers" indeed, but they realize that there is more in life than the trappings of war.

Completely unsettled would be the mind of the returned man according to some. Living on the edge of things for months is bound to have its effect. True enough there is a small percentage who do not seem to be able to settle down. Quite a number find themselves in that condition when they return but after a while the old conditions steady them and no one is more relieved than they when they find that they can "carry on." There is no danger of our institutions or pension list being overcrowded with men whom the war has robbed of the power of application and concentration. Very few of the boys have shown a tendency to defy the laws here which they did their bit to maintain over there. Jumpy nerves and excitable conditions account for the most of the little that has been done. The cooler heads deplore such outbreaks and the great majority are cooler heads. They discountenance the attitude of "owning the country" which the very few adopt.

In the attitude of the returned man we find practically nothing the dismal prophets foretold. He is anxious to get back into civilian life and to make good. He realizes that the country for which he gave his best equally now demands his best. He will put his best foot forward even if the other be a wooden one and continue to do his bit for his country. The attitude of the returned man is all right, but it is our attitude to the returned man that is the trouble. More of that next week.

The Christian Year

The 12th Sunday After Trinity, Aug. 26, 1917.

OUR PRAYERS.

The Collect for the day sets before us two facts about God in relation to prayer.

1. He is the God Who is "always more ready to hear than we to pray." That is a thought it is well to keep prominent in our minds as we pray. Whatever we feel of deadness, coldness, distraction and all the manifold difficulties of prayer, one thing we know—God is always ready to hear. He is, as it were, always bending to listen to those who come in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. We think of the times when we prayed most earnestly, when we were forced to our knees by some desperate need, even then He was more ready to hear than we to pray. And so with this thought before us, we can say, "Pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy."

2. He is the God Who is "wont to give more than either we desire or deserve." The God to Whom we pray is bountiful. He gives with a generous hand not as much as we desire but more, not as much as we deserve, but more. We pray to the God of generous love, Who loves to fill the lives of His children with His good things.

What we need most and first is the forgiveness of sins, and so we pray in the Collect, "Forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid." It is a full forgiveness we receive—a forgiveness that covers all, more even than we desire, and certainly more than we deserve. Let us rejoice in our complete forgiveness, and praise the Name of our generous God for the abundance of His mercy. In the Collect, after we have received that forgiveness which is so complete that it is even more than we can desire, we go on to ask for "those good things which we are not worthy to ask," save for one reason only. We plead not our merits but His, we come asking, clothed not in our own righteousness but in His All-Perfect and All-Sufficient Righteousness, saying, "Which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord." As St. Paul puts it in the opening words of the Epistle for the day, "Such trust have we through Christ to Godward: not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God." Jesus Christ is our sufficiency and our righteousness.

"Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me.

There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
God be merciful to me."

Lend a helping hand as opportunity offers. Such a loan is many times more valuable than the tender of money.

Kindness adds sweetness to everything. It is kindness which makes life's capabilities blossom, and paints them with their cheering hues, and endows them with their invigorating presence.—Faber.

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Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Wisdom will never let us stand with any man or men on an unfriendly footing.

* * * * *

To say little and perform much, shows the characteristic of a great mind.—Socrates.

* * * * *

Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.—M. B. Whitmen.

* * * * *

Where passion is high there reason is low. He only employs his passion who can make no use of his reason.—Cicero.

* * * * *

The life of a perfect Christian is nothing else than the going forward ever in the practice of virtue under the impulse of holy aspirations.—St. Austin.

* * * * *

God's best friend in the world to-day is the man who frequently isolates himself from the world life about him, wears the threshold of his prayer room a bit flatter, and changes things the world around by his prayer.—S. D. Gordon.

* * * * *

May the Giver of Gifts give unto you
That which is Good and that which is True;
The Will to help and the Courage to do;
A heart that can Sing the whole day through
Whether the skies be gray or blue,
May the Giver of Gifts give these to you.
—Selected.

* * * * *

Two things this old world needs—tenderness and cheer. All about us are hearts hungry for sympathy, for kindness. Then everywhere are weary and discouraged ones, needing the uplift of hope to make them brave and strong enough to go forward to meet the future. We could do nothing better with our life than to consecrate it to a ministry of tenderness and encouragement. This is one of heaven's paths to happiness, for the merciful shall obtain mercy.—Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

* * * * *

Life is an art. We have each of us to work on many things. On nothing are we bound to work so diligently as on our life and character. I must have some ideal of life. Everyone, consciously or unconsciously, has. To do my best is duty and happiness. I am ignorant of what is best. Therefore, I need an example. Great artists need models. Their works have in them something from themselves, but that could never have been but for the study of models. An example carefully studied is powerful to put us on the right track of life. This example is given us in Christ.—Canon Knox Little.

* * * * *

Christ's offense was in His stern renunciation of the glittering prizes of affluence and comfort and luxury. He volunteered for poverty, hardship, adversity, and a cruel doom. Paradoxically, He taught that these were pathways to tranquility and power, to participation in that unconquerable mind which wore the form of a servant, and was made obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Life He had, in abundance, and He came to bestow it on men. But physical and mental isolation and inviolability are not life. They are leaden stagnation. Our life through Him lies by way of Gethsemane, the Garden of the Lord: by way of the cross, whose red rain waters the Garden. Knowing this, He provided for every contingency at issue, and having attached us to that cross, bade us rejoice that we were counted worthy of the grand distinction.—The Christian Herald.

The Vision of God— Through Suffering

By the Rev. Professor G. ABBOT-SMITH,
D.D., D.C.L., Montreal.

Job 42, 5, 6 (R.V. Margin).

*I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear,
But now mine eye seeth Thee,
Wherefore I loathe my words
And repent in dust and ashes.*

THE hardest problem in the world is the problem of pain—the mystery of human suffering: what it means, why it is permitted, how it is to be borne by those who suffer.

It is the perennial problem of humanity. It has been felt from the very beginning. It has pressed on the minds of men in all the ages of history, but there have been times when it has pressed more urgently because of the special circumstances of the time.

A time like the present, full of heart-rending experiences, with its daily death-roll of the world's best and bravest, its growing tale of sorrowing homes, the unspeakable sufferings of war-stricken lands, the sorrowful sighing of the captives and the nameless horrors inflicted on the innocent by a ruthless foe—a time like this drives us back as never before upon those ancient questions: How can such things be? Why are they permitted? What do they mean? What possible good can they do either to those who suffer or to those who are forced to stand by and witness the sufferings of others?

The Bible is full of these questions. It is in the Bible that to-day, in our utmost need, we shall find such answers as can nowhere else be found.

And the Bible gives us the answer, simply because it sees God in everything. He holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand. He guides the course of human history, as well as the details of every individual life. Without Him no tear is shed, no sparrow falls unheeded to the ground.

The explanation of the mystery may not be forthcoming—the reason why pain, suffering, loss is given to be borne, but with the assurance that God is present in His wisdom and His love, the believing soul finds its sufficient answer. In the Bible, all pain and suffering rightly borne, lead to the Vision of God.

The problem of suffering is the theme of the Book of Job. We do not know who the writer was, or even, with any certainty, the time at which he lived. But it seems to have been a time like our own, when the faith of the Godly was sorely tried by tyranny, oppression, cruelty and the success of evil men.

In earlier days, the simple creed of the Psalmist had been, for the most part, sufficient. "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." "Trust in the Lord and be doing good, and He shall promote thee that thou shalt inherit the land, when the ungodly shall perish thou shalt see it."

But in such days as those of Israel's exile, the people downtrodden under the heel of a cruel tyrant, there rose the cry, which sounds to-day from the ravaged regions of Belgium, Serbia, Poland and Rumania, "O God of hosts, look down from heaven, behold and visit this vine! Why hast Thou broken down her fences, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth ravage it, and the wild beasts of the field feed upon it. Turn again, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts, and come and save us!" "Wherefore lookest Thou upon them

that deal treacherously; and hidest Thy face when the wicked swalloweth up the man that is more righteous than he?"

In the days of Israel's calamity, the problem of the mystery of suffering pressed for a solution as never before, just as it seems to press with a new insistence to-day, and the old answers were then no longer satisfactory, just as to-day they fail to give satisfaction to the many.

The writer of the Book of Job undertook to grapple with the problem.

He took the story of a man who had lived centuries before, a story which had, perhaps, been handed down by word of mouth, or in some more simple written form, from the days of the patriarchs—the story of a righteous man overwhelmed with affliction; and in the finest religious drama ever written he told how this man had won his way through the darkness of misfortune to a new vision of faith.

Not only was Job a righteous man—fearing God and hating evil—he was a man of wealth and influence, "the greatest of the children of the East." Then, suddenly ruin befell him. He was stripped of his possessions in a single day. With one fell stroke, this blameless, upright, God-fearing man was robbed of his wealth, bereft of his family, stricken with a loathsome disease and doomed, as it seemed, to an early and painful death. From the height of prosperity he was plunged to the lowest depths of misery and pain, an outcast from the society in which he had been an honoured leader and chief. Like one unclean, he crept from his former home and took his seat upon the ash-dump outside the village, in company with dogs and outcasts.

Adversity is the supreme test of religion. How many an unfortunate in the conquered lands of our Allies might find a parallel to his own case in many features of the story of Job. Yesterday, a prosperous citizen of Lille or Brussels, of Warsaw or Bucharest; to-day a press-gang labourer, digging trenches for his country's enemies, his property confiscated, his home destroyed,—that is a situation which tries a man's religion.

In days of prosperity you are apt to look on God as the beneficent power which gives you richly all things to enjoy; which fills your mouth with good things, making you young and lusty as an eagle; which gives you a happy home and fills your cup with the sweet wine of life and with prosperity and freedom; has given you the power to enjoy all the beauties of nature and of art in this fair world. In your prosperity you thank God for His benefits; your soul expands with the sense of His goodness—and you think this is religion.

"Doth Job serve God for naught?" That was Satan's question. In Job's case, it was a libel; yet he is a bold man who feels confident that he could stand the test as Job did. In the first instance, Job stood it well. "Shall we receive good at the hands of God and shall we not receive evil? The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

What tried him most sorely was the treatment he received from his friends: their unworthy thoughts of him, their wrong judgments of his case.

We can see them as they came to him, three fellow-chieftains, in dignified simplicity, leaving their caravans and retinues to offer, in person and in private, their sympathy to their afflicted friend. In their condolence, they were quite sincere and kindly, at the outset. For seven days they sat by him in silence, their garments rent and ashes on their heads. Their unspoken sympathy was welcome to the

sufferer, but it was otherwise when they began to talk, for like many other people who offer sympathy, they lacked both tact and understanding.

They had a simple, cut-and-dried philosophy of life, and they proceeded to preach it to their suffering friend. "Calamity," they said, "is the punishment of sin. The reward of virtue is prosperity. Job is a great sufferer, therefore he must be an extraordinary sinner. Let him confess and repent his secret crimes, that God may take away the punishment and restore him to His favour."

It is strange how this erroneous idea clings to men's minds even now; how adversity and pain are thought of as God's punishment, the marks of His anger or displeasure with the sufferer. It was so in the first days of the Gospel: "Lord, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

The world just now is paying the penalty of false ideals and ignoble ambitions cherished on the part of many; but for the victims, for those who suffer most, the innocent on whom the lash of cruelty falls—for them the pain is part of the mystery of God's providence, not necessarily or directly a punishment of personal sin. All suffering is not the result of sin on the part of the sufferer.

Job knew this. He was deeply conscious of his own integrity. Not that he was unduly self-righteous, but he knew that he had been guilty of no wrong-doing which approached the measure of his suffering. And it is because, while he clings to his integrity, he also clings, though with terrible struggles and questionings, to his faith in the God whom he has known in better days, that at last he emerges to a new vision of faith.

"Suffering," said Job's friends, "is the punishment of sin; prosperity the reward of virtue." "It is false," replied Job, "for, on the one hand, the wicked often prosper, and, on the other hand, I, for one, am an innocent sufferer."

And then, throughout the poem, Job strives after a solution of the problem of suffering—the problem which vexes and tries him more than the suffering itself. Why does a God of infinite love and power permit his creatures to suffer? Why is the operation of pain seemingly so indiscriminate that the innocent suffer with the guilty? Why does God's faithful servant suffer what his very friends believe to be a retribution for an evil life?

Believing God to be the immediate cause of all things, yet knowing no other theory of Providence than that which satisfies his friends, he can't help thinking him unjust.

At the same time, he cannot give up his faith in the God of his past experience. And so there seems to this troubled soul to be, as it were, a dual Deity, and in his perplexity he appeals to the God whom he has known in the past as against the God who now seems so unjustly to be causing him affliction.

And it is in the course of this debate with Providence, in which Job threads the mazes of doubt, defiance and despair, that he gives utterance to some of those thoughts which have woven themselves into the religious experience of the ages:—

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

"Even now, behold, my witness is in heaven, and he that voucheth for me is on high. My friends scorn me, but mine eye poureth out tears unto God."

"I know that my vindicator liveth, and that he shall stand at the last upon the earth."

And then, when he has heard the very voice of God discoursing on the mysterious ways of Providence, his eyes are opened and he describes in the triumphant words of the text, the vision which has opened to his soul.

What happened to open the eyes of Job was this: He found, by the evidence of his spiritual senses, that in the midst of all his privation and suffering, he was encompassed by the love and the goodness of God.

There came, in the language of the drama, "a voice out of the whirlwind," and it was the voice of God. It did not account for Job's afflictions; it did not explain the mysteries of God's providence; it did not solve the perplexing enigmas of life as these were pressing on him. But what it did was this: it satisfied Job that God was with him, and that, albeit in some inscrutable way, his pain was playing its part in God's all-wise and loving purposes.

Then Job answered the Lord and said: "Behold I am of small account, what shall I answer thee? I have uttered that which I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee—wherefore I loathe my words, and repent in dust and ashes."

(Continued on page 528.)

Archbishop Cranmer

A Study for Churchmen

FEW historical characters have been more misunderstood, and none perhaps more misrepresented than Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, from 1533 to 1556. Roman Catholic historians have almost uniformly traduced him. Anglican Catholics have almost uniformly misjudged him. A Protestant historian has probably done more to prejudice English opinion against him than all the Roman and Neo-Catholic writers combined, for it is Lord Macaulay who is chiefly responsible for the popular view of Cranmer. In his History of England, he painted Archbishop Cranmer as a man who was unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, a coward and a time-server in action, a placable enemy, and a lukewarm friend; and his characterization in the Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History of Cranmer as a merely supple, timid, interested courtier, has passed into almost universal opinion. And so the idea in the mind of the average Churchman about Cranmer is, that while possessing many amiable and excellent qualities, he was in the main, if not a traitor and a hypocrite, at least a time-server without character, a Churchman without principle, a cowardly leader, an arch-bishop Mr. Anything, and a political Mr. Facing-both-ways. Froude, the English historian, has left it on record that Macaulay's unfairness to Cranmer first suggested to him the project of writing history.

It is time that a reaction should set in, and that a juster opinion of this great English Churchman should prevail. As a matter of fact, Cranmer was a man born, as it were, out of due time. He had to fill a very trying, and oftentimes a very thankless, position, and even his detractors have reluctantly admitted that he played his part to the best of his ability under circumstances of almost incredible difficulty. A man of retiring and academic habits, he was suddenly thrust out into the hurly-burly of ecclesiastical-national life, and forced to play a part entirely distasteful to his temperament in the most tremendous crisis of England's Church.

It is easy for us to sit on our velvet cushions of 20th century ease and criticize the courage of those who were sailing the ship in the storm-centre of those Reformation days. Perhaps if we lived a little nearer the times, we would echo the words of a great historian of the Church: The name of Thomas Cranmer deserves to stand upon eternal record, having been the first Protestant Archbishop of this country, and the greatest instrument under God in the happy reformation of the Church in England, in whose piety, learning, wisdom and conflict, and blood, the foundation of it was laid. He was a man of more excellent spirit than the ordinary.

Cranmer was born in 1487. His father was an English country gentleman. He was sent to college at an early age, and there developed a remarkable talent for study. At Cambridge he was well known as a scholar of Jesus College. He became a master of sophistry and the logic of the schools, and was distinguished by a habit for accurate and scientific observation which afterwards became his most salient characteristic as a scholar. It was said of him that he was an ardent observer, "Vehemens observator erat," a fine motto for the Church student.

At that time the new wave of thought that was breaking over the religious world touched England. The publication of the Greek Testament by Erasmus gave an impetus to University life that was epoch-marking. The old Roman foundations in worship and doctrine were rudely shaken, and the world was being wakened out of the deep sleep of the Middle Ages. It is not generally known that the most influential personality in England from 1511 to 1516 was the famous Dutchman, first if not greatest of all Lower Critics, friend and admirer of Dean Colet, and for four years, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity and Lecturer in Greek in Cambridge University. It was undoubtedly owing to Erasmus that the men who became the foremost promoters of the reformation of England's Church were led to such ardent study of the Bible, and they rooted and grounded our Church upon the Word of God. It is not possible to trace the exact connection between Erasmus and Cranmer, but it is an established fact that

Cranmer became a diligent student of the Scriptures, and that the whole of his influential life may be traced to this foundation and root; the earnest, personal, first-hand study of the Bible. It might be said of him, what Carlyle said long afterwards of Luther: "He gradually got himself founded as on the rock. No wonder he should venerate the Bible, which had brought this blessed help to him. He prized it as the Word of the Highest must be prized by such a man. He determined to hold by it, as through life and to death he firmly did."

In 1529 a chance observation caused him to leap into fame. The matter of King Henry's divorce from Queen Catharine was in discussion at a country house where he happened to be staying, and Cranmer remarked that the question ought to be decided and discussed by the authority of the Word of God, and might be done just as well in England, in the Universities, as in Rome. The remark was carried to the king. It speedily brought Cranmer into favour with Henry VIII., and started him on a path of extraordinary Church influence. But it did more than that. It fortified Cranmer in his position as an advocate of the right of private judgment with regard to Scripture and truth, as opposed to the claim of the Pope of Rome. It gave him a starting point of independence as a patriot and a theologian. And, further, it signalized him as the man for the hour. The king and the nobility alike recognized him as a man who was prepared to stand as an Englishman, and as an English Churchman, against the overshadowing prerogatives of the Papacy. The king was looking for just such a man. He found in Cranmer what he wanted.

In 1529 Cranmer was despatched as an ambassador to Rome, and bore himself well. It was a daring thing in those days to contend with the Pope. But following the example of the great Apostle, he gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour, that the truth of the Gospel might continue with us. He contended firmly these points: 1st. That no one (jure divino) could or ought to marry his brother's wife, and 2nd. That the Bishop of Rome by no means ought to dispose to the contrary.

In 1533, Cranmer, who had been Archdeacon of Taunton, King's Chaplain, and Pope's Plenipotentiary General in England, was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, with the pomp and ritual of the Mass, according to the Roman Pontifical.

It was a great epoch in the history of the Church of England. Cranmer accepted the Archbishopric with unfeigned reluctance. Not only did he feel, as he expressed it, very sorry to leave his study; he felt his great inability to accept such a promotion. And further: "He expressly told the King that he could accept it only on one condition; that it should come from him, and not from the Pope, inasmuch as the king, as the supreme governor of the Church of England in causes ecclesiastical and temporal, had the full right and donation of all manner of bishoprics and benefices, and no foreign authority."

The sturdy spirit of the liberty-loving Englishman is beginning to manifest itself, and the king, after a good many talks on the subject, agreed that Cranmer might accept the Archbishopric, making his protestation to protect his conscience. This Cranmer did. "I indeed, bona fide, made my protestation that I did not acknowledge his authority any further than as it agreed with the express Word of God. And this my protestation I did cause to be enrolled." Cranmer Letters, Parker Society, 223-224.

After receiving the 11 Bulls from the Pope, which he gave to the King, Cranmer was consecrated. Later on when he received the pallium, the century-long sign of the domination of the Pope of Rome, he again asseverated that he took the oath under the same protestation. Cranmer has been doubly assailed for doing these things. The Romanists have taunted him for his want of principle as a Churchman. The Anglo-Catholics have taunted him for his time-serving subservience to Henry. It must be asserted, moreover, in all fairness, that throughout this period of his career, Cranmer honestly seems to have held as a conviction the right of the king's supremacy, as opposed to the Pope's supremacy. To some Church minds it seems to be impossible that a Churchman could take such a position. But Cranmer certainly appears to have accepted it, and to have accepted it with conscientiousness. That is, he regarded the Pope's headship of the national Church as a usurpation, and seemed to honestly believe that the king, as head of the nation, was, under Christ of course, the heavenly head, the head of the national Church. "Why," said Doctor Martin, in the famous trial at Oxford, Septem-

(Continued on page 528.)

NEW BOOKS

Virgil C. Hart: Missionary Statesman.
By E. I. Hart, D.D. McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto. (344 pp.; cloth; \$1.50 net.)

The history of Methodist Mission work in Central and West China is inseparably bound up with the life of Virgil C. Hart, its founder. Born in New York State in 1840 he went to China with a young Canadian bride in 1865 under the Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. For about a quarter of a century he worked under this board establishing Mission stations, schools, colleges and hospitals. He imported the first printing presses used in China west of Hankow, and founded in 1885 the hospital, university and theological college in Nanking. In the year 1891 the Canadian Methodist Mission Board decided to begin work in China and consulted with Dr. Hart, who was then in Canada. The outcome was that work was begun in the Province of Szechwan under the leadership of Dr. Hart. This work has grown with great rapidity, owing largely to the faith, knowledge and experience of its first leader. The above book gives in interesting style an account of a life that was full of incident, that met with abundant difficulties, which were overcome one by one through courage and faith. Interest is added to the story by the fact that it is written by Dr. Hart's own son. The book deserves a place in missionary libraries, not only because of its historical value, but also on account of the insight it gives into conditions in China during a period of nearly forty years.

Modern Church Finance, Its Principles and Practice.

By Albert F. McGarragh. Fleming H. Revell Co. (328 pp.; cloth; \$1.25 net.)

Church Finance has assumed a very different aspect during the past decade and is rapidly coming to be recognized as of vital importance in the life of a successful parish. Many short pamphlets have been issued by the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and other organizations, but the above book is the first serious effort to bring under one cover a complete treatise on the subject. There are parts of the book that Canadians will scarcely agree with, but it is full of valuable suggestions. The part bearing on "the Minister's Salary" is particularly good. It treats not merely of the preparation for and carrying out of a successful every-member canvass, but includes such subjects as "Keeping Accounts," "the Pastor and Church Finance," "Lay Leadership in Church Finance," "Rural Church Finance," "the Sunday School and Church Finance," etc. The book should prove a most useful handbook on the subject for large numbers of church officials.

ACHAN.

Achan is living still! While noble hearts
Pour out their life blood on the battle plains,
While Death's grim scythe its cruel harvest reaps,
Achan is gathering his rich harvest too.
Sunday by Sunday in his rented pew
He says "Give us this day our daily bread,"
And all the week he preys with shameless greed
Upon a sorrow-stricken, hungry world;
While others bleed, he fattens on their blood.
Can victory be ours while Achan lives?
O Canada, "root out the accursed thing!"
The love of gain, the disregard of God.
No blessing shall be ours, no victory,
Till Achan die. J. B. B.

PATIENCE.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecution, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the Church, loyalty in the State, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calamity and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those we have injured; she delights the faithful and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and in every age.—Bishop Horne.

The Bible Lesson

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

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 26th, 1917.

Subject: The Fiery Furnace. Daniel 3: 16-28

IN last Sunday's lesson Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah were mentioned as companions of Daniel. They were associated with him in refusing to eat the king's meat. In Chapter 3 Daniel does not appear. The displeasure of the king falls upon his three companions, whose names had been changed to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. In the beginning of Chapter 3 the circumstances which had brought them into trouble are described. It appears that the king had set up a golden image and had called upon his people to fall down and worship it at a given signal. This is all described in a most dramatic manner in the former part of the chapter. Such worship, of course, was impossible for any one who was true to the Jewish religion. The faithfulness of these young Hebrew princes is shown by their firm refusal to engage in this idol worship even when they knew the danger and the penalty for such refusal.

1. On trial before the King. The beginning of our lesson shows us these three men standing in the presence of the king. He seems to desire to give them every opportunity to save themselves by obeying the law. Although he is angry at their disobedience he gives them a second chance (vs. 15). They answer with all humility and deference that they cannot obey the king's command, that they will not worship his gods and that their God is able to deliver them even from the power of the king.

2. Moral courage of the highest order. There are many kinds of courage. The soldier who endures the dangers of battle, and bears himself bravely, commands quite properly our admiration. Yet his position is not so hard as that of men like these who stood before an angry tyrant in whose hand was the power of life and death. They stood firm for conscience and for God knowing that such a stand brought them under the displeasure of the king and under the penalty of his arbitrary law. They might have argued to themselves that an outward conformity would not mean anything to themselves and could do no harm. They might have cited the case of Naaman (2 Kings 5) who asked permission to bow in the house of Rimmon without intention of idolatry. If they had been more modern they might have discovered some casuistry by which their conscience could be eased. But casuistry is the refuge of the coward and these men were far from being cowards.

3. Their condemnation. Their courage could not save them. In accordance with the king's command they were cast into the furnace. The golden text (Isaiah 43: 2) gives us the promise that sustained them. In accordance with that promise there was the Divine Presence with them. Even to the king this was manifest (vs. 25).

4. Their deliverance. They were protected and set free by Divine power. The aim of the narrative is to show that God's power and love are greater than all other forces. The autocratic King was powerless and his gods were nothing. The one great fact vindicated was that God is able to help and to deliver those who trust Him. It was a truth needed for the strengthening of the faith of the Jewish exiles in the midst of their heathen conquerors, and it was a truth needed also to show to these same heathen people the supremacy of the God of Israel.

5. The King's decree. This result seems to have been attained, for the king and his people were greatly impressed by what they had seen. Although it does not appear that the worship of God superseded the worship of idols, yet a decree was put forth forbidding any one to speak against the God of Israel and the three young men, whose faithfulness had triumphed, were promoted in the kingdom.

6. Spiritual teachings. This is not the place for a critical discussion, but teachers and others interested in the character of the Book of Daniel are referred to Dr. Pusey's work on Daniel and to Dean Farrar's introductory chapters in his commentary on this book. In the whole book, as well as in this chapter, God is presented to us in the majesty of His power, the working of His Providence and the tenderness of His care over His children.

These are universal truths. They are as valuable to-day as ever they were and because of them the Book of Daniel is enshrined in the affection of Christian people.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Spectator's Discussion of Topics of Interest to Churchmen.

THE story of Russia in the present war is one of the most pathetic and humiliating narratives of history. It is a country of boundless resources and yet it seems always to be destitute of the thing needful, at the place where it would be most useful. Its man power in war has ever been regarded as one of the great menaces among rival nations, and yet its great armies fall to pieces like a house of cards in presence of a stout enemy. To-day, after much gallant fighting in the early stages of the war, Russia is limp and powerless. Her armies have refused to fight and left the enemy possessed of thousands of miles of fertile soil and rich possessions. They have not merely retired gracefully but they have gone back with the enemy thundering at their heels plying them with shot and shell. Their retreat is full of military degradation and their hearts are full of infamy. All national virility is gone so far as that section of the army is concerned. They have no national ambition and no patriotic vision. The elements of power are theirs, but they refuse to use them. Thousands are dying traitors' deaths when they should be living or dying as heroes. The food and resources that ought to be theirs is abandoned to the enemy to strengthen him for still further conquest. We doubt if history can show a more pitiable spectacle or reveal a more disheartening story. It is the outcome, no doubt, of the long ages of Romanoff serfdom. People who ought to have been educated to play the part of men have been kept ignorant as children, that their submissiveness may be as clay in the hands of the ruling potters. It is the whirlwind that was sown long ago as a sagacious wind of statesmen, who desired no uncomfortable criticism of their corrupt regimes. Helpless formerly in the hands of their rulers, they are helpless in the hands of seductive enemies who have played upon their ignorance in a vain hope of peace. The bright hopes of the marvellous revolution completed but yesterday, are overshadowed by a dark cloud of vain hopes to-day. The soldiers and people are unable to blaze their own course and unwilling to follow those who can be trusted as safe guides. They have listened to the voice of the enemy charmer and will awaken from their trance when it is too late. Poor Russia, tyrannized, sodden, corrupt, freed from the chains of her ancient oppressors, now busily engaged in forging new chains of bondage to fasten upon herself! Great Russia—giant among nations, unconquerable if only the spirit, the vision, the character of true freemen were there, now fleeing before the enemy, jettisoning every hope that made her career so full of promise! Proud Russia—she that bowed not her neck to the yoke of the great Napoleon, is now preparing to take up the burden of the lesser Hohenzollern! The whole sane world is weeping over her woes and praying for her speedy, complete and triumphant restoration.

In thinking of the awful plight of our great and afflicted ally the question naturally arises what part is the Russian Church playing in this sorry drama? We have heard of revolutions and counter revolutions, of treason and anarchy, of dashing gallantry and craven cowardice, but not a word of the great Church which of all the national churches, probably most closely touches the lives of the common people. Its attitude in the past has apparently been that of complacent approval of the acts and policies of the powers that be. When Siberian wastes were strewn with the bones of political exiles, when streets were red with the blood of Hebrews, when politics smelled to heaven with the putrid acts of rulers, the Church seemed to be ready at all times to bless the Lord's anointed and to set the seal of heaven upon what seemed to us to be very much like the deeds of Hell. And now that the tyrants have been swept aside and a new set of tyrants seem to be taking their places, has the Church no word of wisdom, caution, leadership, based on the faith of which they are guardians for the people who look to it as the last hope of troubled souls?

For a long time many Anglicans have been going out of their way to cement the bonds of union between the Greek and Anglican Churches. They have had a vision of the union of Christendom by way of the Greek Catholic Church. A certain kind of recognition of our orders and sacraments has been vouchsafed by this Eastern Church. It has always been more or less equiv-

WEEK

Topics of Interest

Present war is one humiliating narrow country or boundaries to be destined place where it power in war has great menaces great armies fall in presence of a gallant fight, Russia is limp refused to fight of thousands of sessions. They ly but they have undering at their shell. Their redation and their ational virility is the army is con-ambition and no power are theirs, thousands are dy-should be living d resources that to the enemy to r conquest. We re pitiable spect- ing story. It is ng ages of Rom-ht to have been n have been kept r submissiveness he ruling potters. n long ago as a o desired no un- corrupt regimes. of their rulers, of seductive ene- ir ignorance in a hopes of the mar- t yesterday, are of vain hopes to e unable to blaze r to follow those des. They have my charmer and hen it is too late. n, corrupt, freed oppressors, now hains of bondage at Russia—giant if only the spirit, ue freemen were nemy, jettisoning o full of promise! not her neck to a, is now prepar- e lesser Hohenzol- weeping over her dy, complete and

ocal. They have expressed in Eastern terms of veneration their esteem for the Anglican Church. We know of no instance where they have received a priest into the Greek Church without reordination. They commend their people to communicate with Anglicans when they are unable to have the ministrations of their own priests. They admit that if the Roman Church would receive them they would prefer to make their communion there. The love that exists between the Greek Catholic and the Anglican Churches is chiefly on the side of the Anglicans. Is it because of their simplicity of faith and worship? Is it because of the higher type of spiritual leadership that is to be found in the ecclesiastical organism of the East? The Bishop of London on his visit to Jerusalem paid marked reverence to the Patriarch of that city, who had a seat of honour assigned to him in the Anglican Cathedral at a special service. The Bishop resident in that city defers to the Greek Patriarch by calling himself "Bishop in Jerusalem," thus assenting to the Greek claim that their Bishop is the "Bishop of Jerusalem." All this is because of the ecclesiastical tradition of communion between the two branches of the Church. If the Anglican Church is to pursue further fellowship with the Greek Church, should we not demand that it bring forth fruits meet for such fellowship? Should there not be dropped somewhere a hint that now is the time for the Greek Church to lift up the minds of their people to the things that belong to their national peace? It wields a power over its membership that is not thought of among Anglicans. If ever it was called upon to exercise its ecclesiastical powers, now would appear to be the accepted time. If it fails to do so, is it possible that closer union with them will be likely to elevate the Church we love? "Spectator."



MOTHER MINE.

'Tis the eve of fierce battle, yet for a brief space,
I linger alone, and I gaze on your face,
On your dear "shadow-face," which to me is so fair,

Scarce a trace it reveals of life's burden, and care,
Mother mine!

I can picture you, dear, in the homeland to-day,
In thought, with your boys at the front far away,
Ever busy, yet finding love's labour so sweet,
That it strengthens your hands, and gives rest to your feet,

Mother mine!

Well I know that your love, and your prayers,
Wrap me round,
'Tis this gives me power, and comfort profound;
And your influence dear, helps me oft to be true,
To be true to my manhood, to God, and to you,
Mother mine!

How I marvel to think of your courage, and calm,
Which fell on my faltering spirit as balm,
In that hour so sacred, which called us to part,
For, though smiles wreathed your lips, there were tears in your heart,
Mother mine!

O how brave are the souls of you women who weep
Alone, in the night, when the world is asleep!
Those who suffer in silence, and early and late,
Bear the pain of suspense, yet so patiently wait,
Mother mine!

You have laid your dear heart on war's altar of pain,
Your hands to its service, no honour to gain,
But of all "decorations," the highest and best,
For supreme self-effacement, I'd place on your breast,
Mother mine!

O may God keep us both, till this conflict shall cease,
This war-weary world breathe the blessing of peace,
Then with joy I will speed, where my fondest hope lies,
To my home, and the lovelight that shines in your eyes,
Mother mine!

C. M. Y.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.—J. C. Hare.
Do that which is assigned you and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.—Emerson.
See how things in the world of nature live up to their best, and, in their sphere, fulfil a perfect work. Now, as at the first, it may be said of these, that they are "good." But how shall we gain such a benediction? Only as we, too, live up to our best.—Edwin H. Chapin.

A Reminiscence

MISS E. M. KNOX
Principal of Havergal College, Toronto

I WAS so delighted and yet so dazed when my father asked me how I should like to exchange our old home in the neighbourhood of London for a new home in the Midlands, that in answer to his question as to what I wanted to know about my new home I could only stammer out, "Will there be a pink may tree?" I had suffered for years from a sense of inferiority to a small boy next door on account of his magnificent pink may tree, though nowadays I cannot see why two glorious cherry trees, in which my brothers and I were in the habit of reclining and of disputing with the blackbirds the possession of a wealth of white heart cherries, were not infinitely more satisfying to my palate and to my pride than any pink may tree.

But no matter how I revelled in the coming delights of the country I was genuinely sorry at the thought of leaving my old home, in which I had spent the first twelve years of my life, for it was delightfully picturesque and full of associations. The nursery window, to start off with, served the purpose of a watch tower and commanded a gypsies' favourite camping ground—entertaining by day as the gaily coloured wagons lumbered in and out and the gypsy children ran to and fro, but still more entertaining by night as the dark figures moved to and fro or danced around blazing fires, any one of which might be the gypsy king himself, for his headquarters were but a few miles distant. Moreover, the charm of the encampment was enhanced by a delicious spice of danger, one of my brothers a few years before having been enticed away by those very gypsies and rescued only with great difficulty.

Second in interest to the gypsies was the great tower of Croydon Church, with a clock which served as a family time-piece so long as the light lasted. My dismay was untold at being lifted out of bed one night and seeing the flames lighting up the sky and creeping higher and higher up the tower. I could not believe that the large square pew in the gallery from which I had commanded such an excellent view of the congregation, and in which I had been accustomed to while away an elaborate rendering of the Te Deum by calculating the number of times in which I could read it in a low murmur from end to end and still keep ahead, was vanishing in the flames. But it was not until morning that I fully realized the extent of the calamity as I saw the blackened walls and the churchyard strewn with broken marble from the Archbishops' tombs, and gathered up scorched fragments of old registers floating down the road even to the garden gate. These fragments, together with twisted specimens of burnt glass and steel rescued by my brothers from the great Tooley Street fire in London, were put away sorrowfully amongst my treasured relics.

The windows on the opposite side of the house were less cheerful. From an upstairs window I had commanded, it is true, a funeral from the small boy's house next door with very fair equanimity, despite the mutes with their long flying crape streamers and the hearse with its nodding plumes, but the kitchen window and Guy Fawkes Day had far more terrifying associations. One afternoon I had been extracting raisins and candy from a much-enduring cook, when to my dismay the window was suddenly assaulted by a crowd of masked figures, climbing the bars, gesticulating and singing:—

"Guy Fawkes, Guy, set him up on high,
Burn his body off his head,
And then we'll cry, 'Old Guy is dead,'
Please to remember the Fifth of November.
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot."

For years after I was fertile in excuses on Guy Fawkes Day in order to avoid leaving the house and encountering the maskers out of doors on their own territory.

Life on the whole was extremely cheerful, for we were a healthy family, in and out of the garden, and a doctor practically an unknown quantity. Moreover, no matter what happened by day there was always the evening with the return of my brothers from London to look forward to. In the morning their books were hunted up for them by their respectively attendant sisters, and the doors set open in order that they might rush out at the last possible moment, one of us watching

at the window in order to calculate from the time the train passed as to whether they had succeeded in catching it or not.

Evening tea was the most cheerful meal of the day and was enlivened by the account of their exploits. My eldest brother was intensely interested in railways and would declare now and again how he had stolen a ride on an engine and could, if need be, run a train, a boast not altogether without justification, as I believe the art thus acquired once or twice stood him in good stead during the first years of his magistracy in India. A younger brother would recount the tortures which he had inflicted on his masters and display treasures which he had bought from penny vendors in St. Paul's Churchyard, the most interesting, to my mind, being a Rupert Pearl, which melted and shot up a jet of water a few minutes after immersion. One evening in particular he was tremendously elated as he had managed to slip into the class-room of a much-to-be-pitied French Master a minute or so ahead of time and dropped a pearl into each ink well along the desks, with the result a few minutes later when the class filed in which might be anticipated. The waterfall of ink was far more disastrous to his comrades than to him, for at the moment he was attempting in vain to wear out a famous coat, surnamed "the Trojan," which had been handed down from brother to brother, and which was so impossibly strong and eternally to the fore that old school fellows even to-day now and again still inquire as to the ultimate fate of "the Trojan."

I longed to see my brothers' school, the theatre of all these exploits, and was delighted one day after a visit to the dentist (made fairly popular, thanks to rewards doled out according to the amount of torture inflicted, sixpence for a tooth out, threepence for a stopping), when my mother suggested taking me to St. Paul's Churchyard and letting me watch the boys through the great iron gates of the school at the rear of the Cathedral. I saw my brothers in the midst of the "hundred and fifty and three" scholars who, according to Dean Colet's bequest three centuries before, were receiving free education on the one understanding that they would "lift their lillie white hands in prayer," the said hands when I saw them in the midst of a game of fives in the heart of London being of a more than dubious whiteness. As we were watching, my mother told me of an old gentleman who had one day let his walking stick fall at a prize-giving in the great hall. The stick fell clattering from the top of the wooden gallery to the bottom just at the critical moment when a boy was reciting Portia's appeal for mercy. Everyone turned and the unfortunate boy would have broken down but for the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) who, by his apparent unconsciousness and rapt attention, steadied the speaker and saved the situation.

Another brother had a marvellous talent for being late and getting out of difficulties, and confided to me that the best plan if you dawdled instead of getting ready was to stick your head with your hat on over the bannisters and call out "Coming," in which case the family below, seeing the hat, would think you were practically ready and wait comparatively patiently, expecting you every minute. But despite his ingenuity he one day found himself in a difficulty of his own creating. Having heard my mother say that she intended going to a Dismissal of Missionaries he volunteered to accompany her, but discovered too late that instead of the ship which he had planned exploring, and for which he had sacrificed an afternoon's cricket, he had let himself in for a long and, in his estimation, most tedious missionary meeting.

Saturday and Sunday were the red-letter days of our life. I used first to watch my father pacing up and down the great acacia and cedar trees in earnest conversation with leaders of the C.M.S., such as Henry Venn, and missionaries such as Mr. (Archbishop) Machray, Bishop Crowther and others, and then make my way to the field where my brothers and their school fellows, amongst whom was R. J. Illingworth, were playing cricket, and where, if they were in a specially good humour, I was occasionally permitted to join them, although my turn as long-stop was desperately drawn out compared with my all too momentary stay at the wicket. My favourite place of fielding was fairly out of reach of the balls, in the centre of an artichoke patch in the midst of which my brothers had years before begun digging a short cut to New Zealand, a pit so deep that my father insisted on its being filled up lest anyone should fall into it.

When tired of fielding I wandered off to another corner of the garden where the three fowls, Hetty, the fashionable beauty with ruffling feathers, Mrs. Gamp, fat and comfortable, and Mrs. Gale, thin

and angular, were always to be found. Mrs. Gale had been devoted by universal consent to the Church Missionary Society, and, despite her angularity, succeeded in laying more eggs than either of her companions. The boys rejoiced in the steady source of income thus afforded, and proudly watched the opening of their missionary box as they ate the huge chunks of cake and mince pie with which a neighbouring farmer's wife regaled them whilst her husband, the local secretary, counted out the money.

Sunday was my mother's day, as my father, an able preacher, was almost always away in London; indeed, if ever we counted upon his being at home, two or three telegraph boys would invariably turn up in the hall summoning him in various directions.

On Sunday morning, so soon as the eight of us had recited the Catechism, in a long row; standing across the schoolroom, the four elder would start off to take Sunday School classes under Miss Marsh (well known for her revival meetings among soldiers), whilst we younger, after learning a Collect and part of the Thirty-nine Articles, would set off to church in another direction. We enlivened the return home with speculations as to the Sunday pudding awaiting us (rice and tapioca being tabooed), interspersed with discussions as to the amount of barley sugar my mother could be inveigled into giving us, or the story book to be selected from the cupboard unlocked once a week, on Sunday. Dinner over, my mother started off with the seven older boys and girl to Beddington Church, a mile distant. We passed first the snuff mills with their great wheels on week days whirling up wet snuff in brown cascades, but on Sunday as silent as the foaming white wheels of the flour mill opposite. Next came the Wandle, a stream much beloved by Ruskin for its beauty and for the kingfishers sunning themselves here and there upon its banks. Then Brandy Bottle Hill, so called for the long tunnel beneath it, running some thirty miles distant onward to the sea. My grandfather had been the last to explore the tunnel by torch-light before sealing it up for ever, and as I crossed the hill I fancied I could hear a rumbling and see giant smugglers rolling casks up and down in a yellow sulphurous light. A few steps further we came upon a bridge and over the bridge a garden, alive with ducks and dab-chicks.

The churchyard had a hushed and mellowed feeling as we passed under the moss-grown lych-gate and made our way beneath the dark shadows of the old cedar trees. From an opposite lych-gate some hundred and fifty orphan children, of all ages from six to sixteen, were usually filing in from their schoolhouse, the old Carew Hall near by, from the cellar of which my grandfather had started his exploration of the smugglers' cave. They were quaintly dressed in brown frocks, with upstanding white mob caps and outstanding white linen tippets, miracles of laundry work and starching, relieved by blue neck ribbons and medals, and were generally known as being the rosiest and happiest set of girls for many a mile around.

The service was carefully rendered, but my attention was apt to wander, especially if an old lady, a friend of my mother's, greatly to the distress of the somewhat High Church Curate, put up her umbrella according to custom whenever the sun streamed in through the window, and I, too, often woke up with a start as we reached the prayer of St. Chrysostom and I realized the scant value of my petitions. I derived little benefit from the said Curate's sermons, they were so intensely dreary, always beginning "at this season of the Church's year," and continuing and ending as drearily as they began. The climax came

when his sermons, which he kept in his wife's jewellery case, were stolen, and we listened next Sunday, most eagerly hoping for something fresh, but, to our grief, found that the quality remained unchanged, and could only console ourselves by wondering whether the thief found them as soporific in their effect upon him as upon the congregation.

The first great change came just after my seventh birthday, when my second brother won a scholarship at Oxford, and the eldest passed into the Indian Civil Service. My brother's departure for Oxford made a break, but there was the pleasant excitement of his coming and going, especially as he never returned without a large supply of Banbury cakes, a delicacy much appreciated by his younger brothers and sisters. But the elder brother's leaving for India was quite another matter. As the hall door finally closed upon him and what seemed a vista of endless years must intervene before I could see him again, my grief was naturally keen.

After this time lessons and outside friends began to figure more largely on the horizon. My lessons consisted chiefly in learning by heart "Paradise Lost," the Book of Proverbs, and King Edward VI.'s Latin Grammar. Arithmetic was tantalizing, for no sooner had I reached something exciting in the shape of vulgar fractions than my sister began Colenso's Arithmetic over again, setting such portentously long addition and multiplication sums upon my slate that weary days passed before vulgar fractions reappeared, alas! only to be turned down again.

My friends were many and various, a small girl, who confided to me that her father's preaching was so bad that it always gave her a pain in her inside; another, with a delightful garden and swing which I rejoiced in, save that I fled whenever her father, a kindly, red-haired, but to my mind terrifying-looking man, approached, a piece of cowardice for which my conscience reproved me when he was burnt alive in a railway accident of so terrible a character that nothing but his keys were found; a third, memorable for giving annual hay parties at which a small boy used to persuade us to search for little, live frogs, and then, forming us into a circle, bid us watch whilst he made the frogs leap, one after another, down his throat.

As I neared my twelfth year the news which the boys brought home of an evening became more and more interesting, ranging over every imaginable topic, from the Tichborne case backwards and forwards to the Franco-German war. I could see the balloons floating over Paris and dropping letters, one of which they gave me afterwards and which I still possess. But nothing thrilled my imagination like the Declaration of the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility. I remember watching for the hour when the Declaration was to be proclaimed, and picturing the predicted sunshine falling over the Papal throne, and was amazed when my brothers came back with the report that in place of sunshine such a fearful storm with thunder and lightning had broken over St. Peter's that the proclamation had been practically inaudible.

But the day drew near when we must leave that part of the country, and before leaving, my mother determined to take me with her to the Friends' Meeting House in Croydon that I might see for myself the place where my great-grandfather and grandfather, with his cousin, Elizabeth Fry, if she happened to be staying with him, were accustomed to worship. The scene came back very vividly years later when the late Principal Dymond, of Brantford, described the meeting house over again, and

(Continued on page 528.)

Observations on Gardening From My Diary

May 1st.—I am not a gardener by profession, though my life's work has to do with soil and seed and harvests. Nevertheless, to me it is a luxury to quit the study, the routine of a cleric's life, and the world generally, and just live and work in the garden. I wonder would the race always have lived in a garden if our first parents had not wrought its exclusion! Be that as it may, I am going, from time to time, this summer just to enjoy the primal experience. If anyone should see this diary in future, he may preach himself a sermon from my garden, but I will leave him to do it.

May 15th.—This year I have two gardens to superintend. One has been under my care since the season opened. Not a seed was allowed to be planted till the ground was carefully dug and every vestige of the roots of weeds relentlessly eradicated. I know enough of the principles of crop-growing to realize the supreme importance of this step. I find that in the other garden no attention has been given to the preparation of the soil before sowing. I anticipate difficulty and disappointment from it in the days to come.

May 25th.—The weather keeps cold. The soil is ditto, hence no germination and no growth. Not that I have been digging up the seed to look—that were a child's act. But I do know that warmth is indispensable to both. The peas have been in the ground for nearly three weeks. To-day for the first time I have seen one or two peep above ground. I remember that last July, three days after sowing, they appeared in numbers. Cold winds and rain and cloudy days are thwarting my best efforts and the sun's power. Plants must have warmth at the start, even though they can stand cold later.

May 26th.—It is still cold. I know that the fault of the tardiness in growth lies here and not in the seed, for I was scrupulously careful in their choice. The all-important factor is the presence of the vital germ. Seeds are tested with reference to this. Staleness and attack from outside by some pestiferous insect are the chief causes of their unfruitfulness. I am told that in India the cultivators are most expert in detecting interference with the vital germ. One old clodhopper, on being offered wheat for seed, said: "Yes! There is flour here but no harvest." He indicated that an attack had been made on the germ through a very minute hole in the husk. What a commentary on every kind of seed from which a harvest is expected! But I am not preaching.

May 27th.—This chilly weather gives me time for thought. What a mystery is presented by the processes of growth in my garden! The necessity of death of the seed that the vital germ may be liberated for the fuller life of the new plant; that little, insignificant germ drawing nutriment and strength for itself from lower earth and high heaven; this wonderful fruitfulness where a single little seed produces a vegetable ten thousand times its own size; the absolute certainty of fruition under normal conditions. And here am I, a great giant over my little plant, having to accept the greater part of it all as a matter of course (call it faith), understanding so very little. I am feeling quite humbled.

June 10th.—I am spending to-day in my other garden. Alas! My anticipations about this untilled soil are all too true. I have here a really better and richer soil than in the other garden, but it is so hard. While I see that the seeds have germinated

near the surface of this ground, I know that only those will flourish which have a mellow soil into which to strike root. Mellowness is produced by deep digging, and this should have been attended to at the outset. I see here, too, marks of a very strong growth of weeds and of natural grass. I trow I have my job cut out to get results here. My poor, little plants will suffer a serious handicap.

July 6th.—I never before realized the energy and care it takes to bring vegetables to fruition. I have been at it early and late to do justice to my gardens. Weeds and thinning—these have engrossed all my attention for some time and taken all my energy. I have been making some interesting observations about these. I have noted, in the first place, that in this garden (No. 2) there is a plot which has developed a profusion of small, insignificant chick-weed. On that soil the plants are hopelessly frail. I have saved them, but they are scarcely worth the bother. In another part, where the weeds are fewer but rank and strong, and where I scarcely expected a plant, there are the finest products of the garden. I am not arguing from this that rank weeds help produce good vegetables, but I do see that a soil which grows the one has in it great potentialities for the other.

July 8th.—To-day I have been weeding hard, and have had time for further reflections. I have observed, for example, that the best time to deal with weeds is early in the game, before the seeds are sown. Subsequently, one thorough clearing out is the important feature, although, of course, weeds will keep appearing till the time of harvest, but these are superficial and are easily dealt with. I have also remarked that to remove weeds so as not to injure the plant, no way is so effective as to get right down on one's knees and have direct dealings with the roots. Weeds clipped off from the top or pulled out from above usually grow again immediately, and likewise in the process the plant often loses some of its foliage.

July 18th.—To-day I have been thinning out the plants. Up till now I have allowed them to stand thick together. But to become strong they must stand alone. When allowed to grow in clusters they become quite tall and often present a fine appearance, but the stalk is frail. There is no fruit to repay the gardener for his toil unless they stand separate. Reader! What do you say to that for a moral from my little plants?

July 20th.—When I left my little friends last evening after thinning they did look wilted and as though they thought themselves ready to die. "How can we stand alone?" they seemed to say. This morning they are bolt upright and look fine, with their faces direct to the sun. Already they are stronger than they were this time yesterday.

July 22nd.—These are hot days for my garden. The watering-can is ministering refreshment. The universal rule about this is, "Water in the early morning and late in the evening." High-noon watering does not go deep down. It means some sacrifice of sleep to give the early refreshing, but everything must subserve the end of good fruit, so I make the sacrifice.

My garden and I have been very close friends of late. I dare say it will have many more lessons to yield before the outward form and beauty of my plants fade to yield me the rich fruit which will repay me for my labours. If so, I may enter them in my diary later. In the meantime here endeth the diary.

A Clerical Gardener.

Canadian Churchman

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Eleventh Sunday After Trinity.

Holy Communion: 250, 247, 436, 438.
 Processional: 414, 437, 448, 546.
 Offertory: 107, 439, 477, 541.
 Children: 698, 699, 701, 704.
 General: 12, 404, 421, 632.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

Holy Communion: 238, 249, 260, 433.
 Processional: 530, 533, 617, 624.
 Offertory: 398, 573, 641, 768.
 Children: 686, 709, 718, 728.
 General: 23, 434, 456, 567.

Preferments, Appointments and Inductions.

Anderson, Rev. Edward A., M.A., Rector of St. Matthias', Ottawa, to be Rector of St. Matthew's, Brandon.

Carpenter, the Rev. Charles, formerly Rector of Campbellford, to be Curate at St. Clement's, North Toronto, with charge of the Bedford Park Mission.

Masters, Rev. C. K., M.A., B.D., formerly Rector of Warton, and also of St. Matthias', Halifax, N.S., to be Rector of St. James', St. Mary's, Ont. (Diocese of Huron.)

Church News

New Rector of St. Mary's.

The Bishop of Huron has appointed the Rev. Charles K. Masters, M.A., B.D., to be Rector of St. James', St. Mary's, in succession to the late Rev. Rural Dean Taylor, recently deceased. Early in the war Mr. Masters resigned his charge as Rector of St. Matthias', Halifax, N.S., to go overseas as a Chaplain and he is at present convalescing in England from wounds which he received at the front. It is expected that Mr. Masters will be able to return to Canada in about six weeks' time and that he will be inducted as Rector of this parish in October. Both in Halifax and Ontario Mr. Masters has made an excellent name for himself as a pastor, preacher and organizer. He graduated from Wycliffe College in 1903 and won his B.D. degree with first-class honours in 1911.

A Memorial Tablet at Calgary.

A handsome memorial tablet to the late Lieutenant J. N. Eaton, who lately was killed in action, and gave his life for his country and for freedom, has been prepared by members of Bishop Pinkham College, of which he was an alumnus, and by other friends. The brass has been erected on the north wall of the Pro-Cathedral of the

Redeemer at Calgary, and it was unveiled by the Bishop of the diocese with a special service on Wednesday, August 9th. A large number of people were present in the Pro-Cathedral to witness the ceremony.

Presentation to Rev. J. N. Blodgett.

At a meeting of the Chapter of the Caron' Deanery held on July 6th, the Rev. J. N. Blodgett, B.A., who has held the office of superintendent of the Deanery for the C. and C.S., and also the office of Rural Dean for the past five years, was presented with a private Communion set in black leather case, as a mark of esteem and an expression of the good will of his fellow workers in the Deanery. Mrs. Blodgett was presented at the same time with a silver card tray. The presentation was made by the Rev. C. S. Ferguson, B.A., of Mortlach, the secretary of the Chapter, in a few well-chosen words. Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett have left Caron to take up work at Chappleau, Ont. The good wishes and prayers of many friends follow them to their new home.

The Bishop of Fredericton's Confirmation Tour.

The Bishop of Fredericton visited the parish of Canterbury on August 6th, Feast of the Transfiguration, for Confirmation. Service was held in Trinity Church that evening, when six were confirmed. The Bishop spoke with his usual vigour, giving excellent advice to the candidates. On August 7th the Bishop, accompanied by the Rector, went to Benton and that evening confirmed seven in St. Mary's Church. On August 8th he went to Rev. H. F. Rigby's parish, having confirmed 21 in Rev. J. Rees Jones' parish on the Sunday and Monday. He held Confirmations last week in Hartland, Andover and New Denmark. The Deanery of Woodstock gave him a hearty welcome.

A Brave Deed.

The following letter has been received by Lieut. Geo. E. Harcourt from Dr. Montagu Butler, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Lieut. Harcourt, who is in training at Cambridge for an Imperial commission, dived into the River Cam in an attempt to save a fellow cadet from drowning. Before going overseas Lieut. Harcourt was secretary of Harcourt and Son, Ltd., of Toronto, the well-known clerical tailors:—"My dear Mr. Harcourt,—I have just returned from presiding over the weekly meeting of our College Council, and I am requested by them to offer to you, on behalf of our College, their cordial thanks for your generous attempt to save the life of our young cadet, Mr. Adrian Vaughan. You know, I am sure, from our interview yesterday, which I greatly prized, how warmly my own heart responds to the unanimous gratitude of my colleagues. With every earnest wish for the success and happiness of your future career, I am, Most truly and gratefully yours, (Sgd.) A. Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge."

St. Mary Magdalene's, Toronto.

Archdeacon Millbank, the Rector of Freehold, New Jersey, when preaching in St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Toronto, on Sunday evening last upon the last verse of the Gospel for the day: "My House shall be called a house of prayer but ye have made it a den of thieves." And He taught daily in the Temple," made a strong plea for keeping the churches open every day. "It would be a great com-

fort, when mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, are waiting in daily agony for the word that may come in the casualty list, if they could get into the House of God and lay their sorrow at the Father's feet."

New Curate at St. Clement's, North Toronto.

The Rev. Charles Carpenter, formerly Rector of Campbellford, has been appointed Curate of St. Clement's, North Toronto, and he will assume his new duties early in September. Mr. Carpenter will have special charge of the Mission at Bedford Park. During his stay at Campbellford, the church building has been put in excellent condition and the organizations of the parish have been well established.

Presentation to Rev. S. H. Prince.

A hearty welcome was extended to Mr. W. J. Patton on the evening of July 31st, upon his return to Halifax to engage once more in evangelistic work in that city, at a meeting which took place in St. Paul's Hall. Occasion was taken during the evening of presenting Rev. S. H. Prince, who, in addition to his other duties, has been the acting evangelist of the Mission for some months past, with a handsome travelling bag. Mr. Alfred J. Tucker occupied the chair.

Church Robbery in Vancouver.

A set of Holy Communion vessels, valuable chiefly on account of their associations, has recently been stolen from St. John's Church, Vancouver. The set was a gift to the church by a clergyman living in Eastern Canada and it had been in constant use for the past 50 years.

University Scholarships for T.C.S. Boys.

In the scholarship lists of the matriculation examinations, two Trinity College School, Port Hope, boys are mentioned among those taking honours. Hugh Grayson Smith took first place in honour mathematics and J. F. Davidson was fifth in the honour classics, and they received University scholarships. Both of the young students are the sons of Trinity College School Old Boys, Hugh Grayson Smith is the son of Mr. Grayson Smith, a Toronto barrister, and J. F. Davidson, the son of Rev. Canon Davidson, of Peterboro, now a Chaplain with the overseas forces in England. All the Trinity College School candidates for the junior matriculation were successful.

A New Rector for Brandon.

His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land has recently made an important appointment in his diocese by the selection of Rev. Edward A. Anderson, M.A., of Ottawa, to be Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Brandon. As the leading church and parish outside of Winnipeg, in the Province, and the future Cathedral of the diocese of Brandon, St. Matthew's, with its splendid building and equipment, occupies a unique position; and its congregation is to be congratulated on securing as their Rector such a distinguished priest from the east. The reverend gentleman, who is the son of a well-known Irish physician, had the distinction of being gold-medallist in political science and history when he graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1886. For some years he was classical master in the High School, Smith's Falls, Ont., and after taking his M.A., and his theological course at Trinity Uni-

Progress of the War

August 6th.—Monday—Canadians advance towards Lens. Workmen, Soldier and Peasants Committees in Russia vote in Kerensky.

August 7th.—Tuesday—Important changes in German Government. Italian tri-planes attack Pola.

August 8th.—Wednesday—Germans commence offensive on Roumanian front.

August 9th.—Thursday—Russians stiffen in Bessarabia. 21 ships over 1,600 tons reported sunk by submarines.

August 10th.—Friday—Activity on Macedonian front. Conference of Canadian national leaders with the Governor-General.

August 11th.—Saturday—British advance at Westhoek and resist foe at St. Quentin. Enemy advances continue in Roumania.

University, Toronto, he was ordained to the diaconate and priesthood by the Bishop of Ottawa in 1897. Mission work in Mattawa in the upper Ottawa district, claimed him for two years; then the curacy of Smith's Falls. From 1900-1907 he was Incumbent of Van Kleek Hill. In the latter year he became diocesan agent and was engaged in raising the "augmentation fund" of the diocese, in which he was particularly successful, for the sum of \$70,000 was raised and divided between the various beneficiary funds. As a mark of recognition of his splendid work as diocesan agent, he was sent to London as a delegate to the Pan-Anglican Congress in 1908. In 1909 he was appointed to the Rectorship of St. Matthias' Church, Ottawa. During his period of office the church has been enlarged, a suitable rectory bought and a large block of land procured for the purpose of providing for a new church. Mr. Anderson has for the past eight years been one of the examining Chaplains of the Bishop of Ottawa; and is also a member of the executive committee and the Provincial and General Synods. It is expected that the Archbishop will induct Mr. Anderson in the middle of September to his new office.

Northern Lights from Yukon.

The chief event we have to chronicle is the departure of the Principal, Rev. W. T. Townsend, and the arrival of the Rev. Arthur C. Field as headmaster. The staff and school very much regret the loss of Mr. Townsend, who has worked so faithfully and successfully to build up the character and tone of the school, which have never stood so high as at present. We all wish him long life and happiness and continued success in the future, and if he should find it possible to return to the Yukon he may be assured of a warm welcome. In any case his influence for good will long be remembered, and we believe that his thoughts will often recur to the happy days he spent at Carcross.

The paper "Northern Lights" was set up and printed by Alfred Ellis, Frederick Boss and David Kwatlatyi, pupils of the Chooutla Indian School.

A Confirmation of the Bishop of the diocese was held at St. Barnabas', Moosehide, when nine candidates were present. There would have been more candidates had it been possible to admit to the preparation classes all who thought they ought to be confirmed. The general work of the Mission is carried on as usual. The attendance at the services is

good and the interest maintained. The day-school has been visited and examined. The number of communicants has been increased, which, to the workers is a cause of much thankfulness. During the winter, the Indians at Blackstone, who have been at Moosehide for a time, on account of scarcity of food, have now returned to their native haunts, with the exception of a few who seem to like working for the white men. Game has been fairly plentiful. Even during the summer the people are able to kill moose almost any time they take a short hunting trip. God has been very good to all.

Calgary Diocesan Notes.

August 7th was the thirtieth anniversary of the Bishop's consecration.

The Rev. F. R. Rawle, of Innisfail, and Rev. J. Williams, of Hanna, have resigned. Mr. Rawle will be succeeded by Rev. J. S. Orton, M.A., who has done good work in the Archbishop's Northern Alberta Mission, Edmonton.

Rev. A. G. Bradshaw, who was ordained Deacon recently, in Barbados, by the Bishop of Antigua, for work in this diocese, is expected to arrive shortly. He will be licensed under Rev. H. H. Wilford.

Since his return from a holiday in the West, the Bishop has held Confirmations in St. Cyprian's, Lethbridge, St. John's, East Calgary, Strathmore and Lacombe. The Sunday spent at Lacombe was a very happy one; 14 persons were confirmed, many little improvements within and outside the church were noticeable, and it was specially pleasing to observe the respect and affection of the people for their clergyman, who, with the kind help of Mr. E. Jones, is covering a considerable area with the Church's manifestations.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee the following resolution was adopted: "That the Relief Fund for sufferers in Armenia and Syria be commended to the sympathy of all Church people in this diocese and that they be notified that subscriptions for the cause will be received and forwarded by the diocesan treasurer."

The Bishop has noted with satisfaction the standing of the diocese in the recent Sunday School Teachers' Examination, 223 applications were received from 60 parishes in 16 dioceses throughout the Dominion. From Calgary there were 16 applications. In the two-year course, first examination, Margaret Harman Villey, of St. Stephen's Parish, Calgary, received an average of 99 per cent.

Notes from Moosonee Diocese.

The diocese is sorely in need of funds and men to work among the new settlements so rapidly developing in Northern Ontario. The newest opportunity is among the returned soldiers who are being given a course in agriculture at Monteith (the Government Demonstration Farm) and then being located at Kapuskasing, where already is an internment camp and which is quickly becoming a well-organized and virile colony. At the time of writing there are only two priests available for ten Missions, aggregating over 20,000 souls on 400 miles of railway. Surely Churchmen will not allow these opportunities to slip them or fall into other hands.

Rev. P. C. Howard, who has been four years at Rupert's House Indian Mission and Day School, passed through Cochrane on a troop train, carrying Indian Forestry Recruits, about August 1st. He was accompanied by Mrs. Howard. He will take a holiday before resuming work in another parish.

Rev. W. Haythornthwaite and his wife and child are guests at Bishop-

thorpe. They left England on July 13th and arrived at Cochrane on July 20th. They will proceed by canoe to Moose, when circumstances permit. Mr. Haythornthwaite has been working among the Indians for 10 years and was at Moose in charge of the Boarding School for five years until his recent vacation of one year spent in England.

The Pro-Cathedral at Cochrane has on its corner-stone the legend: "My House shall be called a House of Prayer for all Nations." These words are being verified in the experience of the present Rector who, besides having to minister to English-speaking people migrating from all over the Empire and the United States, has baptized Russian and Indian babes and been asked to administer Holy Communion to Indians and Swedes. The languages may differ but the worship and symbolism are the same.

Edmonton Notes.

The Bishop of Edmonton will be in charge of All Saints' parish during the last two weeks of August, the Rector, the Ven. Archdeacon Webb, being absent at the Coast.

The congregation of St. David's Mission are now in their new church, which was formally opened on August 5th by the Bishop of the diocese.

A large number of the clergy have been in attendance at the Conference for Social Leadership held during the second week of August at the University of Alberta.

Residents of Jasper Place tendered a reception to Rev. H. and Mrs. Alderwood at St. John's Church on their return from their honeymoon. Rev. C. W. McKim, M.A., presided and addresses were given by H. B. Brown, superintendent of the Sunday School, Geo. Hall, president of the Community League, and Rev. W. Everard Edmonds, Vicar of the Church of St. John the Evangelist. Mrs. Alderwood was presented with a silver tray and Mr. Alderwood with a purse of gold.

Conference at Lloydminster.

The summer gathering of the Lloydminster Deanery and Deanery W.A. was held at Manville, Alta., July 25th and 26th. There were present the Rural Dean Gibson, some other clergy and delegates of W.A. Branches. Professor A. C. Collier gave the address at the opening service and gave a very earnest warning to the individual and to the nation. The speaker went on to say that the strength of the Empire to-day and her source of salvation was in quietness and confidence. Urgent was the clamour of two years ago for the U.S.A. to join the Allies and loud and long would the noise have been if she had then done so, but now when the U.S.A. has come in the welcome was quieter, why? Because the Empire was more confident in herself and in her cause. We too, must have greater confidence in God for "In returning and rest shall ye be saved." After the luncheon provided by the Manville W.A., the Rev. C. B. Botton's paper came on the programme, "Christianity and Socialism." The speaker based his paper on the writings of the Socialists and their catechism. The headings Mr. Botton took were: (1) What Socialism stands for, (2) Was Christ a Socialist?; (3) Relation of Socialism to Christianity. He criticized the teaching of Carl Marx, their great prophet. Mr. Botton said we, as Christians, have no business to play with a Socialism of this kind. We want many things made better, but we want to conserve liberty of worship, the inviolability and sacredness of marriage, the entire Bible. Discussion on the paper was warm, and Socialism of a milder type than the speaker had portrayed was supported by Rev. Clark, Prof. A. C. Collier and

Sir James Outram. The Rev. A. E. Clephan, who led the discussion, held that Socialism was a danger to true Christian principles. In the evening Professor Collier gave an admirably well-thought-out paper on "The Church and the New Age." In the face of a world upheaval a floundering Church was trying to meet the demand of an expectant world, which was turning away disappointed. The Church possessed no intelligent association of ideas and no real heart devotion. The Church had signally failed to meet the crisis that this world war has produced. The Church must vitalize society and the every-day working side of man. We must teach the deep humanities of Jesus and teach men how to be Spirit-filled. On Thursday there was a celebration of the Holy Communion at 9.30 a.m. Address by the Rev. Prof. A. C. Collier on St. Mark 4: 28. At the business meeting Rev. H. A. Clarke was appointed clerical representative for the executive from the Deanery.

Mrs. Matheson, of Old Battleford, gave a very earnest paper on "The Aims and Work of the W.A.," Thursday being devoted nearly entirely to the business of the Deanery's W.A. Mrs. Clephan read a paper "Impressions of Keswick in Canada." Mrs. Clephan referred to the Summer School at Saskatchewan Beach, near Regina, for studying Sunday School methods and gave some interesting notes on sandtray work and child study. The S.S. new graded lesson scheme was discussed, led by the Rev. A. E. Clephan and the following resolution was proposed by the Rev. A. E. Clephan seconded by the Rev. G. A. Harding: "That the annual summer gathering of the Lloydminster Deanery and W.A. Conference, met at Manville, Alberta, on July 25 and 26, approve of the S.S. Commission scheme of the graded lesson system and promise to support the scheme as far as their opportunity and scope permit. The combination of Bible and Prayer Lesson being especially approved of by this meeting." Mrs. F. Lawes then read her paper on the W.A. annual meetings at Prince Albert. It was the third annual since the war began. The W.A. delegates had presented their president, Mrs. Matheson, with a gold watch. Proposed by Sir Jas. Outram and seconded by Rev. G. A. Harding: "That the members and delegates of the Lloydminster Deanery at present in session, wish to assure all the members of the Deanery engaged in their Empire's fight for righteousness, of their prayerful interest in their welfare, and that they may be preserved and able to return to God's work in this diocese." In the evening Mrs. Matheson gave a talk on the "Diocesan Deficit." The most pleasant conference ever held in the Deanery closed with a missionary meeting in Christ Church. Mrs. Matheson gave a sketch of the work among the Red Indians. Sir Jas. Outram spoke next and gave a soul-stirring address. The meeting concluded with the National Anthem and the Doxology.

Rev. J. R. H. Warren Goes to Midland.

St. Matthew's congregation were taken by surprise when the Rector announced his intention of going to the parish of Midland, as Rector. It is understood that the move is made at the urgent request of the Bishop and Archdeacons. Mr. Warren has been Rector of St. Matthew's, Toronto, for the past five years, coming to it from Wakefield, in Yorkshire, where he had charge of a Mission church under Canon Welch, the Vicar of Wakefield. Previous to his stay in Yorkshire, he had been for some time senior Curate at St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, under Canon Welch, when he was the Rector of Toronto. In the earlier

years of his ministry, Mr. Warren served as Curate of St. Anne's, Toronto, and he has also served in the dioceses of Ottawa and the Yukon. There are 1,600 families at present in St. Matthew's congregation and for some time past Mr. Warren has been working in the parish single-handed. He is an effective preacher and splendid organizer.

CANADIAN CHAPLAINS' SERVICE

Capt. Chas. G. D. Roberts.

The work of the Canadian Chaplain Service has been so successful, so rich in results, and conducted along such broadly human lines, that it is impossible to do it anything approaching justice within the space of a newspaper article. The cement of the whole structure has been a unity of purpose and a harmony in effort which are a constant influence for good among our men, and which may well serve as an example to the Churches at large. The representatives of each Church or creed are supreme within their own fold. The organization of the Canadian Chaplain Service, as a whole, guards the interests of each communion, and guards them impartially. I have seen an energetic young Jewish Rabbi coming to a Canon of the Church of England for assistance to enable him more effectively to minister to his scattered Hebrew flock. All rivalries are strictly eliminated, except the rivalry of zeal, self-sacrifice and courage.

It is not, by any means, to matters spiritual alone that the tireless energies of the C.C.S. are devoted. The service looks after the comfort, recreation and entertainment of the troops by means of a highly-organized system of soldiers' institutes, canteens and cinema shows, which keep them out of mischief or boredom during the period when they come back from the trenches to the rest camps. This system is run on a merely nominal margin of profit, and the accounts are officially audited by the Paymaster's Department. Narrow as is the margin, it yields a handsome profit which is returned to the men again in whatever form may seem to be most needed. No small part of it goes to the provision of free coffee—hot coffee—at all hours of day or night for the men who are entering or leaving the trenches.

But it is when a battle is on that the Church militant peculiarly justifies its title. Where the wounded and dead are falling, there you will find the "padres." They are by no means confining themselves to their spiritual functions. They are helping and inspiring the stretcher-bearers, the ambulance men, the surgeons. Their activities are limited only by the needs of the situation. For instance, during the second battle of Ypres the padres in different quarters of the battlefield organized voluntary stretcher-bearer parties, guided them up into No Man's Land, and worked with them night after night in finding and bringing out the wounded. In this task one of the padres was taken prisoner. At the Somme, too, one of the padres organized a rescue party, led it up under deadly shell-fire, and brought back ten wounded men who had been lying in a trench for four days. The trench was one cut off from our lines and occupied in part by the Germans. Another of our padres was wounded while rescuing Australian wounded at Mouquet Farm. Suffice to say that three C.M.G.'s and five Military Crosses have been awarded among the padres, while many more such honours have been amply deserved. It is significant to note that of the thirty padres who left Canada with our first contingent in September, 1914, there are now only nine remaining in the field.

Lake Nipigon and the Indians

By the Rev. C. W. Balfour, of North Bay, Ont., Chaplain to the Archbishop of Algoma.

IN the north-western part of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma is the beautiful, and as yet comparatively little known, Lake Nipigon. The tourist-book tells us it abounds with fish, and game can be found along its shores and on its islands, but as yet the tourist has not invaded the precincts of the Lake very far beyond the falling waters of Virgin Falls, where the Nipigon River begins its descent of forty miles to mix with the waters of Lake Superior.

To the Diocese of Algoma, though, as a place for missionary work, where the Indian can be found fishing in the waters and trapping the game, Lake Nipigon has been known ever since the time of the saintly Bishop Fauquier, some forty years ago. It has been the custom of the present Diocesan, Archbishop Thorneloe, to make a visitation to the Indians around this lake every year, though this has not always been possible. Last month, after missing a year, the Archbishop made again his visit, accompanied by the Missionary at Nipigon Station, the Rev. P. Bull, and by his Chaplain. On this occasion the Lake was reached by train to Orient Bay, the C.N.R. doing away now with the necessity of paddling and portaging up the Nipigon River.

Here at Orient Bay the mission-boat, donated by the Toronto W.A., the "Mary Ellen Williamson," is kept, and the trip on the Lake commenced. The Lake to all who have not travelled upon it is one of Canada's innumerable surprises. It is a magnificent body of water, stretching sixty-five miles in either direction, and having a great many bays and great many islands; the splendid trees and bold cliffs giving both richness and ruggedness to the ever-changing, ever-varying scenery. As the Indian Agent had already had his meeting with the Indians at various points, and those who chiefly followed a roving life had dispersed and scattered, the Archbishop decided to confine his attentions to the two chief settlements of Indians at Gull Bay and Grand Bay.

Gull Bay was reached after a trip of nearly sixty miles. Here is a settlement of perhaps one hundred souls. A few of the families belong to the Church of England, some are of the Roman obedience, but a considerable number have not yet been won for Christ. The Chief himself, Chief Wigwas, is a pagan. The settlement has a number of rudely constructed dwellings, a school-house, and owns a team of horses donated by the Government as an aid to farming. But though there are a few gardens the Indian does not take kindly to farming. He prefers to fish and trap, or in summer to go off as a guide or fire-ranger.

Upon arriving at Gull Bay we set up our tents, and our first service was held for the Indians by the camp-fire as it was growing dark. The service was partly in English, but the hymns were sung in Ojibway to the accompaniment of Mr. Bull's cornet, and the Archbishop's sermon was interpreted into the Ojibway sentence by sentence by an old Shingwauk-Home boy now married and living in this settlement. The words of the Archbishop were simple to these children of the lake and forest, but they were appealing and full of loving counsel. The Archbishop told the "Good News" again there in the twilight to these less-favoured brethren of ours, and again let us hope was fulfilled the promise: "At evening time it shall be light."

The next morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in one of the tents which Mr. Bull fitted up in a churchly way. There were four

Indian communicants. Then after breakfast under an awning to keep off the fierce rays of the sun there was Public Baptism. The Archbishop baptized first a little child brought in its Indian cradle, then a woman well on in years who had decided to leave paganism for Christ and His Church.

Morning Prayer was next taken and several hymns in Ojibway sung. Then the Rite of Confirmation followed also under the awning, the Archbishop laying his hands on the mother of the child whom he had baptized, on a young lad, and on a young married man.

To these newly confirmed and to the woman baptized the Archbishop spoke on the gifts and responsibilities of Christ's religion; plainly he told them of the necessity of constantly speaking to God in prayer and of being loyal and faithful and dutiful to Jesus Christ.

It was a grief to the Archbishop, as he expressly stated, that there was no regular systematic work being done by the Diocese at present in this settlement. Here were some sheep needing teaching and guidance that they might find the rich pastures and learn to love the living waters. Mr. Bull can only visit these Indians very occasionally. His duties at Nipigon Station and at Dorion keep him quite one hundred miles away. For this Indian work around the Lake a man's whole time is needed. Grand Bay is 50 miles from Gull Bay. This was our next destination, and we reached it Saturday at midnight, after a rough sail. The Archbishop desired greatly to spend the Sunday here among the Indians who have long been faithful to the teaching of Mr. Renison and Mr. Fuller. All the families, though now few in number, belong to our Church, and since 1880 have had a Mission-Church built by themselves, each board being made by hand and the whole building erected and tastefully finished with much toil and patience. Also here is a Mission-House with a school-room built by the Indians for Mr. Fuller, who is now the Principal of the Shingwauk Home at Sault Ste. Marie. These buildings are certainly proofs of devotion, and at present are mute appeals for some one to come and inhabit the house and hold regular services again in the little Church!

Our services started at eight in the morning with the Holy Communion, when seven Indians communicated along with ourselves. The Archbishop and Mr. Bull then held a private celebration for Walter Abzekung, an Indian of splendid character, who once acted as interpreter for the missionaries, but is now dying of that dread disease—tuberculosis. Next after breakfast followed Morning Prayer with much singing, and an earnest sermon from the Archbishop who did not hesitate to advise the Indians in matters concerning their temporal and physical welfare as well as in things spiritual.

After dinner a short service was held in Walter's house for the benefit of himself and his family, which was greatly appreciated by the sick man and his wife. Then Evensong was said at 4, and after prayer and praise, Red and White men alike, brothers in Christ Jesus, listened to kindly and helpful words from their Father-in-God.

This account of a very eventful trip spreading over several days leaves a great deal of necessity unsaid. The interesting personalities among the Indians, their histories, the events by the way, the places visited, all these can only be thus hinted at. For the object of this article is to show the need for a man to take up this interesting and necessary work among the Indians of this Nipigon region, which Mr. Renison and Mr. Fuller, after much success and manifest fruitfulness, have had to lay down.

(Continued on page 528.)

Correspondence

"AN INDICTMENT." A REPLY.

Sir,—If "R. A.," who wrote under the heading of "An Indictment" in your last issue, will append his full name and address, I feel that, after forty years' intimate experience on two hemispheres in Y.M.C.A. work, I might further enlighten him and answer his thrice-repeated question, "Of what value is the Y.M.C.A. to the Church of England?" Will he also in so doing tell your readers if he has had any intimate knowledge or close connection with the Y.M.C.A., and if by his one, two, five, or even ten years' experience in it he is in a position to competently judge of its work?

From a close observance by extensive travel on this continent and somewhat in Europe, together with an intimate knowledge of the work of the Association in China and India, I know of no more powerful Christian agency in the world to-day helping to mould its young manhood, sometimes by the mere use of the swimming-pool at home, a cup of hot coffee to our boys in the trenches, the girding with a towel to shave the head of a Hindoo soldier on his way to Mesopotamia, or the gift of a pocket Testament or pledge card (with God's help to lead a Christian life), all after the example of Him Whose name is inscribed on its door-posts. I once asked a leading Christian gentleman and layman of our Church, who had just returned from a trip to the East, what was the greatest impression he brought back, and he replied, "The Y.M.C.A. work in China." This, too, is almost the universal testimony of the "men in khaki" who have been through the ordeal in camp, trench or hospital.

Mr. Marr Murray, in his new book entitled "The Bible and the Future of Great Britain," writes on page 172: "If the national Church, with all its wealth and great resources, had tackled the problem of the war with a tithe of the energy and determination of the Young Men's Christian Association, Britain would have won a far greater triumph than that of its armies over the Germans. The war would not only have turned the nation from thoughtlessness to sobriety; it would have turned it from unrighteousness to God and His Word."

I am sorry that "R. A." did not reverse one of his questions and tell your readers—I trust to their profit—of what value the Church of England (as he conceives it) is to the Y.M.C.A. I pick up another paper, giving an account of the early inception of the Association in England, where it was founded some sixty years ago by a devout Churchman, since buried in St. Paul's Cathedral (Sir George Williams), and read under the heading, "Then and Now: A Glimpse of Early Days in the Y.M.C.A.," where the writer says, quoting from a friend of his, Dr. Henry Van Dyke: "I have seen in the little English city of Salisbury the great cathedral. It was built when a flood-tide of religious enthusiasm was sweeping over the world. Thousands might worship, thousands have worshipped within this splendid fane, and its walls were not able to contain the great flood of devotion. But the tide has ebbed (might I here inject, perhaps, to a service of song in a Y.M.C.A. hut), and the ecstatic vision has faded. The mighty cathedral stands, but a handful of worshippers can scarcely keep a sleepy rivulet of praise flowing in a corner of the building." The writer adds: "In a city dominated by such a cathedral church it was no easy task to start a Y.M.C.A., especially in those days, for, to begin with, no Episcopal church would give us

house-room, and to have accepted hospitality from any of the Nonconformist chapels would have stamped it as sectarian. But if domicile was difficult, still more difficult was it to preserve the new Association from seeming to be a child of Nonconformity. Not a single clergyman of the Church of England ministering within the city would even look at the Association; and now the war has so quickened the life of the Y.M.C.A. that it has become one of the most potent forces for good under God's heaven. Now, those who before looked askance at it because of its somewhat narrow outlook, acclaim it as not only a great aid on the road to victory in the war, but as a great religious force among the young men of the world. This it assuredly will be. It combines breadth of view with firm grip of that vital Gospel which must be the dynamic for the redemption of the world, rendering it the scene, not as now it is, of bloody strife, but of a great brotherhood of man under the aegis of the Fatherhood of God."

I feel, Mr. Editor, in thus writing you with an apparent criticism of the Church of myself and my forefathers, it is with the earnest desire that a helping hand in place of the cold shoulder may be given to this Association, which is making itself a servant to all, that possibly it may win men to serve, not "for the membership fee," nor for "marking success in its membership," as "R. A." would have your readers believe, and which he deems to be the highest objective of its work. The lives of the thousands of young men brought under its influence, are tempered not "with a Christocentric (or Churchocentric) college course," but with the thought that permeated the life of the great Apostle when he wrote, "I will gladly spend and be spent for you."

I have no brief, Mr. Editor, for the Association, yet I do feel that the sacrifices our Associations are making to carry on this military work (and its local and foreign work as well), together with the blood of the secretaries who have laid down their lives in France and Flanders, speak to the world of "better things" than whole pages of arguments, pro or con, that may be produced, or as His Lordship the Bishop of Bath and Wells recently put it: "If I mistake not, the Y.M.C.A. work, both at the front and in our camps at home, is not only achieving wonderful success in helping our men who are so splendidly serving the King and country in this awful war, but it is going to do more in bringing men of the Church of England and members of other denominations to understand each other and to work together than all our speeches, and, I might almost say, in spite of our speeches." If the Rev. Canon Hicks, Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, after visiting 657 camps, consented to become a member of the British Y.M.C.A. National Executive, he at least has learned of what value the Y.M.C.A. is to the Church of England.

W. H. Wiggs.

Quebec.

PRAYER BOOK REVISION DELAYED.

Sir,—I was exceedingly sorry to see that a number of gentlemen had signed a memorial to the effect that the revision of the Prayer Book had been so hasty that it had taken away their breath, and they prayed for delay. Such action is very characteristic of the Church of England, and, while its leaders are sitting still trying to catch their breath, the other Christian bodies pass them by. The so-called hasty action has taken seven years, and what is this action? It was expressly stipulated that no change involving doctrine should be made, and so the change is confined to

changing obsolete words and phrases to their modern equivalents. (N.B.—Even this was considered so violent a change by some that it has not been done in all cases, and we are still to say, for instance, "Prevent us, O Lord," which is not what we mean.) Certain parts of the marriage service that with the progress of refinement have become offensively coarse are modified, and additional prayers needed now have been added—prayers for missions, hospitals, etc. The alterations passed through the Synod without any real objection except in the matter of the "Athanasian Creed," so called. And well they might, or there was nothing affecting dogma, nothing drastic, nothing of any moment that had not been adopted and tried out with advantage in one or other of the sister Churches.

I am strongly opposed to the public recitation of an uninspired formula involving curses, a formula which no one in an ordinary congregation understands, and which is not even a correct translation of the original; but, personally, I would be willing to even let this creed retain its present position rather than lose the step forward—tiny step though it be—that the Church proposes to take.

It is interesting to note that the Upper House of Convocation in England was practically unanimous in favour of omitting the curses from the psalms and refused to agree to print the omissions in an appendix (what an awful appendix that would have made!). The omissions are to be marked with asterisks and the numbering of the verses is not to be changed. The omissions are Psalm 58, Psalms 14:5-7; 55:16, 24, 25; 68:21-23; 69:23-29; 109:5-19; 137:7-9; 139:19-22; 140:9, 10; 143:12 (adding the final words, "for I am thy servant," to verse 11). Proper Psalms are provided for Sundays and certain holy days. The present daily course is retained for week days, but Psalm 113 is transferred from morning to evening on the 23rd and 141 from morning to evening on the 29th.

Francis H. Gisborne.

Ottawa, August 6th.

TEACHING SERVICES

Sir,—I desire to reply to the thoughtful letter of "J. L. J." in your issue of July 19th on the above subject in the same kindly and serious spirit as he evinces. He thinks the idea of having one service a month set aside for teaching the doctrines of the Church a good one, but unattainable, owing to the different schools of thought in the Church. I recognize difficulties, but I adhere to my belief that it can be done.

In the past twenty years I have had to travel a good deal between Montreal and Calgary, and occasionally on to Victoria, B.C., and I feel that the words of sound, moderate Churchmen are much more heeded now than two decades ago. Some of us who live in dioceses where party feeling runs high need an occasional visit to Montreal, or Toronto, or Winnipeg, or the West to correct the impression that the Church has become totally lopsided and that sound Churchmen are held in contempt. Those of us who cannot refresh ourselves by such visits can keep in touch with the general current of Church life by means of the "Canadian Churchman."

I dislike to use the word "crisis." It has been used so often for trifling difficulties that we have lost the weightiness of its meaning, but, unless the religious thinkers and leaders of the world are crazy, the crisis which the Church faces to-day is the greatest since the time of the persecuting Roman emperors. It is felt that unless the opposition which presses upon the Church from all sides can be met and overcome the Church will cease

to be one of the dominant factors in the direction of the world. The foes of Christianity are so strong and so respectable (this is a new phase) that Christians in many instances are sinking minor differences and uniting against that common enemy. Upon our success in doing this depends whether the Church is going to be able to live through the struggle. I am of a certain school of Churchmanship, and I fancy that if "J. L. J." and myself were to sit down together we would find we were not far apart. But in the face of the powers that are arrayed against us I am beginning to forget that I have any other name than "Christian." As a great United States Churchman said not long ago: "Don't talk to me about High Church or Low Church. Don't tell me that you are the true Apostolic Church, and, therefore, deserving of a leading place in the community. That institution is the true Apostolic Church which does the work the Lord intended the Church to do. Are you doing that work? Is the community so much better off because you were planted in it five years, or five hundred years, ago that men must recognize that you are the true Church? That is the test."

Take just one phase of the battle. Look around us and see the definite and effective teaching (erroneous though it is) that is being given by the Christian Scientists, Mormons, Seventh Day Adventists, Russellites, and the rest. Then there is the spread of materialistic philosophy and atheistic socialism. And we are disputing about comparatively small things while these religious Huns are hammering at our gates.

Everything that is worth doing is hard to do. It is not going to be easy to start the Church teaching her doctrines as persistently and skillfully as the Christian Scientists and Mormons teach theirs, but I, for one, am convinced that it must be done if the Church is to live. As to what are the main doctrines, I feel I am not begging the question nor answering "J. L. J.'s" serious question flipantly when I say I consider the "main" doctrines to be contained in the Thirty-nine Articles. And I further believe that, under all the circumstances, it is not impossible to have these taught.

Ex-Teacher.

LAKE NIPIGON AND THE INDIANS.

(Continued from page 527.)

In all there must be seven hundred or more Indians around Lake Nipigon, and it is said three hundred are still pagan, waiting to be taught of Christ. Some young man who will devote himself for a number of years to true missionary work is needed. He would have to study the language, learn how to handle a canoe and boat, be full of love for the Indian brother, and be willing to spend and be spent in the service of Christ.

Who is there who will go?

The heart of the Archbishop would be lightened and gladdened if he could hear from some capable and willing man who hears the call as a call coming from the Chief Shepherd and the Bishop of souls.

A remarkable record of attendance has been achieved by Annie Macrae, a pupil of St. John's School, Ballachulish, Scotland. She is 14 years of age and has attended school for 11 years without missing a single attendance. She was presented with a handsome Book of Common Prayer recently at the annual distribution of prizes. Margaret Macrae, a younger sister, makes a good second with a record of 8 years' attendance with one half-day missed!

A REMINISCENCE.

(Continued from page 524.)

told how as a small boy he used to listen and long for the rolling up of my great-grandfather's purple chariot as a signal that the silence would be broken and that he would be free again.

The sunshine was very beautiful that afternoon as my mother led me from the meeting house to a quiet corner of an exquisitely-kept lawn in a court outside, where, in stillness and dignity, unmarked by headstone or record, my ancestors kept their long last watch and meeting with the Friends outside. This stillness was in keeping with my mother's own quiet dignity and strength of character, a dignity defined by one of my brothers as "never consciously doing what was wrong." We knew well enough that the secret of her quiet strength lay in her insistence upon the daily silent half-hour, during which we never ventured to disturb her, not even when one of my brothers fell from a tree and injured himself. We carried him up and waited anxiously outside her door until the half-hour passed and she was amongst us again.

The next visit which I paid was of a very pathetic and distinctly educational character. As a punishment to my laziness my mother told my sister to take me across the peppermint and lavender fields in the neighbourhood of Mitcham to visit an old lady who had fallen, long years before, whilst balancing herself upon a steel rail, and who, although absolutely uninjured, had refused ever after to leave her bed. It was a sunshiny July day, and the contrast seemed all the sadder between the fragrant air of the lavender fields outside and the old lady with the shrivelled form, wrinkled face and wistful eyes within, lying on the bed on which for the last fifty or sixty years she had been a self-prisoner.

After visiting the old lady, my sister called at a school in order to enquire about a girl whom she wished to take with her into the country, and I remember standing beside a blackboard whilst she talked, and vowing to myself that teaching was the thing in the world best worth doing, and that I would somehow beat a way open until I could teach, and that way once broken open I would stick to it for ever.

A week or two later the time came when the old home life was over for ever and I ran down the steps, taking the short cut through the coal yard to the station through which my brothers had rushed day after day, and started off with a sister and two white rabbits which had just been given me, to my new home in the country.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

(Continued from page 521.)

ber, 1555, before Brokes, "why, you made Henry the Eighth supreme Head of the Church!" "Yes," said the Archbishop, "of all the people of England, as well ecclesiastical as temporal." "And not of the Church?" said Martin. "No," said Cranmer, "for Christ is only Head of His Church, and of the faith and religion of the same. The king is head and governor of his people, which are the visible Church." With this postulate, it can be seen that Cranmer's character, essentially cautious and tardy in development, was already evidencing a certain force of independence.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Armenian Relief.

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A VISION OF GOD.

(Continued from page 521.)

So, from the dim and narrow place of personal experience, Job was led out into the light of God. We note that his sufferings were, at the moment, neither removed nor explained. But his sufferings were at once transfigured when in the midst of them God was revealed to him, not as a foe, but as a Friend.

Job found that the rewards of righteousness are not the material possessions of this life. He had thought before that prosperity was a sign of God's favour and adversity a token of His displeasure. Now he knows that he may suffer the loss of all things and yet be sure of the love of God.

Job's new-found faith was of a quality which he had never known before. It was so, because it was the result, not of hearsay, but of experience. It is a faith which may come in health and prosperity as well as in the adversity and suffering through which it came to Job, because it is the gift of God, Who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.

The Church's need to-day—this day of strangely mingled prosperity and suffering in this land of ours—the Church's need is that of a new faith in Him Who is not only present where two or three are present in His name, but Who guides and rules the destinies of men and nations—the righteous Lord Who guides and overrules the movements of the battlefields, Who will bring out of the world's war something more than the overthrow of militarism and oppression, even the larger coming of the Kingdom of His dear Son—a Kingdom of righteousness and peace and love.

God has some purpose, some message for everyone in the terrible movements and events of this present time. Pray, then, that you may learn, with Job, to understand the time in which you live, to understand it as a day of God, a coming of the Son of Man.

The ultimate aim of life is, to the devout soul, the vision of God. The call of the world-conflict is a call from God to nations and individuals to realize His presence, His goodness, His love and His power in the school of personal experience and through the revelation of Jesus Christ our Lord.

There are few, if any, lives which have not been closely touched by the war. You have lost, perhaps, this world's goods, or you have lost that which is far more precious than mere material possessions. You are torn with anxiety for those you love and whom you are helpless to protect and save. At any rate, your heart is sick and sore with the tales of human grief and woe which daily fall upon your ears.

"How is it that ye do not understand this time?" Take it as a God-given opportunity to learn of Him Whom to know is life eternal. Pray that in this day of God yours may be something of the experience of Job when he said that, having heard with the outward ear and failed to understand the ways of God, he had come at last to see with the eye of the soul, and with the vision of God was content to wait patiently and hope for his salvation.

Yours is a clearer vision and a surer hope than had been revealed in the days of Job; therefore, by God's grace enter into your inheritance of hope and vision. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." "Let them, therefore, that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls unto Him, as unto a faithful Creator."

F GOD.

page 521.)

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ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER VIII.

An Idyll in Bird Land.

"Give me once more thine olden innocence
Of bird and bee; the sunshine-built romance
Of hour to hour, by wood and field and deep;
Co-heir with those blithe wanderers of thy fields,
To whom alone life's open-sesame yields,
Like little children, morning, flowers and
sleep."

—Wilfred Campbell.

A GLORIOUS dawn was breaking
over the world, but the inhabit-
ants of Rose Island were still
fast locked in the arms of sleep. In
her dreams June walked down endless
avenues of flowers, and listened to the
songs of strange wild birds that sang
in the tree-tops. Gradually her eyes
opened and she became conscious that
the dream was not quite all a dream.
The bird song at least was real. Clear,
sweet and ringing, the joyous notes
floated in to her through the open
window.

In a moment she had flung aside
the coverlets and sprang out of bed.
Stepping softly to the window she
caught her breath and stood there in
an ecstasy of joy. There on an elm
bough that tapped gently against the
glass was a bird so wonderfully
beautiful that for one thrilling mo-
ment it seemed to June that it must
have stepped out of her dream. Noth-
ing more strangely lovely than that
bird in its elaborately patterned coat
of black and white and rose, nothing
sweeter than that music, had ever come
to her in dreams. But the minutes
passed and the apparition did not
vanish away, as is the custom in
dreams. Rather, it seemed to grow
more beautiful as it spread its wings
and flew from twig to twig, pausing
now and then to sing its happy song.

In a few minutes there came an-
other bird of about the same shape
and size, but it was not nearly so
pretty, for its coat was a plain brown
and white. This bird did not sing, but
it answered the brisk chirp of the
other with a soft little cooing voice,
and the two seemed to be on such
friendly terms that June watched them
with keen interest.

They were on the same bough now.
The brown bird was casting bashful
glances towards its handsome friend,
and cooing softly. He kept hopping
a step or two nearer to her, pausing
between whiles to burst into song.

"Oh!" cried June, catching her
breath and clasping her hands tightly
together, while a sudden rosy-flush of
delight overspread her face. Those
birds were actually kissing one an-
other! She knew, of course, that
birds loved, but to see them kiss each
other, just like human beings, was so
novel an experience that it seemed like
a page from one of Andersen's fairy
tales.

"They're lovers!" she whispered
under her breath.

Again the exquisite melody bubbled
up from the breast touched with love's
own rosy hue; again the handsome
wooer hopped up to his modest little
sweetheart, and again the two birds
touched and kissed.

"Oh!" June thought, "If only I
could understand the language of the
birds, like Hiawatha did! I know the
words they are saying and singing to
each other are sweeter and prettier
than any poem that ever was written."

After the bird lovers had flown away
and disappeared in the birches, June
became conscious of innumerable other
songs in various keys. The morning
air was full of music. It must be very,
very early yet, for no one was astir in
the house, but to go back to bed now
seemed out of the question. How love-
ly it must be out-doors!

Kneeling at the window sill, with
the soft air blowing her face, June
clasped her hands and whispered a

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short little prayer: "Thank You, God,
for those beautiful birds! And please
send some more." Then with reverent
eyes she gazed once more out into the
sweet, new morning. The King of
Paradise was out there in His garden;
she would go and seek Him.

Very quietly and quickly she washed
and dressed. Then an eager-eyed
figure slipped noiselessly down the
stairs and out of doors. Safely out-
side, she hastily buttoned her shoes,
then stood up and breathed in long
delicious draughts of the spicy air.
She ran quickly down the rocky path,
across the narrow valley, and up the
pine-crowned steep. There beneath

the whispering pines she stood and
watched the miracle of the sunrise.
Every moment the tender rose-light of
the sky brightened into gold and ruby
splendour. Then the sun shot up be-
yond the far blue heights, and hill and
valley and water were bathed in the
yellow beams.

June thought she had never seen
anything so beautiful. The sunset had
touched her with an indefinable sad-
ness, but joy was the key-note of the
morning. A robin sang his morning
hymn above her head. Just across the
garden a flock of blackbirds were voic-
ing a chorus of not unmusical notes,
and many others she could not name

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

<i>Black tea—1 cupful</i>	<i>1.54</i>
(hot) (8 fl. oz.)	
<i>Green tea—1 glassful</i>	<i>1.02</i>
(cold) (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice)	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	<i>1.21</i>
(fountain) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	<i>1.12</i>
(bottlers) (prepared with 1 fl. oz. Syrup)	

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

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were taking their part in the service of love.

When the dawn-light had melted into blue, June re-crossed the little valley to the birch grove on the other side. Here beneath the lacy green canopy she found her flowers still asleep.

"O violets, open your pretty blue eyes," she cried, "and my darling little Mayflowers, lift up your pinky-white faces and smile again. The dew-drops have washed you, and the breezes have brushed your hair, and you are sweet enough to be kissed."

She was kneeling by a bank of her favourite flowers, and as she spoke she bent down and touched the tiny closed blossoms with her lips. "I wonder if you know I'm kissing you, little flowers," she said, "I wonder if you love me."

At that moment a shadow fell across the dewy bank. She looked up quick-

ly and saw Robin standing beside her. He was in blue jean overalls, and his feet were bare, as usual. He smiled down at her with an amused look in his hazel eyes.

"Good morning, Robin," June said, standing up and flushing slightly.

"Hallo, June!" was his response, "I thought you was in bed."

"Oh," she replied, "I woke up early, and it was so lovely I couldn't stay in bed a minute longer. I mean to get up early every day after this. It is just splendid to be up before the sun rises."

Robin stooped and picked a flower. "You're a queer kid, June," he said smiling. "Do you think them flowers know what you say to them?"

"I suppose not really," she replied, returning the smile, "but I like to make believe they do. And I'm not so sure anyway that they don't."

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I think every plant has a sort of a spirit of its own—they're *alive*, you know—and I think they feel the sunshine and the dew, and are *happy*. There's something inside me that tells me they like to be loved, and I kind of know that when we get to Heaven we'll understand the language of flowers, and they'll be able to talk to us in their own way."

"What funny thoughts you have!" laughed Robin, "But I think they're nice thoughts, and maybe they're true."

"Where are you going with that pail?" June asked presently.

"Over to Mr. Harper's to get some milk. Don't you want to come, too?"

"O Robin, I'd just love to."

"All right, then. Come along."

"Hadn't I better go and ask Aunt Hilda, Robin?"

"No, there isn't time. Come on."

What a delight it was to be skimming over the sunny ripples, and drifting amid the violet shadows of the hills! Robin appeared to be in no hurry. As he dipped the paddle right and left with slow rhythmic strokes, he seemed to have fallen into a dream.

"Robin," June asked at length with an eager little tremor in her voice, "did you ever see two birds kiss each other?"

Robin awoke out of his reverie and laughed. "No, I never. Did you?"

Then June described the little tableau she had witnessed that morning. "He was such a handsome bird," she concluded. "His head and neck were black, and the upper part of him black and white. His breast was the colour of a rose just opened, and when he flew I could see the rose colour on the under side of his wings. Do you know what bird it was?"

"I've seen them lots of times," Robin answered, "and they're about as pretty a bird as there is; but I don't know the name of them. There's a lot of birds I don't know."

"Wouldn't you like to know them all, Robin?"

"I just bet I would! But I don't see how we could find out."

"Books tell a lot. If we only had the right ones, we could learn most of them."

"Do they put things like that in books?" Robin asked in a little surprise.

"Of course they do," June replied emphatically. "There's nearly every sort of thing in books. I know, because when Daddy first told me he was going away off to British Columbia and would have to leave Brownie and me in Ontario, I felt just awful, and cried and cried. But Daddy told me maybe it wouldn't be very long before he would come and fetch us. He said it was a beautiful country there, with great high mountains and sunny valleys, and lots of lakes and rivers; and lovely woods full of all kinds of flowers and birds. He said he'd get us some books that told us all about them, and we could learn the names of nearly every one. That's what we mean to do when we get there. But O Robin, there's so many, many birds and flowers here that I don't know, and I'm just aching to find out all about them. You don't know, and Aunt Hilda doesn't know. If only we had some books."

Robin looked serious. "You're pretty fond of flowers and birds and wild things, ain't you, June?" he asked.

"Oh, I just love them, love them! I sometimes almost wish I was an Indian, so I could live in the woods all day and all night." As June spoke, her face kindled rosy, and she opened her arms as if to take the whole world in.

In that moment Robin felt drawn toward his young cousin as never before. His own deep love of the wild he had never breathed to anyone; but now, gazing into those rapt, eager eyes, he felt that he might open his heart freely, sure of understanding and



sympathy. "I love the wild things just the same," he said. Then, with an eager little flush on his own face, he launched forth into a detailed account of the wonder he had witnessed that day on the violet bank.

June's interest was so keen that he went even further and told her what had immediately followed.

"O Robin, I'm so sorry!" she cried.

At the sound of the little tremor in her voice, Robin looked up quickly, and his own heart smote him when he

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